

Of gardens. A Latin poem. In four books / English'd by Mr. Gardiner.

Contributors

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Gardiner, James, -1732

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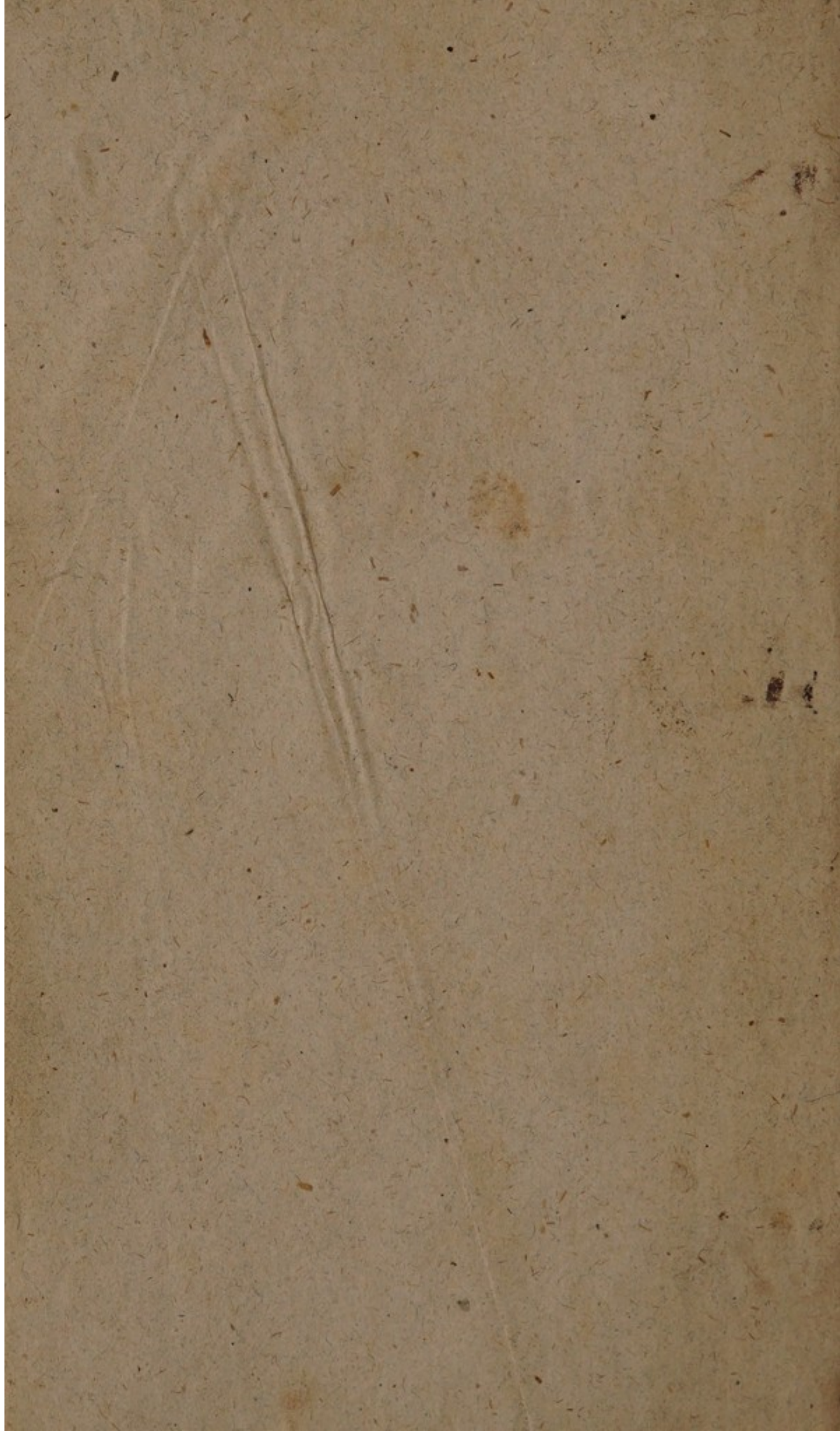


RAPIN

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for sale



R A P I
O F
G A R D E N S.
A L A T I N
P O E M.

In Four Books.

English'd by Mr. GARDINER.

The SECOND EDITION, revised and finish'd.

*Examine how your Humour is enclin'd,
And which the ruling Passion of your Mind;
Then seek a Poet who your way does bend,
And chuse an Author as you chuse a Friend;
And by improving what was said before,
Invention labours less, but Judgment more.*

E. of Roscommon, Essay of transl. Ver.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *W. Bowyer* for BERNARD LINTOT at the
Cross-Keys between the *Temple Gates*.





THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READER.

I would not have the Reader think me wanting in my Respect to the Translator, tho' he finds me mentioning his Name without the Addition of Learned, Ingenious, or any other Term in the String of Epithets, which, we Booksellers, with great Gratitude, as we conceive, very liberally bestow on such Gentlemen, as please to favour us with any Copy: For it was upon the Condition of my

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not offering at one Word of Commendation of him, or his Performance, that I obtain'd Leave to give a short Account of this Impression.

When Mr. Gardiner translated Rapin as you see it in the first Impression, he had (as I have heard him since say) seen only one Edition of the Latin, and that one of the worst, but most common here in England, printed at Utrecht 1672; which may be distinguish'd from the best Editions by the very first Verses.

Qui cultus lætis felices Floribus Hortos
Efficiat; melior nemori quæ forma serendo:
Ducendæ quis aquæ, quis fructibus usus ha-
bendis,
Et canere, & cantu totum vulgare per orbem
Aggredior.

When all the correct Editions begin thus

Quæ terræ cultura magis florentibus hortis
Conveniat, quæ par nemori sit forma serendo;
Ducendæ

to the Reader.

Ducendæ quis aquæ, quis fructibus usus ha-
bendis

Præcipio.

However Mr. Gardiner resolving to take Leave of the Muses, upon going into holy Orders, gave me his Consent for the publishing of that Translation as it was unfinish'd, and writ only for his own Diversion: But his ill State of Health, for these three last Years, obliging him sometimes to relax his Mind from his more serious Studies, the Pleasures of Gardening and his Rapin naturally claim'd a Preference with him to all other Amusements. He then set Himself to reduce his former Version to the true Editions of Rapin, leaving no Interpolations in his Review, which are singular in the Utrecht Edition, except three Fables, that of the Crown Imperial, that of the Adonis-Flower, and that of Sappho turn'd into a Water-fall. He likewise took Occasion to alter the Versification wherever he found he had been negli-

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gent before, or had err'd for Want of more Experience at that Time in Gardening, and translated those Parts, at least an hundred Lines, which he had omitted in the first Version.

Hearing by a Friend what Mr. Gardiner had done, and considering with my self what a Reputation the Translation had when unfinish'd, what a general Vogue Books of Gardening are in at present, and the Curiosity that Gentlemen seem to have of looking into them, I thought it might not be unacceptable to the World, nor unprofitable to my self, if I could procure this Review: For I will be bold to say, that there is nothing in the whole Art of Gardening which is not to be found in Rapin, and that adorn'd with all the Embelishments and Advantages that the greatest Genius of his Age could possibly give to so pleasant a Subject in a poetical Dress.

Rapin's

to the Reader.

Rapin's great Character is sufficiently establish'd in most Nations in Europe; and if the English Reader be less acquainted with this his most valuable Work, I doubt not but the judicious Mr. Evelyn's Opinion of it, will give every Body entire Satisfaction. He finishes his Sylva, or Discourse of Forest-Trees, with the following Encomium. I conclude (says he) this Book and whole Discourse of that incomparable Poem of *Rapinus*, as epitomizing all we have said. I cannot therefore but wonder that excellent Piece, so elegant, pleasant, and instructive, should be no more enquired after.

It would be superfluous after this one Encomium of Mr. Evelyn's (considering his Character for Veracity, Judgment in Poetry, and Skill in Gard'ning) to add any more in Praise of the Original. And tho' I am enjoind Silence with Respect to the Translation, yet I have shewn my own Esteem of it, by the Care

4

I have

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I have taken in the printing of this Edition, and the Expence I have been at in adorning it; which was the highest Expression of Gratitude that would be accepted by Mr. Gardiner, from his and the Reader's

Humble Servant,

BERNARD LINTOT.

Exi-

Eximio Viro Domino *Jacobo Gardiner*, Ecclesiæ Cathedralis *Lincolniensis* Subdecano, in clarissimam suam *Rapini* Versionem, quam, dum apud *Bathonenses* Salutis gratia, commoratus est, in lucem emisit.

Quondam displicuit, partim placuitque *Rapinus*;
 Quippe sibi dispar, nunc admiranda canebat,

*Nunc laudanda minùs; feriens mox vertice Cælum,
 Mox Terræ adrepens, humilique inglorius alâ:
 Quæ modò splendebat, jam turbida Sequana fluxit,
 Carmine florentes, arebant Carmine, Sylvæ.*

At

*At tu divisas partes, & dissona Membra
 Concordare facis, pergrato & Fœdere jungis
 Cùm primùm tanti Genii, Mentisque capacis
 Lux sacra adfuerit, per totum infusa Poëma;
 Concretam exemit labem, tenebrasque fugavit,
 Fecit & in purum Vatem migrare Rapinum.*

*Futilis ostentat quare sua Facta Vetustas,
 Aut cur Orphæi memorat tot ficta Furoris?
 Vera tuus Calamus jam nunc miracula præstat,
 Conversas pulchrè Formas coramque tuemur:
 Letior ad Cantus vel Tellus ipsa resurgit,
 Omnis & insueto de ritu Gallia vernat.
 Floribus eximiis Campos lucere videre est,
 Quolibet & rivo fluitans devolvier Aurum.
 Scilicet ut Terræ Vires blandumque Vigorem
 Ver geniale novat, sic Franci Mens tua Scriptis
 Intùs commixta æternos instaurat Honores.
 Suaviùs Angliacis numeris Rosa picta rubescit,*

()
Majestate novâ transvectaque Robora surgunt ;
Quæ scribis gravido turgent Pomaria Fætu,
Jam demùm Solemque suum, sua Numina nôrunt.
O! quas innumeras solers tua Musa ministrat
Delicias, quæ mira aperit Spectacula rerum ;
Seu per secretos ducat lasciva Canales
Undas, seu ductas exculpto Marmore donet :
Seu spargat varios placidè errabunda Colores,
Atque Nivem his Foliis aut illis imprimat Aurum ;
Seu Ramos societ, frondosa & Tegmine fingat,
Seu ambitiosa suas Pinus educat in Auras !

Sic quicquid simulat, quicquid simulare laborat
Pictor non summus, Nympham, aut Heroa tremendum,
Indignum languescit opus, ridendaque Imago est :
Sin Tabulam exornet divini Zeuxis Arundo,
Cuncta placent mirè, spirare & cuncta videntur.
Plurimus Interpres (quo nescio) devius errat,
Aut Verbis tantùm jejunis fidus inhæret.
Tu Vates præstans, nullo non dignus Honore,

Sedulus

*Sedulus insequeris, transfers Animamque Poetae,
 Translatam evehis in majus: nam Pagina, quam Tu
 Reddis, lucefcit, Veneres & mille recludit.*

*Quamvis notus erat longo & conjunctus amore
 Cum tamen occurrit mutatâ fronte Rapinus,
 Cùmque stupens vidi quàm augustis passibus ibat,
 Et quali splendore recens jam prodiit Anglus,
 Erubui, & dixi, (veteris non gnarus amici)
 Quisnam est? Anne aliquis magnâ de stirpe Maronis
 En quàm conspicuè graditur, quantum instar in ipso est.*

*Sed tandem parco Laurus violare Camœnâ
 Tam tenui, Gard'nerè, tuas, tantùm mihi fas sit,
 Tu mea pars melior, tibi firmam optare salutem.
 Bathoniæ vos Fontes, (vos si ardentia Vota
 Quid moveant) vires undarum intendite summas,
 Gard'neroque meo celerem præbete Medelam.
 Virtutis primævæ haud ullus amantior Hospes
 Vos unquam invisit, sanari aut dignior alter.
 Cùm tandem excipiat Lincolnia læta reversum,*

Unius abscessu quæ funera pænè subibo?
Ergo abiit Gard'nerus? Nostris O! ubi tantum
Sic præerit Studiis Lumen, quandoque Maronis
Et Flacci mirabor non imitabile Carmen
Illo monstranti? Mihi quæ sublimia fando
Exponebat, quas rerum Causasque latentes?
Quid non commeruit, seu Cæli Oracula sacro
Panderet Eloquio, seu Plectrum tangeret aureum
Carminibus pollens? Quoties illius Imago
Occurret, Vocem quotiesque audire videbor?

Sic cum Sol oriens radiis propioribus Orbem
Eöum illustret, Numen venerantur amicum
Lætantes Indi, Sedes laudantque beatas:
At cum discedat Phœbus, repetatque Cubile
Occiduum, tristemque vident accedere Noctem;
Protinùs amissumque Deum, Lucemque remotam
Horrendum plorant, & complent planctibus Æther.



THE
AUTHOR'S
PREFACE.

IT may seem perhaps an unpardonable Boldness in me to venture on a Subject for a Poem, which the greatest Poet in the World has left unattempted. That short Essay which *Virgil* gives us of it in the fourth *Georgic*, begins with these Lines.

Now

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*Now did I not so near my Labours end,
Strike Sail, and hast'ning to the Harbour tend,
My Song to flow'ry Gardens might extend
To teach the vegetable Arts; to sing
The Pæstan Roses, and their double Spring,
How Succ'ry drinks the running Streams,
and how
Green Beds of Parsley near the Rivers
grow, &c.* Mr. DRYDEN.

Virgil seems here to be insensibly carry'd on farther than he design'd; and I think not without Reason by the Agreeableness of the Theme. But whether he were stopt short by the Subject he was then upon; the Bees; or whether it were that he had a more sublime Design in view wherewith to entertain his Heroe; so it is, that he breaks off o'the sudden, upon the first Recollection, and quits
a this

this Subject, which at the same time he recommends to Posterity.

*But these for want of Room, I must omit,
And leave for future Poets to recite.*

Mr. ADDISON.

I fear I shall scarce be able to avoid the Imputation of an arrogant Vanity in Undertaking this Province, which alone, if we may give any Credit to *Pliny*, was able to discourage so experienc'd an Author: Besides by setting my self about to copy after so exquisite an Original, I foresee I shall raise an Expectation which it will be impossible for any Performance of mine to come up to; and I shall only convince others of my Size, that they are not to hope for Success. The Excellency of that part which *Virgil* has performed, the Difficulty of what remains, and the vast Improvements the modern

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dern Skill has made upon the Ancients are such; that how near soever I may approach to the Dignity of my Subject, I shall without doubt be censur'd as unequal to it.

And then the Art of Gard'ning being so vastly different from what it was in the most flourishing State of the *Roman* Empire, and there being in it a great deal so altogether new, as the disposing of Flow'rs in Borders, or planting of Fruit against a Wall; I doubt not but my Readers will expect to find me frequently at a Loss to express in the Language of the *Romans*, what was altogether unknown at *Rome*: But as this is my Misfortune, so I flatter my self it will be look'd on as a tolerable Excuse for some Failings of this kind. Moreover, since the Genius of the greatest Persons of this and the last Age have inclin'd them to planting and cultivating of Gardens, by how much the more diffi-

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cult my Task was, so much the more shall I have demonstrated my Willingness to undergo some Labour for their Diversion. Indeed the Pleasures of the Garden have been of late Years so universally charming, and the Dispositions of them so exquisitely design'd by the expert Artists of our Times, that I thought there was nothing left to set them off, but a Recommendation from the Muses.

As to the nature of the Verse, which is wont to be us'd for the delivering of Precepts, I have no occasion to say much, since *Virgil* in his *Georgics* has set us the best Copy of this kind to imitate; but if I have not always kept strictly close to the Style of *Virgil*, perhaps I shall not be so much to blame when it is considered, that of all the Parts of the *Georgics*, this of Gard'ning is unquestionably the most nice and delicate; and

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and I make no doubt, but *Virgil* would frequently have risen above that æquable Style which so well became that truly rustick part of Agriculture. And yet even here, as *Pliny* observes, *He only cull'd the Flowers of Things*; for he has omitted nothing that was truly beautiful and ornamental. How often does he flourish? How frequent are his Digressions? How carefully does he at every turn avoid that Satiety and Uneasiness which would be inseparably annexed to a continu'd Lecture, and a Repetition of mere formal Rules? In short, wherever the Matter would bear it, he never fails to set it off with all the Ornaments of a well-regulated Fancy. *In the Georgics* (says *Macrobius Saturn. l. 5.*) *after he has rubb'd thro' that difficult Task of laying down in Verse the necessary Precepts of Agriculture, he closes each Book with something more agreeable and diverting.* Thus the first Book ends with the

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various Signs and Prognostications of Alterations in the Weather; the second with a lively Representation of the Pleasures of a Countrey Life; the third concludes with the Description of a fatal Murrain among the Cattel, and the last with the Story of Orpheus and Aristeus. I have therefore endeavoured so to tread in the Steps of my great Master, as not to forget that my subject Matter did in the main require a didactic Style; which nevertheless allows a modest Liberty of digressing sometimes, and stepping a little out of the beaten Track, to make the Pleasure of the Journey the more lasting.

But if any one imagines my Digressions have been too frequent or too long, I have the Practice of the *Greek* Poets on my side; and their Authority, I hope, may warrant the Imitation. For not to mention others, can there be any thing more elegant than the
Descrip-

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Description *Nicander* gives us in his second *Georgic* of the Gardens near the Banks of *Alpheus* in the *Pisan* Territory; in which, the Ornaments the fabulous Age affords, are brought in to embellish the Scene at every turn? All the rest of the Poets are full of these incidental Decorations, (as we find in the 15th Book of *Athenæus*) such are those who have celebrated the Flow'rs made use of in Garlands, *Cratinus* and *Hegeſias*: In the like kind are the Odes of *Anacreon*, and the Fragments of *Sappho*, the Poem of *Panocrates*, *Chæremon's Bacchus*, *Eubulus* and others innumerable.

But I shall be told, it may be, that the Gravity and Usefulness of the Subject deserv'd a more serious Air, and that instead of indulging a roving Fancy, I ought to have enquir'd into the Nature of Plants and Flowers, to have describ'd their Properties and re-

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hears'd their Virtues. True: Nor have I been wanting in this respect, as I suppose; but I remember'd withal that I ought to write rather like a Poet than a Philosopher. A mere formal Lecture would suit well enough with the latter, but is altogether inconsistent with the Character of the former. And altho' it be true that a Flower or a Shrub ought not to be sung in a lofty Style and sonorous Verse; yet is it also as true, that in the Subject before us there will be many Occasions given to the Poet to raise his Style, and soar above that Mediocrity, which in the main is the true Style of a didactic Poem; lest by servilely creeping, he sink insensibly beneath his Subject, and fall into a Frigidity of Expression, than which there can be nothing more nauseous and disgusting. Allow him therefore upon just Occasions to aspire, and, as *Anacreon* has it, to raise up his Soul

to

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to such a Poetick Height, as to be able to breath out something divine.

Others, it may be, will find fault with me for my frequent mention of the fabulous Deities of the Heathens. These Persons are hereby desir'd to remember that the Genius of Poetry does necessarily require it, which must have liberty to roam *through the Services of the Gods, and a fancy'd Terror of their Judgments*; must be allow'd sometimes to move and stir up the Mind, that it may create Admiration; that this poetical Liberty has always been conniv'd at; that the true Religion and Morality are not at all concern'd in those poetical Fictions, which are known to be such, and are only made use of to prevent that Languor which else would unavoidably clog the Poem.

But

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But tho' I have frequently let my Fancy loose in the first Book concerning Flowers, to which the exceeding Pleasantness of the Subject did very frequently and naturally invite; I have been more reserv'd in the two following, which treat of Groves and Water-Works, and have only interspers'd those poetical Embellishments in such places where a very easie and unforc'd Transition will, I doubt not, be allow'd of as a sufficient Excuse.

In the Orchard I believe I shall not answer the Expectations of some, who desire, it may be, an exact Catalogue of the several sorts of Fruit, and their various Tastes. I have only mention'd the more general sorts, without troubling my Reader with I know not how many Subdivisions. And here I am sure I can plead *Virgil's* Authority, who in
his

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his second *Georgic*, where he expressly treats of vinous Liquors, selects out of a vast Multitude of them, only three sorts of Olives, and as many of Pears: For there is nothing more averse to the Genius of Poetry, than a categorical Deduction of things from one general Head, through a tedious Series of Subdivisions. There ought to be a Choice made, To dwell upon minute Matters, argues a weak and trifling Genius. Thus *Horace's* Statuary was a notable Fellow at expressing the Hair of the Head, and the Nails: In these he excell'd, but bungling about the more noble Parts, the Statue, when he had finish'd it, was but a mishapen and deform'd Piece.

*The meanest Workman in th' Æmylian Square
May grave the Nails, or imitate the Hair,
But cannot finish what he hath begun;
Who is there more ridiculous than he?*

E. of ROSCOMMON.

After

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After all, being conscious to my self that there are many Passages that want Correction, but which I my self have not been able to amend, 'twould be vain and impertinent to trouble my Reader any longer, or to expect a favourable Acceptance by exercising his Patience yet farther by a tedious Preface.

I shall only add a word or two concerning the End propos'd in a didactic Poem; which indeed is no other than that of Poetry in general, the chief aim of which is to instruct. The Soul and Spirit of Poetry is too generous to be busied about Trifles and insignificant Fables. The Design of it (as I said) is to teach, and there ought always to be some useful Moral: It's true it does not shoot point blank, but it hits the Mark as effectually: Its great Artifice consists in pleasing,
and

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and when that's obtain'd, it will not be far from persuading. Herein it even excels Philosophy, whose sole Aim is to inform the Understanding. How few are there who become wiser or better by the dry Precepts of a Stoick, while the Poet's unobserv'd Art gently wins upon the Affections, and with a pleasing Insinuation instructs the Mind? This we are assur'd from the Observation of a Critick, above all Exception, the accurate *Horace*, that *Homer* has recommended a true Morality far more successfully than *Crantor* or *Chryfippus*.

*Who bath what's base, what decent, just
and good,*

Clearer than Crantor or Chryfippus show'd:

Creech. Hor. Epist. 2.

And though I do not in this Poem inculcate a System of Morality, yet the Observation will be found true in all those Cases, where Pleasure and Profit may mutually re-commend

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commend each other. Nor do I believe there is any where to be found a more compleat Treatise of Agriculture, in respect to the Age and Climate in which *Virgil* wrote, than what is to be met with in his *Georgics*; for I cannot subscribe to that Censure of *Seneca* (whom I esteem otherwise as an excellent Critick) in which he tells us that *Virgil's* Aim was not so much *to instruct his Countryman as to please his Reader*; that it was to *tickle the Fancy, rather than inform the Judgment*. He here perverts the chief Design of Poetry, to the Rules of which, surely no one will ever appear hereafter to have kept more closely than that judicious Poet. I think I may therefore fairly appeal from this Criticism to the concurring Judgment of all Antiquity, *which (if we judge aright) will always be held in Veneration by us*. How improbable is it that so good a Naturalist as *Virgil*, and one of so accurate a Judgment, should

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should so egregiously impose upon his Readers, when he solemnly professes to instruct them? How unbecoming is it for a Man of but ordinary Sense and Education to trifle when he should be serious, and banter when he pretends to teach! I believe there are not many who will be so Fool-hardy as to pronounce *Virgil* guilty of such Inconsistency, especially in a Work which was his Master-piece, and to which he is acknowledg'd to have given the finishing Stroke.

Varro reckons up I know not how many who have writ concerning Agriculture, among whom there are but two Poets, *Menecrates* the *Ephesian*, and *Hesiod*, concerning whom *Pliny* has these Words: *Above a thousand Years ago Hesiod laid down Precepts concerning Husbandry.* But *Hesiod* seems here to instil Morality, rather than enquire into Nature; and talks more like a Moral Philosopher

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pher than a Poet. 'Tis true we ought not to derogate from his Merit, and we may allow him to be next to *Virgil*, though there be a wide Interval between them. *Virgil* indeed deserves our Admiration, there is nothing in him trifling or arrogant; a native Simplicity and ingenuous Modesty, a vast Reach of Thought, and an exact Judgment shine through all his Works; and he is an unexceptionable Instance of the Justness of that Remark of *Horace*,

Sound Judgment is the Ground of writing well.

E. of ROSCOMMON.

FLORA,

FLORA, In Admiration of the
Gardens of *Rapin*, and the
Translation of *Mr. Gardiner*.

By *Mr. John Disney*.

WHAT happy influence of the kindest Star
Thus decks the Ground, and thus perfumes
the Air?

Does Nature in this Paradise prevail?

If so, thou Genius of the Climate, Hail!

But Nature's Charms are in Confusion sown,

And want of Order marks 'em for her own;

While here the Steps of humane Care I trace,

So regular, so just is every Grace;

Oh, what industrious Hand commands the Place?

Virgil! my eldest Joy, long since retir'd

To Heav'n, which first his sacred Art inspir'd;

In latter Ages so improv'd a Mind,

Where but in France or England should I find?

To whom the Sweets, that thus profusely flow,
 But to Rapin and his Translator owe?
 No meaner Fires, and no inferior Toil
 Could give such Rules, or so adorn the Soil.
 The choicest Flow'rs that e'er a Garden grac'd,
 In Beds and Order regularly plac'd,
 Breath fragrant out, and all their Pow'rs improve
 To bless the Dryads of that happy Grove:
 That happy Grove whose ever-verdant Shade,
 By the same pious Industry was made
 For Swains and Lovers an obscure Retreat;
 Whom while protecting from the solar Heat,
 Love's gentle Fires by fanning they increase;
 Pleasures in Hand they give; destroy their future
 Peace.

Here Springs abound which manag'd well by Art,
 Their liquid Store in various forms impart.
 Canals and Rivulets glide smoothly by,
 Enrich the Soil, and entertain the Eye;

Or from high Precipices rudely fall,
 And by their dashing thus alarm the Vale;
 Their Distance gives us Pleasure mixt with Fear,
 At once surprizes and delights the Ear.
 And Fountains too, with lofty Statues gay,
 Thro' which (for Nature's self must Art obey)
 Th' unwilling Streams by Force are bid to play.
 Orchards with eager Appetite we view,
 Orchards and Fruits to fair Pomona due;
 Her Influence ne'er to better Purpose shed,
 Her Off'ring ne'er to more Advantage paid.

