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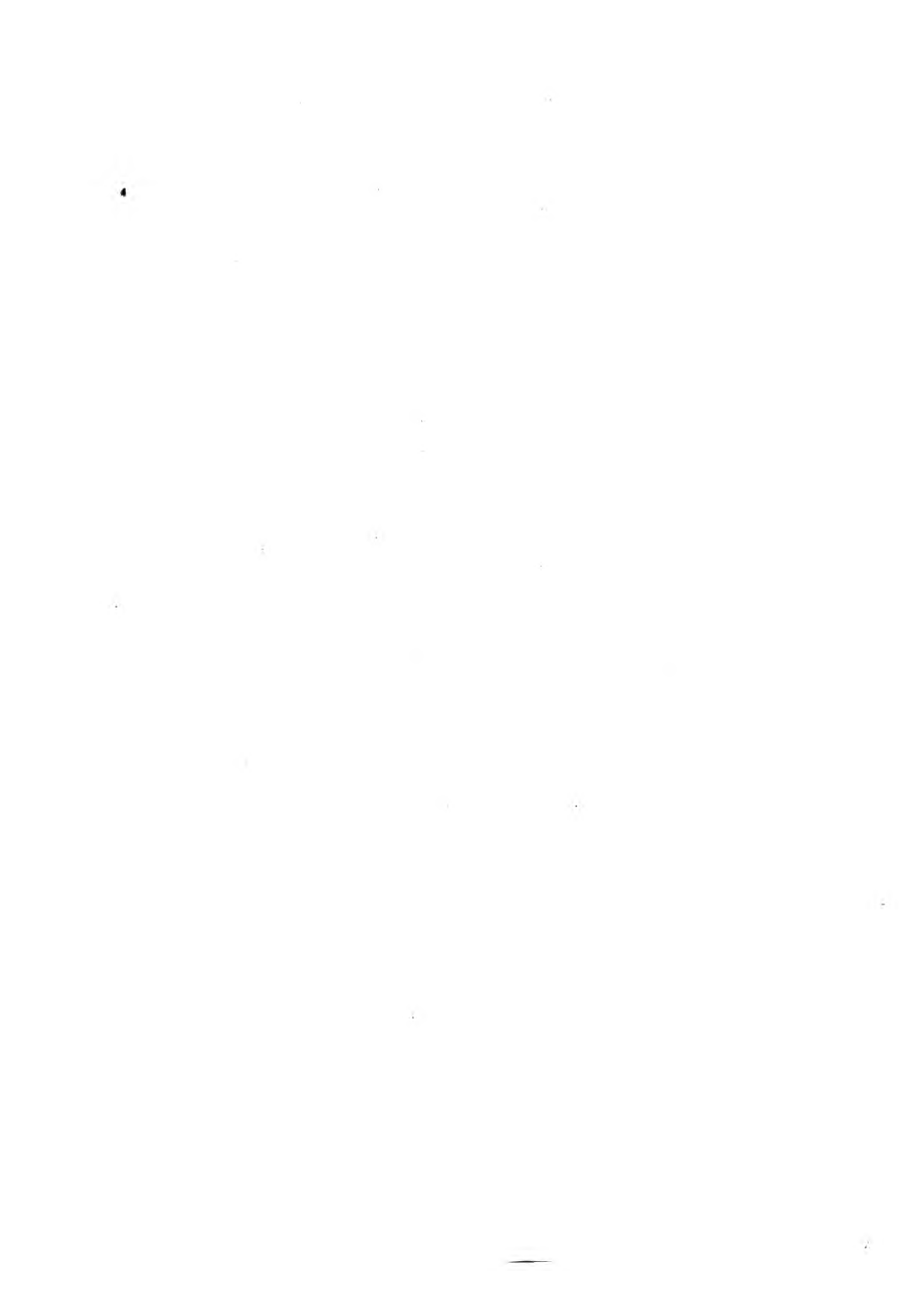
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Reader when first thou shalt behold this boyes  
 Picture, perhaps thoult thinke his writings, toyes.  
 Wrong not our Cowley so; will nothing passe  
 But gravity with thee? Apollo was  
 Beardlesse himselfe, and for ought I can see  
 Cowley may yongest sonne of Phœbus bee.

B: Masters comp: Sent: Seile excu: Ro: Vaughan sculp:

Chertsey Worthies' Library.

THE  
COMPLETE WORKS  
IN  
VERSE AND PROSE  
OF  
Abraham Cowley

*NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED:  
WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION AND NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,  
PORTRAITS, &c.*

BY  
THE REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.  
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.



*IN TWO VOLUMES.*

VOL. II.—VERSE AND PROSE.

PINDARIC ODES—DAVIDEIS—DAVIDEIDOS—LATIN POEMS—TRANSLATIONS—ADVANCEMENT  
OF EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY—GOVERNMENT OF OLIVER CROMWELL—ESSAYS IN  
VERSE AND PROSE—LETTERS—NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS—GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

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*FACSIMILE PORTRAIT OF COWLEY FROM 'POETICAL BLOSSOMES,' 1636. . . Facing Title-page.*





VIII.

PINDARIQUE ODES.

1707-II.



## NOTE.

IN the 'PINDARIQUE ODES' and remainder of the Poems, I have adopted BISHOP SPRAT'S text of the Works (3 vols., 1707-11). But see Memorial-Introduction on preceding editions.—G.



# Pindarique ODES,

Written in Imitation of the

STILE and MANNER

OF THE

O D E S

OF

*P I N D A R.*

---

*Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus.*

Hor. Ep. L. 1. 3.

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## P R E F A C E.

**I**F a Man should undertake to translate Pindar Word for Word, it would be thought that one Mad-man had translated another; as may appear, when he that understands not the Original, reads the verbal Traduction of him into Latin Prose, than which nothing seems more Raving. And sure, Rhyme without the Addition of Wit, and the Spirit of Poetry (quod nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum) would but make it ten times more distracted than it is in Prose. We must consider in Pindar the great Difference of Time betwixt his Age and ours, which changes, as in Pictures, at least the Colours of Poetry; the no less Difference betwixt the Religions and Customs of our Countries, and a thousand Particularities of Places, Persons, and Manners, which do but confusedly appear to our Eyes at so great a Distance. And lastly (which were enough alone for my purpose) we must consider that our Ears are Strangers to the Musick of his Numbers, which sometimes (especially in Songs and Odes) almost without any thing else, makes an excellent Poet. For though the Grammarians and Criticks have labour'd to reduce his Verses into regular Feet and Measures (as they have also those of the Greek and Latin Comedies) yet in effect they are little better than Prose to our Ears. And I would gladly know what Applause our best Pieces of English Poesie could expect from a Frenchman or Italian, if converted faithfully, and Word for Word, into French or Italian Prose. And when we have considered all this, we must needs confess, that after all these Losses sustained by Pindar, all we can add to him by our Wit or Invention (not deserting still his Subject) is not like to make him a Richer Man than he was in his own Country. This is in some measure to be apply'd to all Translations; and the not observing of it, is the Cause that all which ever I yet saw are so much inferior to their Originals. The like happens too in Pictures, from the same Root of exact Imitation; which being a vile and unworthy kind of Servitude, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have seen Originals both in Painting and Poesie, much more beautiful than their natural Objects; but I never saw a Copy better than the Original, which indeed cannot be otherwise; for Men resolving in no case to shoot beyond the Mark, it is a thousand to one if they shoot not short of it. It does not at all trouble me that the Grammarians perhaps will not suffer this libertine way of rendring foreign Authors, to be called Translation; for I am not so much enamour'd of the Name Translator, as not to wish rather to be Something Better, tho' it want yet a Name. I speak not so much all this, in Defence of my manner of Translating, or Imitating (or what other Title they please) the two ensuing Odes of Pindar; for that would not deserve half these Words, as by this Occasion to rectifie the Opinion of divers Men upon this matter. The Psalms of David, (which I believe to have been in their Original, to the Hebrews of his Time, though not to our Hebrews of Buxtorfius's making, the most exalted Pieces of Poesie) are a great Example of what I have said; all the Translators of which (even Mr. Sands himself; for in despite of popular Error, I will be bold not to except him) for this very Reason, that they have not sought to supply the lost Excellencies of another Language with new ones in their own; are so far from doing Honour, or at least Justice to that Divine Poet, that methinks they revile him worse than Shimei. And Buchanan himself (though much the best of them all, and indeed a great Person) comes in my Opinion no less short of David, than his Country does of Judæa. Upon this ground, I have in these two Odes of Pindar, taken, left out, and added what I please; nor make it so much my Aim to let the Reader know precisely what he spoke, as what was his Way and Manner of speaking; which has not been yet (that I know of) introduc'd into English, though it be the noblest and highest kind of writing in Verse; and which might, perhaps, be put into the List of Pancirollus, among the lost Inventions of Antiquity. This Essay is but to try how it will look in an English Habit: For which Experiment, I have chosen one of his Olympique, and another of his Nemæan Odes; which are as followeth.



THE SECOND  
 Olympique ODE  
 OF  
 PINDAR.

*Written in Praise of Theron Prince of Agrigentum (a famous City in Sicily built by his Ancestors) who in the seventy seventh Olympique won the Chariot-prize. He is commended from the Nobility of his Race (whose Story is often touch'd on) from his great Riches (an ordinary Common-Place in Pindar) from his Hospitality, Munificence and other Virtues. The Ode (according to the constant Custom of the Poet) consists more in Digressions, than in the main Subject: And the Reader must not be chocqued to hear him speak so often of his own Muse; for that is a Liberty which this kind of Poetry can hardly live without.*

O D E.

I.

QUEEN of all Harmonious things,<sup>1</sup>  
 Dancing Words, and Speaking Strings,  
 What God, what Hero wilt thou sing?<sup>2</sup>  
 What happy Man to equal Glories bring?  
 Begin, begin thy noble choice,  
 And let the Hills around reflect the Image of thy Voice.  
 Pisa does to Jove belong,<sup>3</sup>  
 Jove and Pisa claim thy Song,  
 The fair First-Fruits of War, th' Olympique Games,<sup>4</sup>  
 Alcides offer'd up to Jove; 10

Alcides too thy strings may move;  
 But, oh, what Man to joyn with these can worthy prove?  
 Joyn Theron boldly to their sacred Names;  
 Theron the next honour claimes;  
 Theron to no man gives place,  
 Is first in Pisa's, and in Virtue's Race;  
 Theron there, and he alone,  
 Even his own swift Fore-fathers has out-gone,

2.

They through rough ways, o'er many stops they past,<sup>1</sup>  
 'Till on the fatal bank at last 20  
 They Agrigentum built, the beauteous Eye<sup>2</sup>  
 Of fair-faced Sicilie,  
 Which does it self i' th' River by  
 With Pride and Joy espy.  
 Then chearful Notes their Painted Years did sing,  
 And Wealth was one, and Honor th' other Wing.  
 Their genuine Virtues did more sweet and clear,  
 In Fortune's graceful dress appear.  
 To which great Son of Rhea, say<sup>3</sup>  
 The Firm Word which forbids things to Decay. 30  
 If in Olympus Top, where thou  
 Sit'st to behold thy Sacred Show,  
 If in Alpheus silver flight,<sup>4</sup>  
 If in my Verse thou dost delight,  
 My Verse, O Rhea's Son, which is  
 Lofty as that, and smooth as this.

3.

For the past Sufferings of this noble Race  
 (Since things once past, and fled out of thine hand,  
 Hearken no more to thy command)  
 Let present joys fill up their Place, 40  
 And with Oblivion's silent Stroke deface<sup>1</sup>  
 Of foregone Ills the very Trace.

In no illustrious Line  
Do these happy Changes shine  
More brightly *Theron* than in thine.  
So in the *Crystal Palaces* <sup>2</sup>  
Of the blue-ey'd *Nereides*,  
*Ino* her endless Youth does please,  
And *thanks* her Fall into the Seas.  
Beauteous *Semèle* does no less <sup>3</sup> 50  
Her cruel *Midwife Thunder* bless,  
Whilst sporting with the *Gods* on high,  
She 'enjoys secure their Company, <sup>4</sup>  
Plays with *Light'nings* as they fly,  
Nor trembles at the bright *Embraces* of the *Deity*.

## 4.

But *Death* did them from future Dangers free,  
What God (alas) will *Caution* be  
For *living* Man's Security,  
Or will *ensure* our *Vessel* in this faithless *Sea* ?  
Never did the *Sun* as yet 60  
So healthful a fair *Day* beget,  
That *travelling* *Mortals* might rely on it. <sup>1</sup>  
But *Fortune's Favour* and her *Spight*  
Roll with alternate *Waves* like *Day* and *Night*.  
*Vicissitudes* which thy great *Race* pursue,  
E'er since the *fatal Son* his *Father* slew, <sup>2</sup>  
And did old *Oracles* fulfil  
Of *Gods* that cannot *lie*, for they foretel but their own  
*Will*.

## 5.

*Erynnis* saw't, and made in her own *Seed* <sup>1</sup>  
The *innocent Parricide* to bleed, 70  
She slew his wrathful *Sons* with mutual *Blows* ; <sup>2</sup>  
But better things did then succeed,  
And brave *Thersander* in amends for what was past  
arose. <sup>3</sup>  
Brave *Thersander* was by none  
In *War*, or warlike *Sports* out-done.  
Thou *Theron* his great *Virtues* dost revive, <sup>4</sup>  
He in *my Verse* and *thee* again does *live*,  
Loud *Olympus* happy thee,  
*Isthmus* and *Nemea* does twice happy see. <sup>5</sup>  
For the *well-natur'd* Honour there 80  
Which with thy *Brother* thou didst share,  
Was to thee *double* grown  
By not being all thine *Own*.  
And those kind pious *Glories* do deface  
The old *fraternal* Quarrel of thy *Race*.

## 6.

Greatness of *Mind* and *Fortune* too <sup>1</sup>  
Th' *Olympique Trophies* shew.  
Both their several *Parts* must do  
In the noble *Chase* of *Fame*,  
This without that is *blind*, that without this is *lame*. 90  
Nor is fair *Virtue's Picture* seen aright,  
But in *Fortune's* golden *Light*.  
*Riches* alone are of uncertain *Date*,  
And on *short-Man* long cannot wait.

The *Virtuous* make of them the best,  
And put them out to *Fame* for *Interest*.  
With a *frail* Good they wisely buy  
The solid *Purchase* of *Eternity*.  
They whilst *Life's* Air they breath, consider well and  
know  
Th' *Account* they must hereafter give below. 100  
Whereas th' *Unjust* and *Covetous* above,  
In deep unlovely *Vaults*,  
By the just *Decrees* of *Jove*  
Unrelenting *Torments* prove, <sup>2</sup>  
The heavy *Necessary Effects* of *Voluntary Faults*.

## 7.

Whilst in the *Lands* of unexhausted *Light* <sup>1</sup>  
O're which the *God-like Sun's* unwearied *Sight*,  
Ne'er *winks* in *Clouds*, or *sleeps* in *Night*,  
An endless *Spring* of *Age* the Good enjoy,  
Where neither *Want* does *pinch*, nor *Plenty* cloy, 110  
There neither *Earth* nor *Sea* they *plow*,  
Nor ought to *Labour* owe  
For *Food*, that whilst it *nour'ishes* does *decay*,  
And in the *Lamp* of *Life* consumes away.  
*Thrice* had these *Men* though *Mortal* Bodies past, <sup>2</sup>  
Did *thrice* the *Trial* undergo,  
'Till all their *little Dross* was purg'd at last,  
The *Furnace* had no more to do.  
Then in rich *Saturn's* peaceful *State*  
Were they for sacred *Treasures* plac'd, <sup>3</sup> 120  
The *Muse-discovered* *World* of *Islands* *Fortunate*.

## 8.

*Soft-footed Winds* with tuneful *Voices* there  
*Dance* through the perfum'd *Air*.  
There *Silver Rivers* through *enamell'd Meadows* glide,  
And *golden Trees* enrich their side.  
Th' *illustrious Leaves* no dropping *Autumn* fear,  
And *Jewels* for their *Fruit* they bear.  
Which by the *Blest* are gathered  
For *Bracelets* to the *Arm*, and *Garlands* to the *Head*,  
Here all the *Hero's*, and their *Poets* live, 130  
Wise *Radamanthus* did the *Sentence* give, <sup>1</sup>  
Who for his *Justice* was thought fit  
With *Sovereign Saturn* on the *Bench* to sit.  
*Peleus* here, and *Cadmus* reign,  
Here great *Achilles* wrathful now no more,  
Since his blest *Mother* (who before  
Had try'd it on his *Body*' in vain)  
Dipt now his *Soul* in *Stygian Lake*,  
Which did from thence a *divine Hardness* take,  
That does from *Passion* and from *Vice* *Invulnerable*  
make. 140

## 9.

To *Theron, Muse*, bring back thy wandring *Song*,  
Whom those bright *Troops* expect impatiently ;  
And may they do so long.  
How, noble *Archer*, do thy wanton *Arrows* fly,

At all the *Game* that does but cross thine Eye?  
 Shoot, and spare not, for I see  
 Thy sounding *Quiver* can ne'er emptied be;  
 Let *Art* use *Method* and good *Husbandry*,  
*Art* lives on *Nature's Alms*, is weak and poor;  
*Nature* her self has unexhausted store, 150  
 Wallows in *Wealth*, and runs a turning *Maze*,  
 That no *vulgar Eye* can trace.  
*Art* instead of mounting high,  
 About her *humble Food* does hov'ring fly,  
 Like the ignoble *Crow*, *Rapine* and *Noise* does love,<sup>2</sup>  
 Whilst *Nature*, like the sacred *Bird of Jove*,  
 Now bears loud *Thunder*, and anon with *silent Joy*<sup>3</sup>  
 The *beauteous Phrygian Boy*,  
 Defeats the *Strong*, o'ertakes the *Flying Prey*;  
 And sometimes basks in th' open *Flames of Day*,<sup>4</sup> 160  
 And sometimes too he showds  
 His soaring *Wings* among the *Clouds*.

## IO.

Leave, wanton *Muse*, thy roving *Flight*,  
 To thy loud *String* the well-fletch'd *Arrow* put,  
 Let *Agrigentum* be the *But*,  
 And *Theron* be the *White*.  
 And lest the *Name of Verse* should give  
 Malicious *Men* pretext to *misbelieve*.  
 By the *Castalian Waters* swear  
 (A sacred *Oath* no *Poets* dare 170  
 To take in vain,  
 No more than *Gods* do that of *Styx* prophane)<sup>1</sup>  
 Swear in no *City* e'er before,  
 A better *Man*, or greater-soul'd was born,  
 Swear that *Theron* sure has sworn  
 No *Man* near him should be *poor*.  
 Swear that none e'er had such a graceful *Art*,  
 Fortune's *free Gifts* as *freely* to impart  
 With an *unenvious Hand*, and an *unbounded Heart*.

## II.

But in this thankless *World* the *Givers* 180  
 Are *envy'd* ev'n by the *Receivers*.  
 'Tis now the *cheap* and *frugal* Fashion,  
 Rather to *hide* than *pay* the *Obligation*.  
 Nay 'tis much worse than so,  
 It now an *Artifice* does grow,  
*Wrongs* and *Outrages* to do,  
 Lest *Men* should think we *owe*.  
 Such *Monsters*, *Theron*, has thy *Virtue* found,  
 But all the *Malice* they profess,  
 Thy *secure Honour* cannot wound : 190  
 For thy vast *Bounties* are so *numberless*,  
 That them or to *Conceal*, or else to *Tell*,  
 Is equally *Impossible*.

## NOTES.

## I.

Pind. Ἀναξίφορμυγες ὕμνοι, τίνα θεόν, τῶν ἥρωα,  
 τίνα δ' ἄνδρα κελαδήσομεν; ἦτοι Πίσα μὲν Δίος.  
 Ὀλυμπιάδα δ' ἔστασεν Ἡρακλέης ἀκρόθωα πολέμου.

Θήρωα δὲ τετραορίας ἕνεκα νικαφόρου γεγωνητέου, ὅπι  
 δίκαιον ξένων, ἔρεισμι' Ἀκράγατος, ἐδωνύμων τε πατέρων  
 ἄωτων ὀρθόπολιω.

Hymni dominantes Cythara, quem Deum, quem Hero-  
 em, quem Virum celebrabimus? Pisa quidem Jovis est,  
 Olympicum autem certamen instituit Hercules, primitias  
 belli, sed Theronem ob cursum in quadrigis victorem  
 sonare oportet voce, justum & hospitem, columen  
 Agrigenti, laudatorum progenitorum florem, rectorem  
 urbium.

1. Whereas *Pindar* addresses himself to his *Song*, I  
 change it to his *Muse*; which, methinks, is better call'd  
 Ἀναξίφορμυγξ than the *Ode* which she makes. Some  
 interpret Ἀναξίφορμυγες passively, (i.) as subjects of  
 the *Harp*; but the other Sense is more *Grammatical*.

2. *Horace* Translates this Beginning, *Lib. 1. Ode 12.*  
*Quem virum aut Heroa Lyrâ vel acri Tibiâ sumes cele-*  
*brare Clio. Quem Deum cujus resonet jocosa Nomen*  
*Imago?* The latter Part of which I have added to  
*Pindar*. *Horace* inverts the Order; but the other is  
 more *Natural*, to begin with the *God*, and end with the  
*Man*.

3. *Pisa*, a Town in *Elis*, where the *Olympique Games*  
 were celebrated every fifth Year by the *Institution* of  
*Hercules*, after he had slain *Augias* Prince of *Elis*, in  
 honour of *Jupiter*, surnam'd *Olympicus* from the Moun-  
 tain *Olympus*, which is just by *Pisa*.

4. Ἀκρόθωα, *First-Fruits*, from ἀκρον the *Top*, and  
 θῶν an *Heap*, because they were taken from the *Top* of  
 the *Heap* of *Corn*, etc. Some interpret it, the *Spoils* of  
 War dedicated to the *Gods*; so the old *Greek* Scholiast.  
 I think the *Olympique Games* are so called, because  
 they were sacred Exercises that disposed and improved  
 Men for the War, a *Sacred Bloodless War*, dedicated  
 to the *Gods*.

## 2.

Καμώντες οἱ πολλὰ θυμῷ ἰερῶν ἔσχον οἴκημα ποταμοῦ,  
 Σικελίας τ' ἔσαν ὀφθαλμοῖς, αἰῶν τ' ἔφερε μῆρσιμος,  
 πλοῦτόν τε καὶ χάριν ἄγων γνησίαις ἐπ' ἀρεταῖς. Ἄλλ'  
 ὦ Κρόνιε παῖ Ῥέας, ἔδος, Ὀλύμπου νέμων ἀέθλων τε  
 κορυφᾶν πόρον τ' Ἄλφειοῦ, λανθὲις ἀοιδαῖς εὐφρων ἄρουραν  
 ἔτι πατρῶν σφίσι κέμισον.

Qui cum multum laborassent animo, sacram obtinuerunt  
 sedem fluvii, Siciliæque fuerunt oculus, Vitaque  
 insequatur felix, divitias & gratiam afferens nativis  
 virtutibus. Verum O Saturnie filii Rheæ, sedem Olympi  
 habitans, & certaminum summitatem, viamque Alphæi,  
 delectatus Hymnis, benevolus, arum patrium adhuc  
 ipsis cura & postero generi.

1. They say, that *Æmen* the Son of *Polydorus*, the  
 Son of *Cadmus*, having slain one of his Fellow-Citizens  
 as he was Hunting, fled from *Thebes* to *Athens*, after-  
 wards to *Rhodes*, and from thence into *Sicily*, where he  
 built *Agrigentum*; and from him to *Theron* are reckon'd  
 many Generations; but the Progenitors of *Theron*, in a  
 right Line, came not thither 'till a long time after.

2. I rather chuse to call *Agrigentum*, than *Theron's*  
 Ancestors (as *Pindar* does) the *Eye of Sicily*. The

Metaphor in this Sense is more natural. So *Julian* terms *Damascus*, τῆς ἑώας ἀπάσης ὀφθαλμῶν, the *Eye* of all the *East*. So *Catullus*, *Sirmion*, *Insularum ocellum*, the *Eye* of *Islands*. *Agrigentum* took the Name from the *River Acragas*, or *Agragas*, upon which it stands, that from ἀκρῶν and γῆ, as it were, *Primaria terra*, an especial Soil; or from ἀγρός and γῆ, Land good for the Plough. I know very well, that it is not certain that this Town was built by *Theron's* Ancestors; neither do the Words of *Pindar* import more than their dwelling there; nevertheless, the thing being doubtful, I make bold to take that Sense which pleases me best.

3. *Jupiter.*

4. The *River* of *Elis*, by the side of which the *Olympique Games* were celebrated.

## 3.

Λοιπῶ γένοι. τῶν δὲ πεπραγμένων ἐν δίκῃ τε καὶ παρὰ δίκαν ἀποίητον οὐδ' ἂν χρόνος ὁ πάντων πατὴρ δύναιτο θέμεν ἔργων τέλος· λάθρα δὲ πότμῳ σὺν εὐδαίμονι γένοιτ' ἂν. ἐσλῶν γὰρ ὑπὸ χαρμάτων πῆμα θνάσκει παλίγκοτον δαμασθέν, ὅταν θεοῦ Μοῖρα πέμπη ἀνακὰς ἄλβον ὑψηλόν. Ἐπειτα δὲ λόγος εὐθρόνοις Κάδμοιο κόβραις, ἔπαθον αἱ μεγάλα, πένθος δ' ἐπίτνει βαρὺ κρεσσόνων πρὸς ἀγαθῶν. ζῶει μὲν ἐν Ὀλυμπίῳ ἀποθανοῖσα βρῆμυ κερανοῦ τανυθέριρα Σεμέλα, φιλεῖ δὲ μὴ Παλλὰς αἰεὶ καὶ Ζεὺς πατὴρ μάλα, φιλεῖ δὲ παῖς ὁ κισσοφόρος. λέγοντι δ' ἐν καὶ θαλάσῃ μετὰ κόβραισι Νηρήϊος ἄλλαις βίοντον ἔφθιτον Ἴνοῖ τετάχθαι τὸν δλον ἀμφὶ χρόνον.

*Actorum autem vel jure vel injuriâ infectum ne Tempus quidem omnium pater possit reddere operum finem. Sed Oblivio cum sorte prospera fiat. Bonis enim à gaudiis malum molestum domitum perit, quando divina sors mittit de Cælo altas divitias. Convenit hic sermo Cadmi filiabus bono solio collocatis, illæ passæ sunt magna (mala) sed gravis luctus opprimitur à potioribus bonis. Vivit quidem in Cælo mortua fragore fulminis capillis passis Semele. Pallas autem illam amat, & maximè Jupiter & filius ejus hederiger. Aiunt etiam in mari cum filiabus Nerei marinis Inoni vitam immortalem constitutam esse per omne tempus.*

1. *Eurip.* says excellently well of *Oblivion* to this purpose,

Ὡ πότνια Δῆθη τῶν κακῶν ὡς εἰ σοφῆ  
καὶ τοῖσι δυστυχούσων εὐκταία θεὸς!

O *Oblivion*, the wise *Disposer* of *Evils*, and the *Goddess* propitious to unhappy Men!

2. For the Examples of the Change of great Misfortunes into greater Felicities, he makes use of the Stories of *Ino* and *Semele*; because they were both of *Theron's* Race, being the Daughters of *Cadmus*. *Ino*, after her Husband *Athamas* in his Madness had slain *Learchus*, believing him to be a wild Beast, fled with her other Son *Melicerta*, in her Arms, to a Rock, and from thence cast her self into the Sea; where, at the desire of *Venus*, *Neptune* made the *Child* a *God*, and her a *Goddess* of the Sea; him by the Name of *Palæmon*, and her of *Luciothea*. See *Ovid. Met.* l. 4. The Blue-ey'd *Nereides* (i.) the *Sea-Nymphs*, who were the Daughters of *Nereus*

and *Doris*. *Nereus* was the Son of *Oceanus* and *Thetis*, and is taken figuratively by the Poets for the Sea it self.

3. A known Fable. See *Ovid. Metam.* l. 3. *Semele* having made *Jupiter* promise that he would deny her nothing, ask'd that he would lye with her in all his *Majesty* of the *Thunderer*, and as he was wont to do with *Juno*; which her mortal Nature not being able to endure, she was burnt to death with his *Thunder* and *Lightning*; but *Bacchus*, her Child by *Jupiter*, then in the Womb, was saved; for which reason I call it her *Midwife Thunder*.

4. *Secure*. Without fear of being burnt again.

## 4.

Ἦτοι βροτῶν γε κέρκραι πείρας οὐ τι θανάτου, οὐδ' ἀσόχμον ἀμέραν ὅπτε, παῖδ' ἁελίου, ἀτειρεῖ σὺν ἀγαθῶ τελευτάσομεν· ροαὶ δ' ἄλλοτ' ἄλλαι εὐθυμῶν τε μετὰ καὶ πόνων ἐς ἄνδρας ἔβαν. οὕτω δὲ Μοῖρ', & τε πατρώϊον τῶνδ' ἔχει τὸν εὐφρονα πότμον, θεόρτῳ σὺν ἄλβῳ ἐπὶ τι καὶ πῆμ' ἄγει παλιεντράπελον ἄλλῃ χρόνῳ ἔξ οὐπερ ἔκτεψε Δῶον μῆριμος υἱὸς συναντόμενος, ἐν δὲ Πυθῶνι χρῆσθὲν παλαίφατον τέλεσεν.

*Certe terminus nullus cognoscitur mortalium vitæ, neque unquam tranquillum diem, filium Solis, stabili cum bono finietus. Sed fluxus alias alii cum voluptatibus & laboribus homines invadunt. Sic & fatum, quod paternam hanc habet jucundam sortem cum divitiis à Deo profectis, aliquam etiam cladem contrariam adducit alio tempore, ex quo fatalis filius occurrans interfecit Laium, & in Pythone editum Oraculum vetus perfecit.*

1. Not Men that go a Journey, but all Men, who in this Life are termed *Viatores*, *Travellers*.

2. *Oedipus*. *Fatal*, because of the *Predictions*. *Laius* King of *Thebes* being marry'd to *Jocasta*, the Daughter of *Creon*, enquired of the *Oracle* concerning his *Issue*, and was told that he should be slain by it. Whereupon he commanded *Jocasta* to put to death whatsoever she should bring forth; but she, moved with natural Compassion, and the great Beauty of the *Infant*, caused one of her Servants to expose it in the Woods, who making an Hole through the Feet, hung it by them upon a Tree (from which Wound in his Feet, he was called *Oedipus*) and so left it. But *Phorbas*, chief *Herdsmen* of *Polybius* King of *Corinth*, passing by, found the *Child*, and presented it to the Queen his *Mistress*; who having none of her own, looked upon it as one given her by the Gods, and bred it up as her Son; who being come to Man's Age, and desirous to know the Truth of his Birth, enquired it of the *Oracle*; and was answered, that he should meet his Father in *Phocis*; whither he went, and there in a Tumult ignorantly slew *Laius*, and after married his *Mother Jocasta*, by whom he had *Eteocles* and *Polynices*, the latter *Theron's* Ancestor.

## 5.

Ἰδοῖσα δ' ὀξεῖ Ἐρνὸς ἐπεφνέ οἱ σὺν ἀλλαλοφονίᾳ γένος ἀρήϊον· λελφθῆ δὲ Θέρσανδρος ἐρπέντι Πολυνείκει, νέοις ἐν ἀέθλοισι ἐν μάχαις τε πολέμου τιμῶμενος, Ἄδραστιδῶν θάλας ἀρωγῶν δόμοις· ὅθεν σπέρματος ἔχοντι ῥίζαν

πρέπει τὸν Αἰνησιδάμου ἐγκωμίων τε μελέων λυρῶν τε τυγχάνεμεν. Ὀλυμπία μὲν γὰρ αὐτὸς γέρας ἔδεκτο, Πυθῶνι δ' ὁμόκλαρον ἐς ἀδελφεὸν Ἴσθμοῖ τε κοινῶν Χάρτες ἀνθεα τεθρίππων δωδεκαδρόμον ἀγαγον.

*Sed intuita acris Erinnys interfecit ei per mutuum cædem prolem martiam, at relictus est Thersander intersecto Polynici juvenilibus & in certaminibus & in pugnis belli honoratus, germen auxiliare Adrastidum domui, a quo seminis habentem radicem decet filium Ænesidami encomiastica carmina tyræque consequi, nam apud Olympiam ipse præmium accepit, apud Pythonam autem & Isthmum communes gratiæ ad fratrem ejusdem sortis participem flores attulerunt quadrigarum duodecim cursus conficiendum.*

1. One may ask, why he makes mention of these tragical Accidents and Actions of *Oedipus* and his *Sons*, in an *Ode* dedicated to the Praise of *Theron* and his Ancestors? I answer, That they were so notorious, that it was better to excuse than conceal them; for which cause he attributes them to *Fatality*; and to mitigate the thing yet more, I add, *The innocent Paricide*.

2. *Eteocles* and *Polynices*. The War of which two *Brethren*, and their Slaughter of one another, is made so famous by *Statius* his most excellent *Poem*, that it is needless to tell their *History*.

3. *Thersander*, the Son of *Polynices* by *Argia*, together with *Diomedes*, brought an Army against *Thebes*, to revenge their Father's Deaths, and took it. After that, he carried fifty Ships to the Siege of *Troy*, and was at last chosen, for his Valour, to be one of the Persons that were shut up in the Belly of the Wooden *Horse*, and so enter'd the *Town*. Virg. lib. 2. *Æn*.

—*Læti se robore promunt,  
Thersandrus, Stheneleusque duces, et dirus Ulysses.*

4. There are several great Actions of *Theron's* mention'd in *History*, besides his Successes in the *Publick Games*, which were in that Age no less Honourable than *Victories* in *War*; as that he expelled *Terillus* out of *Hymera*, which he had usurped, and defeated *Hamilcar*, General of the *Carthaginians* in *Sicily*, the same day that the *Greeks* overthrew the *Persians* in that memorable Battel of *Salamis*, Herod. lib. 7.

5. Because in the *Olympique Games* he obtain'd the Victory alone, in those of *Nemea* and *Isthmus* jointly with his Brother, who had shared with him in the Expence of setting forth the *Chariots*.

## 6.

Τὸ δὲ τυχεῖν κειρώμενον ἀγωνίας παραλῦει δυσφρονᾶν· ὁ μὲν πλοῦτος ἀρεταῖς δεδαιδαλμένος φέρεי τῶν τε καὶ τῶν καιρῶν, βαθεῖαν ὑπέχων Μέριμναν ἀγροτέρων, Ἀσπὴρ ἀρίζηλος, ἀλαθῶν ἀνδρὶ φέγγος· ἐν δὲ μιν ἔχων τις οἶδεν τὸ μέλλον, ὅτι θανόντων μὲν ἐνθαδ' αὐτικ' ἀπάλαμοι φρένας ποιάς ἔτισαν, τὰ δ' ἐν τᾷδε Διὸς ἀρχῆ ἀλιτρά κατὰ γῆς δικάζει τις ἐχθρᾶ λόγον φράσαις ἀνάγκη.

*Successus certaminis dispellit molestias, divitiæ autem virtutibus ornata afferunt (hujus rei) opportunitatem indagatricem, sustinentes profundam sollicitudinem.* (O

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*Divitiæ) stella præfulgida, verum homini lumen! Qui eas habet, etiam futurum novit, quod mortuorum hic intractabiles mentes pænas luunt, et quæ fiunt in hoc Jovis Imperio scelera judicat aliquis, inimicâ sententiam pronuntians necessitate.*

1. The Connexion of this *Stanza* is very obscure in the *Greek*, and could not be render'd without much *Paraphrase*.

2. This is not a Translation of τὰ δ' ἐν τᾷδε διὸς ἀρχῆ, etc. for that it is render'd by (*Above*), but an *innocent addition* to the *Poet*, which does no *harm*, nor, I fear, much *Good*.

## 7.

Ἴσον δὲ νύκτεσσιν αἰεὶ, ἴσα δ' ἐν ἀμέραις ἀέλιον ἔχοντες ἀπονέστερον ἔσλοι δεδόρκαυτι βίον, οὐ χθῶνα παράσσοντες ἀλλὰ χερῶν, οὐδὲ πόντιον ὕδωρ κεινὰν παρὰ δίαταν· ἀλλὰ παρὰ μὲν τιμίους θεῶν, οἴτινες ἔχαιρον εὐορκίαις, ἀδακρυν νέμονται αἰῶνα· τοὶ δ' ἀπροσβράτον ὀκχέοντι πόνον. ὅσοι δ' ἐτόλμασαν ἔστρις ἐκατέρωθι μείναντες ἀπὸ πάντων ἀδίκων ἔχου ψυχάν, ἔτειλαν Διὸς ὁδὸν παρὰ Κρόνου τύρῳ.

*At æqualiter noctu semper, æqualiter interdiu Solem habentes non laboriosam boni degunt vitam, neque terram neque marinam aquam vexantes robore manum inopem propter victum, sed apud honoratos deos (vel, cum iis qui honorantur a Diis) illi qui gaudebant fidelitate, illachrimabili fruuntur ævo, alii autem intolerabilem visu partiuntur cruciatum. Quicumque sustinerunt ter commorati continere animam ad omnibus injustis peregerunt Jovis viam ad Saturni urbem.*

1. A description of the *Fortunate Islands*, or *Elysian Fields*, so often mention'd by the *Poets*, and much after this manner. *Valer. Hac lucet via latè Igne Dei, donec silvas & amæna piorum Deveniant, camposque ubi Sol, totumque per annum Durat aprica dies.*

*Virg. Æn. 6. Devenere locos lætos & amæna vireta  
Fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas,  
Largior hic campos æther, & lumine vestit  
Purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.*

In which *Homer* shews the Way to *Pindar*, and all *Odyss. 4.*

ἀλλὰ σ' ἐς Ἡλύσιον πεδῖον καὶ πείρατα γαίης  
ἀθάνατοι πέμψουσιν, ὅθι ξανθὸς Ῥαδάμανθυς,  
τῆπερ ῥήστῃ βιοτῆ πέλει ἀνθρώποισιν·  
οὐ νιφετὸς, οὐτ' ἀρ χειμῶν πολλὸς οὐτε ποτ' ὄμβρος,  
ἀλλ' αἰεὶ Ζεφύροιο λιγὴ πνελοντας ἀήτας  
Ἦκεανὸς ἀνεσιω ἀναψύχου ἀνθρώπων.

2. According to the Opinion of *Pythagoras*, which was much followed by the *Poets*, and became *them better*, that *Souls* pass'd still from one *Body* to another, 'till by length of *Time*, and many *Penances*, they had purged away all their *Imperfections*. *Virg. Æn. 6.*

—*Pauci læta arva tenemus,  
Donec longa dies perfecto temporis orbe,  
Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit  
Ætherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.*

B

And a little before, — *Anima quibus altera fato Corpora debentur.*

But the Restriction of this to the third *Metempsychosis*, I do not remember any where else. It may be *Thrice* is taken here indefinitely for several times, as is most frequent among the *Poets*.

2. *Saturn* is said to govern here, because the *Golden Age* was under his Reign, from the Resemblance of the Condition of Mankind, then to that of the *Blessed* now in the other World.

## 8.

Ἐνθα μακάρων νάσον ὠκεανίδες αἰθραι περιπνέουσιν, ἀνθεμα δὲ χρυσοῦ φλέγει, τὰ μὲν χερσὸθεν ἀπ' ἀγλαῶν δενδρέων, ὕδωρ δ' ἄλλα φέρβει, ὄρμοισι τῶν χέρας ἀναπλέκοντι καὶ στεφάνους βουλαῖς ἐν ὄρθαῖσι Ῥαδαμάνθιος, ὃν πατήρ ἔχει Κρόνος ἐτοίμον αὐτοῦ πάρεδρον, πῶσις ὁ πάντων Ῥέας ὑπέρατον ἐχόσας θρόνον. Πηλεὺς τε καὶ Κάδμος ἐν τοῖσιν ἀλέγονται Ἀχιλλεὺς τ' Ἔνεϊκ', ἐπεὶ Ζητὸς ἦτορ λιταῖς ἔπεισε, μάτηρ.

*Ubi beatorum Insulam Oceanides auræ perflant, floresque auri coruscant, alii quidem in humo ab illustribus arboribus, alios autem aqua educat, quorum monilibus manus implicant & carollis (capita) juxta recta decreta Rhadamanthi, quem pater Saturnus maritus Rheæ omnium supremum habentis solium, dignum sibi habet Assessorum, Peleus, & Cadmus inter hos recensentur, Achillémque eo transtulit mater, postquam Jovis animum precibus flexit.* There follows a Description of *Achilles*, from the Slaughter of *Hector*, *Cygnus* and *Memnon*, which I thought better to leave out; and instead of it, to add by what means *Thetis* made his *Soul*, that was before so tainted with Anger, Pride and Cruelty, capable of being admitted into this Place; which I believed it not improper to attribute to her dipping of it in *Styx*, as she had formerly done his *Body*, all but his *Heel*, by which she held him, and which was therefore the only Part where he was *Vulnerable*. That the Water of *Styx* might have the like Effects upon his *Soul*, I am Authoriz'd to feign, by the common Tradition of the Water of *Lethe*, whose Power upon the *Soul* is no less.

1. Of the *Three Judges* of the *Dead* he names only one. *Virg. Æn. 6.*

*Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna, etc.* And the *Grammarians* derive his Name from *ρεῖα* and *δαμῶν*, from taming Men by the Severity of his Justice. *Cadmus* was chosen to be named here for one of the *Heroes*, by an apparent Reason, *Theron* being descended from him; as for *Peleus* and *Achilles*, there is no particular Cause. The *Poets* imitate sometimes the *Divine* Proceeding, and will have *Mercy* on whom they will have *Mercy*, without any reflecting upon any peculiar Merit. It was not hard indeed for those Two to be admitted here; for *Æacus*, one of the *Three Judges*, was *Father* to the *One*, and *Grandfather* to the *Other*. I make bold to add, that the *Poets* are there too, for *Pindar's Honour*, that I may not say, for *mine own*.

## 9.

Πολλὰ μοι ὑπ' ἀγκῶνος ὠκέα βέλη ἐνδον ἐντὶ φαρέτρας φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· ἐς δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων χατίζει σοφὸς ὁ πολλὰ εἰδὼς φυᾶ· μαθόντες δὲ λάβροι παγγλωσσίαι, κόρακες ὡς, ἀκραντα γαρύετον Διὸς πρὸς ὄρμικα θεῖον.

*Multæ mihi sub cubito celeres Sagittæ intrâ Pharetram sunt sonantes prudentibus, apud vulgus autem interpretibus egent. Sapiens est qui multa novit naturæ viribus, qui disciplina utuntur vehementes garrulitate sicut Corvi irrita clamant adversus Jovis Avem divinam.*

1. The Connexion in the *Poet* is very obscure. This *Metaphor* of *Quiver* and *Arrows* does much delight him, *Olymp. 13.* Ἐμὲ δ' εὐθὺν ἀκοντῶν ἴεντα ῥόμβον παρὰ σκοπῶν οὐ χρῆ τὰ πολλὰ βέλεα καρτύνειν χερσῶν. *Me autem rectum telorum mittentem, turbinem præter scopum non oportet multa tela dirigere manus.* The like is in the first *Olympique*, and divers other place. *Horace* in imitation:

*Prome reconditum Thalia telum, etc.*

2. *Pindar* falls frequently into this common place of preferring *Nature* before *Art*, as in the first *Nemeæan Ode*, etc. The *Scholias* says, he does it in derogation from his Adversary *Bacchilides*. The Comparison of *Art* to a *Crow*, and *Nature* to an *Eagle*, is very nobly extravagant, but it was necessary to enlarge it.

3. The *Poets* feigned that the *Eagle* carry'd *Jove's Thunder*, because of the Strength, Courage and Swiftness of that Bird. They likewise feigned, that *Jupiter* falling in Love with *Ganymedes*, the Son of *Tros*, a most beautiful Boy, carry'd him up to Heaven upon the Back of an *Eagle*, there to fill *Nectar* to him when he Feasted, and for a more ungodly use. *Hor.*

*Expertus fidelem Jupiter in Ganymede flavo.*

4. Nothing but the *Eagle* is said to be able to look full right into the *Sun*, and to make that trial of her young ones, breeding up none but those that can do so.

## 10.

Ἐπεχε νῦν σκοπῶ τόξον, ἄγε θυμέ, τίνα βάλλομεν ἐκ μαλθακᾶς αὐτε φρενὸς εὐκλέας δῖοτος ἰέντες; ἐπὶ τοὶ Ἀκράγαντι ταύσας αὐδάσομαι ἐνόρκιον λόγον ἀλαθεῖ νόφ, τεκεῖν μὴ τι' ἑκατὸν γε ἐτέων πόλιν φίλοις ἀνδρᾶ μάλλον εὐεργέταν πραπίσω ἀφρονέστερον τε χέρα.

*Intende nunc arcum in scopum; agedum anime mi; Quem petimus ex molli mente gloriosas sagittas mittentes? In Agrigentum dirigens proferam veraci mente jusjurandum peperisse nullam centum annis civitatem virum amicis magis benevolum pectore, & minus invidium manu.*

1. *Virg.* — *Stygiamque paludem Dii cujus jurare timent & fallere numen.*

*Castalian Waters.* A Fountain in *Phocis*, at the Foot of *Parnassus*, Dedicated to *Apollo* and the *Muses*; so called from the *Virgin Castalia*, who flying from *Apollo*, was there turned into a *Fountain*.

'Αλλ' αἶνον ἐπέβα κόρος οὐ δίκᾳ σιναντόμενος, ἀλλὰ μάργων ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν, τὸ λαλαγήσαι θέλων κρόφον τε θέμεν ἐσλῶν καλοῖς ἔργοις. ἐπεὶ ψάμμος ἀριθμὸν περιπέφεν- γεν' ἐκείνος ὅσα χάσματ' ἄλλοις ἔθηκεν, τίς ἂν φράσαι δύναιτο ;

*Sed Invidia laudem invasit injustè occurrens, à furiosis viris tumultuari volens, & occultare beneficia injuriis. Siquidem arena numerum refugit, ille quot gaudia aliis contulerit quis recensere poterit ?*



## The First Nemeæan Ode of Pindar.

Chromius, the Son of Agesidamus, a young Gentleman of Sicily, is celebrated for having won the Prize of the Chariot-Race in the Nemeæan Games; (a Solemnity instituted first to celebrate the Funeral of Opheltes, as is at large describ'd by Statius; and afterwards continu'd every Third Year, with an extraordinary Conflux of all Greece, and with incredible Honour to the Conquerors in all the Exercises there practis'd) upon which Occasion, the Poet begins with the Commendation of his Country, which I take to have been Ortygia (an Island belonging to Sicily, and a Part of Syracuse, being joined to it by a Bridge) though the Title of the Ode call him Ætnæan Chromius, perhaps because he was made Governor of that Town by Hieron. From thence he falls into the Praise of Chromius his Person, which he draws from his great Endowments of Mind and Body, and most especially from his Hospitality, and the worthy Use of his Riches. He likens his Beginning to that of Hercules, and according to his usual manner of being transported with any good Hint that meets him in his way, passing into a Digression of Hercules, and his slaying the Two Serpents in his Cradle, concludes the Ode with that History.

### O D E.

#### I.

**B**eauteous Ortygia, the first breathing place  
Of Great Alpheus close and amorous Race,<sup>1</sup>  
Fair Delos Sister, the Child-Bed<sup>2</sup>  
Of bright Latona, where she bred<sup>3</sup>

The Original New-Moon,<sup>4</sup>  
Who saw'st her tender Forehead e'er the Horns were  
grown.  
Who like a gentle Scion, newly started out,<sup>5</sup>  
From Syracuse's Side dost sprout.<sup>6</sup>  
Thee first my Song does greet  
With Numbers smooth and fleet, 10  
As thine own Horses' airy Feet,  
When they young Chromius Chariot drew,  
And o'er the Nemeæan Race triumphant flew.  
Jove will approve my Song and me,  
Jove is concern'd in Nemea, and in thee.<sup>7</sup>

#### I.

With Jove, my Song; this happy Man,<sup>1</sup>  
Young Chromius too with Jove began;  
From hence came his Success;  
Nor ought he therefore like it less,  
Since the best Fame is that of Happiness. 20  
For whom should we esteem above  
The Men whom Gods do love?  
'Tis them alone the Muse too does approve.  
Lo how it makes this Victory shine  
O'er all the fruitful Isle of Proserpine!<sup>2</sup>  
The Torches which the Mother brought  
When the ravish'd Maid she sought,  
Appear'd not half so bright,  
But cast a weaker Light,  
Through Earth, and Air, and Seas, and up to 30  
th' heavenly Vault.

#### 3.

To thee, O Proserpine, this Isle I give,<sup>1</sup>  
Said Jove, and as he said,  
Smil'd, and bent his Gracious Head.<sup>2</sup>  
And thou, O Isle, said he, for ever thrive,  
And keep the Value of our Gift alive.  
As Heaven with Stars, so let  
The Country thick with Towns be set,  
And numberless as Stars,  
Let all the Towns be then  
Replenish'd thick with Men, 40



Wise in *Peace*, and bold in *Wars* :  
Of thousand glorious *Towns* the *Nation*,  
Of thousand glorious *Men* each *Town* a *Constellation*.  
Nor let their *warlike Laurel* scorn,  
With the Olympique *Olive* to be worn,<sup>3</sup>  
Whose gentler *Honours* do so well the *Brows* of *Peace*  
adorn.

## 4.

Go to Great *Syracuse*, my *Muse*, and wait<sup>1</sup>  
At *Chromius* hospitable Gate.  
'Twill open wide to let thee in,  
When thy *Lyre's* Voice shall but begin. 50  
*Joy*, *Plenty*, and free *Welcome* dwells within.  
The *Tyrian Beds* thou shalt find ready drest,  
The *Ivory Table* crowded with a Feast.  
The *Table* which is free for every *Guest*,  
No doubt will *thee* admit,  
And feast more upon *thee*, than *thou* on it ;  
*Chromius* and *thou* art met aright,  
For as by *Nature* thou dost *write*,<sup>2</sup>  
So he by *Nature* loves, and does by *Nature* fight.

## 5.

*Nature* her self, whilst in the *Womb* he was,<sup>1</sup> 60  
Sow'd *Strength* and *Beauty* through the *forming Mass*,  
They mov'd the *vital Lump* in every Part,  
And carv'd the *Members* out with wond'rous Art.  
She fill'd his *Mind* with *Courage*, and with *Wit*,  
And a vast *Bounty*, apt and fit  
For the great *Dowry* which *Fortune* made to it.  
'Tis *Madness* sure *Treasures* to hoord,  
And make them *useless*, as in *Mines*, remain :  
To lose th' *Occasion* *Fortune* does afford  
*Fame*, and publick *Love* to gain. 70  
Even for *Self-concerning Ends*,  
'Tis wiser much to hoord up *Friends*.  
Though *Happy Men* the *present* Goods possess,  
Th' *Unhappy* have their Share in *future* Hopes no less.

## 6.

How *early* has young *Chromius* begun  
The *Race* of *Virtue*, and how swiftly run,  
And born the *Noble Prize* away,  
Whilst other *Youths* yet at the *Barrier* stay !  
None but *Alcides* e'er set earlier forth than *he* ;<sup>1</sup>  
The *God*, his *Father's*, Blood nought could restrain, 80  
'Twas *ripe at first*, and did disdain  
The slow advance of dull *Humanity*.  
The big-limb'd *Babe* in his huge *Cradle* lay,  
Too weighty to be rock'd by *Nurse's* Hands,  
Wrapt in *Purple Swadling-Bands*.  
When, Lo, by jealous *Juno's* fierce Commands,  
Two dreadful *Serpents* come  
Rolling and hissing loud into the Room.  
To the *bold Babe* they trace their *bidden* Way ; 89  
Forth from their flaming *Eyes* dread *Light'nings* went ;  
Their gaping *Mouths* did forked *Tongues* like *Thunder-*  
*Bolts* present.

## 7.

Some of th' amazed *Women* dropp'd down dead<sup>1</sup>  
With Fear, some wildly fled  
About the Room, some into Corners crept,  
Where silently they shook and wept.  
All naked from her Bed the *passionate Mother* leap'd  
To *save* or *perish* with her *Child* ;  
She *trembled*, and she *cry'd*, the mighty *Infant* *smil'd*.  
The *mighty Infant* seem'd well-pleas'd<sup>2</sup>  
At his gay gilded Foes, 100  
And as their spotted Necks up to the *Cradle* rose,  
With his young *Warlike* Hands on both be seiz'd ;  
In vain they rag'd, in vain they hist,  
In vain their armed *Tails* they twist,  
And angry *Circles* cast about ;  
Black *Blood*, and fiery *Breath*, and pois'nous *Soul* he  
squeezes out.

## 8.

With their drawn Swords<sup>1</sup>  
In ran *Amphitryon*, and the *Theban Lords*.  
With *doubting Wonder*, and with *troubled Joy*<sup>2</sup>  
They saw the *Conquering Boy* 110  
*Laugh*, and point downwards to his Prey,  
Where in *Death's* Pangs, and their own *Gore* they  
folding lay.  
When wise *Tiresias* this Beginning knew,<sup>3</sup>  
He told with ease the things t' ensue ;  
From what *Monsters* he should free<sup>4</sup>  
The *Earth*, the *Air*, and *Sea* ;<sup>5</sup>  
What mighty *Tyrants* he should slay,<sup>6</sup>  
Greater *Monsters* far than *they*.  
How much at *Phlægra's* Field the *distrest Gods* should  
owe,<sup>7</sup> 120  
To their great *Off-Spring* here below,  
And how his *Club* would there out-do  
*Apollo's* Silver Bow, and his own *Father's Thunder* too.<sup>8</sup>

## 9.

And that the *grateful Gods* at last,<sup>1</sup>  
The *Race* of his *laborious Virtue* past,  
*Heaven*, which he sav'd, should to him give,  
Where *marry'd* to eternal *Youth* he should for ever  
live ;  
Drink *Nectar* with the *Gods*, and all his Senses please  
In their harmonious golden *Palaces* ; 130  
Walk with ineffable *Delight*  
Through the thick Groves of never-withering *Light*,  
And as he walks affright  
The *Lyon* and the *Bear*,<sup>2</sup>  
*Bull*, *Centaur*, *Scorpion*, all the *radiant Monsters* there.

## NOTES.

## I.

<sup>1</sup> Ἀπνεύμα σεμῶν Ἀλφειοῦ. *Respiramen reveren-*  
*dum Alpei.* *Alpheus* was a River in *Elis*, which  
the Poets feign'd to have fallen in Love with the Nymph

*Arethusa*, whom he was ready to ravish, *Diana* turn'd her into a *Fountain*; which, lest her *Lover* should mix his Waters with hers, fled by secret Ways under Ground, and under the Sea into *Sicily*, rising up in the Island *Ortygia*, whither *Alpheus* followed, and there mingled with her.

2. Δάλου κασιγνήτα. *Delis sorror*. The Commentator says, because *Delos* too was called *Ortygia*. I think, because *Apollo* was born in *Delos*, and *Diana* in *Ortygia*, therefore by a Figure he calls the *Islands* too, where they were born, *Sisters*. Hom. Hymn.

Χαῖρε μάκαρ' ὦ Λητοῖ' ἐπεὶ τέκες ἄγλαα τέκνα,  
'Απόλλωνα τ' ἄνακτα καὶ Ἄρτεμιν Ἰοχεαίραν,  
Τὴν μὲν ἐν Ὀρτυγίῃ, τὴν δὲ κρανῆν ἐνὶ Δῆλῳ.

Which, for *Pindar's* sake, I am content to take for this *Ortygia*, and not that Island among the *Cyclades* of the same Name.

3. Δέμνιον Ἀρτέμιδος. *Cubile Artemidis*. Because she was born there, I therefore chose rather to call it *Latona's Child-Bed*, than her *Bed*.

4. Because other *New Moons* seem but Returns of *Diana*, (which is the same with the Goddess *Luna*) then she had her Beginning.

5. Κλεωῶν Συρακουσῶν θάλος. *Germen inclytarum Syracusarum*, for the Reason mention'd in the Argument.

6. Σέθεν ἠδνεπῆς ὕμνος ὀρμᾶται θέμεν Δίον ἀελλοπύδων μέγαν ἵππων, Ζηνὸς Διτναίου χάρω. Ἄρμα δ' ὀτρύνει Χρομίου Νεμέα δ' ἐργμασιν νικαφόροις Εγκώμιον ζεύξας μέλος. *A te suaviloquus Hymnus cum impetu aggreditur exponere magnam laudem procellipedum equorum in Jovis Aetnei gratiam, Currus etiam Chromii & Nemea me incitant ut adjungam meum laudatorium melos triumphantibus (certaminum) laboribus.*

7. In *Nemea*; because *Hercules*, having slain the *Nemeæan Lion*, did Sacrifice *Jovi Nemeæo*, and Dedicate the Games to him. *In Thee*: For having given this Island to *Proserpine*; for *Ceres* sake; for the Birth of *Diana*; for being himself surnamed (as before) *Aetnaean Jupiter*, from *Aetna*, where his *Thunder* was likewise forg'd.

## 2.

1. Ἄρχαι δὲ βέβληνται θεῶν Κείνου σὺν ἀνδρὸς δαιμονίαις ἀρεταῖς. Ἔστι δ' ἐν εὐτυχίᾳ πανδοξίας ἄκρον.

*Proemia sumpta sunt à Diis & illius viri felicitibus virtutibus, est enim in felicitate summum fastigium omnis gloria.*

2. Of these *Torches* which *Ceres* lighted at *Aetna*, and carry'd with her all about the World in the Search of *Proserpine*, *Claudian* speaks thus, *L. 3. de R. Proserp.*

Quacunque it, in aequore fulvis  
Adnatat umbra fretis, extremâque lucis imago  
Italiam Lybiamque ferit, clarescit Hetruscum  
Littus, et accenso resplendent aequore Syrtes.

At *Enna*, where *Ceres* was most religiously worshipp'd, her *Statue* was made with *Torches* in her Hands. See *Tull. 4. Act. in Verr.*

## 3.

1. Νῦν ἔγειρ' ἀγλαῖαν τινα νάσῳ, Τὰν Ὀλύμπου δεσπότης Ζεὺς ἔδωκεν Περσεφόνη, κατένευσεν τε οἱ χαίταις, ἀριστεύουσαν εὐκάρπου χθονὸς Σικελίαν πειραν ὀρθώσειν κορυφαῖς πολέων ἀφνειαῖς. Ὡπασε δὲ Κρονίων Πολέμου μναστήρᾳ οἱ χαλκεντέος Λαδὸν Ἰππαιχμον, θαμὰ δὴ καὶ Ὀλυμπιάδων φύλλοις ἐλαίαν χρυσέοις μυχθέντα.

*Nunc excita splendorem aliquem Insulae quam Olympi Dominus Jupiter dedit Proserpinæ, et annuit capillis se principem fertilis soli Siciliam pinguem exaltaturum celebribus fastigiis civitatum, deditque eis Saturnius, populum equis gaudentem, et memorem ferrei belli qui sæpe etiam foliis aureis Olympiacarum Olivarum se immisceret.*

2. Κατένευσεν τε οἱ χαίταις, is very eloquent in the *Greek*, but I know not how to render it but by *Head*. *Homer* expresses the same Sense most excellently. *Il. 1.*

Ἦ, καὶ κνανέησω ἐπ' ὀφρύσι νεῦσε Κρονίων  
ἀμβρόσια δ' ἄρα χαίται ἐπερώσαντο ἄνακτος  
κρατὸς ἀπ' ἀθανάτοιο.

3. *Pindar* in his Third *Olympique* by a great *Geographical Error* (but pardonable in those Times) says, that *Hercules* obtain'd of the *Hyperboreans* at the *Fountain of Ister*, or the *Danube*, Plants of *Wild-Olive*, to set about the Temple of *Jupiter* in *Pisa*; and ordained, that the *Conquerors* in those Games should always be crown'd with Garlands of the said *Olive*s. It may be ask'd, in the Celebration of a *Nemeæan Victory*, why he rather mentions the *Olympique Prizes* born away by the *Sicilians*, than those of *Nemea*? Some say, that in the *Nemeæan Games* too, the like *Olive Garlands* were us'd at first before those of *Apium*; which I hardly believe, if the Institution of them was to celebrate a *Funeral*, as the general Opinion is. I think he chuses the *Olympique Games*, only because they were the most Famous of all.

## 4.

1. Ἔσταν δ' ἐπ' αὐλαῖς θύραις Ἀνδρὸς φιλοξένου καλὰ μελπόμενος, Ἐνθα μοι ἀρμύδιον Δεῖπνον κεκόσμηται, θαμὰ δ' ἀλλοδαπῶν οὐκ ἀπειρατοὶ δόμοι ἐντί.

*Steti autem in vestibulo viri hospitalis egregie cantans, ubi mihi conveniens cæna adornata est, neque enim frequentium peregrinorum ignaræ sunt aedes ejus.*

2. Τέχναι δ' ἐτέρων ἕτεραι χρῆ δ' ἐν εὐθείαις ὁδοῖς στείχοντα μάρνασθαι φύσει. Ἄλιæ aliorum artes sunt, sed oportet rectis in viis ambulantes naturâ ρυγνᾶρε.

## 5.

1. Πράσσει γὰρ ἐργῶ μὲν σθένος, βουλαῖσι δὲ φρῆν ἐσόμενον προῖδειν, συγγενὲς οἷς ἔπεται. Ἀγησιδάμου παῖ, σέο δ' ἀμφὶ τρόπῳ τῶν τε καὶ τῶν χρήσιες οὐκ ἔραμαι πολὺν ἐν μεγάρῳ πλοῦτον κατακρύψας ἔχειν, Ἄλλ' ἐόντων εἴ τε παθεῖν καὶ ἀκούσαι φίλοις ἐξαρκέων. Κοινὰ γὰρ ἔρχοντ' ἐλπιδες πολυπύων ἀνδρῶν. *Auxiliatur enim operi quidem robur, consilii autem mens, quibus naturalis est futurorum providentia, Tuis autem in moribus, o Agesidami fili, horum et illorum est usus. Non cupio multas in aedibus divitias absconditas habere,*

*sed ex iis quæ adsunt bona percipere, et bene audire amicis subveniens, communes enim veniunt spes arumnosorum.*

## 6.

1. 'Εγὼ δ' Ἡρακλέος ἀντέχομαι προφρόνως, Ἐν κορυφαῖς ἀρετῶν μεγάλας Ἀρχαίων ὑπέρβωλον λόγον, &c.

*Ego autem Herculem amplector libenter in cacuminibus virtutum maximis antiquum proferens sermonem, etc.*

*Pindar*, according to his manner, leaves the Reader to find, as he can, the Connexion between *Chromius* and the Story of *Hercules*, which it seem'd to me necessary to make a little more perspicuous.

## 7.

1. Ἐκ δ' ἄρ' ἄτλατον δέος Πλάξε γυναικας, ὅσαι τύχων Ἀλκμήνας ἀρήγοισαι λέχει. Καὶ γὰρ αὐτὰ, ποσσὶν ἀπεπλος ὀρούσασ' ἀπὸ στρωμνάς, ὄμως Ἀμυνην ὕβριν κνωδάλων.

*Intolerabilis metus percussit mulieres quæ inserviebant Alcmenæ lecto, quinetiam ipsa sine vestibus prosiliens pedibus è lecto propulsavit injuriam bestiarum.*

2. Ἐἰς θαλάμου μυχὸν εὐρὸν ἔβαν Τέκνοισιν ὠκελας γνάθους Ἀμφιλιξασθαι μεμαῶτες, ὃ δ' ὄρθον μὲν ἀντρεωὴ κάρα, Πειρᾶτο δὲ πρῶτον μάχης. *In thalami penetralia lata venerunt pueris celeres malas circumplicare gestientes, sed ille rectum extendit caput, et specimen primum pugnae edidit.* I leave out the Mention of his Brother *Iphiclus*, who lay in the same Cradle, because it would but embroil the Story, and adds nothing to the *Similitude*. *Pherecides* writes, that *Amphitryon* himself put these *Serpents* into the Chamber, to try which was *his*, and which *Jupiter's* Son.

## 8.

1. Ταχὺ δὲ Καδμείων ἀγὸλ χαλκείους σὺν ὄπλοις ἀθροῖοι ἔδραμον. Ἐν χειρὶ δ' Ἀμφιτρύων κολεοῦ γυμνὸν ξίφος ἐκτινασσὼν Ἰκετ' ὀξείαις ἀνταίσι τυπέλς. *Confestim autem Cadmaeorum duces æreis cum armis accurrerunt, Amphitryo quoque nudum vagina ensem quatiens venit acutis doloribus sauciis.* I leave out a Sentence that follows; which is a wise Saying, but methinks to no great purpose in that Place.

2. This is excellently expressed in the *Greek*: "Ἔστα δὲ θάμβει δυσφύρῳ τερπνῶ τε μυχέλς, Constitit autem stupore acerbo delectabilique permixtus.

3. Γέλτονα δ' ἐκκάλεσεν Διὸς ὑψίστου προφάταν ἔξοχον Ὀρθόμαντιν Τιρησίαν ὃ δὲ οἱ φράζε καὶ παντὶ στρατῶ πολαῖς ὁμιλήσει τύχαις. *Vicinum itaque advocavit Jovis altissimi Prophetam eximium vera vaticinantem Tiresiam, hic autem ei dixit totique turbæ in quibus versaturus esses fortunis.*

4. Ὅσσοις μὲν ἐν χέρσῳ κτανῶν Ὅσσοις δὲ πόντῳ θήρας ἀἰδροδίκας καὶ τινα σὺν πλαγιῷ Ἀνδρῶν κόρῳ στείχοντα τὸν ἐχθρότατον φᾶσέ νῦν δώσω μόνον. Καὶ γὰρ ὅταν θεοὶ ἐν πεδίῳ Φλέγρας Γιγάντεσσιν μάχων Ἀντιάξωσιν βελέων ὑπὸ βίπασι κεινου παιδίμιν γαίῃ πεφύρσεσθαι κόμαν. *Quot in terrâ interfectorus esset quot in mari belluas perniciosas, et cuiam hominum*

*cum obliqua insolentia incedenti inimicissimo mortem daret, quinetiam cum Dii cum Gigantibus in campo Phlegrae prælio occurrerent, telorum illius impetu præclaram pulveri commixtum iri illorum comam.* Where I have ventured to change what he says of his *Darts*, into his *Club*, that being his most famous Weapon.

5. The *Earth*, as the *Erymanthian Boar*, and the *Nemeæan Lions*. The *Air*, as the *Stymphalian Birds*. And the *Sea*, as the *Whale*, which the Scholiast says he slew, and cites *Homer* for the Story.

6. As *Antæus*, *Busiris*, *Augias* etc.

7. The Place of the Battel between the *Gods* and the *Giants* was *Phlegra*, a Town in *Thrace*, where the *Earth* pronounc'd an Oracle, that the *Giants* could not be destroy'd, but by the Help of *Two Heroes*, or *Half-Gods*; for which purpose, the *Gods* made choice of *Hercules* and *Bacchus*, and by their Assistance got the Victory. *Phlegra* is called so, ἀπὸ τοῦ φλέγεσθαι, *To Burn*; perhaps, because of the *Giants* being destroy'd there chiefly by *Thunder*; or as others, from *Baths of hot Water* which arise there. *Eustathius* says, it was likewise call'd *Pallene*. and gave Occasion to the Fable of the *Giants'* Fight, from the Wickedness of the Inhabitants.

8. According to *Homer's* ordinary *Epithete* of *Apollo*, Ἀργυρότοξος, *Silver-bow'd*.

## 9.

1. Αὐτὸν μὲν ἐν εἰρήνῃ τὸν ἅπαντα χρόνον σχεῖν δέι Ἡσυχίαν καμάτων μεγάλων ποιῶν λαχόντα ἐξαίρετον, Ὀλβίους ἐν δώμασι δεξάμενον θαλερὰν Ἡβαν ἀκοῖτιν, Καὶ γάμον δαίσαντα παρ Διὶ Κρονίδα, Σεμνὸν ἀλήσειν δόμον. *Ipsium vero in pace omne tempus deinceps acturum tranquillitate, magnorum laborum præmium eximium consequutum, receptâ in beatissimis aedibus Hebe conjuge florente, et nuptiis celebratis in domo Jovis venerandi quam ipse admiratione videret.*

2. The Names of *Constellations*, so called first by the *Poets*, and since retained by the *Astronomers*. They might be frighted by *Hercules*, because he was the Famous *Monster-killer*.

### The Praise of Pindar.

In Imitation of *Horace* his Second *Ode*, B. 4.  
*Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c.*

## I.

*Pindar* is imitable by none :<sup>1</sup>

The *Phœnix Pindar* is a vast *Species alone*.  
Whoe'er but *Dædalus* with waxen Wings could fly,  
And neither sink too low, nor soar too high?

What could he who follow'd claim,  
But of vain *Boldness* the unhappy Fame,  
And by his Fall a *Sea* to name?

*Pindar's unnavigable Song*

Like a swollen *Flood* from some steep *Mountain* pours  
along;

The *Ocean* meets with such a *Voice* 10  
From his enlarged *Mouth*, as drowns the *Ocean's* Noise.

## 2.

So *Pindar* does new *Words* and *Figures* roll  
Down his impetuous *Dithyrambique Tide*,<sup>1</sup>  
Which in no *Channel* deign's t' abide,  
Which neither *Banks* nor *Dikes* control.<sup>2</sup>  
Whether th' *Immortal Gods* he sings,  
In a no less *Immortal Strain*,  
Or the great Acts of *God-descended Kings*,<sup>3</sup>  
Who in his Numbers still survive and reign.  
Each rich embroidered *Line*, 20  
Which their triumphant *Brows* around,  
By his sacred *Hand* is bound,  
Does all their *starry Diadems* out-shine.<sup>4</sup>

## 3.

Whether at *Pisa's Race* he please  
To *carve* in polish'd *Verses* the *Conqu'ror's Images*,<sup>1</sup>  
Whether the *swift*, the *skilful*, or the *strong*,<sup>2</sup>  
Be crowned in his *nimble, artful, vigorous Song*;  
Whether some brave young *Man's* untimely *Fate*<sup>3</sup>  
In *Words* worth *dying for* he celebrate;  
Such *mournful*, and such *pleasing Words*, 30  
As *Joy* to 'his *Mother's* and his *Mistress Grief* affords:  
He bids him *Live* and *Grow* in *Fame*,  
Among the *Stars* he sticks his *Name*.<sup>4</sup>  
The *Grave* can but the *Dross* of him devour,  
So *small* is *Death's*, so *great* the *Poet's* Power.

## 4.

Lo, how th' obsequious *Wind*, and swelling *Air*  
The *Theban Swan* does upwards bear<sup>1</sup>  
Into the *Walks of Clouds*; where he does play,  
And with extended *Wings* opens his liquid way.  
Whilst, alas, my *tim'rous Muse* 40  
*Unambitious Tracks* pursues;  
Does with weak unballast *Wings*,  
About the *mossie Brooks* and *Springs*;  
About the *Trees* new-blossom'd *Heads*;  
About the *Gardens* painted *Beds*;  
About the *Fields* and flowry *Meads*;  
And all *inferior beauteous things*;  
Like the laborious *Bee*,  
For little *Drops of Honey* fly,  
And there with *humble Sweets* contents her *Industry*. 50

## NOTES.

## I.

I. *Pindar* was incredibly admired and honour'd among the Ancients, even to that degree that we may believe, they saw more in him than we do now: Inso-much, that long after his Death, when *Thebes* was quite burnt and destroy'd (by the *Lacedemonians* and by *Alexander the Great*) both times the *House* wherein he had liv'd was alone preserv'd by publick Authority, as a *Place sacred* and *inviolable*. Among the very many

Elogies of *him*, I will only cite that of *Quintilian* (than whom no *Man* perhaps ever living was a better *Judge*) L. 10. C. 1. *Novem Lyricorum longe Pindarus princeps, spiritus magnificentiâ, sententiis, figuris beatissimus, rerum verborumque copiâ et velut quodam eloquentiæ flumine, propter quæ Horatius nemini credit eum imitabilem.* Where he applies *Horace* his Similitudes of a *River* to his *Wit*; but it is such a *River*, as when *Poetical Fury*,

*Tanquam fera diluvies quietum  
Irritat amnem.* Hor.

And like the rest of that Description of the *River*,

*Nunc pace delabentis Hetruscum  
In mare, nunc lapides adesos  
Stirpesque raptas et pecus et domos  
Volventis unâ non sine montium  
Clamore vicinaque silvæ.*

For which Reason, I term his Song *Unnavigable*; for it is able to drown any *Head* that is not strong built and well ballasted. *Horace* in another Place calls it a *Fountain*; from the unexhausted Abundance of his Invention.

## 2.

I. There are none of *Pindar's Dithyrambiques* extant. *Dithyrambiques* were *Hymns* made in Honour of *Bacchus*, who did, *dis els thupav avabalveiv*, come into the World through two *Doors*, his *Mother Semelè's Womb*, and his *Father Jupiter's Thigh*. Others think, that *Dithyrambus* was the Name of a *Theban Poet*, who invented that kind of Verse, which others also attribute to *Arion*. *Pindar* himself in the 13th *Olympique*, seems to give the Invention to the *Corinthians*. *Tal Διονύσου πῶθεν ἐξεφάναν σὺν βοηλάτῃ χάριτες Διθυράμβῳ; Unde Bacchi exorte sunt venustates cum Boves agente Dithyrambo?* For it seems an *Ox* was given in Reward to the Poet; but others interpret *βοηλάτην παρὰ τὴν βοήν*, from the loud repeating or singing of them. It was a bold, free *enthusiastical* kind of Poetry, as of Men inspir'd by *Bacchus*, that is *half-Drunk*, from whence came the *Greek Proverb*.

*Διθυραμβοποιῶν νοῦν ἔχεις ἐλάττονα.*

You are as mad as a *Dithyrambique Poet*.

And another,

*Οὐκ ἔστι Διθυράμβος ἀν ὕδωρ πίνῃ.*

There are no *Dithyrambiques* made by drinking Water. Something like this kind (but I believe with less *Liberty*) is *Horace* his 19th Ode of the 2d B.

*Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus  
Vidi docentem, &c.*

And nearer yet to it comes his 25th Ode of the 4th B. *Quo me Bacche rapis tui plenum? Quæ nemora, aut quos agor in specus, Velox mente novâ?* For he is presently *half-mad*, and promises I know not what.

*Dicam insigne recens,  
Indictum ore alio. And  
Nil parvum aut humili modo,  
Nil mortale loquar.*

And then ends like a Man ranting in his Drink, that falls suddenly asleep.

2. *Banks, natural; Dikes, artificial.* It will neither be bounded and circumscribed by *Nature*, nor by *Art*.

3. Almost all the ancient *Kings*, to make themselves more venerable to their Subjects, derived their Pedigree from some *God*, but at last that would not content them, and they made *themselves Gods*, as some of the *Roman Emperors*.

4. *Diadems* (which were used by the ancient *Kings*, as *Crowns* are now, for the *Mark of Royalty*, and were much more convenient) were Bindings of *White Ribband* about the Head, set and adorn'd with precious Stones; which is the Reason I call them *Starry Diadems*. The word comes ἀπὸ τοῦ διαδεῖν, *To bind about*.

## 3.

1. The *Conquerors* in the *Olympique Games*, were not only crown'd with a *Garland of Wild-Olive*, but also had a *Statue* erected to them.

2. The chief Exercises there were *Running, Leaping, Wrestling, the Discus*, which was the casting of a great round Stone, or Ball made of Iron or Brass; The *Cestus*, or *Whorle-Bats, Horse-Races, and Chariot-Races*.

3. For he wrote *Threni*; or *Funeral Elegies*: But they are all lost, as well as his *Hymns, Tragedies, Encomia*, and several other Works.

4. So *Hor. l. 4. Od. 25. Stellis inserere, et concilio Jovis.*

## 4.

1. From the *Fabulous*, but universally receiv'd *Tradition of Swans singing* most sweetly before their *Death* (though the Truth is, *Geese* and *they* are alike *melodious*) the *Poets* have assumed to themselves the Title of *Swans*: *Horace l. 2. Od. 20.* would be believed to be *Metamorphos'd* into one. *Jam, jam residunt cruribus asperæ Pelles et album mutor in alitem Superne* (or *Superna*) *leves per Digtos humerosque plumæ.* The *Anthologie* gives the same Name to *Pindar*, Θήβης ὠγγύλης ἐλικώνιος ἴστατο κύκνος, Πίνδαρος μερόφωτος. Sweet-tongued *Pindar*, the *Heliconian Swan* of *Thebes*. So *Virgil* is called, *Mantuanus olor*, The *Swan* of *Mantua*; *Theocritus* terms the *Poets*, Μουσῶν ὄρνιθες, The *Birds* of the *Muses*; to which the *Commentators* say, is an *Allusion to Swans*; to which *Callimachus* gives the Name of Μουσῶν ὄρνιθες; and in another Place calls them, Ἀπόλλωνος πατέδροι. A bold Word, which I know not how to render: But they were consecrated to *Apollo*, and consequently belov'd by the *Muses* and *Poets*.

## The RESURRECTION.

## 1.

NOT Winds to Voyagers at Sea,  
Nor Showers to Earth, more necessary be,

(Heav'n's vital Seed cast on the Womb of Earth  
To give the fruitful Year a Birth)

Than Verse to Virtue; which can do  
The Midwif's Office, and the Nurses's too;

It feeds it strongly, and it cloaths it gay,

And when it dies, with comely Pride

Embalms it, and erects a Pyramide

That never will decay

'Till Heav'n it self shall melt away,

And nought behind it stay.

10

## 2.

Begin the Song, and strike the living Lyre;

Lo how the Years to come, a numerous 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 so'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;

That, to the Spheres themselves, shall Silence bring,

Untune the Universal String.

Then all the wide-extended Sky,

And all th' harmonious Worlds on high,

And Virgil's sacred Work shall die;

And he himself shall see in one Fire shine

Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by Hands  
Divine.

20

## 3.

Whom Thunder's dismal Noise,

And all that Prophets and Apostles louder spake,

And all the Creatures' plain-conspiring Voice,

Could not, whilst they liv'd, awake,

This mightier Sound shall make

When Dead t' arise,

And open Tombs, and open Eyes;

To the long Sluggards of five thousand Years.

This mightier Sound shall make its Hearers Ears.

Then shall the scatter'd Atoms crowding come

Back to their ancient home;

Some from Birds, from Fishes some,

Some from Earth, and some from Seas,

Some from Beasts, and some from Trees.

Some descend from Clouds on high,

Some from Metals upwards fly,

And where th' attending Soul naked and shivering  
stands,

Meet, salute, and join their Hands.

As dispers'd Soldiers at the Trumpet's Call

Haste to their Colours all.

Unhappy most, like tortur'd Men,

Their Joints new set, to be new rackt again.

To Mountains they for Shelter pray,

The Mountains shake, and run about no less confus'd  
than they.

30

40

50

## 4.

Stop, stop, my Muse, allay thy vig'rous Heat,  
Kindled at a Hint so great.

Hold thy *Pindarique Pegasus* closely in ;  
 Which does to *Rage* begin,  
 And this steep *Hill* would gallop up with violent course ;  
 'Tis an unruly, and a *hard-mouth'd Horse*,  
 Fierce, and unbroken yet,  
 Impatient of the *Spur* or *Bit* ;  
 Now *prauces* stately, and anon *flies* o'er the Place ;  
 Disdains the *servile Law* of any settled *Pace* ;  
*Conscious* and *proud* of his own *natural Force*,  
 'Twill no *unskilful Touch* endure,  
 But flings *Writer* and *Reader* too that *sits* not *sure*.

## NOTES.

## I.

1. THIS Ode is truly *Pindarical*, falling from one thing into another, after his *Enthusiastical manner*, and he gives a *Hint* for the Beginning of it in his 11th *Olymp.* "Ἔστιν ἀνθρώποις ἀνέμων θερε πλεῖστα χρήσις, ἔστι δ' οὐρανίων ὑδάτων ὄμβριων, παιδων νεφέλας. Ἐὶ δὲ σὺν πόνῳ τίς εἶδ' πράσσοι, μελιγάρυες θμνοὶ ὑστέρων ἀρχαὶ λόγων τέλλεται, καὶ πιστὸν ἄρκιον μεγάλας ἀρεταῖς. *Est aliquando hominibus ventorum usus, aliquando aquarum caelestium, filiarum nubis. Sed si quis cum labore rectè faciat, dulces Hymni illi principium sunt futurae gloriae, et fœdus fidele faciunt cum magnis virtutibus.*

## 2.

1. Whilst the *Motion of Time* lasts, which is compared to a *Dance*, from the regular Measures of it.

2. According to the ancient Opinion of the *Pythagoreans*, which does much better befit *Poetry*, than it did *Philosophy*.

3. Shall see the whole *World burnt* to Ashes like *Troy*, the Destruction of which was so excellently written by him, though it was built like *Troy* too, by *divine Hands*. The Walls of *Troy* were said to be built by *Apollo* and *Neptune*.

## 3.

1. No natural Effect gives such Impressions of *Divine Fear*, as *Thunder* ; as we may see by the Examples of some wicked Emperors, who though they were Atheists, and made *themselves Gods*, yet confess'd a greater Divine Power when they heard it, by trembling and hiding themselves.

Horat. *Cælo Tonantem Credidimus Jovem.*

And *Lucret.* speaks it of *Epicurus*, as a thing extraordinary and peculiar of him, that the very Sound of *Thunder* did not make him superstitious,

*Quem neque fama Deum, neque fulmina, nec minitanti Murmure compressit cælum,* etc.

Yet the *Prophets'* and *Apostles'* Voice is truly term'd *Louder* ; for as *S. Paul* says, the Voice of the Gospel was heard over all the habitable *World*, *Ἐὶς πᾶσαν οἰκουμένην ὁ φθὲγγος αὐτῶν.*

VOL. II.

2. The ordinary *Traditional Opinion* is, that the World is to last six thousand Years (*ἔκρη ἐν γενεῇ καταπαύσεται κόσμος*) and that the *seventh thousand* is to be the *Rest* or *Sabbath of Thousands* : But I could not say, *Sluggards* of *six thousand Years*, because some then would be found alive, who had not so much as slept at all. The next *Perfect Number* (and *Verse* will admit of no *Broken ones*) was *five thousand*.

## The MUSE.

## I.

GO, the rich *Chariot* instantly prepare ;<sup>1</sup>  
 The *Queen*, my *Muse*, will take the Air ;  
 Unruly *Fancy* with strong *Judgment* trace,  
 Put in nimble-footed *Wit*,  
 Smooth-pace'd *Eloquence* join with it,  
 Sound *Memory* with young *Invention* place,  
 Harness all the *winged Race*.  
 Let the *Postilion Nature*, mount, and let  
 The *Coachman Art* be set.

And let the airy *Footmen* running all beside, 10  
 Make a long Row of goodly *Pride*.

*Figures, Conceits, Raptures, and Sentences,*  
 In a well-worded *Dress*.

And *innocent Loves*, and *pleasant Truths*, and *useful Lies*,

In all their gaudy *Liveries*.

Mount, glorious *Queen*, thy *travelling Throne*,

And bid it to put on ;

For *long*, though *cheerful*, is the *way*,

And *Life*, alas, allows but one ill *Winter's Day*.

## 2.

Where never *Foot of Man*, or *Hoof of Beast*, 20  
 The *Passage* prest,

Where never *Fish* did fly,<sup>1</sup>

And with short silver *Wings* cut the low liquid *Sky*.

Where *Bird* with painted *Oars* did ne'er<sup>2</sup>

*Row* through the trackless *Ocean* of the *Air*.

Where never yet did pry

The *busie Morning's* curious *Eye*,

The *Wheels* of thy bold *Coach* pass quick and free ;

And all 's an *open Road* to thee.

Whatever *God* did say,<sup>3</sup> 30

Is all thy plain and smooth, uninterrupted *Way*.

Nay, ev'n beyond his *Works* thy *Voyages* are known,

Thou 'hast thousand *Worlds* too of thine own.

Thou speak'st, great *Queen*, in the same *Stile* as he,

And a *new World* leaps forth when thou say'st, *Let it be*.

## 3.

Thou fathom'st the deep *Gulf of Ages* past,<sup>1</sup>

And canst pluck up with *Ease*

The *Years* which thou dost please ;

Like shipwreck'd *Treasures* by rude *Tempests* cast

Long since into the *Sea*,

Brought up again to *Light* and publick *Use* by thee. 40

C

Nor dost thou only *dive* so low,  
 But *Fly*,  
 With an unweary'd *Wing* the other Way on high,  
 Where *Fates* among the *Stars* do grow ;<sup>2</sup>  
 There into the close *Nests* of *Time* dost peep,  
 And there with piercing *Eye*,  
 Through the firm *Shell*, and the thick *White* dost spy,  
*Years* to come a-forming lye,  
 Close in their sacred *Secondine* asleep,<sup>3</sup>  
 'Till *hatch'd* by the *Sun's* vital Heat ; 50  
 Which o'er them yet does *brooding* set,  
 They *Life* and *Motion* get ;  
 And *ripe* at last, with vigorous *Might*,  
 Break thro' the *Shell*, and take their everlasting *Flight*.

## 3.

And sure we may  
 The same too of the *Present* say,  
 If *Past*, and *Future Times* do thee obey.  
 Thou stopst this *Current*, and dost make  
 This running *River* settle like a *Lake*,  
 Thy certain *Hand* holds fast this slippery *Snake*.<sup>1</sup> 60  
 The *Fruit* which does so quickly waste,  
 Men scarce can see it, much less *taste*,  
 Thou *comfite*st in *Sweets* to make it *last*.  
 This shining *Piece* of *Ice*  
 Which melts so soon away<sup>2</sup>  
 With the *Sun's* Ray,  
 Thy *Verse* does solidate and *crystallize* ;  
 'Till it a lasting *Mirror* be.  
 Nay thy *Immortal Rhyme*  
 Makes this one short *Point* of *Time*, 70  
 To fill up half the *Orb* of *Round Eternity*.<sup>3</sup>

## NOTES.

## 1.

1. *Pindar* in the sixth *Olymp.* has a *Fancy* somewhat of this kind ; where he says, 'Ω φίλτις ἀλλὰ ζεύξον ἤδη μοι σθένος ἡμῶνων ἢ τάχος ὄφρα κελεύθω τ' ἐν καθαρὰ βάσωμεν ὄκνον. *Sed, ὁ Phintis, junge jam mihi robur Mularum quibus celeritas est, ut viâ purâ ducamus currum.* Where by the Name of *Phintis* he speaks to his own Soul. O, my *Soul*, join me the strong and swift *Mules* together, that I may drive the *Chariot* in this fair Way. Some make *φίλτις* to be a Dialect for *φίλτις* ; as if he should say, Oh my *Friend* : Others, (whom I rather believe) take it for the proper Name of some famous *Chariot-driver*. The *Aurea Carm.* use the same *Metaphor*, 'Ἡνίοχον γνῶμην στήσας καθ' ἑρπεν ἀρπστην. *Aurigâ supernè constitutâ optimâ ratione* ; making right *Reason* the *Chariot-driver* of the *Soul*. *Porphyrus* calls the *Spirits*, "Ὀχημα τῆς ψυχῆς. The *Chariot* of the *Soul*.

## 2.

1. For *Fins* do the same Office to *Fish*, that *Wings* do to *Birds* ; and the *Scripture* it self gives Authority to

my calling the *Sea* the *Low Sky* ; where it says, *Gen.* 1. 6. *Let there be a Firmament in the midst of the Waters, and let it divide the Waters from the Waters.*

2. This *Metaphor* was us'd by the ancient *Poets*, *Virg.* *Æn.* 1.

*Volat ille per aera magnum Remigio alarum.*

And elsewhere *Lucret.* before him, l. 6 :

*Remigii oblita pennarum.*

*Ovid* in his *Epistle* applies the same to *Men's Arms* :

*Remis ego corporis utar.*

I'll use the *Bodies' Oars*.

3. (i.) *Whatsoever God made* ; for his *Saying*, *Let it be*, made all things. The meaning is, that *Poetry* treats not only of all things that are, or can be, but makes *Creatures* of her own, as *Centaur*s, *Satyr*s, *Fairies*, etc. makes *Persons* and *Actions* of her own, as in *Fables* and *Romances*, makes *Beasts*, *Trees*, *Waters*, and other irrational and insensible things to act above the Possibility of their *Natures*, as to *understand* and *speak*, nay makes what *Gods* it pleases too without *Idolatry*, and varies all these into innumerable *Systemes*, or *Worlds* of *Invention*.

## 3.

1. That is, the Subject of *Poetry* is all *Past*, *Future* and *Present Times* ; and for the *Past*, it makes what Choice it pleases out of the *Wrack* of *Time* of things that it will save from *Oblivion*.

2. According to the vulgar (but false) Opinion of the *Influence* of the *Stars* over *Men's Actions* and *Fortunes*. There is no Difficulty, I think, in the *Metaphor* of making a *Year* to come like an *Egg* that is not yet *hatcht*, but a *brooding*.

3. The thin *Film* with which an *Infant* is covered in the *Womb*, so called, because it follows the *Child*. In Latin *Secundæ*, as in the 9th *Epistle* of *Seneca*, where he says most admirably, *Sed ut ex barbâ capillos detonsos negligimus, ita divinus ille animus egressurus hominem, quò receptaculum suum referatur, ignis illud exurat, an feræ distrahant, an terra contegat non magis ad se pertinere judicat quam Secundas ad editum infantem.*

## 4.

1. A *Snake* with the *Tail* in the *Mouth* of it, was the ancient *Hieroglyphick* of the *Year*.

2. Because the *Course* of the *Sun* seems to consume *Time*, as the *Beams* of it do *Ice*.

3. There are two sorts of *Eternity* ; from the *Present* backwards to *Eternity*, and from the *Present* forwards, called by the Schoolmen *Æternitas à parte ante*, and *Æternitas à parte post*. These two make up the whole *Circle* of *Eternity*, which the *present Time* cuts like a *Diameter*, but *Poetry* makes it extend to all *Eternity* to come, which is the *Half-Circle*.

## To Mr. HOBBS.

## I.

VAST Bodies of Philosophy  
 I oft have seen, and read,  
 But all are Bodies dead,  
 Or Bodies by Art fashioned ;  
 I never yet the Living Soul could see,  
 But in thy Books and thee.  
 'Tis only God can know  
 Whether the fair Idea thou dost show  
 Agree intirely with his own or no.  
 This I dare boldly tell,  
 'Tis so like Truth, 'twill serve our Turn as well.  
 Just, as in Nature, their Proportions be,  
 As full of Concord their Variety,  
 As firm the Parts upon their Center rest,  
 And all so solid are, that they at least  
 As much as Nature, Emptiness detest.

## 2.

Long did the mighty Stagirite retain<sup>1</sup>  
 The universal Intellectual Reign ;  
 Saw his own Country's short-liv'd Leopard slain ;<sup>2</sup>  
 The stronger Roman-Eagle did outfly,<sup>3</sup>  
 Oftner renew'd his Age, and saw that dye.  
 Mecha it self, in spite of Mahumet, possess'd,<sup>4</sup>  
 And chas'd by a wild Deluge from the East,  
 His Monarchy new-planted in the West.  
 But as in time each great Imperial Race  
 Degenerates, and gives some new one place :  
 So did this noble Empire waste,  
 Sunk by degrees from Glories past,  
 And in the School-men's hands it perish'd quite at last.  
 Then nought but Words it grew,  
 And those all Barb'rous too.  
 It perish'd, and it vanish'd there,  
 The Life and Soul breath'd out became but empty Air.

## 3.

The Fields which answer'd well the Ancients' Plow,  
 Spent and out-worn return no Harvest now,  
 In barren Age wild and unglorious lye,  
 And boast of past Fertility,  
 The poor Relief of present Poverty.  
 Food and Fruit we must now want :  
 Unless new Lands we plant.  
 We break up Tombs with Sacrilegious Hands,  
 Old Rubbish we remove ;  
 To walk in Ruins, like vain Ghosts, we love,  
 And with fond Divining Wands,<sup>1</sup>  
 We search among the dead  
 For Treasures buried ;  
 Whilst still the Liberal Earth does hold  
 So many Virgin Mines of undiscover'd Gold.

## 4.

The Baltique, Euxin, and the Caspian,<sup>1</sup>  
 And slender-limb'd Mediterranean,

Seem narrow Creeks to thee, and only fit  
 For the poor wretched Fisher-boats of Wit.  
 Thy nobler Vessel the vast Ocean tries,  
 And nothing sees but Seas and Skies,  
 'Till unknown Regions it descries,  
 Thou great Columbus of the Golden Lands of new  
 Philosophies.  
 Thy Task was harder much than his,  
 For thy learn'd America is  
 Not only found out first by thee,  
 And rudely left to future Industry,  
 But thy Eloquence and thy Wit  
 Has planted, peopled, built, and civilis'd it.

## 5.

I little thought before,  
 (Nor, being my own self so poor,  
 Could comprehend so vast a Store)  
 That all the Wardrobe of rich Eloquence<sup>1</sup>  
 Could have afforded half enough,  
 Of bright, of new, and lasting Stuff,  
 To cloath the mighty Limbs of thy gigantick Sense.  
 Thy solid Reason like the Shield from Heaven<sup>2</sup>  
 To the Trojan Heroe given,  
 Too strong to take a Mark from any mortal Dart,  
 Yet shines with Gold and Gems in every Part,  
 And Wonders on it grav'd by the learn'd Hand of Art ;  
 A Shield that gives Delight  
 Even to the Enemies' Sight,  
 Then, when they're sure to lose the Combate by't.

## 6.

Nor can the Snow which now cold Age does shed  
 Upon thy reverend Head,  
 Quench or allay the noble Fires within,  
 But all which thou hast been,  
 And all that Youth can be, thou'rt yet,  
 So fully still dost thou  
 Enjoy the Manhood, and the Bloom of Wit,  
 And all the Natural Heat, but not the Feaver too.  
 So Contraries on Ætna's Top conspire,<sup>1</sup>  
 Here hoary Frosts, and by them breaks out Fire ;  
 A secure Peace the faithful Neighbours keep,  
 Th' embolden'd Snow next to the Flames does sleep.  
 And if we weigh, like thee,  
 Nature, and Causes, we shall see  
 That thus it needs must be.  
 To Things Immortal Time can do no Wrong,  
 And that which never is to dye, for ever must be Young.

## NOTES.

## 2.

1. Aristotle ; so called from the Town of Stagira, where he was born, situated near the Bay of Strimon in Macedonia.

2. Out-lastcd the Gracian Empire, which in the Visions of Daniel, is represented by a Leopard with four Wings upon the Back, and four Heads, Chap. 7. v. 6.



3. Was received even beyond the Bounds of the *Roman Empire*, and out-liv'd it.

4. For *Aristotle's Philosophy* was in great Esteem among the *Arabians* or *Saracens*, witness those many excellent Books upon him, or according to his Principles, written by *Averroes*, *Avicenna*, *Avempace*, and divers others. *In spite of Mahumet*; because his *Law*, being adapted to the barbarous Humour of those People he had first to deal withal, and aiming only at Greatness of *Empire* by the *Sword*, forbids all the Studies of *Learning*; which (nevertheless) flourished admirably under the *Saracen Monarchy*, and continu'd so, 'till it was extinguish'd with that *Empire*, by the Inundation of the *Turks*, and other *Nations*. *Mecha* is the Town in *Arabia* where *Mahumet* was born.

## 3.

1. *Virgula Divina*, or a *Divining Wand*, is a two-fork'd Branch of a *Hazel-Tree*, which is used for the finding out either of *Veins*, or hidden *Treasures of Gold* or *Silver*; and being carry'd about, bends downwards (or rather is said to do so) when it comes to the Place where they lye.

## 4.

1. All the *Navigation* of the Ancients was in these *Seas*; they seldom ventured into the *Ocean*, and when they did, did only *Littus legere*, coast about near the Shoar.

## 5.

1. The Meaning is, that his *Notions* are so *new* and so *great*, that I did not think it had been possible to have found out *Words* to express them clearly; as no *Wardrobe* can furnish *Cloaths* to fit a *Body* taller and bigger than ever any was before; for the *Cloaths* were made according to some *Measure* that then was.

2. See the excellent Description of this *Shield*, made by *Vulcan*, at the Request of *Venus*, for her Son *Aeneas*, at the End of the eighth Book of *Æn*.

— *Et clypei non enarrabile textum,*

Whereon was graven all the *Roman History*; and withal, it was so strong, that in the twelfth Book, when *Turnus* strook with all his Force (which was not small you may be sure in a *Poetical Hero*)

— *Corpore toto*

*Alte sublatum consurgit Turnus in ense.*

Insomuch that it frighted all *Aeneas* his Friends.

(*Exclamant Troes trepidique Latini*)

Instead of piercing through these Arms.

*Perfidus ensis*

*Frangitur, in medioque ardentem deserit ictu,*

*Ni fuga subsidio subeat.*

Which is just the case of Men's arguing against *Solid*, and that is, *Divine Reason*; for when their Argumentation is broken, they are forc'd to save themselves by Flight, that is, by *Evasions*, and seeking still new

Ground; and this *Sword* did *Turnus* good Service upon the rest of the *Trojans*.

*Isque diu, dum terga dabant palantia Teucris*  
*Suffecit, postquam arma Dei ad Vulcania ventum est,*  
*Mortalis Mucro glacies ceu futilis ictu*  
*Dissiluit.*

It broke like a Piece of *Ice*, when it met with the Arms of *Vulcan*.

## 6.

1. The Description of the Neighbourhood of *Fire* and *Snow* upon *Ætna* (but not the Application of it) is imitated out of *Claud. L. 1. de raptis Prof.*

*Sed quamvis nimio fervens exuberet astu,*  
*Scit nivibus servare fidem, pariterque favillis*  
*Durescit glacies, tanti securo vaporis*  
*Arcano defensa gelu, sumoque fideli*  
*Lambit contiguas innoxia flamma pruinas.*

Where, methinks, is somewhat of that which *Seneca* objects to *Ovid*, *Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere*. When he met with a *Fancy* that pleas'd him, he could not find in his heart to quit, or ever to have done with it. *Tacitus* has the like Expression of *Mount Libanus*, *Præcipuum montium Libanum, mirum dictu, tantos inter ardores opacum, fidumque nivibus*. Shady among such great Heats, and faithful to the *Snow*; which is too *Poetical* for the Prose even of a *Romance*, much more of an *Historian*. *Sil. Italic. of Ætna, L. 14.*

*Summo cana jugo cohibet (mirabile dictu)*  
*Vicinam flammis glaciem, æternoque rigore*  
*Ardentes horrent scopuli, stat vertice celsi*  
*Collis hyems, calidæque nivem tegit atra favillâ.*

See likewise *Seneca*, *Epist. 79.*

## DESTINY.

*Hoc quoque Fatale est sic ipsum expendere Fatum.*  
MANIL.

## I.

**S**Trange and unnatural! Let's stay and see<sup>1</sup>  
This Pageant of a Prodigy.  
Lo, of themselves th' enlivened *Chesmen* move,  
Lo, the unbred, ill-organ'd *Pieces* prove  
As full of *Art* and *Industry*,  
Of *Courage* and of *Policy*,  
As we our selves, who think there's nothing *Wise* but we.  
Here a proud *Pawn* I' admire,<sup>2</sup>  
That still advancing higher  
At Top of all became  
Another *Thing* and *Name*.  
Here I'm amaz'd at th' Actions of a *Knight*,  
That does bold Wonders in the Fight.  
Here I the losing Party blame  
For those false *Moves* that break the *Game*,<sup>3</sup>

That to their *Grave*, the *Bag*, the conquer'd *Pieces*  
bring ;  
And above all, th' *ill Conduct* of the *mated King*.

2.

Whate'er these *seem*, whate'er *Philosophy*  
And *Sense* or *Reason* tell, (said I)  
These things have *Life*, *Election*, *Liberty* ; 20  
'Tis their own *Wisdom* moulds their *State*,  
Their *Faults* and *Virtues* make their *Fate*.  
They do, they do (said I) but strait,  
Lo, from my' enlighthned *Eyes* the *Mists* and *Shadows*  
fell  
That hinder *Spirits* from being *visible*.  
And lo, I saw *two Angels* play'd the *Mate*.  
With *Man*, alas, no otherwise it proves ;  
An *unseen Hand* makes all their *Moves*.  
And some are *Great*, and some are *Small*,  
Some climb to *Good*, some from *good Fortune* fall, 30  
Some *wise Men*, and some *Fools* we call,  
*Figures*, alas, of *Speech*, for *Destiny* plays us all.

3.

Me from the *Womb* the *Midwife Muse* did take :  
She cut my *Navel*, wash'd me, and mine *Head*  
With her own *Hands* she *fashioned* ;  
She did a *Cov'nant* with me make,  
And *circumcis'd* my tender *Soul*, and thus she spake ;  
Thou of my *Church* shalt be ;  
*Hate* and *renounce* (said she)  
*Wealth*, *Honour*, *Pleasure*, all the *World* for me. 40  
Thou neither great at *Court*, nor in the *War*,  
Nor at th' *Exchange* shalt be, nor at the *wrangling Bar* :  
Content thy self with the small *barren Praise*,  
That neglected *Verse* does raise.  
She spake, and all my *Years* to come  
Took their unlucky *Doom*.  
Their several ways of *Life* let others *chuse*,  
Their several *Pleasures* let them use,  
But I was born for *Love*, and for a *Muse*.

4.

With *Fate*, what boots it to contend ? 50  
Such I *began*, such *am*, and so must *end*.  
The *Star* that did my *Being* frame,  
Was but a *lambent Flame*,  
And some small *Light* it did dispence,  
But neither *Heat* nor *Influence*.  
No matter, *Cowley*, let proud *Fortune* see  
That *thou* canst *her* despise no less than *she* does *thee*.  
Let all her *Gifts* the *Portion* be  
Of *Folly*, *Lust*, and *Flattery*,  
Fraud, Extortion, Calumny, 60  
Murder, Infidelity,  
Rebellion and Hypocrisy ;  
Do thou not *grieve* nor *blush* to be  
As all th' inspir'd *Tuneful Men*,  
And all thy great *Forefathers* were, from *Homer* down  
to *Ben*.

NOTES.

I.

1. THIS *Ode* is written upon an extravagant Sup-  
position of two *Angels* playing a *Game* at  
*Chess* ; which if they did, the *Spectators* would have  
reason as much to believe, that the *Pieces* mov'd them-  
selves, as we can have for thinking the same of *Mankind*,  
when we see them exercise so many, and so different  
*Actions*. It was of old said by *Plautus*, *Dii nos quasi*  
*Pilas homines habent*. We are but *Tennis Balls* for  
the *Gods* to play withal, which they strike away at last,  
and still call for new ones : And *St. Paul* says, *We are*  
*but the Clay in the Hands of the Potter*.

2. For a *Pawn* being the least of the *Pieces*, if it can  
get up to such a degree, grows the greatest, and then  
has both another *Name*, and other *Motions* and *Powers* ;  
for it becomes a *Queen*, which it could never have done,  
if it had not been removed, and carried to such an  
height.

3. *Manum injicientibus fati* (says *Amm. Marcellin.*)  
*hebetantur sensus hominum et obtunduntur*. When the  
*Fates* lay hold on a *Man*, when they arrest him, he's  
confounded, and loses his *Wits*. And *Vell. Paterc.*  
speaking of the Defeat of *Quinctil. Varus* : *Prævalebant*  
*jam fata consiliis omnemque animi vim perstrinxerant,*  
*quippe ita se res habet, ut qui fortunam mutaturus sit,*  
*etiam consilia corrumpat*. *Fatality* grew too strong for  
*Human Counsels*, and dazled the *Sight* of his *Judgment*,  
for so it also happens, that the *Designs* and *Counsels* are  
corrupted of the *Man that is to perish*.

2.

1. *Alēl γάρ εἰ πῖπτονον οἱ θεῶν κύβοι*. The *Dice*  
of the *Gods* never fling out. *Thucydid.* says with ad-  
mirable *Shortness* and *Weight*, *Δεινὰ γὰρ εἰπραξίαι*  
*συγκρύψαι καὶ συσκιῶσαι τὰ ἐκάστων ἀμαρτήματα*.  
Which *Sallust* imitating, renders yet shorter ; and beats  
him, as *Seneca* says, at his own *Weapon*. *Res secundæ*  
*mirè vitiis sunt obtentui*. *Faults* are not visible through  
*Prosperity* ; and therefore the old *Greek Verse* is not  
much mistaken, that says,

Θέλω τύχης σταλαγμὸν, ἢ φρενῶν πῖθον.

I had rather have a *Drop* of *Good Fortune*, than a whole  
*Tun* of *Wisdom*.

BRUTUS.

I.

Excellent *Brutus*, of all human *Race*  
The best, 'till *Nature* was improv'd by *Grace*,  
'Till *Men* above *themselves Faith* raised more  
Than *Reason* above *Beasts* before.  
*Virtue* was thy *Life's Center*, and from thence  
Did *silently* and *constantly* dispense  
The gentle vigorous *Influence*,  
To all the wide and fair *Circumference* :

And all the *Parts* upon it lean'd so easily,  
Obey'd the mighty *Force* so willingly, 10  
That none could *Discord* or *Disorder* see  
In all their *Contrariety*.  
Each had his *Motion* natural and free,  
And the *Whole* no more mov'd than the *whole World*  
could be.

## 2.

From thy strict *Rule* some think that thou didst swerve  
(*Mistaken honest Men*) in *Cæsar's* Blood ;  
What *Mercy* could the *Tyrant's* *Life* deserve,  
From him who kill'd *himself* rather than *serve* ?  
Th' *Heroick Exaltations* of *Good*  
Are so far from *understood*, 20  
We count them *Vice* : Alas our *Sight's* so ill,  
That things which swiftest *move* seem to *stand still*.  
We look not upon *Virtue* in her *Height*,  
On her supreme *Idea*, brave and bright,  
In the *Original Light* :  
But as her *Beams* reflected pass  
Through our own *Nature* or ill *Custom's* *Glass*.  
And 'tis no *Wonder* so,  
If with dejected *Eye*  
In standing *Pools* we seek the *Sky*, 30  
That *Stars* so high *above* should seem to us *below*.

## 3.

Can we stand by and see  
Our *Mother* robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be,  
Yet not to her *Assistance* stir,  
Pleas'd with the *Strength* and *Beauty* of the *Ravisher* ?  
Or shall we fear to kill him, if before  
The *cancell'd* *Name* of *Friend* he bore ?  
*Ingrateful Brutus* do they call ?  
*Ingrateful Cæsar* who could *Rome* enthral !  
An Act more barbarous and unnatural 40  
(In th' exact *Ballance* of true *Virtue* try'd)  
Than his *Successor Nero's* *Parricide* !  
There's none but *Brutus* could deserve  
That all *Men* else should *wish* to *serve*,  
And *Cæsar's* usurp'd *Place* to him should proffer ;  
None can deserve 't but he who would *refuse* the *Offer*.

