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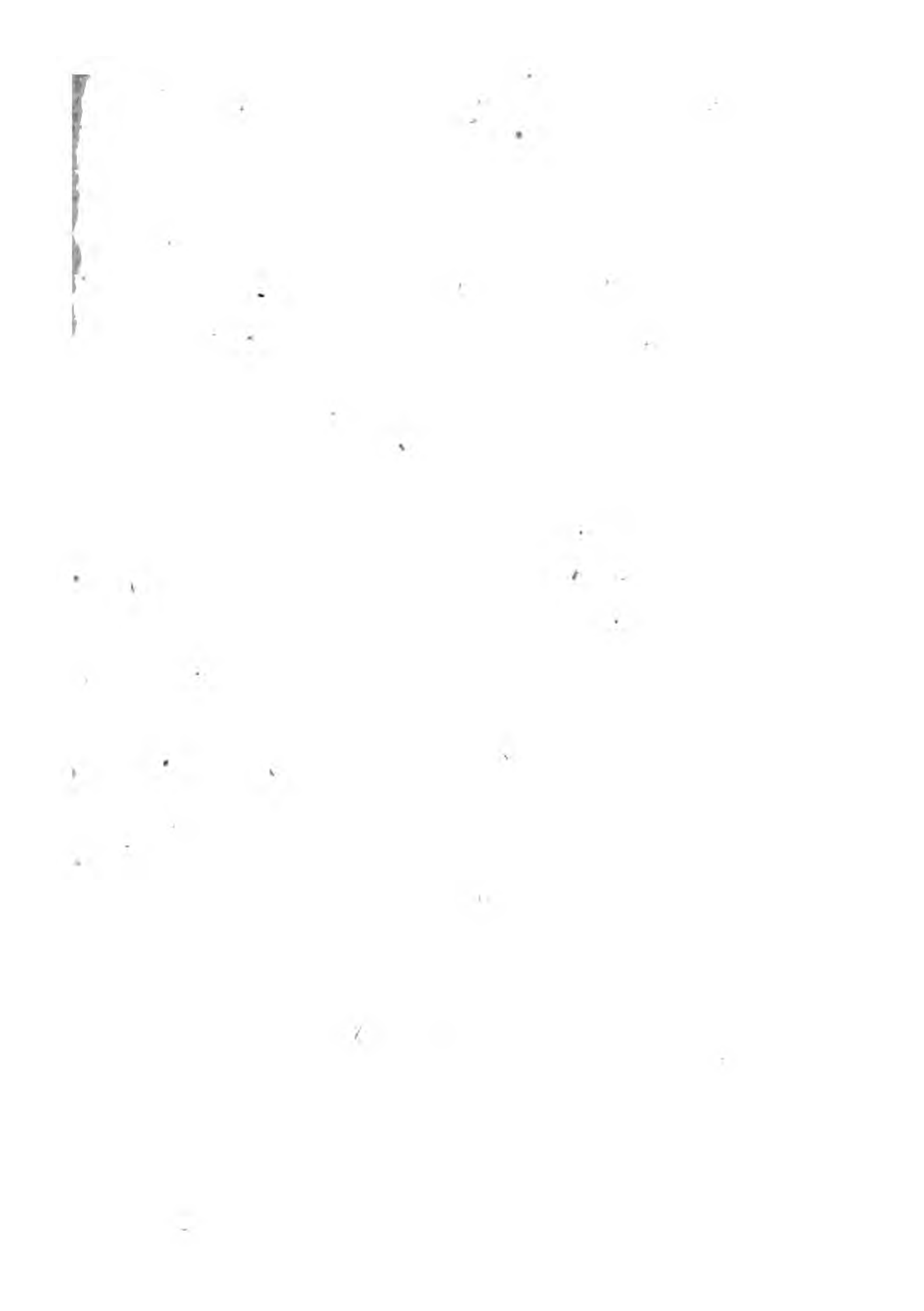
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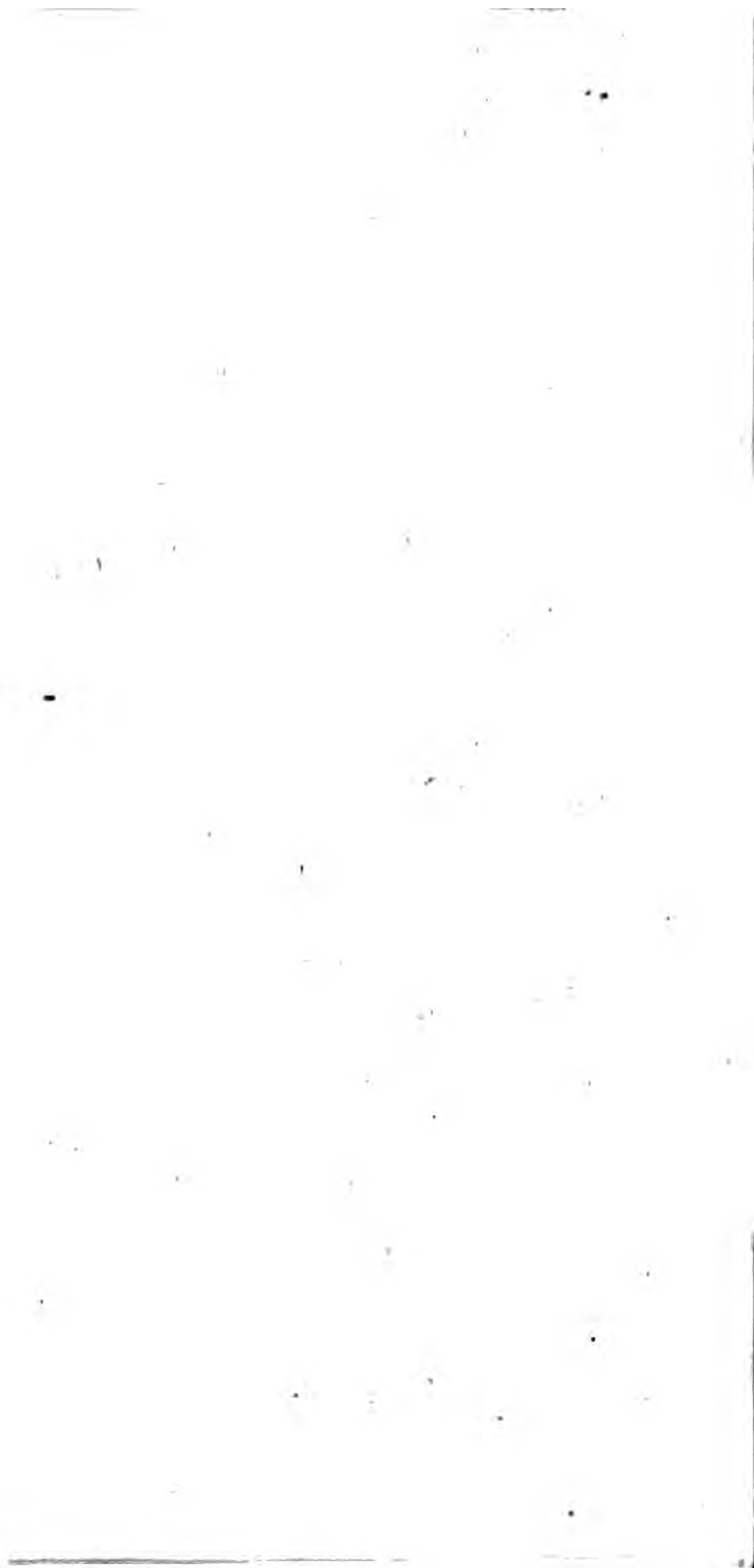
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*BELL'S EDITION.*  
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN  
*COMPLETE, FROM*  
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

Envy at last crawls forth from that dire throug  
Of all the direfulst; her black locks hung long  
Attired with curling Serpents. Davidics Book the 1<sup>st</sup>

*L. Martin del.*

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London, January





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The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN  
COMPLETE, FROM  
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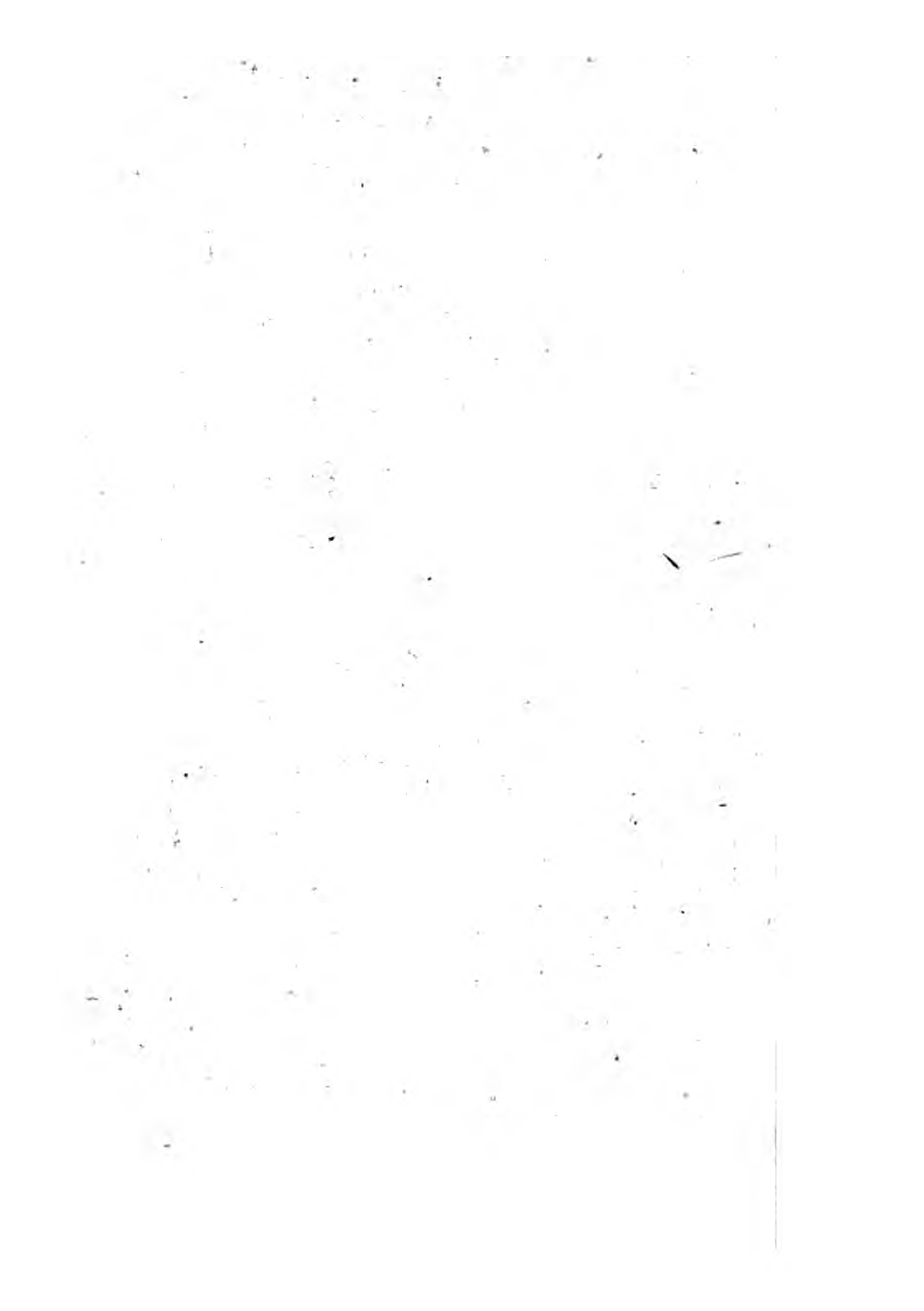


COWLEY VOLUME III.  
Envy at last crawls forth from that dirt throug  
Of all the direfulli; her black locks hung long  
Attired with curling Serpents. David's Book the 1<sup>st</sup>

*Christian del.*

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London, January 6<sup>th</sup> 1771

*Gravure del.*



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
ABRAHAM COWLEY.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. SPRAT, &c.  
WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

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Begin the song, and strike the living lyre!  
Lo! how the Years to come, a num'rous and well-fitted quire!  
All hand in hand do decently advance,  
And to my song with smooth and equal measures dance.  
Whilst the dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,  
My Musick's voice shall bear it company,  
'Till all gentle notes be drown'd  
In the last trumpet's dreadful sound.      THE RESURRECTION.

COWLEY does to Jove belong,  
Jove and COWLEY claim my song.—  
The Muses did young COWLEY raise,  
They stole thee from thy nurse's arms,  
Fed thee with sacred love of praise,  
And taught thee all their charms:  
As if Apollo's self had been thy sire,  
They daily rock'd thee on his lyre.      VERSES TO COWLEY.

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VOL. III.

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*Bell's second edition.*

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EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1784.



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
ABRAHAM COWLEY.  
VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

PREF. TO BOOKS OF PLANTS.		THIRD BOOK. OF FLOWERS.
FIRST BOOK. OF HERBS.		FOURTH BOOK. OF DITTO.
SECOND BOOK. OF DITTO.		FIFTH BOOK. OF TREES.

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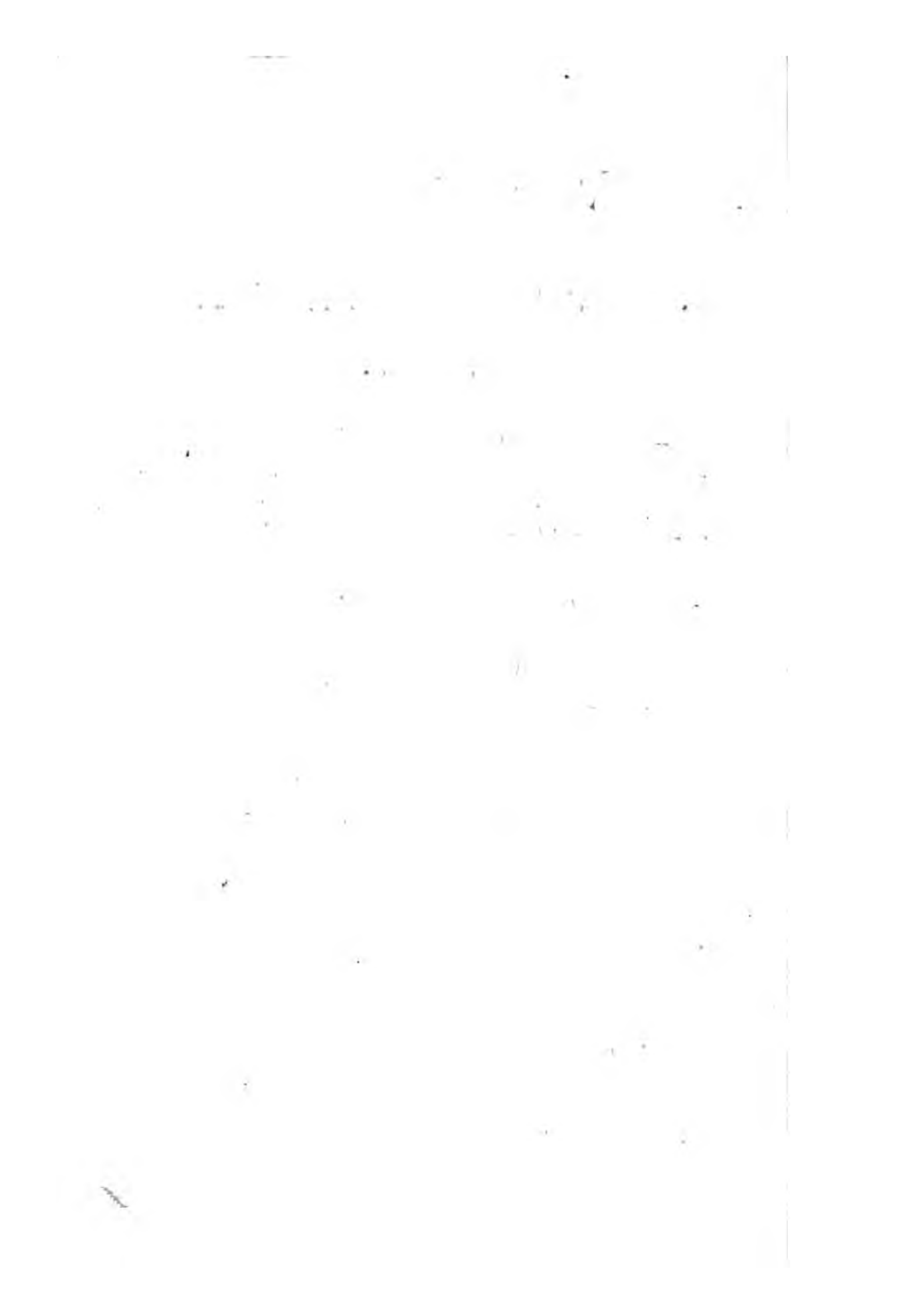
Alone exempted from the common fate,  
The forward COWLEY held a lasting date:  
For Envy's blast, and pow'ful Time, too strong,  
He blossom'd early, and he flourish'd long:  
In whom the double miracle was seen,  
Ripe in his spring, and in his autumn green.  
With us he left his gen'rous fruit behind,  
The feast of wit, and banquet of the mind:  
While the fair tree, transplanted to the skies,  
In verdure with th' Elysian garden vies,  
The pride of earth before, and now of Paradise.—

VER. TO MEM. OF COWLEY. }

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EDINBURG:  
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.  
*Anno 1784.*



# OF PLANTS.

## IN SIX BOOKS.

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### TO THE READER.

Being obliged, before we speak of this Translation, to give some prefatory account of the Original, it will be necessary to resume what has been delivered on that subject by the incomparable Dr. Sprat, the present Bishop of Rochester, in the account he has given us of the Life and Writings of Mr. Cowley. Concerning these six Books of Plants, he has thus expressed his sentiments with that strength of judgment and freedom of ingenuity which was requisite.

“ The occasion,” says he, “ of his chusing the subject of his Six Books of Plants was this; When he returned into England, he was advised to dissemble the main intention of his coming over, under the disguise of applying himself to some settled profession; and that of physick was thought most proper. To this purpose, after many anatomical dissections, he proceeded to the consideration of simples; and, having furnished himself with books of that nature, he retired into a fruitful part of Kent, where every field and wood might show him the real figures of those Plants of which he had read. Thus he speedily mastered that part of the art of medicine: but then,



“ as one of the Ancients did before him in the study  
 “ of the law, instead of employing his skill for prac-  
 “ tice and profit, he presently digested it into that  
 “ form which we behold.

“ The two first Books treat of Herbs, in a style re-  
 “ sembling the Elegies of Ovid and Tibullus, in the  
 “ sweetness and freedom of the verse, but excelling  
 “ them in the strength of the fancy, and vigour of  
 “ the sense. The third and fourth discourse of Flowers  
 “ in all the variety of Catullus and Horace’s numbers,  
 “ for the last of which authors he had a peculiar re-  
 “ verence, and imitated him not only in the stately  
 “ and numerous pace of his Odes and Epodes, but in  
 “ the familiar easiness of his Epistles and Speeches.  
 “ The two last speak of Trees in the way of Virgil’s  
 “ Georgicks: of these the sixth Book is wholly dedi-  
 “ cated to the honour of his country: for making the  
 “ British Oak to preside in the Assembly of the Forest-  
 “ Trees, upon that occasion he enlarges on the history  
 “ of the late rebellion, the King’s affliction and re-  
 “ turn, and the beginning of the Dutch wars; and  
 “ manages all in a style that (to say all in a word) is  
 “ equal to the valour and greatness of the English na-  
 “ tion.”——

This was as much as could be expected in a tran-  
 sient and general account, and what has left but little  
 room for a more particular essay. As the nature of  
 the subject has sometimes furnished our Author with

great and beautiful occasions of wit and poetry, so it must be confessed that, in the main, he has but a barren province to cultivate, where the soil was to be enriched by the improvements of art and fancy. He must so frequently descend to such minute descriptions of Herbs and Flowers, which administer so feeble occasions for thought, and are so unfurnished of variety, that since the enumerations are no where tedious, but every thing made beautiful and entertaining, it must be wholly ascribed to the ability of the artist, with a *materiam superavit opus*.

This wonderful performance put me on a consideration by what artifices of ingenuity he could possibly effect it: I was sensible that the smallest subjects were capable of some ornament in the hands of a good poet.

In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria, siquem  
Numina læva sinant auditque vocatus Apollo.

This was designedly hinted by Virgil, when he came to his description of Bees, to raise the credit of his own performance; whereas those manners, politics, and battles, with which he has adorned his poem, were for the most part true in fact, and the rest lay obvious to invention; but our Author was obliged to animate his silent tribe of Plants, to inspire them with motion and discourse, in order to lighten his descriptions with story: but where he is confined to the descriptive part itself, where he is to register them

standing mute in their beds, divested of that imaginary life which might beautify the work, *hic labor, hoc opus*; it is there, it seems, worth our while to observe the sagacious methods of his fancy, in finding topicks for his wit, and instances of amiable variety. He had the judgment to perceive, that where the subjects he was to treat on in their own naked nature, and, simply considered, could afford but slender matter, yet that many things were greater in their circumstances than they are in themselves: accordingly he has most nicely fastened upon each minute circumstance of the places where his Plants and Herbs delight to spring; the seasons of their flowering, seeding, and withering; their long, or short duration; their noxious or healthful qualities; their figures and colouring; all which he has managed with such dexterity of fancy, and unexhausted conceit, that each individual (as he has dressed and set them out) appears with a different aspect and peculiar beauty. The very agreeableness or disagreeableness of their names to those dispositions wherewith Nature has endued them, are frequently the surprising and diverting occasion of his wit.

Yet in all this liberty you find him no where diverted from his point; judgment, that is to say, a just regard to his subject, every where conspicuous; being never carried too remote by the heat of his imagination and quickness of his apprehension. His invention exerts its utmost faculties, but so constantly

overruled by the dictates of sense, that even those conceits which are so unexpectedly started, and had lain undiscovered by a less piercing wit, are no sooner brought to light but they appear the result of a genuine thought, and naturally arising from his matter. Antiquity had been beforehand in furnishing him with diverting fables relating to several Plants, which he never suffers to escape his hands; of which he is not a cold and dull reciter, but delivers them with so new a grace, such an ingenious connexion and application to his design, that in every one, instead of a stale tradition, we have the pleasure of a story first told.

Having mentioned our Author's design in this Work, we must speak something of the economy thereof, the most important part of a poem, and from whence it properly takes its character; for without that artificial cast and drift, it can never be able to support itself; the boldest efforts of wit and fancy being otherwise but extravagant excursions. This it is that has completed the Georgicks of Virgil, where each book is concluded with a surprizing and natural turn. Nor does our Author here fall short of him in contrivance and artificial periods: for having, in his first and second of these Books, taken in the species of Herbs, the first is a promiscuous account, (not without poetical starts upon all occasions) the second is an assembly of such chiefly as come under the female province, and

are serviceable in generation or birth. The scene which he has chosen for calling this council is the Physick-Garden at Oxford: in which, having adjusted matters for the benefit of the teeming sex, they are not at last tumultuously dissolved, but artificially broke up by the approach of the gardener, whom our Author fancies to have entered that morning more early than usual, to gather such Herbs as he knew would be of assistance to his wife who was fallen in labour. The third and fourth Books treat of Flowers. In the third he ranges those that appear in the Spring; in the fourth he musters up the tribes of Summer and Autumn Flowers, which, together with the former, are assembled before Flora, to offer their respective claims for the precedency: the goddess at last being doubtful how to determine amongst such noble competitors, and to decline the odium of a decision, she puts them in mind of the insolence of Tarquin, the dangerous consequences of a single and arbitrary principality; that she was a Roman deity, and they themselves were Flowers of a Roman breed: she therefore advises them to follow the model of the Roman government, and resolve themselves into a Commonwealth of Plants, where the preferments or offices being annual and successive, there would be room left to gratify their several merits. Here we see the utmost force of judgment and invention in most happy con-

junction: what more beautiful cast or turn could the Poet have given to the subject before him? or where can we see the drama itself wind up with a more artificial close? In his fifth Book the competition is between the Trees of the American world and ours. Pomona, seated in one of the Fortunate Islands, between the two worlds, the convention from each is assembled before her. The Author, finding the preference to be in truth due to the Indian Plants, yet unwilling to determine for the savage climate, prevents the decision, by a quarrel between Omelichilus the Indian Bacchus, and the European: the powers of both countries are thereupon drawn into parties, and ready to engage; when Apollo disarms the barbarous deity by the charms of his musick; which is so beautiful and artificial a turn, that an ordinary poet would have rested satisfied with the discovery. Our Author pursues his advantage, and besides the conquest of his harp, puts a song into Apollo's mouth, and fastens upon the most noble as well as agreeable subject that the nature could afford, of Columbus his discovery of America. The drift of his last Book, which yet seems to top upon the rest, is described to our hands in the forementioned Preface, where the impartial reader may judge if Virgil himself has better designed for the glory of Rome and Augustus, than Cowley for his country, and the monarch of his time.

As for the Translation we have here presented, I fear I shall be thought too much a party to speak with any great freedom: I will only presume to say, that if the reader considers the difficulty of the task, he will not think the version altogether unworthy of the original: he that takes the pains to compare them, will at least find a justness to the Author's sense; and I hope that the performance of the rest that were engaged with me in the attempt, will not only support their parts of the undertaking, but make amends for the defects of mine. If, in the main, you meet with that diversion I proposed, it is all that is expected by

Your humble servant,

N. TATE.

TO HIS GRACE

CHARLES DUKE OF SOMERSET.

MY LORD,

I DARE appeal to that learned University that at present enjoys the honour of being under your Grace's patronage, to justify me in presenting these Remains of their ever-celebrated Cowley to your Grace's protection. I have long had the ambition of addressing some part of my endeavours to your Grace, that might come recommended to a following age by being devoted to a patron that was the glory and ornament of his own; but while I despaired of performing what could merit encouragement from a person of your Grace's worth and honour, I was obliged to Fortune for this opportunity of gratifying my wishes in a way that renders my application a just homage and duty, that otherwise had been presumption. The best products of my invention must have proved too mean an offering for your Grace's acceptance; but coming embarked in Cowley's rich bottom, laden with the treasures of his divine fancy, I can with more assurance approach your altar. The Author sufficiently obliged the world with his Latin Original of this Work, and how he would have approved the translation here attempted I must leave others to determine; but am certain that if he had liked the undertaking, he would, consequently, have allowed me in ascribing this ver-



sion to the illustrious Duke of Somerset. I dare not attempt your Grace's character, which would have been a proportioned task for the mighty genius of Cowley himself: I will only presume to say, (and have all mankind to abet me) that your Grace is accomplished with all those noble qualifications which his elevated Muse would have chosen to celebrate. Virtue and honour were the themes he delighted in, and would have been transported to have seen, in his own age and climate, an example that might compare with the most noble of the ancient Romans. Besides the advantages of birth and quality, your Grace is endowed with such greatness of soul, such piety of mind, such generosity of temper, with all those charms of condescending goodness and courtesy, as have, even in your blooming years, procured you an universal love and admiration: it is upon these accounts that the Muses claim a share in your favour; it has in all times, been the province of the most worthy to patronize wit and learning.

*Carmen amat quisquis carmine dignus.*

It is from thence I am encouraged (at least in behalf of my fellow-undertakers) to entitle your Grace to the version of this Latin volume, which we hope is not so much dispirited by the Transfusion, but that a modest censure may in a manner allow it to be Cowley's still. Could we have done him that right which

he performed to the best of the Latin poets, it might confidently take sanctuary under your Grace's name. However, I may conclude myself safer in this Translation than in any original which I was capable of designing. I suppose, in setting forward this Work, that every Englishman, as far as was possible, should be master of their beloved Cowley entire, and hope your Grace will approve my zeal, if not the performance; at least I will have recourse to that indulgence you never fail of extending to your petitioners, and beg the honour of subscribing myself, with all sincerity,

Your Grace's

most devoted humble servant,

N. TATE.

# THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS

OF PLANTS:

PUBLISHED BEFORE THE REST.

**C**ONSIDERING the incredible veneration which the best poets always had for gardens, fields, and woods, infomuch that in all other subjects they seemed to be banished from the Muses' territories, I wondered what evil planet was so malicious to the breed of Plants, as to permit none of the inspired tribe to celebrate their beauty and admirable virtues; certainly a copious field of matter, and what would yield them a plentiful return of fruit, where each particular, besides its pleasant history, (the extent whereof every body, or, to speak more truly, no body, can sufficiently understand) contains the whole fabrick of human frame, and a complete body of physick : from whence I am induced to believe, that those great men did not so much think them improper subjects of poetry, as discouraged by the greatness and almost inexplicable variety of the matter, and that they were unwilling to begin a work which they despaired of finishing. I, therefore, who am but a pigmy in learning, and scarce sufficient to express the virtues of the vile sea-weed, attempt that work which those giants declined! Yet wherefore should I not attempt? forasmuch as they

disdained to take up with less than comprehending the whole, and I am proud of conquering some part. I shall think it reputation enough for me to have my name carved on the barks of some Trees, or (what is reckoned a royal prerogative) inscribed upon a few Flowers. You must not, therefore, expect to find so many Herbs collected for this fardel as sometimes go to the compounding of one single medicine; these two little Books are therefore offered as small pills made up of sundry Herbs, and gilt with a certain brightness of style; in the choice whereof I have not much laboured, but took them as they came to hand, there being none amongst them which contained not plenty of juice, if it were drawn out according to art; none so insipid that would not afford matter for a whole book, if well contracted. The method which I judged most genuine and proper for this Work, was not to press out their liquor crude, in a simple enumeration, but as it were in a limbeck, by the gentle heat of poetry, to distil and extract their spirits: nor have I chosen to put them together which had affinity in nature, that might create a disgust for want of variety; I rather connected those of the most different qualities, that their contrary colours, being mixed, might the better set off each other.

I have added short Notes, not for ostentation of learning, (whereof there is no occasion here offered; for what is more easy than to turn over one or two

herbalists?) but because that, beside physicians, (whom I pretend not to instruct, but divert) there are few so well versed in the history of Plants as to be acquainted with the names of them all: it is a part of philosophy that lies out of the common road of learning. To such persons I was to supply the place of a lexicon. But for the sake of the very Plants themselves, lest the treating of them in a poetical way might derogate from their real merit, and that should seem not to attribute to them those faculties wherewith Nature has endued them, (who studies what is best to be done, not what is most capable of verbal ornaments) but to have feigned those qualities which would afford the greatest matter for pomp and empty pleasure for, because poets are sometimes allowed to make fictions, and some have too excessively abused that liberty, trust is so wholly denied to us, that we may not without hesitation be believed when we say,

O Laertiade, quicquid dicam, aut erit, aut non. Hor. Serm. 25.

I was therefore willing to cite proper witnesses, that is, such as wrote in loose and free prose, which, compared with verse, bears the authority of an oath. I have yet contented myself with two of those, (which is the number required by law) Pliny and Fernelius I have chiefly made choice of, the first being an author of unquestioned Latin, and the latter amongst the Moderns of the truest sentiments, and no ill master of expression. If any except against the former,

as too credulous of the Greekish idle tales, that he may not safely be credited, he will find nothing in this subject mentioned by him which is not represented by all that write of Herbs. Nor would I have the reader, because I have made my Plants to discourse, forthwith (as if he were in Dodona's grove) to expect oracles, which, I fear, my verses will only resemble in this, that they are as bad metre as what the gods of old delivered from their temples to those who consulted them.

Having given you this account, if any shall light upon this Book who have read my former, published not long since by me in English, I fear they may take occasion, from thence, of reprehending some things, concerning which it will not be impertinent briefly to clear myself before I proceed. In the first place, I foresee that I shall be accused by some of too much delicacy and levity, in that having undertaken great subjects, and after a day or two's journey, I have stopt; through laziness and despondency of reaching home; or possessed with some new frenzy, have startled into some other road, insomuch that not only the half, as they say, but the third part of the task has been greater than my whole performance: "Away," they cry, "with this desultory writer: yet with what spirit, what voice, threatening mighty matters, he begins,

*Of wars and turns of Fate I sing.*

"Thou sing of wars, thou Dastard! who throwest

B ij

“away thy arms so soon, or betakest thyself to the  
 “enemy’s camp, a renegade, before the first charge  
 “is sounded? or if at any time thou adventurest to  
 “engage, it is like the ancient Gauls, making the  
 “onset with more than the courage of a man, and  
 “presently retreating with more than that of coward;  
 “whereas he that has once applied himself to a poem,  
 “as if he had married a wife, should stick to it for  
 “better for worse; whether the matter be grateful  
 “and easy, or harsh and almost intractable, ought  
 “neither to quit it for tiresomeness, nor be diverted  
 “by new loves, nor think of a divorce, or at any time  
 “relinquish, till he has brought it to a conclusion, as  
 “wedlock terminates with life.” This is imputed to  
 me as a fault; and since I cannot deny the charges,  
 whether I am therein to be blamed or not, let us ex-  
 amine.

In the first place, therefore, that which is most  
 truly asserted of human life is too applicable to my  
 poetry; that it is best never to have been born, or, be-  
 ing born, forthwith to die; and if my Essays should  
 be carried on to their Omega, (to which the works of  
 Homer, by a peculiar felicity, were continued vigo-  
 rous) there would be great danger of their falling into  
 dotage before that time. The only thing that can re-  
 commend trifles, or make them tolerable, is, that they  
 give off seasonably, that is, suddenly; for that author  
 goes very much too far who leaves his reader tired  
 behind him. These considerations, if I write ill, will

excuse my brevity, though not so easily excuse the undertaking; nor shall my inconstancy in not finishing what I have begun be so much blamed, as my constancy in ceasing not continually to begin, and being, like Fortune, constant in levity. But if, Reader! (as it is my desire) we have furnished you with what is agreeable to your appetite, you ought to take it in good part that we have used such moderation as neither to send you away hungry, nor cloy your stomach with too much satiety: to this you must add, that our attempts, such as they are, may excite the industry of others, who are enabled by a greater genius and strength to undertake the very same or more noble subjects: as Agefilaus of old, who thought he had made no great progress into Asia, yet being the first in that adventure, he opened the way to Alexander for a glorious and entire conquest. Lastly, (to confess to thee as a friend, for such I will presume thee) I thus employed myself not so much out of design, as carried on by a warmth of mind; for I am not able to do nothing, and had no other diversion of my troubles; therefore through a wearisomeness of human affairs, to these more pleasing solaces of literature (made agreeable to me by custom and Nature) my sick mind betakes itself; and not long after, from an irksomeness of the same things, it changes its course, and turns off to some other theme. But they press more dangerously upon me, and, as it were, stab me with my own weapon,



who bring those things to my mind which I declaimed so vehemently against, the use of exoete and interpolated repetitions of old fables in poetry, when Truth itself, in the Sacred Books of God, and awful registers of the Church, has laid open a new, more rich, and ample world, of poetry, for the wits of men to be exercised upon.

“When thou thyself,” say they, “hast thus declared, with the approbation of all good men, and given an example, in thy Davideis, for others to imitate, dost thou, like an apostate Jew, loathing manna, return to the leeks and garlick of Egypt? After the appearance of Christ himself in thy verse, and imposing silence on the oracles of demons, shall we again hear the voice of Apollo from thy profane tripod? After the restoration of Sion, and the purgation of it from monsters, shall it again be possessed by the dreary ghosts of antiquated deities, and what the prophet threatened as the extremity of evils? Your Muse is in this no less an object of shame and pity than if Magdalen should backslide again to the brothel. Behold how the just punishment does not (as in other offenders) follow your crime, but even accompanies it. The very lowness of your subject has retrenched your wings: you are fastened to the ground with your Herbs, and cannot soar as formerly to the clouds; nor can we more admire at your halting, than at your fabulous Vulcan, when he had fallen from the skies.”

A heavy charge indeed, and terrible at the first sight: but I esteem that which celebrates the wonderful works of Providence not to be far distant from a sacred poem. Nothing can be found more admirable in Nature than the virtues of several Plants; therefore, amongst other things of a most noble strain, the divine poet upon that account praises the Deity, "who brings forth grass upon the mountains, and herbs for the use of man," *Psalms civ. ver. 14.* Nor do I think the liberty immodest, where I introduce Plants speaking, to whom the Sacred Writ itself does speak as to intelligent beings: "Bless the Lord, all ye green things upon the earth; praise and exalt him for ever." *Dan. ch. iii. ver. 54. Apocr.* Those fictions are not to be accounted for lies which cannot be believed, nor desire to be so. But that the names of Heathen deities and fabulous transformations are sometimes intermixed, the matter itself compelled me against my will, being no other way capable of embellishment; and it is well if, by that means, we are so. No painted garb is to be preferred to the native dress and living colours of truth; yet in some persons, and on some occasions, it is more agreeable. There was a time when it did not misbecome a king to dance, yet it had certainly been indecent for him to have danced in his coronation-robcs. You are not, therefore, to expect in a work of this nature, the majesty of an heroick style, (which I never found any

Plant to speak in) for I propose not here to fly, but only to walk in my garden, partly for health's sake, and partly for recreation.

There remains a third difficulty, which will not, perhaps, so easily be solved. I had some time since been resolved in myself to write more verses, and made thereof such publick and solemn protestation as almost amounts to an oath :

*Si quidem hercle possim nil prius, neque fortius.*

Eunuch. Scen. I.

When, behold! I have set in anew. Concerning which matter, because I remember myself to have formerly given an account in metre, I am willing (and Martial affirms it to be a poet's right) to close my Epistle therewith; they were written to a learned and a most ingenious friend, who laboured under the very same disease, tho' not with the same dangerous symptoms.

*More poetry! you'll cry. Dost thou return,  
Fond Man! to the disease thou hast foresworn?  
It has reach'd thy marrow, seiz'd thy inmost sense,  
And force or reason cannot draw it thence.  
Think'st thou that Heav'n thy liberty allows,  
And laughs at poets' as at lovers' vows? 5  
Forbear, my Friends! to wound with sharp discourse  
A wretched man that feels too much remorse.  
Fate drags me on against my will, in vain  
I struggle, fret, and try to break my chain. 10*

*Thrice I took bellebore, and, must confess,*  
*Hop'd I was fairly quit of the disease;*  
*But the Moon's pow'r, to which all Herbs must yield,*  
*Bids me be mad again, and gains the field:*  
*At her command for pen and ink I call,* 15  
*And in one morn three hundred rhymes let fall;*  
*Which, in the transport of my frantick fit,*  
*I throw, like stones, at the next man I meet:*  
*Ev'n thee, my Friend! Apollo-like, I wound,*  
*The arrows fly, the string and bow resound.* 20  
*What methods canst thou study to reclaim*  
*Whom nor his own nor publick griefs can tame?*  
*Who in all seasons keep my chirping strain,*  
*A grasshopper that sings in frost and rain.*  
*Like her whom boys, and youths, and elders, knew,* 25  
*I see the path my judgment should pursue,*  
*But what can naked I 'gainst armed Nature do?*  
*I'm no Tydides, whom a pow'r divine*  
*Could overcome; I must, I must resign.*  
*Ev'n thou, my Friend! (unless I much mistake)* 30  
*Whose thund'ring sermons make the pulpit shake,*  
*Unfold the secrets of the world to come,*  
*And bid the trembling earth expect its doom,*  
*As if Elias were come down in fire;*  
*Yet thou at night dost to thy glass retire* 35  
*Like one of us, and (after moderate use*  
*Of th' Indian fume, and European juice)*

*Sett'st into rhyme, and dost thy Muse carefs,  
In learn'd conceits and harmless wantonness:  
'Tis therefore just thou shouldst excuse thy friend,  
Who's none of those that trifle without end:  
I can be serious, too, when bus'ness calls,  
My frenzy still has lucid intervals.*

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# OF PLANTS.

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## BOOK I. OF HERBS.

