

**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, never before published in English ... / now made English by several hands [J.O., C. Cleve, N. Tate, and A. Behn] With necessary tables to both parts, and divers poems in praise of the author.**

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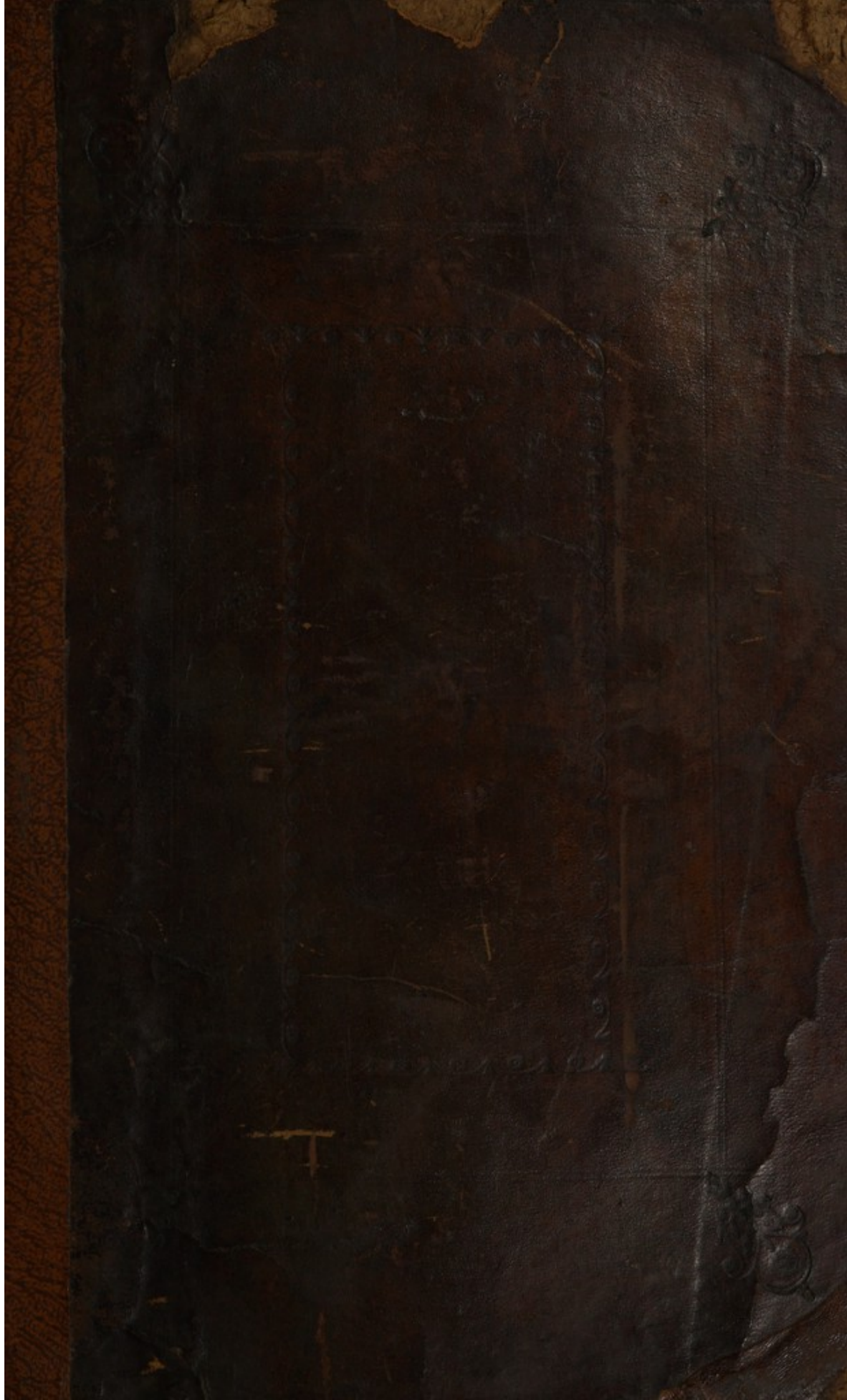
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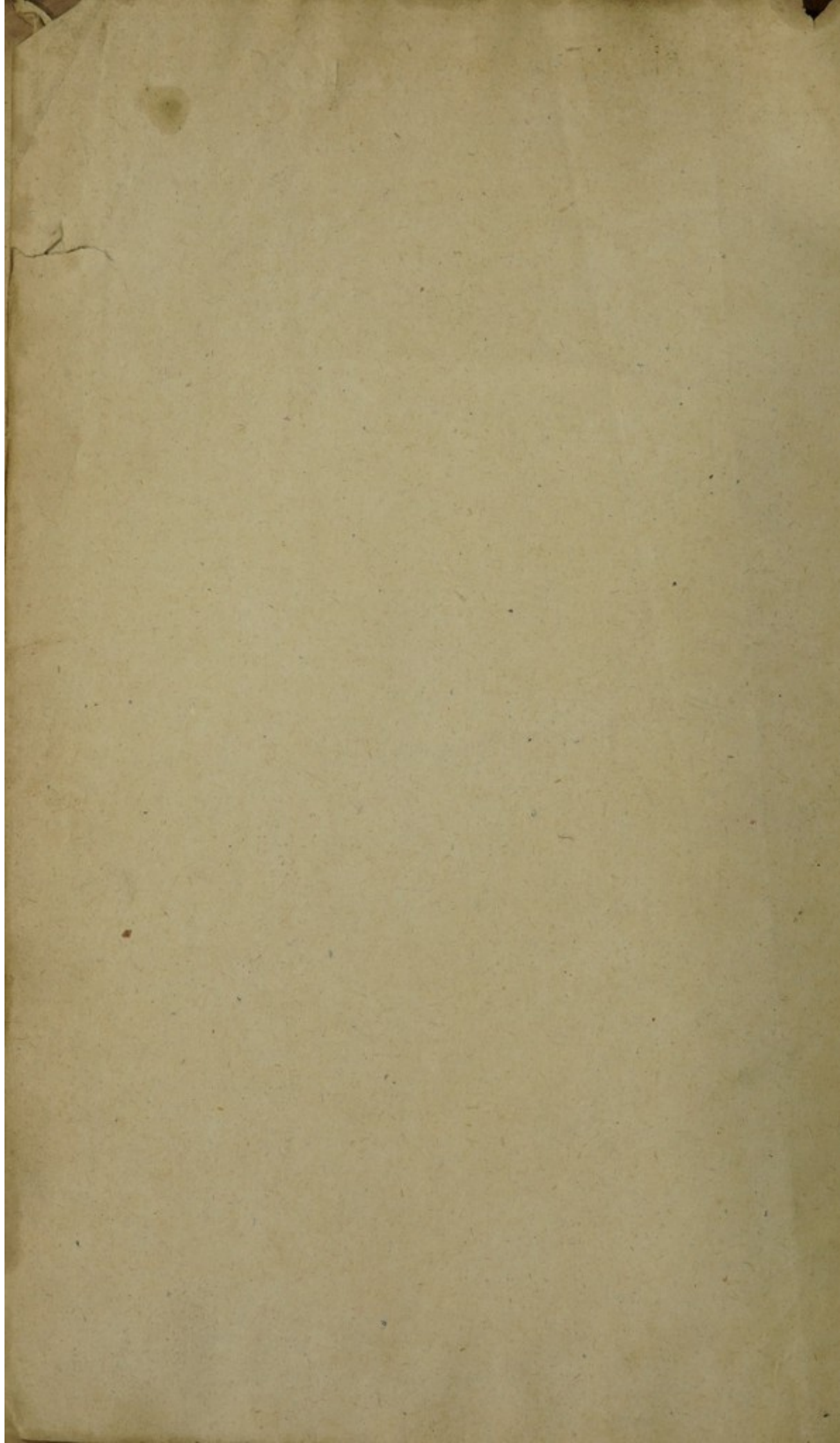


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W. Faithorne Sculp.

Mr. Abraham Cowley.



THE  
WORKS  
OF  
Mr. Abraham Cowley.

The SECOND containing  
What was Written and Published by himself in  
his younger Years: Now Reprinted together.

---

*The Seventh Edition, with Additions.*

---

The THIRD containing  
His Six Books of Plants:

*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 necessary TABLES to both Parts, and several POEMS  
in Praise of the Author.

---

Licensed and Entred.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for Charles Harper, at the Flower-de-luce over  
against S. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street. 1700.







## *The Booksellers to the Reader.*

**T**HE following Poems of Mr. Cowley being much enquir'd after and very scarce, (the Town hardly affording one Book, tho it hath been five times printed) we thought this sixth Edition could not fail of being well received by the World. We presume one reason why they were omitted in the last Collection, was, because the Propriety of this Copy belong'd not to the same Person that publish'd those: but the Reception they had found appears by the several Impressions thro' which they had pass'd. We dare not say they are equally perfect with those written by the Author in his *Riper Years*, yet certainly they are such as deserve not to be buried in Obscurity. We presume the *Author's Judgment* of them is most reasonable to appeal to; and you will find him (allowing grains of Modesty) give them no small Character. His Words are in *Page 6.* of his *Preface* before his former publish'd Poems.

You find our excellent Author likewise mentioning and reciting part of these Poems, in his *several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose*, in the *11th Discourse* treating of himself, pag. 143. These we suppose a sufficient Authority for our reviving them; and sure there is no ingenuous Reader to whom the smallest Remains of Mr. Cowley will be unwelcome. His Poems are every where the Copy of his Mind, so that by this Supplement to his other Volume you have the Picture of that so deservedly eminent Man from almost his *Childhood* to his *Latest Years*, the Bud and Bloom of his *Spring*, the Warmth of his *Summer*, the Richness and Perfection of his *Autumn*. But for the Readers further Curiosity, we refer him to the Author's following Preface to them, published by himself. And to contribute all we can to our Readers Satisfaction, we have endeavour'd to make these Poems something more acceptable, by prefixing the Sculpture of the Author's Monument.

*Your humble Servants.*



TO THE

Right Honourable and Right Reverend Father in God

JOHN

L<sup>d</sup> Bishop of *Lincoln*, and Dean of *Westminster*.

MY LORD,

**I** Might well fear, lest these my rude  
and unpolisht Lines should offend  
your Honourable Survey; but that I  
hope your Nobleness will rather smile  
at the Faults committed by a Child,  
than censure them. Howsoever I de-  
sire your Lordship's Pardon, for pre-  
senting things so unworthy to your  
View, and to accept the Good will of  
him who in all Duty is bound to be

Your Lordship's

most Humble Servant,

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

TO



---

## To the R E A D E R.

**R** Eader (I know not yet whether Gentle or no) Some, I know have been angry (I dare not assume the honour of their Envy) at my Poetical Boldness, and blam'd in mine, what commends other Fruits, Earliness: others, who are either of a weak Faith, or strong Malice, have thought me like a Pipe, which never sounds but when 'tis blow'd in, and read me, not as *Abraham Cowley*, but *Authorem anonymum*: to the first I answer, That 'tis an envious Frost that nips the Blossoms because they appear quickly: to the latter, That he is the worst Homicide who strives to murder another's Fame: to both, That it is a ridiculous Folly to condemn or laugh at the Stars, because the Moon and Sun shine brighter. The small Fire I have is rather blown than extinguish'd by this Wind. For the Itch of Poesie by being angred increases, by rubbing, spreads further; which appears in that I have ventur'd on this Fourth Edition. What tho it be neglected? It is not, I am sure, the first Book which hath lighted Tobacco, or been imploy'd by Cooks and Grocers. If in all Mens Judgments it suffer Shipwrack, it shall something content me, that it hath pleased my self and the Bookseller. In it you shall find one Argument (and I hope I shall need no more) to confute Unbelievers: which is, That as mine Age, and consequently Experience, (which is yet but little) hath increased, so they have not left my Poesie flagging behind them. I should not be angry to see any one burn my *Piramus* and *Thisbe*, nay, I would do it my self, but that I hope a Pardon may easily be gotten for the Errors of ten years of Age. My *Constantia* and *Philetus* confesses me two years older when I wrote it. The rest were made since upon several Occasions, and perhaps do not bely time of their Birth. Such as they are, they were created by me, but their Fate lies in your Hands; it is only you can effect, that neither the Bookseller repent himself of his Charge in Printing them, nor I of my Labour in composing them. Farewel.

Abraham Cowley.

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## To the R E A D E R.

### I.

**I** Call'd the Buskin'd Muse MELPOMENE,  
And told her what sad Story I would write:  
She wept at bearing such a Tragedy,  
Tho' wont in Mournful Ditties to delight.  
If thou dislike these sorrowful Lines, then know  
My Muse with Tears, not with Conceits did flow.

### II.

And as she my unabler Quill did guide,  
Her briny Tears did on the Paper fall,  
If then unequal Numbers be espy'd,  
Oh Reader! do not that my Error call,  
But think her Tears defac'd it, and blame then  
My Muses Grief, and not my missing Pen.

Abraham Cowley.

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CON-



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To the Memory of the Incomparable.

# M<sup>r</sup>. COWLEY

I.

W<sup>ith</sup> artless Hand, and much disorder'd Mind  
(Pardon illustrious Man) I come,  
To try, if worthy Thee I ought can find  
That groveling I might offer at thy Tomb;  
For yet, nor yet thou never hadst thy due,  
Tho' courted by the understanding few,  
And they sometimes officious too:  
Much more is owing to thy mighty Name,  
Than was perform'd by noble *Buckingham*;  
He chose a place thy sacred Bones to keep  
Near that, where Poets, and where Monarchs sleep:  
Well did thy kind *Mecænas* mean  
To thee, and to himself, and may that Tomb  
Convey your mutual Praise to Ages yet to come:  
But Monuments may betray their trust,  
And like their Founders crumble into dust.  
Were I to advise Posterity  
That should at all times acceptable be,  
Quickly to comprehend their great concern, (learn.  
COWLEY should be the first word all their Sons should

II.

That charming Name would every Grace inspire,  
Enflame their Souls with supernatural Eire,  
And make them nothing, but what's truly good, admire;  
Early their tender Minds would be possess'd  
With glorious Images, and every Breast  
Imbibe an Happiness not to be express'd:  
Of these (blest Shade!) when thou wert here  
An unregarded Sojourner,  
Thou hadst so large a part,  
That thou dost hardly more appear  
Accomplish'd where thou art,

(a)

But



---

But that thy radiant Brow,  
Encircled with an everlasting Wreath,  
Shews thee triumphant now  
O'er Disappointments, and o'er Death.  
When with Astonishment we cast an eye  
On thine amazing Infancy;  
We envy Nature's Prodigality  
To Thee, and only Thee,  
In whom (as in old *Eden*) still were seen  
All things florid, fresh, and green,  
Blossoms and Fruit at once on one immortal Tree.

III.

*Herculean* Vigor hadst thou when but young,  
In riper years more than *Alcides* strong.  
Then who shall sing thy wond'rous Song?  
For he that worthily would mention Thee  
Should be devested of Mortality,  
No meaner Offerings should he bring,  
Than what a Saint might pen, an Angel sing,  
Such as with chearfulness thy self hadst done,  
If in thy life-time thou hadst known  
So bright a Theme to write upon:  
Tho thou hast sung of Heroes, and of Kings  
In mighty numbers mighty things.  
Enjoy (inimitable Bard!)  
Of all thy pleasant Toil the sweet reward,  
And ever venerable be,  
Till the unthinking World shall once more lye  
Immerst in her first Chaos of Barbarity.  
A Curse now to be dreaded, for with Thee  
Dy'd all the lovely Decencies of Poetry.

*Tho. Flatman.*

---



## To the Memory of the Author.

**T**O fertile Wits and Plants of fruitful kind  
Impartial Nature the same Laws assign'd ;  
Both have their Spring before they reach their Prime,  
A Time to blossom, and a bearing Time :  
An early Bloom to both has fatal been,  
Those soonest fade, whose Verdure first was seen.  
Alone exempted from the common Fate,  
The forward C O W L E Y held a lasting Date :  
For Envy's Blast and powerful Time too strong,  
He blossom'd early, and he flourish'd long.  
In whom the double Miracle was seen ;  
Ripe in his Spring, and in his Autumn green :  
With us he left his gen'rous Fruit behind,  
The Feast of Wit and Banquet of the Mind ;  
While the fair Tree transplanted to the Skies,  
In Verdure with th' *Elysian* Garden vies ;  
The Pride of Earth before, and now of Paradise. }  
Thus faint our strongest Metaphors must be,  
Thus unproportion'd to thy Mute and Thee.  
Those Flowers that did in thy rich Garden smile,  
Wither, transplanted to another Soil.  
Thus *Orpheus* Harp that did wild Beasts command  
Had lost its Force in any other Hand.  
*Saul's* Frantick Rage harmonious sounds obey'd,  
His Rage was charm'd, but 'twas when *David* play'd.  
The Artless since have touch'd thy sacred Lyre,  
We have thy Numbers, but we want thy Fire.  
*Horace* and *Virgil* where they brightest shin'd,  
Prov'd but thy Oar and were by thee refin'd :  
The Conqueror that from the general Flame,  
Sav'd *Pindar's* Roof, deserv'd a lasting Name, }  
A greater Thou that didst preserve his Fame. }  
A dark and huddled Chaos long he lay, }  
Till thy diviner Genius powerful Ray }  
Dispers'd the Mists of Night, and gave him Day. }  
No Mists of Time can make thy Verse less bright,  
Thou shin'st like *Phæbus* with unborrowed Light.  
Henceforth no *Phæbus* we'll invoke but thee,  
Auspicious to thy poor Survivors be !



---

On Mr. C O W L E Y'S

---

\*Written just  
when King  
Charles was  
dead.

Who unrewarded plow the Muses Soil,  
Our Labour all the Harvest of our Toil;  
And in excuse of Fancies flag'd and tir'd,  
Can only say ; \* *Augustus* is expir'd.

---

On Mr. C O W L E Y'S *Juvenile P O E M S*, and the  
*Translation of his Plantarum.*

A P I N D A R I Q U E.

I.

W H E N young *Alcides* in his Cradle lay,  
And graspt in both his Infant Hands,  
Broke from the Nurses feeble Bands,  
The bloody gasping Prey ;  
Aloft he those first Trophies bore,  
And squeezes out their pois'nous Gore :  
The Women shreekt with wild Amaze,  
The Men as much affrighted gaze,  
But had the wise *Tiresias* come  
Into the crowded Room,  
With deep Prophetick Joy ;  
H'had heard the Conquests of the God-like Boy,  
And sung in sacred Rage  
What ravenous Men and Beasts engage :  
Hence he'd propitious Omens take,  
And from the Triumphs of his Infancy  
Protend his future Victory  
O'er the foul Serpent weltring wide in *Lerna's* dreadful Lake.

II.

*Alcides* Pindar, Pindar C O W L E Y sings,  
And while they strike the vocal strings,  
To either both new Honour brings.  
But who shall now the mighty Task sustain ?  
And now our *Hercules* is there,  
What *Atlas* can *Olympus* bear ?  
What Mortal undergo th' unequal Pain ?  
But 'tis a glorious Fate  
To fall with such a Weight :  
Tho' with unhallowed Fingers, I  
Will touch the Ark, altho' I dye.

Forgive



---

*Juvenile P O E M S, &c.*

---

Forgive me, O thou shining Shade,  
Forgive a Fault which Love has made.  
Thus I my sawcy kindness mourn,  
Which yet I can't repent,  
Before thy sacred Monument  
And moisten with my Tears thy wondrous Urn.

III.

Begin, begin, my Muse, thy noble Choir,  
And aim at something worthy *Pindar's* Lyre,  
Within thy Breast excite the kindling Fire,  
And fan it with thy Voice !

C O W L E Y does to J O V E belong,  
J O V E and C O W L E Y claim my Song.  
These fair first Fruits of Wit young *Cowley* bore,  
Which promis'd if the happy Tree  
Should ever reach Maturity,  
To bless the World with better, and with more.  
Thus in the Kernel of the largest Fruit,  
Is all the Tree in little drawn,  
The Trunk, the Branches, and the Root ;  
Thus a fair Day is pictur'd in a lovely Dawn.

IV.

*Tasso*, a Poet in his Infancy,  
Did hardly earlier rise than thee :  
Nor did he shoot so far, or shine so bright,  
Or in his dawning Beams or noon-day Light.  
The Muses did young C O W L E Y raise,  
They stole thee from thy Nurses Arms,  
Fed thee with sacred Love of Praise,  
And taught thee all their Charms.  
As if *Apollo's* self had been thy Sire,  
They daily rockt thee on his Lyre.  
Hence Seeds of Numbers in thy Soul were fixt,  
Deep as the very Reason there,  
No Force from thence could Numbers tear,  
Even with thy being mixt.  
And there they lurk'd, till *Spencer's* sacred Flame  
Leapt up and kindled thine,  
Thy Thoughts as regular and fine,  
Thy Soul the same,  
Like his, to Honor, and to Love inclin'd,  
As soft thy Soul, as great thy Mind.



---

On Mr. COWLEY'S POEMS.

---

V.

Whatever COWLEY writes must please.  
Sure, like the Gods he speaks all Languages.  
Whatever Theme by COWLEY'S Muse is drest,  
    Whatever he'll Essay;  
Or in the softer, or the nobler way,  
    He still writes best.  
If he ever stretch his Strings  
To mighty Numbers, mighty Things,  
So did *Virgil's* Heroes fight,  
Such Glories wore, though not so bright.  
If he'll paint his noble Fire,  
Ah what Thoughts his Songs inspire.  
Vigorous Love and gay Desire.  
Who would not, *Cowley*! ruin'd be?  
Who would not love, that reads, that thinks of thee?  
Whether thou in th' old *Roman* dost delight,  
    Or *English*, full as strong, to write.  
Thy Master-strokes in both are shown,  
COWLEY in both excells alone,  
*Virgil* of theirs, and *Waller* of our own.

VI.

But why should the soft Sex be robb'd of thee?  
    Why should not *England* know,  
    How much she does to COWLEY owe?  
How much fair *Boscobel's* for ever sacred Tree?  
    The Hills, the Groves, the Plains, the Woods,  
    The Fields, the Meadows and the Floods,  
    The Flowry World, where Gods and Poets use,  
    To Court a Mortal or a Muse?  
It shall be done. But who? ah who shall dare,  
    So vast a Toil to undergo,  
    And all the Worlds just censure bear,  
    Thy Strength, and their own Weakness show?  
*Mrs. A. Behn.* Soft *Afra* who had led our Shepherds long,  
    Who long the Nymphs and Swains did guide,  
    Our Envy, her own Sexes Pride,  
When all her Force on this great Theme she'd try'd,  
She strain'd awhile to reach th' inimitable Song,  
    She strain'd awhile, and wisely dy'd.  
    Those who survive unhappier be,  
Yet thus, great God of Poësie,  
With Joy they sacrifice their Fame to thee.





# CONSTANTIA AND PHILETUS.

**I** Sing two constant Lovers various Fate,  
The Hopes and Fears that equally attend  
Their Loves: their Rivals Envy, Parents Hate,  
I sing their woful Life, and tragic End.  
Aid me, ye Gods, this Story to rehearse  
This Mournful Tale, and favour every Verse.

<sup>2.</sup>  
In *Florence*, for her stately Buildings fam'd,  
And lofty Roofs that emulate the Sky,  
There dwelt a lovely Maid, *Constantia* nam'd,  
Fam'd for the Beauty of all *Italy*.  
Her lavish Nature did at first adorn,  
With *Pallas* Soul in *Cytherea's* Form.

<sup>3.</sup>  
And framing her attractive Eyes so bright,  
Spent all her Wit in study, that they might  
Keep Earth from *Chaos* and eternal Night;  
But envious Death destroy'd their glorious Light;  
Expect not Beauty then, since she did part,  
For in her Nature wasted all her Art.



4.

Her Hair was brighter than the Beams which are  
 A Crown to *Phæbus*, and her Breath so sweet,  
 It did transcend *Arabian* Odours far,  
 Or smelling Flowers, wherewith the Spring doth greet  
 Approaching Summer, Teeth like falling Snow  
 For white, were placed in a double Row.

5.

Her Wit excelling Praise, ev'n all admire,  
 Her Speech was so attractive it might be  
 A cause to raise the mighty *Pallas* Ire,  
 And stir up Envy from that Deity.  
 The Maiden Lillies at her sight  
 Wax'd pale with Envy, and from thence grew white.

6.

She was in Birth and Parentage as high  
 As in her Fortune great, or Beauty rare,  
 And to her vertuous Minds Nobility  
 The Gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were ;  
 That in her spotless Soul and lovely Face  
 You might have seen each Deity and Grace.

7.

The Scornful Boy *Adonis* viewing her  
 Would *Venus* still despise, yet her Desire,  
 Each who but saw, was a Competitor  
 And Rival, scorch'd alike with *Cupid's* Fire.  
 The glorious Beams of her fair Eyes did move  
 And light Beholders on their way to Love.

8.

Among her many Suitors, a young Knight  
 'Bove others wounded with the Majesty  
 Of her fair Presence, presseth most in sight ;  
 Yet seldom his Desire can satisfy  
 With that blest Object, or her Rareness see ;  
 For Beauty's Guard is watchful Jealousie.

9.

Oft times, that he might see his *Dearest* Fair,  
 Upon his stately Jennet he in th' way  
 Rides by her House, who neigghe, as if he were  
 Proud to be view'd by bright *Constantia*.  
 But his poor Master, tho he see her move  
 His Joy, dares shew no Look betraying Love.



10.

Soon as the Morning left her roſie Bed,  
 And all Heaven's ſmaller Lights were driv'n away :  
 She by her Friends and near Acquaintance led,  
 Like other Maids, would walk at Break of day :  
*Aurora* bluſh'd to ſee a Sight unknown,  
 To behold Cheeks more beauteous than her own.

11.

Th' obſequious Lover follows ſtill her Train,  
 And where they go, that way his Journey feigns.  
 Should they turn back, he would turn back again ;  
 For with his Love his Buſineſs ſtill remains.  
 Nor is it ſtrange he ſhould be loth to part  
 From her, whoſe Eyes had ſtole away his Heart.

12.

*Philetus* he was call'd, ſprung from a Race  
 Of Noble Anceſtors ; but greedy *Time*  
 And envious *Fate* had labour'd to deface  
 The Glory which in his great Stock did ſhine ;  
 Small his Eſtate, unfitting her Degree,  
 But blinded Love could no ſuch Difference ſee.

13.

Yet he by chance had hit this Heart aright,  
 And dipt his Arrow in *Conſtantia's* Eyes,  
 Blowing a fire, that would deſtroy him quite,  
 Unleſs ſuch Flames within her Heart ſhould riſe.  
 But yet he fears, becauſe he blinded is,  
 Tho he have ſhot him right, her Heart he'll miſs.

14.

Unto *Love's* Altar therefore he repairs,  
 And offers up a pleaſing Sacrifice ;  
 Intreating *Cupid*, with inducing Prayers,  
 To look upon and eaſe his Miſeries :  
 Where having, recovering Breath again,  
 Thus to immortal *Love* he did complain :

15.

Oh mighty *Cupid* ! whoſe unbounded Sway  
 Hath often rul'd th' Olympian Thunderer,  
 Whom all Celeftial Deities obey,  
 Whom Men and Gods both reverence and fear !  
 Oh force *Conſtantia's* Heart to yield to Love,  
 Of all thy Works the Maſter-piece'twill prove.



16.

*And let me not Affection vainly spend,  
But kindle Flames in her like those in me;  
Yet if that Gift my Fortune doth transcend,  
Grant that her charming Beauty I may see.  
For ever view those Eyes, whose charming Light  
More than the World besides does please my Sight.*

17.

*Those who condemn thy sacred Deity,  
Laugh at thy Power, make them thine Anger know,  
I faultless am, what Honour can it be,  
Only to wound your Slave, and spare your Foe!  
Here Tears and Sighs speak his imperfect Moan,  
In Language far more moving than his own.*

18.

*Home he retir'd, his Soul he brought not home,  
Just like a Ship while every mounting Wave,  
Toss'd by enraged Boreas up and down,  
Threatens the Mariner with a gaping Grave;  
Such did his Case, such did his State appear,  
Alike distracted between Hope and Fear.*

19.

*Thinking her Love he never shall obtain,  
One Morn he haunts the Woods, and doth complain  
Of his unhappy Fate, but all in vain,  
And thus fond Eccho answers him again.  
It mov'd Aurora, and she wept to hear,  
Dewing the verdant Grass with many a Tear.*

## The ECCHO.

I.

**O**H! what hath caus'd my killing Miseries?  
EYES, Eccho said. What hath detain'd my Ease?  
EASE, strait the reasonable Nymph replies;  
That nothing can my troubled Mind appease;  
PEACE, Eccho answers. What, is any nigh?  
Philetus said; She quickly utters, I.

II. Is't



## II.

Is't Eccho answers? tell me then thy Will:  
*I WILL*, she said. What shall I get (says he)  
 By loving still? to which she answers, *ILL*.  
 Ill? shall I void of wish'd for Pleasures die?  
 I. Shall not I who toil in ceaseless Pain,  
 Some Pleasure know? NO, she returns again.

## III.

False and inconstant Nymph, thou ly'st (said he)  
*THOU LY'ST*, she said. And I deserv'd her Hate,  
 If I should thee believe. *BELIEVE*, said she.  
 For why? thy Words are of no Weight.  
*WEIGHT*, she answers. Therefore I'll depart.  
 To which, resounding Eccho answers, *PART*.

## 20.

Then from the Woods with wounded Heart he goes,  
 Filling with Legions of fresh Thoughts his Mind:  
 He quarrels with himself, because his Woes  
 Spring from himself, yet can no Med'cine find:  
 He weeps to quench those Fires that burn in him,  
 But Tears do fall to th' Earth, Flames are within.

## 21.

No Morning banish'd Darknefs, nor black Night  
 By her alternate Course expell'd the Day,  
 In which *Philetus* by a constant Rite  
 At *Cupid's* Altars did not weep and pray;  
 And yet he nothing reap'd for all his Pain,  
 But Care and Sorrow was his only Gain.

## 22.

But now at last the pitying God, overcome  
 By constant Votes and Tears, fix'd in her Heart  
 A golden Shaft, and she is now become  
 A suppliant to Love, that with like Dart  
 He'd wound *Philetus*, does with Tears implore  
 Aid from that Power she so much scorn'd before.

## 23.

Little she thinks she kept *Philetus* Heart  
 In her scorch'd Breast, because, her own she gave  
 To him. Since either suffers equal Smart,  
 And a like Measure in their Torments have:  
 His Soul, his Grievs, his Fires, now hers are grown:  
 Her Heart, her Mind, her Love is his alone.



24.

Whilst Thoughts 'gainst Thoughts rise up in Mutiny,  
 She took a Lute (being far from any Ears)  
 And tun'd his Song, posing that Harmony  
 Which Poets attribute to Heavenly Spheres.

Thus had she sung when her dear Love was slain,  
 She'd surely call'd him back from *Stryx* again.

## The S O N G.

I.

**T**O whom shall I my Sorows show?  
 Not to Love, for he is blind:  
 And my Philetus doth not know

*The inward Torment of my Mind.  
 And all the senseless Walls which are  
 Now round about me cannot hear.*

II.

*For if they could, they sure would weep,  
 And with my Griefs relent:  
 Unless their willing Tears they keep,  
 Till I from Earth am sent.  
 Then I believe they'll all deplore  
 My Fate, since I taught them before.*

III.

*I willingly would weep my store,  
 If the Flood would land thy Love,  
 My dear PHILETUS on the shore  
 Of my Heart; but shouldst thou prove  
 Afraid of Flames, know the Fires are  
 But Bonfires for thy coming there.*

25.

Then Tears in Envy of her Speech did flow  
 From her fair Eyes, as if it seem'd that there  
 Her burning Flame had melted Hills of Snow,  
 And so dissolv'd them into many a Tear;

Which, *Nilus*-like, did quickly overflow,  
 And quickly caus'd new Serpent Griefs to grow.



26.

Here stay, my *Muse*, for if I should recite  
 Her mournful Language, I should make you weep  
 Like her, a Flood, and so not see to write  
 Such Lines as I, and th' Age requires, to keep  
 Me from stern Death, or with victorious Rhime,  
 Revenge their Masters Death, and conquer time.

27.

By this time, Chance and his own Industry  
 Had help'd *Philetus* forward, that he grew  
 Acquainted with her Brother, so that he  
 Might, by this means, his bright *Constantia* view:  
 And, as time serv'd, shew her his Misery:  
 This was the first Act in his Tragedy.

28.

Thus to himself, sooth'd by his flattering State,  
 He said; *How shall I thank thee for this Gain,*  
*O Cupid, or reward my helping Fate,*  
*Which sweetens all my Sorrows, all my Pain?*  
*What Husbandman would any Pains refuse,*  
*To reap at last such Fruit, his Labours use?*

29.

But when he wisely weigh'd his doubtful State,  
 Seeing his Griefs link'd, like an endless Chain,  
 To following Woes, he would, when 'twas too late,  
 Quench his hot Flames, and idle Love disdain.  
 But *Cupid*, when his Heart was set on fire,  
 Had burnt his Wings, who could not then retire.

30.

The wounded Youth, and kind *Philocrates*  
 (So was her Brother call'd) grew soon so dear,  
 So true and constant in their Amities,  
 And in that League, so strictly joined were;  
 That Death it self could not their Friendship sever,  
 But as they liv'd in Love, they dy'd together.

31.

If one be melancholy, th' other's sad;  
 If one be sick, the other's surely ill;  
 And if *Philetus* any Sorrow had,  
*Philocrates* was Partner in it still:  
*Pylades* Soul and mad *Orestes* was  
 In these, if we believe *Pythagoras*.



32.

Oft in the Woods *Philetus* walks, and there  
 Exclaims against his Fate, Fate too unkind:  
 With speaking Tears his Grievs he doth declare,  
 And with sad Sighs instructs the angry *Wind*  
 To sigh, and did even upon that prevail,  
 It groan'd to hear *Philetus* mournful Tale.

33.

The Crystal Brooks, which gently run between  
 The shadowing Trees, and as they through them pass  
 Water the Earth, and keep the Meadows green,  
 Giving a Colour to the verdant Grass:  
 Hearing *Philetus* tell his woful State,  
 In shew of Grief ran murmur'ing at his Fate.

34.

*Philomel* answers him again and shews,  
 In her best Language her sad History,  
 And in a mournful Sweetness tells her Woes,  
 Denying to be pos'd in Misery:  
*Constantia* he, the *Terens*, *Terens* cries,  
 With him both Grief, and Grief's Expression vies.

35.

*Philocrates* must needs his Sadness know,  
 Willing in Ills, as well as Joys to share,  
 Nor will on them the Name of Friends bestow,  
 Who in light Sport, not Sorrow Partners are.  
 Who leaves to guide the Ship when Storms arise,  
 Is guilty both of Sin and Cowardise.

36.

But when his noble Friend perceiv'd that he  
 Yielded to Tyrant Passion more and more,  
 Desirous to partake his Malady,  
 He watches him in hope to cure his Sore,  
 By Counsel, and recall the pois'nous Dart,  
 When it, alas, was fixed in his Heart.

37.

When in the Woods, places best fit for Care,  
 He to himself did his past Grievs recite,  
 Th' obsequious Friend strait follows him, and there  
 Doth hide himself from sad *Philetus* sight.  
 Who thus exclaims; for a swoln Heart would break,  
 If it for vent of Sorrow might not speak.

38. Oh!



38.

Oh! I am lost, not in this Desert Wood,  
 But in loves pathless Labyrinth, there I  
 My health, each Joy and Pleasure counted good  
 Have lost, and which is more, my liberty,  
 And now am forc'd to let him sacrifice  
 My heart, for rash believing of my eyes.

39.

Long have I staid, but yet have no relief,  
 Long have I lov'd, yet have no favour shown,  
 Because she knows not of my killing grief,  
 And I have fear'd, to make my sorrows known.  
 For why alas, if she should once but dart  
 Disdainful looks, 'twould break my captiv'd heart.

40.

But how should she, ere I impart my Love,  
 Reward my ardent flame with like desire?  
 But when I speak, if she should angry prove,  
 Laugh at my flowing tears, and scorn my fire;  
 Why, he who hath all sorrows born before,  
 Needeth not fear to be oppress'd with more.

41.

Philocrates no longer can forbear,  
 Runs to his friend, and sighing, Oh! (said he)  
 My dear Philetus be thyself, and swear  
 To rule that Passion which now masters thee,  
 And all thy reason; but if it can't be,  
 Give to thy Love but eyes that it may see.

42.

Amazement strikes him dumb, what shall he do?  
 Should he reveal his Love, he fears 'twould prove  
 A hind'rance; and should he deny to show,  
 It might perhaps his dear friends anger move:  
 These doubts like Scylla and Charybdis stand,  
 While Cupid a blind Pilot doth command.

43.

At last resolv'd; how shall I seek, said he,  
 To excuse my self, dearest Philocrates;  
 That I from thee have hid this secrecie?  
 Yet censure not, give me first leave to ease  
 My case with words, my grief you should have known  
 Ere this, if that my heart had been my own.



44.

*I am all Love, my heart was burnt with fire  
 From two bright Suns which do all light disclose;  
 First kindling in my breast the flame desire,  
 But like the rare Arabian Bird, there rose  
 From my hearts ashes never quenched Love,  
 Which now this torment in my Soul doth move.*

45.

*Oh! let not then my Passion cause your hate,  
 Nor let my choice offend you, or detain.  
 Your ancient Friendship; 'tis, alas, too late  
 To call my firm affection back again:  
 No Physick can recure my weak'ned state,  
 The wound is grown too great, too desperate.*

46.

*But Counsel, said his Friend, a remedy  
 Which never fails the Patient, may at least  
 If not quite heal your minds infirmity,  
 Assuage your torment and procure some rest.  
 But there is no Physician can apply  
 A Medicine ere he know the Malady.*

47.

*Then hear me, said Philetus; but why? Stay,  
 I will not toil thee with my History,  
 For to remember Sorrows past away,  
 Is to renew an old Calamity.  
 He who acquainteth others with his moan,  
 Adds to his friends grief, but not cures his own.*

48.

*But said Philocrates, 'tis best in woe,  
 To have a faithful partner of their care;  
 That burthen may be undergone by two,  
 Which is perhaps too great for one to bear.  
 I should mistrust your love, to hide from me  
 Your thoughts, and tax you of Inconstancy.*

49.

*What shall he do? or with what Language frame  
 Excuse? He must resolve not to deny,  
 But open his close thoughts, and inward flame,  
 With that, as Prologue to his Tragedy,  
 He sigh'd, as if they'd cool his torments ire,  
 When they alas, did blow the raging fire.*



50.

When years first styl'd me twenty, I began  
 To sport with catching snare that love had set,  
 Like Birds that flutter round the gin, till ta'ne,  
 Or the poor Fly caught in *Arachne's* net:  
 Even so I sported with her Beauties light,  
 Till I at last grew blind with too much sight.

51.

First it came stealing on me, whilst I thought,  
 'Twas easie to repel it; but as fire,  
 Tho but a spark, soon into flames is brought,  
 So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher;  
 Which so have scorch'd my Love-struck Soul, that I  
 Still live in torment, yet each minute die.

52.

VVho is it, said *Philocrates*, can move  
 VVith charming eyes such deep affection?  
 I may perhaps assist you in your love;  
 Two can effect more than your self alone.  
 My Counsel this thy Error may reclaim,  
 Or my salt tears quench thy destructive flame.

53.

Nay, said *Philetus*, oft my eyes do flow  
 Like *Nilus*, when it scorns th' opposed shore:  
 Yet all the watry plenty I bestow,  
 Is to my flame an oyl that feeds it more.  
 So Fame reports of the *Dodonean* Spring,  
 That lightens all those which are put therein.

54.

But being you desire to know her, she  
 Is call'd (with that his eyes let fall a shower  
 As if they fain would drown the memory  
 Of his life-keepers name) *Constantia*; more  
 Grief would not let him utter; Tears the best  
 Expressers of true Sorrow, spoke the rest.

55.

To which his noble friend did thus reply:  
 And was this all! VVhat e'er your grief would ease  
 Tho a far greater task, believ't for thee  
 It should be soon done by *Philocrates*;  
 Think all you wish perform'd, but see, the day  
 Tyr'd with its heat is hastning now away.



56.

Home from the silent Woods, night bids them go,  
 But sad *Philetus* can no comfort find,  
 What in the day he fears of future woe,  
 At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his mind.  
 Why do'st thou vex him, Love cou'dst thou but see,  
 Thou would'st thy self *Philetus* Rival be.

57.

*Philocrates* pitying his doleful mone,  
 And wounded with the Sorrows of his friend,  
 Brings him to fair *Constantia*; where alone  
 He might impart his love, and either end  
 His fruitless hopes, nipt by her coy disdain,  
 Or by her liking, his wisht Joys attain.

58.

Fairest (said he) whom the bright Heavens do cover,  
 Do not these tears, these speaking tears, despise,  
 These heaving sighs of a submissive Lover,  
 Thus struck to th' earth by your all dazzling eyes.  
 And do not you condemn that ardent flame,  
 Which from your self, Your own fair Beauty came.

59.

Trust me, I long have hid my Love, but now  
 Am forc'd to show't, such is my inward smart,  
 And you alone (fair Saint) the means do know  
 To heal the wound of my consuming heart.  
 Then since it only in your power doth lie  
 To kill, or save, Oh help! or else I die.

60.

His gently cruel Love did thus reply;  
 I for your pain am grieved, and would do  
 Without impeachment of my Chastity  
 And honor, any thing might pleasure you.  
 But if beyond those limits you demand,  
 I must not answer (Sir) nor understand.

61.

Believe me virtuous Maiden, my desire  
 Is chaste and pious, as thy Virgin thought,  
 No flash of Lust, 'tis no dishonest fire  
 Which goes as soon as it was quickly brought:  
 But as thy beauty pure, which let not be  
 Eclipsed by disdain, and cruelty.

62. Oh!



62.

Oh ! How shall I reply (she cry'd) thou'lt won  
 My soul, and therefore take thy Victory :  
 Thy eyes and speeches have my heart o'come,  
 And if I should deny thee love, then I  
     Should be Tyrant to my self ; that fire  
     Which is kept close, burns with the greatest ire.

63.

Yet do not count my yielding, lightness now,  
 Impute it rather to my ardent Love,  
 Thy pleasing Carriage won me long ago,  
 And pleading beauty did my liking move,  
     Thy eyes which draw like loadstones with their might  
     The hardest hearts, won mine to leave me quite.

64.

Oh ! I am wrapt above the reach, said he,  
 Of thought, my Soul already feels the bliss  
 Of Heaven, when (Sweet) my thoughts once tax but thee  
 With any crime, may I lose all happiness  
     Is wisht for : both your favour here, and dead,  
     May the just gods pour Vengeance on my head.

65.

Whilst he was speaking this (behold their Fate)  
 Constantia's Father entred in the room,  
 When glad Philetus ignorant of his state,  
 Kisses her cheeks, more red than setting Sun :  
     Or else the morn, blushing through clouds of water,  
     To see ascending Sol congratulate her.

66.

Just as the guilty Prisoner fearful stands  
 Reading his fatal *Theta* in the brows  
 Of him, who both his life and death commands,  
 Ere from his mouth he the sad sentence knows.  
     Such was his state to see her Father come,  
     Nor wish'd for, nor expected in the room:

67.

Th' intrag'd old man bids him no more to dare  
 Such bold intrusion in that house, nor be  
 At any time with his lov'd Daughter there  
 Till he had given him such authority :  
     But to depart, since she her love did shew him  
     Was living death, with ling'ring torments to him.



68.

This being known to kind *Philocrates*,  
 He cheers his friend, bidding him banish fear,  
 And by some Letter his griev'd mind appease,  
 And shew her that which to her friendly ear  
 Time gave no leave to tell, and thus his quill  
 Declares to her the absent Lovers will.

### The LETTER.

#### PHILETUS to CONSTANTIA.

**I** Trust (dear Soul) my absence cannot move  
 You to forget, or doubt my ardent Love;  
 For were there any means to see you, I  
 Would run through Death, and all the misery  
 Fate could inflict, that so the World might say,  
 In Life and Death I lov'd Constantia.  
 Then let not (dearest sweet) our absence part  
 Our loves, but each breast keep the others heart;  
 Give warmth to one another, till there rise  
 From all our labours, and our industries  
 The long expected fruits; have patience (Sweet)  
 There's no man whom the Summer pleasures greet  
 Before he taste the Winter, none can say,  
 Ere Night was gone, he saw the rising Day.  
 So when we once have wasted Sorrows night,  
 The Sun of Comfort then shall give us light.

Philetus.

This when *Constantia* read, she thought her state  
 Most happy by *Philetus* Constancy,  
 And perfect Love: she thanks her flattering Fate,  
 Kisses the Paper, till with kissing she  
 The welcome Characters doth dull and stain,  
 Then thus with Ink and Tears writes back again.

C O N-



## CONSTANTIA to PHILETUS.

Y Our absence (Sir) tho it be long, yet I  
 Neither forget, nor doubt your Constancy.  
 Nor need you fear, that I should yield unto  
 Another, what to your true Love is due.  
 My heart is yours, it is not in my claim,  
 Nor have I power to take it back again.  
 There's nought but death can part our Souls, no time  
 Or angry Friends, shall make my Love decline:  
 But for the harvest of our hopes I'll stay,  
 Unless Death cut it, ere 'tis ripe, away.

Constantia.

70.

Oh! how this Letter seem'd to raise his pride!  
 Prouder was he of this than *Phaeton*,  
 When he did *Phæbus* flaming Chariot guide,  
 Unknowing of the danger was to come.  
 Prouder than *Jason*, when from *Colchos* he  
 Returned with the *Fleeces* Victory.

71.

But ere the *Autumn*, which fair *Ceres* crown'd,  
 Had paid the sweating Plowman's greediest prayer;  
 And by the Fall disrob'd the gaudy ground  
 Of all those Ornaments it us'd to wear,  
 Them kind *Philocrates* to each other brought,  
 Where they this means t' enjoy their freedom wrought.

72.

Sweet fair one, laid *Philetus*, since the time  
 Favours our wish, and does afford us leave  
 T' enjoy our loves, Oh let us not resign  
 This long'd for favour, nor our selves bereave  
 Of what we wish'd for opportunity,  
 That may too soon the wings of Love out-fly.

73.

For when your Father, as his Custom is,  
 For pleasure doth pursue the tim'rous Hare,  
 If you'll resort but thither, I'll not miss  
 To be in those Woods ready for you, where  
 We may depart in safety, and no more  
 With dreams of pleasure only, heal our sore.

74. To



74.

To this the happy Lovers soon agree;  
 But ere they part, *Philetus* begs to hear  
 From her enchanting voices melody,  
 One Song to satisfy his longing ear:  
 She yields; and singing, added to desire;  
 The list'ning Youth increas'd his amorous fire.

## The S O N G.

I.

**T**ime flie with greater speed away,  
 Add feathers to thy wings,  
 Till thy haste in flying brings  
 That wist for and expected Day.

II.

Comforts Sun, we then shall see,  
 Tho at first it darkened be,  
 With dangers, yet those Clouds but gone  
 Our Day will put his lustre on.

III.

Then tho Deaths sad night appear,  
 And we in lonely silence rest;  
 Our ravish'd Souls no more shall fear,  
 But with lasting day be blest.

IV.

And then no friends can part us more,  
 Nor no new death extend its power;  
 Thus there's nothing can dis sever,  
 Hearts which Love hath joyn'd together.

75.

Fear of being seen, *Philetus* homeward drove,  
 But ere they part she willingly doth give  
 (As faithful pledges of her constant love)  
 Many a soft Kiss, then they each other leave,  
 Wrapt up with secret joy that they have found  
 A way to heal the torment of their wound.

76. But



76.

But e'er the Sun through many days had run,  
*Constantia's* charming Beauty had o'ercome  
*Guifardo's* Heart, and scorn'd Affection won,  
 Her Eyes soon conquer'd all they shone upon,  
 Shot through his wounded Heart such hot Desire,  
 As nothing but her Love could quench the Fire.

77.

In Roofs which Gold and *Parian* Stone adorn  
 (Proud as the Owners Mind) he did abound,  
 In Fields so fertile for their yearly Corn,  
 As might contend with scorch'd *Calabria's* Ground;  
 But in his Soul, that should contain the Store  
 Of surest Riches, he was base and poor.

78.

Him was *Constantia* urg'd continually  
 By her Friends to love, sometimes they did intreat  
 With gentle Speeches, and mild Courtesie,  
 Which when they see despis'd by her, they threat.  
 But Love too deep was seated in her Heart  
 To be worn out with Thought of any Smart.

79.

Soon did her Father to the Woods repair,  
 To seek for Sport, and hunt the started Game;  
*Guifardo* and *Philocrates* were there,  
 With many Friends, too tedious here to name.  
 With them *Constantia* went, but not to find  
 The Bear or Wolf, but Love all mild and kind.

80.

Being entred in the pathless Woods, while they  
 Pursue their Game, *Philetus*, who was late  
 Hid in a Thicket, carries strait away  
 His Love, and hastens his own hasty Fate,  
 That came too soon upon him, and his Sun,  
 Was quite eclips'd before it fully shone.

81.

*Constantia* miss'd, the Hunters in a maze,  
 Take each a several Course, and by curst Fate  
*Guifardo* runs, with a Love-carried Pace  
 Towards them, who little knew their woful State:  
*Philetus*, like bold *Icarus*, soaring high  
 To Honours, found the depth of Misery.



82.

For when *Guifardo* sees his Rival there,  
 Swelling with envious Rage, he comes behind  
*Philetus*, who such Fortune did not fear,  
 And with his Sword a way to's Heart does find.  
 But e'er his Spirits were possess'd of Death,  
 In these few Words he spent his latest Breath.

83.

*O see Constantia, my short Race is run,*  
*See how my Blood the thirsty Ground doth die,*  
*But live thou happier than thy Love hath done,*  
*And when I'm dead, think sometimes upon me.*  
*More my short time permits me not to tell,*  
*For now Death seizeth me, My dear farewell.*

84.

As soon as he had spoke these Words, Life fled  
 From his pierc'd Body, whilst *Constantia* she  
 Kisses his Cheeks that lose their lively red,  
 And become pale and wan, and now each Eye  
 Which was so bright, is like, when Life was done,  
 A Star that's faln, or an eclipsed Sun.

85.

Thither *Philocrates* was driv'n by Fate,  
 And saw his Friend lie bleeding on the Earth;  
 Near his pale Corps his weeping Sister sate,  
 Her Eyes shed Tears, her Heart to Sighs gave birth.  
*Philocrates* when he saw this did cry,  
*Friend, I'll revenge or bear thee company.*

86.

*Just Jove hath sent me to revenge this Fate,*  
*Nay, stay Guifardo, think not Heav'n in jest,*  
*'Tis vain to hope Flight can secure thy state;*  
 Then thrust his Sword into the Villain's Breast.  
 Here, said *Philocrates*, thy Life I send  
 A Sacrifice, t' appease my slaughter'd Friend.

87.

But as he fell, *Take this Reward*, said he,  
 For thy new Victory: with that he flung  
 His darted Rapier at his Enemy,  
 Which hit his Head, and in his Brain-pan hung.  
 With that he falls, but lifting up his Eyes,  
 Farewel *Constantia*, that Word said, he dies.



88.

What shall she do ? she to her Brother runs,  
His cold and lifeless Body does embrace ;  
She calls to him that cannot hear her Moans,  
And with her Kisses warms his clammy Face.

*My dear Philocrates, she weeping cries,  
Speak to thy Sister ; but no Voice replies.*

89.

Then running to her Love with many a Tear,  
Thus her Minds fervent Passion she express,  
O stay (blest Soul) stay but a little here,  
And take me with you to a lasting Rest.

*Then to Elysiums Mansions both shall flie,  
Be married there, and never more to die.*

90.

But seeing 'em both dead ; she cry'd, Ah me,  
Ah my *Philetus* ! for thy sake will I  
Make up a full and perfect Tragedy,  
Since 'twas for me (dear Love) that thou didst die :  
I'll follow thee, and not thy Loss deplore,  
These Eyes that saw thee kill'd, shall see no more.

91.

It shall not sure be said that thou didst die,  
And thy *Constantia* live when thou wast slain :  
No, no, dear Soul, I will not stay from thee,  
That will reflect upon my valued Fame.

*Then piercing her sad Breast, I come, she cries,  
And Death for ever clos'd her weeping Eyes.*

92.

Her Soul being fled to its eternal Rest,  
Her Father comes, and seeing this he falls  
To th' Earth, with Grief too great to be express'd :  
Whose doleful Words my tired Muse me calls  
T' o'erpass, which I most gladly do, for fear  
That I should toil too much the *Readers Ear*.

---

FINIS.



88

What shall she do? she to her Brother runs  
His cold and listless Body does embrace;  
She calls to him that cannot hear her Moans,  
And with her Kisses warms the chimney Heats.  
O dear Philistine, the melting tears  
Spent to thy Liberty; but no Voice replies.

89

The running to her Love with many a Tear  
Thus her Mind's fervent Passion she expresses,  
O say (dear Soul) stay but a little here,  
And take me with you to a lasting Rest.  
Then to Elysium's blissful shore she flies,  
Be married there, and never more to die.

90

But feeling 'em both dead; the cry, Alas,  
As my Partaker for thy fate will I  
Take up a full and perfect Torment,  
Since 'twas for me (dear Love) that thou shouldst die;  
I'll follow thee, and not thy Love alone,  
These Eyes that saw thee kill'd, shall see no more.

91

It shall not long be said that thou shouldst die,  
And thy Constant live when thou wast dead;  
No, no, dear Soul, I will not stay from thee,  
That will reflect upon my sacred Name.  
Then piercing her sad Breast, I saw, I saw,  
And Dumb for ever clasp her weeping Eyes.

92

Her Soul being led to its eternal Rest,  
Her Father comes, and taking this he says  
To his dear Child, who's glad to be so well,  
While distant Woes my mind should be so free.  
T'express, which I must gladly do, for him  
That I should tell too much the Father's Love.



THE  
Tragical History  
OF  
PIRAMUS  
AND  
THISBE.

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The Seventh Edition.

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Enlarged by the AUTHOR.

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—Fit Surculus Arbor.

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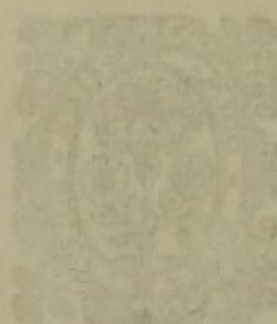


THE  
Tragical History  
OF  
PIRAMUS  
AND  
THISBE.

The second Edition.

Enlarged by the Author.

For Samuel Arden.



L O N D O N :

Printed for Charles Harper, at the Flower-de-luce  
over against St Dunstons Church in  
Fleetstreet, M DCC.



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To the Right Worshipful, my very Loving Master  
**M<sup>r</sup> LAMBERT OSBOLSTON,**

Chief School-Master of *Westminster* School.

S I R,

**M***Y* childish *Muse* is in her *Spring* ; and yet  
Can only shew some budding of her *Wit*.  
One Frown upon her *VVork* (learn'd *Sir*) from you,  
Like some unkind *Storm* shot from your *Brow*,  
Would turn her *Spring* to with'ring *Autumn* time,  
And make her *Blossoms* perish e'er their *Prime*.  
But if you smile, if in your gracious *Eye*  
She an auspicious *Alpha* can descry :  
How soon will they grow *Fruit* ? How fresh appear,  
That had such *Beams* their *Infancy* to chear :  
Which being sprung to *Ripeness*, expect then  
The earliest *Offering* of her grateful *Pen*.

Your most Dutiful Scholar

ABR. COWLEY.

THE



To the Right Worshipful, my very Loving Master

MILAMBERT OSBOLTON

Chief School Master of Westminster School.

218

My child's Alike it in her Spring; and yet  
Can only have some budding of her Wit.  
One Flower upon her Wreath (leaving 20) from you,  
Like some twinkling Star from your Broom,  
Would turn her Spring to withering Autumn time,  
And make her Blossoms perish in their Prime.  
But if you smile, if in your gracious Eye  
She an ambitious Alike can deify:  
How soon will they grow Fruit? How fresh appear,  
That had such Beam their Infancy to cheer,  
Which bring Spring to Ripeness, expect then  
The earliest Offering of her grateful Pen.

Your most Obedient Scholar

ABEL COWLEY.

THE





THE  
 Tragical History  
 OF  
 PIRAMUS  
 AND  
 THISBE.

1.  
**W**hen *Babylon's* high Walls erected were  
 By mighty *Ninus* Wife; two Houses join'd.  
 One *Thisbe* liv'd in, *Piramus* the Fair  
 In th'other: Earth ne'r boasted such a Pair.  
 The very senseless Walls themselves combin'd,  
 And grew in one, just like their Masters Mind.

2.  
*Thisbe* all other Women did excell,  
 The Queen of Love, less lovely was than she:  
 And *Piramus* more sweet than Tongue can tell,  
 Nature grew proud in framing them so well.  
 But *Venus* envying they so fair should be,  
 Bids her Son *Cupid* shew his Cruelty.



3.

The all-subduing God his Bow doth bend,  
Whets and prepares his most remorseless Dart,  
Which he unseen unto their Hearts did send,  
And so was Love the Cause of Beauties End.

But could he see, he had not wrought their Smart :  
For Pity sure would have o'ercome his Heart.

4.

Like as a Bird which in the Net is ta'en,  
By struggling more entangles in the Gin ;  
So they who in Love's Labyrinth remain,  
With striving never can a Freedom gain.  
The way to enter's broad ; but being in,  
No Art, no Labour can an *Exit* win.

5.

These Lovers, tho their Parents did reprove  
Their Fires, and watch'd their Deed with Jealousie,  
Tho in these Storms no Comfort can remove  
The various Doubts and Fears that cool hot Love :  
Tho he not hers, nor she his Face could see,  
Yet this cannot abolish Love's Decree.

6.

For Age had crack'd the Wall which them did part,  
This the unanimate Couple soon did spy,  
And here their inward Sorrows did impart,  
Unlading the sad Burthen of their Heart.  
Tho Love be blind, this shews he can descry  
A way to lessen his own Misery.

7.

Oft to the friendly Cranny they resort,  
And feed themselves with the Celestial Air  
Of odoriferous Breath ; no other Sport  
They could enjoy, yet think the time but short :  
And wish that it again renewed were,  
To suck each others Breath for ever there.

8.

Sometimes they did exclaim against their Fate,  
And sometimes they accus'd imperial *Jove* ;  
Sometimes repent their Flames : but all too late ;  
The Arrow could not be recall'd their State  
Was first ordain'd by *Jupiter* above,  
And *Cupid* had appointed they should love.

9. They



9.

They curs'd the Wall that did their Kisses part,  
 And to the Stones their mournful Words they sent,  
 As if they saw the Sorrow of their Heart,  
 And by their Tears could understand their Smart :  
 But it was hard, and knew not what they meant,  
 Nor with their Sighs (alas!) would it relent.

10.

This in effect they said; *Curs'd Wall, O why*  
*Wilt thou our Bodies sever, whose true Love*  
*Breaks thorough all thy flinty Cruelty :*  
*For both our Souls so closely joined lie,*  
*That nought but angry Death can them remove,*  
*And tho he part them, yet they'll meet above.*

11.

Abortive Tears from their fair Eyes out-flow'd,  
 And damm'd the lovely Splendor of their Sight,  
 Which seem'd like *Titan*, whilst some watry Cloud  
 O'erspreads his Face, and his bright Beams doth shroud.  
 Till *Vesper* chas'd away the conquer'd Light,  
 And forceth them (tho loth) to bid *Good night*.

12.

But e'er *Aurora*, Usher to the Day,  
 Began with welcome Lustre to appear,  
 The Lovers rise, and at the Cranny they  
 Thus to each other, their Thoughts open lay,  
 With many a Sigh and many a speaking Tear,  
 Whose Grief the pitying Morning blush'd to hear.

13.

Dear Love (said *Piramus*) how long shall we  
 Like fairest Flowers, not gather'd in their Prime,  
 Waste precious Youth, and let Advantage flee,  
 Till we bewail (at last) our Cruelty  
 Upon our selves, for Beauty, tho it shine  
 Like Day, will quickly find an Evening time.

14.

Therefore (sweet *Thisbe*) let us meet this Night  
 At *Ninus Tomb* without the City Wall,  
 Under the Mulberry-tree, with Berries white  
 Abounding, there enjoy our wisht Delight:  
 For mounting Love stopt in its Course doth fall,  
 And long'd for, yet untasted, Joy kills all.

E 2

15. What



15.

What tho our cruel Parents angry be ?  
 What tho our Friends (alas!) are too unkind ?  
 Time that now offers quickly may deny,  
 And soon hold back fit opportunity.

*Who lets slip Fortune, he shall never find  
 Occasion once past by, is bald behind.*

16.

She soon agreed to that which he requir'd,  
 For little Wooing needs where both consent ;  
 What he so long had pleaded, she desir'd :  
 Which Venus seeing, with blind Chance conspir'd,  
 And many a charming accent to her sent,  
 That she (at last) would frustrate their intent.

17.