## 4.

*Ill Fate* assum'd a *Body* thee t' affright,  
And wrapt it self i' th' *Terrors* of the *Night* ;  
*I'll meet thee at Philippi*, said the *Spright* :  
*I'll meet thee there*, saidst thou, 50  
With such a *Voice*, and such a *Brow*,  
As put the trembling *Ghost* to sudden *Flight* ;  
It vanish'd as a *Taper's* *Light*  
Goes out when *Spirits* appear in *Sight*.  
One would have thought t' had heard the *Morning* *crow*,  
Or seen her well-appointed *Star*  
Come marching up the *Eastern Hill* afar.  
Nor durst it in *Philippi's* *Field* appear,  
But *unseen* attack'd thee there.  
Had it presum'd in any *Shape* thee to oppose, 60  
Thou wouldst have forc'd it back upon thy *Foes* :

Or slain't like *Cæsar*, though it be  
A *Conqu'ror* and a *Monarch* mightier far than *He*.

## 5.

What *Joy* can *human things* to us afford,  
When we see perish thus by odd *Events*,  
*Ill Men*, and wretched *Accidents*,  
The best *Cause* and best *Man* that ever drew a *Sword* ?  
When we see  
The false *Octavius*, and wild *Antony*,  
God-like *Brutus*, conquer thee ? 70  
What can we say but thine own *Tragick* *Word*,  
That *Virtue*, which had worshipt been by thee  
As the most solid *Good*, and greatest *Deity*,  
By this fatal *Proof* became  
An *Idol* only, and a *Name*.  
Hold noble *Brutus*, and restrain  
The bold voice of thy generous *Disdain* :  
These mighty *Gulphs* are yet  
Too deep for all thy *Judgment* and thy *Wit*.  
The *Time's* set forth already which shall quell 80  
Stiff *Reason*, when it offers to *rebell* ;  
Which these great *Secrets* shall unseal,  
And new *Philosophies* reveal.  
A few *Years* more, so soon hadst thou not dy'd,  
Would have confounded *Human* *Virtue's* *Pride*,  
And shew'd thee a *God* crucify'd.

## To Dr. SCARBOROUGH.

## I.

HOW long, alas ! has our mad *Nation* been  
Of *Epidemick* *War* the *Tragick* *Scene*,  
When *Slaughter* all the while  
Seem'd like its *Sea*, embracing round the *Isle*,  
With *Tempests*, and *red* *Waves*, *Noise*, and *Affright* ?  
*Albion* no more, nor to be nam'd from *White* !  
What *Province*, or what *City* did it spare ?  
It, like a *Plague*, infected all the *Air*.  
Sure the unpeopled *Land*  
Would now untill'd, desert, and naked stand, 10  
Had *God's* *Almighty* *Hand*  
At the same time let loose *Diseases'* *rage*,  
Their *Civil* *Wars* in *Man* to wage.  
But thou by *Heaven* wert sent  
This *Desolation* to prevent,  
A *Med'cine* and a *Counter-poison* to the *Age* ;  
Scarce could the *Sword* dispatch more to the *Grave*,  
Than thou didst *save* ;  
By wondrous *Art*, and by successful *Care*,  
The *Ruins* of a *Civil* *War* thou dost alone *repair*. 20

## 2.

The *Inundations* of all *liquid* *Pain*,<sup>1</sup>  
And *Deluge* *Dropsie* thou dost *drain*.  
*Feavers* so hot, that one would say,  
Thou might'st as soon *Hell* *fires* allay,  
(The *Damn'd* scarce more *incurable* than they)

Thou dost so *temper*, that we find<sup>2</sup>  
 Like *Gold* the *Body* but *refin'd* ;  
 No *unhealthful Dross* behind.  
 The subtle *Ague*, that for *Sureness*' sake  
 Takes its own times th' *Assault* to make, 30  
 And at each *Battery* the whole *Fort* does shake,  
 When thy strong *Guards*, and *Works* it spies,  
*Trembles* for it *self*, and *flies*.  
 The cruel *Stone*, that restless *Pain*  
 That 's sometimes *roll'd* away in vain,  
 But still, like *Sisyphus* his *Stone*, returns again,<sup>3</sup>  
 Thou *break'st* and *meltest* by learn'd *Juices*' force,  
 (A greater *Work*, though short the *Way* appear,  
 Than *Hannibal's* by *Vinegar*)<sup>4</sup>  
 Oppressed *Nature's* necessary *Course* 40  
 It stops in vain ; like *Moses*, thou  
 Strik'st but the *Rock*, and strait the *Waters* flow.

## 3.

The *Indian Son* of *Lust*, (that foul *Disease*,  
 Which did on this, his *new-found World*, but lately  
 seize :  
 Yet since a *Tyranny* has planted here,  
 As wide and cruel as the *Spaniard* there)  
 Is so quite rooted out by *Thee*,  
 That thy *Patients* seem to be  
 Restor'd not to *Health* only, but *Virginity*.  
 The *Plague* it self, that proud *Imperial* Ill, 50  
 Which destroys *Towns*, and does whole *Armies* kill,  
 If thou but *Succour* the *Besieged Heart*,  
 Calls all its *Poisons* forth, and does depart,  
 As if it fear'd no less thy *Art*,  
 Than *Aaron's Incense*, or than *Phineas' Dart*.  
 What need there here repeated be by me  
 The vast and barbarous *Lexicon*  
 Of *Man's Infirmity* ?  
 At thy strong *Charms* it must be gone, 59  
 Though a *Disease*, as well as *Devil*, were called *Legion*.

## 4.

From creeping *Moss* to soaring *Cedar* thou  
 Dost all the *Powers* and several *Portions* know,  
 Which *Father-Sun*, and *Mother-Earth* below  
 On their *Green Infants* here bestow ;  
 Can'st all those *Magick Virtues* from them draw,  
 That keep *Disease*, and *Death* in awe ;  
 Who whilst thy wondrous *Skill* in *Plants* they see,  
 Fear lest the *Tree of Life* should be found out by thee.  
 And thy well-travell'd *Knowledge* too does give  
 No less *Account* of th' *Empire Sensitive*, 70  
 Chiefly of *Man*, whose *Body* is  
 That active *Soul's Metropolis*.  
 As the great *Artist*, in his *Sphere* of *Glass*,<sup>1</sup>  
 Saw the whole *Scene* of *Heav'nly Motions* pass ;  
 So thou know'st all so well that 's done within,  
 As if some *living Chrystal Man* thou'dst seen.

## 5.

Nor does this *Science* make thy *Crown* alone,  
 But whole *Apollo* is thine own.<sup>1</sup>

His gentler *Arts*, *belov'd* in vain by *me*,  
 Are *wedded* and *enjoy'd* by *thee*. 80  
 Thou'rt by this *Noble Mixture* free  
 From the *Physician's* frequent *Malady*,  
*Fantastick Incivility* ;  
 There are who all their *Patients'* chagrin have,  
 As if they *took* each *Morn* worse *Potions* than they  
 gave.  
 And this great *Race* of *Learning* thou hast run,  
 E'er that of *Life* be half yet done.  
 Thou see'st thy self still fresh and strong,  
 And like *t' enjoy* thy *Conquests* long.  
 The first fam'd *Aphorism* thy great *Master* spoke, 90  
 Did he live now he would revoke,  
 And better things of *Man* report :  
 For thou do'st make *Life long*, and *Art but short*.

## 6.

Ah, learned *Friend*, it grieves me, when I think  
 That *thou* with all thy *Art* must die  
 As certainly as *I*.  
 And all thy noble *Reparations* sink<sup>1</sup>  
 Into the sure-wrought *Mine* of treacherous *Mortality* ;  
 Like *Archimedes*, hon'ourably in vain,  
 Thou holdst out *Towns* that must at last be *ta'en*,<sup>2</sup> 100  
 And *thou* thy self, their great *Defender*, slain.  
 Let 's e'en *compound*, and for the *Present Live*,  
 'Tis all the *Ready Money Fate* can give :  
 Unbend sometimes thy restless *Care*,  
 And let thy *Friends* so happy be  
 T' enjoy at once their *Health* and *thee*.  
 Some *Hours* at least to thine own *Pleasures* spare ;  
 Since the whole *Stock* may soon exhausted be,  
 Bestow't not all in *Charity*.  
 Let *Nature*, and let *Art* do what they please, 110  
 When all's done, *Life is an Incurable Disease*.

## NOTES.

## 2.

1. *G*outs, and such kind of *Diseases* proceeding from  
*Moisture*, and affecting one or some Parts of  
 the *Body*, whereas the *Dropsie* swells the whole. *Inun-*  
*dation* signifies a less overflowing than *Deluge*.

2. *Find, Refin'd*. These kind of Rhimes the *French*  
 delight in, and call *Rich Rhimes* ; but I do not allow of  
 them in *English*, nor would use them at all in any other  
 but this free kind of *Poetry*, and here too very sparingly,  
 hardly at all without a *third Rhime* to answer to both ;  
 as in the ninth Staff of the *Nemeaan Ode*, *Delight, Light,*  
*Affright*. In the third Staff to *Mr. Hobs, Ly, Fertility,*  
*Poverty*. They are very frequent in *Chaucer*, and our  
 old *Poets*, but that is not good Authority for us now.  
 There can be no *Musick* with only *one Note*.

3. The Fable of *Sisyphus* is so known, that it deserves  
 not to be repeated. He was in his *Life* a most famous  
*Cosener* and *Robber*. *Ovid. Metamorph. 13.*

*Quid sanguine cretus*  
*Sisiphio, furtis ac fraude simillimus illi ?*

For which he was slain by *Theseus*, and condemned in Hell eternally to thrust a great rolling Stone up an Hill, which still fell down again upon him, alluding perhaps to the ill Success of all his Subtilties and wicked Enterprizes, in which he labour'd incessantly to no purpose.

4. *Hannibal* not being able to march with his Army over some Rocks in his Passage on the *Alps*, made Fires upon them, and when the *Stone* was very hot, poured a great quantity of Vinegar upon it, by which it being softened and purified, the *Soldiers* by that means were enabled to cut a way through it. See *Livy* the 1st Book of the 3d *Decade*. *Juven.*

*Et montem rupit aceto.*

4-

1. *Archimedes*: Of which Sphere see *Claudian's Epigram*. The like Sphere of Glass one of the Kings of *Persia* is said to have had, and sitting in the Middle of it, as upon the Earth, to have seen round about him all the Revolutions and Motions of the heavenly Bodies.

5-

1. For *Apollo* is not only the God of *Physick*, but of *Poetry*, and all kind of *Florid Learning*.

2. The first *Aphorism* in *Hippocrates*, *Ars longa, Vita brevis*. Known to all Men.

6.

1. For whilst we are repairing the outward seeming Breaches, *Nature* is undermining the very Foundations of *Life*, and draining the *Radical Moisture*, which is the *Well* that the Town lives upon.

2. The great City of *Syracuse* (which *Tully* calls in his fourth against *Verres*, *Urbem omnium pulcherrimam atque ornatissimam*) sustained a Siege of three Years against *Marcellus* and the *Roman* Forces, almost only by the Art and Industry of the wonderful *Mathematician Archimedes*; but at last, by the Treason of some Commanders, it was enter'd and taken by the *Romans*, and in the Confusion of the *Sack*, *Archimedes*, the *Honourable Defender* of it so long, being found in his Study drawing *Mathematical Lines* for the making of some new Engines to preserve the Town, was slain by a common Soldier, who knew him not; for there had been particular Order given by the *Roman General* to save him. See this at large in *Plut.* the Life of *Marcellus*, and *Livy's* 5th Book of the 3d *Dec.*

## LIFE and FAME.

I.

OH Life, thou *Nothing's younger Brother*!<sup>1</sup>  
So like, that one might take one for the other!  
What's *Some Body*, or *No Body*?<sup>2</sup>  
In all the *Cobwebs* of the *Schoolmen's Trade*,<sup>3</sup>  
We no such nice *Distinction* woven see,  
As 'tis *To be*, or *Not to be*.  
*Dream* of a *Shadow*! a *Reflection* made<sup>4</sup>

From the false Glories of the gay reflected Bow,  
Is a more solid thing than thou.  
Vain weak-built *Isthmus*, which dost proudly rise<sup>5</sup> 10  
Up betwixt two *Eternities*;  
Yet canst nor *Wave* nor *Wind* sustain,  
But broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endless *Oceans* meet  
again.

2.

And with what rare *Inventions* do we strive,  
*Our selves* then to survive?  
Wise, subtle *Arts*, and such as well befit  
That *Nothing*, *Man's no Wit*.  
Some with vast costly *Tombs* would purchase it,  
And by the *Proofs* of *Death* pretend to *Live*.  
*Here lies the Great*—False *Marble*, where? 20  
Nothing but *small*, and *sordid Dust* lyes there.  
Some build enormous *Mountain-Palaces*,  
The *Fools* and *Architects* to please:  
A lasting *Life* in well-hew'n *Stone* they rear:  
So he who on th' *Egyptian Shore*,<sup>1</sup>  
Was slain so many hundred Years before,  
Lives still (Oh *Life* most happy and most dear!  
Oh *Life* that *Epicures* envy to hear!)<sup>2</sup>  
*Lives* in the dropping *Ruins* of his *Amphitheater*.

3.

His *Father-in-Law* an higher Place does claim<sup>1</sup> 30  
In the *Seraphique Entity* of *Fame*.<sup>2</sup>  
He since that *Toy* his *Death*,  
Does fill all Mouths, and breathes in all men's *Breath*.  
'Tis true, the two *Immortal Syllables* remain,  
But, oh ye learned Men, explain,  
What *Essence*, what *Existence* this,  
What *Substance*, what *Subsistence*, what *Hypostasis*  
In *Six poor Letters* is?  
In those alone does the *Great Cæsar* live,  
'Tis all the *Conquered World* could give. 40  
We *Poets* madder yet than all,  
With a refin'd *Phantastick Vanity*,  
Think we not only *Have*, but *Give Eternity*.  
Fain would I see that *Prodigal*,  
Who his *To-morrow* would bestow,  
For all old *Homer's Life* e'er since he dy'd 'till now.

## NOTES.

I.

1. BEcause *Nothing* preceded it, as *Privation* does all *Being*; which perhaps is the Sense of the Distinction of *Days* in the Story of the *Creation*, *Night* signifying the *Privation*, and *Day* the subsequent *Being*, from whence the *Evening* is placed first, *Gen.* 1. 5. *And the Evening and the Morning were the first Day.*

2. Τί δε τίς, τί δ' οὐτίς; Σκιάς ὕψαρ ἀνθρώπου. *Pindar*, *Quid est Aliquis, aut quid est Nemo?* *Somnium Umbrae Homo est.*

3. The Distinctions of the *Schoolmen* may be liken'd to *Cobwebs* (I mean many of them, for some are better

woven) either because of the too much fineness of the Work which makes it slight, and able to catch only little Creatures ; or because they take not the Materials from Nature, but spin it out of themselves.

4. The *Rainbow* is in it self of no Colour ; those that appear are but *Reflections* of the Sun's Light received differently.

*Mille trahit varios adverso Sole Colores.*

As is evident by *artificial Rainbows* ; and yet this *Shadow*, this almost nothing, makes sometimes another *Rainbow* (but not so distinct or beautiful) by *Reflection*.

5. *Isthmus* is a Neck of Land that divides a *Peninsula* from the *Continent*, and is betwixt two Seas, Ἰσθμὸς ἁμφιθάλασσα. In which manner this narrow Passage of *Life* divides the *Past time* from the *Future*, and is at last swallowed up into *Eternity*.

2.

1. *Pompey the Great*. 2. An *Irony* ; that is, Oh *Life* which *Epicures* laugh at and contemn.

3.

1. *Cæsar*, whose Daughter *Julia* was married to *Pompey* ; an Alliance fatal to the *Commonwealth* ; which, as *Tully* says, ought never to have been made, or never ended.

2. *Supernatural, Intellectual, Unintelligible Being*.

The EXTASIE.

1.

I Leave *Mortality*, and things below ;  
I have no time in *Complements* to waste,  
Farewel to 'ye all in haste,  
For I am call'd to go.  
A *Whirlwind* bears up my dull Feet,  
Th' officious *Clouds* beneath them meet,  
And Lo ! I mount, and Lo !  
How small the biggest Parts of *Earth's* proud Tittle show.

2.

Where shall I find the noble *British Land* ?  
Lo ! I at last a *Northern Speck* espy, 10  
Which in the *Sea* does lye,  
And seems a *Grain o' th' Sand* !  
For this will any *Sin*, or *Bleed* ?  
Of *Civil Wars* is this the *Meed* ?  
And is it this, alas, which we  
Oh *Irony* of *Words* ! do call *Great Britanie* ?

3.

I pass by th' arched *Magazines*, which hold  
Th' eternal Stores of *Frost*, and *Rain*, and *Snow* ;  
Dry, and secure I go,  
Nor shake with *Fear*, or *Cold*. 20  
Without *Affright* or *Wonder*  
I meet *Clouds* charg'd with *Thunder*.

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And *Lightnings* in my way  
Like harmless *Lambent Fires* about my *Temples* play.

4.

Now into 'a gentle *Sea* of rolling *Flame*  
I'm plung'd, and still mount higher there,  
As *Flames* mount up through *Air*.  
So perfect, yet so tame,  
So great, so pure, so bright a *Fire* 30  
Was that unfortunate *Desire*,  
My faithful *Breast* did cover,  
Then, when I was of late a wretched *Mortal Lover*.

5.

Through several *Orbs* which one fair *Planet* bear,  
Where I behold distinctly as I pass  
The *Hints* of *Galilæo's Glass*,  
I touch at last the Spangled *Sphere*.  
Here all th' extended *Sky*  
Is but one *Galaxy*,  
'Tis all so bright and gay,  
And the *joint Eyes* of *Night* make up a perfect *Day*. 40

6.

Where am I now? *Angels* and *God* is here ;  
An unexhausted *Ocean* of *Delight*  
Swallows my *Senses* quite,  
And drowns all *What*, or *How*, or *Where*.  
Not *Paul*, who first did thither pass,  
And this great *World's Columbus* was,  
The *tyrannous Pleasure* could express.  
Oh 'tis too much for *Man* ! but let it ne'er be less.

7.

The mighty *Elijah* mounted so on high,  
That second *Man*, who leapt the *Ditch* where all 50  
The rest of *Mankind* fall,  
And went not downwards to the *Sky*.  
With much of *Pomp* and *Show*  
(As *Conquering Kings* in *Triumph* go)  
Did he to *Heav'n* approach,  
And wondrous was his *Way*, and wondrous was his  
*Coach*.

8.

'Twas gawdy all, and rich in every Part,  
Of *Essences* of *Gems*, and *Spirit* of *Gold*  
Was its *substantial Mould* ;  
Drawn forth by *Chymique Angels*' Art. 60  
Here with *Moon-beams* 'twas silver'd bright,  
There double-gilt with the *Sun's Light*,  
And mystique Shapes cut round in it,  
*Figures* that did transcend a *Vulgar Angel's Wit*.

9.

The *Horses* were of temper'd *Lightning* made,  
Of all that in *Heav'n's* beauteous *Pastures* feed,  
The noblest, sprightful'st Breed,  
And flaming *Mains* their *Necks* array'd.

D

They all were shod with *Diamond*,  
Not such as *here* are found, ..... 70  
But such *light solid* ones as shine  
On the *Transparent Rocks* o' th' *Heav'nly Chrystalline*.

## 10.

Thus mounted the great *Prophet* to the Skies ;  
Astonish'd Men who oft had seen *Stars fall*,  
Or that which so they call,  
Wonder'd from hence to see one *rise*.  
The soft *Clouds* melted him a *Way*,  
The *Snow* and *Frosts* which in it lay  
A while the sacred *Footsteps* bore,  
The *Wheels* and *Horses' Hoofs* hizz'd as they past them  
o'er. 80

## 11.

He past by th' *Moon* and *Planets*, and did fright  
All the *Worlds* there which at this *Meteor* gaz'd,  
And their *Astrologers* amaz'd  
With th' unexampled *Sight*.  
But where he stopp'd will ne'er be known,  
'Till *Phœnix Nature* aged grown  
To 'a better *Being* do aspire,  
And mount *her self*, like *him*, to 'Eternity in *Fire*.

## To the NEW YEAR.

## I.

Great *Janus*, who dost sure my *Mistress* view<sup>1</sup>  
With all *thine Eyes*, yet think'st them all too *few* :  
If thy *Fore-face* do see 91  
No better things prepar'd for me,  
Then did thy *Face behind*,  
If still her *Breast* must *shut* against me be  
(For 'tis not *Peace* that *Temple's Gate* does bind)<sup>2</sup>  
Oh let my *Life*, if thou so many *Deaths* a coming find,  
With *thine old Year* its *Voyage* take  
Born down that *Stream* of *Time*, which no *return* can  
make.

## 2.

Alas, what need I thus to pray ?  
Th' old avaricious *Year*, 100  
Whether I would or no, will bear  
At least a *Part* of me away.  
His well-horst *Troops*, the *Months*, and *Days*, and  
*Hours*,  
Though never any where they stay,  
Make in their *Passage* all their *Prey*.  
The *Months*, *Days*, *Hours* that march i' th' *Rear* can  
find  
Nought of *Value* left behind.  
All the good *Wine* of *Life* our drunken *Youth* devours ;  
*Sourness* and *Lees*, which to the Bottom sink,  
Remain for latter *Years* to *Drink*. 110  
Until some one offended with the *Taste*  
The *Vessel* breaks, and out the wretched *Reliques* run  
at last.

## 3.

If then, *young Year*, thou needs must come,  
(For in *Time's* fruitful *Womb*  
The *Birth* beyond its *Time* can never tarry,  
Nor ever can *miscarry*)  
Chuse thy *Attendants* well ; for 'tis not *Thee*  
We fear, but 'tis thy *Company*,  
Let neither *Loss of Friends*, or *Fame*, or *Liberty*,  
Nor pining *Sickness*, nor tormenting *Pain*, 120  
Nor *Sadness*, nor uncleanly *Poverty*,  
Be seen among thy *Train* ;  
Nor let thy *Livery* be  
Either black *Sin*, or gaudy *Vanity* ;  
Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle *Year*,  
Let not so much as *Love* be there :  
Vain fruitless *Love*, I mean ; for, gentle *Year*,  
Although I fear,  
There's of this *Caution* little need,  
Yet, gentle *Year*, take heed 130  
How thou dost make  
Such a *Mistake*.  
Such *Love* I mean alone  
As by thy cruel *Predecessors* has been shown,  
For though I've too much *Cause* to doubt it,  
I fain would try for once if *Life* can *live* without it.

## 4.

Into the *Future Times* why do we pry,  
And seek to *Antedate* our *Misery* ?  
Like *Jealous Men* why are we longing still  
To see the thing which only *seeing* makes an *Ill* ? 140  
'Tis well the *Face* is *vail'd* ; for 'twere a *Sight*  
That would even *Happiest Men* affright ;  
And something still they'd spy that would destroy  
The *past* and *present Joy* ;  
In whatsoever *Character*,  
The *Book of Fate* is writ,  
'Tis well we *understand* not it,  
We should grow *Mad* with little *Learning* there.  
Upon the *Brink* of every *Ill* we did *foresee*, 150  
Undecently and foolishly  
We should stand *shivering*, and but slowly venture  
The *Fatal Flood* to enter,  
Since *willing*, or *unwilling* we must do it,  
They feel least *Cold* and *Pain* who *plunge* at once into it.

## NOTES.

## I.

i. *Janus* was the *God* to whom the *Year* was dedicated,  
and therefore it began with his *Festival* ; and the  
first *Month* was denominated from him ; for which *Cause*  
he was represented with *two Faces*, to shew that he looked  
both *Backward* upon the *Time* past, and *Forward* upon  
the *Time* to come ; and sometimes with four *Faces*, to  
signifie (perhaps, for I know other *Reasons* are given)  
the *four Seasons* of the *Year*.

*Annorum nitidique sator pulcherrime Mundi,  
Publica quem primum vota precisque canunt.* Mart.

2. This alludes to that most notorious Custom of shutting up *Janus* his *Temple* in time of an universal *Peace*; as was thrice done from *Numa* to *Augustus's* Reign; and when any War began, it was opened again with great Ceremony by the chief *Magistrate*; from which opening and shutting of his *Temple Gates*, *Janus* is called *Clusius* and *Patulcius*, and esteemed; *Deus belli ac pacis arbiter*.

## L I F E.

*Nascentes Morimur.* Manil.

## I.

WE're ill by these *Grammarians* us'd;<sup>1</sup>  
We are abus'd by *Words*, grossly abus'd;  
From the *Maternal Tomb*,  
To the *Grave's* fruitful *Womb*,  
We call here *Life*; but *Life's* a *Name*  
That nothing here can truly claim:  
This wretched *Inn*, where we scarce stay to *bait*,  
We call our *Dwelling-place*;  
We call one *Step* a *Race*:  
But *Angels* in their full enlighten'd State, 10  
*Angels* who *Live*, and know what 'tis to *Be*,  
Who all the *Nonsense* of our *Language* see,<sup>2</sup>  
Who *speak Things*, and our *Words*, their ill-drawn  
*Pictures* scorn.  
When we by' a *foolish Figure* say  
*Behold an old Man dead!* then they<sup>3</sup>  
Speak properly, and cry, *Behold a Man-child* born.

## 2.

My *Eyes* are open'd, and I see  
Through the *transparent Fallacy*:  
Because we seem wisely to talk  
Like *Men of Business*; and for *Business* walk 20  
From Place to Place,  
And mighty *Voyages* we take,  
And mighty *Journeys* seem to make  
O'er *Sea* and *Land*, the little *Point* that has no *Space*.<sup>1</sup>  
Because we *fight*, and *Battels* gain;  
Some *Captives* call, and say, *the rest are slain*.  
Because we heap up *yellow Earth*, and so,  
Rich, valiant, wise, and virtuous seem to grow;  
Because we draw a long *Nobility*  
From *Hieroglyphick* Proofs of *Heraldry*,<sup>2</sup> 30  
And *impudently* talk of a *Posterity*,  
And, like *Egyptian Chroniclers*,<sup>3</sup>  
Who write of twenty thousand *Years*,  
With *Maravedies* make th' *Account*,<sup>4</sup>  
That *single Time* might to a *Sum* amount,  
We grow at last by *Custom* to believe,  
That really we *Live*:  
Whilst all these *Shadows* that for *Things* we take,  
Are but the empty *Dreams* which in *Death's Sleep* we  
make.

## 3-

But these fantastick Errors of our *Dream*, 40  
Lead us to solid *Wrong*;  
We pray God, our *Friends' Torments* to prolong,  
And wish uncharitably for them,  
To be as long a *dying* as *Methusalem*.  
The ripen'd *Soul* longs from his *Pris'on* to come,  
But we would *seal*, and *sow* up, if we could, the *Womb*.  
We seek to close and plaister up by Art  
The *Cracks* and *Breaches* of th' extended *Shell*,  
And in that narrow *Cell*  
Would rudely force to dwell, 50  
The noble vigorous *Bird* already *wing'd* to part.

## N O T E S.

## I.

1. *Plato* in *Timæus* makes this Distinction: *That which Is, but is not generated; and That which is generated, but Is not.* \*Ον δὲ οὐδέποτε. This he took from *Trismegistus*, whose *Sentence* of God was written in the *Egyptian Temples*. Ἐγὼ εἶμι πᾶν τὸ γεγενῆσθαι καὶ εἶναι καὶ ἐσόμενον, I am all that was, is, or shall be. And he drew this from the very *Fountain* where he calls himself, *Exod.* 3. 12. Ὁ ὢν, I am that I am, or, *That which is*. This Doctrine of *Plato*, that nothing truly *Is* but *God*, is approved by all the *Fathers*. *Simplicius* explains it thus, That which has more Degrees of *Privation*, or *Not-being* than of *Being* (which is the case of all *Creatures*) is not properly said to *Be*; and again, That which is in a perpetual *Fieri* or *making*, never is quite *made*; and therefore never properly *Is*. Now because this perpetual *Flux* of *Being* is not in *Angels*, or *separated Spirits*, I allow them the *Title* of *Being* and *Living*, and carry not the *Figure* (for in truth it is no other) so far as *Plato*.

2. That the *Gods* call things by other Names than we do, was the *Fancy* of *Homer*.

\*Ον Ζάνθον καλέουσι θεοί, ἄνδρες δὲ Σκάμανδρον,  
\*Ον Βριάρευν καλέουσι θεοί, θνητοὶ δ' ἄνθρωποι  
Αἰγαίωνα.

And the like in several other Places, as also in other Authors, *Athenæus*, l. 7. c. 9. *Ovid. Metam. etc.* And this is likewise drawn from Scripture; for *Isaiah* (Chap. 40. v. 36) makes it a *Property* of *God*, that he calls the *Stars* by their *Names*.

3. So *Euripid.*

Τίς οἶδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἔστι καθανεῖν  
Τὸ καθανεῖν δὲ ζῆν;

Who knows whether to *Live*, be not to *Die*; and to *Die* to *Live*?

## 2.

1. *Isa.* 40. 26. Behold, the Nations are as the Drop of a Bucket, and are counted as the small Dust of the Ballance, etc.



2. Because *Heraldry* consists in the *Figures* of Beasts, Stars, Flowers, and such like, as the *Hieroglyphicks* did of the ancient *Egyptians*.

3. An *uncertain Number* for a *certain*. The *Egyptian* Kingdom, according to *Manethon*, had thirty one Dynasties before *Alexander's* time, 5355 Years; others content not themselves with so small a *Number*; for *Diod.* says, *lib* 1. from *Osyris* to *Alexander*, they reckon above ten thousand Years; or as others will have it, little less than twenty three thousand. See the *Egyptian* Priest's Discourse to *Solon* in *Plato's Timæus*. But these vast Accounts arose from the æquivocal Term of a *Year* among them, which sometimes they made *Solar*, sometimes of *four*, sometimes of *three*, nay, *two*, or *one Month*. *Xenoph. de Tempor. Aquin. Solin c. 7. Plin. l. 7. c. 11. Macrob. in Somn. Scipion. &c.*

4. A *Spanish Coin*, one of the least that is.

The Thirty Fourth Chapter of the Prophet  
Isaiah.

I.

Awake, and with Attention hear,<sup>1</sup>  
Thou *drowsie World*, for it concerns thee near;  
Awake, I say, and listen well,  
To what from *God*, I, his *loud Prophet*, tell.  
Bid both the *Poles* suppress their stormy Noise,  
And bid the roaring *Sea* contain its Voice.  
Be still thou *Sea*, be still thou *Air* and *Earth*,  
Still, as old *Chaos*, before *Motion's* Birth;<sup>2</sup>  
A dreadful *Host of Judgments* is gone out,  
In Strength and Number more, 10  
Than e'er was rais'd by *God* before,  
To scourge the *rebel World*, and march it round about.

2.

I see the *Sword* of *God* brandisht above,  
And from it streams a dismal Ray;  
I see the *Scabbard* cast away,<sup>2</sup>  
How red anon with *Slaughter* will it prove!  
How will it sweat and reek in *Blood*!  
How will the *Scarlet-glutton* be o'ergorged with his  
Food!<sup>3</sup>  
And devour all the mighty *Feast*!  
Nothing soon but *Bones* will rest. 20  
*God* does a solemn *Sacrifice* prepare;  
But not of *Oxen*, nor of *Rams*,<sup>4</sup>  
Not of *Kids*, nor of their *Dams*,  
Not of *Heifers*, nor of *Lambs*.  
The *Altar* all the *Land*, and all *Men* in 't the *Victims*  
are.  
Since wicked *Men's* more guilty *Blood* to spare,  
The *Beasts* so long have sacrificed been,  
Since *Men* their *Birth-right* forfeit still by *Sin*,  
'Tis fit at last *Beasts* their *Revenge* should have,<sup>5</sup>  
And sacrificed *Men* their better *Brethren* save. 30

3.

So will they fall, so will they flee,  
Such will the *Creatures'* wild *Distraction* be,  
When at the final *Doom*,  
*Nature* and *Time* shall both be slain,  
Shall struggle with *Deaths Pangs* in vain,  
And the whole *World* their *Funeral Pile* become.  
The wide-stretcht *Scroll* of *Heav'n*, which we  
Immortal as the *Deity* think,<sup>1</sup>  
With all the beauteous *Characters* that in it<sup>2</sup>  
With such deep *Sense* by *God's* own *Hand* were writ, 40  
Whose *Eloquence* tho' we *understand* not, we admire,  
Shall crackle, and the *Parts* together shrink  
Like *Parchment* in a *Fire*.<sup>3</sup>  
Th' exhausted *Sun* to th' *Moon* no more shall lend;<sup>4</sup>  
But truly then headlong into the *Sea* descend.  
The glittering *Host*, now in such fair *Array*,  
So proud, so well appointed, and so gay,  
Like fearful *Troops* in some strong *Ambush* ta'en,  
Shall some fly routed, and some fall slain,<sup>5</sup>  
Thick as ripe *Fruit*, or yellow *Leaves* in *Autumn* fall,<sup>6</sup> 50  
With such a violent *Storm* as blows down *Tree*, and *all*.

4.

And thou, O cursed *Land*,  
Which wilt not see the *Precipice* where thou dost stand,  
Though thou standst just upon the *Brink*;  
Thou of this poison'd *Bowl* the bitter *Dregs* shalt drink.  
Thy *Rivers* and thy *Lakes* shall so  
With human *Blood* o'erflow;  
That they shall fetch the slaughter'd *Corps* away,  
Which in the *Fields* around unburied lay,  
And rob the *Beasts* and *Birds* to give the *Fish* their  
Prey. 60  
The rotting *Corps* shall so infect the *Air*,  
Beget such *Plagues*, and putrid *Venoms* there,  
That by thine own *Dead* shall be slain,  
All thy few *Living* that remain.  
As one who buys, surveys a *Ground*,<sup>1</sup>  
So the *Destroying Angel* measures it around;  
So careful and so strict he is,  
Lest any *Nook* or *Corner* he should miss;  
He walks about the perishing *Nation*,  
*Ruin* behind him stalks and empty *Desolation*. 70

5.

Then shall the *Market* and the *Pleading-place*,  
Be choak'd with *Brambles*, and o'ergrown with *Grass*.  
The *Serpents* through thy *Streets* shall rowl,  
And in thy lower *Rooms* the *Wolves* shall howl,  
And thy gilt *Chambers* lodge the *Raven* and the *Owl*,<sup>2</sup>  
And all the wing'd *Ill-Omens* of the *Air*,  
Though no *new Ills* can be fore-boded there.  
The *Lion* then shall to the *Leopard* say,  
*Brother Leopard* come away;<sup>3</sup>  
Behold a *Land* which *God* has giv'n us in *Prey*! 80  
Behold a *Land* from whence we see  
*Mankind* expulst, his and our common *Enemy*!  
The *Brother Leopard* shakes himself, and does not stay.

## 6.

The glutt'd *Vulturs* shall expect in vain<sup>2</sup>  
 New *Armies* to be slain.  
 Shall find at last the *Business* done,  
 Leave their consumed *Quarters*, and be gone.  
 Th' unburied *Ghosts* shall sadly moan,<sup>3</sup>  
 The *Satyrs* laugh to hear them groan.  
 The *Evil Spirits* that delight  
 To dance and revel in the *Mask of Night*,  
 The *Moon* and *Stars*, their sole *Spectators* shall affright.  
 And if of lost *Mankind*  
 Ought happen to be left behind,  
 If any *Reliques* but remain,  
 They in the *Dens* shall lurk, *Beasts* in the *Palaces* shall reign.

## NOTES.

## 1.

Isa. chap. 34. **C**ome near ye Nations to hear, and  
 verse 1. *hearken ye People, let the Earth  
 hear, \* and all that is therein; the World, and all things  
 that come forth of it.* 2. *For the Indignation of the  
 Lord is upon all Nations, and his Fury upon all their  
 Armies; he hath utterly destroyed them, he hath delivered  
 them to the Slaughter.* \* Terra et plenitudo ejus.

The manner of the *Prophets'* writing, especially of *Isaiah*, seems to me very like that of *Pindar*; they pass from one thing to another with almost invisible *Connexions*, and are full of Words and Expressions of the highest and boldest Flights of *Poetry*, as may be seen in this Chapter, where there are as extraordinary Figures as can be found in any *Poet* whatsoever; and the *Connexion* is so difficult, that I am forc'd to add a little, and leave out a great deal to make it seem *Sense* to us, who are not us'd to that elevated way of Expression. The *Commentators* differ, and some would have it to be a *Prediction* of the Destruction of *Judæa*, as *Hugo, Lyran*, and others; the rest understand it as a *Prophecy* of the Day of *Judgment*. The Design of it to me seems to be this, first to denounce great Desolations and Ruins to all *Countries*, and then to do it more particularly to *Judæa*, as which was to suffer a greater measure of them than the rest of the World; as it has done, I think, much more than any other Land under the Sun; and to illustrate these Confusions by the Similitude of them to those of the last Day, though in the Text there be no Transition from the *Subject* to the *Similitude*; for the old fashion of writing, was like *disputing in Enthymemes*, where half is left out to be supply'd by the Hearer; ours is like *Syllogisms*, where all that is meant is express.

2. For as soon as *Motion* began, it ceased to be *Chaos*, this being all *Confusion*, but *natural Motion* is regular: I think I have read it somewhere called ἀκίνητος χάος. The Scripture says, *And darkness was upon the face of the Earth, and the Spirit of God moved upon the Waters.* So that the first *Motion*, was that of the *Spirit* of God

upon *Chaos*, to which succeeded the *Motion* in *Chaos*. And God said (that is, the *Motion* of the Spirit of God, for it is a Procession of his *Will* to an outward *Effect*) *let there be Light, and there was Light* (that is) the first *Motion* of *Chaos*.

## 2.

Verse. 5. *For my Sword \* shall be bathed in Heaven, behold it shall come down upon Idumæa, and upon the People of my Curse to Judgment.* 6. *The Sword of God is filled with Blood, \* it is made fat with Fatness, and with the Blood of Lambs, and Goats, with the Fat of the Kidneys of Rams; for the Lord has a Sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great Slaughter in the Land of Idumæa.* \* Quoniam inebriatus est in cœlo gladius meus, et sup. populum interfectiones meæ ad judicium—\* Incrassatus est adipe.

I have left out the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth Verses; in which, where the Prophet says *Unicorns* and *Bulls*, I take that to be a *Metaphor* only of Great *Tyrants*, and Men of the mightiest Power; the *Horn* signifying that in *Hebrew*, and other Languages too; as *Horace*,

*Addet cornua pauperi, etc.*

And the Year of *Recompences* for the Controversie of *Sion*, *Annus retributionis judicii Sion*. This makes *Vatabl. Montan. Sanchez*, and divers others interpret, *Judicium Sionis*, the Judgement which God shall exercise against the *Idumæans* in Revenge of *Sion*; but I take it rather to be, This is the Year when *Sion* shall be judged for her *Judgment*; that is, for the Condemnation and Execution of her *Messias*, who likewise foretels the same things as *Isaiah*, concerning the Destruction of *Jerusalem*, and even in the same manner, part of the Threatnings seeming to belong particularly to *Jerusalem*, and part being only applicable to the Day of *Judgment*. Observe this remarkable Conformity in the 24th of *Matthew*.

2. As not intending to put it up again, or to be ever reconciled; in which sense it was said, as I take it, to the great *Duke of Guise*, that he who draws his Sword against his *Prince*, should fling away the *Scabbard*.

3. For the Text says, it is *made drunk with Blood*, and *made fat with Flesh*. Like the rich *Glutton* in the Gospel, who is described to be cloath'd with *Purple*.

4. The Text seems to say quite contrary to this, *It shall be made fat with Fatness, and with the Blood of Lambs and Goats, and Kidneys of Rams, etc.* But the Names of *Beasts* in that place must necessarily be understood, as put for *Men*; all sorts of Men. *Cornel. à Lap.* says, that by *Lambs* are signify'd the common *People*; by *Goats*, the *Captains* and *Princes*; by *Rams*, the *Magistrates*. But these two last Interpretations of *Goats* and *Rams*, seem very slight and forced; the Meaning is, that all sorts of Men shall be sacrificed to God's Justice, as *Lambs*, *Goats*, and *Rams* were wont to be. It may be ask'd, why *Idumæa* and *Bozra*, (the *Metropolis* of it) are here particularly mentioned? Is it not with Allusion to the Names? for *Idumæa* (or *Edom*)

signifies *Red*, a Country that shall be *red* with Bloodshed; and *Bosra* signifies a *strong fortified Place*. So that in the *Psalm* 108, v. 10, where we read, *Who will bring me into the strong City?* the Hebrew is, *Who will bring me into Bosra?* From which Word too by a Metathesis of the Letters, some derive *Byrsa*, the strong Castle of *Carthage*, which was founded by the *Phœnicians*, and therefore it is more likely the Castle should have a *Phœnician* (which Language is said to have been little different from the Hebrew) than a *Græcian Name*, to wit, from *Bόρσα*, an *Hide*, because *Dido* is reported to have bought of *Iarbas* as much Ground as could be compass'd with an *Oxe's Hide*, which cut into very narrow Thongs, took up the whole Space where she built the *Castle*. Virg.

*Mercatique solum facti de nomine Byrsam,  
Taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.*

Wherefore under the Name of *Bosra*, the Prophet threatens all strong Places, and more especially of *Judæa*, which God will make an *Edom*, or *red*, or *bloody Country*.

5. Though *Beasts* were first created in time, yet because *Man* was first and chiefly designed, and they only in order to him, the Right of *Primogeniture* belongs to him; and therefore all *Beasts* at first obeyed and feared him. We need not be angry, or ashamed to have them called our *Brethren*; for they are literally so, having the same *Creator* or *Father*; and the *Scripture* gives us a much worse *Kindred*; *I have said to Corruption, thou art my Father; and to the Worm, thou art my Mother and my Sister*, Job 17, v. 14.

## 3.

Verse 4. *And all the Host of Heaven shall be dissolved,\* and the Heavens shall be rolled together as a Scroll, and all their Host shall fall down as the Leaf falleth from the Vine, and as a falling Fig from the Fig-tree.\** Et complicabuntur sicut Liber cœli, etc. D. Thomas Hug. and divers others, interpret this to be an *Hyperbolical* Expression of the Calamities of those Times; which shall be so great, that Men shall think the World at an End, and shall be so distracted, that the Heavens shall seem to be rolled together, and the Stars to fall. But methinks, it is more naturally taken for a real Description of the End of the World, but by way of a *Similitude*, to illustrate the Confusions that are foretold.

1. The vulgar Opinion, and that of *Aristotle*, and most *Philosophers*, has always been, that the Heavens are *Immutable*, and *Incorruptible*, nay, even *Immaterial*; in which, though Experience it self of visible *Mutations* in them (as the Production and Extinction two Years after of the *new Star* in *Cassiopeâ*, 1572) might sufficiently by natural Reason convince them, yet some Men are so given up even, to the most *reprobate Senses* of *Aristotle*, that not so much as the *Divine Authority* can draw them from it; as in this Point *Suares*, and many others,

are so far from the Opinion of the *Heavens* being now *corruptible* and *mutable*, that they will allow them to be changed only *accidentally* (as they call it) and not *substantially* at the last Day. Of which *Maldon*, upon *S. Matth.* says well, That he had rather believe *Christ* who affirms it, than *Aristotle* who denies it.

2. The *Stars* may well be termed *Characters* or *Letters*, where the *Heavens* are called a *Scroll*, or *Book*, in which perhaps *Men's Fortunes*, *God's Glory* is certainly written; and in this Sense the *Psalmist* speaks, *The Heavens shall declare his Righteousness*. *Origen* cites a Book of great Authority in his Days, called *Narratio Joseph*, in which *Jacob* says to his Sons, *Legi in tabulis cœli quæcunque contingent vobis et filiis vestris*.

3. The Text is, rolled up like a *Scroll*, or rather *Book*; for the ancient Books were not like ours, divided into Leaves; but made of Sheets of *Skins*, or *Parchment*, and rolled upon a *Cylinder*, after the fashion of our *Maps*. So that when they had read them, they rolled them up again, as *God* will the *Heavens*, when he has done with them. But I thought that this Comparison of *Parchment* that shrivels up in the Fire does more represent the Violence of their Destruction, which is to be by burning.

4. He supplies now the *Moon* and *Stars* that shine by Reflection from him, but then shall want Light for himself. *In those Days the Sun shall be darken'd, and the Moon shall not give her Light*, Mat. 24. Where I take *Her* to have an *Emphasis*; even *her own little Light*. For I believe the *Moon* and *Stars* not to be totally opaque and dark Bodies.

*Truly*, is *Emphatical*; for according to the *Fables*, whensoever he sets, he descends into the *Sea*, but now he really does so; that is, he will be mingled with the *Sea* and *Earth*, and all other things that must then be dissolved: And the *Heathens* had both this Opinion of the End of the World, and fell almost into the same Expressions. As *Lucan*,

*Mistis Sidera sideribus concurrent, Ignea pontum  
Astra petent* —

*St. Matthew* and *Mark*, *And the Stars of Heaven shall fall*; and here, *Their Host shall fall down*, etc. Sen. ad Marc. *Sidera sideribus incurrent, et omni flagrante materia, uno igne, quicquid nunc ex disposito lucet, ardebit*. And one might cast up a pedantical heap of Authorities to the same purpose.

5. It is, I hope, needless to admonish any tolerable Reader, that it was not *Negligence* or *Ignorance* of *Number*, that produced this *stumbling Verse*, no more than the other before, *And truly then headlong into the Sea descend*. And several others in my Book of the like kind.

6. That of the *Wind* is added to the Text here, but taken out of another just like it in the *Revelations*, Chap. 6, v. 13. *And the Stars of Heaven fell upon the Earth, even as a Fig-tree casteth her untimely Figs when she is shaken of a mighty Wind*. And there follows too the *Similitude* of the *Scroll*.

## 4.

1. Verse 11. *And he shall stretch out upon it the Line of Confusion, and the Stone of Emptiness.* The Latin very differently, *Et extendetur super eam mensura, ut redigatur ad nihil, et perpendiculum in desolationem.* The Metaphor is, that as a Carpenter draws a Line to mark exactly the Space that he is to build, so God does here, to mark that which he is to destroy.

Our Translation follows *Vatabl. Extendet super eam regulam inanitatis, et lapides vacuitatis.* Which Stones of Emptiness may have two Interpretations, either making the Stones, *Termini*, that is Bound-Stones of Desolation, as if he should say, This is the Land of Desolation, and I have set these Bounds, and Limits to circumscribe it. Or else he says, the Stones of Emptiness, as an effect of Desolation; for when a Ground is uncultivated and abandoned, it grows stony. According to the vulgar Latin Translation it is very like another Text of *Isaiah*, Ch. 28. v. 17. *Judgment also will I lay to the Line, and Righteousness to the Plummet.* Which is no more in plain Language, than, I will be exact in Judgment and Righteousness. There is a much harder Text with the same Metaphor in *2 Sam.* Ch. 8. v. 2. *And he smote Moab, and measured them with a Line, casting them down to the Ground, even with two Lines measured he to put to Death, and with one full Line to keep alive; and so the Moabites became David's Servants, and brought Gifts.* Which some interpret, that he put two Parts of them to the Sword, and saved the third, who became his Servants. And that he did this, not by a just Account, or polling of them (for the Number was too great) but by measuring out the Land into three parts, and destroying two of them, *2 Kings* 21. 13. *I will stretch over Jerusalem the Line of Samaria, and the Plummet of the House of Ahab, and I will wipe Jerusalem as a Man wipeth a Dish, turning it upside down.* The Latin, *Pondus domus Achab.* And instead of a Dish, uses a more noble Metaphor of a Table-Book. *Delebo Jerusalem sicut deleri solent Tabulae, et delens vertam, et ducam crebrius stilum super faciem ejus.*

## 5.

1. Verse 11. *The Cormorant and the Bittern shall possess it, the Owl and the Raven shall dwell in it.* V. 13. *And Thorns shall come up in her Palaces, and Brambles in the Fortresses thereof; and it shall be an Habitation for Dragons, and a Court for Owls.*

Et possidebunt illam Onocrotalus & Ericius, Ibis & Corvus habitabunt in ea. V. 13. Et orientur in domibus ejus spinæ & urticae, & paliurus in munitionibus ejus, & erit cubile Draconum & pascua Struthionum. The Cormorant is called *Onocrotalus*, from *ovos* an Ass, and *κρόταλος*, Noise; because it makes a Noise like the braying of an Ass. I know not whether we are in the right, who translate it a Bittern, or the Latin, which calls it *Ericius*, an Hedge-Hog. *Ericius* among the Classick Authors, signifies an Instrument of War, made with Iron Spikes, like Palisadoes sticking out of it.

Some think a *Percullis*, from the Similitude of which, *Echinus* was in the time of corrupted Latin called *Ericius*. *Ibis* is a Bird like a Stork most known in Egypt, and worshipt there, because it kills multitudes of Serpents, which would else infest the Country. We erroneously translate it Owl, for Mention of Owls is made afterwards. I do not use the same Names of Beasts and Birds exactly which the Prophet does; nor is that material; for the Meaning only is, that the Land shall be possess'd by Beasts instead of Men.

2. Of Birds from which the Ancients took *Auguries*: Some were called *Oscines*, from whose Voices they drew their Divinations, and other *Præpetes*, from their manner of Flight, Crows, Swallows, Kites, Owls, and such like, were counted inauspicious Birds; and others (as Vultures) in some Cases portended Good, and in others Evil.

3. Though the Lion might call any Beast Brother, yet it may more properly the Leopard; for the Leopard is begot of a Lioness, and a He-Panther, which is called *Pardus*.

## 6.

Verse 14. *The wild Beasts of the Desert shall also meet with the wild Beasts of the Islands, and the Satyre shall cry to his Fellow, the Skrich-Owl shall also rest there, and find her self a Place of Rest.* V. 15. *There shall the great Owl make her Nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her Shadow; There shall the Vultures also be gathered every one with her Mate.* V. 14. Et occurrent *Dæmonia Onocentauris, & Pilosus clamabit alter ad alterum; Ibi cubavit Lamia, & invenit sibi requiem.* V. 15. *Ibi habuit foveam Ericius, & enutrivit catulos, & circumfodit, & fovit in umbrâ ejus; illuc congregati sunt Milvi, alter ad alterum.*

Here is a great Difference between the two Translations; and it appears, methinks, that none perfectly understood the Hebrew, neither in this nor many other Places. From whence they give the fabulous Greek Names, as those of Satyrs, Lamiae, Onocentauris, Unicorns, Dragons, Orion, Pleiades, and the like, to several Hebrew Words, whose true Signification was lost; which is no wonder, for even in the Greek and Latin we have much ado to translate all the Names of Birds, Beasts, Fishes, and Herbs, etc., and I am afraid we are often mistaken in them. So the Septuag. in *Job* 42. v. 14. translate the Name of Job's third Daughter, *The Horn of Amalthæa*, alluding to a Græcian Fable born long after Job's time. *Κέρας Ἀμαλθεας*, which the Latin *Cornu stibii*, the Horn of Antimony, perhaps because Antimony is accounted by some the Mother of Metals. We (I know not why) name her *Kerenhappuch*, not according to the Signification, but the Word of the Hebrew. It seems by the Greek, that Job's three Daughters' Names signify'd Sweetness; Light, or Beauty; Plenty, or Fruitfulness. So in the 15th of *Judith* it is translated, *Nec filii Titan percusserunt eum*; when the Meaning is, They were not the Sons of Giants that slew him, but, etc. Not great strong Men, but a weak Woman.

2. The Latin says *Milvi*; which Translation is best I

know not, nor does it import. The *Vultures* from their devouring of dead Bodies, were called *τάφοι ἐμψυχοί*, *Living Tombs*. They are said to assemble themselves together by a natural *Divinatory Instinct* in the Places where any great Slaughters are to be made; which *Tradition* arises, because they use to follow *Armies*; not as foreseeing the Day of Battel, but because even in the Marches of *Armies* there are always a great many Men, Horses, and other Beasts, that fall here and there by the Way. *Job* has the like Description of the *Eagle*, Ch. 39. ver. 30. *And where the slain are, there is she.*

3. The *English* mentions only *Satyrs*, the *Latin* besides that (for *Pilosi*, are the same) *Dæmonia*, and *Lamia*, *Hobgoblins*. The *Hebrew* is said to signify *Nocturnum spectrum*, An Appearance of something in the Night. From whence the *Chald.* translate it, An *Owl*, the *English* a *Skritch-Owl*. Whether there be any such Creatures in Nature as *Satyrs*, &c., I will not determine. St. *Antony* seeking St. *Paul* the *Hermite*, is reported by *Athanasius*, to have met with a *Monster* half *Man* and *Beast*, which he drove away with the Sign of the *Cross*; and St. *Hierom* in the Life of the *Hermite*, says, that such a kind of *Monster* was in his time brought to *Alexandria*. *Pliny* testifies, that he himself saw an *Hippocentaur*, the Body of which was preserved in Honey, and brought to *Claud. Cæsar*; but I am sorry he does not describe the Form of it, *Lib. 7. Cap. 3.*

### The PLAGUES of EGYPT.

#### I.

IS this thy *Brav'ry Man*, is this thy *Pride*?  
*Rebel* to *God*, and *Slave* to all beside!  
*Captiv'd* by every thing! and only *Free*  
 To fly from thine own *Liberty*!  
 All *Creatures* the *Creator* said were *thine*;  
 No *Creature* but might since, say, *Man is mine*!  
 In black *Egyptian Slavery* we lye;  
 And sweat and toil in the vile *Drudgery*  
 Of *Tyrant Sin*;  
 To which we *Trophies* raise, and wear out all our *Breath*,  
 In building up the *Monuments* of *Death*;  
 We, the *choice Race*, to *God* and *Angels Kin*!  
 In vain the *Prophets* and *Apostles* come  
 To call us home,  
 Home to the promis'd *Canaan* above,  
 Which does with nourishing *Milk*, and pleasant *Honey*  
 flow;  
 And ev'n i' th' way to which we should be fed  
 With *Angels' tasteful Bread*:  
 But, we, alas, the *Flesh-Pots* love,  
 We love the very *Leeks* and sordid *Roots* below. 20

#### 2.

In vain we *Judgments* feel, and *Wonders* see;  
 In vain did *God* to descend hither dain,  
 He was his own *Ambassador* in vain,  
 Our *Moses* and our *Guide* himself to be.

We will not let our selves to go,  
 And with worse hardned Hearts do our own *Pharaohs*  
 grow;

Ah, lest at last we perish so!  
 Think, stubborn *Man*, think of th' *Egyptian Prince*,  
 (Hard of *Belief* and *Will*, but no' so hard as thou)  
 Think with what dreadful *Proofs God* did convince 30  
 The feeble *Arguments* that human *Pow'r* could show;  
 Think what *Plagues* attend on thee,  
 Who *Moses' God* dost now refuse, more oft than *Moses*  
*Hc.*

#### 3.

If from some *God* you come (said the proud *King*)  
 With half a *Smile* and half a *Frown*;<sup>1</sup>  
 (But what *God* can to *Egypt* be unknown?)<sup>2</sup>  
 What *Sign*, what *Powers*, what *Credence* do you bring?<sup>3</sup>  
 Behold his *Seal*, behold his *Hand*,  
 Cries *Moses*, and casts down th' *Almighty Wand*.  
 Th' *Almighty Wand* scarce touch'd the *Earth*,<sup>4</sup> 40  
 When, with an undiscerned *Birth*,  
 Th' *Almighty Wand* a *Serpent* grew,  
 And his long half in painted *Folds* behind him drew.  
 Upwards his threatening *Tail* he threw,  
 Upwards he cast his threatening *Head*,  
 He gap'd and hist aloud,  
 With flaming *Eyes* survey'd the trembling *Croud*,  
 And like a *Basilisk* almost look'd the *Assembly* dead; 49  
 Swift fled th' *Amazed King*, the *Guards* before him fled.<sup>5</sup>

#### 4.

*Jannes* and *Jambres* stopp'd their *Flight*,<sup>1</sup>  
 And with proud *Words* allay'd th' *Affright*.  
 The *God of Slaves*! (said they) how can he be  
 More powerful than their *Master's Deity*?  
 And down they cast their *Rods*,  
 And mutter'd secret *Sounds* that charm the *servile*  
*Gods*.<sup>2</sup>  
 The evil *Spirits* their *Charms* obey,  
 And in a subtle *Cloud* they snatch the *Rods* away,  
 And *Serpents* in their place the airy *Juglers* lay.<sup>3</sup>  
*Serpents* in *Egypt's* monstrous *Land*, 60  
 Were ready still at *Hand*,  
 And all at the *Old Serpent's* first *Command*.  
 And they too gap'd, and they too hist,  
 And they their threatening *Tails* did twist,  
 But strait on both the *Hebrew-Serpent* flew;  
 Broke both their active *Backs*, and both it slew,  
 And both almost at once devour'd,  
 So much was over-power'd  
 By *God's* miraculous *Creation*  
 His *Servants' Natures* slightly-wrought, and feeble  
*Generation*.

#### 5.

On the fam'd *Bank* the *Prophets* stood,<sup>1</sup> 70  
 Touch'd with their *Rod*, and wounded all the *Flood*;  
*Flood* now no more, but a long *Vein* of putrid *Blood*.  
 The helpless *Fish* were found  
 In their strange *Current* drown'd,

The Herbs and Trees wash'd by the mortal Tide  
 About it *blush'd* and *dy'd*.  
 Th' amazed *Crocodiles* made haste to Ground ;  
 From their vast Trunks the dropping Gore they spied,  
 Thought it their *Own*, and dreadfully aloud they cried.  
 Nor all thy *Priests*, nor *Thou* <sup>2</sup> 80  
 Oh *King*, couldst ever show  
 From whence thy wandring *Nile* begins his Course ;  
 Of this *new Nile* thou seest the sacred *Source* ;  
 And as thy Land that does o'erflow,  
 Take heed lest *this* do so.  
 What *Plague* more just could on thy *Waters* fall ? <sup>3</sup>  
 The *Hebrew Infants' Murder* stains them all.  
 The kind, *instructing Punishment* enjoy ;  
 Whom the *Red River* cannot mend, the *Red-sea* shall  
*destroy*.

## 6.

The *River* yet gave one *Instruction* more, 90  
 And from the rotting Fish and unconcocted Gore,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which was but *Water* just before,  
 A loathsome *Host* was quickly made,  
 That scal'd the *Banks*, and with loud Noise did all the  
*Country* invade.  
 As *Nilus* when he quits his sacred *Bed*  
 (But like a *Friend* he visits all the Land<sup>1</sup>  
 With welcome *Presents* in his Hand)  
 So did this *Living Tide* the Fields o'erspread.  
 In vain th' alarmed *Country* tries 100  
 To kill their noisome *Enemies* ;  
 From th' unexhausted *Source* still new *Recruits* arise.  
 Nor does the *Earth* these greedy *Troops* suffice,  
 The *Towns* and *Houses* they possess,  
 The *Temples* and the *Palaces* :  
 Nor *Pharaoh*, nor his *Gods* they fear ;  
 Both their importune *Croakings* hear.  
 Unsatiated yet they mount up higher,  
 Where never *Sun-born Frog* durst to aspire,  
 And in the silken *Beds* their slimy *Members* place ; 110  
 A *Luxury* unknown before to all the *Watry Race*.

## 7.

The *Water* thus her *Wonders* did produce ;  
 But both were to no use.  
 As yet the *Sorcerers' mimick Power* serv'd for Excuse.  
 Try what the *Earth* will do (said God) and, Lo !  
 They stroke the *Earth* a fertile Blow,  
 And all the *Dust* did strait to stir begin ;  
 One would have thought some sudden *Wind* t' had  
 been ;  
 But, Lo, 'twas nimble *Life* was got within !  
 And all the little *Springs* did move, 120  
 And every *Dust* did an arm'd *Vermine* prove,<sup>1</sup>  
 Of an unknown and new-created Kind,  
 Such as the *Magick-Gods* could neither make nor find.  
 The wretched shameful *Foe* allow'd no Rest  
 Either to Man or Beast.  
 Not *Pharaoh* from th' unquiet *Plague* could be,  
 With all his Change of *Rayments* free ;

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The *Devils* themselves confest  
 This was *God's Hand* ; and 'twas but just  
 To punish thus Man's *Pride*, to punish *Dust* with *Dust*.

## 8.

Lo the *third Element* does his *Plagues* prepare, 131  
 And swarming *Clouds* of *Insects* fill the Air.  
 With sullen Noise they take their Flight,  
 And march in *Bodies* infinite ;  
 In vain 'tis *Day* above, 'tis still beneath them *Night*.  
 Of harmful *Flies* the *Nations* numberless,<sup>1</sup>  
 Compos'd this mighty *Armie's* spacious boast ;  
 Of different *Manners*, different *Languages* ;  
 And different *Habits* too they wore,  
 And different *Arms* they bore. 140  
 And some, like *Scythians*, liv'd on *Blood*,  
 And some on *Green*, and some on *Flowry Food* ;  
 And *Accaron*, the *Airy Prince*, led on this *various*  
*Host*.<sup>2</sup>  
 Houses secure not Men, the populous Ill  
 Did all the Houses fill.  
 The *Country*, all around,  
 Did with the Cries of tortured *Cattle* sound ; <sup>3</sup>  
 About the Fields enrag'd they flew,  
 And wish'd the *Plague* that was t' ensue.

## 9.

From *poisonous Stars* a mortal *Influence* came,<sup>1</sup> 150  
 (The mingled *Malice* of their Flame)  
 A skilful *Angel* did th' *Ingredients* take,  
 And with just Hands the sad *Composure* make,  
 And over all the Land did the full *Viol* shake.  
 Thirst, Giddiness, Faintness, and putrid Heats,  
 And pining *Pains*, and shivering *Sweats*,  
 On all the *Cattle*, all the *Beasts* did fall ;  
 With *deform'd Death* the *Country's* cover'd all.  
 The labouring *Ox* drops down before the *Plow* ;  
 The crowned *Victims* to the *Altar* led 160  
 Sink, and prevent the *lifted Blow*.  
 The generous *Horse* from the full *Manger* turns his  
 Head,  
 Does his lov'd *Floods* and *Pastures* scorn,  
 Hates the shrill *Trumpet* and the *Horn*,  
 Nor can his lifeless *Nostril* please,  
 With the once-ravishing Smell of all his dappled *Mis-*  
*tresses*.  
 The starving *Sheep* refuse to feed,  
 They bleat their innocent *Souls* out into Air ; <sup>4</sup>  
 The faithful *Dogs* lye gasping by them there ;  
 Th' astonish'd *Shepherd* weeps, and breaks his tuneful  
*Reed*. 170

## 10.

Thus did the *Beasts* for *Man's Rebellion* die,  
 God did on *Man* a gentler *Medicine* try,  
 And a *Disease* for *Physick* did apply.  
 Warm *Ashes* from the *Furnace Moses* took ;  
 The *Sorcerers* did with Wonder on him look ;  
 And smil'd at th' unaccustom'd *Spell*  
 Which no *Egyptian Rituals* tell. <sup>1</sup>

E

He flings the *pregnant Ashes* through the Air,  
 And speaks a mighty Pray'r ;  
 Both which the *ministring Winds* around all *Egypt*  
 bear. 180  
 As gentle Western Blasts, with downy Wings  
 Hatching the tender *Springs*,  
 To th' unborn *Buds* with vital Whispers say,  
 Ye *living Buds* why do ye stay ?  
 The passionate *Buds* break thro' the *Bark* their way :  
 So wheresoe'er this *tainted Wind* but blew,  
 Swelling *Pains* and *Ulcers* grew ;  
 It from the Body call'd all *sleeping Poisons* out,  
 And to them added new ;  
 A noisome *Spring* of *Sores*, as thick as *Leaves* did  
 sprout. 2 190

## II.

*Heav'n* it self is angry next ;  
 Wo to *Man*, when *Heav'n* is vex'd.  
 With sullen Brow it frown'd,  
 And murmur'd first in an imperfect Sound.  
 'Till *Moses* lifting up his Hand,  
 Waves the expected *Signal* of his *Wand*,  
 And all the full-charg'd *Clouds* in ranged *Squadrons*  
 move,  
 And fill the spacious *Plains* above.  
 Through which the rolling *Thunder* first does play,  
 And opens wide the *Tempest's* noisie way. 200  
 And straight a *stony Shower*  
 Of monstrous *Hail* does downwards pour,  
 Such as ne'er *Winter* yet brought forth,  
 From all her stormy *Magazins* of the *North*.  
 It all the *Beasts* and *Men* abroad did slay,  
 O'er the defaced Corps, like *Monuments*, lay 1  
 The Houses and strong-body'd Trees it broke,  
 Nor ask'd Aid from the *Thunder's* Stroke.  
 The *Thunder* but for *Terror* through it flew,  
 The *Hail* alone the Work could do. 210  
 The dismal *Lightnings* all around,  
 Some flying thro' the *Air*, some running on the *Ground*,  
 Some swimming o'er the *Water's* Face,  
 Fill'd with *bright Horror* every Place ;  
 One would have thought, their *dreadful Day* to have  
 seen,  
 The very *Hail*, and *Rain* it self had *kindled* been.

## I2.

The Infant *Corn*, which yet did scarce appear, 1  
 Escap'd this general *Massacre*  
 Of every thing that grew,  
 And the well-stor'd *Egyptian Year* 220  
 Began to cloath her Fields and Trees anew.  
 When, lo ! a *scorching Wind* from the burnt Countries  
 blew, 2  
 And endless *Legions* with it drew  
 Of greedy *Locusts*, who where-e'er 3  
 With sounding Wings they flew,  
 Left all the Earth depopulate and bare,  
 As if *Winter* it self had march'd by there.

Whate'er the *Sun* and *Nile*  
 Gave with large Bounty to the thankful Soil,  
 The wretched *Pillagers* bore away, 230  
 And the whole *Summer* was their Prey,  
 'Till *Moses* with a Prayer  
 Breath'd forth a violent Western Wind,  
 Which all these *living Clouds* did headlong bear  
 (No *Stragglers* left behind)  
 Into the *purple Sea*, and there bestow 4  
 On the luxurious *Fish* a Feast they ne'er did know.  
 With *untaught Joy Pharaoh* the News did hear,  
 And little thinks their *Fate* attends on *him*, and *his* so  
 near.

## I3.

What *Blindness* or what *Darkness* did there e'er 240  
 Like this *undocil King's* appear ?  
 Whate'er but that which now does represent  
 And paint the *Crime* out in the *Punishment* ?  
 From the deep, baleful Caves of *Hell* below, 1  
 Where the old *Mother Night* does grow ;  
*Substantial Night*, that does disclaim  
*Privation's* empty Name :  
 Through secret Conduits monstrous *Shapes* arose,  
 Such as the *Sun's* whole Force could not oppose ;  
 They with a *solid Cloud* 250  
 All Heaven's *eclipsed-Face* did shrowd.  
 Seem'd with large *Wings* spread o'er the Sea and Earth  
 To brood up a new *Chaos* his deformed Birth.  
 And every *Lamp*, and every *Fire*, 2  
 Did at the dreadful Sight *wink* and *expire* ;  
 To th' *Empyrean Source* all *Streams* of *Light* seem'd to  
 retire.  
 The *living Men* were in their *standing-houses* buried ;  
 But the *long Night* no *Slumber* knows,  
 But the *short Death* finds no *Repose*.  
 Ten thousand Terrors through the Darkness fled, 260  
 And *Ghosts* complain'd, and *Spirits* murmured ;  
 And *Fancies* multiplying Sight,  
 View'd all the *Scenes invisible* of *Night*.

## I4.

Of *God's* dreadful Anger these  
 Were but the first light *Skirmishes* ;  
 The *Shock* and bloody *Battel* now begins,  
 The plenteous *Harvest* of full-ripened Sins.  
 It was the time, when the still *Moon* 1  
 Was mounted softly to her *Noon*,  
 And dewy *Sleep*, which from *Night's* secret *Springs*  
 arose, 270  
 Gently as *Nile* the Land o'erflows.  
 When (lo ! ) from the high Countries of *refined Day*, 2  
 The *Golden Heaven* without *Allay*,  
 Whose *Dross* in the *Creation* purg'd away,  
 Made up the *Sun's* adulterate Ray ;  
*Michael*, the warlike *Prince*, does downward fly,  
 Swift as the Journeys of the Sight,  
 Swift as the Race of Light,  
 And with his *winged Will* cuts thro' the yielding Sky ;  
 He pass'd through many a Star, and as he pass'd, 280

Shone (like a *Star* in them) more brightly there,  
 Than *they* did in their *Sphere*.  
 On a tall *Pyramid's* pointed Head he stopt at last,  
 And a mild Look of sacred *Pity* cast  
 Down on the sinful Land where he was sent,  
 T' inflict the *tardy Punishment*.  
 Ah ! yet (said he) yet stubborn King repent ;  
 Whilst thus unarm'd I stand,  
 E'er the keen *Sword* of God fill my commanded *Hand* ;  
 Suffer but yet *thy self*, and *thine* to live ; 290  
 Who would, alas ! believe  
 That it for *Man* (said He)  
 So hard to be *forgiven* should be,  
 And yet for *God* so easie to *forgive* !

## 15.

He spoke, and downwards flew,  
 And o'er his shining *Form* a well-cut *Cloud* he threw  
 Made of the blackest *Fleece* of *Night*,  
 And close-wrought to keep in the powerful *Light*,  
 Yet wrought so *fine* it hinder'd not his *Flight*. 299  
 But through the Key-holes and the Chinks of *Doors*,  
 And through the narrow'st *Walks* of crooked *Pores*,  
 He past more swift and free,  
 Than in wide *Air* the wanton *Swallows* flee.  
 He took a *pointed Pestilence* in his *Hand*,<sup>1</sup>  
 The *Spirits* of thousand mortal *Poisons* made  
 The strongly-temper'd *Blade*,  
 The sharpest *Sword* that e'er was laid  
 Up in the *Magazins* of God to scourge a wicked Land.  
 Through *Egypt's* wicked Land his *March* he took,  
 And as he march'd the *sacred First-born* strook<sup>2</sup> 310  
 Of every *Womb* ; none did he spare ;  
 None from the meanest *Beast* to *Cenchre's purple*  
*Heir*.

## 16.

The swift *Approach* of endless *Night*,  
 Breaks ope the wounded *Sleepers'* rolling *Eyes* ;  
 They awake the rest with dying *Cries*,  
 And *Darkness* doubles the *Affright*.  
 The mixed *Sounds* of *scatter'd Deaths* they hear,  
 And lose their parted *Souls* 'twixt *Grief* and *Fear*.  
 Louder than all the shrieking *Women's* *Voice*  
 Pierces this *Chaos* of confused *Noise* ; 320  
 As brighter *Lightning* cuts a *Way*,  
 Clear, and distinguish'd through the *Day*.  
 With less *Complaints* the *Zoan Temples* sound,<sup>1</sup>  
 When the adored *Heifer's* drown'd,<sup>2</sup>  
 And no true markt *Successor* to be found.  
 Whilst *Health* and *Strength*, and *Gladness* does possess  
 The festal *Hebrew Cottages* ;  
 The blest *Destroyer* comes not there,  
 To interrupt the sacred *Chear*,  
 That new begins their well-reformed *Year*,<sup>3</sup> 330  
 Upon their *Doors* he read and understood,  
*God's Protection* writ in *Blood* ;  
 Well was he skill'd i' th' *Character Divine* ;  
 And though he pass'd by it in haste,

He bow'd, and worshipt as he past  
 The mighty *Mystery* through its *humble Sign*.

## 17.

The *Sword* strikes now too deep and near,  
 Longer with its *Edge* to play ;  
 No *Diligence* or *Cost* they spare  
 To haste the *Hebrews* now away, 340  
*Pharaoh* himself chides their *Delay* ;  
 So kind and bountiful is *Fear* !  
 But, oh, the *Bounty* which to *Fear* we owe,  
 Is but like *Fire* struck out of *Stone*,  
 So hardly got, and quickly gone,  
 That it scarce out-lives the *Blow*.  
 Sorrow and *Fear* soon quit the *Tyrant's* *Breast* ;  
*Rage* and *Revenge* their *Place* possess :  
 With a vast *Host* of *Chariots* and of *Horse*,  
 And all his powerful *Kingdom's* ready *Force*, 350  
 The *travelling Nation* he pursues ;  
 Ten times o'ercome, he still th' unequal *War* renews.  
 Fill'd with proud *Hopes*, At least (said he)  
 Th' *Egyptian Gods*, from *Syrian Magick* free,  
 Will now revenge *themselves* and *me* ;  
 Behold what passless *Rocks* on either *Hand*  
 Like *Prison Walls* about them stand !  
 Whilst the *Sea* bounds their *Flight* before,  
 And in our injur'd *Justice* they must find  
 A far worse *Stop* than *Rocks* and *Seas* behind ; 360  
 Which shall with *Crimson Gore*  
 New paint the *Water's* *Name*, and *double dye* the *Shore*.<sup>1</sup>

## 18.

He spoke ; and all his *Host*  
 Approv'd with *Shouts* th' *unhappy Boast*,  
 A bidden *Wind* bore his vain *Words* away,  
 And drown'd them in the neigh'ring *Sea*.  
 No Means t' escape the faithless *Travellers* spy,  
 And with degenerate *Fear* to die,  
 Curse their new-gotten *Liberty*.  
 But the great *Guide* well knew he led them right, 370  
 And saw a *Path* hid yet from human *Sight*.  
 He strikes the raging *Waves*, the *Waves* on either *Side*  
 Unloose their close *Embraces*, and divide ;  
 And backwards press as in some solemn *Show*  
 The crowding *People* do  
 (Though just before no *Space* was seen)  
 To let the admired *Triumph* pass between.  
 The *wondring Army* saw, on either hand,  
 The no less *wondring Waves*, like *Rocks* of *Crystal*  
 stand.  
 They march'd betwixt, and boldly trod 380  
 The *secret Paths* of *God*.  
 And here and there all scatter'd in their *Way*,  
 The *Sea's* old *Spoils*, and gaping *Fishes* lay  
 Deserted on the sandy *Plain*,  
 The *Sun* did with *Astonishment* behold  
 The inmost *Chambers* of the open'd *Main* ;  
 For whatsoever of old  
 By his own *Priests*, the *Poets*, has been said,  
 He never sunk 'till then into the *Ocean's* *Bed*.



19.

Led cheerfully by a bright *Captain, Flame*, 390  
 To th' other Shore at Morning Dawn they came,  
 And saw behind, th' unguided Foe  
 March disorderly and slow.  
 The *Prophet* strait from th' *Idumæan Strand*  
 Shakes his *Imperious Wand*.  
 The upper Waves, that highest crowded lye,  
 The beck'ning *Wand* espy.  
 Straight their first right-hand *Files* begin to move,  
 And with a murmuring Wind,  
 Give the word *March* to all behind. 400  
 The left-hand *Squadrons* no less ready prove,  
 But with a joyful louder Noise,  
 Answer their distant Fellows' Voice,  
 And Haste to meet them make,  
 As several *Troops* do all at once a common *Signal* take.  
 What Tongue th' Amazement and th' Affright can tell  
 Which on the *Chamian Army* fell,<sup>1</sup>  
 When on both Sides they saw the roaring Main  
 Broke loose from his *Invisible Chain*?  
 They saw the *monstrous Death* and *watry War*, 410  
 Come rolling down loud Ruin from afar.  
 In vain some backward, and some forwards fly  
 With helpless Haste; in vain they cry  
 To their *Cælestial Beasts* for aid;  
 In vain their guilty *King* they 'upbraid,  
 In vain on *Moses* he, and *Moses' God* does call,  
 With a *Repentance true too late*;  
 They're compast round with a *devouring Fate*,  
 That draws, like a strong *Net*, the mighty *Sea* upon  
 them all.

## NOTES.

3.

1. Like that of *Virgil*,  
*Subridens mistâ Mesentius irâ.*  
 And *Mezentius* was like *Pharaoh* in his Contempt of the  
 Deity, *Contemptorque Deûm Mezentius*. Exod. 5. 2.  
*And (Pharaoh) answered, Who is the Lord, that I should  
 hear his Voice, and let Israel go? I know not the Lord,  
 neither will I let Israel go.*  
 2. For no Nation under the Sun worshipp'd so many  
 Gods as *Egypt*; so that probably *Pharaoh* would have  
 known the Name of any God but the true one, *Jehovah*.  
 3. That *Pharaoh* ask'd a Sign, appears by *Exod.* 7. 9.  
*And when Pharaoh shall say to you, Shew me a Sign,*  
*etc.*  
 4. *Almighty*, as it was the *Instrument* of the *Almighty*  
 in doing Wonders; for which it is called the *Rod* of the  
*Lord*, as well as of *Moses* and *Aaron*; and in this Sense  
*Fortune* is rightly called by *Virgil Omnipotens*.  
 5. We may well suppose that the *King* and his *Guards*  
 fled for Fear at the sight, since *Moses* himself did so at  
 first, *Exod.* 4. 2. *And it was turned into a Serpent, so  
 that Moses fled from it.*

4.

1. So the *Apostle* calls the chief of *Pharaoh's Magicians*, 2 *Tim.* 3. 8. but *St. Hieron.* translates their  
 Names *Johannes* and *Mambres*; and they say there is a  
 Tradition in the *Talmud*, that *Juhani* and *Mamre*,  
 chief of *Pharaoh's Magicians*, said to *Moses*, Thou  
 bringest Straw into *Æpraim*, which was where abundance  
 of Corn grew; as if they should have said, to bring your  
 Magical Arts hither, is to as much purpose as to bring  
 Water to *Nilus*. *Jannes* was famous even among  
 Heathen Authors, *Plin.* l. 3. c. 1. *Est et alia Magices  
 factio, à Mose, et Janne et Jotape Judæis pendens.* And  
*Numenius the Pythagorean* names him in *Euseb.* l. 9.  
*Præparat. Evang.* They here are called by several  
 Names, in several Translations, by the Septuag.  
*Φάρμακοι, Venefici, Poisoners,* and *Ἐπαιακδοί, Incan-  
 tatores, Inchanters*; by *Sulpitius Severus, Chaldæans*,  
 that is, *Astrologers*: by others, *Sapientes et Malefici,*  
*Wisemen* (that is, Men esteemed so among the *Egypt-  
 tians*) *Philosophers* and *Witches*.

2. *Fecerunt etiam ipsi per incantationes Ægyptiacas  
 et arcana quædam similiter.* Their Gods may well be  
 called *Servile*, for in all Enchantments we find them  
 threatened by the *Conjurers*, and forc'd whether they will  
 or no, by the Power of Spells, to do what they are com-  
 manded. *Tiresias* in the 4th *Theb.* because they did not  
 obey him at first Word, speaks to them like a School-  
 master, with a Rod in his Hand.

—*Et nobis sævire facultas.*

—*An Scythicis quoties armata venenis  
 Colchis ager trepido pallebunt Tartara motu,  
 Nostri cura minor?* etc.

And *Lucan* says of *Erichtho*,

*Omne nefas superi primâ jam voce precantis  
 Concedunt, carmenque timent audire secundum.*

And the *Witches* used always some obscure Murmuring  
 in their Charms. So of *Erichtho*,

*Tum vox Lethæos cunctis pollentior herbis  
 Excantare Deos, confundit murmura primum  
 Dissona, et humanæ multum discordia Lingua.*

3. There are four Opinions concerning this Action of  
 the *Magicians*, the first, that their Rods appeared *Ser-  
 pents* by an *Illusion* of the Sight. This was *Josephus*  
 his Opinion; for he says, *Βακτηρλαί οἱ δράκοντες ἐδόκουν*;  
 and *Tertullian, Hieron, Gregory Nysse*, are cited for  
 it too. *Sedulius, in lib. 4 Carm.*

—*Sed imagine falsa*

*Visibus humanis magicas tribuere figuras.*

This I like not, by no means; for if the *Appearance* of  
 the *Serpents* was an *Illusion*, so was the *devouring*  
 of them too by *Moses* his *Serpent*. Therefore the second  
 Opinion to salve this Difficulty, says, that the Devil for  
 the *Magicians*, did really on the sudden make up some  
 Bodies that look'd like *true Serpents*, but were not so,  
 and those Bodies were truly devoured by *Moses* his *true  
 Serpent*. But it does not fully answer the Objection;

and besides by this *Deceit*, they might as well have imitated the other Miracles. The third is *Thom. Aquinas*, and *Cajetans*, and *Delrios*, and divers others, that they were *true Serpents*, not *Created* in an instant by the *Devil* (for that is granted by all to exceed his Power) but *Generated* in a Moment of Time by Application of all things required to the Generation of *Serpents*, which is *Spontaneous* sometimes. The fourth is of *Pererius*, *Abulensis*, and many more, that the *Devil* snatch'd away the *Rods*, and had *true Serpents* there in readiness to put in their Place; and this agrees better with the *Swiftness* of the Action, for which, and some other Reasons, I follow it.

## 5.

1. The Bank of *Nilus*, which is incomparably the most famous *River* in the World, whether we consider the Greatness and Length of it (for it runs about 900 *German Miles*) or the Things that it produces, or the miraculous flowing and ebbing of it. It is therefore called absolutely in the Scripture *Machal Misraim*, *The River of Egypt*. From whence the Word *Nile* is not unnaturally derived *Nahal*, *Naal*, *Neel*, *Neil*; as *Bahal*, *Baal*, *Beel*, *Bel*, Βήλος: And *Pompon. Mela* reports, l. 5. c. 10. That the Fountain of *Nilus* is called *Nachul* by the *Ethiopians*. Now whereas God says to *Moses*, *Go to Pharaoh in the Morning, when he shall go forth to the Water*: I believe, as the *Persians* worshipp'd every Morning the rising *Sun*, so the *Egyptians* did *Nile*; and that this going forth of the *King* to the *River*, was a constant Act of *Devotion*, *Theodoret*. μέγα ἐφρόνου ἐπὶ τῷ ποταμῷ καὶ τὸν θεὸν τοῦτον ἐβόμιζον. Nay I doubt whether *Osyris* (their great Deity) be not worshipp'd for *Nilus*. *Seld. de Diis Syris*.

2. The Fountain of *Nilus* is now known to be in the Mountains called *Luna Montes*, and one of the Titles of *Prester John* is, *King of Goyome, where Nile begins*; but the Ancients were totally ignorant of it, insomuch that this was reckoned among the famous Proprieties of *Nilus*, that it concealed its Spring, *Fontium qui celat origines*; of which see *Lucan* in the tenth Book, where, among other things, he says most admirably of *Nilus*,

— *Ubique videris,*  
*Quæreris, et nulli contingit gloria genti*  
*Ut Nilo sit læta suo.*

3. *Theodoret* upon *Exodus*, says thus of this Change of *Nilus*, μεταβληθεὶς εἰς τὸ αἷμα τῆς γεγεννημένης κατηγορεῖ παιδοκτονίας. Being changed into *Blood*, it accused the *Egyptians* of the *Infants' Murder*; and the Book of *Wisdom* in Chap. 11. makes the same Observation.

## 6.

1. *Computruit fluvius*; and before the Septuag. ὑποζώσει ὁ ποταμὸς, where the vulgar Edition says, *Computrescent aquæ*; that is *fervebit, vel effervescescet fluvius*, relating perhaps to *Blood*, which when it corrupts *Boils* and burns as it were in the *Veins*: When the Water had been corrupted in this manner, it is no wonder if it pro-

duc'd a great Number of *Frogs*; but the Wonder consists in that the Number was so infinite, in that it was so suddenly produc'd upon the Action of *Aaron*, and that contrary to their Nature, they came to molest the *Egyptians* in their very Houses. The like Judgment with this we find in profane Histories, and to be attributed to the same Hand of God, though the *Rod* was invisible. *Athenæus* in his eighth Book, Chap. 2, reports, that in *Paonia* and *Dardanium* (now call'd *Bulgary*) there rained down so many *Frogs* from Heaven (that is, perhaps they were suddenly produc'd after great Showers) that they fill'd all the Publick Ways, and even private Houses, that their Domestical Furniture was cover'd with them, that they found them in the very Pots where they boil'd their Meat; and that what with the Trouble of the *Living*, and the Smell of the *Dead ones*, they were forc'd at last to forsake their Country. And *Pliny* reports in his eighth Book, Chap. 29. That a whole *City* in *Gallia* hath been driven away by *Frogs*, and another in *Africk* by *Locusts*; and many Examples of this kind might be collected.

2. *Sen. l. 4. Quæst. Natur. c. 11. Nilus* brings both *Water* and *Earth* too to the thirsty and sandy Soil; for flowing thick and troubled, he leaves all his Lees, as it were, in the Clefts of the parched Ground, and covers the dry Places with the Fatness which he brought with him, so that he does good to the Country two ways, both by overflowing and by manuring it. So that *Herod* calls it 'Εργατικόν, the *Husbandman*. *Tibul. Te propter nullos Tellus tua postulat imbres, Arida nec pluvio supplicat herba Jovi*; for which reason *Lucan* says, that *Egypt* hath no need of *Jupiter*,

— *Nihil indiga mercis*  
*Aut Jovis, in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo.*

And one in *Athenæus*, bolder yet, calls *Nilus* excellently well, Αἰγύπτιε Ζεῦ Νεῖλε. O *Nilus* thou *Egyptian Jupiter*; nay, it was termed by the *Egyptians* themselves, Ἀντίμιμος τοῦ οὐρανοῦ, *The River that emulates and contends with Heav'n*.

## 7.

1. What kind of *Creature* this was, no Man can tell certainly. The Septuag. translate it both here, and in the *Psalms* 105, Σκνίπτες. And so *Philo* and the vulgar Edition retains the Word, *Sciniphes*, *Ciniphes*, or *Kniphes*, seem to come from the Word, κνίξω, which signifies to *Prick*, and they were a kind of *Gnat*; and *Pliny* renders them *Culices multiones*, and sometimes simply *Culices*; as likewise *Columella. Dioscorid. cap. 112*, terms them θηρία Κωνωποειδῆ. And *Hesych. Κνίψ ζῶον πτηνόν, ὁμοιον κώωπι*. So *Isidor. l. 12. Origin. and Oros. 7, 8*, and so *Origen*. Yet *Junius* and *Tremel*, and the *French* and the *English*, and divers other Translations, render it by *Lice*, and *Lice* too might have *Wings*; for *Diod. Sicul. l. 3, c. 3*, speaking of the *Acridophagi*, or *Eaters of Locusts*, says, that when they grow Old, their Bodies breed a kind of *winged Lice*, by which they are devoured. It seems to me most probable, that it was some new kind of *Creature*, called *Analogi-*

cally by an old known Name, which is *Pererius* his Conjecture, and is approv'd by *Rivet*: And this I take to be the Reason why the *Magicians* could not counterfeit this *Miracle*, as it was easie for them to do those of the *Serpents*, the *Blood*, and the *Frogs*, which were things to be had every where. This I think may pass for a more probable Cause than the pleasant Fancy of the *Hebrews*, who say, that the *Devil's* Power is bounded to the producing of no Creature less than a *Grain of Barley*, or than *St. Augustine's* allegorical Reason, and too poetical even for *Poetry*, who affirms, that the *Magicians* fail'd in the *third Plague*, to shew the Defect of *Human Philosophy*, when it comes to the *Mystery of the Trinity*; but such pitiful *Allusions* do more hurt than good in *Divinity*.

## 8.

1. A grievous *Swarm of Flies*—so our *English Translation*; *St. Hier. Omne genus muscarum*, all sorts of *Flies*. The *Septuag. Κνωμίαν, Canina Musca*, a particular kind of *Fly*, called a *Dog-Fly*, from his biting. If it be not to be read *Κνωμίαν*, which may signifie *Aquila's, Παμμύαν*. Some translate this place, a *mixture of Beasts*. The *French, une meslée de bestes*. *Jun. and Tremel. Colluviem*; and it should seem that *Josephus* understood it of several sorts of *wild Beasts* that infested the Country. For he says, *θηρίων παντοίων καὶ πολυτρόπων*; and *Pagninus, Omne genus ferarum*, which is not very probable, for the *Punishments* yet were rather troublesome than mortal, and even this *Punishment* of infinite Numbers of *small Tormentors*, is so great a one, that *God* calls them *his Army*, *Joel 2. 25*, nay, his *Great Army, The Locust, the Canker-worm, and the Palmer-worm, my great Army which I sent among you*.

2. *The God of Flies, Belzebub*, a Deity worshipp'd at *Accaron, Jupiter, ἀπόμυιος*, either from bringing or driving away of *Swarms of Flies*, *Plin. l. 10, c. 28*. Those of *Cyrene* worship the *God Achor*, great Multitudes of *Flies* causing there a *Pestilence*, which presently die upon the sacrificing to this *God*; where *Achor*, I conceive to be the same with *Accaron*, most of the *Sea-Coasts of Africk*, being ancient Colonies of the *Phœnicians*. *Clemens* reports, that in *Acar*, at the Temple of *Actian Apollo*, they sacrific'd an *Ox to Flies*: And *Ælian l. 11, de Animal. c. 8, θύουσι Βοῦν τὰς μύιας*. Both, as I suppose, meaning that they sacrific'd the *Ox*, not to the *Flies* themselves, but to *Apollo* or *Jupiter, ἀπομύιω, Pausan. l. 5. Ἥλεως θύει τῷ Ἀπομύιῳ Διὶ, ἐξελαύνοντι τῆς Ἥλεως Ὀλυμπίας τὰς μύιας*. The *Eleans* sacrifice to *Jupiter* (the *Driver away of Flies*) for the driving away of *Flies*, from the Country of *Elea*. The *Romans* called this *God* not *Jupiter*, but *Hercules Apomyius*, though we read not of the killing of *Flies* among his *Labours*, *Plin. l. 29, c. 6*. No living Creature has less of *Understanding*, or is less *Docile* (than *Flies*) which makes it the more wonderful, that at the *Olympique Games*, upon the sacrificing of an *Ox* to the *God* whom they call *Mviodes*, whole Clouds of

them fly out of the Territory. And among the *Trackinians*, we read of *Hercules, κοπρωπῶν*, the *Driver away of Gnats*, with the *Erythraeans* of *Hercules Ἴροκρόβος*, the *Killer of Worms*, that hurt the *Vines*, and many more *Deities* of the like honourable *Employment* are to be found among the *Ancients*.

3. Many sorts of *Flies* molest the *Cattle*, none so as the *Asilus* or *Oestrum* (the *Gad-fly*) *Virg. Georg. 3.*

*Oestrum Graeci vertèrè vocantes,  
Asper, acerba sonans, quo tota exterrita silvis  
Diffugiunt armenta —.*

*Wish'd the Plague that was to ensue*, that is, not in the Sense that *Claudian* speaks of *Pluto's Horses*,

*Crastina venturæ exspectantes gaudia praeda.*

For how (as *Scaliger* says) could they know it, but simply, *Wish'd for death*.

## 9.

1. (i.) *Poisoning*. The *Conjunction* of which produce *Poisons* (i.) *Infectious Diseases*, according to the received *Opinion* of *Astrologers*. *Virgil* says, *By the sick*, or *diseas'd Heav'n*; that is, which causes *Diseases*, but *Heav'n* is there perhaps taken for the *Air*,

*Hic quondam Morbo Cæli miseranda coorta est  
Tempestas, totoque Autumni incanduit æstu, etc.*

Where see his most incomparable *Description* of a *Pestilence*.

## 10.

1. No Books of *Writings* of the *Rites of Magick* amongst the *Egyptians*.

2. It is called by *Moses, Chap. 9. 10. Ulcus inflationum Germinans in homine*, etc. *Sprouting out with Blains, etc.* which *Jun. and Tremel. Erumpens multis pustulis*. This in *Deuteronomy* is one of the *Curses* with which the *Disobedience* to *God* is threaten'd, *Chap. 18. 27. The Lord shall smite thee with the Botch of Egypt*, etc. From hence, I believe, came the *Calumny* that *Trog. Pompeius, Diod. Siculus, Tacitus*, and other *Heathens*, cast upon the *Hebrews*, to wit, that they were expelled out of *Egypt* for being *Scabbed* and *Leprous*, which *Mistake* was easie, instead of being dismiss'd for having brought those *Diseases* upon the *Egyptians*.

## 11.

1. Not each one like a *Monument*, for that *Metaphor* would be too *big*; but many of them together, like a *Monument*, and the most ancient *Monuments*, we know, were *heaps of Stones*, not great *Tomb-Stones*.

## 12.

1. (i.) The *Wheat and Rye*. See *Chap. 9, v. 32.*

2. *Chap. 10, v. 13.* Our *Translation* has *East-Wind*: *And the Lord brought an East-wind upon the Land all that day, and all that Night*, etc. The *vulgar* has *Ventum urentem*; the *Septuagint*, a *South-wind*. And *Eugub.* says, there is no doubt but it was a *South-wind*; which *Opinion* I follow (though the *Jews* unani-

mously will have it to be an *East-wind*) because the Southern Parts of *Africk* were most infested with *Locusts*, where they are in some Places the chief Food of the Inhabitants; so that from thence they might easily be fetch'd; for I cannot agree with some, who imagine, that the hot Wind blowing all Day and Night produc'd them.

3. Wonderful are the things which Authors report of these kind of Armies of *Locusts*, and of the Order and Regularity of their Marches. *Aldrovandus* and *Finzelius* (as I find them cited) say thus, That in the Year 852, they were seen to fly over twenty Miles in *Germany* in a Day, in manner of a formed Army, divided into several Squadrons, and having their Quarters apart when they rested. That the *Captains*, with some few, march'd a Day's Journey before the rest, to chuse the most opportune Places for their *Camp*. That they never removed 'till Sun rising, and just then went away in as much Order as an *Army* of Men could do. That at last having done great Mischief wheresoever they past; after Prayers made to God, they were driven by a violent Wind into the *Belgick Ocean*, and there drown'd, but being cast again upon the Shore, caused a great Pestilence in the Country. Some add, that they covered an hundred and forty Acres at a time. *St. Hier.* upon *Joel* speaks thus, When the Armies of *Locusts* came lately into these Parts, and filled all the Air, they flew in so great Order, that Slates in a Pavement cannot be laid more regularly, neither did they ever stir one Inch out of their Ranks and Files. There are reckoned thirty several sorts of *Locusts*, some in *India* (if we dare believe *Pliny*) three Foot long. The same Author adds, of *Locusts* (*Lib. 11, cap. 29*). *That they pass in Troops over great Seas, enduring Hunger for many Days together in the search of foreign Food. They are believed to be brought by the Anger of the Gods; for they are seen sometimes very great, and make such a Noise with their Wings in flying, that they might be taken for Birds. They overcast the Sun, whilst People stand gazing with Terrour, lest they should fall upon their Lands—out of Africk chiefly they infest Italy, and the People are forced to have recourse to the Sybils' Books, to enquire for a Remedy. In the Country of Cyrene there is a Law to make War against them thrice a Year, first by breaking their Eggs, then by killing the young ones, and lastly, the old ones, etc.*

4. The *Red-Sea*, which, methinks, I may better be allowed to call *Purple*, than *Homer* and *Virgil* to term any Sea so;

Εἰς ἄλα πορφύρεην.

*Virg. In Mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.*

*Pliny* says, *Purpuram irati maris faciem referre.* And *Theophr.* Πορφύροῦται ἡ θάλασσα, ὅταν τὰ κύματα μετεωρίζομενα σκιαθῆ.

## 13.

1. *Chap. v. 21. Even Darkness that may be felt. The Vulgar, Tam densæ (tenebræ) ut palpari queant.*

Whether this Darkness was really in the *Air*, or only in their *Eyes*, which might be blinded for the time; or whether a Suspension of *Light* from the Act of Illumination in that Country; or whether it were by some black, thick and damp Vapour which possess all the Air, it is impossible to determine. I fancy that the Darkness of Hell below, which is called *Utter Darkness*, arose and overshadowed the Land; and I am authoriz'd by the *Wisdom of Solomon, Chap. 17. v. 14*, where he calls it a Night that came upon them out of the *Bottoms of inevitable Hell*; and therefore was the more proper to be (as he says after) an *Image* of that Darkness which should afterwards receive them.

2. That all Fires and Lights went out, is to be plainly collected from the Text; for else how could it be truly said, that they could not see one another? and is confirmed by the *Wisdom of Solomon, Chap 17. 5. No power of the Fire might give them Light.*

3. See the above-cited *Chap. 17.*

## 14.

1. *Midnight*, called also by the Latines *Meridies Noctis*.

2. It is very much disputed what that *Light* was that was created the first Day. It seems to me to be the most probable Opinion, that it was the *Empyrean Heaven*, out of which the Sun, Moon, and Stars were made the fourth Day; and therefore before, I say that all *Light* seem'd to be return'd to the *Empyrean* or highest Heav'n from whence it came at first.

3. Some think that God inflicted this Plague upon the *Egyptians* immediately himself, because he says, *Chap. 11. v. 4. About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt.* And to the same effect, *Chap. 12. 12*; but it is an ordinary manner of Speech to attribute that to God, which is done by one of his *Angels*; and that this was an Angel appears out of *Chap. 12. 23. The Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the Destroyer to come into your houses to smite you.* From which place, and *Psalm 78. v. 49.* where it is said (of the *Egyptians*) *He cast upon them the fierceness of his Anger, Wrath, and Indignation, and Trouble, by sending evil Angels among them:* Some collect, that God used here the ministry of an *Evil* or *Evil Angels*; but I cannot believe, that God and the *Magicians* had the same *Agents*, and that Text of the *Psalm* is perhaps ill translated. *Jun.* and *Tremel.* understand by it *Moses* and *Aaron*, as *Nuntios Malorum*; and if we interpret it (as others) of *Angels*, it were better render'd in *English, Destroying or punishing Angels, Inflicters of Evil* upon them. I attribute this Infliction to the *Archangel Michael*: First, because it was he (by name) who fought with the *Dragon*, and smote him and his *Angels, Rev. 12. 7.* Secondly, because in *Daniel* too he is mention'd as an *Angel of War, Chap. 10. v. 13.* And lastly, because the very Name is said to signifie *Percussio Dei, the Smiting of God.* The *Wisdom of Solomon, Chap. 18. v. 14, 15, 16.* gives a little hint of the Fancy of this *Stanza: For whilst all things were in quiet silence, and*

that the Night was in the midst of her swift Course, thine Almighty Word, leap'd down from Heaven out of thy royal Throne, as a fierce Man of War into the midst of a Land of Destruction: And brought thine unfeigned Command as a sharp Sword, and standing up, filled all things with Death, etc.

## 15.

1. That this Plague was a *Pestilence* is the Opinion of *Josephus*, and most Interpreters.

2. The Law of consecrating all *First borns* to God, seems *Exod.* 13. to be grounded upon this Slaughter of the *Egyptian First-born*. But that was rather the Addition of a new Cause why the *Hebrews* should exactly observe it, than that it was the whole Reason of it; for even by natural Right, the *First-born*, and *First Fruits* of all things are *Sacred* to God; and therefore anciently, not only among the *Jews*, but also other Nations, the *Priesthood* belonged to the *Elders Sons*.

3. The Name of that *Pharaoh* who was drowned in the *Red Sea*. There is great Confusion in the Succession of the *Egyptian Kings*, and divers named by some *Chronologers* that are quite omitted by others; as *Amenophis*, whom *Mercator*, and some others, will have to be the King drowned in the *Red-Sea*; but that it was *Cenchres*, is the most probable and most received Opinion.

## 16.

1. That *Zoan*, or *Tzoan*, was the Place where *Moses* did his Miracles, and consequently the City where *Pharaoh Cenchres* lived, we have the Authority of *Psalm* 78. 12. It was likewise called *Tanis* (by the *Græcians*) and from it that Mouth of the *Nile* near which it stood, *Ostium Taniticum*. So that they are mistaken who make *Noph*, or *Moph*, that is, *Memphis*, the Place where *Pharaoh* kept his Court, for that was built afterwards, and lyes more Southward.

2. The *Adored Heifer*. *Apis*, and *Serapis*, and *Osyris* (who was *Misraim*) I conceive to have been the same *Deity* among the *Egyptians*, known by other Nations by the Names of *Mithra*, *Baal*, *Tamuz*, *Adonis*, etc. and signifying the *Sun*; the great Lamentations for the Disappearing or Loss of *Osyris*, *Tamuz*, and *Adonis*, and rejoicing for their Return, signifying nothing but the Elongation by *Winter*, and Re-approach of the *Sun* by *Summer*. The *Egyptians* under *Apis*, or *Osyris*, did likewise worship *Nilus*; and *Ἀφαισμός* and *Ἐὐρησις* signified the Overflowing of *Nilus*, and Return of it to the Channel. Now owing all their Sustenance to the *Sun* and *Nilus*, for that reason they figured both under the Shape of an *Ox*; and not, I believe, as *Vossius*, and some other learned Men imagine, to represent *Joseph*, who fed them in the time of the Famine: Besides the Images of this *Ox* (like that which *Aaron* made for the Children of *Israel*, in the Imitation of the *Egyptian* Idolatry) they kept a *living one*, and wor-

shipped it with great Reverence, and made infinite Lamentations at the Death of it, 'till another was found with the like Marks, and then they thought that the old one was only returned from the Bottom of *Nilus*, whither they fancied it to retreat at the Death or Disappearing.

— Quo se gurgite Nili

Condat adoratus trepidis pastoribus Apis, Sat.

The *Marks* were these. It was to be a black *Bull*, with a white Streak along the Back, a white Mark like an half Moon on his right Shoulder, two Hairs only growing on his Tail, with a square Blaze in his Forehead, and a Bunch, called *Cantharus*, under his Tongue: By what Art the *Priests* made these Marks, is hard to guess. It is indifferently named *Ox*, *Calf*, or *Heifer*, both by the *Hebrews*, *Greeks*, and *Latines*. So that which *Exodus* terms a *Calf*, *Psalm* 106. renders an *Ox*.

3. See *Chap.* 12. 2. From this time the *Hebrews* had two Computations of the beginning of the Year; the one *Common*, the other *Sacred*: The *Common* began in *Tisri*, which answers to our *September*, at the *Autumnal Equinoctial*; and all civil Matters were regulated according to this, which was the old Account of the Year. The *Sacred*, to which all Festivals, and all Religious Matters had relation, began at the *Vernal Equinoctial*, and was instituted in Commemoration of this Deliverance.

## 17.

1. Give a new Occasion for it to be called the *Red-Sea*. Concerning the Name of which, the Opinions are very different; that which seems to me most probable is, that it is denominated from *Idumæa*; and that from *Edom*, or *Esau*, that signifies *Red*; and the *King Erythra*, or *Erythrus*, from whence the *Græcians* derive it was *Esau*, and *Erythra* his Country, *Idumæa*, both signifying the same thing in *Hebrew* and in *Greek*; but because that Opinion of the *Redness* of the Shore in some Places, has been most received, and is confirmed even to this Day by some Travellers, and sounds most poetically, I allude to it here, whether it be true or not.

## 18.

1. *Plutarch* de *Is.* & *Osyris*, testifies, that *Χηψα* was an ancient Name of *Egypt*, and that it was called so long after by the most skilful of the *Egyptian Priests*; that is, the Country of *Cham*: As also, the Scripture terms it, *Psalm* 105. *Et Jacob peregrinus fuit in terra Cham*. From whose Son it was afterwards named *Misraim*, and by the *Arabians* *Mesre* to this Day.

2. *Beasts* that were deified by the *Egyptians*, who chose at first the Figures of *Beasts* for the Symbols or Hieroglyphical Signs of their Gods, perhaps no otherwise than as the Poets make them of *Constellations*, but in time the Worship came even to be terminated in them.



IX.

*DAVIDEIS*

A

Sacred Poem of the

TROUBLES OF DAVID.



## NOTE.

As with 'Pindarique Odes,' Bp. Sprat's text (3 Vols. 8vo, 1707-11) is herein followed. But see Memorial-Introduction on preceding editions.—G.



*DAVIDEIS,*  
A  
SACRED POEM  
OF THE  
TROUBLES  
OF  
DAVID.

---

In Four Books.

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*Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Musæ,  
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,  
Accipiant, Cœlique vias ac Sidera monstrent.*

Virg. Georg. 2.

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# DAVIDEIS.

## BOOK I.

### The CONTENTS.

*The Proposition. The Invocation. The Entrance into the History from a new Agreement between Saul and David. A Description of Hell. The Devil's Speech. Envy's Reply to him. Her appearing to Saul in the Shape of Benjamin: her Speech, and Saul's to himself after she was vanish'd. A Description of Heaven. God's Speech: He sends an Angel to David: the Angel's Message to him. David sent for to play before Saul. A Digression concerning Musick. David's Psalm. Saul attempts to kill him. His Escape to his own House; from whence being pursued by the King's Guard, by the Artifice of his Wife Michol, he escapes, and flies to Naioh, the Prophet's College at Ramah. Saul's Speech and Rage at his Escape. A long Digression describing the Prophet's College, and their manner of Life there, and the ordinary Subjects of their Poetry. Saul's Guards pursue David thither, and prophesie. Saul among the Prophets. He is compared to Balaam, whose Song concludes the Book.*

**I** Sing the Man who Judah's Scepter bore<sup>1,2</sup>  
 In that right Hand which held the Crook before;  
 Who from best Poet, best of Kings did grow;  
 The two chief Gifts Heav'n could on Man bestow.  
 Much Danger first, much Toil did he sustain,  
 Whilst Saul and Hell crost his strong Fate in vain.  
 Nor did his Crown less painful Work afford,  
 Less exercise his Patience, or his Sword;  
 So long her Conqueror Fortune's spight pursu'd;  
 Till with unwearied Virtue he subdu'd

10

All homebred Malice, and all foreign Boasts;  
 Their Strength was Armies, his the Lord of Hosts.

John 8. 58.

Thou, who didst David's Royal Stem adorn,  
 And gav'st him Birth from whom thy self wast born.  
 Who didst in Triumph at Death's Court appear,  
 And slew'st him with thy Nails, thy Cross and Spear,  
 Whilst Hell's black Tyrant trembled to behold,  
 The glorious Light he forfeited of old;  
 Who Heav'n's glad Burden now, and justest Pride,  
 Sit'st high enthron'd next thy great Father's Side,  
 (Where hallowed Flames help to adorn that Head  
 Which once the blushing Thorns environed,  
 'Till Crimson Drops of precious Blood hung down  
 Like Rubies to enrich thine humble Crown.)  
 Ev'n thou my Breast with such blest Rage inspire,  
 As mov'd the tuneful Strings of David's Lyre;  
 Guide my bold Steps with thine old travelling flame,  
 In these untrodden Paths to Sacred Fame;<sup>3</sup>  
 Lo, with pure Hands thy heav'nly Fires to take,  
 My well-chang'd Muse I a chaste Vestal make!  
 From Earth's vain Joys, and Love's soft Witchcraft  
 free,

Exod. 13. 21.