*Translated by J. O.*

LIFE'S lowest but far greatest sphere I sing,  
Of all things that adorn the gaudy Spring;  
Such as in deserts live, whom, unconfin'd,  
None but the simple laws of Nature bind;  
And those who, growing tame by human care,     5  
The wellbred citizens of gardens are;  
Those that aspire to Sol their fire's bright face,  
Or stoop into their mother-Earth's embrace;  
Such as drink streams or wells, or those, dry fed,  
Who have Jove only for their Ganymede;     10  
And all that Solomon's lost work of old,  
(Ah! fatal loss!) so wisely did unfold.  
Tho' I the oak's vivacious age should live,  
I ne'er to all their names in verse could give,  
    Yet I the rise of groves will briefly show     15  
In verses like their trees, rang'd all a-row;  
To which some one, perhaps, new shades may join,  
Till mine at last become a grove divine.  
Assist me, Phœbus! wit of Heav'n, whose care  
So bounteously both Plants and poets share:     20  
Where'er thou com'st, hurl light and heat around,  
And with new life enamel all the ground;  
As when the Spring feels thee, with magick light,  
Break thro' the bonds of the dead Winter's night;

When thee to Colchis the gilt Ram conveys, 25  
 And the warm'd North rejoices in thy rays.  
 Where shall I first begin ? for with delight  
 Each gentle Plant me kindly does invite.  
 Myself to slavish method I 'll not tie,  
 But, like the bee, where'er I please, will fly, 30  
 Where I the glorious hopes of honey see,  
 Or the free wing of Fancy carries me.  
 Here no fine garden-emblems shall reside,  
 In well-made beds to prostitute their pride ;  
 But we rich Nature, who her gifts bestows, 35  
 Unlimited (nor the vast treasure knows)  
 And various plenty of the pathless woods  
 Will follow ; poor men only count their goods.  
 Do thou, bright Phœbus ! guide me luckily  
 To the first Plant by some kind augury. 40  
 The omen 's good ; so we may hope the best ;  
 The god's mild looks our grand design have blest'd :  
 For thou, kind Betony ! at the first we see,  
 And opportunely com'st, dear Plant ! for me ;  
 For me, because the brain thou dost protect ; 45  
 See, if ye 're wise, my brain you do n't neglect ;  
 For it concerns you that in health that be ;  
 I sing thy sisters, Betony ! and thee ;  
 But who, blest'd Plant ! can praise thee to thy merit,  
 Or number the perfections you inherit ? 50  
 The trees he in th' Hercynian woods as well,  
 Or roses that in Pæstum grow, may tell.

Musa \* at large, they say, thy praises writ,  
 But I suppose did part of them omit.  
 Cæsar his triumphs would recount ; do thou, 55  
 Greater than he, a Conquerers ! do so now.

## BETONY †.

To know my virtues briefly you in vain  
 Desire, all which this whole Book can't contain.  
 O'er all the world of man great I preside,  
 Where'er red streams thro' milky meadows glide ; 60  
 O'er all you see throughout the body spread,  
 Between the distant poles of heel and head ;  
 But in the head my chief dominions are,  
 The soul commits her palace to my care :  
 I all the corners purge, refresh, secure, ' 65  
 Nor let it be, for want of light, obscure :  
 That soul that came from heav'n, which stars adorn,  
 Her God's great daughter, by Creation born,  
 Alas ! to what a frail apartment now,  
 And ruined cottage does she bow ! 70  
 Her very mansion to infection turns,  
 And in the place wherein she lives she burns.  
 When falling sickness thunderstrikes the brain,  
 Oft' men, like victims fall, as thunderflain :

\* Antonius Musa, physician to Augustus.

† Betony is hot and dry in the second degree : wine or vinegar impregnated with it is excellent for the stomach and sight. The smell of it alone refreshes the brain. It is an Italian proverb, *He has as many virtues as Betony*; i. e. innumerable.



Oft' does the head with a swift whimsy reel, 75  
 And the soul's turn'd, as on Ixion's wheel :  
 Oft' pains i' th' head an anvil seem to beat,  
 And like a forge the brain-pan burns with heat.  
 Some parts the palsy oft' of sense deprives  
 And motion, (strange effect!) one side survives 80  
 The other. This Mezentius' fury quite  
 Outdoes ; in this disease dead limbs unite  
 With live ones. Some, with lethargy oppress'd,  
 Under Death's weight seem fatally to rest.  
 Ah ! Life! thou art Death's image, but that thee 85  
 In nought resembles save thy brevity.  
 Vain phantoms oft' the mind distracted keep,  
 And roving thoughts possess the place of sleep.  
 Oft' when the nerves for want of juice grow dry, 89  
 (That heav'nly juice, unknown to th' outward eye)  
 Each feeble limb as 't were grows loose, and quakes,  
 Yea, the whole fabrick of the body shakes.  
 These, and all evils which the brain infest,  
 (For numerous saucy griefs that part molest)  
 Me Phœbus bade by constant war restrain, 95  
 Saying, " My kingdom, Child ! see you maintain."  
 And straight he gave me arms well-forg'd from heav'n,  
 Like those to Æneas or Achilles giv'n.  
 One wondrous leaf he wisely did create  
 'Gainst all the darts of Sicknes and of Fate, 100  
 And into that a sov'reign mystick juice,  
 With subtile heat from heav'n, he did infuse.

'Tis not in vain, bright Sire ! that you bestow  
Such arms on me, nor shall they rusty grow :  
No ; from that crime not the just head alone      105  
Acquits me, but th' inferiour limbs will own  
I'm guiltless. When the lungs, with phlegm oppress'd,  
Want air to fan the heart and cool the breast,  
A fainty cough strives to expel the foe,  
But seeks the help of pow'rful med'cines too ;      110  
It comes to me, I my assistance lend,  
Open th' obstructed pores, and gently send  
Refreshment to the heart. Cool gales abate  
Th' internal heat, and it grows temperate.  
The quartan ague its dry holes forsakes,      115  
As adders do ; dropfies, like water-snakes,  
With liquid aliment no longer fed,  
By me are forc'd to fly their wat'ry bed.  
I loss of appetite repair, and heat  
The stomach, to concoct the food men eat.      120  
Torturing gripes I in the guts allay,  
And send out murm'ring blasts the backward way.  
I wash the saffron jaundice off the skin,  
And ease the kidneys of dire stones within.  
Thick blood that stands in women's veins I soon      125  
Force to flow down, more pow'rful than the moon :  
But then th' unnatural floods of whites arise ;  
Ah me ! that common filth will not suffice.  
I likewise stop the current, when the blood  
Thro' some new channel seeks a purple flood.      130

I all the tumults of the womb appease,  
 And to the head, which that disturbs, give ease.  
 Women's conceptions I corroborate,  
 And let no births their time anticipate ;  
 But in the sacred time of labour I 135  
 The careful midwife's hands with help supply.  
 The lazy Gout my virtue swiftly shuns,  
 Whilst from the joints with nimble heels it runs.  
 All poisons I expel that men annoy,  
 And baneful serpents by my pow'r destroy ; 140  
 My pointed odour thro' its marrow flies,  
 And of a secret wound the adder dies.  
 So Phœbus, I suppose, the Python flew,  
 And with my juice his arrows did imbrue.  
 From ev'ry limb all kinds of ach and pain 145  
 I banish, never to return again.  
 The weary'd clown I with new vigour bless,  
 And pains as pleasant make as idleness.  
 Nor do I only life's fatigue relieve,  
 But 't is adorn'd with what I freely give : 150  
 I make the colour of the blood more bright,  
 And clothe the skin with a more graceful white.  
 Spain in her happy woods first gave me birth,  
 Then kindly banish'd me o'er all the earth ;  
 Nor gain'd she greater honour when she bore 155  
 Trajan to rule the world, and to restore  
 Rome's joys. 'Tis true, he justly might compare  
 With my deserts; his virtues equal were :

But a good prince is the short grant of Fate,  
 The world's soon robb'd of such a vast estate: 160  
 But of my bounty men for ever taste,  
 And what he once was, I am like to last.

MAIDENHAIR; OR, VENUSHAIR\*.

I BEING the chief of all the Hairy state,  
 Me they have chosen for their advocate,  
 To speak on their behalf: now we, you know, 165  
 Among the other Plants make no small show;  
 And fern, too, far and near which does preside  
 O'er the wild fields, is to our kind ally'd.  
 Some hairy comets also hence derive,  
 And marriages of stars with Plants contrive: 170  
 But we such kindred do not care to own;  
 Rather than rude relations, we'll have none.  
 My hair of parentage far better came;  
 'Tis not for nought it has Love's gentle name.  
 Beauty herself my debtor is, she knows, 175  
 And of my threads Love does his nets compose.  
 Their thanks to me the beauteous women pay  
 For wanton curls, and shady locks, that play

\* The name it bears, because it tinges the hair, and is to this purpose boiled in wine with parsley-seed, and plenty of oil, which renders the hair thick and curling, and keeps it from falling. It is always green, but never flowers. It delights in dry places, and is green in summer, but withers not in winter. *Plin.*

Upon their shoulders. Friend! whoe'er thou art,  
 (If thou 'rt in love) to me perform thy part : 180  
 Keep thy hair florid, and let dangling toils  
 Around thy head make ladies' hearts thy spoils;  
 For when your head is bald, or hair grows thin,  
 In vain you boast of treasures lodg'd within :  
 The women won't believe you, nor will prize 185  
 Such wealth : all lovers ought to please the eyes.  
 So I to Venus my assistance lend,  
 (I'm pleas'd to be my heav'nly namesake's friend.)  
 Tho' I am modest, and content to go  
 In simple weeds, that make no gaudy show; 190  
 For I am cloth'd as when I first was born,  
 No painted flow'rs my rural head adorn :  
 But above all I'm sober ; I ne'er drink  
 Sweet streams, nor does my thirst make rivers sink.  
 When Jove to Plants begins an health in show'rs, 195  
 And from the sky large bowls of water pours,  
 You see the Herbs quaff all the liquor up,  
 When they ought only modestly to sup :  
 You 'd think the German drunkards, near the Rhine,  
 Were keeping holyday with them in wine; 200  
 Mean-while I blush, shake from my trembling leaves  
 The drops, and Jove my thanks in drought receives.  
 But I no topers envy; for my mien  
 Is always gay, and my complexion green :  
 Winter itself does not exhaust the juice 205  
 That makes me look so verdant and so spruce :

Yet the physicians steep me cruelly  
 In hateful water, which I drink and die.  
 But I ev'n dead on humours operate,  
 Such force my ashes have beyond my fate. 210  
 I thro' the liver, spleen, and reins, the foe  
 Pursue, whilst they with speed before me flow:  
 Ten thousand maladies down with 'em they,  
 Like monsters fell, in brackish waves convey.  
 For this I might deserve, above the air, 215  
 An higher place than Berenice's hair;  
 But if into the sea the stars turn round,  
 Rather than heav'n itself I 'd chuse dry ground.

## S A G E \*.

SAGE! who by many virtues gain'ft renown,  
 Sage! whose deserts all happy mortals own. 220  
 Since thou, dear Sage! preserv'ft the memory,  
 I cannot, sure, forgetful prove of thee:  
 Thee! who Mnemosyne dost recreate,  
 Her daughter Muses ought to celebrate,  
 Nor shalt thou e'er complain that they 're ingrate. }

High on a mount the soul's firm mansion stands, 226  
 And with a view the limbs below commands:

\* The virtues of Sage are highly celebrated in all authors, particularly the writers of *Schola Salernitana*, who may be consulted. It is hot in the first, and dry in the second, degree. It is easily astringent, and stays bleeding. It strengthens the stomach and brains, and rouses a dull appetite; but its peculiar faculty is to corroborate the nerves, and to oppose all diseases incident to them: hence it hath the highest reputation among medicaments for the memory.

Sure some great architect this pile design'd,  
 Where all the world is to a span confin'd.  
 A mighty throng of spirits here reside,                   230  
 Which to the soul are very near ally'd:  
 Here the grand council 's held; hence to and fro  
 The spirits scout to see what news below;  
 Busy as bees thro' ev'ry part they run,  
 Thick as the rays stream from the glitt'ring sun: 235  
 Their subtile limbs silk, thin as air, arrays,  
 And therefore nought their rapid journey stays;  
 But with much toil they weary grow; at length  
 Perpetual labour tires the greatest strength.  
 Oft', too, as they in pains bestow their hours,           240  
 The airy vagrants hostile heat devours.  
 Oft' in venereal raptures they expire,  
 Or burnt by wine, and drown'd in liquid fire.  
 Then leaden Sleep does on the senses seize,  
 And with dull drowziness the vitals freeze:           245  
 Cold floods of dire distempers swiftly roll,  
 For want of dams and fences, o'er the soul:  
 Then are the nerves dissolv'd, each member quakes,  
 And the whole ruined fabrick shakes:  
 You 'd think the hands fear'd poison in the cup, 250  
 They tremble so, and cannot lift it up.  
 Hence, Sage! 't is manifest what thou canst do,  
 And glorious dangers beg relief from you.  
 The foe, by cold and humours so enclos'd,  
 From his chill throne by thy strong heat 's depos'd, 255

And to the spirits thou bring'st fresh recruits,  
When they are wearied in such long disputes:  
To life, whose body was almost its urn,  
New life, (if I may say it) does return:  
The members by the nerves are steady ty'd,      260  
A pilot, not the waves, the vessel guide.  
You all things fix: who this for truth would take,  
That thy weak fibres such strong bonds should make!  
Loose teeth thou fasten'st, which at thy command  
Well-rivett'd in their firm sockets stand:      265  
May that fair useful bulwark ne'er decay,  
Nor the mouth's iv'ry fences e'er give way!  
Conceptions women by thy help retain,  
Nor does th' injected seed flow back again.  
Ah! Death! do n't life itself anticipate;      270  
Let a man live before he meets his fate;  
Thou 'rt too severe if, in the very dock  
Our ship, before 't is built, strikes on a rock.  
Of thy perfections this is but a taste:  
You bring to view things absent, and what 's past 275  
Recal: such tracks i' th' mind of things you make,  
None can the well-form'd characters mistake;  
And lest the colours there should fade away,  
Your oil embalms, and keeps 'em from decay.



## B A U M \*.

Hence, Cares! my constant troublesome company;  
 Begone! Melissa's come, and smiles on me: 281  
 Smiling she comes, and courteously my head  
 With chaplets binds from ev'ry fragrant bed,  
 Bidding me sing of her, and for my strains  
 Herself will be the guerdon of my pains. 285  
 My heart, methinks, is much more lightsome grown,  
 And I thy influence, kind Plant! must own:  
 Justly thy leaves may represent the heart,  
 For that, among its wealth, counts thee a part:  
 As of kings' heads guineas th' impression bear, 290  
 That princely part you in effigy wear.  
 All storms and clouds you banish from the mind,  
 But leave serenity and peace behind.  
 Bacchus himself not more revives our blood,  
 When he infuses his hot purple flood; 295  
 When in full bowls he all our sorrow drowns,  
 And flatt'ring hopes with shortliv'd riches crowns:  
 But those enjoyments some disturbance bring,  
 And such delights flow from a muddy spring;  
 For Bacchus does not kill, but wound the foe, 300  
 Whose rage and strength increases by the blow:  
 But without force or dregs thy pleasures flow,  
 Thy joys no afterclaps of torments know:

\* Baum is hot and dry, in the first degree. It is excellent against melancholy, and the evils arising therefrom. It causes cheerfulness, a good digestion, and a florid colour. The leaves are said, by those who mind signatures, to resemble a heart.

Thy honey, gentle Baum! no pointed stings,  
 Like bees, thy great admirers, with it brings. 305  
 Oh! heav'nly gift to sickly humankind,  
 All goddess, if from care thou freest the mind:  
 All plagues annoy, but cares the whole man seize,  
 Whene'er we labour under this disease:  
 These, tho' in prosp'rous affluence we live, 310  
 To all our joys a bitter tincture give:  
 Frail human nature its own poison breeds,  
 And life itself thy healing virtue needs.

### SCURVYGRASS\*.

A MALADY there is that runs thro' all  
 The northern world, which they the Scurvy call. 315  
 Thrice happy Greece! that scorns the barb'rous word,  
 Nor in its tongue a nearer does afford.  
 Destructive Monster! God ne'er laid a curse  
 On man like this, nor could he send a worse.  
 A thousand horrid shapes the monster wears, 320  
 And in as many hands fierce arms it bears.  
 This water-serpent in the belly's bred,  
 By muddy fens and sulph'rous moistures fed.  
 Him either sloth or too much labour breeds,  
 He both from ease and pain itself proceeds; 325

\* Scurvygrass is reckoned among the medicines peculiar to this disease. It opens, penetrates, renders volatile the crude and gross humours, purges by urine and sweat, and strengthens the entrails.

Oft' from a dying fever he receives  
 His birth, and in the ashes of it lives.  
 Of him just born you easily may dispose,  
 Then he 's a dwarf, but soon a giant grows.  
 That a small egg should breed a crocodile      330  
 Of such vast bulk and strength, the wond'ring Nile  
 Thinks that as much amaz'd he ought to stand,  
 As men, when he o'erflows the drowned land.  
 With nasty humours and dry salts he 's fed,  
 By stinking wind and vapours nourished.      335  
 Even in his cradle he unlucky grows;  
 (Tho' he be son of Sloth, no sloth this shows)  
 His toils no sooner Hercules began;  
 Monsters now ape that monster-murd'ring man.  
 Ere he 's well born the limbs he does oppress,      340  
 And they are tir'd with very idleness;  
 They languish, and deliberating stand,  
 Loath to obey the active soul's command.  
 Nor does it to your wilder'd sense appear  
 Where there pain is, 'cause it is ev'ry where.      345  
 When men for want of breath can hardly blow,  
 Nor purple streams in azure channels flow,  
 Then the bold enemy shows he is too nigh;  
 One so mischievous cannot hidden lie.  
 The teeth drop out, and noisome grows the breath,  
 The man not only smells, but looks like Death.      351  
 Qualms, vomiting, and torturing gripes within,  
 Besides unseemly spots upon the skin,

His other symptoms are; with clouds the mind  
He overcasts, and, fettering the sense, 355  
To life itself makes living an offence.

This monster Nature gave me to subdue,  
(Such feats with Herbs t' accomplish 't is not new)  
So the fierce Bull, and watchful Dragon too,  
On Colchis' shore the valiant Jason slew; 360  
But whether those defeated monsters fell  
By virtue of my juice I cannot tell:

But them he conquer'd, and then back he row'd  
O'er the proud waves; nor was it only gold  
He got; he brought away a royal maid 365  
Beside, (may all physicians so be paid.)  
The hardness of my task my courage fir'd,  
A pow'rful foe was that I most desir'd.

I love to be commended, I must own,  
And that my name in physick-books be shown. 370  
I envy them whom Galen deigns to name,  
Or old Hippocrates, great sons of Fame.

Achilles Alexander envy'd; why,  
If he complain'd so justly, may not I?  
When Grecian names did other Plants adorn, 375  
And were by them as marks of honour borne,

I grew inglorious on the British coast,  
(For Britain then no reason had to boast)  
Hapless I on the Gothick shore did lie,  
Nor was the sea-weed less esteem'd than I. 380

Now sure 't is time those losses were regain'd,  
 Which in my youth and fame so long I have sustain'd:  
 'Tis time, and so they are; now I am known,  
 Thro' all the universe my fame has flown:  
 Who my deserts denies, when by my hands 385  
 That tyrant falls that plagues the northern lands?  
 Sing Iö Pæan; yea, thrice Iö sing,  
 And let the Gothick shore with triumphs ring;  
 That wild disease which such disturbance gave,  
 Is led before my chariot like a slave. 390

## D O D D E R.

THOU neither leaf, nor stalk, nor root, can'st show;  
 How, in this penile posture, dost thou grow?  
 Thou 'rt perfect magick; and I cannot now  
 Those things you do for miracles allow;  
 Those wonders, if compar'd to you, are none, 395  
 Since you yourself are a far greater one.  
 To make the strength of other Herbs thy prey,  
 The huntress thou thyself for nets dost lay.  
 Live, Riddle! he that would thy mysteries  
 Unfold, must with some Oedipus advise. 400  
 No wonder in your arms the Plants you hold,  
 Thou being all arms must needs them so infold:  
 For thee large threads the Fatal Sisters spin,  
 But to your work, nor woof, nor web, put in:  
 Hence 't is that you so intricately twine 405  
 About the flax which yields so long a line.

Oh! spouse most constant to a Plant most dear,  
 Than whom no couple ere more loving were.  
 No more let Love of wanton ivy boast,  
 Her kindness is th' effect of nought but lust : 410  
 Another she enjoys ; but that her love  
 And she are two, many distinctions prove.  
 Their strength and leaves are diff'rent, and her fruit  
 Puts all the difference beyond dispute.  
 The likeness to the parent does profess 415  
 That she in that is no adulteress.  
 Her root with different juices is supply'd,  
 And she her maiden-name bears tho' a bride :  
 But Dodder on her spouse depends alone,  
 And nothing in herself can call her own : 420  
 Fed with his juice, she on his stalk is borne,  
 And thinks his leaves her head full well adorn.  
 Whoe'er he be, she loves to take his name,  
 And must with him be ev'ry way the same.  
 Alceste and Evadne, thus inflam'd, 425  
 Are, with some others, for their passion fam'd :  
 So, Dodder ! for thy husband Flax thou'dst die,  
 I guess, but may'st thou speed more luckily.  
 This is her living passion, but she grows  
 Still more renown'd for kindness which she shows 430  
 To mortal men when she 'as resign'd her breath,  
 For she of them is mindful even in death.  
 The liver and the spleen most faithfully  
 Of all oppressions she does ease and free.

Where has so small a Plant such strength and store  
 Of virtues, when her husband 's weak and poor? 436  
 Who 'd think the liver should assistance need,  
 A noble part, from such a wretched weed?  
 Use, therefore, little things, nor take it ill  
 That men small things preserve, for less may kill. 440

## WORMWOOD \*.

'MONG children I a baneful weed am thought,  
 By none but hags or fiends desir'd or sought:  
 They think a doctor is in jest, or mad,  
 If he agrees not that my juice is bad.  
 'The women also I offend, I know, 445  
 'Tho' to my bounteous hands so much they owe.  
 Few palates do my bitter taste approve;  
 How few, alas! are well inform'd by Jove?  
 Sweet things alone they loye; but in the end  
 They find what bitter gifts those sweets attend. 450  
 Long nauseousness succeeds their shortliv'd joys,  
 And that which so much pleas'd the palate cloy.  
 'The palate justly suffers for the wrong  
 She 'as done the stomach, into which so long  
 All tasteful food she cramm'd, till now, quite tir'd,  
 She loaths the dainties she before admir'd. 456  
 A grievous stench does from the stomach rise,  
 And from the mouth Lernæan poison flies:

\* It strengthens the stomach, and purges it of choler, wind, and crudities. It is good against the dropsy and worms, which occasioned the name, Wormwood.

Then they're content to drink my harsher juice,  
 Which for its bitterness they ne'er refuse. 460  
 It does not idle in the stomach lie,  
 But, like some god, gives present remedy.  
 (So the warm sun my vigour does restore,  
 When he returns, and the cold winter's o'er.)  
 There I a jakes out of a stable throw, 465  
 And Hercules's labour undergo.  
 The stomach eas'd, its office does repeat,  
 And with new-living fire concocts the meat:  
 The purple tincture soon it does devour,  
 Nor does that chyle the hungry veins o'erpow'r. 470  
 The visage by degrees fresh roses stain,  
 And the perfumed breath grows sweet again.  
 The good I do Venus herself will own;  
 She, tho' all sweets, yet loves not sweets alone;  
 She wisely mixes with my juice her joys, 475  
 And her delights with bitter things alloys.  
 We Herbs to different studies are inclin'd,  
 And every faction does its author find:  
 Some Epicurus' sentiments defend,  
 And follow pleasure as their only end: 480  
 It is their pride and boast sweet fruits to bear,  
 And on their heads they flow'ry chaplets wear;  
 Whilst others, courting rigid Zeno's sect,  
 In virtue fruitful, all things else neglect:  
 They love not pomp, or what delights the sense, 485  
 And think all's well if they give no offence.



And none a greater Stoick is than I,  
 The Stoa's pillars on my stalk rely.  
 Let others please, to profit is my pleasure,  
 The love I slowly gain 's a lasting treasure. 490  
 In towns debauch'd he 's the best officer  
 Who most censorious is and most severe:  
 Such I am, and such you, dear Cato! were. }  
 But I no dire revengeful passion show,  
 Our schools in wise men anger don't allow. 495  
 No fault I punish more than that which lies  
 Within my province, wherefore from my eyes }  
 Cholera with hasty speed before me flies:  
 As soon as me it in the stomach spies,  
 Preparing for a war in martial guise, 500  
 Not daring in its lurking holes to stay,  
 It makes a swift escape the backward way:  
 I follow him at the heels, and by the scent  
 Find out which way the noisome en'my went.  
 Of water, too, I drain the flesh and blood, 505  
 When Winter threatens a devouring flood.  
 The Dutchmen with less skill their country drain,  
 And turn the course of waters back again.  
 Sometimes th' obstructed reins too narrow grow,  
 And the salt floods back to their fountains flow: 510  
 Unhappy state! the neighb'ring members quake,  
 And all th' adjacent country seems to shake:  
 Then I begin the waters thus to chide;  
 "Why, sluggish Waters! do you stop your tide?"

“Glide on with me, I’ll break the rampires down : 15

“That stop the channel where you once have flown.”

This all the members does rejoice and cheer,

Who of a dismal deluge stood in fear.

Men-eating worms I from the body scare,  
And conqu’ring arms against the plague prepare.

(Voracious Worm ! thou wilt most certainly 521

Heir of our bodies be whene’er we die ;

Defer awhile the meal which, in the grave,

Of human viands thou ere long must have.)

Those vermine infants’ bowels make their food, 525

And love to suck their fill of tender blood :

They cannot stay till Death serves up their feast,

But greedily snatch up the meat undress’d.

Why should I speak of fleas ? such foes I hate,

So basely born, ev’n to enumerate ; 530

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

Whose only virtue is to run away.

My triumphs to such numbers do amount,

That I the greater ones can hardly count :

To such a bulk the vast account does swell, 535

That I some trophies lose which I should tell.

Oft’ wand’ring Death is scatter’d thro’ the skies,

And thro’ the elements infection flies :

The earth below is sick, the air above ; 539

Slow rivers prove they’re sickly whilst they move :

All things Death’s arms in cold embraces catch,

Life even the vital air away doth snatch.

To remedy such evils God took care,  
 Nor me as least of med'cines did prepare.  
 Oft', too, they say, I (tho' no giant neither) 545  
 Have borne the shock of three strong foes together :  
 Not without reason, therefore, or in vain,  
 Did conqu'ring Rome my honour so maintain :  
 The conqu'ror a triumphal draught of me  
 Drank as the guerdon of his victory; 550  
 Holding the crowned goblet in his hand,  
 He cry'd aloud, " This cup can health command ;  
 " Nor does it 'cause 't is bitter please me less,  
 " My toils were so in which I met success."

WATER LILY\*.

D'ye slight me, 'cause a bog my belly feeds, 555  
 And I am found among a crowd of reeds?  
 I'm no green vulgar daughter of the Earth,  
 But to the noble Waters owe my birth.  
 I was a goddess of no mean degree,  
 But Love, alas! depos'd my deity : 560  
 He bade me love, and straight my kindled heart  
 In Hercules's triumphs bore a part.  
 I with his fame and actions fell in love,  
 And limbs, that might become his father Jove;  
 And, by degrees, me a strong impulse hurl'd, 565  
 That man t' enjoy who conquer'd all the world.

\* It takes away morpheus and freckles. It is cold in the second degree. Its root and seed are drying, but the flower moistens. Being applied to the forehead and nostrils, it cures the headach arising from phlegm, and is very cooling. *Per.*

To tell you true, that night I most admir'd  
When he got fifty sons, and was not tir'd.  
Now, blushing, such deeds hate I to profess;  
But 't was a night of noble wickedness. 570  
He (to be short) my honour stain'd, and he  
Had the first flower of my virginity:  
But he, by his father Jove's example led,  
Rambled, and could not brook a single bed.  
Fierce monstrous beasts, and tyrants, worse than they,  
All o'er the world he ran to seek and slay; 576  
But he, the tyrant, for his guerdon still  
A maid requires, if he a monster kill.  
All womankind to me his harlots are,  
Ev'n goddesses in my suspicion share. 580  
Perish me, let the sun this water dry,  
And may I scorch'd in this burnt puddle die,  
If I of Juno were not jealous grown,  
And thought I show'd her hatred in my own;  
(Perhaps, said I, my passion he derides, 585  
And I 'm the scorn of all his virtuous brides.  
Grief, anger, shame, and fury, vex my mind,  
But, maugre all, Love's darts those passions blind)  
If I from tortures of eternal grief  
Did not design by death to seek relief. 590  
But goddesses in love can never die;  
Hard fate! our punishment 's eternity.  
Mean-time I 'm all in tears both night and day,  
And as they drop my tedious hours decay.

Into a lake the standing showers grow,                   595  
 And o'er my feet th' united waters flow;  
 Then (as the dismal boast of misery)  
 I triumph in my grief's fertility,  
 Till Jove at length, in pity, from above,  
 Said I should never from that fen remove.                   600  
 His word my body of its form bereft,  
 And straight all vanish'd that my grief had left.  
 My knotty root under the earth does sink,  
 And makes me of a club too often think.  
 My thirsty leaves no liquor can suffice;                   605  
 My tears are now return'd into my eyes.  
 My form its ancient whiteness still retains,  
 And pristine paleness in my cheeks remains.  
 Now in perpetual mirth my days I pass;  
 We Plants, believe me, are an happy race;                   610  
 We truly feel the sun's kind influence,  
 Cool winds and warmer air refresh our sense.  
 Nectar in dew does from Aurora rise,  
 And earth ambrosia untill'd supplies.  
 I pity man, whom thousand cares perplex,                   615  
 And cruel love, that greatest plague, does vex;  
 Whilst mindful of the ills I once endur'd,  
 His flames by me are quench'd, his wounds are cur'd.  
 I triumph that my victor I o'erthrow;  
 Such changes tyrants' thrones should undergo.                   620  
 Don't wonder, Love! that thee thy slave should beat;  
 Alcides' monsters taught me to defeat:

And lest, unhappy Boy! thou shouldst believe  
 All handsome folks thy cruel yoke receive,  
 I have a wash that beautifies the face, 625  
 Yet chastly look in my own wat'ry glass.  
 Diana's mien, and Venus' face I lend,  
 So to both deities I prove a friend:  
 But lest that god should artfully his flame  
 Conceal, and burn me in another's name, 630  
 All heats in general I resist, nay I  
 To all that's hot am a sworn enemy.  
 Whether distracting flames with fury fly  
 Thro' the burnt brain, like comets thro' the sky,  
 Or whether from the belly they ascend, 635  
 And fumes all o'er the body swiftly send;  
 Whether with sulph'rous fire the veins within  
 They kindle, or just singe the outward skin;  
 Whate'er they are, my awful juice they fly, 639  
 When glimmering thro' the pores they run and die.  
 Why wink'st thou? why dost so with half an eye  
 Look on me! Oh! my sleepy root's too nigh;  
 Besides, my tedious discourse might make  
 Any man have but little mind to wake 644 }  
 Without that's help; thus then our leaves we take }

SPLEENWORT; OR, MILTWASTE\*.

ME cruel Nature, when she made me, gave  
 Nor stalk, nor seed, nor flow'r, as others have.

\* The virtues of this Herb are told in its name. Vitruvius  
 says, that in Crete, where this Herb abounds, the swine have  
 no spleen.

The sun ne'er warms me, nor will Nature' allow  
 I should in cultivated gardens grow ;  
 And, to augment the torment of my years,      650  
 No lovely colour in my leaves appears.  
 You 'd think me heav'n's aversion, and the earth  
 Had brought me forth at some chance spurious birth:  
 Vain outward gaudy shows mankind surprife,  
 And they resign their reason to their eyes.      655  
 To gardens no poor Plant admittance gains,  
 For there, God wot, the painted tulip reigns:  
 But the wise gods mind no such vanity ;  
 Phœbus, above all tulips, values me,  
 So does that Coan, old Hippocrates,      660  
 Who the next place to Phœbus challenges;  
 For when the members Nature did divide,  
 And over such or such bade Herbs preside,  
 I of the savage and unruly spleen,  
 A stubborn province, was created queen :      665  
 I that restrain, tho' it resist my power,  
 And bring its swelling rebel humour lower :  
 The passages with rampires, it in vain  
 Obstructs ; I quickly break them down again.  
 All commerce I with speedy force restore,      670  
 And the ways open all my kingdom o'er.  
 If I do n't take that course, it furious grows,  
 And into every part contagion throws :  
 With pois'nous vapours it infects the blood,  
 And life itself drinks of a ven'mous flood.      675

Foul leprosy upon the skin appears,  
 And the chang'd visage Death's pale colours wears:  
 Hence watchfulness, distracting cares and tears,  
 And pain proceeds, with hasty killing fears: 679  
 Hence halts, cruel Love! our necks release  
 From thy more fatal yoke, and daggers ease  
 Our souls of life's incurable disease. }  
 May no such monstrous evils good men hurt;  
 Love and my virtue all such things avert!  
 The treasury Trajan rightly to the spleen 685  
 Compar'd; for when that swells the body's lean.  
 Why do you laugh? is it because that I  
 Pretend to know the Roman history?  
 I a dull stock and not a Plant should be,  
 Having so long kept doctors' company, 690 }  
 If their discourse should not advantage me.  
 It has, and I great wonders could relate,  
 But I'm a Plant that ne'er was given to prate.  
 But to return from whence I have digress'd,  
 I many creatures ease by spleen oppress'd. 695  
 Crete, tho' so us'd to lie, you may believe,  
 When for their swine their thanks to me they give.  
 The wretched ass, whom constant labour tires,  
 Sick of the Spleen my speedy aid desires.  
 Eating my leaves (for I relieve his pain) 700  
 He cheerfully resumes his work again.  
 Now, if you can, vain painted flow'rs admire,  
 Delights scarce sooner born than they expire;



They're fair, 't is true, they're cheerful, and they're  
But I, tho' sad, procure a gladfome mien. [green;

### LETTUCE.

SOME think your commendation you deserve, 706  
'Cause you of old Augustus\* did preserve.

Why did you still prolong that fatal breath  
That banish'd Ovid, and was Tully's death?

But I suppose that neither of 'em you, 710

Nor orator, nor poet, ever knew;

Wherefore I wonder not you should comply,

And the world's tyrant so far gratify.

Thou truly to all tyrants art of use,

Their madness flies before thy pow'rful juice: 715

Their heads with better wreaths, I prithee, crown,

And let the world in them thy kindness own.

At thy command forth from its scorched heart,

Of tyrants Love, the greatest does depart;

False Love, I mean; for thou ne'er try'st to expel 720

True Love, who, like a good king, governs well:

Justly that dogstar, Cupid, thou do'st hate,

Whose fire kills Herbs, and monsters does create.

### UPON THE SAME.

EAT me with bread and oil, you'll ne'er repine,

Or say in summer you want meat to dine. 725

\* Augustus is said to have been preserved in his sickness by  
Lettuce. *Plin.*

The world's first Golden Age such viands blest'd,  
 I was the chief ingredient at a feast :  
 Large bodies for the demi-gods my juice,  
 And blood proportionable, did produce : 729  
 Then neither fraud, nor force, nor lust, was known ;  
 Such ills their rise from too much heat must own.  
 Let their vile name religiously be curs'd,  
 Who to base glutt'ny gave dominion first ;  
 For thence sprang vice, whose train distempers were,  
 And death did in new ghastly shapes appear. 735  
 Shun cruel tables, that with blood are dy'd,  
 And banquets by destructive Death supply'd.  
 Sick, if not well, thou 'lt Herbs desire, and we  
 Shall prove, if not thy meat, thy remedy.

## E Y E B R I G H T.

ENTER, sweet Stranger! to my eyes reveal 740  
 Thyself, and gratefully thy poet heal,  
 If I of Plants have any thing deserv'd,  
 Or in my verse their honour be preserv'd.  
 Thus, lying on the grass, and sad, pray'd I,  
 Whilst nimbly Eyebright came and stood just by : 745  
 I wonder'd that so noble an Herb so soon  
 Rose by my side like a champignon ;  
 I saw her not before, nor did she appear,  
 For any thing I knew, to be so near.  
 On a black stalk, nine inches long, she grew, 750  
 With leaves all notch'd, and of a greenish hue ;

While pretty flowers on her top she bore,  
 With yellow mix'd and purple streaks all o'er:  
 I knew her straight, her name and visage suit,  
 And my glad eyes their patroness salute. 755  
 Strange news! to me she bow'd with flow'r and stalk,  
 And thus, in language fit for her, did talk:  
 'Twas low, for Herbs that modest custom love,  
 Hoarse murmurs of the trees they do n't approve:  
 "Thou only Bard! (said she) o' th' verdant race, 760  
 Who in thy songs do'st all our virtues trace;  
 All men are not allow'd our voice to hear,  
 Tho' such respect to you, our friend, we bear;  
 We hate the custom which with men obtains,  
 To slight a kind ingenuous poet's pains. 765  
 I wish my root could heal you, and I'm sure  
 Our nation all would gladly see the cure;  
 But if by Nature's self it be withstood,  
 The pow'r of Herbs, alas! can do no good:  
 Nature's injunctions none of us withstands, 770  
 We're slaves to all her Ladyship's commands.  
 Let what she gives your appetite suffice,  
 Nor grumble when she any thing denies,  
 For she with sparing hands large gifts supplies: }  
 But if some malady impair the sight, 775  
 Or wine, or love that's blind, and hates the light;  
 Or surfeits, watchful cares, or putrid air,  
 Or numerous other things that hurtful are,

Then am I useful. If you would engage  
 To count my conquests, or the wars I wage, 780  
 The ev'ning-star much sooner would go down,  
 And all the fields in dewy nectar drown.  
 Oft' a salt flood, which from the head descends,  
 With the eyes' fresher streams its current blends,  
 That pain which causes many wat'ry eyes, 785  
 From its own tears itself does here arise.  
 Oft' times the channels of a paler flood  
 Are fill'd, and swell with strange unnatural blood,  
 And by a guest who thither lately came,  
 The house is set all on a raging flame. 790  
 Take care, if your small world's bright sun appear  
 Blood-red, or he 'll soon leave your hemisphere.  
 Oft' fumes and wand'ring flies obscure the eye,  
 And in those clouds strange monsters seem to fly.  
 Fume! what does thy dull footy visage here? 795  
 I see no fire, that thou shouldst be so near:  
 Or what (with a mischief) means the troublesome fly?  
 I'd as soon have the god of Flies, as nigh.  
 Oft' times the sight is darken'd with false snow,  
 And Night itself in blanched robes does go; 800  
 Whilst shapes of distant things that real were,  
 In different colours, or in none, appear.  
 Tumours and cancers, pustles, ulcers. why  
 Should I recount those torments of the eye?  
 Or thousands more, which I'm afraid to name, 805  
 Lest when I tell them they my tongue inflame,

Or that which from its hollow length men call  
 Fistula [Pipe] a name too musical.  
 All these I tame, the air my virtue clears,  
 Whilst the clouds vanish, and the day appears. 810  
 The joyful face smiles with diffused light,  
 What comeliness is mix'd with that delight!  
 You know Arnoldus (if you 'ave read him o'er)  
 Did fight by me to men stoneblind restore.  
 'Tis true; and my known virtue ought to be 815  
 The more esteem'd for that strange prodigy.  
 With my kind leaves he bids you tinge your wines,  
 And profit with your pleasure wisely joins.  
 Those light will truly give, and sacred bowls,  
 Bacchus, will dwell in your enlarged souls: 820  
 Then call thy boy with a capacious cup,  
 And with that wine be sure to fill it up,  
 Till thou hast drunk for all the amorous dames  
 An health to ev'ry letter of their names:  
 Then drink an health to th' eyes; they won't refuse  
 (I'm confident) to pledge you in my juice. 825  
 But we lose time; go; carefully rehearse  
 What I have said in never-dying verse."  
 She spake, then vanishing away she flew;  
 I, Reader! tell you nothing but what 's true. 830

## WINTER-CHERRIES\*.

**W**HEN I stand musing (as I often do)  
 I'm fill'd with shame and noble anger too,  
 To think that all we Plants (except some few  
 Whom Phœbus with more vigour did endue)  
 Cannot away with Winter's nipping fare,      835  
 But more effeminate than mankind are.  
 From father-Sun and mother-Earth in vain  
 We sprang; they both your figure still retain.  
 To our delights why do n't the seasons yield,  
 And banish Winter from each verdant field?      840  
 Why in Elyfian gardens do n't we grow,  
 Where no chill blasts may on our beauties blow?  
 We're halcyons forsooth, and cann't with ease  
 Bring forth, unless the world be all at peace.  
 Nor is this softness only to be found      845  
 Among small Herbs, still creeping on the ground;  
 Great elms and oaks themselves it does control,  
 In their hard bark they wear a tender soul.  
 These huffs effeminacy count no crime;  
 You'd think in summer they to heav'n would climb;  
 But if the year its back upon them turn,      850  
 Each giant creeps back into th' earth his urn;  
 Here lies—you on his bulky trunk may write.  
 For shame! there lie; let not the mold lie light.

\* It is excellent against the stone and all diseases of the bladder, thence in Latin called *Vesicaria*.