Thus Beauty is by Beauty's means undone,  
 Striving to close those Eyes that make her bright ;  
 Just like the Moon, which seeks t' eclipse the Sun,  
 Whence all her Splendor, all her Beams do come :  
 So she, who fetcheth Lustre from their Sight,  
 Doth purpose to destroy their glorious Light.

18.

Unto the Mulberry-tree fair Thübe came ;  
 Where having rested long, at last she 'gan  
 Against her Piramus for to exclaim,  
 Whilst various Thoughts turmoil her troubled Brain :  
 And imitating thus the Silver Swan,  
*A little while before her Death she sang.*

---

## The S O N G.

I.

Come. Love, why stayest thou ? the Night  
 Will vanish e'er we taste Delight :  
 The Moon obscures her self from sight,  
 Thou absent, whose Eyes give her Light.

II.

Come quickly, Dear, be brief as Time,  
 Or we by Morn shall be o'erta'en,  
 Loves Joy's thine own, as well as mine,  
 Spend not therefore the Time in vain.

19. Here



19.

Here doubtful Thoughts broke off her pleasant Song,  
 And for her Lovers stay sent many a Sigh,  
 Her *Piramus* she thought did tarry long,  
 And that his Absence did her too much wrong.  
 Then betwixt Longing Hope and Jealousie,  
 She fears, yet's loth to tax his Loyalty.

20.

Sometimes she thinks that he hath her forsaken;  
 Sometimes that Danger hath befallen him;  
 She fears that he another Love hath taken;  
 Which being but imagin'd soon doth waken  
 Numberless Thoughts, which on her Heart did fling  
 Fears, that her future Fate too truly sing.

21.

While she thus musing sat, ran from the Wood  
 An angry Lion to the crystal Springs  
 Near to that place; who coming from his Food,  
 His Chaps were all besmear'd with crimson Blood:  
 Swifter than Thought, sweet *Thisbe* strait begins  
 To fly from him, Fear gave her Swallows Wings.

22.

As she avoids the Lion, her Desire  
 Bids her to stay, lest *Piramus* should come,  
 And be devour'd by the stern Lion's ire,  
 So she for ever burn in unquencht Fire;  
 But Fear expels all Reasons, she doth run  
 Into a darksome Cave, ne'r seen by Sun.

23.

With haste she let her looser Mantle fall:  
 Which when th' enraged Lion did espy,  
 With bloody Teeth he tore in pieces small,  
 Whilst *Thisbe* ran and look'd not back at all.  
 For could the senseless Beast her Face descry,  
 It had not done her such an Injury.

24.

The Night half wasted *Piramus* did come;  
 Who seeing printed in the yielding Sand  
 The Lion's Paw, and by the Fountain some  
 Of *Thisbe's* Garment, Sorrow struck him dumb:  
 Just like a Marble Statue did he stand,  
 Cut by some skilful Gravers artful hand.



25.

Recovering Breath, at Fate he did exclaim,  
 Washing with Tears the torn and bloody Weed :  
 I may, said he, my self for her Death blame,  
 Therefore my Blood shall wash away that Shame :  
*Since she is dead, whose Beauty doth exceed  
 All that frail Man can either hear or read.*

26.

This spoke, he drew his fatal Sword, and said ;  
 Receive my Crimson Blood, as a due Debt  
 Unto thy Constant Love to which 'tis paid :  
*I strait will meet thee in the pleasant Shade  
 Of cool Elysium ; where we being met,  
 Shall taste those Joys, that here we could not get.*

27.

Then through his Breast thrusting his Sword, Life hies  
 From him, and he makes haste to seek his Fair.  
 And as upon the colour'd Ground he lies,  
 His Blood had dropt upon the *Mulberries* :  
*With which th' unspotted Berries stained were,  
 And ever since with red they colour'd are.*

28.

At last fair *Thisbe* left the Den, for fear  
 Of disappointing *Piramus*, since she  
 Was bound by Promise for to meet him there :  
 But when she saw the Berries changed were  
 From white to black, she knew not certainly  
 It was the place where they agreed to be.

29.

With what Delight through the dark Cave she came,  
 Thinking to tell how she escap'd the Beast ;  
 But when she saw her *Piramus* lie slain,  
 Ah ! how perplex'd did her sad Soul remain :  
 She tears her Golden Hair, and beats her Breast,  
 And every sign of raging Grief exprest.

30.

She blames all-powerful *Jove*, and strives to take  
 His bleeding Body from the moistned Ground.  
 She kisses his pale Face till she doth make  
 It red with Kissing, and then seeks to wake  
 His parting Soul with mournful Words, his wound  
 Washes with Tears, that her sweet Speech confound.



31.

But afterwards recovering Breath, said she,  
*Alas ! what Chance hath parted Thee and I ?*  
*O tell what Evil hath befalln to thee,*  
*That of thy Death I may a Partner be :*  
*Tell Thisbe what hath caus'd this Tragedy.*  
He hearing *Thisbe's* Name, lifts up his Eye.

32.

And on his Love he rais'd his dying Head :  
Where striving long for Breath, at last said he,  
*O Thisbe, I am hasting to the Dead,*  
*And cannot heal that Wound my Fear hath made :*  
*Farewel, sweet Thisbe, we must parted be,*  
*For angry Death will force me soon from thee.*

33.

Life did from him, he from his Mistress part,  
Leaving his Love to languish here in wo.  
What shall she do? How shall she ease her Heart?  
Or with what Language speak her inward Smart?  
Usurping Passion Reason doth o'erflow,  
She vows that with her *Piramus* she'll go.

34.

Then takes the Sword wherewith her Love was slain,  
With *Piramus* his crimson Blood warm still;  
And said, *O stay (blest Soul) a while refrain,*  
*That we may go together, and remain*  
*In endless Joys, and never fear the Ill*  
*Of grudging Friends. — Then she her self did kill.*

35.

To tell what Grief their Parents did sustain,  
Were more than my rude Quill can overcome,  
Much they did weep and grieve, but all in vain,  
*For Weeping calls not back the Dead again.*  
Both in one Grave were laid, when Life was done,  
And these few Words were writ upon the Tomb.



## E P I T A P H.

I.

**U**nderneath this Marble Stone,  
Lie two Beauties join'd in one.

II.

Two whose Loves Death could not sever,  
For both liv'd, both dy'd together.

III.

Two whose Souls, being too divine  
For Earth, in their own Sphere now shine.

IV.

Who have left their Loves to Fame,  
And their Earth to Earth again.

F I N I S.



S Y L V A :

O R,

DIVERS COPIES

O F

V E R S E S,

Made upon fundry Occasions.

By *A. Cowley.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed by *M. Clark*, for *C. Harper*,  
M DCC.



SYLVIA

OR

DIVERS COPIES

OF

VERSES

Made upon such Occasions

By A. Comely



LONDON

Printed by W. Clark, for C. Harper.  
M DCC.



A N  
E L E G Y  
O N

The DEATH of the Right Honourable *Dud-*  
*ley Lord Carleton*, Viscount Dorchester,  
late Principal Secretary of State.

**T**HE Infernal Sisters did a Council call  
Of all the Fiends, to the black Stygian Hall;  
The dire Tartarean Monsters, hating light,  
Begot by dismal Erebus, and Night;  
Where'er dispers'd abroad, hearing the Fame  
Of their accursed meeting, thither came.  
Revenge, whose greedy mind no Blood can fill,  
And Envy, never satisfi'd with ill.  
Thither blind Boldness, and impatient Rage,  
Resorted, with Deaths neighbour, envious Age:  
These to oppress the Earth, the Furies sent.  
The Council thus dissolv'd, an angry Feaver,  
Whose quenchless thirst, by Blood was sated never:  
Envyng the Riches, Honour, Greatness, Love,  
And Vertue (Load stone, that all these did move)  
Of Noble CARLETON; him she took away,  
And like a greedy Vulture seiz'd her Prey:  
Weep with me each who either reads or hears,  
And know his loss deserves his Countries Tears:  
The Muses lost a Patron by his Fate,  
Vertue a Husband, and a Prop the State;  
Sol's Chorus weeps, and to adorn his Herse  
Calliope Would sing a Tragick Verse.  
And had there been before no Spring of theirs,  
They would have made a Hellicon with tears,

ABR. COWLEY.



A N  
E L E G Y  
O N

The DEATH of my loving Friend and Cousin,  
Mr. Richard Clarke, late of *Lincolns-Inn*,  
Gent.

**I**T was decreed by stedfast Destiny,  
(The World from Chaos turn'd) that all should die.  
He who durst fearless pass black Acheron  
And dangers of the Infernal Region,  
Leading Hells tripple Porter captive,  
Was overcome himself, by Conquering Fate.  
The Roman Tully's pleasing Eloquence,  
Which in the Ears did lock up every Sence  
Of the rapt hearer; his mellifluous breath  
Could not at all charm unremorseful Death,  
Nor Solon, so by Greece admir'd, could save  
Himself with all his Wisdom, from the Grave.  
Stern Fate brought Maro to his Funeral Flame,  
And would have ended in that fire his Fame;  
Burning those lofty Lines which now shall be  
Times Conquerors, and out-last Eternity.  
Even so lov'd Clarke from Death no scape could find,  
Tho arm'd with great Alcides valiant mind.  
He was adorn'd, in years though far more young,  
With learned Cicero's, or a sweeter Tongue.  
And could dead Virgil hear his lofty strain,  
He would condemn his own to fire again.  
His Youth a Solon's Wisdom did presage,  
Had Envious Time but given him Solon's age,  
Who would not therefore now, if Learnings friend,  
Beware his fatal and untimely end?  
Who hath such hard, such unrelenting Eyes,  
As not to weep when so much Vertue dies?  
The God of Poets doth in darkness shroud  
His glorious face, and weeps behind a Cloud.  
The doleful Muses thinking now to write  
Sad Elegies, their tears confound their sight:  
But him to Elysiums lasting Joys they bring,  
Where winged Angels his sad Requiems sing.

A. C.  
S Y L.





SYLVA:  
 OR,  
 DIVERS COPIES  
 OF  
 VERSES.

*A Dream of Elysium.*

**P***haebus* expell'd by the approaching Night  
 Blush'd, and for shame clos'd in his bashful light,  
 While I with leaden *Morpheus* overcome,  
 The *Muse* whom I adore, enter'd the Room:  
 Her Hair with looser curiosity,  
 Did on her comely back dishevel'd lie:  
 Her eyes with such attractive beauty shone,  
 As might have wak'd sleeping *Endymion*.  
 She bid me rise, and promis'd I should see  
 Those Fields, those Mansions of Felicity,  
 We Mortals so admire at: Speaking thus,  
 She lifts me up upon wing'd *Pegasus*,  
 On whom I rid; knowing where ever she  
 Did go, that place must needs a *Tempe* be.  
 No sooner was my flying Courser come  
 To the best dwellings of *Elysium*:

When



When straight a thousand unknown joys resort,  
 And hemm'd me round: Chast loves innocuous sport.  
 A thousand Sweets, bought with no following Gall,  
 Joys, not like ours, short, but perpetual.  
 How many objects charm my Wand'ring Eye,  
 And bid my Soul graze there eternally?  
 Here in full streams, *Bacchus* thy Liquor flows,  
 Nor knows to ebb: here *Joves* broad Tree bestows  
 Distilling Hony, here doth *Nectar* pass  
 With copious current through the verdant Grass.  
 Here *Hyacinth* his fate writ in his looks,  
 And thou *Narcissus* loving still the Brooks,  
 Once lovely boys; and *Acis* now a Flower,  
 Are nourish'd, with that rarer herb, whose power  
 Created thee, Wars potent God, here grows  
 The spotless Lilly, and the blushing Rose.  
 And all those divers ornaments abound,  
 That variously may paint the gawdy ground.  
 No Willow, Sorrows Garland, there bath room,  
 Nor Cypress, sad attendant of a Tomb.  
 None but *Apollo's* Tree, and th' Ivy Twine  
 Embracing the stout Oak, the fruitful Vine,  
 And Trees with golden Apples loaded down,  
 On whose fair tops sweet *Philomel* alone,  
 Unmindful of her former misery,  
 Tunes with her voice a ravishing Harmony.  
 Whilst all the murmuring Brooks that glide along,  
 Make up a burthen to her pleasing Song.  
 No *Scritch Owl*, sad companion of the Night,  
 No hideous Raven with prodigious flight  
 Presaging future Ill. Nor, *Progne*, thee  
 Yet spotted with young *Itis* Tragedy,  
 Those Sacred Bowers receive. There's nothing there,  
 That is not pure, all innocent, and rare.  
 Turning my greedy sight another way,  
 Under a row of storm-contemning Bay,  
 I saw the *Thracian* Singer with his lyre  
 Teach the deaf stones to hear him, and admire.  
 Him the whole Poets *Chorus* compass'd round,  
 All whom the Oak, all whom the Lawrel crown'd.  
 There, banish'd *Ovid* had a lasting home,  
 Better than thou could'st give ungrateful *Rome*;  
 And *Lucan* (spight of *Nero*) in each vein  
 Had every drop of his spilt Blood again:  
*Homer*, *Sol's* first-born, was not poor or blind,  
 But saw as well in Body as in mind.  
*Tully*, grave *Cato*, *Solon*, and the rest  
 Of *Greece's* admir'd Wife-men, here posselt  
 A large reward for their past deeds, and gain  
 A life, as everlasting as their Fame.

By



By these the valiant *Heroes* take their place,  
 All who stern Death and perils did embrace  
 For *Vertues* cause; great *Alexander* there  
 Laughs at the Earths small Empire, and did wear  
 A nobler Crown, than the whole World could give  
 There did *Horatius*, *Cocles*, *Sceva* live,  
 And valiant *Decius*, who now freely cease  
 From War, and purchase an Eternal Peace.

Next them beneath a Myrtle Bower, where Doves,  
 And gall-les Pigeons build their nests, all Loves  
 True faithful Servants with an amorous kifs,  
 And soft embrace, enjoy their greediest wish.  
*Leander* with his beauteous *Heroe* plays,  
 Nor are they parted with dividing Seas.  
*Porcia* enjoys her *Brutus*, Death no more  
 Can now divorce their Wedding, as before.  
*Thisbe* her *Piramus* kifs'd, his *Thisbe* be  
 Embrac'd, each blest'd with t'others company.  
 And every couple always dancing, sing  
 Eternal pleasures to *Elysiums* King.  
 But see how soon these pleasures fade away,  
 How near to evening is delights short day?  
 The watching Bird, true *Nuncios* of the Light,  
 Straight crowd: and all the vanish from my sight.  
 My very *Muse* her self forsook me too,  
 Me grief and wonder wak'd: What should I do?  
 Oh! let me follow thee (said I) and go  
 From life, that I may dream for ever so.  
 With that my flying *Muse* I thought to clasp  
 Within my arms, but did a shadow grasp.

*Thus chiefest joys glide with the swiftest stream,  
 And all our greatest pleasure's but a Dream.*

A. C.

### On His Majesties return out of Scotland.

Great *Charles*: there stop you Trumpeters of Fame,  
 (For he who speaks his Titles, his great Name  
 Must have a breathing time) Our *King*: stay there,  
 Speak by degrees, let the inquisitive ear  
 Be held in doubt, and ere you say, *Is come*,  
 Let every heart prepare a spacious Room  
 For ample joys: then *lo* sing as loud  
 As thunder shot from the divided cloud.

Let



Let *Cygnus* pluck from the *Arabian* waves  
 The ruby of the Rock, the Pearl that paves  
 Great *Neptunes* Court, let every Sparrow bear  
 From the three Sisters weeping bark a tear.  
 Let spotted Lynces their sharp tallons fill  
 With Crystal fetch'd from the *Promethean* hill.  
 Let *Cytherea's* Birds fresh wreaths compose,  
 Knitting the pale-fac'd Lily with the Rose.  
 Let the self-gotten Phoenix rob his nest,  
 Spoil his own Funeral pile, and all his best  
 Of Myrrhe, of Frankincense, of *Cassia* bring,  
 To strew the way for our returned King.

Let every post a *Panegyrick* wear,  
 Each wall, each Pillar gratulations bear:  
 And yet let no man invoke a Muse;  
 The very matter will it self infuse  
 A sacred fury. Let the merry Bells  
 (For unknown joys work unknown miracles)  
 Ring without help of *Sexton*, and presage  
 A new-made holy-day for future age.

And if the Ancients us'd to dedicate  
 A golden Temple to propitious fate,  
 At the return of any Noble-men,  
 Of Heroes, or of Emperors, we must then  
 Raise up a double *Trophee*, for their fame  
 Was but the shadow of our *CHARLES* his name.  
 Who is there where all Vertues mingled flow?  
 Where no defects or imperfections grow?  
 Whose head is always crown'd with Victory,  
 Snatch'd from *Bellona's* hand; him luxury  
 In Peace debilitates, whose tongue can win  
*Tully's* own Garland, pride to him creeps in.  
 On whom (like *Atlas* shoulders) the propt state  
 (As he were *Primum Mobile* of fate)  
 Solely relies; him blind ambition moves,  
 His Tyranny the bridled subject proves.  
 But all those vertues which they all possesse  
 Divided, are collected in thy brest,  
 Great *Charles*! Let *Cesar* boast *Parthia's* fight,  
*Honorius* praise the *Parthians* unfeigned flight.  
 Let *Alexander* call himself *Joves* Peer,  
 And place his Image near the Thunderer,  
 Yet while our *Charles* with equal balance reigns  
 'Twixt Mercy and *Astrea*; and maintains  
 A noble Peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he  
 Who is most near, most like the Deity.



## A S O N G on the same.

**H**ence clouded looks, hence briny tears,  
Hence eye, that sorrows livery wears.

What tho a while Apollo please

To visit the Antipodes?

Tet he returns, and with his light

Expels what he hath caus'd, the night.

What tho the Spring vanish away,

And with it the Earths Form decay?

Tet his new birth will soon restore

What its departure took before.

What tho we miss'd our absent King

A while? Great Charles is come agen,

And, with his presence makes us know

The gratitude to Heaven we owe.

So doth a cruel storm impart

And teach us Palinurus Art.

So from salt floods, wept by our eyes,

A joyful Venus doth arise.

## A V O T E.

1.

**L**est the mis-judging World should chance to say,  
I durst not but in secret murmurs pray,

To whisper in Joves ear,

How much I wish that Funeral,

Or gape at such a great ones fall,

This let all Ages hear,

And future times in my foul picture see

What I abhor, what I desire to be.

2.

I would not be a Puritan, tho he

Can Preach two hours, and yet his Sermon be

But half a quarter long,

Tho from his old mechanick trade

By Vision he's a Pastor made,

His Faith was grown so strong.

Nay tho he think to gain salvation,

By calling th' Pope the Whore of Babylon.

G

3. I would



3.

I would not be a School-master, tho he  
 His Rods no less than *Fasces* seems to be,  
     Tho he in many a place,  
 Turns *Lily* oftner than his gowns,  
 Till at the last he make the Nowns  
     Fight with the Verbs apace.  
 Nay tho he can in a Poetick heat,  
 Figures, born since, out of poor *Virgil* beat.

4.

I would not be Justice of Peace, tho he  
 Can with equality divide the Fee,  
     And stakes with his Clerk draw :  
 Nay tho he sit upon the place  
 Of Judgment with a learned face  
     Intricate as the Law.  
 And whilst he mulcts enormities demurely,  
 Breaks *Priscians* head with sentences securely.

5.

I would not be a Courtier, tho he  
 Makes his whole life the truest Comedy :  
     Altho he be a man  
 In whom the Taylors forming Art,  
 And nimble Barber claim more part  
     Than Nature her self can.  
 Tho, as he uses men, 'tis his intent  
 To put off death too, with a Complement.

6.

From Lawyers tongues, tho they can spin with ease  
 The shortest cause into a Paraphrase,  
     From Usurers Conscience  
 ( For swallowing up young Heirs so fast  
 Without all doubt they'll choak't at last )  
     Make me all Innocence.  
 Good Heaven ; and from thy eyes, O Justice keep,  
 For tho they be not blind they're oft asleep.

7.

From Singing-mens Religion, who are  
 Always at Church just like the Crows, 'cause there  
     They build themselves a nest.  
 From too much Poetry, which shines  
 With Gold in nothing but its lines,  
     Free, O you Powers, my brest.  
 And from Astronomy within the Skies  
 Finds Fish, and Bulls, yet doth but Tantalize.

8. From



8.

From your Court-Madams Beauty, which doth carry  
At morning *May*, at night a *January*.

From the grave City brow  
( For thought it want an *R*, it has  
The Letter of *Pythagoras* )

Keep me O Fortune now,  
And Chines of Beef innumerable fend me,  
Or from the stomach of the Guard defend me.

9.

This only grant me : that my means may lie  
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honour I would have,  
Not from great deeds, but good alone,  
Th' unknowers are better than ill known ;

Rumor can ope the Grave.  
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends  
Not from the Number, but the choice of friends.

10.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,  
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a Cottage more  
Than Palace, and should fitting be  
For all my use, no luxury :

My Garden painted o'er,  
With Natures hand, not arts, that pleasures yield,  
*Horace* might envy in his *Sabine* field.

11.

Thus would I double my lifes fading space,  
For he that runs it well, 'twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,  
These unbought sports, and happy state,  
I would not fear, nor wish my fate,

But boldly say each night,  
To morrow let my Sun his beams display,  
Or in Clouds hide them ; *I have liv'd to day.*



*A Poetical Revenge.*

**W***estminster-Hall* a friend and I agreed  
 To meet in; he (some business 'twas did breed  
 His absence) came not there; I up did go  
 To the next Court, for tho I could not know  
 Much what they meant, yet I might see and hear  
 (As most Spectators do at Theatre)  
 Things very strange; Fortune did seem to grace  
 My coming there, and helpt me to a place.  
 But being newly settled at the sport,  
 A semi-gentleman of th' Inns of Court,  
 In a Satin Suit, redeem'd but yesterday;  
 One who is ravish'd with a Cock-pit Play,  
 Who prays God to deliver him from no evil  
 Besides a Taylors Bill; and fears no Devil  
 Besides a Sergeant, thrust me from my seat:  
 At which I' gan to quarrel, till a neat  
 Man in a Ruff (whom therefore I did take  
 For Barrester) open'd his mouth and spake:  
 Boy, get you gone, this is no School: Oh no;  
 For if it were, all you Gown'd-men would go  
 Up for false Latin: they grew straight to be  
 Incens'd, I fear'd they would have brought on me  
 An Action of Trespas, till th' young man  
 Aforesaid, in the Satin Suit, began  
 To strike me: doubtless there had been a fray,  
 Had not I providently skipp'd away,  
 Without replying; for to scold is ill,  
 Where every tongue's the Clapper of a Mill,  
 And can out-sound *Homers Gradivus*; so  
 Away got I; but ere I far did go,  
 I slung (the Darts of wounding Poetry)  
 These two or three sharp curses back: May he  
 Be by his Father in his Study took  
 At *Shakespears* Plays, instead of my Lord *Coke*.  
 May he (though all his writings grow as soon  
 As *Fleckno's* out of estimation)  
 Get him a Poets name, and so ne'er come  
 Into a Serjeants, or dead Judges room.  
 May he become some poor Physicians prey,  
 Who keeps men in that Conscience in delay  
 As he his Client doth, till his health be  
 As far fetch as a Greek Nouns pedigree.  
 Nay, for all that, may the Disease be gone  
 Never but in the long Vacation.  
 May Neighbours use all Quarrels to decide;  
 But if for Law any to *London* ride,



Of all those Clients may not one be his,  
Unless he come in *Forma Pauperis*.

Grant this ye gods that favor *Poetry*,  
That all these never-ceasing tongues may be  
Brought into reformation, and not dare  
To quarrel with a thread-bare Black ; but spare  
Them who bare Scholars names, lest some one take  
Spleen, and another *Ignoramus* make.

*To the Dutcheſs of Buckingham,*

**I**F I should say, that in your face were seen  
Natures best Picture of the *Cyprian* Queen ;  
If I should swear under *Minerva's* Name,  
*Poets* ( who *Prophets* are ) foretold your fame,  
The future age would think it flattery,  
But to the present which can witness be,  
'Twould seem beneath your high deserts as far,  
As you above the rest of Women are.

When *Manners* name with *Villiers* joyn'd I see,  
How do I reverence your Nobility !  
But when the vertues of your Stock I view,  
( *Envy'd* in your dead Lord, admir'd in you )  
I half adore them : for what Woman can  
Besides your self ( nay I might say what man )  
But Sex, and Birth, and Fate, and Years excel  
In Mind, in Fame, in Worth, in living well ?

Oh, how had this begot Idolatry,  
If you had liv'd in the Worlds infancy  
When mans too much Religion, made the best  
Or Deities, or Semi-god at least ?  
But we, forbidden this by piety,  
Or, if we were not, by your modesty,  
Will make our hearts an Altar, and there pray  
Not to, but for you, nor that *England* may  
Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone,  
But what's more possible to enjoy you long.

*To his very much honoured Godfather, Mr. A. B.*

**I** Love ( for that upon the wings of Fame  
Shall perhaps mock Death or times Dart ) my Name :  
I love it more because 'twas given by you ;  
I love it most ; because 'twas your name too.  
For if I chance to slip, a conscious shame  
Plucks me, and bids me not defile your name.

I'm



I'm glad that City t'whom I ow'd before,  
 ( But ah me! Fate hath crost that willing Score )  
 A Father, gave me a Godfather too,  
 And I'm more glad, because it gave me you ;  
     Whom I may rightly think, and term to be  
     Of the whole City an Epitome.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one  
 ( When Nature had not licenced my tongue  
 Farther than cries ) who should my office do ;  
 I thank her more, because she found out you,  
     In whose each look, I may a sentence see ;  
     I whose each deed, a teaching Homily.

How shall I pay this Debt to you ? My Fate  
 Denies me *Indian* Pearl or *Persian* Plate.  
 Which tho it did not, to requite you thus,  
 Were to send Apples to *Alcinous*,  
     And sell the cunningst way : No, when I can  
     In every Leaf, in every Verse write Man,

When my Quill relisheth a School no more,  
 When my pen-feather'd Muse hath learnt to soar,  
 And gotten wings as well as feet ; look then  
 For equal thanks from my unwearied Pen :  
     Till future Ages say ; 'twas you did give  
     A name to me, and I made yours to live.

AN ELEGY on the Death of *John Littleton*,  
*Esquire, Son and Heir to Sir Thomas Little-*  
*ton, who was drowned leaping into the*  
*Water to save his younger Brother.*

AND must these Waters smile again ? and play  
 About the Shoar, as they did yesterday ?  
 Will the Sun court them still ? and shall they show  
 No conscious wrinkle furrow'd on their brow,  
 That to the thirsty Traveller may say,  
 I am accurst, go turn some other way ?

It is unjust ; black flood, thy guilt is more,  
 Sprung from his loss, than all thy watry store  
 Can give thee tears to mourn for : Birds shall be  
 And Beasts henceforth afraid to drink with thee.

What have I said ! my pious rage hath been  
 Too hot, and acts whilst it accuseth sin.

Thou



Thou'rt innocent I know, still clear, and bright,  
 Fit whence so pure a Soul should take its flight.  
 How is angry zeal confin'd! for he  
 Must quarrel with his Love and Piety,  
 That would revenge his death. Oh I shall sin  
 And wish anon he had less vertuous been.  
 For when his Brother (tears for him I'd spill,  
 But they're all challeng'd by the greater ill)  
 Struggled for life with the rude waves, he too  
 Leapt in, and when hope no faint beam could show,  
 His Charity shone most; thou shalt, said he,  
 Live with me, Brother, or I'll die with thee;  
 And so he did: Had he been thine O Rome,  
 Thou wouldst have call'd his Death a Martyrdom,  
 And Sainted him; my Conscience give me leave,  
 I'll do so to: if fate will us bereave  
 Of him we honour'd living, there must be  
 A kind of Reverence to his memory,  
 After his death: and where more just than here,  
 Where life and end were both so singular?  
 He that had only talk'd with him, might find  
 A little Academy in his mind;  
 Where Wisdom, Master was, and Fellows all  
 Which we can good, which we can vertuous call.  
 Reason, and Holy Fear the Proctors were,  
 To apprehend those words, those thoughts that err.  
 His learning had outrun the rest of Heirs,  
 Stolen beard from time, and leapt to twenty years.  
 And as the Sun, though in full glory bright,  
 Shines upon all men with impartial light,  
 And a good morow to the Beggar brings  
 With as full Rays as to the mightiest Kings:  
 So he, although his worth just state might claim,  
 And give to pride an honourable name,  
 With courtesie to all, cloath'd vertue so,  
 That 'twas not higher than his thoughts were low.  
 In's Body too, no Critique eye could find  
 The smallest blemish; to belie his mind;  
 He was all pureness, and his outward part  
 But represents the picture of his heart.  
 When Waters swallowed Mankind, and did cheat  
 The hungry Worm of its expected meat;  
 When gems, pluckt from the shoar by ruder hands,  
 Return'd again unto their native sands;  
 'Mongst all those spoils, there was not any prey,  
 Could equal what this Brook hath stoln away.  
 Weep then sad Flood, and tho thou'rt innocent,  
 Weep because Fate made thee her instrument.  
 And when long grief hath drunk up all thy store,  
 Come to our eyes, and we will land thee more.



*A Translation of Verses upon the Blessed Virgin,  
Written in Latin by the Right Worshipful Dr. A.*

*Ave Maria.*

O Nce thou rejoycedst, and rejoyce for ever,  
Whose time of joy shall be expired never:  
Who in her Womb the *Hive* of *Comfort* bears,  
Let her drink *Comforts Honey* with her ears.  
You brought the word of Joy in, which was born  
*An Hail* to all, let us *An Hail* return.  
From you *God save* into the World there came;  
Our *Eccho Hail* is but an empty name.

*Gratia Plena.*

How loaded Hives are with their Honey fill'd,  
From divers Flowers by *Chimick Bees* distill'd:  
How full the *Collet* with his Jewel is,  
Which, that it cannot take, by love doth kiss:  
How full the *Moon* is with her Brothers Ray,  
When she drinks up with thirsty orb the day,  
How full of *Grace* the *Graces* dances are,  
So full doth *Mary* of *Gods* light appear.  
It is no wonder if with *Graces* she  
Be full, who was full with the *Deity*.

*Dominus tecum.*

The fall of Mankind under Deaths extent  
The Choir of blessed *Angels* did lament,  
And wish'd a reparation to see  
By him, who Man-hood joyn'd with *Deity*.  
How grateful should mans safety then appear  
T'himself, whose safety can the *Angels* chear?

*Benedicta tu in mulieribus.*

*Death* came, and Troops of sad *Diseases* led  
To th' earth, by Womans Hand solicited:  
*Life* came so too, and Troops of *Graces* led  
To th' earth by Womans *Faith* solicited.  
As our lifes spring came from thy blessed Womb,  
So from our Mouths springs of thy praise shall come.  
Who did lifes blessing give, 'tis fit that she  
Above all Women should thrice blessed be.

*Et Benedictus fructus ventris tui.*

With Mouth Divine the Father doth protest,  
He a good word sent from his stored brest;



'Twas *Christ* : which *Mary* without carnal thought  
 From the unfathom'd depth of Goodness brought,  
 The word of Blessing a just cause affords,  
 To be oft blessed with redoubled words.

*Spiritus Sanctus superveniet in te.*

As when soft West Winds fan the Garden-Rose,  
 A shower of sweeter Air salutes the Nose.  
 The Breath gives sparing Kisses, nor with power  
 Unlocks the Virgin bosom of the Flower.  
 So th' *Holy Spirit* upon *Mary* blow'd,  
 And from her sacred Box whole Rivers flow'd.  
 Yet loos'd not thine Eternal Chastity,  
 Thy Roses folds do still entangled lie.  
 Believe *Christ* born from an unbruised Womb,  
 So from unbruised Bark the Odors come.

*Et virtus altissimi obumbrabit tibi.*

*God* his great Son begat ere Time begun,  
*Mary* in time brought forth her little Son.  
 Of double Substance, One, Life he began,  
*God* without *Mother*, without *Father Man*.  
 Great is the Birth, and 'tis a stranger deed,  
 That *She* no *Man*, that *God* no Wife should need:  
 A Shade delighted the Child-bearing Maid,  
 And *God* himself became to her a Shade.  
 O strange Descent! who is Light's Author, he  
 Will to his Creature thus a Shadow be.  
 As unseen Light did from the Father flow,  
 So did seen Light from *Virgin Mary* grow.  
 When *Moses* sought *God* in a shade to see,  
 The Fathers Shade, was *Christ* the Deity.  
 Lets seek for Day, flee Darkness, whilst our Sight  
 In Light finds Darkness, and in Darkness Light.

## O D E I.

### *On the Praise of P O E T R Y.*

'TIS not a *Pyramid* of Marble stone,  
 Tho high as our Ambition;  
 'Tis not a Tomb cut out in Brass, which can  
 Give Life to th' Ashes of a Man,  
 But Verses only; they shall fresh appear,  
 Whilst there are Men to read or hear,

H

When



When Time shall make the lasting Brass decay,  
 And eat the *Pyramid* away,  
 Turning that Monument wherein Men trust  
 Their Names, to what it keeps, poor Dust :  
 Then shall the *Epitaph* remain and be  
 New graven in Eternity.  
*Poets* by Death are conquer'd, but the *Wit*  
 Of *Poets* triumph over it.  
 What cannot Verse? When *Thracian Orpheus* took  
 His Lyre, and gently on it strook,  
 The learned Stones came dancing all along,  
 And kept time to the charming Song.  
 With artificial Pace the Warlike *Pine*,  
 Th' *Elm*, and his Wife the *Ivy* twine.  
 With all the better Trees, which erst had stood  
 Unmov'd, forsook their native Wood.  
 The *Laurel* to the Poets hand did bow,  
 Craving the Honour of his Brow :  
 And every loving Arm embrac'd, and made  
 With their officious Leaves a shade.  
 The Beasts too strove his Auditors to be,  
 Forgetting their old Tyranny.  
 The fearful *Hart* next to the *Lion* came,  
 And *Wolf* was *Shepherd* to the *Lamb*,  
*Nightingales*, harmless *Syrens* of the Air,  
 And *Muses* of the Place, were there.  
 Who when their little Wind pipes they had found  
 Unequal to so strange a Sound,  
 O'ercome by Art and Grief they did expire,  
 And fell upon the conqu'ring Lyre.  
 Happy, O happy they, whose Tomb might be,  
*Mausolus*, envied by thee !

## O D E II.

*That a Pleasant Poverty is to be preferred before  
 Discontented Riches.*

WHY, O, doth gaudy *Tagus* ravish thee,  
 Tho *Neptune's* Treasure-house it be?  
 Why doth *Pactolus* thee bewitch,  
 Infected yet with *Midas* glorious Itch?

2. Their



2.

Their dull and sleepy Streams are not at all  
 Like other Floods, *Poetical*,  
 They have no Dance, no wanton Sport,  
 No gentle Murmur, the lov'd Shore to court.

3.

No Fish inhabit the adulterate Flood,  
 Nor can it feed the neighb'ring Wood,  
 No Flower or Herb is near it found,  
 But a perpetual Winter starves the Ground.

4.

Give me a River which doth scorn to shew  
 An added Beauty, whose clear Brow  
 May be my Looking-glass, to see  
 What my Face is, and what my Mind should be.

5.

Here Waves call Waves, and glide along in rank,  
 And prattle to the smiling Bank :  
 Here sad *King fishers* tell their Tales,  
 And Fish enrich the Brook with silver Scales.

6.

*Daisies*, the First-born of the teeming Spring,  
 On each side their Embroidery bring,  
 Here *Lillies* wash, and grow more white,  
 And *Daffadils* to see themselves Delight.

7.

Here a fresh Arbour gives her am'rous shade,  
 Which *Nature*, the best *Gard'ner* made.  
 Here I would sit and sing rude Lays,  
 Such as the *Nymphs*, and *Me my self* would please.

8.

Thus would I waste, thus end my careless Days,  
 And *Robin-red-breasts*, whom Men praise  
 For pious Birds, should when I die,  
 Make both both my *Monument* and *Elegy*.



## ODE III.

## To his MISTRESS.

1.

**T**rian Dye why do you wear,  
 You whose Cheeks best Scarlet are?  
 Why do you fondly pin  
 Pure Linen o'er your Skin,  
 (Your Skin that's whiter far)  
 Casting a dusky Cloud before a Star?

2.

Why bears your Neck a golden Chain?  
 Did Nature make your Hair in vain?  
 Of Gold most pure and fine,  
 With Gems why do you shine?  
 They, Neighbours to your Eyes,  
 Shew but like *Phosphor*, when the *Sun* doth rise.

3.

I would have all my *Mistress* Parts  
 Owe more to *Nature* than to *Arts*,  
 I would not woo the Dress,  
 Or one whose Nights give less  
 Contentment than the Day.  
 She's *Fair*, whose *Beauty* only makes her *Gay*.

4.

For 'tis not Buildings make a Court,  
 Or Pomp, but 'tis the King's Resort:  
 If *Jupiter* down pour  
 Himself, and in a shower  
 Hide such bright *Majesty*,  
 Less than a *Golden One* it cannot be.



## ODE IV.

*On the Uncertainty of Fortune. A Translation.*

**L**Eave off unfit Complaints and clear  
From Sighs your Breast, and from black Clouds your Brow,  
When the Sun shines not with his wonted Chear,  
And Fortune throws an adverse Cast for you.

That Sea which vex with *Notus* is,  
The merry *West-winds* will to morrow kiss.

2.

The *Sun* to day rides drougally,  
To morrow 'twill put on a Look more fair,  
Laughter and Groaning do alternately  
Return, and Tears Sports nearest Neighbours are.

'Tis by the Gods appointed so  
That good Fare should with mingled Dangers flow.

3.

Who drave his Oxen yesterday,  
Doth now over the noblest *Romans* reign,  
And on the *Gabii* and the *Cures* lay  
The Yoke which from his *Oxen* he had ta'en,

Whom *Hesperus* saw poor and low,  
The Morning's Eye beholds him greatest now.

4.

If Fortune knit amongst her Play  
But Seriousness; he shall again go home  
To his old Country Farm of yesterday,  
To scoffing People no mean Jest become;  
And with the *Crowned Ax*, which he  
Had rul'd the World, go back and prune some Tree;  
Nay, if he want the Fuel Cold requires,  
With his own *Fasces* he shall make him *Fires*.

## ODE V.

*In Commendation of the Time we live in, under the  
Reign of our Gracious King Charles II.*

**C**URst be that Wretch (Death's Factor sure) who brought  
Dire Swords into the peaceful World, and taught

*Smiths,*



*Smiths*, who before could only make  
The Spade, the Plowshare, and the Rake ;  
Arts, in most cruel wise  
Man's Life t' epitomize.

2.

Then Men (fond Men alas!) ride post to th' Grave,  
And cut those Threads, which yet the Fates would save.  
Then *Charon* sweated at his Trade,  
And had a larger *Ferry* made.  
Then, the silver Hair,  
Frequent before, grew rare.

3.

Then *Revenge* married to *Ambition*,  
Begot black *War*, then *Avarice* crept on.  
Then Limits to each Field were strain'd,  
And *Terminus* a *Godhead* gain'd.  
To Men before was found,  
Besides the Sea, no Bound.

4.

In what Plain or what River hath not been  
Wars Story, writ in Blood (sad Story) seen?  
This Truth too well our *England* knows,  
'Twas *Civil Slaughter* dy'd her *Rose* ;  
Nay then her *Lilly* too  
With Bloods Loss paler grew.

5.

Such Griefs, nay worse than these, we now should feel,  
Did not just CHARLES silence the Rage of Steel ;  
He to our Land blest Peace doth bring,  
All neighbour Countries envying.  
Happy who did remain  
Unborn till CHARLES his Reign!

6.

Where, dreaming *Chymicks*, is your Pain and Cost?  
How is your Oil, how is your Labour lost?  
Our CHARLES, best *Alchymist* (tho strange  
Believe it future Times) did change  
The *Iron* Age of old,  
Into an Age of *Gold*.

O D E



## O D E VI.

*Upon the Shortness of Man's Life.*

**M**ark that swift Arrow, how it cuts the Air,  
 How it out-runs thy following Eye,  
 Use all Persuasions now and try  
 If thou canst call it back, or stay it there,  
 That way it went, but thou shalt find  
 No Track is left behind.  
 Fool, 'tis *thy Life*, and the fond *Archer* thou,  
 Of all the Time thou'st shot away  
 I'll bid the fetch but yesterday,  
 And it shall be too hard a Task to do.  
 Besides Repentance what canst find  
 That it hath left behind?  
 Our Life is carry'd with too strong a Tide,  
 A doubtful *Cloud* our Substance bears,  
 And is the Horse of all our Years.  
 Each Day doth on a winged *Whirlwind* ride.  
 We and our Glafs run out, and must  
 Both render up our Dust.  
 But his past Life who without Grief can see,  
 Who never thinks his End too near,  
 But says to *Fame*, Thou art mine *Heir*;  
 That Man extends Life's *natural* Brevity;  
 This is, this is the only way  
 T'out-live *Nestor* in a Day.

*An Answer to an Invitation to Cambridge.*

**N***ichols*, my better self, forbear,  
 For if thou tell'st what *Cambridge* Pleasures are,  
 The *School boys* sin will light on me,  
 I shall in Mind, at least, a *Truant* be.  
 Tell me not how you feed your Mind  
 With Dainties of *Philosophy*,  
 In *Ovid's Nut* I shall not find  
 The Taste once pleased me.  
 O tell me not of *Logick's* diverse Chear,  
 I shall begin to loath our *Crambe* here.



2.

Tell me not how the Waves appear  
 Of *Cam*, or how it cuts the *Learned Shire*,  
 I shall condemn the troubled *Thames*,  
 On her chief *Holiday*, even when her Streams  
 Are with rich Folly gilded, when  
 The *Quondam Dung-boat* is made gay,  
 Just like the Bravery of the Men,  
 And graces with fresh Paint that Day.  
 When th' City shines with *Flags* and *Pageants* there,  
 And Sattin Doublets seen not twice a year.

3.

Why do I stay then? I would meet  
 Thee there, but *Plumets* hang upon my Feet:  
 'Tis my chief Wish to live with thee,  
 But not till I deserve thy Company:  
 Till then we'll scorn to let that Toy,  
 Some forty Miles, divide our Hearts:  
 Write to me, and I shall enjoy  
*Friendship* and *Wit*, thy beter Parts.  
 Tho envious *Fortune* larger Hind'rance brings,  
 We'll easily see each other, *Love* hath Wings.

---

 To
 

---



## O D E VIII.

*To a Lady who desired a Song of Mr. Cowley,  
he presented this following.*

Come, *Poetry*, and with you bring along  
A rich and painted Throng  
Of noblest Words into my Song.  
Into my Numbers let them gently flow,  
Soft and pure, soft and pure, and thick as Snow,  
And turn thy Numbers still to prove  
Smooth as the smoothest Sphere above,  
And like a Sphere, like a Sphere, harmoniously move.

2.

Little dost thou, vain Song, thy Fortune know;  
What thou art destin'd to,  
And what the Stars intend to do.  
Among a thousand Songs but few can be  
Born to the Honour promis'd thee.  
*Eliza's* self shall thee receive,  
And a blest Being to thee give,  
Thou on her sweet and tuneful Voice shalt live.

3.

Her warbling Tongue shall freely with thee play,  
Thou on her Lips shalt stray,  
And dance upon that Rosie Way.  
No Prince alive that would not envy thee,  
And count thee happier far than he.  
And how shalt thou thy Author crown,  
When fair *Eliza* shall be known  
To sing thy Praise, when she but speaks her own.

(H)

Loves







LOVES  
RIDDLE.

A

Pastoral Comedy ;

WRITTEN

At the Time of his being Kings Scholar

IN

*WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL.*

---

By A. COWLEY.

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L O N D O N :

Printed by *M. Clark*, for *Charles Harper*.

M DCC.



LOVES

RIDDLE

A

Pastoral Comedy

WRITTEN

At the time of his being King's Scholar

IN

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

BY A COWLEY



1703

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MDCCLXIII



To the truly Worthy and Noble  
Sir K E N E L M D I G B Y, K<sup>t</sup>.

**T**HIS Latter Age, the Lees of Time hath known  
Few that have made both Pallas Arts their own:  
But you, Great Sir, two Laurels wear, and are  
Victorious in Peace as well as War.  
Learning by right of Conquest is your own,  
And every liberal Art your Captive grown.  
As if neglected Science (for it now  
Wants some Defenders) fled for Help to you  
Whom I must follow, and let this for me  
An earnest of my future Service be;  
Which I should fear to send you, did I know  
Your Judgment only, not your Candour too.  
For 'twas a Work, stoln (tho you'll justly call  
This Play as fond as those) from Cat or Ball.  
Had it been written since, I should, I fear,  
Scarce have abstain'd from a Philosopher.  
Which by Tradition here is thought to be  
A necessary Part in Comedy.  
Nor need I tell you this; each Line of it  
Betrays the Time and Place wherein 'twas writ,  
And I could wish, that I might safely say,  
Reader, this Play was made but th' other day:  
Yet 'tis not stufft with Names of Gods, hard Words,  
Such as the Metamorphosis affords.  
Nor has't a Part for Robinson, whom they  
At School account essential to a Play.  
The Stile is low, such as you'll easily take,  
For what a Swain might say, and a Boy make.  
Take it, as early Fruits, which rare appear,  
Tho not half ripe, but worst of all the year.  
And if it please your taste, my Muse will say,  
The Birch which crown'd her then is grown a Bay.

Yours in all Observance,

A. COWLEY.



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## *The Scene Sicily.*

### *The A C T O R S Name.*

*Demophil,* } two old Folks of a noble Family.  
*Spodaia,* }  
*Florellus,* } their Children.  
*Callidora,* }  
*Philistus,* } two Gentlemen, both in love  
*Aphron,* } with *Callidora*.  
*Clariana,* Sister to *Philistus*.  
*Melarnus,* a crabbed old Shepherd.  
*Truga,* his Wife.  
*Hylace,* their Daughter.  
*Ægon,* an antient Country-man.  
*Bellula,* his supposed Daughter.  
*Palæmon,* a young Swain, in love with  
*Hylace*.  
*Alupis,* a merry Shepherd.  
*Clariana's* Maid.

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Love's





# Loves Riddle.

## ACT I. SCEN. I.

*Enter Callidora disguis'd in Man's Apparel.*

**M**AD Feet, ye have been Traitors to your Master :  
Where have you led me ? sure my truant Mind  
Hath taught my Body thus to wander too ;  
Faintness and Fear surprize me : Ye just Gods,  
If ye have brought me to this place to scourge  
The Folly of my Love, (I might say Madnets)  
Dispatch me quickly ; send some pitying Man  
Or cruel Beast to find me ; let me be  
Fed by the one, or let me feed the other.  
Why are these Trees so brave ? why do they wear  
Such green and fresh Apparel ? how they smile !  
How their proud Tops play with the courting Wind !  
Can they behold me pine and languish here,  
And yet not sympathize at all in mourning ?  
Do they upbraid my Sorrows ? Can it be  
That these thick Branches, never seen before  
But by the Sun, should learn so much of Man ?  
The Trees in Courtiers Gardens, which are conscious  
Of their Masters Guilt, Stateliness and Pride,  
Themselves would pity me ; yet these——Who's there ?

*Enter Alupis Singing.*

I.

*Rise up, thou mournful Swain:  
For 'tis but a folly  
To be melancholy,  
And get thee thy Pipe again.*

II. *Comes*



## II.

*Come sing away the day,  
For 'tis but a folly  
To be melancholy,  
Let's live here whilst I may.*

*Cal.* I marry Sir, this Fellow hath some Fire in him,  
Methinks a sad and drowsie Shepherd is  
A Prodigy in Nature; for the Woods  
Should be as far from Sorrow, as they are  
From Sorrows Causes, Riches and the like.  
Hail to you Swain, I am a Gentleman  
Driv'n hither by Ignorance of the way, and would  
Confess my self bound to you for a Courtesie,  
If you would please to help me to some Lodging,  
Where I may rest my self.

*Alu.* *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Cal.* Well; if the rest be like this Fellow here,  
Then I have travell'd fairly now; for certainly  
This is a Land of Fools; some Colony  
Of Elder Brothers have been planted here,  
And begot this fair Generation.

Prithee, good Shepherd, tell me where thou dwell'st?

*Alu.* *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Cal.* Why art thou mad?

*Alu.* What if I be?

I hope 'tis no discredit for me, Sir;  
For in this Age who is not? I'll prove it to you:  
Your Citizen he's mad to trust the Gentleman  
Both with his Wares and Wife. Your Courtier  
He's mad to spend his time in studying Postures,  
Cringes and Fashions, and new Complements.  
Your Lawyer he's mad to sell away  
His Tongue for Money, and his Clients madder  
To buy it of him, since 'tis of no use  
But to undo Men and the Latin Tongue.  
Your Scholars they are mad to break their Brains,  
Out-watch the Moon, and look more pale than she,  
That so, when all the Arts call him their Master,  
He may perhaps get a small Vicarage,  
Or be Usher to a School. But there's  
A thing in black call'd a Poet, who is ten  
Degrees in Madness above all these; his Means  
Is what the gentle Fates please to allow him  
By the Death or Marriage of some mighty Lord,  
Which he must solemnize with a new Song.

*Cal.* This Fellow's Wit amazeth me: but Friend,  
What do you think of Lovers?

*Alu.* Worst of all;



Is't not a pretty Folly to stand thus,  
And sigh, and fold the Arms, and cry my *Cælia*,  
My Soul, my Life, my *Cælia*; then to wring  
Ones Estate for Presents, and ones Brains for Sonnets?  
Oh! 'tis beyond the name of Frenzy.

*Cal.* What so Satyrick, Shepherd? I believe  
You did not learn these Flashes in the Woods;  
How is it possible that you should get  
Such near acquaintance with the City Manners,  
And yet live here in such a silent Place  
Where one would think the very name of City  
Could hardly enter.

*Alu.* Why I'll tell you, Sir;  
My Father died, (you force me to remember  
A Grief that deserves Tears) and left me young,  
And (if a Shepherd may be said so) rich,  
I in an itching Wantonness to see,  
What other Swains so wonder'd at, the City,  
Strait sold my Rural Portion (for the Wealth  
Of Shepherds is their Flocks) and thither went,  
Where whilst my Money lasted I was welcome,  
And liv'd in credit; but when that was gone,  
And the last piece sigh'd in my empty Pocket,  
I was contemn'd: then I began to feel  
How dearly I had bought Experience,  
And, without any thing besides Repentance  
To load me, return'd back, and here I live  
To laugh at all those Follies which I saw.

S O N G.

*The merry Waves dance up and down, and play,  
Sport is granted to the Sea.  
Birds are Queristers of th' empty Air,  
Sport is never wanting there.  
The Ground doth smile at the Spring's flowry birth,  
Sport is granted to the Earth.  
The Fire its Chearing Flame on high doth rear,  
Sport is never wanting there.  
If all the Elements, the Earth, the Sea,  
Air and Fire, so merry be;  
Why is Mans Mirth so seldom, and so small,  
Who is compounded of them all.*

*Cal.* You may rejoice; but Sighs besit me better.

*Alu.* Now on my Conscience thou hast lost a Mistress:  
If it be so, thank God, and love no more;  
Or else perhaps she has burnt your whining Letter,  
Or kiss'd another Gentleman in your sight,  
Or else deny'd you her Glove, or laugh'd at you,  
Causes indeed which deserve special Mourning,

And



And now you come to talk with your God *Cupid*  
 In private here, and call the Woods to witness,  
 And all the streams which murmur when they hear  
 The Injuries they suffer ; I am sorry  
 I have been a hind'rance to your Meditations.  
 Farewel Sir.

*Cal.* Nay, good Shepherd, you mistake me.

*Alu.* 'Faith, I am very chary of my Health,  
 I would be loth to be infected, Sir.

*Cal.* Thou needst not fear ; I have no Disease at all  
 Besides a troubled Mind.

*Alu.* Why that's the worst, the worst of all.

*Cal.* And therefore it doth challenge  
 Your Pity the more, you should the rather  
 Strive to be my Physician.

*Alu.* The good Gods forbid it ; I turn Physician !  
 My Parents brought me up more piously,  
 Than that I should play booty with a Sicknes,  
 Turn a Consumption to Mens Purfes, and  
 Purge them worse than their Bodies, and set up  
 An Apothecaries shop in private Chambers,  
 Live by Revenue of Close-stools and Urinals,  
 Defer off sick Mens Health from day to day,  
 As if they went to law with their Disease.  
 No, I was born for better ends, than to send away  
 His Majesty's Subjects to Hell so fast,  
 As if I were to share the stakes with *Charon*.

*Cal.* Your Wit errs much :

For as the Soul is nobler than the Body,  
 So its Corruption asks a better Medicine  
 Than is applied to Gouts, Catarrhs or Agues,  
 And that is, Counsel.

*Alu.* So then : I should be  
 Your Souls Physician ; why, I could talk out  
 An Hour or so, but then I want a Cushion  
 To thump my Precept into ; but tell me, 'pray,  
 What Name bears your Disease ?

*Cal.* A Fever, Shepherd, but so far above  
 An outward one, that the Vicissitudes  
 Of that may seem but Warmth and Coolness only ;  
 This is Flame and Frost.

*Alu.* So ; I understand you,  
 You are a Lover, which is by translation  
 A Fool or Beast, for I'll define you ; you're  
 Partly *Chameleon*, partly *Salamander*,  
 You're fed by th' Air, and live in Fire.

*Cal.* Why did you never love ? have you no Softness,  
 Nought of your Mother in you ? if that Sun  
 Which scorseth me, should cast one beam upon you,  
 'Twould quickly melt the Ice about your Heart,

And



And lend your Eyes fresh Streams.

*Alu.* 'Faith I think not ;

I have seen all your Beauties of the Court,

And yet was never ravish'd, never made

A doleful Sonnet unto angry *Cupid*,

Either to warm her Heart, or else cool mine,

And no Face yet could ever wound me so,

But that I quickly found a Remedy.

*Cal.* That were an Art worth learning, and you need not

Be niggard of your Knowledge ; See the Sun

Tho it hath given this many thousand years

Light to the World, yet is as big and bright

As e'er it was, and hath not lost one Beam

Of his first Glory ; then let Charity

Persuade you to instruct me, I shall be

A very thankful Scholar.

*Alu.* I shall: for 'tis both easily taught and learn'd,

*Come sing away the day, &c.*

Mirth is the only Physick.

*Cal.* It is a way which I have much desired

To cheat my Sorrow with ; and for that purpose

Would fain turn Shepherd, and in rural Sports

Wear my Life's Remnant out ; I would forget

All things, my very Name if it were possible.

*Alu.* Pray let me learn it first.

*Cal.* 'Tis *Callidorus*.

*Alu.* Thank you ; if you your self chance to forget it,

Come but to me I'll do you the same Courtesie,

In the mean while make me your Servant, Sir,

I will instruct you in things necessary

For the creation of a Shepherd, and

We two will laugh at all the World securely,

And sling Jests 'gainst the Busineses of State

Without endangering our Ears.

*Come, come away,*

*For 'tis but a folly,*

*To be melancholy,*

*Let's live here whilst we may.*

*Enter Palæmon, Melarnus, Truga, Agon, Bellula, Hylace.*

*Pal.* I see I am undone.

*Mel.* Come no matter for that, you love my Daughter?

By *Pan* ; but come, no matter for that ; you love my *Hylace* ?

*Tru.* Nay good Duck, do not vex your self ; what tho he loves her ? you know she will not have him.

*Mel.* Come no matter for that ; I will vex my self, and vex him too, shall such an idle fellow as he strive to entice away honest Mens Children ? let him go feed his Flocks ; but alas ! he has none to trouble him ; ha, ha, ha, yet he would marry my Daughter.

*Pal.* Thou art a malicious doting Man,

K

And



And one who cannot boast of any thing  
 But that she calls thee Father, tho I cannot  
 Number so large a Flock of Sheep as thou,  
 Nor send so many Cheefes to the City,  
 Yet in my Mind I am an Emperour  
 If but compar'd with thee.

*Tru.* Of what place I pray?

'Tis of some new discover'd Country, is't not?

*Pal.* Prithee good *Winter* if thou wilt be talking,

Keep thy Breath in a little, for it smells  
 Worfe than a Goat; yet you must talk,  
 For thou hast nothing left thee of a Woman  
 But Lust and Tongue.

*Hyl.* Shepherd, here's none so taken with your Wit,  
 But you might spare it; if you be so lavish,  
 You'll have none left another time to make  
 The Song of the forsaken Lover with.

*Pal.* I'm dumb, my Lips are seal'd, seal'd up for ever;  
 May my rash Tongue forget to be Interpreter  
 And Organ of my Senses, if you say  
 It hath offended you.

*Hyl.* Troth if you make  
 But that Condition, I shall agree to't quickly.

*Mel.* By *Pan* well said Girl; what a Fool was I  
 To suspect thee of loving him? but come,  
 'Tis no matter for that; when e'er thou art married  
 I'll add ten Sheep more to thy Portion  
 For putting this one Jest upon him.

*Æg.* Nay, now I must needs tell you that your Anger  
 Is grounded with no reason to maintain it.  
 If you intend your Daughter shall not marry him,  
 Say so, but play not with his Passion,  
 For 'tis inhumane Wit which jeers the wretched.

*Mel.* Come, 'tis no matter for that; what I do, I do;  
 I shall not need your Counsel.

*Tru.* I hope my Husband and I have enough Wisdom  
 To govern our own Child; if we want any  
 'Twill be to little purpose, I dare say,  
 To come to borrow some of you.

*Æg.* 'Tis very likely, pretty Mistris *Maukin*,  
 You with a Face looks like a Winter Apple  
 When 'tis shrunk up together and half rotten,  
 I'd see you hung up for a thing to scare  
 The Crows away before I'll spend my Breath  
 To teach you any.

*Hyl.* Alas good Shepherd!  
 What do you imagine that I should love you for?

*Pal.* For all my Services, the virtuous Zeal  
 And Constancy with which I ever woo'd you,  
 Tho I were blacker than a Starle's Night,

Or



Or Consciences where Guilt and Horror dwell,  
Altho (play-leg'd, crooked, deform'd in all parts ;  
And but the Chaos only of a Man;  
Yet if I love and honour you, Humanity  
Would teach you not to hate or laugh at me.

*Hyl.* Pray spare your fine Persuasions, and set Speeches,  
And rather tell them to those Stones and Trees,  
'Twill be to as good purpose quite, as when  
You spend them upon me.

*Pal.* Give me my final Answer, that I may  
Be either blest for ever, or die quickly ;  
Delay's a cruel Rack, and kills by piece-meals.

*Hyl.* Then here 'tis, you're an Ass,  
(Take that for your Incivility to my Mother)  
And I will never love you.

*Pal.* You're a Woman,  
A cruel and fond Woman, and my Passion  
Shall trouble you no more ; but when I'm dead  
My angry Ghost shall vex you worse than now  
Your Pride doth me, farewell.

*Enter Aphron mad, meeting Palæmon going out.*

*Aph.* Nay stay Sir, have you found her?

*Pal.* How now ? what's the matter ?

*Aph.* For I will have her out of you, or else  
I'll cut thee into Atoms, till the Wind  
Play with the Shreds of thy torn Body. Look her  
Or I will do't.

*Pal.* Whom, or where ?

*Aph.* I'll tell thee honest Fellow, thou shalt go  
From me as an Ambassador to the Sun,  
For Men call him the Eye of Heaven, (from which  
Nothing lies hid) and tell him—do you mark me—tell him  
From me—that if he send not word where she is gone,  
—I will—nay by all the Gods I will,

*Æg.* Alas poor Gentleman !  
Sure he hath lost some Mistress ; beauteous Women  
Are the chief Plagues to Men.

*Tru.* Nay, not so Shepherd, when did I plague any ?

*Æg.* How far is he beyond the name of Slave,  
That makes his Love his Mistress ?

*Aph.* Mistress ! who's that ? her Ghost ? 'tis she ;  
It was her Voice ; were all the Floods, the Rivers,  
And Seas that with their crooked Arms embrace  
The Earth, betwixt us, I'd wade through and meet her,  
Were all the Alps heap'd on each other's Head,  
Were *Pelion* join'd to *Ossa*, and they both  
Thrown on *Olympus* top, they should not make  
So high a Wall, but I would scale't and find her.

*Bell.* Unhappy Man.

*Aph.* 'Tis empty Air : I was too rude, too saucy



And she hath left me; if she be alive  
 What Darknes shall be thick enough to hide her?  
 If dead, I'll seek the place which Poets call *Elyzium*  
 Where all the Souls of good and virtuous Mortals  
 Enjoy deserved Pleasures after Death.

What should I fear: if there be an *Erynnyis*

'Tis in this Breast, if a *Tisiphone*

'Tis here, here in this Brain are all her Serpents;

My Grief and Fury arm me.

*Pal.* By your leave Sir.

*Aph.* No by the Gods, that Man that stops my journey

Had better have provok'd a hungry Lions

Robb'd of her Whelps, or set her naked Breast

Against the Thunder.

[Exit Aphron.

*Tru.* 'Tis well he's gone,

I never could endure to see these Madmen.

*Mel.* Come, no matter for that,

[Enter Alupis and

For now he's gone here comes another;

Callidorus.

But 'tis no matter for that neither.

How now! who has he brought with him?