Blest be the Manes of the great Rapin,
 Who artful first describ'd the happy Scene;
 And blest he is, in whose translated Lines,
 His still surviving Art and Genius shines:
 Joy of the rev'rend Ghost, who smiles to see
 His Gardens, and his Wit improv'd by thee;
 Industrious Youth! my Darling! and my Care!
 Be some indulg'd and fertile Spot thy Share;

*Well fed with Springs, and all that may conspire
To exercise thy Art, and answer thy Desire.*

A thousand gen'rous Flow'rs enrich the Ground,

And ev'ry Flow'r with ev'ry Beauty crown'd:

Groves that may scorn Theſſalian Tempe's Pride,

And Orchards with the nobleſt Fruit ſupply'd;

And lull'd by Muſick of impatient Streams,

Think of kind Flora, and enjoy thy Dreams.

**To my Friend the Tranſlator of
Rapin's Poem of Gardens.**

A *S Flow'rs tranſplanted from their Native Soil,
Are oft improv'd by the wiſe Floriſt's Toil;
While Art with Nature ſtrives, and both combine,
With mutual Aid to finiſh his Deſign;*

Rapin thus cultivated by your Hand,
A Stranger flourishes in foreign Land;
From France translated, and a warmer Sun,
He dubious Seasons sees, and Heav'ns unlike his own:
Yet pleas'd with change of Air, he now can shew
In livelier Colours than at Home he knew.

Grieve not that Flow'rs, a short liv'd Race, your
Care

Submit to Fate, and Winter's Fury fear;
Their annual Pride they lose, nor Art can save
What Spring had promis'd, and what Summer gave.
The Groves a Covert half a Year allow,
Above with Beauty please, with Shade below;
No longer a Retreat when Storms arise,
By Winds subdu'd they fall a Sacrifice;
And Fountains cease to flow——
All things in Nature to an end make haste,
And Friendship only long as Life can last.

But Fame by Verse, preserv'd a surer Way
To future times the Muses will convey;
The Bays are ever green, and suffer no decay.

From C. C. C. Oxon.
 April 26. 1706.

T. P.

To his ingenious Friend, Mr.
James Gardiner; On his Trans-
 lation of *Rapin's Poem of Gar-*
dens.

I.

LONG have the pleasing Muses been
 Compell'd to leave their Hippocrene;
 The sacred Springs and Groves destroy'd;
 And all, they with pure Innocence enjoy'd.
 The Nymphs thus banish'd from their blest Retreats,
 In the vile Town have mourn'd their Fates:

Scarce

()
Scarce have they spoke without a Crime,
And conscious blush'd in ev'ry Rhime.

Hence the sublimest Gift we've lost,
That Earth from Heav'n could ever boast:
The Poet's sacred Art is gone,
With Modesty and Virtue flown,
No more the heav'nly Prophet's Name, and his are
one.

2.

Orphean Strains no more we hear;
No more the list'ning Floods appear;
No more around us in the Dance
We see the moving Woods advance
To Nature's tuneful Numbers that supply
An universal Energy.
Such as of old could win th' inexorable Fates:
And open all their adamantine Gates:
Could make the rigid God of Hell comply,
And tune his jarring Regions into Harmony.

*Oft then we've pray'd but all in vain,
Amphion's Art might be restor'd again:*

*Oft pray'd we might have one to raise
The Theban Wall, and send the Stones back to their
Native Place.*

*There with as mighty Power to fix 'em down,
As he t' advance 'em to a Town;*

Till you, dear Sir, kind Heav'n at last did send,

Ours and the Muses darling Friend;

*The Muses Friend and ours, for from long Exile now
With Joy we welcome their Return in you.*

Parnassus now, and Helicon no more

*Are empty Names, since you their Beings, and their
Gods restore.*

In you, kind Sir, we're doubly blest;

Of Nature's chief Delights poss'est;

Blest

*Blest in the sweet Variety
 Of Gardening and Poetry:
 The Charms of both ne'er met so well in one,
 Free from the Vice and Tarnish of the Town.
 In Eden thus our happy Parents reign'd,
 And converse by their Songs with Heav'n main-
 tain'd
 An Art divine; first Angels taught it Men,
 And you bring back unto its Native Scenes again.*

5.

*In France, Rapin did this great Work pursue,
 Which we see finish'd here by you.
 Whate'er the Nature of our Soil denys
 Your Garden, that your happy Muse supplies.
 Those foreign Scenes drest in your easie Rhime,
 Lose all their Strangeness, and besit our Clime.
 French Fountain-Bleau, Bavile, St. Cloud, and Tours,
 Look so like English we believe 'em ours:*

()

*So well improv'd too, should the Owners come,
Abroad they'd envy, and dislike at home.
Thus in a Garden shap'd, and prun'd, we've oft be-
held
The rough luxuriant Offsprings of the Field;
When with nice Art the rising Plants are form'd
And with new Graces still adorn'd;
Until at last complete they stand,
The Pride and Glory of their skilful Master's Hand.*

6.

*See now the Grove your Art repays,
And Streams that echo to your Lays.
More smoothly in your gentler Song,
Each Silver Current glides along,
Tun'd to sweet Murmurs by your charming
Tongue.*

*The blooming Green
That takes new Vigour from your Muse, more flo-
rid's seen;*

Gay Flow'rs in finer Dress appear,
And with more fragrant Scents perfume the Air;
All to your Praise display their Pride;
Whilst ev'ry Yew shoots up her stately Pyramide.

7.

Pomona loaded with her Plenty comes,
Her Pears, her Apples, Peaches, and her Plumbs;
She grateful brings
Autumnal Offerings;
Of what, through you, her fruitful Orchards
bore,
And joys to crown you with the golden Store.
While Bacchus the rejoicing Youth proclaim,
And sing their Orgias to your Name:
They crown the Bowls with sprightly Wine,
To him, who gave, and him who prun'd the
Vine.

May thus your Muse for ever sing, your Garden e-
ver thrive,
And You and We from both receive
Those sweet Delights, and blooming Honours that
they give.

Gloucestershire,
March 7. 1706.

John Jackson.

To

To my dear Friend Mr. *James Gardiner*, Fellow of *Jesus Colledge* in *Cambridge*; On his delaying to print his Translation of *Rapin's Poem of Gardens*.

WHY to your Friend's Desires will you refuse

The happy Labours of your tuneful Muse?

What has a Poet at your Age to fear,

Whose Verse from Vice is like your Morals clear?

The Grave may envy but they cannot damn

A Youth who lives and writes so free from blame,

Admir'd, yet shews such true Contempt of Fame.

Who, tho' he need not write for Bread or Praise,

Nothing refuses which his Friends can please:

*Who Censure scorns, but follows Reason's Rules;
Courts more the Wise, tho' few, than thousand
Fools.*

*What tho' some Coxcomb full of his own Sense,
(As Coxcombs ne'er want Pride and Impudence)
Should rashly and unread your Work condemn,
Think you the World his Judgment would esteem?
Homer nor Virgil then had reach'd our times,
Condemn'd and burnt for some supposed Crimes;
Severest Judges must your Choice commend,
Where Virgil's bright Example does defend;
And what we give as to the Subject due,
Is the just right of the Performance too.
Here all their Arts the tuneful Nine unfold
Instructive Sense in softer Numbers told,
Th' Impression curious and the Metal Gold.*

*By your Description warm'd, my Fancy roves
Through painted Gardens and delightful Groves;*

Imaginary Streams run murm'ring past,
 And ripen'd Fruit I seem to view and taste:
 From Contemplation I such Joys receive,
 As scarce Reality can greater give.

In our Creation when th' eternal Mind
 A perfect Paradise for Man design'd;
 For Man his Fav'rite, in his Image made,
 He chose the blest Retreat of Eden's Shade;
 Man lost that Station by his dire Offence,
 And soon vindictive Justice drove him thence.

Happy the Genius which inspir'd your Pen
 To represent that Paradise again,
 And teach us how to raise the beaut'ous Scene.

By impious Art at first were Cities built,
 Confusion reigns in what began with Guilt:
 From Towns and Tumults let us then remove,
 And in some Garden near a verdant Grove,
 Finish our Friendship and enjoy our Love.

Secure from all the Storms that shake the State,
 And gnawing Cares that on the great Ones wait,

()
*Range uncontroll'd and from Dependence free,
And taste the charming Sweets of Liberty.
Thus may we long, safe, and unenvy'd live,
Enjoy what Flora and Pomona give.*

From Sidney Colledge
Cambr. May 6. 1705.

Tho. Bishop.

Ami-

Amicissimo Juveni Jacobo Gardiner Collegii Jesu apud Cantabrigienses socio, quem hortatur ut ornatam suam versionem librorum Renati Rapini *de Hortorum Cultura* publico donet.

Gratulor Angligenis quibus annuit æquus Apollo

Ne vatum series aurea deficiat.

Miltonum mæsta & Drydenum patria flevit,

Acri Johnsonum judicioque senem.

Et multi, quorum numeri quàm nomina currunt

Mollius, Insignes occubuere Viri.

Fam tibi præclaras, Juvenis Carissime, laudes

Ingenii spondent ardua cæpta tui.

Fam tibi Walleri calamos Doctæque Sorores,

Et Pater Aonii tradidit ipse chori.

Hinc tibi melliti modulamina dulcia plectri,

Et Decor hinc puri Carminis, atque Nitor.

Angliaco teretem dum donas ore Rapinum,

Quàm mea sunt doctis pectora capta modis?

Tum verò, ut recitas, hortus se tendit amœnus,

Distinctus spatiis, areolisque novis.

Mox omnis Florum species formosa refulget,

Sive Puer quondam sive Puella fuit.

Marmoreis liquidi fontes tum surgere signis,

Miratur thalamos Naias & ipsa suos.

Carminaque, & tantum præcepta potentia possunt,

Naturam valido subjicis imperio.

Threïciis varias in rupibus ordine Sylvas

Orphea sic cantu constituisse ferunt.

Versio, si qua potest, tua nullum nomen Honoris

Detrahit auctori materiæque suæ.

Reddit res rebus, cum fas est, verbaque verbis;

Non est laxa nimis, nec nimis arcta tamen.

Ipsè Rapinus adest, mutatâ veste decorus,

Major & est operâ splendidiorque tuâ.

Quin age, rumores aude contemnere Vanos;

Emitte in Lucem Candidus è tenebris.

Pone metum, Sanctis hic sunt digna omnia Musis;

Hic animi molles nulla venena bibent.

Castum opus infensos Censores provocat ultrò;

Nec metuit tristem pagina tuta Notam.

Ede, movet si quid veteris te nomen amici;

Da votis nostris, sin minus hoc, Patriæ.

Sic tibi in irriguo producere molliter Horto

Donent tranquillos Fata Benigna dies.

Sic te Flora suis cumulet, Pomonaque donis;

Falce abigat fures, falce Priapus aves.

E. Collegio Regali Ca-
lendis Martiis. 1705.

J. H.

()
Ad Dominum *Jacobum Gardiner*
in suam *Rapini* versionem.

Hortos si versu quis perturbârit inepto,
Hoffert poma novo ritu dum mitia Floræ
Pomonæque rosas; dum spinas inter acutas
Insertat Flores, inter viridaria dumos,
Laus foret exilis, nec opus sat Apolline dignum,
Ordine quæque suo sectâ disponere mole.

*Mentis at ille nimis fidens quicumque Rapino
Passibus æqualem fore se speraverit, aut quos
Attigit ille suis Cælos attingere pennis.*

*Quippe Rapini hortis spectabilis enitet usque
Ordo, locisque micant propriis sermone decores,
Unica quos Latio, sua pingere Musa valebat:
Scilicet illa alios meritò vestigia terrent,
Assequitur parili quæ nulla imitatio gressu.*

*Quin tu, ad quos omnes longè, frustra; stupemus,
Conscendis*

()
Conscendis montes nullo superasque labore.
En! succisvis tibi Palma acquiritur horis,
Confecti studio quam nos captamus inani.
Ad te nimirum devenerat ipsa Rapini
Mens, aut in speculo tibi præbuit illa videndam
Tota; adeo cunctas tibi denudare latebras
Fas, atque ambages animi pervadere cunctas.

Si citus ille volat, campoque potitus aperto
Accelerat cursum, properantem passibus æquas;
Aut loca si forsan legat aspera, sedula glebas
Musa tua exæquat, nec eò cunctatur eundo;
Et pede, si lento graditur, tu fidus adhæres,
Singula dinumerans horti redolentia dona.

Ipsæ vocas, audit Gallus, paretque vocanti,
Invisit Britonas, & secum transvehit hortos;
At quæ Bellaqueum penitus dulcedine multâ
Perfudit, Scenæ hic accessit Gloria major.
Mirantur Sibimet Flores accrescere Formas

Usque

Usque novas, longè & majorem frontis honorem.

Inque tuis numeris dum se nemus altiùs effert,

Pro meritis Laurus tantis tua tempora cingit.

Sic decoravit agros doctus Maro, sic decorâsti

Tuque hortos, & par debetur nomen utrique.

Lincoln.

J. Garmston.

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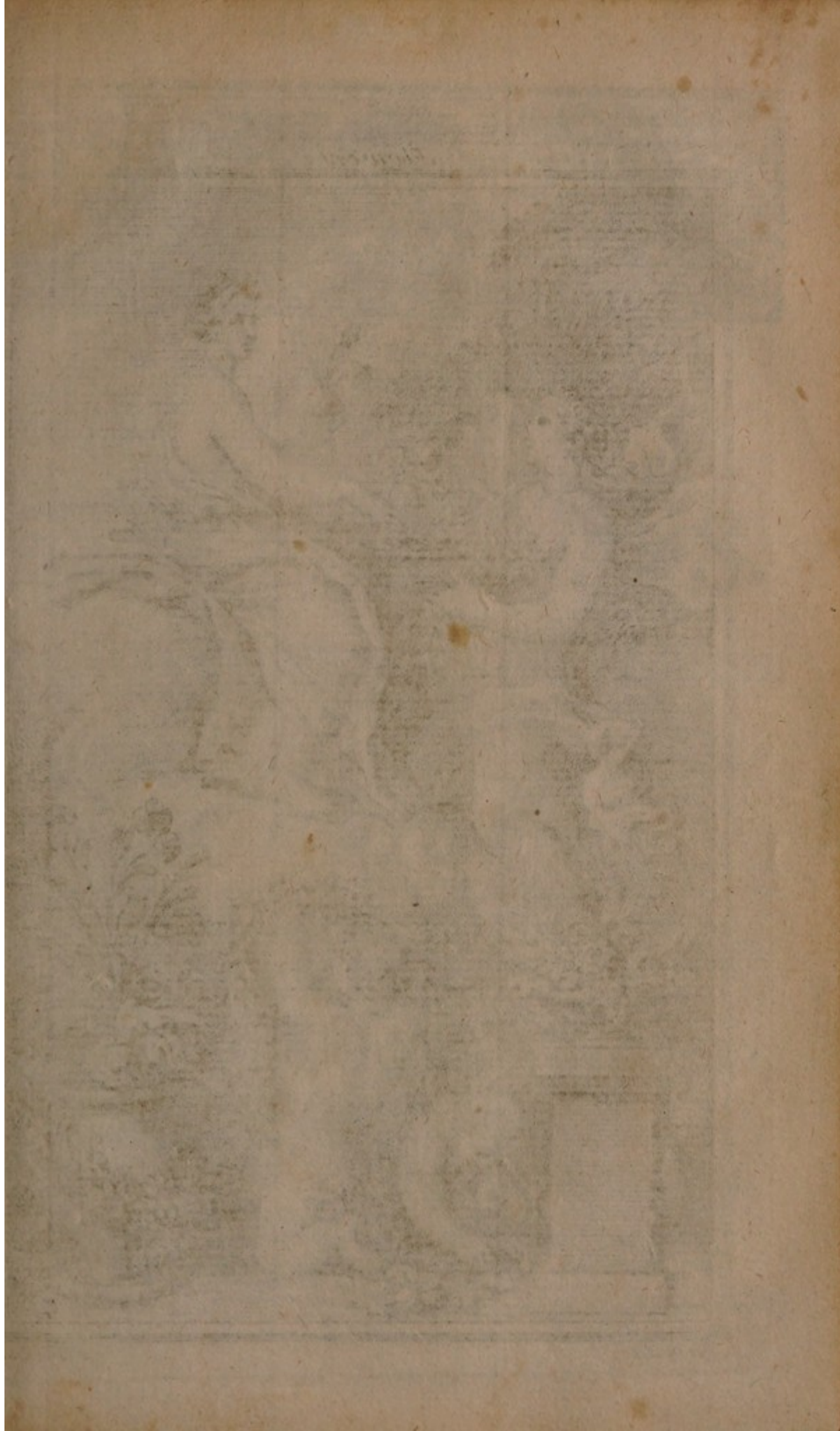
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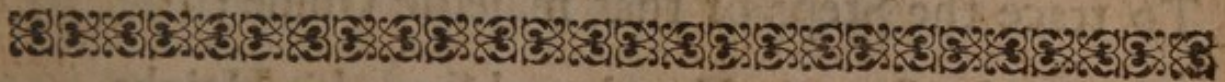


Flowers.





O F
GARDENS.



BOOK I.
Of FLOWERS.

WHAT Culture best the flow'ry Race
improves,

What happy Form commends the ri-
sing Groves,

How wanton Streams to stray with Art are taught,

And Trees to yield the Fruit desir'd are brought ;

B

Our

Our humble, but instructive Song reveals ;
 Grant a clear Sky, and send your gentlest Gales,
 Ye Pow'rs who bless the Plains, while I explore
 With bold Attempt, a way untry'd before ;
 Which to the mighty *Maro* once was shewn,
 And, had his Sails not made the Shore too soon,
 The Swains had learnt t' adorn with happier Toil
 The fertile Bounty of the *Latian* Soil.
 Eager our Wish, and just may be our Pride,
 To trace the Steps of that majestic Guide ;
 And, as he soars to Heav'n, observe his Height,
 With distant Wonder, and unequal Flight.

And you, *Lamoignon*, Honour of the Gown,
 Light of the Laws, and Guardian of the Crown ;
 If yet retriev'd by your impartial Hand,
 Justice securely flows throughout the Land ;
 If State-Affairs permit, your Cares forego,
 And share the Joys, which by your Favour grow.

And

And tho' high *Themis*, grac'd with your Support,
Ordains you Chief of her tumultuous Court ;
Tho' Vice and Fraud restrain'd, confess the Pow'r
Of your Decrees, of your Example more ;
Smile on our Sports, nor with Disdain refuse
The guiltless Bribe of an officious Muse.
Mean is the Subject, low the Poet's Choice,
Yet Fate hereafter may exalt my Voice
To found your name, as high as Trumpets rise :
Your native Fields shall echo to my Lays,
And Groves, and Fountains, loudly speak your Praise ;
My Flow'rs aspiring, round your Brows shall twine,
And in immortal Wreaths shall all their Beauties join.

To chuse a likely Spot be first your Care,
Open to Eastern Suns, and wholesome Air,
Where no high Hill o'er shades the humble Field,
Nor neighb'ring Fens injurious Vapours yield ;
Fair rise the Flow'rs beneath an open Sky,
Which by thick Fogs oft' suffocated die :

Nor yet too hastily presume to sow,
Before the Nature of the Soil you know:
A Soil where Moisture rules your Flow'rs demand,
Bestow upon their Charms the richest Land:
Ground rank with Weeds, which you'll by tilling find,
Patient of Culture, and to Flow'rs inclin'd.
Shun lean white Clay, where painted Lizards lie,
Or stony Ground, or Earth with Chalk too dry,
And lest the Turf ev'n of a ruddy Soil,
With barren Clods should mock the Gard'ner's Toil,
Search deep the Mould, nor the green Turf believe,
Oft' will the Surface of the Soil deceive:
Rough Gravel may a verdant Coat display,
And Grass may live upon a burning Clay:
But farther still to favour their design,
Artists with Sieves the courser Moulds refine;
Lest Pebbles should the tender Blossoms wound,
Or hold th' imprison'd Blade in Fetters bound.

When

When now a happy Soil and Air is found,
(A kindly Air creates a kindly Ground)
Let Gard'ners through the rude neglected Place,
With heavy Bills lay wide an open Space ;
Clear all the Wood, nor leave a Tree behind,
Shades are injurious to the flow'ry kind ;
The Lab'ers next with Rakes and Forks employ
To break the stubborn Clods and Hills destroy ;
Yet tho' the Ground a level Surface spreads,
No Edgings set, nor mark it out in Beds ;
That Work defer till Earth contract her Pores,
Sated with Draughts of large Autumnal Show'rs,
Till searching Rains have reach'd her deepest Mould,
And Winter's Frost has pierc'd her through with Cold.
But as the Spring returns your Pains repeat,
With Rakes and Spades the levell'd Plain compleat,
Then edge your Beds with Box in artful Figures set.

Gardens of old, nor Art, nor Rules obey'd,
 But unadorn'd, a wild Neglect betray'd ;
 Roses confus'dly spread were often found,
 Blushing to mix with Weeds, nor was the Ground
 Distinguish'd into Walks, nor Beds with Edgings
 crown'd.

Flora first learn'd to dress with nicer Art
 At *Bacchus* Orgies, where she bore her Part ;
 To grace the Feast came every rural God,
 Slow on his sluggish Beast *Silenus* rode,
 Around the Satyrs danc'd a wanton Croud,
 The jolly God his gen'rous Juice bestow'd.
 There too was *Cybele* through *Phrygia* known,
 And *Flora* with the rest, but she alone
 Undress'd, and in neglected Beauty shone,
 Waving i'th' Air her artless Tresses flew,
 Too well perhaps her native Charms she knew,
 Or proudly she despis'd the ranting Crew.

The Youth, who always critical and vain,
 Divert themselves with Faults, her Dress arraign ;
 Till *Berecynthia*, pitying the Fair,
 Call'd her aside, and dress'd with Flow'rs her Hair,
 Around her Head she wreath'd a boxen Bough,
 For Box in ev'ry Field did common grow :
 Thus, deck'd with Ornaments before unknown,
 Her nat'ral Charms with brighter Lustre shone ;
 Improvements, which so well the Goddess crown'd,
 Gave Hints to cultivate the flow'ry Ground,
 By Arts to *Greece* and *Latium* wholly new,
 Where Flow'rs disorderly at random grew,
 Nor well rang'd Beds, nor graceful Edgings knew.

In modern Skill fair *France* the Praise obtains
 Of curious Plains, Parterrs, and flow'ry Scenes,
 Whether the gentle Influence of the Sky,
 And fertile Soil this beauteous Pomp supply,
 Or Force of Genius, and unweary'd Cares,
 Or sage Experience drawn through length of Years.

Villas and Gardens you will best command,
If timely you engage a Master's Hand,
Whose artful Pencil shall on Parchment trace
The whole Design, and figure out the Place;
Review the Plan your self, you may descry
Errors escaping the Designer's Eye;
With Ease reliev'd, while yet to each new Thought
The slightest Touch reforms th' obedient Draught.

Some Men will Box in endless Circles twine,
And darken'd Labyrinths with Art combine,
Which, like fam'd *Crete's* inextricable Maze,
Perplex the Passage with a thousand ways.
Others the *Phrygian* Labour imitate,
And aptly to their figur'd Box translate;
What the *Sidonian* Maids in Tap'stry weave,
The Borders round for painted Blossoms leave:
But most of more Simplicity approve,
And fewer Beds and plainer Borders love,

Where

Where Flow'rs to great Advantage ready stand,
To court the Virgins Eye, or gentle Hand;
Yet to give various Forms, is but t' invite
A doubtful Choice, and an unfix'd Delight;
That Model I prefer to all the rest,
Which suits the Compass of your Ground the best.

Thus, after all things are design'd, the Plain
Once more with Rakes must be smooth'd o'er again,
The least unequal Rising will deface
Your Garden's Figure, and expected Grace.
When first the Spring has Winter's Frost unbound,
The Swains with Box should plant your level Ground;
Nor let their vain Delays retard your Speed,
But *Phæbus* court, and as he smiles, proceed.

If your small Spot but little room afford,
Support the Beds with Tile or homely Board,

Left spreading Box the Beds anticipate,
 And rob the tender Beauties of their Seat,
 Or burn the Soil with its Excess of Heat.
 But where the Garden will allow it Space,
 Destroy not for one Crime the Boxen Race;
 For if the Bounds admit, this lively Green
 Will best distinguish, and adorn the Scene.

Now since that Flow'rs are of a various Breed,
 And as in Nature, differ too in Seed,
 'Twill summon all the Florist's Art to shew
 What Culture is to each distinctly due;
 What Blossoms ev'ry Month reward your Care,
 What Beauties ev'ry Soil delights to wear;
 Whose Kinds are numberless, and Seeds unknown,
 Nor can all Properties of Roots be shewn.
 From Winter's Rage, some sink into their Beds,
 Impatient till the Spring calls forth their Heads;

Others

Others regard not Winter, but are bold,
Grow up, and flourish in despite of Cold;
Some court the Sun, some Shade and Covert chuse,
Nor will one Soil like Strength to all diffuse;
Some love moist Clay, and some a thirsty Sand;
The barren and uncultivated Land
Suits with some few, with others disagrees,
Then Gard'ners ought to know what best will please.

This frequent Charge I give, whene'er you sow
The flow'ry Kind be studious first to know
The monthly Tables, and with heedful Eye
Survey the lofty Volumes of the Sky;
Observe the Tokens of foreboding Stars,
What Store of Wind and Rain the Moon prepares;
What Weather *Eurus* or moist *Auster* blows,
What both in East and West the Sun foreshows;
What Aid from *Helice* the Trees obtain,
What from *Boötes* with his tardy Wain;

Whether the watry *Pleiades* with Show'rs
 Kindly refresh alone, or drown the Flow'rs;
 For Stars neglected fatal oft' we find,
 The Gods to their Dominion have assign'd
 The Products of our Earth, and Labours of Mankind.