30

I consecrate my Magdalene to Thee!  
 Lo, this great Work, a Temple to thy Praise,  
 On polish'd Pillars of strong Verse I raise!  
 A Temple, where if thou vouchsafe to dwell,  
 It Solomon's, and Herod's shall excel.<sup>4</sup>  
 Too long the Muses-Land hath Heathen been;  
 Their Gods too long were Devils, and Virtues, Sin;  
 But Thou, Eternal Word, hast call'd forth me  
 Th' Apostle, to convert that World to thee;<sup>5</sup>  
 T' unbind the Charms that in slight Fables lye,  
 And teach that Truth is truest Poesie.

40

The Malice now of jealous Saul grew less,  
 O'ercome by constant Virtue, and Success;  
 He grew at last more weary to command<sup>6</sup>  
 New Dangers, than young David to withstand  
 Or conquer them; he fear'd his mast'ring Fate,  
 And envy'd him a King's unpowerful Hate.  
 Well did he know how Palms by' Oppression speed,  
 Victorious, and the Victor's sacred Meed!<sup>7</sup>  
 The Burden lifts them higher. Well did he know,  
 How a tame Stream does wild and dangerous grow  
 By unjust Force; he now with wanton Play,  
 Kisses the smiling Banks, and glides away,

50

But his known Channel stopt, begins to rore,  
And swell with Rage, and buffet the dull Shore.<sup>8</sup>  
His mutinous Waters hurry to the War,  
And Troops of Waves come rolling from afar.  
Then scorns he such weak Stops to his free Source,  
And over-runs the neighb'ring Fields with violent  
Course. 60

This knew the Tyrant, and this useful Thought  
His wounded Mind, to Health and Temper brought.  
He old kind Vows to David did renew,  
Swore Constancy, and meant his Oath for true.  
A general Joy at this glad News appear'd,  
For David all Men lov'd, and Saul they fear'd.  
Angels and Men did Peace and David love,  
But Hell did neither him, nor that approve ;  
From Man's Agreement fierce Alarms they take ;  
And Quiet here, does there new Business make. 70

Beneath the silent Chambers of the Earth,  
Where the Sun's fruitful Beams give Metals Birth ;  
Where he the Growth of fatal Gold does see,  
Gold which above more Influence has than he.  
Beneath the Dens where unflinch'd Tempests lye,<sup>9</sup>  
And Infant Winds their tender Voices try,  
Beneath the mighty Ocean's wealthy Caves,  
Beneath th' eternal Fountain of all Waves,<sup>10</sup>  
Where their vast Court the Mother-waters keep,  
And undisturb'd by Moons in Silence sleep ; 80

There is a Place, deep, wondrous deep below,  
Which genuine Night and Horror does o'erflow ;  
No Bound controls th' unwearied Space, but Hell<sup>11</sup>  
Endless as those dire Pains that in it dwell.  
Here no dear Glimpse of the Sun's lovely Face,  
Strikes through the solid Darkness of the Place ;  
No dawning Morn does her kind Reds display ;  
One slight weak Beam would here be thought the Day.  
No gentle Stars with their fair Gems of Light  
Offend the tyr'amous and unquesti'on'd Night. 90

Here Lucifer the mighty Captive reigns ;  
Proud, 'midst his Woes, and Tyrant in his Chains.  
Once General of a gilded Host of Sprights,  
Like Hesper, leading forth the spangled Nights.  
But down like Lightning, which him struck, he came,  
And roar'd at his first Plunge into the Flame.  
Myriads of Spirits fell wounded round him there ;  
With dropping Lights thick shone the singed Air.  
Since when the dismal Solace of their Woe,  
Had only been weak Mankind to undo ; 100

Themselves at first against themselves they excite,  
(Their dearest Conquest, and most proud Delight)  
And if those Mines of secret Treason fail,  
With open Force Man's Virtue they assail ;  
Unable to corrupt, seek to destroy ;  
And where their Poisons miss, the Sword employ.  
Thus sought the Tyrant Fiend young David's Fall ;  
And 'gainst him arm'd the pow'rful Rage of Saul.  
He saw the Beauties of his Shape and Face,  
His female Sweetness, and his manly Grace ; 110

He saw the nobler Wonders of his Mind,  
Great Gifts, which for great Works he knew design'd.

He saw (t'ashame the Strength of Man and Hell) 1 Sam.  
How by's young Hands their Gathite Champion fell.

He saw the reverend Prophet boi'dly shed  
The Royal Drops round his enlarged Head.<sup>12</sup> 1 Sam.

And well he knew what Legacy did place,<sup>13</sup>  
The sacred Scepter in blest Judah's Race, 1 Gen. 49

From which th' Eternal Shilo was to spring ;  
A Knowledge which new Hells to Hell did bring ! 120

And though no less he knew himself too weak  
The smallest Link of strong-wrought Fate to break ;

Yet would he rage, and struggle with the Chain ;  
Lov'd to rebel, though sure that 'twas in vain.

And now it broke his form'd Design, to find  
The gentle Change of Saul's recov'ring Mind.

He trusted much in Saul, and rag'd, and griev'd  
(The great Deceiver) to be himself deceiv'd.

Thrice did he knock his Iron Teeth, thrice howl,  
And into Frowns his wrathful Forehead rowl. 130

His Eyes dart forth red Flames, which scare the  
Night,

And with worse Fires the trembling Ghosts affright.  
A Troop of ghastly Fiends compass him round,

And greedily catch at his Lips' fear'd Sound.  
Are we such Nothings then (said he) our Will

Crost by a Shepherd's Boy ? And you yet still  
Play with your idle Serpents here ? Dares none

Attempt what becomes Furies ? Are ye grown  
Benumm'd with Fear, or Virtue's sprightless cold,

You, who were once (I'm sure) so brave and bold ? 140  
Oh my ill-chang'd Condition ! oh my Fate !  
Did I lose Heav'n for this ?<sup>14</sup>

With that, with his long Tail he lasht his Breast,  
And horribly spoke out in Looks the rest.

The quaking Pow'rs of Night stood in Amaze,  
And at each other first could only gaze.

A dreadful Silence fill'd the hollow Place,  
Doubling the Native Terror of Hell's Face ;

Rivers of flaming Brimstone, which before  
So loudly rag'd, crept softly by the Shore ; 150

No Hiss of Snakes, no Clank of Chains was known :  
The Souls amidst their Tortures durst not groan.

Envy at last crawls forth from that dire Throng,  
Of all, the direfull'st ; her black Locks hung long.

Attir'd with curling Serpents ; her pale Skin  
Was almost dropt from the sharp Bones within,

And at her Breast stuck Vipers which did prey  
Upon her panting Heart ; both Night and Day

Sucking black Blood from thence, which to repair  
Both Night and Day they left fresh Poisons there. 160

Her Garments were deep stain'd in human Gore,  
And torn by her own Hands ; in which she bore

A knotted Whip, and Bowl, that to the Brim  
Did with green Gall, and Juice of Wormwood swim.

With which when she was drunk, she furious grew  
And lash'd her self ; thus from th' accursed Crew,

Envy, the worst of Fiends, her self presents,  
Envy, good only when she' her self torments.

Spend not, great King, thy precious Rage (said she)  
Upon so poor a Cause ; shall Mighty We 170

1 Sam. 16. 12.

The Glory of our Wrath to *him* afford?  
 Are *we* not *Furies* still? and *you* our *Lord*?  
 At thy dread Anger the fix'd *World* shall shake,  
 And frighted *Nature* her own *Laws* forsake.  
 Do *thou* but threat, loud Storms shall make Reply,  
 And *Thunder* eccho't to the trembling Sky;  
 Whilst raging *Seas* swell to so bold an height,  
 As shall the *Fire's* proud *Element* affright.  
 Th' old drudging *Sun* from his long-beaten Way,  
 Shall at thy *Voice* start, and misguide the *Day*. 180  
 The jocond *Orbs* shall break their measur'd Pace,  
 And stubborn *Poles* change their allotted Place.  
*Heav'n's* gilded *Troops* shall flutter here and there,  
 Leaving their boasting Songs tun'd to a *Sphere*;  
 Nay their *God* too—for fear *he* did, when *we*<sup>16</sup>  
 Took noble *Arms* against his *Tyranny*;  
 So noble *Arms*, and in a *Cause* so great,  
 That *Triumphs* they deserve for their *Defeat*.  
 There was a *Day!* oh might I see't again  
 Though he had fiercer *Flames* to thrust us in! 190  
 And can such Pow'rs be by a *Child* withstood?  
 Will *Slings*, alas, or *Pebbles*, do him good?  
 What th' untam'd *Lion*, whet with Hunger too,  
 And *Giants* could not, that my *Word* shall do:  
 I'll soon dissolve this *Peace*; were *Saul's* new *Love*  
 (But *Saul* we know) great as my *Hate* shall prove;  
 Before *their Sun* twice more be gone about,  
*I*, and my faithful *Snakes* would drive it out.  
 Gen. 4. 8. By me *Cain* offer'd up his *Brother's* Gore,<sup>16</sup>  
 A *Sacrifice* far worse than that before; 200  
 I saw him fling the *Stone*, as if he meant  
 At once his *Murder* and his *Monument*,  
 And laugh't to see (for 'twas a goodly Show)  
 Gen. 4. 2. The *Earth* by her first *Tiller* fatned so.  
 Exod. 14. 23. I drove proud *Pharaoh* to the parted *Sea*;  
 He, and his *Host* drank up cold Death by *me*;  
 Num. 16. 1. By me rebellious *Arms* fierce *Corah* took,  
 And *Moses* (curse upon that *Name!*) forsook;  
 Ib. 31. Hither (ye know) almost *alive* he came<sup>17</sup>  
 Thro' the cleft *Earth*; ours was his *Fun'ral* *Flame*. 210  
 By *me*—but I lose Time, methinks, and should  
 Perform new Acts, whilst I relate the old;  
*David's* the next our *Fury* must enjoy;  
 'Tis not thy *God* himself shall save thee, *Boy*;  
 No, if he do, may the whole *World* have *Peace*;  
 May all ill *Actions*, all ill *Fortune* cease,  
 And banish'd from this potent Court below,  
 May *I* a ragged, contemn'd *Virtue* grow.  
 She spoke; all star'd at first, and made a Pause;  
 But strait the general Murmur of Applause 220  
 Ran thro' Death's Courts; she frown'd still, and  
 begun  
 To *envy* at the Praise *her self* had won.  
 Great *Belzebub* starts from his burning Throne<sup>18</sup>  
 T' embrace the *Fiend*; but she now furious grown  
 To act her Part, thrice bow'd, and thence she fled;  
 The *Snakes* all hiss'd, the *Fiends* all murmured.  
 It was the Time when silent Night began  
 T' enchain with *Sleep* the busie *Spirits* of Man;

And *Saul* himself, though in his troubled Breast  
 The Weight of *Empire* lay, took gentle Rest: 230  
 So did not *Envy*; but with haste arose;  
 And as through *Israel's* stately Towns she goes,  
 She frowns and shakes her Head; shine on (says she)  
*Ruins* e're long shall your sole *Mon'uments* be.  
 The Silver *Moon* with Terror paler grew,  
 And neighb'ring *Hermon* sweated flow'ry Dew;  
 Swift *Jordan* started, and strait backward fled,  
 Hiding among thick Reeds, his aged Head;  
 Lo, at her Entrance *Saul's* strong *Palace* shook;<sup>19</sup>  
 And nimbly there the reverend Shape she took 240  
 Of *Father Benjamin*; so long her Beard,  
 So large her Limbs, so grave her Looks appear'd.  
 Just like his *Statue* which *bestrid* *Saul's* Gate,<sup>20</sup>  
 And seem'd to *guard* the Race it did create.  
 In this known Form she approach'd the *Tyrant's*  
 Side;  
 And thus her Words the sacred *Form* bely'd.  
 Arise, lost *King* of *Israel*; canst thou lye  
 Dead in this *Sleep*, and yet thy *last* so nigh?  
 If *King* thou be'st, if *Jesse's* Race as yet  
 Sit not on *Israel's* *Throne!* and shall he sit? 250  
 Did ye for this from fruitful *Egypt* fly?  
 From the mild *Brickhills'* nobler *Slavery*?  
 For this did *Seas* your pow'ful *Rod* obey?  
 Did *Wonders* guide, and *feed* you on your Way?  
 Could ye not there *great Pharaoh's* Bondage bear,  
 You who can serve a *Boy*, and *Minstrel* here?  
 Forbid it *God*, if thou be'st *just*; this Shame  
 Cast not on *Saul's*, on *mine*, and *Israel's* *Name*.  
 Why was I else from *Canaan's* *Famine* led? Gen. 43.  
 Happy, thrice happy had I there been dead, 260  
 E'er my full *Loins* discharg'd this num'rous Race,  
 This luckless *Tribe*, ev'n *Crown'd* to their *Disgrace!*  
 Ah *Saul*, thy *Servant's* *Vassal* must thou live?  
 Place to his *Harp* must thy dread *Scepter* give?  
 What wants he now but that? Can'st thou forget  
 (If thou be'st *Man* thou can'st not) how they met  
 The *Youth* with Songs? Alas, poor *Monarch!* you 1 Sam. 18. 7.  
 Your *thousand* only, he *ten thousand* slew!  
 Him *Isra'el* loves, him neighb'ring *Countries* fear;  
 You but the *Name*, and empty *Title* bear; 270  
 And yet the *Traitor* lives, lives in thy *Court*;  
 The *Court* that must be *his*; where he shall sport  
 Himself with all thy *Concubines*, thy *Gold*,  
 Thy costly *Robes*, thy *Crown*; Wert thou not told  
 This by proud *Samuel*, when at *Gilgal* he  
 With bold false Threats from *God* affronted thee? 1 Sam. 13. 13.  
 The *Dotard* ly'd; *God* said it not I know;  
 Not *Baal* or *Moloch* would have us'd thee so;  
 Was not the Choice his own? Did not thy Worth  
 Exact the *Royal Lot*, and call it forth? 280 1 Sam. 10. 21.  
 Hast thou not since (my best and greatest *Son*)  
 To *him*, and to his per'ishing *Nation* done  
 Such lasting *Ben'efits*, as may justly claim  
 A *Scepter* as eternal as thy *Fame*?  
 Poor *Prince*, whom *Madmen*, *Priests*, and *Boys* invade!  
 By thine own *Flesh* thy ingrateful *Son* betray'd!

Unnat'ral Fool, who can thus cheated be  
By Friendship's Name against a Crown and thee!  
Betray not too thy self; take Courage, call 289  
Thy 'enchanted Virtues forth, and be *Whole Saul*.<sup>21</sup>  
Lo, this great Cause makes thy *dead Fathers* rise,  
Breaks the firm *Seals* of their clos'd *Tombs* and  
*Eyes*.

Nor can their jealous *Ashes*, whilst this *Boy*  
Survives, the *Privilege* of their *Graves* enjoy.  
Rise quickly, *Saul*, and take that *Rebel's* Breath  
Which troubles thus thy *Life*, and ev'n our *Death*.  
Kill him, and thou 'rt secure; 'tis only *He*  
That 's boldly interpos'd 'twixt *God* and *thee*,  
As *Earth's* low *Globe* robs the high *Moon* of *Light*;  
When this *Eclipse* is past, thy *Fate's* all bright. 300  
Trust me, dear *Son*, and credit what I tell;  
I've seen thy *Royal Stars*, and know them well.  
Hence *Fears* and dull *Delays!* Is not thy *Breast*  
(Yes, *Saul*, it is) with noble *Thoughts* possess?  
May they beget like *Acts*. With that she takes  
One of her worst, her best-beloved *Snakes*;  
Softly, dear *Worm*, soft and unseen (said she)  
Into his *Bosom* steal, and in it be  
My *Vice-Roy*. At that *Word* she took her *Flight*,  
And her loose *Shape* dissolv'd into the *Night*. 310

Th' infected *King* leap'd from his *Bed* amaz'd,  
Scarce knew himself at first, but round him gaz'd,  
And started back at piec'd-up *Shapes*, which *Fear*  
And his distracted *Fancy* painted there.  
Terror froze up his *Hair*, and on his *Face*  
Show'rs of cold *Sweat* roll'd trembling down apace.  
Then knocking with his angry *Hands* his *Breast*,  
Earth with his *Feet*; he cries, Oh 'tis confest;  
I've been a *pious Fool*, a *Woman-King*; <sup>22</sup>  
Wrong'd by a *Seer*, a *Boy*, every thing. 320  
Eight hundred *Years* of *Death* is not so deep,<sup>23</sup>  
So unconcern'd as my *lethargick Sleep*.  
My *Patience* ev'n a *Sacrilege* becomes,  
Disturbs the *Dead*, and opes their sacred *Tombs*.  
Ah *Benjamin*, kind *Father!* who for me  
This cursed *World* endur'st again to see!  
All thou hast said, *great Vision*, is so true,  
That all which thou command'st, and more I'll do:  
Kill him? yes, *mighty Ghost*, the *Wretch* shall die,  
Though ev'ry *Star* in *Heav'n* should it deny; 330  
Nor mock th' *Assault* of our just *Wrath* again,  
Had he ten times his fam'd *ten thousand* slain.  
Should that bold popular *Madman*, whose *Design*  
Is to revenge his *own Disgrace* by *mine*;  
Should my ingrateful *Son* oppose th' *Intent*,  
Should mine *own Heart* grow scrup'ulous and relent;  
Curse me just *Heav'n* (by which this *Truth* I swear)  
If I that *Seer*, my *Son*, or *self* do spare.  
No, gentle *Ghost*, return to thy still *Home*;  
Thither this *Day* mine, and thy *Foe* shall come. 340  
If that curst *Object* longer vex my *Sight*,  
It must have learnt to 'appear as *thou* to *Night*.  
Whilst thus his *Wrath* with *Threats* the *Tyrant* fed,  
The threaten'd *Youth* slept fearless on his *Bed*;

1 Sam. 8. 19.

Sleep on, Rest quiet as thy *Conscience* take,  
For tho' *thou* sleep'st thy self, thy *God's* awake.  
Above the subtle *Foldings* of the *Sky*,<sup>24</sup>  
Above the well-set *Orbs'* soft *Harmony*,  
Above those petty *Lamps* that gild the *Night*,  
There is a *Place* o'erflown with hallowed *Light*; 350  
Where *Heav'n*, as if it left it self behind,  
Is stretcht out far, nor its own *Bounds* can find:  
Here *peaceful Flames* swell up the sacred *Place*,  
Nor can the *Glory* contain it self in th' endless *Space*.<sup>25</sup>  
For there no *Twilight* of the *Sun's* dull *Ray*,  
Glimmers upon the pure and native *Day*.  
No pale-fac'd *Moon* does in stoln *Beams* appear,  
Or with dim *Taper* scatters *Darkness* there.  
On no smooth *Sphear* the restless *Seasons* slide,  
No circling *Motion* doth swift *Time* divide; 360  
Nothing is there *To come*, and nothing *Past*,  
But an *Eternal Now* does always last.<sup>26</sup>  
There sits th' *Almighty*, *First* of all, and *End*;  
Whom nothing but *himself* can comprehend.  
Who with his *Word* commanded *All* to *Be*,  
And *All* obey'd him, for that *Word* was *He*.  
Only he spoke, and every thing that *Is*  
From out the *Womb* of *fertile Nothing* rise.  
Oh who shall tell, who shall describe thy *Throne*,  
Thou *Great Three-One*? 370  
There thou thy self do'st in full *Presence* show,  
Not absent from these meaner *Worlds* below;  
No, if thou wert, the *Elements' League* would cease,  
And all thy *Creatures* break thy *Nature's* *Peace*;  
The *Sun* would stop his *Course*, or gallop back,  
The *Stars* drop out, the *Poles* themselves would  
crack:  
*Earth's* strong *Foundations* would be torn in twain,  
And this vast *Work* all ravel out again  
To its first *Nothing*: For his *Spirit* contains  
The well-knit *Mass*; from him each *Creature* gains<sup>27</sup> 380  
*Being* and *Motion*, which he still bestows;  
From him th' *Effect* of our weak *Action* flows.  
Round him vast *Armies* of swift *Angels* stand,<sup>28</sup>  
Which seven triumphant *Generals* command;  
They sing loud *Anthems* of his endless *Praise*,  
And with fix'd *Eyes* drink in *Immortal Rays*.  
Of these he call'd out one; all *Heav'n* did shake,<sup>29</sup>  
And *Silence* kept whilst its *Creator* spake.  
Are we forgotten then so soon? Can he  
Look on his *Crown*, and not remember *me* 390  
That gave it? Can he think we did not hear  
(Fond *Man!*) his *Threats*? And have we made the *Ear*,  
To be accounted *deaf*? No, *Saul*, we heard;  
And it will cost thee dear; the *Ills* thou'st fear'd,  
Practis'd, or thought on, I'll all double send;  
Have *we* not spoke it, and dares *Man* contend!  
Alas, poor *Dust*? didst thou but know the *Day*  
When thou must lye in *Blood* at *Gilboa*, 400  
*Thou*, and thy *Sons*, thou wouldst not threaten still,  
Thy trembling *Tongue* would stop against thy *Will*.  
Then shall thine *Head* fix'd in curs'd *Temples* be,  
And all their *foolish Gods* shall laugh at thee.

1 Sam.

That Hand which now on *David's* Life would prey,  
 Shall then turn *just*, and its own *Master* slay ;  
 He whom thou *hat'st*, on thy *lov'd Throne* shall sit,  
 And expiate the *Disgrace* thou dost to it.  
 Haste then ; tell *David* what his *King* has sworn,  
 Tell him whose *Blood* must paint this rising Morn.  
 Yet bid him go securely when he sends ;  
 'Tis *Saul* that is his *Foe*, and *we* his *Friends*.<sup>30</sup> 410  
 The *Man* who has his *God* no *Aid* can lack,  
 And *we* who bid him *go*, will bring him back.

He spoke ; the *Heav'n's* seem'd decently to bow,  
 With all their bright *Inhabitants* ; and now  
 The jocond *Spheres* began again to play,  
 Again each *Spirit* sung *Halleluia*.  
 Only that *Angel* was strait gone ; ev'n so  
 (But not so swift) the *Morning Glories* flow  
 At once from the bright *Sun*, and strike the *Ground* ;  
 So winged *Lightning* the soft *Air* does wound. 420  
 Slow *Time* admires, and knows not what to call  
 The *Motion*, having no *Account* so *small*.  
 So flew this *Angel*, 'till to *David's* *Bed*  
 He came, and thus his sacred *Message* said.

Awake, young *Man*, hear what thy *King* has  
 sworn ;<sup>31</sup>

He swore thy *Blood* should paint this rising Morn.  
 Yet to him go securely when he sends ;  
 'Tis *Saul* that is your *Foe*, and *God* your *Friends*.  
 The *Man* who has his *God*, no *Aid* can lack ;  
 And he who bids thee *go*, will bring thee back. 430

Up leap'd *Jessides*, and did round him stare,  
 But could see nought ; for nought was left but *Air*.  
 Whilst this great *Vision* labours in his *Thought*,  
 Lo, the *short Prophecy* 't effect is brought.  
 In treacherous *Haste* he's sent for to the *King*,  
 And with him bid his charming *Lyre* to bring.

1 Sam. 18. 10.  
and 19. 9.

The *King*, they say, lyes in a raging *Fit*,  
 Which does no *Cure* but sacred *Tunes* admit ;  
 And true it was, soft *Musick* did appease.<sup>32</sup>  
 Th' obscure fantastick *Rage* of *Saul's* *Disease*. 440

Tell me, oh *Muse* (for *thou*, or none canst tell)<sup>33</sup>  
 The mystick *Pow'rs* that in bless'd *Numbers* dwell,  
 Thou their great *Nature* know'st, nor is it fit  
 This noblest *Gem* of thine own *Crown* 't omit)  
 Tell me from whence these heav'nly *Charms* arise ;  
 Teach the dull *World* 't *admire* what they *despise*.

1 Sam. 16. 23.

As first a various unform'd *Hint* we find  
 Rise in some god-like *Poet's* fertile *Mind*,  
 'Till all the *Parts* and *Words* their *Places* take,  
 And with just *Marches Verse* and *Musick* make ; 450  
 Such was *God's* *Poem*, this *World's* new *Essay* ;<sup>34</sup>  
 So wild and rude in its first *Draught* it lay ;  
 Th' un govern'd *Parts* no *Correspondence* knew,  
 An artless *War* from thwarting *Motions* grew ;  
 'Till they to *Number* and *fixt Rules* were brought  
 By the *eternal Mind's* *Poetick Thought*.  
*Water* and *Air* he for the *Tenor* chose,<sup>35</sup>  
*Earth* made the *Base*, the *treble Flame* arose ;  
 To th' active *Moon* a quick brisk *Stroke* he gave,<sup>36</sup>  
 To *Saturn's* *String* a *Touch* more soft and grave. 460

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The *Motions* strait, and *round*, and *swift*, and *slow*,  
 And *short*, and *long*, were mix'd and woven so,  
 Did in such artful *Figures* smoothly fall,  
 As made this decent measur'd *Dance* of *All*.  
 And this is *Musick* ; *Sounds* that charm our *Ears*,  
 Are but one *Dressing* that rich *Science* wears.  
 Tho' no *Man* hear't, tho' no *Man* it rehearse,  
 Yet will there still be *Musick* in my *Verse*.  
 In this *great World* so much of it we see ;  
 The *lesser, Man*, is all o'er *Harmony*.<sup>37</sup> 470  
*Storehouse* of all *Proportions* ! *single Quire* !  
 Which first *God's* *Breath* did tunefully inspire !  
 From hence bless'd *Musick's* heav'nly *Charms* arise,  
 From *Sympathy* which *them* and *Man* allies.  
 Thus they our *Souls*, thus they our *Bodies* win,  
 Not by their *Force*, but *Party* that 's within.  
 Thus the strange *Cure* on our spilt *Blood* apply'd,<sup>38</sup>  
*Sympathy* to the distant *Wound* does guide.  
 Thus when two *Brethren* *Strings* are set alike,<sup>39</sup>  
 To *move* them *both*, but *one* of them we *strike*. 480  
 Thus *David's* *Lyre* did *Saul's* wild *Rage* controul,  
 And tun'd the harsh *Disorders* of his *Soul*.<sup>40</sup>

When *Israel* was from *Bondage* led,<sup>41</sup> Psal. 114.

Led by th' *Almighty's* *Hand*  
 From out a foreign *Land*,  
 The great *Sea* beheld, and fled.  
 As *Men* pursu'd, when that *Fear* past they find,  
 Stop on some higher *Ground* to look behind ;  
 So whilst through wondrous *Ways*  
 The sacred *Army* went, 490  
 The *Waves* afar stood up to gaze,  
 And their own *Rocks* did represent,  
*Solid* as *Waters* are above the *Firmament*.

Old *Jordan's* *Waters* to their *Spring*  
 Start back with sudden *Fright* ;  
 The *Spring* amaz'd at *Sight*,  
 Asks what *News* from *Sea* they bring.  
 The *Mountains* shook ; and to the *Mountains'* *Side*,  
 The little *Hills* leapt round themselves to hide ;  
 As young affrighted *Lambs* 500  
 When they ought dreadful spy,  
 Run trembling to their helpless *Dams* ;  
 The mighty *Sea* and *River* by,  
 Were glad for their *Excuse* to see the *Hills* to fly :

What ail'd the mighty *Sea* to flee ?  
 Or why did *Jordan's* *Tide*  
 Back to his *Fountain* glide ?  
*Jordan's* *Tide*, what ail'd thee ?  
 Why leap'd the *Hills* ? why did the *Mountains* shake ?  
 What ail'd them their fix'd *Natures* to forsake ? 510  
 Fly where thou wilt, O *Sea* !  
 And *Jordan's* *Current* cease ;  
*Jordan* there is no need of thee,  
 For at *God's* *Word*, whene'er he please,  
 The *Rocks* shall weep new *Waters* forth instead of  
 these.

Exod. 17. 6.  
Num. 20. 11.

G

- Thus sung the great *Musician* to his Lyre ;  
 And *Saul's* black *Rage* grew softly to retire ;  
 But *Envy's* *Serpent* still with him remain'd,  
 And the wise *Charmer's* healthful Voice disdain'd.<sup>43</sup>  
 Th' unthankful *King* cur'd truly of his Fit, 520  
 Seems to lye drown'd and bury'd still in it.  
 From his past Madness draws this wicked Use,  
 To sin disguis'd, and *murder* with *Excuse* :  
 For whilst the fearless Youth his Cure pursues,  
 And the soft *Medicine* with kind Art renews :  
 The barb'rous *Patient* casts at him his *Spear*,  
 (The usual *Scepter* that rough Hand did bear)  
 Casts it with violent Strength, but into th' Room  
 An *Arm* more strong and sure than his was come ;  
 An *Angel* whose unseen and easie Might 530  
 Put by the *Weapon*, and *miss-led* it *right*.  
 How vain Man's Pow'r is ! unless God command,  
 The *Weapon* disobeys his *Master's* Hand !  
 Happy was now the Error of the Blow ;  
 At *Gilboa* it will not serve him so.  
 One would have thought, *Saul's* sudden *Rage* t' have  
 seen,  
 He had himself by *David* wounded been.  
 He scorn'd to leave what he did ill begin,  
 And thought his *Honour* now engag'd i' th' *Sin*.  
 A bloody Troop of his own Guards he sends 540  
 (*Slaves* to his *Will*, and falsly call'd his *Friends*)  
 To mend his *Error* by a surer Blow :  
 So *Saul* ordain'd, but *God* ordain'd not so.  
 Home flies the *Prince*, and to his trembling *Wife*  
 Relates the new-past Hazard of his Life,  
 Which she with *decent* *Passion* hears him tell ;  
 For not her own fair *Eyes* she lov'd so well.  
 Upon their *Palace* Top beneath a Row<sup>43</sup>  
 Of *Lemon Trees*, which there did proudly grow,  
 And with bright Stores of golden Fruit repay 550  
 The *Light* they drank from the *Sun's* neighb'ring Ray,  
 (A small, but artful *Paradise*) they walk'd ;  
 And Hand in Hand sad gentle Things they talk'd.  
 Here *Michol* first an armed Troop espies  
 (So faithful and so quick are *loving* *Eyes*)  
 Which march'd, and often glister'd thro' a *Wood*,  
 That on right Hand of her fair *Palace* stood ;  
 She saw them, and cry'd out, They're come to kill  
 My dearest *Lord* ; *Saul's* *Spear* pursues thee still.  
 Behold his wicked *Guards* : Haste quickly, fly, 560  
 For Heav'n's sake haste ; my dear *Lord*, do not die.  
 Ah cruel *Father*, whose ill-natur'd *Rage*  
 Neither thy *Worth*, nor *Marriage* can assuage !  
 Will he part those he join'd so late before ?  
 Were the two hundred *Foreskins* worth no more ?  
 He shall not part us ; (Then she wept between)  
 At yonder Window thou may'st 'scape unseen ;  
 This Hand shall let thee down ; stay not, but haste ;  
 'Tis not my *Use* to send thee hence so fast.  
 Best of all Women, he replies—and this 570  
 Scarce spoke, she stops his Answer with a Kiss ;  
 Throw not away (said she) thy precious *Breath*,  
 Thou stay'st too long within the *Reach* of *Death*.
- Timely ' he obeys her wise Advice, and streight  
 To unjust Force she' opposes just Deceit.<sup>44</sup>  
 She meets the Murd'ers with a *virtuous* *Lie*,  
 And good dissembling Tears ; May he not *die* 1 Sam.  
 In quiet then ? (said she) will they not give 1b. v. 1.  
 That Freedom who so fear lest he should *live* ?  
 Ev'n Fate does with your Cruelty conspire, 580  
 And spares your *Guilt*, yet does what you *desire*.  
 Must he not *live* ? For that ye need not *sin* ;  
 My much-wrong'd *Husband* speechless lyes within,  
 And has too little left of vital *Breath*  
 To know his *Murderers*, or to feel his *Death*.  
 One *Hour* will do your Work——  
 Here her well-govern'd Tears dropp'd down apace :  
*Beauty* and *Sorrow* mingled in one Face,  
 Has such resistless Charms, that they believe,  
 And an *unwilling* *Aptness* find to *grieve* 590  
 At what they *came* for ; A pale *Statue's* Head  
 In Linnen wrapt, appear'd on *David's* Bed ;  
 Two Servants mournful stand and silent by,  
 And on the Table Med'cinal Relicks Lye ;  
 In the close Room a well-plac'd Taper's Light,  
 Adds a becoming Horror to the Sight,  
 And for th' *Impression* *God* prepar'd their *Sense* ;  
 They saw, believ'd all this, and parted thence.  
 How vain Attempts *Saul's* unblest'd Anger tries,  
 By his own *Hands* deceiv'd, and Servants' *Eyes* ! 600  
 It cannot be (said he) no, can it ? Shall  
 Our great *ten thousand* *Slayer* idly fall ?  
 The silly Rout thinks *God* protects him still ;  
 But *God*, alas, guards not the *bad* from *Ill*.  
 Oh may he guard him ! may his Members be  
 In as full Strength, and well-set Harmony,  
 As the fresh Body of the first made Man,  
 E'er *Sin*, or *Sin's* just Meed, *Disease* began.  
 He will be else too *small* for our *vast* *Hate* ;  
 And we must *share* in our Revenge with *Fate*. 610  
 No ; let us have him *whole* ; we else may seem  
 To' have snatch'd away but some few Days from him,  
 And *cut* that *Thread* which would have *dropt* in two ;  
 Will our great Anger learn to stoop so low ?  
 I know it cannot, will not ; him we prize  
 Of our just Wrath the solemn *Sacrifice*,  
 That must not *blemish'd* be ; let him remain<sup>45</sup>  
 Secure, and *grow up* to our *Stroke* again.  
 'Twill be some Pleasure then to take his *Breath*,  
 When he shall *strive*, and *wrestle* with his *Death* ; 620  
 Go, let him live——And yet——shall I then stay  
 So long ? good and great Actions hate delay.  
 Some foolish Piety perhaps, or he  
 That has been still mine *Honour's* *Enemy*,  
*Samuel*, may change or cross my just Intent,  
 And I this *Formal* *Pity* soon repent.  
 Besides, *Fate* gives him me, and whispers this,  
 That he can fly no more, if we should miss ;  
 Miss ! Can we miss again ? Go, bring him strait,  
 Though gasping out his Soul ; if the wish'd Date 630 1 Sam.  
 Of his accursed Life be almost past,  
 Some *Joy* 'twill be to *see* him breath his last.

- The *Troop* return'd, of their *short Virtue* asham'd,  
*Saul's Courage* prais'd, and their own *Weakness* blam'd,  
 But when the *pious Fraud* they understood,  
 Scarce the *Respect* due to *Saul's* sacred *Blood*,  
 Due to the sacred *Beauty* in it reign'd,  
 From *Michol's* Murder their wild *Rage* restrain'd.  
 1 Sam. 19. 17. She 'alleg'd the holiest *Chains* that bind a *Wife*,  
*Duty* and *Love*; she 'alleg'd that her own *Life*, 640  
 Had she refus'd that safety to her *Lord*,  
 Would have incur'd just *Danger* from his *Sword*.  
 Now was *Saul's* *Wrath* full grown; he takes no *Rest*;  
 A violent *Flame* rolls in his troubled *Breast*,  
 And in fierce *Lightning* from his *Eye* does break;  
 Not his own *Favorites*, and best *Friends* dare speak,  
 Or look on him; but mute and trembling all,  
 Fear where this *Cloud* will burst, and *Thunder* fall.  
 So when the *Pride* and *Terror* of the *Wood*,  
 A *Lion* prick'd with *Rage*, and *Want* of *Food*, 650  
 Espies out from afar some well-fed *Beast*,  
 And bristles up, preparing for his *Feast*;  
 If that by *Swiftness* scape his gaping *Jaws*;  
 His bloody *Eyes* he hurls round, his sharp *Paws*  
 Tear up the *Ground*; then runs he wild about,  
 Lashing his angry *Tail*, and roaring out.  
*Beasts* creep into their *Dens*, and tremble there;  
*Trees*, though no *Wind* be stirring, shake with  
 Fear;  
*Silence* and *Horror* fill the *Place* around,  
*Echo* it self dares scarce repeat the *Sound*. 660  
 1 Sam. 19. 19. Midst a large *Wood* that joins fair *Rama's* *Town* 46  
 (The neighbourhood fair *Rama's* chief *Renown*)  
 A *College* stands; where, at great *Prophets' Feet*, 47  
 The *Prophets' Sons* with silent *Diligence* meet;  
 By *Samuel* built, and mod'rately endow'd,  
 Yet more to 'his lib'ral *Tongue* than *Hands* they ow'd.  
 There himself taught, and his blest *Voice* to hear,  
 Teachers themselves lay proud beneath him there.  
 The *House* was a large *Square*; but plain and low;  
 Wise *Nature's* use *Art* strove not to out-go. 670  
 An inward *Square* by well-rang'd *Trees* was made;  
 And midst the friendly *Cover* of their *Shade*,  
 A pure, well-tasted, wholesome *Fountain* rose;  
 Which no vain *Cost* of *Marble* did enclose;  
 Nor through carv'd *Shapes* did the forc'd *Waters* pass,  
*Shapes* gazing on themselves i' th' *liquid Glass*.  
 Yet the chaste *Stream* that 'mong loose *Pebbles* fell  
 For *Cleanness*, *Thirst*, *Religion* serv'd as well. 48  
 The *Scholars*, *Doctors* and *Companions* here, 49  
 Lodg'd all apart in neat small *Chambers* were: 680  
*Well-furnish'd Chambers*; for in each there stood,  
 A narrow *Couch*, *Table* and *Chair* of *Wood*; 50  
 More is but *Clog* where *Use* does bound *Delight*;  
 And those are *Rich* whose *Wealth's* proportion'd right  
 To their *Life's Form*; more *Goods* would but become  
 A *Burden* to them, and contract their *Room*.  
 A second *Court* more *Sacred* stood behind,  
 Built fairer, and to nobler *Use* design'd:  
 The *Hall* and *Schools* one *Side* of it possest;  
 The *Library* and *Synagogue* the rest. 690
- Tables of plain-cut *Firre* adorn'd the *Hall*;  
 And with *Beasts' Skins* the *Beds* were cover'd all. 51  
 The reverend *Doctors* take their *Seats* on high, 52  
 Th' *Elect Companions* in their *Bosoms* lye.  
 The *Scholars* far below upon the *Ground*,  
 On fresh-strew'd *Rushes* place themselves around.  
 With more respect the *Wise* and *Ancient* lay;  
 But eat not choicer *Herbs* or *Bread* than they,  
 Nor purer *Waters* drank, their constant *Feast*;  
 But by great *Days*, and *Sacrifice* encreas'd. 700  
 The *Schools* built round and higher, at the *End*  
 With their fair *Circle* did this *Side* extend;  
 To which their *Synagogue* on th' other *Side*,  
 And to the *Hall* their *Library* replide.  
 The midst tow'rds their large *Gardens* open lay,  
 To 'admit the *Joys* of *Spring* and *early Day*.  
 I' th' *Library* a few choice *Authors* stood;  
 Yet 'twas well-stor'd, for that small *Store* was good;  
*Writing*, *Man's Spir'itual Physick* was not then 710  
*It self*, as now, grown a *Disease* of *Men*.  
*Learning* (*young Virgin*) but few *Suitors* knew;  
 The common *Prostitute* she lately grew,  
 And with her *spurious Brood* loads now the *Press*;  
*Laborious Effects* of *Idleness*!  
 Here all the various *Forms* one might behold  
 How *Letters* sav'd themselves from *Death* of old;  
 Some painfully engrav'd in thin-wrought *Plates*, 53  
 Some cut in *Wood*, some lightlier trac'd on *Slates*;  
 Some drawn on fair *Palm Leaves*, with short-liv'd  
*Toil*, 54  
 Had not their *Friend* the *Cedar* lent his *Oil*. 720  
 Some wrought in *Silks*, some writ in tender *Barks*; 55  
 Some the sharp *Stile* in waxen *Tables* marks;  
 Some in *Beasts' Skins*, and some in *Biblos Reed*; 56  
 Both new rude *Arts*, which *Age* and *Growth* did need.  
 The *Schools* were painted well with useful *Skill*;  
*Stars*, *Maps*, and *Stories* the learn'd *Wall* did fill.  
 Wise wholesome *Proverbs* mix'd around the *Room*,  
 Some writ, and in *Egyptian Figures* some. 57  
 Here all the noblest *Wits* of *Men* inspir'd, 729  
 From *Earth's* slight *Joys*, and worthless *Toils* retir'd,  
 Whom *Samuel's Fame* and *Bounty* thither lead,  
 Each *Day* by turns their solid *Knowledge* read.  
 The *Course* and *Power* of *Stars* great *Nathan* taught, 58  
 And home to *Man* those *distant Wonders* brought,  
 How toward both *Poles* the *Sun's* fix'd *Journey* bends,  
 And how the *Year* his *crooked Walk* attends.  
 By what just *Steps* the *wandering Lights* advance,  
 And what eternal *Measures* guide their *Dance*.  
 Himself a *Prophet*; but his *Lectures* shew'd  
 How little of that *Art* to them he ow'd. 740  
*Mahol* th' inferior *World's* fantastick *Face*,  
 Though all the turns of *Matter's* *Mase* did trace;  
 Great *Nature's* well-set *Clock* in pieces took;  
 On all the *Springs* and smallest *Wheels*, did look,  
 Of *Life* and *Motion*; and with equal *Art*  
 Made up again the *Whole* of ev'ry *Part*.  
 The *Prophet Gad* in *learned Dust* designs  
 Th' immortal solid *Rules* of fancy'd *Lines*.



Of Numbers too th' unnumber'd Wealth he shows,  
 And with them far their endless Journey goes. 750  
 Numbers which still encrease more high and wide,<sup>60</sup>  
 From One, the Root of their turn'd Pyramide.  
 Of Men, and Ages past Seraiah read ;  
 Embalm'd in long-liv'd History the Dead.  
 Show'd the steep Falls, and slow Ascent of States ;  
 What Wisdom and what Follies make their Fates.  
 Samuel himself did God's rich Law display ;  
 Taught doubting Men with Judgment to obey.  
 And oft his ravish'd Soul with sudden flight  
 Soar'd above present Times, and human Sight. 760  
 These Arts but welcome Strangers might appear,  
 Musick and Verse seem'd born and bred up here ;  
 Scarce the blest Heav'n that rings with Angel's Voice,  
 Does with more constant Harmony rejoice.  
 The sacred Muse does here each Breast inspire ;  
 Heman, and sweet-mouth'd Asaph rule their Quire :  
 Both charming Poets, and all Strains they plaid,  
 By artful Breath, or nimble Fingers made.  
 The Synagogue was dress'd with Care and Cost,  
 (The only Place where that they esteem'd not lost) 770  
 The glittering Roof with Gold did daze the View,  
 The Sides refresh'd with Silks of sacred Blue.<sup>60</sup>  
 Here thrice each Day they read their perfect Law,  
 Thrice Pray'rs from willing Heav'n a Blessing draw ;  
 Thrice in glad Hymns swell'd with the Great One's Praise,  
 The pliant Voice on her sev'en Steps they raise,<sup>61</sup>  
 Whilst all th' enliven'd Instruments around  
 To the just Feet with various Concord sound ;  
 Such things were Muses then, contemn'd low Earth ;  
 Decently proud, and mindful of their Birth. 780  
 'Twas God himself that here tun'd every Tongue ;  
 And gratefully of him alone they sung.  
 They sung how God spoke out the World's vast Ball<sup>62</sup>  
 From Nothing, and from No where call'd forth All.  
 No Nature yet, or Place for 't to possess,  
 But an unbottom'd Gulf of Emptiness.  
 Full of Himself, th' Almighty sate, his own  
 Palace, and without Solitude, alone.<sup>63</sup>  
 But he was Goodness whole, and all things will'd ;  
 Which e'er they were, his active Word fulfill'd ; 790  
 And their astonish'd Heads o' th' sudden rear'd ;  
 An unshap'd kind of Something first appear'd,  
 Confessing its new Being, and undrest  
 As if it stept in haste before the rest ;  
 Yet buried in this Matter's darksome Womb,  
 Lay the rich Seeds of ev'ry thing to come.  
 From hence the cheerful Flame leap'd up so high ;  
 Close at its Heels the nimble Air did fly ;  
 Dull Earth with it's own Weight did downwards  
 pierce  
 To the fix'd Navel of the Universe, 780  
 And was quite lost in Waters : 'Till God said  
 To the proud Sea, shrink in your ins'olent Head,  
 See how the gaping Earth has made you place ;  
 That durst not murmur, but shrunk in apace.  
 Since when his Bounds are set, at which in vain  
 He foams, and rages, and turns back again.

With richer Stuff he bad Heav'n's Fabrick shine,  
 And from him a quick Spring of Light Divine  
 Swell'd up the Sun, from whence his cher'ishing Flame  
 Fills the whole World, like him from whom it came. 810  
 He smooth'd the rough-cast Moon's imperfect Mold,  
 And comb'd her beamy Locks with sacred Gold ;  
 Be thou (said he) Queen of the mournful Night,  
 And as he spoke, she 'arose clad o'er in Light,  
 With thousand Stars attending on her Train ;  
 With her they rise, with her they set again.  
 Then Herbs peep'd forth, new Trees admiring stood,  
 And smelling Flowers painted the infant Wood.  
 Then Flocks of Birds through the glad Air did flee,  
 Joyful, and safe before Man's Luxury, 820  
 Teaching their Maker in their untaught Lays :  
 Nay, the mute Fish witness no less his Praise,  
 For those he made, and cloath'd with Silver Scales ;  
 From Minoes to those living Islands, Whales.  
 Beasts too were his Command ; what could he more ?  
 Yes, Man he could, the Bond of all before ;  
 In him he all things with strange Order hurl'd ;  
 In him, that full Abridgment of the World.  
 This, and much more of God's great Works they told ;  
 His Mercies, and some Judgments too of old : 830  
 How when all Earth was deeply stain'd in Sin ;  
 With an impetuous Noise the Waves came rushing in.  
 Where Birds e'er while dwelt, and securely sung ;  
 There Fish (an unknown Net) entangled hung.  
 The Face of shipwreck'd Nature naked lay ;  
 The Sun peep'd forth, and beheld nought but Sea.  
 This Men forgot, and burnt in Lust again ;  
 'Till Show'rs, strange as their Sin, of fiery Rain,  
 And scalding Brimstone, drop'd on Sodom's Head ;  
 Alive they felt those Flames they fry in, Dead. 840  
 No better End rash Pharaoh's Pride befel,  
 When Wind and Sea wag'd War for Israel.  
 In his gilt Chariots amaz'd Fishes sate,  
 And grew with Corps of wretched Princes, fat.  
 The Waves and Rocks half-eaten Bodies stain ;  
 Nor was it since call'd the Red-Sea in vain.  
 Much too they told of faithful Abram's Fame,  
 To whose blest Passage they owe still their Name :<sup>64</sup>  
 Of Moses much, and the great Seed of Nun ;  
 What Wonders they perform'd, what Lands they  
 won ; 850  
 How many Kings they slew, or Captive brought ;  
 They held the Swords, but God and Angels fought.  
 Thus gain'd they the wise spending of their Days ;  
 And their whole Life was their dear Maker's Praise.  
 No Minute's Rest, no swiftest Thought they sold  
 To that beloved Plague of Mankind, Gold.  
 Gold, for which all Mankind with greater Pains  
 Labour towards Hell, than those who dig its Veins.  
 Their Wealth was the Contempt of it ; which more  
 They valu'd, than rich Fools the shining Ore. 860  
 The Silk-worm's precious Death they scorn'd to wear,  
 And Tyrian Dye appear'd but sordid there.  
 Honour, which since the Price of Souls became,  
 Seem'd to these great ones a low idle Name.

Instead of *Down*, hard Beds they chose to have,  
 Such as might bid them not forget their *Grave*.  
 Their *Board* dispeopled no full *Element*,  
 Free *Nature's* Bounty thriftly they spent,  
 And spar'd the *Stock*; nor could their Bodies say,  
 We owe this *Crudeness* t'Excess Yesterday. 870  
 Thus *Souls* live *cleanly*, and no Soiling fear,  
 But entertain their welcome *Maker there*.  
 The *Senses* perform nimbly what they're bid,  
 And *honestly*, nor are by *Reason* chid.  
 And when the *Down* of *Sleep* does softly fall,  
 Their *Dreams* are heav'nly then, and mystical.<sup>65</sup>  
 With hasty *Wings* *Time present* they out-fly,  
 And tread the doubtful *Maze* of *Destiny*.  
 There walk and sport among the *Years to come*,  
 And with quick *Eye* pierce ev'ry *Cause's Womb*. 880  
 Thus these wise *Saints* enjoy'd their *Little All*;  
 Free from the Spight of *much-mistaken Saul* :  
 For if Man's Life we in just Ballance weigh,  
*David* deserv'd his *Envy* less than *they*.  
 Of this Retreat the hunted *Prince* makes choice,  
 Adds to their *Quire* his nobler *Lyre* and *Voice*.  
 But long unknown even here he could not lye ;  
 So bright his *Lustre*, so quick *Envy's* Eye !  
 Th' offended *Troop*, whom he escap'd before, 890  
 Pursue him here, and fear Mistakes no more ;  
 Belov'd *Revenge* fresh *Rage* to them affords ;  
 Some Part of him all *promise* to their *Swords*.  
 They came, but a new Spirit their Hearts possess'd,  
 Scatt'ring a sacred *Calm* through ev'ry *Breast* :  
 The *Furrows* of their *Brow*, so rough e'er while,  
 Sink down into the *Dimples* of a *Smile*.  
 Their cooler *Veins* swell with a peaceful *Tide*,  
 And the chaste *Streams* with even *Current* glide ;  
 A sudden *Day* breaks gently through their *Eyes*,  
 And *Morning-blushes* in their *Cheeks* arise, 900

1 Sam. 19. 20.

The Thoughts of War, of Blood, and Murther  
 cease ;  
 In peaceful Tunes they adore the *God of Peace*.  
 New Messengers twice more the *Tyrant* sent, 1 Sam. 19. 21.  
 And was twice more mock'd with the same Event.  
 His heightned *Rage* no longer brooks *Delay* ;  
 It sends him there himself ; but on the *Way* 910  
 His *foolish Anger* a *wise Fury* grew,  
 And *Blessings* from his Mouth *unbidden* flew.  
 His kingly *Robes* he laid at *Naioth* down,  
 Began to *understand* and *scorn* his *Crown* ;  
 Employ'd his mounting Thoughts on nobler things ;  
 And felt more *solid Joys* than *Empire* brings. 920  
 Embrac'd his wondring *Son*, and on his Head,  
 The *Balm* of all past *Wounds*, kind *Tears* he  
 shed.  
 So cov'etous *Balam* with a fond Intent 920  
 Of *cursing* the *blest Seed*, to *Moab* went.  
 But as he went his *fatal Tongue* to sell ;  
 His *Ass* taught him to *speak*, *God* to *speak well*.  
 How comely are thy *Tents*, oh *Israel* ! 930  
 (Thus he began) what *Conquests* they foretel !  
 Less fair are *Orchards* in their *Autumn* Pride,  
 Adorn'd with *Trees* on some fair *River's* Side.  
 Less fair are *Valleys*, their green *Mantles* spread !  
 Or *Mountains* with tall *Cedars* on their Head !  
 'Twas *God* himself (thy *God* who must not fear ?)  
 Brought thee from *Bondage* to be *Master* here.  
*Slaughter* shall wear out these ; new *Weapons* get ;  
 And *Death* in triumph on thy *Darts* shall sit.  
 When *Judah's Lion* starts up to his *Prey*,  
 The *Beasts* shall hang their *Ears*, and creep away. 930  
 When he lyes down, the *Woods* shall *Silence* keep,  
 And dreadful *Tygers* tremble at his *Sleep*.  
 Thy *Cursers*, *Jacob*, shall twice *cursed* be ;  
 And he shall bless *himself* that blesses *thee*.

1 Sam. 19. 21.

Ibid. ver. 23.

910

Num. 22.

Ibid. v. 28.

Num. 24. 5.

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930



# DAVIDEIS.

## BOOK II.

### The CONTENTS.

*The Friendship betwixt Jonathan and David; and upon that Occasion a Digression concerning the Nature of Love. A Discourse between Jonathan and David, upon which the latter absents himself from Court, and the former goes thither to inform himself of Saul's Resolution. The Feast of the New-Moon, the Manner of the Celebration of it; and therein a Digression of the History of Abraham. Saul's Speech upon David's Absence from the Feast, and his Anger against Jonathan. David's Resolution to fly away; he parts with Jonathan, and falls asleep under a Tree. A Description of Fancy; an Angel makes up a Vision in David's Head: the Vision it self, which is, A Prophecy of all the Succession of his Race 'till Christ's time, with their most remarkable Actions. At his awaking Gabriel assumes an Human Shape, and confirms to him the truth of his Vision.*

**B**UT now the early Birds began to call  
 The Morning forth; up rose the Sun and Saul;  
 Both, as Men thought, rose fresh from sweet  
 Repose;  
 But both, alas, from restless Labours rose.  
 For in Saul's Breast, *Envy*, the toilsome *Sin*,  
 Had all that Night active and ty'rannous been,  
 She expell'd all Forms of *Kindness*, *Virtue*, *Grace*,  
 Of the past Day no Footstep left or Trace.  
 The new-blown Sparks of his old Rage appear,  
 Nor could his *Love* dwell longer with his *Fear*. 10  
 So near a Storm wise *David* would not stay,  
 Nor trust the glittering of a faithless Day.

He saw the *Sun* call in his Beams apace,  
 And angry Clouds march up into their Place.  
 The *Sea* it self smooths his rough Brow a while,  
 Flattering the greedy *Merchant* with a Smile;  
 But he, whose Ship-wrack'd Barque it drank before,  
 Sees the Deceit, and knows it would have more.  
 Such is the *Sea*, and such was [also] *Saul*. 20  
 But *Jonathan*, his *Son*, and only *Good*,  
 Was gentle as fair *Jordan's* useful Flood.  
 Whose innocent Stream as it in Silence goes,  
 Fresh *Honours*, and a sudden Spring bestows<sup>1</sup>  
 On both his Banks to ev'ry Flower and Tree;  
 The manner how lyes hid, th' *Effect* we see.  
 But more than *all*, more than *himself* he lov'd  
 The Man, whose Worth his *Father's* Hatred mov'd.  
 For when the noble *Youth* at *Dammin* stood,  
 Adorn'd with *Sweat*, and painted gay with *Blood*,  
*Jonathan* pierc'd him through with greedy *Eye*. 30  
 And understood the future *Majesty*,  
 Then destin'd in the Glories of his Look;  
 He saw, and strait was with Amazement strook,  
 To see Strength, the Feature, and the Grace  
 Of his young Limbs; he saw his comely Face,  
 Where Love and Rev'ence so well-mingled were;  
 And *Head*, already crown'd with golden *Hair*.<sup>2</sup>  
 He saw what *Mildness* his bold *Spirit* did tame,  
 Gentler than *Light*, yet powerful as a *Flame*.  
 He saw his *Valour* by their *Safety* prov'd; 40  
 He saw all this, and as he saw, he lov'd.  
 What art thou, *Love*, thou great mysterious thing?  
 From what hid Stock does thy strange *Nature*  
 spring?  
 'Tis thou that mov'st the *World* through ev'ry Part,  
 And hold'st the vast Frame close, that nothing start  
 From the due *Place* and *Office* first ordain'd.  
 By *Thee* were all things made, and are sustain'd.<sup>3</sup>  
 Sometimes we see thee *fully*, and can say  
 From hence thou took'st thy *Rise*, and went'st that  
 way;  
 But oftner the short Beams of *Reason's* Eye, 50  
 See only, *there thou art*, not *How*, nor *Why*.  
 How is the *Loadstone*, Nature's subtle *Pride*,  
 By the rude *Iron* woo'd, and made a *Bride*?  
 How was the *Weapon* wounded? What hid *Flame*  
 The strong and conqu'ring *Metal* overcame?  
*Love* (this *World's* *Grace*) exalts his *Natural* State;  
 He feels thee, *Love*, and feels no more his *Weight*.

Ye learned *Heads*, whom *Ivy Garlands* grace,<sup>5</sup>  
 Why does that twining *Plant* the *Oak* embrace?  
 The *Oak* for *Courtship* most of all unfit,  
 And rough as are the *Winds* that fight with it? 60  
 How does the absent *Pole* the *Needle* move?  
 How does his *Cold* and *Ice* beget *hot Love*?  
 Which are the *Wings* of *Lightness* to ascend?  
 Or why does *Weight* to th' *Centre* downwards  
 bend?  
 Thus *Creatures* void of *Life* obey thy *Laws*,  
 And seldom *We*, *they* never, know the *Cause*.  
 In thy large *State*, *Life* gives the next degree,  
 Where *Sense*, and *Good Apparent* places thee;<sup>6</sup>  
 But thy chief *Palace* is *Man's Heart* alone, 70  
 Here are thy *Triumphs*, and full *Glories* shown;  
 Handsome *Desires*, and *Rest* about thee flee,<sup>7</sup>  
*Union*, *Inherence*, *Zeal*, and *Extasie*,  
 With thousand *Joys* cluster around thine *Head*,  
 O'er which a gull-less *Dove* her *Wings* does spread,  
 A gentle *Lamb*, purer and whiter far  
 Than *Consciences* of thine own *Martyrs* are,  
 Lyes at thy *Feet*; and thy right *Hand* does hold  
 The mystick *Scepter* of a *Cross* of *Gold*.  
 Thus doest thou sit (like *Men* e'er *Sin* had fram'd 80  
 A guilty *Blush*) *Naked*, but not *asham'd*.  
 What *Cause* then did the fab'ulous *Ancients* find,  
 When first their *Superstition* made thee *blind*?  
 'Twas *they*, alas, 'twas *they* who could not see,  
 When they mistook that *Monster*, *Lust*, for *thee*.  
 Thou art a bright, but not consuming *Flame*;  
 Such in th' amazed *Bush* to *Moses* came;  
 When that secure its new-crown'd *Head* did rear,  
 And chid the trembling *Branches'* needless *Fear*.  
 Thy *Darts* are healthful *Gold*, and downwards fall 90  
 Soft as the *Feathers* that they're fletch'd withal.  
 Such, and no other, were those secret *Darts*,  
 Which sweetly touch'd this noblest *Pair* of *Hearts*.  
 Still to one *End* they both so justly drew,  
 As courteous *Doves* together yok'd would do.  
 No weight of *Birth* did on one *Side* prevail,  
 Two *Twins* less even lye in *Nature's Scale*.  
 They mingled *Fates*, and both in each did share,  
 They both were *Servants*, they both *Princes* were.  
 If any *Joy* to one of them was sent, 100  
 It was most his, to whom it least was meant,  
 And *Fortune's Malice* betwixt both was *crost*,  
 For striking one, it wounded th' other most.  
 Never did *Marriage* such true *Union* find,  
 Or *Men's Desires* with so glad *Violence* bind;  
 For there is still some *Tincture* left of *Sin*,  
 And still the *Sex* will needs be stealing in.  
 Those *Joys* are full of *Dross*, and thicker far,  
 These, without *Matter*, clear and liquid are.  
 Such *Sacred Love* does *Heav'n's* bright *Spirits* fill, 110  
 Where *Love* is but to *Understand* and *Will*,  
 With swift and unseen *Motions*; such as we  
 Somewhat express in heightned *Charity*.  
 O ye blest *One!* whose *Love* on *Earth* became  
 So pure, that still in *Heav'n* 'tis but the same!

Exod. 32.

There now ye sit, and with mix'd *Souls* embrace,  
 Gazing upon great *Love's* mysterious *Face*,  
 And pity this base *World* where *Friendship's* made  
 A *Bait* for *Sin*, or else at best a *Trade*.  
 Ah wondrous *Prince!* Who a true *Friend* couldst  
 be, 120  
 When a *Crown* flatter'd, and *Saul* threaten'd thee!  
 Who held'st him dear, whose *Stars* thy *Birth* did *cross*!  
 And bought'st him nobly at a *Kingdom's Loss*!  
*Isra'el's* bright *Scepter* far less *Glory* brings;  
 There have been fewer *Friends* on *Earth*, than *Kings*.  
 To this strange pitch their high *Affections* flew;  
 'Till *Nature's* self scarce look'd on them as *two*.  
 Hither flies *David* for *Advice* and *Aid*, 1 Sam. 20. 1.  
 As swift as *Love* and *Danger* could persuade,  
 As safe in *Jonathan's* *Trust* his *Thoughts* remain,  
 As when *himself* but *dreams* them o'er again. 130  
 My dearest *Lord*, farewell (said he) farewell!  
 Heav'n bless the *King*; may no *Misfortune* tell  
 Th' *Injustice* of his *Hate*, when I am dead;  
 They're coming now, perhaps; my *guiltless Head*  
 Here in your *Sight*, perhaps, must *bleeding lye*,  
 And scarce your own stand safe for being *nigh*.  
 Think me not scar'd with *Death*, howe'er't appear,  
 I know thou can'st not think so: 'Tis a *Fear*  
 From which thy *Love*, and *Dammin* speak me free;  
 I've met him *Face* to *Face*, and ne'er could see 140  
 One *Terror* in his *Looks* to make me *fly*  
 When *Virtue* bids me *stand*; but I would *dye*  
 So as becomes my *Life*, so as may prove  
*Saul's Malice*, and at least excuse your *Love*.  
 He stopp'd, and spoke some *Passion* with his *Eyes*;  
 Excellent *Friend* (the gallant *Prince* replies)  
 Thou hast so prov'd thy *Virtues*, that they're known  
 To all good *Men*, more than to each his *own*.  
 Who lives in *Israel*, that can doubtful be 150  
 Of thy great *Actions?* for he lives by *thee*.  
 Such is thy *Valour*, and thy vast *Success*,  
 That all things but thy *Loyalty* are less.  
 And should my *Father* at thy *Ruin* aim,  
 'Twould wound as much his *Safety* as his *Fame*.  
 Think them not coming then to slay thee here,  
 But *doubt* *Mishaps*, as little as you *fear*.  
 For by thy loving *God*, who e'er design  
 Against thy *Life* must strike at it through *mine*.  
 But I my *Royal Father* must acquit  
 From such base *Guilt*, or the low *Thought* of it. 160  
 Think on his *Softness* when from *Death* he freed  
 The faithless *King* of *Am'aleck's* *cursed Seed*;  
 Can he to' a *Friend*, to' a *Son* so bloody grow,  
 He who ev'n sinn'd but now to spare a *Foe*?  
 Admit he could; but with what *Strength* or *Art*  
 Could he so long close, and seal up his *Heart*?  
 Such *Counsels* jealous of themselves become,  
 And dare not fix without *Consent* of some.  
 Few *Men* so boldly ill, great *Sins* to do,  
 'Till licens'd and approv'd by others too. 170  
 No more (believ't) could he hide this from me,  
 Than I, had he discover'd it, from *thee*. 1 Sam. 20. 2.

Here they Embraces join, and almost Tears ;  
 'Till gentle *David* thus new-prov'd his Fears.  
 The Praise you pleas'd (great *Prince*) on me to spend,  
 Was all out-spoken when you stil'd me *Friend*.  
 That Name alone does dang'rous Glories bring,  
 And gives Excuse to th' *Envy* of a *King*.  
 What did his Spear, Force, and dark Plots impart,  
 But some eternal Rancour in his Heart? 180  
 Still does he glance the Fortune of that Day,  
 When drown'd in his own Blood *Goliath* lay,  
 And cover'd half the Plain ; still hears the Sound  
 How that vast *Monster* fell, and strook the Ground :  
 The *Dance*, and, *David his ten thousand slew*,  
 Still wound his sickly Soul, and still are new.  
 Great Acts t' ambitious *Princes Treason* grow,  
 So much they *hate* that *Safety* which they *owe*.  
*Tyrants* dread all whom they raise high in Place,  
 From the *Good*, *Danger* ; from the *Bad*, *Disgrace*. 190  
 They doubt the *Lords*, mistrust the *People's Hate*,  
 'Till *Blood* become a *Principle of State*.  
 Secur'd nor by their *Guards*, nor by their *Right*,  
 But still they *fear* ev'n more than they *affright*.  
 Pardon me, *Sir*, your Father's rough and stern :  
 His *Will* too strong to bend, too proud to learn.  
 Remember, *Sir*, the *Honey's* deadly Sting ;  
 Think on that savage Justice of the *King*.  
 When the same Day that saw you do before  
 Things above Man, should see you Man no more. 200  
 'Tis true th' accursed *Agag* mov'd his Ruth,  
 He pity'd his tall Limbs, and comely Youth ;  
 Had seen, alas, the Proof of Heav'n's fierce Hate,  
 And fear'd no Mischief from his pow'rless Fate.  
 Remember how th' old Seer came raging down,  
 And taught him boldly to suspect his Crown.  
 Since then his Pride quakes at th' *Almighty's* Rod,  
 Nor dares he love the Man below'd by *God*.  
 Hence his deep Rage and trembling *Envy* springs ;  
 Nothing so wild as *Jealousie of Kings*. 210  
 Whom should he Counsel ask, with whom advise,  
 Who *Reason* and *God's Counsel* does despise ?  
 Whose head-strong Will no *Law* or *Conscience* daunt,  
 Dares he not sin, d' you think, without your Grant ?  
 Yes, if the Truth of our fix'd Love he knew,  
 He would not doubt, believ't, to kill ev'n *you*.  
 The Prince is mov'd, and strait prepares to find  
 The deep Resolves of his griev'd Father's Mind.  
 The Danger now appears, *Love* can soon show 't,  
 And force his *stubborn Piety* to know 't. 220  
 1 Sam. 20. 5, etc. They agree that *David* should conceal'd abide,  
 'Till his great Friend had the Court's Temper try'd,  
 'Till he had *Saul's* most secret Purpose found,  
 And search'd the Depth and Rancour of his Wound.  
 Lev. 23. 24. 'Twas the Year's seventh-born *Moon* ; the solemn  
*Feast*<sup>8</sup>  
 Nu. 26. 1. That with most Noise its sacred Mirth exprest.  
 From op'ning Morn 'till Night shuts in the Day,  
 On *Trumpets* and *shrill Horns* the *Levites* play.  
 Whether by this in mystick *Type* we see<sup>9</sup>  
 The *New-Year's-Day* of great *Eternity*, 230

When the chang'd *Moon* shall no more Changes *make*,  
 And scatter'd *Deaths* by *Trumpet's* Sound awake ;  
 Or that the *Law* be kept in Mem'ry still,<sup>10</sup>  
 Giv'n with like Noise on *Sina's* shining Hill, Exod. 19  
 Or that (as some Men teach) it did arise<sup>11</sup>  
 From faithful *Abram's* righteous *Sacrifice*,  
 Who, whilst the *Ram* on *Isaac's* Fire did fry,  
 His *Horn* with joyful Tunes stood sounding by.  
 Obscure the *Cause*, but *God* his Will declar'd,  
 And all nice Knowledge then with Ease is spar'd. 240  
 At the third Hour *Saul* to the hallow'd Tent<sup>12</sup>  
 Midst a large Train of *Priests* and *Courtiers* went ;  
 The sacred *Herd* march'd proud and softly by,  
 Too fat and gay to think their Deaths so nigh.<sup>13</sup>  
 Hard fate of *Beasts*, more innocent than *we* !  
 Prey to our *Lux'ury*, and our *Piety* !  
 Whose guiltless Blood on *Boards* and *Altars* spilt,  
 Serves both to *make*, and *expiate* too our Guilt !  
 Three Bullocks of free Neck, two gilded Rams,<sup>14</sup> 249  
 Two well-wash'd Goats, and fourteen spotless Lambs,  
 With the three vital Fruits, *Wine*, *Oyl*, and *Bread*,  
 (Small Fees to Heav'n of all by which we're fed)  
 Are offer'd up ; the hallowed Flames arise,  
 And faithful Pray'rs mount with them to the Skies.  
 From thence the *King* to th' outmost Court is brought,<sup>15</sup>  
 Where heav'nly things an inspir'd *Prophet* taught,  
 And from the sacred Tent to' his Palace Gates,  
 With glad kind Shouts th' Assembly on him waits ;  
 The chearful *Horns* before him loudly play, 259  
 And fresh-strew'd Flow'rs paint his triumphant Way.  
 Thus in slow State to th' *Palace Hall* they go,  
 Rich-dress'd for solemn *Luxury* and *Show* ;  
 Ten pieces of bright *Tap'etry* hung the Room,<sup>16</sup>  
 The noblest Work e'er stretch'd on *Syrian Loom* ;  
 For wealthy *Adri'el* in proud *Sydon* wrought,  
 And giv'n to *Saul* when *Saul's* best Gift he sought, 1 Sam. 1  
 The bright-ey'd *Merab* ; for that mindful Day  
 No Ornament so proper seem'd as they.  
 There all old *Abram's* Story you might see ;<sup>17</sup>  
 And still some *Angel* bore him Company.<sup>18</sup> 270  
 His painful, but well-guided Travels, show  
 The Fate of all his *Sons*, the *Church* below.  
 Here beauteous *Sara* to great *Pharo* came,<sup>19</sup>  
 He blush'd with sudden *Passion*, she with *Shame* ;  
 Troubled she seem'd, and lab'ring in the Strife  
 'Twixt her own *Honour*, and her *Husband's Life*.  
 Here on a conqu'ring *Host* that careless lay, Gen. 14  
 Drown'd in the Joys of their new-gotten Prey,  
 The *Patriarch* falls ; well-mingled might you see  
 The confus'd Marks of *Death* and *Luxury*.<sup>20</sup> 280  
 In the next Piece bless'd *Salem's* mystick King,<sup>21</sup>  
 Does Sacred Presents to the *Victor* bring ;<sup>22</sup>  
 Like him whose *Type* he bears, his Rights receives ;  
 Strictly requires his *Due*, yet freely gives.  
 Ev'n in his Port, his Habit, and his Face,  
 The *mild*, and *great*, the *Priest* and *Prince* had  
 place.  
 Here all their starry Host the Heav'ns display ;  
 And, lo, an heav'nly *Youth*, more fair than they, Gen. 15

- Leads *Abram* forth ; points upwards ; such, said he,  
So bright and numberless thy *Seed* shall be. <sup>23</sup> 290
- Gen. 17. Here he with God a new *Alliance* makes, <sup>24</sup>  
And in his *Flesh* the Marks of *Homage* takes ;
- Gen. 18. 2. Here he the three mysterious *Persons* feasts, <sup>25</sup>  
Ver. 10. Well paid with joyful Tidings by his *Guests*.  
Ver. 23. Here for the *wicked Town* he prays, and near  
Gen. 19. 24. Scarce did the *wicked Town* through *Flames* appear.  
And all his *Fate*, and all his *Deeds* were wrought,  
Since he from \**Ur* to †*Ephron's* Cave was brought. <sup>26</sup>  
† Gen. 25. 9. But none 'mongst all the *Forms* drew then their *Eyes*  
Gen. 22. Like faithful *Abram's* righteous *Sacrifice*. 300  
Ver. 3. The sad old *Man* mounts slowly to the *Place*, <sup>27</sup>  
With *Nature's* Power triumphant in his *Face*  
O'er the *Mind's* Courage ; for in spite of all,  
From his swoln *Eyes* resistless *Waters* fall.
- Ver. 6. The inn'ocent *Boy* his cruel *Burthen* bore <sup>28</sup>  
With smiling *Looks*, and sometimes walk'd before,  
And sometimes turn'd to talk ; above was made  
Ver. 9. The *Altar's* fatal *Pile*, and on it laid  
The *Hope* of *Mankind* ; patiently he lay, <sup>29</sup>  
And did his *Sire*, as he his *God*, obey. 310
- Ver. 10. The mournful *Sire* lifts up at last the *Knife*,  
And on one *Moment's* String depends his *Life*,  
In whose young *Loins* such brooding *Wonders* lye.  
A thousand *Spir'its* peep'd from th' affrighted *Sky*,  
Amaz'd at this strange *Scene* ; and almost fear'd,  
For all those joyful *Prophecies* they'd heard.
- Ver. 11. 'Till one leap'd nimbly forth by *God's* Command  
Like *Lightning* from a *Cloud*, and stopt his *Hand*. 319  
The gentle *Spirit* smil'd kindly as he spoke,  
New *Beams* of Joy through *Abram's* Wonder broke.
- Ver. 13. The *Angel* points to' a *Tuft* of *Bushes* near,  
Where an entangled *Ram* does half appear,  
And struggles vainly with that fatal *Net*,  
Which though but slightly *wrought*, was firmly *set*.  
For, lo, anon, to this sad *Glory* doom'd,  
The useful *Beast* on *Isaac's* *Pile* consum'd ;  
Whilst on his *Horns* the ransom'd *Couple* plaid,  
And the glad *Boy* danc'd to the *Tunes* he made.  
Near this *Hall's* End a *Shittim* *Table* stood ;  
Yet well-wrought *Plate* strove to conceal the *Wood*. 330  
For from the *Foot* a *Golden* *Vine* did sprout,  
And cast his fruitful *Riches* all about.  
Well might that beauteous *Ore* the *Grape* express,  
Which does weak *Man* intoxicate no less.  
Of the same *Wood* the gilded *Beds* were made,  
And on them large embroider'd *Carpets* laid,  
From *Egypt* the rich *Shop* of *Follies* brought ;  
But *Arts* of *Pride* all *Nations* soon are taught.  
Behold sev'n comely blooming *Youths* appear, <sup>30</sup>  
And in their *Hands* sev'n *Silver* *Washpots* bear, 340  
Curl'd, and gay clad ; the choicest *Sons* that be <sup>31</sup>  
Of *Gibeon's* Race, and *Slaves* of high degree.  
Sev'n beauteous *Maids* march'd softly in behind ;  
Bright *Scarves* their *Cloaths*, their *Hair* fresh *Garlands*  
bind,  
And whilst the *Princes* wash, they on them shed :  
Rich *Ointments*, which their costly *Odours* spread
- O'er the whole *Room* ; from their small *Prisons* free  
With such glad *Haste* through the wide *Air* they flee.  
The *King* was plac'd alone, and o'er his *Head* <sup>32</sup> 349 1 Sam. 20. 25.  
A well-wrought *Heav'n* of *Silk* and *Gold* was spread.  
Azure the *Ground*, the *Sun* in *Gold* shone bright,  
But pierc'd the wandring *Clouds* with *Silver* *Light*.  
The right hand *Bed* the *King's* three *Sons* did grace,  
The third was *Abner's*, *Adriel's*, *David's* *Place*.  
And twelve large *Tables* more were fill'd below,  
With the prime *Men* *Saul's* *Court* and *Camp* could  
show ;  
The *Palace* did with *Mirth* and *Musick* sound,  
And the crown'd *Goblets* nimbly mov'd around. <sup>34</sup>  
But though bright *Joy* in ev'ry *Guest* did shine,  
The *Plenty*, *State*, *Musick*, and *sprightful* *Wine* 360  
Were lost on *Saul* ; an angry *Care* did dwell  
In his dark *Breast*, and all gay *Forms* expel.  
*David's* unusual *Absence* from the *Feast*, 1 Sam. 20. 26. 27.  
To his sick *Spir'it* did jealous *Thoughts* suggest.  
Long lay he still, nor drank, nor eat, nor spoke,  
And thus at last his troubled *Silence* broke.  
Where can he be ? said he ; It must be so :  
With that he paus'd awhile ; Too well we know  
His boundless *Pride* : He grieves and hates to see  
The solemn *Triumphs* of my *Court* and *me*. 370  
Believe me, *Friends*, and trust what I can show  
From thousand *Proofs*, th' ambitious *David* now  
Does those vast things in his proud *Soul* design  
That too much *Business* give for *Mirth* or *Wine*.  
He's kindling now, perhaps, rebellious *Fire*  
Among the *Tribes*, and does ev'n now conspire  
Against my *Crown*, and all our *Lives*, whilst we  
Are loth ev'n to suspect, what we might see.  
By the *Great* *Name*, 'tis true. <sup>35</sup>  
With that he strook the *Board*, and no *Man* there 380  
But *Jonathan* durst undertake to clear V. 28. 29.  
The blameless *Prince* ; and scarce ten *Words* he  
spoke,  
When thus his *Speech* th' enrag'd *Tyrant* broke.  
Disloyal *Wretch* ! thy gentle *Mother's* *Shame* ! <sup>36</sup> V. 30. 31.  
Whose cold pale *Ghost* ev'n blushes at thy *Name* !  
Who fears lest her chaste *Bed* should doubted be,  
And her white *Fame* stain'd by black *Deeds* of *thee* !  
Can'st thou be *Mine* ? A *Crown* sometimes does hire  
Ev'n *Sons* against their *Parents* to conspire,  
But ne'er did *Story* yet, or *Fable* tell 390  
Of one so wild, who meerly to *rebel*  
Quitted th' unquestion'd *Birth-right* of a *Throne*,  
And bought his *Father's* *Ruin* with his *own* :  
Thou need'st not plead th' ambitious *Youth's* *Defence* ;  
Thy *Crime* clears his, and makes that *Innocence*.  
Nor can his foul *Ingratitude* appear,  
Whilst thy *unnatural* *Guilt* is plac'd so near.  
Is this that noble *Friendship* you pretend ?  
Mine, thine own *Foe*, and thy worst *En'emy's* *Friend* ?  
If thy low *Spirit* can thy great *Birth-right* quit, 400  
The thing 's but just, so ill deserv'st thou it. ]  
I, and thy *Brethren* here have no such *Mind* ;  
Nor such prodigious *Worth* in *David* find,

	That we to him should our just Rights resign, Or think <i>God's Choice</i> not made so well as <i>thine</i> . <i>Shame</i> of thy <i>House</i> and <i>Tribe!</i> hence, from mine Eye, To thy false <i>Friend</i> , and servile <i>Master</i> fly ; He 's e'er this time in Arms expecting thee ; Haste, for those Arms are rais'd to ruin <i>me</i> . Thy Sin that way will <i>nobler</i> much appear, 410 Than to remain his <i>Spy</i> and <i>Agent</i> here.			
Ver. 33.	When I think this, <i>Nature</i> by thee forsook, Forsakes me too. With that his Spear he took To strike at him ; the Mirth and Musick cease ; The Guests all rise this sudden Storm t' appease ; The <i>Prince</i> his <i>Danger</i> and his <i>Duty</i> knew ; <sup>37</sup> And low he bow'd, and silently withdrew.			
Ver. 34.	To <i>David</i> strait, who in a Forest nigh Waits his Advice, the <i>Royal Friend</i> does fly. The sole Advice, now like the Danger clear, 420 Was in some foreign Land this Storm t' out-wear. All Marks of comely Grief in both are seen ; And mournful kind Discourses pass'd between.			
Ver. 35.	Now generous Tears their hasty Tongues restrain, Now they begin, and talk all o'er again. A reverend <i>Oath</i> of constant Love they take, And <i>God's</i> high Name their dreaded <i>Witness</i> make ; Not that at all their <i>Faiths</i> could doubtful prove ; But 'twas the tedious <i>Zeal</i> of endless <i>Love</i> .			
Ver. 41.	Thus e'er they part, they the short Time bestow 430 In all the Pomp <i>Friendship</i> and <i>Grief</i> could show. And <i>David</i> now with doubtful Cares oppress, Beneath a Shade borrows some little Rest ; When by Command Divine, thick <i>Mists</i> arise, And stop the <i>Sense</i> , and close the conquer'd Eyes. There is a Place which <i>Man</i> most high doth rear, <sup>38</sup> The <i>small World's</i> <i>Heav'n</i> , where <i>Reason</i> moves the <i>Sphere</i> .			
Ver. 42.	Here in a Robe which does all Colours show, (Th' Envy of Birds, and the Clouds gawdy <i>Bow</i> ) <i>Fancy</i> , wild <i>Dame</i> , with much lascivious Pride 440 By twin- <i>Camelions</i> drawn, does gaily ride. Her Coach there follows, and throngs round about Of Shapes and airy <i>Forms</i> an endless Rout. A <i>Sea</i> rolls on with harmless Fury here ; Strait 'tis a <i>Field</i> , and Trees and Herbs appear. Here in a Moment are vast <i>Armies</i> made, And a quick <i>Scene</i> of War and Blood display'd. Here sparkling <i>Wines</i> , and brighter <i>Maids</i> come in, The <i>Bawds</i> for <i>Sense</i> , and lying Baits of <i>Sin</i> . Some things arise of strange and quarr'elling kind, <sup>39</sup> 450 The Forepart <i>Lion</i> , and a <i>Snake</i> behind ; Here golden <i>Mountains</i> swell the cov'etous Place, And <i>Centaurs</i> ride <i>themselves</i> , a painted Race. <sup>40</sup> Of these slight Wonders <i>Nature</i> sees the Store, And only then accounts her self but <i>poor</i> .			
	Hither an <i>Angel</i> comes in <i>David's</i> Trance, And finds them mingled in an antique Dance ; Of all the numerous Forms fit Choice he takes, And joins them wisely, and this <i>Vision</i> makes. First <i>David</i> there appears in Kingly State, 460 Whilst the twelve <i>Tribes</i> his dread Commands await ;			
2 Sam. 5. 1.				
	Strait to the Wars with his join'd Strength he goes, Settles new <i>Friends</i> , and frights his ancient <i>Foes</i> . To <i>Solima</i> , <i>Cana'an's</i> old Head, they came, (Since high in Note, then not unknown to <i>Fame</i> ) The <i>Blind</i> and <i>Lame</i> th' undoubted Wall defend, <sup>41</sup> 2 Sam. And no new Wounds or Dangers apprehend. The busie <i>Image</i> of great <i>Joab</i> there Disdains the <i>Mock</i> , and teaches them to fear. He climbs the airy Walls, leaps raging down, 470 New-minted Shapes of Slaughter fill the Town. They curse the Guards their Mirth and Brav'ry chose, All of them now are slain, or made like <i>those</i> . Far through an inward <i>Scene</i> an <i>Army</i> lay, <sup>42</sup> Which with full Banners a fair <i>Fish</i> display. From <i>Sidon</i> Plains to happy <i>Egypt's</i> Coast They seem all met ; a vast and warlike <i>Host</i> . Thither hastes <i>David</i> to his destin'd Prey, <i>Honour</i> , and noble <i>Danger</i> lead the Way ; The conscious <i>Trees</i> shook with a reverend Fear <sup>43</sup> 480 Ver. 22. Their <i>unblown</i> Tops ; <i>God</i> walk'd before him there. 1 Chron.			
	Slaughter the weary'd <i>Riphaim's</i> Bosom fills, Dead Corps <i>imboss</i> the <i>Vale</i> with little <i>Hills</i> . On th' other Side <i>Sophene's</i> mighty King <sup>44</sup> 2 Sam. Numberless Troops of the bless'd <i>East</i> does bring : 1 Chron. Twice are his Men cut off, and Chariots ta'en ; <i>Damascus</i> and rich <i>Adad</i> help in vain. <sup>45</sup> Ver. 5. Here <i>Nabathean</i> Troops in Battel stand, <sup>46</sup> 2 Sam. With all the lusty Youth of <i>Syrian</i> Land ; 1 Chron. Undaunted <i>Joab</i> rushes on with speed, 490 and 19. Gallantly mounted on his fiery Steed ; He hews down all, and deals his Deaths around ; The <i>Syrians</i> leave, or possess <i>dead</i> , the Ground. On th' other Wing does brave <i>Abishai</i> ride Reeking in Blood and Dust ; on ev'ry Side The perjurd Sons of <i>Ammon</i> quit the Field : Some basely <i>die</i> , and some more basely <i>yield</i> . Through a thick Wood the wretched <i>Hanun</i> flies, And far more justly then fears <i>Hebrew Spies</i> . <i>Moloch</i> , their bloody God, thrusts out his Head, <sup>47</sup> 500 2 Sam. Grinning thro' a black Cloud ; him they'd long fed 1 Chron. In his <i>sev'n</i> Chambers, and he still did eat New-roasted <i>Babes</i> , his dear, delicious Meat. Again they 'arise, more anger'd and dismay'd ; <i>Euphrates</i> , and swift <i>Tigris</i> sends them Aid : <sup>48</sup> Ver. 15. In vain they send it, for again they're slain, 1 Chron. And feast the greedy Birds on <i>Helay</i> Plain. <sup>49</sup> Here <i>Rabba</i> with proud Tow'rs affronts the Sky, <sup>50</sup> 2 Sam. And round about great <i>Joab's</i> Trenches lye, 1 Chron. They force the Walls, and sack the helpless Town ; 510 On <i>David's</i> Head shines <i>Ammon's</i> massie Crown. <sup>51</sup> 2 Sam. Midst various Torments the curst Race expires, 1 Chron. <i>David</i> himself his severe Wrath admires. Ver. 31.			
	Next upon <i>Isra'el's</i> Throne does bravely sit A comely <i>Youth</i> endow'd with wondrous Wit. <sup>52</sup> 1 Kings Far from the <i>parched Line</i> a <i>Royal Dame</i> , <sup>53</sup> 1 Chron. To hear his Tongue and boundless <i>Wisdom</i> came. 2 Chron. She carry'd back in her triumphant <i>Womb</i> 1 Kings The glorious Stock of thousand <i>Kings</i> to come. Luke 1:			

- Here brightest Forms his Pomp and Wealth display,  
Here they a *Temple's* vast Foundations lay. 521  
1 Kings 6.  
2 Chro. 3. and 4.  
5  
A mighty Work; and with fit Glories fill'd,  
For *God t'enhabit*, and that *King to build*.  
Some from the Quarries hew out massie Stone,  
Some draw it up with Cranes, some breath and grone  
In Order o'er the Anvil; some cut down  
Tall *Cedars*, the proud *Mountains'* ancient Crown:  
Some carve the Trunks, and *breathing Shapes* bestow,  
Giving the *Trees* more *Life* than when they *grow*;  
1 Kings 11. 530  
But, oh (alas) what sudden Cloud is spread  
About this glorious *King's eclipsed* Head?  
It all his Fame benights, and all his Store,  
Wrapping him round, and now he's seen no more.  
1 Kings 8. 2.  
1 Chro. 10.  
When straight his *Son* appears at *Sichem* crown'd.  
With young and heedless *Council* circled round;  
Unseemly Object! But a falling State  
Has always its *own* Errors join'd with *Fate*.  
Ten *Tribes* at once forsake the *Jessian* Throne,  
And bold *Adoram* at his Message stone;  
Ver. 18. 540  
2 Chro. 10. 18.  
*Brethren of Israel!*—More he fain would say,  
But a Flint stopp'd his Mouth, and Speech i'th' way.  
Here this fond King's Disasters but begin,  
He's destin'd to more Shame by 'his *Father's* Sin.  
1 Kings 14. 25.  
2 Chro. 12. 2.  
*Susack* comes up, and under his Command  
A dreadful *Army* from scorch'd *Africk's* Sand<sup>54</sup>  
As *numberless* as *that*; all is his Prey:  
The *Temple's* sacred Wealth they bear away;  
*Adrasar's* Shields and Golden Loss they take;<sup>55</sup>  
Ev'n *David* in his Dream does sweat and shake.  
1 Kings 12. 10.  
2 Chro. 10. 10.  
1 Kings 15. 1.  
2 Chro. 13. 1. and  
13. 3.  
Thus fails this wretched *Prince*; his *Loins* appear 550  
Of less *Weight* now, than *Solomon's* *Fingers* were.  
*Abijah* next seeks *Isra'el* to regain,  
And wash in Seas of Blood his *Father's* Stain;  
Ne'er saw the aged *Sun* so cruel Fight,<sup>56</sup>  
Scarce saw he *this*, but hid his bashful Light.  
*Nebat's* curst Son fled with not half his Men,  
Where were his *Gods* of *Dan* and *Bethel* then?  
2 Chro. 13. 17.  
Yet could not this the fatal Strife decide;  
God *punish'd* one, but *blest* not th' other Side.  
2 Kings 15. 9.  
2 Chro. 14. 1.  
Ver. 13.  
2 Chro. 14. 3.  
*Asan* a just and virtuous Prince succeeds; 560  
High rais'd by Fame for great and godly Deeds;  
He cut the solemn Groves where *Idols* stood,<sup>57</sup>  
And *Sacrific'd* the *Gods* with their *own* *Wood*.  
He vanquish'd thus the proud weak Pow'rs of Hell,  
Before him next their doating Servants fell.  
So huge an Host of *Zerah's* Men he slew,<sup>58</sup>  
As made ev'n that *Arabia* *Desert* too.  
2 Chro. 14. 9.  
2 Chro. 16. 21.  
Ver. 18.  
2 Chro. 16. 8.  
Why fear'd he then the perjurd *Baasha's* fight?  
Or bought the dangerous Aid of *Syrian's* Might?  
2 Kings 15. 25.  
and 22. 43.  
2 Chro. 17.  
2 Chro. 17. 11.  
*Conquest* Heav'n's *Gift*, cannot by Man be sold; 570  
Alas, what *Weakness* trusts he? *Man* and *Gold*.  
Next *Josaphat* possess'd the Royal State;  
An happy *Prince*, well worthy of his Fate;  
His oft Oblations on God's Altar made,  
With thousand Flocks, and thousand Herds are  
paid,  
*Arabian* *Tribute!* What mad Troops are those,  
Those *mighty* *Troops* that dare to be his Foes?
- He *Prays* them dead; with mutual Wounds they fall; 2 Chro. 20. 17.  
One Fury brought, one Fury slays them all.  
Thus sits he still, and sees himself to win;  
580 1 Kings 22. 30.  
2 Chro. 18. 19.  
Never o'ercome but by 's Friend *Ahab's* Sin;  
On whose Disguise Fates then did only look;  
And had almost their *God's* Command *mistook*.  
Him from whose Danger Heav'n securely brings, 2 Kings 3. 14.  
And for his sake two tipely wicked *Kings*. and 3. 9. and 3. 8.  
Their Armies languish, burnt with Thirst at *Seere*,  
*Sighs* all their *Cold*, *Tears* all their *Moisture* there.  
They fix their greedy Eyes on th' empty Sky,  
And fancy *Clouds*, and so become *more dry*.  
*Elisha* calls for Waters from afar 590 2 Kings 3. 13.  
To come; *Elisha* calls, and here they are.  
In Helmets they quaff round the welcome Flood;  
And the Decrease repair with *Moab's* *Blood*.  
*Jehoram* next, and *Ochoziah* throng  
For *Judah's* Scepter; both *short-liv'd* too long.  
A *Woman* too from *Murther* *Title* claims;  
Both with her *Sins* and *Sex* the *Crown* she shames.  
Proud curs'd *Woman!* But her Fall at last  
To doubting Men *clears* Heav'n for what was past.  
*Joas* at first does bright and glorious show;  
600 2 Kings 12.  
2 Chro. 24.  
In Life's fresh Morn his *Fame* did early *crow*.  
Fair was the Promise of his dawning Ray,  
But *Prophet's* angry Blood o'ercast his Day.  
From thence his Clouds, from thence his Storms  
begin,  
It cries aloud, and twice let's *Aram* in.<sup>64</sup>  
So *Amaziah* lives, so ends his Reign;<sup>65</sup>  
Both by their *Tray'terous* Servants *justly* slain.  
*Edom* at first dreads his victorious Hand,  
Before him thousand *Captives* trembling stand.  
Down a Prec'ipice deep, down he casts them all,  
610 2 Chr. 25. 14.  
2 Kings 14. 13.  
2 Chr. 25. 23.  
The *Mimick* *Shapes* in several Postures fall.<sup>66</sup>  
But then (mad Fool!) he does those *Gods* adore,  
Which when pluck'd down, had *worshipt* him before.  
Thus all his Life to come is Loss and Shame;  
No help from *Gods*, who themselves help'd not, came.  
All this *Uzziah's* Strength and Wit repairs,<sup>67</sup>  
Leaving a well-built Greatness to his *Heirs*.  
'Till Leprous Scuff o'er his whole Body cast,<sup>68</sup>  
2 Kings 15. 5.  
2 Chr. 26. 19.  
Takes him at first from *Men*, from *Earth* at last.  
As virtuous was his *Son*, and happier far;<sup>69</sup>  
620 2 Kings 15. 32.  
2 Chr. 27.  
2 Chr. 27. 4.  
2 Kings 16. 1.  
2 Chr. 28.  
2 Kings 16. 3.  
2 Chr. 28. 3.  
*Buildings* his *Peace*, and *Trophies* grac'd his *War*.  
But *Achas* heaps up Sins, as if he meant  
To make his worst Forefathers *Innocent*.  
He burns his Son at *Hinon*, whilst around<sup>70</sup>  
The roaring Child Drums and loud Trumpets sound  
This to the Boy a *barb'arous* *Mercy* grew,  
And snatch'd him from all Mis'ries to ensue.  
Here *Peca* comes, and hundred thousands fall,  
Here *Rezin* marches up, and sweeps up all;  
2 Kings 16. 5.  
2 Chr. 28. 6.  
'Till like a Sea the *Great Belochus' Son*<sup>71</sup>  
630 2 Kings 16. 7.  
Breaks upon both, and both does over-run.  
The last of *Adad's* ancient Stock is slain,  
*Isra'el* captiv'd, and rich *Damascus* ta'en.  
All his wild Rage to revenge *Juda's* Wrong;  
2 Kings 16. 9. and  
15. 27.  
2 Chr. 28. 20.  
But wo to Kingdoms that have Friends too strong!<sup>72</sup>



- 2 Kings 18.  
2 Chr. 29.  
2 Kings 18. 7.  
2 Kings 18. 17.  
2 Chr. 32.  
Isa. 36.
- Thus *Hezekiah* the torn Empire took,  
And *Assur's King* with his worse *Gods* forsook,  
Who to poor *Juda* Worlds of Nations brings :  
There Rages, utters *vain* and *mighty* things ;  
Some dream of Triumphs, and exalted Names, 640  
Some of dear Gold, and some of beauteous Dames ;  
Whilst in the midst of their huge *sleepy Boast*,  
An *Angel* scatters Death through all the Host.<sup>73</sup>  
Th' affrighted *Tyrant* back to *Babel* hies,  
There meets an End far worse than that he flies.<sup>74</sup>  
Here *Hezekiah's* Life is almost done !  
So good, and yet, alas ! so short 'tis spun.  
Th' end of the *Line* was ravell'd, weak and old ;  
*Time* must go back, and afford better Hold  
To tie a new Thread to 't, of fifteen Years ; 650  
'Tis done ; Th' *Almighty Power* of *Prayer* and  
*Tears* !  
Backward the *Sun*, an unknown Motion, went ;<sup>75</sup>  
The *Stars* gaz'd on, and wond' red what he meant :  
*Manasses* next (forgetful Man !) begins ;<sup>76</sup>  
Enslav'd, and sold to *Ashur* by his Sins.  
'Till by the Rod of *learned Mis'ry* taught,  
Home to his *God* and *Country* both he's brought.  
It taught not *Ammon*, nor his Hardness brake ;  
He's made th' *Example* he refus'd to take.  
Yet from this Root a goodly *Cyon* springs ; 660  
*Josiah* best of *Men*, as well as *Kings*.  
Down went the *Calves* with all their Gold and Cost ;<sup>77</sup>  
The *Priests* then *truly* griev'd, *Osyris* lost,  
These mad *Egyptian* Rites 'till now remain'd ;  
Fools ! they their worse Thralldom still retain'd !  
In his *own Fires Moloch* to Ashes fell,<sup>78</sup>  
And no more *Flames* must have besides his *Hell*.  
Like End *Astarte's* horned *Image* found,<sup>79</sup>  
And *Baal's* spired *Stone* to Dust was ground.<sup>80</sup>  
No more were *Men* in *Female* Habit seen,<sup>81</sup> 670  
Or *they* in *Men's* by the lewd *Syrian Queen* ;  
No lustful *Maids* at *Benos* *Temple* sit,<sup>82</sup>  
And with their *Body's* *Shame* their Marriage get.  
The *double Dagon* neither Nature saves,<sup>83</sup>  
Nor flies *she* back to th' *Erythraean* Waves.  
The travelling *Sun* sees gladly from on high<sup>84</sup>  
His *Chariots* burn, and *Nergal* quenched lye.  
The King's impartial Anger lights on all,  
From *Fly-blown Acca'ron* to the *thundering Baal*.<sup>85</sup>  
Here *David's* Joy unruly grows and bold ; 680  
Nor could *Sleep's* silken Chain its Violence hold ;  
Had not the *Angel* to seal fast his Eyes  
The Humours stirr'd, and bid more Mists arise :  
When straight a *Chariot* hurries swift away,  
And in it good *Josiah* bleeding lay.  
One Hand's held up, one stops the Wound ; in vain  
They both are us'd ; alas, *he's slain, he's slain*.  
*Jehoias* and *Jehoikim* next appear ;  
Both *urge* that Vengeance which before was *near*.  
He in *Egyptian* Fetters Captive dies, 690  
This by more *courteous* Anger murder'd lyes,<sup>86</sup>  
His Son and Brother next do Bonds sustain,<sup>87</sup>  
*Isra'el's* now solemn and *Imperial Chain*.
- Here's the last *Scene* of this proud City's State ;  
All Ills are met ty'd in one *Knot* of *Fate*.  
Their endless Slavery in this Trial lay ;<sup>88</sup>  
Great God had heap'd up *Ages* in one *Day* :  
Strong Works around the Wall the *Caldees* build,  
The *Town* with Grief and dreadful Bus'ness fill'd.  
To their carv'd *Gods* the frantick Women pray, 700  
*Gods* which as near their *Ruin* were as *they*.  
At last in rushes the prevailing Foe,  
Does all the Mischief of proud *Conquest* show.  
The wond'ring Babes from Mothers' Breasts are rent, 2 Chr.  
And suffer Ills they neither *fear'd* nor *meant*.  
No Silver Rev'ence guards the stooping Age,  
No Rule or Method ties their boundless Rage.  
The glorious *Temple* shines in *Flames* all o'er, 2 Chr.  
Yet not so bright as in its *Gold* before. 2 King  
Nothing but Fire or Slaughter meets the Eyes, 710  
Nothing the *Ear* but Groans and dismal Cries.  
The Walls and Towers are level'd with the Ground,  
And scarce ought now of that vast *City's* found  
But Shards and Rubbish which weak Signs might  
keep  
Of forepast Glory, and bid *Trav'ellers* weep.  
Thus did triumphant *Assur* homewards pass,  
And thus *Jerusalem* left, *Jerusalem that was*.  
Thus *Zedechiah* saw, and this not all,  
Before his Face his *Friends* and *Children* fall, 2 King  
The Sport of ins'olent *Victors* ; this he views, 720 Jer. 52  
A *King* and *Father* once ; ill Fate could use  
His *Eyes* no more to do their Master's Spight ;  
All to be seen she took, and next his *Sight*.  
Thus a *long Death* in Prison he out-wears ;<sup>89</sup>  
Bereft of Grief's *last Solace*, ev'n his *Tears*.  
Then *Jeconiah's* Son did foremost come, Mat. 1  
And he who brought the Captiv'd Nation home ; Luk.  
A Row of *Worthies* in long Order pass'd  
O'er the short Stage ; of all old *Joseph* last.  
Fair *Angels* pass'd by next in seemly Bands, 730  
All gilt, with gilded Baskets in their Hands.  
Some as they went the blue-ey'd *Violets* strew,  
Some spotless *Lilies* in loose Order threw.  
Some did the Way with full-blown *Roses* spread ;  
Their Smell Divine, and Colour strangely red ;  
Not such as our dull Gardens proudly wear,  
Whom *Weathers* taint, and Winds' *rude Kisses* tear :  
Such, I believe, was the first *Rose's* Hew,  
Which, at *God's* Word, in beauteous *Eden* grew.  
*Queen* of the *Flowers*, which made that *Orchard* gay,  
The Morning Blushes of the *Spring's* new Day. 741  
With sober Pace an heav'nly *Maid* walks in,  
Her Looks all fair ; no *Sign* of *Native Sin*  
Through her whole Body writ ; *Immod'rate Grace*  
Spoke things far more than Human in her Face.  
It casts a dusky Gloom o'er all the Flow'rs ;  
And with *full Beams* their mingled *Light* devours.<sup>91</sup>  
An *Angel* strait broke from a shining Cloud,  
And press'd his Wings, and with much Rev'ence bow'd.  
Again he bow'd, and grave Approach he made, 750  
And thus his Sacred Message sweetly said :

Luk. i. 28.

Hail, full of *Grace*, thee the whole World shall call

Above all *Bless'd*; *thee*, who shalt bless them all.  
Thy *Virgin Womb* in wondrous sort shall shrowd  
*Jesus the God*; (and then again he bow'd)  
Conception the great *Spirit* shall breath on thee;  
Hail thou, who must *God's Wife*, *God's Mother* be!<sup>92</sup>  
With that, his seeming Form to Heav'n he rear'd;  
She low Obeisance made, and disappear'd.

Mar. 2. 1.

Lo a new *Star* three Eastern *Sages* see; 760  
(For why should only *Earth* a *Gainer* be?)  
They saw this *Phosphor's* Infant-light, and knew  
It bravely usher'd in a *Sun* as New.  
They hasted all this rising *Sun* t' adore;  
With them rich Myrrh, and early Spices bore.<sup>93</sup>  
Wise Men; no fitter Gift your Zeal could bring;  
You'll in a noisome *Stable* find your *King*.  
Anon a thousand *Dev'ls* run roaring in;  
Some with a dreadful Smile deform'dly grin.  
Some stamp their cloven Paws, some frown, and tear  
The gaping Snakes from their black-knoted Hair. 771  
As if all Grief, and all the Rage of Hell  
Were doubled now, or that just now they fell.  
But when the dreaded *Maid* they entring saw,  
All fled with trembling Fear and silent Awe.  
In her chaste Arms th' *Eternal Infant* lyes,  
Th' *Almighty Voice* chang'd into feeble Cries.  
*Heav'n* contain'd *Virgins* oft, and will do more;  
Never did *Virgin* contain *Heav'n* before.  
*Angels* peep round to view this mystick thing, 780  
And *Halleluiahs* round, all *Halleluiahs* sing.  
No longer could good *David* quiet bear  
Th' *unwieldy Pleasure*, which o'er-flow'd him here.  
It broke the Fetters, and burst ope his Eye,  
Away the tim'rous *Forms* together fly.  
Fix'd with amaze he stood; and Time must take,  
To learn if yet he were at last awake.  
Sometimes he thinks that Heav'n this *Vision* sent,  
And order'd all the *Pageants* as they went.  
Sometimes, that only 'twas wild *Fancy's* play, 790  
The loose and scatter'd *Reliques* of the Day.  
When *Gabriel* (no blest *Spirit* more kind or  
fair)<sup>94</sup>  
Bodies and Cloaths himself with thicken'd Air.<sup>95</sup>

All like a comely *Youth* in Life's fresh Bloom;  
Rare Workmanship, and wrought by heav'nly Loom!  
He took for Skin a Cloud most soft and bright,  
That e'er the mid-day Sun pierc'd through with Light:  
Upon his Cheeks a lively Blush he spread,  
Wash'd from the Morning Beauties' deepest Red.  
An harmless flaming *Meteor* shone for Hair, 800  
And fell adown his Shoulders with loose Care.  
He cuts out a silk *Mantle* from the Skies,  
Where the most sprightly Azure pleas'd the Eyes.  
This he with starry Vapours spangles all,  
Took in their Prime e'er they grow ripe, and fall.  
Of a new *Rainbow* e'er it fret or fade,  
The choicest Piece took out, a *Scarf* is made.  
Small streaming Clouds he does for Wings display,  
Not virtuous Lovers' Sighs more soft then they.  
These he gilds o'er with the Sun's richest Rays, 810  
Caught gliding o'er pure Streams on which he plays.

Thus dress'd the joyful *Gabriel* posts away,  
And carries with him his own glorious Day  
Through the thick Woods; the gloomy Shades a while  
Put on fresh Looks, and wonder why they smile.  
The trembling *Serpents* close and silent lye,  
The *Birds obscene* far from his Passage fly.<sup>96</sup>  
A sudden Spring waits on him as he goes,  
Sudden as that which by *Creation* rose.  
Thus he appears to *David*, at first Sight 820  
All Earth-bred Fears and Sorrows take their flight.  
In rushes Joy Divine, and Hope, and Rest;  
A Sacred Calm shines through his peaceful Breast.  
Hail, *Man* belov'd! From highest Heav'n (said he)  
My mighty *Master* sends thee *Health* by me.

The things thou saw'st are full of *Truth* and *Light*,  
Shap'd in the *Glass* of the Divine *Foresight*.<sup>97</sup>  
Ev'n now old *Time* is harnessing the Years  
To go in Order thus; hence empty Fears;  
Thy Fate's all *White*; from thy blest Seed shall spring  
The promis'd *Shilo*, the great *Mystick King*. 831  
Round the whole Earth his dreaded Name shall sound,  
And reach to *Worlds*, that must not yet be found;  
The *Southern Clime* him her Sole *Lord* shall stile,  
Him all the *North*, ev'n *Albion's stubborn Isle*;<sup>98</sup>  
My *Fellow-Servant*, credit what I tell:<sup>99</sup>  
Strait into shapeless Air unseen he fell.<sup>100</sup>



## NOTES upon the FIRST BOOK.

1. THE Custom of beginning all *Poems*, with a *Proposition* of the whole Work, and an *Invocation* of some God for his Assistance to go through with it, is so solemnly and religiously observed by all the ancient *Poets*, that though I could have found out a better Way, I should not (I think) have ventured upon it. But there can be, I believe, none better; and that Part, of the *Invocation*, if it became a *Heathen*, is no less necessary for a *Christian Poet*. A *Jove principium, Musæ*; and it follows then very naturally, *Jovis omnia plena*. The whole Work may reasonably hope to be filled with a *Divine Spirit*, when it begins with a *Prayer* to be so. The *Grecians* built this *Porta* with less State, and made but one Part of these *Two*; in which, and almost all things else, I prefer the Judgment of the *Latins*; though generally they abused the *Prayer*, by converting it from the *Deity*, to the worst of *Men*, their *Princes*; as *Lucan* addresses it to *Nero*, and *Statius* to *Domitian*; both imitating therein (but not equalling) *Virgil*, who in his *Georgicks* chuses *Augustus* for the *Object* of his *Invocation*, a *God* little superior to the other two.