*Alu.* Hail to ye Shepherds and ye beauteous Nymphs,

I must present this Stranger to your knowledge,

When you're acquainted well, you'll thank me for't.

*Cal.* Blest Masters of these Woods, hail to you all.

'Tis my desire to be your Neighbour here,

And feed my Flocks (such as they are) near yours.

This Shepherd tells me, that your gentle Nature

Will be most willing to accept my Friendship;

Which if you do, may all the Sylvian Deities

Be still propitious to you, may your Flocks

Yearly encrease above your Hopes or Wishes;

May none of your young Lambs become a Prey

To the rude Wolf, but play about securely;

May Dearths be ever exil'd from these Woods.

May your Fruits prosper, and your Mountain Strawberries

Grow in abundance; may no Lovers be

Despis'd and pine away their Years of Spring,

But the Youngmen and Maids be stricken both

With equal Sympathy.

*Pal.* That were a golden time; The Gods forbid

Mortals to be so happy.

*Æg.* I thank you; and we wish no less to you:

You are most welcome hither.

*Tru.* 'Tis a handsome Man,

I'll be acquainted with him; we most heartily

Accept your Company.

*Mel.* Come no matter for that, we have enough

Already, who can bear us company;

But no matter for that neither; we shall have

Shortly no room left us to feed our Flocks.



By one another.

*Alu.* What always grumbling?  
Your Father and your Mother scolded sure  
Whilst you were getting; well, if I begin  
I'll so abuse thee, and that publickly.

*Mel.* A rot upon you; you must still be humour'd,  
But come, no matter for that; you're welcome then.

*Alu.* What, Beauties, are you silent?  
Take notice of him, (pray) your speaking is  
Worth more than all the rest.

*Bell.* You're very welcome. [*Salutes her.*]

*Cal.* Thank you fair Nymph, this is indeed a welcome.

*Bell.* I never saw Beauty and Affability  
So well conjoin'd before; if I stay long  
I shall be quite undone.

*Alu.* Nay come, put on too.

*Hyl.* You are most kindly welcome.

*Cal.* You blest me too much;  
The honour of your Lip is entertainment  
Princes might wish for.

*Hyl.* Blest me, how he looks!  
And how he talks! his Kifs was Honey too,  
His Lips as red and sweet as early Cherries,  
Softer than Bevers skins.

*Bell.* Blest me, how I envy her!  
Would I had that Kifs too!

*Hyl.* How his Eye shines! what a bright Flame it shoots!

*Bell.* How red his Cheeks are! so our Garden Apples  
Look on that side where the hot Sun salutes them.

*Hyl.* How well his Hairs become him!  
Just like that Star which ushers in the Day.

*Bell.* How fair he is! fairer than whitest Blossoms.

*Tru.* They two have got a Kifs;  
Why should I lose it for want of speaking?  
You're welcome Shepherd.

*Alu.* Come on: For 'tis but a Folly, &c.

*Tru.* Do you hear? you are welcome.

*Alu.* Here's another must have a Kifs.

*Tru.* Go you're a paltry Knave, ay, that you are,  
To wrong an honest Woman thus.

*Alu.* Why he shall kifs thee, never fear it;  
I did but jest, he'll do't for all this,  
Nay, because I will be a Patron to thee,  
I'll speak to him.

*Tru.* You're a slandering Knave,  
And you shall know't, that you shall.

*Alu.* Nay, if you scold so loud  
Others shall know it too; he must stop your mouth,  
Or you'll talk on this three hours. *Callidorus*  
If you can patiently endure a Stink,

Or



Or have frequented e'er the City Bear-garden,  
Prithee salute this fourscore Years, and free me,  
She says you're welcome too,

*Cal.* I cry you mercy Shepherdes,  
By *Pan* I did not see you.

*Tru.* If my Husband and *Alapis* were not here  
I'd rather pay him back his Kifs again  
Than be beholden to him.

*Alu.* What, thou hast don't!  
Well if thou dost not die upon't, hereafter  
Thy Body will agree even with the worst  
And stinkingst Air in *Europe*.

*Cal.* Nay, be not angry Shepherdes, you know  
He doth but jest as 'tis his Custom.

*Tru.* I know it is his Custom; he was always  
Wont to abuse me, like a Knave as he is,  
But I'll endure't no more.

*Alu.* Prithee, good *Callidornus*, if her Breath  
Be not too bad, go stop her mouth again,  
She'll scold till night else.

*Tru.* Yes marry will I, that I will, you Rascal you,  
I'll teach you to lay your Frumps upon me;  
You delight in it, do you?

*Alu.* Prithee be quiet, leave but talking to me  
And I will never jeer thee any more,  
We two will be so peaceable hereafter.

*Tru.* Well, upon that condition.

*Alu.* So, I'm deliver'd. Why how now Lads?  
What have you lost your Tongues? I'll have them cry'd,  
*Palemon*, *Ægon*, *Callidorus*, what?  
Are you all dumb? I pray continue so,  
And I'll be merry with my self.

### S O N G.

'Tis better to dance than sing.

The Cause is, if you will know it,

That I to my self shall bring

A Poverty

Voluntary

If once I grow but a Poet.

*Æg.* And yet methinks you sing.

*Alu.* O yes, because here's none to dance,  
And both are better far than to be sad.

*Æg.* Come then, let's have a round.

*Alu.* A match; *Palemon* whither go you?

*Pal.* The Gods forbid that I should mock my self,  
Cheat my own Mind; I dance and weep at once?  
You may. Farewel.

*Alu.* 'Tis such a whining Fool; come, come, *Melarnus*.

[Exit.

*Mel.* I



*Mel.* I have no mind to dance; but come, nomatter for that, rather than break squares. —

*Cal.* By your leave, Fair one.

*Hyl.* Wou'd I were in her place.

*Alu.* Come *Hylace*, thee and I Wench, I warrant thee,

*For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Tru.* So there's enough, I'm half a weary.

*Mel.* Come no matter for that,

I have not danc'd so much this year.

*Alu.* So farewell, you'll come along with me?

*Cal.* Yes, farewell gentle Swains.

*Tru.* Farewel good Shepherd.

*Bel.* Our best Wishes follow you.

*Hyl.* Pan always guide you.

*Mel.* It's no matter for that, come away.

*The End of the first Act.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Demophil, Spodaia, Philistus, Clariana.*

*Dem.* **N**AY, She is lost for ever, and her Name  
Which us'd to be so comfortable, now  
Is Poison to our Thoughts, and to augment  
Our Misery paints forth our former Happiness,  
O *Callidora*! O my *Callidora*!  
I shall ne'er see thee more.

*Spo.* If cursed *Aphron*  
Hath carried her away, and triumphs now  
In the Destruction of our hoary Age  
'Twere better she were dead.

*Dem.* 'Twere better we were all dead; the enjoying  
Of tedious Life is a worse Punishment  
Than losing of my Daughter; Oh! my Friends,  
Why have I liv'd so long?

*Cl.* Good Sir be comforted: Brother speak to them.

*Spo.* Wou'd I had died, when first I brought thee forth,  
My Girl, my best Girl, then I should have slept  
In quiet, and not wept now.

*Phi.* I am half a Statue,  
Freeze me up quite, ye Gods, and let me be  
My own sad Monument.

*Cl.* Alas! you do but hurt your selves with weeping;  
Consider pray, it may be she'll come back.

*Dem.* Oh! never, never, 'tis as impossible



As to call back sixteen, and with vain Rhetorick  
 Persuade my Life's fresh *April* to return,  
 She's dead, or else far worse, kept up by *Aphron*,  
 Whom if I could see, methinks new Blood  
 Would creep into my Veins, and my faint Sinews  
 Renew themselves, I doubt not but to find  
 Strength enough yet to be reveng'd of *Aphron*.

*Spo.* Would I were with thee, Girl, where e'er thou art.

*Cl.* For shame good Brother, see if you can comfort them,  
 Methinks you should say something.

*Phi.* Do you think  
 My Grief so light? Or was the Interest  
 So small which I had in her? I a Comforter!  
 Alas, she was my Wife, for we were married  
 In our Affections, in our Vows; and nothing  
 Stopt the enjoying of each other, but  
 The thin Partition of some Ceremonies.  
 I lost my Hopes my Expectations,  
 My Joys, nay more, I lost my self with her;  
 You have a Son yet left behind, whose Memory  
 May sweeten all this Gall.

*Spo.* I, we had one,  
 But Fate's so cruel to us, and such Dangers  
 Attend a travelling Man, that 'twere Presumption  
 To say we have him; we have sent for him  
 To blot out the Remembrance of his Sister:  
 But whether we shall ever see him here,  
 The Gods can only tell, we barely hope.

*Dem.* This News, alas!  
 Will be but a sad Welcome to him.

*Phi.* Why do I play thus with my Misery?  
 'Tis vain to think I can live here without her,  
 I'll seek her where e'er she is; Patience in this  
 Would be a Vice, and Men might justly say  
 My Love was but a Flash of winged Lightning,  
 And not a Vestal Flame, which always shines;  
 His Wooing is a Complement not a Passion,  
 Who can, if Fortune snatch away his Mistress,  
 Spend some few Tears, then take another choice,  
 Mine is not so; Oh *Callidora*.

*Cl.* Fie Brother, you're a Man,  
 And should not be shaken with every Wind;  
 If it were possible to call her back  
 With Mourning, Mourning were a Piety,  
 But since you cannot, you must give me leave  
 To call it Folly.

*Phi.* So it is;  
 And I will therefore shape some other Course,  
 This doleful place shall never see me more,  
 Unless it see her too in my Embraces,

You



You, Sister, may retire unto my Farm,  
Adjoining to the Woods,  
And my Estate I leave for you to manage;  
If I find her, expect me there, if not  
Do you live happier than your Brother hath.

*Cla.* Alas! how can I if you leave me? but  
I hope your Resolution will be alter'd.

*Phi.* Never: farewell good *Demophil*,  
Farewel *Spodaia*, temper your Laments;  
If I return we shall again be happy.

*Spo.* You shall not want my Prayers.  
The Gods that pity Lovers (if there be any)  
Attend upon you.

*Cla.* Will you needs go?

*Phi.* I knit Delays; 'twere time I were now ready,  
And I shall sin if I seem dull or slow  
In any thing which touches *Callidora*.

*Dem.* Oh! that Name wounds me; we'll bear you company  
A little way, and *Clariana* look  
To see us often at your Country Farm,  
We'll sigh and grieve together.

*Enter Alupis and Palæmon.*

*Alu.* Come, come away, &c.

Now where are all your Sonnets? your rare Fancies?  
Could the Morning Musick, which you wak'd  
Your Mistress with, prevail no more than this?  
Why in the City now your very Fiddlers  
Good morrow to your Worship, will get something,  
Hath she deny'd thee quite?

*Pal.* She hath undone me; I have plow'd the Sea,  
And begot storming Billows.

*Alu.* Can no Persuasions move her?

*Pal.* No more than thy least Breath can stir an Oak,  
Which hath this many years scorn'd the fierce Wars  
Of all the Winds.

*Alu.* 'Tis a good Hearing; then  
She'll cost you no more pairs of Turtle Doves,  
Nor Garlands knit with amorous Conceits;  
I do perceive some rags of the Court Fashions  
Visibly creeping now into the Woods;  
The more he shews his Love, the more she slights him,  
Yet will take any Gift of him as willingly  
As Country Justices the Hens and Geese  
Of their offending Neighbours; this is right:  
Now if I lov'd this Wench, I would so handle her,  
I'd teach her what the Difference were betwixt  
One who had seen the Court and City Tricks,  
And a meer Shepherd.

*Pal.* Lions are tam'd, and become Slaves to Men,  
And Tygres oft forget their Cruelty



They suck'd from their fierce Mothers ; but a Woman!  
Ah me! a Woman! —

*Alu.* Yet if I saw such Wonders in her Face  
As you do, I should never doubt to win her.

*Pal.* How 'pray? if Gifts would do it, she hath had  
The daintiest Lambs, the Hope of all my Flock ;  
I let my Apples hang for her to gather ;  
The painful Bee did never load my Hives,  
With Honey which she tasted not.

*Alu.* You mistake me Friend, I mean not so.

*Pal.* How then? if Poetry would do it, what Shade  
Hath not been Auditor of my amorous Pipe?  
What Banks are not acquainted with her Praises?  
Which I have sung in Verses, and the Shepherds  
Say they are good ones, nay they call me Poet,  
Altho I am not easie to believe them.

*Alu.* No, no, no ; that's not the way.

*Pal.* Why how?  
If shew of Grief had Rhetorick enough  
To move her, I dare swear she had been mine  
Long before this ; what day did e'er peep forth  
In which I wept not dulier than the Morning?  
Which of the Winds hath not my Sighs increas'd  
At sundry times? how often have I cried  
*Hylace, Hylace*, till the docile Woods  
Have answered *Hylace*? and every Valley,  
As if it were my Rival, sounded *Hylace*.

*Alu.* Ay, and you are a most rare Fool for doing so.  
Why 'twas that poisoned all ; had I a Mistress  
I'd almost beat her, by this Light I would,  
For they are much about your Spaniels Nature ;  
But whilst you cry dear *Hylace, O Hylace!*  
Pity the Tortures of my burning Heart,  
She'll always mince it, like a Citizens Wife,  
At the first asking ; tho her tickled Blood  
Leaps at the very mention ; therefore now  
Leave off your whining Tricks, and take my Counsel,  
First then be merry ; *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Pal.* 'Tis a hard Lesson for my Mind to learn,  
But I would force my self if that would help me.

*Alu.* Why thou shalt see it will ; next I would have thee  
To laugh at her, and mock her pitifully ;  
Study for jeers against next time you see her,  
I'll go along with you, and help to abuse her,  
Till we have made her cry, worse than e'er you did ;  
When we have us'd her thus a little while,  
She'll be as tame and gentle —

*Pal.* But alas!  
This will provoke her more.

*Alu.* I'll warrant thee : besides, what if it should

She



She hath refus'd you utterly already  
And cannot hurt you worse; come, come, be rul'd;  
And follow me, we'll put it strait in Practice.

*For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Pal.* A match; I'll try all ways; she can but scorn me,  
There is this Good in depth of Misery  
That Men may attempt any thing,  
They know the worst before-hand. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Callidorus.*

How happy is that Man, who in these Woods  
With secure Silence wears away his time!  
Who is acquainted better with himself  
Than others; who so great a Stranger is  
To City Follies, that he knows them not.  
He sits all day upon some mossie Hill  
His rural Throne, arm'd with his Crook, his Scepter,  
A flowry Garland is his Country Crown;  
The gentle Lambs and Sheep his Loyal Subjects,  
Which every Year pay him their fleecy Tribute;  
Thus in an humble Stateliness and Majesty  
He tunes his Pipe, the Woods best Melody,  
And is at once, what many Monarchs are not,  
Both King and Poet. I could gladly wish  
To spend the rest of my unprofitable,  
And needless days in their innocuous Sports;  
But then my Father, Mother, and my Brother  
Recurse unto my Thoughts and strait pluck down  
The Resolution I had built before;  
Love names *Philisus* to me, and o'th' sudden  
The Woods seem base, and all their harmless Pleasures  
The Daughters of Necessity not Vertue.  
Thus with my self I wage a War, and am  
To my Rest a Traitor; I would fain  
Go home, but still the Thought of *Aphron* frights me.  
How now? who's here? O 'tis fair *Hylace*,  
The grumbling Shepherd's Daughter.

*Enter Hylace.*

Brightest of all those Stars that paint the Woods,  
And grace these shady Habitations,  
You're welcome; how shall I requite the benefit  
Which you bestow upon so poor a Stranger  
With your fair presence?

*Hyl.* If it be any Courtesie, 'tis one  
Which I would gladly do you, I have brought  
A rural Present, some of our own Apples.  
My Father and Mother are so hard,  
They watch'd the Tree, or else they had been more,  
Such as they are, if they can please your taste,  
My Wish is crown'd.

*Cal.* O you're too kind,



And teach that Duty to me which I ought  
To have perform'd; I wou'd I could return  
The half of your Deserts; but I am poor  
In every thing but Thanks.

*Hyl.* Your Acceptance only is Reward  
Too great for me.

*Cal.* How they blush?  
A Man may well imagine they were yours,  
They bear so great a shew of Modesty.

*Hyl.* O you mock my Boldness  
To thrust into my Company; but truly  
I meant no hurt in't, my Intents were virtuous.

*Cal.* The Gods forbid that I should nurse a Thought  
So wicked; thou art innocent I know,  
And pure as *Venus* Doves, or Mountain Snow  
Which no Foot hath defil'd, thy Soul is whiter  
(If there be any possibility of it)  
Than that clear Skin that cloaths thy dainty Body.

*Hyl.* Nay my good Will deserves not to be jeer'd,  
You know I am a rude and Country Wench.

*Cal.* Far be it from my Thoughts, I swear I honour  
And love those maiden Virtues which adorn you.

*Hyl.* I wou'd you did, as well as I do you,  
But the just Gods intend not me so happy,  
And I must be contented.—I'm undone. [*Enter Bellula.*  
Here's *Bellula*, what is she grown my Rival?

*Bel.* Bless me! whom see I? *Hylace*? some Cloud  
Or friendly Mist involve me.

*Hyl.* Nay *Bellula*, I see you well enough.

*Cal.* Why doth the Day start back? are you so cruel  
To shew us first the Light, and having struck  
Wonder into us, snatch it from our sight?  
If Spring, crown'd with the Glories of the Earth,  
Appear upon the heav'nly Ram, and streight  
Creep back again into a grey-hair'd Frost,  
Men will accuse its Forwardness.

*Hyl.* Pray Heaven  
He be not taken with her; she's somewhat fair;  
He did not make so long a Speech to me  
I'm sure oft, tho' I brought him Apples.

*Bel.* I did mistake my way; pray pardon me.

*Hyl.* I wou'd you had else.

*Cal.* I must thank Fortune then which led you hither,  
But you can stay a little while and bless us?

*Bel.* Yes; (and Love knows how willingly) alas!  
I shall quite spoil my Garland ere I give it him,  
With hiding it from *Hylace*, pray *Pan*  
She hath not stoln his Heart already from him,  
And cheated my Intentions.

*Hyl.* I would fain be going, but if I should leave her,



It may be I shall give her opportunity  
To win him from me, for I know she loves him,  
And hath perhaps a better Tongue than I,  
Altho I should be loth to yield to her  
In Beauty or Complexion.

*Bel.* Let me speak  
In private with you; I am bold to bring  
A Garland to you, 'tis of the best Flowers  
Which I could gather, I was picking them  
All yesterday.

*Cal.* How you oblige me to you!  
I thank you Sweetest, how they flourish still!  
Sure they grow better since your Hand has nipt them.

*Bel.* They will do, when your Brow hath honour'd them;  
Then they may well grow proud, and shine more freshly.

*Cal.* What Perfumes dwell in them!  
They ow these Odors to your Breath.

*Hyl.* Defend me ye good Gods, I think he kisses her,  
How long they have been talking! now perhaps  
She's woing him; perhaps he forgets me  
And will consent, I'll put him in remembrance.  
You have not tasted of the Apples yet,  
And they were good ones truly.

*Cal.* I will do presently, best *Hylace*.

*Hyl.* That's something yet, wou'd he would speak so always.

*Cal.* I would not change them for those glorious Apples  
Which give such Fame to the *Hesperian* Gardens.

*Bel.* She hath out-gone me in her Present now,  
But I have got a Beechen Cup at home,  
Curiously graven with the spreading Leaves,  
And gladsome Burthen of a fruitful Vine,  
Which *Damon*, the best Artist of these Woods  
Made and bestowed upon me. I'll bring that to-morrow  
And give it him, and then I'll warrant her  
She will not go beyond me.

*Hyl.* What have you got a Chaplet? Oh!  
This is I see of *Bellula's* composing.

*Bel.* Why *Hylace*? you cannot make a better,  
What Flowers pray doth it want?

*Cal.* Poor Souls! I pity them, and the more,  
Because I have not been my self a Stranger  
To these Love Passions, but I wonder  
What they can find in me worth their Affection;  
Truly I would fain satisfy them both,  
But can do neither; 'tis Fates crime, not mine.

*Bel.* Whither go you, Shepherd?

*Hyl.* You will not leave us, will you?

*Cal.* Indeed I ought not,  
You have both bought me with your Courtesies,  
And should divide me,

*Hyl.*



*Hyl.* She came laſt to you.

*Bell.* She hath another Love,  
And kills *Palæmon* with her Cruelty,  
How can ſhe expect Mercy from another ?  
Into what a Labyrinth doth Love draw Mortals,  
And then blindfolds them ! what a Miſt it throws  
Upon their Senſes ! if he be a God,  
As ſure he is (his Power could not be ſo great elſe)  
He knows the Impoſſibility which Nature  
Hath ſet betwixt us, yet entangles us,  
And laughs to ſee us ſtruggle

*Cal.* D'ye both love me ?

*Bell.* I do, I'm ſure.

*Hyl.* And I as much as ſhe.

*Cal.* I pity both of you, for you have ſow'd  
Upon unthankful Sand, whoſe dry'd up Womb  
Nature denies to bleſs with Fruitfulneſs,  
You are both fair, and more than common Graces  
Inhabit in you both ; *Bellula's* Eyes  
Shine like the Lamp of Heav'n, and ſo do *Hylace's*.  
*Hylace's* Cheeks are deeper dy'd in Scarlet  
Than the chaſt Morning's Bluſhes, ſo are *Bellula's*,  
And I proteſt I love you both. Yet cannot,  
Yet muſt not enjoy either.

*Bell.* You ſpeak Riddles.

*Cal.* Which Times Commentary  
Muſt only explain to you ; and till then  
Farewel good *Bellula*, farewel good *Hylace*,  
I thank you both.

[Exit.]

*Hyl.* Alas ! my Hopes are ſtrangled.

[Exit.]

*Bell.* I will not yet deſpair : He may grow milder,  
He bad me farewel firſt ; and look'd upon me  
With a more ſtedfaſt Eye, than upon her,  
When he departed hence : 'twas a good Sign ;  
At leaſt I will imagine it to be ſo,  
Hope is the trueſt Friend, and ſeldom leaves one

[Exit.]

Enter *Truga*.

I doubt not but this will move him,  
For they are good Apples, but my Teeth are gone,  
I cannot bite them ; but for all that tho,  
I'll warrant you I can love a young Fellow  
As well as any of them all : ay that I can,  
And kiſs him too as ſweetly. Oh ! here's the Mad-man,

Enter *Aphron*.

*Hercules, Hercules*, ho *Hercules*, where are you ?  
Lend me thy Club and Skin, and when I ha' done,  
I'll fling them to thee again : why *Hercules* !  
Pox on you, are you drunk ? can you not anſwer ?  
I'll travel then without them, and do Wonders.

*Tru.* I quake all over, worſe than any Fit  
Of the Palfie which I have had this forty years,

Could



Could make me do.

*Aph.* So, I ha' found the Plot out,  
First I'll climb up on Porter *Atlas* shoulders,  
And crawl into Heaven, and I'm sure  
I cannot chuse but find her there.

*Tru.* What would become of me if he should see me?  
Truly he's a good proper Gentleman,  
If he were not mad, I would not be so 'fraid of him.

*Aph.* What have I caught thee, fairest of all Women?  
Where hast thou hid thy self so long from *Aphron*?  
*Aphron*, who hath been dead till this blest minute?

*Tru.* Ha, ha, ha, whom doth he take me for?

*Aph.* Thy Skin is whiter than the snowy Feathers  
Of *Leda's* Swans.

*Tru.* Law you there now,——  
I thought I was not so unhandsome as they'd make me.

*Aph.* Thy Hairs are brighter than the Moons,  
Than when she spreads her Beams and fills her Orb.

*Tru.* Beshrew their Hearts that call this Gentleman mad,  
He hath his Senses I'll warrant him, about him,  
As well as any Fellow of them all.

*Aph.* Thy Teeth are like two Arches made of Ivory,  
Of purest Ivory.

*Tru.* Ay for those few I have,  
I think they're white enough.

*Aph.* Thou art as fresh as *May* is, and thy Look  
Is Picture of the Spring.

*Tru.* Nay, I am but some fourscore years and ten,  
And bear my Age well; yet *Alupis* says  
I look like *January*, but I'll teach the Knave  
Another Tune I'll warrant him.

*Aph.* Thy Lips are Cherries, let me taste them Sweet.

*Tru.* You have beg'd so handsomly.

*Aph.* Ha! ye good Gods defend me! 'Tis a Witch, a Hag.

*Tru.* What am I?

*Aph.* A Witch, one that did take the shape  
Of my best Mistris, but thou could'st not long  
Bely her Pureness.

*Tru.* Now he's stark mad again upon the sudden;  
He had some Sense e'n now.

*Aph.* Thou look'st as if thou wert some wicked Woman  
Frighted out of the Grave; defend me, how  
Her Eyes do sink into their ugly Holes,  
As if they were afraid to see the Light.

*Tru.* I will not be abus'd thus, that I will not,  
My Hair was bright e'n now, and my Looks fresh.  
Am I so quickly chang'd?

*Aph.* Her Breath infects the Air, and sows a Pestilence  
Where e'er it comes; what hath she there?  
I! these are Apples made up with the Stings



Of Scorpions, and the Blood of Basilisks;  
Which being swallow'd up, a thousand Pains  
Eat on the Heart, and gnaw the Entrails out,

*Tru.* Thou ly'st; ay, thou dost,  
For these are honest Apples that they are;  
I'm sure I gather'd them my self.

*Aph.* From the Stygian Tree; give them me quickly, or I will--

*Tru.* What will you do? 'pray take them.

*Aph.* Get thee gone quickly from me, for I know thee;  
Thou art *Tisiphone*.

*Tru.* 'Tis false; for I know no such Woman.  
I am glad I am got from him, would I had  
My Apples too, but 'tis no matter tho,  
I'll have a better Gift for *Callidorus*  
To morrow.

*Aph.* The Fiend is vanish'd from me,  
And hath left these behind for me to taste of,  
But I will be too cunning: Thus I'll scatter them,  
Now I have spoil'd her Plot; unhappy he  
Who finds them.

*The End of the second Act.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Florellus.*

**T**HE Sun five times had gone his yearly Progress,  
Since last I saw my Sister, and returning  
Big with Desire to view my native *Sicily*,  
I found my aged Parents sadly mourning  
The Funeral (for to them it seems no less)  
Of their departed Daughter; what a Welcome  
This was to me, all in whose Hearts a Vein  
Of Marble grows not, may easily conceive  
Without the dumb Persuasions of my Tears.  
Yet, as if that were nothing, and it were  
A kind of Happiness in Misery,  
It's come without an Army to attend it,  
As I pass'd through these Woods, I saw a Woman  
Whom her Attire call'd Shepherdes, but her Face  
Some disguis'd Angel, or a Sylvan Goddess;  
It struck such Adoration (for I durst not  
Harbour the Love of so divine a Beauty)  
That ever since I could not teach my Thoughts  
Another Object; in this happy Place,  
(Happy her Presence made it) she appear'd,

And



And breath'd fresh honors on the smiling trees,  
Which owe more of their gallantry to her  
Than to the Musky kisses of the West wind.  
Ha! sure 'tis she; thus doth the Sun break forth  
From the black curtain of an envious Cloud.

*Enter Alupis, Bellula, Hylace.*

*Alu.* For 'tis but a folly, &c.

*Hyl.* We did not send for you; pray leave us.

*Alu.* No by this light, not till I see you cry;  
When you have shed some penitential tears  
For wronging of *Palæmon*, there may be  
A truce concluded betwixt you and me.

*Bell.* This is uncivil,  
To thrust into our company; do you think  
That we admire your wit? pray go to them  
That do, we would be private.

*Alu.* To what purpose?  
You'd ask how many Shepherds he hath strooken?  
Which is the properest man? which kisses sweetest?  
Which brings her the best Presents? and then tell  
What a fine man woos you, how red his lips are?  
How bright his eyes are? and what dainty sonnets  
He hath composed in honour of your Beauty?  
And then at last, with what rare tricks you fool him?  
These are your learn'd discourses; but were all  
Men of my temperance, and wisdom too,  
You should woo us, I, and woo hardly too,  
Before you got us.

*Flo.* O prophaneness!  
Can he so rudely speak to that blest Virgin,  
And not be stricken dumb?

*Alu.* Nay, you have both a mind to me; I know it,  
But I will marry neither; I come hither  
Not to gaze on you, or extol your beauty;  
I come to vex you.

*Flo.* Ruder yet? I cannot,  
I will not suffer this; mad fellow, is there  
No other Nymph in all these spacious Woods,  
To fling thy wild, and saucy laughter at,  
But her? whom thy great Deity even *Pan*  
Himself would honour, do not dare to utter  
The smallest accent if not cloath'd with reverence,  
Nay, do not look upon her but with eyes  
As humble and submissive as thou wouldst  
Upon the brow of Majesty, when it frowns:  
I speak but that which Duty binds us all to.  
Thou shalt not think upon her, no not think,  
Without as much respect and honor to her  
As holy men in superstitious zeal  
Give to the Images they worship.

M

*Bell.* Oh!



*Bell.* Oh! this is the Gentleman courted me th' other day.

*Alu.* Why? have you got a Patent to restrain me?

Or do you think your glorious fute can fright me?

'Twould do you much more credit at the Theatre,

To rise betwixt the Acts, and look about

The Boxes, and then cry, God save you Madam;

Or bear you out in quarrelling at an Ordinary,

And make your Oaths become you; have you shown

Your gay apparel every where in town,

That you can afford us the sight of't, or

Hath that grand Devil whose eclipsed sergeant,

Frighted you out of the City?

*Flo.* Your loose jests

When they are shot at me, I scorn to take

Any revenge upon them, but neglect,

For then 'tis rashness only, but as soon

As you begin to violate her name,

Nature and Conscience too bids me be angry,

For then 'tis wickedness.

*Alu.* Well, if it be so,

I hope you can forgive the sin that's past

Without the doleful sight of trickling tears,

For I have eyes of Pumice; I'm content

To let her rest in quiet, but you have given me

Free leave t'abuse you, on the condition

You will revenge it only with neglect,

For then 'tis rashness only.

*Flo.* What are you biting?

Where did you pick these fragments up of wit?

*Alu.* Where I paid dear enough a conscience for them,

They should be more than fragments by their price,

I bought them Sir, even from the very Merchants,

I scorn'd to deal with your poor City Pedlers, that sell

By retail: but let that pass, *For 'tis but a Folly, &c.*

*Flo.* Then you have seen the City.

*Alu.* I and felt it too, I thank the Devil; I'm sure

It suckt up in three years the whole estate

My Father left, tho he were counted rich:

A pox of forlorn Captains, pitiful things,

Whom you mistake for Soldiers, only by

Their sounding Oaths, and a Buff jerkin, and

Some Histories which they have learn'd by roat,

Of Battels fought in *Persia*, or *Polonia*,

Where they themselves were of the conquering side,

Although God knows one of the City Captains,

Arm'd with broad Scarf, Feather, and Scarlet breeches,

When he instructs the Youth on Holy-days,

And is made sick with fearful noise of Guns,

Would pose them in the art Military; these

Were my first Leeches.

*Flo.* So,



*Flo.* So, no wonder then you spent so fast.

*Alu.* Pish, these were nothing :

I grew to keep your Poets company,  
Those are the soakers, they refin'd me first  
Of those gross humors that are bred by mony,  
And made me strait a wit, as now you see,  
*For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Flo.* But hast thou none to fling thy salt upon  
But these bright Virgins ?

*Alu.* Yes, now you are here,  
You are as good a Theme as I could wish.

*Hyl.* 'Tis best for me to go, while they are talking,  
For if I steal not from *Alupis* sight,  
He'll follow me all day to vex me. [Exit.

*Alu.* What are you vanishing, coy Mistress *Hylace* ?  
Nay, I'll be with you strait, but first I'll fetch  
*Palamon*, now if he can play his part  
And leave off whining, we'll have princely sport,  
Well, I may live in time to have the Women  
Scratch out my eyes, or else scold me to death,  
I shall deserve it richly : Farewel Sir,  
I have employment with the Damsel gone,  
And cannot now intend you. [Exit.

*Flo.* They're both gone,  
Direct me now good Love, and teach my tongue  
Th' Inchantments that thou wood'st thy *Psyche* with.

*Bell.* Farewel Sir.

*Flo.* Oh ! be not so cruel,  
Let me enjoy my self a little while,  
Which without you I cannot.

*Bell.* Pray let me go,  
To tend my Sheep, there's none that looks to them,  
And if my Father miss me, he'll so chide.

*Flo.* Alas ! thou needst not fear, for th' Wolf himself,  
Tho hunger whet the fury of its nature,  
Would learn to spare thy pretty Flocks, and be  
As careful as the Sheperds dog to guard them,  
Nay if he should not, *Pan* would present be,  
And keep thy tender Lambs in safety for thee,  
For tho he be a God he would not blush  
To be thy Servant.

*Bell.* Oh ! You're courtly Sir :  
But your fine words will not defend my Sheep,  
Or stop them if they wander ; let me go.

*Flo.* Are you so fearful of your Cattles loss ?  
Yet so neglectful of my perishing,  
(For without you how can I choose but perish ?)  
Tho I my self were most contemptible,  
Yet for this reason only, that I love  
And honour you, I deserve more than they do.



*Bell.* What would you do that thus you urge my stay?

*Flo.* Nothing I swear that should offend a Saint,  
Nothing which can call up the maiden blood,  
To lend thy face a blush, nothing which chaste  
And virtuous Sisters can deny their Brothers,  
I do confess I love you, but the fire  
In which *Jove* courted his ambitious Mistress,  
Or that by holy men on altars kindled,  
Is not so pure as mine is; I would only  
Gaze thus upon thee; feed my hungry eyes  
Sometimes with those bright Tresses, which the wind  
Far happier than I, plays up and down in,  
And sometimes with thy cheeks, those rosy twins;  
Then gently touch thy hand, and often kiss it,  
Till thou thy self shouldst check my modesty,  
And yield thy lips, but further, tho thou shouldst  
Like other maids with weak resistance ask it,  
(Which I'm sure thou wilt) I'd not offer  
Till lawful *Hymen* joyn us both, and give  
A licence unto my desires.

*Bell.* Which I

Need not bestow much language to oppose,  
Fortune and Nature have forbidden it,  
When they made me a rude and homely wench,  
You (if your cloaths and carriage be not lyars)  
By state and birth a Gentleman.

*Flo.* I hope

I am without suspicion of a boaster  
Say that I am so, else my love were impudence;  
For do you think wise nature did intend  
You for a Shepherdess, when she bestow'd  
Such pains in your creation? would she fetch  
The perfumes of *Arabia* for your breath?  
Or ransack *Pestum* of her choicest Roses  
To adorn your cheeks? would she bereave the Rock  
Of Coral for your lips? and catch two Stars  
As they were falling, which she form'd your eyes of?  
Would she herself turn work-woman and spin  
Threads of the finest Gold to be your Tresses?  
Or rob the Great to make one Microcosm?  
And having finish'd quite the beauteous wonder,  
Hide it from publick view and admiration?  
No; she would set it on some Pyramid,  
To be the spectacle of many eyes:  
And it doth grieve me that my niggard fortune,  
Rais'd me not up to higher eminency,  
Not that I am ambitious of such honors  
But that through them I might be made more worthy  
To enjoy you.

*Bell.* You are for ought I see



Too great already ; I will either live  
An undefiled Virgin as I am,  
Or if I marry, not belye my birth,  
But joyn my self to some plain vertuous Shepherd  
(For *Callidorus* is so) and I will be either his or no bodies. [*Aside.*

*Flo.* Pray hear me.

*Bell.* Alas ! I have Sir, and do therefore now  
Prepare to answer, if this Passion  
Be love, my Fortune bids me deny you ;  
If Lust, my honesty commands to scorn you,  
Farewel.

*Flo.* O stay a little ! but two words she's gone,  
Gone, like the glorious Sun, which being set,  
Night creeps behind and covers all ; some way  
I must seek out to win her, or what's easier  
(And the blind man himself without a guide  
May find) some way to die ; would I had been  
Born a poor Shepherd in these shady woods.  
Nature is cruel in her benefits,  
And when she gives us hony, mingles gall.  
She said that if she married, the Woods  
Should find a husband for her. I will woo her  
In Silvian habit, then perhaps she'll love me—  
But yet I will not, that's in vain ; I will too,  
It cannot hurt to try. [*Exit.*

*Enter Alupis, Palæmon, after them Hylace.*

*Alu.* Nay come, she's just behind us, are you ready ?  
When she scolds, be you loudest, if she cry  
Then laugh abundantly, thus we will vex her  
Into a good conceit of you.

*Pal.* I'll warrant you ; you have instructed me enough,  
She comes.

*Hyl.* Is't possible that *Bellula*—

*Pal.* Fair creature—

*Hyl.* Sure thou wert born to trouble me, who sent for thee ?

*Pal.* Whom, all the Nymphs (tho Women use to be  
As you know, envious of anothers Beauty)  
Confess the pride and glory of these Woods.

*Hyl.* When did you make this speech ? 'tis a most neat one :  
Go, get you gone, look to your rotten Cattle,  
You'll never keep a Wife, who are not able  
To keep you Sheep.

*Alu.* Good ! she abuses him.

Now 'tis a miracle he doth not cry.

*Pal.* Thou whom the Stars might envy 'cause they are  
Out-shone by thee on earth.

*Hyl.* Pray get you gone,  
Or hold your prating tongue, for whatsoever  
Thou sayest, I will not hear a syllable,  
Much less answer thee.

*Pal.* No ;



*Pal.* No I'll try that strait,  
I have a present here—  
Which if you'll give me leave, I shall presume  
To dedicate to your Service.

*Hyl.* You're so cunning,  
And have such pretty ways to entice me with;  
Come let me see it.

*Pal.* Oh! have you found a tongue?  
I thought I had not been worth an answer.

*Hyl.* How now; what tricks are these?  
Give it me quickly, or—

*Pal.* Pray get you gone, or hold your prating tongue;  
For whatsoever thou sayest I will not hear  
A syllable, much less answer thee.

*Alu.* Good boy 'faith: now let me come.

*Hyl.* This is some Plot I see, would I were gone,  
I had as lieve see the Wolf as this *Alupis*.

*Alu.* Here's a fine Ring, I faith, a very pretty one,  
Do your teeth water at it Damsel? ha?  
Why, we will sell our Sheep and Oxen, girl,  
Hang them scurvy Beasts, to buy your pretty knacks;  
That you might laugh at us, and call us fools,  
And jeer us too, as far as our wit reaches,  
Bid us begone, and when we have talk'd two hours,  
Deny to answer us; nay you must stay [She offers to be gone.  
And hear a little more.

*Hyl.* Must I? are you  
The Master of my business? I will not.

*Alu.* Faith but you shall; hear therefore and be patient.  
I'll have thee made a Lady, yes a Lady,  
For when thou'lt got a chain about thy neck,  
And comely bobs to dandle in thine ears:  
When thou'lt perfum'd thy hair, that if thy breath  
Should be corrupted, it might scape unknown,  
And then bestow'd two hours in curling it,  
Uncovering thy breast hither, thine Arms hither,  
And had thy *Fucus* curiously laid on;  
Thoud'lt be the finest proud thing, I'll warrant thee  
Thou would'lt outdo them all. So, now go thee to her,  
And let me breath a little; For 'tis but a folly, &c.

*Hyl.* Oh! is't your turn to speak again? no doubt  
But we shall have a good Oration then,  
For they call you the learned Sheperd; well!  
This is your love I see.

*Pal.* Ha, ha, ha,  
What should I love a stone? or woo a picture?  
Alas! I must be gone, for whatso'er  
I say, you will not hear a syllable,  
Much less answer; go, you think you are  
So singularly handfom, when alas,



Galla, Menalcha's Daughter, Bellula,  
Or Amaryllis overcome you quite.

Hyl. This is a scurvy fellow ; I'll fit him for't,  
No doubt they are ; I wonder that your wisdom  
Will trouble me so long with your vain suit,  
Why do you not woo them ?

Pal. Perhaps I do ;  
I'll not tell you, because you'll envy them,  
And always be dispraising of their beauties.

Hyl. It shall appear I will not, for I'll sooner  
Embrace a Scorpion, than thee, base man.

Pal. Ha, ha, ha.  
Alupis, do'st thou hear her ; she'll cry presently,  
Do not despair yet girl, by your good carriage  
You may recall me still ; some few entreaties  
Mingled with tears may get a kiss perhaps.

Hyl. I would not kiss thee for the wealth of Sicily,  
Thou wicked perjur'd fellow.

Pal. Alupis, Oh!  
We have incens'd her too much ! how she looks ?  
Prithee Alupis, help me to intreat,  
You know he did but jest, dear Hylace,  
Alupis, prithee speak, best, beauteous Hylace,  
I did but do't to try you, pray forgive me,  
Upon my knees I beg it.

Alu. Here's a precious fool.  
Hyl. Do'st thou still mock me ? hast thou found more ways ?  
Thou need'st not vex my wit to move my hate,  
Sooner the Sun and Stars shall shine together,  
Sooner the Wolf make peace with tender Lambs,  
Than I with thee ; thou'rt a Disease to me,  
And wound'st my eyes. [Exit.

Pal. Eternal night involve me ! if there be  
A punishment (but sure there is not any)  
Greater than what her Anger hath inflicted,  
May that fall on me too ! how have I fool'd  
Away my hopes ? how have I been my self  
To my own self as a thief ?

Alu. I told you this,  
That if she should but frown, you must needs fall  
To your old tricks again.

Pal. Is this your art ?  
A Lovers Curse upon it ; Oh ! Alupis  
Thou hast done worse than murdered me : for which  
May all thy Flocks pine and decay like me,  
May thy curst wit hurt all, but most its Master ;  
May'st thou (for I can wish no greater ill)  
Love one like me, and be, like me, condemn'd.  
Thou'st all the darts my tongue can sling at thee,  
But I will be reveng'd some other way.

Before



Before I die, which cannot now be long.

*Alu.* Poor Shepherd ! I begin to pity him.

I'll see if I can comfort him; *Palamon*,—

*Pal.* Nay, do not follow me, grief, passion,

And troubled thoughts are my companions,

Those I had rather entertain than thee,

If you choose this way let me go the other,

And in both parts distracted error, thee

May revenge quickly meet, may death meet me.

[*Exit.*

*Alu.* Well, I say *Pan* defend me from a Lover,

Of all tame mad-men certainly they're the worst,

I would not meet with two such creatures more

For any good, they without doubt would put me,

If it be possible, into a fit of sadness,

Though it *Be but a folly*, &c.

Well ; I must find some plot yet to salve this,

Because I have engaged my wit in the business,

And 'twould be a greater Scandal to the City,

If I who have spent my means there, should not be

Able to cheat these Shepherds. How now, how now,

Have we more distressed Lovers here ?

[*Enter Aphron.*

*Aph.* No, I'm a mad-man.

*Alu.* I gave a shrewd guess at it at first sight,

I thought thee little better.

*Aph.* Better, why ?

Can there be any better than a mad-man ?

I tell thee, I came here to be a mad-man,

Nay, do not dissuade me from't, I would be

A very mad-man.

*Alu.* A good resolution !

'Tis as genteel a course as you can take,

I have known great ones have not been ashamed of't :

But what cause pray drove you into this humor ?

*Aph.* Why a Mistress,

And such a beauteous one ——— dost thou see no body ?

She sits upon a Throne amongst the Stars

And out-shines them, look up and be amazed,

Such was her beauty here, — sure there do lie

A thousand vapors in thy sleepy eyes,

Dost thou not see her yet ? nor yet ? nor yet ?

*Alu.* No in good troth.

*Aph.* Thou'rt dull and ignorant,

Not skill'd at all in deep Astrology.

Let me instruct thee,

*Alu.* Prithee do, for thou

Art in an admirable case to teach now.

*Aph.* I'll shew thee first all the celestial signs,

And to begin, look on that horned head,

*Alu.* Whose is't ? *Jupiters* ?

*Aph.* No 'tis the Ram ;



Next that, the spacious Bull fills up the place.

*Alu.* The Bull? 'tis well, the fellows of the Guard  
Intend not to come thither; if they did  
The Gods might chance to lose their Beef.

*Aph.* And then,  
Yonder's the sign of *Gemini*, dost see't?

*Alu.* Yes, yes, I see one of the zealous Sisters  
Mingled in friendship with a holy Brother  
To beget Reformations.

*Aph.* And there sits *Capricorn*.

*Alu.* A Welchman, is't not?

*Aph.* There *Cancer* creeps along with goury pace,  
As if his feet were sleepy, there, d'ye mark it?

*Alu.* I, I, Aldermanlike awalking after Dinner,  
His paunch o'ercharg'd with Capon and with White-broth.

*Aph.* But now, now, now, now, gaze eternally,  
Hadst thou as many eyes as the black night,  
They would be all too little, see'st thou *Virgo*?

*Alu.* No by my troth, there are so few on Earth,  
I should be loth to swear there's more in Heaven,  
Than only one.

*Aph.* That was my Mistress once, but is of late  
Translated to the height of deserv'd Glory,  
And adds new Ornaments to the wondring Heavens.  
Why do I stay behind then, a meer nothing  
Without her presence to give life and being?  
If there be any hill whose lofty top  
Nature has made contiguous with Heaven,  
Tho it be steep, rugged as *Neptunes* brow,  
Tho arm'd with cold, with hunger, and diseases,  
And all the other Soldiers of Misery,  
Yet I would climb it up, that I might come  
Next place to thee, and there be made a Star.

*Alu.* I prithee do, for amongst all the beasts  
That help to make up the Celestial Signs,  
There's a Calf wanting yet.

*Aph.* But stay——

*Alu.* Nay, I have learnt enough Astrology.

*Aph.* Hunger and faintness have already seiz'd me,  
'Tis a long journey thither, I shall want  
Provision; canst thou help me, gentle Shepherd?  
And when I am come thither, I will snatch  
The Crown of *Ariadne*, and fling't down  
To thee for a reward.

*Alu.* No doubt you will;  
But you shall need no victuals, when you have ended  
Your toilsom journey, kill the Ram you talk of,  
And feed your self with most celestial Mutton.

*Aph.* Thou'rt in the right, if they deny me that,  
I'll pluck the Bear down from the Artique Pole,



And drown it in those waters it avoids,  
And dares not touch; I'll tug the *Hyades*  
And make them to sit down in spight of nature;  
I'll meet with *Charles* his Wain and overturn't,  
And break the wheels of't, till *Böotes* start  
For fear, and grow more slow than e'er he was.

*Alu.* By this good light he'll snuff the Moon anon,  
Here's words indeed would fright a Conjuror,  
'Tis pity that these huge Gigantick speeches  
Are not upon the Stage, they would do rarely,  
For none would understand them, I could wish  
Some Poet here now, with his Table-Book.

*Aph.* I'll cuff with *Pollux*, and out-ride thee, *Castor*,  
When the fierce Lion roars I'll pluck his heart out,  
And be call'd *Cordelion*; I'll grapple with the Scorpion,  
Take his sting out and fling it to the earth.

*Alu.* To me good Sir,  
It may perhaps raise me a great Estate  
With shewing't up and down for Pence apiece.

*Aph.* *Alcides* freed the earth from savage Monsters,  
And I will free the Heavens, and be call'd  
*Don Hercules Alcides de secundo*.

*Alu.* A brave Castilian name,

*Aph.* 'Tis a hard task,  
But if that fellow did so much by strength,  
I may well do't arm'd both with Love and Fury:

*Alu.* Of which thou hast enough.

*Aph.* Farewel thou rat.  
The Cedar bids the Shrub adieu.

*Alu.* Farewel  
*Don Hercules Alcides de secundo*.

If thou scar'st any, 'twill be by that name.  
This is a wonderful rare fellow, and  
I like his humour mightily——who's here?

*Enter Truga.*

The Chronicle of a hundred years ago!  
How many Crows has she out-liv'd? sure death  
Has quite forgot her; by this *Memento mori*  
I must invent some trick to help *Palamon*.

*Tru.* I am going again to *Callidorus*,  
But I have got a better present now,  
My own Ring made of good Ebony,  
Which a young handsom Shepherd bestowed on me  
Some fourscore years ago, then they all lov'd me,  
I was a handsome Lads, I was in those days.

*Alu.* I, so thou wert, I'll warrant; here's good sign of't,  
Now I'll begin the Work, Reverend *Truga*,  
Whose very Autumn shows how glorious  
The spring time of your Youth was——

*Tru.* Are you come



To put your mocks upon me?

*Alu.* I do confess indeed my former speeches  
Have been too rude and saucy ; I have flung  
Mad jests too wildly at you ; but considering  
The reverence which is due to age and virtue,  
I have repented, will you see my tears?  
And believe them : Oh for an Onion now!  
Or I shall laugh aloud, ha, ha, ha! [Aside.]

*Tru.* Alas good soul! I do forgive you truly;  
I would not have you weep for me, indeed  
I ever thought you would repent at last.

*Alu.* You might well,  
But the right valuing of your worth and virtue  
Hath turn'd the folly of my former scorn  
Into a wiser reverence, pardon me  
If I say love.

*Tru.* I, I, with all my heart,  
But do you speak sincerely?

*Alu.* Oh! it grieves me  
That you should doubt it, what I spake before  
Were Lyes, the off-spring of a foolish rashness,  
I see some sparks still of your former beauty,  
Which in spite of time still flourish.

*Tru.* Why I am not  
So old as you imagined, I am yet  
But fourscore years. Am I a January now?  
How do you think? I always did believe  
You'd be of another opinion one day,  
I know you did but jest.

*Alu.* Oh no, oh no, (I see it takes) [Aside.]  
How you belye your age—for—let me see—  
A man would take you—let me see—for—  
Some forty years or thereabouts (I mean four hundred) [Aside.]  
Not a jot more I swear.

*Tru.* Oh no! you flatter me,  
But I look something fresh indeed this morning.  
I should please *Callidorus* mightily,  
But I'll not go perhaps ; this fellow is  
As handsom quite as he, and I perceive  
He loves me hugely, I protest I will not [Aside.]  
Have him grow mad, which I may chance to do  
If I should scorn him.

*Alu.* I have something here  
Which I wou'd fain reveal to you, but dare not  
Without your Licence.

*Tru.* Do in *Pans* name, do ; now, now.

*Alu.* The comely Gravity which adorns your age,  
And makes you still seem lovely, hath so stricken me—

*Tru.* Alas good soul! I must seem coy at first,  
But not too long, for fear I shou'd quite lose him.



*Alu.* That I shall perish utterly, unless  
Your gentle nature help me.

*Tru.* Alas good Shepherd!  
And in troth I fain would help you,  
But I am past those vanities of Love.

*Alu.* Oh no!  
Wife nature which preserv'd your life till now  
Doth it because you shou'd enjoy these pleasures  
Which do belong to life, if you deny me;  
I am undone.

*Tru.* Well you shou'd not win me  
But that I am loth to be held the cause  
Of any young mans ruin, do not think it  
My want of chastity, but my good-nature  
Which wou'd see no one hurt.

*Alu.* Ah pretty soul!  
How supple 'tis, like Wax before the Sun!  
Now cannot I chuse but kish her, there's the plague oft,  
Let's then joyn our hearts, and seal them with a kish.

*Tru.* Well, let us then:  
'Twere Incivility to be your Debtor,  
I'll give you back again your kish, Sweet-heart,  
And come in th' Afternoon, I'll see you;  
My Husband will be gone to sell some Kine,  
And *Hylace* tending the Sheep, till then:  
Farewel good Duck.

But do you hear, because you shall remember  
To come, I'll give thee here this Ebon Ring,  
But do not wear it, lest my Husband chance  
To see't; Farewel Duck.

*Alu.* Lest her Husband chance  
To see't: she can't deny this, here's enough;  
My Scene of Love is done then; is she gone?  
I'll call her back; ho *Truga*; *Truga* ho:

*Tru.* Why do you call me, Duck?

*Alu.* Only to ask one foolish question of thee:  
Ha'n't you a Husband?

*Tru.* Yes, you know I have.

*Alu.* And do you love him?

*Tru.* Why d'ye ask? I do.

*Alu.* Yet you can be content to make him a Cuckold.

*Tru.* Rather than see you perish in your flames.

*Alu.* Why, art thou now two hundred years of age,  
Yet hast no more discretion but to think  
That I cou'd love thee? ha, ha, ha, wert mine,  
I'd sell thee to some Gardner, thou wou'dst serve  
To scare away the Thieves as well as Crows.

*Tru.* Oh, you're disposed to jest I see, Farewel.

*Alu.* Nay, I'm in very earnest; I love you!  
Why thy face is a vizard.

*Tru.* Leave



*Tru.* Leave off these tricks, I shall be angry else,  
And take away the favours I bestow'd.

*Alu.* 'Tis known that thou hast eyes by the holes only,  
Which are crept farther in, than thy nose out,  
And that's almost a yard; thy quarrelling teeth  
Of such a Colour are, that they themselves  
Scare one another, and do stand at distance;  
Thy Skin hangs loose as if it fear'd the bones,  
(For flesh thou hast not) and is grown so black,  
That a wild Centaur wou'd not meddle with thee.  
To conclude, Nature made thee when she was  
Only dispos'd to jest, and length of time  
Has made thee more ridiculous.

*Tru.* Base Villain, is this your Love?  
Give me my Ring again.

*Alu.* No, no; soft there:  
I intend to bestow it on your Husband;  
He'll keep it better far than you have done.

*Tru.* What shall I do? *Alupis*, good *Alupis*,  
Stay but a little while, pray do but hear me.

*Alu.* No, I'll come to you in the Afternoon,  
Your Husband will be selling of some Kine,  
And *Hylace* tending the sheep.

*Tru.* Pray hear me, command me any thing  
And be but silent of this, good *Alupis*;  
Hugh, Hugh, Hugh.

*Alu.* Yes, yes, yes, I will be silent,  
I'll only blow a Trumpet on yon hill,  
Till all the Country Swains are flockt about me,  
Then shew the Ring, and tell the passages  
'Twixt you and me.

*Tru.* Alas! I am undone.

*Alu.* Well now 'tis ripe; I have had sport enough,  
Since I behold your penitential tears;  
I'll propose this to you, if you can get  
Your Daughter to be married to *Palamon*  
This day, for I'll allow no longer time;  
To morrow I'll restore your Ring, and swear  
Never to mention what has past betwixt us,  
If not—you know what follows—take your Choice.

*Tru.* I'll do my best endeavour.

*Alu.* Go make hast then,  
You know your time's but short, then use it well: [Exit *Truga*.  
Now if this fail the Devil's in all wit.  
I'll go and thrust it forward, if it take,

*I'll sing away the day,  
For 'tis but a folly,  
To be melancholy,  
Let's live here whilst we may.*

*The End of the third Act.*

ACT



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter *Callidorus*, *Bellula*, *Florellus*.

*Cal.* **P**ray follow me no more, methinks that modesty  
Which is so lively painted in your face,  
Shou'd prompt your maiden heart with fears and blushes  
To trust your self in so much privateness  
With one you know not.

*Bell.* I shou'd love those fears,  
And call them hopes, cou'd I perswade my self  
There were so much heat in you as to cause them;  
Prithee leave me; If thou dost hope success [To *Florellus*.]  
To thine own love, why interrupt'st thou mine?

*Flo.* If Love cause you  
To follow him, how can you angry be?  
Because Love forces me without resistance  
To do the same to you?

*Bell.* Love shou'd not grow  
So subtil as to play with arguments.

*Flo.* Love shou'd not be an enemy to Reason.

*Cal.* To Love is of itself a kind of folly,  
But to love one who cannot render back  
Equal desire, is nothing else but madness,

*Bell.* Tell him so; 'tis a Lesson he shou'd learn.

*Flo.* Not to love is of itself a kind of hardness,  
But not to love him who has always woo'd you  
With chaste desires, is nothing less than Tyranny.

*Bell.* Tell him so; 'tis a Lesson he shou'd learn.

*Cal.* Why do you follow him that flies from you?

*Flo.* Why do you flie from him that follows you?

*Bell.* Why do you follow? Why do you flie from me?

*Cal.* The Fates command me that I must not love you.

*Flo.* The Fates command me that I needs must love you.

*Bell.* The Fates impose the like command on me,  
That you I must, that you I cannot love.

*Flo.* Unhappy man! when I begin to cloath  
My Love with words, and court her with persuasions,  
She stands unmov'd, and doth not clear her Brow  
Of the least Wrinkle which sat there before;  
So when the waters with an amorous noise  
Leap up and down, and in a wanton dance  
Kiss the dull Rock, that scorns their fond embraces,  
And darts them back; till they with terror scatter'd,  
Drop down again in tears.

*Bell.* Unhappy Woman!  
When I begin to shew him all my passion,  
He flies from me, and will not clear his Brow



Of any Cloud which cover'd it before ;  
So when the ravishing Nightingale has run'd  
Her mournful notes, and silenc'd all the Birds,  
Yet the deaf wind flirts by, and in disdain  
With a rude Whistle leaves her.

*Cl.* We're all three  
Unhappy ; born to be the proud example  
Of Loves great God-head, not his God-like goodness,  
Let us not call upon our selves those miseries  
Which Love has not, and those it has, bear bravely,  
Our desires yet are like some hidden text,  
Where one word seems to contradict another,  
They are Loves Nonsense, wrapt up in thick clouds,  
Till Fate be pleas'd to write a Commentary,  
Which doubtless 'twill ; till then let us endure,  
And found a Parlee to our Passions.

*Bell.* We may joyn hands tho, may we not ?

*Flo.* We may, and lips too, may we not ?

*Bell.* We may, come let's sit down and talk.

*Cal.* And look upon each other.

*Flo.* Then kiss again.

*Bell.* Then look.

*Cal.* Then talk again.

What are we like ? the hand of Mother Nature  
Would be quite pos'd to make our smile.

*Flo.* We are the *Trigon* in Loves Hemisphere,

*Bell.* We are three strings on *Venus* dainti'st Lute,  
Where all three hinder one anothers Musick,  
Yet all three joyn and make one Harmony.

*Cal.* We are three flow'rs of *Venus* dainty Garden,  
Where all three hinder one anothers Odor,  
Yet all three joyn, and make one Nofegay up.

*Flo.* Come let us kiss again.

*Bell.* And look.

*Cal.* And talk.

*Flo.* Nay rather fing, your Lips are Natures Organs,  
And made for nought less sweet than harmony.

*Cal.* Pray do.

*Bell.* Tho I forfeit  
My little skill in finging to your wit,  
Yet I will do't since you command.

SONG.

*It is a punishment to love,  
And not to love a punishment doth prove ;  
But of all pains there's no such pain,  
As 'tis to love and not be lov'd again.*



*Till sixteen, Parents we obey,  
After sixteen, Men steal our hearts away:  
How wretched are we women grown,  
Whose wills, whose minds, whose hearts are ne'er our own!*

*Cal.* Thank you.

*Flo.* For ever be the tales of *Orpheus* silent,  
Had the same age seen thee, that very Poet,  
Who drew all to him by his harmony,  
Thou wouldst have drawn to thee.

*Cal.* Come, shall we rise?

*Bell.* If it please you, I will.

*Cal.* I cannot chuse

But pity these two Lovers, and am taken  
Much with the serious trifles of their passion.

Let's go and see, if we can break this net

In which we all are caught; if any man

Ask who we are, we'll say we are *Loves Riddle*. [Exeunt.

Enter *Ægon*, *Palæmon*, *Alupis*.

*Pal.* Thou art my better Genius, honest *Ægon*,

*Alu.* And what am I?

*Pal.* My self, my soul, my friend,

Let me hug thee *Alupis*, and thee *Ægon*,

Thee for inventing't, thee for putting it

In Act; But do you think the Plot will hold?

*Alu.* Hold! why I'll warrant thee it shall hold,

Till we have ty'd you both in wedlock fast,

Then let the bonds of Matrimony hold you,

If't will; if that will not neither, I can tell you

What will I'm sure, a Halter.

Then sing, &c.—

*Æg.* Come, shall we knock?

*Alu.* I, do; For 'tis, &c.—

*Æg.* Ho *Truga*; who's within there?

*Alu.* You, *Winter*, Ho, you that the grave expected

Some hundred years ago, you that intend

To live till you turn Skeleton, and make

All men weary of you but Physicians,

Pox on you, will you come?

Enter *Truga*.

*Tru.* I come, I come, who's there? who's there?

*Alu.* Oh, in good time,

Are you crawl'd here at last? what are you ready

To give your Daughter up? the time makes haste,

Look here, do you know this Ring?

*Tru.* Hark aside, I pray,

You have not told these, have you?

*Alu.* No, good Duck,

I only told them that your mind was altered,

And that you lik'd *Palæmon*; so we three



Came here to plot the means.

*Tru.* So, so, you're welcom,  
Will you go in and talk about it? [Exeunt.]

*Enter Hylace.*

*Hyl.* I wonder why my Mother shou'd invite  
*Alupis* and *Palæmon* into th' House:  
She is not of my mind, nay, not the mind  
Which she herself was of but yesterday,  
Besides, as soon as they came in, she bid me  
To get me gone, and leave them there in private,  
By your good favour Mother, I must be  
For this time disobedient; here I'll hearken.