But you'll be cheated by the various Face
 Of Heav'n, unless the Winds your Art can trace;
 Unskilful in the Changes they sustain,
 Your Neighbour's Garden you'll admire in vain.
 Tho' soft in Spring the Western Breezes play,
 Trust not too far, they will your Hopes betray;
 And tho' the Ram in golden Fleece may shine,
 Of Spring and Zephyrs, the ne'er-failing Sign:
 Ev'n then may some malignant Planet reign,
 Portending Ruine to the beauteous Train;
 South Winds do ne'er with more immod'rate Show'rs
 Ravage the Fields, and drown the rising Flow'rs.
 Some late Remains of Cold your Hopes may blast,
 View well the Skies, wait till those Colds are past.

Depart-

Departing Winter leaves his Marks behind,
All which with careful Observation mind,
Observe the Skies before you trust your Seeds
To the rich Soil, how Star to Star succeeds ;
For diff'rent Seeds at diff'rent times are sown ;
These proper Seed-times should be nicely known.

When the green Knots have fill'd th' allotted Space,
Left springing Weeds their Beauties should deface,
And propagate a wild inglorious kind,
Between the Beds the Walks with Gravel bind ;
Yet will this labour unsuccessful prove,
Unless you frequently the Gravel move ;
Mallows and *Thistles* else promiscuous rise,
And stubborn *Grass* the Pow'r of Art defies ;
Such small Neglects your fairest Hopes retard,
And the least Care secures a large Reward.
Scarce the new Sun has Winter's Snow suppress'd,
When, from the Prison of the Glebe releas'd,

The Flow'rs sprout num'rous from the fragrant Earth,
With Wonder you'll survey the teeming Birth.

Early the *Primrose* (first of Flow'rs) appears,
And sweetly from her broad green Mantle rears
Her Bloom of purest White ; yet oft' her Face,
Adorn'd with Blushes, takes a various Grace.

Cyclamens, which we now with Pleasure view,
From *Grecian* Gardens their Extraction drew,
White Robes and red by diff'rent kinds are worn,
Both which the Spring with early Pride adorn,
Corfu and *Coritus* with both abound,
And each is frequently in *Zacynth* found,
Thousands in Summer shine with either dye,
But in autumnal Months they chiefly multiply.

With the first Spring, the soft *Fumaria* shews
On stern *Bavaria's* Rocks, her sev'ral Hues ;

But

But by Report is struck with certain Fate,
When dreadful Thunders echo from their Height;
And with the Light'nings sulph'rous Fumes opprest,
Her drooping Beauties languish on her Breast.

Fair *Iris* now an endless Pomp supplies,
Iris, which from the Bow that paints the Skies,
Draws her proud Name, and boasts as many Dyes:
For she her Colour varies, and her Kind,
As ev'ry Season to her Growth's inclin'd.

Then *Chelidonium* opens next, whose Name
From the wing'd Harbinger of Summer came;
The forward Flow'r a bright Appearance makes,
When *Zephyrs* fan the Air, and *Swallows* skim the
Lakes.

And now in Gold the gay *Narcissus* glows,
Too fair the Youth from whom the Flow'r arose;

To his dear self his Beauty fatal prov'd,
 Which having view'd, unhappily he lov'd,
 And while the silver Streams indulg'd his Pride,
 Turn'd to a Flow'r, and languish'd by their side.

Next from the *Violet* choice Perfumes exhale;
 She, now disguis'd in a blue dusky Vale,
 Springs through the humble Grass an humble Flow'r,
 Her Stature little, and her Raiment poor.
 If Truth in ancient Poems is convey'd,
 This modest Flow'r was once a charming Maid,
 Her Name *Ianthis*, of *Diana's* Train,
 The brightest Nymph that ever grac'd a Plain;
 Whom (while *Pheræan* Herds the Virgin fed)
Apollo saw, and courted to his Bed,
 But, lov'd in vain, the frighted Virgin fled:
 To Woods her self, and her Complaints she bore,
 And sought Protection from *Diana's* Pow'r.
 Who thus advis'd: "From Mountains, Sister, fly,
 " *Phæbus* loves Mountains, and an open Sky.

To Vales and shady Springs she bashful ran,
 In Thickets hid her Charms but all in vain:
 For he her Virtue and her Flight admir'd,
 The more she blush'd the more the God was fir'd.
 And now his Love and Wit new Frauds prepare,
 The Goddess cry'd, " Since Beauty's such a Snare,
 " Ah rather perish that destructive Grace.
 Then stain'd with dusky blue the Virgin's Face.
 Discolour'd thus an humbler State she prov'd,
 Less fair, but by the Goddess more belov'd;
 Chang'd to a *Vi'let* with this Praise she meets,
 Persisting chaste, to keep her former sweets.
 The lowest Places with this Flow'r abound,
 The valuable Gift of untill'd Ground;
 Nor yet disgrac'd, tho' amongst Bri'rs brought forth,
 So rich her Odour is, so true her worth.

If Spring proves mild, 'tis *Hyacinthus* time,
 A Flow'r which also rose from *Phæbus* Crime;

Th' unhappy Quoit which rash *Apollo* threw,
 Obliquely flying smote his tender Brow,
 And pale alike he fell, and *Phæbus* stood,
 One pale with Guilt, and one with Loss of Blood,
 Whence a new Flow'r with sudden Birth appears,
 And still the Mark of *Phæbus*' Sorrow wears;
 Spring it adorns and Summers Scenes supplies,
 With Blooms, of various Forms, and various Dyes.

And next on slender Stems the *Cholchic* Race,
 The rural Scenes with divers Colours grace.

But when the warmer Earth to soft'ning Rains,
 Opens her Bosom, and invites your Pains;
 The Beds prepar'd now ev'ry Seed should hide,
 Of Flow'rs design'd to be the Summer's Pride;
 As silver *Camomel*, and golden *Flax*,
 Sweet-scented *Mellilot*, and *Hollibocks*,
Bottles, rich *Marygolds*, the *Larkbeel* Train,
 And *Lychnis* famous for her scarlet Stain.

Now

Now watch the beauteous Race, their Growth attend,
And with kind Arts their native Pow'rs befriend;
Whether the thirsty Soil with some cool Stream
You drench, or working break its stubborn Frame.
Yet who in endless Numbers can relate,
What flow'ry Kinds from Spring commence their Date,
When all the Hopes of future Seasons shine,
Enclos'd in tender Buds to propagate their Line.

Then her gay gilded Front th' *Imperial Crown*
Erects aloft, and with a scornful Frown
O'erlooks the subject Plants, while humbly they
Wait round, and Homage to her Highness pay;
High on the Summit of her Stem, arise
Leaves in a verdant Tuft of largest Size;
Below this Tuft the gilded Blossoms bent,
Like golden Cups revers'd, are downwards sent;
But in one view collected they compose
A Crownlike Form, from whence her Name arose.

No Flow'r aspires in Pomp and State more high,
 Nor, could her Odour with her Beauty vye,
 Would lay a juster Claim to Majesty.

*A Queen she was whom ill Report bely'd,
 And a rash Husband's Jealousy destroy'd;
 Driv'n from his Bed and Court, the Fields she rang'd,
 'Till spent with Grief was to a Blossom chang'd:
 Yet only chang'd as to her human Frame,
 She kept th' Imperial Beauty and the Name;
 But the Report destroy'd her former Sweets:
 Scandal tho' false the Fair thus rudely treats,
 And always the most Fair with most Injustice meets.*

Let *Tulips* trust not the warm vernal Rain,
 But dread the Frosts and still their Blooms restrain;
 So when bright *Phæbus* smiles with kindly Care,
 The Moon not sully'd by a low'ring Air,
 Early the beauteous Race you'll wondring see,
 Rang'd on the Beds, a num'rous Progeny:

The *Tulip* will her painted Charms display
 Through the mild Air, and make the Garden gay;
 The *Tulip*, which with gaudy Colours stain'd,
 The Name of Beauty to her Race has gain'd;
 For whether she in Scarlet does delight,
 Checquer'd and streak'd with Lines of glitt'ring white,
 Or sprinkled o'er with Purple, charms our Sight;
 Or Widow like beneath a fable Veil,
 Her purest Lawn does artfully conceal,
 Or emulates the vary'd Agate's Veins,
 From ev'ry Flow'r she Beauties Prize obtains.
Dalmatia claims the Nymph, whom heretofore
 A bright *Timavian* Dame to *Proteus* bore;
 To her the changing Sire his Gift conveys,
 In every Dress and every Form to please:
 Disguis'd *Vertumnus* wand'ring round the World,
 On the *Dalmatian* Coast by Fate was hurl'd;
 Where by her Mother's Stream the Virgin play'd,
 The courting God with all his Arts assay'd
 (But unsuccessful still) the haughty Maid.

Yet as the changing Colours pleas'd her Eyes,
 He put on ev'ry Form that might surprize,
 Drest in all Natures sweet Varieties:

To suit his Mind to her wild Humour strove,
 No Complaisance forgot, no Policy of Love;
 But when he saw his Pray'rs and Arts had fail'd,
 Bold with Desire his Passion he reveal'd;
 Confess'd the Secret God, and Force apply'd:

To Heav'n for Aid the modest Virgin cry'd;
 "Ye rural Pow'rs preserve a Nymph from Shame:
 And worthy of her wish a Flow'r became.

Her golden Caul that shone with sparkling Hair,
 The Lace and Ribbons which adorn'd the Fair,
 To Leaves are chang'd, her Breast a Stem is made,
 Slender and long with frequent Greens array'd;
 Six gaudy Leaves a painted Cup compose,
 On which kind Nature every Dye bestows;
 For tho' the Nymph's transform'd, the Love she bore
 To Colours, still delights her as before:

But strange to tell, the *Tulips* which you raise
On barren Ground, will best deserve your Praise;
From Poverty their greatest Wealth they gain,
And their wav'd Vests with various Colours stain;
Would you improve the Lustre of their Shew,
The leanest Soils the richest Paints bestow;
But in a Soil with too much Fatness fed,
They soon grow dull, and take a vulgar red.

If when your Garden boasts her finest Blooms,
The rainy South should deluge her Perfumes,
Or freezing northern Winds congeal the Air,
To Heav'n's high Pow'rs her choicest Products bear,
And let the Gard'ners to their Altars bring,
What most the Gods affect, a flow'ry Off'ring.
So *Glycera* once when *Jove* was gath'ring Rain,
With Flowers engag'd the Thund'rer to refrain;
Potent in Pray'r, and like a Priestess dress'd,
The sacred Shrines with od'rous Wreaths she press'd.

As yet the Countrey Clowns with homely Grace,
Pious and plain did on their Altars place
Such unbought Gifts, as from the Ground arose,
Nor mingled vain Ambition with their Vows.

In *April* once I saw the Southwinds bear
Such Floods as chang'd the Season of the Year;
Unkindly Rain oppress'd the vernal Pride,
And all our springing Hopes at once destroy'd.
In like Distress of old the Swains invoc'd
Kind *Pales*, and with Hay her Altars smok'd;
Thus did the jovial Shepherds Chaff prevail,
And fav'd by *Februan* Rites their Flocks from mur-
d'ring Hail.

When the bright Ram bedeck'd with Stars and Gold,
Displays his Fleece, the *Daisy* will unfold,
To Nymphs a Chaplet, and to Beds a Grace,
Who once her self had born a Virgin's Face.

The Garden *Daisy* bears away the Prize
 From those in Woods, tho' of a taller Size,
 Her threadlike Leaves can boast such num'rous Dyes.

Now *Portugal* her yellow *Flow'r de luce*,
 The snowy white the *Thuscan* Fields produce;
 These for their Colour, those for Shape we chuse.

And from her bushy Head the sweet *Jonquil*
 With fragrant Breath does *Spanish* Mountains fill;
 But *Spearmint* must in watry Vales be sought,
 Which oft with *Myrtles* mixt in Crowns are wrought.
 In *Pansies* Bloom three diff'rent Colours meet,
 To rival *Vilets* e'en without their Sweet.
 Th' unhappy fair *Adonis* likewise flow'rs,
 Whom (once a Youth) the *Cyprian* Queen deplores;
 He tho' transform'd has Beauty still to move
 Her Admiration, and secure her Love;
 Since the same crimson Blush the *Flow'r* adorns,
 Which grac'd the Youth, whose Loss the Goddess
 mourns.

Ranun-

Ranunculus who with melodious Strains,
 Once charm'd the ravish'd Nymphs on *Libyan* Plains,
 Now boasts through verdant Fields his rich Attire,
 Whose love-sick Look betrays a secret Fire;
 Himself his Song beguil'd, and seiz'd his Mind
 With pleasing Flames for other Hearts design'd.

All these ask little Care when once they take;
 They want no more the lab'ring Spade and Rake;
 Fine Mould and Water will their Wants suffice,
 For so much Loveliness an easy Price,

Nor shall the *Marigold* unmention'd die,
 Which *Acis* once found out in *Sicily*;
 She *Phæbus* loves, and from him draws her Hue,
 And ever keeps his golden Beams in view.

Near to the Box along the Border's Side,
Stock-Gilliflowers begin to open wide
 Their Bloom, with various red diversify'd;

}
 But

But ah! preserve them from too free an Air;
Their Scent and Beauty join to court your Care;
And since they will not Winter's Cold endure,
The tender Plants from threat'ning Winds secure;
From Danger free they may in Pots be set,
That if *November* mourn with drenching wet,
You may within Doors lodge 'em safe from harm,
And keep in Vaults the tender Beauties warm.

Sambucus too from *Guedria's* Plains will come,
Drest in white Robes she shews a Roselike Bloom,
Be kind, and give the lovely Stranger Room.

The good *Posthumius* chose the first of *May*,
To *Flora* sacred, and observ'd the Day
With holy rural Rites; that, won by Pray'r,
She might diffuse her Blessings o'er the Year:
His rustick Neighbours in green Privet drest,
With strict Devotion kept the chearful Feast,

And crown'd with Chaplets did to *Flora* bring
The first and freshest Beauties of the Spring.

But after *Aries* setting leaves the Skies,
New Blossoms in a plenteous Harvest rise;
If *Merc'ry* from his mild propitious Star
Favours his Mother's Month with gentle Air,
Nor from the watry *Goat* impetuous Rain
Pours out its Rage, and deluges the Plain.
The fertile Earth will boast a large Supply,
Array'd in Nature's richest Livery;
And purer Air with Fragrance will be fill'd
From the Perfumes which *Shrubs* and *Tamarisks* yield.
Now gentle *Cicer* and the verdant *Broom*,
And sweet *Egyptian Beans* are in their Bloom;
Rosemary, and *Sage* with her Companion *Rue*,
Rugged *Acanthus*, shining *Feaverfew*,
And *Parsley*, once the *Isthmian* Victors due,
Dames-Vilets, and *Thalictrum* will appear,
And loose *Satyrion* in her scatter'd Hair,

Spider-

And *Spiderwort* from *Dauphiny's* wide Plain,
And *Thyme*, and *White-thorn*, and *Valerians* reign,
Isopyrum, *Sedums*, *Snapdragons*, and strong
Arcadian Moly fam'd in *Homer's* Song.

All these will rise from Seed with little Care:
Let not your Garden want one blooming Fair,
Or grateful Scent; lest sparing of your Pains,
You leave expos'd to Shame the naked Scenes:
Nor can your Labour fail, if you but know
The proper Mould, and Season when to sow.

Erect in all her crimson Pomp you'll see
With bushy Leaves the graceful *Piony*,
Whose Blushes might the Praise of Virtue claim,
But her vile Scent betrays they rise from Shame.
Happy her Form, and innocent her red,
If while *Alcinous* bleating Flock she fed,
An heav'nly Lover had not sought her Bed:
'Twas *Phæbus* Crime, who to his Arms allur'd
A Maid from all Mankind by Pride secur'd.

Convulvulus will next in boundless Stores
 Cloath the moist Valley with imperfect Flow'rs;
 These rude Essays were first for Lillies meant,
 When Nature on a nobler Work intent,
 First took the Pencil and began to paint.

Gay *Larkbeels* soon, and *Bottles* will o'errun
 The Fields with num'rous Crops, tho' never sown;
Basil with *Monks-hood* full of pois'nous Juice,
 Painted *Moth-mullein*, *Fennel*, *Hops*, produce
 A vary'd Scene in Figure and in Hue,
 And the rich Beds with endless Graces strew.

By these and thousand nameless Flow'rs beside,
 Gardens are now with choice Perfumes supply'd;
 'Tis the gay Month of all the useful Year:
 All Nature smiles, refresh'd with purer Air.
 The now chear'd Nightingales with tuneful Lays
 Welcome the *Zephyrs*, while the Earth displays

Her

Her flow'ry Bosom to his gentle Gale;
The frisking Lambkins wanton o'er the Vale,
And with new Joy the chearful Season hail.

Vain were the Task, the barb'rous Labour vain,
To force me to the noisy Town again,
From rural Joys which in this Season reign.
How bless'd those Joys! How bless'd the rural State!
Oh! I'de indulge would some propitious Fate,
Kind to my Wish, now grant me a Repose
On *Cherr's* sweet Banks, where with the *Loir* he flows;
Where *Tours* her Head majestically rears,
And *France* in all her rural Pomp appears.
Hail, parent Soil, with num'rous Gardens stor'd,
Delights like thine not *Bantine* Groves afford,
Nor soft *Ferentum*, nor *Surrentine* Hills,
Nor *Sabine* Vallies fed with murm'ring Rills:
Not rich *Oebalia* King *Phalantus* Field,
Or *Tibur's* Shades a rival Scene can yield.

Thy

Thy Coast with Springs and Brooks enamell'd seems,
 While stretching Meadows grace thy larger Streams.
 Thy rising Hills with fruitful Vines are crown'd;
 Thy proud Inhabitants with Wealth abound,
 For Silks well wrought in artful Looms renown'd.
 All Sort of Industry employs their time,
 Blest with kind Tempers and a gentle Clime;
 Here Spring eternal reigns, perpetual Shade
 Adorns their Groves; the Meadows still are spread
 With new-born Grass; no Cold the Gardens fear,
 Adorn'd with Fruit and Blossoms all the Year.

Through such a Countrey flows the silver *Sein*,
 Such *Medune's* Hills are, such the neighb'ring Plain
 To fair *St. Clou*, so charming to the Eye
 The pleasant Fields of *Richlieu's Ruel* lye;
 The *Mommorantian* Valley, and the Height
 Of fam'd *St. Germain's* sacred Royal Seat.

Thy Walks, *Semiramis*, no more surprize,
 Or pendant Gardens which on Turrets rise;
 No more let *Greece* her Orchards vainly dare,
 (Tho' fraught with Gold, the wakeful Dragon's Care,) }
 Or fam'd *Elysian Fields*, with *France* compare. }
Paris is now the World's great Wonder grown,
 Where Art and Nature all their Power have shown:
 Her Palaces in stately Pomp appear,
 Her fruitful Gardens flourish all the Year,
 Canals and shady Groves and Springs abound,
 Dispos'd with Grace through all the charming Ground.

When the moist *Hyads* Rain in *June* prepare,
 Strive to avert th' impending Storms by Pray'r;
 If Providence vouchsafes to clear the Skies,
 Each Flow'r with Gems th' enamell'd Earth supplies.
 First the tall *Lychnis* proudly rears her Head,
 And rising *Asphodil* forsakes her Bed, }
 On whose sweet Root our rustick Fathers fed, }

She honour'd by th' *Ascrean* Poets Song,
 Has in harmonious Numbers flourish'd long.
 Now larger *Cyanies* begin to spring,
Sweet-Sultans nam'd from the *Byzantine* King;
 Shieldlike *Nasturtium* too, confus'dly spread
 With intermingling *Trefoil* fills each Bed;
 Once graceful Youths, this last a *Grecian* Swain,
 The first an Huntsman on the *Trojan* Plain.

Soon *Summer Cypress* after these appears,
 And clad in green a conic Figure wears,
 Call'd by th' *Italian* Gard'ner *Belvederes*.
 With *Camomil* the purple *Columbines*
 In verdant Gardens spring when *Taurus* shines;
 And *El'campane*, the beaut'ous *Helen's* Flow'r,
 Mingles among the rest her silver Store:
Helen whose Charms could Royal Breasts inspire
 With such fierce Flames as set the World on Fire.

Then

Then *German Foxglove* opens wide her Breast;
In fundry Colours are her Blossoms drest;
Æthiopis, *Woolfbane*, red *Rose-campions* rise,
And *Calamint* esteem'd for num'rous Dyes;
Squils too, (which at three diff'rent Seasons blow,
Shewing like *Mastick* when the Hinds should plow;)
And Royal *Loose-strife*, *Larkheels* princely Hue,
With *Honeyworts* and all th' ignobler Crew.

But richest Odours the soft Air perfume,
While now mild *Zephyrs* blow, and *Rose-trees* bloom,
The Gardens Queen in all her Glory shews,
As the green Trees their purple Buds disclose:
Withdraw your Charms then all ye meaner Train,
And yield where Majesty and Beauty reign:
Compar'd with her the ruddy Morn seems pale,
And conscious *Cynthia's* waining Beauties fail.
The *Rose* that fear'd to trust the yester Sun,
But in close Folds continu'd still unblown,

Now no strong Tye her swelling Leaves restrains,
Breaks through, impatient of her former Chains;
Wide o'er the Garden now she sheds Perfumes,
Unrumples her swoln Buds and gayly blooms;
Her Looks discover what she once has been,
Her Blushes show her chaste, her Air a Queen:
Common Report mistook, which falsely said
The *Rose* was once an *Amazonian* Maid:
She was a *Grecian* born, gave *Corinth* Laws,
And Fame proclaim'd her Worth with such Applause,
That youthful Rivals for her Favour strove,
And high-born Kings were Candidates for Love.
Valiant *Halesus* first her Suitor came,
Who Soldier-like disclos'd his bolder Flame;
Then *Brias*, born near the sev'n Beds of *Nile*,
And *Arcas*, laden with rich *Theban* Spoil;
Trophies and Laurels at her Feet he laid,
And hop'd who won a Town, might win a Maid:

But

But haughty she (for Beauty caus'd her Pride)
Provok'd with their Addresses proudly cry'd,
From Arms and not Entreaties seek a Bride.
Nor deigning to receive their vain Replies,
With arm'd Attendants to the Temple flies;
With her the young, the old, a num'rous Train,
Throng to *Apollo's* and *Diana's* Fane;
Suppliant the Nymph before the Altar bows,
And prays the Goddess to preserve her Vows.
The Kings enrag'd their num'rous Force unite,
And breaking through the Doors begin the Fight;
Encouraging her Guards the Princess glows
With martial Ardour and repells her Foes;
But whether Valour mixt with Shame might add
Force to her, Eyes or that in Armour clad;
Fairer she seem'd, the Multitude amaz'd,
With more than usual Admiration gaz'd,
Call'd her the Goddess, broke *Diana's* Shrine,
And plac'd their Princess there as more divine.

When pow'ful *Phæbus*, warm in the Defence
 Of his chaste Sister, curbs their Insolence;
 And while his blasting Flames revengeful fly,
 The Queen repents she seem'd a Deity.
 Fast in the Shrine her Foot takes hold and cleaves,
 Her Arms stretch'd out are cover'd o'er with Leaves;
 Tho' chang'd into a Flower her Pomp remains,
 And lovely still, and still a Queen she reigns.
 The Crowd for their Offence this Doom abide,
 Shrunk into Thorns to guard her Beauties Pride.
 Thrice happy she, had they not vainly strove
 With Rites divine her Honour to improve,
 Nor Incense paid her for a Subject's Love.

Brias a Worm, *Arcas* a Drone became,
 A Butterfly *Halesus*; with like Flame
 They felt at first, about her they resort,
 Whole Days, and still her charming Fragrance court.

But *Roses* first of the fair Train decay,
 Brightest their Sun, but shortest is their Day;

Misfortunes thus on Excellence attend,
And richest Blessings soonest find an End.

Yet who within the Limits of a Verse,
Can all these various Kinds and Names rehearse:
An hundred Leaves, a thousand some compose,
Crisp'd up and curl'd; beside the single *Rose*,
Damasks, *Numidians*, charming *Jerichoes*,
On which in *Portugal* sweet *Cistus* grows;

Ev'n Soils when drest with some peculiar Care,
Uncommon *Roses* without Thorns will bear;
But with less Danger may this Work be spar'd,
Beauty's ne'er safe when left without a Guard.
Now lovely *Spikenard* will the Garden grace,
Spikenard which only to the *Rose* gives Place.

Yet we the Loss of *Roses* better bear,
Since when *Orion* mounts our Hemisphere,

High grows the *Tuberose*, and disdains the Pot,
 Nam'd by the *French* from her thick tub'rous Root;
 She from the *Indies* to the *Gallic* Shore
 By a *French* Merchant was of late brought o'er:
 Curious *Calabria* next receiv'd the Fair,
 And *Rome* and *Italy* bestow'd their Care }
 On her, whose Charms all *Europe* now does share. }
 On taper Stems her Blossoms sweet and white
 Perfume the Garden and regale the Sight;
 But if this beaut'ous Stranger you admire
 Before all others she'll your Care require;
 In some selected Vase protect the Flow'r,
 And keep her safe from each injurious Show'r,
 Lest Wind or Rain your blooming Hopes destroy,
 Or scorching *Sirius* waste the short-liv'd Joy;
 A Beauty worth inviting o'er the Seas,
 Our Gardens native Pride with foreign Charms t' en-
 crease.

Nor

Nor *Martagons* their Lustre now deny,
Which curling backward boast a scarlet Dye,
Like *Lillies* figur'd, if their Leaves were bent
Not too far back, they breath no other Scent.
Shining *Chrysanthes* you will now behold
With purple Leaves, enrich'd with Threads of Gold;
And tho' *Sweet Marjoram* will your Garden paint
With no gay Colours, yet preserve the Plant,
Whose Fragrance will invite your kind Regard,
When her known Virtues have her Worth declar'd:
On *Simois* Shore fair *Venus* rais'd the Plant,
Which from the Goddess Touch deriv'd her Scent.

The *Milfoil* next her thousand Leaves displays,
And various *Iris* will command your Praise,
With *Hollibocks*, *Flax* and *Melilots* golden Rays.

Restharrow whose tough Root obstructs the Plough,
Curs'd by the Hind her ruddy Face will shew.

If now to Gardens Crowds of Females come,
 They need not spare the many Flowers in Bloom,
 But gather'd into Baskets bear 'em home;
 Which will in Posies Ladies Breasts adorn,
 Or plaited into Wreaths may round their Heads be
 worn.