But I, who very hardly dare receive 855  
 The name of Shrub (tho' Pliny gives me leave)  
 The dreadful Winter to the combat dare ;  
 Tho' heav'n itself should fall I 'd take no care.  
 The Winter comes, and I 'm by storms alarm'd,  
 She comes with legions numberless, well-arm'd ; 860  
 Then I my fruit produce, and having first  
 Expos'd them to her, cry, Now, do thy worst ;  
 Pour, pour upon them all the rain i' th' sky,  
 It will not waste away their scarlet dye :  
 Pour snow, their purple thence will grow more bright,  
 Some red in a white vessel gives delight : 866  
 So the red lip the ivory teeth befriends,  
 And a white skin the rosy cheeks commends.  
 With such like rudiments do I inure  
 My virtue, and the force of it secure ; 870  
 I who rebellious Sickness must subdue,  
 And ev'ry day fresh victories pursue.  
 Thus did I learn vast stones to break in twain,  
 And ice, at first, put me to little pain :  
 For I not only water do expel, 875  
 (That other weaker Plants can do as well)  
 But such hard rocks of adamant I break,  
 As Hannibal to pass would prove too weak.  
 Unhappy he who, on this rock is tofs'd  
 And shipwreck'd, is in his own waters lost ! 880  
 Ev'n Sisyphus might pity and bemoan  
 The wretch that 's tortur'd with an inhred stone.

How does he envy, ah ! how much, the dead,  
 Whose corpse with stones are only covered !  
 Would I not help him ? might the earth divide 885  
 And swallow me if I my aid deny'd ;  
 Then I myself child of some rock must own,  
 And that my roots were veins of hardest stone :  
 But truly I do pity such a man,  
 And the obdurate matter quickly can 890  
 Dissolve ; my piercing liquor round it lies,  
 And straight into a thousand parts it flies,  
 The long-obstructed streams then glide away,  
 And fragments with them of the stone convey. 894

### SUNDEW ; OR, LUSTWORT\*.

To say the truth, Nature 's too kind to thee,  
 For all thy days thou spend'st in luxury.  
 Thy flow'rs are silver, and a purple down  
 Covers thy body like a silken gown ;  
 Whilst, to increase thy pomp and pride, each vein  
 Of thine a golden humour does contain. 900  
 Each leaf is hollow made, just like a cup,  
 Which liquor always to the brim fills up.  
 The drunken sun cannot exhaust thy bowl,  
 Nor Sirius himself, that thirsty soul.  
 Full thou survey'st the parched fields around, 905  
 And enviously in thy own floods art drown'd.

\* Vulgarly called also *Rosa Solis*.



Drinking, the thirsty months thou laugh'ft away,  
 The hydra of thy spring 's reviv'd each day.  
 Thy Nile from secret sources moistens thee,  
 And bids thee merry, tho' Jove angry be. 910

UPON THE SAME.

THY conquer'd ivy, Bacchus! now throw down,  
 And of this Herb make a far nobler crown.  
 This Herb with Plenty's bounteous current feeds;  
 Plenty, which constantly itself succeeds:  
 So thy extended guts thy godship swills, 915  
 And its own self thy tilted hoghead fills:  
 So at Jove's table gods the goblet drain,  
 But straight with nectar it grows full again.  
 Nor do the cups the Phrygian stripling need  
 To fill them, each is his own Ganymede. 920  
 So in the heart that double lusty bowl,  
 (In which the soul itself drinks life and soul)  
 That heav'nly bowl, made by an heav'nly hand,  
 With purple nectar always crown'd does stand:  
 Of what she spends Nature ne'er feels the lack, 925  
 What one throws out, another brings it back.  
 Bless'd Plant! brimful of moisture radical!  
 No wonder thou the spirits, lest they fall,  
 Support'ft, or that consumptive bodies you,  
 And the firm limbs, bind with a lasting glue; 930  
 Or that life's lamp, which ready is to die,  
 With such vivacious oil you can supply:

No wonder to the lungs thou grateful art,  
 Thy constant waters feed that spongy part.  
 You Venus also loves, for tho' you 're wet, 935  
 Your inside, like your outside, is burnt with heat.  
 These are Lust's elements; of heat she makes  
 A soul, and moisture for her body takes.

## SOWBREAD\*.

THE dropping bloody nose you gently bind,  
 But loosen the close hemorrhoids behind; 940  
 And 't is but nat'ral that who shuts the fore  
 Should at the same time open the backdoor.

## UPON THE SAME.

SEE how with pride the grovelling potherb swells,  
 And saucily the generous vine repels :  
 Her, that great emp'rours oft' in triumph drew, 945  
 A base unworthy Colewort does subdue :  
 But tho' o'er that the wretch victorious be,  
 It cannot stand, puissant Plant ! near thee :  
 For meat to med'cines still must give the place,  
 That feeds diseases, which away these chase. 950  
 You bravely men and other Plants outvie,  
 Who no kind office do until they die.

\* The Colewort is said to kill the vine, and is itself killed  
 by this Herb.

Thy virtues thou, yet living, do'st impart,  
And ev'n to thy own garden physick art.

Tho' on me Greece bestow'd a graceful name, 955  
Which well the figure of my leaves became,  
Th' apothecaries have a new one found,  
(Dull knaves! that hate the very Greek word's found)  
And from a nasty sow, (whose very name  
Stinks on my tongue) have stigmatiz'd my fame: 960  
But I to them more than to swine give bread;  
They are the hogs by my large bounty fed.

#### UPON THE SAME.

My virtue dries all ulcerous running sores,  
And native softness to the skin restores:  
My pow'r hard tumours cannot, if I list, 965  
Either with water or with fire resist.  
Of scars, by burning caus'd, I clear the face,  
Nor let smallpox the countenance disgrace.  
My conqu'ring hand pimpgenets cannot shun,  
Nor blackish yellow spots the face o'errun; 970  
Morphew departs, and out each freckle flies,  
Tho' from our god himself they had their rise.  
Nor leave I ought upon the cheeks of lasses,  
To make 'em shy of looking in their glasses:  
Nor doubt I but that sex much thanks will give,  
For that the pangs of childbirth I relieve. 976

## UPON THE SAME.

IN my fire that false gold, the jaundice, I  
 Consume, (true gold scarce does more injury)  
 Black blood, at my command, the back way flows;  
 Nasty itself, thro' nasty holes it goes. 980  
 Choler and phlegm, yellow and white, I drain,  
 They wear the dear metal's colours both in vain.  
 All meteors from the eyes I drive away,  
 And whatsoe'er obscures the small world's day.  
 I of the gout remove the very feed, 985  
 And all the humours which that torment breed.  
 Thorns, splinters, nails, I draw, who wond'ring stand  
 How they could so come forth without an hand.  
 This is the least: all poisons I expel,  
 And Death force thence, where it was like to dwell.  
 Infants that know not what it is to live, 991  
 Before they're wretched from the womb I drive.  
 Oh, Heav'ns! says th' ign'rant amaz'd world, what's  
 Is't a distemper to be borne? Yes, 't is; [this?  
 For if we make a true account, 't is more  
 Advantage life to hinder than restore. 996

## DUCKS'-MEAT.

A LUSTY frog a duck swears is such meat  
 (Fatten'd by me) as Jove himself may eat;  
 And if the learn'd Apicius knew that dish,  
 He'd hungry grow, tho' dead, and life would wish.

By this our value 's in some measure shown; 1001  
 But I 'm not born to fatten ducks alone,  
 Nor o'er green ponds did Nature carpets strow,  
 That she to slimy frogs good-will might show.  
 From me great benefits all the world must own, 1005  
 Tho' long time hid, they 're many yet unknown.  
 In a small ring the wits of learned men  
 Run, and the same, confin'd, trace o'er agen.  
 The Plants which Nature thro' the universe  
 In various shapes and colours does disperse, 1010  
 Why should I mention? this their ign'rance shows,  
 That ev'n of me mankind so little knows:  
 Something they do, and more I would reveal,  
 Which Phœbus and the Fates bid me conceal;  
 But this I 'll tell you; dry blew cankers I 1015  
 And cholerick fire of hot St. Anthony,  
 Do soon extinguish, and all other flames,  
 Whatever are their natures or their names.  
 My native cold and wat'ry temper show  
 Who my chill parent is, and where I grow: 1020  
 Thus when the water in the joints enclos'd  
 Bubbles, by pain and natural heat oppos'd,  
 The boiling caldron my strong virtue rules,  
 And sprinkled with my dew the fury cools. 1024

## ROSEMARY.

*Touching the bite of the Tarantula.*

DAUNIAN Arachne! who spinn'ft all the day,  
 Nor to Minerva will it ev'n yet give way;  
 Whilst thy own bowels thou to lawn dost weave,  
 What pleasure canst thou from such pains receive?  
 Why thy sad hours in such base deeds dost spill,  
 Or do things so ridiculously ill? 1030  
 Why dost thou take delight to stop our breath,  
 Or act the serious sports of cruel Death?  
 Whom thou scarce toucheft straight to rave he's found,  
 He raves altho' he hardly feels thy wound.  
 One atom of thy poison in the veins 1035  
 Dominion soon o'er all the body gains;  
 Within upon the soul herself it preys,  
 Which it distracts a thousand cruel ways:  
 One's silent, whilst another roars aloud; 1039  
 He's fearful, th' other fights with th' gazing crowd:  
 This cries, and this his sides with laughter shakes,  
 A thousand habits this same fury takes;  
 But all with love of dancing are possess'd,  
 All day and night they dance, and never rest;  
 As soon as musick from struck strings rebounds, 1045  
 Or the full pipes breathe forth their magick sounds,  
 The stiff old woman straight begins a round,  
 And the lethargick sleeper quits the ground:  
 The poor lame fellow, tho' he cannot prance  
 So nimble as the rest, he hops a dance: 1050

The old man, whom this merry poison fires,  
 Satyrs themselves with dancing almost tires.  
 To such a sad frenetick dance as this  
 A Siren, sure, the fittest minstrel is.  
 Cruel distemper! thy wild fury proves 1055  
 Worst master of the revels which it loves:  
 When this sad Pyrrhick measure they begin,  
 Ah! what a weight hangs on their hearts within.  
 Tell me, Physicians! which way shall I ease  
 Poor mortals of this strange unknown disease? 1060  
 For me may Phœbus never more protect  
 (Whose godhead you and I so much respect)  
 If I know any more (to tell you true)  
 Whence this dire mischief springs, than one of you:  
 But to the heart (you know it) and the brain, 1065  
 Those distant provinces in which I reign, }  
 (To you, my Friends! I no false stories feign.)  
 Auxiliary troops of spirits I  
 Send, and the camp with fresh recruits supply.  
 Many kind Plants besides me to the war 1070  
 Attend, nor blush that under me they soldiers are.  
 The merry Baum and Rue with serpents kills,  
 Cent'ry, and Saffron, from Cilician hills,  
 And thou, kind Birthwort! whose auspicious name  
 From thy good deeds to teeming women came; 1075  
 The kind Pomegranate also does engage,  
 With her bright arms, and my dear sister Sage.  
 Berries of Laurel, Myrtle, Tamarisk,  
 Ivy nor Juniper are very brisk:

Lavender and sweet Marjoram march away, 1080  
 Southernwood and Angelica do n't stay:  
 Plantain, the Thistle which they Blessed call,  
 And useful Wormwood, in their order fall;  
 Then Carrot, Anise, and white Cumin seed, 1084  
 With Gith, that pretty, chaste, black rogue, proceed:  
 Next Vipers'-grafs, a Plant but lately known,  
 And Tormentil, and Roses red, full blown;  
 To which I Garlick may, and Onions, join;  
 All these to fight I lead; go, give the sign.  
 With indignation I am vex'd, and hate 1090  
 Soft musick that great praise should arrogate.  
 Poets will say, 't is true (they 're giv'n to lie)  
 Willing their mistresses so to gratify;  
 But food I say it does, not physick, prove  
 To madmen, (witness all that are in love!) 1095  
 She to a shortliv'd folly does supply  
 Constant additions of new vanity;  
 And here (to show her wit and courage too)  
 Flatters the tyrant whom she should subdue.  
 It is the greatest part of the disease 1100  
 That she does so immoderately please;  
 'Tis part of the disease, that so they throw  
 And toss themselves, which does for physick go,  
 This plague itself is plagu'd so night and day,  
 That, tir'd with labour, it flies quite away. 1105  
 I also lend an hand to ease her grief,  
 When from her own strength Nature seeks relief.



'Tis something that I do; but truly I  
Think the disease is its own remedy. 1109

### MINT.

TAKE my advice, Men! and no riddles use;  
Why will not you rather to speak plainly chuse?  
If you 're afraid your secrets should be told,  
Your tongues you (that 's the surest way) may hold.  
Why should we Sense, with barbarous cruelty,  
Put to the rack, to make it tell a lie? 1115  
Of this just reason I have to complain;  
Old dubious faws long since my fame do stain.  
How many ill conjectures grounded are  
On this, that I must ne'er be fet in war\*.  
The reader of a thing obscure will be 1120  
Inclin'd to carp, and to take liberty:  
Hence one says Mint Mars does entirely hate,  
And Mint to Venus also is ingrate.  
Mars loves as well to get as to destroy  
Mankind, the booty of his fierce employ. 1125  
Mint from the seed all seminal virtue takes,  
And of brisk men dull frigid eunuchs makes.  
And then (to make the spreading error creep  
Farther and farther still) they hear I keep

\* Aristotle gave the world a rule, Neither eat Mint nor plant it in time of war; which being variously understood by his followers, the said Herb does, in his speech, make out that it can with no sense be interpreted to its dishonour, by telling her virtues in cheering the spirits, and exciting the stomach.

Their milk from thicknings; but how this I do 1130  
I'll tell you on these terms alone, that you  
Shall me before resolve how first you gain  
Notions of things, then how you them retain.  
This I dare boldly say, the fire of love  
With genial heat I gently do improve; 1135  
Tho' constantly the noble human seed  
That sacred lamp with vital oil does feed :  
For what to Venus e'er will faithful seem,  
If heat itself an enemy you esteem?  
Whether I know her Proserpine can tell, 1140  
I by my punishment am clear'd too well.  
Besides, nought more the stomach rectifies,  
Or strengthens the digestive faculties.  
Such, such a Plant, that feeds the am'rous flame,  
If Venus love not, she is much to blame; 1145  
And with ingratitude the seed I may  
Charge, if to me great thanks it do not pay.  
But other causes others have assign'd,  
Who make the reason which they cannot find.  
They say wounds, if I touch them, bleed anew, 1150  
And I wound wounds themselves; 't is very true;  
For I a dry astringent pow'r retain,  
By which all ulcers of their gore I drain :  
I bloody-fluxes stop; my virtue 's sure  
The wounds that Nature's self has made to cure :  
On bites of serpents and mad dogs I seize, 1156  
And them (war's hurts are slight) I heal with ease.

I scarce dare mention that from galling I,  
 If in the hand I 'm borne, preserve the thigh.  
 D' ye laugh? laugh on, so I with laughter may 1160  
 Requite the scandals which on me you lay;  
 Of which some I omit, and the true cause  
 Of all will tell, (and then she made a pause.)  
 Tho' I abhor my sorrows to recall,  
 (And here the tears down her green cheeks did fall)  
 I did not always in your gardens grow, 1166  
 But once a comely virgins face could show.  
 Black tho' I was, (Cocytus was my fire)  
 Yet beauty had to kindle amorous fire.  
 Lest any one should think this is a lie, 1170  
 Ovid will tell you so as well as I.  
 My father had a pleasant shady grove,  
 Where he perpetually to walk did love;  
 There mournful yew and fun'ral cypress grow,  
 Whose melancholy greens no Winter know, 1175 }  
 With other trees whose looks their sorrow show. }  
 Here Pluto (Jove of th' infernal throne)  
 Saw me as I was walking all alone:  
 He saw me and was pleas'd; for his desire  
 At any face, or white or black, takes fire. 1180  
 Ah! if you knew him but so well as I,  
 He is an unfeeling deity:  
 He never stands a tender maid to woo,  
 But cruelly by violence falls to.  
 He caught me, tho' I fled till out of breath 1185  
 I was; I thought he would have been my death.

What could I do? his strength was far above  
Mine; he the strength has of his brother Jove.  
In short, me to a secret cave he led,  
And there the rav'isher got my maidenhead; 1190  
But in the midst of all his wickedness,  
(How it fell out the poets do n't express,  
Nor can you think that I, poor creature well  
The cause, at such a time as that, could tell)  
Lo! Proserpine, his wife, came in, and found 1195  
My wretched limbs all prostrate on the ground.  
She no excuse would hear, nor me again  
Let rise; but said, there fix'd I should remain.  
She spake, and straight my body I perceiv'd  
(Each limb dissolv'd) of all its strength bereav'd:  
My veins are all straight rooted in the earth, 1201  
(From whence my ruddy stalk receives its birth)  
A blushing crown of flow'rs adorn my head,  
My leaves are jagged, of a darkish red;  
And so a lovely bed of Mint I make 1205  
In the same posture that she did me take.  
But the infernal ravisher my fate  
( 'T would move a devil) did commiserate;  
And his respect for what I was to show,  
Great virtue on my leaves he did bestow: 1210  
Rich qualities to humble me he gave,  
Of which my fragrant smell 's the least I have.  
All this the Ancients understood was true,  
And thence their great religious caution grew:

They thought me sacred to th' Infernal King, 1215  
 And that 't was ominous for me to spring  
 In times of death and danger, nor would let  
 Me in the midst of war and blood be set:  
 But they mistaken were; for I take care  
 That others be not caught in his strong snare,  
 Nor pass the Stygian lake without gray hair. 1221 }

### MISSELTOE.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, sacred Mistletoe!  
 The greatest gift Teutates \* does bestow;  
 With more religion Druid priests invoke  
 Thee, than thy sacred sturdy fire the oak: 1225  
 Raise holy altars from the verdant ground,  
 And strow your various flow'rs all around;  
 Next let the priest, when to the gods he 'as paid  
 All due devotion, and his orisons made,  
 Cloth'd all in white, by the attendants be 1230  
 With hands and necks rais'd to the sacred tree;  
 Where, that he may more freely it receive,  
 Let him first beg the shrub's indulgent leave,  
 And when he 'as cut it with a golden hook,  
 Let the expecting crowd, that upward look, 1235  
 Array'd in white, the falling treasure meet,  
 And catch it in a pure, clean, snowy sheet;

\* Teutates and Hesus were the two greatest gods of the Gauls.

Then let two spotless bulls before him lie,  
 And with their grateful blood the altars dye; 1239  
 Which when you 'ave done, then feast, and dance, and  
 And let the wood with their loud voices ring. [sing,  
 Such honour had the Miffeltoe, which hate  
 And envy to it did in gods create.

Th' Egyptian temples do not louder sound,  
 When there again the adored heifers found; 1245

Nor did she seem less majesty to wear  
 (If any tree there Miffeltoe did bear)  
 When in Dodona's grove upon an oak  
 She grew, that in its hollow oracles spoke;  
 For this one Plant the Ancients, above all 1250

Protectress of their life did think and call;  
 She only from the earth loaths to be born,  
 And on the meaner ground to tread thinks scorn;  
 Nor did she from prolific matter come,  
 But, like the world, from Nothing's fruitful womb:  
 Others are set, and grow by human care, 1256

Her leaves the product of mere Nature are;  
 Hence serpents she of their black stings disarms,  
 And baffles (man's worse poison) magick charms,  
 Besides all other kinds of maladies 1260

(How numberless, alas!) that on us seize.  
 Nor wonder that all other ills it beats,  
 Since the Herculean sickness it defeats;  
 Than which none more chimera-like appears,  
 One part of it is dead, the other raves and tears. 1265

This monster she subdued, hence 't was believ'd  
 (And truly tho' 't was false it was receiv'd  
 On no bad grounds) that lesser monsters she  
 Could make the trophies of her victory.

The Ancients thought so in the infancy 1270

O' th' world, they then knew nought of fallacy :

Nor was she then thought only to defend

And guard life's fort, but life itself to lend,

Ev'n the womb's fruitful soil t' improve and mend: }

For what soil barren to that Plant can be, 1275

Which without feed has its nativity?

Or what to her close shut and lock'd can seem,

That makes th' obdurate oak's hard entrails teem?

That from a tree comes forth in pangs and pain,

Like the Athenian goddess from Jove's brain? 1280

But if that 's true, which ancient bards have writ,

(For tho' they 're ancient bards I question it)

I wonder not that Miffeltoe's so kind

To us, since her the ties of Nature bind :

For men of old (if you 'll believe 't was so) 1285

Born out of oaks, were the first Miffeltoe.

#### CELANDINE \*.

SEE how the yellow gall the delug'd eyes,

And saffron-jaundice, the whole visage dyes!

\* A decoction hereof with whitewine and anise-seeds, is said to be excellent against the jaundice. Matthiolus says it will cure the same, being applied to the soles of the feet.

That colour which on gold we think so fair,  
 That hue which most adorns the tressed hair, 1290  
 When, like a tyrant it unjustly gains  
 Another's throne, and there usurping reigns,  
 It frightful grows, and far more beauty lacks  
 Than, with their saddle-noses, dusky Blacks?  
 So, I suppose, to the gods' eyes the soul 1295  
 O' th' miser looks as yellow and as foul:  
 For if with gold alone the soul 's inflam'd,  
 It has th' *aurigo* from the metal nam'd.  
 This the almighty gods can only cure, 1299  
 And reason, more than Herbs, our minds secure.  
 But th' outward jaundice does out help implore,  
 When with gall-floods the body 's dy'd all o'er.  
 I cannot tell what others do, but I  
 Give to that jaundice present remedy;  
 Nor do I rashly undertake the cure, 1305  
 I an assistant have that makes me sure.  
 Nature's own patent gives me my command;  
 See, here 's her own sign manual, here 's her hand:  
 Thro' leaves, and stalk, and roots themselves, it goes,  
 The yellow blood thro' my whole body flows: 1310  
 Whoever me dissects would think, nay swear,  
 O'erflown with gall I sick o' the jaundice were:  
 Mean-time my skin all o'er is fresh and green,  
 And colour good, as in an Herb you 'ave seen. 1314



## UPON THE SAME.

**T**EN thousand blessings may the gods bestow  
 Upon thee, tuneful swallow! and ne'er show  
 They bear the least resentment of that crime  
 Which thou hast suffer'd for so long a time:  
 For that the use of a choice Plant thou 'st taught,  
 Which ne'er before blind † man had seen or sought.  
 Of thee large rent now ev'ry house receives 1321  
 For th' nests which they to thee let under th' eaves.  
 The painted Spring's whole train on thee attend,  
 Yet nought thou see'st which thou canst more com-  
 For this it is that makes thee all things see, [mend:  
 This plant a special favour has for thee: 1326  
 When thou com'st th' others come; that won't suffice;  
 At thy return away this with thee flies:  
 Yet we to it must more engagements own;  
 'Tis a small thing to heal the eyes alone; 1330  
 Ten thousand torments of our life it cures,  
 From which good Fortune you, blest'd Birds! secures:  
 The gripes ‡ by its approach it mitigates,  
 And tortures of an aching tooth abates:  
 The golden jaundice quickly it defeats, 1335  
 And with gilt arms at his own weapons beats;  
 Jaundice, which *morbis regius* they call  
 From a king, but falsely: 't is tyrannical.

† The extraordinary faculty of this Herb in healing the eyes  
 is said to have been found out by the Swallow, who cures its  
 young therewith.

‡ Its other virtues.

Foul ulcers, too, that from the body bud,  
 This dries and drains of all their putrid blood. 1340  
 A gaping wound's one lip, like any brother,  
 Approaches nearer and salutes the other.  
 Nor do thy shankers now, foul Lust! remain,  
 But all thy shelling scabs rub off again.  
 The burning cancer, and the tetter, fly, 1345  
 Whilst all hot, angry, red biles, sink and dry.  
 Diseases paint wears off, and places where  
 The Sun once printed kisses, disappear:  
 Purg'd of all blemishes, the smiling face  
 Is cleaner far, and smoother, than its glass. 1350  
 Kind friend to th' eyes! who gives not only sight,  
 But with it also objects that delight:  
 She may be seen, as well as come to see,  
 Whatever woman's doubly blest'd by thee.  
 The gaudy Spring by thy approach is known,  
 And blooming beauties thy arrival own. 1356

## R O C K E T †.

You! who in sacred wedlock coupled are,  
 (Where all joys lawful, all joys seemly are)  
 Be not shy to eat of my leaves heartily,  
 They do not hunger only satisfy, 1360  
 They'll be a banquet to you all the night,  
 On them the body chews with fresh delight.

† Rocket is hot and dry in the third degree, of a contrary  
 nature to Lettuce, a friend to Venus and her affairs.

But you! chaste lads and girls, that lie alone,  
 And none of love's enjoyments yet have known,  
 Take care, and stand aloof, if you are wise, 1365 }  
 Touch not this Plant, Venus her sacrifice;  
 I bring a poison for your modesties. }  
 In my grafs, like a snake, blind Cupid lies,  
 And with my juice his deadly weapons dyes.  
 The god of Gardens no Herb values more, 1370  
 Or courts, presents, or does himself devour.  
 This is the reason, hot Priapus! why  
 (As I suppose) you itch so constantly,  
 And that your arms still ready are to do  
 The wicked business that you put 'em to. 1375  
 Let him who love would shun from me remove,  
 Says Naso, that Hippocrates in love:  
 Yet to his table I was duly serv'd,  
 Who me, choice dainty! to himself reserv'd.  
 Prove that from love he ever would be free, 1380  
 More chaste than Lettuce I'll consent to be.  
 The praise of chastity let others keep,  
 And gratify the widow'd bed with sleep,  
 Action's my task, bold lovers to engage,  
 And to precipitate the sportive rage. 1385  
 Frankly I own my nature, I delight  
 In love unmix'd and restless appetite.  
 From curing maladies I seek no fame  
 (Tho' ev'n for that I might put in my claim)  
 Fuel I bring that pleasure may not cease: 1390  
 Take that from life, and life is a disease.

If thus you like me, make me your repast,  
 I would not gratify a Stoicks taste.  
 If morals gross and crude be your delight,  
 Marsh-weeds can best oblige your appetite. 1395  
 Go from my Book, foul bawd of Pleasure! go,  
 (For what have I, lewd Bawd! with thee to do?)  
 From these chaste Herbs and their chaste poet flee;  
 Us thou offend'st, and we 're ashamed of thee.  
 With such a prostitute to come in view, 1400  
 Chaste matrons think a sin and scandal too:  
 Blushes pale Waterlilies' cheeks o'erspread,  
 To be with thee in the same volume read,  
 Who still the sad remembrance does retain  
 How, when a nymph, in thee she gorg'd her bane;  
 That very night to Alcides' arms betray'd, 1406  
 Thro' thy deceitful force, the yielding maid.  
 While I but mention thee (who would believe?)  
 And but thy image in my thoughts conceive,  
 Thro' all my bones I felt thy lightning move, 1410  
 The sure forerunner of approaching Love.  
 With this, of old, he us'd t' attack my sense,  
 Before the dreadful fight he did commence:  
 But love and lust I now alike detest,  
 My Muse and mind with nobler themes possess'd. 1415  
 Lascivious Plant! some other poet find,  
 For Ovid's or Catullus' verse design'd,  
 For thou in mine shalt have no place at all,  
 Or in the list of pois'nous Herbs shalt fall.

'The flames of Lust of fuel have no need;      1420  
 His appetite without thy sauce can feed.  
 Love, in our very diet, finds his way,  
 And makes the guards that should defend betray.  
 Our other ills permit our Herbs to cure,  
 Venus! who plague enough in thee endure:      1425  
 'Those Plants which Nature made of sex devoid,  
 Improperly are in thy work employ'd :  
 Yet Venus, too, much skill'd in impious arts,      1428  
 'These foreign aids to her own use converts. [ply'd,  
 Who 'd think green Plants, with constant dew sup-  
 (Life's friends design'd) such mortal flame should hide?  
 What wonder, therefore, if, when monarchs feast,  
 Lust is of Luxury the constant guest ?  
 When he \* who with the herd on herbage fed,  
 Could find her lurking in the verdant bed.      1435

\* Pythagoras.

*End of the First Book.*

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# OF PLANTS.

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## BOOK II. OF HERBS.

*Translated by J. O.*

CYBELE's † holy mysteries now begin ;  
Hence, all you Males ! for you it is a sin  
One moment in this hallow'd place to stay,  
You gibing Males ! who no devotion pay :  
Into the female secrets do not pry, 5  
Or them at least pretend you do n't descry :  
'Tis rude that sex to inspect too narrowly,  
Whose outside with such beauty treats the eye.  
Auspicious glory of th' enlighten'd sky,  
More sacred than thy brother's deity, 10  
With thy whole horns, kind Luna ! favour me,  
And let thy crescent face look luckily.  
Thee many names and offices adorn ;  
By thy kind aid poor tender babes are born ‡ ;  
Thou easest women when their labour's hard, 15  
And the womb's vital gates you, Jana, guard,  
The menstruous courses you bring down, and them  
Changing, convert into a milky stream.

† This book treating only of female plants, is dedicated to Cybele, at whose mysteries no man ought to be present.

‡ The moon is called Lucina, the goddess of Midwifery ; and Jana, as the sun, Janus ; and Mena, as she is the governess of women's menstruous courses.

Women, unconstant as the sea, you bind  
 To rules; both flow according to thy mind. 20  
 Oh! may the rivulets of my fancy glide  
 By the same secret force which move the tide:  
 Be thou the midwife to my teeming brain,  
 And let it fruitful be, as free from pain.

It was the time when April decks the year, 25  
 And the glad fields in pompous garbs appear,  
 That the recruited Plants now leave their beds,  
 And at the Sun's command dare show their heads.  
 How pleas'd they are the heav'ns again to see!  
 And that from Winter's fetters they are free! 30  
 The world around, and sisters whom they love,  
 They view; such objects sure their smiles must move.  
 Straight their great work the diligent nation ply,  
 And bus'ness mind amidst their luxury.  
 Each one contends, with all her might and main, 35  
 Each day an higher verdant crown to gain;  
 Each one does leaves with beauteous flow'rs produce,  
 And hastens to be fit for human use.  
 Equipp'd, they make no stay, but, one and all,  
 Intent upon th' affair, a council call. 40

Each tribe (for there are many) as of old  
 Their custom was, a separate council hold.  
 They're near a thousand tribes; their minutes well  
 An hundred clerk-like tongues can scarcely tell;  
 Nor could I know them (for they don't reveal 45  
 Their sacred acts, but cautiously conceal)

Had not my Laurel told me (whose tribe's name  
 The Female's styl'd) which summon'd thither came;  
 The secrets of the house she open laid,  
 Telling how each Herb spoke, and what it said. 50  
 Ye gentle, florid part of humankind!  
 (To you and not to men I speak) pray mind  
 My words, and them most stedfastly believe,  
 Which from the Delphick Laurel you receive. 54  
 'Twas midnight (whilst the moon, at full, shone bright,  
 And her cheeks seem'd to swell with moisten'd light)  
 When on their loosen'd roots the Plants that grow  
 In th' Oxford Gardens did to council go,  
 And such, I mean, as succour women's pains;  
 Orpheus, you 'd think, had mov'd them by his strains.  
 They met upon a bed, neat, smooth, and round, 61  
 And softly sat in order on the ground.  
 Mugwort first took her place, (at that time she  
 The President of the Council chanc'd to be)  
 Birthwort, her predecessor in the chair, 65  
 Next sat, whose virtues breeding women share;  
 Then Baum, with smiles and pleasure in her face,  
 Without regard to dignity, took place;  
 Thyme, Sav'ry, Wormwood, which looks ruggedly,  
 Sparagus, Southernwood, both he and she, 70  
 And Crocus, too, glad still soft maids to cheer,  
 Once a sad lover, merry does appear;  
 And thou, Amaracus! who a trifling ill  
 Didst mourn, when thou the fragrant box didst spill



Of ointment in this place, now far more sweet 75  
 Than the occasion of thy death dost meet ;  
 There Lilies with red Peonies find a room,  
 And purple Violets the place perfume ;  
 Yea, noisome Devil's-turd, because she knows  
 Her worth, into that sweet Assembly goes ; 80  
 The milky Lettuce, too, does thither move,  
 And Waterlily, tho' a foe to love ;  
 Sweet Ladies-glove with stinking Horehound come,  
 And kind Germander, which relieves the womb ;  
 Poley and Calamint, which on mountains dwell, 85  
 But against frost and snow are guarded well ;  
 Next vital Sage, well join'd with wholesome Rue,  
 And Flower-de-luce, nam'd from its splendid hue ;  
 Then Hartwort (much more grateful to the deer  
 Than Dittany) with Wild-carots, enters there ; 90  
 Confound and Plantain, frugal Herbs are they,  
 Who all things keep safe under lock and key ;  
 And Masterwort, whose name dominion wears,  
 With her who an Angelick title bears ;  
 Lavender, Corn-rose, Pennyroyal fat, 95  
 And that which cats esteem so delicate ;  
 After awhile, slow-pac'd, with much ado,  
 Ground-pine, with her short legs, crept thither too ;  
 Behind the rest Camomile could not stay,  
 Thro' stones and craggy rocks she cut her way ; 100  
 From Spanish woods the wholesome Vett'ny came,  
 The only glory of the Vettons' name ;

Minerva's Plant did likewise thither hie,  
And was companion to Mercury;  
There scarlet Madder, too, a place did find, 105  
Drawing a train of its long root behind;  
Thither at last, too, Dittany did repair,  
Half-starv'd, and griev'd to leave the Cretan air;  
With her the bold strong Sowbread came along,  
And hundreds more, in short, to them did throng:  
Many, besides, from th' Indies cross'd the main, 111  
Plants that of our chill clime did much complain;  
But Oxford's fame thro' both the Indies told,  
Eas'd all their cares, and warm'd the nipping cold.  
The Pigmy and gigantick sons o' th' Wood 115  
Betwixt all these in equal spaces stood,  
Spreading their verdant glories round above,  
Which did delight and admiration move.  
The scarlet Oak, that worms for fruit brings forth,  
Which the Hesperian fruit exceed in worth, 120  
Was there, good women's maladies to ease,  
And sprains, which we as truly call disease;  
Her treacherously the Ivy does embrace,  
And kills the tree with kindness in her face;  
Hardly in nobler scarlet clad, the Rose, 125  
The envy of those stately berries grows;  
Near which the Birch her rigid arms extends,  
And Savin, which kind sinners much befriends;  
Next them the Beech, with limbs so strong and large,  
With the Bush purchas'd at so small a charge; 130

Nor did the golden Quince herself conceal,  
 Or Myrrh, whose wounds distemper'd mortals heal;  
 Lastly (ye Plants! whom I forget to name,  
 Excuse me) Juniper, too, thither came,  
 And Laurel, sacred to the sons of Fame: 135 }  
 Such rev'rend heads did the green Senate fill,  
 The night was calm, all things were hush'd and still;  
 Each Plant, with list'ning leaves, stood mute to hear  
 Their Pres'dent speak, and these her dictates were. 139

MUGWORT [THE PRESIDENT] BEGINS.

AFTER long cold, grave Matrons! in this place,  
 For the good of our's (I hope) and human race,  
 This sacred Garden we, whilst others sleep,  
 Bless'd April's sacred nights come her: to keep.  
 Our thanks to thee, great father-Sun! we pay,  
 And to thee, Luna! for thy nursing ray, 145 }  
 Who the bright witness art of what we say.  
 But the short moments of our liberty  
 (Who fetter'd at daybreak again must lie)  
 Let us improve, and our affairs attend,  
 Nor festal hours, like idle mortals, spend. 150  
 'Tis fit at this time we should truly live,  
 When winter us of half our life deprive.  
 Come then, from useful pains make no delay,  
 Winter will give you too much time to play.  
 How many foes Jove has to you assign'd, 155  
 And what a task you in the conquest find,

By numerous and great fatigues you 'ave try'd,  
 And to th' oppress'd kind aid have oft' supply'd.  
 You 're gen'rous, noble, Female Plants! nor ought  
 The glory of your sex cheap to be bought : 160  
 The selfsame battles you must wage again,  
 Which will as long as teeming wombs remain :  
 But that to war you may securer go,  
 'Tis fit the foe's and your own strength you know.  
 Call the bright Moon to witness what you say, 165  
 Whilst each such tributes to their country pay :  
 Let each one willingly both teach and learn,  
 Nor let that move their envy or their scorn.  
 And first, I think, upon the menstruous source,  
 My constant task, 't is fit we should discourse ; 170  
 From what orig'nal spring that Nilus goes,  
 Or by what influx it so oft' o'erflows ;  
 What will restrain, and what drive on, the tide,  
 And what goods or what mischiefs in it glide :  
 See you its secret mysteries disclose, 175  
 A thing so weighty 't is no shame to expose.  
 She spake, the rest began, and hotly all  
 (As scholars use) upon the bus'ness fall.

## PENNYROYAL.

FIRST Pennyroyal, to advance her fame,  
 (And from her mouth a grateful odour came) 180  
 Tells 'em, they say, how many ills that source  
 Threatens, whene'er it stops its purple course :

That foggy dulness in the limbs attends,  
 And under its own weight the body bends.  
 Things ne'er so pleasant once now will not please,  
 And life itself becomes a mere disease: 186  
 Ulcers and inflammations, too, it breeds,  
 And dreadful bloody vomiting succeeds.

The womb now lab'ring seems to strive for breath,  
 And the soul struggles with a shortliv'd death: 190  
 The lungs oppress'd hard respiration make,  
 And breathless coughs soon all the fabrick shake:  
 Yea, the proud foes the capitol, in time,  
 And all the mind's well-guarded towers, climb:  
 Hence watchful nights, but frightful dreams proceed,  
 And minds that suffer true, false evils breed. 196

Dropsy at last the wearied life o'erflows,  
 Which floating from its shipwreck'd vessel goes.  
 How oft', alas! poor, tender, blooming Maids!  
 (Before Love's pow'r their kinder hearts invades)  
 Does this sad malady with clouds o'ercast, 201  
 Which all the longing lover's passion blast?  
 The face looks green, the ruddy lips grow pale,  
 Like roses tinctur'd by a sulph'rous gale:  
 To ashes, coals, and lime, their appetite 205  
 (A loathsome treat) their stomach does invite:  
 But 'tis a sin to say the ladies eat  
 Such things; those are the vile distemper's meat.  
 Thus Pennyroyal spake, (more passionate  
 In words than human voice can ere relate) 210

At which, they say, the whole Assembly mov'd,  
 Wept o'er the loss of beauty once belov'd :  
 So that good company, when day returns,  
 The setting of the Moon, their mistress, mourns.  
 She told the means, too, by what secret aid      215  
 That conqu'ring ill did all the limbs invade ;  
 Thro' the womb's arteries, said she, it goes,  
 And unto all the noted pass'es flows ;  
 (Whether the womb's magnetick pow'r 's the cause,  
 As the whole body's floods the kidney draws,      220  
 Or that the Moon, the queen of fluid things,  
 Directs and rules that like the ocean's springs)  
 But if the gates it finds so fortify'd,  
 That the due current that way be deny'd,  
 It rages and it swells; the gross part stays,      225  
 And in the neighb'ring parts dire revels plays,  
 Whilst the more liquid parts does upward rise,  
 And into veins of purer nature flies :  
 It taints the rosy channels as it goes,  
 And all the soil 's corrupted where it flows:      230  
 The bane its journey thro' the *cava* takes,  
 And fierce attacks upon the liver makes,  
 And heart, whose right-side avenue it commands,  
 Whilst that for fear amaz'd and trembling stands;  
 But the left region so well-guarded seems,      235  
 That in her walls safe she herself esteems :  
 Nor stops it there, but on the lungs does seize,  
 Where drawing breath itself grows a disease ;

Thence thro' a small propontis carried down,  
 It makes the port, and takes the left-side town. 240  
 What will suffice that covetous disease,  
 Which all the heart's vast treasures cannot please?  
 But avarice still craves for more and more,  
 And if it all things do n't enjoy is poor.  
 Th' *aorta* its wild legions next engage, 245  
 Bless me! how uncontroll'd in that they rage!  
 The distant head and heel no safety knows,  
 Thro' ev'ry part th' unbounded victor flows;  
 But as the blood thro' all the body's us'd  
 To run, this plague thro' all the blood's diffus'd. 250  
 They all agreed; for none of them e'er doubt,  
 How life in purple circles wheels about:  
 That Plant they'd hiss out of their company,  
 Which Harvey's circulation should deny.