2. I call it *Judah's*, rather than *Israel's Scepter* (though in the Notion of distinct *Kingdoms*, *Israel* was very much the greater) First, Because *David* himself was of that *Tribe*. Secondly, Because he was first made King of *Judah*, and this *Poem* was designed no farther than to bring him to his *Inauguration* at *Hebron*. Thirdly, Because the *Monarchy* of *Judah* lasted longer, not only in his *Race*, but out-last-ed all the several *Races* of the *Kings* of *Israel*. And lastly, and chiefly, Because our *Saviour* descended from him in that *Tribe*, which makes it infinitely more considerable than all the rest.

3. I hope this kind of *Boast*, which I have been taught by almost all the old *Poets*, will not seem immodest; for though some in other *Languages* have attempted the writing a *Divine Poem*; yet none, that I know of, has in *English*: So *Virgil* says in the Third of his *Georgicks*,

*Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis  
Raptat amor, juvat ire jugis, quâ nulla priorum  
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.*

Because none in *Latin* had written of that Subject. So *Horace*,

*Libera per vacuum posui vestigia princeps,  
Non aliena meo pressi pede.—*

And before them *Lucretius*,

*Avia Pieridum peragro loca, nullius antè  
Trita solo, juvat integros accedere fontes  
Atque haurire —*

And so *Nemesianus*,

*— Ducitque per avia, quâ sola nunquam  
Trita rotis —*

Though there he does Wrong to *Gratius*, who treated of the same Argument before him. And so *Oppian*, 1 *Ven.*

*Ἐρρεο, καὶ τραχέϊαν ἐπιστρέψωμεν ἀταρπὸν  
Τῆν μερόπων οὐπῶ τις ἐῆς ἐπάτησεν ἀοίδαϊς.*

My own Allusion here is to the Passage of the *Israelites* through the *Wilderness*, in which they were guided by a *Pillar of Flame*.

1. Though there have been three *Temples* at *Jerusalem*, the first built by *Solomon*, the second by *Zorobabel*, and the third by *Herod*, (for it appears by *Josephus* that *Herod* pluck'd down the old *Temple*, and built a new one) yet I mention only the first and last, which were very much superior to that of *Zorobabel* in Riches and Magnificence, though that was forty six Years a building, whereas *Herod's* was but eight, and *Solomon's* seven; of all three the last was the most stately; and in that, and not *Zorobabel's* *Temple*, was fulfill'd the Prophecy of *Hagai*, that the Glory of the last House should be greater than of the first.

5. To be made an *Apostle* for the Conversion of *Poetry* to *Christianity*, as *St. Paul* was for the Conversion of the *Gentiles*; which was done not only by the *Word*, as *Christ* was the *Eternal Word* of his *Father*; but by his becoming a *particular Word* or *Call* to him. This is more fully explained in the *Latin* Translation.

6. It was the same Case with *Hercules*; and therefore I am not afraid to apply to this Subject that which *Seneca* makes *Juno* speak of him in *Hercul. Fur.*

*Superat, & crescit malis,  
Irâque nostra fruitur, in laudes suas  
Mea verit odia, dum nimis sæva impero.  
Patrem probavi; gloriæ feci locum.*

And a little after,

*Minorque labor est Herculi jussa exequi,  
Quàm mihi jubere —*

7. In the publick Games of Greece, *Palma* was made the Sign and Reward of *Victory*, because it is the Nature of that *Tree* to resist, overcome, and thrive the better for all Pressures,

— *Palmaque nobilis*

*Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.* Hor. Od. 1.

From whence *Palma* is taken frequently by the *Poets*, and *Orators* too, for the *Victory* it self. And the *Greek Grammarians* say, that *νικειν* (to overcome) is derived from the same Sense, *παρὰ τοῦ μὴ ἐκείν, a non cedendo.*

8. *Shore* is properly spoken of the *Sea*, and the *Banks of Rivers*: And the same Difference is between *Littus* and *Ripa*; but yet *Littus* is frequently taken among the best *Latin Authors* for *Ripa*, as I do here *Shore* for *Bank*; *Virgil*

*Littora quæ dulces auras diffunditis agris,*

Speaking of *Minæus*.

9. That the *Matter of Winds* is an *Exhalation* arising out of the *Concavities* of the *Earth*, is the Opinion of *Aristotle*, and almost all *Philosophers* since him, except some few who follow *Hippocrates* his Doctrine, who defined the *Wind* to be *Air in Motion*, or *Flux*. In those *Concavities*, when the *Exhalations* (which *Seneca* calls *Subterranean Clouds*) overcharge the *Place*, the moist ones turn into *Water*, and the dry ones into *Winds*; and these are the secret *Treasuries*, out of which *God* is in the *Scripture* said to bring them. This was also meant by the *Poets*, who feigned that they were kept by *Æolus*, imprisoned in deep *Caves*,

— *Hic vasto Rex Æolus antro*

*Luclantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras*

*Imperio premit, ac vinclis & carcere frænat.*

Upon which methinks, *Seneca* is too critical, when he says, *Non intellexit, nec id quod clausum est, esse adhuc ventum, nec id quod ventus est, posse claudi; nam quod in clauso est, quiescit, & aeris statio est, omnis in fugâ ventus est*: For though it get not yet out, it is *Wind* as soon as it stirs within, and attempts to do so. However, my Epithete of *unfletcht Tempests* might pass with him; for as soon as the *Wings* are grown, it either flies away, or in case of extream *Resistance* (if it be very strong) causes an *Earthquake*. *Juvenal*, *Sat. 5.* expresses very well the *South-wind*, in one of these *Dens*.

— *Dum se continet Auster,*

*Dum sedet, & siccat madidas in carcere pennas.*

10. To give a probable Reason of the perpetual Supply of *Waters to Fountains and Rivers*, it is necessary to establish an *Abyss* or deep *Gulph of Waters*, into which the *Sea* discharges it self, as *Rivers* do into the *Sea*; all which maintain a perpetual *Circulation of Water*, like that of *Blood* in *Man's Body*: For to refer the Original of all *Fountains* to *Condensation*, and afterwards *Dissolution of Vapours* under the *Earth*, is one of the most unphilosophical Opinions in all *Aristotle*. And this *Abyss of Waters* is very agreeable to the *Scriptures*. *Jacob* blesses *Joseph* with the *Blessings of the Heavens*

above, and with the *Blessings of the Deep* beneath; that is, with the *Dew and Rain of Heaven*, and with the *Fountains and Rivers* that arise from the *Deep*; and *Esdras* conformably to this, asks, *What Habitations are in the Heart of the Sea, and what Veins in the Root of the Abyss?* So at the End of the *Deluge*, *Moses* says, that *God* stopt the *Windows of Heaven*, and the *Fountains of the Abyss*.

And undisturb'd by *Moons in Silence* sleep. For I suppose the *Moon* to be the principal, if not sole Cause of the *Ebbing and Flowing* of the *Sea*, but to have no Effect upon the *Waters* that are beneath the *Sea* it self.

11. This must be taken in a *Poetical Sense*: for else, making *Hell* to be in the *Center* of the *Earth*, it is far from infinitely large, or deep; yet, on my *Conscience*, where-e'er it be, it is not so strait, as that *crowding* and *sweating* should be one of the *Torments* of it, as is pleasantly fancied by *Bellarmin*. *Lessius* in his *Book de Morib. Divinis*, as if he had been there to survey it, determines the *Diameter* to be just a *Dutch Mile*. But *Ribera*, upon (and out of the *Apocalypse*) allows *Pluto* a little more *Elbow-room*, and extends it to 1600 *Furlongs*, that is 200 *Italian Miles*. *Virgil* (as good a *Divine* for this *Matter* as either of them) says it is twice as deep as the *Distance* betwixt *Heaven* and *Earth*:

*Bis patet in præceps tantum tenditque sub umbras  
Quantus ad æthereum cali suspectus Olympum.*

*Hesiod* is more moderate:

*Τόσσον ἔνεπθ' ὑπὸ γῆς ὄραυός ἐστ' ἀπὸ γαίης.*

*Statius* puts it very low, but is not so punctual in the *Distance*: He finds out an *Hell* beneath the vulgar one.

*Indespecta tenet vobis qui Tartara, quorum  
Vos estis superi*—

Which sure *Æschylus* meant too by what he calls *Τάπρασος νέφθεν ἀίδου*, the *Scripture* terms it *Utter Darkness*, *Σκότος ἐξώτερον*, and *Ζόφου σκότους*.

12. There are two Opinions concerning *Samuel's* anointing of *David*: One (which is *Josephus's*) that he did it privately, and that it was kept as a *Secret* from *David's Father* and *Brethren*; the other, that it was done before them, which I rather follow; and therefore we use the Word *Boldly*: Nay, I believe, that most of the *People*, and *Jonathan*, and *Saul* himself knew it, for so it seems by *Saul's* great *Jealousie* of his being appointed to succeed him; and *Jonathan* avows his *Knowledge* of it to *David* himself; and therefore makes a *Covenant* with him, that he should use his *Family* kindly when he came to be *King*. Anointing did properly belong to the *Inauguration of High-Priests*; and was apply'd to *Kings* (and likewise even to *Prophets*) as they were a kind of extraordinary *High-Priests*, and did often exercise the *Duties* of their *Function*; which makes me believe that *Saul* was so severely reprov'd and punished, not so much for offering *Sacrifice* (as an *Usurpation* of the *Priest's Office*) as for his *Infidelity* in not staying longer for *Samuel*, as he was appointed by *Samuel*; that is, by *God* himself. But there is a *Tra-*

dition out of the *Rabbins*, that the manner of anointing *Priests* and *Kings* was different; as, that the *Oyl* was poured in a *Cross* (*decussatim*, like the Figure of Ten X) upon the *Priests'* Heads, and round in fashion of a *Crown* upon their *Kings*; which I follow here, because it sounds more Poetically (*The Royal Drops round his enlarged Head*) not that I have any Faith in the Authority of those *Authors*.

13. The *Prophecy* of *Jacob* at his Death concerning all his Sons, *Gen. 49. v. 10.* The *Scepter* shall not depart from *Judah*, nor the *Law-giver* from between his Feet, till *Shilo* come, and to him shall belong the assembling of Nations. All *Interpreters* agree, that by *Shilo* is meant the *Messias*; but almost all translate it differently. The *Septuagint*, *Donec veniant, τὰ ἀποκελευσα ἀδελφῶν, quæ reposita sunt ei.* *Tertullian*, and some other Fathers, *Donec veniat cui repositum est.* The vulgar Edition, *Qui mittendus est*; some of the *Rabbies*, *Filius ejus*; others, *Filius Mulieris*; others, *Rex Messias*; others, *Sospitator*, or *Tranquillator*; ours, and the *French* Translation retain the Word *Shilo*, which I chuse to follow.

14. Though none of the *English Poets*, nor indeed of the ancient *Latin*, have imitated *Virgil* in leaving sometimes half Verses (where the Sense seems to invite a Man to that Liberty) yet his Authority alone is sufficient, especially in a thing that looks so naturally and gracefully; and I am far from their Opinion, who think that *Virgil* himself intended to have filled up those broken *Hemistiches*: There are some Places in him, which I dare almost swear have been made up since his Death by the putid *Officiousness* of some *Grammarians*; as that of *Dido*,

————— *Moriamur inultæ?*  
*Sed moriamur, ait.* —————

Here I am confident *Virgil* broke off; and indeed what could be more proper for the *Passion* she was then in, than to conclude abruptly with that Resolution? nothing could there be well added; but if there were a Necessity of it, yet that which follows, is of all things that could have been thought on, the most improper, and the most false,

*Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras;*

Which is contrary to her Sense; for to have dy'd revenged, would have been

*Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.*

Shall we die (says she) *unrevenged*? That's all that can make Death unpleasant to us: But however it is necessary to die. I remember, when I made once this Exception to a Friend of mine, he could not tell how to answer it, but by correcting the Print, and putting a Note of *Interrogation* after the first *Sic*.

*Sic? sic juvat ire sub umbras.*

Which does indeed a little mend the Sense; but then the Expression (to make an *Interrogation* of *Sic* alone) is lame, and not like the *Latin* of *Virgil*, or of that

Age: But of this enough. Though the *Ancients* did not (as I said) imitate *Virgil* in the Use of these broken Verses; yet that they approved it, appears by *Ovid*, who (as *Seneca* reports in the 16th *Controversie*) upon these two Verses of *Varro*,

*Desierant latrare canes, urbesque silebant,  
Omnia noctis erant placidâ composta quiete,*

Said they would have been much better, if the latter Part of the second Verse had been left out; and that it had ended,

*Omnia noctis erant* —————

Which it is pity that *Ovid* saw not in some of his own Verses, as most remarkably in that,

*Omnia pontus erant, dêcrant quoque littora ponto,  
All things was Sea, nor had the Sea a Shore.*

Where he might have ended excellently with

*Omnia pontus erant* —————

But the Addition is superfluous, even to Ridiculousness.

15. An *Aposiopæsis*, like *Virgil's*

*Quos ego—Sed motos præstat componere fluctus.*

This would ill befit the Mouth of any thing but a *Fury*; but it were improper for a *Devil* to make a whole Speech without some Lies in it; such are those precedent Exaltations of the *Devil's* Power, which are most of them false, but not all, for that were too much even for a *Fury*; nor are her Boasts more false than her Threatnings vain, when she says afterwards, 'Tis not thy God himself—yet *Seneca* ventures to make a Man say as much in *Her. Fur.*

*Amplētere aras, nullus eripiet Deus  
Te mihi* —————

16. *Cain* was the first and greatest Example of *Envy* in this World; who slew his *Brother*, because his Sacrifice was more acceptable to God than his own; at which the *Scripture* says, *He was sorely angered, and his Countenance cast down.* It is hard to guess what it was in *Cain's Sacrifice* that displeased God; the *Septuagint* make it to be a Defect in the *Quality*, or *Quantity* of the *Offering*, οὐκ, ἐὰν ὀρθῶς προσενέγκης, ὀρθῶς δὲ μὴ διέλθης, ἤμαρτες; If thou hast offered right, but not rightly divided, hast thou not sinned? But this Translation, neither the vulgar Edition, nor ours, nor almost any follows. We must therefore be content to be ignorant of the Cause, since it hath pleas'd God not to declare it; neither is it declared in what manner he slew his *Brother*: And therefore I had the Liberty to chuse that which I thought most probable; which is, that he knock'd him on the Head with some great Stone, which was one of the first ordinary and most natural Weapons of Anger. That this Stone was big enough to be the *Monument* or *Tomb-stone* of *Abel*, is not so Hyperbolic, as what *Virgil* says in the same kind of *Turnus*,

————— *Saxum circumspicit ingens,  
Saxum antiquum ingens, campo qui fortè jacebat*

*Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret agris.  
Vix illud lecti bis sex cervice subirent,  
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus,  
Ille manu raptum trepidâ torquebat in hostem :*

Which he takes from *Homer*, but adds to the *Hyperbole*,

\*Ο δ' οὐ δύο ἄνδρε φέροισεν,  
Οἶοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἶσω, ὁ δὲ μιν βέα πάλλε δὲ οἶος.  
II. 21.

*Ovid* is no less bold, *Metamorph.* 12.

*Codice qui misso quem vix juga bina moverent  
Juncta, Phololeniden à summo vertice fregit.*

17. Though the *Jews* used to bury, and not to burn the Dead, yet it is very probable that some Nations, even so anciently, practised Burning of them, and that is enough to make it allowable for the *Fury* here to allude to that Custom ; which, if we believe *Stattius*, was received even among the *Græcians* before the *Theban War*.

18. *Belzebub*. That one evil *Spirit* presided over the others, was not only the received Opinion of the Ancients, both *Jews* and *Gentiles* ; but appears out of the *Scriptures*, where he is called, *Prince of this World*, *John* 12. 31. *Prince of this Age*, *1 Corinth.* 2. 6. *Prince of the Power of the Air*, *Ephes.* 2. 2. *Prince of Devils*, *Mat.* 12. 24. by the express Name of *Belzebub* ; which is the Reason why I use it here. *Porphyrius* says his Name is *Serapis*. *Μήποτε οὐτοὶ εἶσω ὦν ἄρχει ὁ Σάραπισ, δὲ τούτων Σύμβολον ὁ τρικάρηνος κύων, τοῦτ' ἐστὶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς τρισὶ στοιχείοις, ὕδατι, γῆ, ἄερι πονηρὸς δαίμων.* According to which *Stattius* calls him *Triplicis mundi summum* ; but names him not ; for he adds, *Quem scire nefastum est*. This is the *Spirit* to whom the two Verses, cited by the same *Porphyry*, address themselves,

Δαίμων ἀλιτρονῶν ψυχῶν διάδημα λελόγχως  
'Ἡερῶν ὑπένερθε μυχῶν, χθονίων τ' ἐφύπερθεν.

O thou *Spirit* that hast the Command of guilty Souls, beneath the Vaults of the Air, and above those of the Earth ; which I should rather read *χθονίων τ' ὑπένερθε* ; And beneath the Vaults of the Earth too.

Now for the Name of *Belzebub*, it signifies the *Lord of Flies* ; which some think to be a Name of *Scorn* given by the *Jews* to this great *Jupiter* of the *Syrians*, whom they called *Βεελσάμην*, *id est*, *Δία οὐράνιον*, because the Sacrifices in his *Temple* were infested with Multitudes of *Flies*, which by a peculiar Privilege, notwithstanding the daily great Number of Sacrifices, never came (for such is the *Tradition*) into the *Temple* at *Jerusalem*. But others believe it was no Mock-Name but a *Surname* of *Baal*, as he was worshipt at *Ekron*, either from bringing or driving away *Swarms* of *Flies*, with which the Eastern Countries were often molested ; and their Reason is, because *Ahaziah* in the time of his Sickness (when it is likely he would not rally with the *God* from whom he hoped for Relief) sends to him under the Name of *Belzebub*.

19. That even insensible things are affected with Horror at the Presence of *Devils*, is a frequent Exaggera-

tion of Stories of that kind ; and could not well be omitted at the Appearance of *Poetical Spirits*,

*Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omne  
Contremuit nemus, & sylvæ intonuere profundæ,  
Audiit & Trivia longè lacus, &c.*—

Virg. *Æneid.* 7.

And *Seneca* nearer to my purpose in *Thyestes* : *Sensit introitus tuos Domus, & nefando tota contactu horruit* — *Jam tuum mastâ pedem Terræ gravantur, Cernis ut fontes liquor Introrsus actus linquat, ut regio vacent, &c.* And after, *Imo mugit è fundo solum, Tonat dies serenus ac totis domus ut fracta tectis crepuit, & moti Lares vertere vultum.* When *Stattius* makes the Ghost of *Laius* to come to *Eteocles* to encourage him to the War with his *Brother*, I cannot understand why he makes him assume the Shape of *Tiresias*, *Longævi vatis opacos Induitur vultus, vocemque & vellera*, since at his going away he discovers him to be *Laius*,

— *Ramos, ac vellera fronti  
Diripuit confessus avum* —

Neither do I more approve in this Point of *Virgil's* Method, who in the seventh *Æneid*, brings *Alecto* to *Turnus* at first in the Shape of a *Priestess*,

*Fit Calybe Junonis anus ;* —

But at her leaving of him, makes her take upon her her own Figure of a *Fury* ; and so speak to him ; which might have been done, methinks, as well at first, or indeed better not done at all ; for no Person is so improper to persuade Man to any Undertaking, as the Devil without a Disguise ; which is the Reason why I make him here both come in, and go out too in the Likeness of *Benjamin*, who as the first and chief of *Saul's* Progenitors, might the most probably seem concern'd for his Welfare, and the easiliest be believ'd and obey'd.

20. I fancy here that the *Statue* of *Benjamin* stood in manner of a *Colossus* over *Saul's Gate* ; for which perhaps I shall have some *Criticks* fall severely upon me ; it being the common Opinion, that the Use of all *Statues*, nay, even Pictures, or other Representations of things to the Sight, was forbidden the *Jews*. I know very well, that in latter Ages, when they were most rigid in observing of the *Letter* of the *Law* (which they began to be about the Time when they should have left it) even the *civil Use* of *Images* was not allow'd, as now among the *Mahumetans*. But I believe that at first it was otherwise : And first, the Words of the *Decalogue* forbid the making of *Images*, not absolutely, but with relation to the end of *bowing down, or worshipping them* ; and if the *Commandment* had implied more, it would bind us *Christians* as well as the *Jews*, for it is a *Moral one*. Secondly, we have several Examples in the *Bible*, which shew that *Statues* were in use among the *Hebrews*, nay, appointed by *God* to be so, as those of the *Cherubins*, and divers other *Figures*, for the Ornament of the *Tabernacle* and *Temple* ; as that likewise of the *Brazen Serpent*, and the *Lions* upon *Solomon's Throne*, and the

*Statue of David*, placed by *Michol* in his Bed, to deceive the Soldiers who came to murder him; of which more particularly hereafter. *Vasques* says, that such *Images* only were unlawful, as were *Erectæ aut constitutæ modo accomodato adorationi*, made, erected, or constituted in a *Manner* proper for *Adoration*; which *Modus accomodatus adorationi*, he defines to be, when the *Image* is made or erected *Per se*, for its own sake, and not as an *Appendix* or *Addition* for the *Ornament* of some other thing; as for Example, *Statues* are *Idols*, when *Temples* are made for them; when they are only made for *Temples*, they are but *Civil Ornaments*.

21. *Enchanted Virtues*. That is, whose Operation is stopt, as it were, by some *Enchantment*. Like that *Fascination* called by the *French*, *Novement d'esguillette*, which hinders the natural Faculty of *Generation*.

22. So *Homer*, Ἀχαΐδες, οὐκ ἔτ' Ἀχαιοί.

And *Virg.* O verè Phrygiæ, neque enim Phryges!

23. The Number of Years from *Benjamin* to *Saul's* Reign; not exactly: But this is the next *whole Number*, and *Poetry* will not admit of *broken ones*: And indeed, though it were in *Prose*, in so passionate a *Speech* it were not natural to be *punctual*.

24. In this, and some like Places, I would not have the Reader judge of my Opinion by what I say; no more than before in divers Expressions about *Hell*, the *Devil*, and *Envy*. It is enough that the *Doctrine* of the *Orbs*, and the *Musick* made by their Motion had been received very anciently, and probably came from the *Eastern Parts*; for *Pythagoras* (who first brought this into *Greece*) learnt there most of his *Philosophy*. And to speak according to common Opinion, though it be false, is so far from being a *Fault* in *Poetry*, that it is the Custom even of the *Scripture* to do so; and that not only in the poetical Pieces of it; as where it attributes the *Members* and *Passions* of Mankind to *Devils*, *Angels*, and *God* himself; where it calls the *Sun* and *Moon* the two *Great Lights*, whereas the latter is in truth one of the smallest; but is spoken of, as it seems, not as it is, and in too many other Places to be collected here. *Seneca* upon *Virgil's* Verse,

Tarda venit seris factura nepotibus umbram.

Says in his 86th *Epistle*, That the *Tree* will easily grow up to give *Shade* to the *Planter*: But that *Virgil* did not look upon, what might be spoken most *truly*, but what most *gracefully*; and aimed more at *delighting* his *Readers*, than at *instructing Husbandmen*: Infinite are the Examples of this kind among the *Poets*; one there is, that all have from their *Master Homer*; 'tis in the Description of a *Tempest* (a common Place that they all ambitiously labour in) where they make all the four *Winds* blow at once, to be sure to have enough to swell up their Verse,

Unâ Euræisque Notisque ruunt, creberque procellis  
Africus ————— And *Stattius*,  
Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus.

And so of all the rest. Of this kind I take those Verses to be of *Stattius* to *Sleep* in his fifth *Sylva*, which are much commended, even by *Scaliger* himself,

—Facet omne pecus, volucresque feræque,  
Et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos.

Hitherto there is no *Scruple*; for he says only, *The bowing Mountains seem to nod*. He adds,

Nec trucibus fluviis idem sonus, occidit horror  
Æquoris, et terris maria inclinata quiescunt;

Which is false, but so well said, that it were ill changed for the *Truth*.

25. I am sorry that it is necessary to admonish the most part of *Readers*, that it is not by *Negligence* that this Verse is so loose, long, and as it were, *vast*; it is to paint in the Number the Nature of the thing which it describes, which I would have observed in divers other Places of this *Poem*, that else will pass for very careless Verses: As before, *And over-runs the neigh'ring Fields with violent Course*. In the second Book, *Down a Precipice deep, down he casts them all*—and, *And fell adown his Shoulders with loose Care*. In the third, *Brass was his Helmet, his Boots Brass, and o'er his Breast a thick Plate of strong Brass he wore*. In the fourth, *Like some fair Pine o'er-looking all th' ignobler Wood*; and, *Some from the Rocks cast themselves down headlong*; and many more; but it is enough to instance in a few. The thing is, that the *Disposition* of Words and Numbers should be such, as that out of the Order and Sound of them, the things themselves may be represented. This the *Greeks* were not so accurate as to bind themselves to; neither have our *English Poets* observed it, for ought I can find. The *Latins* (qui *Musas colunt severiores*) sometimes did it, and their *Prince*, *Virgil*, always. In whom the Examples are innumerable, and taken Notice of by all judicious Men, so that it is superfluous to collect them.

26. *Eternity* is defined by *Boet.* Lib. 5. de *Consolat.* *Interminabilis vitæ tota simul et perfecta possessio*. The whole and perfect Possession, ever all at once, of a Being without beginning or ending. Which *Definition* is followed by *Tho. Aquin.* and all the *Schoolmen*; who therefore call *Eternity Nunc stans*, a *standing Now*, to distinguish it from that *Now*, which is a *Difference of Time*, and is always in *Fluxu*.

27. *Seneca*, methinks, in his 58th *Epist.* expresses this more divinely than any of the *Divines*; *Manent enim cuncta, non quia æterna sunt, sed quia defenduntur curâ regentis, Immortalia tutore non egent, hæc conservat Artifex, fragilitatem materiæ vi suâ vincens*. And the *Schoolmen* all agree (except, I think, *Durandus*) that an immediate *Concourse* of *God* is required as well now for the *Conservation*, as at first it was necessary for the *Creation* of the World, and that the Nature of things is not left to itself to produce any Action, without a concurrent Act of *God*; which when he was pleased to omit, or suspend, the *Fire* could not burn the three young Men in the red-hot Furnace.

28. The Book of *Tobias* speaks of *Seven Angels* superior to all the rest; and this has been constantly believed according to the Letter, by the ancient *Jews* and *Christians*. *Clem. Alexand. Stromat.* 6. "Ἐπτα τοὺς τῆν μεγίστην δύναμιν ἔχοντας πρωτογένους ἀγγέλους. The *Seven* that have the greatest Power, the *First-born Angels*. *Tob.* 12. 15. I am *Raphael*, one of the *seven holy Angels*, which present the Prayers of the Saints, and which go in and out before the Glory of the Holy One; and this *Daniel* may very well be thought to mean, when he says, *Chap.* 10. 13. *Lo Michael one of the chief Princes came to help me.* That some *Angels* were under the Command of others, may be collected out of *Zechar.* 2. 3. where one *Angel* commands another; *Run, speak to this young Man*, etc., and out of *Rev.* 12. 7. where *Michael* and his *Angels*, fought with the *Dragon* and his *Angels*. The Number of just *seven* supream *Angels*, *Grotius* conceived to be drawn from the *seven chief Princes* of the *Persian Empire*; but I doubt whether the *seven* there were so ancient as this *Tradition*. Three Names of these *seven* the *Scripture* affords, *Michael*, *Gabriel*, and *Raphael*; but for the other four, *Oriphiel*, *Zachariel*, *Samael*, and *Anael*, let the Authors of them answer, as likewise for their presiding over the *seven Planets*.

The Verses attributed to *Orpheus* have an Expression very like this of the *Angels*.

Τῶδε θρόνω πυρρῆντι παρεστᾶσω πολύμοχοι  
"Ἄγγελοι, οἷσι μέμλε βρότοις ὡς πάντα τελεῖται.

So *Gabriel* is called, *Luke* 1. 19. ὁ παρεστηκὼς ἐνώπιον τοῦ Θεοῦ. He that stands before the Face of God. And *Daniel* had his Vision interpreted by one τῶν ἐστηκῶτων, of the *Standers* before God.

29. The *Poets* are so civil to *Jupiter*, as to say no less when he either spoke, or so much as nodded. *Hom.*

—Μέγαν δ' ἔλελιξεν Ὀλυμπον.

*Virgil.* *Annuit, et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.*

*Stat.* — *Placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu.*

30. *Friends* in the plural, as an Intimation of the *Trinity*; for which Cause he sometimes uses *We*, and sometimes *I*, and *Me*.

31. I do not like *Homer's* repeating of long Messages just in the same Words: But here I thought it necessary, the Message coming from God, from whose Words no Creature ought to vary, and being deliver'd by an *Angel*, who was capable of doing it punctually. To have made him say a long, eloquent, or figurative Speech, like that before of *Envy* to *Saul*, would have pleased perhaps some *Readers*, but would have been a Crime against τὸ πρέπον, that is, *Decency*.

32. That *Timotheus* by *Musick* enflamed and appeased *Alexander* to what Degrees he pleased, that a Musician in *Denmark* by the same Art enraged King *Ericius*, even to the striking of all his *Friends* about him; that *Pythagoras* taught by the same Means a Woman to stop the Fury of a young Man, who came to

set her House on Fire; that his Scholar *Empedocles* hinder'd another from murdering his Father, when the Sword was drawn for that purpose; that the Fierceness of *Achilles* his Nature was allay'd by playing on the Harp (for which Cause *Homer* gives him nothing else out of the Spoils of *Eëtion*); that *Damon* by it reduc'd wild and drunken Youths; and *Asclepiades*, even seditious Multitudes to Temper and Reason; that the *Corybantes* and effeminate Priests of *Cybele*, could be animated by it to cut their own Flesh (with many more Examples of the like kind) is well known to all Men conversant among Authors. Neither is it so wonderful, that sudden Passions should be raised or suppress'd (for which Cause *Pindar* says to his Harp, Τὸν αἰχμάταν κεραυνὸν σβεννέεις, Thou quenches the raging Thunder.) But that it should cure settled Diseases in the Body, we should hardly believe, if we had not both Human and Divine Testimony for it. *Plin. Lib.* 28. cap. 4. *Dixit Homerus profluvium sanguinis vulnerato femine Ulysses inhibuisse carmine, Theophrastus Ischiadicos sanari, Cato prodidit luxatis membris carmen auxiliari. Mar. Varro Podagris*; where *Carmen* is to be understood as joined with musical Notes. For the Cure of the *Sciatick*, *Theophrastus* commends the *Phrygian Musick* upon the *Pipe*, and *A. Gell.* for giving Ease to it, *Ut memoriæ proditum est*, as it is (says he) reported. *Apollon*, in his Book *de Miris* speaks thus. It is worthy Admiration, that which *Theophrastus* writes in his Treatise of *Enthysiasm*, that *Musick* cures many Passions and Diseases, both of the Mind and Body, Καθάπερ λειποθυμίας, φόβους, δὲ τὰς ἐπὶ μακρὸν, γυνομένης τῆς Διανοίας ἐκστάσεις. ἰάται γὰρ φησὶν ἢ καταάλησις δὲ Ἰσχιάδα δὲ Ἐπιληψίαν. And the same Author witnesses, that many in his time, especially the *Thebans*, used the *Pipe* for the Cure of several Sickneses, which *Galen* calls καταυλεῖν τοῦ τόπου, *Super loco affecto tibiâ canere*; or, *Loca dolentia decantare*. So *Zenocrates* is said to have cured Mad-men, *Terpander* and *Arion* divers other Maladies. But if it were not for this Example of *David*, we should hardly be convinced of this *Physick*, unless it be in the particular Cure of the *Tarantism*, the experiments of which are too notorious to be deny'd or eluded, and afford a probable Argument that other Diseases might naturally be expelled so too, but that we have either lost, or not found out yet that Art. For the Explication of the Reason of these Cures, the Magicians fly to their *Colcodea*; the *Platonicks* to their *Anima Mundi*; the *Rabbies* to Fables and Prodigies not worth the repeating. *Baptista Porta* in his *Natural Magick*, seems to attribute it to the *Magical Power of the Instrument*, rather than of the *Musick*; for he says, that *Madness* is to be cured by the Harmony of a *Pipe* made of *Hellebore*, because the *Juice* of that Plant is held good for that purpose; and the *Sciaticque* by a *Musical Instrument* made of *Poplar*, because of the Virtue of the *Oyl* of that Tree to mitigate those kind of Pains. But these, and many *Sympathetical* Experiments are so false, that I wonder at the Negligence or Impudence of the *Relators*. *Picus. Mirand.* says, 'That



*Musick* moves the *Spirits* to act upon the *Soul*, as Medicines do to operate upon the *Body*, and that it cures the *Body* by the *Soul*, as *Physick* does the *Soul* by the *Body*. I conceive the true natural Reason to be, that in the same manner as musical Sounds move the outward Air, so that does the *Inward*, and that the *Spirits*, and they the *Humours* (which are the Seat of *Diseases*) by *Condensation*, *Rarefaction*, *Dissipation*, or *Expulsion of Vapours*, and by vertue of that *Sympathy of Proportion*, which I express afterwards in Verse. For the producing of the Effect desired, *Athan. Kercherus* requires four Conditions: 1. *Harmony*. 2. *Number* and *Proportion*. 3. *Efficacious* and *pathetical Words* joined with the *Harmony* (which (by the way) were fully and distinctly understood in the *Musick* of the *Ancients*.) And 4. an adapting of all these to the Constitution, Disposition, and Inclinations of the *Patient*. Of which, and all things on this Subject, he is well worth the diligent reading, *Liber de Arte magnâ Consoni et Dissoni*.

33. *Scaliger* in his *Hypercrit* blames *Claudian* for his Excursion concerning the burning of *Ætna*, and for enquiring the Cause of it in his own Person. If he had brought in, says he, any other Person making the Relation, I should endure it. I think he is too *Hypercritical* upon so short a *Digression*; however, I chuse here upon this new Occasion, by the by to make a new short *Invocation* of the *Muse*, and that which follows, *As first a various unform'd*, is to be understood as from the Person of the *Muse*: For this second *Invocation* upon a particular Matter, I have the Authority of *Homer* and *Virgil*; which nevertheless I should have omitted, had the *Digression* been upon any Subject but *Musick*. Hom. Il. 2.

Ἔσπετε νῦν μοι Μοῦσαι Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχουσαι.  
Ἵμεῖς γὰρ θεαὶ ἐστέ, πάρεστέ τε, ἴστε τε πάντα.  
Ἵμεῖς δὲ κλέος οἶον ἀκούομεν, οὐδέ τι ἴδμεν.

And *Virgil* twice in the same Book (*Æn.* 7.)

Nunc age qui Reges, Erato —  
Tu Vatem tu Diva mone, &c. —

And a little after,

Pandite nunc Heliconæ Deæ, cantusque ciete —  
Et meministis enim Divæ, & memorare potestis,  
Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

34. I have seen an excellent Saying of *St. Augustine's*, cited to this purpose, *Ordinem sæculorum tanquam pulcherrimum Carmen ex quibusdam quasi antithetis honestavit Deus—sicut contraria contrariis opposita sermonis pulchritudinem reddunt, itâ quâdam non verborum sed rerum eloquentiâ contrariorum oppositione sæculi pulchritudo componitur*. And the *Scripture* witnesses, that the World was made in *Number*, *Weight* and *Measure*; which are all Qualities of a good *Poem*. This Order and Proportion of things is the true *Musick* of the World, and not that which *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Tully*, *Macrob.* and many of the *Fathers* imagin'd, to arise audibly from the Circumvolution of the *Heav'n's*.

This is their *musical* and loud Voice, of which *David* speaks, *Psalm 19*. *The Heavens declare the Glory of the Lord—There is no Speech nor Language where their Voice is not heard. Their Sound is gone out through all the Earth, and their Words to the End of the World—* Or as our Translation nearer the *Hebrew* (they say) renders it. Their *Line* is gone out, *Linea, vel amussis eorum*: To shew the Exactness of their Proportion.

35. Even this Distinction of Sounds in the Art of *Musick*, is thought by some to have been invented from the Consideration of the Elementary Qualities: In Imitation of which, *Orpheus* is said to have form'd an Harp with four Strings, and set them to different Tunes: The first to *Hypate*, to answer to the *Fire*. The second to *Parhypate*, for the *Water*. The third to *Paranete*, for the *Air*. And the fourth to *Nete*, for the *Earth*.

36. Because the *Moon* is but twenty eight Days, and *Saturn* above twenty nine Years in finishing his Course.

37. There is so much to be said of this Subject, that the best way is to say nothing of it. See at large *Kercherus* in his tenth Book *de Arte Consoni & Dissoni*.

38. *The Weapon-Salve.*

39. The common Experiment of *Sympathy* in two *Unisons*, which is most easily perceived by laying a Straw upon one of the Strings, which will presently move upon touching the other.

40. Here may seem to want Connexion between this Verse and the *Psalm*. It is an *Elleipsis*, or leaving something to be understood by the *Reader*; to wit, *That David sung to his Harp, before Saul, the ensuing Psalm*. Of this kind is that in *Virgil*.

Jungimus hospitio dextras, & tecta subimus.  
Templa Dei saxo venerabar structa vetusto.  
Da propriam Thybræ domum, &c. —

Where is understood *Et venerans dixi*, or some such Words, which methinks, are more gracefully omitted, than they could have been supply'd by any Care. Though *Scaliger* be of another Mind in the fourth Book of *Poesie*, where he says, that there are some Places in *Virgil*, where the Sense is discontinued and interrupted by the leaving out some Verses, through the overmuch Severity of his Judgment (*morosissimo judicio*) with an intent of putting in better in their place; and he instances in these, where for my part I should be sorry that *Virgil* himself had filled up the Gap. The like *Elleipsis* is in his fifth Book, upon the Death of *Palinurus*,

Multa gemens casuque animum percussus amici,  
O nimium cælo & pelago confise sereno,  
Nudus in ignotâ Palinure jacebis arenâ.

And such is that in *Statius*, 2 *Theb.*

—Ni tu Tritonia Virgo  
Consilio dignata virum, —Sate gente superbi  
Æneus, absentes cui dudum vincere Thebas  
Annuimus. —

And why do I instance in these, since the Examples are so frequent in all Poets?

41. For this Liberty of inserting an *Ode* into an *Heroick Poem*, I have no Authority or Example: and therefore like Men who venture upon a new Coast, I must run the hazard of it. We must sometimes be bold to innovate,

*Nec minimum meruere decus vestigia Græca  
Ausi deserere.*—Hor.

42. Psal. 58. 5. *They are like the deaf Adder, that stoppeth her Ear, which will not hearken to the Voice of the Charmer, charm he never so wisely.* So Jerem. 8. 17. *Behold I will send Serpents, Cockatrices among you, which will not be charmed: Serpentes Regulos quibus non est Incantatio:* Which Texts are ill produc'd by the *Magick-mongers* for a Proof of the Power of *Charms*: For the first is plainly against them. *Adder* being there taken for *Serpent* in general, not for one *Species* of *Serpents*, which alone had a Quality of resisting *Incantations*: And the other is no more than if the Prophet should have said, though you practise *Magick Arts*, like other Nations; and think like them, that you can charm the very *Serpents*, yet you shall find with all your *Magick*, no Remedy against those which I shall send among you; for nothing in all the whole Human, or Diabolical Illusion of *Magick* was so much boasted of as the Power of Spells upon *Serpents*, they being the Creatures most antipathetical and terrible to Human Nature.

*Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis.* Virg.  
*Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces.* Ovid.  
*Inque pruinoso coluber distenditur arvo,*  
*Viperei coeunt abrupto corpore nodi,*  
*Humanoque cadit Serpens afflata veneno.* Lucan.

43. Nothing is more notorious (for it was accounted one of the *Wonders of the World*) than the *κῆπος* or *παράδεισος κρεμαστός*, render'd by the *Latines*, *Hortus pensilis* at *Babylon*, which was planted on the Top of prodigious Buildings, made for that purpose, fifty Cubits high, four Square, and each Side containing four Acres of Ground. It was planted with all sorts of Trees, even the greatest, and adorn'd with many Banqueting-Houses. The particular Description see in *Diodor. Sicul. l. 11.* and out of him in *Qu. Curt. l. 5.* It was built, they say, by a *Syrian King* (to wit, *Nabuchodonosar*, for so *Josephus, l. 10.* and *Suidas* expressly say) in favour of a *Persian Wife* of his, who as *Q. Curt.* speaks, *Desiderio nemorum sylvarumque in campestribus locis virum compulsi naturæ genium amœnitate hujus operis imitari.* And *D. Chrysostome* mentions another of the like kind at *Susæ*, in his *Sermon of Riches*, *Οὐδ' ἂν γίνοιτο ποτὲ ἄνθρωποι εὐδαίμονες ἀνόητοι δὲ ἄφρονες, οὐδ' ἂν τὴν ἐν Σούσοις παράδεισον οἰκοδομήσωσιν, ὅς ἦν, ὡς φασί, μετέωρος ἄπας.* These were Miracles of their kind; but the use of Gardens made upon the Top of Palaces, was very frequent among the Ancients, *Seneca, Frag. Act. 3. Thyest.*

*Nulla culminibus meis Imposita nutat sylva.*

Sen. Epist. 122.

*Non vivunt contra naturam qui pomaria in summis*

*turribus serunt? quorum silvæ in tectis domorum ac fastigiis nutant, inde ortis radicibus, quo improbè cacumina egissent.* Plin. *In tecta olim Romæ scandebant silvæ;* which Luxury, as all others, came out of *Asia* into *Europe*; and that it was in familiar use among the *Hebrews*, even in *David's* time, several Texts of Scripture make me Conjecture, *2 Sam. 16. 22.* *They spread for Absalom a Tent upon the Top of the House, and Absalom went in unto his Father's Concubines in the sight of all Israel.* *2 Sam. 11. 2.* *And it came to pass in an Evening, that David arose from off his Bed, and walked upon the Roof of the King's House; and from the Roof he saw a Woman washing her self.* And *1 Sam. 9. 25.* *Samuel communed with Saul upon the Top of the House.* And again *v. 26.*

44. *1 Sam. 19. 13.* *And Michol took an Image, and put it in the Bed, and put a Pillow of Goat's Hair for his Bolster, and covered it with a Cloath.* An Image, the *Hebrew* is *Theraphim*, a Word much disputed of, and hardly ever used in a good Sense but here. The Images that *Rachel* stole from *Laban*, are so called; which there the *Septuagint* translate by *Εἰδωλον*, in other places by *Θεραφεῖν*, or *Θεραφῖν*, sometimes by *γλυπτὸν*, here by *κενοτάφιον*, the most improperly of all, *Herse*, or the Representations of the *Dead*, laid upon *Herses*. The *Latin* uses *Simulachrum*, or *statua*, and *Aquila, μορφώματα.* The Fancy of *Josephus* is extraordinarily *Rabbinical*. He says, that *Michol* put between the Cloaths the Liver of a She-Goat, newly cut out, and shew'd the Palpitation of it under the Coverlet to the Soldiers, saying that it was *David*, and that he had not slept all Night: How come such Men as he to have such odd dreams? *Ribera* upon *Hosea* says thus, *What Statue was it that she placed in the Bed? Certainly no Idol*, for those were not to be found in the House of *David*; nor any *Astronomical Image*, made for the Reception of Celestial Influences, which *R. Abraham* believes, for those were not allowable among the *Jews*; but she made some Figure like a Man, out of several Cloaths, which she stuf't with other things, like *Scare Crows*, or those Figures presented to wild Bulls in the Theatres, or those that are placed upon great Men's *Herses*. And she put the Skin of a She-Goat about his head, to represent his Red Hair; which last is most ridiculous, and all before only improbable: For what time had she to make up such a *Puppet*? I do therefore believe, that she had a Statue of *David* in the House, and laid that in the Bed, pretending that he was Speechless, and even this Deceit I am forced to help, with all the Circumstances I could imagine, especially with that most material one, *And for th' Impression God prepared their sense.* And now concerning the *Civil use of Images* among the *Jews*, I have declared my Opinion before, which whether it be true or no, is not of Importance in *Poetry*, as long as it hath any appearance of Probability.

45. It was a necessary Condition required in all Sacrifices, that they should be without *Blemish*. See *Levit. 1.* and this was observed too among the Heathen.

46. *Rama*, or *Ramatha*, and *Naioth*, were not several Towns, but *Naioth* was a Place in, or close by *Rama*, where there were wont to be solemn Religious Meetings. *Adricom*.

47. The Description of the *Prophets' College* at *Naioth*, looks at first sight as if I had taken the Pattern of it from ours at the *Universities*; but the truth is, ours (as many other *Christian* Customs) were form'd after the Example of the *Jews*. They were not properly called *Prophets*, or Foretellers of future things, but Religious Persons, who separated themselves from the Business of the World, to employ their time in the Contemplation and Praise of God; their manner of praising him was by singing of Hymns, and playing upon Musical Instruments: For which cause in *1 Sam.* 10. 5. they carry'd with them a *Psaltery*, *Tabret*, *Pipe* and *Harp*; these it is probable were instituted by *Samuel*; for *Chap.* 19. *Ver.* 20. they saw the Company of *Prophets* prophesying (that is, saw them together in *Divine Service*) and *Samuel* standing, as appointed over them, *stantem super eos*; which the *Chaldee* Interprets *Stantem docentem eos*, *Preaching* to them. These are the first *Religious Orders*, heard of in Antiquity, for whom *David* afterward compos'd *Psalms*. They are called by the *Chaldee*, *Scribes*, because they labour'd in reading, writing, learning and teaching the Scriptures; and they are called *Filii Prophetarum*, as *2 King.* 2. 3. The Sons of the *Prophets* that were at *Bethel*; and *v.* 5. the Sons of the *Prophets* that were at *Jericho*: Out of which may be collected, that *Colleges* of them were founded in several Towns. They are thus named (*Sons of the Prophets*) either because they were taught by *Samuel*, *Elias*, *Elisha*, or some of the great and properly called *Prophets*, or in the Sense that the *Greeks* term *Physicians*, *ἱατρῶν παῖδας*, the *Sons of the Physicians*; and the *Hebrews* Men, the *Sons of Men*; but I rather believe the former, and that none but the young Scholars or Students are meant by this Appellation. To this alludes *St. Matth.* 11. 19. *Wisdom is justified of her Children*. And the *Masters* were called *Fathers*, as *Elisha* to *Elijah*, *2 King.* 2. 12. *My Father, my Father*, etc.

48. For the several Sprinklings and Purifications by Water, commanded in the Law of *Moses*, and so often mentioned in the Books of *Exod.* *Levit.* *Numb.* and *Deuteron.* the Omission of which, in some Cases was punished with no less than Death, *Exod.* 30. 20.

49. I have learned much of my *Masters*, or *Rabbies*, more of my *Companions*, most of my *Scholars*, was the Speech of an ancient *Rabbi*; from whence we may collect this Distinction of *Scholars*, *Companions*, and *Rabbies*, or *Doctors*. The chief *Doctors* sate in the *Synagogues*, or *Schools*, in high Chairs (perhaps like *Pulpits*) the *Companions* upon Benches below them, and the *Scholars* on the Ground at the Feet of their *Teachers*, from whence *St. Paul* is said to be brought up at the Feet of *Gamaliel*; and *Mary* sate at *Jesus* his Feet, and heard his Word, *Luke* 10. 39. After the *Scholars* had made good Progress in Learning, they were *Elected* and made, by Imposition of Hands, *Companions* to the

*Rabbies*, like our *Fellows of Colleges* to the *Masters*, which makes me call them *Th' Elect Companions*.

50. The Furniture of the *Prophet Elisha's* Chamber, *2 Kings* 4. 10.

31. It was the ancient Custom to cover the Seats and *Table Beds* with *Beasts' Skins*: So *Eumæus* places *Ulysses*, *Odys.* 14.

Ἐστρώσεν δ' ἐπὶ δέρμα ἰουβάδου ἄγριος ἀγρός.

*Collocavit super pellem villosæ silvestris capræ.*

So *Evander Æneas*, 8 *Æneid*.

*Præcipuumque toro et villosi pelle Leonis  
Accipit Æneam*——

*Ovid. Qui poterat pelles addere, dives erat.*

52. There is a great Dispute among the Learned, concerning the Antiquity of this Custom of *Lying down* at Meat; and most of the *Critiques* are against me, who make it here so ancient. That in our Saviour's time (long before which the *Romans* and *Græcians* had changed *sitting* into *lying*) the *Jews* lay down is plain from the several Words used in the New Testament upon this occasion, as *ἀνακλιθῆναι*, *Luke* 22. *ἀνακλιθῆναι*, *Matth.* 26. *κατακλιθῆναι*, *Luke* 14. *ἀνακλιθῆναι*, *Matth.* 14. so *John* is said to lean on *Jesus* Bosom, *Joh.* 13. 23. that is, lay next to him at the Feast; and alluding to this Custom, *Christ* is said to be in the *Bosom* of his *Father*, and the *Saints* in the *Bosom* of *Abraham*. Some think the *Jews* took this Fashion from the *Romans*, after they were subdu'd by them, but that is a Mistake; for the *Romans* rather took it from the Eastern People: Even in the *Prophets'* time we have Testimony of this Custom, *Ezek.* 23. 41. *Thou satest upon a stately Bed, and a Table prepared before it*, *Amos.* 2. 8. *They lay themselves upon Cloathes laid to Pledge by every Altar*; that is, they used Garments laid to pledge instead of *Beds*, when at the *Altars* they eat things sacrific'd to *Idols*. What was the Fashion in *Samuel's* time, is not certain; it is probable enough for my turn, that *Discubation* was then in practice, and long before; for the plucking off their Shoes when they went to *Table*, seems to imply it, that being done to preserve the *Beds* clean. And why had the *Jews* a strict particular Command to have their Shoes on their Feet at the Eating of the *Passover*, but because they were wont to have their Shoes off at other Meals?

53. There is no Matter capable of receiving the Marks of *Letters*, that hath not been made use of by the Ancients for that purpose. The *twelve Tables* of the *Roman Laws* were engraven in *Brass*; so was the League made with the *Latines*, *Livy*, *Dec.* 1. *Lib.* 2. and *Talus* among the *Cretans* was feign'd to be a Man made of *Brass* by *Vulcan* (of whom they report many ridiculous Stories) because he carried about in that Country the *Laws* graven in *Brass*, and put them severely in Execution. *Pausan.* in *Boetic* makes mention of the whole Book of *Hesiod's* *Ἐργῶν καὶ ἡμερῶν*, written in Lead; which kind of Plates *Sueton.* in *Nerone* calls *Chartam plumbeam*, *Leaden Paper*. This Fashion was in use before *Job's* time; for he says, *Job* 19. 23. 24.

Oh that my Words were graven with an Iron Pen and Lead, in the Rock for ever. Rock, that is, the Leaden Plates should be placed upon Rocks or Pillars. They likewise anciently engrav'd the very Pillars themselves; as those two famous ones of Enoch, one of which was extant even in Josephus his Days. And Jamblicus avows, that he took the Principles of his Mystical Philosophy from the Pillars of Mercury. *Plin. l. 7.* reports, that the Babylonians and Assyrians write their Laws in *Cocctis lateribus*, that is, Pillars of Brick. Moses his in Stone. *Horace.*

*Non incisa notis marmora publicis.*

But of this kind of writing, I was not to make mention in a Private Library. They used also of old Plates or Leaves of Ivory; from whence they were termed *Libri Elephantini*; not as some conceive, from their Bigness. *Mart.*

*Nigra tibi niveum littera pingat ebur.*

As for Wood and Slates, we may easily believe, that they and all other capable Materials were written upon. Of thin Shavings of Wood the Longobards at their first coming into Italy, made Leaves to write on: Some of which *Pancirollus* had seen and read in his time.

54. See *Plin. l. 13. 11.* From whence Letters are called Phœnicæan, not from the Country, but from Φοίνιξ, a Palm-tree. But *Guiland. de Papyro*, thinks that Phœnicæa in *Pliny* is not the same with Φοίνιξ, and has a long Discourse to prove that Palm-leaves were not in use for writing, and that he should read *Malvarum* instead of *Palmarum*, which is a bold Correction upon very slight Grounds. It is true, they did anciently write too upon Mallows, as appears by *Isidor.* and the Epigram of *Cinna*, cited by him:

*Hæc tibi Arateis multum invigilata lucernis  
Carmina queis ignes novimus æthereos  
Lævis in aridulo Malvæ descripta libello  
Prusiacâ vexi munera naviculâ.*

But this was a Rarity; for Mallows are too soft to be proper for that Use. At Athens the Names of those who were expell'd the Senate, were written in some kind of Leaf, from whence this Sentence was called ἐκφυλλοφόρησις, as the Names of those banish'd by the People were in Shells; but at Syracuse, it was in Olive-leaves, and called *περαλισμοὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ περᾶλου ἑλάτας*. And in this manner wrote *Virgil's Sybilla*,

*Foliis tantum ne carmina manda.*

*Pliny* testifies that the Books of *Numa* continued so long a time under Ground unperished, by having been rubbed over with the Oil of Cedar. *Horace. de Ar. Po.*

—*Speramus carmina fingi*

*Posse linenda Cedro, aut lævi servanda Cupresso?*

*Ovid.*

*Nec Cedro charta notetur; and, Cedro digna locutus;*

Who speaks things worthy to be preserved always by Cedar Oil; which was likewise used in the Embalming of dead Bodies.

55. Of Linnen Books *Livy* makes often mention: They were called *Libri Lintei*, and were Publick Records; by others termed too *Lintea Mappæ*, and *Carbasina volumina*, silken Volumes, *Claud. de B. Get.*

—*Quid carmina poscat*

*Fatidico custos Romani carbasus ævi.*

And *Sym. l. 4. Epist. Monitus Cumanos lintea texta sumpserunt.* And *Pliny* says, the Parthians used to have Letters woven in their Cloaths.

55. Tender Barks. The thin kind of Skin between the outward Bark and the Body of the Tree. The Paper used to this Day in China and some parts of the Indies, seems to be made of the same kind of Stuff. The Name of *Liber*, a Book, comes from hence.

Some the sharp Style, etc. These waxen Table-books were very ancient, though I am not sure there were any of them in the Library at *Naioth*, *Iliad. 6. Prætus* sent a Letter in such Table-books by *Bellerophon*. The Style or Pen with which they wrote, was at first made of Iron, but afterwards that was forbid at Rome, and they used Styles of Bone; it was made sharp at one End to cut the Letters, and flat at the other to deface them; from whence *Stylum vertere*.

56. *Pliny* says, that Paper (so called from the Name of the Reed of which it was made) or *Charta* (termed so of a Town of that Name in the Marshes of Egypt) was not found out 'till after the building of Alexandria; and Parchment not 'till *Eumenes* his time, from whose Royal City of Pergamus it was denominated Pergamena. In both which he is deceived; for *Herod. in Terps.* says, that the Ionians still call Paper-skins, because formerly when they wanted Paper, they were forced to make use of Skins instead of it. See *Melch. Guiland. de Pap.* upon this Argument. And the *Diphtheræ* of the Grecians were nothing else but the Skins of Beasts; that wherein Jupiter is feigned to keep his Memorials of all things, was made of the She-Goat that gave him Milk. And many are of Opinion, that the famous Golden Fleece was nothing but a Book written in a Sheep-skin. *Diod. Sicul. l. 2.* affirms that the Persian Annals were written in the like Books; and many more Authorities, if needful, might be produc'd: However, I call Parchment and the Paper of Egypt new Arts here, because they were later than the other.

57. Hieroglyphicks. The use of which is very likely the Jews had from Egypt, where they had lived so long. *Lucan. l. 3.*

*Nondum flumineas Memphis contexere Biblos  
Noverat, et saxis tantum volucresque feræque  
Sculptaque servabant magicas animalia linguas.*

58. *Nathan* and *Gad* were famous Prophets in *David's* time; and therefore it is probable they might have lived with *Samuel* in his College: For their particular Professorships, the one of Astronomy, the other of Mathematics, that is a voluntary Gift of mine to them, and I suppose the Places were very lawfully at my disposing. *Seratah* was afterwards Scribe or Secretary to *David*,

called 1 *Kings* 42. *Sisha*, and 1 *Chron.* 18. 16. *Shausha*, *Mahol* the Reader of *Natural Philosophy*, is mention'd, 1 *Kings* 4. 31. *Heman* and *Asaph* are often spoken of in Scripture, 1 *Kings* 4. 1 *Chron.* 15. 17, 19. and 16. 5. and 37. 41, 42. and 25.

59. A *Pyramide* is a Figure broad beneath, and smaller and sharper by degrees upward, 'till it end in a Point, like our *Spire-Steeple*s. It is so called from *Πύρ*, *Fire*, because *Flame* ascends in that Figure. *Number* is here called a *turn'd Pyramide*, because the Bottom of it is the Point *One* (which is the Beginning of *Number*, not properly *Number*, as a *Point* is of *Magnitude*) from whence it goes up still larger and larger, just contrary to the Nature of *Pyramidical Ascension*.

60. *Sacred Blue*. Because of the use of it in the *Curtains* of the *Tabernacle*, the *Curtain* for the *Door*, the *Vail*, the *Priest's Ephod*, *Breast-Plate*, and briefly all sacred *Ornaments*. The reason of chusing *Blue*, I suppose to have been in the *Tabernacle*, to represent the *Seat of God*, that is, the *Heav'ns*, of which the *Tabernacle* was an *Emblem*, *Numbers* 15. 38. The *Jews* are commanded to make that *Lace* or *Ribbon* of *Blue*, wherewith their *Fringes* are bound to their *Cloathes*; and they have now left off the very wearing of *Fringes*; because, they say, the *Art* is lost of dying that kind of *Blue*, which was the perfect *Sky-Colour*. *Cæruleus* is derived by some, *Quasi cæruleus*.

61. *Virg.* l. 6. *Æn.*

*Obloquitur numeris Septem discrimina vocum.*

From which *Pancirollus* conjectures, that as we have now six *Notes* in *Musick*, *Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, So, La*, (invented by a *Monk* from the *Hymn* to *St. John*, beginning every *Line* with those *Syllables*) so the *Ancients* had *Seven*; according to which *Apollo* too instituted the *Lyre* with seven *Strings*; and *Pindar* calls it *ἑπτάρων*, his *Interpreter*, *ἑπτάρων*, and the *Argives* forbod under a *Penalty*, the use of more *Strings*.

62. *Porphyrus* affirmed, as he is cited by *Eusebius*,

3. *Præparat. Evang.* that the *Egyptians* (that is, the *Thebans* in *Egypt*) believed but *one God*, whom they called *Κνήφ* (whom *Plutarch* also names, *de Is. et Osyr. et Strabo*, l. 17. *Cnuphis*) and that the *Image* of that *God* was made with an *Egg* coming out of his *Mouth*, to shew that he *spoke out the World*, that is, made it with his *Word*; for an *Egg* with the *Egyptians* was the *Symbol* of the *World*. So was it too in the *Mystical Ceremonies* of *Bacchus*, instituted by *Orpheus*, as *Plut. Sympos.* l. 11. *Quæst.* 3. and *Macrob.* l. 7. c. 16. whence *Proclus* says upon *Timæus*, *Τὸ Ὀρφικὸν ὄν καὶ τὸ τοῦ Πλάτωνος ὄν*, to be the same things. *Voss. de Idol.*

63. *Theophil.* l. 2. *adversus Gent.* Θεὸς οὐ χωρεῖται, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς ἐστὶ τόπος τῶν ὄντων, *God* is in no *Place*, but is the *Place* of all *Things*; and *Philo*, αὐτὸς ἐαυτῷ τόπος, καὶ αὐτὸς ἐαυτοῦ πλήρης. Which is the same with the *Expression* here.

64. *Gen.* 14. 13. *And there came one that had escaped, and told Abram the Hebrew*, etc. which *Text* hath raised a great *Controversie* among the *Learned*, about the *Derivation* of the *Name* of the *Hebrews*: The general *Opinion* received of old was, that it came from *Eber*; which is not improbable, and defended by many *Learned Men*, particularly of late by *Rivet* upon *Gen.* 11. The other, which is more follow'd by the late *Critiques*, as *Arpennius*, *Grotius*, and our *Selden*, is, that the *Name* came from *Abraham's Passage* over *Euphrates* into *Canaan* (as the *Name* of *Welch* is said to signify no more than *Strangers*, which they were called by the *People* amongst whom they came, and ever after retained it) which *Opinion* is chiefly grounded upon the *Septuagint Translation* in this *Text*, who render *Abram* the *Hebrew*, τῷ περᾶν, the *Passenger*; and *Aquila* Περᾶν.

65. For even these *Sons* of the *Prophets* that were *Students* in *Colleges* did sometimes likewise foretel future things, as to *Elisha* the taking up of *Elijah*, 2 *King.* 2. 3. etc.



## NOTES upon the SECOND BOOK.

1. **H**onours, that is, *Beauties*, which make things honoured; in which *Sense* *Virgil* often uses the *Word*, and delights in it:

*Et latos oculis afflārat Honores.*

And in the second *Georg.* (as in this *Place*) for *Leaves*,

*Frigidus et silvis Aquilo decussit honorem.*

2. *Josephus* calls *David*, Παῖς ξανθός, *The Yellow*;

that is, *yellow-hair'd Boy*, or rather *Youth*. *Cedrenus* says, that *Valentinian* the *Emperor* was like *David*, because he had beautiful *Eyes*, a ruddy *Complexion*, and *Red*, or rather *Yellow Hair*.

3. *Power, Love and Wisdom*, that is, the whole *Trinity* (the *Father, Power*; the *Son, Love*; the *Holy Ghost, Wisdom*) concurred in the *Creation* of the *World*: And it is not only preserved by these *three*, the *Power, Love* and *Wisdom* of *God*, but by the *Emanations* and

Beams of them derived to, and impress'd in the *Creatures*. Which could not subsist without *Power* to *Act*, *Wisdom* to *direct* those *Actions* to *Ends* convenient for their *Natures*, and *Love* or *Concord*, by which they receive mutual necessary *Assistances* and *Benefits* from one another. Which *Love* is well termed by *Cicero Cognatio Naturæ*, the *Kindred*, or *Consanguinity of Nature*. And to *Love*, the *Creation* of the *World* was attributed, even by many of the ancient *Heathens*, the *Verse* of *Orph.*

Καὶ Μῆτις πρῶτος γενέτωρ καὶ Ἔρως πολυτέρπης.

*Wisdom* and *Love* were *Parents* of the *World*; and therefore *Hesiod* in his mad confused *Poem* of the *Generation* of the *Gods*, after *Chaos*, the *Earth*, and *Hell*, brings in *Love*, as the first of all the *Gods*,

Ἡδ' Ἔρως δὲ κάλλιστος ἐν ἀθανάτοισι θεοῖσι.

*Pherecides* said excellently, that *God* transform'd himself into *Love*, when he began to make the *World*,

Εἰς Ἔρωτα μεταβλήσθαι τὸν  
Δία μέλλοντα δημιουργεῖν.

4. As *Human Nature* is elevated by *Grace*, so other *Agents* are by *Love* to *Operations* that are *above*, and seem contrary to their *Nature*, as the *Ascension* of heavy *Bodies*, and the like.

5. *Garlands of Ivy* were anciently the *Ornaments* of *Poets*, and other learned *Men*, as *Laurel* of *Conquerors*, *Olive* of *Peace-makers*, and the like. *Horace*.

Me doctarum Hederæ præmia frontium  
Diis miscent superis—

Me *Ivy* the *Reward* of learned *Brows* does mingle with the *Gods*.

Virg. —Atque hanc sine tempora circum  
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere laurus.

And let this humble *Ivy* creep around thy *Temples* with triumphant *Laurel* bound. Because *Ivy* is always *Green*, and requires the *Support* of some stronger *Tree*, as *Learning* does of *Princes* and great *Men*.

6. The *Object* of the *Sensitive Appetite* is not that which is *truly good*, but that which appears to be *good*. There is great *Caution* to be used in *English* in the placing of *Adjectives* (as here) after their *Substantives*. I think when they constitute specific *Differences* of the *Substantives*, they follow best; for then they are to it like *Cognomina*, or *Surnames* to *Names*, and we must not say, the *Great Pompey*, or the *Happy Sylla*, but *Pompey the Great*, and *Sylla the Happy*; sometimes even in other *Cases* the *Epithete* is put last very gracefully, of which a good *Ear* must be the *Judge* for ought I know, without any *Rule*. I chuse rather to say *Light Divine*, and *Command Divine*, than *Divine Light*, and *Divine Command*.

7. These are the *Effects* of *Love*, according to *Th. Aquinas* in *Prima Sec. Quæst.* 28. the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th *Artic.* to whom I refer for the *Proof* and *Explana-*

tion of them, *Amor est affectus quo cum re amatâ aut unimur, aut perpetuamus unionem.* Scal. de Subt.

8. 1 Sam. 5. And *David* said unto *Jonathan*, behold to *Morrow* is the *New-Moon*, and I should not fail to sit with the *King* at *Meat*, but let me go, etc. *Ecce Calendæ sunt crastino, et ego ex more sedere soleo juxtâ regem ad vescendum, etc.* The first *Day* of every *Month* was a *Festival* among the *Jews*: For the *First-Fruits* of all things, even all *Distinctions* of *Times* were *Sacred* to *God*; in it they neither bought nor sold. *Amos* 8. 4. *When will the New-Moon be gone, that we may sell Corn?* The *Vulg.* *Quando transibit mensis* (that is, *Primus dies, or Festum Mensis*) *et venundabimus merces?* They went to the *Prophets* to hear the *Word* as upon *Sabbaths*, 2 Kings 4. 23. *Wherefore wilt thou go to him to Day? It is neither New-Moon nor Sabbath;* which was likewise a *Custom* among the *Romans*: For the *Day* of the *Calends* the *High-Priests* called together the *People* (from whence the *Name* of *Calends à Calando plebem*) to instruct them in the *Divine Duties* which they were to perform that *Month*, *Macro.* 1. *Saturnal.* And lastly, there were greater *Sacrifices* on that, than upon other ordinary *Days*, *Num.* 28. 11. But of all *New-Moons*, that of the *seventh Month* was the most solemn, it being also the *Feast of Trumpets*. It is not evident that this was the *New-Moon* spoken of in this *Story* of *David*; but that it was so, may probably be conjectur'd, in that the *Text* seems to imply a greater *Solemnity* than that of ordinary *Calends*, and that the *Feast* lasted above one *Day*, 1. Sam. 20. 27. *And it came to pass, that on the Morrow, which was the second Day of the Month, David's place was empty.* Now the *Reason* of this greater *Observation* of the *Calends* of the *seventh Month* (called *Tisri*, and answering to our *September*) was, because according to the *Civil Computation* (for the *Jews* had two *Accounts* of the *Beginning* of the *Year*, one *Civil*, the other *Religious*; this later being instituted in *Memory* of their *Passage* out of *Egypt* in the *Month Abib*, that is, about our *March*) this was the *beginning* of the *Year*; from hence *Contracts*, and the *Account* of *Sabbatical Years* and *Jubilees* bare *Date*. It is called by some *Sabbathum Sabbathorum*, because it is the *Sabbath* of *Months*; for as the *seventh Day*, and the *seventh Year*, so the *seventh Month* too was consecrated to *God*. Of this *New-Moon* it is that *David* speaks, *Psalms* 81. 3. *Blow the Trumpet in the New-Moon, in the Time appointed on our solemn Feast-Day. In insigni die solennitatis vestræ.* And the *Psalms* is inscribed, *Pro Torcularibus*; which concurs just with this *seventh Moon*: which *Philo* in *Decal.* terms τὴν ἱερομενίαν ἢ σάλπιγγιν ὑποσημαίνουσι. And *St. August.* reads, *In initio Mensis Tuba.* See the *Institution* of this *Festival*, *Levit.* 23. 24. and *Numb.* 29. 1.

9. The *Priests* were wont to blow the *Trumpets* upon all *Festivals*, the *Year* of *Jubilee* was proclaimed by them with the *Sound* of *Trumpets* through the whole *Land*; nay, the *Sabbath* it self was begun with it, as *Josephus* testifies, 1. 5. *Bel. Jud.* c. 9. But why the *Trumpets* were sounded more extraordinarily on this

Day, is hard to find out; for which it is named *Dies Clangoris*. Some will have it to be only as a Solemn Promulgation of the *New-Year*; which Opinion is likewise adorned with an Allusion to the Beginning (or as it were *New-Year's Day*) of *Eternity*; which is to be proclaimed by *Angels* in that manner with a great Sound of a *Trumpet*, Mat. 24. 31.

10. This was St. *Basil's* Opinion, but is not much follow'd, because when *Festivals* are instituted in Memory of any past Blessing, they used to be observed on the same Day that the Blessing was conferred.

11. This third is the common Opinion of the *Jews*; who therefore call this Festival *Festum Cornu*, and say, that they sounded only upon *Rams' Horns*: But that, methinks, if this be the true Reason of it, is not necessary.

12. *The third Hour*; i. Nine a-Clock in the Morning: For the Day began at six a-Clock, and contain'd *twelve little* or *four great Hours*, or *Quarters*. The first *Quarter* from six to nine, was called the *Third Hour*, because that closed up the *Quarter*.

13. *Gay*, because the Beasts to be sacrificed, used to be crowned with Garlands, and sometimes had their *Horns gilt*, as I say afterwards.

14. For on the ordinary *New-Moons* there was offered up two *Bullocks*, one *Ram*, and seven *Lambs* of the first Year without Spot, *Numb.* 28. 11. and a *Kid* of the *Goats*, v. 15. and there was added to this *New-Moon*, one young *Bullock*, one *Ram*, seven *Lambs* of the first Year without Blemish, and one *Kid*, *Numb.* 29. which join'd, make up my Number. *Bullocks* of *Free-Neck*; that is, which had never been yoked, imply'd in the *Epithete Young*. *Intactâ cervice Juvenci*.

15. The outmost Court of the *Tabernacle*.

16. The Custom of having *Stories* wrought in *Hangings*, *Coverlits*, nay even wearing *Garments*, is made to be very ancient by the *Poets*. Such is the History of *Theseus* and *Ariadne* in the *Coverlit* of *Thetis Pulvinar*, or *Marriage Bed*. *Catull.* *Argonaut.*

*Talibus amplifice vestis variata figuris  
Pulvinar complexa suo velabat amictu.*

So *Æneas* in 5. *Æn.* gives a Coat to *Cloanthus*, in which was wrought the Rape of *Ganymede*,

*Intextusque puer frondosâ regius Idâ.*

And many Authorities of this kind might be alledged if it were necessary.

17. *You might see*. That is, *It might be seen*, or *any one might see*. This manner of speaking, which puts the second Person Indefinitely, is very frequent among the *Poets*; as *Homer*,

*Φαίης κεν ζάκοτον τινὰ ἔμμεναι.*

*Virg.* 4. *Æn.*

*Migrantes cernas:*

Upon which *Servius* says, *Honesta figura si rem tertia*

*personæ in secundam transferas. Mugire videbis*, that is, *Videbit aut poterit videre aliquis*. So 8. *Æn.*

*Credas innare revulsas Cycladas*; that is, *Credat quis*.

18. *God* is said to have spoken with *Abraham* nine times; that is, so many times *Angels* brought him Messages from *God*. An *Angel* is called by *Josephus* *Πρόσωπον Θεοῦ*.

19. Some make *Sara* to be the *Daughter* of *Haran*, *Abram's Brother*; others of *Therah* by another Wife, which Marriages were then lawful, but the Scripture, *Gen.* 11. calls her *Terah's Daughter-in-Law*, not *Daughter*; others think she was only *Abram's Kinswoman*; all which the Hebrews called *Sisters*. *Ἀδελφιδὴ non Ἀδελφή*. *Grot.* *Beauteous* were a strange *Epithete* for her at the Age she then had, which was above threescore Years, but that the Scripture calls her so, and she proved her self to be so, by striking two *Kings* in Love, *Pharaoh* and *Abimelech*. It is to be believed that People in those Days bore their Age better than now, and her Barrenness might naturally contribute somewhat to it; but the chief Reason, I suppose to be a *Blessing* of *God*, as particular as that of her *Child-bearing* after the Natural Season.

20. The Scripture does not say particularly, that *Abram* surpriz'd this Army in, or after a *Debauch*, but it is probable enough for my turn, that this was the Case. Of these *confused Marks of Death and Luxury*, there is an excellent Description in the 9th *Æneid*, where *Nisus* and *Eurialus* fall upon the Quarter of the Enemy.

*Somno vinoque sepultam.*—

*Purpuream vomit ille animam, et cum sanguine mista  
Vina refert moriens, etc.*

But I had no leisure to expatiate in this place.

21. St. *Hierom* says this *Salem* was a Town near *Scythopolis*, called *Salem* even to his *Time*; and that there were then remaining some Ruins of the Palace of *Melchisedec*, which is not very probable. I rather believe him to have been King of *Jerusalem*; for being a *Type* of *Christ*, that Seat was most proper for him, especially since we are sure that *Jerusalem* was once named *Salem*. *Psal.* *In Salem is his Tabernacle, and his Habitation in Sion*. And the Addition of *Jeru* to it, was from *Jebu*, the *Jebusites*; that is, *Salem of the Jebusites*, *Adric*. The Situation of *Jerusalem* agrees very well with this Story. For *Abram* coming to *Hebron* from the Parts about *Damascus*, passes very near *Jerusalem*, nay nearer than to the other *Salem*. But concerning this King of *Salem*, *Melchisedec*, the Difficulties are more important. Some make him to be no *Man*, but *God* himself, or the *Holy-Ghost*, as the ancient *Melchisedecians* and *Hieracites*; others, to be *Christ* himself; others, an *Angel*, as *Origen*; others to be *Sem* the Son of *Noah*; which is little more probable than the former extravagant Fancies. That which is most reasonable, and most received too, is, that he was a King of a little Territory among the *Canaanites*, and a *Priest* for the true *God*, which makes him so remarkable among those Idolatrous

Nations ; for which Cause he is termed, 'Αγεναλόγητος, because he was not of any of the *Geneologies* of the Scripture ; and therefore the better typify'd or represented *Christ*, as being both a *King* and a *Priest*, without being of the Tribe of *Levi* : But this and the other Controversies about him, are too copious to be handled in a Comment of this Nature.

22. Ver. 18. *And Melchisedec King of Salem brought forth Bread and Wine*, etc. The Romanists maintain, that this was only a *Sacrifice*, and a *Type* of the *Eucharist*, as *Melchisedec* himself was of *Christ* ; others, that it was only a *Present* for the Relief of *Abram's* Men. Why may we not say that it was both? And that before the Men were refresh'd by Bread and Wine, there was an Offering or Prelibation of them to *God*, by the *Priest* of the most *High-God*, as he is denominated? For even this Oblation of Bread and Wine (used also among the *Hebrews*) is called *θυσια*, *Levit. 2.* and *Philo* says of *Melchisedec* upon this Occasion, *ἐπιτίκτα ἔθνε*. I therefore name them *Sacred Presents*. Like him whose *Type* he bears ; that is, *Christ*. And the *Dues* he received were *Tenths*, whether of all *Abram's* Substance, or of the *present Spoils*, (*ἀκροθίβια*) is a great Controversie.

23. Gen. 15. 5. and Gen. 22. 17. *I will multiply thy Seed as the Stars of the Heav'n, and as the Sand upon the Sea Shore*. An ordinary Proverb in all Languages, for great Numbers. *Catul. Aut quot sidera multa cum tacet nox* ; and in another Place he joins the Sand of the Sea too as this Text does. *Ille pulveris Erythraei Siderumque micantium subducatur numerum*. It does no hurt, I think, to add *Bright* as well as *Numberless* to the Similitude.

24. Gen. 17. It is called a *Covenant* ; and Circumcision may well be termed a *Mark of Homage*, because it was a renouncing of the *Flesh*, and peculiar Dedication of *Abram* and his Seed to the Service of the true *God*.

25. The received Opinion is, that two of these Persons were *Angels*, and the *Third*, *God* himself ; for after the two *Angels* were gone towards *Sodom*, it is said, *Gen. 18. 22.* But *Abraham* stood yet before the *Lord*. So *Sulpit. Sever. Dominus qui cum duobus Angelis ad eum venerat. Lyra* and *Tostatus* report, that the *Jews* have a Tradition, that these three were *Michael*, *Gabriel*, and *Raphael*. The first of which represented *God*, and remained with *Abraham*, the second destroyed *Sodom*, and the third brought *Lot* out of it. It was a very ancient Opinion that these were the *Three Persons* of the *Trinity* ; from whence arose that notorious Saying, *Tres vidit et unum adoravit*. This appearing of *Gods* in the Manner of *Strangers*, to punish and reward Men was a common Tradition too among the *Heathens*, *Hom. p. Odys.*

Καὶ τε θεοὶ ξείνοισιν ἐοικότες ἀλλοπαδοῖσι  
Παντοῖοι τελέθοντες ἐπιστροφῶσι πολλῆς  
'Ανθρώπων ὄβριον τε καὶ εὐνομήνιν ἐφορῶντες.

The Gods in the Habits of Strangers went about to several Towns to be Eye-witnesses of the Justice and

Injustice of Men. So *Homer* makes the Gods to go once a Year to feast,

— μετ' ἀμύμονας Αἰθιοπῆας,

With the *unblamable Ethiopians*. And we find these Peregrinations frequent in the *Metamorphosis*,

*Summo delabor Olympo*—

*Et Deus humana lustris sub imagine terras.* 1 *Metam.*

26. From *Ur*, the Place of his Birth, to *Ephron's Cave*, the Place of his Burial. *Ur* of the *Caldees*, *Gen. 11. 31.* Some of the *Jews* take *Ur* here for *Fire*, and tell a ridiculous Fable, that *Abraham* and *Haran* his Brother were cast by the *Chaldeans* into a burning Furnace for opposing their *Idolatry*, in which *Haran* was consumed, but *Abraham* was preserved. *Josephus* and *Eusebius, lib. 9. Præpar. Evang.* say *Ur* was the Name of a *City*, which *Josephus* calls *ὄρη*, and *Plin. l. 5. c. 24.* makes Mention of *Ura*, a Place *Usque quem fertur Euphrates*. It was perhaps denominated from the Worship of *Fire* in that Country. The Name continued 'till *Ammianus* his time. *Ammian. lib. 25.*

27. *Mounts*. For the Place was the *Hill Moriah*, which the *Vulgar* translates, *Montem Visionis*. *Aquila τὴν γῆν τὴν καταφανῆν* ; which I conceive to be, not as some render it, *In terram lucidam*, but *terram apparentem*, the Place which appears a great way off, as being a *Mountain*. *Symmachus* for the same Reason has *Ὀπτασίαι* which is the same with the *Latin Visionis* ; and the *Septuag.* call it *ὕψηλην*, the *High Country* ; others interpret it, the *Country of Worship*, by *Anticipation*. And it was not perhaps without relation to this Sacrifice of *Abraham's*, that this was chosen afterwards to be the Seat of *Solomon's Temple*.

28. *The Boy*. Our *English Translation, Lad*, which is not a Word for Verse, the *Latin Puer, Boy*. *Aben Ezra* is cited to make him at that time but ten or twelve Years old. But that is an Age unfit for the carrying of such a Burden as he does here. *Rivet* for that Reason conceives that he was about 16 Years of Age, *Josephus 25.* Others 33. because at that Age our *Saviour* (whose *Type* he was) was sacrificed. Some of the *Jews 36.* None of which are contrary to the *Hebrew* use of the Word *Boy* ; for so all young Men are termed, as *Benjamin, Gen. 43. 8.* and *Joseph, Joshua, and David* when he fought with *Goliath*. The *Painters* commonly make him very young, and my Description agrees most with that Opinion, for it is more poetical and pathetic than the others.

29. Because the *Covenant* and *Promises* were made in *Isaac, Gen. 17. 21. Heb. 11. 17. 18.*

30. The Ancients (both *Hebrews* and other Nations) never omitted the washing at least of their *Hands* and *Feet* before they sate or lay down to *Table*. *Judg. 19. 21.* it is said of the *Levite* and his Concubine, *They wash'd their Feet, and did eat and drink*. So *Abraham* says to the three *Angels, Gen. 18. 4, Let a little Water, I pray you, be fetch'd, and wash your Feet, and rest yourselves under the Tree, and I will fetch a Morsel of Bread, etc.* So likewise *Joseph's Steward* treats his Master's Brethren.



So *David* to *Uriah*, 2 Sam. 11. 8. *Go down to thy House, and wash thy Feet*, etc. and *there follow'd him a Mess of Meat from the King*. It is in vain to add more Authorities of a thing so notorious. And this Custom was then very necessary, for their *Legs* and *Thighs* being bare, they could not but contract much *Dirt*, and were (of which this Custom is some Argument) to lye down upon *Beds*, which without washing they would have spoiled. *Homer* makes the *Wives* and *Daughters* even of *Princes* to wash the Feet of their Guests,

—ἀρχαῖον δὲ τοῦτο ἔθος. Athen. L. i. c. 8.

For this (says he) was the ancient Custom; and so the *Daughters of Cocalus* wash'd *Minos* at his Arrival in *Sicily*. But the more ordinary, was to have young and beautiful *Servants* for this, and the like *Ministeries*. Besides this, it was accounted necessary to have *Wash-pots* standing by at the *Jewish Feasts*, to purifie themselves, if they should happen to touch any thing unclean. And for these Reasons six *Water-pots* stood ready at the *Wedding-Feast of Cana* in *Galilee*.

31. Eccles. 2. 8. *I gat Men-singers, and Women-singers, the Delights of the Sons of Men, olvoχόους καὶ olvoχόας*. He and she *Servants* to fill *Wine*, says the *Septuagint*: Though I know the *Vulgar*, and our *English Edition* translate it otherwise; both differently: And it is incredible, how curious the *Ancients* were in the Choice of *Servants* to wait at *Table*; *Mart*.

*Stant pueri, Dominos quos precer esse meos.*

32. After washing they always anointed themselves with precious *Oyl*. So *Judith*. 10. 2. So *Naomi* to *Ruth*, *Wash thy self therefore, and anoint thy self*. So *David* after the Death of his Child, *Rose up, and wash'd, and anointed himself*, etc. So *Hom. Od.* 6. of *Nausicaa* and her *Maids*,

Αἱ δὲ λοεσσάμεναι καὶ χρυσάμεναι λίπ' ἐλαίῳ  
Δείπνον ἐπειθ' εἶλοντο παρ' ὄχθησιν ποταμοῖο.

But this too is as notorious as the other Fashion of washing. *Small Prisons*. Boxes of Ointments, such as the *Woman* poured upon the Head of our *Saviour*, *Mat.* 26. 7. ἀλάβαστρον ῥύρον, that is, as we say, an *Inkhorn*, though it be not made of *Horn*, but any other Matter; for this was not of *Alabaster*, *St. Mark* affirming that it was broken. *Horace*,

*Nardi parvus Onyx.*

*Claudian. Gemmatis alii per totum balsama tectum  
Effudère cadis* —

33. The *Roman Custom* was, to have three *Beds* to each *Table* (from whence the Word *Triclinium*) and three *Persons* to each *Bed* (though sometimes they exceeded in both;) and it is likely they took this from the *Asiatiques*, as well as the very Fashion of *Discubation*, for conveniently there could be no more. To *Saul* for State I gave a whole *Bed*; and the other two, to his own *Sons*, *Jonathan*, *Ishui* and *Melchisua*, 1 Sam. 14. 49. to *Abner* his Cousin German, and Captain of his Hosts, and to his two *Sons-in-law*, *Adriel* and *David*. Neither does it convince me, that *Lying down* was not in use,

because it is said here, 1 Sam. 20. 25. *And Saul sate upon his Seat as at other times, even upon a Seat by the Wall*: Because the Words of *Session* and *Accubation* are often confounded, both being in Practice at several Times, and in several Nations.

34. At the Feasts of the *Ancients*, not only the *Rooms* were strewed with *Flowers*, but the *Guests* and *Waiters*, and the very drinking *Bowls* were crowned with them. *Virg.*

*Crateras magnos statuunt et vina coronant; and  
Tum pater Anchises magnum cratera coronâ  
Induit, implevitque mero* —

Which cannot be interpreted as some do *Homer's*,

Κρατήρας ἐπιστέφαντο ποτοῖο.

Which they say are said to be crowned, when they are filled so full, that the *Liquor* standing higher than the Brims of the *Bowl*, looks like a *Crown* upon it, *Athen.* l. j. c. 11. But why may we not construe *Homer*, *They crowned, κρατήρας ποτοῖο, Bowls of Drink*, as well as *They crowned Bowls with Drink*?

35. The Name of *God*, the *Tetragrammaton*, that was not to be pronounced.

36. 1 Sam. 20. 30. *Thou Son of the perverse rebellious Woman*, etc. The *Vulg. Fili mulieris virum ultro rapientis*; that is as much as to say, *Thou Son of a Whore*. Upon which place *Grotius*. *Sons* use to be like their *Parents*, and therefore *Saul*, who would not accuse himself, casts the Fault of *Stubbornness* and ill Nature upon his *Mother*. In which I cannot abide to be of his Opinion; the Words are so ungracious from the Mouth of a *Prince*: I rather think that they import this, thou who art so stubborn and unnatural, that thou mayst seem to be not my *Son*, but a *Bastard*, the *Son* of a *Whore* or rebellious *Woman*; and that which follows in the same Verse confirms this to me. *Thou hast chosen the Son of Jesse to thine own Confusion, and to the Confusion of thy Mother's Nakedness*; that is, to her *Shame*, who will be thought to have had thee of some other *Man*, and not of me.

37. 1 Sam. 20. 34. *And Jonathan arose from the Table in fierce Anger*, In irâ furoris. But his *Passion* (it seems) did not overcome his *Duty* or *Discretion*; for he arose without saying any thing.

I omit here *Jonathan's* shooting *Arrows*, and sending his *Page* for them, from the 35th to the 40th Verse: By *Horace* his *Rule*,

—Et quæ

*Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquo.*

And what *Art* or *Industry* could make that *Story shine*? Besides it was a *Subtlety* that I cannot for my *Life* comprehend; for since he went to *David*, and talk'd to him himself, what needed all that *politick Trouble* of the shooting?

38. The *Head*, which is the *Seat of Fancy*.

39. These are called by the *Schoolmen*, *Entia Rationis*, but are rather *Entia Imaginationis*, or *Fantastick Creatures*,

*Inter se quorum discordia membra videmus*, *Lucr.* L. 5.

And afterwards,

*Prima Leo, postrema Draco, media ipsa Chimæra,*

Which is out of *Homer*,

Πρῶστε λεῶν δὲ ἔπισθε δρακῶν.

40. When the Country People in *Thessaly* saw Men first that came on Horseback, and drove away their Cattle, they imagined the *Horse* and *Men* to be all one, and called them *Centaur*s from driving away of *Oxen*; according to which Fancy, they are truly said to ride upon themselves.

41. Unless thou take away the *Lame* and the *Blind*, thou shalt not come in hither, thinking *David* cannot come in hither, 2 *Sam.* 5. 6. There are some other Interpretations of the Place, than that which I here give; as that the *Idols* of the *Jebusites* were meant by the *Lame* and the *Blind*. But this carries no Probability. Thinking *David* cannot come in hither; is a plain Proof that they did it in Scorn of *David*, and Confidence of the extraordinary Strength of the Place; which without question was very great, or else it could not have held out so many hundred Years since the Entrance of the *Israelites* into the Land, in the very midst of them.

42. *Fish*; *Dagon* the Deity most worshipp'd by the *Philistims*.

43. The *English* says *Mulberry Trees*; the *Latin*, *Pear Trees*; the safest is to leave it indefinite. The Sound of a going in the Tops of the *Mulberry Trees*, v. 24. some interpret, The Noise of the dropping of the Dew like *Tears* from the Trees. From whence the *Greek* τοῦ κλαυθμῶνος.

44. *Hadad-Esar* King of *Zobah*, which is called by *Josephus* *Sophene*, a Part of *Cælosyria*, confining upon the *Half Tribe* of *Manasses*. This Kingdom is first mention'd, 1 *Sam.* 14. 47. at what time (it seems) it was under several Princes, and against the *Kings* of *Zoba*.

45. *Adad* was at that time King of *Damascus*, according to *Josephus*, and the Family of the *Adads* reigned there long after in great Lustre.

46. The Children of *Ammon*.

47. *Moloch* is called peculiarly the *God* of the *Ammonites*, 1 *Kings* 11. 5, and 7. *Fonseca* takes it to be *Priapus*, confounding it with *Belphegor* of the *Moabites*; *Arias Montanus* will have it to be *Mercury*, deriving it from *Malach*, *Nuncius*. Others more probably, *Saturn*, because the like Worship and like Sacrifices were used to him. *Macrob.* 1 *Saturn.* *Curt. Lib.* 4. *Diodor. Lib.* 20, etc. I had rather believe the *Sun* was worshipp'd under that Name by the *Ammonites*, as the *King of Heaven*; for the Word signifies *King*; and it is the same Deity with *Baal*, or *Bel* of the *Assyrians* and *Sidonians*, signifying *Lord*. Some think that Children were not burnt or sacrificed to him, but only consecrated and initiated by passing between two Fires; which perhaps might be a Custom too. But it is evident by several Places of Scripture, that this was not all: And the *Jews* say, that *passing through the Fire*, is but a Phrase for *Burning*. He had seven *Chappels* from the Number of the *Planets*, of which the *Sun* is *King*; for which

Reason the *Persians* likewise made seven *Gates* to him. In the first *Chappel* was offer'd to him a *Cake* of fine Flower, in the second a *Turtle*, in the third a *Sheep*, the fourth a *Ram*, the fifth an *Heifer*, the sixth an *Ox*, and the seventh a *Man*, or *Child*, commonly a young *Child*. The *Image* was of *Brass*, of wonderful Greatness, with his Hands spread, and set on Fire within, perhaps to represent the Heat of the *Sun*, and not as some think, to burn the Children in his Arms. He had likewise the Face of a *Bullock*, in which Figure too *Osyris* among the *Egyptians* represented the *Sun*, and *Mithra* among the *Persians*.

Stat. *Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mithram.*

But though they intended the Worship of the *Sun*, under this Name of *Moloch*, it was indeed the Devil that they worshipp'd; which makes me say, *Griming through a black Cloud*, etc.

48. *Swift Tygris*. *Curt. L.* 4. No River in the East runs so violently as *Tygris*, from which Swiftness it takes the Name; for *Tygris* in the *Persian Language* signifies an *Arrow*.

49. *Helam*, or *Chelam*, which *Ptolemy* calls *Alamatha*, a Plain near the Fords of *Euphrates*.

50. The Metropolis of *Ammon*, since *Philadelphia*.

51. And he took their *King's Crown* from off his Head (the Weight whereof was a Talent of Gold, with the precious Stones) and it was set on *David's* Head, 2 *Sam.* 12. 30. and the like, 1 *Chro.* 20. 2. *Tulit Diadema Regis eorum de Capite ejus*, etc. But the Seventy have it, Καὶ ἔλαβε τὸν στέφανον Μολχὸμ τοῦ Βασιλῆος αὐτῶν ἀπὸ τῆς κεφαλῆς αὐτοῦ, etc. He took the *Crown* of *Molchom* their *King* from off his Head. That is, The Crown upon the Head of their *Idol Moloch*, or *Melchom*; which makes some of the *Greek* Fathers say, That *Melchom's Image* had a bright precious Stone in form of the *Morning-star*, plac'd on the Top of his Forehead. I rather follow the *English* Translation.

52. Some would have *Solomon* to have begun his Reign at eleven Years old, which is very unreasonable. *Sir W. Raughley*, methinks, convinces that it was in the nineteenth Year of his Age; at which time it might truly be said by *David* to *Solomon*, *Thou art a wise Man*; and by *Solomon* to *God*, *I am but a young Child*.

53. I am not ignorant that I go contrary to most learned Men in this Point, who make *Saba*, of which she was *Queen*, a Part of *Arabia Felix*,

*Virg. Solis est thurea virga Sabæis.*

And Frankincense was one of her Presents to *Solomon*. *Psalm* 72. *The Kings of Arabia and Saba*. The City where she liv'd they say was called *Marab*; by *Strabo*, *Mariaba*; and her, some name *Nicanna*; others, *Makeda*; the *Arabians*, *Bulkis*. This consists well enough with her Title of the *Queen of Ethiopia*; for there were two *Ethiopia's*, the one in *Asia*, the other in *Africk*. Nevertheless I make her *Queen* of this latter *Ethiopia* for two Reasons; First, Because she is called in the *New Testament* *Queen of the South*, which seems to me to be too great a Title for the *Queen* of a small

Territory in *Arabia*, lying full East, and but a little Southward of *Judæa*; and therefore the *Wise Men* that came to worship Christ from those Parts, are termed *Eastern*, and not *Southern Sages*. Secondly, all the Histories of the *Abyssines* or *African-Ethiopians* affirm, that she was *Queen* of their Country, and derive the Race of their Kings from *her* and *Solomon*, which the ordinary Names of them seem to confirm, and the Custom of Circumcision used even to this Day, tho' they be *Christians*. In fine, whatever the Truth be, this Opinion makes a better Sound in *Poetry*.

54. This *Egyptian* King's Name is very variously written. *Shishac* the *English*, *Sesac* *Latin*, *Susakim* *Septuagint*, *Susac* *Josephus*, *Susesin* *Cedrenus*, also *Sasuges*, *Sosonchis*, *Sosachis*; and by *Eusebius Smendes*, *Josephus*, l. 8. proves that *Herodot.* falsely ascribes the Acts of this *Susac* to *Sesostris*, and particularly his setting up of Pillars in *Palestine*, with the Figures of Women's Privy Parts graven upon them, to reproach the Effeminate-ness of those Nations. The Scripture says, his Army was without Number, compos'd of *Lubims*, i. *Lybians*, the Countries West of *Egypt*. *Sukkym*, from *Succoth Tents*, *Lat. Troglodite*, a People bordering upon the *Red Sea*; by others, *Arabes Egyptii*, or *Ichthyophagi*; and *Ethiopians*, *Cusita*, *Joseph*, which is more probable, than to make them, as some do, the People of *Arabia Deserta* and *Petræa*. From this time the *Egyptians* claim'd the Sovereignty of *Judæa*, 2 Chr. 12. 8.

55. *Adadesar*, 1 Chron. 18. 7. I mention rather the golden Shields taken by *David*, than those made by *Solomon*, because *David* might be more concern'd in them.

56. The Story of this great Battel between *Abijah* and *Jeroboam* is one of the strangest and humanly most hard to believe, almost in the whole Old Testament, that out of a Kingdom, not half so big as *England*, five hundred thousand chosen and valiant Men should be slain in one Battel; and of this not so much as any Notice taken in *Abijah's* or *Jeroboam's* Lives in the first of *Kings*. It adds much to the Wonder, that this Defeat should draw no other Consequence after it but *Abijah's* Recovery of two or three Towns; no more than all the mighty Troubles and Changes in *Israel*, that happen'd afterwards in *Asa's* time, who had besides, the Advantage of being a virtuous and victorious Prince. Sir *W. Raughley* makes a good Discourse to prove the Reason of this to have been, because the Successors of *Solomon* still kept up that Severity and Arbitrariness of Government, which first caused the Separation, but that all the *Kings* of *Israel* allowed those Liberties to the People, upon the score of which *Jeroboam* possess'd himself of the Crown; which the People chose rather to enjoy, though with great Wars and Disturbances, than to return to the Quiet which they enjoy'd with Servitude under *Solomon*. There may be something of this perhaps in the case; but even though this be true, it is so strange that the *Kings* of *Judah* should never (among so many Changes) find a Party in *Israel* to call them in again, that we must fly to the absolute Determination of *God's*

Will for a Cause of it, who being offended with the Sins of both, made both his Instruments of Vengeance against one another, and gave Victories and other Advantages to *Judah*, not for Blessings to that, but for Curses and Scourges to *Israel*. *God punish'd one, but bless'd not th' other Side.*

57. This Superstition of consecrating Groves to Idols grew so frequent, that there was scarce any fair green Tree that was not dedicated to some Idol,

— *Lucosque vetustâ*

*Religione truces et robora Numinis instar.* Claud.

The Word it self *Lucus* is conceived by some to come à *Lucendo*, from the constant *Light* of Sacrifices burnt there to the Gods, or rather perhaps from Tapers continually burning there in Honour of them. At last the very Trees grew to be *Idols*:

— *Quercus, oracula prima.* Ovid.

The *Druidæ* had their Name from worshipping an *Oak*; and among the *Celtæ* an *Oak* was the Image of *Jupiter*; the *Holm Tree* had no less Honour with the *Hetrurians*. *Tacitus* says the ancient *Germans* called *Trees* by the Names of the *Gods*. 2 *Kings* 23. 6. *Josiah* is said to bring out the *Groves* from the House of the Lord; where it seems the *Idols* themselves are called *Groves*; either having gotten that Name from standing commonly in *Groves*, or perhaps because they were the *Figures of Trees* adored by them, or of *Idols* with *Trees* represented too about them; as *Acts* 19. 24. the Silver Similitudes of *Diana's Temple*, made by *Demetrius*, are termed *Temples of Diana*.

58. The Number of the Armies is here likewise more than wonderful, *Asa's* consisting of five hundred and eighty thousand, and *Zerah's* of ten hundred thousand Men, called *Ethiopians*, *Cusita*: Now though I took the *Cusites* of *Susac's* Army to be the *Ethiopians* of *Africk*, for it is very likely he might bring up those as well as *Lybians*, into *Palestine*; yet it is improbable that *Zerah* should march with such an Army through all *Egypt*, out of that *Ethiopia*; besides, *Gerar* and the Cities thereabouts are spoiled by *Asa*, as belonging to *Zerah*, but that is in *Arabia Petræa*, which I suppose to be his Kingdom, though perhaps with other Countries thereabouts; and with the Help of his neighbour Princes: For otherwise it is hard to believe, that his Army could be so great. It is clear that the *Arabians* were called *Ethiopians* as well as the *Abyssines*, both descending from *Chus*.

He lost so many of his Subjects of *Arabia Petræa*, as might make that like *Arabia Deserta*.

59. It is strange, that after his being able to bring such an Army into the Field, after his great Success against *Zerah*, and his Father's but a little before against *Jeroboam*, he should be so alarmed with the War of *Baasha* (a Murderer, and an unsettled Usurper; for which Cause I call him *Perjured*) as to give his own and the Temple's Treasures for the Assistance of *Benhadad*: But it was not so much out of Fear of *Baasha* alone, as

of *Benhadad* too at the same time, who would have joined with *Baasha*, if he had not been bought off to join with *Asa*. The Family of the *Adads* then reigning in *Damascus*, were grown mighty Princes, and so continued long after. But the Assistance was very dangerous; for the *Syrians* having by this Occasion found the Weakness of both Kingdoms, of *Israel* and *Judæa*, and enriched themselves at once upon both, never ceased afterwards to molest and attack them.

60. The *Fates*; that is, according to the *Christian Poetical* manner of speaking, the *Angels*, to whom the *Government* of this *World* is committed. The Meaning is, that having a Command to kill the *King*, and seeing *Jehosaphat* in Kingly Robes, and looking only upon the outward Disguise of *Ahab* (without staying to consider who the Person was) they had like to have caused the *King of Judah* to be slain instead of the *King of Israel*. He had like to have dy'd as *Virgil* says, *Alieno vulnere*.

61. *Seir*, a little Country lying between *Edom* and *Moab*.

62. *Jehoram* is said to have reigned eight Years in *Jerusalem*, *2 Kings* 8. 17. *2 Chron.* 21. 20. but it is apparent by most evident Collection out of the Text, that either seven of those eight Years (as some will have it) or at least four, are to be reckon'd in the Life of his Father *Jehosaphat*. Which makes me wonder at *Sulpit. Severus* his Mistake, who says, *Joram filius regnum tenuit (Josaphat rege defuncto) annos duo deviginti*: Reigned eighteen Years. I rather think it should be *annos duos*, and that *deviginti* is crept in since. *Ochosia* or *Ahaziah* reigned scarce one Year.

63. *Athaliah*, by some *Gotholia*. Her Murder of all that remained (as she thought) of the Family of *David*, made her only Pretence to the Government, which was then *Vacua Possessio*, and belonged to the *first Possessor*. She had been in effect in Possession of it all the time of her Husband *Jehoram*, and Son *Ochosia*, Ἐσπούδασε μηδὲνα τῶν ἐκ τοῦ Δαβίδου καταλιπεῖν οἴκου, πᾶν δ' ἐξαφανίσαι τὸ γένος. *Joseph*. And after these Murders here was a double *Usurpation* of *Athaliah*, First, as she was not of the *House of David*: And Secondly, as she was a *Woman*. For the Crown of *David* did not, as the *French* say, fall to the *Distaff*, *Tomber en quenouille*, *Deut.* 17. 5. Yet she reigned peaceably almost seven Years, which was very much to be wonder'd at, not only in regard of her Murders, *Usurpation*, *Tyranny* and *Idolatry* at home, but because *Jehu* then *King of Israel* was a sworn *Enemy* of the *House of Ahab*, and had vowed to root it all out, which likewise he effected, except in the Person of this wicked *Woman*, who nevertheless perished at last as she deserved, *Absoluitque Deum*.

64. *2 Kings* mentions but one Invasion of *Hazael's* *King of Aram* or *Syria*, which was compounded by *Joas* for a great Sum of *Mony*. The Second of *Chronicles* mentions likewise but one, which ended in the Loss of a *Battel* by *Joas*, and the *Slaughter* of most of the *Princes of Judah*. Some think that both those Places signifie but one War, and that the Composition follow'd

the *Victory*. That they were several *Invasions* appears to me more probable, and that mention'd in the *Chronicles* to be the former of two, though it be generally otherwise thought; for it is more likely that *Joas* should be driven to accept of that costly and shameful Composition, after the Loss of a *Battel*, and of the greatest Part of his *Nobility*, against a small Number, than before he had ever try'd his *Fortune* in the *Field* against the *Aramites*. Neither is it so probable that the *Syrians* having made that Agreement for a vast *Treasure*, should again break it, and invade them with a small *Company*; as that having at first with a *Party* only defeated the *Judæan Army*, they should afterwards enter with greater *Forces* to prosecute the *Victory*, and therewith force them to accept of so hard and dishonourable *Conditions*. But it may be objected that it is said, *2 Chron.* 24. 25. *When they (the Syrians) departed from him (for they left him in great Diseases) his own Servants conspired against him, and slew him*; as if this follow'd immediately after the *Battel*. But he that observes the manner of writing used in the *Kings* and *Chronicles*, and indeed all other *Historical Parts* of the *Scripture*, shall find the *Relation* very imperfect and confus'd, (especially in *Circumstances of Time*) reciting often the latter things first, by *Anticipation*. So that *When they departed*, etc. may relate not to this *Defeat* which in the Text it immediately follows, but to the other *Composition* afterwards; which may be here omitted, because that second *Invasion* was but a *Consequence*, and almost *Continuance* of the former. In which *Respect* one *Relation (2 Chronicles)* mentioning the *first Part*, which was the *Battel* only; and the other (*2 Kings*) the second, which was the sending in of new *Forces*, and the *Conditions of Agreement*, both have fulfilled the *Duty of Epitomes*.

65. That is, in the same manner as his Father *Joas*; both being virtuous and happy at first, wicked and unfortunate at the last; with the same Resemblance in their *Defeats*, the one by the *Syrians*, the other by the *Israelites*; and in the *Consequences* of them, which were the *Loss* of all their *Treasures*, and those of the *Temple*; a dishonourable *Peace*, and their *Murders*, by their own *Servants*.

66. This *Punishment*, I suppose, was inflicted on them as *Rebels*, not as *Enemies*.

67. *Uzziah*, so he is called in our Translation of the *Chronicles*, the *Septuagint* Ὀζίας, and so *Josephus*; but in *Kings* he is named *Azarias*, which was the *High-Priest's* Name in his time.

68. *At First from Men*, *2 Chron.* 26. 21. *Dwelt in an House apart, being a Leper*. So likewise *2 Kings* 15. 5. according to the Law concerning *Lepers*, *Levit.* 13. 46. *From Earth at last*: For *Josephus* reports, that the *Grief* caused his *Death*, χρόνον μὲν τινα διήγγεν ἔξω τῆς πόλεως ἰδιώτην ἀποζῶν βίον—ἔπειτα ὑπὸ λύπης καὶ ἀθυμίας ἀπέθανεν.

69. *Josephus* gives *Jothan* an high *Elogy*. That he wanted no kind of *Virtue*, but was religious towards *God*, just to *Men*, and wise in *Government*.

70. To the Idol *Moloch*, of which before. When they burnt the Child in Sacrifice, it was the Custom to make a great Noise with Drums, Trumpets, Cymbals, and other Instruments, to the End that his Cries might not be heard. *Hinnon*, a Valley full of Trees close by *Jerusalem*, where *Moloch* was worshipp'd in this execrable manner, called *Gehinnon*, from whence the Word *Gehenna* comes for *Hell*; it was called likewise *Tophet*. Some think (as *Theodor. Salia*. etc.) that *Achaz* only made his Son pass between two Fires, for a *Lustration* and Consecration of him to *Moloch*, because it is said, *2 Kings* 16. 2. He made his Son pass through the Fire. But *2 Chron.* 28. 3. explains it, He burnt his Children in the Fire. And *Josephus*, εἰδώλοισ ἰδίων ὀλοκαύτωσε παῖδα.

71. *Tiglat-pileser*, or *Tiglat-phul-asar*. The Son of *Phul*, called by *Annius Phul Belochus*, by others *Belosus*, by *Diador*, *Beleses*, the Associate of *Arbaces* in destroying *Sardanapalus*, and the *Assyrian Empire*. After which the Government of *Babylon* and *Assyria* was left to him by *Arbaces*, which he soon turned into an absolute Sovereignty, and made other great Additions to it by Conquest.

72. For after the Spoil of *Syria* and *Israel*, which he destroy'd upon *Achaz* Quarrel, he possess'd himself also of a great Part of *Judæa*, which he came to succour, bore away the chief Riches of the Country, and made *Achaz* his *Tributary* and *Servant*.

73. The *Rabbies*, and out of them *Abulensis* and *Cajetan*, say the *Angel* of God destroy'd them by *Fire* from Heaven. *Josephus* says by a *Pestilence*, λοιμικῆ νόσῳ.

74. He was slain in the Temple of *Nesroth*, Septuagint, Νεσερὰ, *Josephus*, τῷ ναῷ Ἀράσκη λεγομένῳ, by his two eldest Sons *Adramelec* and *Sarasar*, some say, because in his Distress at *Pelusium* (of which see *Herodot.*) he had bound himself by Vow to sacrifice them to his Gods. Others more probably, because he had declared *Asarhaddon*, their younger Brother by another *Mother*, his *Successor*. *Herod.* reports that this *Sennacherib's* Statue was in the Temple of *Vulcan* in *Egypt*, with this Inscription,

Εἰς ἐμὲ τὸς ὀράων εὐσεβῆς ἔστω.

Let him who looks upon me learn to fear God.