*Enter Truga, Palæmon, Ægon, Alupis.*

*Æg.* Come I'll tell you,  
You know your Husband has refused *Palæmon*,  
Because his means were not unequal only  
To his desires, but to your Daughters Portion;  
To salve this grand exception of *Melarnus*,  
I'll promise that *Palæmon* shall be made  
My Heir.

*Tru.* Alas, he knows you have a Daughter.

*Æg.* It is reported she is fain in Love  
With the new Shepherd, for which cause I'll seem  
To be incens'd most sharply, and forswear  
E'er to acknowledg her for child of mine,

*Tru.* 'Tis very well;  
It grieves me truly that *Palæmon* shou'd——

*Alu.* Perish in his own flames; is't not so *Truga*?  
I know you're gentle; and your peevish Daughter  
Had not her Cruelty from you, good soul.

*Pal.* Why do we stay? each minute that we lose to you is only  
A minute, but to me a day at least,  
Why are we not now seeking of *Melarnus*?  
Why is he not yet found? alas, that's nothing,  
Methinks he should have given consent ere this,  
Why are not I and beauteous *Hylace*  
Married together?

*Hyl.* Soft good hasty Lover,  
I shall quite break the neck of your large hopes,  
Or I'm mistaken much.

*Æg.* Come let's be gone  
*Truga*, Farewel. Be silent and assistant.

*Alu.* Or else you know what I have; go, no more.

*Tru.* I'll warrant you I am not to be taught  
At this age, I thank *Pan*, in such a business.  
Farewel all. [Exeunt.]

*Alu.* Come sing, &c.

*Hyl.* I know not whether grief or else amazement  
Seizeth me most, to see my aged Mother  
Grow so unnatural; I fain would weep,



But when I think with what an unfeared Blow  
I shall quite dash their cunning, I can hardly  
Bridle in Laughter, Fate helps the Innocent,  
Altho my Mother's false, the Gods are true. [Exit.

*Enter Clariana and her Maid.*

*Cla.* Did you command the Servants to withdraw?

*Ma.* I did forsooth.

*Cla.* And have you shut the doors? *Ma.* Yes.

*Cla.* Is there none can over-hear our talk?

*Ma.* Your curious inquiry much amazeth me,  
And I cou'd wish you wou'd excuse my boldness  
If I shou'd ask the Reason.

*Cla.* Thou know'st well  
That thou hast found me always liker to  
Thy Kinswoman than Mistris, that thy Breast  
Has been the Cabinet of all my secrets,  
This I tell thee, not as an exprobaton,  
But because I must require thy Faith  
And counsel here. And therefore prithee swear——

*Ma.* Swear, to do what?

*Cla.* To be more silent than the dead of night,  
And to thy power to help me.

*Ma.* Wou'd my power  
To assist you were as ready as my will,  
And for my Tongue, that Mistris I'll condemn  
Unto perpetual silence, ere it shall  
Betray the smallest word that you commit to't.  
By all——

*Cla.* Nay do not swear. I will not wrong thy vertue  
To bind it with an Oath, I'll tell thee all;  
Doth not my face seem paler than 'twas wont?  
Doth not my eye look as it borrow'd flame  
From my fond heart? cou'd not my frequent weepings,  
My sudden sighs, and abrupt speeches tell thee  
What I am grown?

*Ma.* You are the same you were,  
Or else my eyes are lyars.

*Cla.* No, I'm a wretched Lover; couldst thou not  
Read that out of my blushes? fie upon thee;  
Thou art a novice in Loves School I see;  
Trust me I envy at thy Ignorance,  
Thou canst not find out *Cupids* Characters  
In a lost Maid, sure thou didst never know him.

*Ma.* Wou'd you durst trust me with his name,  
Sure he had Charms about him that might tempt  
Chast Votaries, or move a *Scythian* Rock  
When he shot fire into your chaster Breast.

*Cla.* I am asham'd to tell thee, prithee guess him.

*Ma.* Why 'tis impossible.

*Cla.* Thou saw'st the Gentleman whom I this morning

Brought



Brought in to be my guest.

*Ma.* Yes, but am ignorant, who, or from whence he is.

*Cla.* Thou shalt know all ;

The freshness of the morning did invite me

To walk abroad, there I began to think

How I had lost my Brother, that one thought

Like circles in the Water begat many,

Those and the pleasant verdure of the Fields

Made me forget the way, and did entice me

Farther than either fear or modesty

Else would have suffered me, beneath an Oak

Which spread a flourishing Canopy round about,

And was itself alone almost a Wood,

I found a Gentleman distracted strangely,

Crying aloud for either food or sleep,

And knocking his white hand against the ground,

Making that groan like me, when I beheld it,

Pity, and fear, both proper to us Women,

Drave my feet back far swifter than they went.

When I came home, I took two Servants with me

And fetch'd the Gentleman, hither I brought him,

And with such cheer as then the House afforded,

Replenish'd him, he was much mended suddenly,

Is now a sleep, and when he wakes, I hope,

Will find his senses perfect.

*Ma.* You did shew

In this, what never was a stranger to you,

Much piety ; but wander from your subject :

You have not yet discover'd, who it is

Deserves your Love.

*Cla.* Fie, fie, how dull thou art,

Thou dost not use in other things to be so ;

Why I love him ; his name I cannot tell thee ;

For 'tis my great unhappiness to be

Still ignorant of that my self. He comes,

Look, this is he, but do not grow my rival if thou canst choose.

*Ma.* You need not fear't forsooth.

[Enter Aphron.

*Cla.* Leave me alone with him ; withdraw.

*Ma.* I do.

[Exit Maid.

*Aph.* Where am I now ? under the Northern Pole

Where a perpetual Winter binds the ground

And glazeth up the floods ? or where the Sun

With neighbouring rays breaks the divided earth,

And drinks the Rivers up ? or do I sleep ?

Is't not some foolish dream deludes my fancy ?

Who am I ? I begin to question that.

Was not my Country Sicily ? my name

Call'd *Apron*, wretched *Aphron* ?

*Cla.* Ye good Gods

Forbid ; is this that man who was the cause



Of all the grief for *Callidora's* loss ?  
Is this the man that I so oft have curst ?  
Now I could almost hate him, and methinks  
He is not quite so handsom as he was ;  
And yet alas he is, tho by his means  
My Brother is gone from me, and Heav'n knows  
If I shall see him more, Fool as I am,  
I cannot chuse but love him.

*Aph.* Cheat me not good eyes,  
What Woman, or what Angel do I see ?  
Oh stay, and let me worship ere thou goest ;  
Whether thou beest a Goddess which thy beauty  
Commands me to believe, or else some mortal  
Which I the rather am induc'd to think,  
Because I know the Gods all hate me so,  
They would not look upon me.

*Cla.* Spare these titles,  
I am a wretched Woman, who for pity  
( Alas that I should pity ! t'had been better  
That I had been remorseless ) brought you hither,  
Where with some food and rest, thanks to the Gods  
Your senses are recover'd.

*Aph.* My good Angel !  
I do remember now that I was mad  
For want of meat and sleep, thrice did the Sun  
Chear all the World but me, thrice did the night  
With silent and bewitching darkness give  
A resting time to every thing but *Aphron*.  
The Fish, the Beasts, the Birds, the smallest creatures  
And the most despicable snor'd securely.  
The aguish head of every tree by *Æolus*  
Was rock'd asleep, and shook as if it nodded.  
The crooked Mountains seem'd to bow and slumber,  
The very Rivers ceas'd their daily murmur,  
Nothing did watch, but the pale Moon and I,  
Paler than she ; grief wedded to this toil,  
What else could it beget but frantickness ?  
But now methinks, I am my own, my brain  
Swims not as it was wont ; Oh brightest Virgin  
Shew me some way by which I may be grateful,  
And if I do't nor, let an eternal Phrenzy,  
Immediately seize on me.

*Cla.* Alas ! 'twas only  
My love, and if you will reward me for't,  
Pay that I lent you, I'll require no interest,  
The Principal's enough.

*Aph.* You speak in mists.

*Cla.* You're loth perhaps to understand.

*Aph.* If you intend that I should love and honour you,  
I do by all the Gods.

*Cla.* But



*Cl.* But I am covetous in my demands,  
I am not satisfied with wind-like promises  
Which only touch the lips; I ask your heart,  
Your whole heart for me, in exchange of mine,  
Which so I gave to you.

*Aph.* Ha! you amaze me,  
Oh! You have spoken something worse than **Lightning**,  
That blasts the inward parts, leaves the outward whole,  
My gratitude commands me to obey you,  
But I am born a man, and have those Passions  
Fighting within me, which I must obey.  
Whilst *Callidora* lives, although she be  
As cruel, as thy breast is soft and gentle;  
'Tis sin for me to think of any other.

*Cl.* You cannot love me then?

*Aph.* I do, I swear,  
Above my self I do: my self! what said I?  
Alas! that's nothing; above any thing  
But Heaven and *Callidora*.

*Cl.* Fare you well then,  
I would not do that wrong to one I love,  
To urge him farther than his power and will;  
Farewel, remember me when you are gone,  
And happy in the love of *Callidora*. [Exit.]

*Aph.* When I do not, may I forget my self,  
Would I were mad again; then I might rave  
With privilege, I should not know the griefs  
That hurried me about, 'twere better far  
To lose the Senses, Than be tortur'd by them:  
Where is she gone? I did not ask her name,  
Fool that I was, alas poor Gentlewoman!  
Can any one love me? ye cruel Gods  
Is't not enough that I my self am miserable?  
Must I make others so too? I'll go in  
And comfort her; alas! how can I tho?  
I'll grieve with her, that is in ills a comfort. [Exit.]

Enter *Alupis*, *Melarnus*, *Truga*, *Palamon*, *Ægon*.

*Pal.* Before when you denied your Daughter to me,  
'Twas Fortunes fault, not mine, but since good Fate,  
Or rather *Ægon*, better far than Fate,  
Hath rais'd me up to what you aim'd at, riches,  
I see not with what countenance you can  
Coin any second argument against me.

*Mel.* Come no matter for that:  
Yes, I could wish you were left eloquent,  
You have a vice called Poesie which much  
Displeaseth me, but no matter for that neither.

*Alu.* Alas! he'll leave that streight  
When he has got but money; he that swims  
In *Tagns*, never will go back to *Helicon*.

Besides,



Besides, when he hath married *Hylace*,  
Whom should he woo, to praise her comely Feature,  
Her skin like falling Snow, her eyes like Stars,  
Her cheeks like Roses ( which are common places  
Of all your Lovers praises ) Oh ! those Vanities,  
Things quite as light, and foolish as a Mistress,  
Are by a Mistress first begot, and left  
When they leave her.

*Pal.* Why do you think that Poësie  
An art which even the Gods—

*Alu.* Pox on your arts,  
Let him think what he will ; what's that to us ?

*Æg.* Well I would gladly have an answer of you,  
Since I have made *Palæmon* here my son,  
If you conceive your daughter is so good,  
We will not press you, but seek out some other  
Who may perhaps please me and him as well.

*Pal.* Which is impossible—

*Alu.* Not on your possibles—

Thy mouth like a crackt Fiddle never sounds  
But out of Tune ; come, *Truga* put in, *Truga*,  
You'll never speak unless I shew the Ring.

*Tru.* Yes, yes, I do ; do you hear sweet-heart ?  
Are you mad to fling away a Fortune  
That's thrust upon you, you know *Ægon's* rich.

*Mel.* Come, no matter for that,  
That's thrust upon me ! I would fain see any man  
Thrust ought upon me ; But's no matter for that,  
I will do that which I intended to do.

And 'tis no matter for that neither, that's thrust upon me !

*Pal.* Come, what say you *Melarnus* ?

*Mel.* What say I ? 'tis no matter what I say,  
I'll speak to *Ægon*, if I speak to any,  
And not to you ; but no matter for that ;  
Hark you, will you leave all the means you have  
To this *Palæmon* ?

*Tru.* I Duck, he says he will.

*Mel.* Pish, 'tis no matter for that, I'll hear him say so.

*Æg.* I will, and here do openly protest,  
That since my *Bellula* ( mine that was once )  
Thinks her self wiser than her father is,  
And will be governed rather by her Passions  
Than by the Square that I prescribe to her,  
That I will never count her as my Daughter.

*Alu.* Well acted by God *Pan*, see but What 'tis  
To have me for a Tutor in these Rogueries.

*Mel.* But tell me now, good neighbour, what estate  
Do you intend to give him ?

*Æg.* That estate  
Which Fortune and my Care hath given to me,



The money which I have, and that's not much,  
The Sheep, and Goats.

*Mel.* And not the Oxen too?

*Æg.* Yes, every thing.

*Mel.* The Horses too?

*Æg.* I tell you, every thing.

*Alu.* By *Pan* he'll make him promise him particularly  
Each thing above the value of a Bean-straw:  
You'll leave him the pails too, to milk the Kine in,  
And Harness for the Horses, will you not?

*Mel.* I, I, what else? but 'tis no matter for that,  
I know *Palæmon*'s an ingenious man,  
And love him therefore; but's no matter for that neither.

*Æg.* Well, since we are both agreed, why do we stay here?  
I know *Palæmon* longs t' embrace his *Hylace*.

*Mel.* I, I, 'tis no matter for that, within this hour  
We will be ready, *Ægon*, pray be you so,  
Farewel my Son-in-law that shall be,  
But's no matter for that: Farewel all:  
Come *Truga*. [Exit *Melarnus* and *Truga*.

*Æg.* Come on then, let's not stay too long in trifling,  
*Palæmon* go, and prepare your self against the time.  
I'll go acquaint my *Bellula* with your Plor,  
Lest this unwelcom news shou'd too much grieve her,  
Before she know my meaning.

*Alu.* Do, do; and I'll go study  
Some new-found way to vex the fool *Melarnus*.

*For 'tis but a folly,  
To be melancholy, &c.*

*Enter Florellus.*

Whilst *Callidorus* lives I cannot love thee.  
These were her parting words; I'll kill him then;  
Why do I doubt it fool? such wounds as these  
Require no gentler med'cine; methinks Love  
Frowns at me now, and says I am too dull,  
Too slow in his command; and yet I will not,  
These hands are Virgins yet, unstain'd with Villany,  
Shall I begin to teach them? — methinks Piety  
Frowns at me now, and says, I am too weak  
Against my Passions. Piety! —  
'Twas fear begot that Bugbear; for thee *Bellula*  
I durst be wicked, tho I saw *Joves* hand  
Arm'd with a naked Thunderbolt: Farewel,  
(If thou beest any thing, and not a shadow  
To fright Boys and Old-women) farewel Conscience,  
Go and be strong in other petty things,  
To Lovers come, when Lovers make use of thee,  
Not else: and yet,—what shall I do or say?  
I see the better way, and know 'tis better,  
Yet still this devious error draws me backward.



So when contrary winds rush out and meet,  
And wrestle on the Sea with equal fury,  
The waves swell into Mountains, and are driven  
Now back, now forward, doubtful of the two  
Which Captain to obey.

*Enter Alupis.*

*Alu.* Ha, ha, I'll have such excellent sport,  
*For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Flo.* Why here's a fellow now makes sport of every thing,  
See one mans fate how it excels another,  
He can sit, and pass away the day in jollity,  
My musick is my sighs, whilst tears keep time.

*Alu.* Who's here? a most rare posture!  
How the good/soul folds in his arms! he dreams  
Sure that he hugs his Mistriss now, for that  
Is his disease without all doubt; so, good!  
With what judicious garb he plucks his hat  
Over his Eyes; so, so, good! better yet;  
He cries; by this good light, he cries, the man  
Is careful, and intends to water his sheep  
With his own tears; ha, ha, ha, ha.

*Flo.* Dost thou see any thing that deserves thy laughter,  
Fond Swain?

*Alu.* I see nothing in good troth but you.

*Flo.* To jeer those who are Fates May-game  
Is a redoubled fault; for 'tis both sin,  
And folly too; our life is so uncertain  
Thou canst not promise that thy mirth shall last  
To morrow, and not meet with any rub,  
Then thou mayst act that part, to day thou laughst at.

*Alu.* I act a part? it must be in a Comedy then,  
I abhor Tragedies; besides, I never  
Practis'd this Posture: Hey ho! woe, alas!  
Why do I live? my Musick is my sighs  
Whilst tears keep time.

*Flo.* You take too great a Licence to your wit;  
Wit, did I say? I mean, that which you think so:  
And it deserves my pity more than anger.  
Else you shou'd find that Blows are heavier far  
Than the most studied jests you can throw at me.

*Alu.* Faith it will be but Labour lost to beat me,  
All will not teach me how to act this part;  
Woe's me! alas! I'm a dull Rogue, and so  
Shall never learn it.

*Flo.* You're unmannerly  
To talk thus saucily with one you know not,  
Nay, hardly ever saw before, be gone,  
And leave me as you found me, my worst thoughts  
Are better company than thou.

*Alu.* Enjoy them then,

Here's



Here's no body desires to rob you of them.  
I would have left your company without bidding,  
'Tis not so pleasant, I remember well,  
When I had spent all my money, I stood thus,  
And therefore hate the posture ever since.  
D'ye hear? I'm going to a wedding now;  
If you've a mind to dance, come along with me,  
Bring your hard-hearted Mistris with you too,  
Perhaps I may persuade her, and tell her  
Your Musick's sighs, and that your tears keep time.  
Will you not go? Farewel then good Tragical Actor.  
Now have at thee *Melarnus*; For 'tis but a Folly, &c. [Exit.

*Flo.* Thou art a Prophet, Shepherd; She is hard  
As Rock which suffer the continual siege  
Of Sea and Wind against them; but I will  
Win her, or lose (which I should gladly do)  
My self: my self? why so I have already:  
Ho! who hath found *Florellus*? he is lost,  
Lost to himself, and to his Parents likewise,  
(Who having miss'd me, do by this time search  
Each corner for to find me) Oh! *Florellus*,  
Thou must be wicked, or for ever wretched,  
Hard is the Phylick, harder the Disease.

*The end of the fourth Act.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter *Alupis*, *Palæmon*, *Ægon*.

*Pal.* **T**HE gods convert these Omens into good,  
And mock my fears; thrice in the very threshold,  
Without its Masters leave my foot still,  
Thrice in the way it stumbled.

*Ala.* Thrice, and thrice  
You were a fool then for observing it.  
Why these are follies that the young years of *Truga*  
Did hardly know; are they not vanish'd yet?

*Pal.* Blame not my fear: that's *Cupid's* usher always;  
Tho *Hylace* were now in my embraces,  
I should half doubt it.

*Alu.* If you chanc'd to stumble.

*Æg.* Let him enjoy his madness, the same liberty  
He'll grant to you, when you're a Lover too.

*Alu.* I, when I am, he may; yet if I were one  
I should not be dismay'd because the threshold —

*Pal.* Alas! That was not all, as I came by



The Oak to *Faunus* sacred, where the Shepherds  
Exercise rural sports on Festivals,  
On that Trees top an inauspicious Crow  
Foretold some ill to happen.

*Æg.* And because Crows  
Foretel wet weather, you interpret it  
The rain of your own eyes ; but leave these tricks  
And let me advise you.

*Melarnus speaking to Hylace within his door.*

*Mel.* Well come, no matter for that ; I do believe thee, girl,  
And would they have such sport with vexing me !  
But's no matter for that ; I'll vex them for't,  
I know your fiery Lover will be here strait,  
But I shall cool him ; but come, no matter for that :  
Go get you in, for I do see them coming.

*Æg.* Here comes *Melarnus*.

*Pal.* He looks cheartfully, I hope all's well.

*Æg.* *Melarnus*, opportunely : we are acoming  
Just now unto you ?

*Mel.* Yes, very likely ; would you have spoken with me ?

*Æg.* Spoken with you ?

Why, are you mad ? have you forgot your promise ?

*Mel.* My promise ? oh ! 'tis true, I said indeed  
I would go with you to day to sell some Kine ;  
Stay but a little, I'll be ready straight.

*Pal.* I am amaz'd ; good *Ægon* speak to him.

*Alu.* By this good light,

I see no likelihood of any marriage,  
Except betwixt the Kine and Oxen. Hark you hither ;  
A rot upon your Beasts ; is *Hylace* ready ?

*Mel.* It's no matter for that ; who's there ? *Alupis* ?  
Give me thy hand, 'faith thou'rt a merry fellow,  
I have not seen thee here these many days,  
But now I think on't, it's no matter for that neither.

*Alu.* Thy memory's fled away sure with thy wit.  
Was not I here less than an hour ago  
With *Ægon*, when you made the match ?

*Mel.* Oh ! then you'll go along with us,  
Faith do ; for you will make us very merry.

*Alu.* I shall, if you thus make a fool of me.

*Mel.* Oh no ! you'll make you sport with vexing me.  
But mum ; no matter for that neither : there  
I bob'd him privately, I think.

*Æg.* Come, what's the business ?

*Alu.* The business ? why he's mad, beyond the cure  
Of all the Herbs that grow in *Anticyra*.

*Æg.* You see we have not fail'd our word *Melarnus*,  
I and my Son are come.

*Mel.* Your Son ! good lack !  
I thought, I swear, you had no other child



Besides your Daughter *Bellula*.

*Æg.* Nay, then

I see you are dispos'd to make us fools,

Did not I tell you that 'twas my intent

To adopt *Palæmon* for my Son and Heir?

*Alu.* Did not you examine

Whether he would leave him all, lest that he should

Adopt some other heir to the Cheese-presses,

The milking pails, the Cream-bowls? did you not?

*Mel.* In troth 'tis well; but where is *Bellula*?

*Æg.* Nay, prithee leave these tricks, and tell me

What you intend, is *Hylace* ready?

*Mel.* Ready? what else? she's to be married presently

To a young Shepherd; but's no matter for that.

*Pal.* That's I, hence tears;

Attend upon the infancy of Love,

She's now mine own.

*Alu.* Why I; did not the Crow on the Oak foretel you this?

*Mel.* *Hylace, Hylace*, come forth,

Here are some come to dance at your Wedding,

And they're welcome.

*Pal.* The light appears, just like the rising Sun,

When o'er yon hill it peeps, and with a draught

Of morning dew salutes the day, how fast

The night of all my sorrows flies any,

Quite banish'd with her sight!

*Hyl.* Did you call for me?

*Mel.* Is *Dametas* come? fie, how slow he is

At such a time? but it's no matter for that;

Well get you in, and prepare to welcome him.

*Pal.* Will you be gone so quickly? oh! bright *Hylace*,

That blessed hour by me so often begg'd,

By you so oft deny'd, is now approaching.

*Mel.* What, how now? what do you kiss her? *[Exit Hyl.]*

If *Dametas* were here, he would grow jealous,

But 'tis a parting kiss, and so in manners

She cannot deny it you; but it's no matter for that.

*Alu.* How!

*Mel.* What do you wonder at?

Why do you think, as soon as they are married,

*Dametas* such a fool, to let his Wife

Be kiss'd by every body?

*Pal.* How now *Dametas*?

Why what hath he to do with her?

*Mel.* Ha, ha!

What hath the Husband then to do with's Wife?

Good: 'tis no matter for that tho; he knows what.

*Æg.* You mean *Palæmon* sure, ha, do you not?

*Mel.* 'Tis no matter for that, what I mean, I mean.

Well, rest ye merry Gentlemen, I must in



And see my Daughters Wedding, it you please,  
 To dance with us; *Dametas* sure will thank ye;  
 Pray bring your Son and heir *Palæmon* with you,  
*Bellula's* cast away, ha, ha, ha, ha!  
 And the poor fool *Melarnus* must be cheated,  
 But it's no matter for that; how now *Alupis*?  
 I thought you would have had most excellent sport  
 With abusing poor *Melarnus*, that same coxcomb,  
 For he's a fool; but it's no matter for that,  
*Ægon* hath cheated him, *Palæmon* is  
 Married to *Hylace*, and one *Alupis*  
 Doth nothing else but vex him, ha, ha, ha!  
 But it's no matter for that; farewell genteels,  
 Or if ye'll come and dance, ye shall be welcome,  
 Will you *Palæmon*? 'tis your Mistress Wedding,  
 I am a fool, a coxcomb, gull'd on every side,  
 No matter for that tho; what I have done, I have done:  
 Ha, ha, ha! [Exit.

*Æg.* How now? what are you both dumb? both thunder-struck?  
 This was your plot *Alupis*.

*Alu.* I'll begin.

May his Sheep rot, and he for want of food  
 Be forc'd to eat them then; may every man  
 Abuse him, and yet he not have the wit  
 To abuse any man, may he never speak  
 More sense than he did now; and may he never  
 Be rid of his old Wife *Truga*; may his Son  
 In-law be a more famous Cuckold made  
 Than any one I knew when I liv'd in the City.

*Pal.* Fool as thou art, the Sun shall lose his course  
 And brightness too, ere *Hylace* her Chastity.  
 Oh no! ye Gods, may she be happy always,  
 Happy in the embraces of *Dametas*;  
 And that shall be some comfort to my ghost  
 When I am dead; and dead I shall be shortly.

*Alu.* May a disease seize upon all his Cattle,  
 And a far worse on him, till he at last  
 Be carried to some Hospital i'th' City,  
 And there kill'd by a Chirurgeon for experience.  
 And when he's gone, I'll with this good thing for him,  
 May the earth lye gentle on him—that the dogs  
 May tear him up the easier.

*Æg.* A curse upon thee!  
 And upon me for trusting thy fond counsels!  
 Was this your cunning trick? why thou hast wounded  
 My Conscience, and my Reputation too:  
 With what face can I look on the other Swains?  
 Or who will ever trust me, who have broke  
 My Faith thus openly?

*Pal.* A curse upon thee,

This



This is the second time that thy persuasions  
Made me not only fool, but wicked too ;  
I should have died in quiet else, and known  
No other wound, but that of her denial ;  
Go now, and brag how thou hast us'd *Palæmon* ;  
But yet methinks you might have chose some other  
For Subject of your mirth, not me.

*Æg.* Nor me.

*Alu.* And yet if this had prospered (as I wonder  
Who it should be, betray'd us, since we three  
And *Truga* only knew it, whom, if she  
Betray'd us, I — ) if this, I say, had prospered,  
You would have hugg'd me for inventing it,  
And him for putting it in Act ; foolish men  
That do not mark the thing but the event !  
Your judgments hang on Fortune, not on Reason.

*Æg.* Do'st thou upbraid us too ?

*Pal.* First make us wretched,  
And then laugh at us ? believe, *Alupis*,  
Thou shalt not long have cause to boast thy Villany.

*Alu.* My Villany ? do what ye can : you're fools,  
And there's an end ; I'll talk with you no more,  
I had as good speak reason to the wind  
As you, that can but hiss at it.

*Æg.* We will do more ; *Palæmon*, come away,  
He hath wrong'd both, and both shall satisfy.

*Alu.* Which he will never do ; nay, go and plod,  
Your two wise brains will invent certainly  
Politick gins to catch me in. [Exit.

And now have at thee *Truga*, if I find  
That thou art guilty ; mum — I have a Ring —

*Palæmon*, *Ægon*, *Hylace*, *Melarnus*.  
Are all against me ? no great matter : hang care,

*For 'tis but a folly, &c.* [Exit.

*Enter Bellula.*

This way my *Callidorus* went, what change  
Hath snatch'd him from my sight ? how shall I find him ?  
How shall I find my self, now I have lost him ?

With ye my feet and eyes I will not make  
The smallest truce, till ye have sought him out. [Exit.

*Enter Callidorus and Florellus,*

*Cal.* Come, now your business.

*Flo.* 'Tis a fatal one,  
Which will almost as much shame me to speak,  
Much more to act, as 'twill fright you to hear it.

*Cal.* Fright me ! it must be then some wickedness,  
I am accusom'd so to misery,  
That cannot do't.

*Flo.* Oh ! 'tis a sin, young man,  
A sin which every one shall wonder at,

None



None not condemn, if ever it be known:  
 Methinks my blood thrinks back into my veins.  
 And my affrighted hairs are turn'd to bristles.  
 Do not my eyes creep back into their cells;  
 As if they seem'd to wish for thicker darkness,  
 Than either night or death to cover them?  
 Doth not my face look black and horrid too?  
 As black and horrid as my thoughts? ha! tell me.

*Cal.* I am a novice in all villanies,  
 If your intent be such, dismiss me, pray,  
 My nature is more easie to discover  
 Than help you; so farewel.

*Flo.* Yet stay a little longer; you must stay;  
 You are an actor in this Tragedy.

*Cal.* What would you do?

*Flo.* Alas! I would do nothing; but I must —

*Cal.* What must you do?

*Flo.* I must — Love thou hast got the Victory —  
 Kill thee.

*Cal.* Who me? you do but jest,  
 I should believe you, if I could tell how  
 To frame a cause, or think on any injury  
 Worth such a large revenge, which I have done you.

*Flo.* Oh no! there's all the wickedness, they may seem  
 To find excuse for their abhorred fact;  
 That kill when wrongs, and anger urgeth them;  
 Because thou art so good, so affable,  
 So full of graces, both of mind and body,  
 Therefore I kill thee, wilt thou know it plainly,  
 Because whilst thou art living *Bellula*  
 Protested she would never be anothers,  
 Therefore I kill thee.

*Cal.* Had I been your Rival  
 You might have had some cause; cause did I say?  
 You might have had pretence for such a villany:  
 He who unjustly kills is twice a Murtherer.

*Flo.* He whom Love bids to kill is not a murtherer.

*Cal.* Call not that Love that's ill; 'tis only fury.

*Flo.* Fury in ills is half excusable:  
 Therefore prepare thy self; if any sin  
 (Tho I believe thy hot and flourishing youth  
 As innocent as other mens nativities)  
 Hath flung a spot upon thy purer Conscience,  
 Wash it in some few tears.

*Cal.* Are you resolved to be so cruel?

*Flo.* I must, or be as cruel to my self.

*Cal.* As sick men do their beds, so have I yet  
 Enjoy'd my self, with little rest, much trouble:  
 I have been made the Ball of Love and Fortune,  
 And am almost worn out with often playing;

And



And therefore I would entertain my death  
As some good friend whose coming I expected;  
Where it not that my Parents —

*Flo.* Here; see, I do not come [ *Draws two Swords*  
Like a soul Murtherer to entrap you falsely, from under his  
Take your own choice, and then defend your self. garment and of-

*Cal.* 'Tis nobly done; and since it must be so, fers one to Cal.  
Altho my strength and courage call me Woman,  
I will not die like Sheep without resistance;  
If Innocence be guard sufficient,  
I'm sure he cannot hurt me.

*Flo.* Are you ready? the fatal Cuckow on yon spreading tree  
Hath sounded out your dying knell already.

*Cal.* I am.

*Flo.* 'Tis well, and I could wish thy hand  
Were strong enough; 'tis thou deserv'st the Victory,  
Nay, were not th' hope of *Bellula* ingraven  
In all my thoughts, I would my self play booty  
Against my self; but *Bellula* — — come on. [ *Fight.*

*Enter Philistus.*

This is the Wood adjoining to the Farm,  
Where I gave order unto *Clariana*  
My Sister, to remain till my return;  
Here 'tis in vain to seek her, yet who knows?  
Tho it be in vain I'll seek; to him that doth  
Propose no Journeys end, no path's amiss.  
Why how now? what do you mean? for shame part, Shepherds,  
I thought you honest Shepherds, had not had [ *Sees them*  
So much of Court and City Follies in you. fighting.

*Flo.* 'Tis *Philistus*; I hope he will not know me,  
Now I begin to see how black and horrid  
My attempt was; how much unlike *Florellus*:  
Thanks to the juster Deities for declining  
From both the danger, and from me the sin.

*Phil.* 'Twould be a wrong to charity to dismiss ye  
Before I see you friends, give me your weapons.

*Cal.* 'Tis he: why do I doubt? most willingly,  
And my self too, best man; now kill me Shepherd — [ *Swoons.*

*Phil.* What do you mean;  
Rise, prithee rise; sure you have wounded him,

*Enter Bellula.*

Deceive me not good eyes; what do I see?  
My *Callidorus* dead? 'Tis impossible!  
Who is it that lies slain there? are you dumb?  
Who is't I pray?

*Flo.* Fair Mistress —

*Bell.* Pish, Fair Mistress, —

I ask who 'tis; if it be *Callidorus* —

*Phil.* Was his name *Callidorus*? it is strange,

*Bell.* You are a Villain, and you too a Villain,

Wake



Wake *Callidorus*, wake, it is thy *Bellula*  
 That calls thee, wake, it is thy *Bellula*;  
 Why Gentlemen! why Shepherd! fie for shame,  
 Have you no charity? Oh my *Callidorus*;  
 Speak but one word——

*Cal.* 'Tis not well done to trouble me,  
 Why do yo envy me this little rest?

*Bell.* No; I will follow thee.

[Swoons]

*Flo.* O help, help quickly,

What do you mean; your *Callidorus* lives:

*Bell.* *Callidorus*!

*Flo.* And will be well immediately, take courage,  
 Look up a little: wretched as I am,  
 I am the cause of all this ill.

*Phil.* What shall we do? I have a Sister dwells  
 Close by this place, let's hast to bring them thither,  
 But let's be sudden.

*Flo.* As wing'd lightning is.  
 Come *Bellula* in spight of Fortune now  
 I do imbrace thee.

*Phil.* I did protest without my *Callidora*  
 Ne'er to return, but pity hath o'ercome.

*Bell.* Where am I?

*Flo.* Where I could always wish thee: in those arms  
 Which would infold thee with more subtle knots,  
 Than amorous Ivy, whilst it hugs the Oak.

*Cal.* Where do ye bear me? is *Philistus* well?

*Phil.* How should he know my name, 'tis to me a riddle,  
 Nay Shepherd, find another time to court in,  
 Make hast now with your Burthen.

[Exeunt.]

*Flo.* With what ease should I go always were I burthened thus?

Enter *Aphron*.

She told me she was Sister to *Philistus*,  
 Who having mis'd the Beauteous *Callidora*,  
 Hath undertook a long and hopeless Journey  
 To find her out; then *Callidora*'s fled,  
 Without her Parents knowledge, and who knows  
 When she'll return, or if she do, what then?  
 Lambs will make Peace, and joyn themselves with Wolves  
 Ere she with me, worse than a Wolf to her:  
 Besides, how durst I undertake to court her?  
 How dare I look upon her after this?  
 Fool as I am, I will forget her quite,  
 And *Clariana* shall henceforth—— but yet  
 How fair she was! what then! so's *Clariana*;  
 What graces did she dart on all beholders!  
 She did; but so do's *Clariana* too,  
 She was as pure and white as *Parian* Marble,  
 What then? she was as hard too; *Clariana*  
 Is pure and white as *Ericina*'s Doves,

And



And is as soft, as gallestoo as they  
Her pity sav'd my life, and did restore  
My wandring Senses, if I should not love her,  
I were far madder now, than when she found me,  
I will go in and render up my self,  
For her most faithful servant.

Wonderful! [Exit. Enter again.]

She has lockt me in, and keeps me here her Prisoner:  
In these two Chambers; what can she intend?  
No matter, she intends no hurt I'm sure,  
I'll patiently expect her coming to me. [Exit.]

Enter Demophil, Spodaia, Clariana, Florellus, Callidora,  
Bellula, Philistus.

Dem. My Daughter found again, and Son return'd!  
Ha, ha! methinks it makes me young again.  
My Daughter and my Son meet here together!  
Philistus with them too! that we should come  
To grieve with Clariana, and find her here.  
Nay, when we thought we'd lost Florellus too,  
To find them both, methinks it makes me young again.

Spo. I thought I never should have seen thee more  
My Callidora; come wench; now let's hear  
The story of your flight and life in th' Woods.

Phi. Do happy Mistris, for the recordation  
Of fore-past ills, makes us the sweetlier relish  
Our present good.

Cal. Of Aphron's love to me, and my antipathy  
Towards him, there's none here ignorant, you know too  
How guarded with his love, or rather fury,  
And some few men, he broke into our House  
With resolution to make me the prey  
Of his wild lust.

Spo. I. there's a villain now; oh! that I had him here.

Cla. Oh! say not so:

The crimes which Lovers for their Mistris act,  
Bear both the weight and stamp Piety.

Dem. Come girl; go on, go on. His wild lust —

Cla. What sudden fear shook me, you may imagine;  
What should I do? you both were out of Town,  
And most of th' servants at that time gone with you.  
I on the sudden found a Corner out,  
And hid my self, till they, wearied with searching,  
Quitted the House, but fearing lest they should  
Attempt the same again ere you return,  
I took with me money and other necessities;  
And in a Sute my Brother left behind  
Disguis'd my self: thus to the Woods I went,  
Where meeting with an honest merry Swain,  
I by his help was furnish'd, and made Shepherd.

Spo. Nay, I must needs say for her, she was always



A witty wench.

*Dem.* Pish, pish : and made a Shepherd ———

*Cal.* It hapned that this gentle Shepherdess  
( I can attribute it to nought in me  
Deserv'd so much ) began to love me.

*Phi.* Why so did all besides I'll warrant you,  
Nor can I blame them, tho they were my Rivals.

*Cal.* Another Shepherd with as much desire  
Woo'd her in vain, as She in vain woo'd me,  
Who seeing that no hope was left for him,  
Whilst I enjoy'd this life, t' enjoy his *Bellula*,  
( For by that name she's known ) sought to take me  
Out of the way as a partition  
Betwixt his Love and him, whilst in the fields  
We two were struggling, ( him his strength defending  
And me my innocence.

*Flo.* I am asham'd to look upon their faces.  
What shall I say ? my guilt's above excuse.

*Cal.* *Philistus* ; as if the Gods had all agreed  
To make him mine, just at the nick came in  
And parted us ; with sudden joy I swooned,  
Which *Bellula* perceiving ( for even then  
She came to seek me ) sudden grief did force  
The same effect from her ; which joy from me.  
Hither they brought us both, in this amazement,  
Where being straight recovered to our selves,  
I found you here, and you your dutiful Daughter.

*Spo.* The Gods be thank'd.

*Dem.* Go on.

*Cal.* Nay, you have all, Sir.

*Dem.* Where's that Shepherd ?

*Flo.* Here.

*Dem.* Here, where ?

*Flo.* Here, your unhappy Son's the man ; for her  
I put on Sylvan weeds, for her sake  
I would have stain'd my innocent hands in blood,  
Forgive me all, 'twas not a sin of malice,  
'Twas not begot by Lust, but sacred Love ;  
The cause must be the excuse for the effect.

*Dem.* You should have used some other means, *Florellus*.

*Cal.* Alas ! 'twas the Gods Will Sir, without that  
I had been undiscovered yet ; *Philistus*  
Wandred too far, my Brother yet a Shepherd,  
You groaning for our loss, upon this wheel  
All our felicity is turn'd.

*Spo.* Alas you have forgot the power of love, sweet-heart.

*Dem.* Be patient Son, and temper your desire,  
You shall not want a Wife that will perhaps  
Please you as well, I'm sure besit you better.

*Flo.* They marry not, but sell themselves t'a Wife,

Whom



Whom the large dowry tempt, and take more pleasure  
To hug the wealthy bags than her that brought them.  
Let them whom nature bestows nothing on,  
Seek to patch up their wants by Parents plenty;  
The beautiful, the chaste, the virtuous.  
Her self alone is portion to her self.

*Enter Ægon.*

By your leave; I come to seek a Daughter.  
Oh! are you there? 'tis well.

*Flo.* This is her Father,  
I do conjure you Father, by the love  
Which Parents bear their Children, to make up  
The match betwixt us now, or if you will not  
Send for your friends, prepare a Coffin for me,  
And let a Grave be digged, I will be happy,  
Or else not know my misery to morrow.

*Spø.* You do not think what ill may happen, Husband,  
Come, let him have her, you have means enough  
For him, the wench is fair, and if her face  
Be not a flatterer, of a noble mind,  
Altho not stock.

*Æg.* I do not like this stragling, come along,  
By your leave Gentlemen, I hope you will  
Pardon my bold intrusion.

*Cla.* You're very welcome.  
What are you going *Bellula*? pray stay,  
Tho nature contradicts our love, I hope  
That I may have your Friendship.

*Flo.* *Bellula*!

*Bell.* My Father calls; farewell; your name, and memory  
In spite of Fate, I'll love, farewell.

*Flo.* Would you be gone, and not bestow one word  
Upon your faithful servant? do not all  
My griefs and troubles for your sake sustain'd,  
Deserve, farewell *Florellus*?

*Bell.* Fare you well then.

*Flo.* Alas! how can I, Sweet, unless you stay,  
Or I go with you? you were pleas'd ere while  
To say you honour'd me with the next place  
To *Callidorus* in your heart, then now  
I should be first: do you repent your sentence?  
Or can that tongue sound less than Oracle?

*Bell.* Perhaps I am of that opinion still,  
But must obey my Father.

*Æg.* Why *Bellula*? would you have ought with her Sir?

*Flo.* Yes, I would have her self; if constancy  
And love be meritorious, I deserve her.  
Why Father, Mother, Sister, Gentlemen,  
Will you plead for me?

*Dem.* Since it must be so, I'll bear it patiently,





Shepherd, you see how much our Son is taken  
 With your fair Daughter, therefore if you think  
 Him fitting for her Husband speak, and let it  
 Be made a match immediately, we shall  
 Expect no other dowry than her Vertue.

*Æg.* Which only I can promise; for her Fortune  
 Is beneath you so far, that I could almost  
 Suspect your words, but that you seem more noble:  
 How now, what say you girl?

*Bell.* I only do depend upon your Will.

*Æg.* And I'll not be an Enemy to thy good Fortune.  
 Take her Sir, and the Gods bless you.

*Flo.* With greater joy than I would take a Crown.

*Alu.* The Gods bless you.

*Flo.* They have don't already.

*Æg.* Lest you should think when time, and oft enjoying  
 Hath dull'd the point, and Edge of your affection,  
 That you have wrong'd your self and Family,  
 By marring one whose very name, a Shepherdess,  
 Might fling some spot upon your Birth, I'll tell you,  
 She is not mine, nor born in these rude Woods.

*Flo.* How! you speak mistick wonders.

*Æg.* I speak truths Sir,  
 Some fifteen years ago, as I was walking,  
 I found a Nurse wounded, and groaning out  
 Her latest spirit, and by her a fair Child,  
 And, which her very dressing might declare,  
 Of wealthy Parents; as soon as I came to them,  
 I asked her who had used her so inhumanely:  
 She answered me, *Turkish* Pyrates; and withal  
 Desired me to look unto the Child,  
 For 'tis, said she, a Nobleman's of *Sicily*,  
 His name she would have spoke, but death permitted not.  
 Her as I could, I caused to be buried,  
 But brought home the little girl with me,  
 Where by my Wives perswasions we agreed,  
 Because the Gods had bless'd us with no issue,  
 To nourish as our own, and call it *Bellula*,  
 Whom now you see, your Wife, your Daughter.

*Spo.* Is't possible?

*Flo.* Her manners shew'd her noble.

*Æg.* I call the Gods to witness, this is true.  
 And for the farther testimony of it,  
 I have yet kept at home the furniture,  
 And the rich Mantle which she then was wrapt in,  
 Which now perhaps may serve for some good use  
 Thereby to know her Parents.

*Dem.* Sure this is *Aphron's* Sister then, for just  
 About the time he mentions, I remember,  
 The Governour of *Packinus*, then his Father,



Told me that certain Pyrates of *Argier*  
Had broke into his house, and stoln from thence  
With other things his Daughter, and her Nurse,  
Who being after taken, and executed,  
Their last confession was, that they indeed  
Wounded the Nurse, but she fled with the Child,  
Whilst they were busie searching for more prey ;  
Whom since, her Father neither saw nor heard of.

*Cla.* Then now I'm sure Sir, you would gladly pardon  
The rash attempt of *Aphron*, for your Daughter ;  
Since Fortune hath joyn'd both of you by Kindred.

*Dem.* Most willingly.

*Spo.* I, I, alas ! 'twas Love.

*Flo.* Where should we find him out ?

*Cla.* 'Ill save that labour. [Exit *Clariana*.

*Cal.* Where's *Hylace*, pray Shepherd ? and the rest  
Of my good Sylvan friends ? methings I would  
Fain take my leave of them.

*Æg.* I'll fetch them hither.

They're not far off, and if you please to help  
The Match betwixt *Hylace* and *Palemon*,  
'Twould be a good deed, I'll go fetch them. [Exit.

Enter *Aphron*, *Clariana*

*Aph.* Ha ! whither have you led me *Clariana* ?  
Some steepy Mountain bury me alive,  
Or Rock intomb me in its stony entrails :  
Whom do I see ?

*Cla.* Why do you stare, my *Aphron* ?  
They have forgiven all.

*Dem.* Come *Aphron*, welcome,  
We have forgot the Wrong you did my Daughter,  
The name of Love hath cover'd all ; this is  
A joyful day, and sacred to great *Hymen*.  
'Twere sin not to be friends with all men now.

*Spo.* Methinks, I have much ado to forgive the Rascal. [Aside.

*Aph.* I know not what to say ; do you all pardon me ?  
I have done wrong to you all, yea, to all those  
That have a share in Virtue. Can ye pardon me ?

*All.* Most willingly.

*Aph.* Do you say so, fair Virgin ?  
You I have injur'd most : with love,  
With saucy love, which I henceforth recall,  
And will look on you with an adoration,  
Not with desire hereafter ; tell me, pray,  
Doth any man yet call you his ?

*Cal.* Yes ; *Philistus*.

*Aph.* I congratulate it, Sir.  
The Gods make ye both happy : fool, as I am,  
You are at the height already of felicity,  
To which there's nothing can be added now,

But



But perpetuity ; you shall not find me  
Your Rival any more, though I confess  
I honor her, and will for ever do so.

*Clariana*, I am so much unworthy  
Of thy Love. That —

*Cla*. Go no farther, Sir, 'tis I should say so  
Of my own self,

*Phil*. How Sister ? are you two so near upon a match ?

*Aph*. In our hearts Sir,  
We are already joyn'd ; it may be tho  
You will be loth to have unhappy *Aphron*,  
Stile you his Brother ?

*Phi*. No Sir, if you both  
Agree, to me it shall not be unwelcome.  
Why here's a day indeed ; sure *Hymen* now  
Means to spend all his Torches.

*Dem*. 'Tis my Son, Sir,  
Now come from Travel, and your Brother now.

*Aph*. I understand not.

*Dem*. Had you not a Sister ?

*Aph*. I had Sir ; but where now she is none knows,  
Besides the God

*Dem*. Is't no at some fifteen years ago  
Since that the N. leap'd with her from the hands !  
Of Turkish Pyrates that beset the House ?

*Aph*. It is Sir.

*Dem*. Your Sister lives then, and is married  
Now to *Florellus* ; this is she, you shall be  
Informed of all the circumstances anon.

*Aph*. 'Tis impossible.  
I shall be made too happy on the sudden.

My Sister found, and *Clariana* mine !  
Come not too thick, good joys, you will oppress me.

Enter *Melarnus*, *Truga*, *Egon*, *Hylace*, *Palæmon*.

*Cal*. Shepherds, you're welcome all ; tho I have lost  
Your good Society, I hope I shall not  
Your Friendship and best wishes.

*Æg*. Nay, here's wonders ;  
Now *Callidorus* is found out, a Woman,

*Bellula* not my Daughter, and is married  
To yonder Gentleman, for which I intend

To do in earnest what before I jested,  
To adopt *Palæmon* for my Heir.

*Mel*. Ha, ha, ha !

Come it's no matter for that ; do you think  
To cheat me once again with your fine tricks ?

No matter for that neither. Ha, ha, ha !

Alas ! She's married to *Dametas*.

*Æg*. Nay, that was your plot *Melarnus*,  
I met with him, and he denies it to me.

*Hyl*. Hence.



*Hy.* Henceforth I must not love, but honour you—to *Callidora*.

*Æg.* By all the Gods I will.

*Tru.* He will, he will; Duck.

*Mel.* Of every thing?

*Æg.* Of every thing; I call

These Gentlemen to witness here that since  
I have no child to take care for; I will make  
*Palæmon* heir to those small means the Gods  
Have blest'd me with, if he do marry *Hylace*:

*Mel.* Come it's no matter for that, I scarce believe you.

*Dem.* We'll be his Sureties.

*Mel.* *Hylace*,

What think you of *Palæmon*? can you love him?

Has our consents, but it's no matter for that,

If he do please you, speak, or now, or never.

*Hy.* Why do I doubt fond Girl? she's now a woman.

*Mel.* No matter for that, what you do, do quickly.

*Hy.* My duty binds me not to be averse

To what likes you. —

*Mel.* Why take her then *Palæmon*, she's yours for ever.

*Pal.* With far more joy

Than I would do the wealth of both the *Indies*:

Thou art above a Father to me, *Ægon*.

We are freed from misery with sense of joy,

We are not born so; oh! my *Hylace*,

It is my comfort now that thou wert hard,

And cruel till this day, delights are sweetest

When poisoned with the trouble to attain them.

*Enter Alupis.*

*For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

By your leave, I come to seek a Woman,

That hath out liv'd the memory of her youth,

With skin as black as her teeth, if she have any,

With a face would fright the Constable and his Watch

Out of their wits ( and that's easily done you'll say ) if they should

Meet her at midnight.

Oh! are you there? I thought I smelt you somewhere;

Come hither, my she *Nestor*, pretty *Truga*,

Come hither, my sweet Duck.

*Tru.* Why? are you not ashamed to abuse me thus,

Before this company?

*Alu.* I have something more;

I come to shew the Ring before them all;

How durst you thus betray us to *Melarnus*?

*Tru.* 'Tis false, 'twas *Hylace* that over-heard you;

She told me so; but they are married now.

*Alu.* What do you think to flamm me? why ho! here's news.

*Pal.* *Alupis*, art thou there? forgive my anger,

I am the happiest man alive, *Alupis*,

*Hylace* is mine, here are more wonders too.

Thou



Thou shalt know all anon.

*Tru.* *Alupis*, give me —

*Alu.* Well rather than be troubled —

*Æg.* *Alupis* welcome, now w' are friends I hope ;  
Give me your hand.

*Mel.* And me.

*Alu.* With all my heart,

I'm glad to see ye have learn'd more wit at last.

*Cal.* This is the Shepherd, Father, to whose care  
I owe for many favours in the Woods.

You're welcome heartily ; here's every body

Pair'd of a sudden ; when shall's see you married ?

*Alu.* Me ? when there are no ropes to hang my self,

No rocks to break my neck down ; I abhor

To live in a perpetual Belfery ;

I never could abide to have a Master

Much less a Mistress, and I will not marry,

Because, *I'll sing away the day,*

*For 'tis but a folly to be melancholy,*

*I'll be merry whilst I may.*

*Phi.* You're welcome all, and I desire you all

To be my Guest to day ; a Wedding Dinner,

Such as the sudden can afford, we'll have.

Come will ye walk in, Gentlemen ?

*Dem.* Yes, yes.

What crosses have ye born before ye joyn'd !

What Seas pass'd through before ye touch'd the Port !

*Thus Lovers do, ere they are Crown'd by Fates*

*With Palm, the Tree their Patience imitates.*

FINIS.



---

# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *A L U P I S*.

**T**HE Author bid me tell you--'faith, I have  
Forgot what 'twas ; and I'm a very slave,  
If I know what to say ; but only this,  
Be merry ; That my Counsel always is.  
Let no grave man knit up his Brow, and say  
'Tis foolish : why ? 'twas a Boy made the Play ;  
Nor any yet of those that sit behind,  
Because he goes in Plush, be of his mind.  
Let none his Time, or his spent Money grieve,  
Be merry ; give me your hands, and I'll believe.  
Or if you will not, I'll go in, and see,  
If I can turn the Author's mind with me  
    To sing away the day,  
    For 'tis but a folly  
    To be Melancholy,  
Since that can't mend the Play.



# EPITOGUE

Spoken by A. C. O. P. I. S.

**T**he Author of this little book, I have  
forgot what time; and in a very short  
If I should write to you; but only this  
The Author; I am not (as I should be)  
The Author; I am not (as I should be)  
The Author; I am not (as I should be)  
The Author; I am not (as I should be)  
The Author; I am not (as I should be)  
The Author; I am not (as I should be)  
The Author; I am not (as I should be)  
The Author; I am not (as I should be)  
The Author; I am not (as I should be)  
The Author; I am not (as I should be)  
The Author; I am not (as I should be)

U. A. U.



# Naufragium Joculare: COMOE DIA.

Publicè coram ACADEMICIS Acta,

IN

Collegio SS. & Individuæ Trinitatis,

4<sup>o</sup> Nonas Feb. Ann. Dom. 1638.

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Authore *Abrahamo Cowley.*

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Mart. — — *Non displicuisse meretur  
Festinat, Lector, qui placuisse tibi.*

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L O N D I N I:

Typis *M. Clark*; veneunt apud *C. Harper.* MDCC,



Nauticum Joculari:

COMOEDIA.

Publice coram Academicis Agitur.

IN

Collegio SS. & Individuum Trinitatis.

4. Novembris. Anno Domini. 1638.

Authore Abrahamo Cowley.

Mort — Non disphicisse meretur  
Ipsius, Ictor, qui placuisse tibi.



LODYI:

Typis M. Clark: Veniente apud C. Harper. MDC.



Doctissimo, Gravissimoque Viro

Domino D. C O M B E R,

Decano *Carleolensi* colendissimo, & Collegii SS.

& Individuæ *Trinitatis* Magistro Vigilantissimo.

**S**iste gradum : quonam temeraria pagina tendis,  
Auratâ nimium facta superba togâ?  
Subdita Virgifero te volvat turba Tyranno;  
Et tamen, ah, nucibus ludere pluris erit.  
I, pete, sollicitos quos tædia docta Scholarum,  
Et Logicæ pugno carmina scripta tenent.  
Post Ca, vel Hip. Qualis? ne. vel, af. un. Quanta? par. in fin.  
Destruit E dictum, destruit Ique modum.  
Tum tu grata aderis, tum blandius ore sonabis;  
*Setonius*, dicent, quid velit iste sibi?  
I, pete Caussidicos: poteris sic culta videri,  
Et benè Romanis fundere verba modis.  
Fallor: post ignoramum gens cautior ille est;  
Et didicit Musas, Granta, timere tuas.  
I, pete Lectorem nullum; sic salva latebis;  
Et poteris Criticas spernere tuta manus.  
Limine ab hoc caveas: Procul ô, procul ito profana.  
Dissimile hic Domini nil decet esse suo.  
Ille sacri calamo referat mysteria verbi,  
Non alia illius sancta lucerna videt.  
Talis in Altari trepidat Fax pænè timenda,  
Et Flayum attollit sic veneranda caput.  
At scio, quid dices: Nostros Academia lusus  
Spectavit; nugæ tùm placuere meæ.  
Pagina stulta nimis! Granta est Hic altera solus;  
Vel Grantæ ipsius non Caput, at Cerebrum.  
Sed si authore tuo, pergas, audacior, ire:  
(Audacem quemvis candidus ille facit.)  
Accedas tanquam ad numen formidine blandâ  
Tristis, & hæc illi paucula metra refer.  
  
Sub vestro auspicio natum bonus accipe carmen,  
Viventi auspiciū quod sibi vellet idem.  
Non peto ut ista probes; tantum, Puerilia, dicas,  
Sunt, fateor; Puerum sed satis illa decent.  
Collegii nam qui nostri dedit ista Scholaris,  
Si Socius tandem sit, meliora dabit.

*Vestri Favoris Studiofissimus,*

ABR. COWLEY.



## Ad Lectorem.

**N**O N sum nescius quanto cum periculo emanare in vulgus hanc fabulam passus sim ; tantum interest Spectator, an Lector sis Comœdiæ, quamvis amicus, adeo ut misellum hoc opus, quod satis ex se deforme est, pulchritudinem suam amittere necesse sit, quam illi Lucernæ, Vestes, Actor, nobilissima Frequentia addiderunt. Sed hoc cum cæteris commune, illud nostræ proprium est, quod plurimis in locis, eisque, qui, nescio quo fato, maximè placuerunt, ne intelligi quidem, nisi à quibusdam possit, ut in Morionis & Gelasimi partibus, præcipuè verò cum aperitur Schola, ita ut huic libro accidat, quod solet ignobilibus, qui, nisi in civitate suâ ubique ignorantur, ita nascuntur Calendarii similes in usum unius tantum regionis. Sed voluntati amicorum satisfaciendum est, non timori meo ; & effecit benevolentia illa, quâ priores meas nugas, & veluti vagitus Poeticos (nam (proh pudor ! ) pænè ab infantia nugatus sum) excepisti, ut Ingrati crimen subeam, si tibi negem lusus meos ; Immemoris si formidem. Aliquis autem dicat vir gravissimus (& fortassis etiam dixit) Eone impudentiæ ventum est ut bornus adhuc Academicus, Comœdiam doceat ? Quod nunquam quisquam eâ atate aggressus est, idne sibi arrogat insolens puer ? Egone tale quid in me admisi ? Quod si crimen quidem sit, Illius invidia nunquam tanti erit, ut huic saltem crimini expurgationem aliquam parem. Nam Tibi, Amice Lector, si audacia nostra placuit, Ego vel iterum causâ tam insolens fierem.

Vale.

Nau-



---

## Scena Dunkerka.

### *Dramatis Personæ.*

**G** Nomicus.  
Gelafimus.  
Morion.

Tutor Gel. & Mor.  
Hæres dives, amicus Morionis.  
Supposititius filius Polypori.

Bombardomachides.  
Eucomissa.  
Ægle.  
Psecas.  
Æmylio.

Miles.  
Filia Bombardom.  
Captiva Bombard. Æmylionis soror.  
Ancilla Eucomissæ.  
Captivus Bomb. filius Polypori.

Calliphanes, P.  
Calliphanes, F.

Senex.  
Ejus filius, Ægles amafius.

Polyporus.  
Academicus 1.  
Academicus 2.  
Mulier.  
Bajuli 2.

Mercator Anglus.

Personæ mutæ.  
Lorarii 2.  
Bajulus.  
Exorcista.



---

## PROLOGUS.

**E**Xi foras inepte ; nullamne habebunt hic Comædiam ?  
Exi, inquam, inepte : aut incipiam ego cum Epilogo.  
Tun' jam Sophista junior, & modestus adhuc ?  
Ego nihil possum, præter quod cæteri solent,  
Salvete cives attici, & corona florentissima.  
Utinam illam videretis, plus hoc spectaculo  
Risuros vosmet credo, quam totâ in Comædiâ.  
Jam nunc per rimam aliquam ad vos omnes adspicit.  
Nisi placidè intueamini, actum est de Puero.  
Tragœdia isthæc fiet, & Naufragium verum.  
Dicturus modo Prologum, Novi, inquit, peccatum meum.  
Prodire, nisi personatus, in hanc frequentiam  
Non audet, & plus suâ rubescit purpurâ.  
Illius ergo causâ, finite exorator stem  
Ut nequis Poëtæ vitio vortat novitio,  
Quodque non solet fieri, insolentiam putet.  
Nisi fari inceptaverit, nemo est futurus eloquens.  
Qui modò pulpitum fortius, aut Scenam concutit,  
Aliquando balbutivit ac timuit loqui.  
Neque annos novem poscite ; non est, Spectatores optimi,  
Adulta res, sed puerilis, Ludere.  
Vetus Poëta Comico cessit in convitium.  
Quis suum dieculæ invidet crepusculum ?  
Quis violæ, quod primo oritur, extinguit purpuram ?  
Favete & huic Flori, Ne tanquam Solstitialis Ederbula  
Repentè exortus, repentindò occidat.

---

## ACTUS



# Naufragium Joculare:

## COMOEDIA.

### ACTUS PRIMUS.

#### Scena Prima.

*Dinon.*

[*Celeusma intus.*]

**S**iquidem adaptantur humeris o-  
nera, huc me actutum Sequi-  
mini: Ego vobis prospiciam;  
nimium hi nautæ attrectant pi-  
cem manibus: Mirum herclè  
est quin malo caveant, tam propinqui funi-  
bus Qui suum quotidie fatum quasi accuratè  
complicant. Ut clamarunt modò! Sulfurra-  
re præ his *Tempestatem* diceres. Gratias ha-  
beo quod abs sese, & his suis nos amisit mare.  
Utrumq; est æque turbulentum, & ad ad-  
spectum utriusq; vomeres. Itaq; incolumem  
hic te videre, serò lator, *Dinon: Polyporus*  
huc me misit *Herus*, cum Filio simul Ejusq;  
sodali, ut euntibus servirem peregrè Quo-  
rum alter, naturâ bardus, nihil ultrà quæri-  
tat, Alter & industriam addidit, uti insaniret  
strenuè. Hos ducit quali Tutor eorum *Gno-  
micus*, ita homo, Qui rectè si saperent stul-  
tos cis annum redderet, Nil extra carmina,  
atq; sententias loquitur carnifex: Vix sole-  
as, nisi ex *Virgilio* poscet, ita poetâ abutitur.  
Hem *Dinon*, vin' tu homini stulto auscultare  
mihi? Succenturi jam nunc gnaviter in corde  
Sycophantias: Nam si bolus iste tantus eri-  
piatur ex faucibus, Nunquam iterum occa-  
sio dabitur, fortunatus ut sis. Ignota regio,  
heri stolidi, ac divites: tum ego, *Dinon*.  
Plenus fallaciæ servus, & pecuniæ indigens.  
Næ Oves commisit lupo, hos mihi qui con-  
credidit. Atq; eccos ipsos de navi; eccum  
autem *Gnomicum*; Ut magnificè infert sese!  
gradiri *Jambum* crederes, Concedam istuc:  
hem *Bajuli*, an dormitis super sarcinas?