## DITTANY.

DITTANY, tho' cold winds her lips did close, 255  
 Put on her winter-gown, and up she rose;  
 For what can hinder Grecian Plants to be  
 Rhetorical, when they occasion see?  
 For Pennyroyal painting that disease,  
 Her nice and quainter fancy did not please. 260  
 She spake to what the other did omit,  
 And pleas'd herself with her own prating wit.  
 If this dire poison's force their duller eyes  
 Cann't see whilst in the body warm it lies,

Think with yourselves how it offends the sense, 265  
 When all alone (nay dead) if driven thence :  
 Let dogs or men by chance but taste of it,  
 (But on dogs rather let such mischiefs light)  
 Madness the tainted soul invades within,  
 And fordid leprosy roughcasts the skin ; 270  
 Whilst panting dogs quite raving mad appear,  
 And thirst for water, but the water fear.  
 It stabs an half-man by abortive birth,  
 And from the womb (Oh, horrid !) drags it forth.  
 Now fancy children born of such base blood, 275  
 Which gives the embryo poison 'stead of food :  
 Nor is this all ; for corn and vines, too, know  
 Its baneful force, by which fields barren grow.  
 A tree, once us'd to bear, its fruit denies ;  
 If young it fades, and if new-born it dies. 280  
 Witness the Ivies ; ('t is no shame) to you  
 What good does their med'cinal virtue do ?  
 'Thee also, Rue ! who all things dost o'ercome,  
 From this strong venom must receive thy doom.  
 Plants dry and yellow, as in autumn, grow, 285  
 And Herbs as if they had the jaundice show.  
 Offended bees with one small touch it drives  
 (Tho' murm'ring to be exil'd) from their hives :  
 The wretched creatures leave their golden store,  
 And sweet abodes, which they must see no more :  
 Nor do strong vats their vines within defend, 290  
 Which in their very youth draw to their end :



But I name things of little eminence ;  
 The warlike sword itself makes no defence ;  
 And metals, which so oft' have won the field, 295  
 To this effeminate distemper yield.  
 For frequent bloodshed, blood now vengeance takes,  
 And mortal wounds ev'n in the weapons makes.  
 Beauty, the thing for which we women love,  
 Th' occasion of keen swords does often prove ; 300  
 Let then the female-plague those swords rebate,  
 Yea, ev'n the mem'ry of what 's so ingrate.  
 Maids with proud thoughts, alas! themselves deceive,  
 Whilst each herself a goddess does believe ;  
 Like tyrants they misuse the pow'r they have, 305  
 And make their very worshipper their slave :  
 But if they truly would consider things,  
 And think what filth each month returning brings,  
 If they their cheating glasses then would mind,  
 (Which now they think so faithful and so kind) }  
 How beautiful they are they needs must find. 311 }  
 The smooth corrupter of their looks they taint,  
 Which long and certain signs at that time paint ;  
 Each maid in that still suffers the disgrace  
 Of being pois'ner to her own sweet face. 315  
 What an unnatural distemper 's this,  
 Which ev'n to their own shadows mortal is ?  
 Thus she; and as much more she was about  
 To say, the whole Assembly gave a shout :

Thro' all the boughs and all the leaves around 320  
 There went an angry, loud, and murm'ring, sound;  
 For they of women's honour tender are,  
 Tho' she thereof had seem'd to take no care.

PLANTAIN; OR, WAYBREAD\*.

NEXT Waybread rose, propt by her seven nerves,  
 Who th' honour of a noble house preserves. 325  
 Her nature is astringent, which great hate  
 Of her among blood-letters does create.  
 But her no quarrels more than words engage,  
 Nor does she ever, like mad mortals, rage.  
 I envy not the praises which to you, 330  
 Ye num'rous race of Leachy kind! are due:  
 The purple tyrant wisely you expel,  
 And banishing such murdering blood do well;  
 Proudly he o'er the vital spirits reigns,  
 And cruelly insults in all the veins: 335  
 Arms he of dreadful poison bears about,  
 And leads of maladies a mighty rout.  
 But why should you such vain additions make,  
 And ills already great for greater take?  
 Whilst you so tragically paint the foe, 340  
 More dreadful, but less credible they grow.  
 He lessens, that would raise an hero's fame  
 By lies; false praises cloud a glorious name.

\* The many virtues of Plantain are to be read in Pliny and Fernelius. The old physician Thémison wrote a whole volume concerning them.

One Geryon flew, (a mighty fear) and he  
 Three bodies had; in this I can't agree; 345  
 You any monster easily subdue,  
 But I scarce think such monstrous lies are true.  
 Greek poets, Ditt'ny! you who oft' have read,  
 Keep up their art of lying tho' they 're dead:  
 But what their countrymen once said of you 350  
 Pray mind it, for I fear 't is very true.  
 Let that which blasts the corn a goddess be,  
 I cannot think her courses e'er could be  
 So hurtful to the grain: and then, I'm sure,  
 A vat of lusty wine is more secure 355  
 From danger, where a thousand damsels sit,  
 Than if one drunken beldam come at it.  
 None, 'cause a taste of that rank blood they 'ave had,  
 But for the place from whence it comes run mad.  
 Madness of dogs most certainly it cures, 360  
 As thy own author Pliny us assures.  
 Whether by women's touch the bee's annoy'd  
 I cannot tell; but maids should bees avoid.  
 Rue ought to let the fatal blood remain  
 Within its vessel, and ne'er force the vein, 365 }  
 If for her pains nought but her death she gain.  
 Thou, Ivy! too, more careful ought'st to be  
 Both of thyself and thy great deity.  
 But when she says swords' edges it rebates,  
 I could rejoice, methinks, and bless the Fates, 370 }  
 If that be all the mischief it creates.

I only wish a beauty might remain  
 Perfect, till that the looking-glass would stain.  
 But I waste time. — — By this sufficiently  
 These Grecian wonders are o'erthrown, that I 375 }  
 No woman see of this dread poison die.

At which the Bramble rose, (whose fluent tongue  
 With thorny sharpness arm'd is neatly hung)  
 And said, All serpents have the gift to be,  
 As much as these, from their own venom free ; 380  
 Nor would the basilisk, whose baneful eye  
 All other kills, by his own image die.

This mov'd 'em, and they quaver'd with a smile,  
 Some wind you would have thought pass'd by the while ;  
 For by that Cynick shrub great freedom 's shown,  
 Which he by constant use has made his own. 386

Waybread at this took pet, displeas'd that she  
 By such an one should interrupted be,  
 And sat her down ; when straight before 'em all  
 These words the Rose from her fair lips let fall, 390  
 Whilst modest blushes beautify'd her face,  
 Like those in spring that blooming flowers grace.

### THE ROSE.

You, Cretan Dittany ! who such poisons mix  
 (For on my kinsman Wild-rose I'll not fix)  
 With women's blood, see what a sprightly grace 395  
 And ardent scarlet decks their lovely face !

No flower, no, not Flora's self to fight  
 Or touch than them appears more soft and white ;  
 But at the same time also take a view  
 Of man's rough prickly limbs and rusty hue :      400  
 You'll say with Butchers' broom sweet Violets grow,  
 And mourn that Lilies should with Brambles go :  
 Then let their eyes and reason testify  
 Whether pure veins their purer limbs supply.  
 You cannot say that dying-vat is bad      405  
 From whence a florid colour may be had :  
 But this, you'll say, committed some offence,  
 Or the just Moon had never driv'n it thence.  
 No : you're mistaken ; it has done no wrong,  
 But all the fault lies in its copious throng :      410  
 'Tis therefore from the rest, by the great law  
 Of publick safety, order'd to withdraw.  
 So, if a nation to such numbers rise,  
 That them their native country cann't suffice,  
 To seek new lands some part of them are sent,      415  
 And suffer, for their country, banishment.  
 But why does womankind so much abound ;  
 Oh ! think not Nature e'er was lavish found :  
 Nor does she lay up riches to the end  
 (Like prodigals) she more may have to spend.      420  
 Whate'er she does is good ; what then remains ?  
 No room for doubt, the thing itself explains.  
 This bloody vintage, see, lasts all the year,  
 And the fresh chyle duly does life repair :

The presses still with juice swell to the brink, 425  
 Of which their fill the hot male-bodies drink ;  
 But temperate women seem to kiss the cup,  
 Nor does their heat suck all the liquor up.  
 A vital treasure for great uses she  
 Lays up, lest Nature should a bankrupt be ; 430  
 Lest both the parents' shares of mingled love  
 Too little to beget a child should prove ;  
 Unless the mother some addition made,  
 To perfect the design they both had laid ;  
 One part of it is red, the other white as snow, 435  
 And both from springs of the same colour flow :  
 One wood, you'd think, and th' other stones did yield,  
 Whilst out of both a living house they build :  
 The former of such poisoning arts accus'd,  
 In which you fancy venom is infus'd, 440  
 (Perhaps with this the fatal robe was dy'd  
 Which Hercules had sent him from his bride)  
 The tender embryo's body does compose,  
 And for ten months to kind nutrition goes.  
 Nor is this all, but on the mother's breast 445  
 Again it meets the little infant guest ;  
 Then chang'd it comes both in its hue and course,  
 Like Arethusa thro' a secret source :  
 Then from the paps it flows in double tides,  
 Far whiter than the banks in which it glides. 450  
 The Golden Age, of old, such rivers drank,  
 That sprang from dugs of ev'ry happy bank.

The candour and simplicity of men  
 Deserv'd the milky food of th' infants then.  
 How just and prudent is Dame Nature's care! 455  
 Who for each age does proper food prepare?  
 Before the liver's form'd, the mother's blood  
 Supplies the babe with necessary food;  
 And when to work the novice Heat first goes,  
 In its new shop, and scarce its bus'ness knows, 460  
 Its first employment is in scarlet-grain  
 (A childish task for learners) milk to stain;  
 At last in ev'ry kind its skill it tries,  
 And spends itself in curiosities.  
 Now say it venom in the members breeds, 465  
 With which her child the careful mother feeds.  
 Their bane to infants cruel stepdames give,  
 Whilst mothers suck from better springs derive.  
 But how, you'll say, does that which infants love  
 So prejudicial to their mothers prove? 470  
 'Tis lively whilst i' th' native womb it lies,  
 But by the veins flung out, decays and dies;  
 Then shipwreck'd on the neighb'ring shore it lies,  
 And gasping wishes for its obsequies;  
 This being deny'd, new strength it does recover, 475  
 And flies in vapours all the body over.  
 But what first taste fruits from the tree receive,  
 When rotten they no natural sign can give:  
 So in pure seed the life's white mansion stands,  
 But surly Death corrupted seed commands. 480

Of Life Death's no good witness; do not think  
A living man can like a carcass stink.

But you a running stream (that duly flows,  
And no corruption by long-standing knows)  
To be as hurtful in their nature hold, 485

As if from some corrupted springs they roll'd:  
But now do you go on, (for much you know,  
Part false, I think, part very true) and show  
If any hurtful seeds you can descry.

In human bodies, (where they often lie) 490  
How quickly Nature's orders they obey,  
When to the blood the floodgates once give way.

The courses this, perhaps, may putrify,

'Tis dangerous to keep bad company.

Is this the blood's fault? I'm no witch, I hope, 495  
Tho' with my juice a man should poison tope.

She spake, and with ambrosial odours clos'd

Her speech, which many there, they say, oppos'd.

At last the Laurel's thoughts they all desir'd;

Th' oracular Laurel's words they all admir'd. 500

### LAUREL.

THAT fate which frequently attends on all  
Great men, does thee, egregious Blood! befall.  
Some praise what others too much disapprove,  
Excessive in their hatred as their love.

This man in prej'dice, that in favour lies, 505

Whilst to their ears a various rumour flies.



Hear Dittany; she says each woman's known  
 The moon to bring each month with poisons down.  
 Nor need we mingle Herbs or charms, each one  
 Medea proves in her own blood alone. 510  
 Yet the fair Rose, if all be true she 'as said,  
 Each woman has in that a goddess made :  
 From thence, she says, life spins its purple thread,  
 And tells you how the half-form'd embryo 's fed.  
 But if my dear Apollo be not unkind, 515  
 Nor I in vain his sacred temples bind,  
 Such blood, nor form, nor nourishment, supplies,  
 And so that triumphs in false victories.  
 The many reasons here I need not tell  
 Which me induce, this one will serve as well : 520  
 Woman 's the only animal we know  
 Whose veins with such immoderate courses flow :  
 Yet every beast produces young, we see,  
 And outdoes mankind in fertility.  
 How many do small mice at one time breed ! 525  
 Scorning the product of the Trojan steed,  
 With what a bulk does your vast el'phant come !  
 She seems to have a castle in her womb.  
 Thy circuits, Luna ! conies almost tell,  
 By kindling, near like thee their bellies swell ; 530  
 And yet their young no bank of blood maintains,  
 Or nourishment that flows from gaping veins :  
 For when i' th' amorous war a couple vies,  
 A living spark from the male's body flies,

Which the womb's thirsty jaws, when they begin 535  
 To feel and taste, immediately suck in  
 Into recesses, which so turn and wind,  
 That them dissecters' eyes can hardly find:  
 In the same chambers part o' th' female life  
 Keeps a brisk virgin, fit to make a wife; 540  
 Them Venus joins, and with connubial love  
 In mingled flames they both begin to move.  
 There redness, caus'd by motion, you may see,  
 And blood, the sign of lost virginity.  
 Of their invention, blood, they 're mighty glad, 545  
 And to inventions easy 't is to add:  
 The smallest spark 't is easy to augment  
 If you can get it proper nutriment.  
 You need not introduce new flames besides,  
 Th' elixir by this touch rich store provides. 550  
 All fires, (provide them fuel) think it shame  
 To yield to Vesta's never-dying flame.  
 Thus the first generous drop of blood is bred,  
 Which proudly scorns hereafter to be fed.  
 With the seed's native white at first 't is fill'd, 555  
 And takes delight with its own stock to build;  
 But when that fails, then life grows burdensome,  
 And aid it wisely borrows from the womb;  
 Herself the stuff she borrows purifies,  
 And of a rosy scarlet colour dyes; 560  
 From whom the womb's full paps, with thirsty lips  
 Into its veiny mouths it daily sips.

Look where a child's new-born, how soon it goes,  
 And that food swallows which of old it knows:  
 Kindly it plays and smiles upon the breast,      565  
 O'erjoy'd again to find its former feast.  
 Shall Nature glut her tender young with blood?  
 No; that can't be their elemental food;  
 That, sure, would make them savage, were it so,  
 And all mankind fierce Cannibals would grow:      570  
 I Nero's acts could hardly then dispraise,  
 Nor would Orestes' fury wonder raise,  
 If mother's blood for wretched infants first  
 By Heav'n's design'd, to satisfy their thirst.  
 Yet still that flux's cause we do n't reveal,      575  
 Which does so cautiously its spring conceal.  
 A female brute whate'er her womb contains  
 Cherishes, yet no moon dissolves her veins.  
 Some qual'ty then we for the cause must find  
 Which is peculiar to the female kind.      580  
 This is the only thing which I can tell,  
 That man in form and softness they excel.  
 No horse a mare outdoes, nor bull a cow,  
 If thro' this lo, thro' that Jove may low.  
 The lions savage are both he and she,      585  
 And in their aspect equally agree.  
 The she is no neater lick'd than rough he-bears,  
 Nor fitter to adorn the starry spheres.  
 She-tigers have not than males more spotted charms,  
 And sows are clean as boars whom thunder arms.      590

No painted bird for want of feathers scorns  
 Her mate, but Heav'n them both alike adorns.  
 The swans (who are so downy, soft, and white)  
 Leda can scarce distinguish by the sight.  
 In fishes you no difference can see, 595  
 Both in the glittering of their scales agree:  
 Venus in them, arm'd by their naked sex,  
 The darts of beauty needed not t' annex:  
 In them no killing eyes the conquest gain,  
 Their smell alone their triumphs can maintain. 600  
 But human race in flames more bright are try'd,  
 By reason and resplendent heat supply'd.  
 Nor is fruition their original,  
 (A paltry, shortliv'd joy) oh, may they all  
 Perish who that alone true pleasure call. 605 }  
 Kind Nature beauty has on maids bestow'd,  
 And with a thousand charms all o'er endow'd;  
 Men she with golden fetters chose to bind,  
 And with sweet force their roving souls confin'd;  
 Nor women made for bestial delight, 610  
 But with chaste pleasure, too, to rape the sight:  
 Hence all that blood which after pressing squeeze  
 Out of the grosser chyle, as dregs or lees,  
 And that which on the body and the chin  
 With dusky clouds o'ercasts the hairy skin, 615  
 From their fair bodies constantly she drains,  
 And Luna her commission for 't obtains:

But if those slimy floods, by chance suppress'd,  
 Excessive heats to nutriment digest,  
 Manlike in time the women's cheeks become, 620  
 And they, poor Iphis! undergo thy doom.  
 So Phaëthusa, once so smooth and fair,  
 Wonder'd to feel her face o'ergrown with hair;  
 Her hand she often blam'd, and for a glass  
 She call'd, to look how 't was; but there, alas! 625  
 A bearded chin and lips she found, and then,  
 Blaming the glass, felt with her hands agen:  
 Long looking, she her own strange visage fear'd,  
 And started when an unknown voice she heard.  
 Thus and much more (but who can all relate) 630  
 Apollo's Laurel did expatiate:  
 Hence to the wonders of the teeming bed  
 The way itself their grave discourses led:  
 Then Birthwort, Juno's Plant, the court commands  
 To speak, who women lends her midwife hands. 635  
 Willing enough to talk, her stalk she rais'd,  
 And her own virtues very boldly prais'd.

#### BIRTHWORT.

GREEN berries I, and seed, and flowers, bear;  
 And Patroness o' th' Womb's my character:  
 But deeper yet my great perfection lies, 640  
 For as my chiefest fruit my root I prize.  
 This Nature did with the womb's figure seal,  
 Nor suffer'd me its virtues to conceal:

Thence am I call'd Earth's Apple; such a one  
 As in th' Hesperian gardens there are none. 645  
 Had this, fair Atalanta! then been thrown  
 Before you, when you ran, ( I know you 'll own)  
 Now you are married, it has so sweet a face,  
 You for this sooner would have slack'd your pace,  
 Than that for which you lost your maiden race. }  
 Hence in her own embraces mother-Earth 651 }  
 Retains and hugs it where she gave it birth,  
 Nor trusts dull trees with things of so much worth. }  
 Easing all births, 't is I the wonder prove  
 O' th' earth our universal parents' love. 655  
 That poet was no fool, nor did he lie,  
 Who said each Herb could show a Deity,  
 Nor should we Egypt's piety despise,  
 Which to green gods paid daily sacrifice.  
 Rome! why dost jeer? " They are in gardens born,  
 " And vegetable gods the fields adorn." 661  
 What 's Ceres else but corn, and Bacchus vines?  
 And every holy plain with godheads shines.  
 And I Lucina am; for I make way,  
 And life's straight folding-doors wide open lay. 665  
 Oh! pardon, Luna! what I rashly spoke,  
 That from my lips such impious words have broke.  
 In me, in me, Lucina! you remain,  
 And in disguise a goddess I contain;  
 For in my root's small circle you enclose 670  
 Part of those virtues which your wisdom knows.

Triumphant conquests over Death I make ;  
 Arms from myself, but power from thee, I take :  
 O'erseer o' th' ways, the body's roads I clear,  
 And streets, as I that city's edile were. 675  
 Straight passages I widen, stops remove,  
 And every obstacle down headlong shove :  
 The soul and her attendants nothing stays,  
 But they may freely come and go their ways.  
 I also dry each sink and fenny flood, 680  
 Lest the swift messengers should stick i' th' mud.  
 But to my stricter charge committed is  
 The pleasant, sacred, way that leads to bliss.  
 When dawning Life Cimmerian night would leave,  
 And its relation, Day's bright rays, perceive, 685  
 I keep Death off the womb's straight passages,  
 That them the watchful foe can ne'er possess.  
 You 'd wonder (for great Nature, when she shows  
 Her greatest wonders, nothing greater does)  
 Which way the narrow womb, so void of pain, 690  
 Such an unwieldy weight could e'er contain ;  
 How such a bulk, forc'd from its native place,  
 Thro' such a narrow avenue should pass.  
 When such cross motions teeming wombs attain,  
 First to dilate, then fold themselves again ; 695  
 What knots unties, and solid bones divides,  
 And what again unites the distant sides ;  
 But this I cannot do, nor all the earth,  
 Wherever pow'rful Plants receive their birth.

'Tis true, both I and you, my Sisters! share 700  
In this great work, and humble handmaids are;  
But God, you know, performs the chiefest part;  
This work is fit for the Almighty art:  
He to the growing embryo bids the womb  
Extend, and bids the limbs for that make room: 705  
He parts the meeting rocks, and with his hand  
They gently forth at open order stand.  
Mean-time th' industrious infant, loath to stay,  
Struggles, and with his head would make its way;  
Whilst the tormented labouring wretch would fain  
Be eas'd, both of her burden and her pain. 710  
Them, too, my piercing heat both instigates,  
And the inclining quarters separates.  
Sometimes within his mothers fatal womb,  
Before he 's born, the infant finds his tomb. 715  
Life from her native soil Death's terrors chase,  
Who fertile is herself in such a place.  
Th' included carcass breathes forth dire perfumes,  
And its own grave the buried corpse consumes.  
Strange! the preposterous child's his mother's death,  
And, dead, deprives his living tomb of breath. 720  
From that sad fate, ye Gods! chaste women guard,  
And let it be adultery's reward.  
As far as in me lies I save the tree,  
And take the rotten thing away with me. 725  
The goods to drown 't is the best way I think,  
Left in a storm the ship and all should sink.



Rash infants often make escapes, unbind  
 Their cords, and leave their luggage all behind :  
 Their thicker coats and thinner shirts they leave, 730  
 And that sweet cake where they their food receive.  
 Lucina twice poor women then implore,  
 Their throes return, altho' the birth be o'er.  
 Here to the womb again my aid I lend,  
 And hard as well as noisome work attend. 735  
 What I to cleanse the passage undergo  
 You wot, but let no man, I pray you, know ;  
 For if he do, 't will Cupid's power impair,  
 Nor will he such an awe o'er mortals bear.  
 But tho' in me a secret virtue lie, 740  
 Of pulling darts from deepest wounds, yet I  
 Thy pleasant darts, kind Cupid! never strove  
 To draw; that me no friend to th' womb would prove.  
 In me one virtue I myself admire,  
 (Ah! who can know themselves as they desire) 745  
 For 't is a riddle; wherefore I would know  
 How I so oft' have done the thing I do :  
 For tho' I life to human creatures give,  
 Yet if he eats of me no fish can live ;  
 As soon as me they taste, away they fly 750  
 Under the water, and in silence die.  
 What may the cause of this strange quarrel be ?  
 I know them not, nor have they injur'd me :  
 No animals than these more fruitful prove,  
 Whom yet I hate, tho' fruitfulness I love. 755

Th' effect is plain and easy to be found,  
But deep the cause lies rooted under ground.

### THE MASTICK TREE.

THEN Chian Mastick thus began. Said she,  
This suits not with this opportunity.  
To fishes, Sister, do whate'er you please,      760  
Depopulate and poison all the sea;  
This let that Herb beware, who back again  
Made Glaucus' fishes bounce into the main,  
Which with new forms the wat'ry world supplies,  
And changes men into sea-deities.      765  
But these are trifles; since curs'd Savin here  
Dares in a throng of pious Plants appear,  
She who the altars of the womb profanes,  
And deep in blood that living temple stains;  
Impatient to be wicked, she destroys      770  
The naked hopes of thousand future boys.  
'Tis one of War's extreme and greatest harms  
To snatch an infant from his mother's arms;  
But here the womb (oh, strange!) close shut and barr'd,  
The mother's very bowels are no guard.      775  
Whilst poisons only in a civil rage,  
And ling'ring ills the step-dames' hands engage,  
Oh! simple Colchis, rude and ignorant,  
Who the new arts of wickedness dost want!  
Medea, Savin knows a better way      780  
Than thy Medea-children to destroy.

Thou, Progne! know 'st not how revenge to take;  
 Let Itys live; thy stay amends will make.  
 Lie with thy husband, tho' against thy will,  
 Let thy swell'd womb with hopes fierce Tereus fill:  
 When you are ripe for hate, let Savin come, 786  
 And dress the fatal banquet in your womb;  
 The reeking bits let thy curs'd husband take,  
 And meat of thine and his own bowels make.  
 Abortion caus'd for spite 's a generous crime, 790  
 Th' effect of pleasure at the present time;  
 Officious Savin is at the expense  
 Of so much wit and so much diligence  
 To make the lewdest whore most chaste appear,  
 That of her crimes no token she may wear. 795  
 To make her lechery frugal, and provide  
 That thy apartment, Lust! be not made too wide,  
 The wrinkles from her belly to remove,  
 Which with disgrace may her a mother prove,  
 If men should all conspire with such a Plant, 800  
 The whole world soon inhabitants would want;  
 You then the brutes alone in vain would see,  
 And no employment for your art would be.  
 But you, who snatch the rapid wheeling days,  
 And Fate beguile with art and sweet delays; 805  
 You verdant Constellations here below,  
 To whom their birth and fate all mortals owe;  
 Do you take care this tree-like hag to burn,  
 Who makes the womb the infant's living urn:

Let Nature's mortal foe receive her doom, 810  
 And with moist Laurel purge the tainted room:  
 Or let her live in Crete, her native home,  
 And with her virtue's purge Pasiphae's womb:  
 There two miscarriages she might have made  
 At once; oh! prize now never to be had! 815  
 But I suppose she never would have torn,  
 Or kept that hopeful monster from being born;  
 For seven boys, whose death to her was dear,  
 That half-man was to swallow ev'ry year.  
 Haste, Savin! home to Crete; we won't complain 820  
 Tho' Ditt'ny, too, with thee return again.

At this they were divided, and the sound  
 Of various murmurs flew the court around;  
 Whilst sharpen'd leaves did Savin's anger show,  
 As when a lion bristles at his foe: 825  
 Those three degrees of heat which she before  
 From Nature had, her anger now made four.

## S A V I N.

THOU wretched Shrub! (in passionate tones) said she,  
 Dost thou pretend to be my enemy?  
 Dost thou, a Plant which thro' the world is known  
 Disparage? All mankind my virtues own, 830  
 Whilst thou for hollow teeth a med'cine art,  
 And scarcely bear'st in barbers' shops a part.  
 Go, hang thy table up, to show thy vows,  
 And with thy trophies load thy bending boughs; 835

Among the monuments of thy chivalry,  
 The greatest some old rotten tooth will be.  
 What ? cause thy tears stops weeping rheum, and lays  
 A dam which currents of defluction stays,  
 Dost think thy force can keep the womb so right,  
 As to restrain conception's liquid flight ? 841  
 No, sure ; but thou by cheats a name hast fought,  
 And wouldst, tho' vile thou art, too dear be bought.  
 By false pretences you on Fame impose,  
 But I the truth of what I am disclose. 845  
 Children, I own, I from the belly wrest ;  
 Go now, of my confession make your best.  
 I own, I say, nor canst thou for thy heart,  
 Tho' thou more tender than the mother wert, }  
 Prevent me with thy tears, or all thy art. 850 }  
 Thee let the pregnant mother eat, and fence  
 With thee her womb, with pitch and frankincense ;  
 A loadstone, too, about her let her bear :  
 (That, I suppose, does thy great virtues wear)  
 For that, we know, fix'd to their native place, 855  
 Retains the iron-seeds of human race\* :  
 Let emeralds and coral her adorn,  
 And many jaspers on her fingers worn ;  
 With diamonds and pearl, child of a shell,  
 Whose fish herself and that secures so well ; 860  
 But, above all, let her the eagle's stone  
 Carry, and two of them, not only one ;

\* Sennertus, and other physicians, recommended these stones to be held in the hand, or otherwise applied, to those who fear abortion.

For nothing strengthens Nature more than that,  
 Nothing the womb does more corroborate;  
 Let her do all, yet all shall prove in vain, 865  
 If once access to her my juices gain.  
 I own it, nor will I ungrateful be  
 To bounteous Nature, lest I anger thee,  
 Tho' thou hast done thy worst to anger me. }  
 'Tis Nature's gift, whose wisdom I esteem 870  
 Much more than thine, tho' thou a Cato seem.  
 Into the womb by stealth I never creep,  
 Nor force myself on women whilst they sleep:  
 I'd rather far, untouch'd, uncropp'd, be seen  
 In gardens always growing, fresh and green. 875  
 I'm gather'd, pounded, and th' untimely blow  
 Must give, which I myself first undergo.  
 You justly blame Medea, but, for shame,  
 The guiltless knife she cut with do not blame.  
 The list'ning trees will think thee drunk with wine,  
 If thou of drunkenness accuse the vine. 881  
 Nor this bare pow'r do I to Heaven owe,  
 Which greater virtues did on me bestow;  
 For I the courses and the afterbirth,  
 With the dead member's deadly weight, bring forth.  
 Poor infants from their native gaol I free, 886  
 And with astonish'd eyes the sun they see.  
 But nothing can they find worth so much pain,  
 And would return into the dark again:  
 They wish my fatal draught had come before, 890  
 Ere the great work of life was yet quite o'er.

That which you call a crime I own to be,  
 But you must lay it on men, and not on me.  
 Ah! what at first would tender infants give  
 (When newly form'd they scarce began to live) 895  
 For this, if possibly they could but know,  
 Thro' what a passage they must after go?  
 Ah! why did Heav'n (with rev'rence let me say)  
 Into this world make such a narrow way?  
 You'd think the child by his pains to heav'n should go,  
 Whilst he thro' pain is born to a world of wo. 900  
 Thro' deadly strugglings he receives his breath,  
 And pangs i' th' birth resemble those of death.  
 Mothers the name of mothers dearly buy,  
 And purchase pleasure at a rate too high. 905  
 But thou, childbearing Woman! who no ease  
 Canst find. (tormented with a dear disease)  
 Whose tortur'd bowels that sweet viper gnaws,  
 (That living burden, of thy rack the cause)  
 Take but my leaves, with speed their virtue try, 910  
 (In them, believe me, sov'reign juices lie)  
 Thy barriers they by force soon open lay,  
 And out o' th' world 't is scarce a wider way.  
 The infant ripe, drops from the bows, and cries,  
 The whilst his half-dead mother silent lies; 915  
 But hearing him, she soon forgets her pain,  
 And thinks to do that pleasant trick again.  
 But thou, on whom the silver Moon's moist rays  
 (For the womb's night its Lady-moon obeys)

No influence have; I charge thee do not take 920  
 My leaves, but haste, tho' loaded, from 'em make.  
 Down from the trees by my force shaken, all  
 The fruits, tho' ne'er so green and four, fall :  
 (This I foretel you, lest, when you 're aggriev'd,  
 You then should say by me you are deceiv'd) 925  
 For innocent girls sin sore against their will,  
 None ever wish'd her womb a child might fill.  
 Yet if I were not in the world, they would  
 Incline to do the fact, but never could.  
 But many other Plants the same can do, 930  
 Wherefore if banishment you think my due,  
 Companions in it I shall have I know,  
 And into Crete a troop of us shall go.  
 Thou, Myrrh ! for one shalt go, who heretofore  
 For lewdness punish'd, now deserv'st the more: 935  
 But, thou, tho' lewd, didst not prevent the birth\*,  
 Tho' 't was a crime to bring the infant forth;  
 And All-heal too, who Death affrights, must pack,  
 With Galbanum and Gum-armoniack;  
 And Benzoin, to Cyrenians never sold, 940  
 Unless they brought the sweeter smell of gold :  
 Ground-pine and Saffron, too, will exiles prove,  
 Saffron, once Crocus, yellow-dy'd by Love ;  
 Madder and Coloquintida with me,  
 And Dragon too, the Cretan shore must see ; 945  
 And Sowbread too, whose secret darts are found  
 Childbearing women distantly to wound ;

\* Plants that procure abortion.



And Rue, as noble a Plant as any is here,  
 Physick to other things, is poison there. 949  
 What should I name the rest? we make a throng;  
 Thou, Birthwort! too, with us must troop along;  
 Nor must you, President! behind us stay,  
 Rise then, and into exile come away.  
 She ended with great favour and applause, 954  
 And there's no doubt but she obtain'd her cause.  
 The Mugwort next began, whose awful face  
 Check'd all their stirs, and silence fill'd the place.

MUGWORT [THE PRESIDENT.]

If the Green nation, Sister! banish thee,  
 I'll go along, and bear thee company:  
 If we for women's faults must bear disgrace, 960  
 We, the Echolics\*, are a wretched race.  
 On her head let it (if a woman shall  
 To her own bowels prove inhuman) fall, }  
 Not part of death's sad penalties, but all. }  
 Why are we sent for at untimely hours; 965  
 That day when lucky Juno † comes is ours,  
 She's wicked, and deserves the worst of fates,  
 Who to ill ends that time anticipates;  
 For the admitted juice knows no delay,  
 But torpid as it is will force its way: 970  
 Nor is it hard a fabrick to confound,  
 Ill fix'd within itself, or to the ground.

\* Echolics. *i. e.* such medicines as bring away dead children, or cause abortion.

† The goddess of Childbearing.



A ship well tackled, which the winds may scorn,  
 Ill rigg'd, away by ev'ry gust is borne.  
 The elements of life what cann't o'erthrow? 975  
 No wonder, life itself's an empty show.  
 Sometimes it smells a candle's snuff and dies\*;  
 The weaker fume before the stronger flies.  
 Let Cæsar round the globe with his Eagles fly,  
 And grieve with Jove to share equality; 980  
 Yet what a trifle might have been his death,  
 Preventing all his triumphs with his breath?  
 One farthing candle, by its dying flame,  
 Would have depriv'd the world of his great name;  
 Nor had we had such numerous supplies 985  
 Of mighty lords and new-found deities.  
 Thou, Alexander! too, might'st so have dy'd,  
 (How well the world that smell had gratify'd!)  
 Thou! who, a petty king of th' universe, 989  
 Thought'st with thyself alone thou did converse;  
 Yea, the same chance might have remov'd from us  
 Both thee, Jove's son, and thy Bucephalus,  
 And if thy groom † his candle out had slept,  
 Bucephala he from being built had kept.  
 So slight a stink you 'd scarce think this could do,  
 Unless the niceness of the womb you knew: 996  
 How shy it is of an ungrateful smell,  
 You by its secret coyness know full well.

\* The smell of a candle's snuff, it is said, will make women miscarry.

† The stink of the snuff of a candle is said also to cause abortion in mares.

(But that 's no prudence in it, since that place  
For pleasure no good situation has.) 1000

But greedily sweet things it meets half way,  
And into its own bosom does convey :

The secret cause of which effect to find  
Is hard, nor have the learned it assign'd.

Let 's see if any thing farther we can say ; 1005

'The night grows late and now 't is toward day,

Wherefore a thousand wonders that remain

Concerning childbirth, us may entertain

I' th' next Assembly, when we meet again. }

You, Myrrh ! who from a line of monarchs came, 1010

The glory of their angry fathers' name,

Sacred and grateful to the gods, again

A virgin, and shalt always so remain ;

You know the secrets of the female kind,

And what you know, I hope, can call to mind : 1015

Then, surely, you the nature of a smell,

Among rich odours born, must clearly tell :

Besides, when formerly their reason strove,

Weak as it was, to cope with conqu'ring Love,

You in the middle of the fight would fall, 1020

'They say, and lie in fits hysterical.

Come, then, let 's hear what you at last can say :

Speak, modest Myrrh ! why do you so delay ?

Why do the tears run down thy bark so fast ?

Thou need'st not blush for faults so long time past :

Ah ! happy faults, that can such tears produce, 1026

Which to the world are of such sov'reign use.

No woman e'er deserv'd, before this time,  
So much for virtue as thou for a crime. 1029

## M Y R R H.

At last when Myrrh had wip'd her od'rous tears,  
Putting aside her leaves, her face and head she rears:  
Then she began, but blush'd and stopp'd anon,  
Nor could she be entreated to go on.  
So a dry pump at first will hardly go,  
From whence a river by and by will flow. 1035  
'Tis known the female tribe, of all that live,  
Above the rest is far more talkative,  
And that a Plant, who was a maid before,  
Speaks faster much than all the rest, and more.  
Her story, therefore, gently she begins, 1040  
And with her art upon the audience wins.  
Her wars with unchaste Love she reckon'd o'er;  
For fear of doing ill, what ills she bore!  
She told how oft' her breasts her hands had try'd  
To stab, whilst chaste fair Myrrha might have dy'd;  
How long and oft' unequally with Love, 1045  
Who even goddesses subdu'd, she strove;  
And many things besides, which I'll not name,  
Since Ovid with more wit has said the same:  
Then of the womb's intollerable pains 1050  
(She 'ad felt them) sadly she, 't is said, complains.  
Had I an hundred fluent women's tongues,  
Or made of sturdy oak a pair of lungs,

The kinds, and forms, and names, of cruel Fate,  
 And monstrous shapes, I hardly could relate. 1055  
 What meant the gods, Life's native seat to fill  
 With such a numerous host, so arm'd to kill?  
 What is it, Pleasure! guards man's happiness,  
 If thy chief city, Pain, thy foe possess?  
 But me my Laurel told, then most she rail'd 1060  
 When the sad fits o' th' mother she bewail'd.  
 Wo to the body's wretched town; said she,  
 When the womb's fort contains the enemy!  
 Thence baneful vapours ev'ry way they throw,  
 Which rout the conquer'd soul where'er they go;  
 The troops of flying spirits they destroy, 1066  
 As stench from Avernus birds annoy.  
 If they the stomach seize, the appetite is gone,  
 And tasks design'd for veins lie by half done.  
 No meats it now endures, much less requires, 1070  
 And the crude kitchen cools for want of fires.  
 If they the heart invade, that's walls they shake,  
 And in the vital work confusion make;  
 New waves they thither bring, but those the vein  
 Which *vena cava* is call'd, bears back again. 1075  
 The art'ries by weak pulsings notify,  
 Or else by none, the soul's then passing by.  
 By that black cloud all joy's extinguish'd quite,  
 And hopes, that make the mind look gay and bright:  
 So when grim Stygian shades, they say, appear, 1080  
 The candles tremble, and go out for fear.

Grief, fear, and hatred of the light, invade  
Their heart, the soul a scene of trouble's made:  
Then straight the jaws themselves, the tort'ring ill  
With deadly strangling vapours strives to fill. 1085  
T' ethereal air it never shows desire,  
But, salamander-like, lives all on fire.  
Sometimes these restless plagues the head do seize,  
And rifle all the soul's rich palaces.  
In barbarous triumph led, then Reason stands, 1090  
Hoodwink'd and manacled her eyes and hands;  
For the poor wretch a merry madness takes,  
And her sad sides with doleful laughter shakes.  
Her dreams (in vain awake) she tells, and those,  
If nobody admire, amaz'd she shows. 1095  
She fears or threatens ev'ry thing she spies;  
A piteous she, and dreadful, object lies:  
One seems to rave, and from her sparkling eyes  
Fierce fire darts forth; another throbs and cries:  
Some Death's exactest image seizes, so 1100  
That sleep compar'd to that like life would show:  
A solid dulness all the senses keeps.  
Lock'd up; no soul of trees more soundly sleeps.  
Her breath, if any from her nostrils go,  
The down from Poppy-tops would hardly blow. 1105  
If you one dead with her compar'd, you'd say,  
Two dead ones there, or two hysterick lay.  
But then ('t is strange, and yet we must believe  
What we from long experience receive)

Under her nose strong-smelling odours lay, 1110  
 The other vapours these will chase away :  
 Burn partridge feathers, hair of man or beast,  
 Horns, leather, warts, that horse's legs molest,  
 All these are good, but what strange accident  
 First found them out, or could such cures invent ?  
 Burn oil, that Nature from hard rocks distils, 1116  
 And sulphur, which all things with odour fills,  
 To which the stinking assa you may add,  
 And oil which from the beaver's stones is had :  
 Thro' pores, nerves, arteries, and all, they go, 1120  
 And throught' invade the lab'ring womb below :  
 But that each avenue, which upward lies,  
 With mounds and strong-built rampires fortifies ;  
 Then being contracted to a narrower place,  
 (For force decays, spread in too wide a space) 1125  
 No humours foul, or vapours, there must stay,  
 But out it purges them the lower way.  
 On foreign parts now no assaults she makes,  
 But care of her domestick safety takes.  
 Carthage to Hann'bal now sends no supply, 1130  
 To break the force of distant Italy,  
 When from their walls with horreur they descry  
 The threat'ning Roman darts and Eagles fly.  
 This for the nose ; the womb, then, you must please  
 With such sweet odours as the gods appease ; 1135  
 With Cinnamon, and Goat-bread, Ladanum,  
 With healing Balsam, and my oily Gum ;

Civet, and Musk, and Amber, too, apply,  
 (Scarce yet well known to human industry)  
 With all that my rich native soil supplies,      1140  
 Such fumes as from the phoenix' nest arise;  
 Nor fear from gods to take their Frankincense;  
 In such a pious case 't is no offence:  
 Then shalt thou see the limbs faint motions make,  
 A certain sign that now the soul 's awake;      1145  
 Then will the guts, with an unusual noise,  
 The enemy o'erthrown, seem to rejoice;  
 Blood will below the secret passage stain,  
 And arteries recruited beat again.  
 Oft', glad to see the light, themselves the eyes      1150  
 Lift up; the face returning purple dies;  
 One jaw from th' other, with a groan, retires,  
 And the disease itself, like life, expires.

Tell me, sweet Odours! tell me what have you  
 With parts so distant from the nose to do?      1155  
 Or what have you, ill Smells! so near the nose  
 To do, since that and you are mortal foes?  
 And why dost thou, abominable Stench!  
 Upon remote dominions so intrench?  
 Say by what secret force you sling your darts,      1160  
 Whom from your bow, the nose, such distance parts?  
 For some believe that to the brain alone  
 They fly, thro' ways which in the head are known;  
 And that the brain to the related womb  
 Sends (good and bad) all smells that to it come.