75. It is not plain by the Scripture, that the *Sun* went backward, but that the *Shadow* only, upon that particular *Dial*, which *Vatablus*, *Montanus*, and divers others believe. However this Opinion hath the Authority of all the *Greek* and *Latin Fathers*.

76. *Forgetful Man*, which is the Signification of his Name.

77. The *Egyptians* worshipp'd two *Calves*, *Apis* and *Mnevis*, the one dedicated to the *Sun*, and the other to the *Moon*; or rather, the one being an *Idol* or *Symbol* of the *Sun*, and the other of the *Moon*; that is in their Sacred Language, of *Osyris* and *Isis*. From the *Egyptians* the *Israelites* took this *Idolatry*, but applying to it the Name of the *true God*, whom they thought fit to

worship under the same Figure, as they had seen *Osyris* worshipp'd in *Egypt*. Such was *Aaron's Calf*, or *Oxe*, and *Jeroboam's two Calves* erected in *Dan* and *Bethel* (which Religion he learnt at the time of his Banishment in *Egypt*) which I do not believe to have been two different Idols, in Imitation of *Apis* and *Mnevis*, but that both were made to represent the same *true God*, which he thought might as well be ador'd under that *Figure*, as the *Osyris* was, or *Sun* of the *Egyptians*.

Of *Osyris*, see before the Note upon the *Ode* call'd, *The Plagues of Egypt*, ib.

78. See Note 47. where I say that his *Image* was of *Brass*; how then could it fall to *Ashes* in his own *Fires*? that is, it was first melted, and then beaten to *Dust*, as the graven *Image* of the *Groves* which *Manasses* set up, and which *Josiah* burnt, and then stamp't to *Powder*; which stamping was not necessary if it had been of *Wood*, for then it would have burnt to *Ashes*. *2 King.* 23. 6.

79. The *Sydonians* had two Principal *Idols*, *Baal* and *Astarte*, or *Ashtaroth*, i. The *Sun* and the *Moon*; which *Astarte* is perhaps the ἡ Βαὰλ, mentioned often in the *Septuagint*, *Tob.* 1. 5. ἔθουον τῇ Βαὰλ τῇ δαμάλει. They sacrific'd to *She-Baal* the *Cow*. Both the *Sun* and *Moon* were represented anciently under that *Figure*, *Luc. de Deâ Syr.* Ἀστάρτην δ' ἐγὼ δοκέω σεληνάτην ἔμμεναι, her *Image* was the *Statue* of a *Woman*, having on her *Head* the *Head* of a *Bull*. *Syderum Regina bicornis*. *Hor.*

80. *Herodian* testifies, that *Heliogabalus* (that is, the *Baal* of the *Tyrians*) was worshipp'd in a *great Stone*, round at *Bottom*, and ending in a *Spire*; to signify the *Nature* of *Fire*. In the like *Figure* *Tacitus* reports that *Venus Paphia* was worshipp'd, that is, I suppose, the *Moon*; *Astarte* (for the *Cyprian* Superstition is likely to have come from the *Tyrians*) the *Wife* of *Baal*. I find also *Lapis* to have been a *Surname* of *Jupiter*; *Jupiter Lapis*.

81. *Dea Syria*, which is thought to be *Venus Urania*, that is the *Moon*, *Men* sacrific'd to her in the *Habit* of *Women*, and they in that of *Men*, because the *Moon* was esteemed, ἀρρενοθήλις, both *Male* and *Female*, *Macrob.* *Saturn.* 3. 8. from whence it was called *Lunus* as well as *Luna*, and *Venus* too, *Deus Venus*. *Jul. Firm.* says of these *Priests*, *Virilem sexum ornatu muliebri dedecorant*, which is the *Occasion* of the *Law*, *Deut.* 22. 5.

82. *2 Kings* 17. 30. And the *Men* of *Babylon* made *Succoth Benoth*; that is, built a *Temple* or *Tabernacle* (for *Succoth* is a *Tabernacle*) to *Benoth*, or *Benos*, or *Binos*; for *Suid.* has Βῆνος, ὄνομα θεᾶς, (i.) To *Melita*, the *Babylonian Venus*. Of whose *Worship* *Herodot.* *L.* 1. reports, That *Virgins* crown'd with *Garlands* sate in *Order* in her *Temple*, separated from one another by little *Cords*, and never stirr'd from thence 'till some *Stranger* came in, and giving them a *Piece* of *Mony* took them out to *lye* with them; and 'till then they could not be marry'd.

83. Some make *Dagon* to be the same with *Jupiter Aratrius*, Σιτῶν, deriving it from *Dagon*, *Corn*; but this

is generally exploded, and as generally believ'd, that it comes from *Dag, a Fish*; and was an *Idol*, the upper Part *Man*, and the lower *Fish*. *Desinit in Piscem mulier formosa supernè*. I make it rather *Female* than *Male*, because I take it to be the *Syrian Atergatis* (*Aider dagan*, the mighty *Fish*) and *Derceto*, whose *Image* was such, and her *Temple* at *Ascalon*, which is the Place where *Dagon* was worshipp'd. *Diodor.* says of the *Image*, L. 3. τὸ μὲν πρόσωπον ἔχει γυναικὸς, τὸ δὲ ἄλλο σῶμα πᾶν ἰχθύος. And *Lucian*, Ἡμισέη μὲν γυνή, τὸ δὲ, ὀκθῶν ἐκ μηρῶν εἰς ἄκρους πόδας ἰχθύος ἀποτελεῖται. There is an ancient *Fable*, that *ὠάννης*, a *Creature Half-Man and Half-Fish*, arose out of the *Red Sea*, and came to *Babylon*, and there taught *Men* several *Arts*, and then return'd again to the *Sea*. *Apollodor.* reports, that four such *Oannes* in several *Ages* had arose out of the *Red-Sea*, and that the Name of one was *ὠδάκων*. From whence our learned *Selden* fetches *Dagon*, whom see at large upon this *Matter*. *De D. Syris. Syntag. 2. c. 3.*

84. 2. *Kings* 23. 11. *Chariots* and *Horses* were dedicated to the *Sun*, in regard of the *Swift*ness of his *Motion*. See *Zen. l. 8. de Cyro. 11. Ἀναβᾶς*. *Pausan. in Lacon. Heliodor. Æth. 10. Justin. 1. Herod. 1.* They were *Living white Horses* to represent the *Light*. *Nergal, 2 Kings 17. 30. And the Men of Cuth made Nergal*, which signifies *Fire*; to wit, the *sacred Fire* that was kept always burning in Honour of the *Sun*, as that of *Vesta* among the *Romans*. The ancient *Persians* worshipp'd it, and had no other *Idol* of the *Sun*. From thence the *Cuthites* brought it, when they were removed into *Samaria*, who came from the *Borders of Cuthus*, a *River in Persia*. *Strabo* says of the *Persians*, θεῶ πρώτῳ τῷ Πυρὶ εἵχονταί, which was the Reason they abhorred the *burning* of dead *Bodies*, as a *Prophanation* of their *Deity*.

85. *Belzebub*. The *God of Ekron* or *Accaron*. The *God of Flies*. See the Note on the eighth Stanza of the *Ode* called, *The Plagues of Egypt*, and Note 18. upon the first *Book*.

*Thundring Baal*. The *Jupiter* and *Sun* of the *Sidonians*, and other neighbouring *Countries*. See Note 45. L. 3.

86. Neither the *Book of Kings* nor *Chronicles* make particular Mention of the *Slaughter of Jehoiakim* by the *Assyrians*. Nay 2 *Chron. 36. 6.* seems at first sight to imply the contrary. Against him came up *Nebuchadnezzar*, and bound him in *Fetters* to carry him to *Babylon*. That is, he first bound him with an *Intent* to carry him away *Captive*, but after caused him to be slain there, to fulfil the *Prophesies* of *Jeremiah*, *Jer. 36. 30.* And *Josephus* says expressly, that *Nebuchadnezzar* commanded him to be slain, and his *Body* to be cast over the *Walls*.

87. *Jehoiachin*, the *Son of Jehoiakim*, a *Child*, and who was taken away *Captive* after three *Months* and ten *Days*, *Zedechia* being set up in his *Place*, the younger *Brother* of *Jehoias* and *Jehoiakim*; the fourth *King* of the *Jews* successively, that was made a *Bond-slave*. *Israel's* now *solemn and Imperial Chain*: For it was the

Custom of the great *Eastern Monarchs*, as afterwards of the *Romans* too. *Ut haberent instrumenta servitutis et reges. Tacit.*

88. For though they were restored again to their *Country*, yet they never recover'd their ancient *Liberty*, but continu'd under the *Yoke* of the *Persians*, *Macedonians*, and *Romans* 'till their final *Destruction*.

89. In this manner *Oedipus* speaks, after he had put out his own *Eyes*.

In *Theb. Quid hic manes meos detineo?*

Why do I keep my *Ghost* alive here so long? And to *Antigone*,

*Funus extendis meum,*

*Longasque vivi ducis exequias patris.*

And *Oed. Act. 5.*

*Mors eligatur longa, quærat via*

*Quà nec sepultis mistus et vivis tamen*

*Exemptus errem.*—*Seneca* the *Philosop.*

(But as a *Poet*, not a *Philosopher*) calls *Banishment* it self (the least of *Zedechia's* *Affliction*) a *Death*, nay a *Burial*,

*Parce religatis, hoc est, jam parce sepultis.*

*Vivorum cineri sit tua terra Levis.*

But *Seneca* the *Father* in the 19th *Controvers.* has rais'd an *Objection* against the next *Verse*, *Bereft of Grievs*, etc. *Cestius* (says he) spoke a most false *Sense*, into which many fall. *She was the more to be lamented, because she could not weep her self.* And again, *So much Cause, and no more Power to weep. As if* (says he) *Blind people could not weep.* Truly, *Philosophically* speaking, the *Moisture* that falls through the *Place* of the *Eyes*, if provoked by *Grief*, is as much weeping, as if the *Eyes* were there; yet (sure) weeping seems to depend so much upon the *Eyes*, as to make the *Expression Poetically true*, though not *Literally*. And therefore the *Tragædian* was not frightened with his *Criticism*; for *Oedip.* says in *Theb.*

*Cuncta sors mihi infesta abstulit.*

*Lacrymæ supererant, has quoque eripui mihi.*

I confess indeed in a *Declamation* I like not those kind of *Flowers* so well.

90. I do not mean, that she was without *Original Sin*, as her *Roman Adorers* hold very *temerariouly*; but that neither *Disease* nor *Imperfection*, which are the *Effects* and *Footsteps*, as it were, of *Sin*, were to be seen in her *Body*.

91. Their *mingled Light*; i. their *Colours*; which are nothing but the several *Mixtures* of *Light* and *Darkness* in the *Superficies* of opacous *Bodies*; as for Example, *Yellow* is the *Mixture* of *Light* with a little *Darkness*; *Green*, with a little more; *Red* with more yet. So that *Colours* are nothing but *Light* diversly reflected and shadowed. *Plato* calls them, φλόγα τῶν σωματίων ἐκάστων ἀποπέουσιν. *Flames*, that is *Light* continually flowing from *Bodies*; and *Pindar, Od. 6.* elegantly attributes to *Flowers*, Παμπορφυροῦς ἀκτίνας, *Purple Beams*.

92. *God's Wife*. Though the Word seem bold, I know no Hurt in the Figure. And *Spouse* is not an *Heroical Word*. The *Church* is called *Christ's Spouse*, because whilst it is *Militant*, it is only as it were *contracted*, not *married*, 'till it becomes *Triumphant*, but here is not the same Reason.

93. *Early*, i. *Eastern Spices*. From *Arabia* which is *Eastward of Judæa*. Therefore the Scripture says, that these *Arabian wise Men* came ἀπὸ ἀνατολῶν. We have seen his Star, ἐν τῇ ἀνατολῇ.

Virg. *Ecce Dionæi processit Cæsaris astrum.*

And the Presents which these wise Men brought, shew that they came from *Arabia*.

94. *Gabriel*; the Name signifies, The *Power of God*. I have seen in some *magical Books*, where they give barbarous Names to the *Guardian Angels* of great Persons, as that of *Mathatron* to the *Angel of Moses*, that they assign one *Cerviel* to *David*, and this *Gabriel* to *Joseph*, *Josua* and *Daniel*. But I rather use this than that *Diabolical Name* (for ought I know) of an *Angel*, which the Scriptures make no Mention of. Especially because *Gabriel* is employ'd particularly in things that belong to the Manifestation of *Christ*, as to the *Prophet Daniel*, to *Zacharia*, and to *Mary*. The *Rabbies* account *Michael* the Minister of *God's Justice*, and *Gabriel* of his *Mercies*, and they call the former *Fire*, and the latter *Water*.

95. *Tho. Aquinas*, upon the second of the *Senten. Distinct. 9. Art. 2.* It is necessary that the Air should be *thicken'd*, 'till it come near to the Property of *Earth*; that is, to be capable of *Figuration*, which cannot be but in a solid Body, etc. And this way of *Spirits* appearing in Bodies of condensed Air (for want of a better way, they taking it for granted that they do frequently appear) is approved of by all the *Schoolmen*, and the *Inquisitors* about *Witches*. But they are beholden for this Invention to the ancient *Poets*. Virg. 12.

*Tum Dea nube cavâ tenuem sine viribus umbram,  
In faciem Æn.* etc.

Which is the Reason (perhaps) that *Apollo*, as the *Drawer up*, and best *Artificer of Vapours*, is employ'd to make the *Phantasm* of *Æneas*, 4 *Iliad*.

Ἀθάρα δ' εἶδωλον τεύξε' ἀργυρότοξος Ἀπόλλων  
Αὐτῷ τ' Ἀνελα ἴκελον καὶ τεύχεσι τοῖον.

96. *Obscene* was a Word in use among the *Augures*, signifying that which portended *ill Fortune*. And it is most frequently apply'd to *Birds of ill Omen*. Virg. 3. *Æn.*

*Sive Dea, ceu sint Diræ, obscænæque volucres.*

Æn. 12.

— *Nec me terrete timentem*

*Obscænæ volucres.*—

Ovid.

— *Obscænæ quo prohibentur aves.*

And *Servius* interprets *Virgil's Obscænâ famem*, to be, The *Hunger* that drives Men to *obscene*, that is, unclean or shameful things, or because it was foretold by an *obscene*, i. *unlucky Bird*.

97. It is rightly termed a *Glass* or *Mirror*, for *God* foresees all things by looking only on himself, in whom all things always are.

98. *Albion* is the ancientest Name of this *Island*, yet I think not so ancient as *David's* time. But we must content our selves with the best we have. It is found in *Arist. de Mundo*, in *Plin. Ptolem.* and *Strabo*; by which appears the *Vanity* of those who derive it from a *Latin Word*, *Ab Albis Rupibus*.

99. So the *Angel* to *St. John*, *Revel. 19. 10.* and *22. 9.* calls himself His *Fellow servant*.

100. Virg. — *Cum circumfusa repente  
Scindit se nubes et in aera purgat apertum;*  
and again,

*Tenues fugit ceu Fumus in auras.*

Hom. Σκιῇ ἴκελον ἢ καὶ ὀνείρω Ἐπτατο.



# DAVIDEIS.

## BOOK III.

### The CONTENTS.

David's *Flight to Nob, and Entertainment there by the High-Priest; from thence to Gath in Disguise, where he is discover'd and brought to Achis; He counterfeits himself mad, and escapes to Adullam. A short Enumeration of the Forces which come thither to him. A Description of the Kingdom of Moab, whither David flies; his Entertainment at Moab's Court. A Digression of the History of Lot, Father of the Moabites, represented in Picture. Melchor's Song at the Feast; Moab desires Joab to relate the Story of David. Which he does; his Extraction, his Excellency in Poesie, and the Effects of it in curing Saul's Malady. The Philistims Army encamp'd at Dammin, the Description of Goliath and his Arms, his Challenge to the Israelites, David's coming to the Camp, his Speech to Saul to desire leave to fight with Goliath; several Speeches upon that Occasion, the Combat and Slaughter of Goliath, with the Defeat of the Philistims Army. Saul's Envy to David. The Characters of Merab and Michol. The Love between David and Michol, his Song at her Window, his Expedition against the Philistims, and the Dowry of two hundred Fore-skins for Michol, with whom he is married. The Solemnities of the Wedding; Saul's*

### *Relapse, and the Causes of David's Flight into the Kingdom of Moab.*

**R**AIS'd with the News he from high Heav'n receives, 1 Sam. 21. 1.  
 Strait to his *diligent God* just Thanks he gives.  
 To *Divine Nob* directs then his Flight,<sup>1</sup>  
 A small *Town* great in *Fame* by *Levy's* Right,  
 Is there with sprightly Wines, and hallow'd Bread,<sup>2</sup> V. 4. 5. 6.  
 (But what 's to *Hunger hallow'd* ?) largely fed. Mat. 12. 4.  
 The good old *Priest* welcomes his *fatal Guest*,  
 And with long Talk prolongs the hasty Feast.  
 He lends him *vain Goliath's Sacred Sword*,<sup>4</sup> Ver. 9.  
 (The fittest Help just *Fortune* could afford) 10  
 A *Sword* whose *Weight* without a *Blow* might slay,  
 Able *unblunted* to cut *Hosts* away,  
 A *Sword* so great, that it was only fit  
 To take off his *great Head* who came with it.  
 Thus he arms *David*; I your own restore,  
 Take it (said he) and use it as before.  
 I saw you then, and 'twas the bravest Sight 1 Sam. 17.  
 That e'er these *Eyes* ow'd the discov'ring Light.  
 When you stepp'd forth, how did the *Monster*  
 rage,  
 In scorn of your soft Looks, and tender Age! 20  
 Some your *high Spirit* did *mad Presumption* call,  
 Some pity'd that such *Youth* should idly fall.  
 Th' *uncircumcis'd* smil'd grimly with *Disdain*;  
 I knew the *Day* was yours: I saw it plain.  
 Much more the *Reverend Sire* prepar'd to say,  
 Wrap'd with his Joy; how the two *Armies* lay;  
 Which Way th' amazed *Foe* did wildly flee,  
 All that his *Hearer* better knew than *he*.  
 But *David's* Haste denies all needless Stay;  
 To *Gath*, an *Enemy's* Land, he hastes away, 30 1 Sam. 21. 10.  
 Not there secure, but where one *Danger's* near,  
 The more *remote* though *greater* disappear.  
 So from the *Hawk, Birds* to *Man's* Succour flee,  
 So from *fr'd Ships* *Man* leaps into the *Sea*.  
 There in *Disguise* he hopes unknown t' abide!  
 Alas! in vain! What can such *Greatness* hide?  
 Stones of small *Worth* may lye unseen by *Day*.  
 But *Night* it self does the rich *Gem* betray.  
*Tagal* first spy'd him, a *Philistian* Knight,  
 Who erst from *David's* Wrath by shameful Flight 40



- Had sav'd the sordid Remnant of his Age ;  
Hence the deep Sore of *Envy* mix'd with *Rage*.  
Strait with a Band of Soldiers tall and rough,  
*Trembling*, for scarce he thought that Band enough,  
On him he seizes whom they all had fear'd,  
Had the bold *Youth* in his own *Shape* appear'd.  
And now this wish'd for, but yet dreadful Prey,  
To *Achis* Court they led in haste away,  
With all unmanly Rudeness which does wait  
Upon th' *Immod'rate Vulgar's Joy* and *Hate*. 50  
His Valour now and Strength must useless lye,  
And he himself must Arts unusu'al try ;  
Sometimes he rends his Garments, nor does spare  
The goodly Curls of his rich yellow Hair.  
Sometimes a violent Laughter scru'd his Face,  
And sometimes ready Tears dropp'd down apace.  
Sometimes he fix'd his staring Eyes on Ground,  
And sometimes in wild manner hurl'd them round.  
More full Revenge *Philistians* could not wish,  
But call't the *Justice* of their *mighty Fish*.<sup>6</sup> 60  
They now in height of Anger, let him *Live* ;  
And *Freedom* too, t' encrease his *Scorn*, they  
give,  
He by *wise Madness* freed does homeward flee,  
And *Rage* makes them all that *he seem'd* to be.  
Near to *Adullam* in an aged Wood,  
An *Hill* part Earth, part rocky Stone there stood,  
Hollow and vast within, which *Nature* wrought  
As if by 'her *Scholar Art* she had been *taught*.  
Hither young *David* with his *Kindred* came,  
*Servants*, and *Friends* ; many his spreading Fame, 70  
Many their Wants or Discontents did call ;  
Great Men in War, and almost *Armies* all !  
Hither came wise and valiant *Joab* down,<sup>8</sup>  
One to whom *David's* self must owe his *Crown*,  
A mighty Man, had not some cunning *Sin*,  
Amidst so many *Virtues* crowded in.  
With him *Abishai* came, by whom there fell  
At once three hundred ; with him *Asahel* :  
*Asahel*, swifter than the *Northern Wind* ;<sup>9</sup>  
Scarce could the nimble *Motions* of his *Mind*  
Outgo his *Feet* ; so strangely would he run,  
That *Time* it self perceiv'd not what was done.  
Oft o'er the Lawns and Meadows would he pass,  
His Weight *unknown*, and harmless to the Grass ;  
Oft o'er the Sands and hollow Dust would trace,  
Yet no one *Atome* trouble or displace.  
Unhappy *Youth*, whose End so near I see !  
There 's nought but thy *Ill Fate* so swift as *Thee*.  
Hither *Jesside's* Wrongs *Benaiah* drew,<sup>10</sup>  
He, who the vast *exceeding Monster* slew.  
Th' *Egyptian* like an *Hill* himself did rear,  
Like some tall *Tree* upon it seem'd his *Spear*.  
But by *Benaiah's Staff* he fell o'erthrown ;  
The *Earth*, as if worst strook, did loudest groan.  
Such was *Benaiah* ; in a narrow Pit  
He saw a *Lion*, and leap'd down to it.  
As eas'ly there the *Royal Beast* he tore,  
As that it self did *Kids* or *Lambs* before.
- Him *Ira* follow'd, a young lovely Boy, - 1 Chr. 100  
But full of *Spirit*, and *Arms* was all his Joy.  
Oft, when a *Child*, he in his Dream would fight  
With the vain Air, and his wak'd *Mother* fright.  
Oft would he shoot young *Birds*, and as they fall,  
Would laugh, and fancy them *Philistians* all.  
And now at home no longer would he stay,  
Though yet the Face did scarce his *Sex* betray.  
*Dodo's* great Son came next, whose dreadful Hand 1 Chr. 100  
Snatch'd *ripen'd Glories* from a conqu'ring Band ;  
Who knows not *Dammin*, and that Barley Field,  
Which did a strange and bloody *Harvest* yield? 110  
Many besides did this new Troop encrease ;  
*Adan*, whose Wants made him unfit for Peace.  
*Eliel*, whose full Quiv'er did always bear 1 Chr. 100  
As many *Deaths* as in it *Arrows* were,  
None from his Hand did vain or inn'ocent flee,  
Scarce *Love* or *Fate* could aim so well as *he*.  
Many of *Judah* took wrong'd *David's* Side, 1 Chr. 100  
And many of old *Jacob's* youngest *Tribe* ;  
But his chief Strength the *Gathite* Soldiers are, 1 Chr. 100  
Each *single Man* able t' o'recome a *War* ! 120  
Swift as the *Darts* they fling through yielding Air,  
And hardy all as the strong *Steel* they bare,  
A *Lion's* noble *Rage* sits in their Face,  
*Terrible Comely*, arm'd with *dreadful Grace* !  
Th' undaunted *Prince*, though thus well guarded 1 Chr. 100  
here,  
Yet his stout Soul *durst* for his *Parents* fear ;  
He seeks for them a safe and quiet Seat,  
Nor trusts his *Fortune* with a *Pledge* so great.  
So when in hostile Fire rich *Asia's* Pride  
For ten Years Siege had fully satisfy'd, 130  
*Aeneas* stole an Act of higher Fame, 1 Chr. 100  
And bore *Anchises* through the *wandring Flame*,  
A nobler *Burden*, and a richer *Prey*,  
Than all the *Græcian* Forces bore away.  
Go pious *Prince*, in Peace, in Triumph go ;  
Enjoy the *Conquest* of thine *Overthrow* ;  
To 'have saved thy *Troy* would far less glorious be ;  
By this thou *Overcom'st* their *Victory*.  
*Moab*, next *Judah*, an old Kingdom, lyes ;<sup>11</sup>  
*Jordan* their touch, and his *curst Sea* denies. 140  
They see *North-Stars* from o'er *Amoreus* Ground,<sup>12</sup>  
*Edom* and *Petra* their South-Part does bound. 14  
Eastwards the Lands of *Cush* and *Ammon* lye,<sup>15</sup>  
The Morning's happy Beams they first espy.  
The Region with fat Soil and Plenty's bless'd,  
A Soil too good to be of old possess'd  
By monstrous *Emins* ; but *Lot's* Off-spring came<sup>16</sup>  
And conquer'd both the *People* and the *Name*.  
'Till *Seon* drave them beyond *Arnon's* Flood,<sup>17</sup> Num. 100  
And their sad *Bounds* mark'd deep in their own  
*Blood*. 150  
In *Hesbon* his triumphant *Court* he plac'd,<sup>18</sup>  
*Hesbon*, by *Men* and *Nature* strangely grac'd.  
A glorious Town, and fill'd with all Delight  
Which Peace could yield, though well prepar'd for  
*Fight*.

- Num. 21. 24, 25. But this proud *City*, and her prouder *Lord*,  
Felt the keen Rage of *Israel's Sacred Sword*,  
Whilst *Moab* triumph'd in her torn Estate,  
To see *her own* become her *Conqu'ror's* Fate.  
Yet that small Remnant of *Lot's* parted Crown  
Did, arm'd with *Israel's* Sins, pluck *Israel* down, 160
- Judg. 3. 14. Full thrice six Years they felt fierce *Eglon's* Yoke,  
Ibid. v. 21. 'Till *Ehud's* Sword *God's* vengeful Message spoke ;  
Since then their *Kings* in Quiet held their own,  
Quiet, the Good of a not envy'd *Throne*.  
And now a wise old *Prince* the Scepter sway'd,  
Well by his *Subjects* and *himself* obey'd.  
Only before his *Father's* Gods he fell ;  
Poor wretched Man, almost *too good* for *Hell* !  
Hither does *David* his bless'd *Parents* bring,
- 1 Sam. 21. 3. With humble Greatness begs of *Moab's* King, 170  
A safe and fair Abode, where they might live,  
Free from those Storms with which himself must strive.  
The King with chearful Grace his Suit approv'd,  
By Hate to *Saul*, and Love to *Virtue* mov'd. 19  
Welcome great *Knight*, and your fair *Troop* (said he)  
Your *Name* found *Welcome* long before with me.  
That to rich *Ophir's* rising *Morn* is known, 20  
And stretch'd out far to the burnt swarthy *Zone*.  
Swift *Fame*, when her round Journey she does make, 21  
Scorns not sometimes *Us* in her way to take. 180  
Are you the Man, did that huge *Gyant* kill ?  
Great *Baal of Phegor* ! And how young he's still !  
From *Ruth* we heard you came ; *Ruth* was born  
here
- Rut. 1. 4. In *Judah* sojourn'd, and (they say) match'd there  
Ib. 4. 10. To one of *Bethlem* ; which I hope is true ;  
Howe'er your *Virtues* here entitle you.  
Those have the best *Alliance* always been,  
To *Gods* as well as *Men* they make us *Kin*.  
He spoke, and strait led in his thankful Guests,  
To' a stately Room prepar'd for *Shows* and *Feasts*. 190  
The Room with Golden *Tap'stry* glister'd bright,  
At once to *please* and to *confound* the Sight,  
Th' excellent Work of *Babylonian* Hands ; 28  
In midst a Table of rich Iv'ry stands, 24  
By three fierce *Tigers*, and three *Lions* born,  
Which grin, and *fearfully* the Place *adorn*.  
Widely they gape, and to the *Eye* they roar,  
As if they hunger'd for the Food they bore.  
About it Beds of *Lybian Citron* stood, 25  
With Cov'rings dy'd in *Tyrian Fishes'* Blood, 26 200  
They say, th' *Herculean* Art ; but most Delight  
Some Pictures gave to *David's* learned Sight. 27
- Gen. 13. 6. Here sev'ral Ways *Lot* and great *Abram* go,  
Their too much Wealth, vast, and *unkind* does grow.  
Thus each Extream to equal Danger tends,  
*Plenty* as well as *Want* can sep'arate *Friends* ;  
Here *Sodom's* Tow'rs raise their proud Tops on high ;  
The *Tow'rs* as well as *Men* out-brave the Sky.  
By it the Waves of rev'rend *Jordan* run,  
Here green with *Trees*, there gilded with the *Sun*. 210
- Gen. 13. 10. Hither *Lot's* Household comes, a num'rous Train,  
And all with various Business fill the Plain.
- Some drive the crowding Sheep with rural Hooks,  
They lift up their mild Heads, and bleat in *Looks*.  
Some drive the *Herds* ; here a fierce Bullock scorns  
Th' appointed Way, and runs with threatening Horns ;  
In vain the *Herdman* calls him back again ;  
The *Dogs* stand off afar, and bark in vain.  
Some lead the groaning Waggon, loaded high  
With Stuff, on Top of which the *Maidens* lye. 220  
Upon tall *Camels* the fair *Sisters* ride,  
And *Lot* talks with them both on either Side.  
Another *Picture* to curs'd *Sodom* brings Gen. 14. 11, 12.  
*Elam's* proud *Lord*, with his three *Servant Kings* : 28  
They sack the Town, and bear *Lot* bound away ;  
Whilst in a Pit the vanquish'd *Bera* lay, Ib. v. 10.  
*Bury'd* almost alive for Fear of *Death*,  
But Heav'n's just Vengeance sav'd as yet his *Breath*. 29  
*Abraham* pursues, and slays the Victor's *Host*, Gen. 14. 13.  
Scarce had their *Conquest* leisure for a *Boast*. 230  
Next this was drawn the reckless *Cities'* Flame,  
When a strange *Hell* pour'd down from *Heav'n* there  
came. 30 Gen. 19. 24.
- Here the two *Angels* from *Lot's* Window look  
With *smiling Anger* ; the lewd Wretches, strook  
With sudden Blindness, seek in vain the Door ;  
Their *Eyes*, first Cause of *Lust*, first *Veng'ance* bore.  
Through liquid Air Heav'n's busie Soldiers fly,  
And drive on *Clouds* where Seeds of Thunder lye.  
Here the sad Sky glows red with dismal Streaks,  
Here *Lightning* from it with short trembling breaks.  
Here the blue Flames of scalding Brimstone fall, 241  
Involving swiftly in one Ruin all.  
The Fire of *Trees* and *Houses* mounts on high,  
And meets half way new *Fires* that show'r from Sky.  
Some in their Arms snatch their dear Babes away ;  
At once drop down the *Fathers* Arms, and *they*.  
Some into Waters leap with kindled Hair,  
And more to *vex* their Fate, are *burnt ev'n* there.  
Men thought, so much a *Flame* by Art was shown,  
The *Picture's* self would fall in Ashes down. 250  
Afar old *Lot* tow'ard little *Zoar* hies,  
And dares not move (good Man) his weeping Eyes. Gen. 19. 17.  
Behind his *Wife* stood ever fix'd alone ; 32  
No more a *Woman*, not yet quite a *Stone*.  
A lasting *Death* seiz'd on her turning Head ;  
One Cheek was rough and white, the other red,  
And yet a *Cheek* ; in vain to speak she strove ;  
Her Lips, tho' *Stone*, a little seem'd to move.  
One Eye was clos'd, surpris'd by sudden Night,  
The other trembled still with parting Light. 260  
The Wind admir'd, which her Hair loosely bore,  
Why it grew stiff, and now would play no more.  
To Heav'n she lifted up her freezing Hands,  
And to this Day a *Suppliant* Pillar stands.  
She try'd her heavy Foot from Ground to rear,  
And rais'd the *Heel*, but her *Toe's* rooted there :  
Ah foolish Woman ! who must always be  
A sight more *strange*, than that she turn'd to see !  
Whilst *David* fed with these his curious Eye,  
The Feast is now serv'd in, and down they lye. 270

*Moab* a Goblet takes of massie Gold,  
 Which *Zippor*, and from *Zippor* all of old <sup>33</sup>  
 Quaft to their *Gods* and *Friends*; an *Health* goes  
 round  
 In the brisk Grape of *Arnon's* richest Ground.  
 Whilst *Melchor* to his Harp with wondrous Skill <sup>34</sup>  
 (For such were *Poets* then, and should be still) <sup>35</sup>  
 His noble Verse through *Nature's* Secrets lead;  
 He sung what *Spirit* thro' the whole *Mass* is spread,  
 Ev'ry where *All*; how *Heav'n's* *God's* Law approve,  
 And think it *Rest* eternally to move. 280  
 How the kind *Sun* usefully comes and goes,  
 Wants it himself, yet gives to Man Repose.  
 How his *round* *Journey* does for ever last,  
 And how he baits at ev'ry Sea in haste. <sup>36</sup>  
 He sung how *Earth* blots the *Moon's* gilded Wane,  
 Whilst foolish Men beat sounding Brass in vain, <sup>37</sup>  
 Why the *Great* *Waters* her slight *Horns* obey,  
 Her changing *Horns*, not constanter than *they*;  
 He sung how grisly *Comets* hang in Air, <sup>38</sup>  
 Why *Sword* and *Plagues* attend their fatal *Hair*, 290  
*God's* *Beacons* for the World, drawn up so far,  
 To publish Ills, and raise all Earth to War.  
 Why *Contraries* feed *Thunder* in the Cloud, <sup>39</sup>  
 What *Motions* vex it, 'till it roar so loud.  
 How *Lambent* *Fires* become so wondrous tame, <sup>40</sup>  
 And bear such *shining* *Winter* in their *Flame*.  
 What radiant *Pencil* draws the *watry* *Bow*: <sup>41</sup>  
 What *ties* up *Hail*, and *picks* the *fleecy* *Snow*.  
 What *Palsie* of the *Earth* shakes up fix'd *Hills*  
 From off her *Brows*, and here whole *Rivers* spills. 300  
 Thus did this *Heathen* *Nature's* *Secrets* tell,  
 And sometimes miss'd the *Cause*, but sought it *well*.  
 Such was the Sauce of *Moab's* noble Feast,  
 'Till Night far spent invites them to their Rest.  
 Only the good old Prince stays *Joab* there,  
 And much he tells, and much desires to hear.  
 He tells *Deeds* *antique*, and the *new* *Desires*;  
 Of *David* much, and much of *Saul* enquires.  
 Nay gentle *Guest* (said he) since now you're in,  
 The Story of your gallant Friend begin. 310  
 His Birth, his Rising tell, and various Fate,  
 And how he slew that Man of *Gath* of late,  
 What was he call'd? That huge and monstrous Man?  
 With that he stopp'd, and *Joab* thus began:  
 His Birth, great Sir, so much to mine is ty'd,  
 That Praise of that might look from me like *Pride*,  
 Yet without Boast, his Veins contain a Flood  
 Of th' old *Judaean* *Lion's* richest Blood. <sup>42</sup>  
 From *Judah* *Pharez*, from him *Esrom* came,  
*Ram*, *Nashon*, *Salmon*, *Names* spoke loud by *Fame*.  
 A *Name* no less ought *Boaz* to appear, 321  
 By whose bless'd Match we come no *Strangers* here.  
 From him and your fair *Ruth* good *Obed* sprung,  
 From *Obed* *Jesse*, *Jesse* whom *Fame's* kindest Tongue,  
 Counting his Birth, and high *Nobil'ity*, shall  
 Not *Jesse* of *Obed*, but of *David* call,  
*David* born to him seventh; the six Births past,  
 Brave *Trials* of a Work more great at last.

1 Chr. 2. 16.

Gen. 49. 9.

1 Chr. 2.

Mat. 1.

1 Chr. 2. 15.

1 Sam. 16.

Bless me! how swift and growing was his Wit?  
 The Wings of *Time* flagg'd dully after it. 330  
 Scarce past a *Child*, all Wonders would he sing  
 Of *Nature's* *Law*, and *Pow'r* of *Nature's* *King*.  
 His *Sheep* would scorn their Food to hear his Lay,  
 And savage *Beasts* stand by as *tame* as they.  
 The fighting *Winds* would stop there, and admire;  
 Learning *Consent* and *Concord* from his Lyre.  
*Rivers*, whose Waves roll'd down aloud before;  
 Mute, as their *Fish*, would listen tow'ards the *Shore*.  
 'Twas now the time when first *Saul* *God* forsook, 1 Sam. 1  
*God* *Saul*; the Room in 's Heart wild *Passions* took;  
 Sometimes a Tyrant-Frensie revell'd there, 341  
 Sometimes black Sadness, and deep, deep Despair.  
 No Help from Herbs or learned Drugs he finds,  
 They cure but sometime *Bodies*, never *Minds*.  
*Musick* alone those Storms of *Soul* could lay;  
 Not more *Saul* them, than *Musick* they obey. 1b. v. 23  
*David's* now sent for, and his Harp must bring;  
 His Harp that *Magick* bore on ev'ry String.  
 When *Saul's* rude *Passions* did most Tumult keep,  
 With his soft Notes they all dropp'd down asleep. 350  
 When his dull *Spir'its* lay drown'd in *Death* and  
*Night*;  
 He with quick Strains rais'd them to *Life* and *Light*.  
 Thus cheer'd he *Saul*, thus did his Fury swage,  
 'Till *Wars* began, and Times more fit for *Rage*.  
 To *Helah* Plain *Philistian* *Troops* are come, 1 Sam. 1  
 And War's loud Noise strikes peaceful *Musick* dumb.  
 Back to his Rural Care young *David* goes,  
 For this rough Work *Saul* his stout *Brethren* chose.  
 He knew not what his Hand in War could do,  
 Nor thought his *Sword* could cure Men's *Madness* too.  
 Now *Dammin's* destin'd for this *Scene* of *Blood*, 361  
 On two near *Hills* the two proud *Armies* stood.  
 Between a fatal Valley stretch'd out wide,  
 And *Death* seem'd ready now on either Side,  
 When, lo! their Host rais'd all a joyful Shout,  
 And from the midst an huge and monstrous Man 1b. v. 4  
 stepp'd out. <sup>43</sup>  
 Aloud they shouted at each Step he took;  
*We* and the *Earth* it self beneath him *shook*,  
 Vast as the *Hill*, down which he march'd, he' appear'd;  
 Amaz'd all Eyes, nor was their *Army* fear'd. 370  
 A young tall *Squire* (tho' then he seem'd not so)  
 Did from the Camp at first before him go;  
 At first he did, but scarce could follow strait.  
 Sweating beneath a *Shield's* unruly Weight,  
 On which was wrought the *Gods'*, and *Giants'* Fight, <sup>44</sup>  
 Rare Work! all fill'd with *Terror* and *Delight*.  
 Here a vast *Hill* 'gainst thund'ring *Baal* was thrown, <sup>45</sup>  
 Trees and *Beasts* on't fell burnt with *Lightning* down.  
 One flings a *Mountain*, and its *River* too  
 Torn up with't; that *rains* back on him that threw. 380  
 Some from the *Main* to pluck whole *Islands* try;  
 The *Sea* boils round with *Flames* shot thick from Sky.  
 This he believ'd, and on his *Shield* he bore,  
 And prais'd their Strength, but thought his *own* was  
 more.

- The *Valley* now this *Monster* seem'd to fill ;  
 And we (methoughts) look'd up to 'him from our *Hill*.<sup>46</sup>  
 All arm'd in *Brass*, the richest Dress of *War* ¶  
 (A dismal glorious Sight) he shone afar.  
 The *Sun* himself started with sudden Fright,  
 To see his Beams return so dismal bright. 390
- 1 Sam. 17. 7, etc. *Brass* was his *Helmet*, his *Boots Brass* ; and o'er  
 His Breast a thick Plate of strong *Brass* he wore,  
 His *Spear* the *Trunk* was of a lofty *Tree*,  
 Which *Nature* meant some tall *Ship's Mast* should be,  
 The 'huge Iron Head six hundred Shekels weigh'd,  
 And of *whole Bodies* but *one Wound* it made,  
 Able *Death's* worst Command to over-do,  
 Destroying *Life* at once, and *Carcass* too ;  
 Thus arm'd he stood ; all *direful*, and all *gay*,  
 And round him flung a scornful Look away. 400
- So when a *Scythian Tyger* gazing round,  
 An Herd of *Kine* in some fair *Plain* has found  
 Lowing secure, he swells with angry *Pride*,  
 And calls forth all his *Spots* on ev'ry *Side*.<sup>48</sup>  
 Then stops, and hurls his haughty *Eyes* at all,  
 In choice of some strong *Neck* on which to fall.  
 Almost he scorns so weak, so cheap a *Prey*,  
 And grieves to see them trembling haste away.
- 1 Sam. 17. 8. Ye Men of *Jury*, 'he cries, if *Men* you be,  
 And such dare prove your selves to *Fame* and *me*, 410  
 Chuse out 'mongst all your *Troops* the boldest *Knight*,  
 To try his *Strength* and *Fate* with me in *Fight*.  
 The *Chance* of *War* let us two bear for all,  
 And they the *Conqu'ror* serve whose *Knight* shall  
 fall.<sup>49</sup>
- Ib. v. 9, 10. At this he paus'd a while ; strait, I defie  
 Your *Gods* and *you* ; dares none come down and *die* ?  
 Go back for *Shame*, and *Egypt's* Slav'ry bear,  
 Or yield to *us*, and serve more nobly here.  
 Alas ye 'have no more *Wonders* to be done,  
 Your *Sorc'rer* *Moses* now and *Josua's* gone ; 420  
 Your *Magick Trumpets* then could *Cities* take,  
 And *Sounds* of *Triumph* did your *Battels* make.  
*Spears* in your *Hands* and manly *Swords* are vain ;  
 Get you your *Spells* and *Conjuring Rods* again.  
 Is there no *Sampson* here ? Oh that there were !  
 In his full *Strength*, and long *Enchanted Hair*.  
 This *Sword* should be in the weak *Razor's* stead ;  
 It should not cut his *Hair* off, but his *Head*.  
 Thus he blasphem'd aloud ; the *Valleys* round  
 Flatt'ring his *Voice* restor'd the dreadful *Sound*. 430  
 We turn'd us trembling at the *Noise*, and fear'd  
 We had behind some new *Goliah* heard.  
 'Twas *Heav'n*, *Heav'n* sure (which *David's* *Glory* meant  
 Through this whole *Act*) such sacred *Terror* sent  
 To all our *Host*, for there was *Saul* in place,  
 Who ne'er saw *Fear* but in his *Enemies' Face*,  
 His God-like *Son* there in bright *Armour* shone,  
 Who scorn'd to conquer *Armies* not *Alone*.  
*Fate* her own *Book* mistrusted at the *Sight* ;  
 On that *Side* *War*, on this a *single* *Fight*. 440  
 There stood *Benaiah*, and there trembled too,  
 He who th' *Egyptian*, proud *Goliah* slew.
- In his pale *Fright*, *Rage* through his *Eyes* shot *Flame*,  
 He saw his *Staff*, and blush'd with *generous Shame*.<sup>50</sup>  
 Thousands beside stood mute and heartless there,  
 Men valiant all ; nor was *I* us'd to *fear*.  
 Thus forty *Days* he march'd down arm'd to *Fight*,  
 Once ev'ry *Morn* he march'd, and once at *Night*.  
 Slow rose the *Sun*, but gallopt down apace,  
 With more than *Evening Blushes* in his *Face*. 450  
 When *Jessey* to the *Camp* young *David* sent ;  
 His *Purpose* *low*, but *high* was *Fate's* *Intent*.  
 For when the *Monster's* *Pride* he saw and heard,  
 Round him he look'd, and wonder'd why they fear'd.  
 Anger and brave *Disdain* his *Heart* possess'd,  
 Thoughts more than *manly* swell'd his *youthful* *Breast*.  
 Much the *Rewards* propos'd his *Spirit* enflame,  
*Saul's* *Daughter* much, and much the *Voice* of *Fame*. 460  
 These to their just *Intentions* strongly move,  
 But chiefly *God*, and his dear *Country's* *Love*,  
 Resolv'd for *Combat* to *Saul's* *Tent* he 's brought,  
 Where thus he spoke, as *boldly* as he fought :  
 Henceforth no more, great *Prince*, your sacred *Breast* Ib. v. 32.  
 With that huge talking *Wretch* of *Gath* molest.  
 This *Hand* alone shall end his cursed *Breath* ;  
 Fear not, the *Wretch* *blasphemes* himself to *Death*,  
 And cheated with false *Weight* of his own *Might*,  
 Has challeng'd *Heav'n*, not *Us*, to single *Fight*.  
 Forbid it *God*, that where *thy* *Right* is try'd,  
 The *Strength* of *Man* should find just cause for  
*Pride* ! 470  
 Firm like some *Rock*, and vast he seems to stand,  
 But *Rocks* we know were op'd at thy *Command*,  
 That *Soul* which now does such large *Members* sway,  
 Thro' one *small* *Wound* will creep in haste away.  
 And he who now dares boldly *Heav'n* defie,  
 To ev'ry *Bird* of *Heav'n* a *Prey* shall lie.  
 For 'tis not human *Force* we ought to fear ;  
 Did that, alas, plant our *Forefathers* here ?  
 Twice fifteen *Kings* did they by that subdue ?<sup>51</sup>  
 By that whole *Nations* of *Goliahs* slew ? 480  
 The *Wonders* they perform'd may still be done ;  
*Moses* and *Josua* is, but *God's* not gone.  
 We've lost their *Rod* and *Trumpets*, not their *Skill* :  
*Pray'rs* and *Belief* are as strong *Witchcraft* still.  
 These are *more tall*, more *Gyants* far than *he*,  
 Can reach to *Heav'n*, and thence pluck *Victory*.  
 Count this, and then, Sir, mine th' *Advantage* is ;  
*He* 's stronger far than *I*, my *God* than *his*.  
 Amazement seiz'd on all, and *Shame* to see,  
 Their own *Fears* scorn'd by one so young as he. 490  
 Brave *Youth* (replies the *King*) whose daring *Mind*  
 E'er come to *Manhood*, leaves it quite *behind* ;  
 Reserve thy *Valour* for more equal *Fight*,  
 And let thy *Body* grow up to thy *Spright*.  
 Thou 'rt yet too tender for so rude a *Foe*,  
 Whose *Touch* would wound thee more than him thy *Blow*.  
 Nature his *Limbs* only for *War* made fit,  
 In thine as yet nought beside *Love* she 'has writ.  
 With some less *Foe* thy unflesh'd *Valour* try ;  
 This *Monster* can be no *first* *Victory*. 500

The *Lion's* Royal Whelp does not at first,  
For blood of *Basan Bulls*, or *Tygers* thirst.  
In timorous *Deer* he hansels his young Paws,  
And leaves the rugged *Bear* for firmer Claws.  
So vast thy Hopes, so unproportion'd be,  
*Fortune* would be asham'd to second thee.

He said, and we all murmur'd an Assent ;  
But nought moves *David* from his high Intent.  
It brave to him, and om'inous does appear,  
To be oppos'd at first, and conquer here, 510  
Which he resolves ; Scorn not (says he) mine Age,  
For *Vict'ry* comes not like an *Heritage*,  
At set Years ; when my Father's Flock I fed,  
A *Bear* and *Lion* by fierce Hunger here,  
Broke from the Wood, and snatch'd my *Lambs* away ;  
From their grim *Mouths* I forc'd the panting Prey.  
Both *Bear* and *Lion* ev'n this Hand did kill,  
On our great *Oak* the *Bones* and *Jaws* hang still.  
My *God's* the same, which then he was, to Day,  
And this wild Wretch almost the same as they. 520  
Who from such Danger sav'd my *Flock*, will he  
Of *Isra'el*, his own *Flock*, less careful be ?

Be 't so then (*Saul* burst forth :) And thou on high,  
Who oft in *Weakness* dost most *Strength* descry,  
At whose dread Beck *Conquest* expecting stands,  
And casts no Look down on the *Fighter's* Hands,  
Assist what thou inspir'st ; and let all see,  
As *Boys* to *Giants*, *Giants* are to thee.

Thus ; and with trembling Hopes of strange Success,  
In his own Arms he the bold *Youth* does dress. 530  
On's Head an *Helm* of well-wrought Brass is plac'd,  
The Top with warlike Plumes severely grac'd.  
His Breast a Plate cut with rare Figures bore,  
A *Sword* much practis'd in *Death's* Art he wore.  
Yet *David*, us'd so long to no Defence,  
But those light Arms of *Spirit* and *Innocence*,  
No Good in Fight of that gay *Burden* knows,  
But fears his own Arms' Weight more than his *Foe's*.  
He lost himself in that *Disguise of War*,  
And guarded seems as Men by *Prisons* are. 540  
He therefore to exalt the wondrous Sight,  
*Prepares* now, and *disarms* himself for Fight.  
'Gainst *Shield*, *Helm*, *Breast-Plate*, and instead of those,  
Five sharp smooth *Stones* from the next *Brook* he  
chose,

And fits them to his *Sling* ; then marches down ;  
For *Sword*, his *Enemy's* he esteem'd his own.  
We all with various *Passion* strangely gaz'd,  
Some sad, some 'sham'd, some angry, all amaz'd.  
Now in the Valley 'he stands ; thro's youthful Face  
Wrath checks the *Beauty*, and sheds manly Grace. 550  
Both in his Looks so join'd, that they might move  
*Fear* ev'n in *Friends*, and from an *En'emy Love*.  
Hot as ripe *Noon*, sweet as the *blooming Day*,  
Like *July* furious, but more fair than *May*.  
Th' accurst *Philistian* stands on th' other Side,  
Grumbling aloud, and smiles 'twixt *Rage* and *Pride*.  
The *Plagues of Dagon* ! A smooth *Boy*, says he,  
A cursed, beardless *Foe*, oppos'd to me !

Hell ! with what Arms (hence thou fond *Child*) he 's  
come !

Some Friend his Mother call to drive him home. 560  
Not gone yet ? If one Minute more thou stay,  
The Birds of Heav'n shall bear thee dead away.  
Gods ! A curs'd *Boy* ! The rest then murm'ring out,  
He walks, and casts a deadly Grin about.  
*David*, with cheerful Anger in his Eyes,  
Advances boldly on, and thus replies,  
Thou com'st, vain Man, all arm'd into the Field, 1 Sam. 17.  
And trustest those *War Toys*, thy *Sword*, and *Shield* ;  
Thy *Pride's* my *Spear*, thy *Blasphemies* my *Sword* ;  
My *Shield*, thy *Maker*, Fool, the mighty Lord 570  
Of thee and *Battels* ; who hath sent forth me,  
Unarm'd thus, not to fight, but conquer thee.  
In vain shall *Dagon*, thy false *Hope*, withstand ;  
In vain thy other *God*, thine own right *Hand*.<sup>53</sup>  
Thy Fall to Man shall Heav'n's strong Justice shew ;  
Wretch ! 'tis the only *Good* which thou canst do.

He said ; our Host stood dully silent by ;  
And durst not trust their *Ears* against the *Eye*.  
As much their *Champion's* Threats to him they fear'd,  
As when the *Monster's* Threats to them they heard, 580  
His flaming *Sword* th' enrag'd *Philistian* shakes,  
And Haste to 'his Ruin with loud *Curses* makes.  
Backward the Winds his active *Curses* blew,<sup>54</sup>  
And fatally round his own Head they flew.  
For now from *David's* Sling the Stone is fled,  
And strikes with joyful Noise the *Monster's* Head. Ib. v. 49.  
It strook his Forehead, and pierc'd deeply there ;  
As swiftly as it pierc'd before the *Air*.  
Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the Ground ;  
*Blood*, *Brain*, and *Soul* crowd mingled through the  
*Wound*. 590

So a strong *Oak*, which many Years had stood  
With fair and flourishing Boughs, it self a *Wood* ;  
Though it might long the *Ax's* Violence bear,  
And play'd with *Winds* which other *Trees* did tear ;  
Yet by the *Thunder's* Stroak from th' Root 'tis rent ;  
So sure the Blows that from high Heav'n are sent.  
What Tongue the Joy and Wonder can express,  
Which did that Moment our whole Host possess ?  
Their jocond Shouts th' Air like a Storm did tear,  
Th' amazed *Clouds* fled swift away with *Fear*. 600  
But far more swift th' accurs'd *Philistians* fly, 1 Sam. 17.  
And their ill Fate to perfect, basely die.  
With thousand Corps the Ways around are strown,  
'Till they, by the Day's Flight secure their own.  
Now through the Camp sounds nought but *David's*  
Name ;

All Joys of several Stamp and Colours came  
From several Passions ; some his Valour praise,  
Some his free Speech, some the fair Pop'lar Rays  
Of Youth, and Beauty, and his modest *Guise* ;  
Gifts that mov'd all, but charm'd the Female Eyes. 610  
Some wonder, some they thought 'twould be so swear ;  
And some saw *Angels* flying through the Air.  
The basest Spi'rits cast back a crooked Gance  
On this great Act, and fain would giv't to *Chance*.

- 1 Sam. 18. 6. Women our Host with *Songs* and *Dances* meet,  
With much Joy *Saul*, *David* with more they greet.
- Ib. v. 8. Hence the King's politick Rage and Envy flows,  
Which first he hides, and seeks his Life t' expose  
To *gen'rous Dangers* that his Hate might clear,  
And *Fate* or *Chance* the Blame, nay *David* bear. 620  
So vain are Man's Designs ! For *Fate*, and *Chance*,  
And *Earth*, and *Heav'n* conspir'd to his Advance ;  
His Beauty, Youth, Courage and wondrous Wit,  
In all Mankind but *Saul* did Love beget.  
2 Sam. 18. 16. Not *Saul's* own House, not his own nearest Blood,  
The noble Cause's sacred Force withstood.  
You've met no doubt, and kindly us'd the Fame,  
Of God-like *Jonathan's* illustrious Name ;  
A Name which ev'ry Wind to Heav'n would bear,  
Which *Men* to speak, and *Angels* joy to hear. 630  
No *Angel* e'er bore to his *Brother-Mind* <sup>55</sup>  
A Kindness more exalted and refin'd,  
Than his to *David*, which look'd nobly down,  
And scorn'd the false *Alarums* of a *Crown*.  
2 Sam. 18. 1. At *Dammin* Field he stood ; and from his Place  
Leap'd forth, the *wondrous Conqueror* to embrace ;  
Ibid. v. 4. On him his Mantle, Girdle, Sword, and Bow, <sup>56</sup>  
On him his *Heart* and *Soul* he did bestow.  
Not all that *Saul* could threaten or persuade,  
In this close Knot the smallest Looseness made. 640  
Oft his wise Care did the King's Rage suspend,  
His own Life's Danger shelter'd oft his *Friend*.  
2 Sam. 20. 33. Which he expos'd, a Sacrifice to fall,  
By th' *undiscerning Rage* of furious *Saul*.  
Nor was young *David's* active Virtue grown  
Strong and triumphant in one *Sex* alone.  
1 Sam. 18. 20, 28. *Imperious Beauty* too it durst invade,  
And deeper Prints in the *soft Breast* it made ;  
For there t' *Esteem* and *Friendship's* graver Name,  
*Passion* was pour'd like *Oil* into the *Flame*. 650  
Like two bright *Eyes* in a fair *Body* plac'd.  
*Saul's* Royal House two beauteous *Daughters* grac'd.  
*Merab* the first, *Michol* the younger nam'd,  
Both equally for different *Glories* fam'd.  
*Merab* with spacious Beauty fill'd the Sight,  
But too much *Awe* chastis'd the bold Delight.  
Like a calm Sea, which to th' enlarged View,  
Gives *Pleasure*, but gives *Fear* and *Revi'rence* too.  
*Michol's* sweet Looks clear and free Joys did move,  
And no less *strong*, though much more *gentle Love*. 660  
Like virtuous *Kings* whom Men rejoice t' obey,  
*Tyrants* themselves less absolute than *they*.  
*Merab* appear'd like some fair Princely *Tower*,  
*Michol* some *Virgin Queen's* delicious *Bower*.  
All *Beauty's* Stores in *Little* and in *Great* ;  
But the *contracted Beams* shot fiercest Heat.  
A clean and lively *Brown* was *Merab's* Dye,  
Such as the *Prouder* Colours might envy.  
*Michol's* pure Skin shone with such taintless *White*,  
As scatter'd the weak Rays of Human Sight. 670  
Her Lips and Cheeks a nobler Red did shew,  
Than e'er on Fruits or Flowers Heav'n's Pencil  
drew.
- From *Merab's* Eyes fierce and quick *Lightnings* came,  
From *Michol's* the *Sun's* mild, yet active Flame ;  
*Merab's* long Hair was glossy Chestnut Brown,  
Tresses of palest Gold did *Michol* crown.  
Such was their outward Form, and one might find  
A Difference, not unlike it, in the *Mind*.  
*Merab* with comely *Majesty* and *State*,  
Bore high th' Advantage of her *Worth* and *Fate*. 680  
Such humble Sweetness did soft *Michol* show,  
That none who *reach* so high e'er stoop'd so low.  
*Merab* rejoic'd in her wrack'd *Lover's* Pain,  
And fortify'd her *Virtue* with *Disdain*.  
The Griefs she caus'd gave gentle *Michol* Grief,  
She wish'd her *Beauties* less for their Relief,  
Ev'n to her *Captives* civil ; yet th' Excess  
Of *naked Virtue* guarded her no less.  
*Business* and *Power* *Merab's* large Thoughts did vex,  
Her *Wit* disdain'd the Fetters of her *Sex*. 690  
*Michol* no less disdain'd Affairs and Noise,  
Yet did it not from *Ignorance*, but *Choice*.  
In brief, both *Copies* were more sweetly drawn ;  
*Merab* of *Saul*, *Michol* of *Jonathan*.  
The Day that *David* great *Goliath* slew,  
Not great *Goliath's* *Sword* was more his Due,  
Than *Merab* ; by *Saul's* publick Promise she  
Was sold then, and betroth'd to *Victory*.  
But haughty *she* did this just Match despise,  
Her *Pride* debauch'd her *Judgment* and her *Eyes*. 700  
An unknown *Youth*, ne'er seen at *Court* before,  
Who *Shepherd's-Staff*, and *Shepherd's* Habit bore ;  
The seventh-born Son of no rich House, were still  
Th' unpleasant Forms which her high Thoughts did fill.  
And much Aversion in her stubborn Mind  
Was bred, by being *Promis'd* and *Design'd*.  
Long had the patient *Adriel* humbly born  
The roughest Shocks of her imperious Scorn ;  
*Adriel* the *Rich*, but Riches were in vain,  
And could not set him *free*, nor her *enchain*. 710  
Long liv'd they thus ; but as the hunted *Dear*,  
Closely pursued, quits all her wonted Fear,  
And takes the nearest Waves, which from the Shore  
She oft with Horror had beheld before.  
So whilst the *violent Maid* from *David* fled,  
She leap'd to *Adriel's* long avoided Bed. 720  
The Match was nam'd, agreed, and finish'd strait ;  
So soon comply'd *Saul's* *Envy* with her *Hate*.  
But *Michol*, in whose Breast all Virtues move,  
That hatch the *pregnant Seeds* of sacred *Love*,  
With juster Eyes the noble *Object* meets,  
And turns all *Merab's* *Poison* into *Sweets*.  
She saw and wonder'd how a *Youth* unknown,  
Should make all *Fame* to come, so soon his own :  
She saw, and wonder'd how a *Shepherd's* *Crook*  
Despis'd that *Sword*, at which the *Scepter* shook.  
Though he seventh-born, and though his House but  
poor,  
She knew it *noble* was, and *would* be more.  
Oft had she heard, and *fancy'd* oft the Sight,  
With what a *generous* *Calm* he march'd to fight, 730

In the great Danger how exempt from *Fear*,  
And after it from *Pride* he did appear.  
*Greatness*, and *Goodness*, and an *Air Divine*,  
She saw through all his *Words* and *Actions* shine.  
She heard his eloquent *Tongue*, and charming *Lyre*,  
Whose artful Sounds did violent *Love* inspire,  
Though us'd all other *Passions* to relieve ;  
She weigh'd all this, and well we may conceive,  
When those strong Thoughts attack'd her doubtful  
Breast,

His *Beauty* no less active than the rest. 740  
The Fire, thus kindled, soon grew fierce and great,  
When *David's* Breast reflected back its Heat.  
Soon she perceiv'd (scarce can *Love* hidden lye  
From any Sight, much less the *Loving Eye*)  
She *Conqueror* was, as well as *Overcome*,  
And gain'd no less *Abroad* than lost at *Home*.  
Ev'n the first Hour they met (for such a Pair,<sup>87</sup>  
Who in all Mankind else so matchless were,  
Yet their own *Equals*, *Nature's* self does wed)  
A mutual Warmth through both their Bosoms  
spread. 750

*Fate* gave the *Signal*; both at once began  
The gentle *Race*, and with just Pace they ran.  
Ev'n so (methinks) when two fair *Tapers* come,  
From several Doors entering at once the Room,  
With a swift Flight that leaves the Eye behind ;  
Their *amorous Lights* into *one Light* are join'd.  
*Nature* her self, were she to judge the Case,  
Knew not which first *began* the kind Embrace.  
*Michol* her modest Flames sought to conceal,  
But *Love* ev'n th' *Art* to hide it does reveal. 760  
Her soft unpractis'd *Eyes* betray'd the *Theft*,  
*Love* past through them, and there such *Footsteps*  
left.

She blush'd when he approach'd, and when he spoke,  
And suddenly her wandring Answers broke,  
At his Name's Sound, and when she heard him  
prais'd,  
With concern'd haste her thoughtful Looks she  
rais'd.

*Uncall'd* for Sighs oft from her Bosom flew,  
And *Adriel's* active Friend she 'abruptly' grew.  
Oft when the *Court's* gay Youth stood waiting by,  
She strove to act a cold *Indifferency* ; 770  
In vain she acted so constrain'd a Part,  
For thousand *Nameless things* disclos'd her Heart.  
On th' other side, *David*, with silent Pain,  
Did in respectful Bounds his Fires contain.  
His humble Fear t' offend, and trembling Awe,  
Impos'd on him a no less rigorous *Law*  
Than *Modesty* on her, and though he strove  
To make her see 't, he durst not tell his *Love*.  
To tell it first the timorous Youth made Choice  
Of *Musick's* bolder and more active Voice. 780  
And thus beneath her Window, did he touch  
His faithful Lyre ; the Words and Numbers such,  
As did well worth my Memory appear,  
And may perhaps deserve your Princely Ear.

## I.

Awake, awake my *Lyre*,  
And tell thy *silent Master's* humble Tale,  
In Sounds that may prevail ;  
Sounds that gentle Thoughts inspire,  
Though so *Exalted* she,  
And I so *Lowly* be, 790  
Tel her such *diff'rent Notes* make all thy *Harmony*.

## 2.

Hark, how the Strings awake !  
And though the *Moving Hand* approach not near,  
Themselves with awful Fear,  
A kind of num'rous *Trembling* make.  
Now all thy Forces try,  
Now all thy Charms apply,  
Revenge upon her *Ear*, the *Conquests* of her *Eye*.

## 3-

Weak *Lyre* ! thy *Virtue* sure  
Is useless here, since thou art only found 800  
To *Cure*, but not to *Wound*,  
And she to *Wound*, but not to *Cure*.  
Too weak too wilt thou prove  
My *Passion* to remove,  
*Physick* to other *Ills*, thou 'rt *Nourishment* to *Love*.

## 4-

*Sleep*, *sleep* again, my *Lyre* ;  
For thou can'st never tell my humble Tale,  
In Sounds that will prevail,  
Nor gentle Thoughts in her inspire ;  
All thy vain Mirth lay by, 810  
Bid thy Strings silent lye,  
*Sleep*, *sleep* again, my *Lyre*, and let thy *Master die*.

She heard all this, and the prevailing Sound  
Touch'd with delightful Pain her tender Wound.  
Yet though she joy'd th' *Authentique News* to hear,  
Of what she guest before with jealous *Fear*,  
She check'd her forward Joy, and blush'd for Shame,  
And did his Boldness with forc'd Anger blame.  
The senseless Rules, which first *False Honour* taught,  
And into *Laws* the *Tyrant Custom* brought, 820  
Which Women's *Pride* and *Folly* did invent,  
Their *Lovers* and *themselves* too to torment,  
Made her next Day a grave Displeasure feign,  
And all her *Words*, and all her *Looks* constrain  
Before the trembling Youth ; who when he saw  
His *vital Light* her wonted Beams withdraw,  
He curst his Voice, his Fingers and his Lyre,  
He curst his *too bold Tongue*, and *bold Desire*.  
In vain he curst the last, for that still grew ;  
From all things *Food* its *strong Complexion* drew : 830  
His *Joy* and *Hope* their chearful Motions ceas'd,  
His *Life* decay'd, but still his *Love* encreas'd.  
Whilst she whose Heart approv'd not her *Disdain*,  
Saw and endur'd his *Pains* with greater *Pain*.  
But *Jonathan*, to whom both Hearts were known  
With a Concernment equal to their own,

Joyful that Heav'n with his sworn Love comply'd  
To draw that Knot more fast which he had ty'd,  
With well-tim'd Zeal, and with an artful Care,  
Restor'd, and better'd soon the *nice* *Affair*. 840  
With ease a Brother's lawful Power o'ercame  
The *formal Decencies* of Virgin-shame.  
She first with all her Heart forgave the past,  
Heard *David* tell his Flames, and *told her own* at  
last.

Lo here the happy Point of prosp'rous *Love!*  
Which ev'n *Enjoyment* seldom can improve!  
*Themselves agreed*, which scarce could fail alone,  
All *Israel's* Wish concurrent with their own,  
A *Brother's* powerful Aid firm to the Side,  
By solemn Vow the *King* and Father ty'd : 850  
All jealous Fears, all nice Disguises past,  
All that in *less-ripe Love* offends the *Taste*,  
In either's Breast their *Souls* both meet and wed,  
Their *Heart* the *Nuptial-Temple* and the *Bed*.  
And though the grosser *Cates* were yet not dress'd,  
By which the *Bodies* must supply this *Feast* ;  
Bold *Hopes* prevent slow *Pleasure's* lingering Birth,  
As *Saints* assur'd of *Heav'n* enjoy't on *Earth*.  
All this the *King* observ'd, and well he saw,  
What Scandal, and what Danger it might draw 860  
T' oppose this just and pop'ular Match, but meant  
T' *out-malice* all *Refusals* by *Consent*.

He meant the *poisonous Grant* should mortal prove,  
He meant t' ensnare his *Virtue* by his *Love*.  
And thus he to him spoke, with more of Art  
And Fraud, than well became the *Kingly Part*.

Your Valour, *David*, and high Worth (said he)  
To *Praise*, is all Men's Duty, mine to *see*  
*Reward'd* ; and we shall t' our utmost Powers  
Do with like Care that Part, as you did yours. 870  
Forbid it *God*, we like those *Kings* should prove,  
Who *Fear* the *Virtues* which they're bound to *Love*.  
Your *Pi'ety* does that tender Point secure,  
Nor will my *Acts* such *humble Thoughts* endure.  
Your Nearness to 't rather *supports* the *Crown*,  
And th' *Honours* giv'n to you encrease *our own*.  
All that we can we'll give ; 'tis our Intent,  
Both as a *Guard*, and as an *Ornament*,  
To place thee next our selves ; Heav'n does approve,  
And my *Son's Friendship*, and my *Daughter's Love*, 880  
Guide *fatally*, methinks, my willing Choice ;  
I see, methinks, *Heav'n* in't, and I rejoice.

Blush not, my Son, that *Michol's Love* I name,  
Nor need *she* blush to hear it ; 'tis no *Shame*  
Nor *Secret* now ; *Fame* does it loudly tell,  
And all Men but thy *Rivals* like it well.  
If *Merab's* Choice could have comply'd with mine,  
*Merab*, my elder Comfort, had been thine.  
And hers at last should have with mine comply'd,  
Had I not *thine* and *Michol's* Heart descry'd. 890  
Take whom thou lov'est, and who loves thee ; the last  
And *dearest Present* made me by the Chaste  
*Ahinoam* ; and unless she me deceive,  
When I to *Jonathan* my *Crown* shall leave,

'Twill be a smaller *Gift*.  
If I thy generous Thoughts may undertake  
To guess, they are what *Jointure* thou shalt make,<sup>58</sup>  
Fitting her *Birth* and *Fortune* : And since so  
*Custom* ordains, we mean t' exact it too.  
The *Jointure* we exact, is that shall be 900  
No less Advantage to thy *Fame* than *She*.  
Go where *Philistian* Troops infest the Land ;  
Renew the Terrors of thy conquering Hand.  
When thine own Hand, which needs must Conqu'ror  
prove,

In this joint Cause of *Honour* and of *Love*,  
An hundred of the faithless Foe shall slay,  
And for a *Dowre* their hundred Foreskins pay,<sup>59</sup> 1 Sam. 18. 25.  
Be *Michol* thy Reward ; did we not know  
Thy mighty *Fate*, and *Worth* that makes it so,  
We should not cheaply that dear Blood expose, 910  
Which we to mingle with our own had chose.  
But thou'rt secure ; and since this Match of thine  
We to the publick Benefit design,  
A publick Good shall its Beginning Grace,  
And give *triumphant Omens* of thy Race.

Thus spoke the King : The *happy Youth* bow'd low ;  
Modest and Graceful his great Joy did show,  
The noble Task well pleas'd his generous Mind ;  
And nought t' except against it could he find,  
But that his *Mistress* Price too *cheap* appear'd, 920  
No *Danger*, but her *Scorn* of it he fear'd.  
She with much different Sense the News receiv'd,  
At her high Rate she trembled, blush'd and griev'd.  
'Twas a less Work the Conquest of his Foes,  
Than to obtain her Leave his Life t' expose.  
Their kind Debate on this soft Point would prove  
Tedious, and needless to repeat : If *Love*  
(As sure it has) e'er touch'd your Princely Breast,  
'Twill to your gentle Thoughts at full suggest  
All that was done, or said ; the Grief, Hope, Fears, 930  
His *troubled Joys*, and her *obliging Tears*.  
In all the Pomp of *Passion's* reign, they part ;  
And bright Prophetick Forms enlarge his Heart ;  
*Vict'ory* and *Fame* ; and that more *quick Delight*  
Of the rich Prize for which he was to fight.

Tow'ards *Gath* he went ; and in one Month (so  
soon  
A *fatal*, and a *willing* Work is done)  
A double *Dowre*, two hundred Foreskins brought  
Of choice *Philistian* Knights with whom he fought,<sup>60</sup> 940  
Men that in Birth and Valour did excel,  
Fit for the *Cause* and *Hand* by which they fell.  
Now was *Saul* caught ; nor longer could delay  
The two *resistless Lovers'* happy Day.  
Though this *Day's coming* long had seem'd and slow,  
Yet seem'd its *Stay* as long and tedious now.  
For now the violent *Weight* of eager *Love*,  
Did with more haste so near its *Centre* move,<sup>61</sup>  
He curst the Stops of Form and State, which lay  
In this last *Stage* like *Scandals* in his Way.<sup>62</sup>  
On the large gentle *Hill*, crown'd with tall Wood,  
Near where the *Regal Gabaah* proudly stood, 951

1 Sam. 10. 21.



A *Tent* was pitch'd, of Green wrought Damask made,<sup>63</sup>  
 And seem'd but the fresh Forest's nat'ural Shade,  
 Various, and vast within, on Pillars born  
 Of *Shittim* Wood, that usefully adorn.  
 Hither, to grace the Nuptial-Feast, does *Saul*  
 Of the *Twelve Tribes* th' *Elders* and *Captains* call,  
 And all around the *Idle*, *Busie* Croud,  
 With Shouts and Blessings tell their Joy aloud.  
 Lo, the Press breaks, and from their sev'ral Homes 960  
 In decent Pride the *Bride* and *Bridegroom* comes.  
 Before the *Bride*, in a long double Row  
 With solemn Pace thirty choice *Virgins* go,  
 And make a moving *Galaxy* on Earth,  
 All heav'nly *Beauties*, all of highest *Birth* ;  
 All clad in liveliest Colours, fresh and fair,<sup>64</sup>  
 As the bright Flowers that crown'd their brighter  
*Hair*,<sup>65</sup>  
 All in that new-blown Age, which does inspire  
*Warmth* in *Themselves*, in their *Beholders* Fire.  
 But all this, and all else the *Sun* did e're, 970  
 Or *Fancy* see, in her less bounded *Sphere*,  
 The *Bride* her self out-shone ; and one would say,  
 They made but the faint *Dawn* to her full *Day*.  
 Behind a numerous Train of *Ladies* went,  
 Who on their Dress much fruitless Care had spent,  
 Vain Gems, and unregarded Cost they bore,  
 For all Men's Eyes were ty'd to those before.  
 The *Bridegroom's* flourishing Troop fill'd next the  
 Place,  
 With thirty comely Youths of noblest Race,<sup>66</sup>  
 That march'd before ; and Heav'n around his Head,  
 The graceful Beams of *Joy* and *Beauty* spread. 981  
 So the glad *Star* which *Men* and *Angels* love,<sup>67</sup>  
 Prince of the glorious *Host* that shines above,  
 No *Light* of *Heav'n* so chearful or so gay,  
 Lifts up his sacred *Lamp*, and opens *Day*.  
 The *King* himself, at the *Tent's* crowned Gate,  
 In all his Robes of Ceremony 'and State,  
 Sate to receive the Train : on either Hand  
 Did the *High-Priest*, and the *Great Prophet* stand.  
*Adriel* behind, *Jonathan*, *Abner*, *Jesse*, 990  
 And all the Chiefs in their due Order press.  
 First *Saul* declar'd his Choice, and the just Cause,  
 Avow'd by 'a gen'ral Murmur of Applause,

Then sign'd her *Dow're*, and in few Words he pray'd,<sup>68</sup>  
 And bless'd, and gave the joyful trembling *Maid*  
 T' her *Lover's* Hands, who with a chearful Look  
 And humble Gesture the vast *Present* took.  
 The *Nuptial-Hymn* strait sounds, and *Musicks*  
 play,<sup>69</sup>  
 And *Feasts* and *Balls* shorten the *thoughtless Day*,<sup>70</sup>  
 To all but to the *Wedded* ; 'till at last 1000  
 The long-wish'd Night did her kind Shadow cast ;  
 At last th' *inestimable Hour* was come,  
 To lead his *Conqu'ring Prey* in *Triumph* home,  
 To 'a *Palace* near, dress'd for the Nuptial-Bed,<sup>71</sup>  
 (Part of her *Dowre*) he his fair *Princess* led.  
*Saul*, the *High-Priest*, and *Samuel* here they leave,  
 Who as they part, their *weighty Blessings* give.  
 Her *Vail* is now put on ; and at the Gate<sup>72</sup>  
 The thirty *Youths*, and thirty *Virgins* wait  
 With golden *Lamps*, bright as the *Flames* they  
 bore,<sup>73</sup> 1010  
 To light the *Nuptial-Pomp*, and march before.  
 The rest bring Home in State the *Happy Pair*,  
 To that last *Scene* of *Bliss*, and leave them there,  
 All those free Joys insatiably to prove  
 With which rich *Beauty* feasts the *Glutton Love*.  
 But scarce, alas, the first sev'n Days were past,<sup>74</sup>  
 In which the Publick *Nuptial Triumphs* last,  
 When *Saul* this new *Alliance* did repent,  
 Such subtle Cares his jealous Thoughts torment,  
 He envy'd the good Work himself had done ; 1020  
 Fear'd *David* less his *Servant* than his *Son*.  
 No longer his wild Wrath could he command ;  
 He seeks to stain his own Imperial Hand  
 In his *Son's* Blood ; and that twice cheated too,  
 With *Troops* and *Armies* does *one Life* pursue.  
 Said I but *One* ? His thirsty Rage extends  
 To th' Lives of all his *Kindred*, and his *Friends* ;  
 Ev'n *Jonathan* had dy'd for being so,  
 Had not just *God* put by th' unnat'ural Blow.  
 You see, Sir, the true Cause which brings us here ;  
 No sullen Discontent, or groundless Fear, 1031  
 No guilty *Act* or *End* calls us from home.  
 Only to breath in Peace a while we come,  
 Ready to *Serve*, and in mean Space to *Pray*  
 For you who us receive, and him who drives away.



# DAVIDEIS.

## BOOK IV.

### The CONTENTS.

Moab carries his Guests to hunt at Nebo, in the Way falls in Discourse with David, and desires to know of him the Reasons of the Change of Government in Israel, how Saul came to the Crown, and the Story of him and Jonathan. David's Speech, containing, The State of the Common-wealth under the Judges, the Motives for which the People desired a King; their Deputies' Speech to Samuel upon that Subject, and his Reply. The assembling of the People at the Tabernacle to enquire God's Pleasure. God's Speech. The Character of Saul, his Anointing by Samuel, and Election by Lot; the Defection of his People. The War of Nahas King of Ammon against Jabes Gilead; Saul and Jonathan's relieving of the Town. Jonathan's Character, his single Fight with Nahas, whom he slays, and defeats his Army. The Confirmation of Saul's Kingdom at Gilgal, and the Manner of Samuel's quitting his Office of Judge. The War with the Philistians at Macmas, their Strength, and the Weakness of Saul's Forces, his exercising of the Priestly Function, and the Judgment denounced by Samuel against him. Jonathan's Discourse with his Esquire; their falling alone upon the Enemies' Out-guards at Senes, and after upon the whole Army, the wonderful Defeat of it; Saul's

rash Vow, by which Jonathan is to be put to Death, but is saved by the People.

**T**H<sup>O'</sup> State and kind Discourse thus robb'd the Night  
 Of half her natural and more just Delight,  
 Moab, whom *Temp'rance* did still vig'rous keep,  
 And Regal Cares had us'd to mod'rate Sleep,  
 Up with the *Sun* arose, and having thrice <sup>1</sup>  
 With lifted Hands bow'd towards his shining Rise,  
 And thrice tow'ards *Phegor*, his *Baal's* holiest Hill,  
 (With good and pious Pray'rs directed ill)  
 Call'd to the Chase his Friends, who for him stay'd;  
 The glad *Dogs* barkt, the chearful *Horses* neigh'd. 10  
 Moab his Chariot mounts, drawn by four Steeds,  
 The best and noblest that fresh *Zerith* breeds,<sup>2</sup>  
 All white as *Snow*, and sprightful as the *Light*,<sup>3</sup>  
 With *Scarlet* trapp'd, and foaming *Gold* they bite.  
 He into it young *David* with him took,  
 Did with Respect and Wonder on him look,  
 Since last Night's *Story*, and with greedier Ear,  
 The *Man*, of whom so much he heard, did hear.  
 The well-born *Youth* of all his flourishing *Court*  
 March gay behind, and joyful to the Sport. 20  
 Some arm'd with Bows, some with strait *Jav'lins* ride;  
 Rich Swords and gilded Quivers grace their Side.<sup>4</sup>  
 Midst the fair Troop *David's* tall *Brethren* rode,  
 And *Joab* comely as a fancy'd *God*;<sup>5</sup>  
 They entertain'd th' attentive *Moab Lords*,  
 With loose and various Talk that Chance affords,  
 Whilst they pac'd slowly on; but the wise *King*  
 Did *David's* Tongue to weightier Subjects bring.  
 Much (said the *King*) much I to *Joab* owe,  
 For the fair *Picture* drawn by him of you. 30  
 'Twas drawn in little, but did Acts express  
 So great, that largest *Histories* are less.  
 I see (methinks) the *Gathian Monster* still,  
 His Shape last Night my mindful *Dreams* did fill.  
 Strange *Tyrant Saul*, with Envy to pursue  
 The Praise of Deeds, whence his own Safety grew!  
 I've heard (but who can think it?) that his *Son*  
 Has his Life's Hazard for your Friendship run;  
 His matchless *Son*, whose Worth (if Fame be true)  
 Lifts him 'above all his *Countrymen* but you, 40

- With whom it makes him *One* : Low *David* bows,  
But no Reply *Moab's* swift Tongue allows.  
And pray, kind *Guest*, whilst we ride thus (says he)  
(To gameful *Nebo* still three Leagues there be)<sup>6</sup>  
The Story of your *Royal Friend* relate,  
And his ungovern'd *Sire's* imperious Fate :  
Why your great State that nameless Fam'ly chose,<sup>7</sup>  
And by what Steps to *Israel's Throne* they rose.  
He staid ; and *David* thus ; From *Egypt's* Land  
You've heard, Sir, by what *strong, unarmed* Hand 50  
Our *Fathers* came ; *Moses* their sacred *Guide*,  
Deut. 34. But he in Sight of the *giv'n Country* dy'd.  
His fatal promis'd *Canaan* was on high ;  
And *Joshua's* *Sword* must th' *active Rod* supply.  
It did so, and did Wonders.  
Josh. 1. 4. From sacred *Jordan* to the *Western Main*,<sup>8</sup>  
From well-clad *Lib'anus* to the *Southern Plain*  
Of naked Sands, his *winged Conquests* went ;  
Josh. 12. And thirty *Kings* to *Hell uncrown'd* he sent.  
Almost four hundred Years from him to *Saul*, 60  
In too much Freedom pass'd, or foreign *Thral*.<sup>9</sup>  
Oft *Strangers' Iron Scepters* bruis'd the Land,  
(Such still are those born by a *Conqu'ring* Hand)  
Oft pity'ing *God* did well-form'd *Spirits* raise,  
Fit for the toilsome Business of their Days,  
To free the groaning *Nation*, and to give  
*Peace* first, and then the *Rules* in *Peace* to live.  
But they, whose Stamp of *Pow'r* did chiefly lye  
In *Characters*, too fine for most Men's *Eye*,  
*Graces* and *Gifts Divine* ; not painted bright 70  
With State to awe *dull Minds*, and Force t' *affright*,  
Were ill obey'd whilst *Living*, and at *Death*,  
Their *Rules* and *Pattern* vanish'd with their *Breath*.  
The *hungry Rich* all near them did devour,  
Their *Judge* was *Appetite*, and their *Law* was *Pow'r*.  
Not Want it self could *Luxury* restrain,  
For what that *empty'd, Rapine fill'd* again.  
*Robbery* the *Field*, *Oppression* sack'd the *Town* ;  
What the *Sword's* *Reaping* spar'd, was *glean'd* by th'  
*Gown*.  
At Courts, and Seats of Justice to complain, 80  
Was to be robb'd more *vexingly* again.  
Nor was their *Lust* less active or less bold,  
Amidst this rougher Search of *Blood* and *Gold*.  
*Weak Beauties* they corrupt, and force the *strong* ;  
The *Pride* of *old Men* that, and this of *young*.  
Judg. 19. You've heard perhaps, Sir, of leud *Gibeah's* Shame  
Which *Hebrew* Tongues still tremble when they  
name,  
*Alarmed* all by one fair *Stranger's* Eyes,  
As to a sudden *War* the *Town* does rise  
Shaking and pale, half dead e'er they begin 90  
The strange and wanton *Tragedy* of their *Sin* :  
All their wild *Lusts* they force her to sustain,  
Till by *Shame*, *Sorrow*, *Weariness*, and *Pain*,  
She midst their loath'd, and cruel *Kindness* dies ;  
Of monstrous *Lust* th' innocent *Sacrifice*.  
This did ('tis true) a *Civil War* create,  
(The frequent *Curse* of our loose-govern'd *State*)  
All *Gibeah's*, and all *Jabes* Blood it cost ;  
Near a whole *Tribe*, and *future Kings* we lost.<sup>10</sup>  
Firm in this general *Earthquake* of the *Land*, 100  
How could *Religion*, its main *Pillar*, stand ?  
Proud, and fond *Man*, his *Fathers' Worship* hates,  
Himself, *God's Creature*, his own *God* creates.  
Hence in each Household sev'ral *Deities* grew,  
And when no *old* one pleas'd, they fram'd a *new*.  
The *only Land* which serv'd but *One* before,  
Did th' *only* then all *Nations' Gods* adore.  
They serv'd their *Gods* at first, and soon their *Kings* ;  
Their choice of that this latter *Slav'ry* brings.  
Till special Men, arm'd with *God's* *Warrant*, broke 110  
By justest *Force* th' *unjustly forced* Yoke.  
All matchless Persons, and thrice worthy they  
Of *Power* more great, or *Lands* more apt t' obey.  
At last the *Priesthood* join'd in *Ith'amar's* Son,<sup>11</sup> 1 Sam  
More *Weight* and *Lustre* to the *Scepter* won.<sup>12</sup>  
But whilst mild *Ely*, and good *Samuel* were  
Busy'd with *Age*, and th' *Altar's* *Sacred* Care ;  
To their wild *Sons* they their high Charge commit, 1 Sam  
Who 'expose to *Scorn* and *Hate* both them and it.  
*Ely's* curs'd House th' exemplar *Vengeance* bears 120  
Of all their *Blood*, and all sad *Isra'el's* *Tears*.  
His *Sons* abroad, *Himself* at home lyes slain,  
*Israel's* captiv'd, *God's Ark* and *Law* are ta'en.  
Thus twice are *Nations* by *ill Princes* vex'd,  
They suffer *By* them *first*, and *For them next*.  
*Samuel* succeeds ; since *Moses*, none before, 1 Sam  
So much of *God* in his bright *Bosom* bore.  
In vain our Arms *Philistian Tyrants* seis'd ;  
*Heav'n's* *Magazines* he open'd when he pleas'd.  
He *Rains* and *Winds* for *Auxil'aries* brought, 130 1 Sam  
He muster'd *Flames* and *Thunders* when he fought.  
Thus thirty Years, with strong and stedly Hand,<sup>13</sup>  
He held th' unshaken *Ballance* of the *Land*.  
At last his *Sons* th' indulgent *Father* chose, 1 Sam  
To share that *State* which they were born to lose.  
Their hateful Acts that *Change's* *Birth* did haste,  
Which had long Growth i' th' *Womb* of *Ages past*.<sup>14</sup>  
To this (for still were some great *Periods* set,  
There 's a strong *Knot* of sev'ral *Causes* met)  
The *Threats* concurr'd of a rough neighb'ring *War* ; 140  
A mighty *Storm* long gath'ring from afar.  
For *Ammon*, heighten'd with mix'd *Nations' Aid*,  
Like *Torrents* swoln with *Rain* prepar'd the *Land*  
t' invade.  
*Samuel* was old, and by his *Sons' ill* Choice,  
Turn'd *Dotard* in th' *unskilful* *Vulgar's* Voice.  
His *Sons* so scorn'd and hated, that the *Land*  
Nor *hop'd* nor *wish'd* a *Vict'ry* from their *Hand* :  
These were the just and faultless *Causes*, why  
The general *Voice* did for a *Monarch* cry.  
But *God ill* *Grains* did in this *Incense* smell, 150  
Wrapp'd in fair *Leaves* he saw the *Canker* dwell.  
A mut'inous *Itch* of *Change*, a dull *Despair*  
Of *Helps* *divine*, oft prov'd ; a faithless *Care*  
Of *Common Means* ; the *Pride* of *Heart*, and *Scorn*  
Of th' *humble* *Yoke* under low *Judges* born.

- They saw the State and glittering Pomp, which blest,  
In vulgar Sense, the *Scepters of the East*.  
They saw not *Pow'r's* true *Source*, and scorn'd t' obey  
Persons that *look'd* no *dreadfuller* than *they*. 159  
They miss'd *Courts, Guards*, a gay and num'rous  
Train ;  
Our *Judges*, like their *Laws*, were rude and plain.  
On an old Bench of *Wood*, her *Seat of State*,  
Judg. 4. 5. Beneath the well-known *Palm, Wise Deborah* sate,  
Her *Maids* with comely Dil'igence round her spun,  
And *she* too, when the *Pleadings* there were done :  
With the same Goad *Samgar* his *Oxen drives*,  
Ib. 3. 31. Which took, the Sun before, six hundred Lives  
From his *sham'd Foes* ; he midst his Work dealt *Laws* ;  
And oft was his *Plough* stopp'd to hear a *Cause*.  
Ib. 6. 14. Nor did great *Gideon* his old *Flail* disdain, 170  
After won *Fields*, sackt *Towns*, and *Princes* slain.  
His *Scepter* that, and *Ophra's Threshing Floor*  
The *Seat* and *Emblem* of his *Justice* bore.  
Ib. 10. 3. What should I *Jair*, the happiest Father, name ?  
Or mournful *Jephtha* known no less to Fame,  
Ib. 11. 34. For the most wretched ? Both at once did keep  
The mighty *Flocks of Isra'el* and their *Sheep*.  
Oft from the Field in haste they summon'd were,  
Some weighty foreign *Embassie* to hear,  
They call'd their *Slaves*, their *Sons*, and *Friends*  
around, 180  
Who all at sev'ral Cares were scatter'd found,  
They wash'd their Feet, their *only Gown* put on ;  
And this chief Work of *Cer'emony* was done.  
These Reasons, and all else that could be said,  
In a ripe Hour by *faction's Eloquence* spread  
I Sam. 8. 4. Through all the *Tribes*, made all desire a *King* ;  
And to their *Judge* selected *Dep'uties* bring  
This harsh Demand ; which *Nacol* for this rest  
(A bold and artful Mouth) thus with much Grace  
express'd. 189  
We're come, most sacred *Judge*, to pay th' *Arrears*,  
Of much-ow'd Thanks, for the bright thirty Years,  
Of your just *Reign* ; and at your Feet to lay  
All that our grateful Hearts can weakly pay,  
In *unproportion'd Words* ; for you alone  
The not unfit *Reward*, who seek for *none*.  
But when our forepast Ills we call to mind,  
And sadly think how *little's* left behind  
Of your important *Life*, whose sudden Date  
Would *disinherit* th' unprovided *State*.  
When we consider how unjust 'tis, you, 200  
Who ne'er of *Power* more than the *Burden* knew,  
At once the Weight of *that* and *Age* should have ;  
Your stooping Days press'd *doubly* tow'rds the Grave.  
When we behold by *Ammon's* youthful Rage,  
Proud in th' Advantage of your peaceful Age,  
And all th' united East, our Fall conspir'd ;  
And that your *Sons*, whom chiefly we desir'd  
As *Stamps* of you, in your lov'd Room to place,  
I Sam. 8. 5. By unlike Acts that noble *Stamp* deface :  
Midst these new Fears and Ills, we're forc'd to fly 210  
To' a new, and yet unpractis'd *Remedy* ;
- A new one, but long promis'd and foretold,  
By *Moses*, and to *Abraham* shown of old. Deut. 17. 14.  
A *Prophecy* long forming in the *Womb*  
Of teeming Years, and now to *Ripeness* come.  
This *Remedy's* a *King* ; for this we all  
With an inspir'd, and zealous *Union* call.  
And in one Sound when all Men's Voices join,  
The *Musick's* tun'd (no doubt) by Hand Divine.  
'Tis *God* alone speaks a whole *Nation's* Voice ; 220  
That is his *Publick Language* ; but the Choice  
Of what *Peculiar Head* that Crown must bear,  
From you, who his *Peculiar Organ* are,  
We expect to hear ; the *People* shall to you  
Their *King*, the *King* his *Crown* and *People* owe.  
To your great Name what Lustre will it bring  
T' have been our *Judge*, and to have made our *King* !  
He bow'd, and ended here ; and *Samuel* straight I Sam. 8. 6.  
Pausing a while at this great Question's Weight,  
With a grave Sigh, and with a thoughtful Eye 230  
That more of *Care* than *Passion* did descry,  
Calmly replies : You're sure the first (says he)  
Of *free-born* Men that begg'd for *Slavery*.  
I fear, my Friends, with heav'nly *Manna* fed,  
(Our old Forefathers' Crime) we lust for *Bread*.  
Long since by God from *Bondage* drawn, I fear,  
We build anew th' *Egyptian Brick-kiln* here.  
Cheat not your selves with *Words* : for though a *King* 16 I Sam. 18. 11.  
Be the mild Name, a *Tyrant* is the *Thing*.  
Let his Power loose, and you shall quickly see 240  
How mild a thing *unbounded Man* will be.  
He'll lead you forth your Hearts' cheap Blood to spill,  
Where-e'er his *Guidless Passion* leads his *Will*.  
Ambition, Lust, or Spleen his Wars will raise,  
Your *Lives' best Price*, his Thirst of *Wealth* or *Praise*.  
Your ablest *Sons* for his proud *Guards* he'll take,  
And by such Hands your Yoke more grievous make.  
Your *Daughters* and *dear Wives* he'll force away,  
His *Lux'ury* some, and some his *Lust* t' obey.  
His *Idle Friends* your *hungry Toils* shall eat, 250  
Drink your rich *Wines*, mix'd with your *Blood* and  
*Sweat*.  
Then you'll all sigh, but *Sighs* will *Treasons* be ;  
And not your *Griefs* themselves, or *Looks* be *free*.  
Robb'd even of *Hopes*, when you these Ills sustain,  
Your watry Eyes you'll then turn back in vain,  
On your old *Judges*, and perhaps on *me*,  
Nay ev'n my *Sons*, howe'er they 'unhappy be  
In your Displeasure now ; not that I'd clear  
Their *Guilt*, or mine own *Innocence* indear,  
Witness th' *unutterable Name*, there's nought 17 260  
Of private Ends into this Question brought.  
But why this Yoke on your own Necks to draw ?  
Why *Man* your *God*, and *Passion* made your *Law* ?  
Methinks (thus *Moab* interrupts him here)  
The good old *Seer* 'gainst *Kings* was too severe.  
'Tis *Jest* to tell a *People* that they're *Free* ;  
*Who*, or *how many* shall their *Masters* be,  
Is the sole Doubt ; *Laws* *guide*, but cannot *reign* ;  
And though they *bind* not *Kings*, yet they *restrain*.

- I dare affirm (so much I trust their *Love*) 270  
 That no one *Moabite* would his Speech approve.  
 But, pray go on. 'Tis true, Sir, he replies ;  
 Yet Men whom Age and Action renders wise,  
 So much great Changes fear, that they believe,  
 All Evils *will*, which *may* from them arrive.  
 On Men resolv'd these Threats were spent in vain,  
 1 Sam. 8. 19. All that his Power or El'quence could obtain,  
 Was to enquire *God's* Will, e'er they proceed  
 To 'a Work that would so much his Blessing need.  
 A solemn Day for this great Work is set, 280  
 And at th' *Anointed Tent* all *Israel* met  
 Expect th' Event ; \*below fair *Bullocks* fry  
 In hallowed Flames ; \*above, there mount on high  
 The precious Clouds of Incense, and at last  
 The *Sprinkling, Pray'rs*, and all due *Honours* past.  
 Ex. 40. 9, and 30. 26. Lo ! we the *sacred Bells* o' th' sudden hear,<sup>19</sup>  
 \* Ib. v. 5, 6. And in mild Pomp grave *Samuel* does appear,<sup>20</sup>  
 Ex. 39. 25, and 28. His *Ephod, Mitre*, well-cut *Diadem* on,<sup>21</sup>  
 Ibid. 8. Th' *Orac'ulous Stones* on his rich *Breast-plate* shone.<sup>22</sup>  
 Tow'ards the *Blue Curtains* of *God's* holiest Place 290  
 (The *Temple's* bright *third Heav'n*) he turn'd his Face.<sup>23</sup>  
 Thrice bow'd he, thrice the solemn *Musick* plaid,  
 And at third Rest thus the great *Prophet* pray'd :  
 Almighty *God*, to whom all Men that be  
 Owe *all* they have, yet none so much as *we* ;  
 Who though thou fill'st the spacious World alone,  
 Thy too small *Court*, hast made this Place thy *Throne*.  
 With humble *Knees*, and humbler *Hearts*, lo, here,  
 Blest *Abra'ham's Seed* implores thy gracious Ear.  
 Hear them, great *God*, and thy just Will inspire ; 300  
 From *thee*, their *long-known King*, they' a *King*  
 desire.  
 Some gracious Signs of thy good Pleasure send,  
 Which, lo, with *Souls* resign'd we humbly here attend.  
 He spoke, and thrice he bow'd, and all about  
*Silence* and reverend *Horror* seiz'd the Rout.  
 The whole Tent shakes, the Flames on th' Altar by,  
 In thick dull Rolls mount slow and heavily.  
 \* Exod. 25. 37. The \*seven *Lamps* wink ;<sup>24</sup> and what does most  
 dismay,  
 Th' *Orac'ulous Gems* shut in their nat'ural Day.  
 The *Ruby's Cheek* grew Pale, the *Em'raud* by 310  
 Faded, a *Cloud* o'er cast the *Saphir's Sky*.  
 The *Di'amond's Eye* look'd *sleepy*, and swift Night  
 Of all those little *Suns* Eclips'd the Light.  
 Sad Signs of *God's* dread Anger for our Sin,  
 But strait a wondrous Brightness from within  
 Strook through the *Curtains*, for no *earthly Cloud*  
 Could those strong Beams of heav'nly Glory shroud.  
 The Altar's Fire burnt pure, and every *Stone*  
 Their radiant *Parent* the gay *Sun* out-shone.  
 Beauty th' *Illustrious Vision* did impart 320  
 To ev'ry *Face*, and Joy to ev'ry Heart.  
 In glad Effects *God's* Presence thus appear'd,  
 And thus in wondrous Sounds his *Voice* was heard :  
 This stubborn Land sins still, nor is it *thee*, but *us*  
 (Who have been so long their *King*) they seek to cast  
 off thus.
- Five hundred rolling Years, hath this stiff Nation  
 strove,  
 To 'exhaust the boundless Stores, of our unfathom'd  
*Love*.  
 Be 't so then ; yet, once more, are we resolv'd to try  
 T' outweary them through all their *Sin's Variety*.  
 Assemble, ten Days hence, the num'rous People here ;  
 To draw the *Royal Lot* which our hid *Mark* shall bear.  
 Dismiss them now in Peace ; but their next Crime  
 shall bring 332  
 Ruin without redress, on *them*, and on their *King*.  
 Th' *Almighty* spoke ; th' astonish'd People part,  
 With various Stamps impress'd on ev'ry Heart.  
 Some their Demand repented, others prais'd,  
 Some had no Thoughts at all, but star'd and gaz'd.  
 There dwelt a *Man*, nam'd *Kis* in *Gib'eah* Town, 1 Sam.  
 For *Wisdom* much, and much for *Courage* known, r Sam.  
 More for his *Son*, his mighty *Son* was *Saul*, 340 Ibid.  
 Whom *Nature*, e'er the *Lots*, to' a *Throne* did call.  
 He was *much Prince*, and when, or *wheresoe'er*  
 His Birth had been, *then* had he reign'd and *there*.  
 Such *Beauty* as great *Strength* thinks no Disgrace,  
 Smil'd in the manly Features of his Face.  
 His large black Eyes, fill'd with a sprightly Light,  
 Shot forth such lively and *illustrious Night*,  
 As the *Sun* Beams, on *Jet* reflecting show,  
 His *Hair*, as Black, in long curl'd Waves did flow.  
 His tall, strait *Body*, amidst thousands stood, 350  
 Like some fair *Pine* o'erlooking all th' ignobler *Wood*.  
 Of all our Rural Sports he was the Pride ;  
 So swift, so strong, so dextrous none beside.  
*Rest* was his *Toil*, *Labours* his *Lust* and *Game* ;  
 No nat'ural Wants could his fierce Dil'igence tame,  
 Not *Thirst*, nor *Hunger* ; he would Journeys go  
 Through raging *Heats*, and take Repose in *Snow*.  
 His *Soul* was ne'er unbent from weighty Care ;  
 But active as some *Mind* that turns a *Sphere*.<sup>25</sup>  
 His Way once chose, he forward thrust outright, 360  
 Nor stepp'd aside for *Dangers* or *Delight*.  
 Yet was he wise all *Dangers* to foresee ;  
 But born t' *affright*, and not to *fear* was *he*.  
 His *Wit* was *strong*, not *fine* ; and on his Tongue,  
 An *Artless Grace*, above all *Elo'quence*, hung.  
 These *Virtues* too the Rich unusual Dress  
 Of *Modesty*, adorn'd, and *Humbleness*. 1 Sam.  
 Like a clear *Varnish* o'er fair *Pictures* laid, lb. 10  
 More *fresh* and *lasting* they the *Colours* made.  
 'Till *Power* and *violent Fortune*, which did find 370  
 No Stop or Bound, o'erwhelm'd no less his *Mind*,  
 Did, *Deluge-like*, the nat'ural Forms deface,  
 And brought forth unknown *Monsters* in their Place.  
 Forbid it *God*, my *Master's* Spots should be,  
 Were they not seen by all, disclos'd by me !  
 But such he was ; and now to *Ramah* went  
 (So *God* dispos'd) with a strange, low Intent.  
 Great *God* ! He went lost *Asses* to enquire, Ibid.  
 And a small *Present* his small Question's Hire,  
 Brought simply with him, to that *Man* to give, 380  
 From whom high *Heav'n's* chief *Gifts* he must receive

<p>1 Sam. 9. 12. Ibid. v. 22, 23, 24. Ibid. v. 26. 1 Sam. 10. 1. 1 Sam. 10. 17.</p>	<p>Strange <i>Play of Fate!</i> When mighty'st Human things Hang on such small, <i>imperceptible Strings!</i> 'Twas <i>Samuel's Birth-Day</i>, a glad Ann'ual Feast <sup>26</sup> All <i>Rama</i> kept; <i>Samuel</i> his wondring Guest With such Respect leads to it, and does grace With the choice Meats o' th' Feast, and highest Place. <sup>27</sup> Which done, him forth alone the <i>Prophet</i> brings, And feasts his ravish'd Ears with nobler things. He tells the mighty <i>Fate</i> to him assign'd, 390 And with great Rules fills his <i>capacious Mind</i>. Then takes the Sacred <i>Viol</i>, and does shed A <i>Crown</i> of mystique Drops around his Head. <sup>28</sup> Drops of that <i>Royal Moisture</i>, which does know No Mixture, and disdains the Place below. Soon comes the <i>kingly Day</i>, and with it brings A new <i>Account of Time</i> upon his Wings. <sup>29</sup> The People met, the Rites and Pray'rs all past, Behold, the <i>Heav'n Instructed-Lot</i> is cast. 'Tis taught by <i>Heav'n</i> its way, and cannot miss; 400 Forth <i>Benjamin</i>, forth leaps the House of <i>Kis</i>. As glimm'ring <i>Stars</i> just at th' approach of <i>Day</i>, Casheer'd by <i>Troops</i>, at last drop all away, By such Degrees all Men's bright Hopes are gone, And, like the <i>Sun</i>, <i>Saul's Lot</i> shines all alone. Ev'n here perhaps the People's Shout was heard, The loud long Shout when <i>God's</i> fair Choice appear'd. Above the whole vast Throng he' appear'd so tall, As if by <i>Nature</i> made for th' <i>Head</i> of all. <sup>30</sup> So full of Grace and State, that one might know, 410 'Twas some wise <i>Eye</i> the <i>blind Lot</i> guided so. <sup>31</sup> But blind unguided <i>Lots</i> have more of Choice, And Constancy, than the slight <i>Vulgar's Voice</i>. E'er yet the <i>Crown</i> of Sacred <i>Oil</i> is dry, Whil'st <i>Ecchoes</i> yet preserve the joyful Cry, Some grow enrag'd their own vain Hopes to miss, Some envy <i>Saul</i>, some scorn the House of <i>Kis</i>. Some their first mut'inous Wish, a <i>King</i>, repent, As if, since that, quite spoil'd by <i>God's Consent</i>. Few to this Prince their first just Duties pay; 420 All leave the <i>Old</i>, but few the <i>new</i> obey. Thus changes <i>Man</i>, but <i>God</i> is constant still To those eternal Grounds, that mov'd his <i>Will</i>. And though he yielded first to them, 'tis fit, That stubborn Men at last to him submit. As midst the Main a low small <i>Island</i> lyes, <sup>32</sup> Assaulted round with stormy <i>Seas</i> and <i>Skies</i>, Whilst the poor heartless <i>Natives</i>, ev'ry Hour, <i>Darkness</i> and <i>Noise</i> seems ready to devour: Such <i>Israel's</i> State appear'd, whilst o'er the West 430 <i>Philistian</i> Clouds hung threatning, and from th' East All Nations' Wrath into one <i>Tempest</i> joins, Through which proud <i>Nahas</i> like fierce <i>Lightning</i> shines. <i>Tygris</i> and <i>Nile</i> to his Assistance send, And Waters to swoln <i>Jaboc's Torrent</i> lend. <sup>33</sup> <i>Seir</i>, <i>Edom</i>, <i>Saba</i>, <i>Amalec</i> add their Force, Up with them march the <i>Three Arabia's Horse</i>. <sup>34</sup> And 'mongst all these none more their Hope or Pride, Then those few <i>Troops</i> your warlike Land supply'd.</p>	<p>Around weak <i>Jabes</i> this vast Host does lye, 440 1 Sam. 11. 1. Disdains a dry and <i>bloodless Victory</i>. The hopeless Town for <i>Slav'ry</i> does <i>intreat</i>, But barb'rous <i>Nahas</i> thinks that Grace too great. He (his first <i>Tribute</i>) their right <i>Eyes</i> demands, 1b. v. 2. And with their <i>Faces' Shame</i> disarms their <i>Hands</i>. <sup>35</sup> Ver. 3. If unreliev'd seven Days by <i>Israel's</i> Aid, This Bargain for o'er-rated <i>Life</i> is made. Ah, mighty <i>God</i>, let thine own <i>Israel</i> be Quite <i>blind</i> it self, e'er this Reproach it see! By 'his wanton People the new <i>King</i> forsook, 450 To homely rural Cares himself betook. Ver. 5. In private Plenty liv'd without the State, Lustre, and Noise, due to a publick Fate. Whilst he his Slaves and Cattle follows home, Lo the sad Messengers from <i>Jabes</i> come, Implore his Help, and weep as if they meant 1 Sam. 11. 4. <i>That way</i> at least proud <i>Nahas</i> to prevent. Ver. 7. Mov'd with a <i>Kingly Wrath</i>, his strict Command He issues forth t' assemble all the Land. He threatens high, and disobedient they, 460 <i>Wak'd</i> by such Princely Terrors, learnt t' obey. A mighty Host is raised; th' important Cause Ver. 8. <i>Age</i> from their <i>Rest</i>, <i>Youth</i>, from their <i>Pleasure</i> draws. Arm'd as unfurnish'd <i>haste</i> could them provide, But <i>Conduct</i>, <i>Courage</i>, <i>Anger</i> that supply'd. All <i>Night</i> they march, and are at th' early Dawn 1 Sam. 11. 11. On <i>Jabes</i> Heath in three fair Bodies drawn. <i>Saul</i> did himself the first and strongest Band, His <i>Son</i> the next, <i>Abner</i> the third Command. But pardon, Sir, if naming <i>Saul's</i> great Son, 470 I stop with him a while e'er I go on. This is that <i>Jonathan</i>, the <i>Joy</i> and <i>Grace</i>, The beautiful'st, and best of <i>Human Race</i>. That <i>Jonathan</i>, in whom does mixt remain, All that kind <i>Mothers' Wishes</i> can contain. His <i>Courage</i> such, as it no Stop can know, And <i>Vict'ry</i> gains by <i>astonishing</i> the <i>Foe</i>. With <i>Lightning's</i> Force his Enemies it confounds, And melts their <i>Hearts</i> e'er it the <i>Bosom</i> wounds. Yet he the <i>Conquer'd</i> with such <i>Sweetness</i> gains, 480 As <i>Captive Lovers</i> find in <i>Beauty's Chains</i>. In <i>War</i> the adverse <i>Troops</i> he does assail, Like an impet'uous <i>Storm</i> of <i>Wind</i> and <i>Hail</i>. In <i>Peace</i>, like gentlest <i>Dew</i>, that does asswage The <i>burning Months</i>, and temper <i>Syrius' Rage</i>. Kind as the <i>Sun's</i> blest <i>Influence</i>; and where-e'er He comes, <i>Plenty</i> and <i>Joy</i> attend him there. To <i>Help</i> seems all his <i>Power</i>, his <i>Wealth</i> to <i>Give</i>; To do much <i>Good</i> his <i>sole Prerogative</i>. And yet this gen'ral <i>Bounty</i> of his Mind, 490 That with wide Arms embraces all <i>Mankind</i>, Such artful <i>Prudence</i> does to each divide, With diff'rent Measures all are satisfy'd. Just as wise <i>God</i> his plenteous <i>Manna</i> dealt, Exod. 16. 17. Some gather'd more, but Want by none was felt. To all <i>Relations</i> their just Rights he pays, And <i>Worth's</i> Reward above its Claim does raise.</p>
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The tendrest *Husband, Master, Father, Son,*  
 And all those Parts by 'his *Friendship* far out-done.  
 His *Love* to *Friends* no Bound or Rule does know, 500  
 What *he* to *Heav'n*, all that to *him* they owe.  
 Keen as his *Sword*, and pointed is his *Wit* :  
 His *Judgment*, like best *Armour*, strong and fit.  
 And such an *Eloquence* to both these does join,  
 As makes in both *Beauty* and *Use* combine.  
 Through which a noble *Tincture* does appear  
 By *Learning* and choice *Books* imprinted there.  
 As well he knows all *Times* and *Persons* gone,  
 As he himself to th' *future* shall be known.  
 But his chief Study is *God's* sacred *Law* ; 510  
 And all his *Life* does *Comments* on it draw.  
 As never more by *Heav'n* to *Man* was giv'n,  
 So never more was paid by *Man* to *Heav'n*.  
 And all these *Virtues* were to *Ripeness* grown,  
 E'er yet his *Flower* of *Youth* was fully blown.  
 All *Autumn's* Store did his rich *Spring* adorn ;  
 Like *Trees* in *Par'adice* he with *Fruit* was born.  
 Such is his *Soul* ; and if, as some Men tell,  
*Souls* form and build those *Mansions* where they  
 dwell ;<sup>36</sup>

Who'er but sees his *Body* must confess, 520  
 The *Architect* no doubt, could be no less.  
 From *Saul* his Growth and Manly Strength he took,  
*Chastis'd* by bright *Ahino'am's* gentler Look.  
 Not bright *Ahino'am*, *Beauty's* loudest Name,  
 'Till she to' her *Children* lost with Joy her Fame,  
 Had sweeter Strokes, Colours more fresh and fair,  
 More darting Eyes, or lovelier auborn Hair.  
 Forgive me that I thus your *Patience* wrong,  
 And on this *boundless Subject* stay so long.  
 Where too much haste ever to *end* 't would be, 530  
 Did not his *Acts* speak what 's untold by *me*.  
 Tho' from the time his Hands a *Sword* could wield,  
 He ne'er miss'd *Fame* and *Danger* in the Field.  
 Yet this was the first Day that call'd him forth,  
 Since *Saul's* bright Crown gave Lustre to his Worth.  
 'Twas the last Morning whose uncheerful Rise,  
 Sad *Jabes* was to view with *both* their Eyes.  
 Secure proud *Nahas* slept as in his Court,  
 And dreamt, vain Man ! of that Day's barb'rous Sport,  
 'Till Noise and dreadful Tumults him awoke : 540  
 'Till into 'his *Camp* our vi'olent *Army* broke.  
 The careless *Guards* with small Resistance kill'd,  
 Slaughter the Camp, and wild Confusion fill'd.  
*Nahas* his fatal *Duty* does perform,  
 And marches boldly up t' outface the Storm.  
 Fierce *Jonathan* he meets, as he pursues  
 Th' *Arabian Horse*, and a hot Fight renews.  
 'Twas here your Troops behav'd themselves so well,  
 'Till *Us* and *Jathan* their stout *Colonels* fell.  
 'Twas here our *Vict'ry* stopp'd, and gave us Cause 550  
 Much to suspect th' Intention of her Pause.  
 But when our thundring Prince *Nahas* espy'd,  
 Who with a *Courage* equal to his *Pride*  
 Broke thro' our Troops, and tow'rds him boldly prest,  
 A gen'rous Joy leap'd in his youthful Breast.