But here forewarn'd let tender Virgins fly
 Rash *Cleopatra's* Fate, nor seek to die,
 And guiltless Flow'rs to impious Use apply.
 When vanquish'd *Anthony* from *Actium* fled,
 And thence the Ruins of his Army led;
 Th' *Egyptian* Queen too prodigally brave,
 To grace *Rome's* Triumph, as a Royal Slave;
 From *Asps* in Flow'rs conceal'd, receiv'd her Fate,
 And with her Husband dy'd, most obstinately great.

Yet in good Service Flow'rs may be employ'd,
 To crown full Bowls, or deck the Toilets Pride;

On Cupboards plac'd be living Ornaments,
And far through spacious Courts diffuse their Scents;
While some with Wreaths of well mixt Flow'rs design
On solemn Feasts to grace the sacred Shrine;
While Princes eat in State, the costly Bed
And sumpt'ous Table may with Flow'rs be spread,
Or with sweet Herbs and chosen Blossoms stor'd,
Dishes are garnish'd for the Master's Board.

Others in Limbecks or an hollow Glass
O'er living Embers juicy Flow'rs will place,
Th' ascending Steam rais'd by the pow'rful Heat,
To the cold Vessel cleaves in clammy Sweat;
Till by Degrees condens'd it Liquor grows,
And through the Spout the trickling Moisture flows:
Thus the pure Spirits are drawn out by Fire
Into still'd Waters and new Strength acquire.

While

While some from Flow'rs long bruis'd, rich Oils pre-
 pare,
 Or Powders to perfume the flowing Hair:
 Such was rich *Capua's* Wealth, whose od'rous Charms
 Debauch'd the *Punic* Chiefs victorious Arms;
 When to revenge *Elisa's* Wrongs, tho' late,
 He threaten'd Ruin to the *Roman* State.

I need not here the Birth of Painting trace,
 From Nature's Practice in her flow'ry Race;
 Nor tell how first by imitating them,
 The Use of Colours and their Mixture came;
 Or how fair *Glycera's* instructive Aid
 Of *Pausias* once a skilful Painter made;
 Who copying all the beaut'ous Flow'rs she brought,
 A thousand Colours with his Pencil wrought;
 Or how from thence the figur'd Silks receive,
 The Dyes which *Indian* Artists interweave.

Honey, the golden Gift of heav'nly Pow'rs,
 From *Flora's* Tribe draws all its luscious Stores,
 The Work of Gardens, and the Fruit of Flow'rs.
 Thence Bees industrious suck th' ambrosial Dews,
 And into purest Honey work their Juice.

Perhaps I should their Pow'rs in Med'cine sing,
 What speedy Aid to Limbs diseas'd they bring;
 What needful Gifts of healing they retain,
 Form'd by the Gods to lessen mortal Pain;
 Did not my copious Subject bid me spare
 Such Wandrings, and pursue my weighty Care.

Sweetly near *Paris* seated on the *Sein*,
 In single State there liv'd an happy Swain,
 Whose little Garden was his whole Affair,
 Eas'd of all publick and domestick Care;
 And tho' he call'd no wealthy Farms his own,
 Nor his low Room with costly Arras shone;

Yet

Yet something for old Age he kept, a Field
Which more than spacious Provinces could yield;
For Flow'rs procur'd from Regions far remote,
And virtuous Plants from distant Mountains brought,
He treasur'd up at Home; the useful Stores
Improv'd by Art, employ'd his grateful Hours:
He could their latent Qualities reveal,
Nor would their Virtues from his Friends conceal.
Nor Day nor Night the Street was ever clear
And sickly Tribes, came crowding for his Care.
They in whose Blood the burning Fever reigns,
Or watry Dropsy or Scorbutick Pains;
Who difficultly breath, oppress'd with Heat,
With trembling Joints and Hearts that always beat,
Whose desp'rate State Physicians long gave o'er,
His Flow'rs and Herbs to perfect Health restore;
But the kind Healer's Praise and Patient's Joy,
May wing some abler Muse, some brighter Verse em-
ploy.

In Summer Months will *Granadilla* shew
 Her Bloom, which first in *Amazonia* blew,
 And grac'd the Shore sent hither from *Peru*.
 On lofty Stems indented Leaves adorn
 The Blossoms, which with Prickles, as the Thorn,
 Our Saviour's Passion in their Form declare,
 Shew all the barb'rous Nails and bloody Spear:
 For from the midst a three-fork'd Chive she rears,
 And each bent Grain like a crook'd Nail appears.

And now her Blossom, speck'd with motley Grace,
Frit'lary opes, and *Buglos* shows her Face,
 While lovely *Hesperis*, *Rumex*, *Maiden-hair*,
 From *Phæbus* Rays reflected Beauty share.]

But when the Sun shall through warm *Cancer* ride,
Carnations will display their matchless Pride;
 So sweet the Odours from their Blossoms flow,
 So fair to Sight the beauteous Blossoms show,

Their

Their deep divided Leaves all jag'd and stain'd,
 By the wide Pod at Bottom are restrain'd,
 And in a swelling Tuft 'or Orb detain'd:
 But tender are the Lay'rs, and hard to raise,
 And claim a Labour equal to their Praise;
 Nor Thirst, nor Heat, nor Rains, nor Cold they bear,
 But dread th' unkind Extremes of Earth or Air.
 Strictly the watchful Florist must attend
 The promis'd Birth, and his fair Charge defend;
 Asswage their daily Thirst with fresh Supplies,
 When *Phæbus* climbs, and when he leaves the Skies,
 Else their imperfect Beauty fades and dies.

And thou, whose Blossoms curl obliquely back,
 Rib'd on the Sides with a bright scarlet streak,
 Shalt of *Day-Lilly* the fair Name receive,
 If one whole Summer's Day thy Beauties live:
 These into Garlands may the Virgins twine
 When fresh and plenteous on the Beds they shine.

If in your Garden *Broom-rape* chance t' appear,
 The frisking Heifers must not venture near;
 If they but taste the hot falacious Plant,
 They seek the Bull and court him from his Haunt;
 Hence often Herds stung with resistless Love,
 Scour through the Woods, and o'er the Meadows rove.

Now on high Stems will *Matricaria* rear
 Her silver Blooms, and with her will appear
Thlaspis à Cretan Youth, who won the Fair:
 Happy if more auspicious *Hymen's* Rites
 Had with pure Flames adorn'd their nuptial Lights.

By some cool Spring, where Peace and Plenty flows:
 Th' indented moist *Germander* joyful grows:
 Both Kinds of *Orchis* of both Dyes will reign,
 Prevent your Culture, and your Art disdain.
 Now may the Muse presage that, clad in white,
 Gardens with silver Stores will charm the Sight,

And *Lillies* blossom on high Stems of green,
Unless the ling'ring Summer spoils the Scene.

With *Lillies* our *French* Monarchs grace their
Crown,

Brought hither by the valiant *Hector's* Son,
From *Trojan* Coasts, when *Francus* forc'd by Fate
Old *Priam's* Kingdom did to *France* translate:

Or if we may believe what Legends tell,
Like *Rome's Ancyliæ*, once from Heav'n they fell.

Clovis first Christian of our regal Line,
Of Heav'n approv'd, receiv'd the Gift divine

With his unblemish'd Hands, and by Decree
Ordain'd this Shield giv'n by the Gods should be
Preserv'd, the Nations Guard to late Posterity.

Now *Lewis* reigns, high on the sacred Shrine
Of Peace, these providential Arms shall shine
In brightest white. Him all the World shall fear;
Destruction and the dire Effects of War,

Injustice,

Injustice, Rapine, Fraud, from hence shall cease,
And all the conquer'd Nations sue for Peace.

But see where *Clytie*, pale with vain Desires,
Bows her weak Neck, and *Phæbus* still admires;
On rushy Stems she lifts her self on high,
And courts a Glance from his enliv'ning Eye:
Nor while the Sun keeps in the torrid Zone,
Will *Clytie* by her self appear alone.

Crocus and *Smilax* once a loving Pair,
But now transform'd delightful Blossoms bear;
And *Poppy* will erect her tufted Head,
And Earth be with a thousand Beauties spread;
In this one Flow'r her wealthy Pride she shows,
In this one Flow'r, which she to *Ceres* owes:
Some silver white, some dy'd with scarlet Stains,
Their lofty Heads unite t' enrich the Plains:
The pow'rful Seeds when press'd afford a Juice,
In Med'cine famous, and of sov'reign use,

Whether in tedious Nights it charm to Rest,
Or bind the stubborn Cough, and ease the lab'ring
Breast.

Grecian Eringoes now commence their Fame,
Which worn by Brides will fix their Husband's Flame,
And check the Conquests of a rival Dame:
Thus *Sappho* charm'd her *Phaon*, and did prove
(If there be truth in Verse) his Faith in Love.

But whilst the fiery Dogstar burns the Fields,
And no cool watry Cloud Refreshment yields,
While Night's chill Dews the early Sun dispells,
And Mountains Shades now late o'ercaft the Vales;
With plenteous Draughts allay the thirsty Flames,
Water your Garden with adopted Streams;
To fainting Plants dispense a vital Pow'r,
And Beauties half expir'd in time restore.
They drink no longer now the Morning Dew,
Nor with its balmy Drops their Strength renew.

Among those num'rous Products of the Earth,
 Which to the dying Summer owe their Birth,
 Immortal *Amaranthuses* appear
 Distinguish'd, by the Ornaments they wear,
 From all the vulgar Flow'rs which now abound,
 Profusely grow, and riot o'er the Ground.
 As *Clary*, *Hatchet-vetches*, *Virgins-bow'r*,
Apium, red *Hedisarum*, *Fennel-Flow'r*;
 Those *Marigolds* which are in Marshes bred,
Fleabane, *Angelica*, *Sweet-williams*, *Woad*,
 And *Coriander* trembling on a Thread;
 Now *Barberries*, *Southernwoods*, and *Myrrh* will
 rise,
Balm, *Oxeye*, *Sium*, and strong *Centauries*,
 And *Stæchas*, *Henbane*, *Mint*, and *Succorys*;
Calendula too shows her spotted Face,
 All these now paint the Meads with various Grace,
 Summer producing one, Autumn another Race.

Thus every Season in the annual Round
Is with its own peculiar Beauties crown'd.

Then *Attick Star*, so nam'd in *Grecian* Use,
But call'd *Amellus* by the *Mantuan* Muse,
In Meadows reigns near some cool Riv'lets Side,
Or marshy Vales where winding Currents glide;
Wreaths of this gilded Flow'r the Shepherds twine,
When Grapes now ripe in Clusters load the Vine.

Late from *Japan's* remotest Region sent,
Narcissus came array'd in scarlet Paint,
Rich Spots of yellow stain the precious Flow'r,
As if be-sprinkled with a golden Show'r:
The radiant Tinctures may with Tap'stry vye,
And proudly emulate the *Tyrian* Dye;
This Flow'r, ye skilful Florists, often plant,
Let not our Nation this fair Beauty want;
And tho' she answer not your common Care,
No Cost or Labour on her Dressing spare;

For should she but her conqu'ring Charms display,
From ev'ry Fair she bears the Prize away.

In Spring and Autumn let your timely Care,
Luxuriant Box on o'ergrown Borders shear,
Moisten'd with kindly Show'rs you may command
The pliant Twigs obedient to your Hand.

All Flow'rs arise not from one genial Cause,
Nor their Obedience yield to common Laws:
Some rise from Seed, from tub'rous Roots some shoot,
Some raise their Glories from a bulbous Root.

These latter taken up from out their Bed,
Should in *October*, on long Tables spread,
Be to the Sun expos'd, that by his Heat,
Th' extracted Moisture may evaporate;
Then shortly after deep intrench'd in Mould
They prosper, and despise the Winter's Cold.

To no like Care will tub'rous Roots pretend,
Once set, they deep spontaneously descend:
But bulbous Roots unless deep set are lost,
Obnoxious equally to Drought and Frost.

If you should doubt the time for sowing Seed,
Nor find your Gard'ners in their Schemes agreed,
Observe when *Scorpio*, tho' with lazy Feet
Ascends the Skies *Erigone* to meet,
When midst the Clouds hoarse Cranes with Clangor fly
And march with flagging Pinions through the Sky;
No Season's fitter, if to aid their Pow'r,
The rainy Autumn some few Days before
Has warm'd the Ground with but a gentle Show'r;
Then Mother Earth will in her Womb diffuse,
About their Roots her kind prolifick Juice.

But lest too frequent Rain the Roots annoy,
And stagnate Water should your Hopes destroy,

Raise but your Borders in the least Degree,
And all the Plants are from this Danger free.
The King's chief Gard'ner practis'd first this way,
And taught his Servants *round* the Beds to lay ;
He the great Master, who of all the rest,
Improv'd a Garden, and adorn'd it best.

If you with Flow'rs would stock the pregnant Earth,
Mark well the Moon propitious to their Birth :
For Earth the silent Midnight Queen obeys,
And waits her Course, who clad in silver Rays
Th' eternal Round of Times and Seasons guides,
Controls the Air, and o'er the Winds presides.
Four Days expir'd you have your time to sow,
Till to the full th' encreasing Moon shall grow,
This past, your Labour you in vain bestow :
Nor let the Gard'ner dare to plant a Flow'r,
While on his Work the Heav'ns ill-boding low'r ;
When Moons forbid, forbidding Moons obey,
And hasten when the Stars inviting Beams display.

Some

Some Florists can with Art correct the Seed,
 Can swell the Blossom, and improve the Breed;
 Hence larger Blooms the narrow Pod dilate,
 And Flow'rs appear with more than usual State.
 Some will the Colours strive to rectify,
 And teach the Leaves to take a brighter Dye,
 With Sweets unusual to perfume the Air,
 And in new Robes a richer Form to wear.
 Beyond the Season some keep back the Race,
 Or force their Birth and quicken Nature's Pace;
 Which cheap Delights with easy Care obtain'd,
 Will follow from the Gard'ner's skilful Hand.

The shining *African* with golden Head
 And in an handsome verdant Robe array'd,
 Bears the hot Season while the Dogstar reigns,
 And yet with Ease the Winter Blasts sustains;
 Brave *Charles* of *Austria* from the *Punic* Shore
 Sent these to *Spain* when *Tunis* felt his Pow'r.

But

But whilst *December* with fierce Rigour reigns,
And pinching Frost the harden'd Ground restrains,
In *Scythia's* freezing Clime black *Hellebores*,
Beneath the northern Pole expose their Flow'rs;
And *Aconite* on *Alpine* Hills we find,
Of which each Season boasts a diff'rent Kind.

Persian Cyclamens next you'll see in Flow'r,
And the *Laurëola* sent from the Shore
Of winding *Mose*, the *Crocus* too which fills
The airy Height of *Jura's* lofty Hills.
Lib'ral of Boughs and Leaves *Mezerion's* bold,
And *Sonchuses* defie the sharpest Cold;
In bleakest Months his Head *Narcissus* rears,
And Winter *Hyacinth* no Weather fears:
Yet against blasting Wind and Winter's Snow,
Your Flow'rs defend with Matresses of Straw
Till Spring return; for Cold will oft deface
With various Evils all the flow'ry Race.

But

But which of all the cruel Deities
Expos'd the Gardens Pride, fair *Emonies*,
Beauties so tender to such rigid Dooms,
For Storms to shake and Snow to hide their Blooms?
We grateful wish the more deserving Fair,
A warmer Season, and a milder Air.
For when their op'ning Blossoms wide they spread,
Their Stripes diffus'd are of so rich a red;
So bright their Flames aspire, so soft their Grace,
That not one Rival of the flow'ry Race,
Can more Admirers boast, nor dares to vye,
With their curl'd Leaves, and with their purple Dye.

Flora with Envy stung, as Tales relate,
Condemn'd a Virgin to this Change of Fate:
From *Grecian* Nymphs her Beauty bore the Prize,
Beauty the worst of Crimes in jealous Eyes;
For as with careless Steps she trod the Plain,
Courting the Winds to fill her flowing Train,

Suspi-

Suspicious *Flora* fear'd she soon would prove
Her Rival in her Husband *Zephyr's* Love.

So the fair Victim fell, whose Beauties Light,
Had been more lasting, had it been less bright;
She tho' transform'd as charming as before,
The fairest Maid is now the fairest Flow'r.

Fame does this other diff'rent Story tell,
When by a Boar's sharp Tusk *Adonis* fell;
This Flow'r alone to *Venus* gave Relief,
Charm'd the fair Goddess, and suppress'd her Grief:
For while what's mortal from his Blood she freed,
And Show'rs of Tears on the pale Body shed,
Lovely *Anemonies* in Order rose,
And veil'd with purple Palls the Cause of all her Woes.

But since so num'rous Colours they put on,
In spacious Cafes full of Mould I've known,
Their various Seed and Race promiscuous sown.

Hence when the Blossoms open with Surprize,
 The fair Confusion charms our wond'ring Eyes:
 Thus the great *Orleans* us'd with princely Care,
 At *Luxenburgh* these beauteous Flow'rs to rear;
 And while their mingled Charms the Basin grac'd,
 Requir'd it always on his Table plac'd,
 To entertain his Court and crown the Feast.

In winter Months of all the flow'ry Kind,
 Let these your Aid and artful Culture find;
 Wide in the Garden let them spread their Train,
 And with diffusive Pride luxuriant reign;
 Whose radiant Treasures can alone repair
 The Spoils of furious Storms and wasteful Air:
 For when the Trees their falling Honours mourn,
 And from on high *Aquarius* pours his Urn,
 Their Scarlet will through Autumn's Ruin shine,
 Tho' more in Spring their Tincture they refine;
 For the fair *Emony* kind *Zephyr* loves,
 And in Return by his Command she moves.

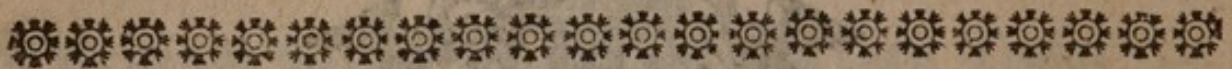
But while the Garden shines with various Dyes,
Lift up from Earth to Heav'n your grov'ling Eyes:
Survey the Lustre of those blisful Bow'rs,
Crown'd with as many Stars, as Earth with Flow'rs;
Then wond'ring your exalted Fancy raise,
And these admiring, their Creator praise.



OF



O F
G A R D E N S.



B O O K II.
Of T R E E S.

GROVES next and well-rang'd Trees my
Muse invite,
Groves ever please, but most when plac'd
TO aright.

Without a Shade no Beauty Gardens know,
And all the Countrey's but a naked Show.

Ye sacred Woods assist these *Sylvan* Strains,
 Ye who can best reward the Muses Pains:
 Grant that a Bough may by your Gift adorn
 My Brows, when Bays by other Bards are worn.

Oaks bend their Heads attentive to my Lays,
 And clap their Boughs, and speak their Poet's Praise;
 And *Gallia* from her Woods with echoing Voice,
 Repeats th' Applause, and greets my happy Choice:
Cytheron shall no more my Fancy move,
 No more *Molorchus* or *Dodona's* Grove;
 Nor where *Arcadian* Nymphs so often sport,
 To lofty *Mænalus* shall my Muse resort:
Calydne with her *Holms*, a mazy Scene,
Cyllene's *Cypress* Vallies court in vain:
France with her Charms alone my Muse detains,
 Where happy Groves embrace the flow'ry Plains,
 And crown'd with verdant State triumphant Beauty
 reigns.

If you'd a pleasant Countrey House design,
 The eastern Front must on the Garden join,
 Which with long Rows of folding Windows grac'd,
 Will with the morning Sun and Sweets be blest.

But with thick planted Trees that Side defend,
 Whereon the northern winter Storms descend,
 Or blust'ring *Boreas* will the Fabrick rend.

Boreas all o'er wild Desolation makes,
 Scours o'er the Plains, and tow'ring Forests shakes,
 The Vallies groan, and high *Olympus* quakes.

Then to the raging Winds a Wood oppose,
 And break their Violence with frequent Boughs.

Thus *Normandy* extends her Guard of Trees
 Against the Wind which blows from *British* Seas:
 High sylvan Fences all the Coast surround,
 Divide large Farms and ample Lordships bound.

Their

Their Rife and Form proceed my Muse to fing,
Tho' lofty *Oaks* sometimes from Suckers spring
With tow'ring Heads, and when transplanted spread
And with their Branches cast a noble Shade:
Yet of all Trees they rear the lofty'st Brow,
Which first from Seeds and swelling Acorns grow:
I grant, before they to Perfection come,
They will in tardy Growth an Age consume.
Yet then they cast a more majestick Shade,
And Loss of Time with Goodness is repaid:
Into the Bowels of the Earth they shoot,
And as they deeper fix their finewy Root,
In Height surmounting other Trees they rise,
And darken with their Boughs the very Skies:
For Seeds and Acorns taught by Time and Use,
The docil Brood no Change of Soil refuse;
While Suckers ne'er forget the Parent Tree,
And when remov'd they with no Soil agree;

But with more Tenderneſs the Offspring's nurſt
 There, where it was conceiv'd and ſprang at firſt :
 Then let your *Oaks* to Acorns owe their Birth,
 Nor yet commit 'em to unbroken Earth :
 Tear up the Ground and the rough Surface plye
 With Rollers, till the Plain ſhall level lye :
 Nay when young Shoots ſprout from the teeming
 Seeds,
 And rear above the Ground their infant Heads,
 Repeat your Labour and deſtroy the Weeds :
 Their fiery Roots will poiſon all the Wood,
 O'errun the Nurſery and prevent the Brood :
 Nor proudly ſcorn to urge with painful Toil,
 And well manure the lean unfruitful Soil :
 For Tillage turns the barren Land to Uſe,
 Improves and fattens with prolifick Juice.

By no one conſtant Rule the Peaſant ſows,
 He ſometimes Fields with Acorns rudely ſtrews,
There

There Trees confus'd and wild, perplexly stray,
Observe no Order and no Rules obey:
Sometimes with Art he nicely squares the Plains,
And in just Ranks his marshall'd Trees restrains;
The Grove thus figur'd due Proportion bears
In ev'ry Part, and Cheshboard like appears;
Where Battels feign'd by boxen Men are fought,
A Game which *Schaccia* to th' *Italians* taught;
Alternate Colours stain the painted Board,
The equal Rows harmoniously accord,
And ev'ry Way a checquer'd Scene afford. }
Then whether from old Stocks the shooting Breed
You slip and plant, or rather sow the Seed;
Range well your Trees, for Order is of Use,
From hence they share alike their Mother's Juice;
While in free Air they spread with pleasing Grace,
Not starve for Want of Food, nor crowd for Want of
Space.

When first the Leaves break through the swelling
Bud,
The hopeful Promise of a future Wood,
All Kind of wanton Cattel far remove,
And Goats whose pois'nous Teeth would kill the
Grove;
Let the swift Steed upon the Mountains neigh,
And Herds o'er spacious Meadows freely stray,
The tender Sproutings only let them spare,
For Shoots yet weak require protecting Care:
These a deep Ditch and quickset Hedge should guard,
That brouzing Flocks be from the Copse debarr'd.
Soon as in Strength advancing ev'ry Year,
The Trees on deeper Roots their Bodies rear;
You must no rank Exuberance allow,
But wisely prune each too luxuriant Bough;
Lest with unwieldy Heads the Trunks should bend,
And all their Sap in useless Branches spend:

Thus

Thus early lopt while tender yet and young,
 They rise from Earth more vigorous and strong,
 As if from Wounds new added Vigour sprung;
 And Trees which else much Time in Growth consume,
 Assisted hence soon to Perfection come,
 When with strong Roots and hardy Bulk secure,
 They can the fiercest Winds and Storms endure,
 On the smooth Barks, ye Shepherds, carve your Songs,
 Your Strifes and your Amours, whate'er to Swains
 belongs.

But ah! no murd'ring Axes let 'em feel,
 Nor violate old Groves with impious Steel:
 From rude Assaults and Force prophane forbear,
 Avenging Deities inhabit there:
 For Poets tell how wounded *Oaks* have bled,
 And human Gore through each Incision shed,
 Denouncing Terrors from their awful Head.
 And thence of old religiously rever'd,
 Their ancient *Oaks* our pious Fathers spar'd:

Insulting these by heav'nly Pow'rs belov'd,
 The Rage of Heaven bold *Erysichon* prov'd;
 When sacrilegious he presum'd to fell
 The *Thracian Oaks* where sacred *Dryads* dwell:
 For *Ceres* at the Nymphs Request decreed
 A swift Revenge for this presumptuous Deed.
 Such is the Crime with barb'rous Force to treat
 Groves privileg'd by Age, whose rev'rend Seat,
 And shady Horrors Veneration draw,
 And e'en their Silence does the vulgar awe.
 When impious Hands a rude Assault had made,
 And hurt the sacred Honours of the Shade,
 The Hinds at *Pales* Shrine Atonements laid.

Such Honours fam'd *Dodona's* Grove acquir'd,
 As justly due to Trees by Heav'n inspir'd;
 When once her *Oaks* did Fates Decrees reveal,
 And wise Men, taught by these, could future Truths
 foretel.

Now when with bulky Trunk and lofty Head,
Wide through the Woods the *Beech* begins to spread;
Beneath her Covert may the Shepherds share,
A cool Refreshment with their fleecy Care;
On humble Reeds their Passions entertain,
And sing the beautiful She that charms the Plain,
But far from thence be ev'ry Muse obscene.
Their Leaves and Shades and sacred Silence prove,
That chastest Gods these secret Dwellings love;
No sinful Joy the Virgin Pow'rs endure,
But purge with Light'ning whatso'er's impure.

While here the Shepherds sing their rural Song,
The feather'd Choristers around will throng,
Joining the artless Musick of their Throats,
Groves too attend and echo back their Notes.
Among the rest sweet *Philomela's* Tongue
Melodiously laments incestuous Wrong;

Whole Days and Nights she curses *Tereus*' Love,
And her soft Notes the Rocks to Pity move,
If Birds are suffer'd to frequent the Wood,
The dubious Change of Weather they forebode;
Oft from an hollow *Oak* betok'ning Rain
And raging Winds you'll hear the Crow complain;
Hence may the Peasant true Prefages take,
The Storms foresee and wise Provision make;
Yet suffer no disast'rous Birds, but chase
Far off from ev'ry Tree that ill foreboding Race.