The womb, too, oft' rejoices for that's sake, 1166  
 And when that 's griev'd, does all its griefs partake.  
 The womb is Orestes, Pylades the brain,  
 And what to one to th' other is a pain.  
 I do n't deny the native sympathy, 1170  
 And like respects, in which these parts agree ;  
 Each its conception has, and each its birth,  
 And both their offsprings like the fire come forth ;  
 Still to produce both have a constant vein,  
 And their straight bosoms mighty things contain.  
 Much I omit in both ; but know, that this 1176  
 O' th' body, that o' th' soul, the matrix is ;  
 But th' womb has this one proper faculty,  
 Its actions oft' from head and nose are free ;  
 Oft', when it strives to break its bonds in vain, 1180  
 (And often nought its fury can contain)  
 A sweet perfume apply'd (unknown to the nose)  
 Does with a grateful glew its body close ;  
 But when oppress'd with weight the womb falls down,  
 (As sometimes it, when weak, does with its own)  
 With dreadful weapons arm'd, a noisome smell 1186  
 Meets it, and upward quickly does repel :  
 So when th' Helvetians their own land forsook,  
 (People which in their neighbours terrour strook)  
 A stronger foe, their wand'ring to restrain, 1190  
 To their old quarters beat 'em back again.  
 Here different reasons different authors show,  
 But none worth speaking of, I'm sure, you know.

What can I add? You, learn'd President! please  
 To bid me speak; the case says hold your peace:  
 Yet you I must obey; Heav'n is so kind 1196  
 To let us seek that truth we cannot find.  
 This truth must be it th' well's dark bottom fought,  
 Pardon me if I make an heavy draught. 1199  
 You see the wondrous wars and leagues of things  
 From whence the world's harmonious confort springs;  
 This he that thinks from th' elements may be had,  
 Is a grave sot, and studiously mad:  
 Here many causes branch themselves around,  
 But to 'em all one only root is found; 1205  
 For those which mortals the four elements call,  
 In the world's fabrick are not first of all;  
 Treasures in them wise Nature laid, as store,  
 Ready at hand, of things that were before;  
 Whence she might principles draw for her use, 1210  
 And mixtures new eternally produce.  
 Infinite seeds in those small bodies lie  
 To us, but number'd by the Deity:  
 Nor is the heat to fire more natural,  
 Nor coldness more to water's share does fall, 1215  
 Than either bitter, sweet, or white, or black,  
 Or any smells that noses e'er attack  
 Our purging or astringent quality  
 Have proper points of matter where they lie.  
 With earth, air, water, fire, Heav'n all things bore;  
 Why do I faintly speak? they were before: 1225

For what earth, air, fire, water, now we call,  
 Are compounds from the first original:  
 For—but a sudden fright her senses shock'd,  
 And stopp'd her speech; she heard the gate unlock'd;  
 And Rue from far the gard'ner saw come in, 1226  
 Trembling, as she an Aspen leaf had been,  
 (For Rue, a sov'reign Plant to purge the eyes,  
 Remotest objects easily deferies)  
 She softly whisper'd, Hence, make haste away; 1230  
 Here's Robert \* come; make haste; why do we stay?  
 Day was not broken, but 't was almost light,  
 And Luna swiftly roll'd the wheeling night;  
 Nor was the fellow us'd so soon to rise,  
 But him a sudden chance did then surprize: 1235  
 His wife in pangs of childbed loudly roar'd,  
 And gentle Juno's present aid implor'd:  
 But he who Plants that in his garden grew,  
 Than forty Junos of more value knew,  
 Came thither Sowbread, all in haste, together, 1240  
 That he with greater ease might prove a father.  
 Soon as they saw the man straight up they got,  
 With gentle haste, and stood upon the spot,  
 When briefly Mugwort, I this Court adjourn;  
 What we have left we'll do at our return. 1245  
 Without tumultuous noise away they fled,  
 And ev'ry Plant crept to her proper bed. 1247

\* The name of the gardener of the Physick-garden in Oxford.

*End of the Second Book.*

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# OF PLANTS.

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## BOOK III. OF FLOWERS.

*Translated by C. Cloué.*

### FLOERA.

**N**ow Muse! if ever, now look brisk and gay,  
The Spring's at hand; blithe looks live that display:  
Use all the schemes and colours now of speech,  
Use all the flow'rs that poetry enrich;  
Its glories all, its blooming beauties, bring, 5  
As may resemble the returning Spring:  
Let the same music thro' thy verse resound,  
As in the woods and shady groves is found:  
Let every line such fragrant praise exhale,  
As rises up from some sweet-smelling vale: 10  
Let lights and shades, as in the woods, appear,  
And show in painted verse the season of the year.  
Come then away, for the first vernal morn  
Of the spruce month of May begins to dawn.  
This day, so tells the poet's storied page, 15  
Bright Chloris did in nuptial dress array;  
This very day the host was ty'd, and thence  
The lovely maid is quiddis'd and content:  
The signs of joy and ev'ry virtue appear,  
On earth, in heav'n, throughout the sea and air; 20

No wand'ring cloud was seen in all the sky,  
 And if there were, 't was of a curious dye.  
 The air serene, not an ungentle blast  
 Ruffled the waters with its rude embrace;  
 The wind that was breath'd odours all around, 25  
 And only fann'd the streams, and only kiss'd the  
 ground.

Of unknown Flow'rs now such a num'rous birth  
 Appear'd, as ever astonish'd mother-Earth.  
 The Lily grew 'midst barren Heath and Sedge,  
 And the Rose blush'd on each unprickly hedge; 30  
 The purple Violet and the Daffodil,  
 The places now of angry nettles fill.  
 This great and joyful day, on which she knew  
 What 't was to be a wife and goddess too,  
 The grateful Flora yearly did express 35  
 In shows, religious pomp, and gaudiness,  
 Long as she thriv'd in Rome, and reign'd among  
 The other gods, a vast and num'rous throng;  
 But when the sacred tribe was forc'd from Rome,  
 Among the rest an exile she became, 40  
 Stripp'd of her plays, and of her fane bereft,  
 Nought of the grandeur of a goddess left:  
 Since then no more ador'd on earth by men,  
 But forc'd o'er Flowers to preside and reign,  
 The best she can she still keeps up the day, 45  
 Not as of old, when bless'd with store she lay;  
 When with a lavish hand her bounties flew;  
 She 'as not the heart and means to do it now;

But in a way fitting her humble state  
 She always did, and still does celebrate : 50  
 And now that she the better may attend  
 The Flow'ry empire under her command,  
 To all the world, at times, she does resort,  
 Now in this part, now that, she keeps her court ;  
 And so the seasons of the year require, 55  
 For here 't is spring, perhaps 't is autumn there.  
 With ease she flies to the remotest shores,  
 And visits in the way a world of Flow'rs :  
 In Zephyr's painted car she cuts the air,  
 Pleas'd with the way, her spouse the charioteer. 60  
 It was the year, (thrice blest that beauteous Year!)  
 Which mighty Charles's sacred name did bear;  
 A golden year the heavens brought about  
 In high procession with a joyful shout ;  
 A year that barr'd up Janus' brazen gates, 65  
 That brought home Peace, and laid our monstrous  
                   heats :  
 A greater gift, blest Albion! thou did'st gain,  
 It brought home godlike Charles, and all his peaceful  
 Compos'd our chaos, cover'd o'er the scars, [train,  
 And clos'd the bleeding wounds of twenty years. 70  
 Nor felt the gown alone the fruits of peace,  
 But gardens, woods, and all the Flow'ry race.  
 This year to ev'ry thing fresh honours brought,  
 Nor 'midst these were the learned Arts forgot.  
 Poor exil'd Flora, with the sylvan gods, 75  
 Came back again to their old lov'd abodes.

I saw her (thro' a glass my Muse vouchsaf'd)  
 Plac'd on the painted bow securely waft;  
 Triumphantly she rode, and made her course  
 Towards fair Albion's long-forfaken shores. 80  
 That she our goddess was, to me was plain  
 From the gay various colours of her train:  
 She light, renowned Thames! upon thy shore,  
 Long time belov'd, and known to her before:  
 'Twas here the goddess an appointment set 85  
 For all the Flow'rs: accordingly they met;  
 Those that are parch'd with heat, or pinch'd with cold;  
 Or those which a more temp'rate climate does hold,  
 Those drunk with dew the sun just rising sees,  
 Or those, when setting, with a face like his; 90  
 All sorts that East and West can boast were there,  
 But not such Flow'rs as you see growing here,  
 Poor mortal Flow'rs, obnoxious still to harms,  
 Which quickly die out of their mother's arms,  
 But those that Plato saw, Ideas nam'd, 95  
 Daughters of Jove, for heav'nly extract fam'd:  
 Ethereal Plants! what glories they disclose,  
 What excellence the first celestial Rose;  
 What blush, what smell! and yet on many scores,  
 The learned say, it much resembles ours; 100  
 Only 't is ever fresh, with long life blest'd,  
 Not in your fading mortal colours dress'd.  
 This Rose the image of the heav'nly mind,  
 The other growing on our earth we find,

Which is the image of that image, then 105

No wonder it appears less fresh and fine.

These heav'n-born species of the Flow'ry race

Assembled all the wedding-morn to grace.

Phœbus! do thou the pencil take, the same 109

With which thou gild'st the world's great checker'd

Light's pencil take; try if thou canst display [frame;

The various scenes of this resplendent day:

And yet I doubt thy skill, tho' all must bow

To thee, as god of Plants and Poets too:

I'm sure 't is much too hard a talk for me, 115.

Yet some I'll touch in passing, like the bee:

Where the whole garden can't be had, we know

A nosegay may, and that, if sweet, will do.

Now when a part of this triumphant day

In sacred pompous rites had pass'd away, 120

Rites which no mortal tongue can duly tell,

And which, perhaps, 't is not lawful to reveal;

At length the sporting goddess thought it best

(Tho' sure the humour went beyond a jest)

A pleasant sort of trial to propose, 125

And from among the Plants a queen to chuse

Which should preside over the Flow'ry race,

Be a vice-goddess, and supply her place:

Each Plant was to appear, and make its plea,

To see which best deserv'd the dignity. 130

The scene arch'd o'er with wreathing branches flood,

Which like a little hollow temple show'd;



The shrubs and branches, darting from aloof  
 Their pretty fragrant shades, compos'd the roof;  
 Red and white Jasmine, with the Myrtle-tree, 135  
 The favourite of the Cyprian deity,  
 The Golden Apple-tree with silver bud,  
 Both sorts of Pipe-tree, with the Sea-dew stood;  
 There was the twining Woodbine to be seen,  
 And Yellow Hather, Roses mix'd between. 140  
 Each Plant its notes and known distinctions brought,  
 With various art the gaudy scene was wrought.  
 Just in the nave of this new-modell'd fane,  
 A throne the judging goddesses did sustain,  
 Rob'd in a thousand several sorts of leaves, 145  
 And all the colours which the garden gives,  
 Which join'd together trim in wondrous wise,  
 With their deluding figures mock'd your eyes.  
 A noble checker'd-work, which real seems,  
 And firmly set with glist'ring stones and gems, 150  
 It real seem'd; tho' gods such bodies wear  
 For weight, as Flow'rs upon their down may bear.  
 The goddesses, seated in majestick-wise,  
 With all the pride the wealthy Spring supplies,  
 Had Ariadne's crown, and such a vest 155  
 With which the rainbow on bright days is dress'd;  
 Before her throne did the officious band  
 Of Hours, Days, Months, in goodly order stand:  
 The Hours upon soft-painted wings were borne,  
 Painted, but swift, alas! and quickly gone; 160

The Days with nimble feet advanc'd apace,  
And then the Month, each with a different face;  
On Cynthia's orb they tend with constant care,  
In monthly courses whirling round her sphere.  
First Spring, a rosy-colour'd youngster, stood, 165  
With looks enough to bribe a judging god;  
Summer appear'd, rob'd in a yellow gown,  
Full ears of ripen'd corn compos'd her crown;  
Then Autumn, proud of rich Pomona's store,  
And Bacchus, too, treading the blushing floor; 170  
Poor half-starv'd Winter shivering in the rear,  
The Stoical and sullen part o' th' year:  
Yet not by step-dame Nature wholly left  
Of every grace is winter-time bereft;  
Some friends it has in this afflicted state, 175  
Some Plants that faith and duty do n't forget:  
Some Plants the winter-season does supply,  
Born purely for delight and luxury,  
Which brave the frost and cold, and merit claim,  
Tho' few, indeed, and of a lower frame. 180  
The New-Year did him this peculiar grace,  
And Janus favouring with his double face,  
That he should first be heard, and have the pow'r  
To draw forth all his poor and slender store.  
Winter obeys, and ranks 'em, best he can, 185  
More trusting to the worth, than number of his men.  
Just in the front of Winter's scanty band,  
Two lofty Plants, or Flow'ry giants, stand;

Spurge-olive one, th' other a kind of Bay,  
 Both high, and largely spreading ev'ry way, 190  
 But did they in a milder season sprout,  
 Whether they e'er could pass for Flow'rs, I doubt;  
 But now they do, and such their looks and smell,  
 The place they hold they seem to merit well.  
 Next Wolfs'-bane, us'd in step-dames' poisoning trade,  
 Born of the foam of Pluto's porter said; 196  
 A baneful Plant, springing in craggy ground,  
 Thence its hard name, itself much harder found;  
 Briskly its gilded crest it does display,  
 And boldly stares i' th' face the god of Day, 200 }  
 Which Cerberus, its fire, durst ne'er assay. }  
 The Plant call'd Snowdrop, next in course appear'd,  
 But trembling, by its frightful neighbour scar'd;  
 Yet clad in white herself, like fleecy snow,  
 Near her bad neighbour finer she does show. 205  
 The noble Liverwort does next appear,  
 Without a speck, like the unclouded air,  
 A Plant of noble use and endless fame,  
 The livers great preserver, thence its name;  
 The humble Plant conscious of inbred worth, 210  
 In winter's hardest frost and cold shoots forth:  
 Let other Plants, said she, for seasons wait,  
 For summer gales, or the sun's kindly heat,  
 She scorns delay; naked, without a coat,  
 As 't were in haste, the noble Plant comes out. 215

Next the blue Primrose, which in winter blows,  
 But wears the spring both in its name and clothes;  
 The Saffron then, and tardy Celandine,  
 To these our Lady's-seal, and Sowbread join;  
 But these appearing out of season, were 220  
 Bid to their homes and proper tribes repair:  
 There now remain'd of Winter's genuine store  
 And offspring Bear's-foot, or the Christmas Flow'r,  
 The pride of Winter, which in frost can live,  
 And now alone for empire dar'd to strive: 225  
 On its black stalk it rear'd itself, and then  
 With pale but fearless face to plead began.

## HELLEBORUS NIGER;

OR, CHRISTMAS FLOWER.

I MEAN not now my beauty to oppose  
 To that of Lillies or the blushing Rose:  
 Old Prætus' daughters me from that do scare, 230  
 Who once with Juno durst their face compare.  
 Mad with conceit, each thought herself a cow;  
 Just judgment! teaching all themselves to know.  
 My noble Plant banish'd this wild caprice,  
 And gave 'em back their human voice and speech. 235  
 Melampus by my aid soon brought relief,  
 And for the cure had one of 'em to wife:  
 And none will charge me with that madness, sure,  
 Or the same folly I pretend to cure.

The goddesses above a beauty claim, 240  
Lasting and firm as their immortal frame,  
Which time can't furrow, or diseases wrong;  
To be immortal is to be forever young.  
Flow'rs' or girls' beauty is a transient thing;  
Expect as well the whole year will be spring. 245  
Ye Flow'ry race! that open to the sky,  
And there have seen a cloud of curious dye,  
The gaudy phantom now with pride appears,  
Look up again, 't is straight dissolv'd in tears;  
Such is the shortliv'd glory Flowers have, 250  
Bending, they point still tow'rd's their womb and  
The wind and rain aim at their tender head; [grave;  
Besides, the stars their baneful influence shed;  
Like the fam'd Semele, they die away  
In the embraces of the god of Day: 255  
Expos'd to air, to heat an open prey,  
Colds thro' their tender fibres force their way.  
The swallow or the nightingale abhors  
Not winter more than do th' whole race of Flow'rs.  
If among these a Flow'r you can descry 260  
(Fitter to be transplanted to the sky)  
Which is so hardy as to stand the threat  
Of storms and tempests that around her beat;  
That with contending winds dare boldly strive,  
Scorns cold, and under heaps of snow can live, 265  
To this, great Goddess! to this noble Plant  
You ought the empire of the garden grant.

Kings are Jove's image; and, if that be true,  
To virtue only sovereign sway is due.  
Trusting to this, and not the empty name      270  
Of beauty, I the Flow'ry empire claim:  
Nor will this soft, luxurious, pamper'd race  
Of Flow'rs, were things well weigh'd, deny me place;  
For, lo! the winter's come; what change is there,  
What looks, what dismal aspect of the year!      275  
The winds, from prison broke, no mercy yield,  
But spoil the native glories of the field:  
First on the infant-boughs they spend their rage,  
And scarcely spare the poor trunk's rev'rend age;  
Either with swelling rains the ground below      280  
Is drown'd, or cover'd thick in beds of snow:  
Or stiff with frost, the streams, all iced o'er,  
Are pent within a bank unknown before.  
Each nymph complains, and ev'ry river-god  
Feels on his shoulders an unusual load;      285  
Nature, a captive now to Frost become,  
Lies fairly buried in a marble tomb.  
And can you wonder then that Flow'rs should die,  
Or, hid within their beds, the danger fly?  
D'ye see the sun, how faint his looks, that tell      290  
The god of Plants himself is not o'er-well.  
Now let me see the Violet, Tulip, Rose,  
Or any of 'em their fine face disclose;  
Ye Lilies! with your snowy tresses, now  
Come forth, this is the proper time for snow.      295

Deaf to the call, none of 'em all appear,  
 But close in bed they lie, half-dead with fear;  
 I only in this universal dread  
 Of Nature dare exalt my fearless head:  
 Winter, with thousand several arms prepar'd 300  
 To be my death, still finds me on my guard.  
 Great umpire then of all this harmless fray,  
 If you are fix'd to crown some Plant to-day,  
 Let all appear and take the field, let all  
 Agree to give the chiefest Plant the ball; 305  
 Yet let it be in winter, I desire:  
 That season does a hardy chief require.  
 If any of these tender, dainty, dames,  
 Deck'd with their rich perfumes and gaudy names,  
 Dare but at such a time show half an eye, 310  
 I'll frankly yield, and straight let fall my plea.  
 Not a Plant's seen, I'll warrant you; they hate  
 To gain a kingdom at so dear a rate;  
 They fear the unequal trial to sustain:  
 None dare appear but those that fill my train, 315  
 And none of these are so ambitious grown  
 To stand themselves, but beg for me the crown.  
 These num'rous hardships I can undergo;  
 I'll tell you now, fair Judge, what I can do, }  
 My virtue active is, and passive too. 320 }  
 Kings get no fame by conquering at home;  
 That from some foreign vanquish'd land must come.  
 If equal to my triumphs names I bore,  
 And ev'ry vanquish'd foe increas'd the store,

Old Rome's most haughty champion I'd defy 325  
With me in honours, titles, names, to vie.  
I act such wonders, I may safely say,  
The twelve Herculean labours were mere play.  
The spreading cancer my blest'd Plant does chase,  
And new-skins o'er the leper's monstrous face; 330  
The ling'ring quartan fever I oblige  
To draw his forces off, and raise the siege;  
Swimmings i' th' head that do from vapours come,  
I exercise straight by my counter fume:  
In ev'ry swelling part, when dropfies reign, 335  
I dry the fen, the standing waters drain:  
The falling-sickness, too, to wave the rest,  
Tho' sacred that disease by some confess'd.  
Why in these cures thus trifle I my breath?  
Death yields to me, the apoplectick death; 340  
Into each part my Plant new vigour sends,  
And quickly makes the soul and body friends.  
These are great things, you'll say, and yet the rest  
That follow must much greater be confess'd.  
I do compose the mind's distracted frame, 345  
A gift the gods and I alone can claim;  
Madmen and fools are cast beneath my pow'r;  
What to my grandeur can the gods add more?  
Who thus can do, the world his province is,  
Cæsar can't boast a larger sway than this. 350  
She spoke; her train with shouts the area fill'd,  
Nay, Winter (if you will believe it) smil'd.



Next the gay Spring draws out his warlike bands,  
Which to the scene a grateful shadow lends.

Homer, tho' well the Grecian camp he paints, 355

Would fail, I fear in mustering up these Plants.

Bright Spring! what various nations dost thou boast?

The Xerxes of a numerous Flow'ry host,

Which could (since Flow'rs without due moisture die)

Like his, I fancy, drink whole rivers dry. 360

His Flow'ry troops made the same stately show,

Whose painted arms a dazzling lustre threw.

Then a gay Flow'r, for shape the Trumpet nam'd,

Blew thrice, and with a strenuous voice proclaim'd,

That all but candidates should quit the place, 365

First, as they went, bowing with awful grace.

And now, the pleasure of the goddess known,

The Herb call'd Ragwort pass'd before the throne;

A bunchy stalk, and painted bees she bore,

With sev'ral foolish fancies on her Flow'r. 370

Ragwort the Satyrs and Priapus love,

Venus herself and the fair Judge approve.

Dogs'-tooth pass'd next, to Ragwort near ally'd,

A faithful friend to love, and often try'd;

Next hyacinths, of violet-kind, proceed, 375

A noble, pow'rful, and a num'rous breed;

They wanted courage, tho', to keep the place,

Lab'ring, alas! under a late disgrace;

Of noble house themselves they did pretend,

From Ajax' blood directly to descend; 380

The cause in Flora's court of chivalry  
 Was heard, where they fail'd to make out their plea;  
 They bore no coat of arms, nor could they show  
 Those mournful notes said from his blood to flow:  
 The next a-kin, a Flow'r which Greeks of old 385  
 From excrements of birds descended hold,  
 Which Britain, nurse of Plants, a milder clime,  
 Gentilely calls the Star of Bethlehem;  
 The Daisy next march'd off in modest wife,  
 Dreading to wait the issue of the prize, 390  
 Tho' the Spring do n't a trustier party know,  
 After, before, and in the spring they grow,  
 Quick in the charge, and in retreating flow;  
 They dare not venture, tho' the sons of Art  
 The name of Binders to 'em do impart; 395  
 They cure all wounds, yet make none, which you  
 Is the true office of a warlike Plant. {grant  
 Next spotted Sanicle and Navelwort,  
 Tho' both have signs of blood, forsake the court;  
 Moonwort goes next, borne on its reddish stalk, 400  
 And after that does gentle Cranebill walk;  
 They all gave way; 't is nat'ral in a Flow'r  
 More in its form to trust than worth and pow'r;  
 Nay, more than that, the Cornflag quits the field,  
 Tho' made sword-wife, does to the Tulip yield; 405  
 Tho', like some tyrant, rounded with the same,  
 Yet to affected empire waves all claim;  
 How much this Swordflow'r differs as to harm  
 From those which we on mortal anvils form!

Nature on this an unguent has bestow'd, 410  
 Which when our's make it issue, stops the blood.  
 Next you might see the gaudy Columbine,  
 Call'd sometimes Lion's-mouth, desert the scene,  
 Tho' of try'd courage and of high renown  
 In other things, curing diseases known : 415  
 The Seagull Flow'r express'd an equal fear,  
 The tigers more and prettier spots do n't bear ;  
 These beauty-spots she ought to prize like gold,  
 Citron held her's at dearer rates of old :  
 The Persian Lily, of a ruddy hue, 420  
 And next the Lily of the Vale; withdrew ;  
 Lilies o' th' Vale such looks and smell retain,  
 They 're fit to furnish snuff for gods and men ;  
 Nor a Plant kinder to the brain does live ;  
 A glass of wine does less refreshment give. 425  
 Next Periwinkle, or the Lady's-bow'r,  
 Weakly, and halting, crept along the floor ;  
 All kinds of Crowfoot pass'd, and bow'd their head,  
 The worst ran wild, the best in gardens bred ;  
 Daylily next, the root by Hesiod lov'd, 430  
 Altho' not for the chiefest dish approv'd ;  
 Then came a Flow'r of a far diff'ring look,  
 Which on it thy lov'd name, Adonis ! took ;  
 But Celandine, thy genuine offspring styl'd,  
 They tell us at the proud usurper smil'd ; 435  
 Stockgillyflow'r the year's companion is,  
 Which the sun scarce in all his rounds does miss,

Officious Plant ! which ev'ry month can bring,  
 But rather would be reckon'd to the spring ;  
 This pass'd along with a becoming mien, 440  
 And in her train the Wallflow'r would be seen :  
 The constant Marigold next these went out,  
 And Lady's-slipper, fit for Flora's foot ;  
 Then Goat's-beard, which each morn abroad does  
 But shuts its Flow'r at noon, and goes to sleep ; [peep,  
 Then Oxeye did its rolling eyeball spread, 446  
 Such as Jove's wife and sister had, they said ;  
 Next Viper-grass, full of a milky juice,  
 Good against poison, which curs'd step-dames use ;  
 Then Hollowroot, cautious and full of fear, 450  
 Which neither summer's heat nor cold can bear, }  
 Comes after spring, before it does retire ; }  
 Then Satin-flow'r, and Mothmullen withdraw,  
 Worthy a nobler title to enjoy :  
 The Lady's-smock, and Lugwort, went their way,  
 With sev'ral more, too tedious here to say ; 456  
 With many an humble Shrub that took their leaves,  
 To which the garden entertainment gives ;  
 As Honeyfuckle, Rosemary, and Broom,  
 That Broom which does of Spanish parents come ;  
 Both sorts of Pipe-tree, neat in either dress, 462  
 White or sky-colour'd, whether please you best ;  
 Next the round-headed Elder-rose, which wears  
 A constellation of your little stars ;  
 The Cherry : our's and Persian Apple add, 465  
 Proud of the various Flow'rs adorn'd its head ;

Nature has issue, eunuch-like, deny'd,  
 But (like them too) by a fine face supply'd :  
 These, and a thousand more, were fain to yield,  
 And left the candidates to keep the field ; 470  
 Each Flow'r appear'd with all its kindred, dress'd  
 Each in its richest robes of gaudiest vest :  
 The Violet first, Spring's usher, came in view,  
 From whose sweet lips these pleasing accents flew.

### THE VIOLET.

THE Ram now ope the golden portal throws, 475  
 Which holds the various seasons of the year,  
 And on his shining fleece the Spring does bear ;  
 Ye Mortals! with a shout salute him as he goes.  
 (Ho, triumph!) now, now the spring comes on  
 In solemn state and high procession, 480  
 Whilst I, the beauteous Violet, still before him go,  
 And usher in the gaudy show :  
 As it becomes the child of such a fire,  
 I'm wrapp'd in purple; the first-born of Spring  
 The marks of my legitimation bring, 485  
 And all the tokens of his verdant empire wear :  
 Clad like a princely babe, and born in state,  
 I all your regal titles hate,  
 Nor priding in my blood and mighty birth,  
 Unnatural Plant; despise the lap of mother-Earth.  
 Love's goddess smiles upon me just new-born, 490  
 Rejoicing at the year's return :

The swallow is not a more certain sign  
 That love and warm embraces now begin.  
 To the lov'd babe a thousand kisses 495  
 The goddess gives, a thousand balmy blisses.  
 Besides, my purple lips  
 In sacred nectar dips :  
 Hence 't is no sooner does the Violet burst,  
 By the warm air to a just ripeness nurs'd, 500  
 But from my opening, blooming head,  
 A thousand fragrant odours spread.  
 I do not only please the smell,  
 And the most critick taste beguile,  
 Not only with my pretty dye 505  
 Impose a cheat upon the eye ;  
 But more for profit than for pleasure born,  
 I furnish out a wholesome juice,  
 Which the fam'd Epicurus did not scorn,  
 Upon a time, when sick, to use. 510  
 O'er pressing and vexatious pain  
 I such a silent vict'ry gain,  
 That tho' the body be the scene,  
 It scarcely knows whether a fight has been.  
 The fever's well-known valour I invade, 515  
 Which blushes with mere rage to yield  
 To one that ne'er knew how to tread a field,  
 But only was for fights and nuptial banquets made ;  
 It yields, but in a grumbling way,  
 Just as the winds obedience pay, 520

When Neptune from the flood does peep,  
 And silences those troublers of the deep.  
 What tho' some Flow'rs a greater courage know,  
 Or a much finer face can show?  
 That does but still the fancy feed, 525  
 Whilst I for bus'ness fit, in real worth exceed.  
 Search over all the globe, you'll find  
 The glory of a princely Flower  
 Consists not in tyrannick power,  
 But in a majesty with mildness join'd. 530

She spoke, and from her balmy lips did come  
 A sweet perfume that scented all the room;  
 The smell so long continued, that you'd swear  
 The Violet, tho' you heard no sound, was there.  
 Quitting the stage, the next that took her place 535  
 Were Oxlips, Pugles, with their num'rous race;  
 A party-colour'd tribe, of various hue,  
 Red, yellow, purple, pale, white, dusky, blue:  
 The Primrose and the Cowslip, too, were there,  
 Both of 'em kin, but not so handsome far; 540  
 Bear's-ear, so call'd, did the whole party head,  
 And Yellow, claiming merit, needs would plead;  
 Tossing her hundred heads in flanting rate,  
 Each had a mouth, and could at pleasure prate.

AURICULA URSI; BEAR'S-EAR.

GREAT Queen of Flow'rs! why is thy snowy breast  
 With such a sight of various polices dress'd? 546

Whereas one stalk of mine  
 Alone a nosegay is, alone can make thee fine.  
 A lovely, harmless monster, I  
 Gorgon's many heads outvie; 550  
 Others, as single stars, may glory beam;  
 Take me, for I a constellation am:  
 Let those who subjects want pursue the flow'ry crown,  
 A Flow'ry nation I alone;  
 Nor did kind Nature thus in vain, 555  
 So many heads to me assign;  
 I for a man's head, life's chiefest seat,  
 Am set apart and wholly consecrate:  
 The mind's imperial tow'r, the brain,  
 (A poor apartment for so great a queen) 560  
 The lighthouse where man's reason stands and shines,  
 Maugre the malice of contending winds,  
 I guard the sacred place, repel the rout,  
 And keep the everlasting fire from going out.  
 Go now, and mock me with this monstrous name 565  
 Which the late barbarous age did coin and frame;  
 The true and proper names of things of old,  
 Thro' a religious silence ne'er were told:  
 Thus guardian gods' true names were seldom known,  
 Lest some invading foemight charm'em from the town.  
 Impudent Fool! that first styl'd beauteous Flow'rs  
 By a detested name, the Ears of Bears; 572  
 Worthy himself of asses' ears, a pair  
 Fairer than Midas once was said to wear,



At this rate singing (for your merry Flow'rs 575  
 Still sing their words, not bring 'em forth like our's)  
 The Daffodil succeeded, once a youth,  
 (As many poets tell, a sacred truth)  
 And all his clients and his kindred came,  
 A num'rous train, to vote and poll for him; 580  
 All of 'em, pale or yellow, did appear,  
 The livery which wounded lovers wear.  
 Tho' Virgil purple honours has assign'd  
 And bluish dye, too liberal and kind,  
 The Chalcedonick, with white Flow'r, thought best  
 To be the mouth, and sing for all the rest. 586

#### THE DAFFODIL; NARCISSUS.

WHAT once I was, a boy, not ripen'd to a man,  
 My roots of one year's growth explain ;  
 A lovely boy, of killing eyes,  
 Where ambuscading witchcraft lies, 590 }  
 Which did at last the owner's self surprise :  
 Of fatal beauty, such as could inspire  
 Love into coldest breasts, in water kindle fire.  
 Me the hotbeds of sand in Libya burn,  
 Or Ister's frozen banks to ruin turn. 595  
 I, when a boy, among the boys  
 Had still the noblest place ;  
 The same my Plant among the Flow'rs enjoys,  
 And is the garden's ornament and grace :

Become a Flow'r, I cannot tell 600  
 Why my face should not please me still ;  
 Downward I lean my bending head,  
 Longing my looks in the same glafs to read ;  
 Show me a stream, that liquid glafs  
 Will put me in the selfsame case. 605  
 In the colour with the same nymphs I 'm dress'd,  
 Who wear me in their snowy breast,  
 Who with my Flow'rs their pride maintain,  
 And wish I were a boy again.  
 She spoke : Anemone her station took, 610  
 To whom the goddess deign'd a smiling look ;  
 For with the Tulip's leave, I needs must say  
 No race more num'rous, none more fine or gay.  
 The Purple, with its large and spreading leaf,  
 Was chosen, by consent, to be their chief; 615  
 Of fair Adonis's blood undoubted strain,  
 And to this hour it shows the dying stain :  
 As soon as Zephyr had unloos'd its tongue,  
 The beauteous Plant after this manner sung.

## ANEMONE; OR, EMONIES.

THOU, gentle Zephyr! who didst Flora wed 620  
 Thrice worthy of the goddess' bed;  
 Who in a winged chariot, hurl'd  
 With breezing airs, dost fan this nether world,  
 Which kind refreshing motion far  
 I before lazy rest prefer; 625

That air with which thou ev'ry thing dost cheer,  
 Inspire into the goddeſſe's ear,  
 That the fair Judge would mindful be  
 Of her lov'd confort and of me ;  
 For ſince I take my name from thee, 630  
 Nay, of thy kindred ſaid to be ;  
 Since I with thee do ſympathize,  
 Who in Æolian dungeon captive lies,  
 And viewing Zephyr's doleful ſtate,  
 All drefs and ornament I hate, 635  
 And locking up my mournful Flow'r,  
 Myſelf a priſ'ner make, the ſame reſtraint endure:  
 Since I have change of ſuits and gaudy veſts,  
 Which in my various Flowers are expreſs'd ;  
 In brief, ſince I'm a-kin to gods above, 640  
 All theſe together, ſure, may favour move ;  
 Sprung from the fair Adoniſ' purple tide,  
 And Venus' tears, to both I am ally'd ;  
 The roſy youth, the lov'd Adoniſ, ſtood  
 The pride and glory of the wood, 645 }  
 Till a boar's fatal tuſk let out the precious blood ; }  
 Into each flowing drop that ſtill'd,  
 A falling tear the goddeſſe's ſpill'd, }  
 Which to a bloody torrent ſwell'd : }  
 The lovers' tears and blood combine, 650  
 As if they would in marriage join.  
 From ſuch fair parents, and that wedding morn  
 Was I, their fairer offspring, born.

My force and pow'r, perhaps, you question now :  
 My power? why. I a handsome face can show ; 655  
 Besides, my heav'nly extract I can prove,  
 And that I 'm sister to the god of Love.

The Crown Imperial (as she stepp'd aside)  
 Advanc'd with stately but becoming pride ;  
 Not buskin'd heroes strut with nobler pride, 660  
 Nor gods in walking use a finer stride ;  
 No friends or clients made her train, not one ;  
 Conscious of native worth she came alone :  
 With an erect and sober countenance  
 In following terms she did her plea commence. 665

#### THE IMPERIAL CROWN.

WITH furious heats and unbecoming rage,  
 Ye Flow'ry Nations! cease t' engage ;  
 Since on my stately stem  
 Nature has plac'd th' Imperial diadem,  
 Why all these words in vain? why all this noise? 670  
 Be judg'd by Nature, and approve her choice.  
 Perhaps it does your envy move,  
 And to my right may hurtful prove,  
 That I an upstart novel Flower am,  
 Who have no rumbling hard Greek name; 675  
 Perhaps I may be thought  
 In some plebeian bed begot,

Because my lineage wears no stain,  
 Nor does romantick shameful stories feign [strain. }  
 That I am sprung from Jove, or from his bastard }  
 I freely own I have not been 681 }  
 Long of your world a denizen;  
 But yet I reign'd for ages pass'd, }  
 In Persia and in Bactria plac'd, }  
 The pride and joy of all the gardens of the East. 685 }  
 My Flow'r a large-siz'd golden head does wear, }  
 Much like the ball kings in their hands do bear, }  
 Denoting sov'reign rule, and striking fear. }  
 My purple stalk I, like some sceptre, wield,  
 Worthy in regal hands to shine, 690  
 Worthy of thine, great god of Wine!  
 When India to thy conquering arms did yield.  
 Besides all this, I have a Flow'ry crown  
 My royal temples to adorn,  
 Whose buds a sort of honey-liquor bear, 695  
 Which round the crown like stars or pearls appear;  
 Silver threads around it twine,  
 Saffron, like gold, with them does join;  
 And over all  
 My verdant hair does neatly fall. 700  
 Sometimes a threefold rank of Flowers  
 Grows on my top, like lofty towers.  
 Imperial ornaments I scorn,  
 And, like the Pope, affect a triple crown;  
 The Heav'ns look down, and envy earth 705  
 For teeming with so bright a birth;

For Ariadne's starry crown  
 By mine is far outshone,  
 And as they 'ave reason, let 'em envy on.  
 She thunder'd out her speech, and walk'd to greet  
 The Judge, not falling meanly at her feet, 711  
 But as one goddess does another meet.

A Flow'r that would too happy be and blest'd,  
 Did but its odour answer all the rest,  
 The Tulip! next appear'd, all over gay, 715  
 But wanton, full of pride, and full of play;  
 The world cann't show a dye but here has place,  
 Nay, by new mixtures she can change her face.  
 Purple and gold are both beneath her care,  
 The richest needlework she loves to wear; 720  
 Her only study is to please the eye,  
 And to outshine the rest in finery;  
 Oft' of a mode or colour weary grown,  
 By which their family had long been known,  
 They'll change their fashion straight, I know not how,  
 And with much pain in other colours go; 726  
 As if Medea's furnace they had pass'd,  
 (She without Plants old Æson ne'er new-cast)  
 And tho' they know this change will mortal prove,  
 They'll venture yet—to change so much they love.  
 Such love to beauty, such the thirst of praise, 731  
 That welcome death before inglorious days!  
 The cause by all was to the White assign'd,  
 Whether, because the rarest of the kind,

Or else, because ev'ry petitioner, 735  
 In ancient times, for office, white did wear.

### THE TULIP.

SOMEWHERE in Horace, if I don't forget,  
 (Flow'rs are no foes to poetry and wit,  
 For us that tribe the like affection bear,  
 And of all men the greatest florists are) 740  
 We find a wealthy man  
 Whose wardrobe did five thousand suits contain ;  
 He counted that a vast prodigious store,  
 But I that number have twice told, and more.  
 Whate'er in spring the teeming earth commands ;  
 What colours e'er the painted pride of birds, 746  
 Or various lights the glist'ring gem affords,  
 Cut by the artful lapidary's hands ;  
 Whate'er the curtains of the heav'ns can show,  
 Or light lays dyes upon the varnish'd bow; 750  
 Rob'd in as many vests I shine,  
 In every thing bearing a princely mien.  
 Pity I must the Lily and the Rose,  
 (And the last blushes at her threadbare clothes)  
 Who think themselves so highly blest'd, 755  
 Yet have but one poor tatter'd vest.  
 These studious, unambitious things, in brief,  
 Would fit extremely well a college-life,  
 And when the god of Flow'rs a charter grants,  
 Admission shall be given to these Plants : 760

Kings should have plenty and superfluous store,  
Whilst thriftiness becomes the poor.

Hence Spring himself does chiefly me regard :

Will any Flow'r refuse to stand to his award ?

Me for whole months he does retain, 765

And keeps me by him all his reign ;

Carefs'd by Spring, the season of the year

Which before all to Love is dear.

Besides, the god of Love himself 's my friend,

Not for my face alone, but for another end ; 770

Lov'd by the god upon a private score,

I know for what—but say no more.

But why should I

Become so silent or so shy ?

We Flow'rs were by no peevish fire begot, 775

Nor from that frigid sullen tree did sprout,

So fam'd in Ceres' sacred rites ;

Nor in moroseness Flora's self delights.

My root, like oil in ancient games, prepares

Lovers for battle, or those softer wars ; 780

My quick'ning heat their sluggish veins inspires

With vigorous and sprightly fires ;

Had but chaste Lucrece us'd the same,

The night before bold Tarquin try'd his flame,

Upon record she ne'er a fool had been, 785

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

The goddess, conscious of the truth, awhile

Contain'd, but then was seen to blush and smile.



The Flower-de-luce next loos'd her heav'nly tongue,  
And thus, amidst her sweet companions, sung. 790

IRIS; OR, THE FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

If empire is to beauty due,  
(And that in Flow'rs, if any where, holds true)  
Then I by Nature was design'd for reign,  
Else Nature made a beauteous face in vain.  
Besides, I boast a sparkling gem, 795  
And brighter goddess of my name.

My lofty front towards the heav'ns I bear,  
And represent the sky, when 't is serene and clear.

To me a godlike pow'r is given  
With a mild face resembling heav'n; 800

And in the kingly style no dignity  
Sounds better than Serenity!

Beauty and Envy oft' together go;  
Handsome myself, I help make others so \*;  
Both gods and men of the most curious eyes 805

With secret pleasure I surprise;

Nor do I less oblige the nose

With fragrance from my root that blows.