1 Sam. 14. 50.

As when a wrathful *Dragon's* dismal Light,  
 Strikes suddenly some warlike *Eagle's* Sight.  
 The *mighty Foe* pleases his fearless Eyes,  
 He claps his joyful Wings, and at him flies.  
 With vain tho' vi'olent Force, their Darts they flung ;  
 In *Ammon's* plated Belt *Jonathan's* hung, 561  
 And stopp'd there ; *Ammon* did his Helmet hit,  
 And gliding off, bore the proud Crest from it.  
 Strait with their Swords to the fierce Shock they came,  
 Their *Swords*, their *Armour*, and their *Eyes* shot  
*Flame*.  
 Blows strong as *Thunder*, thick as *Rain* they dealt ;  
 Which more than they th' engag'd *Spectators* felt.  
 In *Ammon* Force, in *Jonathan* Address,  
 (Tho' both were great in both to an Excess)  
 To the well-judging Eye did most appear ; 570  
*Honour*, and *Anger* in both equal were.  
 Two Wounds our *Prince* receiv'd, and *Ammon* three ;  
 Which he enrag'd to feel, and 'sham'd to see,  
 Did his whole strength into one Blow collect ;  
 And as a Spaniel when we' our Aim direct  
 To shoot some *Bird*, impatiently stands by,  
 Shaking his Tail, ready with Joy to fly,  
 Just as it drops, upon the wounded Prey ;  
 So waited *Death* it self, to bear away  
 The threaten'd Life ; did glad and greedy stand, 580  
 At Sight of mighty *Ammon's* lifted Hand.  
 Our watchful *Prince* by bending sav'd the Wound,  
 But *Death* in other Coin his *Reck'ning* found :  
 For whilst th' *immod'rate* Stroke's miscarry'ing Force  
 Had almost born the Striker from his Horse,  
 A nimble Thrust his active Ene'my made,  
 'Twixt his right Ribs deep pierc'd the furious Blade,  
 And open'd wide those *secret Vessels*, where  
*Life's* Light goes out, when first they let in *Air*.<sup>37</sup>  
 He falls, his *Armour* clanks against the Ground, 590  
 From his faint Tongue *imperfect Curses* sound.  
 His amaz'd Troops strait cast their Arms away ;  
 Scarce fled his *Soul* from thence more swift than *they*.  
 As when two *Kings* of neighbour *Hives* (whom Rage  
 And Thirst of *Empire* in fierce Wars engage,  
 Whilst each lays Claim to th' *Garden* as his own,  
 And seeks t'usurp the bord'ring Flowers alone)  
 Their well-arm'd Troops drawn boldly forth to fight,  
 In th' Air's wide Plain dispute their doubtful Right.  
 If by sad Chance of Battel, either *King* 600  
 Fall wounded down, strook with some fatal Sting,  
 His Armies' Hopes and Courage with him die ;  
 They sheath up their faint *Swords*, and routed fly.  
 On th' other Sides at once, with like Success,  
 Into the Camp great *Saul* and *Abner* press ;  
 From *Jon'athan's* Part a wild mix'd Noise they hear,  
 And, whatsoever it mean, long to be there.  
 At the same Instant from glad *Jabes* Town,  
 The hasty Troops march loud and cheerful down.  
 Some few at first with vain Resistance fall, 610  
 The rest is *Slaughter*, and *vast Conquest* all.  
 The Fate, by which our *Host* thus far had gone,  
 Our *Host* with noble Heat drove farther on.

Victorious Arms through *Ammon's* Land it bore ;  
*Ruin* behind, and *Terror* march'd before.  
 Where-e'er from *Rabba's* Tow'rs they cast their Sight,  
*Smook* clouds the *Day*, and *Flames* make clear the  
*Night*.

This bright Success did *Saul's* first Action bring,  
 The *Oil*, the *Lot*, and *Crown* less crown'd him King.  
 The *Happy* all Men judge for Empire fit, 620  
 And none withstands where *Fortune* does submit.

1 Sam. 11. 12.  
 Ib. v. 13.

Those who before did God's fair Choice withstand,  
 Th' *excessive Vulgar* now to Death demand.  
 But wiser *Saul* repeal'd their hasty Doom ;  
*Conquest* abroad, with *Mercy* crown'd at home.  
 Nor stain'd with civil Slaughter that Day's Pride,  
 Which foreign Blood in nobler *Purple* dy'd.

Ib. v. 15.

Again the Crown th' assembled People give,  
 With greater Joy than *Saul* could it receive.  
 Again th' old *Judge* resigns his sacred Place, 630  
 God *glorify'd* with Wonders his Disgrace.

Sam. 12. 1.

With decent Pride, such as did well befit  
 The *Name* he kept, and that which he did quit.  
 The long-past Row of happy Years he show'd,  
 Which to his heav'nly Government they ow'd.  
 How the torn State his just and prudent Reign  
 Restor'd to *Order*, *Plenty*, *Power* again.

In War what conqu'ring *Miracles* he wrought ;  
 God, then their *King*, was *Gen'ral* when they fought ;  
 Whom they depos'd with him. And that (said he) 640  
 You may see *God* concern'd in 't more than *me*,  
 Behold how Storms his angry Presence shrowd,  
 Hark how his Wrath in Thunder threats aloud.  
 'Twas now the ripen'd *Summer's* highest Rage,  
 Which no faint Cloud durst mediate to assuage.

Th' *Earth* hot with *Thirst*, and hot with *Lust* for *Rain*,  
 Gap'd, and breath'd feeble Vapours up in vain,  
 Which strait were scatter'd, or devour'd by th' Sun ;  
 When, lo, e'er scarce the *active Speech* was done,  
 A violent *Wind* rose from his *secret Cave*, 650  
 And Troops of frighted Clouds before it drave.

Whilst with rude haste the confus'd *Tempest* crouds,  
 Swift dreadful *Flames* shot through th' encountring  
 Clouds ;

From whose torn Womb th' imprison'd *Thunder* broke,  
 And in dire Sounds the *Prophet's* Sense it spoke.  
 Such an impetuous Shower it downwards sent,  
 As if the *Waters* 'bove the *Firmament*  
 Were all let loose ; *Horror* and fearful Noise  
 Fill'd the black *Scene*, 'till the great *Prophet's* Voice,  
 Swift as the Wings of *Morn*, reduc'd the Day ; 660  
*Wind*, *Thunder*, *Rain*, and *Clouds* fled all at once  
 away.

1 Sam. 12. 20.

Fear not (said he) *God* his fierce Wrath removes,  
 And though this *State* my Service disapproves,  
 My *Prayers* shall serve it constantly. No more,  
 I hope, a Pardon for past Sins t' implore,  
 But just Rewards from gracious Heav'n to bring  
 On the good Deeds of you, and of our *King*.  
 Behold him there ! and as you see, rejoice  
 In the kind Care of *God's* impartial Choice.

Behold his Beauty, Courage, Strength, and Wit ! 670  
 The *Honour* Heav'n has cloath'd him with, sits fit  
 And comely on him ; since you needs must be  
 Rul'd by a *King*, you're happy that 'tis *he*.  
 Obey him gladly, and let him too know  
 You were not made for him, but *he* for you,  
 And both for *God* ;

Whose gentlest Yoke if once you cast away,  
 In vain shall *he* command, and *you* obey.  
 To foreign *Tyrants* both shall *Slaves* become, 1 Sam. 12. 25.  
 Instead of *King*, and *Subjects* here at home. 680

The *Crown* thus sev'ral Ways confirm'd to *Saul*,  
 One way was wanting yet to crown them all ;  
 And that was Force, which only can maintain  
 The *Power* that *Fortune* gives, or *Worth* does gain.  
 Three thousand *Guards* of big, bold Men he took ; 1 Sam. 13. 2.  
 Tall, terrible, and *Guards* ev'n with their *Look* ;  
 His sacred Person two, and Throne defend,  
 The third on matchless *Jonathan* attend.

O'er whose full Thoughts, *Honour*, and youthful Heat,  
 Sate brooding to hatch *Actions* good and great. 690  
 On *Geba* first, where a *Philistian* Band

Lyes, and around torments the *fetter'd Land*,  
 He falls, and slaughters all ; his noble Rage  
 Mix'd with *Design*, his Nation to engage  
 In that just War, which from them long in vain,  
*Honour* and *Freedom's* Voice had strove t' obtain.  
 Th' accurs'd *Philistian* rous'd with this bold Blow, 1 Sam. 13. 5.  
 All the proud Marks of *enrag'd Power* does show.

Raises a vast, well-arm'd, and glittering Host,  
 If human Strength might authorize a Boast, 700  
 Their Threats had reason here ; for ne'er did we  
 Our selves so weak, our Foe so potent see.

Here we vast Bodies of their *Foot* espy,  
 The *Rear* out-reaches far th' *extended Eye*.  
 Like Fields of *Corn* their armed Squadrons stand ;  
 As thick and numberless they hide the Land.  
 Here with sharp Neighs the warlike *Horses* sound ;  
 And with proud Prancings beat the putrid Ground.<sup>38</sup>  
 Here with worse Noise three thousand *Chariots* pass,<sup>39</sup>  
 With Plates of Iron bound, or louder Brass. 710

About it Forks, Axes, and Sithes, and Spears,  
 Whole *Magazines* of *Death* each *Chariot* bears.  
 Where it breaks in, there a whole *Troop* it mows,  
 And with lopp'd panting Limbs the Field bestrows.  
 Alike the *Valiant*, and the *Cowards* die ;  
 Neither can *they resist*, nor can *these fly*.

In this proud Equipage at *Micmas* they, 1b. v. 5.  
*Saul* in much different State at *Gilgal* lay. 1b. v. 7.  
 His Forces seem'd no *Army*, but a *Croud*,  
 Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and loud. 720

The quick *Contagion Fear*, ran swift through all,  
 And into trembling *Fits* th' infected fall.  
*Saul*, and his *Son* (for no such faint *Disease*  
 Could on their strong-complexion'd *Valour* seize)  
 In vain all Parts of virtuous *Conduct* show'd,  
 And on deaf *Terror* gen'rous Words bestow'd,  
 Thousands from thence fly scatter'd ev'ry Day,  
 Thick as the Leaves that shake and drop away,



- When they th' Approach of stormy *Winter* find,  
The noble *Tree* all bare, expos'd to th' *Wind*. 730  
Some to sad *Jordan* fly, and swim 't for haste,  
And from his farther Bank look back at last.  
Some into Woods and Caves their Cattle drive,  
There with their *Beasts* on *equal* Terms they live,  
Nor deserve *better*; some in Rocks on high,  
The old Retreats of *Storks* and *Ravens*, lye.  
And were they wing'd like them, scarce would they dare
- 1 Sam. 13. 8.  
To stay, or trust their frighted Safety there.  
As th' Host with Fear, so *Saul* disturb'd with Care,  
T' avert these Ills by *Sacrifice* and *Pray'r* 740  
And *God's* bless'd Will t' enquire, for *Samuel* sends;  
Whom he six Days with troubled Haste attends.  
But e'er the seventh unlucky Day (the last  
By *Samuel* set for this great Work) was past,  
*Saul*, alarm'd hourly from the neighb'ring Foe,  
Impatient, e'er *God's* Time, *God's* Mind to know,  
'Sham'd and enrag'd to see his Troops decay,  
Jealous of an Affront in *Samuel's* Stay,  
Scorning that any's Presence should appear  
Needful besides, when *he himself* was there; 750  
And, with a Pride too nat'ural, thinking Heav'n  
Had given him *all*, because *much Power* 't had giv'n,  
Himself the *Sacrifice* and *Off'rings* made,  
Himself did th' high *selected Charge* invade,  
Himself inquir'd of *God*; who then spake nought;  
But *Samuel* straight *his* dreadful Answer brought.  
For straight he came, and with a *Virtue bold*,  
As was *Saul's Sin*, the fatal Message told.  
His foul *Ingratitude* to Heav'n he chid,  
To pluck that *Fruit* which was alone *forbid*  
To Kingly Power, in all that plenteous Land, 760  
Where all things else submit to his Command.  
And as fair *Eden's* violated *Tree*,  
To *Immortal Man* brought in *Mortality*:  
So shall that *Crown*, which *God* eternal meant,  
From thee (said he) and thy great House be rent,  
Thy Crime shall *Death* to all thine *Honours* send,  
And give thy *Immortal Royalty* an *End*.  
Thus spoke the *Prophet*, but kind Heav'n (we hope)  
(Whose Threats and Anger know no other Scope  
But *Man's Amendment*) does long since relent, 770  
And with *repentant Saul* it self *repent*.  
Howe'er (though none more pray for this than we,  
Whose Wrongs and Sufferings might some Colour be  
To do it *less*) this Speech we sadly find  
Still extant, and still active in his Mind.  
But when a worse Effect of it appear'd,  
Our *Army* which before *modestly* fear'd,  
Which did by stealth and by degrees decay,  
Disbanded now, and fled in Troops away.  
Base *Fear* so bold and impudent; does grow, 780  
When an excuse and Colour it can show.  
1 Sam. 13. 15.  
Six hundred only (scarce a *Princely Train*)  
Of all his Host with distress'd *Saul* remain,  
Of his whole Host six hundred; and ev'n those  
(So did wise Heav'n for mighty Ends dispose, 41
- Nor would, that useless *Multitudes* should share  
In that great *Gift*, it did for *One* prepare)  
Arm'd not like *Soldiers* marching in a War,  
But *Country-Hinds* alarmed from afar  
By *Wolves'* loud Hunger, when the well-known Sound  
Raises th' affrighted Villages around. 791  
Some Goads, Flails, Plow-shares, Forks, or Axes Ib. v. 1  
bore,  
Made for *Life's* Use and better Ends before,  
Some knotted Clubs, and Darts, or Arrows dry'd  
I' th' Fire, the first rude Arts that *Malice* try'd, 42  
E'er Man the Sins of too much *Knowledge* knew,  
And *Death* by long *Experience* witty grew.  
Such were the *Numbers*, such the *Arms*, which we  
Had by Fate left us for a *Victory*,  
O'er *well-arm'd Millions*; nor will this appear 800  
Useful it self, when *Jonathan* was there.  
'Twas just the time, when the new *Ebb* of *Night*  
Did the moist World unveil to human Sight.  
The *Prince*, who all that Night the Field had beat  
With a small Party, and no En'emy met,  
(So proud and so secure the En'emy lay,  
And drench'd in *Sleep* th' Excesses of the *Day*)  
With Joy this good Occasion did embrace,  
With better Leisure, and at nearer Space,  
The Strength and Order of their Camp to view; 810  
*Abdon* alone his gen'rous Purpose knew;  
*Abdon*, a bold, a brave, and comely Youth,  
Well-born, well-bred, with *Honour* fill'd and *Truth*,  
*Abdon* his faithful *Squire*, whom much he lov'd,  
And oft with Grief his Worth in Dangers prov'd.  
*Abdon*, whose Love to' his *Master* did exceed  
What *Nature's Law*, or *Passion's Pow'r* could breed,  
*Abdon* alone did on him now attend;  
His humblest *Servant*, and his dearest *Friend*.  
They went, but sacred Fury as they went, 820 1 Sam.  
Chang'd swiftly, and *exalted* his Intent.  
What may this be (the *Prince* breaks out) I find,  
*God* or some pow'rful *Spirit* invades my Mind.  
From ought but *Heav'n* can never sure be brought  
So high, so glorious, and so vast a Thought.  
For would *ill Fate* that meant me to surprise,  
Come cloath'd in so unlikely a *Disguise*.  
Yon *Host*, which its proud *Fishes* spreads so wide,  
O'er the whole Land, like some swoln *River's Tide*,  
Which terrible and numberless appears, 830  
As the thick Waves which their rough *Ocean* bears, 43  
Which lyes so strongly 'encamp'd, that one would say  
The *Hill* might be remov'd as soon as *they*,  
We two alone must *fight* with, and *defeat*;  
Thou'rt strook, and startest at a *Sound* so great.  
Yet we must do 't; *God* our weak Hands has chose  
T' ashame the boasted Numbers of our Foes,  
Which to his Strength no more proportion'd be,  
Than *Millions* are of *Hours* to his *Eternity*.  
If when their careless *Guards* espy us here, 840  
With sportful Scorn they call to 'us to come near, 1 Sam.  
We'll boldly climb the *Hill*, and charge them all;  
Not *they*, but *Israel's Angel* gives the Call.

- He spoke, and as he spoke, a *Light Divine* <sup>44</sup>  
 Did from his *Eyes*, and round his *Temples* shine,  
 Louder his *Voice*, larger his *Limbs* appear'd ;  
 Less seem'd the num'rous *Army* to be fear'd.  
 This saw, and heard with Joy the Brave *Esquire*,  
 As he with *Gods*, fill'd with his *Master's Fire*.  
 1 Sam. 14. 7. Forbid it Heav'n (said he) I should decline, 850  
 Or wish (Sir) not to make *your Danger mine*.  
 The great *Example* which I daily see  
 Of your high *Worth*, is not so lost on me ;  
 If Wonder-strook I at your *Words* appear,  
 My Wonder yet is *Innocent of Fear*.  
 Th' *Honour* which does your Princely *Breast enflame*,  
*Warms* mine too, and joins there with *Duty's Name*.  
 If in this *Act ill Fate* our *Tempter* be,  
 May all the *Ill* it means be aim'd at *me*.  
 But sure, I think, *God* leads, nor could you bring 860  
 So high *Thoughts* from a less exalted *Spring*.  
 Bright *Signs* through all your *Words* and *Looks* are  
 spread,  
 A rising *Victory* dawns around your *Head*.  
 With such *Discourse* blowing their *Sacred Flame*,  
 Lo to the fatal *Place* and *Work* they came.  
 1 Sam. 14. 4. Strongly encamp'd on a steep *Hill's* large *Head*,  
 Like some vast *Wood* the mighty *Host* was spread.  
 Th' only 'Access on neighb'ring *Gabaa's* *Side*,  
 An hard and narrow *Way*, which did divide  
 Two cliffy *Rocks*, *Boses* and *Senes* mam'd, 870  
 Much for themselves, and their big *Strangeness* fam'd,  
 More for their *Fortune*, and this *stranger* *Day* ;  
 On both their *Points Philistian* *Out-guards* lay,  
 From whence the two bold *Spies* they first espy'd ;  
 And, lo ! the *Hebrews* ! proud *Elcanor* cry'd,  
 From *Senes* ' *Top* ; Lo ! from their hungry *Caves*  
 A quicker *Fate* here sends them to their *Graves*.  
 Come up (aloud he cries to them below)  
 Ye ' *Egyptian Slaves*, and to our *Mercy* owe  
 The rebel *Lives*, long since to ' our *Justice* due ; 880  
 Scarce from his *Lips* the *fatal Omen* flew,  
 When th' inspir'd *Prince* did nimbly *understand*  
*God*, and his *Godlike Virtues* high *Command*.  
 It call'd him up, and up the steep *Ascent*  
 With *Pain* and *Labour*, *Haste* and *Joy* they went.  
*Elcanor* laugh'd to see them climb, and thought  
 His mighty *Words* th' affrighted *Suppliants* brought,  
 Did new *Affronts* to the great *Hebrew Name*,  
 (The barbarous !) in his wanton *Fancy* frame.  
 Short was his *Sport* ; for swift as *Thunder's Stroke* 890  
 Rives the frail *Trunk* of some heav'n-threatening *Oak*,  
 The *Prince's* *Sword* did his proud *Head* divide ;  
 The parted *Scull* hung down on either *Side*.  
 Just as he fell, his vengeful *Steel* he drew  
 Half way ; no more the trembling *Joints* could do,  
 Which *Abdon* snatch'd, and dy'd it in the *Blood*  
 Of an *amazed Wretch* that next him stood.  
 Some close to *Earth* shaking and groveling lye,  
 Like *Larks* when they the *Tyrant Hobby* spy.  
 Some Wonder-strook stand fix'd ; some fly, some arm  
 Wildly, at th' *unintelligible Alarm*. 901
- Like the main *Channel* of an high-swoln *Flood*,<sup>45</sup>  
 In vain by *Dikes* and broken *Works* withstood :  
 So *Jonathan*, once climb'd th' opposing *Hill*,  
 Does all around with *Noise* and *Ruin* fill ;  
 Like some large *Arm* of which, another way  
*Abdon* o'erflows ; him too no *Bank* can stay.  
 With *Cries* th' affrighted *Country* flies before,  
 Behind the following *Waters* loudly roar.  
 Twenty at least slain on this *Out-guard* lye, 910  
 To th' adjoin'd *Camp* the rest distracted fly,  
 And *ill mix'd Wonders* tell, and into't bear,  
*Blind Terror*, *deaf Disorder*, *helpless Fear*.  
 The *Conqu'rors* too press boldly in behind,  
 Doubling the wild *Confusions* which they find.  
*Hamgar* at first, the *Prince* of *Ashdod* *Town*,  
 Chief 'mongst the *Five* in *Riches* and *Renown*,<sup>46</sup> 915  
 And *General* then by *Course*, oppos'd their *Way*,  
 'Till drown'd in *Death* at *Jonathan's* *Feet* he lay,  
 And curs'd the *Heav'ns* for *Rage*, and bit the *Ground* ;  
 His *Life* for ever spilt stain'd all the *Grass* around.<sup>47</sup> 921  
 His *Brother* too, who virtuous haste did make  
 His *Fortune* to *revenge*, or to *partake*,  
 Falls grove'ling o'er his *Trunk*, on *Mother Earth* ;  
*Death* mix'd no less their *Bloods* than did their  
*Birth*.  
 Meanwhile the well-pleas'd *Abdon's* restless *Sword*  
 Dispatch'd the following *Train* t' attend their *Lord*.  
 On still o'er panting *Corps* great *Jonathan* led :  
*Hundreds* before him fell, and *Thousands* fled.  
*Prodigious Prince* ! Which does most wondrous show,  
 Thy ' *Attempt*, or thy *Success* ! thy *Fate*, or thou ! 931  
 Who durst alone that dreadful *Host* assail,  
 With purpose not to *dye*, but to *prevail* !  
 Infinite *Numbers* thee no more affright,  
 Than *God*, whose *Unity* is *Infinite*.  
 If Heav'n to men such mighty *Thoughts* would give,  
 What *Breast* but thine capacious to receive  
 The vast *Infusion* ? or what *Soul* but *thine*  
 Durst have believ'd that *Thought* to be *Divine* ?  
 Thou follow'dst Heav'n in the *Design*, and we 940  
 Find in the *Act* 'twas Heav'n that follow'd thee.  
 Thou ledst on *Angels*, and that *Sacred Band*  
 (The *De'itie's* great *Lieut'enant*) didst command.  
 'Tis true, Sir, and no *Figure*, when I say  
*Angels* themselves fought under him that *Day*.  
*Clouds* with ripe *Thunder* charg'd some thither drew,  
 And some the dire *Materials* brought for new.  
 Hot Drops of *Southern Showers* (the *Sweats* of  
*Death*)<sup>48</sup>  
 The *Voice* of *Storms* and winged *Whirl-wind's*  
*Breath* :  
 The *Flames* shot forth from fighting *Dragons' Eyes*,  
 The *Smokes* that from scorch'd *Fevers' Ovens* rise, 951  
 The reddest *Fires* with which sad *Comets* glow ;  
 And *Sodom's* neighb'ring *Lake* did *Spi'rits* bestow  
 Of finest *Sulphur* ; amongst which they put  
*Wrath*, *Fury*, *Horror*, and all mingled shut  
 Into a cold moist *Cloud*, t'enflame it more ;  
 And make th' enraged *Prisoner* louder roar.

- Th' assembled *Clouds* burst o'er their Armies' Head ;  
Noise, Darkness, dismal Lightnings round them  
spread.
- Another *Spir'it*, with a more potent Wand, 960  
Than that which *Nature* fear'd in *Moses* Hand,  
And went the way *that* pleas'd, the *Mountain* strook ;  
The *Mountain* felt it ; the vast *Mountain* shook.  
Through the wide Air another *Angel* flew  
About their Host, and thick amongst them threw  
Discord, Despair, Confusion, Fear, Mistake ;  
And all th' *Ingredients* that swift Ruin make.  
The fertile Glebe requires no time to breed ;  
It quickens and receives at once the *Seed*.  
One would have thought, this dismal Day t' have seen,  
That *Nature's* self in her *Death-pangs* had been. 971  
Such will the Face of that great Hour appear ;  
Such the distracted *Sinner's* conscious Fear.  
In vain some few strive the wild Flight to stay ;  
In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray ;  
Unheard, unheeded, trodden down they lye,  
Beneath the wretched Feet of Clouds that fly.  
O'er their own *Foot* trampled the vi'olent Horse ;  
The guideless *Chariots* with impet'uous Course  
Cut wide through both ; and all their bloody way 980  
*Horses*, and *Men*, torn, bruis'd, and mangled lay.  
Some from the Rocks cast themselves down headlong ;  
The faint weak *Passion* grows so bold and strong,  
To almost certain present *Death* they fly,  
From a remote and causeless Fear to *dye*.  
Much diffe'rent Error did some Troops possess ;  
And *Madness* that look'd better, though no less.  
Their fellow Troops for th' entred Foe they take ;  
And *Israel's* War with mutual Slaughter make.
- 1 Sam. 14. 20. Mean while the King from *Gabaa's* Hill did view, 990  
Ibid. v. 16. And hear the thickning *Tumult*, as it grew  
Still great and loud ; and though he knows not why  
They fled, no more than they themselves that fly ;  
Yet by the Storms and Terrors of the Air,  
Guesses some Vengeful *Sp'rits* working there ;  
Obeys the loud Occasion's Sacred Call,
- 1 Sam. 14. 21. And fiercely on the trembling Host does fall.  
At the same time their *Slaves* and *Prisoners* rise ;  
Nor does their much-wish'd *Liberty* suffice  
Without *Revenge* ; the scatter'd Arms they seize, 1000  
And their proud Vengeance with the *Memory* please  
Of who so lately bore them ; all about,  
Ibid v. 22. From Rocks and Caves the *Hebrews* issue out  
At the glad Noise ; joy'd that their Foes had shown  
A Fear, that drowns the Scandal of *their own*.  
Still did the Prince midst all this Storm appear,  
Still scatter'd *Deaths* and *Terrors* every where.  
Still did he break, still blunt his wearied Swords ;  
Still Slaughter new Supplies to 'his Hand affords.  
Where Troops yet stood, there still he hotly flew, 1010  
And 'till at last all fled, scorn'd to *pursue*.  
All fled at last, but many in vain ; for still  
Th' insatiate *Conqu'ror* was more swift to kill  
Than they to save their Lives. 'Till, lo ! at last,  
*Nature*, whose Power he had so long surpass'd,
- Would yield no more, but to him stronger Foes,  
Drought, Faintness, and fierce hunger did oppose.  
Reeking all o'er in Dust, and Blood, and Sweat,  
Burnt with the *Sun's* and *violent Action's* Heat,  
'Gainst an old *Oak* his trembling Limbs he staid, 1020  
For some short Ease ; *Fate* in th' old Oak had laid  
Provisions up for his Relief ; and lo !  
The hollow Trunk did with bright *Honey* flow. 1 Sam.  
With timely Food his decay'd Sp'irits recruit ;  
Strong he returns, and fresh to the Pursuit,  
His Strength and Sp'irits the Honey did restore ;  
But, oh, the *bitter-sweet* strange *Poison* bore !  
Behold, Sir, and mark well the *treach'rous Fate*,  
That does so close on Human Glories wait !  
Behold the strong, and yet *fantastick Net*, 1030  
T'ensnare triumphant *Virtue*, darkly set !  
Could it before (scarce can it since) be thought,  
The *Prince* who had alone that Morning fought,  
A *Duel* with an *Host*, had th' *Host* o'erthrown,  
And threescore thousand Hands disarm'd with *One* ;  
Wash'd off his Country's Shame, and doubly dy'd  
In *Blood* and *Blushes* the *Philistian* Pride,  
Had sav'd and fix'd his *Father's* tott'ring Crown,  
And the bright *Gold* new *burnish'd* with renown,  
Should be e'er Night by 's *King* and *Father's* Breath,  
Without a fault, vow'd and condemn'd to Death? 1041  
Destin'd the bloody *Sacrifice* to be  
Of *Thanks himself* for his own *Victory* ?  
Alone with various Fate like to become,  
*Fighting*, an *Host* ; *Dying*, an *Hecatombe* ?  
Yet such, Sir, was his Case.
- 1 Sam. For *Saul*, who fear'd lest the full Plenty might  
(In the abandon'd Camp expos'd to sight)  
His hungry Men from the Pursuit disuade ;  
A rash, but solemn Vow to Heav'n had made. 1050  
Curst be the Wretch, thrice curs'd let him be,  
Who shall touch Food this busie Day (said he)  
Whilst the bless'd Sun does with his fav'ring Light  
Assist our vengeful Swords against their Flight.  
Be he thrice curst ; and if his Life we spare,  
On *us* those *Curses* fall that *he* should bear.  
Such was the *King's* rash Vow ; who little thought  
How near to him *Fate* th' *Application* brought.  
The *two-edg'd Oath*, wounds deep, perform'd or broke ;  
Ev'n *Perjury* its least and bluntest Stroke. 1060  
'Twas his own *Son*, whom *God* and *Mankind* lov'd,  
His own victorious *Son* that he devov'd ;  
On whose bright Head the baleful *Curses* light ;  
But *Providence*, his *Helmet* in the Fight,  
Forbids their Entrance, or their settling there ;  
They with *brute* Sound dissolv'd into the Air. 40  
Him what *Religion*, or what *Vow* could bind,  
Unknown, unheard of, 'till he' his Life did find  
Entangled in 't? Whilst *Wonders* he did do,  
Must he die now, for not be'ing *Prophet* too? 1070  
To all but him this *Oath* was meant and said ;  
He afar off, the *Ends* for which 'twas made  
Was acting then, 'till faint and out of Breath,  
He grew half *dead* with Toil of giving *Death*.

What could his Crime in this Condition be,  
 Excus'd by *Ign'orance* and *Necessity*?  
 Yet the remorseless *King*, who did disdain  
 That Man should hear him swear or threat in vain,  
 Though 'gainst *himself*; or *Fate* a Way should see  
 By which attack'd and conquer'd he might be : 1080  
 Who thought *Compassion*, Female *Weakness* here,  
 And *Equity Injustice* would appear,  
 In his own *Cause*; who falsely fear'd beside  
 The solemn Curse on *Jon'athan* did abide,  
 And the infected *Limb* not cut away,  
 Would like a *Gangreen* o'er all *Isra'el* stray;  
 Prepar'd this *God-like Sacrifice* to kill;  
 And his *rash* Vow more *rashly* to fulfil.  
 What Tongue can th' Horror and Amazement tell,  
 Which on all *Isra'el* that sad Moment fell? 1090  
*Tamer* had been their Grief, fewer their Tears,  
 Had the *Philistian* Fate that Day been theirs.  
 Not *Saul's* proud Heart could master his swoln Eye;  
 The *Prince* alone stood mild and patient by,  
 So bright his *Suff'rings*, so triumphant show'd,

Less to the *best* than *worst* of Fates he ow'd.  
 A Vict'ry now he o'er *himself* might boast;  
 He *Conquer'd* now that *Conqu'ror* of an *Host*.  
 It charm'd *through Tears* the sad Spectators' Sight,  
 Did Rev'rence, Love, and Gratitude excite, 1100  
 And pious Rage; with which inspir'd, they now  
 Oppose to *Saul's* a better publick *Vow*.  
 They all consent, all *Isra'el* ought to be  
 Accurs'd, and kill'd themselves, rather than *he*.  
 Thus with kind Force they the glad King withstood, 1 Sam. 14. 45.  
 And sav'd their *wondrous Saviour's* Sacred Blood.  
 Thus *David* spoke; and much did yet remain  
 Behind, th' Attentive *Prince* to entertain,  
*Edom* and *Zoba's* War, for what befel 1110  
 In that of *Moab*, was known there too well.  
 The boundless Quarrel with curst *Am'alec's* Land, 1 Sam. 15. 3.  
 Where *Heav'n* it self did *Cruelty* command,  
 And practis'd on *Saul's* *Mercy*, nor did e'er  
 More punish *Inno'cent* *Blood*, then *Pity* there. 1120  
 But, lo! they arriv'd now at th' appointed Place;  
 Well-chosen and well-furnish'd for the Chase.



## NOTES upon the THIRD BOOK.

1. **A** Town not far from *Jerusalem*, according to *S. Hieron.* in his *Commentary* upon *Isaiah*, by which it seems it was re-edified, after the Destruction of it by *Saul*; he says that *Jerusalem* might be seen from it. *Adricomius* knows not whether he should place it in the *Tribe of Benjamin*, or *Ephraim*. *Abulensis* sure is in an Error, placing it in the *Half Tribe of Manasses* beyond *Jordan*. I call it *Nobe* according to the *Latin Translation*; for (methinks) *Nob* is too unheroical a Name.

2. *Panes Propositionis*, in the *Septuagint*, ἀπριένωπιον from the *Hebrew*, in which it signifies *Panes Facierum*, because they were always standing before the *Face of the Lord*; which is meant too by the *English* word *Shew-bread*. The Law concerning them, *Levit.* 23. commands not only that they should be eaten by the *Priests* alone, but also eaten in the *holy Place*. For it is most holy unto him, of the Offerings made unto the Lord by fire, by a perpetual statute, Verse 9. In the *Holy Place*; that is, at the Door of the *Tabernacle*; as appears, *Lev.* 8. 31. and that which remain'd was to be burnt, lest it should be eaten by any but the *Priests*. How comes it then to pass, not only that *Ahimelech* gave of this Bread to *David* and his Company, but that *David* says to him, *1 Sam.* 21. 5. *The Bread is in a manner common?* The *Latin* differently, *Porro via hæc polluta est, sed et ipsa hodid sanctificabitur in vasis*. The Words are somewhat obscure; the Meaning sure must be, that seeing here are new Breads to be set upon the Table, the publick Occasion (for that he pretended) and present Necessity makes these as it were common. So, what more sacred then the *Sabboth*? Yet the *Maccabees* ordain'd, that it should be lawful to fight against their Enemies on that Day. *Seneca* says very well, *Necessitas magnum humanæ imbecillitatis patrocinium, quicquid cogit excusat*. And we see this Act of *David's* approv'd of in the *Evangelists*.

3. *Fatal*, in regard his coming was the Cause of *Ahimelech's* Murder, and the Destruction of the Town.

4. *Sacred*: Made so by *David's* placing it in the *Tabernacle* as a *Trophy* of his *Victory*, ἀνάθημα. Thus *Judith* dedicated all the Stuff of *Holophernes* his Tent as a *Gift* unto the *Lord*, *Jud.* 16. 19. ἀνάθημα τῷ κυρίῳ ἔδωκε, where the *Latin* commonly adds *Oblivionis*; in *anathema oblivionis*, which should be left out. *Josephus* of this word, τὴν βομφαλὴν ἀνέθηκε τῷ Θεῷ. And *Sulpit. Sever.* *Gladium postea in Templum posuit*; i. In

*Tabernaculum Nobæ*: Where, methinks, *In Templum* signifies more than if he had said *in Templo*. The reason of this Custom is, to acknowledge that *God* is the giver of *Victory*. And I think all Nations have concurr'd in this Duty after Successes, and call'd (as *Virgil* says)

*In prædam partemque Jovem.*—

So the *Philistins* hung up the Arms of *Saul* in the Temple of *Ashtaroth*, and carry'd the *Ark* into the Temple of *Dagon*. *Nicol. de Lyra* believes that this Sword of *Goliath* was not consecrated to *God*: For then *Ahimelech* in giving, and *David* in taking it had sinn'd; for it is said, *Levit.* 27. 28, *Whatsoever is devoted is most holy unto the Lord*; but that it was only laid up as a *Monument* of a famous *Victory*, in a publick Place. There is no need of this Evasion; for not every thing consecrated to *God* is unalienable (at least for a time) in case of necessity, since we see the very *Vessels* of the Temple were often given to *Invaders* by the Kings of *Judah*, to make Peace with them. *Pro Rep. plerumque Tempia nudantur*. Sen. in *Controvers.*

5. This Particular of *Yagal* and *David's* going in Disguise into the Land of the *Philistins* (which seems more probable than that he should go immediately and avowedly to *Achis Court* so soon after the Defeat of *Goliath*) is added to the History by a *Poetical Licence*, which I take to be very harmless, and which therefore I make bold to use upon several occasions.

6. Their Goddess *Dagon*, a kind of *Mermaid-Deity*. See on the second Book.

7. *Adullam*, an ancient Town in the *Tribe of Judah*, even in *Judah's* time, *Gen.* 38. in *Joshua's* it had a *King*, *Josh.* 12. 15. the *Cave* still remains; and was us'd by the *Christians* for their Refuge upon several Irruptions of the *Turks*, in the same manner as it serv'd *David* now.

8. In this Enumeration of the chief *Persons* who came to assist *David*, I chuse to name but a few. The *Greek* and *Latin Poets*, being in my Opinion, too large upon this kind of Subject, especially *Homer*, in enumerating the *Grecian Fleet* and *Army*; where he makes a long List of *Names* and *Numbers*, just as they would stand in the *Roll of a Muster-Master*, without any delightful and various Descriptions of the *Persons*; or at least very few such. Which *Lucan* (methinks) avoids viciously by an excess the other way.

9. *2 Sam.* 2. *And Asael was swift of foot as a wild*

*Roe.* Josephus says of him, that he would out-run ἵππον καταστάντα εἰς ἀμίλλαν, which is no such great matter. The Poets are all bolder in their Expressions upon the Swiftmess of some Persons. Virgil upon Nisus, Æn. 5.

*Emicat et ventis, et fulminis ocyor alis.*

But that is Modest with them. Hear him of Camilla. Æn. 7.

*Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret  
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas,  
Vel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumentis  
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.*

From whence I have the hint of my Description, *Oft o're the Lawns*, etc. but I durst not in a Sacred Story be quite so bold as he. The walking over the Waters is too much, yet he took it from *Homer. 20 Iliad.*

Αἰ δ' ὅτι μὲν σκιρτῶεν ἐπὶ ζεῖδωρον ἀρούραν  
Ἄκρον ἐπ' Ἀνθερίκων καρπὸν θεῶν, οὐδὲ κατέκλων.  
Ἄλλ' ὅτι δὲ σκιρτῶεν, ἐπ' εἴρεα νῶτα θαλάσσης  
Ἄκρον ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνος ἀλὸς πολιοῖο θέεσκον.

They ran upon the top of Flowers without breaking them, and upon the back of the Sea, etc. where the *Hyperbole* (one would think) might have satisfy'd any moderate Man; yet *Scal. 5. de Poet.* prefers *Virgil's* from the encrease of the *Miracle*, by making *Camilla's* flight over a tenderer thing than *Antherici*, and by the exaggerations of *Intactæ*, *Gramina*, *Volaret*, *Suspensa*, *Nec tingeret*. *Apollon. 1. Argonaut.* has the like *Hyperbole*, and of *Polyphemus* too, a Monster, that one would believe should rather sink the *Earth* at every Tread, than run over the *Sea* with dry Feet.

Κείνος ἀνὴρ καὶ πόντου ἐπὶ γλαυκοῖο θέεσκεν  
Οἰδματός, οὐδὲ θοοὸς βάπτεν πῶδας, ἀλλ' ὁ σὸν ἄκροισ  
Ἰχρεσι τεργόμενος διερῆ πεφόρητο κελευθῶ.

And *Solinus* reports historically of *Ladas* (the Man so much celebrated by the *Poets*) *cap. 6.* That he ran so lightly over the Dust (*suprà cavum pulverem*) that he never left a Mark in it. So that a *Greek Epigram* calls his

Δαιμόνιον τὸ τάχος.  
The Swiftmess of a God.

All which, I hope, will serve to excuse me in this place.  
10. *Jessides*, the Son of *Jesse*; a *Patronymique* after the *Greek* Form.

11. *Moab*, that Part of the Kingdom of *Moab* that was possess'd by *Ruben*, lying upon the *Dead-Sea*, which divides it from the Tribe of *Judah*; but *Jordan* divides it from the Tribes of *Benjamin* and *Ephraim*, so *Judah* is not here taken in a precise Sense for that Tribe only.

12. *His*: Because *Jordan* runs into it, and is there lost. It is call'd promiscuously a *Sea*, or *Lake*, and is more properly a *Lake*.

13. *Amoreus* was the fourth Son of *Canaan*; the Country of his Sons extended *East* and *West* between

*Arnon* and *Jordan*, *North* and *South* between *Jaboc* and the Kingdom of *Moab*. They were totally destroy'd by the *Israelites*, and their Land given to the Tribe of *Gad*, *Gen. 10. 14. Numb. 21. 32. Deut. 3. Josh. 13. Judg. 12.*

14. *Edom*: Call'd by the *Greeks* *Idumæa*: Denominated from *Esau*. Josephus makes two *Idumæas*, the *Upper* and the *Lower*; the *Upper* was possess'd by the Tribe of *Judah*, and the *Lower* by *Simeon*: But still the *Edomites* possess'd the Southern part of the Country, from the *Sea of Sodom* towards the *Red*, or, *Idumæan Sea*. The great Map of *Adricomius* places another *Edom et Montes Seir*, a little *North* of *Rabba* of the *Ammonites*, which I conceive to be a Mistake. The *Greeks* under the Name of *Idume* include sometimes all *Palestine* and *Arabia*.

*Petra*. The *Metropolis* of *Arabia*. *Adric. 77.*

*Petræa autem dicta à vetustissimo oppido Petra  
deserti ipsius Metropoli supra mare mortuum  
sitâ.*

It is hard to set the Bounds of this Country (and indeed of all the little ancient Kingdoms in those Parts;) for sometimes it includes *Moab*, *Edom*, *Amalec*, *Cedar*, *Madian*, and all the Land Southward to *Egypt*, or the *Red-Sea*: But here it is taken in a more contracted Signification, for that Part of *Arabia* which lies near the *Metropolis Petra*, and denominates the *whole*. I doubt much, whether *Petra Deserti*, which *Adric.* makes to be the same, were not another City of the same Name. *Adric.* is very confus'd in the Description of the Countries bordering upon the *Jews*, nor could well be otherwise, the Matter is so intricate, and to make amends not much important.

15. *Cush. Arabia Sabæa*, so called from *Saba* the Son of *Cush*, and Grand-child of *Cham*. All the Inhabitants of *Arabia*, down to the *Red-Sea* (for *Jethro's* Daughter of *Midian* was a *Cusite*, though taken by *Josephus* to be an *African Ethiop*) are call'd sometimes in Scripture *Cusites*, and translated *Ethiopian*s; and I believe the other *Ethiopian*s beyond *Egypt* descended from these, and are the *Cusitæ* at other times mention'd in the Scripture.

*Ammon* is by some accounted Part of *Arabia Felix*, and the Country call'd since *Philadelphia*, from the *Metropolis* of that Name, conceiv'd by *Adricom.* to be the same with *Rabba* of *Ammon*, the Son of *Lot*.

16. Accounted of the Race of the *Giants*, that is, a big, strong, and warlike sort of People; as *Amos* says Poetically of the *Amorites*, as tall as *Cedars*, and strong as *Oaks*. These *Emins* were beaten by *Chederlaomer*, *Gen. 14.* and extirpated afterwards by the *Moabites*, who call'd that Country *Moab*, from their Ancestor the Son of *Lot*.

17. *Seon* King of the *Amorites*, who conquer'd the greatest part of the Kingdom of *Moab* all Westward of *Arnon*, and possess'd it himself 'till the *Israelites* slew him, and destroy'd his People, *Arnon*, a River that discharges it self into the *Dead-Sea*, and rises in an high Rock in the Country of the *Amorites*, call'd *Arnon*,

which gives the Name to the *River*, and that to the *City Arnon*, or *Aroer* seated upon it. Or,

18. *Esebon*. A famous and strong City seated upon an Hill, and encompass'd with Brick Walls, with many Villages and Towns depending on it. It was twenty Miles distant from *Jordan*. Adric.

19. For *Saul* had made War upon the *Moabites*, and done them much hurt, 1 *Sam.* 14. 49.

20. I take it for an infallible Certainty, that *Ophir* was not as some imagine in the *West-Indies*; for in *Solomon's* time, where it is first mention'd, those Countries neither were nor could be known, according to their manner of Navigation. And besides, if all that were granted, *Solomon* would have set out his Fleet for that Voyage from some Port of the *Mediterranean*, and not of the *Red-Sea*. I therefore without any scruple say, *Ophir's rising Morn*, and make it a Country in the *East-Indies*, call'd by *Josephus* and *S. Hierom*, *The Golden Country*. *Grotius* doubts whether *Ophir* were not a Town seated in the *Arabian Bay*, which *Arrian* calls *Aphar*, *Pliny Saphar*, *Ptolemy Sapphara*, *Stephanus Sapharina*, whither the *Indians* brought their Merchandizes, to be fetch'd from thence by the Merchants of the more Western Countries. But that small Similitude of the Name is not worth the change of a receiv'd Opinion.

21. Like this is that of *Dido* to *Aeneas*,

*Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pæni,  
Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ Sol jungit ab urbe.*

And in *Stat.* of *Adrastus* to *Polynices*,

*Nec tam aversum fama  
Mycænis Volvit iter.*

22. *Phegor*, or *Phogor*, or *Peor*, was an high Mountain upon the Top of which *Balaam* was desir'd by *Balac* to curse, but did bless *Israel*. This Place was chosen perhaps by *Balac*, because upon it stood the Temple of his God *Baal*. Which was, I believe, the *Sun*, the Lord of *Heaven*, the same with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites* and the *Moabites' Chemos*; only denominatèd *Baal Phegor*, from that particular Place of his Worship, as *Jupiter Capitolinus*. Some think that *Baal Peor* was the same with *Priapus* the *obscene Idol*, so famous in ancient Authors; it may be the *Image* might be made after that fashion, to signifie that the *Sun* is the *Baal*, or *Lord of Generation*.

23. The making of *Hangings* with *Figures* came first from *Babylon*, from whence they were call'd *Babylonica*, *Plin.* l. 8. c. 48. *Colores diversos picturæ intertexere Babylon maxime celebravit, et nomen imposuit.* *Plaut.* in *Sticho*.

*Tum Babylonica peristromata consutaque tapetia  
Advexit minimum bonæ rei.*

He calls the like *Hangings* in *Pseud*.

*Alexandria belluata conchiliata peristromata.*

*Mart.* l. 8. *Non ego prætulerim Babylonica picta superbe  
Texta Semiramidâ quæ variantur acu.*

And long before, *Lucret.* l. 4.

*Babylonica magnifico splendore.*

24. These kind of *Ivory Tables* born up with the Images of *Beasts*, were much in esteem among the Ancients. The *Romans* had them, as also other Instruments of *Luxury*, from the *Asiaticks*,

—*Putere videntur*

*Unguenta atque rosæ latos nisi sustinet orbes  
Grande ebur, et magno sublimis Pardus hiatus,  
Dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Sienes  
Et Mauri celeres.* *Juven.* 11.

*Mart.* *Et Mauri Lybicis centum stent dentibus orbes.*

25. *Citron*: It is not here taken for the *Lemon Tree* (though that be in *Latin* call'd *Citrus* too, and in *French Citronnier*) but for a Tree something resembling a wild *Cypress*, and growing chiefly in *Africk*: It is very famous among the *Roman* Authors, and was most us'd for banquetting *Beds* and *Tables*. *Martial* says it was more precious than *Gold*:

*Accipe felices, Atlantica munera, mensas,  
Aurea qui dederit dona, minora dabit.*

See *Plin.* l. 13. c. 15. The Spots and Crispness of the Wood, was the great Commendation of it: From whence they were call'd, *Tygrinæ* and *Pantherinæ Mensæ*. *Virg.* *Ciris*.

*Nec Lybis Assyrio sternetur Lectulus ostro.*

Where *Lybis Lectulus* may signifie either an *Ivory*, or a *Citron Bed*.

26. *Purple Coverlets* were most in use among great Persons. *Hom.* ll. 9.

Ἔϊσεν δ' ἐν κλισμοῖσι τάπησι τε πορφύρεωσι.

*Virg.* *Sarrano dormiat ostro.*

That is, *Tyrian Purple*. *Stat.* *Theb.* 1.

—*Pars ostro tenues auroque sonantes  
Emunire toros.*—

They lye (says *Plato* the *Comedian* in *Athen.* 2.) ἐν κλισίαις ἐλεφαντόποσι καὶ στρώμασι πορφυροβάπτοις, etc.

The *Purple* of the Ancients was taken out of a kind of *Shell-Fish* call'd *Purpura*; where it was found in a white Vein running through the middle of the Mouth, which was cut out and boil'd; and the Blood used afterwards in Dying, produced the Colour *Nigrantis rosæ sublucentem*, which *Pliny* witnesses to be the *true Purple*, though there were other Sorts too of it, as the Colour of *Violet*, *Hyacinth*, etc. Of this Invention now totally lost, see *Plin.* l. 9. c. 38. and *Pancirollus*. The greatest Fishing for these *Purples* was at *Tyre*, and there was the greatest Manufacture and Trade of *Purple*; there likewise was the Invention of it, which is attributed to *Hercules Tyrius*, who walking upon the Shore, saw his Dog bite one of those Fishes, and found his Mouth all stain'd with that excellent Colour, which gave him the first Hint of teaching the *Tyrians* how to Dye with it: From whence this Colour is call'd in Greek Ἄλουργος, *Aristot.* quasi ἀλὸς ἔργον, the Work of the Sea; and *Plato* in *Tim.* defines Ἄλουργοῦν to be Red mingled with White and Black.

27. So *Aeneas* in the 1. *Æn.* finds the Story of the

*Trojan War* painted upon the Walls of *Juno's Temple* at *Carthage*. I chuse here the History of *Lot*, because the *Moabites* descended from him.

28. *Chedor-laomer*, who according to the general Opinion, was King of *Persia*, but to me it seems altogether improbable that the King of *Persia* should come so far, and join with so many Princes to make a War upon those five little Kings, whose whole Territories were scarce so big as the least Shire in *England*, and whose very Names are unlikely to have been heard of then, so far as *Persia*. Besides *Persia* was not then the chief *Eastern Monarchy*, but *Assyria* under *Ninias* or *Zamais*, who succeeded *Semiramis*; which makes me likewise not doubt but that they are mistaken too, who take *Amraphel* King of *Shinaar*, which is interpreted *Babylonia*, for the same with *Ninias*, since *Chedor-laomer* commanded over him; a fouler Error is theirs, who make *Arioch* King of *Ellasar* to be the King of *Pontus*, as *Aquila* and *S. Hierome* translate it; or as *Tostatus*, who would have it to be the *Hellespont*. *Stephan. de Urb.* places *Ellas* in *Celosityria*, others on the Borders of *Arabia*, and that this was the same with *Ellasar* has much more Appearance. But for my Part, I am confident that *Elam*, *Shinaar*, *Ellasar* and *Tidal*, were the Names of some Cities not far distant from *Sodom* and *Gomorra*, and their Kings such as the thirty three that *Joshua* drove out of *Canaan*; otherwise how could *Abraham* have defeated them (abating Miracles) with his own Family only? perhaps they were called *Elam*, that is *Persia*, of *Shinaar*, that is *Babylonia*, of *Ellasar*, that is *Pontus*, or rather the other *Ellas*, because they were Colonies brought from those Countries; which the fourth King's Title, of *Tidal*, seems to confirm; that is, of *Nations*; Latin, *Gentium*; Symmach. Παμφυλίας. to wit, of a City compounded of the Conflux of People from several *Nations*. The Hebrew is *Goijm*, which *Vatablus*, not without Probability, takes for the proper Name of a *Town*.

29. That he might be consumed presently after with his whole People and Kingdom, by Fire from Heaven.

30. For *Fire* and *Brimstone* is nam'd in Scripture, as the Torment of *Hell*; for which Cause the Apostle *Jude*, v. 7. says that *Sodom* and *Gomorra* are set forth for an Example, πῦρ ἀιώνιον δίκην ὑπέχουσαι, suffering the Vengeance of Eternal Fire; So our *English*; the *Latin*, *Ignis æterni pœnam sustinentes*. But I wonder none have thought of interpreting *δίκην* adverbially; for, *Instar habentes ignis æterni*, Suffering the Similitude of Eternal, that is, *Hell* Fire. So *δίκη* is used *Arist. de Mund.* καὶ βέουσι πολλάκις ποταμῶ δίκην, nay even *δίκη*, the Subst. is taken sometimes in that sense, as *Homer*, *Ulyss.* ξ.

ἡ γὰρ δμῶν δίκη ἐστὶ.

For this is the *Manner* or Fashion of *Suitors*. It is not improbable, that this raining of Fire and *Brimstone* was nothing but extraordinary *Thunders* and *Lightnings*; for Thunder hath *Sulphur* in it, which (*Grotius* says) is therefore call'd *Θεῖον*, as it were, *Divine*, because it comes

from above. Several prophane Authors make mention of this Destruction of *Sodom*; as *Tacitus*, L. 5. *Histor.* *Fulminum ictu arsisse*, etc. and by and by, *Ignis caelesti flagrasse*, etc.

31. The *Blindness* with which these Wretches were stricken, was not a total *Blindness* or *Privation* of their *Sight*, but either such a sudden *Darkness* in the Air as made them grope for the Door, or a sudden failing of the *Sight*, as when Men are ready to fall into a Trance; *Eblouissement*; or that which the Greeks term *ἀορασία*, when Men see other things, but not the thing they look for. For says *S. Augustine*, *De Civit. Dei*, Lib. 22. c. 19: If they had been quite blind, they would not have sought for the Door to go into *Lot's* House, but for *Guides* to conduct them back again to their own.

32. I describe her not after she was changed, but in the very Act or Moment of her changing, *Gen.* 19. 26. Our *English* says, she became a *Pillar of Salt*, following the Greek στήλη ἅλος. The *Latin* is, *Statua Salis*. Some call it *Cumulum*; others, *Columnam*. *Sulpit. Sever.*: *Reflexit oculos, statimque in molem conversa traditur*. It is pity *Josephus*, who says he saw the *Statue* himself, omitted the Description of it. Likely it is, that it retain'd her Form. So *Cyprian* in better Verse than is usual among the *Christian Poets*,

Stetit ipsa Sepulchrum,

Ipsaque Imago sibi, formam sine corpore servans.

Some with much Subtlety, and some Probability, understand a *Pillar of Salt*, to signifie only an *Everlasting Pillar*, of what Matter soever, as *Numb.* 18. 19: A *Covenant of Salt*. But we may very well too understand it *Literally*; for there is a *Mineral Kind of Salt* which never melts, and serves for Building as well as Stone; of which *Pliny* speaks, l. 31. c. 7. Besides, the Conversion into *Salt* is very proper there, where there is such abundance, mixt with *Sulphur*, and which Place God had, as it were, sowed with *Salt*, in Token of *Eternal Barrenness*, of which this Statue was set up for a *Monument*. The *Targum of Jerusalem* is cited, to give this Reason why she look'd back; it says, she was a Woman of *Sodom*, and that made her impatient to see what became of her Friends and *Country*. The Moral of it is very perspicuous, but well express'd by *S. August.* *Uxor Loth in Salem conversa magno admonuit Sacramento neminem in viâ liberationis suæ præterita desiderare debere*.

33. *Zippor* the Father of *Balac*, the first King of *Moab* mention'd in Scripture. Some Authors, I know, name one *Vahèb* before him, but *Zippor* is the more known, more authentical, and better-sounding Name. Among the Ancients there was always some *Hereditary Bowl* with which they made their *Libations* to the Gods, and entertain'd *Strangers*. *Virg.*

Hic Regina gravem gemmis auroque poposcit  
Implevitque mero pateram, quâ Belus et omnes  
A Belo soliti —

And presently she begins to the Gods. So *Stat.* l. 1. *Theb.* —



*Signis perfectam auroque nitentem  
Isides pateram famulos ex more poposcit ;  
Quâ Danaus libare Deis, seniorque Phoroneus  
Assueti —*

And then he adds the Stories engraven on the Bowl, which would not have been so proper for me in this Place, because of the Pictures before. *Sen. Thyest. Poculum infuso cape Gentile Baccho.* This Libation to the Gods at the beginning of all Feasts came from the natural Custom of paying the *First Fruits* of all things to the *Divinity* by whose Bounty they enjoy'd them.

34. This too was an ancient Custom that never fail'd at solemn Feasts, to have *Musick* there (and sometimes *Dancing* too) which *Homer* calls,

ἀναθήματα δαιτὸς.

The *Appendixes*; or as *Heisich* interprets, κοσμήματα, the *Ornaments* of a *Feast*. And as for wise and honourable Persons, there was no time of their Life less lost, than that they spent at *Table*; for either they held then some profitable and delightful Discourses with Learned Men, or heard some remarkable Pieces of Authors (commonly *Poets*) read or repeated before them; or if they were Princes, had some eminent *Poet* (who was always then both a *Philosopher* and *Musician*) to entertain them with *Musick* and *Verses*, not upon slight or wanton, but the greatest and noblest Subjects. So does *Jopas* in *Virg.*

*Cytharâ crinitus Iopas  
Personat auratâ docuit quæ maximus Atlas  
Hic canit errantem Lunam Solisque labores, etc.*

So does *Orpheus* in *Apollon. 1. Argonaut.*

Ἡεῖδεν δ' ὡς γαῖα καὶ οὐρανὸς ἠδὲ θάλασσα,  
Τὸ πρὶν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι μὴ συναρήροτα μορφή  
Νείκεος ἐξ ὀλοῖο διέκριθεν, etc.

So does *Demodocus* in *Homer*; though there the Subject, methinks, be not so well chosen.

35. See *Athen. L. 1. c. 12.* upon this Matter, where among other things he speaks to this Sense. The *Poets* were anciently a Race of *Wise Men*, both in Learning and Practice *Philosophers*; and therefore *Agamemnon* (at his Expedition for *Troy*) leaves a *Poet* with *Clytemnestra*, as a *Guardian* and *Instructor* to her, who by laying before her the Virtues of Women, might give her Impressions of Goodness and Honour, and by the Delightfulness of his Conversation, divert her from worse Pleasures. So *Ægysteus* was not able to corrupt her 'till he had kill'd her *Poet*. Such a one was he too who was forced to sing before *Penelope's Lovers*, though he had them in Detestation. And generally all *Poets* were then had in especial Reverence. *Demodocus* among the *Phæacians*, sings the Adultery of *Mars* and *Venus*, not for the approving of the like Actions, but to divert that voluptuous People from such unlawful Appetites, etc. The old *Scholiast* upon *Homer*, says, 3. *Odyss.*

Τὸ ἀρχαῖον οἱ Ἄοιδοὶ φιλοσόφων τάξιν ἐπέειχον.

Anciently *Poets* held the Place of *Philosophers*. See *Quintil. l. 1. c. 10. Strab. l. 1. Geogr.* etc.

36. By drawing up Vapours from them, with which the Ancients believ'd that the *Stars* were nourish'd. *Virg.*

*Potus dum sidera Pascit.*

37. This was an ancient Fashion among the Heathens, not unlike to our ringing of *Bells* in *Thunder*. *Juvenal* says of a loud scolding Woman that she alone was able to relieve the *Moon* out of an *Eclipse*:

*Sola laboranti poterat succurrere Lunæ.*

This Superstition took the Original from an Opinion, that *Witches* by muttering some Charms in Verse, caus'd the *Eclipses* of the *Moon*, which they conceiv'd to be when the *Moon* (that is, the *Goddess* of it) was brought down from her *Sphere* by the Virtue of those Enchantments; and therefore they made a great Noise by the beating of Brass, sounding of Trumpets, whooping and hollowing, and the like, to drown the *Witches' Murmurs*, that the *Moon* might not hear them, and so to render them ineffectual. *Ovid*:

*Te quoque Luna traho, quamvis Temesina labores  
Æra tuos minuunt. —*

*Tib. Cantus et à curru Lunam diducere tentat,  
Et faceret, si non æra repulsa sonent.*

*Stat. 6. Theb. — Attonitis quoties avellitur astris  
Solis opaca soror, procul auxiliantia gentes  
Æra crepant.*

*Sen. in Hippol. Et nuper rubuit, nullaque lucidis  
Nubes sordidior vultibus obstitit.  
At nos solliciti lumine turbido  
Tractam Thessalicis carminibus rati  
Tinnitus dedimus.*

38. The World has had this hard Opinion of *Comets* from all Ages, and not only the *vulgar*, who never stay for a *Cause* to believe any thing, but even the *Learned*, who can find no Reason for it, though they search it, and yet follow the vulgar Belief. *Aristotle* says, *Comets* naturally produce *Droughts* by the Extraction of Vapours from the Earth to generate and feed them; and *Droughts* more certainly produce *Sicknesses*: But his Authority cannot be great concerning the Effects of *Comets*, who supposes them to be all *Sublunary*. And truly there is no way to defend this *Prediction of Comets*, but by making it, as *God* speaks of the *Rainbow*, Gen. 9. the supernatural Token of a *Covenant* between *God* and *Man*; for which we have no Authority, and therefore might do well to have no Fear. However the Ancients had,

*Luc. Terris mutantem regna Cometem.  
Claud. Et numquam celo spectatum impunè Cometem.  
Sil. Ital. Regnorum eversor rubuit læthale Cometes.*

39. For *Thunder* is an Exhalation hot and dry, shut up in a cold and moist Cloud, out of which striving to get forth, it kindles it self by the Agitation, and then violently breaks it.

40. *Lambent* Fire is, a thin unctuous Exhalation made out of the Spirits of Animals, kindled by Motion, and burning without consuming any thing but it self. Call'd *Lambent*, from *Licking* over, as it were, the Place it touches. It was counted a *Good Omen*, *Virg.* describes the whole Nature of it excellently in three Verses, *Æn.* 2.

*Ecce levis summo de vertice visus Iuli  
Fundere lumen apex, tactuque innoxia molli  
Lambere flamma comas et circum tempora pasci.*

41. *Fleecy Snow*, *Psal.* 147. *He giveth Snow like Wool.* *Pliny* calls *Snow* ingeniously for a *Poet*, but defines it ill for a *Philosopher*, The *Foam* of *Clouds* when they hit one another. *Aristotle* defines it truly and shortly, *Snow* is a *Cloud* congeal'd, and *Hail* congeal'd *Rain*.

42. *Gen.* 49. 9. *Judah is a Lyon's whelp; from the prey my Son thou art gone up, he stooped down, he couched as a Lyon, and as an old Lyon, who shall rouse him up?*

43. *1 Sam.* 17. 4. *And there went out a Champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, etc., wherein we follow the Septuagint, who render it, δυνάρης, a Strongman; But the Latine Translation, hath Etegressus est vir spurius, a Bastard. Grotius* notes, that the *Hebrews* call'd the *Gyants* so; because being Contemners of all *Laws*, they liv'd without *Matrimony*, and consequently their *Fathers* were not known. It is probable he might be call'd so, as being of the Race of the *Anakims* (the remainders of which seated themselves in *Gath*) by the *Father*, and a *Gathite* by the *Mother*.

44. See *Turnus* his *Shields*, 7. *Æn.* and *Aeneas* his, 8. *Æn.* with the *Stories* engraven on them.

45. For *Baal* is no other than *Jupiter*. *Baalsemen Jupiter Olympius*. But I like not in an *Hebrew* Story to use the *Europæan* Names of *Gods*. This *Baal* and *Jupiter* too of the *Græcians*, was at first taken for the *Sun*, which raising *Vapours* out of the *Earth*, out of which the *Thunder* is engendred, may well be denominated the *Thunderer*, *Zeûs ὑψιβρεμέτης*, and *Juvans Pater* fits with no *God* so much as the *Sun*. So *Plato* in *Phæd.* interprets *Jupiter*; and *Heliogabalus* is no more but *Jupiter-Sol*.

The *Fable* of the *Gyants' Fight* with *Gods*, was not invented by the *Græcians*, but came from the *Eastern* People, and arose from the true *Story* of the building of the *Tower of Babel*.

46. This perhaps will be accus'd by some severe Men for too swelling an *Hyperbole*; and I should not have endur'd it my self, if it had not been mitigated with the Word *Methought*; for in a great *Apprehension* of *Fear*, there is no extraordinary or extravagant *Species* that the *Imagination* is not capable of forming. Sure I am, that many *Sayings* of this kind, even without such *Excuse* or *Qualification*, will be found not only in *Lucan* or *Statius*, but in the most judicious and divine *Poet* himself. He calls tall young Men,

*Patriis et montibus æquos.*

Equal to the Mountains of their Country.

He says of *Polyphemus*,

— *Graditurque per æquor  
Jam medium, nec dum fluctus latera ardua tingit.*

That walking in the midst of the *Sea*, the *Waves* do not wet his *Sides*. Of *Orion*,

— *Quam magnus Orion  
Cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei  
Stagna viam scindens humero supereminet undas.  
Aut summis referens annosam montibus ornum,  
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.*

And in such manner (says he) *Mezentius* presented himself. He says of another, that he flung no small Part of a *Mountain*,

*Haud partem exiguam Montis.*

Of which *Seneca*, though he adds to the *Greatness*, he does not impudently recede from *Truth*. One place in him occurs; for which *Sen.* 1. *Suasor*, makes that *Defence* which will serve better for me,

— *Credas innare revulsas  
Cycladas, aut montes concurrere montibus altos.*

That is, speaking of great *Ships*, but yet such as would seem very little ones, if they were near the *Sovereign*; you would think the *Cyclades* loosen'd from their *Roots* were floating, or that high *Mountains* encounter'd one another. *Non dicit hoc fieri, sed videri; propitiis auribus auditur quicquid incredibile est, quod excusatur antequam dicitur.* He does not say it *Is*, but *Seems* to be (for so he understands *Credas*) and any thing, though never so improbable, is favourably heard, if it be excus'd before it be spoken. Which will serve to answer for some other places in this *Poem*; as,

*Th' Egyptian like an Hill himself did rear;  
Like some tall Tree upon it seem'd his Spear.*

Like an *Hill*, is much more modest than *Montibus æquus*.

47. Because *Gold* is more proper for the *Ornaments* of *Peace* than *War*.

48. *Sen.* in *Thyest.* *Jejuna silvis qualis in Ganges Inter juvencos Tygris erravit duos, Utriusque prædæ cupida, quo primos ferat Incerta morsus, flectit huc rictus suos, Illo reflectit, et famem dubiam tenet.* And the *Spots* of a *Tygre* appear more plainly when it is anger'd.

*Stat.* 2. *Theb.* *Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tygris  
Horruit in Maculas, etc.*—

Nay *Virgil* attributes the same Marks of *Passion* to *Dido*,

*Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque trementes  
Interfusa genas, —*

49. See the like *Conditions* of a publick *Duel* in *Homer*, between *Paris* and *Menelaus*; in *Virgil*, between *Turnus* and *Aeneas*; in *Livy*, between the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*.

50. The *Egyptian-Goliath*; i. The *Egyptian Gyant*, whom he slew only with his *Staff*, and therefore at the sight of it might well be asham'd, that he durst not now encounter with *Goliath*. This is that Shame which *Virgil* calls *Conscia Virtus*.

51. They were 33, but *Poetry* instead of the broken Number, chuses the next intire one, whether it be more or less than the Truth.

52. It appears by this, that *David* was about twenty Years old (at least) when he slew *Goliath*; for else how can we imagine that the *Armour* and *Arms* of *Saul* (who was the tallest Man in *Israel*) should fit him? Neither does he complain that they were too big or heavy for him, but that he was not accusom'd to the use of them; besides, he handled dextrously the *Sword* of *Goliath*, and not long after said, *There is none like it*. Therefore though *Goliath* calls him *Boy* and *Child*, I make *Saul* term him *Youth*.

53. For the Men who are so proud and confident of their own Strength, make that a *God* to themselves, as the human Politicians are said in the Scripture to *Sacrifice* to their own *Nets*, that is, their own *Wit*. *Virg.* of *Mezent*.

*Dextra mihi Deus, et Telum quod missile libro.*

And *Capaneus* is of the same Mind in *Statius*;

*Illic Augur ego, et mecum quicumque parati  
Insanire manu —*

54. The *Poets* made always the *Winds* either to disperse the *Prayers* that were not to succeed, or to carry those that were. *Virg.*

*Audiit, et voti Phœbus succedere partem  
Mente dedit, partem volucres dispersit in auras.*

*Ovid.* de *Trist*.

*Terribilisque Notus jactat mea verba, precesque;  
Ad quos mittuntur non sinit ire Deos.*

*Virg.* *Partem aliquam venti Divum referatis ad aures,*  
etc.

55. i. To another *Angel*.

56. 1 *Sam.* 18. 4. And *Jonathan* stript himself of the *Robe* that was upon him, and gave it to *David*, and his *Garments*, even to his *Sword*, and to his *Bow*, and to his *Girdle*. Some understand this Gift *exclusively*, as to the *Sword*, *Bow*, and *Girdle*, believing those three to be the proper Marks of a *Soldier*, or *Knight*; and therefore not to be parted with. But therefore, I say, to be parted with upon this Occasion. *Girdle* was perhaps a Mark of *Military Honour*; for *Joab* promises to him that would kill *Absalom*, ten *Shekels* of *Silver*, and a *Girdle*, 2 *Sam.* 18. 12. But it was besides that, a necessary Part of every Man's Dress, when they did any Work, or went abroad, their under *Robe* being very long and troublesome, if not bound up. If the *Sword*, *Bow*, and *Girdle* had not been given, it could not have been said, *And his Garments*; for nothing would have been given but the outward *Robe* or *Mantle*, which was a loose Garment not exactly fitted to their Bodies (for the Profession

of Tailors was not so ancient, but Cloaths were made by the *Wives*, *Mothers* and *Servants* even of the greatest Persons) and so might serve for any Size or Stature.

57. 1 *Sam.* 18. 20. *Septuagint*: Καὶ ἠγάπησε Μειχὸλ ἡ θυγάτηρ Σαοὺλ τὸν Δαβὶδ, which our *English Translation* follows, but the *Latin Translations* vary; for some have, *Dilexit autem Michol filia Saul altera David. Michol, Saul's Daughter, loved David.* And others, *Dilexit autem David Michol filiam Saul vlteram. David loved Michol, Saul's Daughter.* To reconcile which, I make them both love one another.

58. The *Husband* at the *Contract* gave his *Espous'd* certain *Gifts*, as *Pledges* of the *Contract*. Thus *Abraham's Steward*, in the Name of *Isaac*, gave to *Rebecca* *Jewels* of *Silver*, and of *Gold*, and *Raiment*, *Gen.* 24. 53, which Custom the *Greeks* too us'd, and call'd the Presents *Ἔδνα*. But at the Day of the *Marriage* he gave her a *Bill of Jointure* or *Dowre*.

59. *Josephus* says, *Saul* demanded so many *Heads* of the *Philistines*, which Word he uses instead of *Fore-skins* to avoid the raillery of the *Romans*. *Heads*, I confess, had been a better Word for my turn too, but *Fore-skins* will serve, and sounds more properly for a *Jewish Story*. Besides the other varies too much from the *Text*; and many believe that *Saul* requir'd *Fore-skins*, and not *Heads*, that *David* might not deceive him with the *Heads* of *Hebrews*, instead of *Philistines*.

60. If it might have been allow'd *David* to carry with him as many *Soldiers* as he pleas'd, and so make an Inroad into the *Philistines' Country*, and kill any hundred Men he could meet with, this had been a small *Dowre* for a *Princess*, and would not have expos'd *David* to that Hazard for which *Saul* chose this *Jointure*. I therefore believe, that he was to kill them all with his own Hands.

61. As *Heavy Bodies* are said to move swifter, the nearer they approach to the *Centre*. Which some deny, and others give a Reason for it from the *Medium* through which they pass, that still presses them more and more; but the natural *Sympathetical* attractive Power of the *Centre* is much receiv'd, and is consonant to many other Experiments in Nature.

62. *Scandals* in the Sense of the *New Testament*, are *Stumbling-blocks*, ἄθροι προσκόμματος, Stops in a Man's Way, at which he may fall, however they retard his Course.

63. *Jansenius*, in his Explication of the *Parable* of the *Virgins*, thinks it was the Custom for the *Bridegroom* to go to the *Bride's House*, and that the *Virgins* came out from thence to meet him. For in that *Parable* there is no mention (in the *Greek*, though there be in the *Latin*) of meeting any but the *Bridegroom*.

Others think that *Nuptials* were celebrated neither in the *Bride's* nor *Bridegroom's House*, but in publick Houses in the Country near the City, built on purpose for those Solemnities, which they collect out of the Circumstances of the *Marriage*, 1 *Maccab.* 9. 37. *Hos.* 2. 14. and *Cant.* 8. 5. etc. Whatever the ordinary Custom was, I am sure the Ancients in great Solemnities

were wont to set up Tents on purpose in the Fields for Celebration of them. See the Description of that wonderful one of *Ptolomæus Philadelphus in Athen.* l. 5. c. 6. and perhaps *Psal.* 19. 4, 5. alludes to this. He hath set a *Tabernacle for the Sun*, which is as a *Bridegroom* coming out of his *Chamber*.

64. Habits of divers Colours were much in fashion among the *Hebrews*. See *Judges* 5. 30. *Ezek.* 16. 10. and 26. 16. Such was *Joseph's Coat*, *Gen.* 37. 3. Septuagint χιτῶν ποικίλη; as *Homer* calls *Peplum Minervæ*, *vestes Polymita*.

65. It appears by several Places in Scripture, that *Garlands* too were in great use among the *Jews* at their Feasts, and especially *Nuptials*, *Isa.* 61. 10. The *Latin* reads, like a *Bridegroom* crown'd with *Garlands*, *Wis.* 2. 8. *Ezek.* 16. 12. *Lam.* 5. 15. *Eccles.* 32. 1, etc.

66. I take the Number of *thirty Maids*, and *thirty young Men* from the Story of *Sampson's Marriage-feast*, *Judg.* 14. 11. where *thirty Companions* were sent to him, whom I conceive to have been, υἱοὶ τοῦ νυμφίου, *Children of the Bridegroom*, as they are called by *St. Matthew*.

67. *Qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer undâ  
Quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignes,  
Extulit os sacrum cælo, tenebrasque resolvit.* *Virg.*

Which Verses *Scaliger* says, are sweeter than *Ambrosia*. *Homer* led him the Way :

'Ἀστέρ' ὀπωρίνω ἐναλίγκιον, ὅστε μάλιστα  
λαμπρὸν παμφαίνησι λελουμένος ἠκεάνοιο. *And*,  
Ὀἶος δ' ἀστὴρ εἶσι μετ' ἀστράσι νυκτὸς ἀμολγῶ  
Ἐσπερος, ὃς κάλλιστος ἐν οὐρανῷ ἴσταται ἀστήρ.

68. The *Bride* also brought a *Dowre* to her *Husband*. *Raguel* gave with his Daughter *Sara* half his Goods, Servants, Cattle and Mony, *Tob.* 10. 10. See *Exod.* 22. 17, etc.

69. The *Marriage-Song* was call'd *Hillalim*, *Praises*, and the House it self *Beth-hillula*, the *House of Praise*, *Psalm* 78. 63. Their *Maidens* were not given to *Marriage*; the *Chald.* Paraphras. reads, Are not celebrated with *Epithalamiums*. So *Arias* too, and *Aquila*, οὐχ ἡμνήθησαν.

70. See *Gen.* 29. 22. *Tob.* c. 7. *Esth.* 2. 18. *Luke* 14. 1. *Judg.* 14. 17. *Apoc.* 19. 9.

71. The Custom seems to have been for the *Bridegroom* to carry home the *Bride* to his House, 2 *King.* 11. 27. *Judg.* 12. 9. *Gen.* 24. 67. *Cant.* 3. 4. But because *Michol* was a Princess, and *David* not likely to have any *Palace* of his own at that time, I chose rather to bring them to one of the *King's Houses* assign'd to them by the *Dowre*.

72. The *Bride*, when she was deliver'd up to her *Husband*, was wont to cover her self with a *Vail* (called *Radid* from *Radad*, to bear rule) in token of her *Subjection*, *Gen.* 24. 65, etc.

73. See the *Parable of the Virgins*, *Mat.* 25.

74. The Time of the *Marriage-feast* appears plainly to have been usually *seven Days*. See *Judg.* 14. 10. and 29. 27. *Fulfil her Week*, etc. It was a Proverb among the *Jews*, *Septem dies ad convivium, et Septem ad Luctum*.



## NOTES upon the FOURTH BOOK.

1. **T**HAT is, He bow'd thrice towards the *Sun* it self (which *Worship* is most notorious to have been used all over the *East*) and thrice towards the chief *Temple* and *Image of the Sun* standing upon the Hill *Phegor*. For I have before declared that *Baal* was the *Sun*, and *Baal Peor*, a Sirname, from a particular Place of his *Worship*. To which I meet with the *Opposition* of a great Person, even our *Selden*, who takes *Baal Peor* to be *Stygian Jupiter* or *Pluto* (*De D. Syris Synt.* j. c. 5.) building it upon the Authority of the 105th (according to our *English Translation* the 106th) *Psal.* v. 20. *They joined themselves to Baal-Peor, and eat the Sacrifices of the Dead*; which *Sacrifices* he understands to be *Justa*, or *Inferias*, Offerings in Memory of the *Dead*.

*Novendiales ferias*. But why by the Name of the *Dead* may not *Idols* be meant? The *Sacrifices of Idols*? it being usual for the *Jews* to give Names of *Reproach* and *Contempt* to the *Heathen Gods*. As this very *Baal Peor* they called *Chemos*, *Jer.* 48. 7. and 13, etc. that is *Blindness*, in *Contradiction* to his *Idolaters*, who call'd him the *Eye of the World*? Or perhaps they are call'd *Sacrifices of the Dead*, in regard of the *Immolation* of Men to him; for *Baal* is the same *Deity* with *Moloch* of the *Ammonites*, and had sometimes, tho' not so constantly, human *Sacrifices*. However these Verses will agree as well with *Mr. Selden's* Interpretation; for then the Sense of them will be, that he bow'd first to the *Sun*, and next to *Baal*, another *Deity* of that Country.

2. *Zerith*, a Place in *Moab* near the River *Arnon*.

3. *White Horses* were most in Esteem among the Ancients; such were those consecrated to the *Sun*. *Herodian* calls them *Διὸς ἵπποι*, *Jupiter's Horses*, which is the same. This was the Reason that *Camillus* contracted so much Envy for riding in Triumph with *white Horses*, as a thing insolent and prophane: *Maxime conspectus ipse est, curru equis albis juncto urbem invectus, parumque id non civile modo sed humanum etiam visum, Jovis Solisque equis æquiparatum Dictatorem in Religionem etiam trahebant.* Liv.

Horace, *Barros ut equis præcurreret albis.*

Ovid. de Art. Am.

*Quatuor in niveis aureus ibis equis.*

Virg. 12. *Jungit equos, gaudetque tuens ante ora frementes  
Qui candore Nives antèirent cursibus auras.*

In which he imitates *Homer*,

*Δευκότεροι χλοῖος, θεῶν δ' ἀνέμοισιν ὄμοιοι.*

4. *Their Side*. Scal. l. 5. Poet. says, that none but *Apollo* and *Diana* wore their Quivers upon their *Shoulders*; others, by their *Sides*; which he collects out of some Places in *Virg. 1. Æn.* of *Diana*,

—*Illa pharetram*

*Fert humero, gradiensque Deas supereminet omnes.*

*Æn.* 4. of *Apollo*, *Tela sonant humeris.*

But of a *Carthaginian Virgin*, *Succinctam pharetrâ—*

Yet I am afraid the Observation is not solid; for *Æn.* 5. speaking of the Troop of *Ascanius* and the Boys, he hath,

*Pars leves humero pharetras.*

However, *Side* is a safe Word.

5. *Θεοεικελος*, Like a God, is a frequent *Epithete* in *Homer* for a beautiful Person.

6. *Nebo* was a Part of the Mountain *Abarim* in the Land of *Moab*; but not only that Hill, but the Country about, and a City, was call'd so too, *Jer.* 48. 1. *Deut.* 32. 49.

7. 1 Sam. 9. 21. *And Saul answered and said, Am not I a Benjamite, of the smallest of the Tribes of Israel; and my Family the least of all the Families of the Tribe of Benjamin? Wherefore then speakest thou so to me?*

8. *Josh.* 41. 4. *From the Wilderness and this Lebanon, even unto the great River, the River Euphrates, all the Land of the Hittites, and unto the great Sea, towards the going down of the Sun, shall be your Coast.* This was fulfilled all ways but Eastward, for their Dominion never reach'd to *Euphrates*; and it was but just fulfilled to the Letter, Westward, for they had very little upon the *Mediterranean*, or *Western Main*. Their own Sins were the Cause, which made God preserve for Thorns in their *Sides* those Nations, which he had conditionally promis'd to root out. It is true, they went Eastward beyond *Jordan*, but that was not much; and therefore, like an odd Number in Accounts (as presently, where I say but *thirty Kings*) may be left out. *Jordan* is the most noble and notorious *Boundary*.

9. For all the Wickednesses and Disorders that we read of during the time of the Judges, are attributed in Scripture to the want of a *King*. *And in those Days there was no King in Israel.*

10. For it was the Tribe of *Benjamin* that was almost extirpated, from whence *Saul* the first King descended. *David* says, *Kings*, as seeming to suppose that *Saul's Sons* were to succeed him.

11. In *Eli*, who descended from *Ithamar*, the youngest Son of *Aaron*, 'till which time the High-Priesthood had continued in *Eleazar*, the elder Brother's Race. This was the Succession, *Aaron*, *Eleazar*, *Phineas*, *Abisua*, *Bukki*, *Uzzi*, and then *Eli* of the younger House came in. In which it continu'd 'till *Solomon's* time,

12. The *Scepter* is not appropriated to *Kings*, but to the *Supreme Magistrates*, as in the famous Prophecy, *Gen.* 49. 10. *The Scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a Law-giver from between his Feet, till Shilo come.*

13. There is nothing in the whole Scripture that admits of more several Opinions than the time of *Saul's* and *Samuel's* Reign. This I will take in the first place for granted, that the forty Years assigned by *St. Paul* (*Acts* 13. 20.) to *Saul*, are to include *Samuel's Judicature*; for else there would be found more than 480 Years from the Departure out of *Egypt* to the building of *Solomon's Temple*, neither could *Saul* be a young Man when he was elected; besides, *David* would not have been born at the time when he is said to slay *Goliath*. We are therefore to seek how to divide those forty Years between *Samuel* and *Saul*. *Josephus* gives *Saul* thirty eight Years, eighteen with *Samuel*, and twenty after his Death. Most *Chronologers* (says *Sulpit. Severus*) thirty. *Ruffin*. and divers others twenty, to wit, eighteen with *Samuel*, and two after. None of which can be true; for the Ark was carried to *Cariath-jearim* before *Saul's* Reign, and at the end of twenty Years was removed from thence by *David* to *Jerusalem*; wherefore *Salianus* allows *Saul* eighteen Years, *Calvisius* fifteen, *Petavius* twelve, some eleven, *Bucolcer* ten. Others make *Saul* to have reigned but two Years, and these considerable Authors, as *Arias Montan*, *Mercator*, *Adricom*, etc. grounding it upon a Text of Scripture, 1 Sam. 13. 1. *Filius unius anni erat Saul, cum regnare cœpisset, et duobus annis regnavit super Israel*; which others understand to be three Years, to wit, two after the first. *Sulpit. Sever.* indefinitely, *parvo admodum spatio tenuit imperium*; which Opinion seems to me extremely improbable. 1. Because we cannot well croud all *Saul's* Actions into so small a time. 2. Because *David* must then have been about twenty nine Years old when he slew *Goliath*; for he began to reign at *Hebron* at thirty. 3. Because it is hard, if that be true, to make up the twenty Years that the Ark abode at *Cariath-jearim*. 4. The text whereon this is built, doth not import it; for it signifies no more, than that he had reigned one Year before his Confirmation at *Gilgal*, and two when he chose himself *Guards*. Our Translation hath, *Saul reigned one Year; and when he had reigned two Years over Israel, he chose him 3000 Men*, etc. To determine punctually how long he reigned, is

impossible ; but I should guess about *ten Years*, which his Actions will well require, and *David* will be a little above twenty Years old (a fit Age) when he defeated the *Giant*, and the twenty Years of the Ark's abiding at *Cariath-jearim* will be handsomely made up, to wit, three Years before *Saul's* anointing, and ten during his Government, and seven whilst *David* was King at *Hebron*. So that of the forty assigned by the *Apostle* to *Samuel* and *Saul*, there will remain thirty Years for the Government of *Samuel*.

14. For first, the *Israelites* knew they were to be govern'd at last by *Kings*. And secondly, they desired it by reason of the great Disorders and Afflictions which they suffered for want of it ; and it is plain, that this is not the first time that they thought of this Remedy ; for they would have chosen *Gideon* King, and annexed the Crown to his Race, and did after actually chuse *Abimelech*.

15. See *Moses* his Prophecy of it, *Deut.* 17. 14. and to *Abraham* God himself says, *Gen.* 17. 6. *And Kings shall come out of thee.*

16. It is a vile Opinion of those Men, and might be punished without *Tyranny*, if they teach it, who hold, that the *Right of Kings* is set down by *Samuel* in this Place. Neither did the People of *Israel* ever allow, or the *Kings* avow the Assumption of such a Power, as appears by the Story of *Ahab* and *Naboth*. Some indeed did exercise it, but that is no more a Proof of the *Right*, than their *Practice* was of the *Lawfulness* of *Idolatry*. When *Cambyses* had a mind to marry his *Sister*, he advised with the *Magi*, whether the *Laws* did allow it, who answered, they knew of no *Law* that did allow it, but that there was a *Law* which allowed the King of *Persia* to do what he would. If this had been the case of the Kings of *Israel*, to what purpose were they enjoin'd so strictly the perpetual reading, perusing, and observing of the *Law* (*Deut.* 17.) if they had another particular *Law* that exempted them from being bound to it?

17. The *Tetragrammaton*, which was held in such Reverence among the *Jews*, that it was unlawful to pronounce it. It was called therefore ἀνεκφώνητον, *Unutterable*. For it they read *Adonai* ; the Reason of the peculiar Sanctity of this Name, is, because other Names of God were applicable to other things, as *Elohim*, to Princes ; but this Name *Jehovah*, or *Jave*, or *Jai* (for it is now grown *unutterable*, in that no body knows how to pronounce it) was not participated to any other thing. Wherefore *God* says, *Exod.* 3. 16. *This is my Name for ever, and this is my Memorial to all Generations.* And *Exod.* 6. 3. *But by my Name Jehovah was I not known unto them.* *Josephus* calls this *Tetragrammaton*, τὰ ἱερὰ γράμματα, the  *sacred Letters* ; and, Προσηγορίαν περὶ ἧς οὐ μοι θέμις εἶπεω, A Name of which it is not *lawful* for me to speak ; and again, τὸ φοβερὸν ὄνομα τοῦ Θεοῦ, The *Dreadful Name* of *God*. Stat.

*Triplicis mundi summum, quem Scire Nefastum est.*

Whose Name it is not lawful to know.

And *Philo* relating how *Caligula* used him and his

Fellow-Ambassadors from the *Jews*. You (said *Caligula* to them) are *Enemies* to the *Gods*, and will not acknowledge me to be *one*, who am received for such by all the rest of the World : But by the *God* that you dare not name (τὸν ἀκατανόμαστον ὑμῶν) and then lifting up his Hands to Heav'n, he spoke out the *Word*, which it is not *lawful* so much as to *hear*, &c. And the *Heathens* had something like this Custom ; for the *Romans* kept secret the Name of the *Tutelar God* of their City ; lest the *Enemies*, if they knew how to call him right, might by Charms draw him away. And in their solemn *Evocation* of *Gods* from the Cities which they besieged, for fear lest they should mistake the *Deity's proper Name*, they added always, *Sive quo alio nomine voceris.*

18. The *Tabernacle*, *Exod.* 39. 9. *And thou shalt take the anointing Oil, and anoint the Tabernacle, and all that is therein ; and shalt hallow it, and the Vessels therein ; and it shall be holy.*

19. The *Bells* upon the High-Priest's Garments, *Exod.* 38. 25.

20. There want not Authors, and those no slight ones, who maintain that *Samuel* was High-Priest as well as *Judge* ; as *St. Augustine*, and *Sulpit. Severus*, who says, *Admodum senex sacerdotio functus refertur.* And some make him to have succeeded *Eli*, others *Achitob*. But there is a manifest Error, for he was not so much as a *Priest*, but only a *Levite* ; of the Race of *Isahar*, the younger Brother of *Amram*, from whom *Aaron* came, and all the Succession of *Priests*, 1 *Chron.* 6. It will be therefore ask'd, Why I make him here perform the Office of the *High-Priest*, and dress him in the *Pontifical Habits* ? For the first, it is plain by the Story that he did often do the Duty of the *High-Priest*, as here, and when *Saul* was appointed to stay for his coming to celebrate the *Sacrifice*, &c. For the latter, I know not why he might not as well wear the *Habit*, as exercise the *Function* ; nay, I believe the *Function* could not be well exercised without the *Habit*. I say therefore with *Petavius*, L. 10. de *Doctr. Tempor.*, That he was constituted of *God*, *High-Priest Extraordinary*, and look'd upon as such by reason of the extraordinary visible Marks of *Sanctity*, *Prophecy*, and *Miracles*, without which singular Testimonies from *God* we know that in latter Times there were often two at once, who did execute the *High-Priest's Office*, as *Annas* and *Caiaphas*.

21. *Well-cut Diadem* : i. The Plate of pure Gold ty'd upon the Mitre, on which was engraven, *Holiness to the Lord*, *Exod.* 28. 36. and *Exod.* 39.

22. This *Breast-Plate* is called by the *Septuagint*, τὸ λογεῖον τῶν κρίσεων, The *Oracle of Judgments* : Because whensoever the *High-Priest* consulted *God*, he was to have it upon his Breast. The Description of it, and the Stones in it, see *Exod.* 28. 15. These *Stones* so engraven, and disposed as *God* appointed, I conceive to be the *Urim* and *Thummim* mention'd *Verse* 30. the *Doctrina* & *Veritas*, as the *Latin* ; the φωτισμοὶ καὶ τελειώσεις, *Light* and *Perfection*, as *Aquila* ; the ἀλήθεια καὶ δῆλωσις, *Truth* and *Demonstration*, as the *Septuagint* : All which signifie no more than *Truth* and

*Manifestation*, or, the *Manifestation of Truth by those Stones*; which some say, was by the shining of those particular *Letters* in the *Names* of the *Tribes*, that made up some Words or Word to answer the Question propounded. Others, that when the Stones shone very brightly, it imply'd an *Affirmative* to the Question; and when they look'd dimly and cloudily, a *Negative*. But when the Demands required a prolix or various Answer, that was either given by *Illumination* of the *High-Priest's* Understanding, making him speak as God's Organ or Oracle (as the *Devil* is believed to have inspired *Sybil's* and *Pythian Priests*) or by an audible Voice from within the *Sanctum Sanctorum*; which latter way I take here, as most proper for *Poetry*.

23. The *Tabernacle* is called a *Temple*, 1 *Sam.* 19. 2 *Sam.* 22. 7. *Psal.* 18. 3. *Josephus* terms it *ναῦν μεταφερόμενον*, A *Moveable Temple*—The *Temple's* bright third *Heav'n*—The *Tabernacle* being God's Seat upon Earth, was made to *Figure* out the *Heav'ns*, which is more properly his *Habitation*; and was therefore divided into three Parts, to signify the same Division of the *Heav'ns* in Scripture Phrase. The first was the Court of the *Tabernacle*, where the *Sacrifices* were slain and consumed by Fire, to represent the whole Space from the Earth up to the Moon (which is called very frequently *Heav'n* in the *Bible*) where all things are subject to Corruption. The second was the *Sanctum*, the *Holy Place*, wherein stood the *Altar of Incense*, to represent all that Space above which is possess'd by the *Stars*. The third was the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the *Holiest Place*, to represent the third *Heav'n* (spoken of by *St. Paul*) which is the *Dwelling-Place* of God, and his *Cherubins* or *Angels*. Neither did the Colours of the Curtains allude to any thing but this Similitude betwixt the *Tabernacle* and *Heav'n*.

24. In all Times and in all Countries it hath been counted a certain Sign of the Displeasure of the Deity to whom they sacrific'd, if the Fire upon the *Altar* burnt not clear and chearfully. *Seneca* in *Thyest.*

*Et ipse fumus tristis ac nebula gravis  
Non rectus exit, seque in excelsum levans  
Ipsos Penates nube deformi obsidet.*

And a little after,

*Vix lucet ignis, &c.*

25. According to the old senseless Opinion, that the *Heav'ns* were divided into several *Orbs* or *Spheres*, and that a particular *Intelligence* or *Angel* was assign'd to each of them, to turn it round (like a *Mill-horse*, as *Scaliger* says) to all Eternity.

26. How came it to pass that *Samuel* would make a solemn Sacrifice in a Place where the *Tabernacle* was not, which is forbid? *Deut.* 12. 8. *Grotius* answers, first, That by reason of the several Removes of the *Tabernacle* in those Times, Men were allowed to sacrifice in several Places. Secondly, That the Authority of an extraordinary *Prophet* was above that of the *Ceremonial Law*. It is not said in the Text, that it was *Samuel's* Birth-Day; but that is an innocent Addition, and was

proper enough for *Rama*, which was the Town of *Samuel's* usual Residence.

27. A choice Part of the Meat (for we hear nothing of several Courses) namely, the *Shoulder*. The *Left Shoulder* (*Grotius* observes) for the *Right* belonged to the *Priest*. *Levit.* 7. 32. This *Josephus* terms *μερίδα βασιλικήν*, The *Princely Portion*. The Men over subtle in *Allusions*, think this Part was chosen to signify the *Burden* that was then to be laid upon his Shoulders. So *Menochius*, as *Philo* says that *Joseph* sent a Part of the *Breast* to *Benjamin*, to intimate his hearty Affection. These are pitiful little things, but the Ancients did not despise sometimes as odd *Allusions*.

In old time, even at Feasts, Men did not eat of Dishes in common amongst them, but every one had his *Portion* apart; which *Plut.* calls *Ὀμηρικὰ δεῖπνα*, and *Ὀμηρικὰς δαΐτας*, *Homerique Feasts*; because *Homer* makes always his *Heroes* to eat so, with whom the better Men had always the most Commons. *Ajax*, *νῶτοισι διηκετέσσι γεγαλπεραι*, hath a *Chine of Beef*, *Perpetui tergum bovis*. And *Diomedes* hath both more Meat and more Cups of Drink set before him; of which see *Athen.* l. 1. c. 11. who says likewise, that *Daïs*, a Feast, comes a *Δαεῖσθαι*, from dividing equally, which makes *Homer* call it so often, *Δαῖτρα ἔσσην*.

28. See Note 12. on Book 1. That *Oil* mix'd with other Liquor, still gets uppermost, is perhaps one of the chiefest *Significancies* in the Ceremony of anointing *Kings* and *Priests*.

29. *The Kingly Day*. The Day for Election of a *King*, which causes a new *Æra*, or *Beginning of Chronological Accounts*. As before they were wont to reckon, from the *Going out of Egypt*, or from the *Beginning of the Government by Judges*: So now they will, from the *Entrance of their Kings*. Almost all great Changes in the World are used as *Marks* for Separation of Times.

30. In many Countries it was the Custom to chuse their *Kings* for the Comliness and Majesty of their *Persons*; as *Aristotle* reports of the *Ethiopians*; and *Heliogabalus*, though but a Boy, was chosen *Emperor* by the *Roman Soldiers* at first Sight of him, for his extraordinary Beauty. *Eurip.* says finely, *Ἐλδος ἀξιον τυραννίδος*, a Countenance that deserved a Kingdom.

31. *Aristotle* says, l. 6. *Pol.* That it was a popular Institution to chuse *Governors* by *Lots*. But *Lots* left purely in the Hand of Fortune would be sure a dangerous way of *Electing Kings*. Here God appointed it, and therefore it was to be suppos'd would look to it; and no doubt all Nations who used this Custom did it with reliance upon the Care of their Gods. *Priests* were likewise so chosen.

*Laocoon ductus Neptuni sorte sacerdos.*

32. This *Seneca* in *Th.* says, was the Case of *Ithaca*.

*Et putat mergi sua posse pauper  
Regna Laertes Ithacâ tremente.*

33. *Jaboc*, a River, or *Torrent*, in the Country of *Ammon*, that runs into the River *Arnon*.

34. *Arabia the Stony, Arabia the Desert, and Arabia the Happy.*

35. For some conceive that the Reason of this extravagant Demand of *Nahas*, was to disable them from shooting.

36. It was *Themistius* his Saying, that the *Soul* is the *Architect* of her own Dwelling-Place. Neither can we attribute the *Formation* of the *Body* in the Womb to any thing so reasonably as to the *Soul* communicated in the Seed; this was *Aristotle's* Opinion, for he says, *Semen est artifex*, The *Seed* is a skillful *Artificer*. And though we have no Authorities of this Nature beyond the *Græcian* time; yet it is to be suppos'd, that wise Men in and before *David's* Days had the same kind of Opinions and Discourses in all Points of *Philosophy*.

37. In allusion to the *Lamps* burning in the *Sepulchres* of the Ancients, and going out as soon as ever the *Sepulchres* were open'd and Air let in. We read not (I think) of this Invention but among the *Romans*. But we may well enough believe (or at least say so in Verse) that it came from the *Eastern Parts*, where there was so infinite Expence and Curiosity bestow'd upon *Sepulchres*.

That *Nahas* was slain in this Battel, I have *Josephus* his Authority; that *Jonathan* slew him, is a *Stroke* of *Poetry*.

38. In Emulation of the *Virgilian* Verse,

*Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.*

39. The Text says, *thirty thousand Chariots*; which is too many for six thousand *Horse*. I have not the Confidence to say *thirty thousand* in Verse. *Grotius* believes it should be read three thousand. Figures were often mistaken in old *Manuscripts*, and this may be suspected in several places of our *Bibles*, without any abatement of the Reverence we owe to Scripture.

40. I confess I incline to believe, that it was not so much *Saul's* Invasion of the *Priestly* Office, by offering up the Sacrifice himself (for in some Cases (and the Case here was very extraordinary) it is probable he might have done that) as his Disobedience to God's Command by *Samuel*, that he should stay *seven Days*, which was the Sin so severely punish'd in him. Yet I follow here the more common Opinion, as more proper for my purpose.

41. 1 Sam. 13. 10, 27. *So it came to pass in the Day of Battel, that there was neither Sword nor Spear found in the Hands of any of the People that were with Saul and Jonathan; but with Saul and Jonathan his Son there were found, etc.* And before, *There was no Smith throughout the Land of Israel.* But for all that, it is not to be imagin'd, that all the People could be without Arms, after their late great Victories over the *Philistines* and *Ammonites*; but that these six hundred by God's Appointment were unarmed, for the greater Manifestation of his Glory in the Defeat of the Enemy, by so small and so ill-provided a Party; as in the Story of *Gideon*, God so disposed it, that but three hundred of two and

twenty thousand lapp'd the Water out of their Hands, because (says he) the People are yet too many.

42. At first Men had no other Weapons but their *Hands*, etc.

*Arma antiqua, manus, unguis, dentésque fuerunt:*

Then Clubs,

*Stipitibus duris agitur sudibúsque præustis.*

And at last Iron,

*Tum Ferri rigor, etc.*

*Tum variæ venere artes, etc.*

*Hic torre armatus adusto,*

*Stipitis hic gravidi nodis, quod cuique repertum Rimanti, telum ira facit.*

43. The *Mediterranean*, upon the Coast of which the whole Country of the *Philistines* lyes, and contains but very few Miles in Breadth.

44. Hom. 6. *Odyss.*

Τὸν μὲν Ἀθηναίη θήκεν, Διὸς ἐκγεγαυία,  
Μείζονά τ' εἰσιδέειν καὶ πάσσανα, κάδ δὲ κάρητος  
Ὀύλας ἦκε κόμας, ἕακωθίνω ἀνθεὶ ὁμοίας.

Virg. *Lumenque juvenæ*

*Purpureum, & latos oculis afflârat honores.*

45. Hom. 5. *Il.*

Θύνη γὰρ ἀμπεδίον ποταμῷ πλήθοντι εἰοικῶς  
Χειμάρρῳ, ὅς τ' ὤκα ρέων ἐνέδωσσε γεφύρας.  
Τὸν δ' ὄτρ' ἀρτι γεφύραι ἐεργμέναι Ἰσχανύωσιν,  
Ὀδτ' ἀρα ἔρκεα ἴσχει ἀλωάων ἐριθήλων,  
'Ελθόντ' ἐξαπίνης ὄτρ' ἐπιβρίση διὸς δμβρος,  
Πολλὰ δ' ὑπ' αὐτοῦ ἔργα κατήριπε καλ' αἰζήνων.

And in the 13th *Il.* there is an excellent Comparison of *Hector* to a *River*, and the like too in the 11th, so that it seems he pleased himself much with the Similitude. And *Virgil* too liked it very well,

*Non sic aggeribus ruptis cùm spumeus amnis  
Exit, etc.*

And in several other Places.

46. 1 Sam. 6. 4. *Five golden Emerods, and five golden Mice, according to the Number of the Lords of the Philistines.*

47. His *Blood*. *Moses* says often, that the *Soul* is in the *Blood*, thrice in one Chapter, *Levit.* 17. and he gives that Reason for the Precept not to eat *Blood*. *Virg.*

*Purpuream vomit ille animam.*

48. See the *Cyclops* making of *Thunder* in *Virg. Æn.* 8.

49. *Brute*. That signified nothing. So *Thunders* from whence the Ancients could collect no Prognostications, were called *Brute Thunder*; from *Brute Beasts*, whose Sounds are inarticulate.