Mixt with large *Oaks* as next in Rank and State,
Their Kindred *Beech* and *Cerrus* claim a Seat;
With these let lofty *Æsculus* be join'd,
Fairest of all this Acorn-bearing Kind;
Whose wide extended Boughs so copious prove,
One shady Tree alone affords a Grove:
She with deep Roots to th' Earth so firmly cleaves,
She stands all Weathers, and all Storms outbraves.

The *Oak* by such good Neighbours gladly plac'd,
 Enjoys its Ground and spreads and rises best;
 When Fleets and Armies are prepar'd for Wars
 They furnish Ships with Planks, the Men with Spears;
 For Hearths they Fuel yield, for Hinds the Plough,
 No friendly Service but an *Oak* will do.

The sacred *Oaks* my Axe shall ever spare,
 The conqu'ring Soldiers should their Branches share,
 And wear these honourable Rewards of War:
 Hence when a *Roman's* Life a *Roman* fav'd,
 An *oaken* Crown around his Head was weav'd.

Various are the Reports what Countrey knew
 The first born *Oak*, which, or by *Ladon* grew,
 On *Mænalus*, or *Chaonia's* fertile Plains,
 This Tale in rural Song most Credit gains:
 When *Jove* this low terrestrial Globe had form'd
 Huge Giants, sprung from Earth his Palace storm'd;

Against the Gods rebellious War they wag'd,
 Till *Jove* at such Impiety enrag'd,
 Hurling his Thunder on the monstrous Crew,
 Dispers'd the Faction soon, the Rebels flew:
 When Mother Earth bewail'd her slaughter'd Brood,
 And in her Bosom warm'd her *Rhæcus* Blood,
 Which nourish'd there, sprouts out transform'd, and
 stands,
 Grac'd with as many Boughs as once with Hands;
 An Oak gigantick from the Corps arose,
 And a thick Bark did the vast Trunk inclose,
 Which Earth then vow'd to *Jove's* high Patronage,
 And with her better Offspring charm'd his Rage;
 Thus *Oaks* grew sacred in whose Shelter plac'd,
 The first good Men enjoy'd their Acorn Feast.

Great is your Patron, awful are your shades,
 Yet fear to lift too high your soaring Heads;
 For while from *Jove* his hissing Light'ning flies,
 And rattling Thunder rolls along the Skies,

He

He with his Bolts th' aspiring *Oak* oft tears,
But *Tamarisks* and low *Myrtles* kindly spares.

The Groves remaining Beauties I relate;
With *Oaks* and *Beech* let *Elms* and *Limes* be set;
Nor *Alders* will disgrace the *Sylvan* Scene,
Nor *Maples* fam'd for Wood of vary'd Grain;
The *Pine*, which on a Mountain fairly shows,
Rears high her Head, and stretches wide her Boughs;
The *Quickbeam* with thick shooting *Hazels* join,
And *Cornels* with *Orycian Turpentine*;
Let *Pitch Trees*, *Ash Trees*, *Lote Trees*, *Willows*,
grow,
But root up cruel *Birch* and pois'nous *Eugh*;
The spiral *Firr* and *Pine* should Mountains grace,
While thick in Woods the intermediate Space
Brambles and prick'ly *Bry'rs* will possess:
But *Walnuts* covet most an open Plain,
The same let shaggy *Junipers* obtain,

With close grain'd *Chestnut*, Wood of sov'reign Use
For casking up the Grape's most pow'rful Juice.

Their diff'rent Cultures next my Muse shall show,
For as their Kinds their Cultures differ too.
Since tall are *Elms* in lively Verdure clad,
And gracefully their leafy Branches spread,
In Rows dispos'd great Beauty will they yield,
Or bound the utmost Compass of your Field;
For a cool Shade and a secure Retreat,
Against the scorching of the Summer's Heat;
No Trees so fit as *Elms* whether you mind
With well-wrought Boughs to have your View confin'd,
Or on large Plains a distant Walk would stretch,
As far as Feet can trace, or Eye can reach:
Such Walks at *Fountainbleau* may be survey'd,
Of lofty *Elms* in pleasing green array'd,
Which endless are, with no fixt Limits bound,
But fill in various Forms the spacious Round.

So the *Corycian* happy Swain, who till'd
His small paternal but well order'd Field;
Where flow *Galesus* through *Tarentum* flows,
Did *Elms* with Art in various Forms dispose:
Some cros in Lines and diff'rent Plats divide,
While others bound the Farm on ev'ry Side.
Each ancient Trunk a sim'lar Race supplies,
Beneath their Parents Shade the num'rous Offsprings
rise,
But you must mete the Ground with equal Care,
Or each will trespass on his Neighbour's Share.

When wretched *Orpheus* left the *Stygian* Coast,
Now hopeless since again his Spouse was lost;
Beneath the preferable Shade he fate
Of a tall *Elm*, and mourn'd his cruel Fate:
Where *Rhodope* rears high her steepy Brow,
While *Heber's* gentle Current strays below;

On his sweet Lyre the skilful Artist play'd,
 Whose all commanding Strings the Woods obey'd;
 And crowding round him form'd an haasty Shade:
 There *Cypress*, *Ilex*, *Willows*, *Planes* unite,
 And th' *Elm*, ambitious of a greater Height,
 Presents before his View a marry'd Vine,
 Which round her Husband *Elm* did circling twine,
 And warm'd him to indulge a second Flame,
 But he neglects th' Advice and flights the Dame:
 By fatal Coldness still condemn'd to prove
 A Victim to the Rage of female Love.

The mounting *Limes* will all their Care requite,
 Who take in shady Walks a true Delight;
 While these you plant, *Philemon* call to mind,
 In Love and Duty with his *Baucis* join'd,
 A good old Pair whom Poverty had try'd,
 Nor could their Vows and nuptial Faith divide;
 Their humble Cot with sweet Content was blest,
 And each benighted Stranger was their Guest:

When

When *Jove* unknown they kindly entertain'd,
This Boon the hospitable Pair obtain'd,
Loaden with Years and weak through Length of
Time,
That they should each become a verdant *Lime*,
And since the Transformation *Limes* appear :
Of either Sex, and Male and Female are ;
Whose Timber for the Turner's Use is good,
And planted soon appear a copious Wood.

Not much unlike to *Limes* the *Maple* shows,
Her Head so mounts and so expands her Boughs,
So shine her Leaves ; but a rude furrow'd Rind,
Does the rough *Maples* Trunk unseemly bind.

But the tall slender body'd *Pine*, whose Head
Is gracefully with ample Branches spread,
For Beauty well deserves the highest Praise,
Since Verdure evermore her Boughs arrays ;

Whilst her high taper Trunk aspires above
All other Trees, and reigns o'er all the Grove.
Old *Cyb'le* chang'd her *Atys* to a *Pine*,
Which sacred thence to her was held divine.
And *Marsyas* vanquish'd (so the Poets sung)
Was flead alive and on a *Pine-tree* hung,
The foolish Swain a boxen Pipe had made,
On which among his fellow Swains he play'd:
The wooden Instrument he rudely blew,
While o'er the Stops his aukward Fingers flew;
Yet with his Tunes he pleas'd th' unskilful Crowd,
Whose unjust Praises made the Piper proud:
He *Phæbus* self, th' harmonious God defy'd,
And urg'd to have their Skill in Musick try'd:
Phæbus accepts the Challenge, but decreed
The Boaster vanquish'd should alive be flead.
Pine Apples in hard Coats of Mail array'd,
Are of no Seasons and no Storms afraid;
And like the Apples too the Trees secure,
Black Storms and angry Tempests can endure,

Delight

Delight in Wind and Mountains, but in Vales
Their Shades are weak and all their Vigour fails;

The hardy *Hazels* in all Soils abound,
Quick-beams and *Cornels* in a stony Ground,
These wild in unfrequented Forests rise,
Contemn rough Storms and Winds and Rain despise.

Of watry Race *Alders* and *Willows* spread,
O'er silver Brooks their melancholy Shade;
Which heretofore (thus Tales have been believ'd)
Were two poor Men who by their fishing liv'd;
Till on a Day when *Pales* Feast was held,
And all the Town with pious Mirth was fill'd,
This impious Pair alone her Rites despis'd,
Pursu'd their Care till she their Crime chastis'd.
While from the Banks they gaz'd upon the Flood,
The angry Goddess fix'd them where they stood:
Transform'd to Sets and just Examples made
To such as slight Devotion for their Trade.

At length well water'd by the bounteous Stream
 They gain'd a Root, and spreading Trees became,
 Yet pale their Leaves as conscious how they fell,
 Which croaking Frogs with vile Reproaches tell.

With *Firs* your rising Ground and Mountains fill,
 The lofti'ft *Firs* adorn the lofti'ft Hill,
 From bury'd Cuttings soon such Strength they gain,
 That daring Winds and Waves they tempt the Main.

But on fair Levels and a gentle Soil
 The noble *Ash* rewards the Planter's Toil ;
 Noble e'er since *Achilles* from her Side
 Took the dire Spear, by which brave *Hector* dy'd.
 Whose Wood resembling much the Hero's Mind,
 Will sooner break than bend, a stubborn Kind.

Nor must the *Heliad's* Fate in Silence pass,
 Whose Sorrow first produc'd the *Poplar* Race ;

Their

Their Tears, while at a Brother's Grave they mourn,
To golden Drops of fragrant *Amber* turn:

Admit this Tree into your artful Grove,
Deserving well your gen'rous Pains to prove;

Tho' she the rich *Italian* Soil esteems,
And best will flourish by her native Streams.

With all these Kinds let your deep Walks be stor'd,
For all these Kinds will grateful Shades afford:

Small is the Task to propagate their Breed,
Untaught they rise from their own genial Seed.

Tho' Groves of *Ebony* in *India* grow,
From rich *Arabian* Woods sweet Balfams flow,

Tho' filken Threads from Boughs the *Scythians*
twine,

And *Phrygian Frankincense* is held divine;
In sacred Services alone consum'd,

And ev'ry Temple's with the Smoak perfum'd:

Yet most the sylvan Race of *France* I prize,
 Whether they wild on Hills o'ershadowing rise,
 Or form a reg'lar Grove, where Art with Nature
 vies.

Let not the *Pontick Pine-tree* Wood, tho' fam'd
 For noble Birth and ancient Race be nam'd,
 Nor that of old by all the learned fought,
 Where the grave *Stagyrite* his Morals taught,
 Nor *Box* abounding on *Cytorian* Hills,
 Nor Groves commanding Fear in *Ida's* Vales,
 Since Trees, like *France* no rival Nation shows,
 For lofty Heads and wide extended Boughs.

When Leaves from op'ning Buds in Spring break
 forth,
 And *Mast* Trees first display their verdant Worth,
 This pestilential Season of the Year
 Is oft polluted with corrupted Air;
 From pois'nous Mists thick swarms of Locusts rise,
 With num'rous Armies dark'ning all the Skies,

Thence

Thence on the Trees their greedy Force they pour,
And with insatiate Mouths the Leaves devour;
And Palmer Worms, dire Monsters void of Shape,
Will let no greens their rav'nous Jaws escape;
As also *Beetles*, whose black Race defile
Young Shoots and all the hopeful Offspring spoil.
You to whose nursing Care belongs the Grove,
Betime these fatal Ravagers remove,
Which quickly will deface your Garden's Pride,
Unless by dashing Rains in *May* destroy'd.

Be careful too to lop off Boughs decay'd,
Yet lest the Grove you thus deprive of Shade,
Raife a new Progeny which may with Speed,
Their old decaying Ancestors succeed;
And Nurs'ries plant in some commodious Space,
Whence Colonies drawn out recruit the fading Race.

When you for Arbours and for Walks prepare
Sweet-shrubs and *Ever-greens* deserve your Care:

The Garden most becoming Charms displays,
 Grac'd with *Acanthus Phillyra* and Bays,
 Sweet-scented *Jess'mines*, *Myrtles*, *Citron Trees*,
 Gay *Oleanders*, and thorn *Cypresses*.

The neighb'ring Plain which to the Garden leads,
 Must be distinguish'd by its proper Shades ;
 Let beauteous *Hornbeams* one fair Part adorn,
 Another *Cypresses* with Judgment thorn :
 Into long Walks are *Hornbeams* drawn with Ease,
 Whose mazing Windings form a Wilderness.
 Along the Alley Sides their Boughs expand,
 Like verdant Walls the firm *Espaliers* stand.
 'Twas all their ancient Praise thus wide to spread,
 But a nice Order, and an handsome Head
 New Honours give their various Forms delight,
 And to long private Walks and Bow'rs invite ;
 Embracing close repel the scorching Heat,
 And bless their Master with a cool Retreat.

Tho' *Cypress* Branches not uncomely join
 With mingled Boughs in a continu'd Twine;
 Yet a due Distance shows their Beauty best,
 When rang'd in Order, and in Figures drest;
 For docil *Cypresses*, dispos'd with Ease,
 To take whatever handsome Form you please,
 More sweetly bound a Plain than other Trees.

O *Cyparissus*, who with pleasing Grace,
 Could'st once all *Cean* Youths in Charms surpass,
 Cease now *Sylvanus* Fury to upbraid,
 Thy Loss is fully by this Change repaid.

A lovely Fawn there was, *Sylvanus* Joy,
 Nor less the Fav'rite of the sportive Boy,
 Which on soft Grass was in a secret Shade,
 Beneath a Tree's thick Branches coolly laid;
 A luckless Dart rash *Cyparissus* threw,
 And undesignedly the Darling flew;

But soon he to his Grief the Error found,
 Lamenting, when too late the fatal Wound:
 Nor yet *Sylvanus* spar'd the guiltless Child,
 But the Mischance with bitter Words revil'd:
 This struck so deep in his relenting Breast,
 With Grief, and Shame, and Indignation prest,
 That tir'd of Life he melted down in Tears,
 From whence th' impregnate Earth a *Cypress* rears;
 Ensigns of Sorrow these at first were born,
 Now their fair Race the rural Scenes adorn.
 Chiefly when with a low and well-trim'd Head,
 They circling round adorn some flow'ry Mead,
 Or where fair Avenues to Gardens lead. }
 Their tap'ring Cones and high aspiring Crest
 Still flourish with immortal Verdure blest,
 They Winter's Wrath despise and rudest Storms,
 And by the Winds disorder'd shew new Charms.

Let

Let *Phyllira* along the Wall be spread,
The beaut'ous *Ever-green* is eas'ly led,
But Twigs and Tenters for Support will need.
She's Nature's Tapestry to line your Walls,
Excelling all the Work of princely Halls.
She graces with delightful green the Fields,
And to your Garden's Pride fresh Beauty yields:
Permit o'er all the Walls the Boughs to stray,
And with diffusive Pomp a lively Scene display.

But who to please more Senses would provide,
He od'rous *Shrubs* along his Walls must guide,
And *Jessamin's* sweet Boughs with Art unfold,
Where Bees laid up their golden Stores of old.
On their own Stems they ill supported fall,
Unless with *Withy* fasten'd to the Wall;
Then fixt like *Ivy* on the Stones they seize,
Profuse of slender Branches led with Ease,
Pliant to take whatever Form you please,

Through

Through fragrant Air refreshing Scents diffuse,
 For Ornaments and Sweets of equal Use;
 With these the beaut'ous Virgin decks her Breast,
 With these by Matrons are the Temples drest.

Permit no Want of foreign *Jessamines*,
 Not that which in the *Spanish* Vallies shines,
 Nor silver Blooms in *Lusitania* fought,
 Nor those from *India* o'er the Ocean brought.
 With diff'rent Airs the Foreigners appear,
 And Dyes peculiar to their Countrey wear.
 Tho' gentle *Zephyrs* wanton in the Air,
 And the returning Spring may promise fair,
 'Tis my Advice to stay till Summer comes,
 Nor yet precipitate their hasty Blooms;
 The suff'ring *Daizy* may an Instance be,
 Of the departing Winter's Cruelty.
Boreas will oft too forward Blossoms kill,
 Take prudent Warning by another's Ill:

Lose not your Hopes by the mild Air's Deceit,
But *Jessamines* reserve to feel the kinder Heat.

No Trees can more advance the Garden's Pride,
Nor grace with sweeter Shades the Fountain's Side,
Than those whereon *Atlantick* Apples grow,
The Trees in lasting Verdure always show;
And through the Leaves you'll richer Charms behold,
The Flow'rs are Silver and the Apples Gold.

Who therefore would his Gardens Charms improve,
With the rich Treasure of a golden Grove,
Must for his Trees have *Oaken* Baskets wove;
They still new Robes of Fruit and Blossoms wear,
And fading Charms with fresh Supplies repair.
When the bright Bloom its silver Pomp displays,
Permit fair Hands the op'ning Sweets to seize:
Your Wife and Daughters through the Grove may
stray
Uncheckt, and bear the lovely Spoil away,
To grace their Brows, and make their Closets gay.

For oft the Tree in Blooms its Vigour spends,
 And Barrenness on Luxury attends;
 Their willing Hands this Danger would remove,
 For od'rous Chaplets of the Blooms they love;
 No Nymph but would with these be gladly drest,
 And fill with new pluckt Fruit her snowy Breast;
 The golden Balls for which *Atlanta* chose,
 Her promis'd Race, and better Fame to lose.

But with no Shades will Gardens rich appear,
 Nor with new fragrant Scents perfume the Air,
 Unless against the hostile Force prepar'd,
 Of Winter's Cold the golden Fruit you guard;
 Which must be kept with Walls or Fences warm,
 Lest the rough eastern Winds the Trees should harm.
 To golden Groves that Station's chiefly kind,
 Which feels the Rage of no tempestuous Wind:
 Nor do they only dread a colder Seat,
 But love the *Median* and *Assyrian* Heat,
 Nor can their native kindly Air forget;

Starv'd

Starv'd on cold *Strymon's* Shore they scarcely live,
But cherish'd in *Hesperian* Gardens thrive:
Then lest hard Frosts should the weak Plants destroy,
When *Boreas*, Foe to Beauty, raging high,
Drives Winter on, and ruffles all the Sky;
A safer Green-house for your Charge prepare,
Which from a Storm may best protect the Fair,
Till through the wintry Signs the Year has run,
Brings back the *Zephyrs*, and restores the Sun:
So will your Garden still with Charms abound,
With ever breathing Odours still be crown'd.

These burnish'd Apples of the golden Kind
Shew various Figures in a various Rind;
Into an oval Form the *Citrons* roll'd,
Beneath thick Coats their juicy Pulp unfold:
From some the Palate feels a poignant Smart,
Which tho' they wound the Tongue yet heal the
Heart.

In others a mild Nectar is confin'd,
 Such is the Flavour of the *Lemon* Kind;
 This gen'rous Offspring fam'd *Hetruria* boasts:
 Others adorn the *Lusitanian* Coasts.
 One charming Stock from old *Aurantia* came,
 And keeps its Birth recorded in its Name;
 These *Oranges* will all the golden Race,
 In softest Rinds and juicy Stores surpass;
 Yet difference of Soil whence first they rose,
 This wide Variety of Taste bestows.

Search not too far, nor bid the Muse repeat
 What *Grecian* Songs of golden Fruit relate;
 How once in *Africk's* distant Climate, where
Atlas aloft the bulky Heav'n does bear,
 Their Culture was th' *Hesperian* Sisters Care;
 Till with *Nemæan* Spoils *Alcides* clad,
 And fierce in Arms this Orchard durst invade,
 The Guardian Dragon charm'd asleep and slain,
 He seiz'd the radiant Treasure watch'd in vain;

Hence

Hence might the Victor first with *Citrons* fill
Italian Fields and *Aventinus* Hill.

For many Plants yet, which will shine among
 Your ornamental Trees remain unsung ;

Myrtles and *Oleanders* claim a Place,
 But chiefly *Myrtles* of celestial Race.

When once, as Fame reports, the Queen of Love
 In *Ida's* Valley rais'd a *Myrtle* Grove,
 Young wanton Cupids danc'd a Summer's Night,
 Round the sweet Place by *Cynthia's* silver Light.

Venus this charming Green alone prefers,
 And this of all the verdant Kind, is hers ;
 Hence the Bride's Brow with *Myrtle* Wreaths is grac'd,
 When the long Wish'd-for Night is come at last :

And *Juno*, Queen of nuptial Mysteries,
 Makes all her Torches of these fragrant Trees !
 Hence in *Elysian* Fields are *Myrtles* said,
 To favour Lovers with their friendly Shade :

There *Phædra*, *Procris* (ancient Poets feign)
 And *Eriphyle* still of Love complain,
 Whose unextinguish'd Flames ev'n after Death re-
 main.

Nor is this all the Honour *Myrtles* claim ;
 When from the *Sabine* War *Tudertus* came,
 He wreath'd his Temples from the *Myrtle* Grove,
 Sacred to Triumph as before to Love.

On a low Trunk the *Myrtle* lifts her Head,
 Smooth are her Leaves and thick her Branches spread,
 Her fragrant Odours are the Nymphs Desire,
 Who much her Sweets and comely Form admire.

If Cold or Heat rage in an high Degree,
 From too much Heat or Cold preserve her free,
 For both Extremes affect the tender Tree:

Warm under Sheds she'll be secur'd with Ease,
 When Winter's rough, if planted in a Case ;

Or when she faints with the Sun's scorching Beams,
 May be refresh'd with cool reviving Streams:

And

And if you love the Fair, protect her Boughs,
Nor let too near the wanton Cattel browse.

If with your *Myrtles* and the *Citron* Race,
You here and there an *Oleander* place;
Their mingling Beauties, each to other add,
Fairer the white appear, and doubly blush the red.

Near pleasant Fountains and in watry Ground,
Are *Bays* with od'rous Berries joyful found,
Which deathless Greens most hon'rably surround.
Thus richly gifted we may well divine,
They from no vulgar Stock derive their Line:
From *Peneus* first the lovely Virgin rose,
And *Jove* her second Father might have chose,
Had she but deign'd his radiant Son to wed,
A suppliant God admitting to her Bed.
He with *Pythonian* Spoils and Quiver grac'd,
In these, and his own Form Assurance plac'd,

And happy she (for Heav'n was her Reward
And the Sun's Steeds) could she his Suit regard;
But whilst an heav'nly Lover she disdain'd,
Her Virgin Vows a nobler Triumph gain'd:
Apollo's Bounty gave the spotless Maid,
What Honours now are to her Branches paid;
Jove's sacred Capitol is crown'd with *Bays*,
And echoing Theatres resound her Praise.
Hail venerable Tree! whose Branches spread
Around the Temple's Gates, a pompous Shade;
Thou do'st th' Events of Fate's Decrees foretel,
And all *Apollo's* Oracles reveal;
Sometimes in War thou 'rt pleas'd, and Din of Arms,
And thy new Fire the fainting Soldier warms;
Thee *Phæbus* loves the Poets thee desire,
Thou do'st their Pains reward, their tuneful Songs in-
spire.

Of *shrubby* Race sweet *Persian Lylach* drest,
 Not much unlike that Bird, whose flowing Crest,
 Is by her azure Blossom well exprest,
 Perfumes the Garden with her early Flow'rs,
 When the Spring triumphs most in verdant Stores.

I need not plead the uncontested Worth,
 Of what the fair *Pomgranate* Tree brings forth,
 Which cloaths her Boughs in a bright Purple Suit,
 And fills the Garden with ambrosial Fruit;
 For not one Bloom among the flow'ry Host,
 Or *shrubby* Kind can greater Honours boast.
 A golden Garb her flaming Blossoms wear,
 And interwoven with fresh Leaves appear;
 Succeeding Fruit attend the Blossoms Fall,
 Each represents a Crown upon a Ball;
 A thousand Seeds with *Tyrian* Scarlet dy'd,
 And rang'd by Nature's Art in Cells they hide.

As when industrious Bees with frugal Care,
A waxen Kingdom for their Stock prepare,
On Twigs first lay Foundations for their Combs,
Then mark the shining Fabrick into Rooms:
For ev'ry Seed his Cell and Order holds,
Whilst a thick Rind the juicy Fruit infolds;
Grateful to Taste their mingled Flavours meet,
Not rudely sharp, nor yet too luscious sweet.

The Story's short how first this Fruit obtain'd
A graceful Crown, and was with Purple stain'd.
A Royal Nymph there was of *Tyrian* Race,
A *Moor* indeed, but form'd with ev'ry Grace,
Her native Colour knew, yet Fate deny'd
Indulgence equal to her Beauty's Pride:
Fill'd with ambitious Thoughts she prefs'd to know,
What Gifts the Gods would on her Charms bestow;
Ravish'd she heard th' ambiguous Priest declare,
She should a Crown and purple Garments wear;

Fancy'd

Fancy'd that hence a Kingdom must arise,
 Deceiv'd by Words and flatt'ring Prophecies,
 For when the God of Wine in Triumph came,
 Loaden with *Indian* Spoils to court the Dame,
 He soon beguil'd her with an Husband's Name,
 Baulk'd of her Hopes, her Virgin Honour stain'd,
 By Favour of her God at last she gain'd
 To be transform'd to this imperial Plant,
 The only Honour which the Prophet meant.

Nor must we *Paliurus* Room deny,
 Tho' stiff with Thorns, and rugged to the Eye;
 In proper Place 'twill raise the Garden's Fame,
 With *Rhamnus*, which the Moderns *Whitethorn* name;
 There let the *Woodbine* mix its fragrant Bush,
 And the sweet *Rasp* in scarlet Berries blush:
 The *Pyracantha* will her Place become,
 With *Halimus*, *Shrub-mallows*, *Butchers-broom*.

Others tho' sprung of like inferior Race,
Will take a thousand Forms, and shine with various
Grace;

But Time forbids me through their Kinds to rove,
And sing of *Shrubs*, which only crowd a Grove.

Let shining Greens reign o'er the Garden wide,
And into various Parts the Scene divide,
With Trees at equal Angles nicely set,
Till the fair Walks have in a Centre met.

Others their Groves in mazy Figures cast,
Where first the Greens as in straight Order plac'd
Appear; yet by Degrees obliquely bend,
And in a Course of winding Errors end.

But whether in right Lines your Walks shall run,
Or, gently circling, end where they begun,
With golden Sand adorn the shining Place,
Or smooth the Scene with Turfs of pleasing Grass.

If more extended Walks run round the Plain,
Light Chairs, should bear in State the female Train;

Yet

Yet trusting to their Feet, the younger Fair
Walk the long Circuit, and despise the Chair.