Not Sibaris or soft Capua did know

A choicer Flow'r for smell or show, 810

Tho' both with pleasure of all kinds did flow.

I own the Violet and the Rose

Divinest odours both disclose;

\* The juice of the root takes away freckles and morpews.

The Saffron and Stockgillyflower,

With many more;

815

But yet none can so sweet a root produce \*.

My upper parts are trim and fair,

My lower breath a grateful air.

I am a Flow'r for sight, a drug for use.

Soft as I am, amidst this luxury,

820

Before me rough diseases fly.

Thus a bold Amazon with virgin-face,

Troops of dastard men will chase :

Thus Mars and Venus often greet,

And in single Pallas meet :

825

Equal to her in beauty's charms,

And not to him inferiour in arms.

By secret virtue and resistless power

Those whom the Jaundice seizes I restore ;

Tho' moist with unguent, and inclin'd to love, 830

I rather was for luxury design'd ;

And yet, like some enraged lions,

Before my painted arms the yellow foe does haste.

The Dropsy headlong makes away

As soon as I my arms display ;

835

The Dropsy, which man's microcosm drowns,

Pulling up all the fluices in its rounds ;

I follow it thro' ev'ry winding vein,

And make it quit in haste the delug'd man.

\* Of the root is made that called Powder of Cyprus, or Orris Powder.

The nation of the Jews, a pious folk, 840  
 Tho' our gods they do n't invoke,  
 And not to you, ye Plants! unknown  
 I' th' days of that great florist Solimon,  
 Tell us that Jove, to cheer the drooping ball,  
 After the flood a promise past, 845  
 That so long as earth should last  
 No future deluge on the world should fall,  
 And as a seal to this obliging grant,  
 The rainbow in the sky did plant.  
 I am that bow, in poor hydropick man 850  
 The same refreshing hopes contain;  
 I look as gay, and shew as fine,  
 I am the thing of which that only is the sign:  
 My Plant performs the same,  
 Towards man's little worldly frame 855  
 And when within him I appear,  
 He needs no deluge from a dropfy fear.

The Peony then, with large red Flow'r, came on,  
 And brought no train but his lov'd mate alone;  
 Numbers could not make him the cause of spouse, 860  
 'Las! the whole nation made but one poor house;  
 Nor did her costly wardrobe pride inspire,  
 All dress'd alike, all did one colour wear;  
 And yet he wanted not for majesty,  
 Appearing with a sober gravity; 865  
 For he advanc'd his purple forehead, which  
 A Flower with thousand foldings did enrich:

Some love to call it the Illustrious Plant,  
 And we may well, I think, that title grant;  
 Physicians in their publick writing show 870  
 What praise is to the first inventor due.  
 Pæon \* was doctor to the gods, they say,  
 By the whole college honour'd to this day:  
 With her own merits, and this mighty name,  
 Hearten'd and buoy'd, she thus maintain'd her claim.

## PÆONIA; THE PEONY.

If the fond Tulip, swell'd with pride, 876  
 In her fool's coat of motley colours dy'd;  
 If lov'd Adonis' Flower, the Celandine,  
 Would proudly be preferr'd to mine,  
 Then let Jove's bird, the eagle, quit the field, 880  
 The thunder to the painted peacock yield;  
 Then let the tyrant of the woods be gone,  
 The lion yield to the chameleon.  
 You 'll say, perhaps, the nymphs make much of you;  
 They gather me for garlands too: 885  
 And yet, do ye think I value that?  
 Not I, by Flora! not a jot.  
 Virtue and courage are the valuable things  
 On difficult occasions shown:  
 Not painted arms ennoble kings; 890  
 Virtue alone gives lustre to a crown.

\* Homer says, Pæon cured Pluto with this Plant when he was wounded by Hercules.

Hence I the known Herculean disease,  
 The falling sickness, cure with ease,  
 Which, like the club that hero once did wear,  
 Down with one single blow mankind does bear. 895  
 I fancy hence the story rise,  
 That Pluto, wounded once by Hercules,  
 My juice, infus'd by Pæon, gave him ease,  
 And did the groaning god appease. }  
 Pæon was fam'd, I'm sure, for curing this disease. }  
 Pluto is god of Hell; it should seem 905  
 Prince of inexorable Death;  
 Now this disease is death; but not like him,  
 Without a sting plac'd in the shades beneath.  
 I should be vain, extremely vain, indeed, 905  
 A quarrel on punctilios to breed,  
 Since a more noble Flow'r than I  
 The Sun in all his journey does not spy:  
 Nor do I go in Physick's beaten road,  
 By other Plants before me trod, 910 }  
 But in a way worthy a healing god.  
 I never with the foe come hand to hand;  
 My odour death does at a distance send;  
 Hung round the neck, straight, without more ado,  
 I put to flight the rampant foe: 915  
 I neither come (what think you, Cæsar! now)  
 Nor view the camp, and yet can overthrow.  
 She spoke, and bow'd, and so the court forsook.  
 Her consort follow'd with a blushing look;

When straight a fragrant air of strong perfume, 920  
 And a new lustre, darted thro' the room.  
 No wonder, for the Rose did next appear; [rear.  
 Spring wisely plac'd his best and choicest troops i' the  
 Some wild in woods, yet worth and beauty show,  
 Such as might in Hesperian gardens grow. 925  
 Nought by experience than the Wood Rose found,  
 Better to cure a mad dog's pois'nous wound :  
 This brings away the gravel and the stone,  
 And gives you ease tho' to a quarry grown.  
 The beauteous Garden Rose she did not shame, 930  
 Tho' better bred, and of a softer name ;  
 Which in four squadrons drawn, the Damask Rose,  
 In name of all the rest maintain'd the cause ;  
 Which sprang, they say, from Syrian Venus' blood \*,  
 Long time the pride of rich Damascus stood. 935

### THE ROSE.

AND who can doubt my race, says she,  
 Who on my face Love's token see ?  
 The god of Love is always soft, and always young ;  
 I am the same ; then to his blood what wrong ?  
 My brother winged does appear ; 940  
 I leaves instead of wings do wear :  
 He 's drawn with lighted torches in his hand ;  
 Upon my top bright flaming glories stand.

\* The Rose is said at first to have grown white only, till  
 Venus, running after Adonis, scratched her legs upon its  
 thorns, and stained the Flowers red with her blood.

The Rose has prickles, so has Love,  
 Tho' these a little sharper prove : 945  
 There 's nothing in the world above, or this below,  
 But would for Rosy-colour'd go ;  
 This is the dye that still does please  
 Both mortal maids and heav'nly goddesses :  
 I am the standard by which beauty 's try'd, 950  
 The wish of Chloë, and immortal Juno's pride.  
 The bright Aurora, queen of all the East,  
 Proud of her Rosy fingers is confess'd ;  
 When from the gates of Light the rising Day  
 Breaks forth, his constant rounds to go, 955  
 The winged Hours prepare the way,  
 And Rosy clouds before him strow.  
 The windows of the sky with Roses shine ;  
 I am Day's ornament as well as sign ;  
 And when the glorious pomp and tour is o'er, 960  
 I greet it posting to the Western shore.  
 The god of Love, we must allow,  
 Should tolerably beauty know :  
 Yet never from those cheeks he goes,  
 Where he can spy the blushing Rose. 965  
 Thus the wise bee will never dwell  
 (That, like the god of Love, has wings ;  
 That, too, has honey, that has stings)  
 On vulgar Flow'rs that have no grateful smell.  
 Tell me, bless'd Lover ! what 's a kifs, 970  
 Without a Rosy lip create the blifs ?

Nor do I only charming sweets dispense,  
 But bear arms in my own and man's defence:  
 I, without the patient's pain,  
 Man's body, that Augean stable, clean; 975  
 Not with a rough and pressing hand,  
 As thunder-storms from clouds command,  
 But as the dew and gentle showers  
 Dissolving light on Herbs and Flowers:  
 Nor of a short and fading date, 980  
 Was I the less design'd for rule and state;  
 Let proud ambitious Floramour,  
 Usurping on the gods' immortal name,  
 Joy to be styl'd the Everlasting Flower, 984  
 I ne'er knew yet that Plant that near to Nestor came.  
 We too, too blest'd, too pow'rful should be grown,  
 Which would but envy raise,  
 If we could say our beauty were our own,  
 Or boast long life and many days.  
 But why should I complain of Fate 990  
 For giving me so short a date?  
 Since Flowers, the emblems of mortality,  
 All the same way and manner die:  
 But the kind gods above forbid  
 That Virtue ere a grave should find; 995  
 And tho' the Fatal Sisters cut my thread,  
 My odour, like the soul, remains behind.  
 To a dead lion a live worm 's preferr'd,  
 Tho' once the king of all the savage herd.



After my death I still excel 1000  
 The best of Flowers that are alive and well;  
 If that the name of dead will bear,  
 From whose mere corpse does come,  
 (Like the dead body's still-surviving heir)  
 So sweet a smell and strong perfume, 1005  
 Let them invent a thousand ways  
 My mangled corpse to vex and squeeze,  
 Tho' in a sweating limbeck pent,  
 My ashes shall preserve their scent.  
 Like a dead monarch to the grave I come, 1010  
 Nature embalms me in my own perfume.  
 She spoke; a virgin blush came o'er her face,  
 And an ambrosian scent flew round the place;  
 But that which gave her words a finer grace, 1014  
 Not without some constraints she seem'd to tell her  
 Her rivals trembled; for the Judge's look [praise.  
 A secret pleasure and much kindness spoke.  
 The virgin did not for wellwishers lack,  
 Her kindred-squadrons stood behind her back :  
 The Yellow nearest stood, unfit for war, 1020  
 Nor did the spoils of cur'd diseases bear ;  
 The White was next, of great and good renown,  
 A kind assistant to the eyesight known;  
 The third, a mighty warrior, was the Red,  
 Which terribly her bloody banner spread : 1025  
 She binds the flux with her restraining arts,  
 And stops the humours' journey to those parts;

She brings a present and a sure relief  
 To head and heart, the fountains both of life :  
 The fever's fires by her are mildness taught, 1030  
 And the hagg'd man to sweet composure brought.  
 By help of this, Jason of old, we read,  
 Yok'd and subdu'd the Bulls of fiery breed ;  
 One dose to sleep the watchful Dragon sent,  
 By which no more but an high fever 's meant. 1035  
 Between this Squadron and the White, we're told,  
 A long and grievous strife commenc'd of old ;  
 Strife is too soft a word for many years'  
 Cruel, unnatural, and bloody, wars :  
 The fam'd Pharsalian fields, twice dy'd in blood,  
 Ne'er of a nobler quarrel witness flood ; 1041  
 The thirst of empire, ground of most our wars,  
 Was that which solely did occasion theirs ;  
 For the Red Rose could not an equal bear,  
 And the White would of no superiour hear : 1045  
 The chiefs by York and Lancaster \* upheld,  
 With Civil rage harrass'd the British field.  
 What madness drew ye, Roses! to engage,  
 Kin against kin, to spend your thorns and rage ?  
 Go, turn your arms where you may triumph gain,  
 And fame unfully'd with a blushing stain ; 1051  
 See the French Lily spoils and wastes your shore ;  
 Go, conquer there, where you 'ave twice beat before :

\* The Civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, of which the first bore the White Rose, and the other the Red, cost more English blood than did twice conquering France.

Whilst the Scotch Thistle, with audacious pride,  
 Taking advantage, gores your bleeding side. 1055  
 Do Roses no more sense and prudence own,  
 Than to be fighting for domestick crown?  
 From Venus you much of the mother bear,  
 You both take pleasure in the god of War;  
 I now begin to think the fable true, 1060  
 That Mars sprung from a Flow'r, fulfill'd by you.  
 War ravages the field, and like the furious boar,  
 That turns up all the garden's beauteous store,  
 O'erthrows the trees and hedges, and does wound  
 With his ungentle tusk the bleeding ground; 1065  
 Roots up the Saffron and the Violet bed,  
 And feasts upon the gaudy Tulip's head:  
 You'd grieve to see a beauteous plat so soon  
 Into confusion by a monster thrown.

But, oh, my Muse! oh, whither do'st thou tow'r!  
 This is a flight too high for thee to soar; 1071  
 The harmless strife of Plants, their wanton play,  
 Thy pipe perhaps may well enough essay;  
 But for their wars, that is a theme so great,  
 Rather for Lucan's martial trumpet fit; 1075  
 To him that sung the Theban brothers' death,  
 To Maro, or some such, that task bequeath. 1077

*End of the Third Book.*

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# OF PLANTS.

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## BOOK IV. OF FLOWERS.

*Translated by N. Tate.*

HAPPY the man whom, from ambition freed,  
A little field and little garden feed;  
The field does frugal Nature's wants supply,  
The garden furnishes for luxury :  
What farther specious clogs of life remain,       5  
He leaves for fools to seek, and knaves to gain.  
    This happy life did th' old Corycian chuse,  
A life deserving Maro's noble Muse;  
This happy life did wise Abdol'm'nus charm,  
The mighty monarch of a little farm.       10  
While hoeing weeds that on his walks encroach'd,  
Great Alexander's messenger approach'd ;  
" Receive," said he " the ensigns of a crown,  
" A sceptre, mitre, and Sidonian gown."  
To empire call'd, unwillingly he goes,       15  
And longing looks back on his cottage throws.  
Thus Aglaus' farm did frequent visits find  
From gods, himself a stranger to mankind.  
Gyges, the richest king of former times,  
(Wicked, and swelling with successful crimes)       20  
" Is there," said he, " a man more blest'd than I?"  
Thus challeng'd he the Delphick deity.

" Yes, Aglaus," the plaindealing god reply'd :  
 " Aglaus ! who 's he ?" the angry monarch cry'd.  
 " Say, is there any king so call'd ?" " There 's none ;  
 " No king was ever by that title known,                    26  
 " Or any great commander of that name,  
 " Or hero, who with gods does kindred claim ;  
 " Or any who does such vast wealth enjoy,  
 " As all his luxury can ne'er destroy.                    30  
 " Renown'd for arms, for wealth, or birth, no man  
 " Was found call'd Aglaus : who 's this Aglaus, then ?"  
 At last, in the retir'd Arcadian plains,  
 (Silence and shades surround Arcadian swains)  
 Near Ptophis town (where he but once had been) 35  
 At plough this man of happiness was seen ;  
 In this retirement was that Aglaus found,  
 Envy'd by kings, and by a god renown'd.  
 Almighty Pow'r ! if lawful it may be,  
 Amongst fictitious gods to mention thee,                    40  
 Before encroaching age too far intrude,  
 Let this sweet scene my life's dull farce conclude !  
 With this sweet close my uselefs toil be bless'd,  
 My long tofs'd bark in that calm station rest.  
 Once more my Muse in wild digression strays,                    45  
 Ne'er satisfy'd with dear Retirement's praise.  
 A pleasant road—but from our purpose wide ;  
 Turn off, and to our point directly guide.  
 Of Summer-flow'rs a mighty host remain,  
 With those which Autumn musters on the plain, 50

Who with joint forces fill the shining field,  
 Grudging that Spring should equal numbers yield  
 To both their lists, or, 'cause some Plants had been  
 Under the service of both seasons seen.

Of these, my Muse! rehearse the chief, (for all, 55  
 Tho' Mem'ry's daughter thou can't ne'er recall)  
 The spikes of Summer's corn thou may'st as well,  
 Or ev'ry grape of fruitful Autumn tell.

The flamy Pansy ushers Summer in,  
 His friendly march with Summer does begin; 60  
 Autumn's companion too, (so Proserpine  
 Hides half the year, and half the year is seen)  
 The Violet is less beautiful than thee,  
 That of one colour boasts, and thou of three:  
 Gold, silver, purple, are thy ornament, 65  
 Thy rivals thou might'st scorn, hadst thou but scent.

The Hesperis assumes a Violet's name,  
 To that which justly from the Hesper came;  
 Hesper does all thy precious sweets unfold,  
 Which coyly thou didst from the day withhold: 70  
 In him more than the sun thou tak'st delight;  
 To him, like a kind bride, thou yield'st thy sweet at

The Anthemis, a small but glorious Flow'r, [night.  
 Scarce rears his head, yet has a giant's tow'r;  
 Forces the lurking fever to retreat, 75  
 (Enscenc'd, like Cacus, in his smoky seat)  
 Recruits the feeble joints, and gives them ease;  
 He makes the burning inundation cease;

And when his force against the stone is sent,  
 He breaks the rock, and gives the waters vent. 80  
 Not thunder finds thro' rocks so swift a course,  
 Nor gold the rampir'd town so soon can force.

Bluebottle, thee my numbers fain would raise,  
 And thy complexion challenges my praise;  
 Thy countenance, like Summer-skies, is fair, 85  
 But, ah! how diff'rent thy vile manners are!  
 Ceres for this excludes thee from my song,  
 And swains, to gods and me a sacred throng:  
 A treach'rous guest, destruction thou dost bring  
 'To th' hospitable field where thou dost spring : 90  
 Thou blunt'st the very reaper's sickle, and so  
 In life and death becom'st the farmer's foe.

The Fenel Flow'r does next our song invite,  
 Dreadful at once, and lovely to the sight:  
 His beard all bristly, all unkemb'd his hair, 95  
 Ev'n his wreath'd horns the same rough aspect bear;  
 His visage, too, a wat'rish blue adorns,  
 Like Achelous, ere his head wore horns:  
 Nor without reason, (prudent Nature's care  
 Gives Plants a form that might their use declare) 100  
 Dropsies it cures, and makes moist bodies dry,  
 It bids the waters pass, the frightened waters fly;  
 Does thro' the body's secret channels run,  
 A water-goddes in the little world of man.

But say, Corn Violet, why thou dost claim 105  
 Of Venus' Looking-glass the pompous name?

Thy studded purple vices, I must confess,  
 With the most noble and Patrician dress;  
 Yet wherefore Venus' Looking-glass? that name  
 Her offspring Rose did ne'er presume to claim. 110

Antirrhinon, more modest, takes the style  
 Of Lion's-mouth, sometimes of Calf-snout vile,  
 By us Snapdragon call'd, to make amends,  
 But say what this chimera name intends?  
 Thou well deserv'st it if, as old wives say, 115  
 Thou driv'st nocturnal ghosts and sprights away.

Why does thy head, Napellus! armour wear?  
 Thy guilt, perfidious Plant! creates thy fear:  
 Thy helmet we could willingly allow,  
 But thou, alas! hast mortal weapons too! 120  
 But wherefore arm'd, as if for open fight,  
 Who work'st by secret poison all thy spite?

Helmet 'gainst helmet justly thou dost wear,  
 Blue Anthora, upon thy lovely hair;  
 This cov'ring from fell wounds thy front does shield;  
 With such a headpiece Pallas goes to field. 126

What god to thee such baneful force allow'd,  
 With such heroick piety endow'd?  
 Thou poison'st more than e'er Medea slew,  
 Yet no such antidote Medea knew. 130

Nor pow'rful only 'gainst thy own dire harms,  
 Thy virtue ev'ry noxious Plant disarms:  
 Serpents are harmless creatures made by thee,  
 And Africa itself is from poison free.



Air, earth, and seas, with secret taint oppress'd, 135  
 Discharge themselves of the unwelcome guest ;  
 On wretched us they shed the deadly bane,  
 Who die by them that should our life maintain :  
 Then Nature seems to 'ave learnt the pois'ning trade,  
 Our common parent our stepmother made : 140  
 'Tis then the sickly world perceives thy aid ;  
 By thy prevailing force the plague is staid.  
 A noble strife 'twixt Fate and thee we find,  
 That to destroy, thou to preserve mankind.

Into thy lists, thou martial Plant ! admit 145  
 Goat's-rue, Goat's-rue is for thy squadrons fit.

Thy beauty, *Campion* ! very much may claim,  
 But of *Greek Rose* how didst thou gain the name ?  
 The *Greeks* were ever privileg'd to tell  
 Untruths, they call thee *Rose*, who hast no smell :  
 Yet formerly thou wast in garlands worn, 151  
 Thy starry beams our temples still adorn,  
 Thou crown'ft our feasts, where we in mirth suppose,  
 And in our drink allow, thee for a *Rose*.

The *Chalcedonian* soil did once produce 155  
 A *Lychnis* of much greater size and use ;  
 Form'd like a scone, where various branches rise,  
 Bearing more lights than *Juno's* bird has eyes :  
 Like those in palaces, whose golden light 159  
 Strikes up, and makes the gilded roofs more bright :  
 This great men's tables serves, while that 's preferr'd  
 To altars, and the gods' celestial board.

Should Maro ask me in what region springs  
 The race of Flow'rs inscrib'd with names of kings ?  
 I answer, that of Flow'rs deserv'dly crown'd 165  
 With royal titles many may be found ;  
 The Royal Loose-strife, Royal Gentian, grace  
 Our gardens, proud of such a princely race.

Soapwort! tho' coarse thy name, thou dost excel  
 In form, and art enrich'd with fragrant smell: 170  
 As great in virtue, too, for thou giv'st ease  
 In dropsies and fair Venus' foul disease ;  
 Yet dost not servile offices decline,  
 But condescend'st to make our kitchen's shine.  
 Rome's great Dictator thus, his triumph pass'd, 175  
 Return'd to plough, nor thought his pomp debas'd ;  
 The same right-hand guides now the humble stive,  
 And oxen yokes that did fierce nations drive.

Next comes the Flow'r in figure of a bell ;  
 Thy sportive-meaning, Nature! who can tell? 180  
 In these what musick, Flora! dost thou find?  
 Say for what jocund rites they are design'd.  
 By us these bells are never heard to sound,  
 Our ears are dull, and stupid is our mind ;  
 Nature is all a riddle to mankind. 185 }  
 Some Flow'rs give men as well as gods delight,  
 These qualify, nor smell, nor taste, nor sight ;  
 Why, therefore, should not our fifth sense be serv'd ?  
 Or is that pleasure for the gods reserv'd ?

But of all Bell-flow'rs Bindweed does surpass, 190  
Of brighter metal than Corinthian brass.

My Muse grows hoarse, and can no longer sing,  
But Throatwort hastes her kind relief to bring;  
The Colleges with dignity instal  
This Flow'r; at Rome he is a Cardinal. 195

The Foxglove on fair Flora's hand is worn,  
Lest while she gathers Flow'rs she meet a thorn.

Loveapple, tho' its Flow'r less fair appears,  
Its golden fruit deserves the name it bears:  
But this is new in love, where the true crop 200  
Proves nothing; all the pleasure was i' th' hope.

The Indian Flow'ry Reed in figure vies,  
And lustre, with the Cancer of the Skies.

The Indian Cress our climate now does bear, 204  
Call'd Lark's-heel, 'cause he wears a horseman's spur.  
This gilt-spur knight prepares his course to run,  
Taking his signal from the rising sun,  
And stimulates his Flow'r to meet the day;  
So Castor mounted, spurs his steed away.

This warrior, sure, has in some battle been, 210  
For spots of blood upon his breast are seen.

Had Ovid seen him, how would he have told  
His history, a task for me too bold?

His race at large and fortunes had express'd,  
And whence those bleeding signals on thy breast:  
From later bards such mysteries are hid, 216  
Nor does the god inspire as heretofore he did.

With the same weapon, Larkspur! thou dost mount  
 Amongst the Flow'rs, a knight of high account;  
 To want those warlike ensigns were a shame 220  
 For thee, who kindred dost with Ajax claim:  
 Of unarm'd Flow'rs he could not be the sire,  
 Who for the loss of armour did expire.  
 Of th' ancient Hyacinth thou keep'st the form,  
 Those lovely creatures; that ev'n Phœbus charm;  
 In thee those skilful letters still appear, 226  
 That prove thee Ajax his undoubted heir.  
 That upstart Flow'r that has usurp'd thy fame,  
 O'ercome by thee, is forc'd to quit his claim.  
 The Lily, too, would fain thy rival be, 230  
 And brings, 't is true, some signs that well agree,  
 But in complexion differs much from thee. }  
 At spring thou may'st adorn the Asian bow'rs;  
 We reap thee here among our Summer-flow'rs:  
 But Martagon a bolder challenge draws, 235  
 And offers reason to support his cause;  
 Nor did Achilles' armour ere create  
 'Twixt Ajax and Ulysses such debate,  
 So fierce, so great, as at this day we see,  
 For Ajax' spoils, 'twixt Martagon and thee. 240  
 That bastard Dittany, of sanguine hue,  
 From Hector's reeking blood conception drew;  
 I cannot say but still a crimson stain  
 Tinctures its skin, and colours every vein.

In man the three chief seats it does maintain, 245  
 Defends the heart, the stomach, and the brain:  
 But all in vain thy virtue is employ'd  
 To save a town must be at last destroy'd;  
 In vain thou fight'st with Heav'n and Destiny,  
 Our Troy must fall, and thou our Hector die. 250

Next comes the Candy-tufts, a Cretan Flower,  
 That rivals Jove in country and in power.

The Pellitory healing fire contains,  
 That from a raging tooth the humour drains;  
 At bottom red, above 't is white and pure, 255  
 Resembling teeth and gums, for both a certain cure.

The Sowbread does afford rich food for swine,  
 Physick for man, and garlands for the shrine.  
 Mouse-ear, like to its namesake, loves t' abide  
 In places out o' the-way, from mankind hid; 260  
 It loves the shade, and Nature kindly lends  
 A shield against the darts that Phœbus sends:  
 'Tis with such silky bristles cover'd o'er,  
 The tend'rest virgin's hand may crop the Flow'r:  
 From all its num'rous darts no hurt is found; 265  
 Its weapons know to cure, but not to wound.

Sweetwilliam small, has form and aspect bright,  
 Like that sweet Flower that yields great Jove delight;  
 Had he majestick bulk, he'd now be styl'd  
 Jove's Flower; and if my skill is not beguil'd, 270 }  
 He was Jove's Flower when Jove was but a child. }  
 Take him with many Flow'rs in one conferr'd,  
 He's worthy Jove ev'n now he has a beard.

The Catchfly with Sweetwilliam we confound,  
 Whose nets the stragglers of the swarm surround; 275  
 Those viscous threads that hold th' entangled prey  
 From its own treach'rous entrails force their way.

Three branches in the Barrenwort are found,  
 Each branch again with three less branches crown'd;  
 The leaves and Flowers adorning each are three; 280  
 This frame must needs contain some sacred mystery.

Small are thy blossoms, Double Pellitory,  
 Which yet united are the garden's glory:  
 Sneezing thou dost provoke, and Love for thee,  
 When thou wert born, sneez'd most auspiciously. 285

But thou that from fair Mella tak'st thy name,  
 Thy front surrounded with a starlike flame,  
 Scorn not the meads, for from the meads are borne  
 Wreaths which the temples of the gods adorn;  
 Kind sustenance thou yields the labouring bee, 290  
 When scarce thy mother-Earth affords it thee:  
 Thy winter store in hardest months is found,  
 And more than once with Flow'rs in summer crown'd;  
 Thy root supplies the place of Flow'rs decay'd,  
 And fodder for the fainting hive is made. 295

Behold a monster loathsome to the eye,  
 Of slender bulk, but dang'rous policy;  
 Eight legs it bears, three joints in every limb,  
 That nimbly move, and dex'troufly can climb;  
 Its trunk (all belly) round deform'd, and swell'd,  
 With fatal nets and deadly poison fill'd; 301

For gnats and wand'ring flies she spreads her toils,  
 And, robber-like, lives high on ravish'd spoils:  
 The city-spider, as more civiliz'd,  
 With this less hurtful practice is suffic'd, 305  
 With greater fury the tarantula,  
 Tho' small itself, makes men and beasts its prey,  
 Takes first our reason, then our life, away. }  
 Thou, Spiderwort! dost with the monster strive,  
 And from the conquer'd foe thy name derive. 310  
 Thus Scipio, when the world's third part he won,  
 While to the spoils the meaner captains run,  
 The only plunder he desir'd was fame,  
 And from the vanquish'd foe to take his name.

The Marvail of the World comes next in view,  
 At home, but styl'd the Marvail of Peru: 316  
 (Boast not too much, proud Soil! thy mines of gold,  
 Thy veins much wealth, but more of poison hold)  
 Bring o'er the root, our colder earth has power  
 In its full beauty to produce the Flower; 320  
 But yields for issue no prolifick seed,  
 And scorns in foreign lands to plant and breed.

The Holyhock disdains the common size  
 Of Herbs, and like a tree does proudly rise;  
 Proud she appears, but try her, and you'll find 325 }  
 No Plant more mild, or friendly to mankind;  
 She gently all obstructions does unbind. }

The Africans their rich leaves closely fold,  
 Bright as their country's celebrated gold;

Each hollow leaf, envelop'd, does impart 330  
 The form of a gilt pipe, and seems a work of art :  
 Would kind Apollo once these pipes inspire,  
 They 'd give such sounds as should surpass his lyre.  
 A more than common date this Flow'r enjoys,  
 And sees a month completed ere she dies. 335  
 These only Fate permits so long to stand,  
 And crops 'em then with an unwilling hand.  
 The calyx where her fertile seeds are laid  
 In likeness of a painted quiver made,  
 With store of arrows, too, this quiver 's grac'd, 340  
 And decently on Flora's shoulder plac'd.  
 When she in gardens hunts the butterfly,  
 In vain the wretch his sunburnt wings does try, }  
 Secure enough, did fear not make him fly : }  
 Himself would seem a Flow'r if motionless, 345  
 And cheat the goddess with his gaudy dress ;  
 Retreating, the keen spike his sides does goad,  
 To earth he falls, a light and unfelt load.  
 Such was the punick Caltha, which of yore,  
 Of Juno's Rose the lofty title bore : 350  
 Of famous Carthage, now by Fate hereft,  
 This last (and surely) greatest pride is left.  
 How vain, O Flow'rs! your hopes and wishes be,  
 Borne like yourselves by rapid winds away :  
 Once you had hopes, at Hannibal's return 355  
 From vanquish'd Rome, his triumphs to adorn,  
 And ev'n imperious Carthage' head surround,  
 When she the Mistress of the World was crown'd ;



Presum'd that Flora would for you declare,  
Tho' she that time a Latian goddess were: 360

But now, alas! reduc'd to private state,  
Thou shar'st, poor Flow'r! thy captive country's fate.

Why, Hollyrose! dost thou, of slender frame,  
And without scent, assume a Rose's name?

Fate on thy pride a swift revenge does bring, 365  
The day beholds thee dead that sees the spring;

Yet to the shades thy soul triumphing goes,  
Boasting that thou didst imitate the Rose.

A better claim Sweet Cistus may pretend,  
Whose sweating leaves a fragrant balsam send. 370

To crop this Plant the wicked goat presumes,  
Whose fetid beard the precious balm perfumes;

But in revenge of the unhallowed theft,  
The caitiff is of his larded beard bereft.

Baldness thou dost redress, nor are we sure 375  
Whether the beard or balsam gives the cure.

Thy ointment, Jessamine! without abuse  
Is gain'd, yet grave old fots condemn the use;

Tho' Jove himself, when he is most enrag'd,  
With thy ambrosial odour is assuag'd. 380

Capricious men! why should that scent displease,  
That is so grateful to the deities?

Flora herself to th' Orange-tree lays claim,  
Calls it her own, Pomona does the same;

Hard words ensue (for under sense of wrong; 385  
Ev'n goddesses themselves can find a tongue)

If apples please you so, Pomona cries,  
 Take your Loveapple, and let that suffice;  
 To claim another's right is harlots' trade,  
 So may a goddess of an harlot made. 390

And on what score, Flora, incens'd, reply'd,  
 Were you by kind Vertumnus deify'd?  
 You kept (no thanks) your maiden-virtue when  
 He was a matron, when a youth—what then?  
 Such fragrant fruits as these may Flow'rs be call'd,  
 And henceforth with that name shall be install'd. 396  
 On sundry sorts of pulse we do bestow  
 That title, tho' in open field they grow,  
 As others oft' are in the garden seen,  
 Witness the Everlasting Pease and Scarlet Bean. 400

The vulgar Bean's sweet scent who does not prize?  
 With iv'ry forehead, and with jet-black eyes,  
 Amongst our garden-beauties may appear,  
 If gardens only their cheap crop did bear.  
 Pythagoras, not rightly understood, 405  
 Has left a scandal on the noble food.

Take care, henceforth, ye Sages! to speak true;  
 Speak truth, and speak intelligibly too.

Lupine unsteep'd to harshness does incline,  
 And, like old Cato, is of temper rough, 410  
 But drench the pulse in water, him in wine,  
 They'll lose their sourness, and grow mild enough.  
 These Flowers, and thousands more, whose num'rous  
 tribe

And pompous march 't were endless to describe.

The Mandrake only imitates our walk, 415  
And on two legs erect is seen to stalk.

This monster struck Bellona's self with awe,  
When first the man-resembling Plant she saw.

The Waterlily still is wanting here ;  
What cause can Waterlily have to fear, 420 }  
Where beauties of inferiour rank appear?  
Her form excels, and, for nobility,

The whole Assembly might her vassals be :  
A water-nymph she was, Alcides' bride,  
(Who sprung from gods, himself now deify'd) 425

This cost her dear—by love of him betray'd,  
The water-goddes a poor Plant was made :  
From this misfortune she does trifful prove,  
And to this hour she hates the name of Love :  
All freedom she renounces, mirth and play, 430

That to more close embraces lead the way :  
And since our Flora's former pranks are known, }  
(If in a goddess we such crimes may own)  
In life the common mistress of the town :

She scorns at the tribunal to be seen, 435  
Nor would on terms so scandalous be queen :  
To be from earth divorc'd she'd rather chuse,  
And to the Sun her wither'd root expose.

Thee, Maracot\*! a much more sacred cause  
From these profane ridic'lous rites withdraws ; 440

\* *Flos Passionis Christi*. The Passion Flower; or Virginian Climber. The first of these names was given it by the Jesuits, who pretended to find in it all the instruments of our Lord's passion; not so easily discerned by men of senses not so fine as they.

With signals of a real god adorn'd,  
 Poets' and painters' gods by thee are scorn'd.  
 T' unfold the emblems of this mystick Flower,  
 Transcends, alas! my feeble Muse's power;  
 But Nature, sure, by chance did ne'er bestow 445  
 A form so diff'rent from all Plants that grow.  
 Enrob'd with ten white leaves, the proper dress  
 Of Virgins chaste, and sacred priestesses,  
 Twice round her twofold selvage you may view  
 A purple ring, the sacred martyr's hue: 450  
 Thick-sprouting stems of ruddy Saffron-grain  
 Strive to conceal the Flow'r, but strive in vain.  
 This coronet, of ruby spikes compos'd,  
 The thorny blood-stain'd crown may be suppos'd;  
 The blood-stain'd pillar, too, a curious eye 455  
 May there behold, and if you closely pry,  
 The sponge, the nails, the scourge, thereon you'll spy,  
 And knobs resembling a crown'd head descry.  
 So deep in earth the root descends, you'd swear  
 It meant to visit Hell, and triumph there: 460  
 In ev'ry soil it grows, as if it meant  
 To stretch its conquest to the world's extent.

Beside the forenam'd candidates, but few  
 Remain'd, and most of them were modest too;  
 But where such fragrant rivals did appear, 465  
 Who would have thought to find rank Moly there?  
 Amongst competitors of such fair note,  
 Sure Garlick only will for Moly vote:

Yet something 't was (and Plants themselves confess  
 The honour great) that Homer did express . . . 470  
 Her famous name in his immortal song ;  
 Swell'd with this pride, she presses thro' the throng.  
 Deep silence o'er the whole Assembly spreads,  
 Whilst with unfav'ry breath her title thus she pleads.

## M O L Y.

To find a name for me the gods took care, . . . 475  
 A mystick name, that might my worth declare :  
 They call me Moly : dull grammarians' sense  
 Is puzzled with the term——  
 But Homer held divine intelligence.  
 In Greek and Latin both my name is Great, . . . 480  
 The term is just, but Moly sounds more neat :  
 My pow'rs prevented Circe's dire design ;  
 Ulysses but for me had been a swine ;  
 In vain had Mercury inspir'd his brain  
 With craft, and tipp'd his wheedling tongue in vain,  
 Had I not enter'd timely to his aid. . . . 486  
 Thus Moly spoke, and would much more have said ;  
 But by mischance (as if some angry power  
 Had ow'd her long a shame) a belch most four  
 Broke from her throat, perfuming all the Court, 490  
 And made her rivals unexpected sport.  
 Her pompous name no longer can take place,  
 Her odour proves her of the Garlick race ;

Forthwith with one consent the gibing throng  
Set up their notes, and sung the wellknown song. 495

“ He that to cut his father’s throat  
“ Did heretofore presume,  
“ To ’ave Garlick cramm’d into his gut  
“ Receiv’d the dreadful doom.”

Flora, to silence the tumultuous jest, 500 }  
( Tho’ secretly, she smil’d amongst the rest ) }  
That she herself would speak a sign express’d ; }  
Then with sweet grace into these accents broke,  
Th’ unhallow’d place perfuming while she spoke.

## F L O R A.

HOMER I will not vain or careless call, 505  
Tho’ he no mention makes of me at all ;  
That he blameworthy was in this ’t is true,  
But the Blind Bard gives other gods their due.  
To doubt his truth were piety to flight ;  
Ev’n what of Moly he affirms is right. 510  
I once had such a Flower, but now bereft  
O’ the happiness, the name is only left.  
No sooner men its wondrous virtue knew,  
But jealous gods the pow’rful Plant withdrew.  
’Tis said that Jove did Mercury chastise 515  
For showing to Ulysses such a prize.

To say I saw him do it I 'll not presume,  
 But witness am of Moly's unjust doom.  
 E'en to the shades below her root strikes down,  
 As she would make th' infernal world her own; 520  
 As from their native seats the fiends she 'd drive,  
 And, spite of flames and blasting sulphur, thrive.  
 Jove saw it, and said, "Since fire cann't stop thy course,  
 "We 'll try some magick-water's stranger force."  
 Then calling Lympha to him, thus at large 525  
 Unfolds his mind, and gives the goddess charge:  
 "Thou know'st," said he, "where Cicones reside,  
 "There runs a marv'lous petrifying tide;  
 "Take of that stream (but largely take) and throw  
 "Where'er thou see'st the wicked Moly grow; 530  
 "Our empire is not safe, her pow'r so large;  
 "Whole rivers therefore on her head discharge."  
 Lympha with lib'ral hand the liquor pours,  
 While thirsty Moly her own bane devours:  
 Her stem forthwith is turn'd (O prodigy!) 535  
 Into a pillar; where her Flower should be  
 The sculpture of a Flow'r is only shown.  
 Poor Moly, thus transform'd to marble-stone,  
 The story of her fate does still present,  
 And stands in death her own sad monument. 540  
 Here ended little Moly's mighty reign,  
 By jealous gods for too much virtue slain.  
 What wonder, then, if that bold Flow'r doth prove  
 The object of his wrath that rivall'd Jove;

That to embrace chaste Juno did aspire, 345  
 Gallant to a Goddess, of a god the fire?  
 The vigorous Herb begat a deity,  
 A god like Jove himself for majesty,  
 And one that thunders, too, as loud as he:  
 With one short moment's touch begot him too, 550  
 That 's more than ever threshing Jove could do.  
 The Flow'r itself appears with warrior's mien,  
 (As much as can in growing Plants be seen)  
 With stabbing point and cutting edge 't is made,  
 Like warlike weapon, and upon its blade 555  
 Are ruddy stains, like drops of blood, display'd.  
 Its spikes of falchion-shape, are sanguine too,  
 Its stem and front is all of bloody hue:  
 The root in form of any shield is spread,  
 A crested helmet 's plac'd upon its head: 560  
 Upon his stalk strings, bow, and arrows, grow,  
 A horseman's spur upon his heel below.  
 Minerva I would have this warrior wed,  
 A warrior fit for chaste Minerva's bed;  
 So might she teem, yet keep her maidenhead. 565  
 My garden had but one of these, I own,  
 And therefore by the name of Phœnix known.  
 The Herb that could increase Jove's mighty breed,  
 T' itself an eunuch was, and wanted seed.  
 Grieving that earth so rich a prize should want, 570  
 I try'd all means to propagate the Plant.