#### Scena Secunda.

*Gnomicus, Morien, Gelasimus, Dinon.*

*Gno.* Quod felix faustumq; sit (quâ for-  
mulâ delectabantur Veteres) Egressi optatâ  
Troes potiuntur arenâ. Ne à *Virgilio* nostro  
poetarum omnium facile principe, Quem  
ego honoris causâ nomino, transverlum  
digitum, aut unguem latum excedamus,  
ut pulchrè in proverbio.

*Mor.* Tutor, gratulor tibi huc adventum  
meum.

*Gno.* Dixisses potius tuum, Nam hoc esset  
more *Aulico*.

*Mor.* Imò utrumque, mi Tutor *Gnomicè*,  
[*Dinon, Bajuli.*]

Quem ego honoris causâ nomino; sed quæ-  
nam est hæc Regio? Nam mihi non magis  
nota est de facie, quam si esset Terra in-  
cognita.

*Din.* Adsunt *Bajuli* cum sarcinulis.

*Ba.* Quo portamus Domine?

*Din.* Ad tabernam proximam diverfori-  
am, ego ostendam locum.

*Gno.* Quin *Bajuli* edico vobis, quod Sino  
senex in *Comœdiâ*, Vos istæc intro auferte;  
abite; *Dinon*, sequere. Non, paucis te volo.

*Mor.* *Dinon*, st! ego paucis te volo. Me-  
mento de vino bono.

*Din.* Here factum puta, Nam nihil mihi  
potius est, quam in hac re animo tuo obsequi.

*Mor.* St! *Bajuli*! quin dico, sistite vos  
mihi *Bajuli*.

*Baj.* Quid est quod nos velis?

*Mor.* Cavete de sarcinulis, Ne quassæ sint  
vehementer aut jactæ in terram fortiter.

*Baj.* Numnam insunt vitra?

S

*Mor.*



*Mor.* Non, non, non, sed nolo aurum nimis premi. Ne forte imago regia aliquid detrimenti capiat, Et læsæ Majestatis reus fiam; sat sapio mihi, diis gratias.

[*Exeunt Dinon Bajuli.*]

*Gno.* Pish, verbum sapienti sat est: norunt quid velis, abite. Audin' lætitiā nauatarum! ferit aurea sydera clamor.

[*Celeusma intus.*]

*Mor.* O muscos homines! utinam ego essem navita: Vix me abstineo quin clamen.

[*Clamat.*]

*Gelasime*, quid tu tristis es?

*Gno.* Quid frontem, ut dicam Metaphoricè, caperas *Gelasime*?

*Gel.* Egon' tristis? non; Meditabar tantum de naturā maris: Cui Dii Deaq; malefaciant omnes, nunquam navigabo postea. Nam nihil navigatione magis incommodum est ingenio bono. Adeo non potui modo unum jocum exprimere, quem dicerem *Bajulis*. At antequam conscendi navim solebant vel invito mihi effluere, Donicum omnes dicerent, satis, satis, satis, satis est.

*Gno.* *Gelasime*, ut aridet tibi Navigatio tua? quid jam de mari?

*Gel.* Amara res est oh! benè est, quod meipsum colligo: Hic primus jocus est quem dixi in his regionibus, Et est tantum parvus jocus, meliores certè soleo. Adeste æquo animo, & meliores audieris postea.

*Mor.* Hei, ho! ohime!

*Gno.* Quid est *Morion*? cur imo gemitum de pectore ducis? Secundum Poetam.

*Mor.* Totus contremisco cum de rebelante meo stomacho cogitem, O jentaculum illud, quod ego de tabularis totum evomui! O ova! ô vinum! ô fumen! hæc omnia infelix perdiidi. Obsonavi piscibus largiter.

*Gno.* Quis talia fando Marmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssi (euphoniæ gratia) Temperet à lacrymis? vi deo certè rectè dici à veteribus.

*Πῆς, ἔδης, γυνίς, τεῖα κτά.*

Sive ut ego juvenis in Pentametrum Latinum transtuli. Sunt tria mala viris? Ignis, Aqua, Mulier.

*Mor.* Praterea, Tutor, aliquid aliud certè, me nimis malè habuit, Nam cum, ex alto terram procul prospeximus: Continuo ut nos propius accessimus, illa aufugit longulè! Idque ita ego observavi ipse.

*Gno.* Vides ergo, quod Post nubem Phœbus, Dulcia non meruit qui non gustavit amara: Multa diuque tuli: Difficilia quæ pulchra! Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum Tendimus in Latium. Plurimāq; alia commodè à veteribus dicta sunt in hanc sententiam.

*Gel.* Omittis, *Morion*, tempestatem reminisci.

*Mor.* Rectè mones: Nunquam tam malè metui ne ad cælum irem ingratis.

*Gno.* Jam-jam tacturos sidera summa putes, sed eho tu, adeon' vero metuis ἀνδραγύ?

*Mor.* Quidni metuam? Nolo tam durum in me dici quicquam vocabulum: ἀνδραγύ?

*Gel.* Ego meherculè tunc temporis guttam non habui sanguinis, Præ timore, ne sub Ponti Marmore sepultura nobis fieret. Intelligis Tutor? ambiguum id verbum est: ludo in τῷ Marmore. Numnam auditis hoc? stabo promissis meis si attenditis.

*Mor.* Dii te perdant adeo in omni sermone facetus es.

*Gel.* Ain' verò? tune maledicis ingenio meo?

*Mor.* Quidni? quæso annon ad hæreditatem nati sumus? Tun' Filius natu maximus doctis dictis animum applicas? Vitium *Gelasime*, vitium est.

*Gno.* Quid est adolescentes? revocate animos, mcestumq; timorem Mittite, nam jam in vado sumus, cum Proverbio.

*Mor.* Obsecro te atque etiam oro uti ne revertamur domum. Nam oppidò mihi aridet hujus loci facies.

*Gno.* Potin' igitur Ut sustineas animum si nunquam patrem sis visurus denuo?

*Mor.* Hercle vero fatin' mihi exciderat Pater de memoria? Perquam molesta res est Pater, sed ni fallor non semper vivunt senes.

*Gel.* Video me frustra esse: necesse est ut revocem ad me fugitivum meum ingenium.

*Mor.* Nimis diu hercle est, ex quo ego ebrius fui, Atq; adeo annus videtur, donicum in hac regione probe madeam.

*Gel.* Tutor, cedo, quid faciendum est jam nunc: petimusne diversorium? ibiq; omnem hanc ex animo eximimus lassitudinem?

*Mor.* Imo illic bibamus strenue.

*Gel.* Rectè, & post illa faciam carmina.

*Mor.* Atque ego dormiam.

*Gno.* Faciesne adolescens carmina; At non constabunt tibi Pedes posteaquam strenuè biberis, intellexin' *Gelasime*, quod velim per pedes annon?

*Gel.* Ha, ha, he, Eugepæ! ob istuc te dictum amo plurimum. At nisi eripuisses ex ore mihi, equidem pravortissem te, Et certè magnus jocus est: donabo hunc pugillariibus, Carmina— tibi pedes— biberis— Ha, ha, ha, he. [*scribit.*]

*Mor.* Næ istos omnes jocos Dii perdant: nam ante hoc temporis Madere potuissim, nisi quod diem malè amisimus.

*Gno.* Eamus igitur: nam scriptum in Poetâ invenimus, Ennius ipse Pater nunquam nisi



nisi potius ad arma profiluit dicenda; Ubi Pater, quia erat primus; Arma, Metaphoricè & alio loco, Fœcundi calices Quem non fecere Poetam?

*Gel.* Pulcherrimè! Quem non fecere Poetam!

*Mor.* Si me certe facere possent, nunquam vel pitissarem postea. Poetam! vah! sumne ego Filius *Polipori* nati maximus?

*Gno.* Bene habet: jam vos instituam optimis secundum hunc locum atque ætatem moribus, Docebo peregrinandi artem, atq; edicam Formulas. Persuadendi, deridendi, atque adoriendi homines: Donec omnes mortales vos admirentur aequè ac me. Sed prius intrò eamus, nam melius hanc rem præstabimus Impleti veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferinæ.

*Mor.* Longè hercle melius. [Exeunt.]

Scena Tertia.

*Emilio.*

*Em.* Enimvero ego jam nunc incedo vir ornatissimus, Meque ipse dum contem-  
plor magis, continuò in mentem venit, Hominum catenulis suspensorum jamdiu in viâ regiâ: Ne illi vestitu solent esse ac istam planè faciem. Neutiquam hoc placet omen: quanquam si eveniat, hoc volupe est mihi Quod hisce ego vestibibus commodare non possim carnifici. Nolo ille homo per me ditiescat: sed interea temporis Dii vestram fidem! quid mihi faciendum est misero? Num fiam (qui hic rara avis est) Philosophus denuo? Qui possim, nisi fortè Cynicus, adeò oblatrat stomachus? Num impendam operam foro, ac contorquendis Legibus? At malum herclè omen est auspicari id studium, in Formâ Pauperis. Dicit aliquis, bono ingenio es. adjuuge animum Poeticæ: Quamobrem vero? adeone parùm inops sum, ut fiam magis? Nam hæc recta via est ad egestatem: præterea frustra hoc sperat animus Nunquam ego evadam Literatus homo, sat scio, Unam de me ipso nisi si Literam longam faciam. Quid igitur agere instituam? nam agendum esse aliquid id venter admonet: Et Plurimum præstat manu meâ, quàm Laborare in hunc modum fame: Quanquam cum magis cogito, quid est, opera quod conficiat mea? Nisi si ad abigendos Corvos memet Hortulano collocem. Quod præstare optimè poteram cum ornatu hoc formidolosissimo. At non est, uti nimium properem properare ad id muneris, Nam velim nolim, sat citò ad Corvos eundem est mihi. Lubet me-

hercule suscipere meam veterem denuo provinciam. Aliquid intendenda est in aliquem fallacia: hoc fixum maneat.

Scena Quarta.

*Emilio, Dinon.*

*Em.* Sed quis hic homo est, qui sermonem nostrum arbitratur Ex adversâ plateâ? Quantum ex vultu colligo eodem laborat morbo, quo ego Et multi magni viri laborarunt.

*Din.* Herus meus *Morion* cum Tutore *Gnomico*, Ejusdem farinae homine & *Gelasimo* aquali suo Benè intus potat, ibi illi tres conveniunt optimè, Hos ego nisi emungam aliqui pecuniâ, Sumne ipse stultus istorum multò maximus? Nam heri *Poliporus* pater adprimè dives est, Nescit quid faciat auro; at ego quid faciam scio.

*Em.* Edepol servum graphicum! ex amussim sententiam meam Locutus est adeò: hunc mihi notum esse oportuit, Nam idem sentimus ambo, quod est in propinquâ parte amicitiae.

*Din.* Age *Dinon*.

*Em.* Oh, idne tibi nomen est?

*Din.* Nunc specimen specitur *Dinon* ingenii tui, Nisi aliquam fabricam facias, non causam dico, Quin omnes te uno ore prædicent servum minimi pretii.

*Em.* A me non impetro herclè, ut abstineam diutius, Ita hominem amo perducè. *Dinon*, salve, gaudeo sanè, quandoquidem huc salvus veneris, Valuisti usque?

*Din.* Quanquam hæc larva est? Quantum de veste conjecto hic stipem petit; Oh! scio quid dicturus: Miles sum, potitus hostium, Occisus jam bis in bello, confossus millies, &c. *Parcas* labori tuo: nihil do: benè vale.

*Em.* Quasi non norimus nos inter nos, mitte has nugas, *Dinon*. Ubi est Herus tuus? pulchrè os sublinemus homini.

*Din.* Quid (malum) vis tibi? tun' herum nostri meum?

*Em.* Tanquam te. *Din.* Ita sentio.

*Em.* Non novi fungum illum? Bardum, Baronem, stipitem, alinum, ovem? Quem tondebimus auro hodie usque ad vivam cutem.

*Din.* Hic pol' herum meum (quicquid id est) suo appellat nomine. Jurares novisse hominem, ita depinxit probè. Quoniam verò tam familiaris es; facito ut sciam, Quod nomen tibi sit amico atq; necessario meo.

*Em.* Quasi verò oblivisci potis sis, facetus es, *Dinon*. [amplecti:ur.]



*Din.* Non non, quæso move te abs me longius, nam licet te amem, Memini me semper odisse servulos tuos, nihili bestias.

*Am.* Quos servulos memoras? Ego meos reliqui domi.

*Din.* Nempe à tergo sunt, funguntur officio suo, Nam tu, tanquam alter Bias, omnes tuos tecum portas.

*Am.* Ah nequam! idem es, video, qui fuisti prius. A puero te novi, semper mordebam aliquem.

*Din.* Egon? mordebam verò? id servuli faciunt tui.

*Am.* Non est ut ab illis timeas, *Dinon*, licet confitear, Me festas meas vestes non induisse hodie. Cogitabam domi me mansurum, sed quid refert? Omnes me norunt, non est uti laborem de vestitu.

*Din.* Falsum: ego te non novi, Diis gratias, Sed rectè, mi vetus amice, adeò ornatum negligis, Nam virtute formæ evenit, te, ut, quicquid habeas deceat. Sed si tenebris fortè surgeres, diligentia opus est. Ne induas subligacula in diploidis loco, Adeò difficile est utrumque in te distinguere.

*Am.* Æstivè rectus sum de industria: sudor me enecat.

*Din.* Consilium dabo, amice, si me audias, perbonum, In rem tuam esse arbitror, ut moriaris quam primum poteris; Nam tunc te, Ædiles forsitan ad sepulturam duint, Et, quod anno non fecisti, obvolutus jacebis linteo.

*Am.* Nolo obsonare vermes.

*Din.* Quam pediculos satius est. Obsecro Amice, quo avolvit collare, & subueula? Ne tantillum quidem usquequaq; gerit linteï Quod digitum tegat, si eum casu vulneret.

*Am.* Lotrix habet, quid tua?

*Din.* Iste galerus jam cribrum est. Revereri me necesse est; operire non potes caput.

*Am.* Admitti solem volo: quæso an id invides?

*Din.* Nunquam antea oculis vidi meis ambulare sterquilinum.

*Am.* Nunquid dignum habes familiarem ludo ludere? Si serio faceres—

*Din.* Quid tum?

*Am.* Acciperem joco.

*Din.* Ædipol hominem perpaucorum hominum! ingenium perplacet. Sed negotiosum me decet esse aliis negotiis. Vale, bone vir, cum revocârim in memoriam qui sis, revortar tibi.

*Am.* Obsecro, num amicum deferis? quid faciam? *Din.* Teipsum pensilem.

*Am.* Da igitur drachmam, non placet

ita prodigere de meo. Quin morare, verbo expedium quid est quod te velim. In Morionum herum tuum tragulam injicere Animum induxisti, ne nega; induxti, scio. Hanc si devolvas mihimet Provinciam, Ita argento illum circumvortam consutis dolis, Ut reverà me dicas postea necessarium tuum. Miles hanc domum nostræ commisit fidei servandam in reditum suum *Bombardomachides*. Peropportunos isthic locus est, tum autem ego (Dimidium mearum Laudum prætereo præ modestiâ,) Ita retexo omnes mortales, quemq; præhendero, ut oppidò se tactos credant modo si consperim.

*Din.* Ut loquitur, ne crumena pertunsa sit, mihi valdè cautio est. Nimio fuit familiaris.

*Am.* Idem à te caveo, *Dinon*, Nam propè adstitisti: salva res, nihil nactus es.

*Din.* Dii me amant, quandoquidem hunc hominem objecerunt mihi, nunc aggrediar facinus auspicio liquido. Nam cum isthoc comite vel ipsi Mercurio verba darem, Ita omnes articulos callet Sycophantiæ. Quod nomen tibi dicam esse? *Am.* *Amylion*.

*Din.* Tum bene *Amylio* da mihi manum, conditionem accipio. Dabin' verò iusjurandum te fidelem fore?

*Am.* Do deo testes: quæso cui mortaliū Præstanda est, fidem si inter nosmet frangimus? Sed moram dictis creas, dic qui sint homines, Unde, quid veniant, nam adibo, quasi ætatem nossem. It dies, & nondum pecuniæ injicio ungulas.

*Din.* In via tibi dicam omnia: sed cum istoccine Ornatu, mi *Amylio*?

*Am.* Pish, potin' ut quiescas? Annon vestitus tibi videor satis basilicè?

*Din.* Ut voles, esto: satin' ex improvviso tandem amicitia tanta icta est?

*Am.* Meus bonus Genius!

*Din.* Meus alter idem!

*Am.* Meus Pilades!

*Din.* Orestes meus!

*Am.* Meus— *Sed, ànd unza n's!*

*Din.* Mitte tricas, I præ, sequar.

*Am.* Quasi essem tam malè moratus, mi Pilades? Peregrino semper—

*Din.* Vis audeo te à tergo relinquo, tibi herclè locum cedo, tu major nebulo es.

*Am.* Eamus ergo simul, mea commoditas.

*Din.* Mea opportunitas eamus. [Exeunt.]

### Scena Quinta.

*Gnomictus, Gelasimus, Morion, Puer.*

*Gn.* Ut in primo Actu Menæchm, Scenâ secundâ dicitur Sepulchrum habeamus, & hun:



hunc comburamus diem. Eugè Plautus, ἀπὸ τοῦ πλάσθης dictus! sic Horatius Diem condere, & ὁ ποιητής Latii per excellentiam, Jamq; diem clauso componit vesper Olympo.

Gel. An dies mortua est? ha, ha, ha, ha, an inquam dies mortua est Tutor?

Mor. Moriatur sanè, aut suspendat se, si volt. Puer, cedo vinum. Hum— nullumne magi' vetus?

Pu. Illicò, Illicò. [bibit.] Nullus est in totà urbe qui tibi melius præbeat, Si ejus frater esses.

Mor. Frater, carnifex? Non sum ego Polyporo unicus? sed periculum faciam, [bibit.]

Pu. Et scintillulat, quasi—

Mor. Scintillulat? videam Fortassis hoc præstat— certè scintillat probè. [bibit.] Quid (malum) an captas pedes meos?

Pu. Egon' Domine?

Mor. Dimidiatum tibi cyathum nunquam Tutor, porrigam. Moratus sum melius— da Tutori, Puer. [bibit.]

Pu. Illico, illico, inquam, non possum esse hic & illic simul.

Gel. Obstupefaciam jam ego puerum ingenio meo. Adi sis

Pu. Maxime.

Gel. Adestum verò Minime. Ut verbum retorqueo? quid agis Minime?

Pu. Vides.

Ge. Ita nimio exiguis fueras, ut vix hercle poteram.

Pu. Illico, illico, jam venio, jam, jam, vinum ocus in Coronam.

Gel. Avolavit: unico planè dicto occidi hominem. Ita omnes quibuscum loquor semper maço infortunio. Hominem tetigi jocos quarto Nonas Februarii sub signo Rosæ. [scribit.]

Gno. Ah parcas irridere illum Gelasime. Ingenui vultus puer est, ingenuiq; pudoris. Adi sis propius: quid oculos defigis adeo? attollas caput, Nescis derivari ἀνδραπον ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀνὸς ἀδραῖν; Pronaq; cum spectent animalia cætera terram, Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri iussit, & erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

Gel. Non quit respondere; ita joco interfeci modo. Euge Gelasime, nunquam commutatus clues.

Mor. Puer pete ocus vinum: quid horas bonas perdimus?

Gno. Audin'? sit Coum, Massicum, vel Leucadium, Falernum, Lesbium, Cæcubum, atque audin'? ne sit Aut Vaticanum, aut Vejentanum, aut Laletanum cave, Namq; hæc in aliam partem accepta apud Authores legimus.

Pu. Factum puta: Vinum ocus in Rosam.

Mo. Puer revertere sis: Fac poculum te ipso majus uti simul afferas. Nam pro vitello ovi ebibere te ex cyatho poteram.

## Scena Sexta.

Amylio iisdem.

Pu. Quo pergis bone vir? nolunt hi fidicinem: Abi cum cantuunculis novis.

Am. Ain' Nanule, Ramentum! Triental hominis! Naturæ avaritia! Non licet amicos alloqui?

Pu. Amicos tuos? In popinâ cæcâ quærites: vinum non bibunt, Nisi fortè in Principis natali cum ex canalibus funditur.

Am. Quin abi in malatæ rem furciferule.—

Pu. Illico, illico. [Exit.]

Am. Salvere vos plurimum jubet amicus voster vetus: Et vivos valentesque huc advenisse id volupe est mihi. Facit hoc fortasse vestis insolentia Ut fugiat vos memoria qui sim.

Gel. Non multum falleris.

Gno. Rem acu tetigisti, nam sic mehus dictum reor.

Am. At vestrum ego & memini & semper faciam ut meminero. Nam Morionis patri Polyporo jam olim summus fui, Postquam peregrè advenientem hospitio me exceperat.

Gno. Næ bonâ memoriâ es: didicisse artem, arbitror, Quam (referente Cicerone) invenisse dicitur Simonides.

Am. Gelasime, salve (Dii faciant ne falsus sim) salve Morion.

Mor. Ego non magis te novi quam Hominem in Lunâ. Sed si vis, salve.

Gel. Hunc etiam hominem ludos faciam. Nunquid vestes etiam tuæ (ha, ha, hæ) abierunt peregrè?

Am. Modò admodum ex bello redii, commutare non licuit. Ita vos ut audivi advenisse properavi visere.

Gel. Ædepol vestes malas! an ex bello aufugerunt? An ostenderunt terga? tua terga hic intelligo.

Am. Oh! benè herclè gaudeo quod significaras mihi, Nam illic jocus est, Gelasime, antiquum obtines.

Gel. Novit me iste proculdubio, non urgebo amplius, Ha, ha, ha! An ostenderunt terga? Nolo jam coram peregrino, post scribam tamen.

Am. Hanc mihi quam videtis, stragem effecerunt gladii, Tum galerum cernite, eccam tormentorum operam, Annon odos Pyrii pulveris obsecu' est naribus?

Gel. O



*Gel.* O bellum quasi minimè bonum! Ibi ego iterum; nunquam cessabo hodie.

*Gno.* Bella per Æmathios plusquam cide vilia campos, Satin' hic homo excidit mihi memoriâ? Pudet oblivisci familiaris tam malè, Ne superbum dicat, assimulabo quasi sciam. Incertus sum quis fiet, sed hoc nil refert, Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur.

*Am.* Ut valet uxor *Polypori*? ut senectutem fert?

*Gel.* Quasi injuriâ Malè; Si centum peregrini adsint Nunquam tamen omittam istoc scribere. [*Scribit.*]

*Gno.* Ohe! jam satis est, nunc salve, amice optime, Dissimulavi per jocum (ut aiunt) quasi non possem prius.

*Gel.* Nostin' verò, Tutor, seriò? dic nomen obsecro.

*Gno.* Nomen? quasi—vorsatur mihi in labris primoribus.

*Am.* Perii: nomen amisi: oh! *Peripomarchus* est.

*Gno.* Dii boni! ita est profectò: sæpè obliviscimur Quæ callemus, ut proverbium facetissimè, tanquam digitos.

*Gel.* Certè quoque cum animo cogitem, quasi per nebulam memini Me vidisse illam faciem.

*Mor.* Tum ego memini quoque. Itaque propinabo tibi. Hem! *Periplo*—*Periplome*—Non multum refert, nosti quid velim, tibi præbibo.

*Gno.* Sedeamus omnes, in re omni servanda est Methodus. Sic melius carpemus munera Bacchi. Clama puerum *Gelasime*.

*Gel.* Non parebit mihi Tutor, ita dirisi modò.

*Gno.* Heus puer, ascende ad culmina tecti.

*Puer.* [*Subt.*] Statim venio, Illico.

*Gno.* At citius quam coquantur asparagi, En, age segnes Rumpe moras.

*Am.* Prædam habeo: Salvus sum: tres hocce Asinos Duæ res statim pessundabunt, Ebrietas & Ego. Eho tu! dum vos hic largiter ficcamus cyathos, Jube cytharistria intus nos oblectet cantiunculâ. Circumfer tu merum; da bibere plenis cantharis. A summo incipe.

*Gno.* *Peripomarche*, pulchrè admones. Juvat insanire.

*Mor.* Nimio nimis sum sanus diu. St! Pax! oh harmoniam! ut vibrasset! [*cantio.*]

*Gno.* Hem, *Morion*, clauduntur lumina somno?

*Mor.* Non, non, non. Sine me esse nihili.

*Gel.* Madet pol *Morion*.

*Mor.* Madeon' *Gelasime*? An ego madeo, Tutor? cædo gladium *Peripomarchides*.

*Gel.* Videon' ego circumfusam illic turbam hominum? Planè ebrius es *Gelasime*, per Deos immortales ebrius es.

*Gno.* Arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris Italiam fato profugus—hic illius arma Hic currus fuit—circumfer merum, carnufex Multum ille & terris jactatus & alto Vi superum, sævæ memorem—porrige mihi poculum. Amicè, benè me, benè te, benè noster Virgilius. Arma virumque cano— [*bibit*]

*Mor.* Benè habet: ego iterum porabo ne me credant ebrium.

*Din.* Horunce hic ego facta & sermones legam, Quam strenuè Genio indulgent! saxo, si vivus vivam, Plus uti cras lacryment, quam ebiberunt hodiè. Tum nos, si Baccho placet, in hunc modum: hilarem Sumemus diem, atq; amœnum: Ebrietatem sitio.

*Am.* Nisi dissimulem quasi biberem, herclè me evertent cyathis, Ita properant interiè: Dii me beatum volunt.

*Mor.* Ego non ebrius *Gelasime*.

*Gel.* Neque ego.

*Mor.* Neque ego.

*Gel.* Benè igitur; salutem tibi.

*Mor.* Enimveiò ego sum ingeniosissimus.

*Gel.* At ego multò magis.

*Mor.* Tun' magis?

*Gel.* Inquam magis.

*Mor.* Benè, sum tamen ingeniosissimus hem! propino tibi.

*Gel.* Vix lacrymis abstineo equidem, ita te amo *Morion*.

*Mor.* O *Gelasime*!

*Gel.* O *Morion*!

*Gno.* Move manus ocyus; [*Exit Puer*]

[*Dinon intus sonitum facit & relesuma.*]

Quid stas? colaphum impingam tibi grandem cum Comico.

*Mor.* Dii vestram fidem! tempestatem magnani! eamus oratum Tutor.

*Gel.* Tempestatem ve!ò! certo certius turbo exortus est, ita vehementer conquassat navim, ut vix queam stare.

*Gno.* Ecce autem, clamorq; virum, stridorq; rudentum! Satin' in navim nos esse oblitus tui? hem! curate navim, Ne navis confringatur, neve impingat forsitan in Scopulum, Tempestatas increbrescit.

*Din.* Pol mortales graphicos! Perimus, navis periit, ad extrema se parer quisque. Nesciunt jam vocem meam; ego, pulchrè delusos dabo.

*Am.* *Dinonis* illa vox est; Eugepæ! factum est optimè.

*Gno.* Apparent adhuc sidera: hic *Pollux*, illic *Castor* est. [*ad lucernas*]

*Am.*



*Am.* Hem! nauclere, nauclere inquam! quamdiu vivimus?

*Din.* Vix horæ dimidium; periimus!

*Mor.* Heu quid faciam miser? Præ timore iterum vomam; si jam undis obruar, Nunquam navigabo postea.

*Am.* Adestum, adestum inquam, *Gnomice*, Viden' fluctum illum decimum?

*Gno.* Decimæ venit impetus undæ; Posterior nono est, undecimoque prior.

*Gel.* O si quis bibere jam queat Salutem mihi! Non possum non joculari hoc ipso in articulo. Expirabo animam joco.

*Mor.* Non possum pati me mori.

[*genua flectit.*]

O quoties peccavi ego! [*bibit*] Madui quoties! [*bibit*] Quoties scortatus sum! [*bibit*] Nunquam videbo patrem, Nunquam post hæc bibam, [*bibit*] abi sis uter miser.

[*frangit.*]

Convertamus nos Tutor, ad preces illicò.

*Gno.* Maximè:

O terque quaterque beati,  
Queis ante ora Patrum, Trojæ sub mœni-  
Contigit oppetere. (bus altis.

*Pu.* Ecquid nos vocastis?

*Am.* Dii te perdant, ita inopportune huc te conjicis. Abi sis furcifer. [*extrudit.*]

*Gno.* Quod fit?

*Am.* Rogas? Vidistin' ut ad proram modò Deus aliquis marinus adstitit?

*Gel.* Non, erat piscis magnus.

*Am.* Piscis?

*Gel.* Piscis meherculè, Mehercule, inquam, piscis, ex voce id satis colligo.

*Din.* Funes rupti sunt, disjecta vela, navis lacera est. Actum de nobis Socii.

*Mor.* O mortem — quid faciam?

Obsecro atque oro vos pisces mihi parcite. Ego filius sum *Polypori* natu maximus.

*Din.* Exonerabo hunc ego congium in eorum capita. Periimus, ho! focii, periimus, absorbet nos mare, [*desecit.*]  
Jam, jam absorbet, periimus.

*Gn.* O nos miseros! viden' ut aquas puppis combibit? Servare hanc familiam ipsa non poterit Salus, Ut pessime *Comicus*. O *Peripolemarche*, quæso duc me in inferiora navis.

*Gel.* Et me, me, me, me etiam obsecro.

[*Detrudis in cellam Bombard.*]

*Mor.* Valetè; ego jam moriar. [*cadit.*]

*Din.* Ha, ha, ha! Dii vestram fidem rem venustam & lepidam! Non potuit evenire melius, quam evenit isthæc fabrica.

*Am.* St! si! *Dinon*, st! descende, altum dormiunt; [*Dinon descendit.*]

Næ ego multum fallor, nisi hi homines naufragium verum fecerint.

*Puer ingreditur.*

*Pu.* Non, non, non; representabam prius Pecuniam oportet esse pro his quos fecerunt sumptibus, antequam hunc etiam auferas.

[*Morionis oculos spoliatur, & dat Puero pecuniam.*]

*Am.* Pecuniam? lubentissimè, lubentissimè accipe sis.

*Pu.* Jam habe tibi hunc asinum; illicò, illicò. [*Exit.*]

*Am.* O Jovem, cæterosque cœlites!

[*Tollunt Morionem.*]

Necesse est risu spectatores emorier,  
Si rem transferret istam in Comœdiam  
quispiam. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACTUS SECUNDUS.

### Scena Prima.

*Dinon, Amylio habitu Morionis.*

*Din.* *Amylio*, ecquid stas animo? quin iterum inquam *Amylio*: Hæredis illæ vestes sunt; vereor ne cerebro incommodent.

*Am.* Para tibi ornatum novum, & tum mecum fabulator postea, Quamquam insolens fecero, si sermonem feram cum servulo, Fortunas hæc meas sublatus animus decet. Siquidem fidelem re præstitisti, hem manum ad oscula.

*Din.* Faxo pol osculeris meam, siquidem in os pugnos ingeram.

*Am.* Siquidem herculè ingeras, faxo mi-

hi os esse senseris. Sed ne accedas adeo; odi semper servulos tuos, nihili bestias, Scio quid dicturus, miles sum, potitus hostium, Occisus bis in bello, confossus millies, &c. Parcas labori tuo: nihil do: benè vale.

*Din.* Quasi non norimus nos inter nos, mitte nugas *Amylio*.

*Am.* Ego Comes *Amylio* vocor, ne nomen nescias.

*Din.* Ergo comes & amice mi *Amylio*, respondeas velim.

*Am.* Rogandi copiam tibi facio, audacter loquere.

*Din.*



*Din.* Dii te perdant nugivendule, hoc primum Deos rogo: Nunc te, scripſistiſti, literas ad *Polyporum*?

*Am.* Hum! quid ais? nos magni viri negotiis majoribus impediti, sæpe non advertimus quæ dicta sunt.

*Din.* Exemplar literarum ad *Polyporum* videre velim, Jamne audis?

*Am.* Hum! Literarum? potest fieri ut ostendam tibi.

*Din.* Potest fieri ut diminuam tibi caput, nisi mittas has tricas.

*Am.* Obloqueris mihi sic ornato? lege has inquam, ocyus.

*Din.* Diis gratias cunctis, Marti & seorsim, meo Domino atq; Amico bono, quem colo lubens. Fera inter pelagi monstra, Nerei greges, Solitâ virtute filium cepi tum, Duosque amicos; servo nunc vinctos domi, Victore me superbientes plurimum. Huc properes, redimi si cupis, tantum est, Vale.

*Dux Bombardomachides.* Obsecro an in hunc modum scribit

*Bombardomachides?*  
*Am.* Sic loquitur quotidie: linguam cothurnatam gerit.

*Din.* Avi sinistra hæc res procedit, atq; ex sententia. Quid agimus nunc jam?

*Am.* Ego agam *Bombardomachidem*. Tu custodem; barbam induas, atq; ornamenta cætera.

[*Induit.* Hem istuc ocyus: jam Custos purus putus es. Abi, atq; educ captivos, narra rem ordine, Ut capti sint vi & armis: hic vos operabor, abi.

[*Exit Dinon.* Poteram ego nunc universos Mortales ludos facere; Equidem meipsum pene metuo: ne personatus *Bombardo*. [ornat se. *machides* Verum *Amylionem* fallat. Adeon' pervorsa es, *Cblamis*? Efficiam ut rectius sed eas: Hei! isthæc tiara est, *Pyramis*. Exædificabo cum hac caput meum tanquam Elephantus, Turrim gesto, Hem. Ego sum *Bombardomachidissimus*.

*Gno.* Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.

[*Intus.* *Gel.* Quid ego tunc egi? nonne pugnabam quemadmodum, Hyrcana Tigris, cum tenelli abripiuntur catuli?

*Din.* Strenuissimè omnium.

*Gel.* Certè: nisi multum me fallit memoria.

*Mor.* Ego etiam aliquid feci.

*Gel.* Vincuntur sæpè fortissimi;

Tutor, bono animo es.

*Gno.* Maximè: nam dictum est verissimè. In re malâ animo si bono utare, juvat.

*Din.* Sequimini, [Exit.

*Am.* Adfunt; ego nondum comparebo.

## Scena Secunda.

*Dinon, Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion*  
(habitu *Amylionis*.)

*Mor.* Hei! Tutor! Tutor; ego non sum *Morion*.

*Gno.* Quid ais?

*Mor.* Per Deos Immortales non sum, ego novi *Morionem* sat benè.

*Gno.* De cælo descendit γῶδης σταυρὸν, Noscis teipsum.

*Mor.* Non, non, non novi meherculè.

*Gno.* Quis igitur es?

*Mor.* Quomodo ego scire possim?

*Gel.* Phy, phy, idem es.

*Mor.* Sümne? benè habet: sed unde hæ vestes, *Gelasime*?

*Gel.* Sane nescio.

*Mor.* Nescis *Gelasime*? an hoc sufficit! quid ego respondeam patri?

Quid faciam? Tutor viden'?

*Gno.* Non equidem invideo, miror magis—

*Mor.* Hei! Galerum! video vos omnes per isthæc foramina.

*Gel.* Quasi fenestras habet.

*Mor.* Fenestras! imò fores: habet fores *Gelasime*, hei mihi!

*Gel.* Omnes ingeniosi sunt infelices prope modum. Utinam cavissem isthoc crimine: parentes prædixerunt mihi.

*Mor.* Et mihi, sed ego morem gessi, & tamen vestes peridi.

*Gno.* Ego idem te admonui, seu potius, admonitum habui, Odi puerum præcociſ ingenii, inquit Vir admirabilis. Sed quid ego ita comprè loquor in miseris? Jam licet tibi verè dicere *Gelasime*. Ingento perii Naso Poeta meo.

*Din.* Nisi aliter vobis visum est accersam herum, Nam vos conventos velit.

*Gno.* Imò; pro libitu tuo: Siquid me velit, Poeta respondere docuit, Coram, quem, quaritis, adsum, Trojus *Æneas*.

*Mor.* Mene ut videat cum his vestimentis? dic, qui sim, Tutor.

*Din.* Expectant te; cave sis titubes; atq; audin' etiam? Fac nilum teneas, nam periculum id est.

*Am.* Pish: vultum in manu habeo.

*Amylio.*

*Gel.* Basilicè se infert, tanquam lapis ille Indicus, Qui spectatorum omnium oculos fertur perstringere.

*Gno.* Ora humerosq; Deo similis!

*Mor.* Totus horreo tremoq; ego statim vomam.

*Am.*



*Am.* Tonitru cum hostes vicinus ferus bellico, Vincere & nosmet quimus, ac vitam dare. Mens nostra frangi nescit, at flecti potest.

*Gno.* O quem te memorem, Miles, namq. haud tibi vultus Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat, O Dea certé!

*Am.* Eripere possumus lucem & lucem dare. Sic fulminantis fertur potestas Jovis, Medio sic bello valet Gradivus meus, Quid armis possim, estis vos experti satis, Dabimus alterna, sic visum est Fato & mihi.

*Mor.* Quid faciam? timor in posteriora decidit, Anima exire nostra per posticum cupit.

*Gel.* Ut bellicè loquitur! non audeo hunc hominem joci ludere.

*Am.* Ob hoc Polyporo celerem misi Nuncium, Hinc uti vos salvos ducat.

*Gno.* Mecenas Atavis edite Regibus, O & præsidium, & dulce decus meum!

*Mor.* Ego iterum reviviscam nam aquam vitæ loquitur.

*Gel.* Ut jam mitescit ferox! haud multum aliter Hyæna (mirum) ex mare in sceminam migrat, Boni ingenii est similitudines rerum fingere, Et concinnam ego comparisonem aliquando joci præfero.

*Am.* Quis tu? vel fare nomen, vel longum file.

*Mor.* Ego? servus tuus —

*Am.* Quid aures tundit meas? ha!

*Mor.* Favoris tui studiosissimus.

*Am.* Ambages mittito.

*Mor.* Filius natu maximus patris mei Ego.

*Am.* Nomen rogo.

*Mor.* Utinam esset dignum quod exaudias.

*Am.* Frustrà sum: tuum?

*Gel.* Quemadmodum (cum bonâ tuâ veniâ) tu vocaris *Bombardomachides*, Eodem planè modo delector ego nomine *Gelasimi*.

Facetè meum nomen cum illius confero, quo illi assentari possum magis. [Scribit] Insinuavi me callidè ad *Bombardomachidem* quarto nonas Feb.

*Am.* Tuum.

*Gno.* Sed si tantus amor nomen cognoscere nostrum Quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctuq. refugit Incipiam — *Gnomicus* (si tibi visum fuerit) seu *Gnomico* nomen est mihi.

*Am.* Fac serve officium: rursus revertar intrò. [Exit.]

*Gel.* Certo certius abiens mihi toto annuebat capite, Admiratur ingenium meum: medius fidius captus est.

*Mor.* Non respondebam illi rusticè *Gela-*

*sime.* Euge *Morion*; nolo me indoctum prædicent, Licet indigeam vestium.

*Din.* Placetne hinc vos? *Gel.* Quo?

*Din.* Unde educti.

*Gel.* In cellam illam angustam ac tenebricosam obsecro? Quam ego Orci januam per jocum nominavi modo.

*Din.* Scilicet; donec vos *Polyporus*.

*Mor.* Eamus igitur; placent tenebræ, Nam si diutiùs hos pannos conspiciam, lacrymabo largiter.

*Gno.* Plautus Comœdiam scripsit, cui Captivi titulus Vates ô Plaute fueras, nam vates nomen ambiguum est. Nos jam Captivi. *Διδε δ' ἐπλάητο βυλῆ.*

*Mor.* Tutor, Tutor, revortere sis ocyùs Tutor.

*Gno.* Quid est?

*Mor.* Nihil jam; sed aliquis momordit me de tergo: eamus fodes.

### Scena Tertia.

*Emylio, Dinon.*

*Am.* Absumptus sum planissimè: *Gnomici* me expetant pedicæ.

Neque unquam ex illius sententiis habeo, quâ me consoler miserum.

Nempe hoc in more positum est, Generosus factus continuo ut vapulet.

Incertum est quid agam, ita isthæc res subitaria est.

Heus *Dinon*, huc te ocyùs; inquam *Dinon*.

*Intrat Dinon.*

*Din.* Satin' es apud te? quid vis?

*Am.* Qui possim? modò in viâ —

*Din.* *Bombardomachidem*?

*Am.* Dixti. Nullus sum.

*Din.* Quam mox aderit obsecro?

*Am.* Quid adest: vix punctum temporis ad consilium datur.

Jacebit in fermento totus, tum loquetur meros lapides.

*Din.* Imò pistrinum, fustes, vincula: isthæc ne loquatur plus metuo.

Nullamne expurgationem habes?

*Am.* Hum! nimium hoc calidum est: imò si erit —

*Dinon*, ita facito.

*Din.* Quid?

*Am.* Hem, tarde, nondum intelligis?

*Din.* Quid (malum) an ex vultu conjecturam capiam, quid me velis?

*Am.* Ad summam domum ascendas ocyùs, & continuo ubi ille in ædes se penetrarit, fac sonitum horrendum facias. Quasi (intellexit?) quasi esses *Dæmon* aliquis.

T

*Din.*



*Din.* Quamobrem?

*Am.* Pish, id mora est dicere, abi.

*Din.* Abeo: sed vidistin' ipse Militem?

*Am.* Duobus his inquam oculis: molestus es.

*Din.* Abeo: verum dices Dæmonem.

[Exit.]

*Am.* Ecce autem adest! morari certum est aliqui hominem.

### Scena Quarta.

*Bombardomachides, Amylio.*

*Bom.* Quis hic locus, quæ regio, quæ mundi plaga?

Ubi sum? sub ortu Solis, an sub cardine Glacialis urfæ? numquid Hesperii maris Extrema tellus hunc dat Oceano modum! O salve Domus, vosque Penates Dei. Videon' te Patria? ludit an oculos meos Imago fallax, non ludit: video satis.

*Am.* Non opus est; manedum, & ego te ludam satis. Hum—plenum id periculi est—hanc prius insistam viam.

*Bom.* Fores pulsabo nostras, pulsabo pede, Anticipat quis me? mortem quis querit sibi?

[*Am. pul/at.*]

Verumne cerno corpus? an fallor malâ Deceptus umbrâ? verum est? quid velit sciam.

*Am.* Expergiscere ensis: teque ad officium para: Nam fartum ex milite faciam, & comedam postea.

*Bom.* O Scelus! quis hoc Scythico natus nemore,

Sit licet Tigris mater, aut genitor Leo, Quis unquam dixit orbis formido ultimi, Cannibal, humanos ore eructans cibos? Abibo, atque isti cedam furori locum, Pati nam mortem possum, at exedi pudet, Pars magna fortitudinis prudentia est.

*Am.* Quis istic? hem! revortere, si malo caveas.

*Bom.* Nihil formido, sed tamen totus tremo, Ego miles juvenis, non sum, credo, falleris.

*Am.* Proh deos, deasque omnes! men' falli dicis.

*Bom.* Non dico; at magni sæpè falluntur viri. Iratus ne sis; ira namque est mala.

*Am.* Tun' nosti ubi sit gentium *Bombardomachides*?

*Bom.* Non novi.

*Am.* At nisi jurato non credam tibi.

*Bom.* Per cælum, & cæli faces non notum est mihi. Linguâ juro, mentem injuratam gero.

*Am.* Sed nosti probè hominem.

*Bom.* Novi aliquo modo.

Imò fortè novi, & non novi forsitan, Videtur ille fortis, necnon vir bonus.

*Am.* Itane coram in os inimicum laudas meum?

*Bom.* Videtur tantum dixi? non est vir bonus.

*Am.* Rectè animum tuum advertis ad animum meum.

Si has in ades intrà mensem se conjiciat, Ita inornatum dabo secundum virtutes suas, Ut istum perpetuo locum pejus angue, orderit.

*Bom.* Ego rus revortar: periculum sapiens fugit.

*Am.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, vestis commutata quid facit?

*Bom.* Quæ verba fundit? — faciem vidi prius —

Quin redeas, inquam, revorti aliquando bonum est.

Ipsus est; dominum servus deludis tuum?

Quis me per auras turbo præcipitem vehet, Atraque nube involvet, ut tantum nefas Eripiat oculis?

*Am.* Occisa res est, perii.

Advenisse salvam gaudeo; valuistin' usq, athleticè?

Per jocum hoc feci adeò, joco veniam rogo.

*Bom.* Rogas? timendum est; aliquis hic erat dolus.

*Am.* Nunc homini subpallabor: experiri volui, Utrum istoc sub ornatu satis delecterem, Tu nosti usque in initio quamquam dissimulasti sedulo, Operam profectò ludet, tibi verba qui daturus est.

*Bom.* Antequam vidi, novi, per magnum Jovem, Sed in jocantes rursus joci placet.

*Am.* Scio, sed ubi est *Eucomissa*, & soror mea?

*Bom.* Sequuntur ponè, men' comitari virgines?

*Am.* Quid hic sermones cædimus: ibo illis obviam, Et dicam ut revortantur domum.

*Bom.* Effare quamobrem.

*Am.* Quia enim ubi hic habitabunt gentium?

*Bom.* Domi.

*Am.* Quid? annon mensis est cum nemo homo intro pedem retulit.

*Bom.* Define: joci nolo.

*Am.* Hem! nondum hoc dixi tibi? Satin' oblitus fui; adeò mihi nunc jam res vetus est? Spectrorum, Cacodæmonum, malorum Geniorum isthac habitatio est. Quotidiè colloquuntur, ejulant, gemunt, lacrymant, Crepant, exclamant, mille diversos sonos faciunt, Dies me deficeret, si, quæ monstra hic fiunt dicerem.

*Bom.* Loqueris rem mirum: nulla quam credet



credet dies, Sed nec tacebit: bonân' hæc dicis fide?

*Am.* Quin, inquam, decem plus minus dies incolumicapite non eram, Tantum hæc mihi res de improvviso incussit metum.

*Bom.* Metuisti? non oportuit servum meum Metuisse quicquam?

*Am.* Rectè, si esset similis tui. Here, quoniam mihi fortassis minus fidem adhibes, Age, ingrediamur, faxo ut omnia ipsius audias.

*Bom.* Nihil timeo: sed egon' ut non credam tibi? Credam plus istoc: & nihil timeo tamen.

*Am.* Vellem meherculè te testem hujus rei: sed fac ut voles. Ibo illis obviam, atq; huc ducam nisi aliud imperes.

*Bom.* Tam prope monstra solus hic stabo? benè est. Abeas—*Amylio* redi—nil timeo tamen.

*Am.* Id scio: obtundis.

*Bom.* Timeo nil per Jovem, Tantum est: abi.

*Am.* Libenter. Ha, ha, ha. [*Exit.*]

*Bom.* Pavet animus, horret, magna perniciës adest. Incendor irâ, raptor, sed quo nescio, Sed raptor: Spectra in nostrâ triumphant domo? Facinus hoc videt summi moderator poli, Et nondum tonitru convolvit mundum horrido? Oh Phœbe patiens, fugeris retrò licet Medioque ruptum merferis cœlo Diem.

*Di.* [*Supra.*] Oh, oh, oh.

*Bom.* Sero occidisti—nescio quid faciam miser, nam aliquid audio—Tûq; O Neptunè—oh quid faciam? mortuus sum—Redeunt tempore; rerum quod primum est omnium.

### Scena Quinta.

*Amylio, Eucomissa, Agle, Psecas, Bombard. Serrus.*

*Am.* Quid est, here, ecquid times?

*Bom.* Timeon' Ego? Proh Deos Deasq; omnes! æthereas prius Perfundet Arctos Pontus, & Siculi rapax Consistet æstus unda, & Ionio leges Matura pelago surget, ac lucem dabit Nox atra terris omnibus: Timeon' ego?

*Agle.* Cacodæmones? O superos! audire hæc nomen mihi febris est.

*Eu.* O Venus! tu & ego, mea *Agle*, dissentimus male, Nam mihi cibus & potus est, ut aiunt, de his fabularier. *Psecas*, quin *Psecas*, inquam, surda est hæc ancillula; Tu vidisti Cacodæmones, nonne?

*Pf.* Non, si placet, Sed novi aliquam

quæ novit aliam, quæ vidit eos.

*Eu.* Quâ facie erant *Psecas*?

*Pf.* Unus erat caninâ facie, Ore & oculis igneis, pedibus bufonis, colore nigro, Caudâ æquè longâ ac— & clamabat Boh, Boh, tanquam Leo.

*Agle.* O mirum! tota trepido

*Eu.* Mecastor, color vertitur. Clamabat tanquam Leo—perge *Psecas*.

*Pf.* Nos omnes illicò fugere.

*Eu.* Tun' ergo aderas?

*Pf.* Non, si placet, Sed illa fuit quam novit familiaris mea Philocomasium.

*Eu.* O, jam intelligo *Psecas*, perge porro.

*Pf.* Alterum fuisse dixit Tam similem viri, quam Aqua aquæ similis est. Et erat nudum totum corpus.

*Eu.* Totum? O Venus! Multum, mecastor, cupio videre istos Cacodæmones.

*Pf.* Imò si magis noveris *Eucomissa*, magis cuperes: Nam habuit—ha, ha, hæ, nequeo cogitans quin rideam.

*Eu.* Quid habuit *Psecas*?

*Pf.* Non intelligis? habuit—

*Eu.* Quid? Eloquere.

*Pf.* Tam magnam rem—Nos omnes admirari illicò.

*Agle.* Profectò hic ipse est Cacodæmon, *Eucomissa*, quem dixi tibi Vidisse me secundum quietem nudius tertius in somnio.

*Eu.* Nulline Cacodæmones nocentiores istis *Psecas*?

*Pf.* Imò sunt omnium generum: nam quidam latent Sub specie nigri felis cum sex pedibus. Quidam sub Vespertilionis, aliorumq; etiam animalium, Imò novi qui ambulant per noctem induti sindone. Atq; inde evenire solet tot quod insaniant vigiles Cum Curatoribus pacis, Demergunt se aliquando in ganeum, Atq; illic nocte totâ præ timore combibunt. Post cœnam, si placet, plura de re isthac disputabimus.

*Eu.* Nunc eamus visere Spectra.

*Agle.* Viden' quis adest *Eucomissa*?

*Eu.* Mallem Spectra: sed fortassis hic est ex eorum monstrorum numero.

### Scena Sexta.

*Calliphanes Pater, Calliphanes Filius, Amylio, Eucomissa, &c.*

*Agle.* Siccine tibi pro ridiculo est, cui nuptura es brevi?

*Eu.* Citius mecastor nubam Cacodæmoni, quem dixit *Psecas* Tam viri similem.

*Agle.* At ego ne Jovem præfero in seferentem precium sine quo Jupiter nihil est.

*Cal. p.* *Bombardomachides* salvo; huc te salutatum advenimus.



*Bom.* Gratias: sed multus animo occur-  
sat dolor, En alta muri decora, & conge-  
stas trabes, Ut omnis latè splendet infelix  
domus! Quicunque regno fudit, & magnâ  
potens Dominatur aulâ, nec leves metuit  
Deos Me videat & te Domus.

*Cal. p.* Quid ait *Amylio*?

*Am.* Nempe quia spectrorum plena est,  
id dolet.

*Cal. p.* Spectrorum? ubi sunt? [*utitur spec.*  
Nulla hic video *Amylio*.

*Am.* At intus potes sine quatuor oculis.

*Cal. f.* Si ita est Pater, utantur nostrâ  
domo: superest illic locus.

*Cal. p.* Nunquam vidi melius consilium  
dari: quid tu *Bombardomachides*? Potes ibi  
opportune filiam tuam huic nostro nuptum  
dare.

*Bom.* Consilium bonum est, animoque  
aridet meo.

*Cal. f.* Sed ubi est Virgo? reliquistin?  
ruri?

*Bom.* Sæpe respicias; sæpe, quod quæras,  
adeft.

*Cal. f.* Latere miror posse tam diu sidera.

[*Osculatur.*

Rediisse salvas gaudeo, & meum simul  
Hunc esse redditum credo, nam vobiscum  
abfui: Condonate Amore cæco, vos si con-  
spexi minus.

*Eu.* Si nunquam conspicias postea lu-  
benter tamen condonabimus, Misericordes  
omnes sumus naturâ mulieres.

*Ag.* Amore cæcus es *Calliphanes*? imò  
oculis nimium vales, Quod nec est, nec  
futurum est vides, cum nos appelles sidera.

*Cal. f.* Imò *Egle* verum dixi! nam si cæli  
facibus Formosum nondum nomen impone-  
retur fiderum, Propter similitudinem quan-  
dam vestrum id jam nancisci poterant.

*Pf.* O Diana! toto corde amo has con-  
fabulatiunculas.

*Bom.* *Calliphanes*, oculis nil tale objectum  
est meis, Pedibus quanquam cuncta concul-  
cavi loca Asiæq., Europæq., Americæ atq.,  
Africæ, Aliasque terræ partes quas taceo  
sciens.

*Cal. p.* Memini idem accidere olim cum  
essem puer, Anno abhinc—hum—Gram-  
maticæ tum operam dedi. Anno—hum!  
quingagesimo secundo—hum? non con-  
venit numerus, O—quingagesimo tertio—  
is profectò annus est.

*Eu.* Licetne, Pater, videre has umbras,  
& malos Genios?

*Bom.* Videre? nata, non timeo; fac ut  
voles.

*Eu.* Aperi sis ostium *Amylio*.

*Am.* Perii in perpetuum modum, Ni-

miò nimis metuo ut sint isti probi Cacodæ-  
mones. Sane es? credin' illos aspectui tuo  
objici perperam?

*Eu.* Num loquuntur?

*Am.* Satis id quidem: sed horrendum  
in modum, Cave sis ne animam agas.

*Eu.* Disputabit cum illis *Pfecas*.

*Pf.* Parata sum satis *Amylio*, ante hoc  
temporis disputavi cum Dæmone.

*Am.* Scio te bonâ esse voce: proculdu-  
bio illum obrues, Si tympana, bombardas,  
tubas & tintinnabula oris tui afferas.

*Pf.* Itane me accipis indignis modis?  
nunquid cristas erigis De illis vestimentis?  
amabo, unde habes, mi *Amylio*.

*Am.* Pish, dicam tibi cum sit otium.

Quid ais *Calliphanes*?

*Cal. f.* Ubi clavis? cedo mihi sis.

*Cal. p.* Quid stas lapis? quin aperis?

*Am.* Dii te filicernium—Unum pedem  
in Charontis cymbâ habet (secum) Et al-  
tero tamen ambulat.

*Eu.* Oh! non audis malos Genios?

*Bom.* Ha!

*Cal. f.* Nihil est: crepuerunt fores.

*Ag.* Crepuerunt? O sordidas fores.

*Din.* Oho, oho, oho, Urite, fundite,  
tundite, vertite domum. [*Suprà.*

*Bom.* Oho, oh—valete: & timeatis ni-  
hil.

*Eu.* Quo abis Pater?

*Bom.* Videre non sustineo tot timidos si-  
mul. [*Exit Bom.*

*Eu.* O Deas! hæc illa Leonis vox est,  
*Pfecas*.

*Ag.* Abeamus obsecro, *Calliphanes*.

*Gno.* Flectere si nequeam superos, Ache-  
ronta movebo. [*Subr.*

*Cal. f.* O Poeticum Dæmon!

*Ag.* Est furiosissimus omnium procul-  
dubio.

*Cal. p.* Mira sunt: nunquam vidi tale quid,  
nisi anno abhinc quinquagesimo tertio.

*Mor.* O! profectò sum in Barathro.

[*Subter.*

*Eu.* O *Pfecas*, quid faciam?

*Pf.* Quid? faciam periculum in disputa-  
tione. Quodnam est tibi nomen Dæmon?

*Am.* Itane ineptè stulta es? cave ne te  
rapiat in maximam malam crucem.

*Pf.* Mene? non audet: ego illi oculos  
effodiam Carnifici.

*Gno.* Ζεὺς πάτερ, ἰδὲν μελέων, κούρε, μέγιστε,  
καὶ πόταμος, καὶ γαῖα, καὶ οἱ ἀστέρες οὐρανόθεν,  
ἵνα με μάρτυροι ἴσῃς.

*Pf.* Immo etsi loquaris Hebraicè, Ego  
bene intelligo.

*Am.* Abi sis stulta: Græcum & hoc tibi.

*Din.* Oho meretrix!

*Pf.*



*Pf.* O scelus! ego introibo: ne me detine. Involabo in faciem illi: Egon' meretrix appellabor à malo Genio? Mentiris Cacodæmon, mentiris.

*Æm.* Medius fidius hæc mulier Cacodæmon est.

*Æg.* O Venus! nihilne vides *Eucomissa*?

*Eu.* Maxime: ubi est?

*Æg.* Ingentem, nigrum Ursum!

*Eu.* Proh Deos immortales! cum caudâ Ignæâ.

*Cal. f.* Ubi est? ego nihil planè.

*Æm.* Nihil? circumspice: ut scintillant oculi! *Pfecas* cave malum: nam te devoraturus proculdubio huc venit.

*Pf.* Oh!

*Cal. p.* Quid aiunt *Æmylio*?

*Æm.* Ingentem belluam illic—— vide modo.

*Cal. p.* Ubi sunt specularia mea? Oh nisi fallor Leopardus est. Quid hoc monstri? Gnate abeamus, precatum Deos.

*Din.* Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capiam, rapiam omnes illicò. [*Sonitus sup.*]

*Eu.* O *Ægle*! cedo manum & fugiamus. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Infra sonant Catenæ.*]

*Æm.* Ha, ha, hæ, descende ut te exoculer bone Cacodæmon. [*Exit.*]

*Din.* Venio: urite, fundite, fundite, cædite, vertite, &c. [*Descendit.*]

## ACTUS TERTIUS.

### Scena Prima.

*Æmylio, Dinon.*

*Æm.* AGE, incipe *Dinon*.

*Din.* Non, non: exemplum à te capiam.

#### I.

*Æm.* Purgate cerebrum, Medici O insani,  
Nec sitis amplius Mortis Publicani,  
Ob hominum peccata Orbi  
Vos primum missi, postea morbi.  
Doctrina cœpit agrotare,  
Et Sese voluit expurgare:  
Tum vestrum quidam vomitu per ora  
Existis, quidam per Posteriora:  
Sic natos, via est inventa,  
Ut vos nutrent Excrementa:  
Nos melius homines evacuamus,  
Et loculis Clystèrium damus.  
*Am.* O sacram rem! scientia talis  
Dicenda est sola Liberalis.

#### II.

*Din.* Sartores legum, stentorumque natio,  
Jam vobis longa facta est Vacatio.  
Vestri parentes litigarunt  
Tunc cum vosmet generarunt,  
O vos miseros si uxores  
Similis vestri essent oris!  
At suos multæ Clientes habuerant  
Tunc vestras causas alii egerunt.  
Rectè nam nulli velint haberi  
Causidicorum filii veri,

Jam vobis fallere Lege ne sit curæ,  
Sed fallite nobiscum Fure.

*Am.* O sacram rem! &c.

#### III.

*Æm.* Friget inter ignes ars tua, Alchymista,  
Argentum, nisi vivum, non habet ista,  
Cum qui sunt & qui fuerunt  
Omnes Philosophi eguerunt.  
Quem fore reris divitem  
Per Philosophicum lapidem?  
Huc adsis, hic ex lapide lucrum capis:  
Quid aliud stultus, nisi Philosophi lapis?  
Hunc sapiens coquet, distillabit,  
Plumbeus licet, aurum dabit.  
Quid ex syderibus quæris cursum Fati?  
Prudentium gratia stulti nati.  
*Am.* O sacram rem! &c.

#### IV.

*Din.* Præteritorum, Mathematici, Vates,  
Qui præter barbam nihil jam alatis.  
Queis cælum creditur magis notum,  
Quam Deo, qui id fecit totum  
Qui illud tam se putant scire  
Illuc ut recusent ire.  
Vos, à secretis syderum —  
*Æm.* Aufer te ocyus mathematicè, nam  
adeest Bombard.  
*Din.* Opportunè; nam hæreæ cœpit carmen — Scientia talis  
Dicenda est sola Liberalis. [*Exit.*]

Scena



## Scena Secunda.

*Bombardomachides.**Bom. Amylio.**Am. Hem!**Bom.* Quis somnus aures, quis vapor claudit tuas? *Amylio*, rursus voce non parca tona.*Am.* Et ego rursus tona. Hem tibi.*Bom.* Opaca linquens Ditis inferni loca Nigri profundo Tartari emissus specu, Incertus utras oderit sedes magis.*Am.* Quam longum est iter ad id quod vis. Mihi herclè viatico usus est.*Bom.* Quid dicis? audax Dæmon (O audax nimis) Nostros cruentus occupat serpens Lares, Hic regnat, immo hic, regnet at nolo diu.*Am.* Scilicet; & hoc vis me ut sciam, qui primus id locutus tibi sum.*Bom.* Locutus? at quam parum id? hic tonitru pares,

Hic fulminantes stringere jambos decet.

Quis O Cothurnis mille sat clarum boet?

*Am.* Meherculè cothurnorum mille jam instar habuisti pulchrè.*Bom.* Est intus (virumne dicam, an potius Deum)

Quique evocavit nubibus ficcis aquas, Egrotque ad imum maria. Oceanus graves Interius undas æstibus victis dedit. Pariterque mundus lege confusâ ætheris Et Solem &amp; Astra vidit.