If *Phyllereas* cast a pleasing Shade,
Or *Hornbeams* form a verdant Palifade,
Or *Pyracanthas* into Arches twine
Their pliant Twigs, and closer Walks combine,
Often you must the flowing Branches share;
For should the Pruner's Hand be less severe,
The Beauty of the Walk and Hedge decays,
If a wild Bough beyond its Limits strays:
And since in ev'ry Soil unbidden Grass
Will, springing up, usurp each empty Space,
The Ground must be well clear'd from baleful Seeds,
Or the rude Path is soon defac'd with Weeds;
But we'll commit this to the Gard'ner's Hand;
Gard'ners best from Experience understand,
To feed with fresh Supplies the Gardens Stores,
To plant fair Fruit, and spread the graceful Flow'rs.

On them industrious Servants should attend,
 And joyful Days in the sweet Labour spend:
 Some o'er the Walks may constant Rollers lead,
 Or broken Clods on the new Borders spread:
 Some may conduct the Springs, the Channels clear,
 To cool the Soil, and thirsty Plants to chear:
 Some may shorn Hedges with neat Bands improve,
 Bind up the feeble overburthen'd Grove,
 And too much Luxury of Shade remove:
 Some cut the *Box*, some countermine the Ways
 Of winding Moles, and level what they raise.
 Some may sow Flow'rs, and make the Beds look gay,
 And all be busy in a diff'rent Way:
 Double their Pains, if weary of the Town,
 The Master shortly is expected down.

And happy he, who in a countrey Seat,
 From Storms of Business finds a calm Retreat,

Where

Where eas'd of noisy Throngs, and loose from Care,
Exchanging civil Toils for rural Fare,
He tastes the native Charms of uninfected Air:
Whether in shady Arbours he may shun
The sultry scorching of the mid-day Sun;
Or him the gentler Ev'ning Rays invite,
To climb some lofty Mountains airy Height;
Where all around delightful Landskips lie,
And pleasing Prospects entertain the Eye;
Or early through the Woods may chuse to stray,
When wakeful Birds salute the rising Day;
Or hears from echoing Vallies with Delight,
The lowing Herd returning Home at Night;
Or rather his own Flow'rs and Fountains views,
And in the Villa seeks his Cares to lose,
With nameless Pleasures charm'd, and endless Sweets,
He his Esteem for Court and Town forgets.
For Groves and Rills a larger Bliss afford,
With gentle Slumbers on the grassy Sward,

(Pure rural Joys) than Palaces of State,
 Proud with their rich pav'd Porch and lofty Gate,
 Or painted Roofs, or Arches fretted o'er,
 Or marble Pillars from *Morocco's* Shore,
 Or Rooms with *Indian* Ivory inlaid,
 Cloath'd with rich *Arras* and in Gold array'd:
 Such unbought Pleasures human Life supply'd,
 When *Saturn* reign'd in Nature's early Pride,
 When the first *Oaks* Heav'n's first Decrees re-
 veal'd,
 And Men whole Ages lavish'd in the Field,
 Yet their own Hills and Springs alone beheld:
 Nor yet triumphant *Rome* did proudly rear
 Her Head, or rich with foreign Spoils appear,
 But the *Tarpeian* Rock was bleak and bare;
 Few Cattel o'er the seven Mountains stray'd,
 And the *Laurentine* and *Arician* Mead,
 Could scarcely then a Flock of *Lambkins* feed.

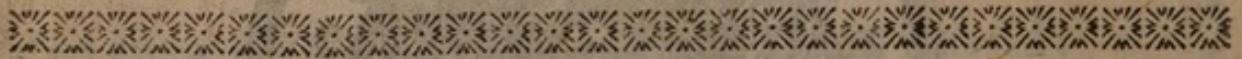
More

More Precepts for th' industrious Gard'ner's Use,
 Might here be publish'd by the sylvan Muse,
 Did not another Toil unfung remain,
 And my tir'd Bark, long tofs'd upon the Main,
 With ardent Longings wish the Port to gain.





O F
G A R D E N S.



B O O K III.
Of W A T E R.

YE sporting Waters, which in Fountains rise,
Or murm'ring fall with melancholy Noise,
Ye Grotts, smooth Lakes, and pleasing
Streams that reign,

The Garden's Charms, and grace the shady Plain,

Assist

From whence with hanging Drops warm Caverns
sweat,

As Marbles are in Rain, and Winter wet.

From the chill Rocks a dewy Moisture pours,

And all Things round weep with the trickling Show'rs;

Or else from falling Rains and melting Snows,

A mighty Store of gath'ring Water grows,

Which sinking through the Mountains downward
flows;

And as new Force from fresh Supplies it gains,

Breaks forth into the Vales, and rolls along the Plains.

Some better think, Springs from the Sea arise,

For Earth surrounded with the Ocean lies,

Which through her flows, as Blood within our Veins,

And a strict Commerce with the Mass maintains.

Hence no Increase is made, the Rivers come,

From ev'ry Part with crowding Billows home:

For since Earths inward Parts less solid are,

Where hollow Turnings and deep Cells appear,

Through these the Ocean does his Streams convey,
 Or eats through all th' opposing Mould his Way,
 Through subterranean Tracks, a gloomy Road
 He tries to find or forces with his Flood;
 But where Earth's shatter'd Bowels do divide,
 An easy Passage op'ning deep and wide,
 The swelling Fountain pours its roaring Tide.
 Yet from the briny Sea fresh Springs proceed,
 Because the Water through deep Caverns led,
 By the gross Mould and Gravel is refin'd,
 And leaves the brackish Particles behind,
 Cleans'd of all Foulness, by this Means flows clean,
 As if the Water through a Strainer ran.

Water no proper Taste or Colour knows,
 But takes whate'er the Mother Earth bestows.
 Hence diff'rent Streams their diff'rent Natures bear,
 Some pois'nous kill, while others healing are.
 Thus *Borbon*, and thus *Pugia's* Springs receive
 Such wholsome Tinctures as the Soil can give;

Extract

Extract their med'c'nal Virtues from the Ground,
 And certain Cures for various Ills are found;
 Such Cures as from no other means are had,
 Nor Heav'n in ought beside affords such present Aid.

Your early'st Task must be to find a Spring,
 Which from some neighb'ring Rock your Care may
 bring.

Dig round and search the Mountains steepy Brow,
 Nor spare what Art and dayly Pains can do.

If the Ground promises no good Success,
 As where dull heavy Sands the Soil opprefs,
 No rising Waters will your Labours bless. }
 I've seen those Men, who for their Garden's Use,
 All Places try'd, whence they might Springs deduce;
 They importun'd the Deities in vain,
 Nor could their Pray'rs or Pains Supplies obtain.

Thus

Thus where their Heads *Meudonian* Hills advance,
 There lately dwelt the wealthy'st Peer of *France*,
 An hundred Ploughs could scarce turn up his Lands;
 The King himself entrusted in his Hands
 Not only what his own Demeasnes supply'd,
 But all the Treasures of his Realm beside.
 A stately Dome he rear'd upon the Mount,
 Where spacious Plains lay open to the Front;
 Sweetly the lofty Pile o'erlooks the Fields,
 And a proud Prospect to the City yields;
 Gardens and Groves adorn the neighb'ring Ground,
 And with large Views survey the Countrey round;
 But necessary Springs were wanting still,
 And the soft Murm'rings of the sportive Rill.
 Then in the hollow Bowels of the Earth,
 They search to give the hidden Waters Birth;
 The curious Lord no Cost or Labour spares,
 All Artists and their Instruments prepares,
 And only where not found, of Springs despairs.

Awake

Awake, he longs to see the rising Streams,
 And sleeping, vainly finds 'em in his Dreams;
 But tho' they well examin'd all the Fields,
 Their fruitless Toil no Hopes of Water yields:
 So difficult it is a Spring to find,
 Where Nature's thirsty, and the Soil unkind;
 But when your Labours meet with wish'd Success,
 To bount'ous Heav'n your grateful Praise address;
 I've oft for you thank'd Heav'n, now your own
 Thanks express.

Tho' often with a Pump the lab'ring Swain,
 May from an hollow Pit the Water drain,
 And make a Fountain by the Help of Art,
 Which niggard Nature else would ne'er impart:
 In a deep Tube the pliant Engine stands,
 And the resisting Flood with Force commands;
 The panting Sucker labours with the Weight,
 And mounts the Streams up to their destin'd Height;

Thus under the new Bridge a grand Machine,
Commands the Waters up from out the *Sein*.
If Pumps prove uselefs then his Aid implore,
At whose Commands the Rocks sent forth their wa-
try Store.

But leaft your Water Searcher try in vain,
(For many by the Earth deceiv'd have been)
The Tokens of a fecret Spring I'll show,
Such the cold Ground where Flags and Rufhes grow,
Where Graves fink in and frequent Hillocks rife,
Where flimy Ooze on the foft Surface lies.
Thick Weeds and the fharp bufhy Sedge produce
Undoubted Tokens of the latent Juice,
And Mofs, with which the watry Soil's o'erspread,
And Fleabane blooming in his Oozy Bed:
Nor with lefs Certainty of Springs we guefs,
From Crainsbill, Calamint, and Water Crefe,

So

So when from various Quarters of the Hill,
You've drawn together ev'ry wandring Rill,
Into the neighb'ring Garden next prepare
To bring them down, and sev'ral Ways there are.
Sometimes inclos'd in Lead, and harden'd Clay,
Into the Vales you may the Streams convey,
If easy the Descent, and short the Way.
Chiefly if larger Stores the Hills produce,
And in full Tides send down the rolling Juice;
If from the Hills your Waters rise but slow,
And to the neighb'ring Vale supplies you owe,
Within the Ground a stony Chanel build,
Which will with Rain and falling Show'rs be fill'd,
Into this Duct the Countrey's Stores may glide,
And crouded, pour at last a rolling Tide:
Yet lest the running Water chance to pass
Through many foul and miry Passages,

Or from its Mixture with the Earth may get
 Much Filth, at certain Distances, 'tis fit,
 Along the watry Course you sink a Pit;
 In whose deep Bottom all the Mud may stay,
 Which by an even Stream is born away;
 Nor can the Slime from thence a Passage find,
 Stop'd in its Course, and left in Drains behind;
 But tho' your Pits below the Earth descend,
 Let lofty Grates all their wide Mouths defend,
 By which the troubled Waters may be clear'd,
 And all the Mud that from the Bottom rear'd,
 Ran in the Chanel, be supprest again,
 And so the Stream flow free from ev'ry Stain.

Not that I vainly in a private Seat,
 Would purchase Water at so dear a Rate,
 As on th' *Arcolian* Aqueducts has been
 Expended by the *Medicean* Queen,
 When she on Bridges a wide Current laid,
 With mighty Labour to the Town convey'd.

The lofty Work on stony Arches stood,
 And on its Roof bore the suspended Flood,
 In Vales supported by huge Heaps of Mould,
 And in a Passage cut through Mountains roll'd
 The Streams, which pent in Walls of Stone abide,
 Which curbs the Fury of the raging Tide,
 And does the Water through the Town divide.
 But tho' such Charge is born for publick Use,
 By publick Stocks, let private Stocks refuse.

You then, who with a large Estate are blest,
 Let no proud Aqueducts your Riches waste;
 Great Lordships have receiv'd their Ruin hence,
 And Houses been destroy'd by such Expence;
 Observe the mean, and let your Ducts be made,
 Of Alders, harden'd Clay, or sometimes Lead.

But happy he, who to his Garden may,
 Without the Help of Alder, Lead, or Clay,
 A constant Current from near Brooks convey.

Fam'd *Bearny* thus her watry Store receives,
 From nat'ral Streams which plent'ous *Biv'ra* gives:
 So *Liancourt* and *Borgueil* Gardens blest
 With Water, near the *Loir* are happy plac'd.
 Such thou great *Polycrene*, whose Murm'rings raise
 The Muses Songs, contending in thy Praise,
 Nor lovely Fountain, care, tho' thou art led,
 Through an uneven Vale and fordid Bed;
 Tho' thou through *Sancaronian* Groves may pass,
 And many rough and steepy Places trace,
 A Course unworthy of thy noble Race;
 Since you *Lamoignon* please; could *Bavil* see
 Your constant Streams too, doubly blest you'd be:
 In the *Lamoignon* Gardens you'd remain,
 A leading Goddess in just *Themis* Train.

That Water's best, which without Pipes you drain,
 In nat'ral Streams from some rich River's Vein;
 No Harm it suffers from the Lead, which may
 Burst into Gaps, and let the Water stray;

And

And still th' imprison'd Juice receives a Stain,
Which, free by Nature, seeks the open Plain.

But if you can with no such Riv'let meet,
Near to your Garden sink a spacious Pit,
That gath'ring Waters round may settle there,
And in vast Concourse from the Hills repair:
But first white Marle in the deep Bottom lay;
For Marle will best the sinking Waters stay.

Then how through all the Garden to contrive
The Fountains and the Ducts, some Rules I'll give,
The Motions of the Streams to rule I'll show,
All which the skilful Gard'ner ought to know;
A thousand Ways the pliant Streams will move,
And in a thousand various Figures rove.

In a near Valley let the Water pent,
In leaden Pipes be through the Garden sent,

There

There prest within the narrow Pass remain,
That it may higher mount from out the Vein.
Some brazen Pipes will use, that Streams may pass,
With greater Force through the more rigid Brass,
And so rise high'r, but lest th' unruly Wind,
Within the Lead, or stronger Brass confin'd,
Should burst the Pipes and range the hollow Cell,
Break ev'ry Bond, and make the Water swell;
You breathing Holes along the Pipes should bore,
And thence the Wind to open Air restore.
As when new tunn'd *Falernian* Wines ferment,
The Cooper straight gives foaming *Bacchus* Vent,
Lest in his Heat he force the Cask to fly,
And bursting through, unloosen ev'ry Tye.

That Streams, collected thus from ev'ry Side,
You through the Garden rightly may divide,
First in the middle of the Garden lay
A spacious Fountain, where the Waters may

Roll in, and through a narrow Tunnel rise,
In spouting Streams and dash the Winds and Skies.
The Fountains Bottom and the Brim enclose,
With polish'd Marble or soft Turfs of Moss;
Instead of Tubes some Men their Fountains grace,
With Sea-calves or with *Scylla's* dubious Race,
Or with wild Tritons cast in molten Brass.
Thus a proud Triton on a Dolphin rides
At *Luxenburgh*, and spouting Waters guides;
This Fountain is with Marble beautify'd,
And from *Arcueil* with Water well supply'd:
Yet at *St. Clou* the Fountain more commands
Our Praise, where the fam'd Seat of *Philip* stands,
Proud with its noble Groves and murm'ring Springs,
And boasts its self the Royal Seat of Kings;
First in the King's and People's just Esteem,
And stands a Pattern for your spouting Stream;
With this no Fountain can in *France* compare,
To flow, or mount aloft in open Air:

In a square Pond the Conduit op'ning pours
Its Waters, whence in crowding Waves it roars:
With rapid Force the spouting Streams arise,
And like a Shaft fly whirling to the Skies,
Then falling downward with a falling Dash,
The Fountains circling brim, with rainy Show'rs they
wash.

Of these *Jet d'eaux* th' original I'll sing,
If from Antiquity we Truth can bring.

When great *Alcides* with a chosen Band,
Of *Grecian* Youths fail'd to the *Colchian* Land,
And little *Hylas* too, his fav'rite Boy,
Oblig'd the Hero with his Company.
It chanc'd that as they past the beechen Wood,
Near which the fam'd *Arcanian* Fountain flow'd,
In the *Bitbynian* Plain, to Land they bore,
And the tir'd *Minyæ* gain'd the pleasing Shore;

The Chiefs compos'd their weary'd Limbs to rest,
But *Hylas* fought the Springs, by Thirst oppress'd;
At last a Fountain found, his Neck he eas'd,
And on the Bank himself and Pitcher plac'd.
'Twas at a Time when old *Ascanius* made
An Entertainment in his watry Bed;
For all the Nymphs and all the *Naïdes*,
Inhabitants of neighb'ring Plains and Seas:
To the high Feast with the *Inachian* Dame,
Fair *Isis*, *Ephyra*, *Melanina* came.
Him *Isis* first of all the Nymphs espies,
Admires his charming Face, and sparkling Eyes.
Careless he fate, while she t' ensnare him strove,
Her eager Hopes presuming of his Love,
Then stooping down to reach the deeper Flood,
He fell from off the Margin where he stood:
Whether born downward by the Pitcher's Weight,
Or the moist slipp'ry Bank deceiv'd his Feet,
The ready Nymph straight caught the falling Boy,
Nor from her clasping Arms would lose her Joy.

But

But he the Nymph and closing Waves withstood,
And vainly strove with the surrounding Flood;
Her fellow Nymphs the stubborn Youth entreat,
T' accept in old *Ascanius*' Cell a Seat:
He still refusing, and with struggling faint,
His weary Limbs their native Vigour want,
A Fountain, and a Fountain's God became:
The injur'd Nymph then to revenge her Shame,
An haughty Temper and proud Mind supplies,
Against the Nature of a Stream to rise;
Panting he upward strives to rise in vain,
With restless Motion, but falls back again.
For him *Alcides* fought the Countrey round,
Th' *Ascanian* Banks and neighb'ring Hills resound
With *Hylas*, *Hylas*, ev'ry Rock does call,
And ev'ry Wood, and ev'ry sounding Vale.
But all in vain; for now transform'd he gave,
The first Beginning to the spouting Wave,
While cruel he does *Isis* Love despise,
And lab'ring to get free the very Fountain flies.

Hence

Hence were Delights from spouting Waters sought,
And Streams to sport in Groves and Gardens taught;
Laborious Art a Multitude of Ways,
And Forms contriv'd, through which a Fountain plays,
These all at *Ruel* entertain our View,
And Signs remain what *Richlieu* once could do,
Who when for *Lewis* he the Nations Weight
Sustain'd, and by his Counsels rul'd the State,
Did Wealth immense on Water-works consume,
Which of his Pow'r are Monuments become.
Here divers Ways dispos'd you'll Fountains see,
Made more delightful with Variety;
Whose Streams first headlong fall, then mount above,
And in all Motions and all Figures move.
Here a *Chimæra* opens wide her Jaws,
And from her gaping Mouth a Torrent throws;
In her wide Throat the crowding Waters rise,
And foaming issue forth with horrid Noise.

There from a Dragon whirling round in Haste,
 On the Spectators gushing Streams are cast;
 Then with his Arms and watching of his Game,
 A brazen Huntsman stands and takes his Aim,
 To kill the Prey, but shoots an harmless Stream;
 A pleasing Cheat, at which the wondring Rout,
 At once with Laughter and Applauses shout.

Why should I tell how Waters in a *Grott*,
 By Art Variety of Sports are taught,
 When all the Place grows moist with Rain that falls,
 In artificial Show'rs from dripping Walls;
 The Springs boil up o'erflowing all the Ground,
 The leaping Waters on all Sides rebound,
 And with large Drops the Stones be-sprinkle round.
 The docil Streams will readily obey
 The Master's Hand, and as he pleases play;
 Tho' wanton *Naiids* of those *Grotts* approve,
 Where they through Pebbles can more freely move,

If eastern Gems and *Erythraean* Shells
Adorn their mossy Dens and watry Cells.
Some Artists will their *Grotts*, with Fountains fill'd,
Of Pumice easy to be hollow'd build,
The splendid Roof with shining *Shelwork* grace,
And beautifie with Statues all the Place.
These little Arts, tho' into Fashion grown,
Were to our wiser Ancestors unknown.
Let others then provide such Sports as these,
In Hopes a while the gaping Mob to please.

But you, in things more serious should employ
Your Time, as how vast Waters to enjoy;
As to the falling Streams what Poise to give,
And in a deep Canal the Tide receive,
Which may a River flow, or standing make,
Collected in one Pond, a silent Lake.
If that your Pipe be wide enough, prepare
To fill it up and send the Waters far,

For in all Fountains Store of Waters please,
And Plenty of itself is here a Grace.

If Fancies please in diff'rent Forms you may
Contrive to let your spouting Waters play:
Some Spouts will represent a Show'r of Rain,
Others the Rays of Light and Sun-beams feign.
Some a swift Arrow from a sounding Bow,
Whilst others in a narrow Circle show
Carybdis Gulph, in which the Water roars,
As from the Pass in rapid Haste it pours;
And by the Ferment of the headlong Streams,
The Fountain like a boiling Caldron seems.

From your chief Magazine the Waters may,
In murm'ring Riv'lets o'er your Meadows stray;
But lest by wandring they should chance to waste,
Collect the Rills in a large Pond at last.

How

How to conduct the Streams I'll now rehearse,
And at what Distances the Rills disperse;
Tho' unconfin'd the Water loves to stray,
And free by Nature cares not to obey;
Yet will the Riv'lets to your Guidance yield,
And be with Care conducted through the Field:
Submit to Art, their ancient Way decline,
And take the Path your Fancy shall assign;
For oft Meanders should their Course restrain,
With frequent Windings o'er the open Plain.

Thus o'er the Fields sad *Amymone* rov'd,
When once she heard she was by *Neptune* lov'd;
Th' unhappy Nymph afraid of evil Fame,
Flies in her Course and follows in the same;
As yet perhaps she had not understood
Her self was chang'd by *Neptune* to a Flood,

Which flies and follows still itself in vain,
And in long Circuits draws its winding Train,
Filling with Wandrings the *Dercæan* Plain.

The fleeting Streams a thousand Ways shou'd move,
And to all Quarters in their Channels rove,
Some down a craggy Steep, as the swoln Brooks,
By Rains increas'd, fall roaring from the Rocks;
Some o'er th' uneven Ground creep here and there,
Lab'ring for Passage, stopping ev'ry where;
Through the low Vale the murm'ring Brook does stray,
Scornfully forcing all along its Way,
Swells in its Course and angry seems to rave,
Lashing the Pebbles with its harmless Wave;
Now the high Banks with Threat'nings vainly chides,
And Trees be-sprinkles with its foaming Tides;
Which tho' at first a little purling Stream,
Crept through the Grass scarce worthy of a Name.
When from the neighb'ring Vale it gains supplies,
Dares a strong Torrent and high River rise;

Arch'd

Arch'd Bridges bears built o'er its wid'ning Tide,
And sees large Vessels in its Chanel ride.
Another will with sportful Waters pass,
O'er the green Moss, or through the tender Grass,
While roaring Brooks beneath the Forests stray,
And with hoarse Murm'rings chide th' uneven Way ;
The pliant Stream, which flows as you command,
May wash the Meadows or manure the Land,
And spread with pregnant Slime the barren Sand. }
When it o'erflows, you should with Dams restrain
The Flood, and carefully the Banks maintain.

In show'ry Spring, when Fountain-Streams abound,
And all the Vales with flooding Rains are drown'd,
With Mounds of Earth defend each Grove and Mead,
Lest a foul Stain the fertile Plains o'erspread.

And as your Rills in various Forms should glide,
So various Ornaments for Banks provide ;

Let some with Moss, with Flow'rs let some be deckt,
And others let a Wall of Stone protect,
Let muddy Pools be veil'd with their own Reed,
Or Flags, where croaking Frogs and Morehens breed,
If the clear Stream a sandy Bottom shews,
With Grass adorn the Banks, and let long Rows
Of verdant Elms o'ershade it as it flows. }
But when your Rills a downhill Course receive,
Let the steep Way an easy Passage give,
And from th' impending Banks no Rubbish fall,
To stop the Streams thus hast'ning to the Vale.

Let Fountains here and there and rolling Floods,
With various Murm'rings echo from the Woods,
Their sacred Silence break, flow ev'ry Way,
And into dying Trees new Life and Strength convey.

While Streams retard your Steps, and please your
Sight,
And fill your fruitful Fancy with Delight,

Perhaps

Perhaps you'll think how mortal Years decay,
How quickly Life's swift Current steals away.
(The rolling Minute like the gliding Wave)
Nor all your Care preserves you from the Grave.
Perhaps you'll ponder on the Turns of Fate,
What boist'rous Storms and Waves on Mortals wait.
Perhaps you'll say while you the Streams behold,
Thus *Peneus*, and thus *Simois* flow'd of old,
Thus *Anasenus*, thus *Dyraspes* roll'd,
Thus *Hypanis*, thus with a gentle Course
Melanthus ran, *Parthenius* with Force;
The *Acheloian* and *Inachian* Stream,
All which were Rivers once in high Esteem.

Waters take diff'rent Forms and please in all,
But most when from a Precipice they fall,
In rolling Cataracts, like those which flow
From *Alpine* Rocks, and *Jura's* craggy Brow,
Or where *America* its Coast extends,
Northward, and with eternal Storms contends.

Beyond

Beyond the Ocean on *Canadia's* Shore,
Vast Rivers from the lofty Mountains roar
With dreadful Noise, the Vales and Pine-tree Woods
Groan with the Uproar of the falling Floods.

Copying from these, *Ruellian Naiids* play'd
Their rolling Waters from an high Cascade,
A mighty Work, which in the Garden stands,
And the Beholders Eyes and Hearts commands;
A tow'ring Rock aspiring to the Skies,
Tumbles the Waters down its Precipice;
Broken on frequent Steps the flowing Tide
Foams up, and throws the dashing Surges wide,
They found as when a boundless Torrent breaks
From an high Mount, the Earth beneath it shakes;
O'er Flints and Stones the rolling Billows bound,
The Woods and Hills the dreadful Noise resound.

Thus Grecian Sappho turn'd into a Stream,
(As Poets sing) a Waterfal became;

Her

Her flying Phaon o'er th' Ambracian Plain,
With weary Steps the Nymph pursu'd in vain;
At last on Leucas airy Top she stood,
And took a Prospect o'er th' adjacent Flood;
The Lesbian Nymphs advis'd the mournful Dame,
In the deep Sea to quench her raging Flame;
Apollo Guardian of the sacred Place,
Bebeld and pity'd the fam'd Poetess.
And as she from the Rock to leap assay'd,
Tho' unimplor'd he hasten'd to her Aid,
And to a Stream transform'd the falling Maid.
The Waves roll headlong down the Steep, and prove
A mournful Emblem of despairing Love.

If on an even Plain your Garden lies,
 Where no aspiring Hills and Rocks arise,
 Then spread your Waters wide, and let them all,
 At once down easy Verges gently fall.
 At *Lyancourt*, thus where the Gardens end,
 Down grassy Banks the gliding Streams descend.