What cannot wit, what cannot art fulfil?  
 At least where pow'rs divine would show their skill.  
 One tender bulb another did succeed,  
 And my fair Phœnix now began to breed;      575  
 But mark th' event; Shall I expecting sit,  
 Cries Jove, till this young sprout more gods beget?  
 To have a rival in my heav'n, and see  
 An Herb-race mingle with Jove's progeny?  
 A dreadful and blind monster then does make,      580  
 That on his rival dire revenge might take;  
 'Tho' less of size, shap'd like a forest boar,  
 And turns him loose into my garden's store.  
 What havock did the savage make that day?  
 (I weep to think what Flow'ry ruins lay)      585  
 With sulphur's fume I strove to drive him thence,  
 The fume of sulphur prov'd too weak defence:  
 Great Spurge and Asafœtida I try'd,  
 In vain, in vain, strong Moly's scent apply'd;  
 Small vermine did his ancestors suffice,      590  
 When they could catch a beetle 't was a prize,  
 But such coarse fare this salvage does despise.      }  
 He like a swine of Epicurus' breed,  
 On the best dainties of my soil must feed.  
 Tulips of ten pounds price (so large and gay      595  
 Adorn'd my bow'r) he 'd eat me ten a day:  
 For twice the sum I could not now supply  
 The like, tho' Jove himself should come to buy.  
 Yet like a goddess I the damage bore  
 With courage, trusting to my art for more:      600

While therefore I contrive to trap the foe,  
 The wretch devours my precious Phœnix too :  
 Nor to devour the fire is satisfy'd,  
 But tears the tender offspring from his side.  
 O impious fact—Here Flora paus'd awhile,      605  
 And from her eyes the crystal tears distil;  
 But, as became a goddess, check'd her grief,  
 And thus proceeds, in language sweet and brief.  
 Thee, Moly! Homer did perhaps devour,      609  
 For, to Heav'n's shame be't spoke, the Bard was poor,  
 But in thy praise would ne'er vouchsafe to speak;  
 From these examples, Moly! warning take :  
 To fatal honours seek not then to rise,  
 'Tis dangerous claiming kindred with the skies; }  
 Thou honest Garlick art, let that suffice :      615 }  
 Of country-growth own then thy earthly race,  
 Nor bring by pride on Plants or man disgrace.  
 She said—and to the Lily, waiting by,  
 Gave sign that she her title next should try.

## WHITE LILY.

SUCH as the lovely swan appears,      620  
 When rising from the Trent or Thame,  
 And as aloft his plumes he rears,  
 Despises the less beauteous stream;  
 So when my joyful Flow'r is born,  
 And does its native glories show,      625  
 Her clouded rival she does scorn;  
 They're all but foils where Lilies grow.

Soon as the infant comes to light,  
 With harmless milk alone 't is fed,  
 That from the innocence of white  
 A gentle temper may be bred. 630

The milky teat is first apply'd  
 To fiercest creatures of the earth,  
 But I can boast a greater pride,  
 A goddess' milk produc'd my birth \*. 635

When Juno, in the days of yore,  
 Did with this great Alcides teem,  
 Of milk the goddess had such store,  
 The nectar from her breast did stream :

Whit'ning beyond the pow'r of art 640  
 The pavement where it lay,  
 Yet thro' the crevices some part  
 Made shift to find its way.

The earth forthwith did pregnant prove,  
 With Lily-flow'rs supply'd, 645  
 That scarce the Milky-way above  
 With her in whiteness vy'd.

Thus did the race of man arise,  
 When sparks of heav'nly fire,  
 Breaking thro' crannies in the skies, 650  
 Did earth's dull mass inspire.

\* Jupiter, in order to make Hercules immortal, clapped him to Juno's breasts while she was asleep. The lusty little rogue sucked so hard, that too great a gush of milk coming forth, some spilt upon the sky, which made the Galaxy, or Milky-way, and out of some which fell to the earth arose the Lily.

Happy those souls that can, like me,  
 Their native white retain,  
 Preserve their heav'nly purity,  
 And wear no guilty stain. 655

Peace in my habit comes array'd,  
 My dress her daughters wear;  
 Hope and Joy in white are clad,  
 In sable weeds Despair.

Thus Beauty, Truth, and Chastity, 660  
 Attir'd we always find;  
 These in no female meet but me;  
 From me are ne'er disjoin'd.

Nature on many Flow'rs beside  
 Bestows a muddy white; 665  
 On me she plac'd her greatest pride,  
 All over clad in light.

Thus Lily spoke, and needles did suppose,  
 Secure of form, her virtues to disclose.  
 Then follow'd Lilies of a diff'rent hue, 670 }  
 Who ('cause their beauty less than her's they knew) }  
 From birth and high descent their title drew.  
 Of these the Martagon chief claim did bring,  
 (The noble Flow'r that did from Ajax spring)  
 But from the noblest hero's veins to flow, 675  
 Seem'd less than from a goddess' milk to grow.  
 At last the drowsy Poppy rais'd her head,  
 And sleepily began her cause to plead:  
 Ambition ev'n the drowsy Poppy wakes,  
 Who thus to urge her merit undertakes. 680

## POPPY.

O SLEEP! the gentle ease of grief,  
 Of care and toil the sweet relief;  
 Like sov'reign balm thou canst restore,  
 When doctors give the patient o'er.

Thou to the wretched art a friend, 685  
 A guest that ne'er does harm intend;  
 In cottages mak'st thy abode;  
 To th' innocent thou art a god.

On earth with Jove bear'st equal sway,  
 Thou rul'st the night, as Jove the day; 690  
 A middle station thou dost keep,  
 'Twixt Jove and Pluto, Pow'rful Sleep!

As thou art just, and scorn'st to lie,  
 Confess before this company,  
 That by the virtue of my Flow'r 695  
 Thou holdest thy nocturnal pow'r.

Why do we call thee Loiterer,  
 Who fly'st so nimbly thro' the air?  
 The birds on wing confess thy force,  
 And stop in th' middle of their course. 700

Thy empire, as the ocean wide,  
 Rules all that in the deep reside;  
 That moving island of the main,  
 The whale, is fetter'd in thy chain.

The desert lands thy pow'r declare, 705  
 Thou rul'st the lion, tiger, bear;  
 To mention these, alas! is vain,  
 O'er city-tyrants thou dost reign.

The basilisk, whose looks destroy,  
And nymph more fatal, if she 's coy; 710  
Whose glances surer death impart  
To her tormented lover's heart :

When Sleep commands, their charms give way,  
His more prevailing force obey ;  
Their killing eyes they gently close, 715  
Disarm'd by innocent repose.

That careful Jove does always wake  
The Poet say ; a foul mistake !  
For when to pow'r the wicked rise,  
Can Jove look on with open eyes. 720

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

That Ceres with my Flow'r is griev'd, 725  
Some think, but they are much deceiv'd,  
For where her richest corn she sows,  
The inmate Poppy she allows.

Together both our seeds does fling,  
And bids us both together spring ; 730  
Good cause, for my sleep-giving juice  
Does more than corn to life conduce.

On us the mortals freely feed ;  
Of other Plants there 's little need ;  
Full of Poppy, full of corn, 735  
Th' Hesperian garden you may scorn.

Bread 's more refreshing, mix'd with me \*,  
 Honey and I with bread agree ;  
 Our taste so sweet, it can excite  
 The weak or fated appetite. 740

In Ceres' garland I am plac'd ;  
 Me she did first vouchsafe to taste,  
 When for her daughter lost she griev'd,  
 Nor in long time had food receiv'd.

'Bove all, she does extol my Plant ; 745  
 For if sustaining corn you want,  
 From me such kind supplies are sent,  
 As give both sleep and nourishment.

The reason therefore is most plain  
 Why I was made the fruitfull'ft grain ; 750  
 The Persian brings not to the field  
 Such armies as my camp does yield.

Diseases in all regions breed,  
 No corner of the world is freed ;  
 Hard labour ev'ry where we find 755  
 The constant portion of mankind.

Sick Earth great Jove beheld with grief,  
 And sent me down to her relief,  
 And 'cause her ills so fast did breed,  
 Endu'd me with more fertile seed. 760

Thus Poppy spake, nor did, as I suppose,  
 So soon intend her bold harangue to close,  
 But, seiz'd with sleep, here finish'd her discourse,  
 Nor could resist her own lethargick force.

\* In old time the seed of the White Poppy, parched, was served up as a desert.

I tell strange things, (but nothing should deter, 765  
 Since 't is most certain truth what I aver)  
 Nor would I sacred history profane,  
 As poets use with what is false and vain.  
 While Poppy spoke—  
 Th' Assembly could no longer open keep 770  
 Their eyes, ev'n Flora's self fell fast asleep.  
 So Daffodils, with too much rain oppress'd,  
 Recline their drooping heads upon their breast,  
 Zephyr not long could bear this foul disgrace;  
 With a brisk breeze of air he shook the place: 775  
 Flora, who well her husband's kisses knew,  
 Wak'd first, but rear'd her head with much ado:  
 With heavy motion to her drowsy eyes  
 Her fingers lifts, and, "What 's a clock?" she cries.  
 At which the rest (all by degrees) unfold 780  
 Their eyelids, and the open day behold.  
 The Sunflow'r, thinking 't was for him foul shame  
 To nap by daylight, strove t' excuse the blame;  
 It was not sleep that made him nod, he said,  
 But too great weight and largeness of his head: 785  
 Majestick then before the Court he stands,  
 And silence with Phœbean voice commands.

## SUNFLOWER.

If by the rules of Nature we proceed,  
 And likeness to the fire must prove the breed,



Believe me, Sirs, when Phœbus looks on you, 790  
 He scarce can think his spouse, the Earth, was true.  
 No sooner can his eye on me be thrown,  
 But he by Styx will swear I am his own.  
 My orblike golden aspect bound with rays,  
 The very picture of his face displays. 795  
 Among the stars, long since, I should have place,  
 Had not my mother been of mortal race.  
 Presume not then, ye Earthborn Mushroom brood!  
 To call me Brother——I derive my blood  
 From Phœbus' self, which by my form I prove, 800  
 And, more than by my form, my filial love.  
 I still adore my fire with prostrate face,  
 Turn where he turns, and all his motions trace:  
 Who seeing this, (all things he sees) decreed  
 To you, his doubtful if not spurious breed, 805  
 These poorer climes to be in dow'r enjoy'd,  
 Of that divine Phœbean metal void;  
 On me that richer soil he did bestow,  
 Where gold, the product of his beams, does grow.  
 Amongst his treasures well might he assign 810  
 A place for me, his like and living coin.  
 He said, and bowing twice his head with grace  
 To Flora, thrice to his fire, resum'd his place.  
 To him succeeds a Flow'r of greater name,  
 Who from high Jove himself deriv'd his claim. 815

### JULY-FLOWER.

How this pretender, for no med'cine good,  
 Can be allow'd the son of Physick's god,

I leave to the wise judgment of the Court;  
 With better proofs my title I support.  
 Jove was my sire, to me he did impart      820  
 (Who best deserv'd) the empire of the heart:  
 Let him with golden aspect please the eye,  
 A sov'reign cordial to the heart am I.  
 Not Tagus, nor the treasures of Peru,  
 Thy boasted soil, can grief, like me, subdue.      825  
 Should Jove once more descend in golden show'r,  
 Not Jove could prove so cordial as my Flow'r.  
 One golden coat thou hast, I do confess,  
 That's all poor Plant! thou hast no change of dress:  
 Of sev'ral hues I sev'ral garments wear,      830  
 Nor can the Rose herself with me compare:  
 The gaudy Tulip and the Emony  
 Seem richly coated when compar'd with thee:  
 View both their stocks, my wardrobe has the same,  
 The very Cræsus I of colours am.      835  
 Rich but in dress they are, in virtue poor,  
 Or keep, like misers, to themselves their store;  
 Most lib'rally my bounty I impart;  
 'Tis joy to mine to ease another's heart.  
 Some Flow'rs for physick serve, and some for smell,  
 For beauty some—but I in all excel.      841  
 While thus she spake, her voice, scent, dress, and  
 Majestick all, drew rev'rence from the Court. [port,  
 Well might th' inferior Plants concern'd appear,  
 The very Rose herself began to fear.      845

Her next of kin, a fair and num'rous host,  
 Of their alliance to Carnation boast :  
 Then divers more, who, tho' to fields remov'd,  
 From Garden-July-Flow'r their lineage prov'd.  
 They of the Saffron house next took their course, 850  
 Of dwarfish stature, but gigantick force :  
 Led by their Purple chief, who dares appear,  
 And stand the shock of the declining year :  
 In Autumn's stormy months he shows his head,  
 When tainted skies their baneful venom shed. 855  
 He scarce began to speak, when, looking round,  
 The Colchick tribe amongst his train he found :  
 Hence, ye Profane! he cry'd, nor bring disgrace  
 On my fair title, I difown your race ;  
 Repair to Circe's or Medea's tent, 860  
 When on some fatal mischief they are bent ;  
 To baneful Pontus fly, seek kindred there,  
 You who of Flow'rs, earth, heav'n, the scandal are.  
 Thus did he storm ; for tho' by Nature mild,  
 Against the pois'nous race his choler boil'd ; 865  
 His sacred virtue the intruders knew,  
 And from th' Assembly consciously withdrew.

## S A F F R O N.

WHILE others boast their proud original,  
 And Sol or Jove their parents call,  
 I claim (contented with such slender Flow'rs) 870  
 No kindred with almighty pow'rs.

I from a constant lover took my name,  
 And dare aspire no greater fame:  
 Whom after all the toils of anxious life,  
 'Twixt hopes and fears a tedious strife, 875  
 Great Jove, to quit me of my hopeless fire,  
 (My patron he, tho' not my fire)  
 Transform'd me to a smiling Flow'r at last,  
 To recompense my sorrows past.  
 "Live cheerful now," he said, "nor only live 880  
 "Merry thyself, but gladness give."  
 Then to my sacred Flow'r with skill he join'd  
 Stems three or four, of starlike kind,  
 Made them the magazines of mirth and joy,  
 Whate'er can fullen Grief destroy. 885  
 Gay humours there, conceit, and laughter, lie,  
 Venus' and Cupid's armory.  
 Bacchus may, like a quack, give present ease,  
 That only strengthens the disease:  
 You crush, alas! the serpent's head in vain, 890  
 Whose tail survives to strike again.  
 All noxious humours from the heart I drive,  
 And spite of poison keep alive.  
 The heart secur'd, thro' all the parts beside  
 Fresh life and dancing spirits glide. 895  
 But still 't is vain to guard th' imperial seat,  
 If to the lungs the foe retreat;  
 If of those avenues he's once possess'd,  
 Famine will soon destroy the rest.

I watch and keep those paffes open too, 900  
For vital air to come and go.

Ungrateful to his friend that breath muft be,  
That can abftain from praifing me.

But having been an instance of Love's pow'r,  
To females ftill a facred Flow'r, 905

'Tis juft that I fhould now the womb defend,  
And be to Venus' feat a friend.

'Gainft all that would the teeming part annoy,  
My ready fuccour I employ :

I eafe the lab'ring pangs, and bring away 910  
The birth that paff its time would ftay.

If this Affembly then my claim fufpend,  
Who am to Nature fuch a friend,

Who all that 's good protect, and ill confound,  
If you refufe to have me crown'd, 915

If you decline my gentle, cheerful, fway,  
Let my pretended kinfman come in play,  
Punifh your folly, and my wrongs repay. }

He faid, and fhaking thrice his fragrant head,  
Thro' all the Court a cordial flavour fpread, 920

While of his fcatter'd sweets each Plant partakes,  
And on th' ambrofial fcent a banquet makes.

Touch'd with a fense of joy, his rivals fmil'd,  
Ev'n them his virtue of their rage beguil'd ;

Ev'n Poppy's felf, refresh'd, erects her head, 925  
Who had not heard one word of what he faid.

Flow'r-gentle laft, on lofty ftem, did rife,  
And feem'd the humble Saffron to defpife :

On his high name and stature he depends,  
And thus his title to the crown defends. 930

AMARANTH; FLOWER-GENTLE\*.

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

Immortal gods wear garlands of my Flow'rs, 935  
Garlands eternal as their pow'rs;  
Nor Time, that does all earthly things invade,  
Can make a hair fall from my head.  
Look up, the gardens of the sky survey,  
And stars that there appear so gay, 940  
If credit may to certain truth be giv'n,  
They are but th' Amaranths of heav'n.

A transient glance sometimes my Cynthia throws  
Upon the Lily or the Rose,  
But views my Plant, astonish'd, from the sky, 945  
That she should change and never I.

Because with hair instead of leaves adorn'd,  
By some, as if no Flow'r, I'm scorn'd;  
But I my chiefest pride and glory place  
In what they reckon my disgrace: 950  
My priv'lege 't is to differ from the rest;  
What has its like can ne'er be best;  
Nor is it fit immortal Plants should grow  
In form of fading Plants below.

\* Amaranthus, that never withers.

That gods have flesh and blood we cannot say ; 955  
 That they have something like to both, we may :  
 So I resembling an immortal power,  
 Am only as it were a Flower.

Their pleas thus done, the sev'ral tribes repair,  
 And stand in ranks about the goddess' chair, 960 }  
 Silent and trembling betwixt hope and fear.  
 Flora, who was of temper light and free,  
 Puts on a personated gravity,  
 As with the grave occasion best might suit,  
 And in this manner finish'd the dispute. 965

### FLORA.

AMONGST the miracles of ancient Rome,  
 When Cineas thither did as envoy come,  
 Th' august and purpled Senate he admir'd,  
 View'd them, and if they all were kings inquir'd ?  
 So I in all this num'rous throng must own 970  
 I see no head but what deserves a crown.  
 On what one Flow'r can I bestow my voice,  
 Where equal merits so distract my choice?  
 Be rul'd by me, the envious title wave ;  
 Let no one claim what all deserve to have. 975  
 Consider how from Roman race we spring,  
 Whose laws, you know, would ne'er permit a king.  
 Can I, who am a Roman deity,  
 A haughty Tarquin in my garden see?

Ev'n your own tribes, if I remember right, 980  
 Rejoic'd when they beheld the tyrant's flight.  
 With Gabine slaughter big, think how he flew  
 The fairest Flow'rs that in his platforms grew ;  
 Mankind and you, how he alike annoy'd,  
 And both with sportive cruelty destroy'd. 985  
 You who are lords of earth as well as they,  
 Should freeborn Romans' government display.  
 Rest ever, then, a Commonwealth of Flow'rs,  
 Compos'd of people and of senators.  
 This, I presume the best for you and me, 990  
 With sense of men and gods does best agree.  
 Lily and Rose this year your Consuls be,  
 The year shall so begin auspiciously.  
 Four Prætors to the seasons four I make,  
 The vernal Prætorship, thou, Tulip! take : 995  
 Jove's Flow'r the Summer; Crocus Autumn sway ;  
 Let Winter warlike Hellebore obey.  
 Honour 's the sole reward that can accrue ;  
 Tho' short your office, to your charge be true.  
 Your life is short—the goddess ended here ; 1000 }  
 The chosen with her verdict pleas'd appear, }  
 The rest with hope to speed another year. 1002 }

*End of the Fourth book.*



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# OF PLANTS.

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## BOOK V. OF TREES.

*Translated by N. Tate.*

### P O M O N A.

LET now my Muse more lofty numbers bring,  
Proportion'd to the lofty theme we sing,  
The race of Trees, whose tow'ring branches rise  
In open air, and almost kiss the skies.  
Too light those strains that tender Flow'rs desir'd, 5  
Too low the verse that humbler Herbs requir'd;  
Those weaklings near the surface of the earth  
Reside, nor from the soil, that gave them birth,  
Dare launch too far into the airy main,  
The winds' rough shock unable to sustain: 10  
These to the skies with heads erected go,  
Laughing at tender Plants that crouch below.  
Not man, the earth's proud lord, so high can raise  
His head; they touch those heav'ns which he surveys.  
Between th' Herculean bounds and golden soil 15  
By great Columbus found, there lies an isle,  
Of those call'd Fortunate, the fairest seat  
Indulg'd by Heav'n, and Nature's bless'd retreat:  
A constant settled calm the sky retains,  
Disturb'd by no impetuous winds or rains: 20  
Zephyr alone with fragrant breath does cheer  
The florid earth, and hatch the fruitful year:

No clouds pour down the tender Plants to chill, }  
 But fatt'ning dews instead from heav'n distil, }  
 And friendly stars with vital influence fill : 25 }  
 No cold invades the temp'rate summer there,  
 More rich than autumn, and than spring more fair :  
 The months without distinction, pass away, }  
 The Trees at once with leaves, fruit, blossoms. gay; }  
 The changing moon all these, and always, does }  
 survey. 30 }

Nature some fruits does to our soil deny,  
 Nor what we have can ev'ry month supply;  
 But ev'ry sort that happy earth does bear,  
 All sorts it bears, and bears 'em all the year.

This feat Pomona now is said to prize, 35  
 And fam'd Alcinous' Gardens to despise:  
 Betwixt th' Old world and New makes this retreat,  
 Of her Green empire the imperial seat;  
 And wisely too, that Plants of ev'ry sort  
 May from both worlds repair to fill her court. 40  
 Hedges instead of walls this place surround,  
 Brambles and Thorns of various kinds abound, }  
 With Hawthorn, that does magick spells confound. }  
 The well-rang'd Trees within broad walks display,  
 Thro' which her verdant city we survey : 45  
 I' th' midst her palace stands, of bow'rs compos'd,  
 With twining branches and green walls enclos'd;  
 By Nature deck'd with fruits of various kind,  
 You 'd swear some artist had the work design'd.

When Autumn's reign begins, the goddess here, }  
 (Autumn with us, eternal summer's there) 51 }  
 When Scorpio with his venom blasts the year,  
 The goddess her Vertumnal rites prepares,  
 (So call'd from various forms Vertumnus wears)  
 No cost she spares those honours to perform, 55  
 (For no expense can that rich goddess harm)  
 She then brings forth her garden's choice delights,  
 To treat the rural gods whom she invites.  
 The twelve, of heav'nly race, her guests appear, }  
 Wanton Priapus, too, is present there, 60 }  
 The fair host more attracts him than the fare.  
 Then Pales came, and Pan, Arcadia's god;  
 On his dull ass the fat Silenus rode,  
 Lagging behind; the Fauni next advance,  
 With nimble feet, and to the banquet dance; 65  
 Nor heav'n's inferiour pow'rs were absent thence,  
 Whose altars seldom smoke with frankincense.  
 Picumnus, who the barren land manures;  
 Tutanus, too, who gather'd fruit secures;  
 Collina from the hills; from vallies low 70  
 Vallenia came; Rurina from the plough,  
 With whom a hundred rustick nymphs appear,  
 Who garments form'd of leaves or bark did wear:  
 To these strange pow'rs from new-found India came,  
 Most dreadful in their aspect, form, and name. 75  
 The hundred mouths of Fame could ne'er suffice  
 To taste or tell that banquet's rarities.

With change of fruits the table still was stor'd,  
 For ready servants waited at the board :  
 In various dress the Months attending too, 80  
 In number twelve, twelve times the feast renew :  
 Of apples, pears, and dates, they fill'd the juice ;  
 The Indian Nut supply'd the double use  
 Of drink and cup : the more luxuriant Vine  
 Afforded various kinds of sprightly wine, 85 }  
 Canaria's neighb'ring isle the most divine.  
 Of this glad Bacchus fills a bowl, and cries,  
 O sacred Juice! O wretched Deities !  
 Who absent hence of sober nectar take  
 Dull draughts, nor know the joys of potent sack. 90  
 The rest, who Bacchus' judgment could not doubt,  
 Pledg'd him in course, and sent the bowl about.  
 Venus and Flora Chocolate alone  
 Would drink—the reason to themselves best known.  
 The gods (who surely were too wise to spare, 95  
 When they both knew their welcome and their fare)  
 Fell freely on; till now discourse began,  
 And one, exclaiming, cry'd, " O foolish man!  
 " That grossly feeds on flesh, when ev'ry field  
 " Does easy and more wholesome banquets yield; 100  
 " Who in the blood of beasts their hands imbrue,  
 " And eat the victims to our altars due."  
 From hence the rest occasion take at last  
 The goddess to extol, and her repast :

The Orange one, and one the Fig commends, 105  
 Another the rich fruit that Persia sends :  
 Some cry the Olive up above the rest,  
 But by the most the Grape was judg'd the best.  
 The Indian god, who heard them nothing say  
 Of fruits that grow in his America, 110  
 (Of which her soil affords so rich a store,  
 Her golden mines can scarce be valu'd more)  
 Thus taxes their unjust partiality,  
 As well he might, the Indian Bacchus he.  
 " Can prejudice," said he, " corrupt the pow'rs 115  
 " Of this Old world? far be that crime from our's.  
 " If when, to furnish out a noble treat,  
 " You seek our fruits, the banquet to complete, }  
 " (Which I with greediness have seen you eat) }  
 " Are these your thanks, ingrateful Deities! 120  
 " Your tongues reproach what did your palates please:  
 " You only praise the growth of your own soil,  
 " Because the product of long Age's toil;  
 " But had not Fortune been our country's foe,  
 " And parent Nature's self forsook us too; 125  
 " Had not your armed Mars in triumph rode  
 " O'er our Ocheus, a poor naked god;  
 " Had not your Neptune's floating palaces  
 " Sunk our tall Ochus' fleet of hollow trees,  
 " Nor thund'ring Jove made Viracocha yield, 130  
 " Nor Spaniards, yet more fierce, laid waste our field,

" And left alive no tiller to recruit  
 " The breed of Plants, and to improve the fruit, }  
 " Our products soon had silenc'd this dispute : }  
 " But as it is, my climate I'll defend, 135  
 " No soil can to such num'rous fruits pretend ;  
 " We still have many, to our conqu'rors' shame, }  
 " Of which you are as yet to learn the name, }  
 " So little can you boast to show the fame.  
 " This I assert if any be so vain 140  
 " To contradict the truth that I maintain,  
 " (Since from both worlds this feast has hither brought  
 " All fruits with which our diff'rent climes are fraught)  
 " The deities that are assembled here  
 " Shall judge which world the richest will appear ;  
 " In fruits I mean ; for that our lands excel 146  
 " In gold, you to our sorrow know too well."

His comrade gods in this bold challenge join,  
 Nor did our pow'rs the noble strife decline ;  
 Minerva in her Olive safe appear'd ; 150  
 Bacchus, who with a smile the boaster heard,  
 As in the East his conquest had been shown,  
 Now reckons the West-Indies, too, his own.  
 His courage with ten bumpers first he cheer'd ;  
 Then all agree to have the table clear'd, 155  
 And each respective Tree to plead her worth ;  
 The goddess one by one commands them forth.  
 She summon'd first the Nut, of double race,  
 And Apple, which in our Old world have place,

Of each the noblest breeds; for to the name 160

A thousand petty families lay claim.

The Nut Tree's name at first the Oak did grace,

Who in Pomona's garden then had place,

Till her nice palate Acorns did decline,

Scorning in diet to partake with swine: 165

At last the Philbert, and the Chesnut sweet,

Were scarce admitted to her verdant seat;

The airy Pine, of form and stature proud,

With much entreaty was at length allow'd.

The Hazel with light forces marches up, 170

The first in field, upon whose Nutty top

A squirrel sits, and wants no other shade

Than what by his own spreading tail is made;

He culls the foundest; dex'troufly picks out

The kernels sweet, and throws the shells about. 175

"You see," Pomona cries, "the cloister'd fruit

"That with your tooth, Silenus! does not suit:

"That therefore useless 't is you cannot say,

"It serves our youths at once for food and play;

"But while such toys, my Lads! you use too long,

"Expecting virgins think you do 'em wrong; 181

"'T is time that you these childish sports forsake,

"Hymen for you has other Nuts to crack."

"O Plant! most fit for boys to patronize,"

Cries Bacchus, "who my gen'rous juice despise; 185

"A restive fruit, by Nature made to grace

"The monkey's jaws, and humour the grimace."

The sudden gibe made sober Pallas smile,  
 Who thus proceeds in a more serious style.  
 " A strong and wondrous enmity we find 190  
 " In Hazel Tree 'gainst poisons of all kind!  
 " More wondrous their magnetick sympathy,  
 " That secret beds of metals can descry\*,  
 " And point directly where hid treasures lie. }  
 " In search of golden mines a Hazel wand 195  
 " The wise diviner takes in his right-hand;  
 " In vain, alas! he casts his eyes about,  
 " To find the rich and secret mansions out,  
 " Which yet, when near, shall with a force divine  
 " The top of the suspended wand incline : 200  
 " So strong the sense of gain, that it affects  
 " The very lifeless twig, who straight reflects  
 " His trembling head, and, eager for th' embrace,  
 " Directly tends to the magnetick place. 204  
 " What wonder, then, so strange effects confound  
 " The minds of men, in mists of error drown'd?  
 " It puzzled me, who was at Athens bred,  
 " Ev'n me, the offspring of great Jove's own head;  
 " Let Phœbus then unfold this mystery : 209  
 " Much more than man we know, but Phœbus more  
 She said—Apollo, with th' enigma vex'd, [than we."  
 And scorning to be pos'd in words perplex'd,  
 Strove to disguise his ignorance, and spent  
 Much breath on atoms, and their wild ferment :

\* Of this is made the divining-rod with which they pretend  
 to discover mines.



Of sympathy he made a long discourse, 215  
 And long insisted on self-acting force ;  
 But all confus'd, and distant from the mark,  
 His Delphick oracle was ne'er so dark :  
 'Twas mirth for Jove to see him tug in vain,  
 At what his wisdom only could explain ; 220  
 For those profounder mysteries to hide  
 From gods and men, is sure Jove's greatest pride.

The shady Chestnut next her claim puts in,  
 Tho' seldom she is in our gardens seen :  
 So coarse her fare, that 't is no small dispute 225  
 If Nuts or Acorns we should call her fruit ;  
 So vile, the gods from mirth could not forbear  
 To see such kernels such strong armour wear ;  
 First, with a linty wad wrapp'd close about,  
 (Useful to keep green wounds from gushing out) 230  
 Her next defence of solid wood is made,  
 The third has spikes that can her foes invade :  
 Therites, sure, no greater sport could make,  
 With Ajax's sev'nfold shield upon his back.

The Pine with awful rev'rence next did rise, 235  
 Above contempt, and almost touch'd the skies :  
 Carv'd in his sacred bark, he wore beside  
 Great Maro's words to justify his pride :  
 Pan own'd th' approaching Plant, and, bowing low  
 His Pine-wreath'd head, but just respect did show :  
 Were Neptune present he had done the same, 241  
 To that fair Plant that in his Isthmian game

The victor crowns, whose loud applauses he  
 With equal transport hears in either sea.  
 Neptune of other Plants no lover seems, 245  
 But with good reason he the Pine esteems;  
 The Pine alone has courage to remove  
 From 's native hills (where long with winds he strove  
 In youth) on wat'ry mountains to engage  
 With 's naked timber fiercer tempests' rage. 250  
 In vain were floods to Plants and men deny'd,  
 In vain design'd for fishes to reside,  
 Since Nature's laws by Art are overcome,  
 And men with ships make seas their native home.

But of all Pines Mount Ida bears the best, 255  
 By Cybele prefer'd above the rest.  
 This Plant a lovely boy was heretofore,  
 Belov'd by Cybele, upon whose score  
 He sacrific'd to Chastity, but now  
 His fruit delaying, Venus now excites, 260  
 His wood affords the torch which Hymen lights.

Ida, for whom her father of White Thorn  
 A torch prepar'd ere Pine by brides was borne,  
 When she should meet her long-expected joy,  
 Embrac'd the Pine Tree for her lovely boy; 265  
 Dire Change! yet cannot from his trunk retire,  
 But languishes away with vain desire;  
 Till Cybele afforded her relief,  
 (Her rival once, now partner in her grief)  
 Transform'd her to the bitter Almond Tree, 270  
 Whose fruit seems still with sorrow to agree.

Her sister, who the dreadful change did mark,  
 Strove with her hands to stop the spreading bark,  
 But while the pious office she perform'd,  
 In the same manner found herself transform'd; 275  
 But as her grief was less severe, we find  
 Her Almond sweet, and of a milder kind.  
 Thus did this Plant into her arms receive  
 Th' unfortunate, and more than once relieve.  
 Poor Phyllis thus Demophoon's absence mourn'd,  
 Till she into an Almond Tree was turn'd; 281  
 Thus Phyllis vanish'd; Ceres saw her bloom,  
 And prophesy'd a fruitful year to come.

The firm Pistacho next appear'd in view,  
 Proud of her fruit, that serpents can subdue. 285

The Walnut then approach'd, more large and tall,  
 His fruit, which we a Nut, the gods an Acorn, call;  
 Jove's Acorn, which does no small praise confess,  
 To 'ave call'd, it Man's Ambrosia had been less.  
 Nor can this head-like Nut, shap'd like the brain  
 Within, be said that form by chance to gain, 291 }  
 Or Caryon call'd by learned Greeks in vain : }  
 For membranes, soft as silk, her kernel bind, }  
 Whereof the inmost is of tend'rest kind, }  
 Like those which on the brain of man we find ; }  
 All which are in a seam-join'd shell enclos'd; 296  
 Which of this brain the skull may be suppos'd :  
 This very skull envelop'd is again  
 In a green coat, his pericranium :

Lastly, that no objection may remain 300  
 To thwart her near alliance to the brain,  
 She nourishes the hair, rememb'ring how  
 Herself deform'd without her leaves does show; }  
 On barren scalps she makes fresh honours grow. }  
 Her timber is for various uses good; 305  
 The carver she supplies with lasting wood;  
 She makes the painter's fading colours last;  
 A table she affords us, and repast;  
 Ev'n while we feast her oil our lamp supplies;  
 The rankest poison by her virtue dies, 310 }  
 The mad dog's foam, and taint of raging skies. }  
 The Pontick king, who liv'd where poisons grew,  
 Skilful in antidotes, her virtues knew;  
 Yet envious Fates, that still with merit strive,  
 And man ingrateful from the orchard drive, 315  
 This sov'reign Plant excluded from the field,  
 Unless some useless nook a station yield;  
 Defenceless in the common road she stands,  
 Expos'd to restless war of vulgar hands;  
 By neighb'ring clowns and passing rabble torn, 320  
 Batter'd with stones by boys, and left forlorn.  
 To her did all the Nutty tribe succeed,  
 A hardy race, that makes weak gums to bleed,  
 But to the banquets of the gods preferr'd,  
 Are said to open of their own accord. 325  
 ' Twixt these and juicy fruits of painted coat,  
 Such as on sunny apples we may note,

Advanc'd the tribe of those with rugged skin,  
 More mild than Nuts, but to the Nut a-kin  
 Pomegranate, chief of these, whose blooming flow'r  
 (Pomona's pride) may challenge Flora's bow'r; 331  
 The Spring Rose seems less fair when she is by,  
 Nor Carbuncle can with her colour vie;  
 Nor scarlet robes by proudest monarchs worn,  
 Nor purple streaks that paint the rising morn, 332  
 Nor blushes that consenting maids adorn. }  
 In the Eubean isle did stand of old  
 Great Juno's image, form'd of massy gold;  
 In one right-hand she held a sceptre bright,  
 (For with the pow'rs divine both hands are right)  
 Her Carthage lovely fruit the other grac'd, 341  
 And fitly in Lucina's hand was plac'd,  
 Whose orb within so many cells contains,  
 In form of wombs, and stor'd with seedy grains;  
 But Proserpine implacable remain'd 345  
 Against this Plant, for former wrongs sustain'd;  
 Nor Ceres yet her hatred could disguise,  
 But from Pomegranate turn'd her weeping eyes:  
 For the Elysiac fields (whence Fates permit  
 Nought to return) what Tree can be more fit 350  
 Than this restraining Plant \*? a single taste  
 Of three small grains kept Ceres' daughter fast.  
 Orange and Lemon next, like lightning bright,  
 Came in, and dazzled the beholders' sight.

\* Pomegranate, a most powerful restraining, used in all immoderate evacuations.

These were the fam'd Hesperian fruits of old; 355 }  
 Both Plants alike ripe fruit and blossoms hold; }  
 This shines with pale, and that with deeper gold. }  
 Planted by Atlas, who supports the skies,  
 Proud at his feet to see these brighter stars to rise,  
 To keep them safe the utmost care he took, 360  
 He fenc'd 'em round with walls of solid rock;  
 Nor with Priapus' custody content,  
 A watchful Dragon for their guard he sent.  
 Let vulgar Apples boys and beggars fear,  
 These worth Alcides' stealing did appear; 365  
 From lands remote he came, and thought his toils  
 Were more than recompens'd in those rich spoils:  
 He only priz'd 'em for their taste and hue,  
 For half their real worth he never knew;  
 Nor could his tutor Mars to him impart 370  
 The noble secrets of Apollo's art.  
 Had he but known their juice 'gainst poison good,  
 The Hydra's venom, mix'd with Centaur blood,  
 Had never made Mount Oeta hear his cries,  
 Nor th' oft'-slain monster more had pow'r to rise. 375  
 The Plums came next, by Cherry led, whose fruit  
 Th' expecting gard'ner early does salute;  
 To pay his thanks impatient does appear,  
 And with red berries first adorns the year.  
 May, rich in dress, but in provision poor, 380  
 Admires and thinks his early fruit a Flow'r;

To wait for Summer's rip'ning heat disdains,  
 Nor puts the planter to immod'rate pains.  
 He loves the cooler climes, Egyptian Nile  
 Could ne'er persuade him on her banks to smile. 385  
 He scorns the bounty of a two months' tide,  
 That leaves him thirsting all the year beside.  
 Proud Rome herself this Plant can scarcely rear;  
 Ev'n to this day he seems a captive there:  
 Pris'ner of war, from Cerasus he came; 390  
 (From 's native Cerasus\* he took his name)  
 From thence transplanted to the Italian soil,  
 Lucullus' triumph brought no richer spoil:  
 Loud pæans to your noble gen'ral sing,  
 Italian Plants! that such a prize did bring. 395  
 The conqu'rors laurels, as in triumph, wear  
 The blushing fruit, and captive Cherries bear.  
 Yet grieve thou not to leave thy native home,  
 Ere long thou shalt a denizen become  
 Amongst the Plants of world-commanding Rome. }  
 A num'rous host of Plums did next succeed, 401  
 Diff'ring in colour, and of various breed:  
 The Damask-prune, most ancient, led the van,  
 Who in Damascus first his reign began:  
 Time out of mind he had subdu'd the East; 405  
 'Twas long ere he got footing in the West;

\* The Cherry Tree, in Latin called *Cerasus*, a town in Cappadocia, from whence it was brought into Italy by Lucullus, *An. Urb.* 680.

But now in Northern climates he is known,  
A hardy Plant makes ev'ry soil his own.

Next him th' Armenian Apricot took place,  
Not much unlike, but of a nobler race; 410  
Of richer flavour, and of taste divine,  
Whose golden vestments streak'd with purple shine.

Then came the glory of the Persian field,  
And to Armenia's pride disdain'd to yield;  
The Peach, with silken vest and pulpy juice, 415  
Of meat and drink at once supplies the use:  
But take him while he is ripe, he'll soon decay;  
For next day's banquet he disdain's to stay:  
Of fruits the fairest, as the rose of Flow'rs,  
But, ah! their beauties have but certain hours. 420

A fruit there is on whom the Rose confers  
Her name, of smell and colour, too, like her's:  
A Plum that can itself supply the board,  
To hungry stomachs solid food afford:  
To please our gust, and stomach to recruit, 425  
He thinks sufficient tribute for his fruit.  
For Physick's use his other parts are good;  
His leaves, his blossoms, ev'n his gum and wood,  
Does to us health and joy alike restore;  
Friend to our pleasure, to our health much more. 430

Not so the Corneil Tree design'd for harms,  
Her wood supplies dire Mars with impious arms:  
For such a Plant our gardens are too mild,  
Harsh is her fruit, and fit for deserts wild.



With her the Jujube Tree, a milder Plant, 435  
 Which (tho' offensive thorns she does not want)  
 In peace and mirth alone does pleasure take,  
 Her Flow'rs at feasts the genial garlands make,  
 Her wood the harp that keeps the guests awake. }  
 Next comes the Lote Tree, in whose dusky hue 440  
 Her black and sunburnt country you might view,  
 To whom th' Assembly all rose up (from whence  
 Came this respect?) and paid her reverence.  
 Priapus only, with a downcast look,  
 And conscious blushes, at her presence shook. 445  
 Th' all-seeing gods, thro' that obscure disguise,  
 Nymph Lotis saw, conceal'd from human eyes;  
 They knew how, on the Hellespontick shore,  
 To escape the dreadful dart Priapus wore,  
 And, zealous to preserve her chastity, 450  
 She lost her form, and chang'd into a Tree.  
 Tho' now no more a nymph, a better fate  
 She does enjoy, and lives with longer date;  
 A longer date than Oaks she does enjoy, 454  
 Those long-liv'd Oaks that call'd old Nestor Boy;  
 She calls 'em girls: green branches she display'd  
 When Rome was built, and when in ashes laid.  
 'Tis true she did not long survive the fire,  
 (With grief and flames at once forc'd to expire.)  
 Almost nine hundred years were pass'd away, 462  
 Yet then she grudg'd to die before her day.  
 Ev'n after death her trunk appears to live,  
 Does vocal pipes and breathing organs give,

And fitly, like us poets, may be said  
To make the greatest noise when she is dead. 465

A thousand years are since elaps'd, yet still  
She flourishes in praise, and ever will. [kind,

Her Tree's rich fruit, with which she charm'd man-  
Show'd, when a nymph, the sweetness of her mind :

These sounds express the musick of her tongue, 470  
More sweet than Circe's or the Syren throng.