*Am.* Orationem compendiface; scio quid sequitur,

Et vetitum mare tetigistis ursæ, Temporum flexæ vices, &amp;c.

Nempe hic post tot ambages tandem exorcista est.

*Bom.* Hic monstra tanta voce terrebit suâ.*Am.* Prohibeant Superi, cave ne committas tandem,

Ut malè dictetur tibi in sermone publico, Si cum istarum operarum homine negotium contrahas.

*Bom.* Mutire de me Fama non audet; tace.*Am.* At metuo famæ tuæ, uti me par est facere: Ubi is est?*Bom.* Mox moxq; nobis aderit; hoc lentum est; Adest;

Parum est &amp; hoc, quin, Adfuit — Claves mihi.

*Am.* Quamobrem?*Bom.* Illis ictu noster hic cardo strepet;*Ædelq; viset — Verba compescas miser, Peribis, at quid dixerim? infelix Peris.**Am.* O quantum est deorum, quid me jam fiet denique!

Itane tantum facinus tam insigniter in te admittere?

Ten' claves ferre? Ætherias prius Perfundet Arctos Pontus, &amp; Siculi rapax Constat æstus unda, &amp; Ionio leges Matura pelago surget, uti modò pulcherri-

mè Dixisti: I præ, sequor, subsequor te.

*Bom.* Cum recta dicis, laudo consilium placet.*Am.* Quoties hæc res in nervum penè erupit! bona machina

Quam nequiter experivit!

## Scena Tertia.

*Dinon.*O *Dinon* audistis nos nullos esse?*Din.* Auscultavi ab ostio omnia; Dii te infelicitent cum cantionibus.

Hoc est scilicet ante Victoriam Encomium canere.

Perdidisti nos planissimè. O *sacram rem!* *Scientia talis**Dicenda est sola Liberalis.* Quando aderit ille

Cujus vox, tanquam Galli multo mane, perterret adeò Cacodæmones?

*Am.* Modo.*Din.* Modo?*Am.* Modo: jam, & veniet hercle non ingratis meis.*Din.* Sed enim quid de Captivis?*Am.* Manta modò: isthuc ibam.

Nam nova atque elegans fallacia numerò mihi in mentem fuit.

Abi sanè, educ legiones tuas, traduce properè ad proximum.

*Din.* Nempe in quem finem?*Am.* Illic (nostin'!) scholam aliquam aperiant.

Aliquid aliquos doceant; ejus rei fructus longè uberrimu'st.

Nam &amp; ab eorum oculis concedent, &amp; quæstum tam ingentem facient,

Ut brevi se captos redimant præsentis pecuniâ.

Modò aliquid mirum profiteantur, &amp; usitatum minus.

*Din.* Quid si literas?*Am.* Pol istud nunc dierum inusitatum satis.

Sed quis eas gratis discet, tantum, ut det mercedem, abest?

*Din.*



*Dim.* Cheiromantiam, Physiognomoni-  
am aut aliquid ejusmodi?

*Am.* Omnes jam illas technas despica-  
tas habent ac nihili

Nisi forte puer, vapulabit necne, exquisi-  
tum eat,

Aut Ancilla, quot maritis ac quibus nupta  
sit futura.

*Dim.* Quid tandem?

*Am.* Dicam. Omnes nunc homines  
videri volunt

Faceti atque elegantuli; ad eam rem quo-  
vis pacto affectant viam;

Novi qui amicos, qui vitam amittere, quam  
jocum malunt,

Ita risum, captant, & habent quod volunt,  
nam meherclè sunt ridiculi;

Eâdem hâc scabie laborat *Gelasimus*, ut qui  
maxime.

*Dim.* Vis Itaque illos profiteri Jocandi  
Artem?

*Am.* Tenes.

*Dim.* At enim commovere risum neque-  
unt, nisi deridendos se propinent.

*Am.* Recte: hoc est joculari nunc die-  
rum, præterea quis est qui nequit

In cognatione verborum, & sympathiâ quâ-  
dam ludere?

Quot vocabula ad suturem pertinent, quasi  
destinata hujusmodi salibus?

Ea habeat in mundo omnia. Quot autem  
ad Philosophum?

Ars Prædicabile, Arbor Porphyriana, Præ-  
dicamentalis scala,

Conversio, Fallacia, Major, Minor, Bar-  
bara, Cæsare.

Celarent, Ferio, Festino, fictollo, Dictum  
simpliciter,

Secundum quid, Disputo ad Hominem,  
Reduplicavè, &c.

Nam ad Conclusionem venio, Terminorum  
hic usus optimus est.

Nam cum offendas eos in Authoribus, ju-  
rabis non esse scriptos serios.

Commoda sunt & Authorum quorundam  
nomina Ramus, Scotus, Faber,

Tostatus, Suarezius, Naso, Tranquillus,  
Suetonius, Tacitus, &c.

*Bom. Amylio.* [intus]

*Am.* Me vocat, illicô. Quid dixi? oh!  
est aliud genus salis.

Deridere omnes mortales: parata sint (nam  
vacua pudet esse pugillaria)

Scommiata in omne genus hominum; sed  
hi joci consistunt plurimum

In ridendo clare, in contrahendo nasum,  
& induendo joculari faciem.

Barba quoque mirum in modum utilis est,  
si attrahant benè,

Aliquando etiam jurent ornamentis gratiâ,  
sed Dii boni!

(Pene excidit mihi) mercede conducant  
aliquos

Qui domi factitent, aliquos qui eant peti-  
tum foras,

Ex Conviviis, Disputationibus, Comædiis,  
Concionibus.

Aliquos etiam qui excribant, nam venales  
habere debent

Seniles, juveniles, viriles, muliebres, Gene-  
rosos jocos.

Hæc & similia doce illos, abi sis; fac offi-  
cium; sed audin'?

Adesto illis semper, ne liberati in pedes se  
conjiciant. Quo ego jam faciam.

*Dim.* Effectum dabo; Jocandi artem?  
ha, ha, ha! O miram rem! *Scientia talis*

*Dicenda est sola Liberalis.* [Exeunt]

### Scena Quarta.

*Calliphanes Pater, Calliphanes Filius.*

*Cal. p.* Itane obstinatè operam das facere  
me adversum omnia?

Ego istuc ætatis obsequens obediensq; eram  
imperio Patris.

In mare ibam, rem familiarem augebam  
lucro.

Ten' virginem liberali facie nolle in uxore  
ducero,

Cui, tantum dotis dictum est?

*Cal. f.* At hodiè, Pater?

*Cal. p.* Eja! quam elegans! cras etiam  
dices, At hodie Pater?

*Cal. f.* At vetant Mathematici infaustâ  
hâc luce adornari nuptias.

*Cal. p.* Perit, religiosus est; jamne pa-  
trissas *Calliphanes*.

Pudet tui, pigetque.

*Cal. f.* At agrotus sum, non valeo, pater.

*Cal. p.* Imò non agrotus jam, sed malè  
habes *Calliphanes*.

Si animus ibi esset— & quidni sit?

*Cal. f.* Præterea —

*Cal. p.* Age, quid præterea?

*Cal. f.* Nihil est parat; solitudo in ædi-  
bus, hæccine conveniunt nuptiis?

*Cal. p.* Nempe id de industria: volumus  
isthoc sine tumultu peragi.

Ut ne tanti fiant sumptus, tamq; in nullam  
rem utiles.

Quid sibi volunt Hymæneum & cantium-  
culæ? quasi tu nequeas

Ire cubitum, & dare operam liberis sine  
auxilio fidicinis.

Proin tu & illa hanc rem quasi injussu no-  
stro, tacitè agite.

Nisi



Nisi fortè *Amylione*, & *Egle* arbitris.

*Cal. f. Egle?* maxime.

*Cal. p.* Abi modò, atq; morem mihi gere.

*Cal. f.* Quid si nonvult pater?

*Cal. p.* Nequicquam nonvult; ita illam intus admonuit pater.

Aggredere illam amatorio more; Ah! Ego isthuc ætatis——

Sequere me sis intrò; Audin' nisi quod imperavi facias

Patrem me esse senties, atque iratum ex leni; dixi *Calliphanes*.

Dii boni, quanta est prudentia, moderari posse filio in hunc modum! [*Exeunt.*]

### Scena Quinta.

*Amylion*, *Psecas*.

*Pf.* Quid ais *Amylion*? amabò audistin' adhuc

De novâ Scholâ? Dii vestram fidem! rem lepidam:

Vehementer cupio illam videre, & periculum facere

Quid in jocos possint, sentient quæ mulier fieri.

Non metuo sanè, ut posteriores feram.

Audistin' quam fortiter disputabam modo cum Dæmone.

Ne verbum quidem habuit, quo responderet mihi.

*Am.* Plus vocem credo tuam, quam Templi Campanæ odit,

Aut Concionatoris rustici, qui illum Leonem vocat.

Nunquam tuam audebit auferre secum animam

(Licet suam esse noverit) quia potentia Tantum loquendi illic manere dicitur.

*Pf.* Meritissimo tuo te eximium habeo, ita lepidè loqueris.

Derideri me facilè patiar, si isthoc fiat modo?

Donabo te ob hos lepores, ut mihi osculum feras.

*Am.* Si me necesse est hercle hoc pacto remunerarier,

Abhorrentem feceris brevi à facetiis omnibus;

Sed auferamus ridicularia. Vin' tu fortunata fieri?

*Pf.* Equidem cupio; etsi infelix non sum, Diis gratias.

*Am.* Fac induas regillam induculam, fac gemmis splendèas,

Et filiam te esse simules *Bombardomachidis*.

*Pf.* Cupio id mecastor; sed erro quam insistas viam.

*Am. Gelasimus* hic in proximo vendit jocos

Hæres ditissimus, atque uti esse tales solent, Merus stipes, huncce hominem admutilari pervelim.

Itaque hodie inter te atque illum nuptias cupio facere.

*Pf.* Nuptias? ha, ha, hæ! mecastor facinus lepidum!

*Am.* Sic tu tibi divitias facies, atque illum pro arbitrio reges,

Multoque tum liberius amare licet quampiam

Quam nunc licet: ut voles eris: Ille, Vir bonus,

Aut ignorabit prorsus, aut ad calicem dormiet vigilans.

*Pf.* Scio; nam cum facta ero Heroïna nobilis

Æquum est oblectare memet illo more Aulico.

*Amylion*, Tum me vises aliquando, tui immemor

Non committam ego ut fieri.

*Am.* Sed properato opu' est.

Para te ocyus; ego te producam illuc.

*Psecas*, insiste hoc negotium sapienter & cautè.

Nam nisi sedulò fingas, quasi animum illi adjeceris,

Nihil agis.

*Pf.* Pish! potin' ut molestus ne fies?

An docenda sum hoc ætatis inescare homines?

Ego vel te *Amylion*, captare poteram: abi. Ne sis in expectatione mihi, cum parata sim.

Quiescas cætera.

*Am.* Imò non metuo, ut sis satis mala, Te magistram queram mihi, unquam si defecero.

*Pf.* Docebo equidem libenter; quod possum: Abi modò [*Exit Am.*]

Nubam sanè non gravate, sed nunquam filio.

Me gravidam faciet, ad hanc rem alius Illius fungetur vice; ne natus ex me fiet,

Mihi qui fit dedecori, atque ingenio meo. [*Exit.*]

### Scena Sexta.

*Gnomicus*, *Gelasimus*, *Morion*.

(*Schola aperitur.*)

*Gno. M. T. Cicero*, Oratorum omnium Coryphæus (Quo verbo ipse usus est) De Orat. secundo libro,

Quem oculis mei plus amo, Artem negavit esse Salis.

Erravit;



Erravit ; Ciceronem semper ego existi-  
mavi hominem.

*Gel.* Pish! Cicero salem non habuit ;  
quisquamne de tot vocabulis  
Figurarum & Troporum nullum unquam  
faceret jocum ?

Poteram herclè ego ab Aurorâ ad hoc  
quod est dici —

Ah Metaphora, bonum es verbum : & le-  
pores herclè hujusmodi

Ex Academici lectoris oratione collectos  
habemus plurimos.

O Dii boni ! jocum pulcherimum exscrip-  
simus in Tullium

Qui nudius quartus in Sholis publicis di-  
ctus est proximæ Academiæ.

Legam vobis — [*ascendit in cathed.*]

*Gno.* Sed ferox nimium ne sis in Cice-  
ronem nostrum,

Nam erat Eloquentiæ Pater.

*Gel.* Quid hoc? oh—Jocus magnus in  
Prætoris oppidani cornua—novi—  
[*querit paginam.*]

Jocus in militem malè vestitum—An  
ostenderunt terga?—oh—

Hic exemptus' st ex meis pugillaribus—&  
certè magnus est—hum!

Quid hoc? Ex declamationibus publicis  
nono die Novembris unus jocus,

Sex demi-joci & tres egregiæ sententiæ.

Oh! memini—Joci sacri

Et pia Hilaria—nunquam hæc vendemus—

Oh—jam inveni—Jocus magnus in  
Ciceronem.

*Gn.* Lege ; arrectisque auribus asto.

*Gel.* (*legit.*) Ciceronis nomen vanum,  
Abeat nunc in Tullianū, & potest converti  
Ad laudem Ciceronis in hunc modum—

Cicero Oratorum Coryphæus est.

*Mor.* Tutor hoc tuum est verbum.

*Gel.* Cateri abeant in Tullianum.

*Gn.* Optimè! nam est locus in carcere,  
quod Tullianum appellatur.

*Mor.* Ha! ha, hæ!

*Gel.* Quid rides?

*Mor.* Ha, ha, hæ: Abeat in Tullianum?  
ha, ha.

*Gel.* Hoc dictum in utramque partem ac-  
cipi potest, est jocus ambidexter. Ibi ego  
Obiter facetus sum; audin' Tuto? *Mori-*  
*on* scribe isthoc.

*Mor.* Maxime.

*Gn.* Hem! suntne in mundo omnia?

*Gel.* Sunt in orbe terrarum: Ibi iterum:  
Ludo Tutor, in dictum tuum.

*Mor.* Joc: jo--jocus—Estne *Ge-*  
*lasime* cum, *g*, *o*, vel cum *i*, *o*?

*Gel.* cum *i*, *o*: Scripistin'?

*Mor.* Ita credo.

*Gel.* Repete: *Mor.* Dexter est  
Ambo—joci. *Gel.* O scelus! est jocus  
ambidexter, cedo calamum.

*Mor.* Maximè: in idem redit. Scripsi  
valdè benè Tutor.

*Gn.* Immò: insanum bene, ut Comicè  
loquar: Ibi ego *Gelasime*—

*Gel.* At malè vereor ne hoc non de gra-  
vitate meâ detrahat.

Non, non, ipsi Doctores jocantur in his ro-  
gionibus.

In condemnatos falsi sunt ipsi Judices,  
Dormiant, capite annunt & ille Judicia-  
lis jocus est.

Generosi joci solvunt Creditoribus.

Hic homines omnia joco. Promittunt joco.  
Joco jurant, joco fallunt: rem agunt divi-  
nam joco.

Panè dixi, vivunt joco: tantū jocantur serio.

*Gn.* Atque ego ita faciam: si canimus  
sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.

*Gel.* *Morion*, vidi equi licitatores propè  
sint: an prospectus est sterilis?

*Mor.* Joci, novi joci, optimi novi joci,  
quis emit novos jocos?

*Gno.* Nullos ne nundinatus es modò?  
hic dies scelestus est

(*Ut utar Comici phrase*) divendendis joci.

*Gel.* Mox dabit nobis grandes bolos: ita  
supercilium salit.

Non sum ob nihilum tam ingeniosus hodiè,  
Nunquid cessavi hoc mane lucri facere?

Vendidi modò mulieri, nescio cui, duos  
jocos.

In Papam *Johannam*, quos missuram aie-  
bat sese

Ad electum fratrem suum fidelem pasto-  
rem in Angliâ,

Unum etiam aut alterum de Clavibus &  
Coronâ triplici.

*Gno.* Quanti emit?

*Gel.* Unis drachmis in jocos singulos.

Sed corollarii loco voluit sibi unum dari.

Demi—jocum in *Bellarminum*: itaque  
dedi, Mentiris *Bellarminæ*.

*Gno.* Benè habet: Capram cælestem o-  
rientem conspeximus

Id est, Beati sumus. Teste Erasmo Roter-  
damo in Adagiis. Ecquid aliud?

*Gel.* Præstinavit etiam Justiciarius qui-  
dam quatuor jocos,

In honorem Legis; & sex ingeniosas sen-  
tentias.

Quas in cœnâ dicturu' st, cum vicinos quo-  
tannis accipit

Clientum alitibus. Venit post illa Jesuita ali-  
quis.

(Quantum conjecturam capio, nam orna-  
tus erat basilicum in modum.)



Et pecuniam in antecessum dedit, ut sibi  
facerent  
Salsum & ingeniosum Dialogum inter  
Lutherum & Diabolum.

Omitto reliquos—

*Mor.* Pax? st! adest emptor: quid vis  
tibi Domine  
Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos!

*Scena Septima.*

*Juvenis Academicus.*

*Acad.* Vellem mihi dari Archididascalum hujus scholæ.

*Mor.* Dari? non, non; habebis, si vis  
emere tibi.

*Ac.* Quis est Archididascalus?

*Mor.* Ego sum *Morion*.

*Ac.* Sed illum conventum cupio.

*Mor.* Non me cupis?

Ego possum joculari aliquando.

*Gel.* *Morion*, exscribe sis

Hanc paginam.

*Mor.* Totam? vis, credo, vitam meam  
interimere.

*Gno.* Juvenis, eccum me præsto tibi. Co-  
ram, quem queritis, adsum

Trojus Æneas.

*Ac.* Si Æneas tibi nomen sit, alium volo.

*Gno.* Non: sed loquor cum Poetâ: is  
sum, quid venisti loquere.

*Ac.* Muneris nostri est moderari inter  
disputantes in scholis publicis.

*Gno.* O? Agonotheta es, ἀγωνοθέτης &  
ἡδύμωρ nam sic docti vocant.

*Ac.* Facetus videre velim; tantam li-  
benter dabo

Mercedem, quantam alii solent, eodem  
qui officio functi sunt.

*Gel.* Rectè: nam si argumenta non po-  
tes, solvenda est pecunia.

Audin' quæ dixi? *Morion* scribe hoc sis ocyûs.

*Mor.* Dii te perdant,

Credo te joculari solitum fuisse in utero  
Matris,

Atque ita semper facis, mihi ut faceßas in  
scribendo negotium.

*Gel.* Memento tamen, Juvenis, in quo  
sis loco.

Ingeniosus esse non des nimis.

Nullumne adhuc habes in parato jocularium?

*Ac.* Nullum equidem præter, satisfecisti  
officio tuo.

*Mor.* A—r—ar—a—r—gui—O  
jam habeo—

*Ac.* An bonam habetis copiam philoso-  
phicorum salium?

*Gel.* Videbis: *Morion* cedo libellum de

jocis Philosophicis.

Hem! legam tibi aliquos.

*Scena Octava.*

*Mulier.*

*Mul.* Quis intus est?

*Mor.* Quæ hæc mulier est? quid vis?

*Mu.* Tune es Magister Scholæ?

*Mor.* Ego sum: Ego: quid tua? Ma-  
gister? maximè.

*Mu.* Recede quæso; est tibi quod in  
aurem dicam. Nupta sum, si placet,  
Imperito morum, & impuri oris Viro,  
Qui me meretricem vocat; Mentiris dicit,  
& Canis es.

Itaque ego emere illi facetias volo.

*Mor.* Nupta es imperito morum & im-  
puri oris Viro, [clara voce.]

Qui te meretricem vocat: hæc in aurem  
dicis mihi?

Non, non: quid si dolus hic latet?

*Gno.* *Mulier*, adi sis propius.

*Ac.* Ha, ha, hæ! non abstineo quin  
plaudam—accipe sis pecuniam.

[plaudit manib.]

Ob isthoc credo dictum me sustollent hu-  
meris.

*Gn.* Cujus generis facetias vis?

*Mul.* Omnium, si placet, generum.

*Gn.* *Morion*, cedo Pia hilaria, nunquam  
hæc vendemus aliter.

*Mul.* Non multa, si placet, pia.

*Gno.* Non, non, pauca pro Dio Dominico.  
Vin' etiam jocos generosos?

*Mu.* Quoscumque tibi visum est.

*Gn.* At aliqui lascivi sunt.

*Mul.* Non refert, si sint tantum aliqui.  
Indica, fac pretium:

*Gn.* Non cari sunt sex minis, Tu verò  
quoniam pulchra es, & Pulchrior est  
virtus veniens è corpore pulchro,  
Sex solidis feres.

*Mu.* Accipe; Dii vos sospitent.

*Mor.* Nunquam sic auferes; aliquid mi-  
hi dabis. [osculatur] Exit.

*Ac.* Profectò, si unquam te in Acade-  
miâ uspiam viderim,  
Accipiam te opiparè coctis prunis, & cer-  
visiâ primariâ.

Sed necesse est, ut confutationem Oratio-  
nis componas mihi.

*Gel.* Effectum tibi dabo nunc jam; mi-  
hi facilè effluit.

*Morion*, adeldum, scribe, quæ loquor; pa-  
ratus es?

*Ac.* Sed ita componas oro, ut eadem con-  
futatione hæc, Respondeam aliis Orati-  
onibus.

*Gel.*



*Gel.* Omnibus, si vis.  
 Antequam ad Disputationem deveniamus,  
 ad aliqua tibi respondendum est, habuisti  
 itaque in vestibulo Orationis tuæ —  
*Mor.* Quid? vest — vestibulum — de-  
 lectaris credo vocabulis  
 Quæ sunt scriptu difficilia.  
*Gel.* Aliquid de meis laudibus, sed pro-  
 fecto ingenuè fateor me  
 Non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus.  
 Dixisti porro —  
 Dixisti porro, alliquid de Mari Philoso-  
 phico —  
*Ac.* Quid si non dicat?  
*Gel.* Pish, ne time: nunquam quisquam  
 omittet Mare Philosophicum —  
 Sed video nullas hinc natas Veneres — ha!  
 Quid ais Juvenis?  
*Ac.* Hum! hum! hum! medius fidius  
 pulchrè.  
*Gel.* Dixisti etiam quod — & tum in-  
 terponas illius verba.  
*Ac.* Quæso tu id facias; non possum  
 quicquam interponere.  
*Gel.* Benè habet: non est opus; perge  
 ad hunc modum. Cætera ex memoriâ  
 dilapsa sunt, itaque sic — & tum Ac-  
 cingas te ad disputandum, scripsistis?  
*Morion?*  
*Mor.* Ferè; Dilapsa sunt, itaque sic —  
 & tum te accingas ad disputandum.  
 [legit.]  
*Gel.* Pish; non oportuit scriptum —  
 & tum te accingas.  
*Mor.* Non? significatum hoc oportuit  
 mihi — sed delebo tamen.  
*Ac.* Nihil suprà: O si repetere possim  
 cum ingenioso tono.  
*Gel.* Id facillimum est; audies Morio-  
 nem, *Morion*, procede in medium.  
 Et lege Confutationem, uti ego te docui.  
*Mor.* Tun' me docuisti? non; ego na-  
 turâ sic loquor.  
 Antequam ad Disputationem deveniamus  
 ad aliqua tibi  
 Respondendum est, habuisti itaque in  
 vest — vestibulo Orationis.  
 Tuæ aliquid de meis laudibus, sed profecto  
 ego ingenuè fateor,  
 Me non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus,  
 dixisti porro aliquid  
 De mari Philosophico, pish ne time, nun-  
 quam quisquam.  
*Gel.* Quid? scripsistis? id? dele, in-  
 quam ocyus.  
*Mor.* Quid? non est jocus? delebon?  
 ego jocum optimum? benè, si vis —  
 [delet.]  
 Sed video nullas hinc natas Venena —

*Gel.* Quid? venena?  
*Mor.* Maximè; annon rectè id quidem?  
*Gel.* Pish! Veneres.  
*Mor.* Veneres? benè in idem redit? —  
 Cætera ex memoriâ dilapsa sunt,  
 Itaque sic —  
*Ac.* Legit pol facetissimè: qui datur,  
 tanti indica.  
*Gel.* Non cara'st auro contrà; sed soli-  
 do tibi destino.  
*Mor.* Non, non: ponam ego precium  
 illi, quia repetebam benè.  
 Viden' has vestes, jocularis nimio nimis?  
 Dabis mihi subligacula.  
*Ac.* Hem tibi solidum — adest pere-  
 grinus —  
 Valetè; confutabo nunc omnes homines,  
 quibuscum loquor. [Exit.]

Scena Nona.

Bombardomachides.

*Gno.* Adest alius:  
 Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena la-  
 boris?  
*Bom.* Heus! ecquid istâ venditis jocos  
 scholâ?  
 Effare & istud pande, quodcunque est mihi.  
*Guo.* Dicis vera quidem, veri sed gra-  
 viora fide.  
 Ut Ovidius in Tribus, quem librum  
 composuit  
 Postquam in exilium missus est ab *Augusto*.  
 Sed sine me dicere tibi cum Poeta; Dic  
 nomen.  
*Bom.* Meumne nescis nomen? O ingens  
 scelus!  
 Dum terra cælum media libratum feret,  
 Nitidusque certas mundus evolvit vices,  
 Numerusque arenis deerit, haud nomen  
 meum  
 Latebit ullos.  
*Gno.* Hic homo (quantum video) non-  
 dum Virgilium legit.  
 Nam eandem rem cum poeta quantum dix-  
 isset melius.  
 In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus  
 umbræ  
 Lustrabunt, convexa polus dum sydera  
 pascet,  
 Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque  
 manebunt.  
*Mor.* Vix audio herclè; Hem! fortem  
 me præstabo.  
 Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos, emisce  
 novos jocos?  
*Bom.* Ain' carufex?  
*Mor.* Nihil, profecto nihil.



Mecum ipse loqui soleo; hic homo non jocatur.

*Bom.* In profligatas hostium turmas jocos Empturus argentum fero, argentum bonum; Minasque quisquis numerat, inveniet duas. [*osendit pecun.*]

*Mor.* Ha! ha! habeo! hem tibi jocum pulcherrimum.

Ad hunc modum hostibus responde. Abite in Tuillianum,

Et ad laudem eorum converti potest, si dicas modò

Ne abeatis in Tullianum, ha, ha, he!

*Gel.* Ecquid pestis te tenet in Cicero-nem id oportet dictum.

*Mor.* Scio hoc, sed aliis applicari facile potest; annon

Locus est in carcere quod Tullianum appellatur?

Possum ego joculari satis in loco, diis gratias.

*Cel.* Hem tibi sales militares!

*Gno.* Alexander, seu Pellæus juvenis

Nunquam est locutus meliores, exempli gratiâ

Rex, inquis, Macedonicus mihi ipse dedit, Tum dicet aliquis, Quid dedit? pecuniam? Respondes facerissimè, Tergum vel Poenas dedit.

*Bom.* Sed fac Iambi cuncta ut incedant pede,

Efficias jam nunc, nam mox huc referam gradus. [*Exit.*]

*Gel.* Ædipol nã commodè processimus, lepidè hoc officium fungimur.

*Mor.* Pulchrè nos inter nos congruimus, ingeniosi omnes sumus.

*Gno.* Sævis inter se convenit urfis, ut Vir omni literarum genere cultissimus.

*Gel.* Hei! obruimur multitudine. Abite, bellua estis multorum capitum,

Ha, ha, ha! multorum capitum! ha! ha! redite post prandium,

Vos qui estis bellua multorum capitum. Tutor, eamus quæso ad prandium.

*Gno.* Rectè, nam, ut inquit Poeta, Ludit permistis sobria Mula jocis.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACTUS QUARTUS.

### Scena Prima.

#### Calliphanes Filius, Eucomissa.

*Cal. F.* O Me hominem invenustum! *Eu.* O infortunatam me puellulam!

*Cal. F.* Amare res liberrima est, Amare tamen cogor.

*Eu.* Odisse res est liberrima, Odisse tamen vetor.

*Cal.* Cur superi, quam amemus eligunt, quacum vivamus Patres?

*Eu.* Cur Patres in corpora potestatem habent, in animos superi?

*Cal.* Adest Eucomissa, aliquid ei dicerem, sed quid dicam nescio.

*Eucomissa*—

*Eu.* Quid?

*Cal.* Ne valeam, si verbum de nuptiis

O Eucomissa—

*Eu.* Quid? fac me ut sciam, siquid vis.

*Cal.* Egon? nihil.

*Eu.* Cur vocasti autem?

*Cal.* Immo tantum est, Salva sis!

Et aliud certè volo si ad audiendum adest benignitas.

*Eu.* Adest, sed in pauca conferas.

*Cal.* Siquid unquam ego—

*Eu.* Exordia Calliphanes? quasi docilis reddenda sim & benevola?

Ad rem veni.

*Cal.* Verbo expediam, Valè. [*Exit.*]

*Eu.* Enimverò ad hoc audiendum adest benignitas. Vale

Nã ego infelix puella, tam suavem quæ amasium nacta sum!

Intemperie hominem tenent, at Patrem multò magis,

Qui huic me hodiè nuptum territo daret.

O Amylio, [*Callipha. redit.*]

Tecum vivendum est solo, si vivendum est mihi.

Te Pater, tu me cepisti, injuriam fortunæ ultus es.

*Cal.* Eucomissa, salve, aliquid te rogatum oportuit qua me propter huc exanimatum reduxi tibi.

*Eu.* Satin' molestus tandem? quæso te ut sanus fies.

*Cal.* Præter jus æquumque oras, nam amare, & simul sapere,

Ne



Ne deos quidem penes est, sed Eucomissa ;  
hodie ?

*Eu.* Ajunt.

*Cal.* Quid pater ?

*Eu.* Jubes, instat, urget.

*Cal.* si hodie nuptura es mihi, cras me  
efferes.

*Eu.* Falsus es ; nam si nubam hodie, ho-  
die moriar.

*Cal.* Epitaphium mihi fiet in Epithala-  
mii loco.

*Eu.* Genialis mihi lectus sepulchri fun-  
getur vice.

*Cal.* Ob lepidum isthocdictum nunc de-  
mum places mihi.

Nunc illud est, cum te libenter penè in  
uxorem acciperem.

Quam vox sonabit blandum cum promit-  
tat tua,

Quæ tum, cum negat, suavis est !

*Eu.* Mecastor ego

Vix jam à memet impetro, ut ne te amem,  
Cum te amari nolis ita amanter facis.

*Cal.* O amore omni dulciôr contentio !

*Eu.* O omni pace jurgium optabilius !

*Cal.* Sic suâ Turtures molliores Venere,  
Et murmurant, & gemunt, & queruntur  
invicem.

Sed questus inter, gemitum, & murmur,  
amant.

*Eu.* Sic gratum nostris furtum cum fiat  
auribus,

Pax bellica inter chordas pugnautes agitur,  
Concordant simul, simul & litigant soni.

*Cal.* Per Venerem, Eucomissa, liberalis  
es ; si daretur optio,

Uxorem à Diis ipsis non peterem aliam  
At cætera, sponte facimus, amamus fato

*Eu.* Gerundus igitur Fato, non Patri-  
mos est.

*Cal.* Ne valeam, cum contemplar faci-  
em, si quicquam supra est,

Tam lubrica frons est, oculorum ut ef-  
fundat aciem.

Cincinnati vinciendis animis nati tibi.

Modestus genarum color, & qualem alie  
A verecundia mutuantur, genasque amu-  
lantur labia,

Abeamus, nam si te conspexero diutius,  
Periero, Venena mellea in medullas ser-  
punt, Vin'te Eucomissa mihi in Uxorem  
dari ?

Cupio, per Deos cupio, Eucomissa, loquere.  
Sed ne concedas, cupio, ne concedas tamen.

Nisi dura, & difficilis maneas, me interficis.  
Nam conceptis ego verbis jusjurandum

dedi,

Uxorem, nisi *Eglen* —

*Eu.* *Eglen*, *Calliphanes* ?

*Cal.* Non, non, non, ah quid feci ! aliam  
volui dicere.

*Eu.* Afficiam te hodie *Calliphanes*, nuncio  
lætabili, Si *Eglen* deperis, mutuum  
tecum facit.

*Cal.* Quid ais ? ah noli in spem fluxam  
me conicere. Men' *Egle* ?

*Eu.* Oculis plus, inquam, suis.

*Cal.* Deus sum, si isthoc verum est, O  
*Eucomissa*,

Cedo sis manum mihi, ut supplex eam ex-  
osculer,

Ne vivam, nisi semper te feci meritò  
maximam.

*Eu.* Accersas *Eglen*, rem tibi Autho-  
rem dabo.

Consilium unà capiemus, intereà tempo-  
ris, Vale.

*Cal.* Nunc illud est cum me —

*Eu.* Pish, supersede istis verbis, abi.

*Cal.* Abeo — sed *Eucomissa* — benè: abeo.  
[Exit]

Scena Secunda.

*Amylio*, *Eucomissa*.

*Am.* *Edipol* næ hæc machina successio  
lepidè sub manus.

Ita parata fecerunt omnia ad jocandi artem  
utilia.

Accommodavit illis *Dion* aliquid pecunie  
præ manu

Unde utantur, & nunc, credo aperuerunt  
Scholam.

*Eu.* Ha ! adest, amorem meum non est  
uti celem amplius. *Amylio*, adestum,  
paucis te volo.

*Am.* *Eucomissa*, salve.

*Eu.* *Amylio*, hodie nuptura sum.

*Am.* Du vortant benè.

*Eu.* Neque à Patre impetro, aliquot uti  
nuptis prodât dies.

Estne hoc miserum ?

*Am.* Enimverò nihil prolixius.

Nam eo citius virginem exues.

*Eu.* Sed fac *Amylio*,

Tibi me nupturam, rem tantam negligen-  
ter adeò faceres ?

De improvviso duceres ?

*Am.* Utinan faceres periculum.

Equidem nullis rebus prævorterem.

*Eu.* Mecastor, pone ita esse.

Ego amo te, sed adversum nos affirmat  
Pater,

Quid enim ageres ?

*Am.* Quid ? si esset centies pater,

Glacomam ob oculos objicerem, uti ne  
quod videt, videat.

Itaque primum rogo te, vin' hodie mihi  
nubero ?

*Eu.*



*Eu.* Volo.

*Am.* Lepidè partes tuas agis: sed da mihi firmatam fidem.

*Eu.* Do testem Venerem.

*Am.* Et Martem ego tibi

Me hodie te ducturum, dicta confirmemus suavio.

O festivum facinus! herclè verò jam nunc mihi serio uxor es.

De suavium alterum.

*Eu.* Proh deorum fidem! os hominis!

*Am.* Osculandi paulam faciam, si os non placet,

Sed aliquid noctu fiet, qua me propter ames merito.

*Eu.* Quin aufer te, inquam, ocyùs, nempe quod dixi joco.

Ten' aliam in partem accipere decet, impudens?

Mecastor faxo ut ne impunè in me inluseris. Unde isthæc confidentia est? quæ opes tibi? quæ factio?

Servitutem servire te memineras captum manu.

*Am.* At enim liber natus sum, ac forti familiâ.

*Eu.* Linguam comprime,

Auridicam Patri ut me in tricâs conjicis.

*Am.* Iste herclè exitus rem lepidam pervortit malè.

Vale igitur, si vis, ad novam scholam me conferam,

Atque aliquos emam jocos in iracundam Virginem.

*Eu.* Quam ineptè stulta sum! timeo, ut severa fuerim.

Quid si revocem? *Amylio* redi, quid præter morem ita

Præterque ingenium tuum ea mali consulis. Quæ jucundè dicta sunt? credin' me locutam serio?

*Am.* Non, non, serio? neque posse sceminam arbitror.

*Eu.* Cape sis hunc anulum tibi, indignum quo doneris dono.

Si memoriâ nos excedimus hic facito ut subveniat tibi.

*Am.* Anulum? maxime, sed jamne locuta es serio?

*Eu.* O *Amylio*, si nosceres—& quidni noscas tamen?

*Am.* Quidni? quia non sum *Oedipus*: præter anulum nil intelligo.

*Eu.* Adeone tardus es? facis haud consuetudine.

Quin, vultum legas, legas & suspiria, Hanc ipsum legas anulum; sat loquor tacita.

*Am.* Legam herclè lubentissimus — oh — cum annulo

Quid est? *Eucomissa*, verbum non vult legi.

Oh efficiam ut velit. Cum annulo animus.

*Eu.* Ineptus es; res alias si sic agis, Vale.

Quid dixi? immo Vale, sed ne abeas tamen.

*Am.* Hum! sic est profectò: nam si memini benè

Concinnâ facie sum; staturâ commodâ, & ætate integrâ.

Experiar quid sit: *Eucomissa*, advorte animum.

O *Eucomissa*, diu te amavi perditæ.

*Eu.* Ha!

*Am.* Usque adhuc ausus nihil, nisi oculos pascere.

Amoris tadio enecor, nunc itaque tuum Perspicere animum, ut sese habeat velim,

In spe atque in timore attentus sum. *Eucomissa*, loquere.

*Eu.* Pudet confiteri; ô, quid faciam misera?

Mene? similitatem non revereris Patris? Sed mitto Patrem —

*Am.* Missam hanc facito modestiam.

Vin' me Maritum tibi? verbo expedias.

*Eu.* Maritum? ha? quid si id cupiam maxime?

Cupiâ? non, nolo *Amylio*: habes brevissimè. Quid respondes?

*Am.* Me esse infelicem: Vale.

*Eu.* Non, non, manta sis modò? Volo, inquam, Volo.

O *Amylio*, tua sum, tuæ me commendo fidei.

*Am.* Et ego *Eucomissa* tuus; præ lætitiâ, ita me dii ament,

Apud me non sum; sed mittamus isthæc, adsunt arbitri.

### Scena Tertia.

*Calliphanes, Agle, Eucomissa, Amylio.*

*Cal.* Beasti me; hoc dicto reddidisti animum.

Nec hominum, nec deorum iram teruncii æstimo.

*Eucomissa*—*Amylio*,—Divorum vitam adepti sumus.

*Am.* Quid soror? tunc *Calliphanem* amas?

*Agl.* Me ipsam minus.

*Eu.* Frustrâ adhuc sumus; quid Patri respondebimus?

*Cal.* Ha! Patri? quantâ de lætitiâ quam subito decidi? Nullamne facere possumus in nuptis fallaciam *Amylio*?

*Am.* Non minor mea hic res agitur, quam tua, Itaque admonere desine.

*Eu.* At siquid potes *Amylio*.

*Am.*



*Am.* An hodiè te uxorem commissurus est *Calliphani*?  
*Eu.* Ità.  
*Am.* Dic te velle.  
*Eu.* Ah *Emilio*, tam subito animum A nobis segregas?  
*Am.* Dii avortant omen.  
 Nemo te unquam nisi mors eripiet mihi.  
 Nunc quam rem agam accipe: hic nuptiis dictus est dies.  
 Veras esse credat Pater, at ne sint tamen.  
 Nam *Egle* tuam vicem, cum *Calliphane* noctu cubet.  
 Diurna ejus uxor sis ipsa in aliquod tempus  
 Nam fortè in diebus paucis aliud se nobis offeret  
 Amolimini hinc vos properè, si consilium placet.  
*Eu.* Nullum vidi melius.  
*Cal.* Abeamus *Egle*. [Exeunt.]

Scena Quarta.

*Gnomicus*, *Gelasimus*, *Morion*, *Academicus secundus*.

*Gno.* Ad Cathedram, ad Cathedram ocyus, nam adest peregrinus.  
 Titubaturque pede pes, densusque Viro Vir.  
*Aca.* Tune es Magister Scholæ?  
*Mor.* Hei! Magister! nemo homo Me quærit uspiam; his vestibus nimium lateo.  
*Aca.* Professor jocorum *Academicus* proximâ Hebdomade jocaturus publicè.  
 Itaque huc me misit salutem ut vobis dicerem,  
 Opemque in hac re experiri, & consilium vestrum.  
 Ideoque hoc munus æqui bonique ut consulatis obsecrat.  
*Gel.* Pecuniam ab illo? Dii melius: meus frater est.  
*Ac.* Eo accipias magis, nam fratres metuit suos.  
*Gno.* Quaquam te Jocator Frater anum jam sales in hoc tempus colligentem, idque Academiâ, abundare oportet præceptis institutisque hujus artis propter summum & Doctoris tui ingenium & Collegii, tamen ad hanc rem, nos, (ut videmus) magnum tibi emolumentum afferemus, atque hoc veluti in transitu; sæpiusculè excurro Oratoriè.  
*Gel.* Præ re isthac rem prævortam nullam, Sed equos ipse fecit sales?  
*Aca.* Collegit aliquos;

Sed fecit ipse adhuc, quod sciam ego, paucissimos.  
 Fortè an duos tresve demi—jocos.  
*Gel.* *Morion*, porrige schedulam  
 Illam mihi jocorum Tripodaliū; nam in Angliâ patria nostrâ,  
 Jocorum Professori Tripodis nomen ponimus. Hem tibi!  
*Aca.* An isti concinnè, in quæstionem ejus cadent?  
*Gel.* Æquè herclè concinnè, in quæstionem ejus, atque in ullam aliam.  
 Hoc habeat probè in exordii loco, dein Quæstio autem  
 Sequatur è longinquo, evocabit suos ipse Terminos,  
 Atque si recusent ingredi, invitos trahat (cum atque ingratis,  
 Uti non rarò factum vidimus. Hæc itaque est salutatio  
 Auditorum omnium, ubi obiter deridendos præbet  
 Medicinæ, Legisque Professores & Doctores omnes præcipuè,  
 Absque hoc nunquam quisquam plausum sibi repperit.  
 Sed (pæne oblitus fui dicere) nullane hæc Comœdia  
 Agitur circiter hoc temporis.  
*Aca.* Immò verò hodiè.  
*Gel.* Ha, ha, hæ! vah Poetam infortunatum nimis,  
 Nam quisquis is est, facietis meis proximâ Hebdomade jugulabitur.  
 Accipe sis hanc schedulam; scriptum hic inveniet,  
 Quod sufficiet largiter ad deridendum omnes posthac Comœdias.  
*Aca.* Dii tibi dent quæ velis, benè valeas.  
*Gel.* St! audin' etiam?  
 Tribus verbis te volo; istam Fabulam Ludos faciet.  
 Fabula (intellextin?) Ludus dicitur, jam te dimitto, Vale. [Exit Aca.]

Scena Quinta.

*Emilio* (alio ornatu) *Psecas*, *Gnom.* *Gel.* *Mor.*  
*Gel.* Satin' ego oculis utilitatem obtineo, annon?  
*Edipol* virgo fortis est, efficiam ut me depereat de ingenio.  
*Mor.* Principio atque hanc video, manere non possum diutius,  
 Ita lauta est; nimio nimi' modestus sum his vestibus.  
*Am.* Jam para te *Psecas*; si pectus sapit, duras illis dabis.



*Pf.* Pish, aliud cura, magnificè tracta-  
bo isthunc Asinum;  
*O Venus!* hæccine est illa schola? lepidus  
mecastor locus est.  
Semper ego facetias amavi multum, &  
nutrix mihi  
Dicere solita est: Abi, abi, ut vitalis sis  
metuo,  
Ita præter ætatem tuam ingeniosa es ni-  
mium.  
Et ego pol' ridebam: rides? inquit illa,  
Dii boni!  
Uti hujus nunquam non meminero!  
*Am.* Pish, perge ad rem.  
*Pf.* Quam sæpe res nihili otiosè hæreat  
in memoriâ?  
*O Diana!* quam mihi tunc dierum pro ci-  
bo fuit jocarier?  
Sæpè ad focum domi obsedimus; ego nar-  
rare fabulas,  
Festivè multa dicere, omnes in cachinnos  
solvere,  
Nulla (licet ipsa dicam) primarum arti-  
um magi princeps exitit.  
Sed ubi est Magister? videre vellem ni-  
miò,  
Nam communicabimus inter nosmet face-  
tias invicem,  
Opem meam (satis scio) non habebit  
despicatui.  
Ubi est?  
*Gn.* Coram, quem quæritis, adsum  
Trojus *Aeneas*, necesse habeo novam de  
hâc re sententiam quærere.  
*Pf.* O Musas! studuisti arti Musicæ:  
illud ex Virgilio  
Acceperisti mutuum, immò ego poetas legi.  
Sic sum, non tantum verbis dici potest  
Quantum re ipsa versus amo, & feci sanè  
Mediocrates  
*Gn.* Mediocribus esse poetis.  
Non homines, non Dii, non concessere  
Columnæ.  
*Gel.* Oh! ho! ho! incantavit me aliquis:  
quod ego  
Nunquam tutum credidi, nequeo unum  
concinnare adeo joculum.  
Hum! siccin'? Oh! tandem ad meipsum  
redeo.  
O cujus genis rosæ invident, & pudore ru-  
bescunt solo,  
Et tum —  
*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha! pulcherimè! si or-  
natus essem ex meis virtutibus.  
Sic adirem virginem; nam deperiret istam  
faciem.  
*Am.* Tun' solus hic regnum possides?  
ubi, si placet, cæteri?  
*Gn.* St! *Gelasime*.

*Gel.* Maximè — Pallet Luna, & se vi-  
ctum confitetur —  
Statim vobis adero — nec fidera —  
hum! isthoc non placet.  
Ceciderunt plane fidera, Ceciderunt; ha,  
ha, ut nescienti mihi  
Effluxit istc locus?  
*Gn.* Hem *Morion*, ubi es?  
*Mor.* St! ego non adsum.  
*Am.* Ha, ha, ha, an se præsens præ-  
sentem negat?  
Nisi jurato tibi, *Morion*, non credemus.  
*Mor.* Per Deos non adsum,  
Ut catè delusi homines! illi hic me esse  
nesciunt, ha, ha, ha!  
*Gn.* An *Morion* atrâ bili percitu'st? id  
est, an delirat?  
Cesson' illum educere ex insidiis, ut lepidè  
loquar?  
*Morion*, adesto. [Educat.]  
*Am.* Ha, ha! ut stat! reclamante Phi-  
losophiâ  
Negarem hunc esse rationalem, nisi quia  
risibilem video.  
*Gn.* Humanum est errare: erras pro-  
fectò hospes,  
Nam omnis homo est rationalis, ut acu-  
tissime observat *Simplicius*.  
*Pf.* Nolite, obsecro, deridere, per pol'  
quam modestus est!  
*Mor.* Me laudat.  
*Gel.* Euge! jam habeo.  
*Mor.* Hercle audacter alloquar.  
Salve tu, O cujus genis rosæ invident, &  
pudore rubescunt solo.  
*Gel.* O mastigiam! quæ mea est Ora-  
tio, occupat præloqui,  
Ut perdidit mihi sex jocos, & tres amato-  
rias sententias!  
*Gn.* Perge *Morion*.  
*Mor.* Perge tu, si vis, ego dixi satis.  
*Gn.* Adeldum *Gelasime*. Hic est joca-  
tor ille, Cui meliori luto finxit præ-  
cordia Titan.  
*Pf.* Mecastor liberalis est: salve mul-  
tùm, te unum ex omnibus  
Festivum fama magnificavit, itaque ad te  
huc venimus visere.  
Nam me etiam lepidam vocant, etsi hanc  
mihi Laudem non arrogem.  
*Gel.* Sideri equidem cujus sub auspicio  
natu' sum, minorem gratiam habeo,  
Quam oculorum tuorum syderibus, quæ me  
perspexerunt modò.  
Ha, ha! optimè loquor semper de impro-  
viso,  
Quod signum est boni ingenii, proculdubio  
hæc mea'st,  
Obsecro, quænam est hæc virgo?

*Am.*



*Am.* Factione summâ, & divitiis pol-  
lens.  
*Bombardomachidis* filia'ft strenuiffimi ducis.  
*Gel.* Nimio nimi' novi ego istum *Bom-  
bardomachidem*.  
(Hic illum derideo) sed tamen tantò me-  
liu'ft.  
*Am.* Equis homo tantum stulticiæ in  
se possedit uspiam?  
Quid si oblectem me cum istis? placet,  
heus! auditisn?  
Quoniam vosmet magnificatis ità de istis  
artibus,  
Dabo equidem sponfionem, me vos unum  
singulos  
Redacturum modò jocis meis ad silentium.  
Agite sultis, experiamur in hanc partem  
quis plus possiet.  
*Pf.* Vide quid agas priùs. Ego ab hujus  
parte stabo.  
*Gel.* A meâ? nescio unde hoc fit, multò  
sum beator  
Quam vulgus hominum, quæcunque vo-  
cem audiunt,  
Continuò me amant perditè. O Superi!  
gratias ago,  
Multum de me meruistis; Heus, audacule,  
Quoniam ità vis vitâ interfici, ascende hanc  
fellulam.  
Opponam ego primus; sed miseret me tui.  
*Mor.* Benè herclè facis; ego obsecunda-  
bo tibi in loco,  
Abi audacule, abi in Tullianum.  
*Am.* Esto tu moderator.  
*Gno.* Agonotheta ero, ἀγὼν οὐκ ἔστιν & τίς μιν  
nam sic docti vocant. Tu oppones  
*Morion*  
Secundo in loco.  
*Mor.* Rectè, recedam paululum  
Et confutationem Orationis ejus medita-  
bor mecum.  
*Gen.* Antequam illam nosti?  
*Mor.* Nosti? nemo non potest  
Confutare tum cum noverit, ero singula-  
ris ego.  
*Pf.* Discrucior animi, quod mos non pa-  
titur,  
Disputare fœminas publicè: vellem hos  
Opponentes mihi.  
*Gn.* Ascendat Jocator:  
Proditum est memoriæ antiquos Philosc-  
phos post multos labores sese recreare  
solitos fuisse. Agite igitur, hilarem  
hunc sumamus diem, nam arcus nimii  
intentus citò frangitur; habent sua  
Ludicra Musæ; & Apollo Musarum  
Parens, aliquando latet, aliquando pa-  
tet. Tu vero Spartam quam nactus  
es, hanc orna, ut non minus, aut etiam

plus modestia tua, quam ingenium ap-  
pareat. Cave à Majoribus, nam inge-  
nium non ferent, & observa semper  
cum Poetâ, Parcere personis, dicere  
de vitiis.  
*Am.* Orationem tuam —  
*Gn.* Nolo pati istam impudentiam, con-  
feras te ad provinciam tuam.  
*Am.* Sapienter quidem facis, quod ora-  
tionem tuam non vis repeti.  
*Gn.* Autoritate mihi ab Apolline com-  
missâ, jubeo te acquiescere.  
*Pf.* Ha, ha, hæ! utinam ista mihi au-  
thoritas committeretur ab Apolline.  
*Am.* Non datur ars jocandi — Inci-  
piam à postremo  
Termino Jocandi, qui est Terminus Hil-  
larii. Artem omitto, quia mos est ita  
facere.  
Datur est verbum; nam nunc dierum Res  
talis non est, quædam dicuntur dari  
propriè & simpliciter, sed hinc sensus  
verbi jam antiquatus est: alii verò im-  
propriè & secundum quid, ut Gradus  
in Academiâ, & in Collegiis —  
*Gn.* Omitte illud verbum; scimus quid  
velis.  
*Am.* Sed, ne erretis in hac re, dicam  
vobis, quid dandum sit, quid non,  
primum omnium dabitur mihi — si  
placeo — Manus vestras — sin mi-  
nus — Veniam. Dabitur Aulico no-  
va juramenta, nam fregit omnia ve-  
tera. Ad Cœlum enim ire ne cogitat  
quidem, quia audit paucos illic esse  
tonfores & sutores vestiarios, itaque  
nunquam oravit in totâ vitâ, tantum  
aliquando dixit Deo, se ejus servum  
esse ter humillimum. Et tamen odit  
Diabolum, quia Cornutus est, eoque  
similior illius Creditorum Civium. Se-  
cundò dabitur Puritanis verba; jam  
enim illis silentiū indicitur, siquando  
autem privatim prædicent, dabitur au-  
res vestras; nam suas amiserunt. Da-  
bitur Academicis —  
*Gn.* Nolo istud dici: ne quos ridere hic  
oportuit.  
Erubescant aliqui: satisfacisti officio tuo.  
Respondere tibi vellem, sed neminem in  
loco meo  
Extra unum novi, qui respondit nugis hu-  
jusce modi.  
Ascendat Opponens primus; Disputatio-  
nem in alium  
Differamus diem, nunc jam respondeas  
tantum breviter.  
Age; Spartam, quam nactus es, hanc or-  
na.



- Gel.* Faciam, sed numerata jocos meos, dum respondeam.
- Gno.* Pauperis est numerare pecus. Numerata hoc *Gelafime*,  
Obsecro, auditores ut in adversam partem ne rapiatis,  
Quod in hoc dignitatis gradu præter morem aliquando jocos.
- Am.* Si in eam partem peccas, facile te profecto condonabimus.  
Sed mihi crede, Doctissime Moderator, adhuc ab hac culpa liber es.
- Gn.* Doctissimum me vocat; non interficiam illum hodie.
- Gel.* Quoniam dandi regulas nobis dedisti. Ibi unus *Gnomice*,  
Est magnus jocus.
- Am.* Tam magnus herclè ut videri nequeat.
- Gel.* Pish! annon ludo in reduplicatone *q̃* Dare?
- Gn.* Est certè dimidia pars joci.
- Am.* Oh! ille, fortassè credidit, Dimidium plus toto esse.
- Gel.* Dii, Dæque, Superi, Inferi, Pessimis me exemplis perduint, nisi dicturus id eram  
Numerata *Gnomice* pro meo, Eripuit eum ex animo meo.
- Am.* Rectam herclè instas viam, ingeniosus ut fias,  
Si furaris, ego quæ dico.
- Pf.* Summi est ingeni,  
Si facere, nam tuo jam te jugulat gladio.  
Ibi ego etiam: pudet sanè me mutam stare  
Inter tot jocantes.
- Gel.* Sed repetamur à diverticulo:  
Dicam ergo tibi, quid dedit mihi rex *Macdonicus* —
- Am.* Quin pergis?
- Gel.* Quia jam te oportet dicere,  
Quid dedit tibi? pecuniam?
- Am.* Quid si nolim dicere?
- Tun' me coges?
- Gel.* Non, sed nisi detur Ansa, quis potest jocarier?
- Am.* Benè, si me oras, dicam, ne omnino coram hac fœminâ nobili Ignominiosè taceas.
- Gel.* Et ego sic respondeo:  
Pecuniam? non, non, non. Tergum vel pœnas dedit.
- Ibi duo joci *Gnomice*. Sed obiter hoc —  
Dixisti Artem jocandi non dari. Falsum! nam ars jocandi est  
Res ingeniosa, sed res ingeniosa datur; nam Crede mihi res est ingeniosa Dare.
- Am.* Caru' est hic jocus, nam tribus ab hinc petitur milliaribus.
- Concionatorem nunquam audiui, textum cum perdidit,  
(Ut sæpè fit) per tot circulos illū quæreretur.  
Walli in hunc planè modum ad suam scandunt originem.  
Ap Ars jocandi, Ap datur, Ap Res, Ap ingenium, Ap  
Crede mihi res est ingeniosa dare.
- Gel.* Onerabas deinde maledictis Aulicos; sed nimium rusticè,  
Iterum *Gnomice*; ob rusticitatem illum derideo,  
Est & elegans quædam antithesis inter Aulicos & rusticè.  
Quæ addidisti de Puritanis, intacta prætereo,  
Quoniam imitatus es illa quæ hodiè mane dixerim,  
Cum illos in Novam Angliam ire jussi, cætera  
Ex memoriâ aufugerunt.
- Pf.* Nequeo quin plaudam manibus.  
Atque ita omnes vellem, cum audiant quod placet, facere.
- Gn.* Satisfecisti officio tuo: ascendat *Morion*.  
*Mor.* Ità facio; quæso ut jocos meos numeres *Gnomice*.
- Am.* Hei! cum istis vestibis disputaturus venis?
- Carent Modo, & Figurâ. Nulla est Consequentia  
Inter earum partes.
- Mor.* An vestes meæ tibi nocent?
- Am.* Ità sane me terrebant modò, cum hic ascenderas.
- Mor.* Ha, ha, hæ! ut me vidit, hominem terrui; novit qui sim.  
Qui cum me audierit? Attendite, nunc incipio:  
In principio orationis tuæ habuisti aliquid de meis laudibus, sed  
Ego ingenuè fateor, me non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus.
- Am.* Egon' de tuis laudibus?
- Merito pol' me confutare possis, si habuisssem tale quid.
- Mor.* Pish! ego hoc suppono — itaque nunc pergo, numerata, *Gnomice*.  
Dixisti porrò aliquid de mari Philosophico.
- Am.* Quid? de mari Philosophico?
- At illud ego adhuc ne primoribus quidem labiis attigi.  
Sed si animum induxisti deridere Mare Philosophicum.  
Indulgebo tibi hanc veniam.
- Mor.* Non? tum hæc tua culpa' est *Gelafime*.



Annon dicebas, quod nunquam quisquam  
omitteret Mare Philosophicum?

*Am.* Ha, ha, hæ!

*Mor.* Ecquid me rident?

*Gno.* Perge *Morion*.

*Mor.* Pergat qui vult, si ridetis: ego satis  
feci officio meo.

Cætera ex memoriâ dilapsa sunt: Et sic  
desino.

*Gno.* Vos itaque cum meritis omnes di-  
mitto laudibus,

Et Vitulâ tu dignus & hic. *Arcades* ambo  
Et cantare pares, & respondere parati.

*Pf.* Deus bone! quam pulchrè vos om-  
nes processistis hodie,

Ego vobiscum ipsa disputabo vice proximâ.  
Doctissime Moderator vale, Dii tibi dent

quæ expetis.

*Gno.* Et longum formosa vale, vale in-  
quit *Iola*.

*Pf.* Tu *Gelasime*, sequere me sis domum,  
nam de arte *Isthac* est tibi

Quod sola soli dicam.

*Gel.* Beatus sum! libenter sequor.

Quantum Diis magis debeo, quod me tam  
lepidum fecerint!

*Pf.* *Amylio*, i præ, pish, omitte istas ce-  
remonias.

*Mor.* Ego illos comitabor, satis sum joca-  
tus hodie.

*Gno.* At ego intus me recipiam, bene ho-  
die fecimus. [Exeunt.]

Ite domum saturæ, venit *Hesperus*, ite *Ca-  
pellæ*. [Exit.]

## ACTUS QUINTUS.

### Scena Prima.

*Amylio, Dinon.*

*Am.* PRO certon' habes advenisse *Po-  
lyporum*?

*Din.* Siquidem quod vidi certum est.

Nisi fallant oculi.

*Am.* Mirum est ni fallant aliquando si  
sint tui,

Nam tu totus, quantus quantus, nihil nisi  
astutia es.

Sed ut placet, ubi vidisti? ecquid idoneus  
visus est,

Ex quo argentum eudimus? ha! numquid  
est tractabilis?

Utinam accepisset literas.

*Din.* Accepit jam in portu.

Et largus lacrymarum huc properat.

*Am.* Quis istud nosti?

*Din.* Ut vidi, suspenso gradu ibam, ad-  
stabam, comprimebam animam,

Atque ubi cepi animum attendere, sermo-  
nem hoc captavi modo.

Proin tu *Bombardomachidem* induas, ut ac-  
cipiamus hominem,

Hic esto; cum rogabit, ubi habet *Bom-  
bardomachides*?

Huc per posticum introducam illum tibi.

*Am.* At militi claves reddidi.

*Din.* Pish! sexcentæ sunt causæ quam  
obrem illas possis repetere.

Abi modo: sed enim captivis quid facie-  
mus? absunt perincommodè.

*Am.* Oh! dicam *Poliporo* tempus nunc  
non esse ut illos videat,

Et jubebo cras redeat: Satin' polita sunt  
hæc consilia?

O fors fortuna quam secundis rebus hanc  
mihi onerasti diem!

Abeamus mi charissime *Dinon*,

*Din.* O, mi suavissime *Amylio* abeamus.  
[Exeunt.]

### Scena Secunda.

*Gelasimus, Psecas, Morion.*

*Pf.* Viden' ergo quam possidui omnes  
res ingenio tuo?

Nam me in uxorem multi expetiverunt  
Principes,

Quos demisi, quia indocti erant, doloris  
compotes,

*Gel.* Dii me faciant quod volunt, nisi  
minu' gaudeam

De pollentia tua (nam & ipse in mea patria  
Sat dives & factiosus sum) quam quod hæ  
nuptiæ

Magno futuræ sint totius orbis commodo.

Namque ex te nostro quisquis suscipitur  
semine

Suis se dictis immortalis afficiet gloria,

Fietque Imperator jocorum optimus maxi-  
mus.

*Pf.* Cupio equidem Poetam parere.

*Gel.* Meâ fide paries.

Nam vagiebam ego metricè, & in lactis loco  
X 2 Heli-



Heliconis aquam luxi, tum autem in Par-  
nasso bicipiti

Sepiculè somniavi, sed, ut verum fatear  
Nulla mihi carmina tam facili Minervâ  
fluunt,

Quam Epigrammata aut Satyri, nam festi-  
vissimè

(Ut nosti) deridere homines soleo.