Like

Like this sometimes an even Fountain flows,
But just declines, and widens as it goes,
Does like unfolded Linen Cloth appear,
Or flying Sails expanded in the Air;
With shallow Streams whole Sheets of Water glide,
Extend themselves and spread their Current wide.

But Falls and sporting Waters never chuse,
Where long wide Ponds their watry Stores diffuse,
Whose large capacious Bed will ever yield
Supplies, for Rills to water all the Field;
Let these form frequent Ponds then flow again;
You may besides these Ponds a mighty Drain
In the low Grounds prepare, and thither may
The Streams at last from ev'ry Part convey.
Fountains and little Brooks please not so well,
As when vast Waters like wide Seas do swell;
Then if square Ponds and long Canals you frame,
Sink a large Chanel equal to the Stream,

Or

Or Marsh, from whence your watry Stores are drain'd,
And let a stony Wharf the Sides defend,
Built and cemented well; for oft I've known,
The mould'ring Cement and the falling Stone,
Sink into Ruins, and the Water gone:

Within strong Banks then all your Ponds contain,
And let firm Walls the raging Flood restrain.

These empty Lakes the Springs at Pleasure will
From ev'ry Corner of the Garden fill:

An hundred Streams flowing incessantly,
The Bed will furnish with a large Supply.

I've oft seen those who from the falling Rains,
And Streams, by chance collected on the Plains,
Have fill'd their Ponds, and kept a watry Store,
In a large Laver's artificial Shore.

Thus the *Baville* Pond, so fam'd, increas'd,
In equal Fortune with its Master blest'd,

The languid Rill through Ruines crept before,
Unless by chance swoln with a sudden Show'r,
Among the Rubbish of the Villa stray'd,
A muddy Brook and by no Fountain fed;
Hither St. *Crones* and *Baville* Cattel came,
And water'd in the middle of the Stream;
With easy Step I once could leap across,
But when its Lord to mighty Honour rose,
To no less Fame the happy Villa grows.
The Water in a Marsh that stood of late,
Tho' small at first, yet born to better Fate,
Now from vile Rushes freed becomes a Pond,
Where Shoals of Fish and liquid Stores abound,
Thus still increasing the proud Waters swell,
And boast the Grandeur of a large Canal.
Here oft the mighty Ministers of State,
With the great Masters of the Gown, retreat,
And while the Murm'rings of the Streams they hear,
Forget the Hurry of the Court and Bar.

For from a Spout arising from the Pond,
The falling Streams through all the Garden found.

Lakes of whatever Shape great Pleasure give,
(Tho Gardens best the circling Form receive)
If Trees too with their shining Scenes shall crown,
The verdant Banks, and bend their Branches down,
O'er Beds of Grass, or Seats of purest Stone.
Whether your Waters stagnant are, or move
With flowing Tide, adorn them with a Grove.
Whose twining Boughs on ev'ry Side may lean,
With Shade and Coolness to refresh the Scene:
'Twixt Groves and Fountains mutual Friendship's made,
The murm'ring Stream still courts the cooling Shade.
But hence be sure to drive the croaking Race,
Nor let their tedious Brawls offend the Place,
The noxious Rout will raise the fordid Mud,
And with their Sports disturb the crystal Flood.

On

On the clear Stream let Swans display their Pride,
 Let painted Wherries o'er the Surface ride,
 And num'rous Oars sweep through the yielding Tide.

But ah! bright Dames, trust not the faithless Shores,
 Cruel are Waves, and false the watry Pow'rs;

Alcyone's and *Anna's* Deaths declare,

With hundreds more, how fatal Waters are:

Adore the River Gods that no such End,

Your heedless Swains while lab'ring may attend,

But all Misfortunes on your Foes descend.

But to return, if a Canal you'd gain,

Long and diffus'd into a liquid Plain,

From ev'ry Quarter the collected Stores

Must flow, and swelling fill th' extended Shores,

Proudly aspiring to the topmost Brim,

In even Banks an equal flowing Stream.

For after all our Art no Waters show

So grand, and on the Fields such Grace bestow,

As a large River rolling with full Tide,
 That bounds the Vill' in View from ev'ry Side,
 Extends itself of its own Limits proud,
 And roaring flows along a noble Flood.

'Twere endless Rules to multiply and strive,
 In tedious Verse Particulars to give;
 If more you'd learn unto those Vales repair,
 Once happy in their wealthy Master's Care;
 There you may view the various Fountains made,
 With Streams beneath the Earth in Pipes convey'd,
 Into what diff'rent Forms by Art they're born;
 Some open Fountains are, some Grotts adorn.
 Great *Lyancourt* our just Attendance claims,
 Fam'd for its grassy Banks, and limpid Streams.
 View *Scomberg* too, whose winding Current drains,
 By various Turnings, all the neighb'ring Plains,
 Weds all the Fields, and o'er the Meadows reigns.
 Chiefly let all admire thy pompous Show,
 Thou beaut'ous *Nais* of fair *Fountainbleau*,

Thou honour'd by great *Lewis* like a Queen,
Do'st o'er the Waters of the Nation reign;
Nor does a Nymph through all the Kingdom dare,
With thee majestic Honours to compare:
Great as thy Master in thy mighty Sway,
Thee the *French* Fountains, Lakes, and Streams obey:
The spacious *Sein* with Shores extended wide,
Which enters *Paris* in exulting Pride,
The rapid *Loir* with th' *Allier* join'd in one,
And foreign Rivers too thy Empire own:
The *Tiber* must to thee the Sway resign,
And *Greece* submit her Waves and Streams to thine.
Hail happy Nymph, such among Streams thy Fame,
As among Nations is fair *Gallia's* Name:
Here having finish'd War and fettled Peace,
Great *Lewis* has advanc'd a great Encrease
Of watry Stores; new Cataracts abound
From lofty Rocks, and grace the Garden round.
Immense the Labour of all these to tell,
The stately Fountains and the grand Canal,

That

That flows along in a majestic Stream,
 And doth the Course of some large River seem;
 How oft has been determin'd here the Fate
 Of Nations, while their Ministers of State,
 In Crowds the Justice of our Sov'reign wait;
 To whom contending Kings refer their Case,
 Sue, or for Aid, or tir'd with Arms for Peace.

But Time will not allow my Muse to show,
 The liquid Treasures of fair *Fountainbleau*,
 What new Improvements *Lewis* has design'd,
 T' express the noble Greatness of his Mind;
 Nor can she praise thee right, thou Royal Dome,
 Whose Glories from the Kings thy Founders come,
 Or sing thy Garden's fair luxuriant Bloom.
 Nor had she Pow'r the mighty Work to trace,
 None would at this glad Time attend her Lays.
 See with what Joy th' exulting Palace rings,
 While by her awful Art *Lucina* brings

A Dauphine, whose high Birth Mankind adore,
And gratefully applaud the happy Hour
That gives sure Omens of a lasting Peace,
And blesses all the joyful World with Ease.

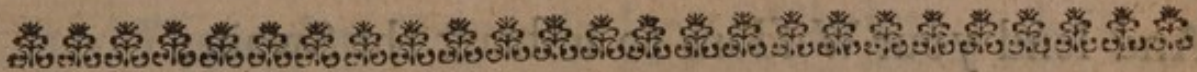
While thus the Guardian *Nais* of the Place,
Sings the fair Infant and his Father's Praise,
Who o'er his People in full Quiet reigns,
I hasten to enrich the Countrey Swains,
With rural Treasures and instruct their Care,
In likely Arts to make the Orchard bear.





O F

G A R D E N S.



B O O K. I V.

The O R C H A R D.

UNfinish'd were the Work, ungrateful I,
Should'st thou, *Pomona*, unregarded lye;
Thou crown'st the various Seasons of the
Year,

Without thee Summer would but Spring appear,

And Autumn none but verdant Honours wear.

These our last Cares, *Lamoignon* beg your View,
On these would you one fav'ring Smile bestow,
Then our light Bark might venture all her Sails,
And ride her Voyage out with prosp'rous Gales.
For tho' strict Justice by your Pow'r maintains,
Her sacred Rule and daring Vice restrains;
Yet have we seen you Laws for planting give,
And Orchards manag'd by your Precepts thrive;
All Kinds of Trees, all Cultures you explain,
And lend your Wisdom to instruct the Swain;
For such an Honour may the rural Pow'rs
Your Orchard bless, and multiply its Stores,
Till with their Weight your Fruit the Boughs oppress,
Not able to sustain the vast Increase:
May the *Bavillean* Barns o'ercharg'd with Grain,
Of too much Plenty, with loud Cracks complain;
And may your Villa drest in Charms appear,
And with successive Beauties grace the Year.

Tho'

Tho' 'tis ordain'd by Nature's hard Decree,
All Countries shall not with all Plants agree;
Yet fruitful *France* exempt from all Restraint,
Admits all Culture, and rejects no Plant.
Tho' *Burgundy* the sparkling Juice refines,
And chiefly boasts her Mountains clad with Vines;
Tho' fairest Apples *Normandy* adorn,
Bigorre be fam'd for Metals, *Beausse* for Corn;
Tho' lofty Trees shade all the *Bernian* Fields,
And *Troyes* her Grapes in largest Clusters yields;
Tho' num'rous Herds of Cattel *Bourdeaux* feeds,
And *Auvergne* tames the best and swiftest Steeds:
Yet in all *France* the happy Soil will suit,
Either with golden Corn or purple Fruit.
Chiefly where nigh well water'd *Tours* is seen
Perpetual Spring, and Meadows always green;
The Lands through which flow *Sloan* scarce moving
glides,
Or *Durance* washes with its headlong Tides;

Where the *Garonne* o'erflows the humbler Grounds,
Or where imperial *Paris* stretches wide her Bounds.

If yet unfixt you can your Soil command,
Always prefer for Fruit the richest Land,
Avoiding gravelly and meagre Sand;
Or where between two Hills a Valley lies,
Whence lazy Fogs and noisom Vapours rise;
Lest your crude Fruit a brackish Savour take,
From Steams ascending from a standing Lake.
Shun Hills too high as well as Vales too low,
Expos'd to Cold, where constant South Winds blow.
That Situation is by all agreed,
The best to raise the vegetable Breed,
Where to the Breezes of a gentle Sky,
Declining Fields with open Bosom lie.

Yet this warm Field invitingly declin'd,
Verg'd to the Sun, and to a temp'rate Wind.

To the Parterre must just Proportion bear,
 And lie contiguous, that they may appear
 Both in one View; but the Division bound
 With Palifades of Ir'n, to fence the Ground,
 That Beasts or ruder Men mayn't leap the Mound.

Tedious would be the Muse with needless Care,
 Should she the Ways of chusing Soils declare;
 Their various Qualities and Habits show,
 How best to plant, and when the Time to sow,
 Arts which no Peasants but already know.

But should you by ill Fortune be confin'd,
 Where the poor Soil is to your Trees unkind:
 Open the Ground, and clear the Mould away,
 And in the vacant Bed a better Compost lay.
 Those Soils are best which Sand resemble most,
 Suppose their Colour good, their Moisture just;
 Neither too dry, nor yet too full of Juice,
 Which curs'd with Plenty baleful Weeds produce.

But e'er you plant the Ground 'tis good to know,
Whether the chosen Fruit will likely grow;
Whether the Place with gen'rous *Vines* agrees,
Or rather seems inclin'd to favour Trees;
Force will your Hopes deceive; for vain's the Toil,
To struggle with the Bent of an unwilling Soil.

When the kind Field is for your Purpose laid,
The Glebe broke up for planting fitly spread,
At first the Scene into just Portions square,
And for each Plant assign an equal Share;
Then from the choicest *Quince* you can command,
Pluck off a Sucker with a gentle Hand;
Which warm into the new broke Earth convey,
When all its uselefs Wood is par'd away.
Scorn not the dirty Moulds your Hands should stain,
In op'ning Beds or closing them again:
Nor will the Man who thus bestows his Care,
From Mother Stocks the shooting Breed to bear,
And

And in warm Moulds to lay the Plants with Art,
Repent his Labour on this needful Part.

While Fortune heretofore on *Persia* smil'd,
The haughty *Cyrus* his own Gardens till'd;
On whom the Mountain *Tmolus* often gaz'd
At such a Sight, from her high Brow amaz'd;
To see him planting of a Tree or Flow'r,
Or sometimes wat'ring what he rais'd before:
And oft his Course *Orontes* wond'ring stay'd,
To see that Hand so pliant to a Spade,
Which with such Grace the *Persian* Scepter sway'd. }
To *Sabine* Vallies frequently from *Rome*,
The Nobles weary of the Town would come;
Cast off all Pride, to rural Bus'ness take,
And either hold the Plough, or use the Rake.

Thus *Fabius* his important Hours bestow'd,
And his own Fields the great Dictator plow'd;

He who to princely Senates gave Decrees,
Blush'd not to rule the Ground, and govern Trees:
His mighty Hand th' obedient Countrey fows,
When he return'd, successful o'er his Foes.

The Ground thus honour'd by the Gen'ral's Pains,
Manur'd by Heroes, and triumphant Swains,
Becomes more fertile, larger Branches shoot,
And show the Planters Triumph in their Fruit.

When *Massinissa* the false *Syphax* took,
And his perfidious *Punic* Army broke,
He the rude *Lybian* Lands Obedience taught,
And barb'rous Climes to gentle Tameness wrought.

Great *Lewis* too, who bears the Kingdom's Weight,
He who alone supports and rules the State:
To Fields sometimes from his high Throne descends,
And all his Leisure in his Garden spends.
Whether he to *St. Germans* may retire,
Or where the Mountains of *Versailles* aspire;

Or noble *Fountainbleau* enjoys his Care,
The Gardens honour'd with his Orders are.
Innumerable Slaves around him wait,
Employ'd to keep the spacious Garden neat:
An hundred fill with Flow'rs and Trees the Earth,
An hundred strive to give the Fountains Birth.
The King o'er all the Men and Works presides,
And into equal Parts the Scene divides:
The grateful Earth requites his princely Grace,
Drest by his royal Hand more glorious Charms displays.

Nor need the Muse to Palaces resort,
Or bring Examples only from the Court:
The Countrey strives to do our Subject right,
And Gard'ning is the Gentleman's Delight.
You whose whole Heart is on the Countrey set,
Charm'd with the Pleasures of a sweet Retreat;
If fairest Fruit of your own Growth you prize,
The golden Store must by your Labour rise.

In this great Work your warmest Efforts use,
No Toil no dressing to your Trees refuse:
For Trees from fav'ring Stars or a kind Soil,
Are less assisted than from constant Toil.
The stubborn Glebe with Pains unweari'd move,
The stubborn Glebe to Mildness will improve.
All Nature's Wants let Industry supply,
So shall your Orchard Rains and Storms defy,
Or less propitious Suns, or a malignant Sky.
For Proof, my Muse, alledge an ancient Case,
Of that good Yeoman of the *Marsic* Race,
Who while he turn'd his Soil with ceaseless Care,
Stood an Exception to a barren Year.
His Trees alone did so their Burthen yield,
And golden *Ceres* only bless'd his Field,
His strange Increase the Neighbourhood alarms,
And Envy blackens him with magick Charms.

How

How by bad Art the ſecret Powers he knew,
Of Herbs that on his native Mountains grew,
And thence with Hands impure forbidden Plenty
drew.

The Charge was mov'd in Court, the Judges fate,
And heard the Pris'ner in Arrest of Fate:

He reaching from the Bar the ſhining Blade,
Of his old pruning Knife, his Hook and Spade,
Worn bright with Uſe, " Behold my magic Spells,

" By theſe I force my Fruit, by theſe my Crop excels.
His Sun-burnt Arms he ſtretch'd out to the Crowd,
And his rude Spouſe and homely Daughter ſhow'd,
Each an Accomplice in the guiltleſs Feat,

Harden'd with Labour, and imbroun'd with Sweat:

The honeſt Countreyman obtain'd his Cauſe,
And Industry was crown'd with high Applauſe.

To Soils ſo much Advantage tilling yields,
Hence Trees are crown'd with Leaves, with Corn the
Fields,

And

And Store of Fruit delightful to behold,
 Mix with the greens their Purple or their Gold;
 Then bright with Use preserve your Rakes and Shears,
 Your Forks, Crows, Mattocks, Rollers, and your Carrs,
 Let only hostile Arms and Trumpets rust,
 And Helms neglected lie conceal'd in Dust;
 While with her bount'ous Hands auspicious Peace,
 Shall both the City and the Countrey bless:
 But if your Ground improve not, tho' manur'd,
 Nor can of vicious Qualities be cur'd;
 Let some more grateful Soil your Pains employ,
 That will Obedience yield, and you your Wish enjoy.

Now, Muse, the Way of raising Trees declare,
 A needful Work, the Gard'ner's second Care;
 Who must for this most necessary Use,
 A Place distinct from all the Garden chuse.
 In which wide Nurs'ry may a num'rous Breed,
 Of hopeful Plants spring forth from teeming Seed:

There

There in Confusion rising throng the Place,
A good Supply for the decaying Race.
To Stones and Kernels sown on proper Earth,
All the fair rural Offsprings owe their Birth.
Without Distinction then or Measure bound,
Cloath ev'ry Wall, and fill each Spot of Ground:
For no such Fruit will foreign Trees adorn,
As grace the Saplings in your Garden born ;
Whether on wonted Food Plants freelier feed,
Or thrive best when their Parents they succeed ;
They should from gen'rous Stocks their Kind derive,
And Tokens of their Father's Vigour give :
Those promise most which frequent Joints divide,
But shun the smooth, whose Buds are scatter'd wide.

Then for the future Race provide a Seat,
Where the Sun warms the Ground with kindly Heat,
Without whose Infl'ence nothing can avail,
The Soil will languish, and the Fruit must fail ;

While his bright Eye our lower Earth furveys,
Who governs Storms, and whom the Wind obeys,
All earthly Things he chears, nor fails to feed,
With vital Juice the vegetable Breed ;
And while he yearly round the Zodiac rides,
He all the annual Turns and Seasons guides :
Who duly then his radiant Visage views,
Of what bright Colour when he sets he shews,
Or what dark Spots his rising Face shall stain,
Will mighty Profit from this Rev'ence gain,
Nor will the Sun behold his Field in vain.
The countrey Youth instructed by your Care,
Should due Respect to *Sol* and *Luna* bear,
Which two the Kingdom of *Olympus* share :
Both favour Trees, and both direct the Swain,
Who from the Sun and Stars may Tokens gain :
Well skill'd on their Authority rely,
Nor fear the Clouds which threaten from the Sky ;
Yet never wish in Spring for too much Heat,
Lest Frosts return, and you repent too late,

And

And blame the Sun, who at your urgent Suit,
Hasten'd before their Day th' untimely Fruit.
Tho' likely Blooms a forward Tree displays,
No Credit give to what so soon decays,
'Till Summer bakes the Fruit with rip'ning Rays.
Oft has the Show been fair, yet thin the Crop,
And empty Flow'rs deceiv'd the Gard'ners Hope.

Sometimes when to the Summer Spring gives Place,
And now fair Shows of Fruit the Garden grace,
The Trees by sudden Tempests are annoy'd,
And in one Night the Year's whole Hopes destroy'd.
Rough are the Winds which at this Season reign,
And *Boreas*, fiercest of the blust'ring Train,
The shatter'd Trees with certain Ruin shakes,
And rude Destruction o'er the Garden makes;
While Fruit-trees then by the Spring's Favour blow,
Fear ev'ry Wind, and guard against a Foe.

On solemn Days avert with frequent Pray'r
 Cold Moons, in Summer Nights, which nothing spare,
 The nipping northern Frosts, and cloudy southern Air.

Off is th' improvident and Artless Swain,
 Deserv'dly damag'd by unheeded Rain;
 Then low'ring Clouds and Omens from the Sky,
 And rainy Festivals observe with watchful Eye.

When in the Course of the revolving Year,
 The Months for graffing Fruit require your Care;
 Whether you Cuttings fix in solid Wood,
 Or in the wounded Bark inclose a Bud,
 If your Fruit be (as some must needs be) sour,
 Remove the harsh, and graff a milder Store;
 Regard this Part, ye who would Honour raise
 By Gard'ning, 'tis the Gard'ners chiefest Praise.
 Let foreign *Apples* in your Orchard live,
 And homebred Stocks the Stranger *Pear* receive;

Hence will your Fruit be always of the best,
And you with Plenty of such Kinds be blest.

What Fruit you want, the Fields, which neighb'ring
lie

In your own Countrey, may perhaps supply;
But where they fail, let distant Lands be sought
With studious Care, and thence the choicest brought.
From barb'rous Conquests to their own rich Soil,
Victorious *Greeks* brought home the fruitful Spoil;
Still as their Stores encreas'd each Tree gave Rise,
To some feign'd Tale and fabulous Devise.
Hence *Pyramus* and *Thisbe's* mingled Blood,
On *Mulberries* their purple Dye bestow'd;
In *Babylon* the Story's told to prove,
The fatal Error of forbidden Love.

While *Demophon* forsaken *Phyllis* mourn'd,
On desert Shores she to a Tree was turn'd,
Which scatter'd *Almonds* on her Father's Ground.
The *Figs* and *Vines* were first by *Bacchus* found,

The bearded *Corn* from *Ceres* Culture came,
And peaceful *Olives* were *Minerva's* Claim.

'Twere tedious to recount the Fruit great *Rome*
From vanquish'd Nations brought in Triumph home,
Transplanted to the crystal *Tiber's* Side,
And kindly water'd by the flowing Tide;
How first *Lucullus* to his native Soil
Translated *Cherries*, *Cherasonda's* Spoil;
Her golden *Apples Media* there display'd,
And tributary *Plumbs Damascus* paid.
What *Lydia*, *Egypt*, *India* could produce,
Were there collected for the Victor's Use;
And *Persia*, *Caria*, and a num'rous Train
Of vanquish'd Realms, enrich'd the *Latian* Plain.

Loaded with Fruit then *Thuscan* Orchards shin'd
With Rows of *Apples* of the largest Kind.
In *Amiterna's* Vale the *Sabine* Boars,
Added *Bon-cretiens* to their former Stores.

Th' Au.

Th' *Auruncans* did with fattest *Olives* fill,
 And thickest *Vines Taburnus* fruitful Hill.
 While *Anio* wond'ring, view'd along his Shore
 A beaut'ous Product, and unknown before.
 Thus Fruit of ev'ry Kind from ev'ry Place,
 Did fair *Oenotria's* stately Villa's grace;
 Which here are oft improv'd with artful Care,
 Blest with a fertile Soil, and genial Air.

Soon as your Artist shall have chose the best,
 To charm the Sight, and please the curious Taste,
 I'll teach him then these *Cyons* how to join
 To some kind Stock, that will adopt their Line:
 Various the Methods, but perform'd with Ease,
 To graff a fruitful Branch on barren Trees.
 Some will the Trees behead, lop off their Pride,
 And into four the naked Trunks divide;
 As ent'ring Wedges by the Wood-man's Stroke,
 Square into even Parts the rifted Oak,

The cloven Stocks the fertile Sprigs receive,
And kindly vegetative Moisture give:
Some in the Bark a slight Incision make,
Fit for the Orifice a Bud they take;
The willing Rind does the new Guest inclose
With clammy Sweat, and by Degrees it grows:
Some like a slender Pipe the Slit contrive,
Others to form it like a Scutcheon strive;
Some bore the solid Trunk with piercing Steel,
And with the chosen Plant the Passage fill;
This Task perform'd let your industrious Hind,
With sevenfold Bands the wounded Substance bind,
Loaming or waxing o'er the Cleft with Care,
Leaving no Passage for th' inclement Air,
Lest interposing it disturb the Juice,
And to the starving Graft due Nourishment refuse.

If justly all's perform'd, the grafting right,
And *Cyons* closely with the Stocks unite,

This happy Mixture you with Joy will see,
 Produce a wond'rous Change in ev'ry Tree;
 What was of savage Kind will milder grow,
 Forget its Nature and its Sour foregoe.
 The yellow *Quince*, and dull *Cornelian* Race,
 With particolour'd Fruit their Boughs will grace;
 The worthless *Thorn* a valu'd *Plumb* will bear,
 And what was gritty prove a melting *Pear*;
 Th' ingrafted *Cherry Stock* will mend its Juice,
 Adulterate flourish, and fair Fruit produce:
 On the same Trunk more Kinds will friendly grow,
 And diff'rent *Apples* load each diff'rent Bough.

Learn now what Kinds associate with Delight,
 What *Cyons* with what Stocks will best unite.
 Gladly the *Quince* into her Stock receives
 All Sorts of *Pears*, and her own Tincture gives;
 The friendly *Pear* with *Apples* blends her Juice,
 Nor with Disdain from *Sallows* will refuse
 To draw the Sap, and thence fair Fruit produce.

The

The *Mulberry* and *Fig* will well agree,
If no foul Colour stains their Progeny.

The *Cherry* courts the yielding *Laurel's* Bed,
And their bright Offspring wears a blushing red.

Apples on *Apples* with mixt Flavours grow,
And *Pears* will flourish on the hardest *Sloe*,

If what *Palladius* wrote we will believe,
And Credit to exploded Precepts give.

The Moderns, by Experience, dearly found
Mistakes in all old Precepts to abound;

Deceiv'd by Rules, *Auvergnian* Planters strove
By *Sallow* Stocks their *Apples* to improve;

A lively Colour did the Product grace,

But vain their Hopes, since the degen'rate Race

By their harsh Taste betray'd the specious Cheat,

Falshood lurks in their Charms, their Beauty's but De-
ceit.

Next learn the native Genius of your Trees,
What Soil and Air their diff'rent Humours please;

You'll

You'll find the gilded *Apple* seldom fail,
 In a warm Climate and a marshy Vale:
 On Mountains plac'd, or on a rocky Soil,
 It drops untimely Fruit, and mocks your Toil.
 A rawer Land the *Fig-tree* will endure,
 If fenc'd from northern Winds, from Frosts secure;
 On sandy Ground the downy *Peach* will thrive,
 While kindly Show'rs proportion'd Moisture give;
 But *Pear-trees* must enjoy the open Fields,
 Where smiling *Phæbus* his Assistance yields,
 Where the rich Mould with Sap their Roots may feed,
 Thus Blossoms will abound, and Fruit succeed.
 The *Mulberry* your dryest Earth will chuse,
 Unus'd to Springs unwash'd with falling Dews,
 E'en *Apples* in too moist a Ground their pleasing Fla-
 vours lose,

Cherries, prolifick will in ev'ry Place,
 From their deep Roots send forth a great Encrease,
 As in *Oenotria* shoots the *Olive* Race.