# DAVIDEIDOS.

## Liber Primus.

**B**ella cano, fatigue vices, *Regemque* potentem  
Mutato qui *Sceptra pedo Solymæia* gessit  
*Rex olim et Vates; duo maxima munera cæli.*  
Multa prius tulit immotâ discrimina mente  
Et *Sauli* et *Satanæ* furiis imbellibus actus.  
Multa quoque et regno; tam longa exercuit irâ  
*Victorem Fortuna* suum; nec *pulsa quievit.*  
Ast illam *Virtus* tandem indefessa domavit  
Et populos latè fudit, gentésque rebelles  
Nequicquam numeris et magno milite sævas; 10  
Hi *Bello*, hic ipso *Bellorum Numine* fretus!  
At Tu, *Jessæi* qui sanguinis *Author* et *Hæres*,  
*Bethlemæ* intactâ quondam de *Virgine* natus,  
Qui *Ligno, Clavis, Hastâ, omnipotentibus* armis,  
Ipsam (sic visum est) potuisti *occidere Mortem*,  
Ingentes referens per *Tartara* victa *Triumphos*,  
Dum tremuit *Princeps Erebi* metuitque videre  
Æternùm amissos divinæ *Lucis* honores:  
Qui nunc ipse sedes placidi *leve pondus Olympi*,  
Ad dextram *Patris, et gaudentia Sydera* calcas, 20  
Frontem ibi (quam cinxit merito suffusa rubore  
Spina ferox, carus de quâ cruor undique fluxit,  
Ut pretiosa *humilem* decoraret *gemma Coronam*)  
Frontem illam innocuæ redimitus sidere flammæ:  
Tu, precor ð, sanctum dimitte in corda furorem,  
Da mihi *Jessiden, Jessidæ* carmine magno,  
Et cantu celebrare pari; tua *Flamma Ministra*,  
*Isacidùm* longis ductrix erroribus olim,  
Dirigat audaces ignoto in limite gressus,  
Producâtque sacræ non trita per avia *famæ.* 30  
En sanctos manibus puris ut sumeret *Ignes*  
*Vestalem* se *Musa* facit; benè libera curis  
Libera deliciisque jocisque et amore profano  
Consecrat, ecce, tibi reliquos mea *Magdalis* annos.  
Ecce opus hoc solidis *numerorum* immane *Columnis*,  
*Templum* ingens statuo, varium et multâ arte politum.  
Ingredere, ð *Numen*, quod te plaudentibus alis  
*Musa* vocat, sanctos *Cheruborum* imitata recessus.  
Si facias, cedent illi *Solomoniam* *Templa*,  
*Regis Idumæi* cedent, sat tempore longo 40  
Quæ finxere sibi coluere *Idola Camænæ*;  
Sed tu me, *Verbum æternum*, tu voce vocâsti,  
Et novus insolito percussus lumine *Paulus*,  
Prodeo *Musarum* immensos convertere *Mundos*,

Et *Cælum* seris ignotum aperire *Poëtis*;  
Ut juvat, ð, purgare suis sacra flumina monstris!  
Ut vili purgare algâ, cænoque profundo,  
Et liquidi ingenuos *Fontes* inducere *Veri*!  
Jam pænè obductum est *Saulo* sub pectore vulnus;  
Integra *Jessidæ* per tot certamina virtus 50  
*Lassatam* magnis frangit successibus iram:  
Assuetis superare timet concurrere *Fatis*,  
Et *famam* tantæ sine viribus *invidet* illi  
*Invidia*; vidit pressam sub pondere *palmam*,  
Et jam pænè suæ redeuntem in viscera terræ,  
Mox lætum cælo caput ostentare propinquo,  
Ipso *onere elatum*, et sua brachia ferre sub auras.  
Vidit pacatis *Jordanem* currere lymphis,  
Dum fovet amplexu ripas, atque oscula libat;  
At siquis motos posito premit objice fluctus, 60  
Et notum præcludit iter, mox colligit iras  
Ore tumens rapido, et contorquet vortice silvas,  
Tum sonitu ingenti vocat ad nova prælia fluctus,  
Longus ponè ruit furiosæ *Exercitus* undæ.  
Cum pecore ac natis montem petit inscius, amens  
*Pastor*, et attonito *decrescunt* arva Colono.  
Hoc metuens *Saulus* premit alto corde dolorem,  
Et vultum induitur placidum, similemque *Davidi*;  
Dat dextram, testémque *Deum*, amplexúsque paternos:  
Nec violaturum se sensit pignora tanta: 70  
Nequicquam: nam quid potuit, nescivit et ipse,  
Ac *Dominos* intûs gestavit victus acerbos.  
Excipiunt plausu *Abramidæ* nova fœdera læti,  
Tanta in *Jessiden* pietas indigna ferentem  
Multa diù, et sævi reverentia tanta *Tyranni.*  
Exultant homines, exultant agmina cœli  
*Sidera, sidereæque animæ*; dulcissima *Pacis*  
Nomina, *Jessidæque* illis; at turba *Barathri*  
Neutrum amat; infernos *Concordia* nostra *Tumultus*  
Progenerat, magnósque *quies* humana *labores.* 80  
Subter ubi in *matris* secreta cubilia *Terræ*  
Descendit *solis* virtus fœcunda *Mariti*,  
Fatalisque *Auri* videt incunabula flava;  
(*Auri*, quod superis simul ac caput extulit oris,  
Perstringit mundum, nec *vi*, nec *luce* minori)  
Subter ubi implumis nido jacet *Aura* profundo,  
Et tener innocuo *vagit* cum murmure *Ventus.*  
Subter ubi æternâ longè sub mole repôsti  
*Theauri* ingentes magnarum arcentur *Aquarum*,  
(*Oceanus Maris* ipsius, quo *Fluminis* instar 90  
Fertur, et omnigenas inter confunditur undas)

Nulla ubi sopitos fluctus exscitat aura,  
 Nec *Domina* irritat placidos vis improba *Luna*.  
 Est *locus* immensum in spatium, immensúmque profundum  
 Porrectus, quem nox, genuínusque obruit horror.  
 Illum indefessum nullo objice meta coërcet,  
 Nec *Loca* se minús extendunt quam *Tempora pœna*.  
 Non illum recreat dulcis tenuissima cœli  
*Rima*, nec *Eois* scintilla excussa quadrigis  
 Perstringit, *solidasve* valet terebrare tenebras. 100  
 Non hic gemmatis stillantia sidera guttis  
 Impugnant sævæ jus *inviolabile Noctis*,  
*Lucifer* hoc latè tenet illætabile regnum,  
 Inter *vincla minax*, inter *tormenta superbus*,  
 Ipso, quem patitur, crudelior *Ignis Tyrannus*.  
*Dux* quondam ætherææ præfulgentissimus aulæ,  
 Qualis ubi in curru procedens *Hesperus* aureo  
*Militiam* æternam *stellarúmque agmina* ducit.  
*Fulmine* sed cecidit correptus, *Fulminis* instar  
 Ipse ruens, nec enim gemitum dedit ore minorem, 110  
 Ut primum sensis medios absorptus in ignes.  
 At comites circum, conjuratæque catervæ  
 (Ingens turba) cadunt; *Aër* crepat undique adustus,  
 Et densâ *vi flammæ* prætextitur æther.  
 Ex illo æternæ solamina tristia pœnæ,  
 Æternæ socios mortales reddere pœnæ  
*Torti et Carnifices!* *Hominem* tentamine primo  
 In se armant ipsum; magna et *calo æqua* voluptas!  
 Quos cauta et foelix virtus si evaserit hamos,  
 Victricem bello tandem aggrediuntur aperto, 120  
 Et malè tentatis succedunt *Arma Venenis*.  
 Hâc vi *Fessiden* (neque enim corrumpere sperat)  
 Oppugnat furvus barathri noctisque *Tyrannus*,  
 Exacutque animos *Sauli* invidiámque potentem.  
 Viderat egregio generosam in corpore formam,  
 Virgineoque maritatam cum flore virilem  
 Majestatem oris; miracula viderat alti  
 Nobiliora animi, vastámque in pectore mentem;  
 Viderat augustâ perfusam aspergine frontem, 130  
 Divinæque novos spirantem lucis honores.  
 Condiderátque alto sub corde *Oracula* sacra  
 Imperium *Judæ* quæ concessere perenne,  
 Venturúsque *Shilo* stimulos subjecerat acres,  
 Et nimium *vigiles Erebi* sufflaverat ignes.  
 Scit miser incassum tantis se opponere rebus,  
 Nec validam fati perrumpere posse catenam,  
 Vincula sed morsu tentat, dentésque fatigat,  
 Et *vinci certus*, gaudet tamen esse *rebellis*.  
 Sed jam conversa in melius violentia *Sauli*,  
 Consiliúmque dolósque et spes turbavit inanes. 140  
 Nam multum *Saulo*, quem longo noverat usu  
 Fidit, et erubuit *falli fraudum* ipse *Magister*.  
 Quid faciat? quo se rerum hoc in cardine verset?  
 Ferrati frendet ter concusso ordine dentis,  
 Ter quatit iratæ rugosa volumina frontis,  
 Ter fremit horrendum exululans, oculóque cruento  
 Commixtum ardenti jaculatur sanguine lumen.  
 Ferrea lux terret *noctem*, *Manesque* perustus  
 Ignotus trepidos habet et crudelior *Ignis*.

Et jam vociferans; Nihil ergò possumus? inquit, 150  
 Me, me *ipsum* infœlix *puer*, et mea regna triumpho  
 Ducet ovans? dum vos (pudet oh!) torpetis inertes.  
*Innocui* ludunt et adhuc per colla *Cerastæ*?  
 Nil *Furiis* dignum et populo memorabile *nostro*  
 Quod timeat *Deus*, et quod vel stupeam *Ipse*, paratis?  
 Quæ nova *Formido*, aut pejor formidine *Virtus*  
 Corda gelat? quondam (memini) fortissima corda!  
 Perdidit ob hoc *Cælum*?  
 Pectora tum longæ percellit verbere caudæ,  
 Iratus tantæ quod non suffecerit *Iræ*. 160  
 Deinde sedet, vultúque horrendum cætera profert.  
 Stant *Furiæ* juxtâ, et se lumine circumspectant,  
 Dum latè loca vasta silent, *sævæque quiete*  
 Tristis nativi duplicata horrore imago est.  
 Ipsi flammantes insano sulphure rivi  
 Jam tacitis serpunt per littora conscia lymphis,  
 Vincula nulla sonant, non Angues sibila mittunt,  
 Non audent inter *tormenta* gemiscere *Sontes*.  
 Tandem prorepat diræ fœdissima turbæ  
*Invidia*; impexis crinem serpentibus atrum 170  
 It crispata; cutis multum laxata pependit,  
 Ossáque liquit iners, ossa aspera longo luctu.  
 Dipsas (monstrum atrox) latitat sub pectore anhelò,  
 Nocte dièque bibens nigrum insaturata *cruoem*,  
 Et ne tam crebro fontem consumeret haustu,  
 Nocte dièque suo compensat damna *veneno*.  
 Sanguine deformatam hominum, tabóque fluentem  
 Pallam humeris gerit, et dextrâ rotat alta *flagellum*.  
 Immanem lævâ crateræ sustinet orbem,  
 Spumantem felle atque absynthia tetra vomentem, 180  
 Quo bibit assiduè, et sese ebria facta flagellat.  
 Hoc jam torva modo, se pro medio agmine sistit  
*Invidia*; ô barathro *Furiarum* maxima toto  
*Invidia!* ô nunquam, nisi cum *se punit*, amanda!  
 Summe *Pater*, clamat stygii *Barathri*, et mihi  
*Numen*,  
 Se puer imbellis nostros meruisse timores  
 Jactabit, magnóque *Erebum* miscere tumultu,  
 His *Colubris*, *Mæque* et *Te*, nostro *Principe*, salvis?  
 Te minitante tremet perterrita fabrica mundi,  
 Et legum errabit *Natura* oblita suarum, 190  
 Te minitante dabunt rapidæ responsa procellæ,  
 Et timidum horrendo resonabit fulmine cœlum.  
 Tunc et inauratos temerè *Sol* contrahet ignes,  
 Exiliétque, diémque abducet limite noto.  
 Fœdera dirumpet *Pontus*, supera ardua tangens,  
 Vicinásque *undas Flammæ* elementa pavescent,  
 Ipse *Polus* fixam sedem et loca jussa relinquet  
*Sphærarúmque* hilarum cessabit lubricus orbis,  
 Diffugient nitidi húc illúc *picta agmina* cœli,  
 Ipse etiam *Deus* illorum. 200  
 Námque olim *timuit* certè cum sumpsimus arma,  
 Nobilia arma, et quæ meruerunt *victa triumphum!*  
 O laudanda dies! ô ingens gloria nostri!  
 O iterum talem liceat mihi, cernere lucem,  
 Ipse licet vincat, licet in *nova tartara* trudat  
 Et pejora istis, possint si talia fingi.  
 His par concurret *pastor* rudis et *puer* armis?

Quid possunt tortæ stridentia verbera fundæ?  
 Quem torvus longâque fame stimulatus et irâ  
 Non domuit *Leo*, non infandus membra *Goliath*, 210  
 Hunc mea vox perdet sola, et sub tartara mittet  
 Multa priûs passum, et nequicquam *Numine* fisum.  
 Quod si *Jessiden* tantâ pietate foveret  
 (Sed satis est longo notus mihi tempore) *Saulus*,  
 Quanto nos odio premimus, quantôque furore  
 Ante bis exactos superis ex ordine soles,  
 Corde novum toto longè excutiemus amorem,  
*Ipsa*, et, vos cari, fidissima turba, *Colubri*.  
 Me suadente nefas, fraterno sanguine fecit  
*Cainus*, et ætatum dedit *Omina læta* sequentum. 220  
 Vidi toto ingens connixum corpore saxum  
 Jactantem, *fratris mortem*, et monumenta sepulti.  
 Quis potuit risus (equidem risi ipsa) tenere  
 Cum sua sic *primus* nutriret rura *Colonus*?  
 Post eadem à tergo spirans furiale venenum,  
 Divisum pepuli ad marmor *Pharaona* superbum,  
 Currûsque, clypeôsque virûm, ardentêsque caballos;  
 Me gelidam mortem suadente, et frigida fata  
 Hauserunt, avidi pestis. mentem ipsa manûmque  
*Dathano* armavi, cum tela rebellia sumpsit, 230  
 Cum *Magicum* (cujus nomen detestor et *Ipsum*)  
 Deseruit pulchrâ pro libertate *Tyrannum*.  
 Hûc (vidistis enim) cava per penetralia longè  
 Desiluit, vasto terrarum exhaustus hiatu,  
 Prôque *Rogo*, nostros descendit *vivus in Ignes*.  
 Me suadente, moras quid cesso abrumperè inanes?  
 Quid *nova* non agito, dum *gesta antiqua* recordor?  
 Jam tibi, *Jessides* (viden'?) hic tibi *sibilat anguis!*  
 Nil tua te pietas, nil te, *Puer*, ipse juvabit  
 Cui frustrâ inservis, *Deus*; ô, si, te juvet, orbis 240  
 Latè omnis longâ compostus pace senescat,  
 Nec *Mores*, vel *Fata* hominum nascantur *iniqua*.  
 Ipsa autem his meritò dilectis exul ab oris  
 Contempta evadam in terris, miserandâque *Virtus*.  
 Dixerat, at simul ora premunt, et lumina versant,  
 Mox fremitus currunt obscurâque murmura circum,  
*Gaudentûmque et mirantûm*; nihil illa movetur,  
 Sed fremit, et tantas *sibi laudes invidet ipsi*.  
 Exilit ardenti solio *Rex Ditis* acerbi  
 Amplexûsque petit; subito cùm mota furore 250  
 Ter submissa genu rapidâ fugit ocyor aurâ.  
 Murmura dant *Furiæ*, dant sibila læta *Colubri*.  
 Nox erat, humanos et vasta silentia sensus  
 Spargebântque *brevi Lethe*, plumbôque ligabant.  
 Ipsum etiam regni molem sub corde ferentem,  
 Jactantêmque graves curas sopor altus habebat  
*Cissiden*, sopor *Invidiam* sed nullus habebat.  
 Illa par *Isacidûm* magnas it sævior urbes,  
 Utque videt structas ingenti marmore turres,  
 Atque ebur, et fulvi discrimina clara metalli, 260  
 Pergite jam clamat, propriis tumulata *ruinis*  
 Hæc ego tecta dabo, et solâ *lucentia flammâ*.  
 Substitit in cursu medio, ac sua fræna remisit  
 Pallida *Luna*, novis sudavit floridus *Hermon*  
 Roribus, ipse *Sion* trepidavit vertice toto.  
*Jordanes* latebram in ripâ quæsivit utrâque  
 Territus, et multâ tandem caput abdidit algâ.  
 Ecce domum ingreditur *Sauli*, quæ tota tremiscit,  
 Ipsaque fundamenta tremunt, tremunt excita tellus;  
 Hic veneranda senis sese convertit in ora 270  
*Benjamini*, oculôsque graves, vultûmque severum,  
 Brachiaque, et latos humeros, et fortia membra  
 Assimilat, pendetque ingens pro pectore barba;  
 Qualis ubi steterat super atria celsa palati,  
 (Egregium *Sculptoris* opus) de marmore factus,  
 Ad portam magni lætus vigilare *nepotis*:  
 Hâc adstans *Saulo* notæ sub imagine formæ,  
 Formæ verba sacræ non *respondentia* fundit.  
 Surge, age, *Rex brevis Abramidum*; sic nempe  
 sepultus  
*Omen alis fati?* *Somnus* tibi *ferreus* instat, 280  
 Atque æterna quies; Si *Regem* ritè vocavi,  
 Si nondum tua scepra gerit *Pastorculus* ille.  
 Nondum? unquamne geret? vigila, et *totum induc*  
*Saulum*  
 Nec tu, magne *Deus*, justis siqua est tibi cura,  
 (Quod dubito, meliûsque irent mortalia vellem)  
 Dedecus hoc *Saulo*, atque *Mihi* patiaris inustum,  
*Abramidisque* tuis, sacræque in secula genti.  
 O *Canaanæ* famas! quid non me absumpseris ante  
 Quam femur in genus exhausissem fertile tantum?  
 Heu genus infelix nullâque in sorte beatum, 290  
 Donatum magno in *pœnam* atque *opprobria Sceptro!*  
 Coctile quid fugistis opus, *Memphitica* jussa,  
 Invito *Pharaone* truci, auspiciisque sinistris?  
 Quid *magicæ* (infandum) *virgæ* mare paruit ipsum,  
 Densatumque vias nova per *divortia* duxit?  
 Quin, si me auditis, *rubri* per marmora *ponti*,  
 Per nemorum errores, immanisque in via silvæ,  
*Argillam Ægypti*, laterêsque requirite vestros.  
 Dedecus hoc quanto minus est *Pastore Tyranno?*  
 Tûne potes *Domino* contentus vivere *Servo?* 300  
 Concedent tua *Sceptra Lyre?* jam *sceptra* supersunt  
 Sola tibi, titulique et regni *nomen* inane.  
 Illum aliæ magnâ laudant formidine gentes,  
 Illum omnis *Judæa* colit, *Meministin'* ovantem  
 (Si quicquam in te, *Saule*, viri est, meminisse necesse  
 est)  
 Cum cantu rediisse domum, festisque choreis?  
 Mille viros gladio *Saulus* confoderit; esto;  
 Quis dederit letho decies totidem, arduus, audax,  
 Plusquam *Agmen Puer?* et vivit tamen ille, tuisque  
*Perfruitur damnis*; illi tua regia servit, 310  
 Quam non illa diù *Tua?* jam diadema capessit,  
 Conscenditque tuos thalamos, *Saulique* potentis  
*Jessida* dabit *heredem* (pro dedecus!) *Uxor*.  
 Hoc struit, hoc sperat *Samuel*; talem tibi *pestem*  
 Molitur, cum dicta *Dei* crudelia spargit  
 Per populos passim, cum vana *Oracula mendax*  
 Quæque optat, fingit; *Deus* est, *Deus* illa minatus?  
 Sic te tractasset *Rex Divûm* *Hominûmque Baälus?*  
 Aut tam aversa *suis Astarte* magna fuisset?  
 Quid queritur? sacram te vi rapuisse coronam? 320  
 At magnæ processerunt justo ordine *sortes*;  
 Néve aliter potuit (quid enim taceam?) *Ipsè* jubere

Non unquam plus te *Sortive Dève* fatebor  
 Quàm meritis debere *tuis*. Quid tempore ab illo  
 Ipse *Deus*, populusque dei tibi debeat, ulli  
 Haud reor obscurum; tantà tu laude coronam  
 (O mi chare *nepos*, ò magnæ maxime gentis)  
 Divinum tanto cumulasti *munere munus*,  
 Nequicquam; nam quæ tantis data præmia factis?  
 Te *Puer*, et *Vates furiosus* et omnia vorsant, 330  
 Contrà Te *sanguis tuus*, et *Natura* rebellat,  
 Ac vanum infidi præfertur nomen *Amici*,  
 (O furor, ò scelus infandum!) *Sceptroque Patrique*  
 Cui causæ indormis? quæ *Manes* suscitât *ipsos*;  
 Fixa *sepulchrorum* atque *oculorum* claustra resignat;  
 Nec *cineres* puer ille sinit dormire *sepultos*,  
 Sed negat æternæ jus *indubitabile Noctis*:  
 Quid facis? aut talem quid non interficis hostem,  
 Qui turbat *vitamque tuam mortemque tuorum*?  
 Aude, age, nil illo restat tibi triste remoto; 340  
 Solus hic objectus (seu *Terræ* ignobilis umbra  
 Ausa laboranti quæ *solem* avertere *Lunæ*)  
 Ad te ventura et tibi debita munera cœli  
 Occupat, ac sacri radios *intercipit* ignis;  
*Defectum* post hunc superant tibi *candida fata*,  
 Formosique dies, et vitæ lucidus ordo.  
 Natales nos, *Nate*, tuos, *regalidque astra*,  
 Conscriptamque notis *Fortunam* vidimus aureis,  
 Nondum, ò, nondumne ardescit tibi pectus honesto 350  
 (Ardescit certè) vindictæ ac laudis amore?  
 Magnum aliquid pariat. Memor esto *Tutque Metque*  
 Jamque vale, feror ad cœlum sedesque tuorum,  
 Et luce, et nutu magni revocatus *Abrami*.  
 Dixit, et ora viri flatu percussit iniquo;  
 Intrat *Lethalis* labefactas aura medullas;  
 Olli vanescit dubii nubecula somni,  
 Hùc illùc fert circum oculos; tremit inde repente  
 Dum simulacra videt formis volitantia mixtis,  
 Quæ consuta malè in vacuo timor aëre pingit.  
 Stant crines, sudor perfundit frigidus artus, 360  
 Et toto ingentes decurrunt corpore guttæ.  
 Jam pedibus terram, manibus jam pectora tundens  
 Incipit; Et verum est; oravit vera, fulque  
*Israëlitis* adhuc; pietas me stulta fefellit,  
 Me *Puer*, et *Vates furiosus* et omnia vorsant.  
*Sacrilega*, heu, facta est *patientia* nostra, sepultos  
 Heu *violat cineres*, tumultosque recludit avitos.  
*Octingentorum* minus est *Mors ipsa* profunda  
 Annorum, quam quo torpet mea *Vita veterno*.  
 Indigno, tu sancte *parens*, ignosce *Nepoti*, 370  
 Quem propter placidas voluisti linquere sedes,  
 Mortalesque ægros, miserumque revisere mundum.  
 Sancte *parens*, tua justa libens mandata capessam,  
 Et te vincam odio, et tandem *me vivere* nosces.  
 Nec frustra hunc tantum capies, *Magna Umbra*,  
 laborem.  
 Non *Homines* illum nobis, non *Sidera* cœli,  
 Non *Deus* eripiet.  
 Intereà in placidas, Tu *Dive*, relabere sedes,  
 Et repete antiquam pacatâ mente quietem  
 Sub terras, ubi *Jessiden* mox affore tristem 380

*Latus*, et effuso pallentem sanguine cernes.  
 Post lucem hanc nostros iterum si lædat ocellos,  
 A Te, magne *Pater*, perrumpere discat oportet  
*Naturæ Leges*, et ferrea *claustra Sepulchri*.  
 His dictis nutrit flammam stimulatque furores.  
*Jessides* securus abest; illum *Sopor* udus  
 Non jam rore levi, sed plenâ proluit *Urnâ*,  
 Dormiat, et *solidum* accipiat per membra soporem,  
 Qualem animus castus, qualem mens integra donat,  
 Quis metus est, *vigilante Deo*, dormire *Davidem*? 390  
 Palantes nubes suprâ implicitosque labores  
*Ætheris*, atque *volumen inextricabile* Cœli,  
*Gaudia* sphaerarum suprâ et modulamina certa,  
 Supra Orbem, qui perpetuo benè *pervigil* igne  
 Exiguus splendet *Gemmis*, numerumque requirit,  
 Est *Locus* immensâ qui *exhaustus* luce fatiscit;  
 Hic Polus excurrit *ingè*, et se *ponè relinquit*,  
 Nec *proprias* lassus valet ipse attingere *Metas*.  
 Igne *tumet* blando, et *tranquillo fulgure* vibrat,  
*Gloria* nec tanto in spacio *immoderata* tenetur. 400  
 Non hic *obscuri* tremebunda *crepuscula Solis*  
 Nativum jubar inficiunt, *castumque Serenum*.  
 Non hic *Luna* suis *vestitur* pallida furtis,  
 Nec face languenti spargit per inane *Tenebras*.  
 Non hic præcipiti *Tempus* super orbe rotatur,  
 Nec vaga partitur repetitis *Sæcula* gyris  
*Vertigo*; Nihil hic *Fuit*, et nihil hic *Erit* unquam,  
 Sed constans, immotumque æternumque *sedet Nunc*.  
 Hæc domus, hoc magni sanctum penetrale *Tonantis*;  
 Hic *Labor* augusti, dulcis *Labor Infiniti*, 410  
 Occupat atque *implet* Cœlum, sed limite cœli  
 Contentus nullo, Solus se *continet* Ipse.  
 Quondam immane fuit *Vacuum*; *Sint omnia* dixit;  
 Ille simul dixit, parent simul omnia *Verbo*,  
 Nam *Verbum* fuit *Ipse* suum. *Turgescere* cœpit  
*Fœcundum Nihil*, et plenâ cuncta edidit alvo.  
 Quis vos, O *Deus*, aut quis vestra palatia pandet  
*Tres une!*  
 Hic te perfrueris *toto*, atque has maximus arces  
*Æternum* colis, intereà non deseris orbem 420  
 Quem fecisti olim nostrum, sed pondera vasta  
 Exagitas nutu informans *molémque sequacem*.  
 Quod si vim tacitam auferres dextramque potentem,  
 Extemplo turbata fides ac fœdera rerum,  
 Ipse die rector fusis nullo ordine habenis  
 Retrò ageret currus, et mundi cardo coacti  
 Cum sonitu rueret, laxis discurrere *stellis*,  
 Et sine lege hominum *confundere fata* liceret.  
 Ipsa etiam rationis egens *Natura* pararet  
 In *Nihilum* properare suum; nam *Spiritus* aptum 430  
 Tornatumque *exercet* opus, seque addit ubique  
 Ni faciat, subito torperet cuncta, malòque  
 Tota laborarent somno, æternòque veterno.  
 Omnia *nobiscum* (qui *Nos*) *Deus* efficit, orsis  
 Non dedignatus socium se adjungere nostris.  
 Stant circùm aurati, turma officiosa, *Ministri*,  
 Atque *Dei* jussa expectant, gaudèntque juberi.  
 Hinc *Domini* in vultu immenso sine fine bibentes  
 Immortalem oculis lucem, fixo ore tenentur.

Unum ex his nutu vocat ipse ; silentia servat 440  
 Regia cœlorum, et reverentèr tota tremiscit.  
 Ergóne tam subitò excidimus? (sic infit ab alto)  
*Sceptra* videt, nec *Nos* simul? imperióque potitus  
 Ignorat per quem steterat? creditne procellas  
 Irrita per pontum rapuisse ferocia verba  
 Injustasque minas? *Surdine* effecimus *Aures*?  
 Falleris, O demens, audivimus omnia, *Saule*,  
 Atque emptum optabis magno nil tale locutum.  
 Quæ mala *Jessidæ* intentas meliora merenti,  
 Cuncta tui in caput unius conversa ferentur. 450  
 Diximus : an dictis nostris *Gens Terra* repugnet?  
 Ah imbelles *lutum* ! non hoc tua *Lingua* referret,  
 Injussa in medio subsisteret icta palato,  
 Si tibi nota dies fieret, quo tu ipse jacebis  
*Gilboacos* multo deformans sanguine campos,  
*Ipsè* miser, *natiq̄ue tui*, et capita illa superba  
 Pendebunt *Templis* monumentum infame profanis,  
 Stultorum jocus, et ludibria sæva *Deorum*.  
 Dextera *Jessidæ* immeritò quæ tanta minatur  
 Justa aderit vindex, et te, te occiderit ipsum, 460  
 Quocum nunc iras atque implacabile bellum  
 Nequicquam geris, ille tuo lucebit in auro,  
 Dilectóque nimis cinget diademate frontem,  
 Et quod tu *Solum* fecisti infame *piabit*.  
 Ergo age, *Jessidæ* insani fer dicta *Tyranni* ;  
 Ipse nihil sed enim timeat, properantior ipsam  
 Arcessitus eat (nam *Rex* accesset) ad aulam ;  
 Non ullum metuet, benè si nos noverit, hostem,  
 Incolumem (dixi) qui nunc jubeo ire, reducam. 470  
 Sic ait, inflectit sese polus ipse decenter,  
 Nec non turba poli famulatrix ; ocyus omnes  
 Interrupta iterum exercent modulamina *Sphæræ*.  
*Angelicæque* simul renovant *sacra orgia Turmæ*.  
 At non, qui missus *Jessidæ* *Nuncius* ibat ;  
 Ille vehens pennis magnum per inane citatis,  
 Nubila plus solito jam candescentia tranat,  
 Quaque volat niveus signat vestigia limes.  
 Aligerum cœli sic vulnerat aera fulgur,  
 Plurima sic primæ currit *strictura* diei,  
 (Sic aut *tarda* magis) cum vixdum *Sole relicto* 480  
 Ecce simul terram ferit, atque resurgit in altum.  
 Vix ipsum rapidi *Tempus* miracula *Motus*  
 Percipit attonitum, et mensuram non habet ullam  
 Tam *curtam*, excelso sic præpes ab æthere lapsus  
*Nuncius* astabat *Jessidæ*, ac talia fatur.  
 Surge, bone, insanique exaudi dicta *Tyranni*  
 Aspera, nempe tuo jam mane cruore litabit ;  
 Ipse nihil sed enim timeas ; properantior ipsam  
 Arcessitus eas (nam *Rex* accesset) ad aulam.  
 Tutum (dixit enim) qui te jubet ire, reducet. 490  
 Exilit ille toris, et circum lumina versat  
 Nequicquam ; nox undiq̄ue et undiq̄ue funditur aer.  
 Spésque Metúsque adsunt dubii, vicibusque recursant.  
 Quos vario exagitans convolvit pectore, donec  
 Albescunt primo montana cacumina *Sole*,  
 Cum *Rex Jessiden* accessit sævus, ut ægram  
 (Incautum specie si fallere posset honestâ)  
 Soletur fidibus mentem, curásque soporet.

Dic mihi, *Musa*, sacri quæ tanta potentia *Versus*?  
 (Nam tibi *scire* datum, et *versu* memorare *potenti*, 500  
 Cuncta vides, nec te poterit res tanta latere  
 In regno, *Regina*, tuo) vim *Diva* reclusam  
*Carminis*, et latè penetralia ditia pande,  
*Thesaurósque*, et opes, et inenarrabile *Sceptrum*.  
 Quæ sprevere homines, tandèr ut mirentur améntque.  
*Divisque* accedat reverentia justa *Poetis*.  
 Ut sacri primùm fœcundo in pectore *Vatis*  
 Indigesta operis surgunt *Elementa* futuri,  
*Materies* donec paulatim sumere *formas*  
 Incipiat, jussóque incedant ordine verba, 510  
 Ac benè dispositus leni fluat agmine versus :  
 Talis erat *Naturæ* olim *nascentis Imago*,  
 Sic magnum *Mundi* divino ex ore *Poema*  
 Prodiit, *artificisque* informis massa supremam  
 Imploravit opem, longo impatienter amore.  
 Indociles nondùm subierunt *fœdere Partes*  
*Fraterno* commune jugum ; bellúmque sine arte  
 Gesserunt discurrentes nullo ordine *Motus*.  
 Æterni *Ratio* quos tandèr *Musica* verbi  
 Discrevitque locis, et *vincula dulcia victis* 520  
 Imposuit ; *Numerósque* pios, facilémque tenorem  
 Elicuit ; *Medios Aer* atque *Unda Sonores*  
 Consentu referunt *muto* ; levis *Ignis acutos*,  
*Terra graves*, rapido *Lunam* diverberat ictu,  
 At lentam *Saturni* operoso pollice *Chordam*.  
 Sic *celerè* *Motus* cum *tardis* intertexti,  
 Jam festum *Recti*, *Curvi*, *Longique Brevesque*  
 Exercent *Ludum*, et docto discrimine plaudunt,  
 Ut peccent magnæ vestigia nulla *Choreæ*. 530  
 Hæc est quæ *Menti* auditur *Symphonia* dulcis,  
 Ornatu cernendam alio sese exhibet *Auri*,  
 Dives opum, varióque superba *Scientia* cultu.  
 Hæc habitat vatum libris, hæc *carmine in isto*  
*Harmonia* est ; non *Cantoris*, non illa *Legentis*  
 Indiget, in charta multùm *facunda silenti*.  
 Hæc agilis *Magni* percurrit corpora *Mundi*,  
 Hæc Parvi toto se miscet corpore *Mundi*.  
*Totus Homo Harmonia* est ; omnes *Symmetria*  
 census  
 Congerit hic, omnis *Naturæ Archiva* tenentur.  
 Ipse *Chorum* facit *Unus*, et est *Deus ipse Choragus*. 540  
 Hinc in nos nata est *Numerorum* sancta potestas,  
 Nam simul ac portas humani corporis intrant  
 Inveniunt *Fratrésque* suos, charósque *Sodales*,  
 Et pariles numeros, et respondentia metris  
 Metra suis ; jungunt dextras, reddúntque salutem.  
 Nec nos vi victos capiunt, bellóque subactos,  
 Stant *Cives* intús dilecti à partibus *Hostis*,  
 Et sese dedunt sine *Proditione volentes*.  
 Hoc rerum ingenio mirâ medicatus ab arte  
 Effusus *Sanguis* distantia vulnera quærít 550  
 Ignotum per iter, quàmque accipit ipse salutem  
 Absenti gaudet *gratus* transmittere *Fonti*.  
 Haud aliter parili tentis conamine *Chordis*  
*Fraterno* hæc trepidat, cum tangitur altera, motu.  
*Illà suo*, hæc *solo Naturæ vivida pulsu*.  
 Sic *Lyra Jessidæ*, tum dulci callida furto,

Ægra subintravit miseri præcordia *Regis*,  
Placavitque æstus animi, sævósque tumultus.

*Psalmus 114.*

CUM sacra sævis *Isacidum* manus  
Exiret oris, terribilem procul 560  
Audivit, aspexitque gentem,  
Et refluxum trepidavit æquor.  
Ut qui sequentes antevolans fugâ  
Evasit hostes, stat procul arduo  
De monte respectans, et omnes  
Aure sonos bibit inquietâ.  
Erexit undas sic *Mare* turbidum,  
Ut signa vidit prætereuntia,  
*Fluctusque* pendentes utrimque  
Ut *Scopuli* steterunt acuti. 570  
*Chrystallini* non *mœnia lympha*  
*Mundi* figurâ plus stabili manent,  
Ex elaborato nitentùm  
*Marmore* consolidata aquarum.  
Non audet *Ammis* ad mare progredi,  
Fontem revisit mentis inops suum.  
*Nato* latebrosos recessus  
*Fons* aperit, gremiùmque *victo*.  
Circùm tremiscunt culmina *Montium*,  
Multusque *Collis Montibus* adsilit, 580  
Ut matris abscondunt sub alis  
Se teneri *trepidantque Pulli*.  
Gaudere visum fluctivagum *mare*,  
Gaudere *Flumen* nobile, nec fuit  
*Fugisse*, post *Montes fugaces*,  
*Mobilibus* pudor ullus *Undis*.  
Nobis nocebit nil *fuga Montium*,  
Versi nocebit nil *fuga Fluminis*.  
I *Flumen*, i *formidolosum*,  
Et pavidi procul ite *Montes*. 590  
*Æquare* summis ima valet *Deus*.  
Discent in *altum plana* tumescere,  
*Vallesque* *turgescent*, ferentque  
Attonito capita alta cœlo.  
*Fontemque Flumen* si repetis tuum,  
*Fontem* refundet dura *silix* novum ;  
Nec saxa cessabunt, nec ipsæ  
*Flumina* suppeditare *rupes*.

Sic cecinit sanctus *Vates*, digitósque volantes  
Innumeris per fila modis trepidantia movit, 600  
Intimâque elicit *medici* miracula plectri.  
Audivère sonum, et victi cessère furores.  
At non *Invidiæ Sauli* de pectore cessit  
Indomitus *Serpens* ; vocem nihil ille salubrem,  
*Incantatoris* nihil irrita carmina curat.  
Fingit adhuc morbum, et spumas agit ore *Tyrannus*,  
Et verum falso scelus excusare furore  
(Heu nimium ingratus tantæ oblitusque salutis !)  
Sperat, adhuc miser, et nequicquam mente receptâ.  
Jamque inopinatam sustollens fervidus *hastam* 610  
(Quam caram sibi pro *Sceptro* gestare solebat)

Dentibus infrendens, oculisque immane minatus,  
Pectora *Jessidæ* crudeli destinat ictu,  
Dulcia dum sacræ renovat medicamina vocis,  
Nil meritis metuensve mali ; volat illa per auras,  
Stridens, oppositoque dat irrita vulnera muro.  
Námque polo lapsus *Miles cælestis* ab alto  
Detorsitque manu, *justoque errore* fefellit.  
O cæcas hominum vires, frustrâque superbas !  
Arma sui dextram *Domini* mandatâque fallunt, 620  
Ni jubeat *Deus* infirmumque impellat acumen.  
Vulneris ille tui jam *felicitissimus error*,  
Tam benè *Gilboacis* non deludèris in arvis !  
Indè tuam excipiet gentem, et *fatalia* sceptrâ  
*Jessides*, manèsque tuos ea fama (sub imo  
Siquid res hominum mersos *Acheronte* movebunt)  
Semper morte novâ et *fecundo vulnere* rodet.  
Hinc *Deus* ipse tuas dedit illi evadere fauces  
Incolumem, hinc *Parcas* jam fila extrema legentes  
Instaurare opus, et telam producere jussit. 630  
Ille fugam celerans vix duro elapsus ab hoste  
Sentit adhuc ; sed et arma sequi, sed et agmina credit  
A tergo ; creditque hastam exaudire volentem.  
Nec frustrâ ; tantos causa urget honesta timores,  
Ipsâque *Formido* illius *divina futuri* est.  
Nam superaccensa est fato violentia *Regis*,  
Et quæ *Jessiden* non fixit lancea, *Saulum*  
Vulnerat hæc ipsum ; salvo jam nescit *honore*  
Exuere insanam mentem, nec judicat esse  
*Regis*, inexpletum *crudumque* relinquere crimen. 640  
Ergo manum lectam juvenum quos ipse furentes  
Impulerat monitis, scelerumque incoxerat usu,  
Vi, ferro, jubet incautum superare *Davidem*,  
Errorémque suum successu abolere *nefasto*.  
Sic animo *Saulus*, contrâ *Deus* omnia volvit.  
Intereâ *Michole Jessides* multa timenti,  
Multâque ploranti *curisque decentibus ægræ*,  
(Námque oculis plus illa suis, plus lumine cœli  
Dilexit, non *ipsa* minis dilecta, *Maritum*)  
Facta refert, et parva sui discrimina lethi. 650  
Forte super *Micholes* dotalia tecta, ubi et *Hortus*  
*Æthereus* mirâ florebat *pensilis* arte,  
Parvum ubi multa nemus pandebat citrea malus,  
Quamque dedit lucem cœli vicinia, flavis  
Reddebat pomis, ut *Solis lumina Stella* ;  
Lenti incedebant manibusque oculisque plicatis,  
Plurimaque alloquio lenibant tristia dulci.  
Cum *Michole* (visus nam plusquam *aquilinus* aman-  
tùm est) 659  
Heu veniunt diri, veniunt, exterrita clamat,  
*Carnifices* ; equitum video agmen, equósque frementes  
Audio ; clarescunt mediis in frondibus arma,  
Sævaque per densam transmittunt fulgura silvam.  
Tolle gradum citus, et propera, fuge quolibet, inquit,  
Ne morere, O *Conjux* ; fuge dictis ocyus ; adsunt ;  
Quid nos, quid vinco junxit pater ipse jugali,  
Voce vocans in sacra *Deum*, populúmque libentem ?  
Bis centum meruisse nihil præputia credit ?  
Ingratus ! Sudor, sanguis, bellique labores  
Dos tibi noster erant. Tum pleno uberrima fonte

Discurrit, vocisque vicem pia lacryma servat. 670  
 Mox iterum; Nihil efficiet; per aperta fenestras  
 Hinc te demittam incolumem; tu qua via caeca,  
 Arripe iter; fuge mi Coniux; non haec tibi dico  
 More meo, *invisa* est tua jam *praesentia* primum.  
 Ille refert contra; O cunctis praestantior una  
 Coniugibus!—*Michole* dicturum plurima molli  
 Occupat amplexu, et raptim multa oscula turbat.  
 Dum lacrymas *Luctus*, ac gaudia miscet *Amoris*,  
 Parce, ait, incassum pretiosa effundere verba,  
 Aspice quanta tuae tristis *vicinia* mortis. 680  
 Ergo alacer paret dictis; haec callida lecto  
*Jessidae* *Statuam*, mira factam arte reponit;  
 Jamque manus juvenum sese in penetralia fundit  
 Dedita moram sceleris, jamque ensibus ipsum  
 Illum ipsum exposcunt, et verba haud mollia jactant.  
 At *Michole* laudanda parat mendacia contra,  
 Docta *piam fraudem*, ac dives muliebribus armis,  
 Flet scinditque comas, et luctisono ululatu  
 Tecta replet; tum sic bene ficto pectore fatur.  
 Quid facitis? quem vos prohibetis *vivere*, duri, 690  
 Huic ipsam misero *mortem*, et *sua fata* negatis?  
 Quæritis exitium *Jessidae*? parcite *Vobis*;  
 Nil opus est *Scelere*; ardentis vis improba morbi  
 Jamdudum inservit Patri, et vos esse nocentes  
 Non sinit; ecce illum jamdudum *Lingua Oculique*  
 Deficiunt; tantam frustra quid *perditis* iram?  
 Non *Mortem*, nec *Vos*, nec vestros sentiet *Enses*.  
 Si vos innocui sitis urget tanta cruoris;  
 (Me miseram!) facite ut lubet, et satiate furorem.  
 Nec faciet *brevis hora* minus; nec tempore longo 700  
 Restabo infelix; Tum lumina jussa decoro  
 Imbre madent, mirisque oculis dolor affiat honores.  
 O quem non *Luctus* dominæque potentia *Formæ*  
 Viribus admixtis frangent? turba impia discit  
*Credere* jamprimum et *miserescere*; linquere mæstem  
*Tristis* et ipsa domum properat; Statua ipsa recumbit  
 Fasciolisque voluta caput, stratoque Sepulta  
 Purpureo, atque refert *morientis mortua* vultum.  
 Lugentes famuli circum tacitque ministrant,  
 Et medicinalis panduntur fercula pompæ, 710  
*Triste ornamentum* mensæ; dat et arte locata  
 Horrorem obscurum non clara lucerna cubili;  
 Scilicet ista *favent fraudi*; at supra omnia *Numen*,  
 Suffudit spectantium oculos caligine *sacrâ*.  
 O tandem nullo *felix* in crimine, cessa  
 Virtutem imbelli frustra tentare duello,  
 O *manibus* decepte tuis, *oculisque tuorum*!  
*Saulus*, ut haec audit, Quis talia crederet, inquit?  
 Illum igitur, *bis quinque virum qui millia fudit* 720  
 Illum, animam segni tandem deponere letho?  
 Nimirum *Deus* hunc fertur defendere sontem;  
 Sonsve insonsve fuit, defendat; sit precor illi  
 Talis membrorum modus et concordia justa  
 Qualis erat primis olim mortalibus, ante  
 Quam *Scelus*, aut sceleris *Morbi* dignissima merces  
 Robora fregissent subito nativa veneno;  
 Nostrum immane odium est, totumque explere *Davidem*  
*Integer* haud poterit; quid se laudem addit in istam

*Adjutrix* *Fortuna* mihi? memorabile nil est  
*Partitâ* in poenâ. Pereuntem extinguere lucem 730  
 Quid juvat? exhaustæ quid *facem* emittere vitæ,  
 Et pænè *attritum* feriendo abrumpere filum?  
 Usque adeone humilem mea vera et nobilis ira  
 Se dabit? Ah meliùs! *solennis* *victima* nobis  
*Jessidæ* vita est, et non nisi *opima*, litabit.  
 Nondum vindictæ maturus, *crescat* in iram  
 Pinguescâtque meam; tunc ipse libidine quantâ  
 Singultantem animâ multum luctante videbo,  
 Pugnântemque diù et *productâ* morte cadentem?  
 Quid loquor? aut quò nunc vindictam differo seram 740  
*Cunctator*?  
 Forsitan et pietas stulta et clementia segnis  
 Juratusque meo *Samuel* malus hostis honori,  
 Quæ mihi nunc fixa est, mutabunt denique mentem.  
 Adde quod et nostræ vindex *Fortuna* querelæ  
 Implicitum tenet, et fugiendi copia nulla est;  
 Hasta impunè erret, jam sæpè ferire licebit,  
 Et geminare ictus, totumque haurire cruorem.  
 Si fato oppetere, et placidâ jam morte necesse est;  
 At videam extremos trepidanti pectore sensus 750  
 Fundentem, atque oculos optato funere pascam.  
 Ergo agite hûc, juvenes, *Jessiden* sistite nobis,  
 Expirantem animam licet, et suprema gementem.  
 Jam pulchræ apparent latè vestigia fraudis;  
 At *Michole* irati jussa incusare *Mariti*,  
 Crudelèsque minas, et vim præterdere facto.  
*Saulus* ut haec; vix immodicâ se sustinet irâ,  
 Volentèsque premit luctanti pectore curas,  
 Amens, et rubris suffectus lumina flammis.  
 Sic olim *Hircanæ* metuenda *potentia* silvæ, 760  
 Indomitus *Leo*, cui rabiem jejunia longa  
 Addiderant, siquem Incautum procul ire juvenum  
 Aspicit, ille jubam quassat, dapibusque futuris  
 Accingit sese lætus, tum caeca viarum  
 Speratam si fortè tegunt erroribus escam,  
 Deludantque famem, torquet flammantia circum  
 Lumina, et irato tellurem vulnerat ungue,  
 Horrendumque fremens silvas rimatur opertas;  
 Nil opus est *vento*, trepidant *formidine* frondes,  
 Speluncisque feras timor *abdit* et *urget* in ipsis. 770  
 Mæstus ubique horror, nemorumque silentia vasta,  
 Non audet turbata rugitum imitari *Eccho*.  
 In medio silvæ immensæ quæ proxima *Ramam*  
*Obtegit*, *illustratque* verendi nominis umbrâ,  
 Inclita sanctorum sita sunt *Collegia* *Vatum*,  
 Sub magnis juvenum fervens ubi turba *Magistris*,  
 Ad sacros effusa pedes didicere silentes,  
 Cordâque cœlesti stiparunt cerea melle.  
 Succrescunt palmo veluti radicibus alta  
 Germina, rore *Dei*, et materno lacte repasta, 780  
 Nunc parva, haud umbras olim factura minores.  
 Non tam *mole* suâ quam *fundatore* superbit  
 Grata *Domus*, nollet *Samuelis* nomine marmor  
 Aut mutare aurum; tantum decus addidit *author*.  
 Hanc pius extruxit *Vates*; modicòsque et honestos  
 Suffecit redditus, paupertatèque *decoram*.  
 Nec sese tantum *dextra* tamen illa benignæ,

Quam *Lingua* debere putat, quæ prodiga sacros  
 Explicuit census, magnique æraria cœli.  
 Doctores illic *Samuel* cunctosque *Prophetas* 790  
*Sub pedibus* lætos vidit; nec gloria tanta  
 Quod *docuere* alios, quàm quod *didicere* sub illo.  
 Quadrata exiguis includitur area tectis;  
 Nam non illa *Artis* fabricavit inepta libido,  
 Sed *Naturæ* usus, quæ gaudet *maxima parvo*.  
 Intus quadratæ viridis stat porticus umbræ,  
 Et densæ *Solis* propellunt spicula *Laurus*,  
 Securæ cœli, rapidosque ad fulguris ictus  
 Impavidæ; in medióque argentea vena salubris  
 Exiliebat aquæ, violatæ carcere nullo 800  
 Marmoris, aut tristi plangentis vincla susurro,  
 Sed lætæ topho viridi, argutisque lapillis.  
 Non minùs illa tamen, corpus purgare, levare  
 Apta sitim, aut sacros accedere *pauper* ad usus.  
 Hic sua cuique data est *cella*, et sua cuique *supellex*  
 (*Lautities* veterum *Sanctorum* et *copia dives*)  
 Sponda brevis, scamnum, necnon ex abiete eodem  
 Mensa tripes; portam clausissent plura volenti  
 Inferre; antiqui *pomæria* *justa Necessi*  
 Servantes, pulchræque *ausi contemnere Vana*. 810  
 Fallimur heu! nec magna opulentum aut plurima red-  
 dunt,  
 Sed forma, ac generi benè respondentia vitæ.  
 Impedit, atque *onerat* dominum *numerosa supellex*,  
 In *parvâ* congesta *domo*. Ponè altera surgit  
 Altior, atque usu cultúque augustior ædes.  
 Ad latus hïc lævum se pandunt *Aula*, *Scholæque*.  
*Bibliotheca* tenet dextrum, et *Synagoga*, precantum  
 Nunquam muta choro. Stat plurima fagina mensa  
 Ornamentum *Aulæ*; non invidiosa, nec impar  
 Pellibus instratis, quibus est circumdata, *Lectis*. 820  
 Accumbunt primi capitisque comæque verendæ  
*Doctores*, *Socii* in gremiis jacuere recepti.  
 At *Juvenes* infra benè læti rebus egenis  
 Graminibus super aggestis, ulvæque palustri  
 Decumbunt; *Lectos*, *Mensasque Dapsèque* ministrat  
 Terra ferax, et *Sole Coquo* convivæ gaudent.  
*Bibliotheca* fuit paucis decorata libellis,  
 Non onerata malis; nondum insatiata libido  
 Scribendi (pestis jucunda) invaserat orbem,  
 Nec *Medicina Artes* curandis mentibus aptæ 830  
 In *morbum* fuerant *ipsæ* scabiémque pudendam  
 Conversæ, quæ nunc latè *contagia* serpunt.  
 Scilicet hos importunos exclusit *Amantes*  
*Virgo Musa*, novæ gemmanti in flore juventæ  
 Spectari pavida, et vultum velata modestum.  
 Nunc fugit amplexus *Meretrix* deperdita nullos,  
 Garrula, vana, procax, *cultu mendica superbo*,  
 Et *populo* compressa (nefas) parit horrida *Monstra*.  
 Quis furor hic tanto frustrà sudare labore  
*Desidiam*, miseróque insanæ more *Sibyllæ* 840  
 Scribere, quæ volitent vacuis ludibria *Ventis*?  
 Diversas illic artésque modósque videres,  
 Queis brevis atque fugax *Verborum Natio vitam*  
 Exiit *aeriam*, et firmum sibi vindicat ævum.  
*Tesserulis* quædam leviter commissa caducis,

Ast alia in solido deposta fideliter *ære*,  
*Palmarum* hæc foliis vano mandata labore  
 Ni cognata *Oleum* præberet *Cedrus* amicum.  
 Hïc longa arboreis scribuntur carmina *libris*,  
 Tam bene florenti non *vixit* in arbore cortex; 850  
 Illic *Pictoris* signata *elementa* videres,  
 Hïc *Textoris* acu, doctæque volumina vestis.  
 Illic ceratósque stilo perarante tabellas,  
 Ast hic membranas tenues, biblónque palustrem,  
 Tunc rudia, atque artis nova tentamenta futuræ,  
 Nec non et paries perfungitur ipse *Scholarum*  
 Munere *librorum*; totus describitur orbis,  
 Æquoræque viæ, sparsæque per æquora terræ,  
 Ætheriæque Plagæ, palantésque æthere *Stelle*.  
 Adduntur *Sententiolæ*, monitúsque verendi, 860  
*Historiæque* breves; pars clara et aperta legenti,  
 At pars *Niliacis* animantium obscura *figuris*.  
 Hic sociatorum *sacra Constellatio Vatum*  
 (Quos felix virtus evexit ad æthera, *nubes*  
*Luxuriæ* suprâ, *Tempestatésque Laborum*)  
 Dispersit latè radios, tenebrásque fugavit,  
 Doctrinæ effundens *Lucem Influxúmque* benignum.  
 Astrorum *Nathanus* virésque viásque latentes,  
 Aureæque explicuit superi penetralia mundi,  
*Haud magico* cœlis deducens Sydera versu; 870  
*Sol* ut utrósque *polos* conversâ luce salutet  
 Gaudentes; sequiturque volubilis *Annus* euntem.  
 Quam gravibus numeris *argentea Scena* supernè  
 Procedit, quantâque coercita *lege* vagatur  
 Ipse quidem *Vates*, sed enim nil debuit *Astris*;  
 Contemmens *Rivos*, et *Fonte* repletus ab ipso  
*Materiam* ingenti *Mahol* insectatur amore,  
 Per gyros, per mæandros, per cæca viarum  
*Venator*, fugit illa levis, premit ille fugacem,  
 Orâque vertentem, et tentantem evadere furto. 880  
 At solidas signare notas in *pulvere docto*  
*Gaddus*, et *æternas* gaudet *turbare figuras*.  
 Necnon et longe *Numeros* sine fine vagantes  
 Producit *patiens Comes*; exuperabile nunquam  
 Tentat adire jugum, *punctóque* ascendit ab *Uno*,  
*Pyramidem inversam*, et crescentem semper acervum.  
 Defunctis victura struit monumenta *Seraias*,  
 Condit aromaticâ prohibétque putrescere laude.  
 Et quos præteriti vastum *Mare Temporis* annos  
 Absorpsit, fundo petit *Urinator* ab imo. 890  
 Quam celer *occasus*, tardúmque sit *incrementum*  
 Imperiis; et quæ fabricat solertia *Fatum*  
 Edocet; at *Samuel* divina oracula fidus  
 Explicat interpres; nec cæcos more ferarum  
 Sed lætos parere homines jubet, atque scientes.  
 Sæpè etiam abreptus mentis violentibus alis,  
*Temporis* ingreditur penetrabilia celsa futuri,  
*Implumésque* videt *nidis* cœlestibus annos.  
 Hæ reliquæque Artes hic excipiuntur amico  
 Hospitio tantum; poterat sed sancta *Poesis* 900  
 Hoc nata atque educta loco, et regnare videri.  
 Non magis assiduo resonat domus aurea cantu  
 Angelici cœli; nullo non spirat ab ore  
 Carmen; dulcisonúmque chorum moderantur *Asaphus*



*Hemanúsque*, ambo genio eccellente *Poetae*,  
 Voce pares liquidá, digitisque *loquacibus* ambo.  
 Parte aliá *Synagoga* pio pulcherrima luxu  
 Splendebat (nam sunt illic *dispendia frugí*)  
 Perstringunt oculos auro laquearia fulvo  
 Spectantum; sed quos recreant aulæa vicissim 910  
 Cœruleo, *sacróque* colore; illic prece forti  
 Térque die soliti *vim cælo* inferre *volenti*,  
 Térque die sanctum *Mosis* versare volumen,  
 Térque piis, totisque *Deum* resonantibus *Hymnis*,  
 Exercent lætam stadio *septemplici* vocem.  
 Talis erat quondam, tam celso *Musa* volatu  
 Sprevit humum, *generis* memor, atque *superba* *decenter*.  
 Carmen erat, *Deus* hunc *Mundum* quâ voce *loquutus*;  
 Námque priús tenebræ diffundebantur inanes,  
 Immensúmque *Nihil*, *Vacutque* informis hiatus. 920  
 Plenus ubique sui, propria *ipse* *Palatia* sedit  
 Omnipotens, sese contentus et *Omnia solus*.  
 Ille autem totus *Bonitas*, *Sapientia* totus,  
 Totus *Amor*, voluit *gratis* producere cuncta;  
 Cuncta *Voluntati*, nondúm *producta* gerebant  
*Artifici* morem, et latè capita alta ferebant.  
 Antè alia imperio citiús sese extulit ingens  
 Immane, indigestum *Aliquid*; sine lumine formæ,  
 Et sine honore jacens; (*Monogramma Exordia mundi*!)  
*Festinasse* illud scires, dum sancta capescit 930  
 Jussa libens, rebúsque aliis præcurrere gaudet.  
 Hoc tamen in gremio, et *nil promittente* recessu,  
 Ditia cunctarum glomerantur semina rerum.  
 Emicat hinc subitò lucenti vortice *Flamma*,  
 Ascendítque *Polum*, et multo sese implicat orbe;  
 Olli se jungit comitem et vestigia tentat  
 Fusus circùm *Aer*; *Tellus* onerosa gravísque  
 Ad *Mundi* medium nativo pondere se dat  
 Mersa mari; sed mox densæ penetralia terræ  
 Vasta aperit *Pater*, et magnum descendere *Pontum*, 940  
 Voce jubet, penitúsque cavis habitare latebris.  
 At timidi contra non audent hiscere fluctus,  
 Inque uterum terræ sine murmure delabuntur.  
 Convexa accendit cœli meliore metallo,  
 Jámque nova arcano prorumpit *gloria* fonte,  
 Atque implet *Solem* exundans; hinc flumine vivo  
 Lucis inexhaustæ mundum se spargit in omnem  
 Magnum, quo facta est, *Numen* studiosa referre.  
 Inde rudem *Lunæ* massam, simpléxque polivit  
 Voce opus, et radios aurato *pectine* compisit. 950  
 Surge, ait, et mœstæ regnum vigil accipe noctis;  
 Surrexit, traxítque sacræ vaga *Syrmata* lucis.  
 Attollunt famulas hinc atque hinc *sidera* tædas,  
 Et pulchram cingunt *Dominam*, et comitantur euntem.  
 Turget humus foecunda, et pubescentibus herbis  
 Miratur risúmque suum, insolitósque colores.  
 Jámque iter aerium radunt impunè volantes,  
 Exultantque alacres passim formidine nullá,  
 Nondum *luxuries* illis *humana* minata est,  
 Nondum læthalis modulamina rupit arundo. 960  
 Tum magnum tenui cecinerunt gutture *Numen*  
 Securæ fraudum; *Numen* námque omnia laudant,  
 Fluctivagi *Pisces*, *mutum genus*; illius ipsi

Munus erant, *Montsque* maris, volventia *Cele*,  
 Quique suas parvo superant vix corpore arenas.  
 Inde feræ immissæ silvis, cœlestia jussa;  
 Quidnam ultrá potuit; *Cæli Terræque* *catenam*,  
 Ipsum *Hominem* potuit; quo miscuit omnia in uno:  
 Admirandum opus, et *compendia ditia Mundi*.  
 Tum verò magni *monitrix* *elementia* *Patris* 970  
 Carmen erat, *rareque* *iræ*, fulménque *coactum*,  
 Impia cum *sacras* damnassent crimina terras,  
 Unda ruens victrix magno sonitúque ruináque  
 Omnia vasta dedit; frondentia tecta volucrum  
 Implicuère hilares frustrá, *nova retia*, pisces.  
*Naufragium* passa est *Natura*; os *Phæbus* ab alto  
 Extulit, et solos percussit lumine fluctus.  
 Non tamen hæc homines memori sub pectore condunt  
 Insani, fervétque iterúm furiosa libido;  
 Cum subitò ardescunt nubes, incendia cœlo 980  
 Tetra micant, totúsque *in pœnam* excandet *Olympus*.  
 Mox *Sodomas* tabescentes, liquefactáque tecta  
 Corripuit rapidus flammanti sulphure nimbus,  
 Senserunt *vivi* membris crepitantibus ignem  
 Qui nunc æternúm miseros post funera torret.  
 Longè alia implicuit pestis *Pharaona* superbum.  
 Cum fluctus *conjurati*, et *comnilito* ventus  
 Auxilium *Abramidis* tulerant; pecus omne profundi  
 Miratur, *Regúmque* sedent in curribus aureis  
*Regum* corporibus satiati; in gurgite toto 990  
 Apparent semesi artus, natat unda cruore,  
 Nec *Mare* jam *vano* censetur nomine *Rubrum*.  
 Plurimus ipse etiam in carmen veniebat *Abramus*,  
 Cujus *iter* genti mansurum in sæcula nomen  
*Hebrææ* dedit, et *Moses*, *Nunni*que propago  
 Bellipotens; quantósque illi fregere Tyrannos,  
*Sihonem*, membrisque superbum ingentibus *Oggum*,  
*Zipporidemque* *Hohamúnque* trucem, fortémque *Debi-*  
*rum*,  
 Quos dextrá *Isacidum* divina potentia stravit.  
 Sic fragilis vitæ fugientia tempora prendunt, 1000  
 Pacatisque animis cœlum *labuntur* in ipsum.  
 Non illos aurum perstringit fulgure sacro  
 Dulce malum, ignotum sæclis quibus *Aurea* *Nomen*.  
 Cujus nunc ergo sudore ad tartara multo  
 Heu non à miseris tantúm *effossoribus* itur.  
 Quantum ó stultorum turbam superabat *avaram*  
 Dives opum contemptus, et ingens *copia mentis*!  
 Non illos *Bombyx* pretioso sedulus ornat  
*Funere*, nec Tyrio deformant corpora fuco,  
*Gloria*, nunc animis æternóque empta dolore, 1010  
 Aura illic visa est levis, et sine pondere nomen.  
 Accipit ingenium fessos durúmque cubile,  
 Quóddque benè extremi jubeat meminisse *sepulchri*.  
 In medium facilis per silvam quæritur esca,  
 Nec populant fluvios crudeli, aut aera ventre,  
 Nec crudo hesternas accusant pectore cœnas.  
 Conturbat nunquam tali *Natura* paratu,  
 Hæc bona *mundities* animi est; *rubigine* nullá  
 Inficitur vitii, nitidum sic sordibus ævum  
 Deterget miseris, puróque incedit amictu. 1020  
 Hinc Deus intrat agens sacro præcordia motu,

Nec propriam cœli *præsentior* incolit ædem.  
 Hinc alacres justo funguntur munere *Sensus*,  
 Nec titubant, revocantve gradum, *Ratione* magistrâ.  
 Hinc simulacra animo depingit mystica *Somnus*  
 Molliter in victos simul ac defluxit ocellos.  
 Transilit admisso præsentia *Tempora* saltu,  
*Ætatumque* inter *silvas*, et amœna vireta  
 Ambulat, atque *annos* jam nunc exire parantes,  
*Frændque mordentes* cernit; micat undique fati 1030  
*Ordo ingens*, valvæque patent, longique recessus.  
 O *fortunatos nimium*, et *bona qui sua norunt!*  
 O quàm præcelso despectant culmine mundum!  
 Et nubes rerum, et jactatum turbine *Saulum!*  
 Hæc domus hospitio *Jessiden* læta recepit  
 Solantem curas, et densa pericula cantu,  
 At manus hûc juvenum (quò non penetraverit *ira*  
*Invidiæque* oculus?) *Regisque suoque* furore  
 Sæva venit; votis *damnati* immanibus omnes.  
 Segnis erat qui non pestem *juraverat* amens 1040  
*Jessidæ*, membrumque aliquod *promiserat* ensi.  
 Sic *absens* totum partita est *Ira* cadaver.  
 Jámque adsunt, subitòque afflantur corda sereno,  
 Ignotum insinuat sese per pectora cœlum.  
 Lascivit paulatim horror, vultusque recedit  
 Fulgur atrox; et jam pacato sidere vernat.  
 Venarum casto gaudentes flumine rivi,  
 Lenè micant; signat, divinus tempora candor.  
 Mira *dies* frontis, sacro quæ fusa *pudore*  
*Prima rubet*; ponit belli cædisque cupido, 1050  
 Dum Numen pacis celebrant, et carmina fundunt  
*Pacis opus*; bis jámque alios, bis lusus eisdem  
 Miserat exemplis, ipsum jam plena *Tyrannum*  
 Ire lubet rabies læsamque ulciscier iram.  
 Cum melior subitò furor implet mentem animumque

Pérque omnes *sensus*, pérque intima pertinet ossa.  
 Tum chlamidem illusam gemmis, auróque rigentem  
 Exuit, et capitis deponit nobile pondus.  
 Ah puduit regni decus atque insignia ferre  
 Turpe jugum vitii, et servilia jura ferentem; 1060  
 Tum primùm *Rex Saulus* erat; *lux una* beatæ  
 Instar habet *vitæ*, et longum præponderat ævum.  
 Miratur populus, dictumque emanat ubique,  
 Ipsum etiam vatam turbæ se adjungere *Saulum*.  
*Balamus* sic *Beorides Moabitida* venit,  
 Ut *benedictam* ageret diris et carmine gentem,  
 Et pretio infælix *fatalia* venderet ora,  
 Sic secum; at didicit tandèm (mirabile dictu)  
 Ipso *Asino sapere*, ac *fari* meliora *magistro*.  
 O magnum *Isacidum* decus! ô pulcherrima castra!  
 O arma ingentes olim paritura triumphos! 1071  
 Non sic herbarum vario subridet amictu,  
 Planities pictæ vallis, montisve supini  
 Clivus, perpetuis *cedrorum* versibus altus.  
 Non sic æstivo quondam nitet *hortus* in anno,  
 Frondésque fructusque ferens, formosa secundum  
 Flumina mollis ubi viridisque supernatat umbra.  
 Quid video? *mortem Isacidum* super arma sedentem!  
 Læta sedet, prædámque expectat avara futuram.  
 Plures *Isacidæ* gladios, plura arma parate; 1080  
 Scilicet hæc crebro *Victoria* conteret usu.  
 Cum *Leo* se attollit *Judæ*, torvumque tuetur,  
 Omnia diffugient pressis animalia longè  
*Auribus*; et medio si fortè recumbit in antro,  
 Murmura tum ponent silvæ, metuendâque *Tigris*  
 Prætereuns ipso vel *dormitante* tremiscet.  
 Quæ mala, quis *Judæ* vel prospera fata precatur,  
 Omnia in ipsius caput ingeminata ferentur.





X.

L A T I N P O E M S .

1668.



## NOTE.

The Latin (B.1.) of 'Davideis' naturally took its place after the English. The remainder of the Latin Poems follow, from the text of the first edition (1668). Opposite this is its Title-page. On these Latin Poems see our Memorial-Introduction : II. Critical.—G.



*Abrahami Couleij Angli,*

# Poemata Latina.

In quibus Continentur,

Sex Libri PLANTARUM,

*Viz.*

Duo { HERBARUM.  
FLORUM.  
SYLVARUM.

Et Unus MISCELLANEORUM.

———*Habeo quod Carmine sanet & Herbis.*

Ovid. Met. 10.

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LONDINI,

Typis *T. Roycroft*, Impensis *J. Martyn*, apud

infigne Campanæ extra locum vulgò dictum

Temple-Bar. MDCLXVIII.



A D  
Celeberrimum Collegium  
S. S. TRINITATIS  
in Illustrissimâ Academiâ  
*Cantabrigiensi.*

**S** *Ancta mihi semper Nutrix, & ad ubera cujus  
Jam redeo nimium dulcia pene Senex,  
Accipe parva libens Horti Plantaria nostri,  
Ingenii sicco pauperis orta solo.  
Vberiora quidem Cultrix doctissima, ferre  
Debuit illa tua consita terra manu.  
Debuit, at sacri pars infœcunda laboris,  
Pars (pudet ð) tibi nos inficianda sumus.  
Sed tribulos, loliumque, et viles inter avenas  
Si reperis frugis germina pauca bonæ,  
Hæc mea sunt, dicis ; hæc olim semina cultæ  
Mandavi Terræ ; cætera sponte tulit.*





# PRÆFATIO

AUTHORIS,

*Duobus primis PLANTARUM*

*Libris olim editis, Præmissa.*

## LECTORI.

**C**onsideranti mihi aliquando quàm incredibili studio summi semper Poëta et rura et nemora coluissent, ità ut ubique alias exsulare Musarum regno sibi viderentur, admirari profectò subiit, quo malo astro Plantarum effectum sit, ut nemo adhuc illarum tantam pulchritudinem tantàsque virtutes versu celebraverit. Ingens verè Sylva materia, et innumerabiles deliciarum flores, nec minores utilitatum fructus redditura; quæque præter ipsarum jucundissimam historiam (quæ quàm latè pateat omnes nòrunt, vel potiùs nemo noscere valet) totam humani corporis fabricam et universam Medicinæ rationem complectitur. Unde equidem inducor ferè ut credam illos tantos Viros, non quòd hæc minus apta nata essent Poëtarum cultura, sed infinità rei magnitudine et inexplicabili penè varietate fuisse deterritos, atque ità cum spe absolvendi operis voluntatem abjecisse incipiendi. Ego igitur Homuncio Literarius, vix Algæ prout merita est laudandæ idoneus, id aggrediar quod Semidei illi non ausi refugerunt? Quidni aggrediar scilicet? Illis enim turpe videbatur non Omnia, mihi gloriosum est vel Parùm facere. Satis mihi honori fore putabo si paucis incisum Truncis nomen meum, vel (quod Regale esse dicitur) paucis Floribus inscriptum legatur. Itaque nè tot quidem germina colligata in hunc fasciculum videbis, quot unius Medicamenti compositionem aliquando ingrediuntur; et binos hosce Libellulos tanquam exiguas tibi Pillulas offerre videor, ex diversarum Herbularum quasi farragine confectas, et nitore quodam styli deauratas: quarum quidem in delectu non ità multum laboravi, sed velut sorte ductis aut fortuitò oblati contentus fui, quia nulla ferè sit quæ non abundè succorum possit effundere, si apto modo et artificiosè exprimantur; neque ullam certè invenies tam jejunam

et tam sterilem, ut materiam nequeat ad Librum integrum, si bene excutiat, copiosissimè suppeditare. Modus autem mihi maximè genuinus et proprius huic operæ videtur, non ut illarum vires crudè simplicique enumeratione tanquam in pilà simul contendantur; sed ut lento poëticarum ambagum igne lenique tormento quasi distillando evocentur: neque ea potissimùm conjungenda judicavi quæ vim essent similem naturamque nacta, nè fastidium pareret satietas; sed diversa et quàm maximè discrepantia connectere malui, ut vividius gratiusque ex vicinitate contrariorum colores elucerent. Notas autem breves placuit subjungere, non eruditionis ostentandæ gratià (quæ hïc magna sanè non est; quid est enim facilis quàm unum et alterum Herbarium evolere?) sed quia præter ipsos Medicos (quos ego non docere velle, sed oblectare, præ me fero) non ità multi fortasse Lectores inveniuntur qui in historiis Plantarum satis sint versati ad ipsa aliquarum nomina intelligenda. Est enim pars quædam Philosophiæ extra publicas plateas aut itinera usitata, inter avia atque inculta doctrinæ ferè posita. His igitur mihi vicem Lexici supplere visum est. Sed et ipsarum quoque Plantarum gratià; nè poëtico more tractari fraudi possit esse illarum veræ gloriæ, atque ipse videar non ejusmodi facultates attribuisse quas Natura dederit, (quæ quid esset optimum factu cogitavit, non quid verbis bellissimè possit exornari) sed eas affinxisse quæ materiam præberent ad pompam atque inanem voluptatem uberiorem. Nam quia nobis aliquando mentiri concessum est, eaque libertate immodestè abutuntur aliqui, ità in totum fides omnis abrogatur, ut non sine hesitatione credatur cum dicimus,

O Lærtiade, quicquid dicam, aut erit, aut non.

*Hor. Serm. 2. 5.*



Itaque Testes adhibere volui Idoneos, hoc est, liberâ solutâque oratione usos; ea enim cum Versu comparata solenne Jusjurandum est: duobus autem (qui legitimus est numerus) contentus sum, et Plinium atque Fernelium potissimum elegi, quod Ille sit indubitatae Latinitatis Author, et Hic inter recentiores ut optimus sentiendi, ita non malus dicendi Magister. Priorem verò si quis recuset, tanquam sublestæ Græcorum fidei nimium credentem quam cui tutò credi possit ipsi, profecto ita inveniet nihil ab eo memoratum super hâc materiâ, quod non ab omnibus rei herbariæ scriptoribus repræsentetur. Neque Te tamen, quia Plantarum voces sermonisque hîc audis, tanquam si esses in Sylva Dodonæa, Oracula expectare jubeo, qua in hoc solo vereor nè versus nostri referant, quod fortasse tam mali reperientur quàm quos ipsi Dii olim consulentibus ex adytis suis effuderunt.

Rationem facti mei reddidi. Sed si qui in hunc Librum inciderint qui priorem legerint non ita pridem à me vernaculo sermone editum, metuo nè ansam indè arripiant ad quædam reprehendenda, de quibus abs re non erit purgare me breviter in antecessum. Ac me primò quidem ab aliquibus nimiarum deliciarum et levitatis accusatum iri prævideo, quod susceptis ingentibus argumentis, in ipsis duorum aut trium quasi dierum itinere confecto, aut fatali quadam lassitudine ac desperatione metæ subsistam, aut veluti novo quodam æstro percitus in aliam repente viam me conjiciam; ita ut non solum Dimidium (quod aiunt) sed Tertia pars operis sit semper Toto meo major. Apage (inquierent) Desultorem hunc Pegaseium! at quo spiritu, quo hiatu, quàm præclara minitatus, exordiris!

Bella cano, Fatigue vices.

Tu Bella, ignavissime, qui vel arma tam citò abjicis, vel ad alia castra te proripis, ante Tubam penè Transfuga? vel si pugnam unquam capessis, Gallorum veterum ritu, plus quàm Vir eam inis, plus quàm Mulier statim deseris? At qui Poëmati animum applicat, tanquam si Uxorem duceret, sive gratæ facilisque res, sive duræ et penè intractabiles occurrant, neque tædio ab illo abhorre, neque novis amoribus avocari debet, neque Divortium meditari, neque ullo tempore relinquere, donec ad supremum usque Umbilicum, velut ad Terminum vite naturalem, perduxerit. Atque hoc quidem quod mihi vitio vertunt cum negari non possit, rectè an secus factum sit videamus.

Primum igitur, quod de Vitâ humanâ verissime dictum est, plus quàm mihi opus est in Poëmata mea quadrare suspicor; Optimum esse non Nasci, proximum, quàm ocysimè vitâ fungi, et si ad Omega usque perducantur (quod certè Homerica singulari felicitate adhuc vegeta pervenerunt) magnum esse periculum nè prius delirare incipiant. Solam esse Ineptiarum gratiam, Tempestivè, hoc est, citò, desinere; nimiumque longè progressum esse Authorem qui Lectores suos ponè se relicturus est defatigatos. Hæc, si malè scribimus, facilè brevitatem, non ita facilè susceptionem operis excusabunt; neque tam Inconstantia mea, quod inchoata non absolvam, quàm Constantia damnabitur, quod nova

subindè inchoare non cesse, nimiumque (Fortunæ more) Constans in Levitate meâ videbor. Sin ea quæ tibi apponimus (quod è utinam, Lector!) arrideant stomacho tuo, bonè profectò consulere debes, quod è moderatione utamur, ut neque Esurientem Te, neque nimium cibo oneratum ac nauseabundum, dimittamus. Adde quod hæc nostra qualiacunque tentamenta aliorum industriam poterunt forsitan excitare, qui ad eadem vel nobiliora perficienda majori animo majoribusque opibus instructi accedent; sicut Agesilai olim non ita magni in Asiâ progressus, sed in eo genere primi, ad eam totam gloriosissimè subjugandam Alexandro Magno viam aperuerunt. Postremò (nequid tibi Amico (ut spero) dissimulem meo) non tam consilio quàm æstu quodam Mentis hæc ago: nam neque nihil facere possum, neque aliam aberrationem a molestiis habeo; itaque tædio rerum humanarum ad hæc solatia literarum amœniorum (nimium fortasse naturâ consuetudinèque grata) æger animus se confert, et non ita diu postea, earum ipsarum subeunte paulatim odio, interrupto cursu ad alia deflectit. Gravius autem instare, et quasi meo me gladio ferire, videbuntur, qui ea mihi in memoriam redigent quæ contra veterum fabularum in re poëtica usum, exoletarum jam et repetitâ millies interpolatione tritarum, tam atroci indignatione declamaverim, cum ipsa Veritas, in sacrosancto Dei Volumine et reverendis Ecclesiæ monumentis, novum Ingeniis hominum et ampliorem ditiorèque Mundum Poëticum patefecerit.

Hæc tu (inquierent) cum et dixeris ipse, omnibus bonis applaudentibus, et exemplum aliis in Davideide tuâ dederis, tanquam Apostata Judeus, fastidito Mannâ, ad Ægyptiorum allia capàsque reverteris? post adventum Christi ipsius in carmen tuum Dæmoniorum Oculis silentium imponentis, iterumne Apollinis vocem è Tripode tuo profano audiemus? recuperatam ex Monstris et purificatam Sionem iterumne illa pulsorum Deorum Nekuia occupabit? et (quod Propheta tanquam Ultimam in malis minitatur) Occurrent Dæmonia Onocentauris, Isa. 3 et Pilosus clamabit alter ad alterum? At hoc non minùs Musæ tuæ pudendum ac miserandum videri debet, quàm si recidiva Magdalena rediret ad Lupanar. Et vide quàm te pœna peccati tui non sequatur, (ut scelestos solet) sed certè comitetur: ipsa materiæ humilitas tibi pennas subsecat; cum Herbulis tuis humo affixus es; non potes hîc, ut olim, In altos nubium tractus. Neque Te quidem, tanquam Vulcanum illum (jam tuum iterum) in fabulis, cum è Cælo decideris, claudicare miramur.

Vehemens accusatio, et primâ facie terribilis! Ego verò illud quod admiranda Dei opera celebrat non longè abesse arbitror à sacro Poëmate; multarum autem Plantarum viribus vix quicquam reperiri potest in natura rerum admirabilius: itaque inter alia sonantiora, hoc etiam nomine à divino Poëta Numen laudatur, Quod producat in montibus foenum, et herbam usibus humanis. Neque ea (puto) Libertas impudenter sumpta videbitur, quâ Loquentes eas introducam, cum et Sacer ipse Codex alloquatur illas tanquam Intelligentes. Benedicite universa germinantia in terrâ Domino, laudate et super-exaltate eum in sæcula. Non sunt habenda pro Men-

daciis, quæ neque credi possunt, neque credi sibi postulant. Quod autem aliquando Deorum nomina et Transformationum fabulæ intermisceantur, ipsa profectò materia me cœgit invitum ut id facerem, quæ aliâ ratione noluit splendescere, si hæc modò splendeat. Nulla picta vestis nativo Veritatis, habitu vivitsque coloribus pulchrior existimanda est; sed aliquid personis et aliquo in loco potest esse convenientior. Nè Regem quidem ipsum aliquando Saltare dedecet; at profectò indecorè faceret, si Saltaret augustum illum indutus ornatum in quo inauguratus est. Non est itaque in hoc opere styli illius Heroici requirenda Majestas (quâ pro comperto habeo nullam unquam Plantam fuisse usam;) quoniam nullo hæc modo Volare animus est, sed pauca quædam in Horto spatia sanitatis partim gratiâ, partim delectationis, Ambulando conficere.

Tertium restat, et quod difficilius fortasse diluetur. Nam et Ipse mecum jamdudum statui finem facere sribendorum Carminum, idque tam solenni more sum professus publicè, ut penè pondus habeat Juramenti; nec negari potest,

Si quidem herclè possim nil prius, neque fortius.

Enuch. Scen. I.

Ecce autem de novo. Quâ de re quoniam versibus rationem reddere me memini, lubet sanè (quod Poëtam posse suo jure facere Martialis affirmat) Epistolam iis claudere. Erant autem ad Amicum Scripti doctissimum ingeniosissimùmque, sed eodem Cacoëthe, quanquam mitioribus, ut aiunt, cum Symptomatis, laborantem.

Ergo iterum Versus? dices. O Vane! quid ergo Morbum ejurasti toties, tibi qui insidet altis

Non evellendus vi vel ratione Medullis?  
 Numne Poëtarum (merito dices) ut Amantum  
 Derisum ridere Deum perjuriam censes?  
 Parcius hæc, sodes, neve inclementibus urge  
 Infœlicem hominem dictis; nam Fata trahunt me  
 Magna reluctantem, et nequicquam in vincla minacem.  
 Helleborum sumpsit, fateor, pulchreque videbar  
 Purgatus Morbi; sed Luna potentior Herbis  
 Insanire iterum jubet, et sibi vindicat agrum.  
 Illa jubet, Calamum posco, victusque trecentos  
 Mane malos fundo Versus; quos jam Furiosus  
 Facto ceu Lapides, ut quisquam occurrit in omnes.  
 Te quoque, Amice, meis, Ἐκατηβόλος ὡσπερ Ἀπόλλων,  
 Missilibus ferio, Δεωὴ δ' ἐπιγλυφετο κλαγγή.  
 Quid facias, homini quem nec \*mala publica possunt,  
 Neve à cantando sua deterrere, vel ipso  
 Frigore vocalem, cæloque plente Cicadam?  
 Nimirum, ut Quædam, bene quam juvenesque senesque  
 Et pueri norunt, Video meliora, proboque:  
 Sed male Naturam Cataphractam armatus inepta  
 Aggredior Furea. Tydides certe Ego non sum,  
 Nec possum superare Deam; cedamus oportet.  
 Tu quoque, ni fallor, qui Mundi arcana futuri  
 Voce tonas populo, mysteria magna locutus,  
 Esset de Cælo Elias tanquam ipse reversus,  
 Nocte, domi paulatim hominem atque humana resumens  
 Post Bacchi calices et fumos nobilis Herbæ,  
 (Nempe scio moderate, ut et ipse quoque utor utrisque)  
 Nectere carmen amas tenerum, lepidoque furore  
 Non sine nequitiiis resolutum ludere doctis.  
 Ergo eadem peccanti æquum est te ignoscere Amico;  
 Nam neque Nos nullo nugarum sine protervi  
 Semper ineptimus, sed habemus scilicet Ipsi  
 Intervals quidem meliorum lucida rerum.

\* Namque hæc omnia scripta sunt paulò ante fœlicissimum Regis reditum.



# PLANTARUM.

## LIB. I.

**I**n fima regna cano, sed longè maxima, *Vitæ*;  
*Plantarum* omnigenùm regna decora cano.  
Quæque ferum in sylvis agitant immanibus ævum,  
Naturæ utentes simplice *Lege* suæ;  
Quæque sub humanâ discunt mansescere curâ,  
Hortorùmque *Urbes*, et data *jura* colunt:  
Quæque levant sursum se *Patris* ad oscula *Solis*;  
Quâsque humiles *Terræ* brachia *Matris* habent:  
Quæ Fontes Fluviosque bibunt; quæ sicca tenentes  
Admittunt solum pro *Ganymede Jovem*:  
Et quascunque sacrum *Judæi Principis* olim  
(Heu miserè amissum!) nobilitavit opus.  
Non Ego, *Nestoreæ quercûs* si suppetat ætas,  
Carminibus cunctas posse referre putem.  
Incipiam tamen, et *Nemoris primordia Sancti*  
Parva, sed *arbores versibus* apta, dabo.<sup>1</sup>  
His alius plures adjunget forsitan *Umbras*,  
Et dignus tandem *Numine Lucus* erit.  
*Numen* ades jam nunc, Divùm doctissime *Phæbe*,  
Et *Plantæ*, et *Vates* nam tua turba sumus.  
Quâque venis, fundas circùm *Lucemque Caloremque*,  
Atque omnis *Vitæ* sit via picta novâ.  
Qualem te sentit *Brumalis vincula Mortis*  
Rumpentem magico lumine vernus ager,  
Ad *Colchos Arias* cum te vehit *Aureus Aureum*,<sup>2</sup>  
Et calida *Arctous* gaudia *Mundus* agit.  
Unde iter ingrediar? nam me blandùm allicit omnis,  
Et pulchris ad se nutibus *Herba* vocat.  
Non ego me methodo astringam serviliter ullâ,  
Sed temerè *Hyblææ* more vagabor *Apis*,  
Quò me spes prædæ, et *generandi gloria mellis*,  
Liberâque *Ingenii* quò feret *ala* mei.  
Non hîc areolis *Hortorum Emblemata* justis  
Prostituent fastus vermiculata suos;  
*Naturæ* sed nos effusa sine ordine dona,  
Ditis, et immensas non numerantis opes,  
Et variæ reverenda imitabimur avia sylvæ.  
*Munera disponit* non nisi *parca* manus.  
Tu primæ *Augurium* da, flave *Diespiter Herba*,<sup>3</sup>  
Et faustum incipiens dirigat *Omen* iter.  
*Omen* adest faustum; bene habet; sperare jubemur:  
Grandia non lævus respicit orsa *Deus*.  
Nam te prima oculis offers, *Vettonica*, nostris;<sup>4</sup>  
Opportuna mihi, *Planta benigna*, venis.

Opportuna venis, generosa *Patrona Cerebri*:  
Si sapis, O *Cerebri* sit tibi cura mei.  
Non te (crede mihi) nihil hoc, *Vettonica*, tangit:  
Tu cave nè malè sit, *Téque Tuûsque* cano.  
Te verò ut merita es, viridis stirps optima *Genis*  
Quis canet? aut tantas vel numerabit opes?  
Ille quidem *Hercyniæ* fœlicia germina *Sylvæ*,  
Et poterit *Pæsti* dinumerare *Rosas*.  
*Musa* tuas justo celebrâsse volumine laudes<sup>5</sup>  
Dicitur, et partem præterisse puto.  
Ipse suos *Cæsar* voluit memorare *Triumphos*.  
Fac, precor, ô *Victrix Cæsare* major, idem.

## NOTES.

1. *Versibus, i.e. Ordinibus.*
2. *Cùm Sol intrat signum Arietis. Ad Colchos, i.e. ad populos septentrionales; hi autem præ cæteris nominantur, quod Arias ille ex Colchide in cælum pervenisse dicitur, ibique vellus ejus Aureum à Phryxo consecratum est.*
3. *Vulgò Jovis cognomen, sed per initia Idololatria Jupiter et Sol distincta Numina non fuerunt; quod etiam confirmatur ex nominis hujus derivatione: sed tamen tollendæ ambiguitatis gratiâ, Epitheton Flavi additur.*
4. *Vettonica, Vettonica, vel Vectonica. Ubi licet antepenultima (ut et in Betonico) à Sereno corripitur; tamen quia penultima in Vettones, seu Vectones, à quibus Herba nomen sine dubio deductum est, à Luciano, cujus multò potior est autoritas, producitur, tutius videtur hunc quàm illum sequi. Luc. libr. 4. Vectonésque leves—*
5. *Antonius Musa, Augusti Medicus.*

## Vettonica.

**Q**UI mea cuncta tibi breviter cupis acta referri,<sup>1</sup>  
Frustrâ es; nam totus non capit illa liber.  
Quâ patet humanus nostra est *Provincia Mundus*,  
Candida purpureum quâ sola *Flumen* obit:  
Porrectum medio cernit quodcunque sub *Axe*  
Seu *Polus* hic *Capitis*, seu *Polus* ille *Pedum*.  
Sed data præcipuè *Capitis* mihi cura regendi,<sup>2</sup>  
Et me *Mens Aulæ* præficit ipsa suæ.

Firmo fatiscentem, et sinuosa palatia purgo,  
*Obscuramque veto Luminis esse domum,*  
 Illa oriunda polo, dilapsa nitentibus astris,  
 Illa *Creatoris Filia magna Dei,*  
 Hei mihi, quàm fragilem pauper jam cogitur ædem,  
 Quàmque ruinosam, *Mens habitare casam!*  
 Pestiferi infelix patitur contagia tecti,  
 Accensæ flammis uritur ipsa *Domus.*  
 Sæpe aliquis Sacri correptus *Fulmine morbi*<sup>3</sup>  
 Procumbit subito, triste *Bidental*, humi.<sup>4</sup>  
 Sæpe *Caput* celeri circum *Vertigine* fertur,<sup>5</sup>  
 Atque *Ixioniâ* Mens agitata *rotâ* est.  
 Sæpe gravis dolor *Incedem* sub vertice tundit,  
 Stat juxtâ *Fornax*, et vigil Igne furit,<sup>6</sup>  
 Sæpe aliquas *Motus* partes *Sensusque* relinquunt,<sup>7</sup>  
 Ambulat (heu monstrum!) *semicadaver Homo;*  
*Mesentî* superat furias, et corpore eodem<sup>8</sup>  
 Conjungit *vivis mortua* membra Lues.  
 Ast alios premit integrâ caligine *Torpor*,<sup>9</sup>  
 Et toto *Lethi pondere sæva Quies.*  
 Heu *Vitam* affinem similêmque per omnia *Morti!*  
 In solâ *Vitam Mors brevitare* refert.  
 Sæpe agitat vanis *Rationem Insania* visis,<sup>10</sup>  
 Et misera in *Somnis ambulat* illa suis.  
 Sæpe etiam absumpto *Nervorum* divite succo,<sup>11</sup>  
 (Quem solâ ætherium cernere *Mente* licet)  
 Perpetuùm vinclis quatiuntur membra solutis  
 Ambigua, et laxo *machina fune* tremit.  
 Hæc, et quæ noceant sacro mala mille *Cerebro,*  
 (Cui mala mille nocent ambitiosa loco)  
 Me *Pater* æterno jussit compescere bello,  
 Et *Regnum* dixit, *Nata*, tuere meum.  
 Ac velut *Aeneâ Mater*,<sup>12</sup> vel *Mater Achilli,*  
 Sic fabricata mihi coelitus arma dedit.  
 Divinum *Folium* informans unum omnia contra<sup>14</sup>  
 Telâque morborum fatiferâsque minas.  
 Additur et *Succi* non enarrabilis humor,  
 Et supero arcanus qui pluit orbe *Calor.*  
*Phæbe Pater*, non me ignavam coelestibus armis  
 Donas, *Rubigo* néve ea carpet iners.  
 Non *Caput* absolvet solùm me crimine tanto,  
 Absolvent *Capiti* subdita *Membra* suo.  
 Cum *Corda* oclusis *Pulmonibus* occupat *Humor*,<sup>15</sup>  
 Aeriósque aditus vis inimica tenet,  
 Imparibus tentat conatibus excutere hostem,  
 Et petit externam languida *Tussis* opem.  
 Me petit; advenio: reseratur semita *Cordis,*  
 Blandâque per notos pertinet aura favos.<sup>16</sup>  
 Vitali *Zephyro* mulcentur *Pectoris* æstus,  
 Mitesciturque tuus, *Torrida zona*, *Calor.*  
 Pellitur à siccis *serpens Quartana* cavernis,<sup>17</sup>  
*Ascitâsque* suis pellitur *Hydrus aquis*.<sup>18</sup>  
 Tristia pelluntur stomachi fastidia crudi,<sup>19</sup>  
 Assiduóque viget læta *culina* foco.  
 Sedatur torti *Tempestas* turbida *Ventris*,<sup>20</sup>  
 Postico iratus murmure *Flatus* abit.  
 Eluitur croceo *Tinctura* inamabilis ore; <sup>21</sup>  
 Gutta feros *Lapides* (nec diuturna) cavat.<sup>22</sup>  
 Lentus inhærescens venis *Lunæque rebellis*<sup>23</sup>

Cogitur *obscanus* præcipitare *Cruor.*  
 Alba sed illiciti hauritur *sentina fluoris*:<sup>24</sup>  
 Hei mihi! *Spurcicies* non *aliena* sat est.  
 Sistitur ipse etiam, *rubroque* remittitur *orbi*<sup>25</sup>  
 Qui velit injussâ *Sanguis* abire viâ.  
 Sistitur insanos *Matrix* motura tumultus,  
 Longinquum telis ausa ferire *Caput.*  
 Maternúsque tumet non fluxo pondere *Venter*; <sup>26</sup>  
*Funera* nec nasci *dimidiata* sino.  
 Sed cùm *Natalis* sacer ingruit *impetus horæ,*  
 Vis eadem inceptum fortior urget opus.  
 Quid quòd et *Articulis Podagram* discedere cogo? <sup>27</sup>  
 Tarda licet, celeri me fugit illa gradu.  
 Quid quòd *Serpentum* furialia pello *Venena*,<sup>28</sup>  
 Et mea *Serpentes dia Venena* necant?  
 Illos subtili ferit arcanâque *Sagittâ,*  
 Et perimit cæco vulnere *acutus Odor.*  
 Sic, *Pater* arcitenens, victum *Pythona* fuisse  
 Arbitror, et succis illita tela meis.  
 Quid quòd de membris per me Dolor omnibus actus,<sup>29</sup>  
 Atque *exul* toto corpore moestus abit?  
 Quid quòd defessis redeunt virésque vigórque,<sup>30</sup>  
 Atque *Offi* fructum percipit ipse *Labor?*  
 Nec miseræ satis est *incommoda* tollere *Vitæ,*  
*Ornatur* donis *luxuriâsque* meis.  
 Per me purpurei formosum *lumen* honoris,  
 Et niveam illustrat gratia viva cutim.<sup>31</sup>  
 Talem me genuit faustis *Hispania* sylvis,  
 Omnibus et terris terra benigna dedit.  
 Nec *Trajanum* Orbi magis est genuisse regendo,  
 Ac *Dominum Domina* læta dedisse suæ.  
 Implevit numerum certè *Laudum* ille mearum,  
 Et mihi multiplici par bonitate fuit.  
 Sed bonus, ah! *Princeps* Fatorum quàm breve donum  
 est?  
 Tantarum exhæres quàm citò *Mundus* opum?  
 At nostrâ æternùm gentes virtute fruuntur,  
 Sùmque *Orbi semper* quod fuit *Ille semel.*

## NOTES.

1. *Vetonica, vel Betonica.* Anglicè *Betony.* *Vettones* in *Hispaniâ* eam invenerunt quæ *Vettonica* dicitur in *Galliâ*, in *Italiâ* autem *Serratula*, à *Græcis* *Cestron* aut *Psychotrophon*, ante cunctas laudatissima. *Exit* anguloso caule cubitorum dulm, spargens folia ferè *Lapathi, serrata, semine purpureo.* *Folia* siccantur in *farinam* plurimos ad usus. *Fit vinum* ex eâ et acetum stomacho et claritati oculorum: tantùmque gloriæ habet, ut domus in quâ sata sit tuta existimetur à piaculis omnibus, *Plin. lib. 25. 8.* Itaque *Italicè* proverbiali elogio dicitur aliquis. Tot virtutes habere quot *Vettonica, scilicet Innumeras.* *Calida et sicca* existimatur recessu secundo, incidendi detergendique vi prædita.
2. *Cerebrum* vel odore solo recreat, *Fernel. et alibi, Cerebrum mirè levat.*
3. *Morbus Comitialis, lepòv vòρηνα* vel quòd à *Diis* immitti crederetur, (et sanè in *Historiâ Evangelii*

*Dæmoniis attribui videtur;* vel quod non nisi divinâ ope sit curabilis, unde veteres incantationibus eam exigere tentabant; vel quod divinam hominis partem occupet; vel quod sit Magnus (unde et Hercules morbus vocatur) Ἰερόν qu. τὸ Μέγα vel quod Detestabilis, ut Auri sacra fames. Comitiales sanat Vettonicæ in Oxymelite drachma, Plin. lib. 26. 11. Comitibus furiosisque medetur, Fernel.

4. Quicquid fulmine tactum sub religione mansit, donec ad prodigii procurationem Ovis bidens immolaretur, vel, ut alii volunt binæ pecudes, unde Bidental dictum est.

An quia non fibris ovium Ergennâque jubente Triste jaces lucis evitandumque Bidental, Persius.

5. Ad vertigines, omnesque Capitis morbos, vel quæ à Capite proveniunt, Vettonica præscribitur.

6. Inflammatio.

7. Paralytin serpentiâque membra persanat. Fernel.

8. Mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis. Componens manibusque manus, atque oribus ora, Tormenti genus—

Virg. de Mezentio.

9. Lethargus.

10. Contra Insanias Vettonica bibitur, Plin. lib. 26. 11.

11. Tremor. Hæc dicuntur ex clarissimi Glyssonii nostri sententiâ (quam veram esse arbitror) de succi nutritii per nervos distributione, quam vide in nobilissimo illius opere de Anatomia Hepatis. Utilissima Vettonica nervis discurrentibus per scapulas humeris, spinæ, lumbis, pota, ut in jecinore, Plin. lib. 26. 11. Nescio quamobrem non omnibus dixerit, nam quæ Cerebro conferunt ea omnia Nervos omnes juvant.

12. Æn. lib. 8. (13.) Thetis Achilli Iliad. 18.

14. Virg.

Divinum clypeum informans unum omnia contra Tela Latinorum—

15. Tussis, Asthma, Phthisis. Vettonica Phthisicis ecligmate cum melle fabæ magnitudine, Plin. l. 26.

11. Ad lateris et pectoris dolores Vettonicæ farina bibitur ex aquâ calidâ, Id. cap. 7. Vettonica obolis tribus in aquâ contra purulentas contrâque cruentas exscreationes, Id. cap. 5. Stomacho et Dyspnææ medetur Vettonicæ tusæ pondo, libra mellis Attici, semuncia ex aquâ calidâ, quotidie bibentibus, Id. cap. 7. Pulmonis, Jecoris, Lienisque vitia expurgat, Fernel.

16. Spongiosos poros pulmonum.

17. Quartanis Vettonicæ drachmam in aquæ mulsæ cyathis tribus, Plin. l. 26. 11. Bibitur in horroribus Vettonicæ farina, quæ omnes horrores coercet, Ib. Siccis, etc. quæ nempe ex Melancholiâ adustâ orta creditur.

18. Præcipua Hydropis species, ab Ἀσκήδς, Utris, Hydropicis Vettonicæ drachmæ duæ in duobus cyathis vini aut mulsi, Plin. Ib.

19. Cruditates quæ nauseam faciunt digerit Vettonica; eadem pota à cænt concoctionem facit, in oxymelitis cyathis tribus drachmæ pondere, et crapulam discutit, Id. c. 11. Vettonica aliâs gravis stomacho, vitia tamen sanat

pota vel foliis commanducata, Cap. 7. Faciles præstat Vomitiones vettonicæ radix, Hellebori modo, 4 drach. in passo aut mulso, Ib. Sistit vomitionem Vettonicæ farina ex aquâ, abstergit fastidia cruditatesque digerit, Ib. Betonica crudorum concoctionem adjuvat; datur acidum ructantibus et stomachicis; dolorem capitis ex ventriculi sympathiâ sedat, Fern. Stomacho laboranti prodest, ejusque concoctionem juvat, Id.

20. Tormina Ventris. Cæliacis in vino austero datur. Tormina discutit quodcumque Panaces et Vettonica, Plin. l. 26, c. 8.

21. Icterus, Morbus Regius. Impugnatur Centaureo potu, Vettonicâ, etc. Id. cap. 12. Regium morbum sanat omnibus denique obstructionibus expediendis et cum febre et sine febre accommodatissima, Fernel.

22. Vesicæ malis contrâque calculos auxilio est Vettonica. Ad Calculos quidam Vettonicam et Verbenacam et Millefolium æquis portionibus ex aquâ pro singulari remedio bibere suadent, Plin. l. 26. 8. Renum lapides exterit, Fernel.

23. Menses ducit, Fernel. Vettonica drachmâ in vini cyathis tribus bibitur contra omnia vulvarum vitia, aut quæ à partu fiunt, Plin. l. 26. 15.

24. Vettonica utilis prægnantibus, et quibus alba sordida illuvies ex utero manat, Fernel.

25. Vettonicæ farina è lacte caprino pota sistit ex ubere fluentem sanguinem, Plin. l. 26. 13. Sed et ad sistendam quamcumque sanguinis fluxionem, nisi mensium, efficax est.

26. Betonica uterum expurgat, et nihilominus corroborat, et conceptum retinet, Fernel.

27. Podagricis inter cætera passim præscribitur, itemque Ischiadicis.

28. Morsibus imponitur Vettonica præcipuè, cui tanta vis perhibetur, ut inclusæ circulo ejus Serpentes ipsæ sese interimant flagellando: datur ad ictus semen ejus denarii pondere cum tribus cyathis vini, vel farina drachmis tribus sextario aque imponitur, Plin. lib. 25. 8. Potu omnia mala medicamenta exigit per alvum Vettonicæ semen in mulso aut passo, vel farinæ drachma in veteris vini cyathis quatuor; vomere cogendi atque iterum bibere. Iis qui quotidie gustent eam nulla nocitura mala medicamenta tradunt, Id. cap. 10.

29. Ad omnes corporis dolores succum Vettonicæ, Id. l. 26. 11.

30. Lassitudinem discutit.

31. Pota colorem plumbeum corporis privatim emendat, gratiorémque reddit, Plin. l. 26. 11.

### Capillus Veneris.

N Ostra Capillaris cum sit domus optima gentis Me Patronam omnes constituere suam;<sup>1</sup> Pro cunctis voluere loqui: numerosa propago, Nec Plantas inter Factio parva sumus. Et Filices, quarum est dominatio lata per agros,<sup>2</sup> Contingunt nostrum proximitate genus.

Quidam etiam ætherios hinc deduxere *Cometas*,<sup>3</sup>  
 Junctaque cum *Superis* germina multa putant.  
 Sed *Consanguineos* libet haud agnoscere tales,  
 Odimus & mores turba benigna feros.  
 Funditur augurio noster meliore *Capillus*,  
 Et non de nihilo nomen *Amoris* habet.  
 Ipsa mihi multum scit se debere *Venustas*,  
 Ipse meis telis retia neccit *Amor*.<sup>4</sup>  
 A me formosi lasciva volumina *Crinis*,  
 Plaudentisque humeros umbra decora comæ.  
 Me cole quisquis amas; lætam nutrire memento  
 Cæsariem, & toto vertice tende plagas.  
 At nudum sine honore caput, tritissque capillis  
 Pannosum, inclusas quàm malè jactat opes?  
 Nimirum, teneræ nec credunt ista *Puellæ*,  
 Nec curant; *Oculis* seruiat omnis *Amans*.  
 Sic *Veneri* (delector enim *Cognomine Divâ*)  
 Præsto operam (quamvis ipsa *modesta*) meam.  
 Ipsa *modesta* quidem, contentaque simplice cultu:  
 Rusticus en nullo flore superbit *Apex*.<sup>5</sup>  
*Sobria* præcipuè; nec dulcia *Flumina* libo,<sup>6</sup>  
 Nec fiunt labris *Stagna* minora meis.  
 Propinat plantis cum *Jupiter* ipse salutem,  
 Largaque cœlestis pocula fundit aquæ:  
 Germina multa vides totum exhaurire liquorem,  
 Et non civili proluere ora modo.  
 Vitiferi credas habitantes litora *Rheni*  
*Germanos* festum concelebrare diem.  
 Me pudet hoc; tactos foliis trepidantibus imbres  
 Excutio, et *madidum sicca* saluto *Jovem*.  
 Non equidem invideo bibulis, nam læta viresco,  
 Nec succum exhaurit *Bruma* vel ipsa meum.  
 Me tamen immergunt *Medici* crudeliter undis,  
 Cogor et in viso fusa liquore mori.  
 Persequor *Humores* odio post fata perenni;<sup>7</sup>  
 Persequor: *Humores* et *Cinis* ipse fugat.  
 Per *Jecoris Splensque* vias *Renumque* meatus  
 Hostem ago: *fluminea* labitur ille fugâ;  
 Et multos prono secum vehit agmine *Morbos*,  
 Horrida quæ salsis *Monstra* feruntur aquis.  
 His Ego pro meritis poteram meruisse videri  
 Vel *Berenicæis* altior ire *Comis*.<sup>8</sup>  
 Sed *vertente polo* recipit si *Sidera* *Pontus*,  
 Plus mihi vel *Cælis arida Terra* placet.

## NOTES.

1. *Capillus Veneris*, sic primò, ut arbitror, ab *Apuleio* nominatus; nam *Plinius* *Veteresque Adiantum* appellant. Si *Plantis Πολωννυμια* non sit minus honorifica quàm *Diis olim existimata est*, profectò hæc nostra honoratissima est. Græcè dicitur Ἀδίατρον, Πολύτριχον, Καλλιτριχον, Ἐβενότριχον. Latine, *Capillus Veneris*, *Adiantum*, *Polytrichum*, *Callitrichum*, *Terræ Capillus*, *Cinninnalis*, *Capillaris*, *Crinita*, *supercilium Terræ*, *Coriandrum putei*; Anglicè, *Maiden-hair*, *Venus-Hair*, *Our Ladies Hair*. *Plurèsque aliæ species ad hoc genus referri possunt: ut ruta Muraria, vel Adiantum album* (white Maiden-hair;) *Trichoma es, quod raritati capil-*

*lorum medeatur* (English Maiden-hair;) et *Polytrichum aureum, vel Adiantum aureum, vel Muscus Capillaris*. *Virtutes autem quæ ei attribuuntur etiam Nominibus longè numerosiores sunt, quarum pauca tantum hîc delibantur.*

2. *Ramuli nigro colore nitent, foliis Filicis, ex quibus inferiora aspera et fusca sunt*, Plin. l. 22. 21.

3. *Propter communem nominis notationem.*

4. *Quidam Callitrichon vocant, alii Polytrichon; utrumque ab effectu: tingit enim capillum, et ad hoc decoquitur in vino cum semine Apii, adjecto oleo copiosè, ut crispum densumque faciat: defluere autem prohibet*, Plin. Ib.

5. *Semper virescit, Nunquam floret.*

6. *Aliud Adianto miraculum, æstate viret, brumâ non marcescit: Aquas respuit; perfusum mersumque sicco simile est, tanta dissociatioprehenditur, unde et nomen à Græcis, (nempe ὄρι οὐ διαλυρα non madescit) alioqui frutici Topiario. Umbrosas petras parietumque aspergines ac fontium maximè specus sequitur, et saxa manantia; quod miremur, cum aquas non sentiat*, Plin. Ib.