*Pf.* O Musas omnes!

Quam undiquaq; sententiis tuis intermiscēs  
facietas!

*Gel.* Ha, ha, hæ, animadvertistin' ? at  
peperci ego dicere,

De illis, ut experirer, utrum tute per te eos  
intelligeres.

*Pf.* Ah! nunquam Patris in me inimici-  
tias caperem

Tui causâ, nisi intelligerem probè ingeni-  
um tuum.

*Mor.* Colloquuntur familiariter, metuo  
ne præripiat mihi

Illius animûm, namq; amo illam plus vino  
& laccaro.

Et nisi me amet mutuò, abeat sanè in lo-  
cum

In carcere quod Tullianum appellatur.

*Gel.* Abeamus, mea Sappho,

Ut à sacerdote aliquo celebretur nobis ma-  
trimonium.

*Morion,* abi tu domum.

*Mor.* Ne me contempnim conteras;

Tam ego disputabam hodie, quam tu, pub-  
licitûs.

Et confutavi hominem.

*Pf.* Exemplis pessimis

Ludicator istum fruticem nisi hinc pro-  
perè avolet.

Oh superas! occidi, mortua sum! Pater  
huc venit, nos quæritans,

Et stricto gladio necem hic minatur omni-  
bus.

*Mor.* Oh, oh, non possum aspicere *Bom-  
bardomachidem.*

Nimio nimis ferox est, joculari mecum noluit  
modò.

*Gel.* Tam mortuû herclè sumus, quam  
mare est mortuum.

Ibi iterûm, velim, nolim, non reprimo me,  
quin jocer.

Nullumne hic latibulum est?

*Mor.* Oh! quæso ostendas aliquod,

In ipso foramine Acus nunc jam jacere po-  
teram,

Ecquem hic habes caseum? nam muris in-  
star optimè

In illo delitescerem.

*Gel.* Non, non, falsus es, *Morion,*

Nam tunc excedere latebras tuas. Ut illum  
derideo.

Hoc tanto in periculo!

*Pf.* Hei mihi! est intus dolium —

Ut contollit gradium! ut oculi virent ira-  
cundiâ! —

Illic si vis temet occultare.

*Mor.* Dolium? cedò sis, bona foemina:

Nunquam me pudebit à Diogene exem-  
plum sumere.

Utinam esset plenum, evacuarem mihi  
quam citissimè.

*Pf.* Sequere me, tibi mox prospiciam *Ge-  
lasime.* [*Ex. Pf. & Mor.*]

*Mor.* Ità, cum ego in tuto sim; dolium?  
magnifica pol domus est.

*Gel.* Oh! oh! audire visu' sum strepi-  
tum militis,

Tergum vel pœnas illi dabo; ut mihi Rex  
Macedonicus.

Oh! jam venit, scio; jacebo hîc, quasi es-  
sem mortuus;

Nolo saltem cernere fatum meum. [*recumb.*  
*Pfecas intrat.*]

*Pf.* Ha, ha, he!

*Gel.* Oh! adest!

*Pf.* *Gelasime*, surge, ne metuas malum.

*Gel.* Profectò, *Bombardomachides*, non  
dixi tuam filiam,

Neque unquam volui.

*Pf.* Quid?

*Gel.* Non: quæso, ne me jugules,

Memineris obsecro, jocularum Militarium,  
quos feci tibi,

Quin effeci insuper, Iambi ut incedant pe-  
de.

*Pf.* O Venus! ludos lepidos. Adspice  
ad me *Gelasime*, Pater non adest.

*Gel.* O mea Sappho! ubi est pater tuus?  
obsecro an venit?

*Pf.* Neque venturus est, ex composito  
hoc feci adeo.

Ut nobis sine *Morione* arbitro fierent nu-  
ptia.

*Gel.* Ha! scio hoc equidem, & ego etiam  
per industriam [*surgit.*]

Dissimulavi quasi essem timidus — sed,  
numnam in vado sumus? —

Annon dissimulabam lepidè? — certè ali-  
quid audio —

Non venit spero.

*Pf.* Ne time; sed festinato opus' est,

Ne tandem fortasse seriò nos pater oppri-  
mat.

*Gel.* Vera dicis; properemus mea Musa,  
mea Urania.

Ut te amo, mea Polyhymnie, mea Melpo-  
mene! [*Exeunt.*]



Scena Tertia.

*Æmylio (ornatu militis) Dinon, Polyporus.*

*Æm.* Intromittatur sino; fac pateat janua.

*Pol.* Tun' ille es Miles, arte tam insignis duellicâ?

*Æm.* Periphrasim veram nominis dicis mei.

*Pol.* Si is es, filium cepisti meum.

*Æm.* Si filium cepi tuum, captivo Pater es meo.

*Pol.* Huc itaque eâ gratiâ veni tibi, Illorum uti pro capitibus pecuniam duim, Oro igitur me absolvas quam primum poteris,

Nec mora in te sit sita, quin pretium auferas.

Cupio videre ipsos; & complecti miseros, Tam Pater capto sum, quam dudum fui libero.

*Æm.* Nunc aliqui me expectent reges: cras redeas licet.

*Pol.* Cras illud, Patri filium querenti annus est.

*Bom.* Oculisne claves obviam fiunt tuis? [Intus.]

*Cal. p.* Nisi jam reperiant, effringantur foribus cardines, [Intus.]

Ne mora Exorcistæ objecta sit, cum huc advenerit.

*Bom.* Edico jam nunc foribus bellum meis.

Posthæc ut istum timeant, efficiam, pedem.

*Bombard. frangit fores.*

*Æm.* Occisissimi sumus Dinon; Heus! quis est ad fores?

Scena Quarta.

*Bombardomachides, Calliphanes P. Æmylio, Dinon, Poliporus, Bombard. Servi.*

*Bom.* Oh! spectra cerno? ludit an oculos meos

Imago fallax? non possum pergere Iambicé,

Ita validè timeo.

*Cal. p.* Ha! quid est? quid tremis adeo?

*Bom.* Me frigus, haud formido, ut tremam facit.

*Æm.* Dinon, in te spes omnis vertitur, sis Dæmon iterum,

Representari salus nostra non aliter potest.

*Din.* Ne desponde animum, pulchrè homines vorfabimus.

*Cal. p.* Nihil adhuc video—hum—Leopardus, rediit, ipse est Leopardus quem conspexi prius.

*Din.* Oh, ho, o, ho, urite, fundite, tundite, cadite, vertite domum, ho, ho, fundite, tundite domum.

*Pol.* Quænam hæc deliramenta? suntne atrâ bile perciti?

*Din.* Πολλὰ δ' ἀναστα, κάταντα, πάραυτά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἥλδον.

*Æm.* Φεικτὰ δεσποτικῶν ἐδούλετο φίλα γέντων.

*Pol.* Quicquid sit, aut hi homines infaniunt validè, Aut aliquid nostri subest, quâ fugere infestam viâ?

*Bom.* Oh! quæso bone Dæmon ne accedas adeo, oh!

*Pol.* Men' quæris? obsecro, Recedas, tecum nihil negoti est mihi. Oh! quæso,

*Din.* Πολλὰ δ' ἀναστα κάταντα,

*Æm.* πάραυτά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἥλδον.

*Cal. p.* Oh! metuo malè ne me persequantur Dæmones,

Quia ad nuptias injustitiâ meâ coegi filium.

*Bom.* Mallem in mediâ acie, quam hic stare loci.

Utinam — (quid faciam?) utinam essem jam nunc mortuus,

Sed mori non possum.

*Pol.* Proculdubio istud somnium est. Ita res hæc me dubium dat, ut quis sim, aut ubi, nesciam.

*Bom.* Claudam herclè oculos, videre non sustineo.

*Din.* Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capiam, rapiam, fundam, tundam omnes illico.

*Bom.* Immò non timeo, video profectò nihil.

*Cal. p.* Nihil? cæcus est Bombardomachides? accipe sis specularia.

[Bombard. manus extendens fortè tiaram Æmylionis dejicit]

*Æm.* Πολυφραστικὸν θαλάσσης.

*Bom.* Oh!

*Æm.* O Dinon, acta res est: emergere hinc non potest.

*Bom.* Servulne noster? facinus indignum & grave!

Jupiter, omni parte violentum intona: Iaculare flammæ, lumen ereptum polo

Fulminibus exple — jam possum iterum Iambicé.

*Cal. p.* Proh Deos! siccin' te servus pro delectamento usu' est?

Arripiant aliqui sublimem, & extinguant illi animam.

Tun'



Tun' (scelus) pro arbitrio nos terras se-  
nes?

Bom. Terrere me non potuit, timui ni-  
hil.

Cal. p. Non sum compos animi, ita in-  
cendor iracundiâ.

Itane istud patere Bombardomachides? occi-  
de eos.

Bom. De fine pœnæ loqueris, ego pœnam  
volo.

Ardeo furore: tam diu car innocens  
Hos versor inter? tota jam ante oculos  
meos

Imago cædis errat.

Din. O! dii te perdant Amylio.

Am. Quin, quod ferendum est fera-  
mus æquo animo,

Video non licere quicquam jam pertendere.

Pol. Frustrationes ego istas mirari satis  
nequeo.

Heus; estne miles hic Bombardomachides?

Bom. Men' ergo nescis? Ipse Bombardo-  
machides sum (in versu sequenti.)

Pol. Paratus es meum mihi jam filium  
reddere?

Bom. Quem habeo filium reddam, sed  
nullum habeo.

Pol. Quæ te mala crux agitat autem?  
hem Literas tuas

Quas in portu accepi modò.

Bom. Ha! Dux Bombardomachides?

Amylio scripsit istud: O ingens scelus!

Incertus, atrox, mente non sanâ feror

Partes in omnes; unde me ulcisci queam?

[Verbera Dinonem & ejus  
barbam arripit.

Din. Oh! obsecro te.

Pol. O Dii boni! quid ego video? Dino-  
nem servum?

Hem! Dinon! quid hic agis? ubi filius  
meu' st?

Din. Amylio, quid faciam in his angu-  
stis? confitebor omnia.

Am. Suspende te, si vis: Dii iratis  
natu' sum.

Cal. p. Hi homines ingentem aliquam  
adornarunt fabricam.

Articulatim te concedit hic servus tuus.

Quantum adhuc video: faxo confiteantur  
omnia,

Heus Lorarii! quis intus est? Lorarii in-  
quam!

Pol. Immò depositâ veste se verberibus  
impleant invicem.

Donec omnia exquisivimus, ut lubitum' st  
nobis.

Bom. Locutus es, non malè, fiet modò.  
Adeste servi, Dominus hoc vester jubet.

[Ingrad. Lorarii.

Am. Strenuum me præbebo hominem;  
scapularum mihi Sat magna confiden-  
tia est. Dinon, bono animo es.

Din. Quin Stoicus, inquam sum, dolorem  
nunquam sentio.

Moriemur, sat scio; si præter spem quid  
evenit

In lucro deputabo esse.

Bom. Audin' serve?

Flagella fac sint nobis in promptu duo.

[Exit servus & redit cum flagellis.

Cal. p. Interea quod est temporis, tu de-  
me illis diploides.

Ha! statuæ verberæ, nos vetulos habetis  
ludibrio? [ponunt diploid.

Am. Aliud cura, Carnutex; non pos-  
sum ego hoc exuere! [ad lorarium.

Vapulare herclè nolo in generosis meis ve-  
stibus,

Scio ego, quid sit vapulare.

Din. O miram rem! Scientia talis,

Dicenda est sola liberalis.

Satin' Amylio fortiter?

Bom. Ridetis? at mox flumen ex oculis  
cadet

Cal. p. Hem! da flagella illis in manus  
oculus.

Nisi pœnas de se strenuè sumant invicem.  
Quasi incudem cadas illos: ac pugnis one-  
res.

Din. Video necesse esse, ut exerceamus  
nosmet.

Age, incipiamus mea Commoditas.

Am. Mea opportunitas incipiamus.

Din. Tu nebulo major es. tibi herclè lo-  
cum cedo.

Cal. p. Ludunt herclè; heus Lorarii, fa-  
cite ut pugni in malis hæreant.

Ad mortem vos ambos darem, si essetis mei.

Am. Quin abi in malam rem; nil ope-  
râ opus tuâ est. [ad Lorarium.

Annon Dinon satis idoneus viuu' st, qui me  
verberet?

Din. Hem tibi, mi Alter idem!

Am. Meus bonus Genius!

[Se vicibus flagellant.

Din. Meus Pilades!

Am. Orestes meus!

Bom. Hæc verberandi mihi sat methodus  
placet,

Tam similis est bello.

Cal. p. Fecistis probè.

Cessate paululum, exquire nunc jam, quid-  
vis.

Pol. Quid filio factum est meo, cum Tu-  
tore ejus & Gelasimo?

Din. Emunximus illos mucidos; & ar-  
gumentum effecimus.

Am.



*Am.* Et vestes, viden' ornatum Morionis tui?  
 Me multò decent magis.  
*Pol.* O frontes hominum!  
*Din.* Dicam omnia; animum advortite nam fabula lepidissima'st,  
 Primum omnium, appoti probè ut obdormirent, fecimus.  
*Am.* Dem vestes Morionis panis commutavi meis.  
*Din.* Dein, quasi captivos, in vinclis hìc habuimus.  
*Din.* Dein Scripsimus Epistolam, te ut vorlarem in super.  
*Din.* Dein Spectris fictis *Bombardomachidem* perterrefecimus.  
*Bom.* Egone vana ut spectra timerem scelus!  
 Adesse vel jam dæmonum turbam velim.  
*Pol.* O impudentiam! O mores! quid ego de vobis tantum merui?  
*Am.* Ha, ha! homo suavis! nos ut parceremus tibi?  
 Cum bardum genuisti, sapientum id fecisti gratiâ.  
 Stultus est Commune Bonum.  
*Cal. P.* Obstupeſco! ita hæc res mira'st.  
*Din.* Immò nihil jam celabo, nolo, *Æmylio*,  
 Ex istis technis tibi melius sit, quam mihi. *Eucomissa* —  
*Am.* *Dinon*! ô scelestum caput!  
 [flagellat.]  
*Bom.* Muttiren' audes? pisce sis mutus magis.  
*Din.* *Æmylioni* nupsit hodiè, & Dii vortant feliciter.  
*Bom.* Quid rangit aurem: ferte me insanae procul,  
 Illo procellæ ferte, quo ferter dies  
 Hinc raptus, ô, quis filiam ostendet mihi,  
 Longinqua, clausa, abstrusa, diversa, invia  
 Emetiemur, nullus obſtabit locus.  
 [Exit *Bombard.*]  
*Am.* Nunc demum perii solidè, hoc durum in corde est mihi,  
 Quod mei gratiâ, *Eucomissæ* pejus erit,  
 Præterquam, quod carendum est illa, nil adhuc doleo.  
*Cal. P.* Si effet mea, omnem de illâ animum  
 Ejicerem Patris, & alienarum miseram à familiâ.  
 Si filius meus ad hunc modum — sed non vult, aut si cuperet maximè,  
 Captare consilii nil posset, quin olfacerem prius.  
*Din.* Immò Ille proculdubiò his noxiis vacuus'st.

Nihil in se culpæ unquam commisit, Tantum,  
 Præter imperium tuum, & præterquam jussisti sedulò,  
*Æglen* hodie duxit.  
*Cal. P.* *Æglen*? non potest fieri.  
 Non, non, non audet: quicquid sit, videbo tamen.  
 Si verum est, statim cum uxore quatiatur foras. [Exit.]  
*Am.* Quicumque sis, peregrine, nolo precator mihi  
 Orare ut fies, nam adversus isthæc obfirmavi mala,  
 Sed ut pacem *Eucomissæ* conciliares ab ejus Patre  
 Id oro, atque obsecro: age, etsi parum de te meruerim,  
 Popularis tuus sum.  
*Pol.* Meus?  
*Am.* Siquidem es Anglus patriâ.  
*Pol.* Quî istud factum est, hic ut servitutem servias?  
*Am.* Fortunæ ædipol, vitio, nam prognatus patre  
 Mercatore sum ditissimo, sed sic fors tulit  
 Cum sorore simul parvulâ hic ut me caperet parvulum.  
*Pol.* Hei mihi!  
*Am.* Quid lacrymas obsecro? istud me decet magis.  
*Pol.* Quia miseras mihi meas hoc dicto in memoriam redigis.  
 Nam filiolum ego etiam cum fratre unâ perdidit.  
 Ubi capti estis?  
*Am.* In navi, cum in Hispaniam transmisit Pater.  
 Mercaturæ operam dans, ac rei studens.  
*Pol.* Quodnam erat navi signum?  
*Am.* Castor & Pollux.  
*Pol.* Dii boni, quo magis quæro, eò plus plusque convenit.  
 Si est, ut hæc mihi res indicium facit,  
 Omnium, qui sunt in terrâ, sum beatissimus.  
 Quot annis abhinc?  
*Am.* Mense proximo erunt octodecim.  
*Pol.* Dii memet ex re perditâ servatum volunt.  
 Si isthæc vera sunt, non dubito quin sis meus.  
 Cæterum adest Miles, ille me certiolem faciet.

Scena Quinta.

*Bombard. Cal. P. Cal. F. Eucomissa, Ægle.*  
*Cal. P.* Quin exi, flagitium hominis, cum uxore triveneficâ,  
 Faxo, si vita mihi superet, istius obſaturabere.  
*Æg.*



*Ag.* Obsecro prolixè senex, uti quod te habet malè,

In me totum evomas; cum illo modò in gratiam redeas.

Mea omnis culpa est; Ille abs te innoxius, Per Deos mea est.

*Cal. F.* Non, non, cave illicredas Pater, Tuam in me iram derivari multò æquius. Blanditiis istam meis conjeci invitam in nuptias.

*Pol.* Accommoda mihi miles paululum aures tuas, Nisi sit molestum.

*Bom.* Uruntur irâ fibræ, & exardet jecur, Uruntur inquam; loquere at quidvis tamen.

*Eu.* O *Amylio*! huncce in modum celebrantur nuptiæ?

Vereor ne eodem fiam vidua quo die nupta sum.

*Am.* Habe modo bonum animum, mea Vita, tibi nil faciet mali.

Meamque ne doleas, vicem, nam Deos testor,

Si unâ hâc nocte cubuissem in complexu tuo.

Cras illud esset, cum me vellem interfici, Nè ulla unquam ægritudo contaminaret illud gaudium.

Sed meliore in loco, diis gratias, spes fita est mea.

*Pol.* Immò omnem mihi rem explicatam dedisti pulchre.

Inseparate Fili, salve, Cum hic te conspicio; quam superat mihi Atque abundat latitiâ pectus ubi soror tua est?

*Am.* Eccam ipsam, mi pater charissime! amcenitates quantas

Hic mihi dies obtulit! *Pol.* Jam, virgo mea es.

Ha, ha! filium & filiam? ha, h! lacrymo gaudio.

Et tam liberaliter educatos! quis me felicior?

Age miles, face te lubentem filiae nuptiis.

*Bom.* Nil jam negabo, cuncta concedo senex,

Quoniâmq; natam duxit, ut ducat volo.

*Am.* Audin' *Eucomissa*? iterum mihi natus videor.

*Eu.* Et ego iterum nupta; ô mi *Amylio*.

*Cal. p.* Quam suo mihi hic sermone arexit aures!

Fili, quoniam istam virginem tam misere deperis,

Difficultas à me non erit, quin pro uxore habeas.

*Cal. f.* Reverà mihi pater es, & diis ipsis proximus.

*Din.* Tot inter gaudia, ut video, vapulandum est mihi.

*Amylio*, volo te de communi re appellare mea, & tuâ.

Meministin' quo ornatu te primum inveni-

merim, Meâ profectò operâ hæc omnia evenerunt tibi.

*Am.* Fœneratò hanc mihi operam locasti, *Dinon*,

Nam mecum semper vives, suppeditabo ego tibi sumptibus.

*Din.* O mea Commoditas! meus bonus Genius!

*Am.* Meruisti herculè; Nam vel modo, mea opportunitas, quam me verberasti strenue!

*Din.* Meruisti herculè. Ego vel iterum, mi *Amylio*,

Voluptatis tuæ causâ, defessus verberando fierem.

*Am.* Sed obsecro, mi Pater, an *Morion*, meus frater est?

*Pol.* Nihil minus; nam cum vosmet infortunatus perdidi;

Ne prorsus viderer ortus, recens natum servi mei puerum

Pro meo sustuli; is hic est, quem vidistis, *Morion*.

### Scena Sexta.

*Gelasimus, Psecas.*

Sed quem ego video? *Gelasimum*, amicum *Morionis* mei?

*Gelasime* salve.

*Gel.* O *Polypore* salve: nescis quam beatus ego sum!

Ubi est *Bombardomachides*?

*Pf.* illic; non vides?

*Gel.* Hic non est ille *Bombardomachides*, ad quem me insinuavi callidè.

*Pf.* Pish, credin' me ignorare patrem meum, quis fiet?

*Gel.* Non, non; filius tuus *Gelasimus*, hic flexo poplite

Ut tibi benedicas, obsecrat, atque ut nuptiis suis.

*Bom.* Ex ore quid vedit tuo? Tun' filius meus?

*Gel.* Fortassis hoc me credis per jocum dicere,

Quia joculari semper soleo; sed profectò loquor seriò.

Detrahe velum, mea Musa: hem! nostin' filiam tuam?

*Om.*



*Om.* Ha, ha, hæ.  
*Pf.* Immò ne admiremini,  
 Ego nupli isti Afino, sed præceptis meis,  
 Efficiam brevi, ut moratus sit sat bene.  
*Eucomissa* salve, jam sum ejusdem tecum  
 ordinis,  
 Colloquemur inter nosmet amicè, & ca-  
 piemus consilium,  
 Quid maritis faciundum sit, servire si no-  
 lint nobis.  
*Gel.* Tun' negas filiam tuam hanc esse?  
*Om.* Ha, ha, hæ.  
*Gel.* Quid (malum) ridetis? nullum  
 hic dixi jocum.  
*Em.* *Gelafime*, da hoc etiam pugillari-  
 bus tuis.  
 Os mihi callidè sublitum est quarto Non.  
 Feb.  
*Gel.* Nolo sic me rideant; immò, quæ  
 fit, satis novi.  
 Egon' ut filiam tuam in uxorem acciperem?  
 Vah! ista ingeniosa est, hoc sufficit mihi.  
 Facetissimè à me amovi istud dedecus.  
*Mor.* Oh! non possum recipere animam.  
 quæso bona scemina. [*intus*]  
*Em.* Ha! quid hoc?  
*Pf.* Inter tot nuptias  
 Ne desit vinum, donabo vos pleno dolio.  
 [*Exit.*]  
*Cal. p.* Frustrationes ego tantas, & tam  
 miras res.  
 Nullâ me vidisse unquam in Comœdiâ  
 memini.  
 Ha! quid fit tandem?

Scena Septima.

*Pfecas, Morion in dolio.*

*Pf.* Hem! vobis vinum meum!  
*Mor.* Non, non, ego non sum vinum.  
 [*in dol.*] [*Exit.*]  
 Ha! quosnam hic video? ego iterum intus  
 me recipiam. [*ingred. iterum.*]  
*Gel.* Exi, exi inquam, *Diogenes*, ô *Mori-*  
*on*, ut ego te derideo!  
*Mor.* Videon' ego patrem meum? ô,  
 pater, tun' hic aderas?

Ego ingeniosus factus sum in his regionibus.  
 Jocari homines doceo. *Pol.* Posthâc ne me  
 Patrem vocites.  
 Nam servus meus es, quem adhuc pro filio  
 sustuli.  
*Mor.* O! tu me non nosti fortassis in  
 his vestibus.  
 Ego sum profectò *Morion*: roga *Gelaf-*  
*imum*.  
 Nos hic Captivi sumus. *Pol.* Non, non  
 jam estis liberi.  
 Sed meus, per Deos, non es, te ad patrem  
 tuum,  
 Adducam iterum, cum in Angliam trans-  
 misimus.

Scena Octava.

*Gnomicus.*

*Gel.* O Tutor! mira hic profectò eve-  
 nerunt hodiè,  
 Omnia intus scies, tu verò Tutor, & *Mo-*  
*rion*,  
 Mundum omnem jocularum colligite, nam  
 in Angliam mecum redibitis,  
 Atque illic Cantabrigiæ istam aperiemus  
 Scholam.  
 Emptores jocosum ibi habitant quamplu-  
 rimi.  
*Mor.* Rectè; tum pater si nolis esse, ne  
 sis amplius mihi.  
 Tutor, ego non sum filius *Polypori* natu  
 Maximus.  
*Gn.* Enim verò, ut ait Comicus, Dii nos  
 homines quasi pilas habent.  
*Cal. p.* Intereâ ad me omnes introite ad  
 prandium,  
 Frugaliter vos accipiam.  
*Gn.* Consilium placet.  
 Siqui nunc harum rerum Spectatores ad-  
 sient  
 Cum Poeta illis dicerem. Valetè, & plau-  
 dite.  
 Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata bibe-  
 runt,  
 Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidia.



---

# EPILOGUS.

**H**abet ; peracta est fabula ; nil restat denique :  
Nisi ut vos valere jubeam ; quod ut fiat mutuo  
Valere & nos etiam jubeatis precor,  
Naufragium sic non erit ; nam vobis, si placuimus,  
Ut acutissime observat Gnomicus, Vir admirabilis,  
Jam nunc in vado sumus cum Proverbio.

*Inter*



---

*Inter Musas Cantabrigienses extant Carmina sequentia  
ab Auctore A. COWLEY conscripta, quæ ne deper-  
dantur dum in Chartulis latitant, his adnectere visum est.*

---

*De felici partu Reginae Mariæ.*

**D**Um more antiquo jejunia festa coluntur,  
Et populum pascit relligiosa fames;  
Quinta beat nostram soboles formosa Mariam;  
Penè iterum nobis, læte December, ades.  
Ite, quibus lusum Bacchusque Cerèsque ministrant,  
Et risum vitis lachryma rubra movet.  
Nos sine lætitiæ strepitu, sine murmure læti:  
Ipsa dies novit vix sibi verba dari.  
Cum corda arcanâ saltant festiva choreâ,  
Cur pede vel tellus trita frequente sonet?  
Quidve bibat Regi, quam perdit turba, salutem?  
Sint mea pro tanto sobria vota viro.  
Crede mihi, non sunt, non sunt ea gaudia vera,  
Quæ fiunt pompâ gaudia vera suâ.

Vicisti tandem, vicisti, casta Maria;  
Cedit de sexu Carolus ipse suo.  
A te sic vinci magnus quàm gaudeat ille!  
Vix hostes tanti vel superâsse fuit.  
Jam tua plûs vivit pictura; at proxima fiet  
Regis, & in methodo te peperisse juvat.  
O bona conjugii concors discordia vestri!  
O sancta hæc inter jurgia verus amor!  
Non Caroli puro respirans vultus in auro  
Tam populo (& notum est quàm placet ille) placet.  
Da veniam, hîc omnes nimium quòd simus avari;  
Da veniam, hîc animos quòd satiare nequis.  
Cumque (sed ô nostris fiat lux serior annis)  
In currum ascendas læta per astra tuum,  
Natorum in facie tua viva & mollis imago  
Non minùs in terris, quàm tua sculpta, regat.



*Ob paciferum Serenissimi Regis CAROLI è Scotia reditum.*

**E**Rgò redis, multa frontem redimitus Oliva,  
Captivæq; ingens laurea pacis adest.  
Vicerunt alii bellis & Marte cruento;  
Carole, Tu solus vincere bella potes.  
Te sequitur volucris mitis Victoria penna,  
Et Famæ pennas prævenit ipsa suæ.  
Te voluere sequi convulsis Orcades undis,  
Sed retinent fixos frigora sæva pedes.  
Te propè viderunt, ô terris major Apollo,  
Nascentem, & Delo plus licuisse dolent.  
Tanta decent Carolum rerum miracula? Tecum,  
Si pelago redeas, Insula navis eat.  
Si terra, vestri comitentur plaustra Bootæ;  
Sed rota tarda gelu, sed nimis ipse piger.  
Compositam placidè jam lætus despicit Arcton,  
Horrentesque novo lumine adornat equos.  
Ah! nunquam rubeat civili sanguine Tueda,  
Nec petat attonitum decolor unda mare!  
Calisto in vetitum potiùs descenderet æquor,  
Quàm vellent tantum mœsta videre nefas.  
Convenisse feris inter se noverat Urfis,  
Et generi ingenium mitius esse suo.  
Nos gens una sumus; De Scoti nomine & Angli  
Grammatici soli prælia rauca gerant.  
Tam bene cognatos compescit Carolus enses,  
Et pacem populis fundit ab ore suis.  
Hæc illi laudem virtus immensa minorem  
Eripuit; nunquam bella videre potest.  
Sic gladios solvit vaginis Fulgur in ipsis;  
Effectûque potest vix priùs ire suo.  
Sic vigil æterno regnator Phœbus Olympo  
Circumfert subitam, quæ volat ipse, diem.  
Nil illi prodest stellarum Exercitus ingens;  
Ut possit tenebras pellere, solus adest.

F I N I S.



The Third Part  
OF THE  
WORKS

OF  
M<sup>r</sup> 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.*

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*With a Necessary* INDEX.

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The Second Edition.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for CHARLES HARPER, at the *Flower-de-luce* over-against  
St. Dunstan's Church in *Fleet-street*. MDCC.



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OF THE  
WORKS  
OF  
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BEING

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St. Dunstons Church in Fleet Street. M D C C.



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To his G R A C E

# CHARLES

## Duke of

# SOMERSET.

My LORD,



Dare appeal to that Learned University, that at present enjoys the Honor of being under Your Grace's Patronage, to justifie me in presenting these Remains of their ever Celebrated COWLEY to Your Grace's 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 Grace's 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 prov'd too mean an Offering for your Grace's 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 approv'd 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 allow'd me in ascribing this Version to the Illustrious Duke of SOMERSET. I dare not attempt your Grace's Character, which would have been a proportion'd 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 Courtesie,



---

*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 behalf  
of my Fellow-Undertakers) to entitle Your Grace  
to the Version of this Latin Volume, 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 perform'd to the best of the Latin  
Poets, it might confidently take Sanctuary under  
Your Grace's Name. However I may conclude my  
self safer in this Translation than in any Original  
which I was capable of designing. I propos'd, in  
setting forward this Work, that every English Man,  
as far as was possible, should be Master of their be-  
loved 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 myself with all sincerity,*

**Your G R A C E's**

**Most Devoted Humble Servant,**

**a**

**N. TATE.**



the, as have even in your glowing Year's preface  
you an universal Love and Admiration. It is upon  
these Accounts that the Master claims a Share in your  
Favour. It has in all times been the Province of  
the most ready to patronize Wit and Learning.

Caracter and a quibus carmine dignus.

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Yours Grace's

Most Devoted Humble Servant

N. Tate.



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# TO THE READER.

**B**Eing obliged before we speak of this Translation, to give some prefatory account of the Original; it will be necessary to resume what has been deliver'd 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 chuſing 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 ſettled 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 had 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 Honour 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 Valour 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 sinant 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 obliged 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 confined 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 Topics for his Wit, and Instances of amiable Variety. He had the Judgment to perceive, that where the Subjects he was to treat of in his 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 fasten'd 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 manag'd 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 indu'd 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 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 Author's 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 surprizing 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 Gardener, whom our Author fancies to have enter'd 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 Commonwealth 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



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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 determine for the Salvage 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 this last Book, which yet seems to top upon the rest, is described to our Hands in the forementioned Preface, where the impartial Reader may judg if *Virgil* himself has better designed for the Glory of *Rome* and *Augustus*, 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 Author's 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.



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# THE Author's Preface

To his Two first BOOKS of

## PLANTS,

Published before the rest.

**C**Onsidering 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 banished from the Muses Territories, I wonder'd 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 despair'd 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 declin'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 Stile; In the Choice whereof I have not much



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 extracted. 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 chosen to put them together which had Affinity in Nature, that might create a Disgust for want of Variety; I rather connected 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 endued them, (who studies what is best to be done, not what is most capable of verbal Ornaments) but to have feigned those Qualities which would afford the greatest Matter for Pomp and empty Pleasure. For, because Poets are sometimes allow'd to make Fictions, and some have too excessively abus'd 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 compared 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 mentioned 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 consulted them.

Having given you this Account, if any shall light upon this Book who have read my former, published 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 myself 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 Laziness and Despondency of reaching home, or possess'd with some new Frenzy, have startled 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. Tet with what Spirit, what Voice threatning 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 apply'd 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 Tiresomness, 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, tho 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 Agesilaus of old, who thought he had 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 employ'd 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 human 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 Irsomness of the 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 exolute 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 drery 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 re-trenched your Wings: You are fasten'd 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, Who brings forth grass upon the mountains, and herbs for the use of man, Psalm cxli. ver. 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. ch. iii. v. 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 Poet's Right) to close my Epistle therewith; they were written to a learned and most ingenious Friend, who labour'd under the very same Distemper, tho not with the same dangerous Symptoms.

More Poetry! You'll cry, dost thou return,  
Fond Man, to the Disease thou hast forsworn?  
'T has reach'd thy Marrow, seiz'd thy inmost Sense,  
And Force nor Reason cannot draw it thence:  
Think'st 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 the 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 Rhimes let fall;  
Which, in the Transport of my frenetic Fit,  
I throw like Stones at the next Man I meet:  
Evn thee my Friend, Apollo like, I wound,  
The Arrows fly, the String and Bow resound.  
What Methods can'st 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 should 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,) *I had*  
Sett'st into Rhime, and dost thy Muse caress,  
In learn'd Conceits, and harmless Wantonness.  
'Tis therefore just thou should'st 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 EPITAPH upon himself  
yet alive, but withdrawn from the busie  
World to a Country-Life; to be sup-  
posed written on his House.

**H**ere Passenger, beneath this Shed  
Lies COWLEY, tho' 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



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The EPI T A P H in the Frontispiece of  
this Book transcrib'd from the Author's  
Tomb in *Westminster-Abby*, attempted in  
English.

Here under lies

A B R A H A M C O W L E Y,

The P I N D A R, H O R A C E, and V I R G I L

Of the English Nation.

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

*Anima dum volu-  
bit sua scripta per-  
stare, et famam  
et laudem æternam  
sequi.*

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.

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THE



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The Translation of Mr. COWLEY'S Six  
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# OF PLANTS.

## BOOK I.

**L**ife's *lowest*, but far *greatest* Sphere, I sing,  
Of all things, that adorn the gaudy 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 Sire's 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.

Tho I the Oaks vivacious Age shou'd live,  
I ne'er 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 join,  
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.

When thee to \* *Colchis* the gilt Ram conveys,  
And the warm'd North rejoices in thy Rays.

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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.

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.

\* When the  
Sun enters *A-*  
*ries*, i. e. in  
*March*. *Colchis*  
is a Northern  
Region near  
the Black Sea,  
whence the  
Ram with the  
Golden Fleece  
was said to be  
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 *Bet'ny*! 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' *Hercynian* Woods as well,  
Or Roses, that in *Pæstum* grow, may tell.

† *Antoninus*  
*Musa*, Physician  
an 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 Conq'ress! do so now.

### B E T O N Y.

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.

\* *Betony* is hot  
and dry in the  
second degree.  
Wine or Vine-  
gar impregna-  
ted with it, is  
excellent for  
the Stomach  
and Sight. The  
Smell of it a-  
lone refreshes  
the Brain. 'Tis  
an Italian Pro-  
verb, *He has*  
*as many Vir-*  
*tues as Betony*,  
i. e. innume-  
rable.

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

Some



Some parts the *Palfie* oft of *Sense* deprives  
 And *Motion*, (strange Effect!) one side survives  
 The other. This *Mezentius* Fury quite  
 Out-does; in this Disease dead Limbs unite  
 With live ones. Some with *Lethargy* oppress'd  
 Under Death's weight seem fatally to rest.  
 Ah! Life, thou art Death's Image, but that Thee  
 In nought resembles but 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 heav'nly 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, sawcy Grievs that part molest)  
 Me *Phæbus* bad, by constant War restrain;  
 Saying, "My Kingdom (Child!) see you maintain.  
 And strait he gave me Arms well-forg'd from Heav'n,  
 Like those t' *Aeneas* or *Achilles* giv'n.

One wondrous Leaf he wisely did create  
 'Gainst all the Darts of Sicknefs and of Fate,  
 And into that a sovereign mystick Juice,  
 With subtil 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' inferiour Limbs will own;  
 I'm guiltless. || When the Lungs with Phlegm oppress'd  
 Want Air to fan the Heart, and cool the Breast,  
 A fainty Cough strives to expel the Foe,  
 But seeks the Help of pow'rful Med'cines 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.

Fernel.

Virg. Æn.

\* *Betony* is  
 drank as a Re-  
 medy against  
 Madnefs, *Plin.*  
*lib. 26, 11.*

† This is ac-  
 cording to Dr.  
*Gliffon's* Opin-  
 ion, which see  
 in *L. de Ana-*  
*tomia hepatis.*  
 And *Plin. ut*  
*supra.*

|| Concerning  
 these Diseases  
 helpt by *Beto-*  
*ny*, see *Pliny*  
 and *Fernelius*.



See *Plin. l. 26*, I likewise stop the Current, when the Blood  
19. 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.

*Fernel.* Womens Conceptions I corroborate,  
And let no Births their time anticipate.

But in the sacred time of Labour I  
The careful Midwives hands with help supply.

\* It is every where made use of against the Gout and Sciatica. † *Berony* is said to have so great a Virtue against Serpents, that if they are enclosed in a circle made thereof, they'll lash themselves to death. *Plin. l. 25, 8.*  
\* The lazy Gout my Virtue swiftly thuns,  
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 the Marrow flies,  
And of a secret Wound the Adder dies.

So *Phæbus*, I suppose, the *Python* slew,  
And with my Juice his Arrows did imbrue.

From every Limb all kinds of Ach and Pain  
I banish, never to return again,

The wearied Clown I with new Vigour bless,  
And Pains as pleasant make as Idleness.

Nor do I only Life's Fatigue relieve,  
But 'tis adorn'd with what I freely give.

I make the Colour of the Blood more bright,  
|| 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 Honour when she bore  
Trajan to rule the World, and to restore

Rome's 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.

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.

\* From the likeness of their Leaves. † Alluding to the Name.  
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 Love's 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, whoe'er thou art,  
(If thou'rt in Love) to me perform thy part.  
Keep thy Hair florid, and let dangling toils  
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 Heav'nly Name-fakes Friend)  
Tho I am modest, and content to go  
In simple Weeds, that make no gaudy show;  
\* For I am cloth'd, as when I first was born,  
No painted Flowers 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 a 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 Mien  
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 Humours 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 them they,  
Like Monsters fell, in brackish 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.

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, *Prolemy* was highly enraged, till one *Conon*, a Mathematician, made it out to him, that it was transfer'd to Heaven, and there made a Constellation of seven Stars near the *Lion's Tail*; which still bears this name.

|| The Name it bears, because it tinges the Hair, and is to this boil'd in Wine with Parsly seed, and plenty of Oil, which renders the Hair thick and curling, and keeps it from falling. *Plin. l. 22, 21.*

† Being called in Latin *Capillus Veneris*.

\* 'Tis always green, but never flowers. It delights in dry places, and is green in Summer, but withers not in Winter. *Plin.*

† It forces Urine, is good against the Dropsie, Stranguy &c. *Plin.*

|| The Wife of *Prolemy* *Euergetes*, who having vowed, if



## S A G E.

The Virtues of Sage are highly celebrated by all Authors; particularly the Writers of *Schola Salernitana*, who may be consulted. It is hot in the

first, and dry in the second degree; it is easily astringent, and stays Bleeding. It strengthens the Stomach and Brain, and rouses a dull Appetite; but its peculiar Faculty is to corroborate the Nerves, and to oppose all Diseases incident to 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* do't recreate,  
Her Daughter Muses ought to celebrate,  
Nor shalt thou e'er complain that they're ungrate.

} The Memory.

High on a Mount the Soul's 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 ally'd.

Here the grand Council's held; hence to and fro

The Spirits scout to see what News below.

Busy as Bees, through every part they run.

Thick as the Rays stream from the glitt'ring 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 Labour 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 Drowsiness 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 ruined Fabrick shakes.

You'd think the Hands fear'd Poison 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 *Humours* 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 weary'd 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 the Nerves are steady ty'd,  
 A Pilot, not the Waves the Vessel guide.  
 You all things fix: who this for truth would take,  
 That thy weak Fibres such strong Bonds shou'd make!  
 Loose Teeth thou fasten'st; which at thy command,  
 Well rivetted 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  
 Recal; such Tracks i'th Mind of things you make,  
 None can the well-form'd Characters mistake.  
 And lest the Colours there should 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 Heurnius, concerning 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 not 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 Thunder know.

Thy Honey, gentle Baum! no pointed Stings,

Like † Bees, thy great Admirers, with it brings.

\* Baum is hot and dry in the first degree; it is excellent against Melancholy, and the Evils arising therefrom. It causes cheerfulness, a good digestion and a florid colour. The leaves are said by those who mind signatures to resemble a heart.

† It is much loved by Bees, and is a present Remedy against the stings of them and Wasps, &c. Plin.

Oh!



Oh! heavenly Gift to sickly human-kind,  
 All Goddess, if from Care thou free'st the Mind.  
 All Plagues annoy, but Cares the whole Man seize:  
 Whene'er we labour under this Disease.  
 These, tho in prosp'rous Affluence we live,  
 To all our Joys a bitter Tincture give.  
 Frail human Nature its own Poyson breeds,  
 And Life it self thy healing Virtue needs.

### SCURVYG R A S S.

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 wond'ring *Nile*  
 Thinks he as much amazed ought to stand,  
 As Men, when he o'erflows the drowned Land.  
 With nasty Humors and dry Salts he's fed,  
 By stinking Winds and Vapours nourished,  
 Even in his Cradle he unlucky grows  
 (Tho he be Son of Sloth, no Sloth this shows)  
 His Toils no sooner *Hercules* began;  
 Monsters now ape that Monster-murdering Man.  
 E'er he's well born the Limbs he does oppress,  
 And they are tir'd with very Idleness.  
 They languish, and deliberating stand,  
 Loth to obey the active Soul's Command.  
 Nor does it to your wilder'd 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 itself 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* shore the valiant *Jason* slew,  
But whether those defeated Monsters fell  
By vertue of my Juice I cannot tell.  
But them he conquer'd and then back he row'd  
O'er 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.

## D O D D E R

**T**Hou 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.

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*.



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'er 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'er he be, She loves to take his Name,  
 And must with him be every way the same,  
*Alceste* and *Evadne* thus inflam'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 as resign'd her breath,  
 For She of them is mindful e'en in Death.

† The Liver and the Splcen most faithfully  
 Of all oppressions she does ease and free,  
 Where has so small a Plant such strength and store  
 Of Vertues, 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 cleave  
 to : but this  
 Herb takes the  
 name from  
 the Plant on  
 which it  
 hangs, with  
 whom also it  
 partakes its  
 Vertues, as *E-*  
*pithymum*, *E-*  
*pilinum*, *Epi-*  
*urtica*, &c.

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

WORMWOOD



## WORME WOOD.

**M**ong 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, cloy's.

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'er.)

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'er-power.

The visage by degrees fresh Roses stain,

And the perfumed 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 Vertue 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  
Vertues of  
*Wormwood*,  
and *Fernelias*  
is large upon  
it; whom  
consult.

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



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,  
 Whom 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,  
 Nor 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.

It is good a-  
 gainst the  
 Dropsie.

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.

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

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'er we die;  
 Deferr a while the meal which in the Grave,  
 Of humane Viands thou c'er 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 virtues is, to run away.  
 My Triumphs to such numbers do amount,  
 That I the greater ones can hardly count.



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 Conqu'ror 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 Pesti-  
lence.

Concerning  
this custom  
see *Pliny*, ut  
*supra*.

WATER-LILY.

D'ye flight 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 May 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 flow'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'er 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 *Calepine* to  
be turn'd into  
this Herb, af-  
ter she had  
kill'd her self  
with *Hercules*  
his Club, for  
grief that she  
had been the  
cause of his  
death.



All Womankind to me his Harlots are,  
 Ev'n Goddeffes in my fuspicion 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 vertuous 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 Goddeffes 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 show'rs grow,  
 And o'er 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 strait 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'erhrow,  
 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 lest, unhappy Boy! thou shou'dst believe,  
 All handfom folks thy cruel Yoke receive;  
 I have a Wash that beautifies the Face,  
 Yet chastly look in my own wat'ry Glafs.  
*Diana's* mien, and *Venus* face I lend,  
 So to both Deities I prove a friend.

It is call'd by  
some Her-  
cules's Club.

There are  
two sorts, a  
white and a  
yellow.

\*Tis said to be  
a great allayer  
of Lechery.

It takes away  
Morphews  
or Freckle

But



But lest that God shou'd artfully his Flame  
 Conceal, and burn me in anothers Name;  
 All Hearts 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'er the Body swiftly send.  
 Whether with sulphurous fire the veins within  
 They kindle, or just singe the outward skin.  
 Whate'er they are, my awful juice they fly;  
 When glimmering through the pores they run and die.  
 Why wink'st thou? why dost 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. Fernel.

### S P L E E N W O R T or M I L T W A S T.

**M**E cruel Nature, when she made me, gave  
 Nor stalk, nor seed, nor flow'r, as others have.  
 The Sun ne'er 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 aversion, 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 wor, 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 Prov'dence, 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'er.  
 If I don't take that course, it furious grows,  
 And into every part Contagion throws.

The Vertues of this Herb are told in its name. The Swine have no spleen.

With



With poisonous vapours it infects the blood,  
 And Life itself 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:  
 My no such monstrous evils good Men hurt,  
*Jove* and my Vertue 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 stock 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'er was given to prate.  
 But to return from whence I have digrest,  
 I many Creatures ease by Spleen oppress.  
*Crete*, though so used to lye, you may believe,  
 When for their Swine their thanks to me they give.  
 The wretched *As*, 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 mien.

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

### L E T T U C E.

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

SOME thing 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 are 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 scorch'd Heart,  
 Of Tyrants Love the greatest does depart.



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 dost hate,  
Whose Fire kills Herbs, and Monsters does create.

### Upon the same.

**E**AT me with Bread and Oil, you'll ne'r repine,  
Or say in Summer you want Meat to dine.  
The World's 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:  
From thence sprang Vice, whose Train Distempers were,  
And Death did in new, ghastly shapes appear.  
Shun cruel Tables, that with Blood are dy'd,  
And Banquets by destructive Death supply'd.  
Sick, if not well, thou'lt Herbs desire, and well  
Shall prove, if not thy Meat, thy Remedy.

### EYE-BRIGHT.

**E**Nter, 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,  
Whilst 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 sh' 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 o'er.  
I knew her strait; her Name and Visage suit;  
And my glad Eyes their Patroness 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 our Songs dost all our Virtues trace.



All Men are not allow'd our Voice to hear,  
 Tho' such respect to you, our Friend, we bear;  
 We hate the Custom which with Men obtains,  
 To slight a kind, ingenuous Poet's Pains.

\* Of Plants.

I wish my Root could heal you, and I'm sure,  
 Our \* Nation all wou'd gladly see the Cure.  
 But if by Nature's self it be withstood,  
 The Pow'r of Herbs, alas! can do no good.

Nature's Injunctions none of us withstands,  
 We're Slaves to all her Ladyships Commands;  
 Let what she gives your Appetite suffice,  
 Nor grumble, when she anything 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 would engage  
 To count my Conquests, or the Wars I wage,  
 The Ev'ning Star much sooner would go down,  
 And all the Fields in dewy Nectar drown.

Several Diseases  
 of the Eyes  
 are recounted.  
*Epiphora.*

Oft a salt Flood, which from the Head descends,  
 With the Eyes fresher streams its current blends.  
 That Pain, which causes many wat'ry Eyes,  
 From its own Tears it self does here arise.

*Ophthalmia.*

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,

*Suffusio.*

The House is set all on a raging Flame,  
 Take care, if your small World's 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 shou'dst be so near.

*Loucoma.*

Or what (with a Mischief) means the troublesome Fly,  
 I'd as soon have the God of Flies as night.  
 Oft-times the Sight is darken'd 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.

*Agilopes.*  
*Carcinomata.*  
*Phlyctene.*  
*Epicaumata.*

Tumours, and Cankers, Pustles, Ulcers why  
 Shou'd I recount those Torments to the Eye?  
 Or thousands more which I'm afraid to name,  
 Left 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 tame; the Air my Virtue clears,  
 Whilst the Clouds vanish, and the Day appears.



The joyful Face smiles with diffused Light,  
 What Comeliness is mixt with that Delight!  
 You know, *Arnoldus* (if you've read him o'er)  
 Did Sight 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 drank, for all the amorous Dames,  
 An Health to every Letter of their Names.  
 Then drink an Health to th' Eyes; they wont 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 Vil-  
 la nova, Lib.  
 de Vinh.*

## W I N T E R C H E R R I E S.

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 *Phœbus* 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 their Figure still retain.  
 To our Delights why dont 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 Effeminacy count no Crime;  
 You'd think in Summer they to Heav'n would climb.  
 But if the Year its Back upon them turn,  
 Each Giant creeps back into th' Earth its 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* (tho *Pliny* gives me leave)

*Vulgus  
 de Vinh.*



The dreadful Winter to the Combat dare;  
 Tho Heav'n it self should 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' Sky,  
 It will not waste away their Scarlet dye.  
 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 rosie Cheeks commends.  
 With such like Rudiments do I inure  
 My Virtue, and the Force of it secure:  
 I, who rebellious Sicknefs 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 only 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 shipwrackt 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!  
 Would I not help him? might the Earth divide,  
 And swallow me, if I my Aid deny'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 strait into a thousand parts it flies.  
 The long obstructed Streams then glide away,  
 And Fragments with them of the Stone convey.

It its excellent  
 against the  
 Stone and all  
 Diseases of the  
 Bladder, thence  
 in Latn called  
*Vesicaria*.

Vulgarly call'd  
*Resa Solis*.

### S U N-D E W or L U S T-W O R T.

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.

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, tho' *Jove* angry, be.

Upon the same.

**T**H Y conquer'd Ivy, *Bacchus*! now throw down,  
And of this Herb make a far nobler Crown.  
The Herb, which 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 *Jove's* Table Gods the Goblet drain,  
But strait with Nectar it grows full again.  
Nor do thy Cups the *Phrygian* Stripling need  
To fill them; each is his own *Ganymede*.  
So in the Heart, that double lusty Boul  
(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 Life's Lamp, which ready is to die,  
With such vivacious Oyl you can supply.  
No wonder to the Lungs thou grateful art,  
Thy constant VVaters feed that spongy part.  
You *Venus* also loves, for tho' 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.

S O W-B R E A D.

**T**H E dropping, bloody Nose you gently bind,  
But loosen the close Hemorrhoids behind.  
And 'tis but nat'ral, that who shuts the Fore-door  
Should 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.

**S**EE how with Pride the groveling Pot-herb swells,  
And saucily the generous Vine repels :  
Her, that great Emperours oft in Triumph drew,  
A base, unworthy Colewort does subdue.  
But tho o'er 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 chace,  
You bravely Men and other Plants outvie,  
Who no kind Office do, until they die ;  
Thy Virtues thou, yet living, dost impart,  
And ev'n to thy own Garden Physick art.

*Cyclaminus.*

Tho 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 sound)  
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.

**M**Y 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'er-run ;  
Morphew departs, and out each Freckle flies,  
Tho from our God himself they had their rise.  
Nor leave I ought upon the Checks of Lasses,  
To mahe 'em shy 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 Jaundice  
sometimes cal-  
led in Latin  
*Aurigo*, from  
*Aurum*.

**I**N 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 whatsoe'r obscures the small World's day,  
 I of the *Gout* remove the very Seed,  
 And all the *Humours* which that *Torment* breed.  
*Thorns*, *Splinters*, *Nails* I draw, who wondring stand  
 How they could so come forth without a 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 Heav'ns! says th' ignorant amazed World: What's this?  
 Is't a *Distemper* to be born? Yes, 'tis.  
 For if we make a true account, 'tis more  
 Advantage *Life* to hinder than restore.

\* Silver and  
 Gold.

To be lost of  
 the speaking  
 \* A  
 \* A  
 \* A

## DUCK MEAT.

A *Lusty Frog*, a *Duck* swears, is such *Meat*  
 (Fatten'd by me) as *Jove* himself may eat.  
 And if the learn'd \**Apicius* knew that dish,  
 He'd hungry grow, tho' 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'er green *Ponds* did *Nature* *Carpers* strow,  
 That she to slimy *Frogs* Good-will might show.  
 From me great *Benefits* all the *World* must own,  
 Tho' 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'er agen.  
 The *Plants* which *Nature* through the *Universe*  
 In various shapes and colours does disperse,  
 Why should I mention; this their *Ignorance* shows,  
 That ev'n of me *Mankind* so little knows.  
 Something they do; and more I would reveal,  
 Which *Phœbus* and the *Fates* bid me conceal.  
 But this I'll tell you; dry blue *Cankers* I,  
 And *cholerick Fire* and hot *St. Anthony*,  
 I soon extinguish; and all other *Flames*,  
 Whatever are their *Natures* or their *Names*.  
 My native cold and watry *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 boiling *Cauldron* my strong *Virtue* rules,  
 And sprinkled with my *Dew* the *Fury* cools.

\* An Antient  
 Roman Author  
 that wrote a-  
 bout good  
 Eating.

\* A heavy sort  
 of Diving to  
 Amour.

The Gout.

Rosemary.



## ROSEMARY.

Touching the Bite of the † Tarantula.

† An Insect of  
the Spiderkind.  
\* A Nymph  
turn'd into a  
Spider.

**D** *Aunian* \* *Arachne*! who spin'st all the day,  
Nor to *Minerva* wilt 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, strait to rave he's found,  
He raves altho he hardly feels thy Wound,  
One Atom of thy Poison in the Veins,  
Dominion soon o'er all the Body gains.  
Within upon the Soul it self it preys,  
Which it distracts a thousand several ways.  
One's silent, while 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 possest,  
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 strait begins a Round,  
And the Lethargick Sleeper quits the ground.  
The poor lame Fellow, tho 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 \* *Pyrrhick* 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)  
When 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 in  
Armour.

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 *Birthwort*, 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,  
 VVith *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 Mistris 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 tols 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.

## M I N T.

TAke my advice, Men! and no Riddles use;  
 Why won't you rather to speak plainly choose?  
 If you're afraid, 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 it 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 chearing the Spirits and exciting the Stomach.



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'er beset 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 feminal 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, human seed  
 That sacred Lamp with vital Oil does feed:  
 For what to *Venus* e'er 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 Nature's 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  
 Require 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 *Pluto's*  
 Harlots, whom  
*Proserpine*  
 therefore  
 chang'd into  
 this Herb.  
*Opp. Hal. ?*

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.

## MISSELTAE.

\**Tentates* and  
*Hefus* were the  
 two greatest  
 Gods of the  
*Gauls*.

Concerning  
 these Ceremo-  
 nies, see *Plin.* l.  
 16. 43.

WElcome, thrice welcome, sacred *Misseltæe*!  
 The greatest Gift, \**Tentates* 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'fons 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 *Misseltæe*; 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 *Misseltæe* did bear)  
 When in *Dodonas* Grove upon an Oak  
 She grew, that in its hollow Or'cles spoke;  
 For this one Plant the Antients, above all,  
 Protectress of their Life did think and call:  
 She only from the Earth loaths to be born,  
 And on the meaner ground to tread thinks scorn.  
 Nor did she from prolific matter come,  
 But like the World from Nothings fruitful womb.  
 Others are set and grow by humane care,  
 Her leaves the product of meer 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. *cluf.*

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 only 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 *Misseltoe'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 *Misseltoe*.

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 their 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 only 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'er.  
I cannot tell what others do but I  
Give to that Jaundice present remedy;

The Falling-Sickness.

Virg. Juven  
Station.

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 Signature.

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'erflown with Gall I sick o'th' Jaundice were.  
Mean time my skin all o'er is fresh and green,  
And colour good, as in an Herb you've seen.

Upon the same.

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

TEN thousand blessings may the Gods bestow  
Upon Thee, tuneful *Swallow*! and ne'er 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'lt taught,  
Which ne'er 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 *Morbis Regius* they call  
From a King; but falsely; '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 Glass.

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

Its other Virtues.

Kind



Kind Friend to th'Eyes! who giv'st not only 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.

**Y**OU! 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 only satisfy.  
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 your Modesties.  
In my Grass, 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 befree,  
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 Maladits 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 libe  
and dry in the  
third degree,  
of a contrary  
nature to *Let-  
tuce*, a friend  
to *Venus* and  
her affairs.

*Ovid. de Rem.  
Amor. l. 2.*

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



\* See *Water-Lily*.

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'er-spread,  
 To be with thee in the same Volume read,  
 Who still the sad remembrance does retain,  
 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 wou'd 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 pois'nous 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?  
 \* *Pythagoras*. VVhen \* He who with the Herd on Herbage fed  
 Cou'd find her lurking in the verdant Bed.

The End of the First Book.



# 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' inlighten'd Skie,  
More sacred than thy Brother's 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 caest 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 Rivulets 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 Sun's 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 sure their Smiles must move.

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

\* The Moon is  
call'd *Lucina*,  
the Goddess of  
Midwifery; and  
*Jana*, as the  
Sun *Janus*;  
and *Mena*, as  
she is the Go-  
vernness of Wo-  
men's menstru-  
ous Courses.



Strait 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 a higher, verdant Crown they gain.  
 Each one does Leaves with beauteous Flow'rs produce,  
 And hastens to be fit for humane use.  
 Equipt, 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 Custom 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 Tribe's 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.

Gynacilis.

Ye gentle, *Florid* part of human 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 sat 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 sat, whose Virtues breeding Women share.  
 Then *Baum*, with Smiles and Pleasure in her face,  
 Without regard to Dignity took place.  
*Thyme*, *Sav'ry*, *Wormwood* which look 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 noisom \* *Devils-turd*, because she knows  
 Her Worth into that sweet Assembly goes.  
 The milky *Lettuce* too does thither move,  
 And *Water-Lilly*, tho a Foe to Love,

This Book  
 treating only  
 of the Plants  
 which are  
 dedicated to  
 the use of  
 the whole  
 body, is  
 not to be  
 distinguished  
 from the  
 preceding  
 one.

The Moon is  
 said to be  
 the Goddess  
 of the  
 Moon, and  
 the name  
 of the  
 Moon is  
 said to be  
 the name  
 of the  
 Moon.

† *Lavender*  
 † *Cotton*  
 \* i.e. *Saffron*  
 † *Crocus* was a  
 Boy that died  
 for Love, and  
 was turn'd in-  
 to *Saffron*.

† The name of a  
 Boy that spilt a  
 Box of sweet  
 Ointment, and  
 was turn'd in-  
 to sweet *Mar-*  
*joram*.

\* If a Dog tastes  
 it, he'll run  
 mad. *Plin*.

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*, *Penny-royal* late;  
 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* could not stay,  
 Through Stones and craggy Rocks she cut her way.  
 From *Spanish Woods* the wholsome *Vett'ny* 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 *Oxford's 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 treach'rously the Ivy does embrace,  
 And kills the Tree with kindness in their 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  
binding.

*Angelica.*

*Cat-Mint.*

*Betony* called  
*Vettonica* from  
a People of  
*Spain* that first  
found it out,  
and are memo-  
rable only up-  
on that score.

\* It is cut that  
the Gum may  
flow out.



Lastly (ye Plants whom I forgot 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 President 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;  
Who the bright Witness art of what we say.  
But the short Moments of our Liberty  
(Who 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,  
When 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,  
Which 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 should discourse.  
From what original Spring that *Nilus* goes,  
Or by what Influx it so oft o'erflows.  
What 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.



## P E N N Y R O Y A L.

First *Penny-Royal*, to advance her Fame,  
 (And from her Mouth a grateful Odor came)  
 Tell 'em, they say, how many Ills that Source  
 Threatens, when'er it stops its purple Course.  
 That foggy *Dulness* in the Limbs attends,  
 And under its own Weight the Body bends.  
 Things ne'er so pleasant once, now will not please,  
 And Life it self becomes a meer 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* and frightful *Dreams* proceed,  
 And Minds that suffer true, false Evils breed.  
 Droppe at last the weary'd Life o'erflows,  
 Which floating from its ship-wreckt Vessel goes,  
 How oft, alas! poor, tender, blooming Maids  
 Before Love's Power their kinder Hearts invades)  
 Does this sad Malady with Clouds o'er-cast,  
 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 Distemper's meat,

Thus *Penny royal* spake (more passionate  
 In words, than humane Voice can e'er relate)  
 At which, they say, the whole Assembly mov'd  
 Wept o'er 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  
 The conquering Ill did all the Limbs invade.  
 Through the Wombs Arteries, said she, it goes,  
 And unto all the noted Passes flows.  
 (Whether the Womb's magnetick Power's the Cause,  
 As the whole Body's Floods the Kidney draws;  
 Or that the Moon, the Queen of fluid things  
 Directs and rules that, like the Ocean's Springs.)  
 But if the Gates it finds so fortify'd,  
 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 *Propontis* carried down,  
It makes the Port, and takes the left-side Town.  
What will suffice that covetous Disease,  
Which all the Heart's 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 uncontroul'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'er 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.