In a mild Earth will *Citrons* fairest show,
But in a courser yellow *Quinces* grow.
No burning Soil with *Apricocks* agrees,
Nor Stones with *Cherries* or with *Strawberries*;
But *Strawb'ries* in a Trench of well wrought Ground
To the warm Sun expos'd, with Juice abound.
Citrons and *Melons* for mild Air decline
The rising Hills, which boast the fruitful *Vine*;
And *Plumbs*, when planted in a temp'rate Soil,
Will answer with their Fruit the Gard'ners Wish and
Toil.

Your Orchard planted, still with Care survey,
If any Trees shows Symptoms of Decay,
On the distemper'd Tree try all your Art,
E'er the Contagion hurts the vital Part.
If Thorns or baleful Weeds the Trees annoy,
By Culture Thorns and baleful Weeds destroy;
'Tis Culture from Decay your Stock defends,
Improves the Fruit, and its harsh Flavour mends:

Who

Who thus the hidebound Glebe by digging breaks,
And plains the Surface o'er with smoothing Rakes,
Makes from the Root the strength'ning Sap ascend,
And ev'ry Bough beneath its Burden bend.

Where through the Soil a min'ral Salt does run,
Hurtful to Plants, the Ground detested shun;
On this the Gard'ner spends a fruitless Pain,
False are his Wishes, his Endeavours vain;
Nor Winter's Frost with nipping Force can tame
The stubborn Mould, nor Summer Gales reclaim;
The Show'rs avail not, still your Fruits forget
Their nat'ral Glories, and degenerate.

Nor Culture, Air, or Soil alone will do,
Without a proper Disposition too;
The Situation your Director make,
And as it varies diff'rent Measures take.
In spacious Plains where *Phæbus* gilds the Air,
Their lofty Heads let taller Fruit-trees rear;

Tho' others more admire the dwarfish Kind,
And their Shrub Boughs in little Circles bind:
Others for Warmth line ev'ry Wall with Fruit,
And hold in easy Bands each pliant Shoot.
Some Men in Hedges wreath the neighb'ring Boughs,
Where Fruit adorns the long extended Rows:
These various Methods so dispose, that thence
May rise both Beauty and Convenience.
Nor the old Rules too hastily believe,
Attend to those our modern Artists give,
Whose happy Genius has in Gard'ning shown,
Arts more polite than by our Fathers known.
Plant not in open Fields the tender Kinds,
Averse to hoar Frosts, and the blasting Winds:
As *Figs* which never in Perfection eat,
Unless well mellow'd by the Summer's Heat.
The *Cherry, Filberd, Apple, Plumb,* and *Pear*
May stand expos'd, nor fear the piercing Air,
And *Almond-trees* all Kinds of Weather bear.

If a just Flavour in your Fruit you prize,
And would preserve their Colour and their Size,
At a due Distance plant each spreading Tree,
Leave for the genial Sun a Passage free;
For there your Fruit in full Perfection grows,
Where no injurious Shades can interpose;
Whether from *Phæbus* Influence this proceeds,
Whose Beams direct with Heat prolifick Seeds;
Or the great Trunk more vig'rous fills its Pores
With richer Nourishment from larger Stores;
Or ambient *Zephyrs* purer Odours shed,
And breath Refreshment on the lofty Head.

Then open to the Sun your Fruit expose,
He helps their Flavour, and Protection shows;
Indulgent while your Plants are young, take Care
To form their Limbs with Strength, their Vigour chear;
Let artful Hands the Leaves redundant crop,
And pruning Knives luxuriant Branches lop;

That

That neither Boughs may shade the Parent Tree,
Nor they o'erladen with their Burden be.
But chiefly all th' unlikely Brood displace,
And wait with Patience till a better Race
Shall early Hopes of innate Vigour give,
Flourish secure, and of themselves can thrive;
The Mother Tree for her lost Offspring chear,
And sooth her Sorrow with your utmost Care.

Tho' loaded Trees may glut your Avarice,
Too much Fertility becomes a Vice.
In Fruit the Number may the Worth impair,
Thin them betimes, the teeming Branches spare;
No Stock too pregnant can long Time remain,
For overbearing will its Vigour drain;
Its Strength exhausted thus it sapless lies,
And with'ring at the Root untimely dies.
Then in Compassion to the weary Trees,
Relieve their Labour with alternate Ease,

And

And when unwilling force 'em not to bear,
That you may ever our just Praises hear.
Oft have I in our Suburb Gardens been,
And in their Management this Error seen,
The greedy Churls with Dung o'erload the Earth,
And thus with hot Beds force an hasty Birth;
The Fruits before their stated Time appear,
And seem to change the Seasons of the Year:
Shun, O ye Planters, this delusive Cheat,
Nor such pernicious Patterns imitate;
Their Fruits destructive to the parent Wood,
Destroy its Health, and drink its vital Blood:
A gnawing Canker on the Branches preys,
The Stock becomes infirm and soon decays;
But wait their destin'd Season; and forbear
With eager Hands untimely Fruit to tear
From their fond Mother, lest you her destroy,
And with unwholsome Juice your Stomach cloy.

And on the Trees will
N
If

If curious you in fairest Fruit delight,
Which gratify the Taste and please the Sight,
You must with Art on neighb'ring Walls dispose
The fruitful Race in long extended Rows;
Whereon, when *Phæbus* cuts the middle Line,
His hottest southern Rays directly shine;
The Rays reflected, double Heat bestow,
And the well painted Fruits their proper Colours show.

How this Improvement may be best obtain'd,
And Fruit be with the richest Colours stain'd,
My Muse shall all the needful Art repeat,
And sing the Method of increasing Heat.
First in a straight long Line a Wall erect,
Full to the South, whence warmest Gleams reflect:
The Surface next with unslack'd Lime smooth o'er,
Lime makes the Rays return with greater Pow'r,
And kills such Worms as otherwise would breed,
And on the Trees with dire Destruction feed:

Along

Along the Wall let iron Hooks be plac'd,
To hold your Poles or Rods of Willow fast;
These will support the Trees, tho' some for Show,
In graceful Order bind each stragling Bough:
Others to greater Splendour still aspire,
And tie the whole extended Row with Wire;
In time the tender Branches will comply,
And of themselves their proper Posts supply;
If taught by long Obedience to submit,
The Yoke by Custom will more easy fit:
But elder shoots, when they with Age are stay'd,
They restiff grow, nor will on Walls be laid;
That they may freely bend on ev'ry Side,
Easy and ready as your Hand shall guide,
Instruct with Discipline their early'st Growth,
And breed 'em to it from their tender Youth,
Plant 'em along the Wall as soon as born,
For customary Bonds without Regret are worn.

Nor will their Beauty suffer by these Chains,
If through the Wall a decent Order reigns;
As Ladies when they dress to go abroad,
Bind up their Locks according to the Mode,
In artful Ringlets curl their lovely Hair,
Which adds new Charms and Beauties to the Fair:
So more engaging Beauty will be found
In captive Trees with easy Fetters bound,
Where no loose Bough irregularly strays,
But a just Order all the Wall arrays.

Such handsome Cloathing as like Arras shows,
On Walls and Fields a comely Grace bestows;
Chiefly when various Dyes enrich the Suit,
While different Seasons paint the lovely Fruit;
With Joy the Gard'ner sees his Labour blest,
His landscape Wall in Light and Shadows drest:
The purple *Fig* with blushing *Peaches* joins,
And his whole Orchard with its Burden shines:

For when with particolour'd Fruit array'd,
The Summer's in her richest Liv'ry clad;
When of themselves the wealthy Trees unfold,
Through verdant Leaves their vegetable Gold;
Delightful then is walking in the Fields,
Viewing the Vill' or what the Garden yields,
With wondring Eyes to see the Fruit so fair,
To pull the full grown Products of the Year,
And Home the valu'd Prize in Baskets bear.
Thus while the Gard'ners Art employs your Thought,
Which is the choicest Kind of all your Fruit,
What are the diff'rent Natures of your Trees,
What Culture with your Orchard best agrees,
And when luxuriant Branches to suppress,
What Stocks and Grafts united seldom fail,
How far the Grafts, how far the Stocks prevail:
No Wealth or Pow'r can greater Pleasure yield,
Than you'll enjoy in your own native Field;
No foul Ambition will your Soul inflame,
Nor fire you with undue Desire of Fame;

Nor will vain Promises, the Courts Deceit,
Disturb your anxious Mind aspiring to be great.

How happy they whom rural Joys thus please!
For whether they observe their growing Trees;
Or when full Boughs beneath their Burthen bend,
With ready Props their timely Succour lend;
Whether the Flavour of their Plumbs they taste,
And gather what they like for a Repast;
Or for new foreign Fruit new Names contrive,
How exquisite the Joys such Entertainments give!

If you in Order and in Grace take Pride,
Into just Distances the Wall divide;
To ev'ry Tree its proper Seat assign,
Cherries in one, *Figs* in another Line;
Place *Pearls* and *Berg'mots* with the *British Pear*;
Ill with red *Plumbs* green *Apples* interfere,
But the same Kinds a common Brightness share:

All drest with equal Pains will equal thrive,
If to your Trees you can large Spaces give,
Lest if a needful Distance you deny,
The straiten'd Earth o'erstock'd fails in her just Supply.

What are the various Kinds of fruitful Trees,
And how their Shape and Nature disagree,
Or with what Species multiply'd by Skill,
Gard'ners their Stores increase and Orchards fill,
Is not a Poet's Business to recite,
Lost in an endless Maze where nothing can delight.

Why should I speak of *Peaches*, whence they came,
Their Flavours, or their diff'rent Colours name;
One Kind not much unlike to *Plumbs* is thin,
And wears no woolly Down upon its Skin;
Some to their Stones of firm Consistence cleave,
Others their Stones most readily will leave;
These last, abounding with large Store of Juice,
Are the best Fruit which *Persia* does produce.

Nor can my Muse all other Wall-fruit trace,
 Their Shapes, their Natures, or their diff'rent Race;
 Whether the Kind which wild *Armenia* bred,
 Whose Beauty blushes with a native red,
 Or those *Alcinous* with his royal Hand,
 Full grown, translated from a foreign Land;
 Or those *Taburtia* yields, a pleasant Race,
 Which yet to sweet *Picenian* Fruit gives Place:
 Or why should I the *Quince's* Praise set forth,
 Which less of Scent they have, the more of Worth;
 Of *Cherries*, best when eaten fasting, tell,
 Or luscious *Figs*, which with rich Nectar swell,
 And all ambrosial Wall-fruit far excel.

But Nature ne'er more Wantonness express'd,
 Than when she *Pears* in various Figures dress'd,
 From *Wardens* and the larger Kinds to those
 Of lesser Growth, one round, one oblong grows,
 Tunbelly'd aukwardly with Necks awry,
 Nor have their Flavours less Variety;

An equal Taste to racy Wine some bear,
And may with the *Falernian* Juice compare;
Others are temper'd with a milder Gust,
And in their Flavours more resemble Must.
Grapes too and *Plumbs* their proper Praise obtain,
If Props against a Wall the Trees sustain;
Both the *Muscat* and the bright purple *Vine*
Deserve a Wall, and grace the fruitful Line.
Perhaps my Muse, if not in Haste, should show
From fragrant *Melons* what rich Odours flow;
With what sweet Juices Nature fills the Vein
Of humble *Strawberries*, and the blushing Train.

If you would Trees on Walls with Judgment spread,
Let them or like an open Hand be laid,
With all the Branches spreading from the Root,
Or like a Fish's Back-bone let 'em shoot,
The Branches from an upright Trunk produc'd,
Both Ways are good, and so may both be us'd.

Of such Importance is the Pruner's Care,
No Repetition can be tedious here ;
The Trees to any beaut'ous Form are brought,
And pliant yield to whatfo'er they're taught ;
Your Swain then, e'er their Limbs with Age are stay'd,
Should trim, and form 'em with his crooked Blade.
If from their Wounds the Trees again bud out,
Recover Strength, and with new Vigour shoot,
Still he must use the same Severity,
And with new pruning cultivate the Tree :
For Trees at ev'ry Age by Nature are
Unskill'd in breeding, and unlearn'd to bear,
The Pruner's self must his Assistance give,
And of its uselefs Boughs the Tree relieve ;
Must pare superfluous, empty Twigs away,
And teach th' unruly Branches to obey.
In early Growth restrain wild Luxury,
Nor spare the Boughs, for sparing spoils the Tree.

Which

Which are the Branches you must prune, and how,
Experience and a Master only show ;
He leaves the chiefest Stem, and hopeful Shoot,
Knows where t' expect, and where despair of Fruit ;
Then if the Season answers to your Care,
A vast Increase will on the Trees appear ;
They will with rich ambrosial Stores be crown'd,
And fairest Fruit through the whole Line abound.

If on a Wall you spread th' extended Row,
You'll see the utmost that your Fruit can do,
Reflected Rays will paint their Colour fair,
Enlarge their Size ; no other Art or Care
Hath like Effects ; then from Enquiries cease :
For all own this the Gard'ners Master-piece.
But tho' the Moderns boast t' have found the Way
Of rip'ning Fruit by doubling ev'ry Ray ;

Yet

Yet some from obscure Hints think they can trace
 Footsteps of this great Art in ancient Days,
 Vouch their Antiquity, and give our Sires the Praise.

If we may credit what the Poets sing,
 'Tis said *Alcinous* the fam'd Gard'ner King
 This Method introduc'd. Long had his Trees
 Flourish'd secure, and yielded great Encrease,
 And as the Spring came on they now obey'd
 Springs genial Pow'r, and hopeful Blooms display'd,
 When *Boreas* bluster'd forth with stormy Blast,
 And in one Night laid all the Garden waste.
 If here and there a Tree by chance surviv'd
 The dreadful Shock, and with their Blossoms liv'd;
 Yet they untimely Fruit did after bear,
 Sour'd by th' inclement Sun and tainted Air;
 Strange Thunders too then threaten'd from on high,
 Tho' clear the Air, and bright the open Sky.
 This Omen Desolation did foretell,
 Which Desolation on the Gardens fell.

Th' af-

Th' affrighted King does for the Augurs fend,
And asks what this dire Omen might portend,
Bids 'em consult the dark Decrees of Fate,
And whence this mighty Ruine sprung, relate.
From *Calais* and *Zethes* some divin'd,
(Rough *Boreas* Sons) might rise the stormy Wind.
To the King's Daughter both had Suiters been,
And fought her Bed, encourag'd by the Queen;
The Virgin nor refus'd 'em, nor comply'd;
But both their Suits the King and State deny'd.
Boreas resenting in his haughty Mind
Th' Affront, with the rejected Lovers join'd,
And in Revenge rais'd this tempest'ous Wind.
One Augur *Circe*, one *Calypso* blames,
To King *Alcinous* ever hated names.
In her revengeful Mind *Calypso* bore,
How the *Phæacians* from her widow'd Shore
Receiv'd *Ulysses*, whom she call'd her own,
And vow'd they should repent the Wrong they'd done.

While

While most on *Circe's* magic Charms reflect,
 Her Hatred, and her rival Pow'r suspect;
 She could the Brightness of the Moon impair
 With Spells, and spread Contagion through the Air.

But good *Eurymedon*, *Apollo's* Priest,
 And fav'rite Prophet thus himself express'd;
 " We should not seek for Causes from abroad,
 " Ours is the Guilt and we deserve the Load.
 Then Silence kept, and turn'd with Sorrow pale,
 The King commands he should the Crime reveal,
 And what his dubious Answer meant. Then he.
 " Few Words suit best with this Extremity,
 " Much have we felt yet fear a greater Blow,
 " 'Tis Time we then by Prayers Repentance show,
 " The Vengeance of the angry Gods we bear,
 " Because your Majesty to your own Care
 " Ascribes the Plenty of your Royal Stores,
 " Returns no Thanks, no rural Pow'r adores;

" Neglects

“ Neglects the Sun, who rules the Air and Storms,
“ Nor to the *Winds*, or *Jove* their Rites performs.
Then conscious of his Guilt the King asham'd,
His own proud Heart and stubborn Boldness blam'd.
Straight to the Woods they haste; in whose recess
Resides the fam'd *Hesperian* Prophetess:
Through the still Wood a whisp'ring Voice they hear.
“ Go, and for mighty *Jove* twelve Bulls prepare,
“ For *Phæbus* twelve, both Deities appease,
“ Both rule the pregnant Earth, and give th' Increase.
They went and did with Sacrifice reverent
Bright *Phæbus*, and th' almighty *Thunderer*,
Which good *Eurymedon* ordain'd should be
Yearly perform'd to late Posterity.

'Twas then *Alcinous* by the Nymphs Advice
Against the North, whence bleakest Storms arise,
Rais'd high a Wall both *Boreas* to defeat,
And to reflect the Sun with double Heat.

Thus planting to the Wall did first obtain,
 Which tho' in time *Hesperia* dropt again,
 The *Norman* Swains reviv'd in latter Days,
 Their starving Clime far from the Sun displays,
 No grateful Fruit but from reflected Rays,
 The Custom thence to Royal *Paris* came,
 Which now through *France* extends its Use and Name.

If my Advice has Weight, early prepare
 This needful Ornament, nor sparing fear
 T' extend the Wall in Length, the spreading Trees
 Will cloath the whole with Verdure by Degrees.
 Attend with Diligence your Charge each Day,
 And as through Leaves, and growing Fruit you stray,
 Cut the luxuriant wanton Sprigs away,
 Protect each hopeful Shoot, and teeming Bud;
 But quell the faucy overbearing Wood.
 The Master's Hand of chief Advantage is,
 To the fair Garden, and the fruitful Trees,

If any Tree forfakes the friendly Wall,
Or loofen'd Branches from their Perches fall,
He's always there the Stragglers to restrain,
And in fair Order fpread the Wall again.

When once the Ground's prepar'd, the Master beft
From his Experience will direct the reft;
Daily he views his Trees with watchful Eyes,
And firft difcovers where their Merit lies,
Knows with what Stocks what Grafts will kindly fuit,
And all the diff'rent Flavours of his Fruit.
With Warmth in ev'ry Part he plies his Care,
Nor refts until the hopeful Blooms appear,
Or loaden'd Branches crown the joyful Year.
The lazy Lab'rer you muft foon difcard,
Who undertakes this Work muft urge it hard.
To cultivate each Tree, to tame the Soil,
And cure the ftubborn Glebe is no fmall Toil:
With rotten Dung difdain not, over-nice,
To ply the Ground, nor dirty Work defpife.

Nourish'd with Dung, the teeming Earth with Joy
Brings forth a strong and num'rous Progeny.

Often with heavy Rakes turn up the Mould,

And let it frequently the Sun behold;

If no Success so just a Toil procures,

The Fault, ye rude injurious Winds, is yours;

The humble Earth by Nature's made to be

Subject to yours, and Heav'n's Authority.

Ye airy Pow'rs the tender Orchards spare,

So shall the Trees a kind Reward prepare;

While we your friendly Deities adore,

And crown your Altars with a golden Store.

A thousand Plagues, with many a dire Disease,

A thousand Foes surround the harmless Trees.

From these you must defend their Growth with Care,

Oft in the Spring from an infectious Air,

A Blast destroys the Hopes of all the Year.

If still malignant Stars and Air combine

To shed their Plagues, and sick'ning Trees decline,

With

With Sacrifices to the Gods repair;
No Shield against such Ills prevails but Pray'r.

What Trees decay through Age or dire Disease,
Cut down; the Loss you'll soon repair with Ease,
A youthful Heir will with more comely Grace,
And richer Plenty fill the vacant Space.
By the Tree's Look his Age and Strength you'll find:
If the dry Wood shows through the gaping Rind,
If this alone, while green the rest appear,
Languishes with a pale and sickly Air;
Let not the Bill the ill-look'd Branches spare.
If through the Bark a loathsome Canker eats,
And burning Moss the horrid Trunk besets;
But e'er this Pest the pining Tree consumes,
Exhausts the Sap, and to the Vitals comes,
Apply your Blade to the corroding Sore,
And deep Incision shall defeat its Pow'r;
But if the dire Distemper's gone too far,
That the dead Boughs no verdant Honours wear;

If the Ground's barren, and has no Effect,
Dig round, and your impoverish'd Soil correct
With Swine's or Pidgeon's Dung; Dung will convey
New Life into the lean and hungry Clay.

In Trenches some with Fern and fat'ning Loam,
Dry Leaves or Bean-shells, or the pliant Broom
Mix up their Mould; while others spread the Field
With Ashes, all a just Improvement yield.

Nor must your Soil too rich with Juice abound;
As Want of Nourishment in barren Ground
Starves tender Plants; exub'rant Fatness cloy:
Plenty as well as Poverty destroys.

How then to temper, or improve the Land,
Are Arts best copy'd from the Master's Hand.

Beside the Ravage from impetuous Rain,
And more pernicious Hail; a num'rous Train
Of other Plagues your Fruit-trees will deform.
The Gnat, the buzzing Drone, the Palmer-worm,

The wily Spinster, and the creeping Snail,
That lies infolded in her twisted Shell,
Wood-pecks, and various Birds the Trees invade,
Whose threat'ning Beaks the tender Orchards dread;
Some Tigers call'd, because the rav'nous Race,
With dire Destruction all the Fruit deface.
Destroy these Plagues, and with ascending Smoke
Smother the Worms that harbour in the Stock.
Why should I name the blindly delving Mole,
And Mouse that plunders from her secret Hole,
The various painted Lizzard, and the Flies;
Th' impatient Swain ill brooks these Enemies?
Then lay your Traps as Use prescribes, and so
Your Orchard free from ev'ry rav'nous Foe.
From farther Laws the conscious Muse refrains;
I speak not to such rude unpolish'd Swains,
As in old time *Laurentum's* Countrey till'd;
For Art now reigns with Nature in the Field.
Time has so far improv'd on Nature's Store,
That scarce this Age can add one Precept more.

Ye stately Seats and potent Lords excuse
 Th' expiring Strains of an unequal Muse,
 That dares not try her humble Voice to raise,
 To sing your Gardens, and his Countrey's Praise.

Perhaps hereafter, if that *France* obtains
 Her ancient Grandeur, and her Wealth regains,
 Gardens shall all the Fruits of Peace enjoy,
 And Fortune cast on them a fav'ring Eye.
 Wars have of late, till within these few Years,
 Harrafs'd all *Europe* with distracting Cares;
 Then Fevers rag'd, and Famine stalk'd abroad,
 The Fields with civil Blood were all o'erflow'd,
 And no propitious God Compassion show'd. }
 What Language can describe the horrid Crimes
 Committed in those very worst of Times?
 All Laws were broke, all Vows were made in vain,
 And Kings themselves by their own Subjects slain.
 More grievous Ills hung hov'ring o'er this Land,
 When valiant *Lewis*, by high Heav'ns Command,
 Appear'd,

Appear'd, blest Omen to the sinking State,
Sent by the Gods t' avert impending Fate!
That Prince no sooner won by Arms Renown,
And added neighb'ring Kingdoms to his own;
But unto thee *Lamoignon* he resign'd,
The Reins of Justice, that he might Mankind
To Goodness, and the Love of Arts engage,
And bring on Earth again the golden Age.
Such your Example is, so just you live,
Such wholesome Laws to all the Realm you give,
That from your Ministry we may presume,
Astræa to the World once more will come.
You skilful Secrets to the Swains impart,
They read your Precepts, and renew their Art.
France shall again with verdant Groves be crown'd,
And ev'ry Field with rural Joys abound.

Thus from *Parisian Clermonts* tow'ring Height,
Vainly pursuing *Maro's* sacred Flight,

I fung of Gardens, while my native Land,
Blest with her Monarch, under his Command
Flourish'd secure, the willing World obey'd,
Our Laws and Nations joyful Homage pay'd.





I N D E X to the First Book, which treats of FLOWERS.

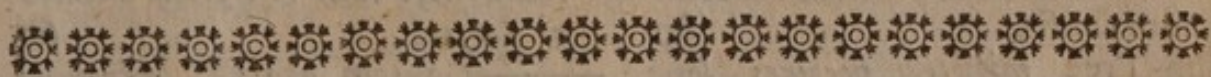
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|---|---|
| <p>AIR, <i>Flowers delight in a clear open Air.</i> 3</p> <p>Beds or Borders for Flowers should be rais'd and laid round like the Back of a Carp; this Method was first practis'd by Monsieur leNotre. 57</p> <p>Box the best of all Edgings for a large Flower-garden may be planted in Spring or Autumn. 5, 10</p> <p>————— Should be shorn in those two Seasons. 55</p> <p>Bulbous Roots must be taken up and dry'd, and put into the Ground again in October. 55</p> <p>Design or Plan for a Parterre or Flower-plat should be first drawn upon Parchment before it be put in Execution. 8</p> <p>Exposition. The eastern Exposition agrees best with Flowers. 3</p> | <p>France excels all Countries in Europe for Parterres or Flower-gardens. 7</p> <p>Flora, the Goddess of Flowers herself first receiv'd Advantage from Dress, and that gave Rise to the dressing of Flower-gardens. 6</p> <p>Florist, if an Artist, may very much add to the Beauty of Flowers, by making them blow sooner or later than their natural Season with new Colours and double Blossoms. 58</p> <p>Flowers are useful for adorning the House. 42, 43</p> <p>————— Of Use for sweet Waters, Powders, and Oyls. 44</p> <p>————— Honey is extracted from Flowers. 45</p> <p>————— Painting owes its Birth to Flowers. 44</p> <p style="text-align: right;">3 —Flowers</p> |
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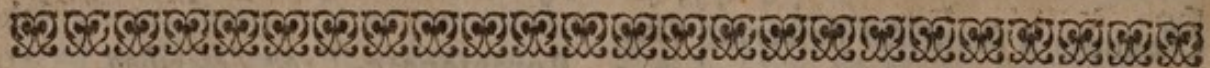
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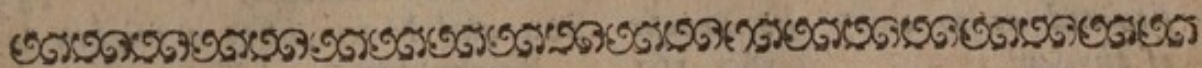
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