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

No pressure for her courage is too hard,  
Of virtue both th' example and reward. 475

She flourish'd once in Solymæan ground,  
Fam'd Joshua's and Jessides' sacred triumphs crown'd ;

But since that land was curs'd, the gen'rous Plant  
Grieves to continue her inhabitant:

Pisa bears Olives, Delphos Laurel yields, 480  
Nemea Smallage, Pines the Isthmian fields ;

But all breed Palms, the prize of victory,  
All lands in honour of the Palm agree ;

And 't is but the just tribute of her worth,  
Virtue no fairer image has on earth. 485

Her verdure she inviolate does hold,  
In spite of summer's heat and winter's cold.

Oppress'd with weight, she from the earth does rise,  
And bears her load in triumph to the skies.

What various benefits does she impart 490  
To humankind ? her wine revives the heart,

Her dates rich banquets to our tables send,  
 At once to pleasure and to health a friend \*.  
 A lover true, and well to love and serve  
 Is Virtue's noble task, and does the Palm deserve.  
 Evadne, who a willing victim prov'd, 496  
 Nor chaste Akestis, for her husband lov'd,  
 As does the female Palm her male; her arms  
 To him are stretch'd with most endearing charms.  
 Nor stops their passion here; like lovers they 500  
 To more retir'd endearments find the way;  
 In earth's cold bed their am'rous roots are found,  
 In close embraces, twining under ground.

Let arms to learning yield; the Palm resign,  
 The conqu'ring Palm, to Olive, more divine. 505  
 Peace all prefer to war—Thus Pallas spoke,  
 And in her hand a peaceful Olive shook:  
 'Twas with this branch that she the triumph gain'd  
 (The greatest that can be by gods obtain'd)  
 On learned Athens to confer her name, 510  
 A right which she, most learn'd of pow'rs, might  
 Not gods in heav'n without ambition live, [claim.  
 But who shall be poor mortals' patrons strive.

First, Neptune with his trident struck the ground;  
 The warlike steed no sooner heard the sound, 515  
 But starts from his dark mansion, shakes his hair,  
 His nostrils snort the unaccustom'd air,

\* Strabo relates, that the Babylonians used a song that recited three hundred and sixty benefits of the Palm or Date Tree.

Neighs loud, and of th' unwonted noise is proud, }  
 With his insulting feet his native field is plough'd, }  
 Intrepid he beholds of gods the circling crowd. }  
 Pallas, on th' other side, with gentle stroke 528  
 Of her strong spear, earth's tender surface broke,  
 Thro' which small breach a sudden Tree shoots up,  
 Ev'n at his birth with rev'rend hoary top  
 And vig'rous fruit; the gods applaud the Plant, 525  
 And to Minerva the precedence grant:  
 The vanquish'd steed and god in rage assail'd }  
 The victors, but ev'n so their malice fail'd; }  
 Wit's goddess and the peaceful Tree prevail'd. }  
 Hail, sacred Plant! who well deserv'st to be 530  
 By laws secur'd from wrong, as well as we;  
 From war's wild rage respect thou dost command;  
 When temples fall thou art allow'd to stand.  
 Neptune's bold son revenging the disgrace  
 His fire sustain'd, fell dead upon the place; 535  
 The whirling axe upon his head rebounds,  
 The stroke design'd on thee himself confounds:  
 The gods concern'd spectators stood, and smil'd  
 To see his impious sacrilege beguil'd.  
 Such be his fate who'er presumes to be 540  
 A foe to Peace, and to her sacred Tree.  
 Yet ev'n this peaceful Plant upon our guard  
 Warns us to stand, and be for war prepar'd;  
 In peace delights, but when the cause is just,  
 Permits not the avenging sword to rust: 545

With suppling oil and conqu'ring wreaths supplies  
 The martial schools of youthful exercise.  
 Nor is the strong propension she does bear  
 To peace th' effect of luxury or fear :  
 Earth's teeming womb affords no stronger birth, 550  
 No soil manuring needs to bring her forth ;  
 Allow her but warm suns and temp'rate skies,  
 The vig'rous Plant in any soil will rise :  
 Lop but a branch, and fix it in earth, you'll see  
 She'll there take root, and make herself a Tree. 555  
 Her youth, 't is true, by slow degrees ascends,  
 But makes you with long flourishing years amends :  
 Nature her care in this did wisely show,  
 That useful Olive long and easily should grow.  
 Most sov'reign, taken inward, is her oil, 560  
 And outwardly confirms the limbs for toil :  
 Life's passages from all obstructions frees,  
 Clears Nature's walks ; to smarting wounds gives  
 With easy banquets does the poor supply, [ease :  
 And makes cheap Herbs with royal banquets vie :  
 The painter's flying colours it binds fast, 566  
 Makes short-liv'd pictures long as statues last :  
 The student's friend ; no labour can excel  
 And last but of Minerva's lamp must smell.  
 Nay, this does so !——— 570  
 Most justly, therefore, does this liquor rise  
 O'er all in mixture, justly may despise

T' incorporate with any other juice,  
 Sufficient in himself for ev'ry use:  
 Most justly, therefore, did Judea's land, 575  
 (Who best religious rites did understand)  
 Oil, potent, chaste, and sacred, oil appoint  
 Her kings, her priests, and prophets, to anoint.

Such was th' appearance which the Olive made,  
 With noble fruit and verdant leaves array'd, 580  
 From whom Minerva took, as she withdrew,  
 A joyful branch, and with it wreath'd her brow.

Fresh armies then advanc'd into the plain;  
 First those whose fruit did many stones contain;  
 In their first lists the Medlar Tree was found, 585  
 Proud of his putrid fruit, because 't was crown'd\*.

Of Beauty's goddess than the Plant more fair  
 Whose fragrant motion so perfum'd the air,  
 The smoke of gums when from their altars sent, 589  
 Ne'er gave th' immortal guests† such sweet content.  
 Let Phœbus' Laurel bloody triumphs lead,  
 The Myrtle those where little blood is shed, }  
 Th' ovation of a bleeding maidenhead.

No virgin-fort impregnable can be  
 To him that crowns his brow with Venus' Tree. 595

The tribe of Pears and Apples next succeed,  
 Of noble families, and num'rous breed:  
 No monarch's table e'er despises them, [temn:  
 Nor they the poor man's board or earthen dish con-

\* The top thereof resembling a crown or coronet.

† The Myrtle.

Supports of life as well as luxury, 600 }  
 Nor, like their rivals, a few months supply, }  
 But see themselves succeeded ere they die.  
 Where Phœbus shines too faint to raise a Vine,  
 They serve for grapes, and make the northern wine:  
 Their liquor for th' effects deserves that name, 605  
 Love, valour, wit, and mirth, it can inflame;  
 Care it can drown, lost health, lost wealth restore,  
 And Bacchus' potent juice can do no more.  
 With Cyder stor'd, the Norman province sees,  
 Without regret, the neighb'ring vintages. 610  
 Of Pear and Apple kinds an army stood  
 Before the Court, and seem'd a moving wood;  
 On them Pomona smil'd as they went off,  
 But flouting Bacchus was observ'd to scoff. 614  
 The Quince yet scorn'd to mingle with the crowd, }  
 Alone she came, of signal honours proud, }  
 With which by grateful Jove she was endow'd;  
 A silky down her golden coat o'erspreads,  
 Her ripening fruit a grateful odour sheds;  
 Jove otherwise ingratul had been styl'd, 620  
 In honey steep'd she fed him when a child;  
 In his most forward fits she stopp'd his cries,  
 And now he eats ambrosia in the skies,  
 Reflects sometimes upon his infant years,  
 And just respect to Quince and honey bears. 625  
 The noblest of Wine-fruits brought up the rear,  
 But all to reckon endless would appear;

The Barberry and Currant must escape,  
 Tho' her small clusters imitate the grape.  
 The Raspberry, and prickled Gooseberry, 630  
 Tree Strawberry, must all unmention'd be,  
 With many more, whose names we may decline ;  
 Not so the Mulberry, the Fig, and Vine,  
 The stoutest warriors in our combat past,  
 And of the present field the greatest hope and last.

But cautiously the Mulberry did move, 636  
 And first the temper of the skies would prove,  
 What sign the sun was in, and if she might  
 Give credit yet to Winter's seeming flight.  
 She dares not venture on his first retreat, 640  
 Nor trust her leaves and fruit to doubtful heat ;  
 Her ready sap within her bark confines,  
 Till she of settled warmth has certain signs ;  
 But for her long delay amends does make,  
 At once her forces the known signal take, 645 }  
 And with tumultuous noise their sally make.  
 In two short months her purple fruit appears,  
 And of two lovers \* slain the tincture wears :  
 Her fruit is rich, but leaves she does produce  
 That far surpass in worth and noble use : 650  
 The frame and colour of her leaves survey,  
 And that they are most vulgar you must say,  
 But trust not their appearance, they supply  
 The ornaments of royal luxury ;

\* Pyramus and Thisbe.



The beautiful they make more beauteous seem ; 655  
 The charming sex owes half their charms to them ;  
 Effeminate men to them their vestments owe :  
 How vain that pride which insect-worms bestow !

Such was the Mulberry, of wondrous birth!

The Fig succeeds ; but to recite her worth 660

And various powers what numbers can suffice ?

Hail, Ceres ! author of so great a prize.

By thee with food and laws we were supply'd,

And with wild fare wild manners laid aside.

With peace and bread our lives were blest'd before,

And modest Nature could desire no more ; 666

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

And kindly didst this milky fruit prepare ;

The poor man's feast, but such delicious cheer

Did never at Apicius' board appear. 670

The grateful Ceres† with this Plant is said

Her hospitable host to have repaid,

Yet with no vernal bloom the Tree supply'd ;

“ To lighter plants,” said she, “ I leave that pride ;

“ To lighter Plants I leave that gaudy dress, 675

“ Who meretricious qualities confess,

“ And who, like wanton prostitutes, expose

“ Their bloom to ev'ry hand, their sweets to ev'ry

“ My fruit like a chaste matron does proceed, [nose.

“ And has of painted ornament no need ; 680

† Phitalus, who kindly entertained her, and in return received from her the Fig Tree. *Pausan.*

" They study dress, but mine fertility,  
 " Forcing her offspring from her solid Teee."  
 Thro' haste sometimes abortive births she bears,  
 But ever makes amends in those she rears;  
 For whom her full-charg'd veins supplies afford; 685  
 Like a strong nurse, with milk she 's ever stor'd.

Our voice by thee refresh'd, ungrateful 't were  
 If, Fig Tree! thy just praise it should forbear;  
 The passes of our vital breath by thee  
 Are smooth'd and clear'd, obstructed lungs set free;  
 Nor only dost to speech a friend appear; 691 }  
 Ev'n for that speech thou dost unlock the ear,  
 Sett'st ope the gate, and giv'st it entrance there. }  
 The foulest ulcers' putrid sinks are drain'd  
 By thee; by thee the tumour's rage restrain'd; 695  
 The gangrene, ringworm, scurf, and leprosy,  
 King's-evil, cancers, warts, are cur'd by thee:  
 Of flaming gout thou dost suppress the rage;  
 Of dropsy thou the deluge dost assuage.  
 ' Twere endless all thy virtues to recite; 700 }  
 With all the hosts of poisons thou dost fight;  
 Aided by Rue and Nut putt'st Africa to flight: }  
 Encounter'st the diseases of the air,  
 When baneful mischiefs secret stars prepare.  
 Whence does this vegetative courage rise? 705  
 Even angry Jove himself thou dost despise;  
 His lightning's furious fallies thou dost see,  
 That spares not his own consecrated Tree;

While he with temples does wild havock make,  
 While mountains rend, and Earth's foundations  
                     quake, 710  
 Of thy undaunted Tree no leaf is seen to shake. }

Hail, Bacchus! hail, thou pow'rful god of Wine!  
 Hail, Bacchus! hail, here comes thy darling Vine!  
 Drunk with her own rich juice, she cannot stand,  
 But comes supported by her husband's hand; 715  
 The lusty Elm supports her stagg'ring Tree,  
 My best-lov'd Plant! how am I charm'd with thee!  
 Bow down thy juicy clusters to my lip,  
 Thy nectar-sweets I would not lightly sip, 719  
 But drink thee deep, drink till my veins were swell'd,  
 Drink till my soul with joys and thee were fill'd.

What god so far a poet's friend will be,  
 Who from great Orpheus draws his pedigree?  
 (And tho' his Muse comes short of Orpheus' fame  
 Yet seems inspir'd, and may the Ivy claim) 725  
 To place him on Mount Ismarus, or where  
 Campanian hills the sweetest clusters bear,  
 Where grapes, twice ripen'd, twice concocted, grow,  
 With Phœbus' beams above, Vesuvius' flames below:  
 Or in the fortunate Canarian isles, 730  
 Or where Burgundia's purple vintage smiles:  
 'Tis fit the poet should beneath their shade  
 Transported lie, or on their hills run mad,  
 His veins, his soul, swell'd with th' inspiring god, }

Who worthily would celebrate the Vine, 735 }  
 And with his grateful voice discharge agen }  
 The deity which with his mouth he drank so large- }  
 ly in.

© vital Tree! what blessings dost thou send?  
 Love, Wit, and Eloquence, on thee attend;  
 Mirth, sports, green hopes, ripe joys, and martial fire,  
 These are thy fruits, thy clusters these inspire. 740

The various poisons which ill fortune breeds, }  
 (Not Pontus so abounds with baneful weeds, }  
 Nor Africa so many serpents feeds) }  
 By thy rich antidote defeated are; 745

'Tis true, they'll rally and renew the war,  
 But 't is when thou, our cordial! art not by;  
 They watch their time, and take us when we're dry.  
 Thou mak'st the captive to forget his chain;

By thee the bankrupt is enrich'd again; 750 }  
 The exile thou restor'st; the candidate }  
 Without the people's vote thou dost create, }  
 And mak'st him a Caninian magistrate\*.

Like kind Vespasian, thou mankind mak'st glad;  
 None from thy presence e'er departed sad. 755  
 What more can be to Wisdom's school assign'd,  
 Than from prevailing mists to purge the mind?  
 From thee the best philosophy does spring;  
 Thou canst exalt the beggar to a king:

\* Caninius was Consul but seven hours, dying the same day he was chosen.

Th' unletter'd peasant who can compass thee, 760  
 As much as Cato knows, and is as great as he.  
 Thy transports are but short, I do confess,  
 But so are the delights mankind possess;  
 Our life itself is short, and will not stay,  
 Then let us use thy blessing while we may, 765 }  
 And make it in full streams of wine more smooth- }  
 ly pass away.

The Vine retires, with loud and just applause  
 Of European gods.—As she withdraws  
 Each in his hand a swelling cluster press'd,  
 But Bacchus, much more sportive than the rest, 770  
 Fills up a bowl with juice from Grape-stones drain'd,  
 And puts it in Omelichilus' hand :  
 “ Take off this draught,” said he, “ if thou art wise,  
 “ ’Twill purge thy Cannibal stomach's crudities.”

He, unaccustom'd to the acid juice, 775  
 Storm'd, and with blows had answer'd the abuse,  
 But fear'd t' engage the European guest,  
 Whose strength and courage had subdu'd the East ;  
 He therefore chuses a less dang'rous fray,  
 And summons all his country's Plants away : 780  
 [Forthwith in decent order they appear,  
 And various fruits on various branches wear ;  
 Like Amazons they stand in painted arms,  
 Coca alone appear'd with little charms,  
 Yet led the van ; our scoffing Venus scorn'd 785  
 The shrub-like Tree, and with no fruit adorn'd.

“ The Indian Plants,” said she, “ are like to speed  
 “ In this dispute of the most fertile breed,  
 “ Who chuse a dwarf and eunuch for their head.”  
 Our gods laugh’d out aloud at what she said. 790  
 Pachamana defends her darling Tree,  
 And said the wanton goddess was too free :  
 “ You only know the fruitfulness of Lust,  
 “ And therefore here your judgment is unjust ;  
 “ Your skill in other offsprings we may trust. 795 }  
 “ With those chaste tribes that no distinction know  
 “ Of sex, your province nothing has to do.  
 “ Of all the Plants that any soil does bear, }  
 “ This Tree in fruits the richest does appear,  
 “ It bears the best, and bears ’em all the year. 800 }  
 “ Ev’n now with fruit ’t is stor’d—Why, laugh you  
 “ Behold how thick with leaves it is beset ; [yet ?  
 “ Each leaf is fruit, and such substantial fare,  
 “ No fruit beside to rival it will dare.  
 “ Mov’d with his country’s coming fate (whose soil  
 “ Must for her treasures be expos’d to spoil) 806  
 “ Our Varicocha first his Coca sent,  
 “ Endow’d with leaves of wondrous nourishment,  
 “ Whose juice suck’d in, and to the stomach ta’en,  
 “ Long hunger and long labour can sustain ; 810  
 “ From which our faint and weary bodies find }  
 “ More succour, more they cheer the drooping mind, }  
 “ Than can your Bacchus and your Ceres join’d. }

" Three leaves supply for six days' march afford;  
 " The Quitoita with this provision stor'd, 815  
 " Can pass the vast and cloudy Andes o'er,  
 " The dreadful Andes! plac'd 'twixt Winter's store  
 " Of winds, rains, snow, and that more humble  
     " earth  
 " That gives the small but valiant Coca birth,  
 " This champion, that makes warlike Venus mirth.  
 " Nor Coca only useful art at home, 825  
 " A famous merchandise thou art become;  
 " A thousand Paci and Nicugni groan  
 " Yearly beneath thy loads, and for thy sake alone  
 " The spacious world 'stous by commerce known." }

Thus spake the goddess, (on her painted skin 826  
 Were figures wrought) and next calls Hovia in,  
 That for its stony fruit may be despis'd,  
 But for its virtue next to Coca priz'd.  
 Her shade by wondrous influence can compose 830  
 And lock the senses in such sweet repose,  
 That oft' the natives of a distant soil  
 Long journies take of voluntary toil,  
 Only to sleep beneath her branches' shade,  
 Where in transporting dreams entranc'd they lie, 835  
 And quite forget the Spaniards' tyranny.

The Plant (at Brasil Bacoua call'd) the name  
 Of th' Eastern Plane Tree takes, but not the same;  
 Bears leaves so large, one single leaf can shade  
 The swain that is beneath her covert laid; 840

Under whose verdant leaves fair apples grow,  
 Sometimes two hundred on a single bough;  
 They 're gathered all the year, and all the year  
 They spring, for like the hydra they appear;  
 To ev'ry one you take succeeds a golden heir. 845 }  
 'Twere loss of time to gather one by one,  
 Its boughs are torn, and yet no harm is done:  
 New-sprouting branches still the loss repair;  
 What would so soon return it were vain to spare.

The Indian Fig Tree next did much surprize, 850  
 With her strange figure, all our deities;  
 Amongst whom one too rashly did exclaim,  
 (For gods to be deceiv'd 't is woful shame)  
 " This is a cheat, a work of art," said he,  
 And therefore stretch'd his hand to touch the Tree:  
 At which the Indian gods laugh'd out aloud, 856  
 And our's, no less surpris'd, with wonder stood:  
 For, lo! the Plant, her trunk and boughs unclos'd,  
 Wholly of fruit and leaves appear'd compos'd;  
 New leaves, and still from them new leaves unfold,  
 A sight 'mongst prodigies to be enroll'd. 861

The Tuna, to the Indian Fig a-kin,  
 (The glory of Tlascalla) next came in;  
 But much more wonderful her fruit appears  
 Than th' others' leaves, for living fruit she bears. 865  
 To her alone great Varicocha gave  
 The privilege that she for fruit should have;



Live creatures, that with purple dye adorn  
 Th' imperial robe; the precious tincture 's worn  
 With pride ev'n by the conqu'rors of the foil: 870  
 But, ah! we had not grudg'd that purple spoil;  
 Our cochineal they freely might have gain'd,  
 If with no other blood they had been stain'd.

Guatemala produc'd a fruit unknown  
 To Europe, which with pride she call'd her own; 875  
 Her Cocoa Nut with double use endow'd,  
 (For Chocolate at once is drink and food)  
 Does strength and vigour to the limbs impart,  
 Makes fresh the countenance and cheers the heart;  
 In Venus' combat strangely does excite 880  
 The fainting warrior to renew the fight:  
 Not all Potosi's silver grove can be  
 Of equal value to this useful Tree,  
 Nor could the wretched hungry owner dine,  
 Rich Cartama! upon thy golden mine. 885  
 Of old the wiser Indians never made  
 Their gold or silver the support of trade,  
 Nor us'd for life's support what well they knew  
 Useless to life at best, and sometimes hurtful too.  
 With nuts instead of coin they bought and sold; 890  
 Their wealth by Cocoas, not by fums, they told;  
 One Tree, the growing treasure of the field,  
 Both food and clothes did to its owner yield;  
 Procur'd all utensils, and, wanting bread,  
 The happy hoarder on his money fed. 895

This was true wealth : those treasures we adore,  
 By custom valu'd, in themselves are poor,  
 And men may starve amidst their golden store. }  
 Too happy India ! had this wealth alone,  
 And not thy gold, been to the Spaniard known. 900

The Aguacata no less is Venus' friend ;  
 (To th' Indies Venus' conquest does extend)  
 A fragrant leaf the Aguacata bears,  
 Her fruit in fashion of an egg appears ;  
 With such a white and spermy juice it swells, 905  
 As represents moist Life's first principles.

The Cocoa's owner any thing may buy,  
 But he that has the Metla may supply  
 Himself with almost all things he can want,  
 From Metla's almost all-sufficient Plant : 910  
 Metla to pass as money does despise,  
 Or traffick serve, itself is merchandise.  
 She bears no nuts for boys, nor luscious fruit,  
 That may with nice effeminate palates suit ;  
 Her very Tree is fruit ; her leaves, when young, 915  
 Are wholesome food ; for garments serve when strong ;  
 Not only so, but, to make up the cloth \*,  
 They furnish you with thread and needle both.  
 What tho' her native soil with drought is curs'd ?  
 Cut but her bark, and you may slake your thirst ; 920

\* The thorn growing at the end of each leaf, which, together with the stringy part joining to it, is used in manner of a needle and thread to sew withal.

A sudden spring will in the wound appear, [clear;  
 Which thro' strait pass'es strain'd comes forth more  
 And tho' thro' long meanders of the veins  
 'Tis carry'd, yet no vicious hue retains, }  
 Limpid and sweet the virgin-stream remains. 925 }  
 These gifts for Nature might sufficient be, }  
 But, bounteous Metla! seem'd too small for thee; }  
 Thou gratify'st our very luxury. }  
 For liqu'rish palates honey thou dost bear,  
 For those whose gust wants quick'ning vinegar. 930  
 But these are trifles; thou dost wine impart,  
 That drives dull care and trouble from the heart.  
 If any wretch of poverty complains,  
 Thou pour'st a golden stream into his veins.  
 The poorest Indian still is rich in thee, 935 }  
 In spite of Spanish conquests still is free; }  
 The Spaniard's king is not so blest'd as he. }  
 If any doubts the liquor to be wine,  
 Because no crystal water looks more fine,  
 Let him but drink, he 'll find the weak nymph fled,  
 And potent Bacchus enter'd in her stead. 940  
 To all these gifts of luxury and wealth,  
 Thou giv'st us sov'reign med'cines, too, for health:  
 Choice balm from thy concocted bark breaks forth:  
 Thou shedd'st no tear, but 't is of greater worth 945  
 Than fairest gems; no lover more can prize }  
 The tears in his consenting mistress' eyes, }  
 When in his arms the panting virgin lies;

No antidote affords more present aid, [made.  
 'Gainst doubly mortal wounds by pois'nous arrows  
 Almost all needs thou, Metla! dost supply, 95 E  
 Yet must not therefore bear thyself too high,  
 While th' all-sufficient Coccus Tree is by;  
 To Coccus thou must yield the victory.  
 While she preserves this Indian Palm alone, 95 F  
 America can never be undone;  
 Embowell'd, and of all her gold bereft,  
 Her liberty and Coccus only left, }  
 She 's richer than the Spaniard with his theft. }  
 What senseless miser, by the gods abhorr'd, 960  
 Would covet more than Coccus doth afford?  
 House, garments, beds, and boards, ev'n while we dine  
 Supplies both meat and dish, both cup and wine;  
 Oil, honey, milk, the stomach to delight,  
 And poignant sauce to whet the appetite. 965  
 Nor is her service to the land confin'd,  
 For ships entire compos'd of her we find;  
 Sails, tackle, timber, cables, ribs, and mast,  
 Wherewith the vessel fitted up, at last  
 With her own ware is freighted; all she bears 970  
 Is Coccus' growth, except her mariners:  
 Nor need we ev'n her mariners exclude,  
 Who from the Cocoa Nut have all their food.  
 The Indian gods, with wild and barb'rous voice,  
 And gestures rude, tumultuous rejoice; 975

Our's as astonish'd, and with envious eyes,  
Each other view'd, if, as weak men surmise,  
Envy can touch immortal deities.

}

My modest Muse that censure does decline,  
Nor dares interpret ill of pow'rs divine.

980

The Indian pow'rs (tho' yet they had not shown  
The hundredth part of Plants to India known)  
Already did conclude the day their own;  
Rash and impatient round the goddess throng,  
And think her verdict is deferr'd too long.

}

985

Pomona, seated high above the rest,  
Was cautiously revolving in her breast,  
(The cause depending was no trifling toy,  
That did the patrons of both worlds employ)

T' express herself at large she did design,  
And handsomely the sentence to decline,

990

(If I may guess at what the goddess meant)

But, lo! a slight and sudden accident

Puts all the Court into a wild ferment:

}

For, during th' trial, the most tippling brace,

995

Omelichilus of the Indian race,

And our Lenæus\*, at whate'er was spoke

Or done that pleas'd him, a full bumper took,

And drank to th' other; him the Metla Tree

Supply'd with juice; thy Vine, Lenæus! thee; 1000

Each bowl they touch'd they turn'd the bottom up,

And gave a brisk huzza at ev'ry cup;

\* Bacchus.

Their heads at last the rising vapour gains,  
 And proves too hard for their immortal brains:  
 With mutual repartees they jok'd at first, 1005  
 Till growing more incens'd, they swore and curs'd;  
 Omelichilus does no longer dread  
 (With present Metla warm'd) the Grecian god, }  
 But throws a Cocoa bowl at Bacchus' head,  
 Which spoil'd his draught, but left his forehead sound;  
 And rests betwixt his horns without a wound. 1011

Bacchus, enrag'd with wine and passion too,  
 With all his might his massy goblet threw,  
 Directly levell'd at the rustick's face,  
 That laid him bruis'd and sprawling on the place:  
 He in his native gibb'rish cries aloud, 1016  
 And with his noise alarms, the savage crowd;  
 Gnashing their foamy teeth, like beasts of prey,  
 Promiscuously they bellow, roar, and bray;  
 The frighted waves back to the deep rebound; 1020  
 The very island trembles with the sound.

Next him Vitziliputli fat, in smoke  
 Of foul Tobacco almost hid, that broke  
 In belches from his gormandizing maw,  
 Where human flesh as yet lay crude and raw: 1025  
 Throwing in rage his kindled pipe aside,  
 And snatching bow and darts, Arm! arm! he cry'd.  
 Tescalipuca (of the salvage band  
 The next in fierceness) took his spear in hand, }  
 And all in arms the barb'rous legion stand. 1030

The goddesses disperse, and sculk behind  
 The thickets; frighted Venus bore in mind  
 Her former wound, th' effect of mortal rage,  
 What must she then expect where gods engage?  
 Pallas, who only courage had to stay,           1035  
 In vain her peaceful Olive did display:  
 The gods, with manly weapons in their hand,  
 Devoted to the dire encounter stand:  
 Most woful some had that day's battle found,  
 And long been maim'd with many a smarting wound,  
 (For to suppose th' immortals can be slain,       1041  
 Tho' with immortals they engage, is vain)  
 Had not Apollo, in the nick of time,  
 Found out a strat'gem to divert that crime,  
 Which with his double title did agree,           1045  
 The god of Wit, and Healing deity:  
 None better knew than he to use the bow,  
 But now resolv'd his nobler skill to show,  
 Sweet Musick's pow'r, he takes his lyre in hand,  
 And does forthwith such charming sounds command,  
 As struck the ear of gods with new delight,       1051  
 When Nature did this world's great frame unite,  
 When jarring elements their war did cease,  
 And danc'd themselves into harmonious peace.  
 Such strains had surely charm'd the Centaur's rage;  
 Such strains the raving billows could assuage;       1056  
 Wild hurricanes had due obedience shown,  
 And, to attend his sounds, suppress'd their own.

The wrangling guests at once appear bereft  
 Of ev'ry sense, their hearing only left. 1060  
 Vitziliputli, fiercest of the crew,  
 While to the head his venom'd shaft he drew,  
 Lets fall both dart and bow; with lifted hands  
 Astonish'd, and with mouth wide-gaping, stands;  
 So high to raise his greedy ears he 's said, 1065  
 As forc'd his feather'd di'dem from his head.  
 Pomona's altar, hew'd from solid rock,  
 In both his hands bold Varicoca took,  
 Which, like a thunderbolt, he would have hurl'd,  
 (He is the Thund'rer in the Indian world) ... 1070  
 But at the first sweet strain forgot his heat,  
 Laid down the stone and us'd it for a seat:  
 His ravish'd ears the peaceful sounds devour,  
 His hundred victims never pleas'd him more:  
 Their magick force, in spite of his disgrace, 1075  
 And gore yet streaming from his batter'd face,  
 Omelichilus' self did reconcile:  
 At first, 't is true, he did but faintly smile,  
 But laugh'd anon as loud as any there;  
 For such the sacred charms of measures are, 1080  
 The ambient air, struck with the healing sounds  
 Of Phœbus' lyre, clos'd up the bleeding wounds:  
 Ev'n of their own accord the breaches close,  
 For pow'rful musick all things can compose.  
 Pleas'd with his art's success, Apollo smil'd 1085  
 To see the awkward mirth and gestures wild



Of his charm'd audience. Having thus subdu'd  
 Their ravish'd sense, his conquest he pursu'd,  
 And still to make the pleasing spell more strong,  
 Joins to his lyre his tuneful voice and song : 1090  
 He sung how th' inspir'd hero's \* mind beheld  
 A world, that for long ages lay conceal'd.

Most happy thou! whose fancy could descry  
 A world, seen only by my circling eye :  
 Thou who alone in toils hast equall'd me ; 1095  
 Great Alexander is outdone by thee ;  
 By thee ! whose skill could find, and courage gain  
 That other world for which he wish'd in vain.  
 Not my own Poet's Tales could thee deceive,  
 No credit to their Fables thou didst give ; 1100  
 Me, weary'd with my day's hard course, they feign  
 To reach each night in the Hesperian main.  
 Can Phœbus tire ? my great Columbus ! thou  
 Didst better judge, and Phœbus better know ;  
 For I myself did then thy thoughts incline, 1105  
 Inspir'd thy skill, and urg'd thy bold design.  
 Herculean limits could not thee contain,  
 Nor terrour of an unexperienc'd main,  
 Nor Nature's awful darkness could restrain. }  
 Thy native world's dear sight for three months lost,  
 For three long months on the wide ocean tofs'd, 1111  
 New stars, new floods, and monsters, thou didst spy,  
 Unterrify'd thyself, new gods didst terrify :

\* Columbus.

Thou, only thou! undaunted didst appear, 1114  
 While thy faint comrades half expir'd with fear :  
 They urge thee to return, and threaten high, }  
 When, Guanahan! thy watch-light they descry, }  
 Thy flaming beacon from afar they spy ; }  
 Whose happy light to their transported eyes  
 Discloses a New world; with joyful cries 1120  
 They hail the sign that to a golden foil  
 Unlock'd the gate. Forgetting now their toil,  
 They hug their guide, at whom they late repin'd. }  
 From this small fire, and for small use design'd, }  
 How great a light was open'd to mankind! 1125 }  
 How easily did Courage find the way, }  
 By this approach, to seize the golden prey, }  
 That in a secret world's dark entrail lay! }  
 For Courage what attempt can be too bold?  
 Or rather, what for thirst of pow'r and gold? 1130  
 While to the shore the Spanish navy drew,  
 The Indian natives with amazement view  
 Those floating palaces, which fondly they  
 Mistook for living monsters of the sea;  
 Wing'd whales—nor at the Spaniards less admire,  
 A race of men with beards, and strange attire, 1136  
 Whose iron dress their native skin they deem'd ;  
 The horseman mounted on his courser, seem'd  
 To them a Centaur of prodigious kind;  
 A compound monster, of two bodies join'd ; 1140

That could at once in sev'ral accents break,  
 Neigh with one mouth, and with the other speak.  
 But most the roaring cannon they admire,  
 Discharging sulph'rous clouds of smoke and fire:  
 Mock-thunder now they hear, mock-lightning view,  
 With greater dread than e'er they did the true. 1146  
 Ev'n thou, the Thunderer of the Indian sky,  
 (Nor wilt thou, Varicocha! this deny)  
 Ev'n thou thyself astonish'd didst appear,  
 When mortals' louder thunder thou didst hear. 1150

Strange figures, and th' unwonted face of things,  
 No less amazement to the Spaniards brings;  
 New forms of animals their sight surprize,  
 New Plants, new Fruits, new men, and deities; }  
 Entirely a new nature meets their eyes: 1155 }  
 But most transported with the glitt'ring mould,  
 And wealthy streams, whose sands were fraught }  
 with gold, [behold: }  
 These they too much admire, with too much love }  
 For these forthwith against their hosts engage  
 The treach'rous guests, in impious war and rage;  
 From these inhuman slaughter did ensue, 1161  
 Which now I grieve to tell, as then I blush'd to view.  
 By sudden force, like some demolish'd town,  
 I saw the Indian world at once o'erthrown.  
 What can this land by this dispute intend? 1165 }  
 About his Fruits she does in vain contend, }  
 Who knows not how her entrails to defend!

Thy slaughters past do thou at length forget,  
 For with no small revenge thy wrongs have met,  
 And Heav'n will give thee greater comforts yet. }  
 Enjoy thy fate, whose bitter part is o'er, 1171  
 And all the sweet for thee reserv'd in store.

Here Phœbus his most cheerful airs employs,  
 And melts their savage hearts in promis'd joys :  
 They felt his musick glide thro' ev'ry vein, 1175 }  
 Their brawny limbs from dancing scarce refrain, }  
 But fear'd to interrupt his charming strain.

That gold which Europe ravish'd from your coast,  
 O'er Europe now a tyrant's power does boast ;  
 Already has more mischiefs brought on Spain, 1180  
 Than from insulting Spaniards you sustain :  
 Where'er it comes all laws are straight dissolv'd,  
 In gen'ral ruin all things are involv'd :  
 No land can breed a more destructive pest, }  
 Grieve not that of your bane you're dispossest'd; }  
 Call in more Spaniards to remove the rest: 1186 }  
 The fatal Helen drive from your abodes,  
 Th' Erinnyes that 'as set both worlds at odds :  
 Fire, sword, and slaughter, on her footsteps wait ;  
 Whole empires she betrays to utmost Fate. 1190

Mean-while these benefits of life you reap,  
 Consider, and you'll find th' exchange was cheap.  
 Your former salvage customs are remov'd,  
 The manners of your men and gods improv'd :

With human flesh no more they shall be fed, 1195  
 Whether dire famine first that practice bred,  
 Or more detested luxury—  
 Not long shalt thou, Vitziliputli! feed  
 On bloody feasts, or smoke thy Indian weed;  
 Ere long (like us) with pure ambrosial fare 1200  
 Thou shalt be pleas'd, and taste celestial air.  
 To live by wholesome laws, you now begin  
 Buildings to raise, and fence your cities in;  
 To plough the earth, to plough the very main,  
 And traffick with the universe maintain: 1205  
 Defensive arms, and ornaments of dress,  
 All impliments of life, you now possess:  
 'To you the arts of war and peace are known,  
 And whole Minerva is become your own.  
 Our Muses, to your fires an unknown band, 1210  
 Already have got footing in your land,  
 And like the soil——  
 Incas already have historians been,  
 And Inca poets shall ere long be seen.  
 But (if I fail not in my augury, 1215  
 And who can better judge events than I?)  
 Long rolling years shall late bring on the times  
 When, with your gold debauch'd, and ripen'd crimes,  
 Europe (the world's most noble part) shall fall;  
 Upon her banish'd gods and virtue call 1220  
 In vain, while foreign and domestick war  
 At once shall her distracted bosom tear;

Forlorn, and to be pity'd even by you——  
 Mean-while your rising glory you shall view ;  
 Wit, Learning, Virtue, Discipline of War, 1225 }  
 Shall for protection to your world repair,  
 And fix a long illustrious empire there.  
 Your native gold (I would not have it so,  
 But fear th' event) in time will follow too :  
 O ! should that fatal prize return once more, 1230  
 'Twill hurt your country as it did before.  
     Late Destiny shall high exalt your reign,  
 Whose pomp no crowds of slaves, a needless train,  
 Nor gold, (the rabble's idol) shall support,  
 Like Motezum's, or Guanapaci's court; 1235  
 But such true grandeur as old Rome maintain'd,  
 Where Fortune was a slave, and Virtue reign'd. 1237

*End of the Fifth Book.*



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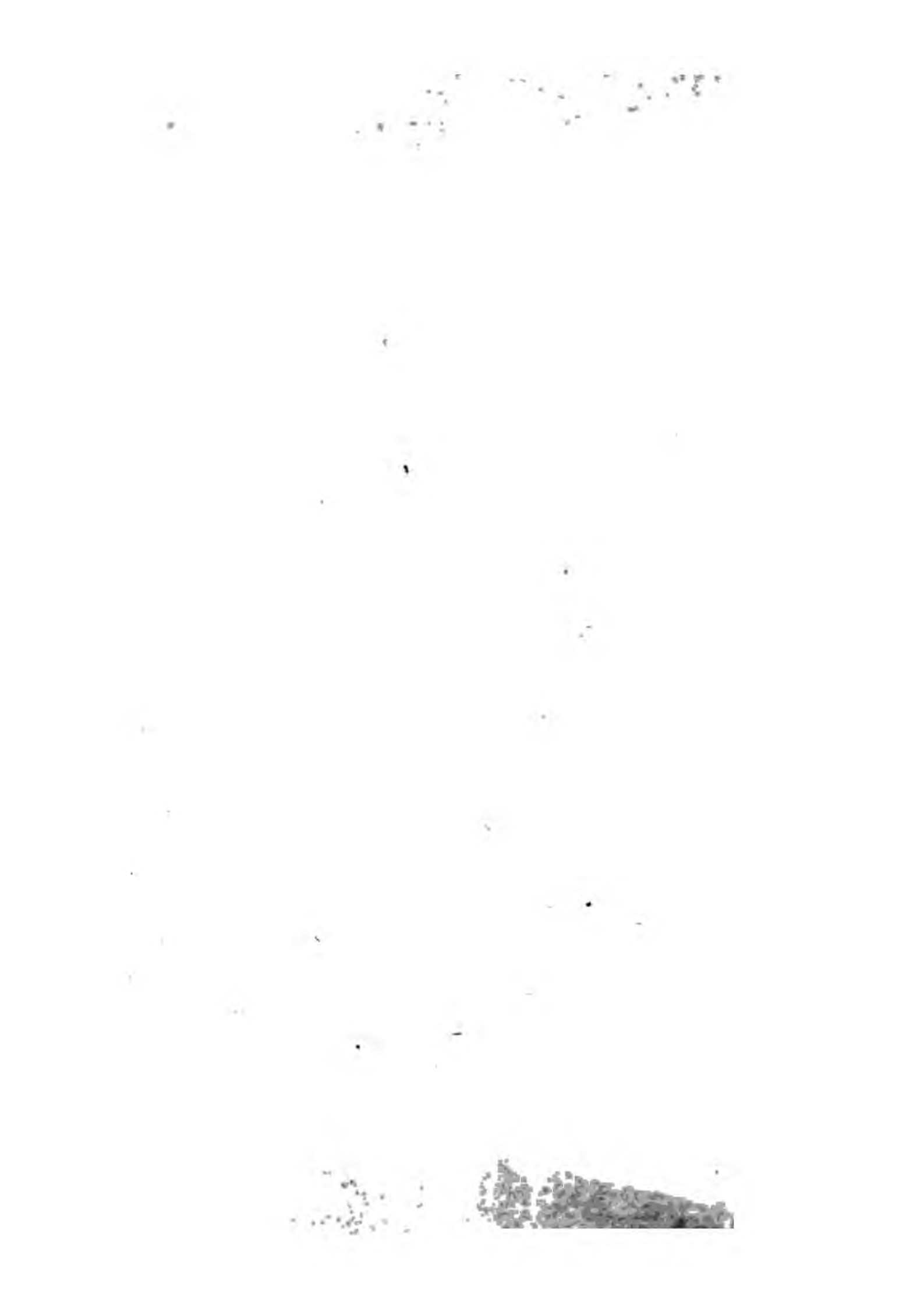
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From the APOLLO PRESS,  
by the MARTINS,  
Aug. 14. 1784.

END OF VOLUME THIRD.





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