**D**ittany, tho 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 Fancy 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) if 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 fancie 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 *Ivies* ('tis no shame) to you  
 What good does their medicinal Virtue do?  
 These also, *Rue!* who all things dost o'ercome,  
 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  
 (Tho 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 effeminate 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, ev'n the Mem'ry of what's so ingrate.  
 Maids with proud Thoughts, alas! themselves deceive;  
 Whilst each her self a Goddess does believe;  
 Like Tyrants they misuse the Pow'r they have,  
 And make their very Worshipper their Slave.  
 But if they truly would consider things,  
 And think what Filth each Month returning brings.  
 If they their cheating Glasses then would mind,  
 (Which now they think so faithful and so kind)  
 How beautiful they are they soon will 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!

*Lacertitium*,  
 the Gum of  
 which is called  
*Affasafida*.

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

Through



Through all the Boughs and all the Leaves around  
There went an angry, loud and murm'ring Sound.  
For they of Womens Honour tender are,  
Tho she thereof had seem'd to take no care.

PLANTAIN or WAY-BRED.

The many Vir-  
tues of Plan-  
tain are to be  
read in *Pliny*  
and *Fernelius*.  
The old Physi-  
cian *Themison*  
wrote a whole  
Volume con-  
cerning them.

NEXT *Way-bred* rose, propt by her seven Nerves,  
Who th' Honour of a noble House preserves:  
Her Nature is astringent, which great hate  
Of her among Blood-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 num'rous race of Leechy kind are due.  
The purple Tyrant wisely you expel,  
And banishing such murdering Blood, do well  
Proudly he o'er the vital Spirits reigns,  
And cruelly insults in all the Veins.  
Arms he of deadly Poison bears about,  
And leads of Maladies a mighty Rour.  
But why shou'd you such vain additions make,  
And Ills already great for greater take?  
Whilst you so tragically paint the Foe  
More dreadful, but less credible they grow.  
He lessens that would raise a Heroes Fame  
By Lies; 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 Lies are true.  
Greek Poets, *Ditt'ny*, you who oft have read,  
Keep up their Art of Lying, tho they're dead;  
But \* what their Countrey-men 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 Courses e'er could be  
So hurtful to the Grain. And then, I'm sure,  
A Fat of lusty Wine is more secure  
From danger, where a thousand Damsels sit,  
Than if one drunken Beldam come at it.  
None, 'cause a taste of that rank Blood 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 Bees 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 rejoyce methinks and bleis the Fates,  
 If that be all the mischief it creates.  
 I only wish a Beauty might remain  
 Perfect, till that the Looking-glass wou'd stain:  
 But I wast time——Py 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 thee 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, displeased, that she  
 By such an one shou'd interrupted be,  
 And late 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.

The ROSE.

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 lost 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 *Violet* grow,  
 And mourn that *Lilies* shou'd with *Brambels* go.  
 Then let their Eyes and Reason testify,  
 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.

\* Bacchus, to  
 whom the *Ivy*  
 is consecra-  
 ted.



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 shou'd a Bankrupt be.  
 Left both the Parents shares of mingled Love  
 Too little to beget a Child shou'd 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 Houle they build.  
 The former, of such poysoning Arts accus'd,  
 In which you fanse, 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 *Arethusa* 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 bloud  
 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 shipwrack'd on the neighbouring shore it lies,  
 And gasping wishes for its Obsequies.  
 This being deny'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 Lifes 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 roul'd.  
 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 blouds 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

**T**hat fate which frequently attends on all  
 Great Men, does Thee, egregious Blood, 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 tumour 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 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 *Apollo* 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 only 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 burthenfom,  
 And aid it wisely borrows from the womb.  
 Hertself the stuff she borrows purifies,  
 And of a rose, tearlet 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 blood 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 quality then we for the cause must find  
 Which is peculiar to the female kind.  
 This is the only 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 *Id*, 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'recasts 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,  
 Excessive heats to nutriment digest,  
 Manlike in time the Womens cheeks become,

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

† *Hippocrates*,  
 lib. *Epidem.*  
 says that *Phaë-  
 thusa*, Wife  
 of *Pitheus* of  
*Abdera*, ha-

ving before been a fruitful Woman, upon the banishment of her Husband, and her Courses 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*.

And they, poor \* *Iphis* undergo their doom.  
 So † *Phaëthus*, 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.

Thus and much more (but who can all relate)

*Apollo's* Laurel did exspatiate.

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.

### BIRTH-WORT.

**G**reen 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,  
 N'er 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 *Ædile* 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 stiek i'th' mud.  
 But to my stricter charge committed is  
 The pleasant, sacred Way that leads to bliss.  
 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'rful 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 carcase 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.  
 Eternel.



For though I life to humane Creatures give,  
Yet if he eats of me, no Fish can live.  
As soon as me they tast, 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 curs'd *Savin* here  
Dares in a throng of pious Plants appear.  
She, who the Altars of the Womb prophanes.  
And deep in blood that living Temple stains.  
Inpatient 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 only 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 *Tereus* 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. fab.  
ult.

Mastick is  
good for the  
tooth-ach.



To make the lewdest Where most chaste appear,  
 That of her Crimes, no token she may wear,  
 To make her lechery frugal, and provide  
 That thy apartment, Lust, be'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 *Pasiphaes* 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 e'ry year.  
 Hast, *savin*! home to *Crete*; we won't complain,  
 Though *Ditt'ny* 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.

The Mino-  
taur.

### S A V I N.

**T**Hou, 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 Medicine 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 Tears stops weeping rheum, and lays  
 A Damm, which currents of defluxions stay,

Mastick is  
good for the  
Tooth-ach.

Dost



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 sence  
 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 only 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.  
 I'd 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 Physi-  
 cians 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'er.  
 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 Ammoniac*.

Some women and  
 other Physic-  
 cians recom-  
 mend these  
 Stones to be  
 held in the  
 hand, or o-  
 therwise ap-  
 plied to those  
 who fear  
 Abortion.

Plants that  
 procure  
 Abortion.



And *Benzoin* to *Cyrenians* never fold,  
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* there 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 shoud 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 \* *Ecbolicks*, 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;

\* *Ecbolicks*,  
i.e. such Medi-  
cines as being  
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.



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

\* Echolicks  
+ Cynarat,  
King of  
Cyprus. See  
the Story of  
his Daughter  
Myrrha, Ovid  
Met. l. viii.

† i. e. Fits of  
the Mother.

The smell of  
a Candle  
snuff, is  
said, will  
make Women  
infertile.

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 stink 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 coynels, 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; nor 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.

MYRRH.



## M T R R H.

**A**T 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'r,  
 For fear of doing ill, what ills she bore:  
 She told, how oft her breast her hands had try'd  
 To stab, whilst chast 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, possess.  
 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 every way they throw,  
 Which rout the conquered 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, thar'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 of-  
 ten choked  
 with the  
 stench of it.



The Arteries by weak pulsings notifie,  
 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 lay, 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 rife 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, & 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.)

A noxious  
 Lake over  
 which  
 Birds flew,  
 they were of  
 ten choked  
 with the  
 fumes of it



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 *Cinamon*, and *Goat-bread*, *Laudanum*,  
 With healing *Balsam*, and my oily *Gum*,  
*Civet*, and *Musk*, and *Amber* too apply,  
 (Scarce yet well known to human Industry)  
 With all that my rich, native Soil supplies,  
 Such Fumes as from the *Phœnix* 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'erthrown, seem to rejoice.  
 Blood 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 dyes;  
 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 Grievs 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 Offsprings, like the Sire, come forth,  
 Still to produce both have a constant Vein,  
 And their streight Bosoms mighty things contain.



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 Glue 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 noisome Smell  
 Meets it and upward quickly does repel.  
 So when th' *Helvetians* their own Land forsook,  
 (People which in their Neighbours Terror struck)  
 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 the Truth we cannot find.  
 This Truth must be i'th' Well's dark bottom sought,  
 Pardon me if I make an heavy Draught.  
 You see the wond'rous Wars and Leagues of Things,  
 From whence the World's 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 only 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 Water's share does fall,  
 Than either bitter, sweet, or white or black  
 Or any Smells, that Noses e'er 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 shockt,  
 And stopt her Speech; she heard the Gate unlockt.

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 haste away;  
 Here's \* *Robert* come, make haste, 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 *Sow-bread* all in haste to gather,  
 That he with greater Ease might prove a Father.  
 Soon as they saw the Man, strait up they got,  
 With gentle haste 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 Gardener  
 of the Physick  
 Garden at Ox-  
 ford.

The End of the Second Book.



# OF PLANTS.

## BOOK III.

### FLORA.

**N**OW Muse, if ever, now look brisk and and gay,  
The Spring's at hand; blith 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 in 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 Month 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 ty'd, and thence  
The lovely Maid a Goddess did commence.  
The signs of Joy did every where appear,  
On Earth, in Heav'n, throughout the Sea and Air;  
No wandering 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 Odors all around,  
And only Fann'd the Streams, and only kiss'd the Ground.  
Of unknown Flow'rs now such a num'rous Birth  
Appear'd as ev'n astonish'd Mother Earth.  
The *Lily* grew 'midst barren *Heath* and *Sedg*,  
And the *Rose* blush'd on each unprickly *Hedg*.



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 has she thriv'd in *Rome*, and reign'd among  
 The other Gods, a vast and num'rous throng;  
 But when the sacred Tribe was forc'd from *Rome*,  
 Amongst the rest an Exile she became,  
 Stript 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 with Store she lay,  
 When with a lavish Hand her Bounties flew,  
 She han'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 flow'ry 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 laid our monstrous Heats;  
 A greater Gift, blest *Albion* thou didst gain,  
 It brought home God like CHARLES, and all his peaceful Train;  
 Compos'd our Chaos, cover'd o'er the Scars,  
 And clos'd the bleeding Wounds of twenty years;  
 Nor felt the Gown alone the Fruits of Peace,  
 But Gardens, Woods, and all the flow'ry Race;  
 This Year to ev'ry 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 Glass my Muse vouchsaf'd)  
 Plac'd on the painted Bow securely wast,  
 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 lit, 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 heav'nly extract sam'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;  
 Only 'tis ever fresh, with Long Life blest,  
 Not in your fading mortal Colours drest.  
 This *Rose* the Image of the Heav'nly 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 Heav'n-born Species of the flow'ry Race  
 Assembled all, the Wedding Morn to grace.

*Phœbus*, do thou the Pencil take, the same  
 With which thou gild'st the World's great checquer'd frame,  
 Light's Pencil take; try if thou canst display  
 The various Scenes of this resplendent Day.  
 And yet I doubt thy Skill, tho' all must bow  
 To thee as God of Plants and Poets too;  
 I'm sure 'ts 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,  
 And which perhaps 'ts not not lawful to reveal,  
 At length the sporting Goddess thought it best  
 (Tho' sure the Humour went beyond a Jest)  
 A pleasant sort of Trial to propose,  
 And from among the Plants a *Queen* to chuse,  
 Which should preside over the flow'ry 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 Scene Arch'd o'er 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 of the Garden gives,  
 Which join'd together trim, in wondrous wise,  
 With their deluding Figures mockt your Eyes.  
 A noble checquer'd Work; which real seems,  
 And firmly set with glist'ring Stones and Gems;  
 It real seem'd; tho 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,  
 Tho few indeed, and of a lower Frame.



The New-year did him this peculiar grace,  
 And *Janus* favouring with his double Face,  
 That he should 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 flow'ry Giants stand,  
*Spurge-Olive* one, t'other a kind of *Bay*,  
 Both high, and largely spreading every way;  
 But did they in a milder season sprout,  
 Whether they e'er would 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 *Wolfes-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, it self much harder found;  
 Briskly its gilded Crest it does display,  
 And boldly stares ith' 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 inward worth,  
 In *Winter's* hardest Frost and Cold shoots forth.  
 Let other Plants, said she for seasons wait,  
 For *Summer* Gales, or the *Sun's* kindly Heat,  
 She scorns delay; naked, without a Coat,  
 As 'twere in haste, the noble Plant comes out.  
 Next the blue *Primrose*, which in *Winter* blows,  
 But wears the *Spring*, both in its Name and Cloths.  
 The *Saffron* then, and tardy *Celandine*,  
 To these our *Ladys-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 *Winter's* genuine store  
 And offspring, *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 flow-  
 er in Winter.

This flowers  
 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 herself 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 been 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 Flow'rs have,  
 Bending, they point still tow'rsd 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 which contending wind 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 Vertue only Sov'reign 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 my 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 ic'd o'er  
 Are pent within a bank, unknown before.  
 Each Nymph complains, and every River God  
 Feels on his shoulders an unufal 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 only 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 Vertue'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 meer play.  
 The spreading Cancer my blest Plant does chase,  
 And new-skins o'er 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 exercise strait by my Counter-fume.  
 In every swelling part when Dropsies reign,  
 I dry the Fen, the standing waters drain.  
 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 pow'r,  
 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,  
 Which to the Scene a grateful shadow lends,  
*Homer*, though well the *Grecian* Camp he paints,  
 Wou'd fail, I fear, in mustering up these Plants.  
 Bright Spring, what various Nations dost thou boast?  
 The *Xerxes* of a numerous flowry Host;  
 Which cou'd (since Flow'rs without due moisture die)  
 Like his, I fanfie, drink whole Rivers dry.  
 His flowry troops made the same stately shew,  
 Whose 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  
 With 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 narcissi*  
*funicifolii*,  
 from the  
 shape of a  
 Tube in the  
 midst of the  
 Flower, cal-  
 led *Trumpet*.



*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 could 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 truster 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-bit* 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*



*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 mornth 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 our,  
 And *Ladies-slipper* fit for *Flora's* foot.  
 Then *Goats-beard*, which each Morn abroad does peep,  
 But shuts its Flow'r at Noon, and goes to sleep.  
 Then *Ox-eye* did its rowling 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 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 wear  
 A Constellation of your little stars;  
 The *Cherry*; ours and *Persian* Apple add  
 Proud of the various Flow'rs 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 Flow'r 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 V I O L E T.

The sign  
*Aries.*

**T**HE 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.  
 (Io 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 blood 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 only with my pretty die  
 Impose a Cheat upon the Eye;  
 But more for profit than for pleasure born  
 I furnish out a wholesom juice,  
 Which the fam'd *Epicurus* did not scorn  
 Upon a time, when sick to use.  
 O'er pressing 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 meer rage to yield



To one that ne'er knew how to tread a Field,  
 But onely was for fights and Nuptial Banquets made.  
 It yields, but in grumbling way,  
 Just as the Winds obedience pay,  
 When *Neptune* from the Flood does peep  
 And silences these troublers of the deep.  
 What though some Flow'rs a greater courage know,  
 Or a much finer face can show,  
 That does but still the fanfic seed,  
 Whilst I for business sit, in real worth exceed.  
 Search over all the Globe, you'll find,  
 The Glory of a Princely Flow'r  
 Consists not in tyrannick Pow'r,  
 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 continu'd, that you'd swear  
 The *Violet*, though you hear no sound, was there.  
 Quitting the Stage ; the next that took her place,  
 Where *Ox-lips*, *Pugles* with there numerous Race ;  
 A parti-colour'd Tribe, of various hue,  
 Red, yellow, purple, pale, white, dusky, blue.  
 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.  
 Tossing her hundred Heads in flanting rate,  
 Each had a Mouth, and cou'd at pleasure prate.

*Auricula Ursi.* BEARSEAR.

Great Queen of Flow'rs, why is thy snowy Breast  
 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 chieftest 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'er were told,  
 Thus Guardian Gods true names were seldom known,  
 Lest some invading Foe might charm 'em from the Town.  
 Impudent Fool! that first stil'd beauteous Flow'rs  
 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 Flow'rs  
 Still sing their words, not bring 'em forth like ours )  
 The *Daffadil* succeeded, once a Youth,  
 ( As many 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 Flow'r thought best  
 To be the Mouth, and sing for all the rest.

The *D A F F A D I L*, — *Narcissus*,

W<sup>H</sup>at 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 Flow'r, I cannot tell  
 Why my face shou'd not please me still ;  
 Downward I lean my bending Head  
 Longing my looks in the same Glafs to read ;  
 Shew me a stream, that liquid Glafs  
 Will put me in the self-same case ;  
 In th' colour with the same Nymphs I am drest,  
 Who wear me in their snowy Breast ;

Who



Who with my Flow'rs their pride maintain;  
 And wish 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;  
 Who in a winged Chariot hurl'd  
 With breezing Airs dost fan this neither 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 Judge wou'd mindful be  
 Of her lov'd Consort and of me;  
 For since I take my Name for thee,  
 Nay of thy Kindred said to be;  
 Since I with thee do sympathize  
 Who in *Æolian* Dungeon Captive lies,  
 And viewing *Zephyr*'s doleful state,  
 All Dress and Ornament I hate.  
 And locking up my mournful Flow'r,  
 My self a Pris'ner make, the same restraint endure.  
 Since I have change of Suits and gaudy Vests,  
 Which in my various Flow'rs 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 Pow'r? 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 Impartial* (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.  
With an erect and ſober Countenance  
In following terms ſhe did her Plea commence.

The moſt  
noble Flow'r,  
to the ſight,  
that grows.  
*Lauremberg.*

### The IMPERIAL CROWN.

WITH furious heats and unbecoming rage  
Ye flowry 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 Flow'r 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 flowry 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 Flow'rs  
 Grows on my top, like lofty Tow'rs.  
 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 outshone,  
 And as they've Reason, let 'em envy on.  
 She thunder'd out her Speech; and walk'd to greet  
 The Jugg, not falling meanly at her feet,  
 But as one Goddess does another meet.  
 A Flow'r 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 only 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 *Æson* ne'er new cast)  
 And though they know this change will mortal prove  
 They'll venture yet—to change so 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,  
 (Flow'rs are no foes to Poetry and Wit;  
 For us that Tribe the like affection bear,  
 And of all Men the greatest *Florists* are)  
 We 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'er in Spring the teeming Earth commands;  
 What Colours e'er the painted pride of Birds,  
 Or various Lights the glistering Gem affords  
 Cut by the Artful Lapidary's hands;

Whate'er 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 Flow'rs 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 Flow'r refuse to stand to award?

Me for whole Months he does retain,  
 And keeps me by him all his Reign;

Care's'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 say no more;

But why shou'd I,  
 Become so silent or so shy;

We Flow'rs were by no peevish Sire begot,  
 Nor from that frigid, fullen 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 Battle 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'er 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.

Whole Ward robe did five thousand darts contain;  
 He counted that a vast prodigious store;

But have twice told more, when *Flower-de-Luce*  
 Said, "I have twice told more, when *Flower-de-Luce*"

Lauremberg.  
 Gerard, Per-  
 kinson.

These lines  
 were added  
 by the MS.  
 Librarian.

FLOWER.



## Iris, or the FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

**I**F Empire is to Beauty due  
 (And that in Flow'rs, 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 Goddess of my Name.  
 My lofty front towards the Heavens I bear,  
 And represent the Sky, when 'tis serene and clear.  
 To me a Goldlike Pow'r is given  
 With a mild face resembling Heaven  
 And in the Kingly stile, no Dignity  
 Sounds better than S E R E N I T Y;  
 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 surprize;  
 Nor do I less oblige the Nose,  
 With fragrance from my Root that blows.  
 Not *Sibaris* or soft *Capua* did know  
 A choicer Flow'r for smell or show,  
 Though both with pleasure of all kinds did flow.  
 I own, the *Violet* and the *Rose*  
 Divinest Odours doth 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 Flow'r 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 Vertue 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 Lionets  
 Before my painted Arms the yellow foe does haist.  
 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,  
 I follow

\* The juice of  
 the Root  
 takes away  
 Freckles and  
 Morphews.

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

Its faculty in  
 curing these  
 Diseases, is  
 celebrated by  
*Lauremberg*,  
*Fernelius*, &c



I follow it through every winding vein,  
 And make it quit in half 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  
 P'th' days of that great Flowrist *Solomon*:  
 Tell us, that *Jove* to cheer the drooping Ball  
 After the Flood, 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 popes contain,  
 I look as gay, and show as fine,  
 I am the Thing, of which that only 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 Flow'r came on,  
 And brought no train, but his lov'd Mate alone;  
 Numbers cou'd not make him the cause espouse,  
 'Las! the whole Nation made but one poor House.  
 Nor did her costly ward-robe 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 Flow'r 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.  
*Pæon* 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.

Homer says,  
*Pæon* cur'd  
*Pluto* with this  
 Plant, when  
 he was  
 wounded by  
*Hercules*.

### *Peonia.* The *PEONY*.

I F the fond *Tulip*, swell'd with pride,  
 In her Fools-coat of motley colours dy'd;  
 If lov'd *Adonis* Flow'r, 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 valuethat ?  
 Not I, by *Flora*, not a jot.  
 Vertue and courage are the valuable things,  
 Not painted Arms ennoble Kings,  
 On difficult occasions shown.  
 Vertue 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 fanfic, 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, extreamly vain, indeed  
 A quarrel on Punctilio's to breed,  
 Since a more noble Flow'r, 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 away 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, *Cesar*, now )  
 Nor view the Camp, and yet can overthrow.  
 She spoke, and bow'd, and so the Court forsook,  
 Her Consort 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, that 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  
with her blood.

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

*Venus* running after *Adonis*, scratch'd her Legs upon its thorns, and stain'd the Flowers red

### The R O S E.

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 shaper 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 Cheeks 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 Flow'rs that have no grateful smell.  
Tell me, blest Lover: what's a kiss  
Without a Rosy Lip create the bliss?  
Nor do I only 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 Flow'rs.



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'er 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'er 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 Warriour, 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  
*Tork* and *Lan-*  
*caster*, of  
which the first  
bore the  
White-Rose,  
and the other  
the Red, cost  
more English  
blood, than  
did twice con-  
quering  
*France*.

The Fevers fires by her are mildness taught,  
And the Hagg'd Man to sweet composure brought.

By help of this, *Jason* 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* field twice dy'd in blood,  
Ne'er 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 haras'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 waists 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'erthrows 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 flight too high for thee so 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.



# OF PLANTS.

## BOOK IV.

**H**APPY the Man whom from Ambition freed  
A little Field and little Garden feed.  
The Field do's frugal Nature 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 *Corycian* choose;  
A Life deserving *Maro's* noble Muse;  
This Life did wise *Abdolominus* 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'er 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 )

*Virg. Georg. 4.*



Near *Prophis* Town ( where he but once had been )  
 At Plow this Man of Happiness was seen.  
 In this Retirement was that *Aglaus* 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 useless toil be blest,  
 My long tofs'd Barque in that calm station rest.  
 Once more my Muse in wild Digression strays,  
 Ne'er 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'er recall )  
 The spikes of *Summers* Corn thou mayst 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 mightst scorn hadst thou but scent.

\* *Dames 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 with-hold :  
 In him more than the Sun thou tak'st delight,  
 To him like a kind Bride you yieldst thy sweet at Night.

The *Anthemis* a small but glorious Flow'r,  
 Scarce rears his Head yet has a Giant's Tower:  
 Forces the lurking Fever to retreat,  
 ( Enscorn'd like *Cacus* in his smoaky 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.  
 Nor 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 diff'rent 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 blunt'st the very Reaper's Sickle, and so  
In Life and Death becom'st the Farmers Foe.

The *Fenel-Olow'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 Biew adorns,  
Like *Achelous*, e're 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-Goddes i'th' 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 Off-spring *Rose* did ne'er presume to claim.

*Antirrhinon*, more modest, takes the stile  
Of *Lions-Mouth*, sometimes of *Galfsnout* 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'er *Medea* slew,  
Yet no such Antidote *Medea* knew.  
Nor powerful only 'gainst thy own dire harms,  
Thy Vertue ev'ry noxious Plant disarms :  
Serpents are harmless Creatures made by Thee,  
And *Africa* itself from Poyson free.

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

† Counter-  
Poyson-  
Monks-hood,  
or wholesome  
Helmet flowers



Air Earth and Seas, with secret Taint oppress'd,  
 Discharge themselves of the unwelcom Guest ;  
 On wretched Us they shed the deadly Bane,  
 Who dye by them that should our Life maintain.  
 Then Nature seemst<sup>\*</sup> have learnt the poys'ning 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 Lifts, thou Martial Plant admit,  
*Goats-Rue*, *Goats-Rue* is for thy Squadrons fit.

\* Called  
*Lychnis*, quod  
 non luget.

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'd 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 Table serves, while that's prefer'd  
 To Altars and the Gods Celestial Board.

\* Called *Lyfimachia* from  
*Lyfimachus*.  
 † 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 Vertue 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 qualifie 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* hasts her kind relief to bring;  
The Colleges with Dignity enstal  
This Flow'r, at *Rome* he is a \* *Cardinal*.

\* In Latin call'd *Flos Cardinalis*.

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

† *Flos Digitalis* from resembling 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 *Castor* 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 express'd,  
And whence those bleeding Signals on thy Breast:

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;

*Consolida Regalis*.

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'ercome by thee, is forc'd to quit his Claim.

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

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

We reap thee here among our Summer Flow'rs.

The Syllables *Ac*, *As*, most visible in this flower. The common *Hyacinth*, who wants all the Notes of the old *Hyacinth* or *Ajax* Flower.

But



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

Nor did *Achilles* Armor e'er create,  
'Twixt *Ajax* and *Ulysses* such debate,  
So fierce, so great, as at this day we see,  
For *Ajax* Spoils, 'twixt *Martagon* and thee.

*Faxinella.* 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.

*Tblaspi.* Next comes the *Candy-Tufts*, 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.

*Auricula  
maris,  
Pilofella.*

*Moufe-Ear*, like to its Name-sake, loves t' abide  
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'er,  
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 stil'd  
*Jove's* Flower, and if my skin is not beguil'd,  
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 Wort* 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 Flow'rs 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 joints 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.  
With greater fury the *Tarantula*  
Tho' small itself, 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 World's third part he won,  
While to the Spoils the manner Captains run,  
The only Plunder he desir'd was Fame,  
And from the vanquish'd Foe to take his Name.

Phalangium.

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

The *Holihock* 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.  
Wou'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 e're 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,  
 With store of Arrows too this Quiver's grac'd,  
 And decently on *Flora's* Shoulder plac'd,  
 When 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 Goddess 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 Flow'rs, 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 *Flow'r*, 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 do's 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-Cistus* may pretend,  
 Whose sweating Leaves a fragrant Balsam send:  
 To crop this Plant the wicked *Goat* presumes:  
 Whose fetid Beard the precious Balm pertumes,  
 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 a Harlot made.

\* *Malus Aurantius.*

And on what score, *Flora* incens'd reply'd,  
Where you by kind *Vertumnus* deify'd?  
You kept ( no thanks ) your Maiden Vertue, 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 th' c'erlasting *Pease* and *Scarlet Bean*.

The vulgar *Bean's* 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 incline,  
And like old *Cato*, is of temper rough,

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

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-Lily* still is wanting here,  
What cause can *Water-Lily* have to fear,  
Where Beauties of inferiour Rank appear?  
Her Form excells, and for Nobility

\* *Nymphaea.*

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-Goddess* 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:

See *Nymphaea*  
or *Water-Lily*.



And since our *Flora's* former Pranks are known,  
 ( It in a Goddess we such Crimes may own )  
 In life the common Mistress of the Town.  
 She scorns at the 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.

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

Thee \* *Maracot* a much more sacred Cause  
 From these profane ridic'ulous Rites withdraws;  
 With signals of a real God adron'd,  
 Poets and Painter's Gods by thee are scorn'd:  
 T' unfold the Emblems of this mystick Flow'r  
 Transcends ( alas ) my feeble *Muses* Power.  
 But Nature sure by chance did ne'er bestow  
 A form so diff'rent 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 Selvege you may view,  
 A Purple Ring, the sacred Martyrs hue.  
 Thick sprouting Stems of ruddy *Saffron-Grain*  
 Strive to conceal the Flow'r, 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 Eye  
 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'er the whole Assembly spreads,  
 Whilst with unsav'ry Breath her Title thus she Pleads.

### M O L Y.

**T**O 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 ript 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.

## F L O R A.

**H**OMER I will not vain or careless call,  
 Though he no mention makes of me at all,  
 That he blame-worthy was in this, is 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'ch' happiness, the Name is onely left.  
 No sooner Men its wondrous Vertue knew,  
 But jealous Gods the pow'ful 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 Root strikes down,  
 As she would make th' infernal world her own.  
 As from their Seats the very Fiends she'd drive,  
 And spight of flames and blasting Sulphur thrive.



\* 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'er thou seest the wicked *Moly* grow ;  
Our Empire is not safe, her Pow'rs so large ;  
Whole Rivers therefore on her Head discharge.  
*Lympha* with lib'ral Hands 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 thou'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 God for too much Vertue slain.

\* *Lark-spur*.  
The Herb, by  
the touch of  
of which  
*Juno* was  
teigned to  
conceive  
*Mars*. *Ovid*.  
*Fast*. lib. *Esc*.

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 itself appears with Warriours Mien,

( As much as can in growing Plants be seen. )

With stabbing Point and cutting Edge 'tis made,

Like warlike weapons, and upon it's Blade

Are ruddy stains like drops of Blood 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 its 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,

Ane therefore by the name of *Phenix* known ;

The Herb that could encrease *Jove's* mighty Breed,

T' itself 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 cannot Wit, what cannot Art fulfil?  
 At least where Pow'r's Divine wou'd shew their skill.  
 One tender Bulk another did succeed,  
 And my fair 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 to weak defence.  
 Great *Spurge* and *Alsa Fætida* 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 Savage 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 a while,  
 And from her Eyes the Crystal tears distil:  
 But as became a Goddess cheekt 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'er vouchsafe to speak,  
 From these Examples, *Moly*, warning take.  
 To fatal Honours seek not then to rise,  
 'Tis dang'rous 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 beateous stream:

So when my joyful Flow'r is born,  
And does its native glories show;  
Her clouded Rival she does scorn;  
They're 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 Teat 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  
With 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  
Mheir 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,

\* *Jupiter* in order to make *Hercules* Immortal, clapt 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 spllt 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'er disjoin'd.

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

Thus *Lily* spoke, and needles did suppose  
Secure of form, her Vertues to disclose.  
Then follow'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,  
Who 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'er.

Thou to the wretched art a friend,  
A Guest that ne'er does Harm 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 Vertue 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'er City-tyrants thou dost Reign.

The *Bafilisk* 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 gives 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 blood 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 fling,  
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 fated 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 Armies 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 cou'd 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 —  
Th' Assembly could no longer open keep  
Their Eyes, ev'n *Flora's* self fell fast asleep.  
So *Daffadils* with too much Rain oppress'd  
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-Flower* thinking 'twas for him foul shame  
To Nap by Day-light, strove to 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 of 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 motion 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.

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

† *Flos Jovis*.

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.

### GILLY-FLOWER

How this Pretender for no Med'cine 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'reign Cordial to the Heart am I.  
Not *Tagus*, nor the Treasures of *Pern*  
Thy boasted Soil, can Grief like me, subdue.  
Should *Jove* once more descend in Golden show'r,  
Nor *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 *Craesus* I of Colours am.  
Rich but in Drefs they are, in Vertue 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 Flow'rs for Physick serve, and some for Smell,  
For Beauty some — but I in all excell.

While thus she spake, her Voice, Scent, Dress 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 Flow'rs, Earth, Heav'n, the scandal are.  
Thus did he storm, for tho by Nature mild,  
Against the poy's'nous Race his Choler boil'd.  
His sacred Vertue the Intruders knew,  
And from th' Assembly consciously withdrew.

\* *Meadow Saffron*, called,  
*Bulbus Strangu-*  
*latoryus* &  
*Ephemerum*  
*lethale.*

## 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 Flow'rs)  
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 Fear's a tedious strife,  
Great *Jove* to quit me of my hopeles Fire,  
(My Patron he, though not my Sire,)  
Transform'd me to a smiling Flow'r 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 hejoyn'd,  
Stems three or four of Star-like kind,

*Ovid. Metam. 4*

Made



Made them the Magazines of Mirth and Joy,  
 What e'er can sullen 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 spite 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 Lung 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-  
 itard-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 smil'd,  
 Ev'n them his Vertue of their Rage beguill'd;  
 Ev'n *Poppy's* self, refresh'd, erect her Head,  
 Who had not heard one word of what he said.

\* *Amaranthus*,  
 that never  
 withers.

\* *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.

*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 Flow'rs,  
 Garlands Eternal as their Pow'rs,  
 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' *Amaranths* 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 Flow'r, I'm scorn'd,  
 But I my chiefest 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'er 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 Pow'r,  
 Am only as it were a Flow'r.

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,  
 Put 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.

A Mongst 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 Flow'r 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'er 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.  
 With *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,  
 With Sense of Men and Gods does best agree.  
*Lily* and *Rose* this Year your Consuls be  
 The Year shall so begin auspiciously.  
 Four *Prætors* to the Seasons four, I make,  
 The vernal *Prætorship* thou, *Tulip*, take:  
 † *Jove's* Flow'r the Summer, \* *Crocus* Autumn sway, \* *Saffron*.  
 Let Winter warlike *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 spend another Year.

† *July-flowers.*


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The End of the Fourth Book.



OF  
PLANTS.

BOOK V.

P O M O N A.

**L**ET 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 desired,

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 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:  
I'th' midst her Palace stands, of Bow'rs compos'd,  
With twining Branches, and Green Walls enclos'd;  
By Nature deck'd with Friuts of various kind,  
You'd swear some Artift 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 *Host* more attracts him than the *Fare*.  
Then *Pales* came, and *Pan Arcadia's* God,  
On his dull *Ass* the Fate *Silenus* rode  
Lagging behind; the *Fanni* next advance  
With nimble Feet, and to the Banquet dance,  
Nor Heav'n's Inferiour Pow'rs were absent thence,  
Whose Altars seldom smook with Frankincense.

*Picumnus* who the barren Land manures,

*Tutanus* too who gather'd Fruit secures,

\* Goddess of  
the Hills.

† Goddess of  
the Vales.

‡ Goddess of  
plowed Lands.

\* *America*.

\* *Collina* from the Hills, from Valleys low

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

With whom a hundred Rustick Nymphs appear,

Who 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 Months of Fame cou'd ne'er suffice

To state 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 Nut* 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 surely 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 Goddesses 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 Pow'rs  
 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'er 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



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 Conqu'rors 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 diff'rent 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 Pow'rs 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 Goddesses 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 Chelnut 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 foundest, dextrously picks out  
 The Kernels sweet and throws the Shell 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 head, and eager for th' embrace,  
 Directly tends to the Magnetick place.  
 What wonder then so strange Effects confound  
 The minds of Men, in mists of Errour drown'd ;  
 It puzzle me, who was at *Athens* bred,  
 Ev'n me the off-spring of great *Jove's* own head ;  
 Let *Phæbus* then unfold this Mystery. ( we.  
 Much more than Man we know, but *Phæbus* more than  
 She said — *Apollo*, with th' *Ænigma* vext,  
 And scorning to be pos'd, in words perplext,  
 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'er so dark.  
 'Twas Mirth for *Jove* to see him tug in vain  
 At what his wisdom only 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 limty 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.

The *Pine* with awful Rev'rence next did rise  
Above Contempt, and almost touch'd the Skies :

*Pulcherrima  
Pinus in hor-  
tis Virg. Ecl.*

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 Nature's Laws by Art are overcome,  
And Men with Ships make Seas their Native home,

But of all Pines Mout *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  
His fruit delaying *Venus* now excites,  
His Wood affords the Torch which *Hymen* lights.

The Daughter  
of *Midas*,  
espoused to  
*Atys*.

*Ida*, 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 :

Bitter Al-  
mond.

Till *Cybele* afforded her relief,  
( 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.

Sweet Al-  
mond.

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.



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 *Pericranion*.

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 Vertue dies,

The Mad-dogs foam, and taint of raging Skies.

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

Skilful in Antidotes, her Vertues knew;

Yet envious Fates that still with Merit strive,

And Man ingrateful from the Orchard drive,

This Sov'reign 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 prefer'd,

Are said to open of their own accord.

'Twixt these and juicy fruits of painted Coat,

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.

\* *Αἰὲς Βελαν-  
νεγ.*

*Mater pia  
and dura  
mater.*



*Pomgranate*  
call'd *Malus*  
*Punica*.  
\* *Juno* being  
the same with  
*Lucina* God-  
dess of Mid-  
wifery.  
† *Jupiter*  
is said to  
have promis'd  
*Ceres*, that  
*Proserpine*  
should be re-  
stored to her,  
if she had  
tasted no-  
thing in the  
lower Re-  
gions, but she having eaten *Pomgranate* seeds was retain'd. || *Pomgranate* a most powerful *Restringent*,  
used in all immoderate *Evacuation*.

*Pomgranate* Chief of these, whose blooming Flow'r  
( *Pomona's* pride ) many 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 *Eubwan* 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 fitly 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.  
Nor the *Elysian* Field ( whence fates permit  
Nought to return ) what Tree can be more fit  
Than this ||restringent Plant ? a single tast  
Of three small grains kept *Ceres* Daughter fast.

*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  
Where more than recompenc'd in those rich spoils.  
He only 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,  
He'd never made Mount *Oeta* 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 immod'rate pains.  
He loves the cooler Climes, *Egyptian Nile*  
Cou'd ne'er 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,  
Erelong 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 suddu'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 small and colour too like Hers:  
A Plum that can itself 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.

From *Romulus*  
the Builder  
to move that  
point.

\* *Infusum*  
of *Mastic*  
made of the  
wood.

\* *Rhodocina*



To please our Gust and Stomach to recruit  
 He thinks sufficient Tribute for his Fruit;  
 For Physicks use his other parts are Good,  
 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.  
*Volat Itala*  
*Gornus.*

Not so the Corneil-tree design'd for harm,  
 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.

\* An African  
 Plant.

*Ovid. Metam. 9*

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

\* Instruments  
 of Musick  
 made of her  
 wood.

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* only with a down-cast look,  
 And conscious Blushes at her presenee shook:  
 Th' All-seeing Gods through that obscure disguise  
 Nymph *Lotis* saw : conceal'd from humane Eyes.  
 They knew how on the *Hellepontick* 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. )  
 Almost nine hundred years were past away,  
 Yet then she grudg'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.  
 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 *Syren* throng.

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



No pressure for her Courage is too hard,  
 Of Vertue both th' Example and Reward.  
 She flourish'd once in \* *Solymæan* ground,  
 Fam'd *Joshua's* and *Jessides* sacred triumphs crown'd.  
 But since that Land was curst, the gen'rous Plant  
 Grieves to continue her Inhabitant.  
*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,  
 Vertue 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.  
 A Lover true, and well to love and serve  
 Is Vertues noblest task, and does the *Palm* deserve.  
 \* *Evadne* who a willing Victim prov'd,  
 Nor chast † *Acestis* so 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 Root are found  
 In close Embraces twining under ground.

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.

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,

\* *Juana*.

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

\* Leaping into the flame of his Funeral Pile.

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

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



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 Goddes and the peaceful Tree prevail'd.

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

*Halirbotiw*.

\* Hail sacred Plant, who well deserv'd 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'er 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 supplying Oil and conqu'ring wreath's supplies  
 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'reign 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 rise  
 O'er all in mixture, justly may 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, chaſt, 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,  
Fiſt thoſe whoſe Fruit did many Stones contain,  
In their fiſt 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 ſmoak of Gums when from their Altars ſent,  
Ne'er 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'er diſpiſes 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 e'er 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 enſlave,  
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'er 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 forward 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,  
What 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.  
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 Pow'rs, 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.  
With 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;

*Pyramus and  
Thisbe.*

The



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,  
 Ser'st open 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 Star 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 havock 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 Husbands hand;  
 The lusty *Elm* supports her stagg'ring 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,

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



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 *Phœbus* 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 Antidote 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 w' are Dry.  
 Thou mak'st the Captive too forget his chain,  
 By thee the Bankrupt is enrich'd again,  
 The Exul thou restor'st, the Candidate  
 Without the Peopl'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'er 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 itself 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

*Caninius* 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 *Eunuch* 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 Fruits '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 soil)  
 Our *Varicocha* first this *Coca* sent,  
 Endow'd with Leaves of wondrous Nourishment,  
 Whose Juice suck'd in, and to the Stomach tak'n  
 Long Hunger and long Labour can sustain;  
 From which our faint and weary Bodies find  
 More Succour, more they cheer 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 wond'ous 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* *Bacona* 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 surprise  
 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 a loud,  
 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's Leaves, for living Fruit she bears  
 To her alone great *Varicocha* gave  
 The Privilege, 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! we 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.

*Guatemala* produc'd a Fruit unknown  
To *Europe*, which with pride she call'd her own;  
Her *Cocoa-Nut* with double Use endur'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 sometime 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 the Golden store.  
Too happy *India* had this Wealth alone,  
And not thy Gold been to the *Spaniards* 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, itself is Merchandise.  
She bears no nuts for Boys, nor luscious Fruit,  
That may with nice Effem'nate 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 Nee-  
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 pass'es 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 these 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 Med'cines 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 painting 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.  
While 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 *Spaniards* with his theft.  
What senseless Miser by the Gods abhorr'd,  
Wou'd covet more than *Coccus* doth afford?  
House, Garments, Beds and Boards, ev'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 Centure does decline,  
 Nor dares interpret ill of Pow'r's Divine.  
 The *Indian* Pow'r's ( 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 Breast,  
 ( 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 many 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 whate'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 found,  
 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 levell'd at the Rustick's Face,  
That laid him bruis'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 hindled 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 gods with manly weapons in their Hand  
Devot'd to the dire Encounter stand ;  
Most woful some had that days Battle 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 only 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 Di'dem 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,  
 But 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 only 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 judg, and *Phæbus* better know.  
 For I my self did then thy thoughts incline,  
 Inspir'd thy Skill, and urg'd the bold Design,  
*Herculean* Limits cou'd not thee contain  
 Nor terrour of an unexperienc'd Man ;  
 Nor Nature's awful Darkness cou'd restrain.  
 Thy Native worlds dear fight for three Months lost,  
 For three long Months on the wide Ocean tost.



New Stars, new Floods, and Monsters thou didst spy  
 Unterrify'd thy self, new Gods didst terrific:  
 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 descry,  
 Thy flaming Beacon from a far they spy:  
 Whose happy Light to their transported Eyes  
 Discloses a new World; with joyful cries  
 They hail the sign that to a golden Soil  
 Unlock'd the Gate; forgetting now their Toil.  
 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?  
 While 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 Whales — nor at the *Spaniards* less admire,  
 A Race of Men with Beards and strange Attire,  
 Whose 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'er they did the true.  
 Ev'n thou the Thunderer of th' *Indian* Sky  
 (Nor wilt thou *Varicocha* 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 surprise,  
 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 Guests 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 his 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'er  
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 refrain,  
But fear'd to interrupt his charming strain.

That Gold which *Europe* ravish'd from your Coast  
O'er *Europe* now a Tyrants pow'r does boast.  
Already has more Mischiefs brought on *Spain*  
Than from insulting *Spaniards* you sustain.  
Where'er 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 you're dispossess'd  
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'er 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 judg 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 Vertue call  
 In vain ; while forcin 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, Vertue, 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 *Moteczume's*, or *Guanapaci's* Court.  
 But such true Grandeur as old *Rome* maintain'd,  
 Where Fortune was a Slave and Vertue Reign'd.

## The End of the Fifth Book.



# OF PLANTS.

## BOOK VI.

### SYLVA.

**C**EASE, 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'er grown with Shrubs;  
Where *Phœbus*, once thy Guide, can dart no ray

T' 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:  
Ev'n 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 hast.  
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 thicken'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 Diety.  
Disdain not in this leafy Court to dwell,  
Who its lov'd Monarch did secure so well.



Th' Eternal *Oak* now consecrate to thee  
 No more thy Refuge, but thy Throne shall be.  
 We'll place thee Conqu'ror 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 Inhab'tants 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 ruffled Trees,  
 That mov'd and wanton'd with the sporting Breeze.  
 But *Daphne* knew the Myst'ries of the Wood,  
 And made discov'ries to her am'rous 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.

*Daphne* being  
 turn'd into a  
 Laurel.

'Twas now when Royal *Charles* that Prince of Peace,  
 ( That pious Off-spring of the Olive Race )  
 Sway'd *Englands* Scepter with a God-like hand,  
 Scattering soft Ease and Plenty o'er 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 Sov'reign 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 Di'dem from the Sacred Head.  
 Now above Envy, far above the Clouds  
 The Martyr sits triumphing with the Gods.  
 While Peace before to find security :  
 In *British* Groves she built her downy nest,  
 No other Climate could afford her rest :  
 For warring Winds o'er wretched *Europe* range,  
 Threatning Destruction, universal Change.  
 The raging Tempest tore the aged Woods,  
 Shook the vast Earth, and troubl'd all the Floods.

Nor



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 *Lux'ry* and good Fortune cloy,  
And Vertues she should cherish she destroys.  
What we most wish, what we most toil to gain,  
Enjoyment palls, and 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 admon'ishing 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'er all the Region of the Skies

The History of our approaching Wars

Writ in the Heav'ns in wond'rous 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 thing I tell )

Like sulph'rous waves the horrid Flames did roll,

Whose raging Tides were hurl'd from Pole to Pole ;

Then suddenly the burstin Clouds divide,

A Fire-like burning mounts on either side,

Discov'ring ( 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 Prodigies  
Mr. Cowley  
assures to be  
true ; *Veram  
esse in me re-  
cipio*. 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 fight. }  
 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 Presages. ) Then who fear'd  
 The Monsters of the *Caledonian* Woods,  
 Or the hid ferments of Schismatick 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'er 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 *Zephrus* 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'erturn 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 Winds to ratling Tempests rise,  
Instead of warring Trees we heard the Cries  
Of warring Men, whose dying Groans around  
The Woods and mournful Echo's did resound.

The dismal Shade 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, ev'n 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'er 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 *Aruspices*. *Plin. Serp.  
viii, 8c.*

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

There



The Forest of  
Dean.

There is an ancient Forest known to fame  
On this side sep'rate from the *Cambrian* Plain  
By wandering *Wye*; whose winding Current glides,  
And murm'ring 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,  
Aslike 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 that shady verdant Regions Queen,  
To which by Conquest she had forc'd the Sea  
His constant tributary Waves to pay)  
Proclaim'd a gen'ral Council through her Court  
To which the *Sylvan* Nymphs shou'd all resort.  
All the Wood-Goddeses 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 Goddeses alike were drest in Green,  
The Ornaments and Liv'ries 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



Whose double-colour'd shadow'd Leaves express

The Labours of her Hero *Hercules* :

Whose upper sides are black, the under white

To represent his Toil and his Delight.

The *Phaetonian Alder* next took Place,

Still sensible of the burnt Youths disgrace,

She loves the purling Streams, and often Laves

Beneath the Floods, and wantons with the Waves.

Close by her side the Pensive *Willows* join'd,

Chast Sisters all, to Lovers most unkind.

\**Olesicarpians* call'd, in Youth severe

Before the Winter-age had snow'd their Hair.

In Rivers take delight, whose chilling Streams;

Mixt with the native coldness of their Veins,

Like *Salamanders* can all Heat remove,

And quite extinguish the quick fire of Love.

Firm lasting Bonds they yield to all beside,

But take delight the Lovers to divide.

The *Elders* next, who though they Waters love

The same from Humane Bodies yet remove,

And quite disperse the humid moisture thence,

And partly with the *Dropsie* in this sense.

" Why do you linger here, O lazy Flood ?

" This Soil belongs to Rivolets of Blood.

" Why do you Men torment, when many a shade,

" And honest Trees and Plants do want your Aid ?

" Begon, from Humane Bodies quick begon,

" And back into your native Channels run

" By every Pore, by all the ways you can.

The Moisture frightned flies at the command

And awful terror of her powerful wand.

The Hospitable *Birch* does next appear,

Joyful and Gay in hot or frigid Air,

Flowing her Hair her Garments soft and white,

And yet in Cruelty she takes delight,

No wild Inhabitant of the Woods can be

So quick in Wrath, and in Revenge as she ;

In Houses great Authority assumes,

And's the sole punisher of petty Crimes.

But most of all her Malice she employs

In Schools, to terrifie and awe young Boys,

If she chastise, 'tis for the Patients good,

Though oft she blushes with their tender Blood.

Not so the generous *Maples* ; they present,

What e'er the City Lux'ry can invent,

Who with industrious Management and Pains

Divide the Lab'rinth of their curious Grains,

And many necessary things produce,

That serve at once for Ornament and Use.

\* That is, a  
Tribe which  
early drops  
its Seed ; or  
which is an  
Enemy to  
Venery.



The Elm.

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

Bacchus, or the  
Vine.

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

The Beech.

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 Lux'ry had corrupted Man,

Before for Gold the Earth they did invade,  
The useful Household stuff of *Beech* was made,

Nor other Plate the humble Side-board rest,  
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 Int'rest or Design,  
For guilty Love, fine Eating or rich Wine.

The *Beechen*-Bowl without Debauch went round,  
And was with harmles 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 Pow'rs 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 infest,  
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 Antidote against all Ills, and Fear.

Such was the *Ash*, the Nymph was *Melias* nam'd,  
For peaceful Use, and liberal Vertues fam'd:

But when *Achilles* Spear was of her Wood  
Fatally form'd, and drank of *Hector's* Blood,

O wretch'd Glory! O unhappy Pow'r,  
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.



*Phylira*, 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 excell'g 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 Off-ſpring 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 *Oxyachantha*, 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 hardned 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 Garifon depend,  
No ſhow, or noiſie Grandeur they affect,  
But to their Truſt they'r conſtant and exact:  
Should you behold 'em rang'd in Battle-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  
Cornelian-  
berry.  
Wall Nut.  
Small Nuts.

Switzerland.

Since



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'er armed Winter with her Host of Rains,  
All Ages she suddues: 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 Flow'rs 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;

O'er 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*.

With this the lovely Femals dress their Hair,  
That not least powerful Beauty of the Fair,

Their noblest Ornament and th' Lovers snare.

Combs made  
of its Wood.

This



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

*Agrias* is content with easier spoils,  
Only 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.

The Holly.  
Hereof Bird-  
Lime is made.

\* *Camaris*, who in *Winter* give their Birth,  
Not humble 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:

\* Strawberry  
Tree.

\* *Phillyrea*, here and *Pyracantha* rise,  
Whose Beauty only 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.

\* Ever-green  
Priver, and  
prickly Coral-  
Tree.

Next came the melancholy *Tew*, who mourns  
With silent Languor at the Warriors Urns,  
See where she comes all in black shadow veil'd,  
Ah too unhappy Nymph on every aside assail'd!  
Whom the *Greek* Poets and Historians blame,  
( Deceiv'd by easie faith and common fame )  
Thee as a guilty prisoner 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 *Tew*,  
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,  
Wou'd no false Vertues too, they wou'd to thee impute.

\* Juniper  
Tree.

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

*Savin*.

By



By thee, the first new sparks of Life, not yet  
Struck up to shining flame to mature heat,  
Sprinkled by thy moist Poyson 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 shalt 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 ever 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 Prophets.  
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 for 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 Bouties 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 *Offa* on the Leafy *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 the 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 hard and warm, with crusted white all o'er,  
 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 Tradition 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.  
 VVhen only Apples of the VVood did pass  
 For noble Banquets spread on Beds of Grass.  
 Tables not yet by any Art debauch'd,  
 And fruit that ne'er the Grudgers hand reproach'd.  
 Thy Bounties *Ceres* were of little use,  
 And thy sweet food ill Manners did produce:  
 Unluckily they did thy Vertues find  
 With that of the wild Boar and hunted Hind;  
 VVith all wild Beasts on which their Luxury prey'd,  
 VVhile 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,  
 Forsakes the Land, and plows the faithless Seas.  
 The Fool in these deep furrows seeks his gain,  
 Despising Dangers, and enduring pain.  
 The sacred Oak her peaceful Mansion leaves  
 Transplanted to the Mountains of the VVaves.

Oh *Dryas*, Patron to th' industrious kind,  
 If Man were wise and wou'd his safety find;  
 VVhat perfect Bliss thy happy Shade wou'd give?  
 And Houses that their Masters wou'd out-live.  
 All necessities thou afford'st alone  
 For harmless Innocence to live upon,  
 Strong yokes for Oxen, handles for the Plow,  
 VVhat 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 cutt'st the Air, dost on the waves rebound,  
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 Aromatics from the distant East,  
And Gold so dang'rous 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 Republic 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 *Phæbus*. 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 war'ry life, let her become  
A fixt Star shining equal with the Ram.  
Loeg 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* Plains,  
*Arabs* rich Wood or its sweet smelling Greens,  
Or lovely Plantan 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 **C H A R L E S**, should hold from the Triumphant **T H E E**:

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 VVinds 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 rifl'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 World 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're did *Dryas* Murmur awful truth  
 More clear and plain, from her Prophetick 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 Tendernefs,  
The Gods command me to foretel your Doom,  
And prepossess ye with the Fate to come.

With heedful Rev'rence then their Will observe,  
And in your Barks deeps 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  
Murd'ring his Sire, bore 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 Wandring to endure.  
'Tis said the Deity-retaining Oak  
Bursting her Sark, 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,  
Hast 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 Vertues raise,  
And thro' thy rough Adventures cut new Ways,  
Whose End shall crown thee with immortal Bays.  
Tho *Hercules* so great a Fame atchiev'd,  
His Conquests but to th' Western *Cales* arriv'd:



' There finish'd all his Glories and his Toils,  
 ' He wish'd no more, nor fought more distant Spoils.  
 ' But the great Labours 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 blest'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 Witneses of all I promise thee.  
 ' And when thy painful wandring 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.  
 ' *Teutates* in the sacred Oak shall grow,  
 ' To give blest'd Omens of the *Misseltœe*.

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 Orac'lous 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 Prod'gies 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 Show'rs 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.  
 Curst Civil War e'en Peace betray'd to Guilt,  
 And made her blush with the first Blood was spilt.  
 O cruel Omens of those future Woes,  
 Which now fate brooding in the Senate House !  
 That Den of Mischiefe, 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 Inn'cence ! 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 bewaile 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 no Fate the Course of Things forbade,  
 This Day an End of all our Woes had made.

But our Success the angry Gods controul,  
 And stop our Race of Glory near the Goal,  
 Where e'er the *British* Empire did extend,  
 The Tyrant War with Barbarous Rigor reign'd,  
 From the remotest Parts it rifled Peace  
 From the \* *Belerian* 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 flung

*Keinton-  
 Field.  
 Edge-Hill.*

\* *S. Buriem,*  
 the uttermost  
 Point of *Corn-  
 wall.*

His



His Poison thro' thy Veins? thou bleed'st all o'er,  
 Art all one VVound, one universal Gore,  
 Unhappy *Newberry*, I thy fatal Field,  
 (Cover'd with mighty Slaughters, thrice beheld.)  
 In horrors thou *Philippi's* Fields outvi'd  
 VVhich twice the Civil Gore of *Romans* di'd.  
 Long mutual Loss, and the alternate VVeight  
 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 VVoos, 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 VVar.  
 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'er behold,  
 Such as no human Language can unfold.  
 But now ———

The Conquering evil Genius of the VVars,  
 The impious Victor all before him bears;  
 And oh, — behold the Sacred Vanquish'd flies,  
 And tho in a *Plebean's* mean Disguise,  
 I know his God-like Face; the Monarch sure  
 Did ne'er dissemble till this fatal hour.  
 But oh he flies, distrest, 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 threatning 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 VVar (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 shame to future VVorlds! 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 Vertue 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 Vertues 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 White* 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 Conduct still of angry Stars :  
 Their new-made Wounds and old ones turn'd to Scars ;  
 The Blood that did the trembling *Ribla* 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 sell.  
 Nor to your Griefs will this Addition bring,  
 The sad Idea's of a Martyr'd 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 be heard, 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,  
 VVhile Day, and all the VVorld were looking on.  
 By common Hangman's Hands—Here stopt the Oak,  
 VVhen from the bottom of its Root there broke  
 A thousand Sighs, which to the Sky she lifts,  
 Bursting her solid Bark into a thousand Clefts.  
 Each Branch ger Tributary sorrow gives,  
 And Tears run trickling from her mournful Leaves;  
 Such numbers after rainy Nights they shed,  
 VVhen show'ring Clouds that did surround her Head,  
 Are by the rising Goddess of the Morn  
 Blown off, and flie before the approaching Sun.  
 At which the Troop of the Green Nymphs around  
 Ecch'ing her Sighs, in wailing Accents groan'd,  
 VVhose piercing sounds from far were understood,  
 And the loud Tempest shook the wond'ring VVood:  
 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 VVound,  
 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 seis'd 'em all.  
 But nothing less for in the room of One,  
 VVho govern'd justly on his peaceful Throne,  
 A thousand Heads sprung up, deform'd and base,  
 VVith 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 VVrong (mere VVords confounded lie)  
 Rage sets no Bounds to her Impiety;  
 And having once transgreft 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,  
 VVhom Tyranny commits, and only Death retrieve;  
 VVhose Paths were crowded ere the Morning drawn,  
 Some to the Dungeons, some to Gibbets drawn.  
 But tir'd-out Cru'ly pauses for a while,  
 To take new Breath amidst her Barbarous Toil.



So does not Avarice, she 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;  
 VVhat 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 whatsoe'er cou'd guilty be  
 Of tempting VVealth, or fatal Loyalty,  
 VVas not enough to satisfie 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 found:  
 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 clamours 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 uselessthings;  
 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 e'en the Grey and Rev'rend 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 Pow'rs 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 Offspring 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 underwentst 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,  
 Ev'n to those Shores so very late his Foes,  
 And still to be suspected; but mean while  
 The *Oliveran* 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 Kinds, 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 Extreames,  
Marches a Conqu'ror 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 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 Heav'n have equal share.  
His Right Divine let every Voice proclaim,  
And a just Ardor or every Soul inflame.

But *England's* evil Genius watchful still  
To ruin Vertue, and encourage 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 Asphe 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 *Tropedo'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 rish'd 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 Lightning; 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 scow'r 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 Pray'r

Dost to the Gods commend the safety of thy Heir;

And the Celestial Court of Pow'rs 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 Wanders 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 things does there intrude,  
 But it enjoys itself 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 wond'rous 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  
 Divests 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 Russet 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 wordly Pomp and Dress,  
 And like a Monk a sad Adieu he takes  
 Of all his Friends, and the false World forakes.



But yet ere long, even this humble State,  
 Alas, shall be denied by his Fate;  
 She drives him forth even from 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 Flow'rs, 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 the Earth itself deprive 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 ah, 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 Show'rs 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 Tracks 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 Colour of his Face his own,  
 That sooty Veil, for some Diguise put on,  
 To keep the Nobler Part from being known;  
 For 'midst of all — something of Sacred Light  
 Beams forth, and does inform my wond'ring sight,  
 And now — arises to my View more bright.  
 Ah — 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 Pow'rs, 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 Vertue 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 Resprifal ! which the Gods perfer,  
 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 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  
 Resounds to Heaven : and then, Long live the King :  
 And sure the Shouts of their re-echo'd 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 wond'rous 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 through 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 in Majesty it own'd before.  
 Thou long corrupted Manners shalt reclaim,  
 And Faith and Honour 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 Labour over-pays.  
 Cities and Towns, Great Prince, thy Gardens be  
 With Labour 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 shall be,  
 And their bright Winter Fires they'll ow 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 may'st Foundations lay  
 After a thousand years are roll'd away.  
 Reap thou these mighty Triumphs then which for thee grow,  
 And mighty Triumph 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'd,  
 That the Sea's Sceptre 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 Graafs and Mounds, and Trenches all in vain.  
 And yet what fond Ambition spurs you on ?  
 You dare attempt to make rhe 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'erempty 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 through their Fleet cut 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 Valour 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 seem to grow,  
Shakes his broad Sword, and seeks an equal Foe.  
Nor did bold *Opdam's* mighty Mind refuse  
The dreadful Honour 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 Valour please the Pow's on high?  
It can't, it won't— or would'st 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 Labour 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 lie.  
Whether a real Bolt from Heav'n was thrown  
Among the guilty Wretches is not known,  
Tho likely 'tis: *Amboyna's* Wickedness,  
And broken Peace and Oaths deserv'd no less.  
Or whether Fatal Gun-powder it were  
By some unlucky Spark enkindled there;  
Ev'n Chance, by Heav'n 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 would 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 *Opdam's* Fate,

Will next t' attack victorious JAMES prepare,  
 Worthy to perish at the self-same rate,

But *English Guns* sufficient Thunder bear;  
 By *English Guns*, and humane Fire o'erpowr'd,  
 'Tis quickly in the hissing Waves devour'd.

Three Ships besides are burnt, if Fame says true,  
 None of whose baser Names the Goddesses 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 them broke  
 Through the dark Shadow of the Guns and Smoke.

Can Fire in Winter then such Licence claim?  
 Justly the Water hides it self for shame:

The dreadful Wrack outstretching far away  
 Vast Ruines 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.

It 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 whoe'er she will,  
 The vulgar Deaths, below the Muse 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 Joy's 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* Valour, 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 Harbours wide,  
 Seeing the Wretches from our Thunder fly:  
 From our hot Chace 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 wondrous things conceal'd,  
 But this to grace some future *Bard* will serve,  
 For better Poets this the Gods reserve.

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