7. *Urinam cient — Decoctum ex his prodest suspiriosis, et jecinori, et lieni, et felle suffusis, et Hydropicis: stranguriæ illinuntur et renibus cum absynthio, secundas cient et Menstrua*, Plin. Ib.

8. *Fuit hæc Berenice (nam plures eo nomine Egypti Reginae fuerunt) Ptolemæi Philadelphî et Arsinoes filia, quæ Ptolemæo Euergetæ fratri suo nupsit; qui cum paucis diebus à Nuptiis expeditionem in Asiam suscepisset, Berenice crinem se detonsuram vocavit si salvus rediisset: cujus voti damnata abscissam comam in Templo Veneris consecravit: quæ cum postridie non apparuisset, ægrè id ferenti Ptolemæo Conon Mathematicus (gratiam ejus captans) inter sidera relatum affirmavit, septem ei ad caudam Leonis stellas ostendens figurâ nominève non antea donatas. Vid. Eleg. Catul. de Comâ Berenices.*

## Salvia.

*Salvia*, quæ multis titulum *Virtutibus* implet,<sup>1</sup>

*Salvia*, quam magni *Vita beata* facit;

Cum damnosa tuo fugiant *oblivia* dono,<sup>2</sup>

*Salvia*, non possum non *memor* esse tui.

*Mnemosynæ* charam celebrabunt jure *Camænæ*;

Et non ingratas esse querere *Deas*.

Celso *Monte* super saxo circumdata *Mentis*

Stat *Domus*, et latè subdita membra videt.

Artifici fuerit dextrâ *Fabricator* oportet,

Nam *Parva*, at *Mundi totius* illa capax.

Hic sacra *Spirituum* glomeratur turba potentum,

Corporis humani proxima turba *Deæ*.

*Concilium* hîc summis magnum de rebus habetur;

Discurrîtque frequens, itque reditque cohors.

Fervet opus, portisque vagum ruit omnibus agmen;

Candida nec *Solis* densior aura pluit.

Scilicet ætherios artus *Bombycina* vestit

Materies, rapidum nec remoratur iter.

Omnia sed longo labefacta labore fatiscunt,  
 Membræque perpetuum fortia frangit opus.  
 Sæpe etiam intentos operi passimque vagantes  
 Grassator duro devorat ore *Calor*.  
 Sæpe *Venus* toto prædatrix corpore raptos  
 Avehit, aut *liquido* mergit in igne *Merum*.  
 Indè graves sensus invadit *plumbea Pestis*,  
 Et glaciatur *Vitæ* munia *Torpor* iners.  
 Colluvies animam *Morborum* frigida inundat  
 Milite nudatam præsidis que suis.  
 Indè tremunt nervis perterrita membra solutis,  
 Et nutat dubiè mox ruitura *Domus*.  
 Vix ori calices sitiendi dextra vacillans  
 Ferre valet, trepidam ferre *Venena* putes.  
 Tum demùm apparet quantum tu, *Salvia*, possis,  
 Implorantque tuam digna pericla fidem.  
 Frigore vallatum densisque humoribus *Hostem*  
 Vividus obsessâ dejecit arce *Calor*.  
*Spiritibusque* fatigatis certamine tanto  
*Spiritus* afflatur te veniente *novus*.  
 Et *nova Vita* redit (liceat si dicere) *Vitæ*,  
 Corpore quæ jacuit penè *sepulta* suo.  
 Et nervis jam membra suis religata tenentur,<sup>4</sup>  
 Nec *Fluctus Puppim* sed *Moderator* agit.  
 Cuncta tuo adventu stabilis : tam fortia quisquam  
 Crederet è *Fibris Vincula* facta tuis?  
 Non fragili laxos solidas ferrumine dentes,  
 Cogis et alveolis ritè manere suis.  
 Ah ! nunquam ruat hoc tam pulchrum atque utile Vallum,  
 Neve suo cedat *Terminus iste* loco.  
 Lubrica tu firmas teneri primordia foetus,<sup>5</sup>  
 Atque *uteri* fluxam non sinis esse *fidem*.  
 Mors fera, parce, precor, *Vitam anticipare* vel ipsam :  
 Ut *Moriatur Homo, Sit*, precor, ille prius.  
 Ah nimitum properas, siquidem in *Navalibus* ipsis  
*Naufragium* faciat vix fabricata *Ratis*.  
 Parva quidem memoro. Tu *coram absentia* sistis,  
 Nec tu *Præteritum præterisse* sinis.  
 Sed fluidarum animo signas vestigia rerum,  
 Et non futilibus figis inusta notis.  
 Ne malè diluto fugiant *pigmenta* colore,  
 Tu prohibes *Oleo* mista perire tuo.

## NOTES.

1. *Nostri qui nunc sunt Herbarii Elelisphacon Græcè, Latinè Salviam vocant, &c.*, Plin. lib. 22. 25. Sed puto 'Ελελσφακον unam tantum speciem σφακόν, i. *Salviæ*, esse, fortè sylvestrem. *Salvia cerebrum idcirco juvat et corroborat quod illi totius substantiæ similitudine familiaris sit*, Fernel. Id. lib. 5. de Meth. Med. *Salvia calida primo, sicca secundo: quæ angustiore folio, efficacior habetur; ea leniter astringit, et emanantem sanguinem cohibet, Ventriculum atque Cerebrum corroborat, torpentem appetentiam excitat; peculiariter autem Nervos firmat, eorumque vitiis omnibus medetur, in idque vires obtinet Castoreo finitimas.*

2. Quia inter præcipua medicamenta habetur quæ memoriam confirmant.

3. *Memoriæ, musarum matri meritò dictæ.*  
 4. *Salvia confortat Nervos, manuumque tremorem Tollit.*

*Salernitan. Idem honorificentissimè de hâc herba, et, pro talibus Poetis, etiam Poeticè, rogant,*

Cur moriatur Homo cui *Salvia* crescit in horto?

5. *Agrippa eam sacram herbam appellavit, et scripsit Lænas eam manducare ad partus facilitatem. Aetius dicit, Gravidæ Mulieres si fluidæque laxæque sint, eâ utilissimè vescuntur; nam conceptum retinet, et vitalem reddit. Aiunt in Copto Ægypti post sævas pestilentias ab his qui superfuert ad ejus succum bibendum Mulieres coactas fuisse, plurimisque fructus inde productos, Heurnius.*

## Melissa.

ITE procul *Curæ* (nimitum mihi *Turba sodalis*)<sup>1</sup>  
 Ite; venit *Vati læta Melissa* suo.

*Læta* venit, Sertisque volens me cingit odoris :

Me cane (ait,) *Merces ipsa Canentis* ero.

Jamdudum insolito juvenescunt corda sereno :

Agnosco afflatur, nobilis *Herba*, tuum.

Jure tuam frondem signaris imagine *Cordis*;<sup>2</sup>

Te solet inter *opes Cor* numerare suas.

Vultibus impressum veluti *Regalibus Aurum*

*Partis* et *Effigiem Principis* ipsa geris.

Te fugiunt *Pluviæ*, te *Venti* et *Nubila Mentis*,

*Auratumque* aperit pax inopina diem.

Nec *Bacchus* plus ipse juvat, cum rore superbo

*Fervidus* in venas purpureisque fluit,

*Dulcia* mortalis portans obliviam sortis,

*Spemque* renidentem, *Divitiisque breves*.

Nescio quid plerumque bonis turbatur in illis,

*Visus* et impuro est surgere fonte *Lepos*.

Nec sævum occidit *Bacchus*, sed vulnerat *Hostem*;

*Viribus iratis* fortior ille redit.

At tua lenè fluit, sine vi, sine fæce, *Voluptas*,

Nec pungunt *Caudis Gaudia* sæva suis;

Nec nimitum *Melli* vicinus *Aculeus* hæret :

*Blanda Melissa*, tuas non imitaris *Apes*.<sup>3</sup>

O *Munus* cœlestè datum mortalibus ægris !

O *Numen, Curæ* si medicamen habes !

*Infestant* aliæ pestes, hæc possidet *Orbem*,

Hoc uno ægrotat quisquis ubique *Malo*.

Gaudeat innumeris et abundet *Floribus* ætas ;

Hæc *Flores* ipsos tingit *Amarities*.

Circumfert humana suum *Natura Venenum*,

Atque opus *Antidoto Vita* habet ipsa tuo.

## NOTES.

1. *Melissa, Meliphyllum, Virg. ; Melissophyllum et Melittis, Plin., quibusdam Apiastrum, quorum eadem omnibus origo nominum, quod sit herba apibus gratissima. Citrigo etiam dicitur, ab odore. Citrigo quæ et Melissophyllon, calida siccaque recessu primo, demulcet quoque atram bilem; confert ad timores et tristitias quæ occasione nullâ ex atrâ bile suscitantur.*

tur, lætæque facit somnia, simul quoque aliquantum deterget, Fern: Et idem alibi, Melissophyllum syncopen ex frigidâ causâ, mærorem tristitiâmque excutit. Rases (referente Heurnio) ait, Melissa animi hilaritatem, coloris amantitatem et jucunditatem, bondæque coctionem creat, et canitiem retardat. Quâ de causâ vino indi solet. Multis aliis facultatibus celebris est, sed hæc de hæc unâ agitur. Anglicè Baume.

2. Qui Signaturas rerum consecretantur, observant Melissa folia Cordis figuram referre.

3. Melissophyllo sive Melittide si perungantur alvearia, non fugient Apes; nullo enim magis gaudent flore: copiâ istius examina facillimè continentur. Idem præsentissimum est contra ictus earum vesparumque et araneorum, item Scorpionum, etc. Plin. lib. 21. cap. 20. Unde Virgil. alvearia eâ illini jubet;

— Huc tu jussos insperge sapos, Trita Meliphylla et Cerinthæ ignobile gramen. Georg. 4.

### Cochlearia.

EST Morbus, nomen Scorbuto Saxones induunt,<sup>1</sup> Arctos latè qui populatur agros.

Fælix barbaricum quæ ridet Græcia nomen!<sup>2</sup>

Ah fælix quòd non cultius ipsa dedit!

Monstrum atrox! nullum quo misit tetrius unquam Prædatum in terras vindicis ira Dei.

Centum illi horribiles, centum (mirabile!) Formæ,<sup>3</sup>

Bis centum armatas arbitror esse Manus.

Inter limosas Abdominis ille paludes,

Sulphureas inter nascitur Hydrus aquas.

Illum et Desidia, et nimii peperere Labores;

Illum et Luxuries, et Dolor ipse parit.

Sæpe etiam Febris defunctæ fævior Hæres,

E Cinere et sicco prosillit ille Rogo.

Nascitur exiguus, facillique domabilis arte.

Hei mihi! quàm parvo tempore Magnus erit?

Sic stupet ingentem Nilus Crocodilon ab Ovo,

Vix tantum immersis Ipse stupendus agris.

Humore obscæno et salibus nutritur adustis;

Ipsi illum Flatus, atque alit ipse Vapor.

Ille nec in Cumis tentat nihil improbus Infans,

(Desidiæ ô Proles desidiosa parum!)

Herculei citius non inceperunt Labores;

Monstrorumque Hostis Monstra imitantur opes.

Qui modò natus erat, jamdudum membra fatigat

Insultans; ipsâ Iassa Quiete labant,

Et languent, paréntque Animæ non læta moventi,

Nec nõrunt ubi sit, cum sit ubique, Dolor.

Pectore deducto vix æger anhelitus exit,

Sanguine vix ripæ prætereunte tument;

Mox latè dat signa sui fidentior Hostis,

Damna nec Autorem tanta latere sinunt.

Tetra situ putri, fraudatæque dentibus Ora,

Mortis Odor scædus, Mortis ubique Color;

Nauseæque, et Vomitus, et clausi tormina Ventris,

Et ferrugineis Crura inhonesta notis;

Offusæque Animo Tenebræ, Sensusque ligati:  
Quicquid et ut sibi sit Vita odiosa facit.

Hoc Monstrum mihi tale dedit Natura domandum,<sup>4</sup>  
(Namque Herbis non est Monstra domare novum.)

Sic Taurum vigilemque Draconem vicit Idon;

Non memini succis usus an Ille meis:

Sed vicit, reditque potitus Virgine et Auro.

(Eveniant Medicis talia sæpe, precor.)

Guadebam quòd dura mihi provincia cessit:

Quò major, certè gratior Hostis erat,

Ipsa (fatebor enim) capior dulcedine Laudis,

Et juvat in Medicis nomen habere libris:

Invidèque illis quas magni charta Galeni,

Aut Còs celebrant scripta verenda Senis.

Invidit meritò Juvenis Pellæus Achilli:

Dissimilis questus nec mihi causa fuit.

Cumque aliæ Græco florerent nomine Plantæ,

(Namque honor in Græco nomine summus inest)

Tunc ego littoribus crecebam inhonora Britannis.<sup>5</sup>

(Terra Britanna quidem tunc inhonora fuit)

Crecebam infelix Gothici procul accola Ponti,

Nec fuerat foliis vilior Alga meis.

Nunc decet obscuræ damnum deforme Juventæ,

Tam longas Famæ nunc reparare moras:

Et decet, et facio: nunc inclyta gloria nostri est,

Et nota in terris omnibus Herba legor.

Quis meruisse negat, cum nostro Marte Tyrannus

Vincitur Arctoo qui vagus orbe furit?

Dicite Io Pæan! ter Io sonet ultima Thule,

Ter resonent Gothici littora vasta Maris!

Ille ferox Morbus manibus post terga revinctis,

(Dicite Io!) currus ducitur ante meos.

### NOTES.

1. Cochlearia à figurâ Cochlearis nomen mutuatur, peculiariter Scorbuto dicata, et providentiâ Divinâ in iis regionibus abundè crescens ubi hic Morbus grassatur. Quem inferioris Saxonie incolæ Scorbock, aut Scorbock, a torminibus ventris appellant, unde Nomen Scorbuti. Angl. Scurvy, et herba, Scurvygrasse.

2. Licet Græcis innotuisse videatur hic Morbus, nam eum exactè describit Hippocrates in Lienis morbis; tamen ita infrequens fuit in Græciâ, ut proprium ac peculiare nomen nullum nactus sit.

3. Tanta morborum et symptomatum sarrago in hoc morbo concurrat ut vix alius sit tam πολύμορφος, et qui sub tot morborum speciebus latitet. Sennertus eum autem sic definit: Est prava quædam corporis nutritio vel Cachexia ab humore melancholico peculiari modo corrupto orta, conjunctam habens crurum debilitatem et maculas, gingivas tumidas et sanguinolentas, dentium laxitatem, et plura alia symptomata.

4. Cochlearia facillè primas inter ista medicamenta tenet, et malo huic peculiariter adversatur, ut longa experientia docuit; Sale enim volatili acri cum amaritudine conjuncta abundat, unde aperit, penetrat,



crudos illos et crassos humores volatiles reddit, discutit, per urinam et sudores expurgat, viscera roborat, Id.

5. Eadem esse creditur à quibusdam ac Britannica Plinii, quòd abundè in hâc Insulâ nostrâ crescat.

### Cassytha.

NEC Foliū, Cassytha, tibi est, nec Caulis egenæ,<sup>1</sup>  
Nec Radix? Vitæ pensilis ortus ubi est?  
Tota quidem Magica es: nec jam Miracula miror  
Plurima quæ facias; grandius ipsa mihi es.  
Herbarum ut capias vires, tua Retia Temet  
Tendis, Venatrix et simul ipsa Plagæ.  
O animatum Ænigma! tuæ mysteria plantæ  
Qui cantu celebret Vate opus Oedipode est.  
Non tu vicinas sine causâ amplecteris herbas,  
Cum tibi sint Corpus Brachia sola tuum.  
Stamina larga quidem tibi nent vitalia Parcæ:  
Sed nec Subtegmen, Tela nec ulla datur.  
Fallor? an hinc gaudes Filum præbentia Lina  
Non scrutabilibus complicuisse modis?  
O benè dilectæ Conjux fidissima Plantæ?  
Quo nullum exemplum clarius edit Amor.  
Jam pudeat lascivam Hederam memorare, Cupido:  
Illius amplexus sola Libido facit.  
Corpore perfruitur placito: Divortia rebus  
Apparent aliis; Res habet illa suas.  
Sunt vires frondésque aliæ, nec Fructus et ipse,  
Testis Adulterii, Conjugis ora refert.  
Et Radix aliis satiatur libera succis,  
Et vel adhuc nomen Nupta Parentis habet.<sup>2</sup>  
At bona de solo pendet Cassytha Marito;  
Nil habet illa suum, sed nec habere velit.  
Illius et succo nutritam, et stipite fultam,  
Et folio ornatam se putat esse satis.  
Gaudet et illius quodcumque est sumere Nomen,<sup>3</sup>  
Et fieri cunctis una eademque modis.  
Tali animo Alceste fuit, et Capaneia Conjux,<sup>4, 5</sup>  
Et paucae eximius quas celebravit Amor.  
Et puto te, Cassytha, mori pro Coniuge Lino  
Velle; sed eveniant prosperiora tibi.  
Hic Viventis Amor; claram post funera reddit  
Altius humanæ Nomen Amicitia,  
Quam fecori præstas Splendque fideliter ægro,<sup>6</sup>  
Quos recreas victos obsidióque levas.  
Unde, precor, tantas tantillo in corpore vires,  
Unde, precor, Plantæ pauperis Uxor, habes?  
Quis fore crediderit Jecur ut Medicamine tali,  
Tam miserâ tantum Viscus egeret ope?  
Utere vel Minimis: nec dedignare superbus,  
Quòd servant homines Parva; Minora necant.

### NOTES.

1. Κασσόθα (quæ veteribus Græcis ignota) à κασσώ, consuo, quia quasi filis quibusdam herbas implicat; unde et Epilinum (quæ maximè celebris est Cassythæ species) vocatur Λωδδερμος, Vinculum Lini. In officinis

Cuscuta dicitur. Angl. Dodder. Cassytha primo ordine calida, sicca secundo, amaroris astrictionisque particeps, Melancholiam tum herbâ tum semine propriè incidit atque detergit, obstructum Lienem expedit, deinde et Jecur, arquatúmque nigrum, et febres lentas diuturnasque pellit, quandoquidem venas omnidque vasa à putridis humoribus expurgat, servato Ventriculi et reliquorum viscerum robore, Fernel.

2. Neque enim nomen mutuatur ab arbore quam amplexatur, sed ubique nomen Hederæ retinet, quod Cuscuta non facit.

3. Quæ Thymo se implicat Epithymum vocatur, quæ Thymbrae Epithymbrum, quæ Vrticis Epiurtica, quæ Rubo Epirubus, etc. nec tantum nomen adsciscit plantæ cui inhaeret, sed et virtutes ejus participat.

4. Cum Apollo à fatis impetrasset ut Admeto Regi produceretur vita terminus, siquis pro eo diem obire vellet, Uxor Alceste conditionem accepit, victimque ejus ipsa subiit.

5. Evadne Martis et Thebes filia, quæ sese in mariti sui rogam projecit.

Turbine quo sese charis projecit audax  
Ignibus Evadne, fulménque in pectore toto  
Quæsierit

Statius.

6. Hepatis et Lienis infarctus expedit, ustam ex bile melancholiam eluit, etc. Heurnius.

### Absinthium.

Infustum Pueris et detestabile germen<sup>1</sup>  
Credor, et à Furiis Persephonéque legi,  
Insanire putant Medicum, vel ludere certè,  
In me si succum dicat inesse bonum.  
Sed neque famineo scio me placuisse palato,  
Multa licet Sexus debeat ille mihi.<sup>2</sup>  
Et puto vix paucis tristem arridere saporem:  
Hei mihi, quam paucos Jupiter æquus amat!  
Dulcia sola placent; sed dulcia quantus amaror  
Consequitur, serò post sua damna vident.  
Longa Voluptatis subeunt fastidia curtæ,  
Dilectæque nimis Nausea foeda dapis.  
Dat stomacho pœnas, quem læserat antè, Palatum;  
Odit et optatos, cum rediere, Cibos.  
Tum gravis inferno spirare Mephitis ab orbe,<sup>3</sup>  
Mœstâque Lernæus surgere in ora Vapor:  
Tunc primùm succos non fastidire severos,  
Tunc et Amaritiem dissimulare meam.  
Nec frustrâ ingredior stomachum, nec inutilis Hospes;<sup>4</sup>  
Sed fero præsentem, Numinis instar, opem.  
Non aliter Solem recreor sentire tepentem,  
Cum mihi post hyemis frigora longa venit.  
Illic sæpe mihi Stabulum purgare nefandum,  
Et libet Herculei ferre laboris opus.<sup>5</sup>  
Pondere discusso repetit sua munia lætus,  
Et vivo Stomachus percoquit igne cibos.  
Purpureâque avido Tincturam devorat ore,  
Nec venis operam dat Chylus ille gravem.

Paulatim roseum depingit gratia vultum,  
 Purgato roseus spirat ab ore vapor.  
 Quid præstet mea planta boni *Venus* ipsa fatetur ;  
 Nec *Dea* tam dulcis *Dulcia* sola probat.  
 Illa meis prudens aspergit gaudia succis,  
 Et cum *Lætitiis* miscet *Amara* suis.<sup>6</sup>  
 Scindimur *herbosæ* studia in contraria *Gentes*,  
 Atque habet *Authores Factio* quæque suos.  
 Sunt quæ defendunt *Epicuri* dogmata *Plantæ*,  
 Quæque *Voluptatis* læve sequuntur iter,  
 Et gaudet dulces populariter edere *Fructus*,  
 Et cingunt lætium florea sarta caput.  
 At pars *Zenonis* rigidam colit altera *Septam*,  
 Virtutumque ferax et malè culta cohors :  
 Nec pompas amat aut vana oblectamina sensûs ;  
 Fecisse officium, non *Placuisse*, juvat.  
 Et nulla in terris magis est me *Stoica* planta,  
 Cauliculo fulta est *Porticus* ipsa meo.  
 Delectent aliæ, nostra est *Prodesse Voluptas* :  
 Gratia tarda quidem, sed mihi longa venit.  
 Utilis est *Censor* corruptæ asperrimus *Urbi* :  
 Talis *Ego*, et talis tu, *Cato* noster, eras.  
 Nec feritate tamen nec vindice fulminor irâ ;  
 Prudentem *Irasci* cum *Schola* nostra vetet.  
 Nulla magis nostris compesco crimina regnis,  
 Et fugit aspectum *Bilis* amara meum.<sup>7</sup>  
 Me simul ac videt ingressam stomacho que receptam  
*Acria* non humili bella parare modo,  
 Nec *Venis* nec mille remotis ausa latebris  
 Fidere, postico territa quaerit iter.  
 Et sequor et fugienti insto ; *Vestigia fumant*,  
 Et via *feruet* adhuc quâ ferus hostis abit.  
 Nec minùs undantes exhaurio corpore fluctus,  
*Advena Diluvium* cum meditatur *Hyems*.  
 Nec magis obscenas *Belga* exsiccare paludes,  
 Aut cursum obstantis vertere doctus aquæ.  
 Sæpe etiam obstructis *Renum* canalibus arctis  
 Ad fontes refluunt *Flumina salsa* suos.  
 Prodigium infelix ! vicinis undique membris  
 Turbatur, totis et trepidatur agris.  
 Quid vos ignavæ (sic increpo) sistitis undæ ?  
 Mecum ite, en vobis rumpere claustra paro.  
 Rumpo ; patent ; notasque suis vehit alveus  
 undas :  
 Lætantur magno membra levata metu.  
*Cannibales* toto pello de corpore *Vermes* ;<sup>8</sup>  
 Justaque cum fœdâ praelia gente gero.  
*Vermis* edax, certus post funera corporis hæres,  
 Differ adhuc epulas (nec mora longa) tuas.  
 Visceribus gens illa ferox pinguescere gaudet  
 Infantum, et tenero læta cruore tumet.  
 Expectare piget donec *Mors præparet* escas :  
 Præripiunt avidâ fercula cruda fame,  
 Quid de *Pulcibus* ; vitæ salientia *Puncta*,  
*Pulveribusque* hostes enumerare piget.  
 Vix mihi majores vacat enumerare triumphos,  
 Et latitant numero multa *Trophæa* suo.  
 Sæpè *vagum* toto dispergitur æthere *Lethum*,  
 Atque *Elementa* ferox occupat ipsa *Lues*.

Ægrotat *Tellus*, ægrotat luridus *Aer*,  
 Ægrotant alvels *Flumina* lenta suis :  
 Et miseros vastis *Mors una* amplectitur ulnis ;  
*Vitalis Vitam* (quis putet ?) *Aura* rapit.  
 Auxilia in tantis Numen non pauca periclis,  
 Nec minimum è multis me dedit *Auxilium*.  
 Et sæpe una feror (nec sum quoque maxima) planta  
 Bella *Elementorum* sustinuisse trium.  
 Non igitur frustrâ, nec, credo, sine *Omine* sacro,  
 Cuncta subacturæ *Genti* in honore sui.  
 Ipse triumphalem *Victor Certaminis* haustum  
 Germine de nostro (præmia magna) tulit.  
 Nobilibusque tenens spumantia pocula guttis,  
 Clamavit, *Merces ista valere dabit*.  
 Nec quòd sit gustu minùs illa placebit *amaro* ;  
 Per quem jam *Vici* sic *Labor* ipse fuit.<sup>9</sup>

## NOTES.

1. *Absinthii* genera sunt plura : *Santonicum* appellatur à *Galliæ* civitate, *Ponticum* à *Ponto*, ubi pecora pinguescunt eo, atque ob id sine felle reperiuntur ; neque aliud præstantius, multoque *Italico* amarius : sed medulla *Pontici* dulcis. De usu ejus convenit dicere, herba facillimæ atque inter paucas utilissimæ, etc. *Plin. lib. 27. 7.* Ubi totum caput enumerandis ejus virtutibus impendit. *Fernel, breviter in hunc modum : Absinthium calidum primo gradu, siccum secundo, astringens, amarum et acre, excalfaciens pariter et detergens, roborans et desiccans : ejus decoctum stomachum corroborat, bilem etque inhærentem pituitam detegit, vacudtque tum per alvum tum per urinas. Hinc morbo regio correptos sanat, malaciam stomachi et inflationes discutit, appetitum excitat, nauseam arcet, lumbricos pellit. Comæ, folia et semen usurpantur ; sed succus stomacho infensus, etc.*
2. *Urinam ac menses cient tres quatuorve ramuli cum Gallici nardi radice unâ cyathis aquæ sex . . . Menses privatim cum melle sumptum et in vellere appositum, Plin. lb. Abstergit etiam uterum.*
3. *Putor ex corruptis aquis.*
4. *Astringit stomachum, bilemque detrahit — Malaciam stomachi et inflationes discutit cum Sili et Nardo Gallico, aceto exiguo addito . . . Fastidia abstergit, concoctiones adjuvat, cruditates detrahit, cum rutâ et pipere et sale — Stomachum corroborat, et ob hoc sapor ejus in vina transfertur, Plin. lb.*
5. *Qui Augiæ stabulum purgavit.*
6. — Non est *Dea* nescia nostri,  
 Quæ dulcem curis miscet *Amaritiem*.  
*Catul.*
7. *Absinthium quod in venis biliosum est per urinas expurgat, Fernel.*
8. *Ventris animalia pellit, Plin. lb. unde Anglice nomen obtinet.*
9. *Sacris populi Romani celebratæ peculiariter : siquidem Latinarum Feriis quadrigæ certant in Capitolio, Victorque Absinthium bibit. Credo sanitatem præmio dari honorificè arbitratis majoribus, Plin. lb.*

## Nymphæa.

NUM me cœnosas contentam habitare paludes,<sup>1</sup>  
 Et mistam plebi spernis Arundinæ?  
 Non ego de Vulgo viridi, neque Filia Terræ;  
 Incolo cognatas nobilis hospes aquas.  
 Nympha fui, Dea postremæ non infima classis:  
 Venit Amor; quid tum profuit esse Deam?  
 Flammipotens jubet Ille: accendor in Hercule viso,  
 Tôtque Triumphorum pars Dea parva fui.  
 Mirabar famam Herois, fulgentiæque acta,  
 Membræque mirabar vel Patre digna Jove.  
 Et me paulatim subiit scelerata cupido,  
 Ferre Virum totum qui tulit ipse Polum.  
 Verum equidem fatear, Noctem mirabar et illam  
 Quinquaginta Animas quâ genuisse ferunt.  
 Nunc pudet, atque Herbæ tam fœdos odimus actus:  
 Sed fuit eximix Nox ea Nequitix.  
 Ille meos (quid multa?) ferus decerpit honores,  
 Ille meæ Florem Virginitatis habet.  
 At vagus ille Jovem fassus levitate Parentem,  
 Noluit unius tædia ferre tori.  
 Monstra subacturus, pejoræque Monstra tyrannos,  
 Percurrit Vindex sedulus omne solum.  
 Sed semper Monstri Merces fit Virgo subacti,  
 Sed semper Natas ille Tyrannus habet.  
 Fœmineumque genus mihi jam pro Pellice totum est.  
 Nec caruere ipsæ suspicione Deæ.  
 Nè valeam, sed et has mihi Sirius hauriat undas,  
 Et possim exustâ sicca palude mori,  
 Junonis nomen fuerim nisi torta per ipsum,  
 Credideremque Odium ni simulare suum:  
 Forsan et ille meos (dixi) jam ridet amores,  
 Pellicibusque feror Fabula læta meis.  
 Vexant ira, dolor, pudor, indignatio mentem;  
 His tamen invitis omnibus hæret Amor.  
 Visum est æterni nisi solâ morte doloris,  
 Ad finem certâ quærere morte viam.  
 Fata obstant, fors obstat Amantham dura Dearum;  
 Infinitum urget Vita perennis onus.  
 Interea lacrymas fundo noctemque diemque,  
 Hæc mihi Clepsydra tempora longa fluunt.  
 Fit Lacus è denso tandem mirabilis imbre,  
 Et collecta meos alluit unda pedes.  
 Siqua fides (magni quæ gloria tetra doloris)  
 Gaudebam Luctus fertilitate mei.  
 At tandem ætheriis serò miseratus ab oris  
 Jupiter, Ipsa tuas incole, dixit, aquas.  
 Jussit abire Deæ macro de corpore formam:  
 Jussa abiit; multum dempserat antè Dolor.  
 Descendit terram Radix nodosa sub altam.<sup>2</sup>  
 Et nimium Clavæ me meminisse facit.  
 Perpetuumque bibunt folia insatiata liquorem,  
 Ad Dominam lacrymæ jam rediere suam.  
 Candor adhuc veterisque manent vestigia formæ,<sup>3</sup>  
 Pallor adhuc nostro pristinus ore sedet.  
 Nunc equidem totos dego genialiter annos.  
 Crede mihi, Plantæ turba beata sumus.

Nos sapimus melius Solem et cœlestia dona;  
 Nos Zephyri mulcent, et tepida aura fovet.  
 Nectareos nobis calices Aurora ministrat,  
 Ambrosias nullo terra labore dapes.  
 Certè hominum miseret, quos mille incommoda vitæ,  
 Et ferus exercet, Maxima pestis, Amor.  
 Non ignara mali, veterumve oblita dolorum,  
 Extinguo flammæ, sæve Cupido, tuas.<sup>4</sup>  
 Victorumque meum tandem vicisse triumpho.  
 Injusta has justum est Regna subire vices.  
 Nè te mireris victæ cessisse, Cupido,  
 Me meus Alcides vincere Monstra docet.  
 Et nè fortè tuo credas, Hilarissime Nequam,  
 Non nisi Deformes posse carere jugo;  
 Ipsi et Vultus nostrâ medicamen in herbâ est,<sup>5</sup>  
 Et se formosam spontè pudica videt.  
 Et faciem Veneris tribuo morisque Dianæ,  
 Atque in Tutelâ Numen utrumque meâ est.  
 Sed nè fortè suas alieno nomine Flammæ  
 Occultet sævus (nec caret arte) Deus;  
 Institui nullos non debellare calores:<sup>6</sup>  
 Odi omnes; Hostem me Calor omnis habet.  
 Seu furialis, uti superâ in regione Cometes,  
 Occupet insanum flammâ inimica Caput;  
 Seu vaga perrumpat Ventris fornacibus imi,  
 Et fumos corpus spargat in omne suos;  
 Seu Phlegetontæas accendant sulphure Venas,  
 Seu stringat summam mitior illa cutim:  
 Qualiscunque meis metuit concurrere succis,  
 Përque poros omnes exanimata fugit.  
 Quid nictas? quid dimidio me lumine spectas?  
 Sentio, vim Radix nostra Soporis habet.  
 Et puto tam longus Somnos inducere possit  
 (Si vis illa absit) Sermo. Viator, abi.

## NOTES.

1. Nymphæa Heraclia Plin. Mater Herculana Apuleio, aliis Alga palustris, Papaver palustre, Clavus Veneris, in officinis aliquando Nenuphar, Anglice Water-Lily. Nymphæa nata traditur à Nymphâ Zelotypiâ ergâ Herculem mortuâ, quare Heraclion vocant; aliqui Rhopalon, à radice Clavæ simili, etc. Plin. l. 25.
2. Nescio quâ autoritate ductus Calepinus hanc Nympham Dejaniram fuisse asserit, sic enim ait, Quod Dejanira audiens, (nempe mortem Herculis, cujus ipsa autor innocens fuit) dolore percita Herculis Clavâ se interfecit, ex cujus sanguine postea nata est herba quæ Nymphæa et Heraclion dicitur. Hæc ille; quem secutus non sum, cum quod Ovidius, cum mortem Herculis narrat, istius fabulæ non meminit, tum quod vix satis convenire cum Plinii verbis videatur: nam Dejanira neque proprii Nymphæ appellari potest; neque Zelotypiâ, sed dolore mortua est. Vicunque se res habet, licere mihi existimavi fabulam pro voluntate meâ concinnare.
3. Marcellus eam Clavam Herculis appellat.
4. Duo sunt genera, quorum unius flos lutens, alterius candidus est.

4. *Eos qui biberint eam duodecim diebus coitu geniturâque privari, Plin. id. Venerem in totum admittit Nymphæa Heraclia semel pota in quadraginta dies. Insomnia quoque Veneris à jejuno pota et in cibo sumpta. Illita quoque radix genitalibus inhibet non solum Venerem, sed affluentiam genituræ; ob id corpus alere vocemque dicitur, Plin.*

5. *Illita maculas omnes et vitia tollit.—Alopecias emendat Nymphææ et Cicutæ radix, si unâ tritæ illinantur, Id.*

6. *Nymphæa tota refrigerat ordine secundo, ejus radix atque semen exiccat, flos humectat; isque naribus ac fronti admotus, capitis ex bile dolorem lenit, somnum conciliat, sumptusque omnem extinguit ardorem, Fernel.*

### Asplenium.

**N**EC Caulem Natura mihi, nec Floris honorem,<sup>1</sup>  
 Nec mihi vel Semen dura Noverca dedit,  
 Nec me Sole fovet, nec cultis crescere in Hortis  
 Concessum, et Foliis gratia nulla meis.  
 Herba invisâ Deis poteram cœloque videri,  
 Et spurio Terræ nata Puerperio.  
 Gens hominum specie rerum captatur inani,  
 Atque Oculis Mentem tradit inepta suis :  
 Pauperibusque Horti nunquam patet area plantis ;  
 Scilicet his regnat picta Tulippa locis.  
 Non ita Dii : Phœbus me præfert mille Tulippis,  
 Et Cœus Phæbo proximus arte Senex.  
 Nam cùm Membra suis divisit finibus Autor,  
 Imperiûmque Herbis certâque regna dedit,  
 Tum mihi præ reliquis Provincia dura tributa est,  
 Moribus ille ferox indomitisque Lien.<sup>2</sup>  
 Comprimo luctantem, sævôque humore tumentem.  
 Aggeribus crebris obstruit ille vias,  
 Nequicquamque perrumpo aditus, commercia reddo,  
 Et via per Splenem libera tota patet.  
 Ni faciam, sine more furit, dirûmque vaporem  
 Victor et horribilem spargit ubique luem :  
 Purpureos Animæ crudeliter inficit Amnes,  
 Dêque Venenato Flumine Vita bibit ;  
 Et summa immundi depascunt corpora morbi,  
 Et facies Lethi concolor Omen habet.  
 Hinc lacrymæ curæque malæ, vigilésque labores,  
 Et dolor, et præcox Carnificina Metus :  
 Hinc Laquei deformis Amor, præreptâque Fato  
 Mors placet ; hinc vitæ tædia longa brevis.  
 Monstra piæ, precor, avertat tam turpia genti  
 Jupiter, atque Herbæ vis operosa meæ.  
 Non malè Trajanus Fisco assimilare Lienem  
 Consuevit ; Corpus, cùm tumet ille, macrum est.  
 Quid rides ? num Romanæ quòd nescia non sim  
 Historia ? Stipes, non ego Planta forem,  
 Tempore tam longo si tot Doctoribus usa,  
 A tantis possim nil didicisse Viris.  
 Et didici, et proferre tibi miracula possem  
 Plurima ; sed nunquam garrula Planta fui.  
 Propositum ut repetam ; Multis animalibus ipsa  
 Immodici absumo triste Lienis onus.

Creta quidem Mendax, sed et illi credite, grates<sup>3</sup>

De Porcis referat cùm mihi Creta suis.  
 Splene tumente gravis durisque laboribus impar,  
 Implorat nostram pauper Asellus opem.  
 Ille meâ pastus (miseret nam Pauperis) herbâ,  
 Assuetum repetit lætus et acer opus.  
 I nunc et vanos Florum mirare colores,  
 Deliciâsque breves, Purpureâmq; fugam.  
 Formosi lætique virent (quis denegat ?) illi ;  
 Nos tristes Formam Latitiâmq; damus.

### NOTES.

1. *Asplenium multis nominibus notescit. Græcè 'Ἀσπληνιον (quòd splenem diminuat) Σπληνιον, Σκολοπέδριον, (propter similitudinem Scolopendræ vermis) 'Ἡμύβριον, et Theophr. Πιπέριξ (quòd ex filicum genere videatur esse) Lat. Splenium, Scolopendrium, Scolopendra, Mala Herba, et Ceterach pharmacopolis. Anglicè Spleen-wort, Milt-wast. Asplenium sunt qui Hemionium vocant, foliis trientalibus multis, radice limosâ, cavernosâ, sicut filicis, candidâ, hirsutâ. Nec Caulem nec Florem nec Semen habet. Nascitur in petris, parietibusque opacis, humidis; laudatissima in Cretâ, Plin. lib. 27. 5.*

2. *Hujus foliorum jure in aceto decocto per dies quadraginta poto Lienem absumi aiunt. Ib. Ille dubitanter; audaciùs, Fernel. Nullâ saporis insuavitatem folio solo Lienem diebus quadraginta absumit, sædumque ex obstructione colorem detergit, atque calculos etiam in vesicâ comminuit. Et alibi, Syrupus Scolopendrii crassam terrenâmq; Melancholiam extenuat, mollit, fluxâmq; reddit, Lienem obstructione liberat, tumentemque solvit; Melancholia, quartanis diuturnisque febribus apprimè utilis.*

3. *Vitruvius ait in Cretâ, ubi magnâ copiâ nascitur Asplenium, Porcos ἀσπληνας, i. e. sine splene inveniri. Dicuntur et Asini splene laborantes eodem sese curare.*

### Lactuca.

**A**ugustum sanâsse olim quòd diceris ægrum,<sup>1</sup>  
 Quidam inter laudes hoc posuere tuas.  
 Nasone infamem pulso et Cicerone necato  
 Certè ego te nollem restituïsse Virum.  
 Sed puto tu neutrum nôsti, Mundique Tyranno  
 Non miror si sis gratificata libens.  
 Utilis ipsa quidem es cunctis Medicina Tyrannnis ;  
 Et rabies sacro frigore tacta fugit.  
 Cinge, precor, Caput illorum meliore Coronâ,  
 Inque illis Mundo, si potes, affer opem.  
 Ipse tuo quondam jussu de corde perusto,  
 Ipse Tyrannorum Maximus exit Amor :  
 Falsus Amor ; neque enim tentas expellere Verum,  
 Qui titulum justi Regis amandus habet.  
 Invisus meritò est tibi Sirius ille Cupido,  
 Qui necat Igne Herbas, et fera Monstra parit.

## Eadem.

Adde *Oleum Panemque* mihi, nec deinde queraris  
*Pauperiem æstivis* mensibus esse gravem.  
 Has epulas habuit teneri Gens aurea mundi,<sup>2</sup>  
 Et *Cænæ* ingentis tunc *Caput* ipsa fui.  
*Semideumque* meo creverunt corpora succo,  
 Materiam tanti *Sanguinis* ille dedit.  
 Tunc neque fraus nota est, neque vis, neque fœda libido :  
 Hæc nimii proles sæva *Caloris* erat.  
 Sit sacrum illorum, sit detestabile nomen,  
 Qui primi *Servæ regna* dedere *Gulæ*.  
 Hinc vitis patefacta via est, *Morbisque* secutis  
 Se *Lethi* facies exeruere novæ.  
 Ah ! fuge crudeles Animantum sanguine mensas,  
 Quasque tibi *opsonat Mors* inimica dapes.  
 Posces tandem *Æger*, si *Sanus* negligis, *Herbas*.<sup>3</sup>  
 Esse *Cibus* nequeunt ? at *Medicamen* erunt.

## NOTES.

1. *Divus certè Augustus Lactuæ conservatus in agritudine fertur prudentiâ Musæ Medici.* Plin. lib. 19. 8.

2. *Lactuca tum admota tum sumpta cum cibo acres demulcet humores, desipientiam sedat, vaporisque suavitate somnum conciliat, idque blandè et citra offensionem ullam, Fernel. Et alibi, Frigida est initio tertii, humida secundo, idque simpliciter, citra astrictionem aut ullius qualitatis excessum, crudaque estur; aquæ frigidæ modo refrigerat, ventriculi et præcordiorum æstum compescit, bilem fervidioremque sanguinem frænât; neque tamen ut aqua emollit, aut ventriculi præcordiorumve robur solvit; sed nullâ offensione pro succo fervido temperatiorem profert, eumque benignum ac probum. Eâ temperatione somnum accersit, Veneris insomnia coercet; ad quæ etiam ejus semen usurpari solet.*

3. *Quidam Eunuchion vocant, quia hæc maximè refragetur Veneri. Est quidem naturâ omnibus refrigeratrix.—Peculiares earum vires somnum faciendi, Veneremque inhibendi, æstum refrigerandi, stomachum purgandi, sanguinem augendi, etc. Semine trito ex vino potu libidinum imaginationes in somno compesci, Plin.*

*Euphrasia.*

**I**ngredere, ô, *Oculos*, Hospes dulcissima, nostros ;  
 Ingredere, et *Vati* grata medere tuo :  
 Si bene de vobis merui, si carmine in isto  
*Plantarum* stabili *Flore* perennat honos.  
 Talibus orabam recubans in gramine mœstus,  
 Cùm subito ad nostros astitit illa pedes,  
 Mirabar *Funginum ortum* tam nobilis *Herbæ* ;  
 Nam nec eam vidi, nec, puto, ibi antè fuit.  
*Dodrantis* erat fusco velamine *Caulis* :  
*Crenatæ* frondes subviridèsque tegunt.

Stipite de medio lepidè *Flos* emicat albus,  
 Quem flavi tractus purpureique striant.  
 Agnosco *Euphrasiam* bello cum nomine bellam ;  
*Patronæ* arrident *Lumina* læta suæ.  
 Prodigium, ecce, novum ! mihi *Flore* et stipite toto  
 Annuit, et *viridi* talia voce refert,  
 Submissè ; namque est *Herbis* mos ille *modestis*,  
 Nec rauca *Arboreæ* murmura *gentis* amant.  
 Florentis *Vates* (sic incipit) *Unice* Mundi,  
 Fortia frondosæ qui canis acta domûs.  
 Non cuivis *voces Herbarum* audire tributum est :  
 Hoc tibi *Planticolâ* pro *pietate* datur.  
 Non *Hominum* ingratos imitamur *Germina* mores,  
 Queis *Vatum* æternus nullo in honore labor.  
 Vellem equidem *Radix* possit tibi nostra mederi ;  
 Nec dubium est *Cives* hoc quoque velle meas.  
 At si *Naturæ* culpa immedicabilis obstat,  
 Heu ! nihil *Herbarum* natio tota juvat.  
 Naturæ nobis haud jussa infringere fas est :  
*Servimus* ; *Domina* est ; quod lubet illa facit.  
 Gaude siqua *dedit*, né irascere siqua *negavit* :  
 Crede mihi, *parcè* est illa *benigna* manu.  
 Sed cùm debilitat *Morbi* vis improba *Visum*,  
 Aut *Vinum*, aut cæcus, *Luminis* osor, *Amor*,  
 Aut crapula, aut curæ vigiles, aut putridus aër,  
 Aut quæ præterea millia multa nocent ;  
 Tunc *Ego* non frustrâ poscor : quot fundimus  
 hostes,  
 Quas serimus pugnas si numerare velis,  
 Antè bonus versâ me proluet *Hesperus* urnâ,  
 Et requieturos *Nectare* pascet agros.  
 Sæpe ferox *Capitis* decurrit vertice *Flumen*,<sup>2</sup>  
 Et se *salsum* *Oculi dulcibus* addit aquis.  
 Qui solet esse alibi lacrymarum fertilis autor,  
 Hic *Dolor* à *Lacrymis* nascitur ipse suis.  
 Sæpe tument albæ peregrino sanguine *Venæ*,<sup>3</sup>  
 Et *domus* accensa est *Hospitis igne* novi.  
 Ah ! cave né subito parvi *Sol* occidat *Orbis*,  
 Lumine sanguineo cùm furiale rubet.  
 Sæpe obversantur *Fumi* Muscæque vagantes,<sup>4</sup>  
 Et nebulas inter ludicra *Monstra* volant.  
 Fume, quid hîc facias ? nullos propè cernimus *Ignes* :  
 Quidve (malum !) hîc sibimet *Musca* molesta velit !  
 Sæpe *Nivis falsæ* obruitur *caligine* *Visus*,<sup>5</sup>  
 Atque induta *Albam Nox* venit ipsa *togam* ;  
 Distantumque olim simulachra fidelia rerum  
 Sæpe alio, nullo sæpe colore micant.  
 Quid memorem *Ægilopas* et *Carcinomata* fœda ?<sup>6,7</sup>  
*Phlyctænsque* graves, aut *Epicauma* ferox ?<sup>8,9</sup>  
 Innumerâsque ipso metuendas nomine pestes ?  
 Et te cui *Nomen* *Fistula dulce* nimis ?<sup>10</sup>  
 Hæc Ego cuncta domo : quâ cunque iter æthera purgo ;  
 Nubila diffugiunt, subsequiturque dies,  
 Et ridet lætus diffuso lumine vultus.  
 Quantum, ô, *Lætities* illa decoris habet ?  
 Scis nostrum *Arnoldum* (si *Arnoldum* legeris unquam)<sup>11</sup>  
 Vel *Cæcos* opibus restituisse meis.  
 Restituit certè, et mea multum cognita virtus  
 Prodigio in tanto debet habere fidem.

Ille quidem foliis (benè miscens *utile dulci*)  
 Tingere Vina jubet (*Tingite Vina*) meis.  
 Illa dabunt verè tibi *Lucem et Pocula sacra* ;  
 Illa dabunt *Munus Lætitidmque Dei*.  
 Illa puer trullâ fundat tibi vina capaci ;  
 Posce, et *Amicarum Nomina* tota bibe.  
 Et, *Bene vos Oculi*, dicas, *Oculisque propines* ;  
 Illi (crede mihi) pocula nostra bibent.  
 Sed nimitum cessamus : Abi ; non immemor esto ;  
 Et mea victuro carmine dicta refer.  
 Dixit, et avertens festina evanuit *Herba*,  
 Lector, habes verâ dicta relata fide.

## NOTES.

1. *Anglicè Eye-bright. Veteribus ignota erat. Herba Oculorum usibus, itsque (quod sciamus) solis à Natura destinata : eos autem mirificè et super alia omnia juvans.*
2. *Epiphora, sive salsus et acris humor è vertice et sincipite lacrymarum specie defluens.*
3. *Ophthalmia, sive Lippitudo Celso, Inflammatio adnatâ tunicâ à sanguine acri et bilioso orta, cum rubore, ardore et lacrymis, et magnâ distensione Venarum.*
4. *Suffusio, ὑπόχθσις, Humoris præter naturam vel in pupillâ vel inter Rhagoidem Tunicam et Crystallinum humorem concretio. Principio Fumi tantum et vapores obversari ante oculos videntur ; postea Muscæ et alia simulachria, pro diversâ figurâ suffusionis.*
5. *Leucoma, Albugo, alba macula in Corned, tandem totam occupans et obcæcans.*
6. *Tumor inter majorem oculi angulum et radicem nasi, qui nondum ruptus Anchilops vocatur, ruptus Ægilops.*
7. *Carcinomata, Cancri, tumores duri, inæquales, cum dolore (quo distinguuntur à Schirris) ab atrâ bile nati, qui aliquando in ipso oculo oriuntur.*
8. *Vesicæ parvæ aquâ plenæ ab acri et seroso humore ortæ, à ferventis aquæ bullis, quæ φλόκταιναι vocantur similitudinis causâ nominatæ, quæ in corned et adnatâ tunicâ frequenter ebulliunt.*
9. *Velut ex igne facta crustulosa ulceratio nigro oculi adveniens.*
10. *Σύριγγς κόλπος, sinus angustus et longus in quo fistulam repræsentat, Ægilopa consequens.*
11. *Arnoldus de Villâ novâ, Libr. de Vinis.*

## Vesicaria.

SÆpe mihi (ut mos est) tacitè non pauca putanti,<sup>1</sup>  
 Et pudor et mentem nobilis ira subit.  
 Plantardmque genus (nisi queis præcordia Titan  
 Effinxit paucis de meliore luto)  
 Indignor non posse hyemem nec frigora ferre,  
 Sed plusquam *humanâ* vivere *mollitie*.  
 O frustrâ *Patre Solè* et *Terrâ Matre* creatas !  
 Semper et hæc *fixa* est, semper et ille *viget*.  
 Mirum delitiis ni cedant *Tempora* nostris,  
 Pellatûrque *Anni* finibus exul *Hyems*.

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Nos *Deus Elysiis* mirum ni conserat *Hortis*,  
 Nè stringat teneras aura molesta comas.  
 Scilicet *Halcyones* sumus, et producere foetus  
 Haud lubitum est, toto ni sit in orbe quies.  
 Nec tantum hæc *parvas* ignavia possidet *Herbas*,  
 Nec *repiit* semper dedecus illud humi :  
*Patricias Ulmos, Quercûsque* effœminat ipsas,  
 Atque Anima in duro Cortice mollis inest.  
 Nec pudet hæc *virides Sibaritica vita Gigantas* ;  
 Æstate in cœlos scandere velle putes.  
 Eia ! actum est, illis Tergum si verterit *Annus*.  
 Eia ! sub terram *Vita Gigantis* abit.  
*Hic Jacet*, ingenti possis inscribere *Trunco*.  
 Proh pudor ! *Hic Faceas* : si tibi terra *gravis*.  
 Ast *Ego*, quæ *Fruticis* vix ausim assumere Nomen,<sup>2</sup>  
 (Quamquam illud dederit *Plinius* ipse mihi)  
 Provoco terribilem pulchro certamine *Brumam* :  
 Impavidam feriet si Polus ipse ruat.  
*Bruma* venit, Ventûque mihi pluvizque minantur ;  
 Armata innumero Milite *Bruma* venit :  
 Tunc Fructus produco meos ; ante ora *Tyranni*  
 Expono, et dico, *Nunc age, siquid agis*.  
 Funde tuos *Imbres* ; saturatas murice *Baccas*  
 Incocto nullis diluit Imber aquis.  
 Funde *Nives* ; Nivibus renitescit *Purpura* junctis,  
 Et rubrum in puro *Vase Toreuma* placet.  
 Sic prodest Labris albi vicinia dentis,  
 Sic decorat roseas candida forma genas.  
 Hisce rudimentis Morbos victura rebelles  
 Virtutem induro consolidoque meam.  
 Sic didici immenso percurrere *Saxa* labore,  
 Et *Tyrocinium* mite fuit *Glacies*.  
 Non etenim solas (cùm de malè fortibus Herbis  
 Hoc faciant aliquæ) vis mea pellit Aquas :  
 Sed *Lapides* duros *Silicùmque* obstacula rumpo :  
 Vix penetret tales *Hannibal* ipse vias.  
 Ah nimitum infælix *Scopulum* qui impingit in istum,  
 Jactatûrque suis *Naufragus Æger* aquis !  
 Ah miser, *Indigenæ* qui urgetur pondere *Saxi*,  
 Et dignus quem vel *Sisyphus* ipse fleat.  
 Ah quantum *Extinctis*, quantum invidet ille *Sepultis*,  
 Impositus tantum cùm premit *Ossa Lapis* ?  
 Huic Ego non ferrem auxilium ? mihi Terra dehiscat,  
 Si tantum dicar non miserata malum.  
 Tunc ego de durâ genitam me rupe fatebor.  
 Et *Silicum* venas *Caulis* habere loco.  
 Sed miseresco equidem, molémque liquore resolvo  
*Caucaseam* ; impulsu dissilit illa meo.  
 Obstructumque diu prono ruit impete *Flumen*,  
 Et secum adversæ fragmina *Rupis* agit.

## NOTES.

1. *Vesicaria, Halicacabus, Alkakengi Arabibus, Anglicè Winter-Cherries. Siqua planta Signaturam officii sui à Naturâ impressam gerat, hæc profectò illa est, cujus fructus et Vesicam et Calculum in eâ conclusum manifestè refert. Est autem è Solanorum (στρούων) genere : Quorum alterum (inquit Plin. lib. 21. 31.) cui*

T

*acini coccinei, granosi folliculi, Halicatubum vocant; nostri autem Vesicariam, quoniam Vesicæ et Calculis brosit.*

2. *Frutex est surculosus veriùs quàm Herba, folliculis magnis latisque et turbinatis, grandi intùs acino, qui maturescit Novembri mense, Ib.*

### Rorella.

**P**OL tibi se præbet nimitum Natura benignam,<sup>1</sup>

Et Vitæ tempus dapsile mollis habes.

Flos micat *Argento*, tegitur lanugine Corpus

*Purpureâ*, et Venis *Aureus humor* inest.

Nec non in *Calicem* folium tibi quodque cavatum est :

Et *potu* nunquam non tumet ille *Calix*.

Exsiccare illum non *Comessator Apollo*,

Non *acris Potor Sirius* ipse valet.

Arentes circum despectas turgida campos,

*Fluminibusque* ipsis invidiosa mades.

Et bibis, et rides sitibundos improba *Menses* :

*Hydra* rebullit aquæ prodigiosa novæ.

Te tuus irrorat *Nilus de Fonte latenti*,

Et jubet invito *luxuriare Jove*.

### De Eadem.

Abjectis hinc sume *Hederis* tibi, *Bacche*, *Coronam* ;

Hæc est temporibus dignior Herba tuis :

*Copia* quam diti perfundit lubrica *Cornu*,

*Hæres* perpetuum *Copia* facta sibi.

Si tu, *Bacche*, bibis, si non frugaliter hauris,

Exhaustusque tibi se *Cadus* ipse replet.

Sic tumet epotus renovato *Nectare Crater*,

*Ambrosias* celebrat cum *Jovis* aula dapes :

Nec labor est *Phrygio* calices implere *Ministro*,

Succurrit sibimet pro *Ganymede Calix*.

Sic bina ansati pulcherrima *Pocula Cordis*<sup>2</sup>

(In quibus ipse *Animus Vitam Animamque* bibit)

*Pocula divinum divini opus Alcimedontis*,<sup>3</sup>

*Purpureo* spumant semper onusta mero.

Natura absunit *sine damno prodiga* census ;

*Vena micans* aufert, *Vena quieta* refert.

O *Radicalis* plantæ prædivitis humor !

Quid mirum si tu languida corda foves ?

Corpora quid mirum si tabescentia sistis,

Membræque non vano glutine firma tenes ?

Quid mirum dubiæ nictantem *Lampada Vitæ*

Tam vivaci *Oleo* si renovare datur ?

Quid mirum si grata venis *Pulmonibus* Herba,

Et nunquam exhaustis *Spongia* gaudet aquis ?

Grata ades et *Veneri* meritò, quæ plena caloris

Intùs, et externo tosta calore, mades.

Hæc duo sunt *Elementa Libidinis* ipsa, *Calorem*

Illa *Anima*, *Humorem Corporis* instar habet.

### NOTES.

1. *Rorella, Ros Solis, Rorida et corruptè apud vulgus Rosa Solis, Anglicè Sun-dew. Quæ nomina sortita est,*

quæ magno naturæ miraculo, Rore semper madescat, et tum maximè cum Sol ferventissimus est, quasi ab ipso sole Ros in eam dilaberetur: itaque meridiè colligi jubent. Alio nomine Anglicè Lust-wort appellatur, quia pecudes ex illius esu incendi libidine credunt. Veteribus nota non erat, itaque Græcum (misella) nomen non habet. Ex eâ liquor ille fit satis vulgaris, multique usus, Rosa Solis dictus; nam et omnibus affectionibus Cordis ac Pulmonum auxiliatur, et corpus tabescens reficit restauratque. Folia illi rotunda cavæque, subviridia, sed operta lanugine purpureâ, pediculo etiam rubro et lanuginosa inhærentia, semper liquore vel lentore potiùs quodam tincta, intèrque ea parvuli rubicundi caules exsurgunt, quasi clavos quosdam candidos pro flore ferentes, in quibus semina continentur; radix capillaris. Aqua ex eâ stillatitia flavi coloris est, eoque argentum tingit, si immergatur.

2. Duo Ventriculi Cordis.

3. — Pocula ponam

Fagina, coelatum divini opus Alcimedontis.

Virg. Eclog. 3.

Quod nomen 'Αλκίμεδοντος non minùs quàm ὄψιμεδοντος, quod Homero frequens est, Deo convenit.

### Cyclaminus.

**S**anguine stillantem *Naris* quæ *occludere Venam*,<sup>1</sup>

*Posticæ* partis *Venam aperire* soles,<sup>2</sup>

Nec rationis eges; nam jure *Patulcius* hujus,<sup>3</sup>

Alterius debet *Clusius* esse loci.

### Eadem.

Ecce superbit ovans generosâ *Vite* fugatâ,<sup>4</sup>

Et Capite inflato vile tumescit *otus* :

Victricem Regum debellat rustica Plantam

*Brassica*; sed prope *Te* stare misella nequit.

Nempe *Cibum Medicamentis* decedere fas est ;

*Inservit Morbis* Ille, sed ista *fugant*.

Non alias Herbas morésve imitaris avara

Humanos, quorum *Mors* benefacta facit.

Ipsa tuâ frueris *Virtute*, et viva vidénsque

Exerces; *Horto tu Medicina* tuo.

### Eadem.

Docta mihi dederit cum *Græcia* nomen honestum,<sup>5</sup>

Quod meruit *Folii* bella figura mei,

Gens inimica novum cuderunt *Pharmacopolæ*.<sup>6</sup>

Quels *Græcæ* vocis nec sonus ipse placet.

*Fœdorùmque* (nefas !) *Animantum* injuria nostros

Indigno titulos stigmatè inusta notat.

Non ego tam *Porcis*, quàm *vobis* præbeo *Panem* ;

Vos estis *Porci* quos Ego semper alo.

### Eadem.

Ulcera desicco putri manantia tabo,<sup>7</sup>

Mollitiésque cuti non *aliena* redit.<sup>8</sup>

Nec mihi duritie *Vari* (<sup>9</sup>) *Panisque* resistunt,<sup>10</sup>

Nec se munit *Aquâ*, nec satis *Ignè* tumor.<sup>11</sup>

Non *Ambustorum* patior vestigia foeda,<sup>13</sup>  
*Vibicum* infames nec remanere notas.  
 Nec florere diu picta *Exanthemata* possunt,<sup>13</sup>  
 Nec turpes latè crescere *Lenticulae*.<sup>14</sup>  
 Et *Vitiligo* (<sup>15</sup>) fugit, fugiunt et *Ephelides* ipsae,<sup>16</sup>  
 A nostro quamvis ortum habuere Deo.  
 Nec patior vultu quicquam apparere puellae,  
 Quò minùs in *Speculo* gaudeat illa suo.  
 Fallor? an et mollem forsàn minùs obligo sexum,<sup>17</sup>  
 Quòd miseræ relevo *Parturientis* onus?

## Eadem.

Ignem meo falsum *Ictericum* consumitur *Aurum*:<sup>18</sup>  
 (Vix equidem *Vero* plus nocuisse datur.)  
 Per me posticis ductus canalibus ater<sup>19</sup>  
 Sanguis abit, foeda, dignus abire via.  
 Flaventem Bilem, Pituitam pellimus albam;<sup>20</sup>  
 Frustrà et uterque color *chara Metalla* refert.  
 Pellimus ex Oculo *Nubem* et *Meteora* maligna,<sup>21</sup>  
 Et parvo obscurat quicquid in orbe diem.  
 Pellimus Articulis sævi mala semina Morbi,<sup>22</sup>  
 Quæque habet infelix uda *Elementa* dolor.  
 Pellimus et Spinas, infixaque corpore tela<sup>23</sup>  
 Tracta stupent nullà se remeare manu.  
 Parva loquor; Membris depellimus omne Venenum,<sup>24</sup>  
 Et Mors possessà cedere jussa domo est.  
 Duraque crescentes in Vitæ incommoda Fœtus,<sup>25</sup>  
 Ac nondum *Miseros*, pellimus ex utero.  
 O scelus! exclamant omnes; num *Morbis* habendus  
 Hoc ipsum *Nasci*? Credite, *Morbis* hic est.  
 Si volumus verè rationem ducere, *Vitam*  
 Restaurare minus, quàm *Prohibere*, bonum est.

## NOTES.

1. Κυκλάμιος, Ἰχθυόθηρον (quod pisces devoratum necesse) *Cyclaminus*, vel *Cyclaminum*, Tuber Terræ, Rapum Terræ, Umbilicus Terræ, Malum Terræ (quod nomen *Aristolochiæ* frequentius attribuitur) Rapum porcinum, Orbicularis, et in officinis vocatur *Cyclamen*, *Panis Porcinus*, *Artamita*, Angl. Sow-bread. Folia habet minora quàm *hedera nigriordque*, et tenuiora, sine angulis, in quibus albicant maculae, caule exiguo, inani, floribus purpureis, radice latà, ut rapum videri possit, cortice nigro. Nascitur in umbrosis: nostris Tuber terræ vocatur, in omnibus serenda domibus, si verum est, ubi sata sit, nihil nocere mala medicamenta. Amuletum vocant, Plin. libr. 25. 9. Et, In vepribus nascitur *Cyclaminum*; Flos ejus *Colossinus* in coronas admittitur.
2. Sistit profluvium *Naris*, atque ejusdem aperit *Venas Hemorrhoidas* succus in lanà applicatus.
3. Nomina *Jani*, Ovid. Fast. 1. Quodd, Omnia sint ejus clausa patèntque manu.
4. Ipsum olus quo *Vitis* fugatur adversum *Cyclaminum* arescit. Plin. lib. 24. 1.
5. Ἀπὸ τοῦ κύκλου, à circulo, quia et folium et radix rotunda sunt.
6. *Panis Porcinus*, quod à porcis mirè appetatur.

7. *Cyclamini radix* vel per se vel ex aceto vel cum melle sanat manantia ulcera, et contra *steatomata* efficax, Plin. l. 26. 14.

8. Qualis est *Ulcerum* mollities.

9. Vari, tumores duri et exigui ex frigido crassoque humore quasi in callum concreti.

10. *Panus*, *Phlegmone* in adenum locis emergens.

11. Neque ex pituità, ut *Oedemata* (quorum etiam quædam *Hydroa* vocantur) neque ex Bile proveniens.

12. *Ambusta* sanantur radice *Cyclamini* cum *Aizoo*, Plin. lib. 26. 12.

13. *Pustulae*, *Variolae*, *Morbilli*.

14. *Subnigræ* aut *fulvæ faciei maculae*.

15. Angl. *Morphen*; cujus tres species, *Alphus*, *Melas*, *Leuce*.

16. Ἐφελὺς *Celso* cum e scribitur, et significat asperitatem quandam mali coloris; hic autem intelliguntur Ἐφελίδες *Galenii* et *Hippocratis*, quæ sunt maculae à Sole, ab Ἡλιος.

17. *Gerardus* nostris, *Herbarius* diligentissimus, dicit se experientiâ comprobasse, folia *Cyclamini* pudendo immissa facilem partum reddere: Alii, Radicem etiam adalligatam id præstare.

18. *Ictericum* sanat, qui et *Aurigo* dicitur, et *Morbis Regius*, fortè ab Auro rege *Metallo*rum. *Cyclaminus calida* et sicca tertio gradu; radix in usu est; Incidit, terget, aperit, digerit, resolvitque, *Lienis* durities et tumores fotu aut illitu persanat: tum recens tum aridus arquatam sistit, et biliosum sudorem ciet, Fernel.

19. *Hæmorrhoidas* aperit.

20. Bilem et pituitam purgat.

21. Ad *Hypochysin* et caliginem *Cyclaminon* in pastillos diluunt, Plin. lib. 25. 12. *Meteora*, nempe *Albuginem*, qui crassus est et albus in cornu *Meteorii* instar concretus humor; item alia mala *Oculorum*, quædam frigidorum, alia calidorum *Meteororum* Similia. Cum melle infunditur.

22. Medetur *Podagræ*, et membris luxatis, et *pernionibus*, etc. Plin. lib.

23. *Cyclamini* radicibus cum melle omnia corpori infixa extrahuntur, Plin. lib. 26. 14.

24. Ex vino bibitur denariorum duum pondere contra serpentes omnes, Id. lib. 25. 9.

25. Suum tamen venenum ei est, traduntque, si prægnans radicem transgrediatur, abortum fieri, Id. Succus ventri illitus, alvum subducit, sed Fatum interimit, *Heurnius*.

## Lens Palustris.

Ingentem *Ranam* conditam *Lente* palustri,<sup>1</sup>  
 Esse dapem dignam vel *Jove* jurat *Anas*;  
 Et quòd tam lautam si doctus *Apicius* escam  
 Novisset, vel adhuc viveret ille libens.  
 Non sumus ergò nihil, nec pondus inutile *Stagni*:  
 Sed (mihi crede) *Anatis* non ego nata gulæ;  
 Nec virides constravit aquis *Natura* *Tapetas*,  
 Futilibus *Ranis* gratificata parens.  
 Nascor ad humanæ non vilia commoda vitæ,



Quæ latuere diu nunc quoque multa latent.  
 Currit in exiguo Doctorum industria Circo;  
 Et spatium angustè clausa recurrit idem.  
 Germina quid memorem vastum dispersa per orbem  
 Quæ scitur, pars est quàm propè nulla mei?  
 Curtum aliquid scitur: majoraque dicere vellem,  
 Sed Phæbus, sed me Fata silere iubent.  
 Pauca loquar: Tosto liventes sanguine Cancros,  
 Et flavæ prolem Bilis Erysipelas,  
 Corporis et fissi parvas extinguimus Ætnas,  
 Quocūque erumpat fomite flamma vorax.  
 Frigore natali et genitalis viribus undæ,  
 Quo sim nata loco, quaque parente, probo.  
 Cūmque dolore truci et subjecto corporis igne  
 Articulorum Ollis clausa rebullit Aqua,  
 Frigida ferventem compescit nostra Lebetem,  
 Et Rore Aspersus detumet ille furor.

## NOTE.

1. *Lenticula palustris*. Anglicè Ducks-meat. Est et palustris Lens per se nascens in aquis non fluentibus, refrigeratoriæ naturæ, propter quod collectionibus illinitur, et maximè Podagris, et per se et cum polentâ, glutinat et interanea procidentia, Plin. l. 22. 25. Lentic. Palust. frigida et humida ordine secundo, collectionibus calidis, podagris et igni sacro commodè illinitur cum polentâ, Fernel.

## Rosmarinus.

## De Morsu Tarantulæ.

SEdula,<sup>1,2</sup> nec telis vel adhuc cessura<sup>3</sup> Minervæ,  
 Impendens operi viscera et ipsa tuo,  
 Unde Lepos oritur tibi, Arachne Daunia, sævus?<sup>4</sup>  
 Unde vacas tristi ridiculòque malo?  
 Unde vel ingenium mcestæ jocularè nocendi,  
 Seria vel Mortis ludicra pestis agis?  
 Ille furit quicumque tuo vix tangitur ictu:  
 Vulnere vix sentit, sed tamen ille furit.  
 Exiguque Atomus non percipienda Veneni  
 Mox victrix toto corpore vasta sedet.  
 Occupat arcanis Mentem in penetralibus ipsam,  
 Et captam miseris raptat acerba modis.  
 Hic silet, ille altis clamoribus æthera rumpit;  
 Hic stolidè astantes verberat, ille timet:  
 Solvitur hic Lacrymis, quassatur et ille Cachinnis:  
 Mille habitus idem, mille habet ora furor.  
 Omnes una tenet Saltandi dira voluptas,  
 Nec datur ulla quies; nocte dièque tenet,  
 Nam pulsus simul atque resultat Musica chordis,<sup>5</sup>  
 Aut magicos reddat Tibia plena sonos,  
 Saltat Anus tristis, saltat Lethargicus æger,  
 Saltat inæquali Claudus et ipse pede.  
 Ipse potest, hilari correptus membra veneno,  
 Saltando Satyros penè necare Senex.  
 O misera, et Cantu Sirenium digna Chorea,  
 Cūm faciat furiis Mens agitata Modos!<sup>6</sup>

O Designator Ludorum pessime Morbe!<sup>7</sup>  
 O quantum hæc intus Pyrrhica Pondus agit!<sup>8</sup>  
 Talem ego, et ignoto causarum fonte fluentem,  
 Quid faciam, Medici, tollere jussa luem?  
 Namque ita me calidus juvet et conservet Apollo,  
 (Qui sanctum et vobis et mihi Numen habet)  
 Obscuri (nè vera negem) sum nescius ipse  
 Æquè vobiscum quæ sit origo mali.  
 Sed Cordi et Cerebro (mihi quæ provincia cessit,  
 Scitis, nec vobis dicere falsa juvat)  
 Agmina Spirituum sæpe auxiliaria mitto  
 Nostrorum, et firmo milite castra novo.  
 Multaque se comites tanti bona germina belli  
 Jungunt; nec sub me, credo, merere pudet.  
 Læta Meliphylla,<sup>9</sup> et Serpentum Ruta Venenum,  
 Centaurea minor,<sup>10</sup> Coryciisque Crocus.<sup>11</sup>  
 Tūque à pellendis nomen sortita Secundis,<sup>12</sup>  
 Quæ renuis victos carmine habere pedes.  
 Medica nec mihi Malus opem fulgentibus armis,<sup>13</sup>  
 Nec mea chara Soror Salvia ferre negat.<sup>14</sup>  
 Nec Lauri Myrtive aut frondiferæ Tamaricis,<sup>15</sup>  
 Aut Hederæ baccæ, Juniperive negant.  
 Celtica nec Nardus, nec dulcis<sup>16</sup> Amaracus auræ,<sup>17</sup>  
 Nec negat Abrotonum, nec negat Angelica.  
 Plantago, et sacro cognomine Carduus adsunt;<sup>18</sup>  
 Utilis Absinthii clarus amaror adest.  
 Semen adest Daucique, Anisique, albique Cumini;<sup>19</sup>  
 Caste tuum Vitex, pulchra<sup>20</sup> Nigella, tuum.<sup>21</sup>  
 Scorzonera venis sæclo non nota priori,<sup>22</sup>  
 Tormentilla venis, et Rosa rubra venis.  
 Allia nec pudet, et graveolentes jungere Cepas:  
 Has ego Dux acies instruo; Signa canant.  
 Indignor stomachòrque unum, quòd Musica mollis<sup>23</sup>  
 Arroget hanc laudem præripiatque sibi.  
 Ut sunt Mendaces, dicent verum esse Poète,  
 Gratièque hæc Domine facta libenter erit.  
 At fovet Insanos, non curat, (testor Amantes)  
 Et dat Stultitia longa alimenta brevi.  
 Hic debellando blanditur inepta Tyranno,  
 Magnaque pars Morbi est quòd nimis illa placet.  
 Pars Morbi est vano quòd jactant membra labore:  
 Pars Morbi est; casu sed Labor ille juvat.  
 Nulla quiescendi loca sunt nec tempora pesti,  
 Motibus immodicis exagitata fugit.  
 Nos quoque Naturæ se jam relevare paranti  
 Adsumus auxilio, porrigimúsque manum.  
 Hoc aliquid certè est; sed Casus scilicet ipse  
 Fit Medicus, Morbus fit Medicina sibi.

## NOTES.

1. Epiphanius Ferdinandus, qui in hujus admirandi Morbi naturâ et curatione diligenter laboravit, quinque remedia experièntiâ comprobata commendat, quorum secundum est Quinta Essentia Rosmarini; et quam sit sanè Capiti salutaris (quod præcipuè hoc veneno afficitur) omnes sciunt.

2. Tarantula ex Phalangiorum seu araneorum genere est, a Tarento urbe celeberrimâ Apuliæ nominata, quâ

in regione frequens est; in sulcorum squallore latitans (inquit Scaliger) imprudens vel Messorum vel Venatorum pungit: eam ob causam interfuit Indigenarum munimenta pedum excogitare; itaque ocreolis calceati metunt.

3. Quia Arachne per invidiam Minervæ in Araneam conversa, admirabilius jam, ut ait Ovid:

— Antiquas exercet Aranea telas.

4. Daunus, i. e. Apula, à Dauno avo Turni, Pylumni et Danaes filio, qui in Apuliâ regnavit. Est et fluvius in Apuliâ Daunus nomine.

5. Visi sunt à nobis languidi solutique in tantum accendi calorem ex Ascauli sono, ut saltando lassarent oculos spectatorum, Scal. Exercit. 185. Refert autem Epiph. Ferdinand. Histor. 81. Senem 94. annorum adeo debilem, ut nisi scipione innixus ambulare non possit, auditâ Musicâ velut Capreolum statim tripudiasse.

6. Modi, Mensuræ in cantando aut saltando observati; unde in omnibus inscriptionibus Comædiarum Terentii additum videmus, Modos fecisse Claudium, aut alium.

7. Qui Ludis præest Funebribus.

8. Laboriosa saltatio quam veteres integrè armati exercuerunt, unde Ένὸπλιος dicta. Vocabant Pyrrhicam, non à Pyrrho Achillis filio, tametsi ab eo saltatam aiunt, victo Eurypilo filio Telephi; quippe ejus pater Achilles ante ipsum dicitur ab Aristot. ad Patrocli rogum eam saltasse. Itaque πυρικήν παρὰ τὴν πυρὰν, Scal. lib. i. Poëtic. Sed scriptio priori Etymologia magis favet.

9. Melissa, Anglicè Baum. Læta, quod Latitiam pariat.

10. Dicitur et Centaurium, et Centauria Virg. plur. num. et Centauria sing. num. Duo autem genera sunt, majus, et minus. Anglicè Small Centory.

11. Corycii pressura croci.—Lucan.

Ultima Corycio quæ cadit aura Croco.—Mart.

et omnes poetæ hoc quasi solenni quodam Epitheto utuntur. Corycius nomen Urbis et Montis in Cilicia, ubi laudatissimus Crocus nascebatur.

12. Artistolochia. Nicand. e addit penultima, ἀριστολοχέλα, quam literam derivatio nominis optime admittit: sed Latini non ita scribunt. Anglicè Birthwort.

13. Media fert tristes succos tardumque saporem Fælicis mali, etc.

Virg. Georg. 2.

Quod ego Citrum interpretor, quidam dissentiunt.

14. Soror, simul in iisdem hortis semper ferè sata, et iisdem propè facultatibus prædita.

15. Frondifera, per excellentiam; nam dicitur à Græcis Μυρικήν à Μύριος propter infinitam multitudinem minutissimorum foliorum. Anglicè Tamarisk-Tree, or Shrub.

16. Lavendula.

17. Majorana.

18. Carduus Benedictus.

19. Dicitur album vel propter colorem seminis, vel quod è vino potum pallorem gignat; unde à Persio Fallens, ab Horatio Exsanguis Cuminum, vocatur.

20. Agnus Castus officinarum.

21. Anglicè Gith, sicut etiam Latinè à Plinio appellatur Μελάθριον.

22. Non ita pridem hæc herba virésque ejus à servo Mauro in Hispania inventæ sunt; et ab effectibus aliis nominibus dicitur, Viperaria, Serpentaria insigni virtute contra venena.

23. Rectè tu Musica curari negas, labore namque et sudore tum vincitur tum expellitur venenum, Scal. Exerc. 185.

### Mentha.

A Mbiguis, Homines, moneo, nè ludite dictis: <sup>1</sup> Quis pudor Humanè Grammaticæque loqui?

Si nè vulgentur Mysteria vestra timetis,

(Quæ bene curta via est) sit Tacuisse satis.

Quid Tormenta juvat dubii crudelia sensûs,

Quem subigit longus dicere falsa dolor?

Hæc Ego jure queror; Veterumque Oracula nigra

Stigmata inusserunt quàm diuturna mihi?

Quot conjecturas movit Sententia turpes,

Tempore quâ Belli me vetuere seri?

Lectorem obscuri dicti juvat esse malignum,

Ingeniòque suo cuncta licere putat.

Hinc aliquis, Mentham bene Mavors oderit (inquit; <sup>2</sup>

Dilectæ Marti Mentha inimica Deæ.

Mars generare homines, non tantum perdere, gaudet,

Officii prædam materiàmque sui.

At Venerem enervat Seménque effæminat ipsum,

Semimarésque facit Salmacis Herba Viros. <sup>3</sup>

Adjuvat errorem (facile enutritur ut Error)

Quod Lac densari, quodque coire veto.

Quâ virtute vetem, tum vos, Gens docta, docebo

(Sed certè hæc solâ conditione loquar)

Cùm mihi dixeritis, quo res comprehendere Mente

Contingat vobis, quo Meminisse modo.

Hoc dicam audacter; Veneris me Lampada sacram,

Quam vitali Oleo nobile Semen alit,

Exhilarare meo, blandumque fovere Calore:

Quid fidum Veneri, si Calor hostis erit?

Ignorémne illam nimum Proserpina novit,

Et purgor pæná (proh! nimis) ipsa meâ.

Quid? quod nulla magis Stomachum corroborat Herba; <sup>4</sup>

Nulla magis læto digerit igne cibos.

Injusta est talem nisi amet Dea Cypria plantam,

Ingratum est grates et nisi Semen agat.

Ergò alias alii non parcè reddere causas;

Et causam qui non invenit, ipse facit.

Nempe recrudescunt nostro loca saucia tactu, <sup>5</sup>

Me nova vulneribus vulnera ferre volunt.

Quis pudor? astringens mihi vis et sicca tributa est, <sup>6</sup>

Et fœdum nostrâ detumet ulcus ope. <sup>7</sup>

Sanguinis et fluxus sisto, medicarier ausa <sup>8</sup>

Naturæ ipsius Vulnera facta manu;

Factaque Serpentum, rabiosi facta levare <sup>9</sup>

(O quàm plaga levis bellica!) dente Canis.

Vix memorare ausim quod ab Intertrigine tutus, <sup>10</sup>

Vel dextrâ siquis me gerat, esse potest.

Ridetis? patior lege hâc, ridere vicissim  
 Vestra quoque ut liceat tot maledicta mihi.  
 Quorum prætereo reliqua; atque exponere verum,<sup>11</sup>  
 (Hic Lingua in medio substitit icta sono)  
*Quanquam animus meminisse horret, luctûque*  
*refugit,*  
 Incipiam. (Et virides hic maduere genæ.)

Non *Ego* vestrorum pars (credite) semper odora<sup>12</sup>  
 Hortorum, ac quondam *Virgo* decora fui:  
 Nigra quidem (nam me genuit *Cocytius Amnis*)  
 Sed fuit in nigro multa colore *Venus*.  
 Nè quis mentiri me fortè existimet, ore  
*Veridico* meminit *Naso* Poëta mei.<sup>13</sup>  
 Lucus erat mœstâ Patri gratissimus umbrâ,  
 Quem tacito æternùm præterit ille pede:  
 Sunt illic *Taxifque* et funereæ *Cyparissi*,  
 Et ferrugineis sylvâ severa comis.  
 Hic me secreto spatiantem tramite vidit  
*Tertius inferni Jupiter* ille poli<sup>14</sup>  
 Vidit, et, heu! placui; nam vultu exardet in  
 omni;  
 Illi forma placet *Candida*, *Nigra* placet.  
 Ah! si nescitis, *Deus insatiabilis* ille est;  
 Et vi crudelis, non prece, semper agit.  
 Me rapit, amplexus quanquam perterrita fugi:  
 Nè valeam ad *Mortem* ni mihi visa rapi.  
 Quid facerem? sævum est et inexpugnabile  
*Numen*,  
 Et *Fratris* vires *Omnipotentis* habet.  
 Quid multa? invitam secretum ducit ad antrum,  
*Virgineoque* ferox corpore perfruitur.  
 Nescio quo casu (namque hoc siluere *Poeta*,  
 Nec licuit tali tempore scire mihi)  
 Ecce venit scelere in medio *Plutonia Conjux*,  
 Et mea humi miseræ corpora strata videt.  
 Nec purgare data est, nec me relevare potestas;  
 Semper at, illa inquit, fixa manebis humi.  
 Dixit, et extemplò compagem diffluere omnem,  
 Et rapidâ sensi membra soluta fugâ.  
 Venâque radices sub terram quælibet (ex quâ  
*Cauliculus* surgit mox rubicundus) agit.  
*Cauliculósque* ornat florum rubicunda *Corona*,  
 Et folia obscuro scissa virore nitent.  
 Et bellam efficio *Menthæ*, cognominis herbæ,<sup>15</sup>  
*Areolam* jacui quo resupina modo.  
 At duram *Infernos* fortem miseratus *Adulter*,  
 (Illa vel *Infernos* digna movere *Deos*.)  
 Pro formâ humanâ, pro *Virginitatis* honore  
 Vim magnam foliis jussit inesse meis.  
 Ditavtque humilem multis *Virtutibus* *Herbam*,  
 Quas inter dulcis *Vix* numerandus *Odor*.<sup>16</sup>  
 Hæc bene cùm *Veteres* (ut erant certissima)  
 scirent,  
 Relligio est animis non levis orta piis.  
*Plutoni* sacram duxere, atque *Omen* habere  
*Mortis*, et hinc *Bello me vetuere seri*.  
 Errârunt; alios nè raptet sedula curo,  
 Nève ad *Plutonem* quis nisi serus eat.

## NOTES.

1. *Arist. Probl. Sect. 20.* Μίνθην ἐν πολέμῳ μήτ' ἔθιε, μέτε φύτετε ἢ ὅτι καταψύχει τὰ σώματα; δηλαδὲ δὲ ἡ τοῦ σπέρματος φθορά· τοῦτο δὲ ἀπεναντίον πρὸς ἀνδρῶν καὶ θυμὸν, ταυτὸν δὲ τῷ γένει.

2. *Vt damna belli resarciantur, et tempore majorem liberis operam dare convenit, huic autem rei Menthæ usum dicunt esse alienum; quidam, quodd arcana proprietate Conceptionem in fœminâ prohibeat; alii, quodd in viris semen absumat.* Plin. hæc habet lib. 20. 14. *Ipsa accessere aut coire densarique Lac non sinit, quare Lactis potionibus additur, nè hujus coagulati potu strangulentur: datur in aqua aut mulso Eadem vi resistere et generationi creditum, prohibendo genitalia densari. Alii addunt rationem dicti esse, quodd absumpto semine Milites, Eunuchorum instar, minus strenui redduntur.*

3. *Salmacis herba, per appositionem. De Salmacide Fonte nota fabula.* Ovid. Met. 4:

Quisquis in hos fontes vir venerit, exeat indè  
 Semivir, etc.

4. *Menthæ ipsius odor animum excitat, et sapor aviditatem in cibis; ideo embammatum misturæ familiaris, Plin. Stomacho apprimè utilis est, appetitum excitat; et in condimentis peculiarem usum invenit: humores frigidos crassosque exalfacit, attenuat et absorbet; singultus, vomitiones, choleramque sedat, sed conceptioni resistere creditur, Fernel. Singultus et vomitiones, cum succo granati—aridæ quoque farinam tribus digitis apprehensam stomachi dolorem sedare in aquâ, Plin.*

5. *Cass. Dionys. Geop. 12. Mentham impositam vulnera exasperare eoque nomine belli temporibus minus esse idoneam.*

6. *Mentha utraque calida et sicca est tertio ordine, gustu acri, subamaro, tenuium partium, astringendi et exsiccandi vim habet, Fernel.*

7. *Ulcers in capite infantium mirè sanat—Ephorâs illinitur et omnibus in capite eruptionibus, Plin.*

8. *Æquè maribus ac fœminis sistit sanguinem, et purgationes fœminarum inhibet—sanguinem excreantibus in sorbitionem datur.—Sanguinis fluxiones intus emendat. Ib.*

9. *Sumitur contra Scolopendras, et Scorpiones marinos, et ad serpentes, Ib. De Morsu Canis rabiosi alii.*

10. *Intertrigines si vel teneatur prohibet. Plin. Ib.*

11. *Rondeletius causam proverbii putat esse, quod semen Menthæ homines efficiat nimis furibundos. Falsum! et satis ineptè excogitatum! Heurnius putat veteres ad Μνησικακίαν respexisse, quodd inimicitia immortalis esse non debeant, nam Mentha semel sata durat ætatem.*

12. *Cocytii filiam Mintham cum Plutone deprehensam à Proserpinâ Poetæ fingunt, ab eâque in hanc herbam transmutatam.*

13. *Fœmineos artus in olentes vertere menthas, Persephone, licuit?*

Ovid. Met. 10. Fab. ult.

14. *Pluto. Poli, quia et Inferi ex poetarum sententiâ*  
—Coelûmque suum, sua sidera norunt.
15. *Literâ tantum mutata, nam virgo Mintha vocabatur, et Græcè quidem sine ullâ mutatione.*
16. *Mentâ nomen suavitas odoris apud Græcos, cum alioqui Mintha vocaretur unde veteres nostri nomen declinaverunt. Grato Mentâ mensas odore percurrit in rusticis dapibus. Plin. l. 19. 8. id est, Cum Μίνθη prius Græcè vocaretur, postea Ἡδύσμον ab odore appellaverunt.*

### Viscus Quernus.

**V**iscus (*Io I*) magni donum Teutatis opimum,<sup>1,2</sup>  
Prosilit è Quercu sanctior ipse sacrâ.  
Solennes Aras de cespite ponite vivo,  
Et totum vario sternite flore locum.  
Ritè Deos orans purâ cum veste Sacerdos  
Astantum elatus colla manûsque super,  
Scandat adorati fœlicia culmina Trunci,  
Et veniam Fruticis supplice voce roget.  
Tum verò auratâ demessum falce decenter  
Candenti excipiat candida turba Sago.  
Et duo candentes immuni corpore Tauri  
Lucentes tingant, Victima grata, focos.  
Tum læti celebrate dapes, plaususque secundus  
Concutiat totum, seu gravis Aura, nemus.  
Hos habuit Viscus Diis invidiosus honores :  
Non Apis tantos ipse repertus habet.  
Nec sibi visa minor Dodonæ Quercubus olim  
Fatidicis, Viscum siqua beata daret.  
Scilicet hanc veteres Plantis magis omnibus unam  
Patronam Vitæ constituere suæ.  
Hæc sola est spernit quæ Terræ Filia dici,  
Regallique udam quæ pede spernit humum.  
Huic soli genituræ expers genitalis origo :<sup>3</sup>  
Vel Mundi ipsius qualis origo fuit.  
Cùmque alia humanâ concrecant insita curâ,  
Naturæ hæc sola est insita Planta manu,  
Hinc et Serpentum nigra exarmare Venena,<sup>4</sup>  
Et Magicæ (Hominum dira Venena) sonos.  
Et morbos, (quàm multi !) omnes superare putârunt.  
Quid mirum? Herculeum cui superare datum est.<sup>5</sup>  
Quis magis horribilis? quæ forma Chymærica Morbi?  
Parte fui Mors est torpida, parte Furor.<sup>6</sup>  
Hoc superat Monstrum : tamen hinc quoque poste minora  
Falsa quidem fuerat, sed nec inepta fides.  
Credidit antiqui simplex Infantia Mundi,  
Nec (puto) tunc ævi notus Elenchus erat.  
Nec modò tutari, Vitam dare creditus olim,<sup>7</sup>  
Fœcundumque Uteri reddere Viscus agrum.  
Quid Sterile esse potest plantæ sine Semine nata?  
Quid Clausum? quæ vel Quercum aperire valet.  
In lucem immani quæ prodit ab Arbore nixu,  
Ut capite exiluit Diva Minerva Jovis.  
Quòd si priscorum vera est sententia Vatum,  
(Et Prisci et Vates sint, dubitare licet)  
Non miror, quoniam Cognatio jungit utroque,  
Fraterno si nos Viscus amore colit.

Ipsi Homines olim rupto de Robore nati,<sup>8</sup>  
Primus (si fas est credere) Viscus erant.

### NOTES.

1. Nihil habent Dryidæ (itâ suos appellant Magos) Viscus et arbore in quâ gignatur (si modò sit Kobur) sacratius: jam per se roborum eligunt lucos, nec ulla sacra sine eâ fronde conficiunt, ut inde appellati quoque interpretatione Græcâ possint Dryidæ videri. Enimvero quicquid adnascatur illis è cælo missum putant, signumque esse electæ ab ipso Deo arboris. Est autem id rarum admodum inventu, et repertum magnâ religione petitur.—Omnia sanantem appellantes suo vocabulo, sacrificiis epulsque ritè sub arbore præparatis, duos admovent candidi coloris Tauros, quorum cornua tunc primùm vinciantur: Sacerdos candidâ veste cultus arborem scandit, Falce aureâ demetit, candenti id excipitur sago: tum deinde victimas immolant, precantes ut suum donum Deus prosperum faciat his quibus dederit. Fœcunditatem eo potò dari cuicumque animali sterili arbitrantur, contrâque omnia venena esse remedio. Tanta gentium in rebus frivolis plerumque religio est, Plin. lib. 16. 45. de quo vide plura ibid. Anglicè vocatur Misseltoe.

2. Teutates et Hesus duo maxima Gallorum veterum numina, quibus humano sanguine faciebant.

3. Omnino satum nullo modo nascitur, nec nisi per alvum avium redditum, maximè palumbis, ac turdi: hæc est natura, ut nisi maturatum in ventre avium non proveniat, Plin. ib. Unde Turdus sibi Malum cacare proverbio dicitur, quòd ejus acinis Viscum fiat irretitendis avium pennis. Sed hoc manifestè fabulosum est; nam parte inferiore et prona ramorum aliquando nascitur, ubi adhærere avium excrementa non possunt; itaque non ex suo semine hoc modo concocto præparatòque nasci credibile est, sed ex succo quodam arboris quem ipsa vincere et in naturam suam mutare non valet.

4. De Venenis prius. Veneficia autem averruncare adalligatum cervici ait Clusius.

5. Epilepsiam, Morbum Comitalem, Caducum, Sonticum, Puerilem, Sacrum appellatum, Herculeum autem propter immanes vires violentiamque. Huic morbo Viscum auxiliari apud omnes Medicos in confesso est, itaque omnibus ferè antepilepticis remediis admiscetur. Plinius addit, Si terram non attigit, Comitilibus mederi; eandemque Clusius conditionem requirit: Sed hoc ex Dryidum traditionibus fluxisse arbitror.

6. Nam sensus et motus voluntarius tolluntur, at totum corpus convellitur concutiturque, os spumat, dentes strident, etc.

7. Conceptum fœminarum adjuvare si omnino secum habeant. Plin. lib. 24. 4.

8. Cùm homines è grandium arborum cavis exeuntes, ubi se contra hyemis ferarumque injurias abdidissent, passim in sylvis viderentur, creditum est à primo simplicique sæculo eos illinc tanquam ex utero natos prodixisse: quem errorem rudis vulgi ridiculum poetarum fabulæ confirmare sunt conata:

Gensque virum truncis et rupto robore nati.

*Virg.*

Quippe aliter tunc orbe novo, cœloque recenti  
Vivebant homines; qui rupto robore nati.

*Juven.*

*Omniū autem bellissimè atque, ut ità dicam, picturàtè hanc rem describit Papinius lib. 4. Thebaid. Non possum me continere quin versus ipsos exscribam, ità digni sunt qui ubique legantur. De Arcadibus loquitur,*

————Nemorum vos stirpe rigenti  
Fama satos, cùm prima pedum vestigia tellus  
Admirata tulit, nondum arva domusque nec urbes,  
Connubiisve modus. Quercus Laurique ferebant  
Cruda puerperia, ac populos umbrosa creavit  
Fraxinus, et Fœtâ viridis puer excidit orno.  
Hi lucis stupuisse vices noctisque feruntur  
Nubila, et occiduum longè Titana sequuti  
Desperasse diem——

### *Chelidonia.*

**A** Spice suffuso flaventia lumina felle,<sup>1,2</sup>  
Et tincta *Icteric*o turpiter ora *Croco*.  
Dilectus nimitum *sacri* color ille *Metalli*,  
Ille color pulchræ gloria prima *Comæ* :  
Occupat injustus cùm regna aliena *Tyrannus*,  
Tetrior, ah ! *Nigro* est, horribilisque magis.  
Talem equidem formam, tam fœdam *Mentis Avaræ*  
Tam *flaventem* Oculis arbitror est *Delum*.  
Si *Mens Auro* inhiat, si solum cogitat *Aurum*,  
*Aurigo* est; *Auro Concolor* illa suo.<sup>3</sup>  
Sed *Deus* hunc curet, *Ratiôque* potentior *Herbis*,  
*Icterus* Herbarum postulat alter opem.  
Nescio quid faciant aliæ; mihi credite, nostram  
*Icterus* haud frustrâ postulat alter opem.  
Non ego me tantæ temerè ingero vana *Medelæ* ;  
Ingens suscepti muneris *Auctor* adest.  
*Naturæ* ipsius mecum *Diplomata* porto,<sup>4</sup>  
*Naturæ* ipsius *Signa manûmque* vide.  
In foliis, in caule meo, in radicibus ipsis,  
In toto *flavus* corpore *Sanguis* inest.  
Felle redundanti suffusam credet, et esse  
Jurabit, qui me dissecat, *Ictericam*.  
Interea cutis est viridis mihi corpore toto,  
Et *bonus*, atque *Herbam* quo decet esse, *Color*.

### *Eadem.*

Dii faciant bona multa tibi, vocalis *Hirundo*,<sup>5</sup>  
Atque velint *Sceleris* non meminisse tui,  
Quod nobis *Plantæ* docuisti nobilis usus,  
Qui latuere hominum *Lumina cæca* prius.  
A Te pro *Cellis* jam Pensio larga tributa est,  
Sub tignis nostræ quas tribuere *Domus*.  
Omnia te picti comitantur germina *Veris* :  
Sed nullum utilius, credo vel ipsa vides.  
Scilicet huic debes ipsum hoc quod cætera cernis ;  
Hoc te præcipuo germen amore colit.

Te veniente alia adveniunt; non sufficit illud<sup>6</sup>

Officium; hoc etiam te redeunte redit.

Nos huic plura tamen quàm te debere fatemur,

Atque Oculorum aciem restituisse parùm est.

Mille malis vitæ, tormentis mille medetur,

Quæ fortunatæ non patiuntur *Aves*.

Illius adventu mitescunt Tormina Ventris,<sup>7</sup>

Et cessat Dentis *Carnificina* Cavi.<sup>8</sup>

*Morbus* et auratis depellitur aureus armis<sup>9</sup>

Nomina qui *Regis* falsa *Tyrannus* habet.

Et succrescenti florentia carne replentur<sup>10</sup>

Ulcera Sentinis exonerata suis.

Et coeunt fraterna per oscula *Vulneris* ora ;

Nec tua tum *Scabies*, fœda, *Libido*, manet.

Et fugit ambustus *Cancer*, fugit improbus *Herpes*,<sup>11</sup>

Et rubra offensi bulla caloribus abit.

Morborum pigmenta abeunt, atque oscula Solis

Cùm nimitum memores linquit in ore notas.

Et ridet vitio Vultus purgatus ab omni,

Purior, ac Speculo lævior ipse suo.

O *Patrona Oculi* ! videant ut *Lumina pulchrè*,

Utque simul videant non nisi *Pulchra facis*.

*Spectatum veniat, veniat spectetur ut ipsa,*

*Dupliciter* donis *Famina læta* tuis.

Te quoque formosi comitantur tempora *Veris*,

Et *Flos humanus* Te veniente venit.

### NOTES.

1. *Chelidonium Majus*, à χελιδων, Hirundo, unde et *Hirundinaria* dicitur aliquibus. Anglicè Celandine.

2. Decoctum ex Vino albo bibitur ad Ictericum, addito anisi semine. *Matthiolus* etiam plantis pedum suppositum mederi ait Ictero.

3. *Aurigo, Icterus.*

4. *Signaturam quam vocat.*

5. *Animalia quoque invenerunt Herbas, inprimisque Chelidonium hâc enim Hirundines oculis pullorum in nido restitunt visum, ut quidam volunt etiam erutis oculis, Plin. lib. 25. 8. et lib. 8. 27. Chelidonium visui saluberrimam hirundines invenerunt, vexatis pullorum oculis illâ medentes; indè huic herbæ nomen inditur.*

6. *Florent adventu hirundinum discessu marcescunt: Florentibus succus exprimitur, et in æreo vase cum melle Attico leniter cinere ferventi decoquitur, singulari remedio contra caligines oculorum. Utuntur et per se succo in Colyriis quæ Chelidonia appellantur ab eâ, Plin. lib. 25. 8.*

7. *Succus illius cum oleo Chamæmeli calidus umbilico applicatus.*

8. *Decocto gargarizato, etiam pulvere contactus dens cavus ac putris decidere dicitur.*

9. *Icterus, qui Morbus Regius appellatur.*

10. *Suppurationes, collectiones, sinus ulcerum Chelidoniâ siccantur, vulnera adeo ut etiam pro spodio utantur, Plin. lib. 26. 14. Chelidoniâ succus exsiccatur detergetque validè, aded ut vetera malignaque ulcera, sinus quoque et fistulas, expurget, detergat, tandemque persanet, Fernel.*

11. *Herpes, Serpigo, Anglicè Tetter, unde et herba quibusdam dicitur Anglicè Tetter-wort.*

### Eruca.

VOS, ò, legitimo quos jungit fœdere *Lectus*,<sup>1</sup>  
 In quo cuncta licent gaudia, cuncta decent,  
 Nostris nè pudeat foliis cœnare libenter :  
 Non solam pascunt hæc alimenta *famem*.  
 Ista dabunt totâ *Convivia* dulcia nocte,  
*Gustatu* Corpus *ruminat* ista novo.  
 At vos, ò *Juvenes casti*, *innuptæque puellæ*,  
 Atque omnis vacui turba severa tori,  
 Si sapitis, *Veneri* sacram nè tangite plantam :  
 Ite ; *Pudicitia* sæva *Venena* fero.  
 Ipse *Cupido* meâ latitat, velut *Anguis*, in herbâ ;  
 Et tingit succis igneus arma *Deus*.  
*Hortorum Præses* plus nullum germen in hortis  
 Et colit, et pulchris donat, et ipse vorat.  
 Hinc reor æternum pruris, lascive *Priape*,  
*Nequitiaque* vigent arma parata tuæ.  
 Me jubet ut vites, qui ponere quæris amorem,<sup>2</sup>  
*Naso*, *Cupidinei* vulneris *Hippocrates*.  
 Sed, bene si memini, nihil ipse gulosius edit,  
 Et voluit blando solus amore frui.  
 Ah vafer ! at cum tu tibi, *Naso*, medeberis ipsi,  
 Tunc Ego *Lactucis* castior esse volo.  
 Sit donata aliis folii laus frigida casti,  
 In viduo somnos conciliantque toro :  
 Me juvat, ò, fortes Ludo committere Amantes,  
 Temporâque assiduis præcipitare jocis.  
 Me *Nequam* esse juvat ; juvat indefessa Libido,  
 Et nullo admistus Felle meracus Amor.  
 Non ego *Morborum* medicamina tristia curo,  
 (Quamquam etiam *Morbos* mi superare datur :)<sup>3</sup>  
 Grata *Voluptatis* teneræ fomenta ministro ;  
 Tolle hanc de Vitâ, *Vitæque* *Morbos* erit.  
 Sic ego sum, Lector ; si sic placeo, utere : sed me  
*Stoicidarum* aptam non reor esse Gulæ.  
 Si te crassa juvant tetricorum frigora morum,  
 Solve, precor, fatuam *Lente Palustre* Famem.

### NOTES.

1. Græcè Ἐρωμον, à condiendis apsoniis, Anglicè Rocket. Calida et sicca tertio ordine existimatur. Eruca præcipue frigorum contemptrix, diversa est quam Lactuca naturæ, conciliatrix Veneris ; idcirco jungitur illi ferè in cibis, ut nimio frigori par fervor immistum temperamentum æquet, Plin. lib. 19. 8. Et, Aviditas coitus putatur ex cibis fieri ; sicut viris Eruca, pecori Cæpa, libr. 10. 63. Ergò à Martiale appellatur Herba salax. Virgil. in Moreto,

—Venerem revocans Eruca morantem,  
 Colum.,

Excitet ut Veneri tardos Eruca Maritos,

2. Ovid. Lib. 2. de rem. Amoris,  
 Nec minus Eruca aptum est vitare salaces.

3. Eruca semen Scorpionum venenis et Muris aranei medetur. Putant subtrita Eruca si foveantur oculi, claritatem restitui : tussim infantium sedari. Radix ejus in aquâ decocta fracta ossa extrahit ; nam de Venere stimulanâ diximus, tria folia sylvestris Eruca sinistra manu decerpta et trita in aquâ mulsâ si bibantur, Plin. lib. 20. 13. Utinam sinistra manu non addidisset, nè hoc toti fidem deroget : sed Vir ille, alioquin incomparabilis tot Græcorum Magorumque impudentissima mendacia aliquando intertextit, ut mihi doleat sanè legenti, eum prosâ oratione scripsisse, ac non hoc potius modo quo hic ipsi philosophamur.

### Eadem.

*Lena* Voluptatis fœdæ, discede Libello  
 (Infamis tecum est quid mihi *Lena*?) meo.  
 Nec castas *Herbas*, castumve offende *Poëtam* ;  
 Nam nos offendis, *Mæcha*, pudetque tui.  
 Cum *Meretrice* simul veluti *Matrona* videri  
 Dedecorâque sibi flagitiôque putat ;  
 Sic dedignatur *Nympha* volumine eodem  
 Conjugi tecum, pallidâque ora rubent.  
 Non impunè olim foliis cœnata libenter,  
 Tunc cum *Nympha* fuit, traditur esse tuis.  
 Namque illâ *Alcidi* se primùm nocte misella,  
 Te facilem nimum conciliante, dedit.  
 Ipse ego (quis credat) de te dum carmina pango,  
 Et tua dum Mentem stringit *Imago* meam,  
 Nescio quem sensi perrepere in ossa calorem,  
 Qualem præmittit mox subiturus Amor.  
 Ille quidem tali pugnam cum *Velite Flammâ*  
 Incipere (heu quondam res mihi nota !) solet.  
 Nunc invisus Amor, mihi nunc *Insana Libido*  
 Dicitur, et didici *Nomina vera* loqui.  
 I, fuge, quære alium, lasciva *Eruca*, Poëtam ;  
*Lesbia* det *Vatem*, sive *Corinna* suum.  
 Carmine tu nostro vel prætereunda, vel inter  
 Dira *Venena* tuum tandem habitura locum.  
 I, fuge ; nil opus est vitia irritare molesta ;  
 Nil *Condimentis* indiget illa *Fames*.  
 Inficit accenditque (heu !) nostra alimenta *Cupido*,  
 Se miscens ipsis insinuansque *Cibis*,  
 Linque *Herbas* saltem nobis, *Medicamina* linque  
 Integra *Morborum*, Maxime *Morbe*, *Venus*.  
 Germina quæ *Sexu* voluit *Natura* carere,  
 Instrumenta operi sunt aliena tuo.  
 Hæc tamen ipsa *Venus*, *Venus* hæc convertit in usus,  
 (O nimis *Artificem*!) quamquam aliena, suos.  
 Quis tantam *viridis Flammam* sub tegmine *Vitæ*,  
 Assiduo pastam *rore*, manere putet ?  
 Quid mirum est, si densa inter convivia Regum  
*Luxuriæ* regnet certa *Libido Comes* ?  
 Illam inter medias latitantem repperit *Herbas*  
 Cum *Bove Convivâ* *Pythagoræa Fames*.



# PLANTARUM.

## LIB. II.

SACRA *Bonæ* celebranda *Deæ*: *Procul ite, profani*;<sup>1</sup>  
 Ite cáchinnantes, non pia turba, *Mares*.  
 Fœminei secreta chori nescite libenter;  
 Nescite, aut saltem dissimulate, *Viri*.  
 Inspectare nefas generis *Postscenia* pulchri;  
 Ingens quæ pascat lumina *Scena* patet.  
 Túque *secunda* adeò fulgentis gloria *Mundi*,  
 Sanctius híc *Fratris* numine numen habens,  
 Tu, *Bona Luna*, fave, tu cornibus annue totis;  
 Annue crescenti comiter ore mihi.  
 Tu lucentem aperis, *Lucina*, Infantibus horam;  
 Vitalésque uteri, *Jana*, tuere fores.<sup>2</sup>  
 Morbiferi rivos educis, *Mena*, cruoris,<sup>3</sup>  
 Mutátosve novo currere *Lacte* jubes.  
 Tu *Sexum* regis instabilem, fideique *marinæ*;  
 Arbitrióque fluunt *Pontus* et *Ille* tuo.  
 Viribus arcanis quibus *humida regna* gubernas,  
 Ingenii tumeant *Flumina* parva mei.  
 Sis *Lucina* mihi, sis fertillis *Ilithyia*;<sup>4</sup>  
 Et *Cerebri* curam *Parturientis* age.

## NOTES.

1. Quoniam hic liber tractat Plantas tantum Mulieres, eoque nomine Bonæ Deæ sacer est, quæ Mares omnes à mysteriis suis abigit.
2. Janus solem significat, Jana Lunam, unde illi Dianæ nomen deductum.
3. Sit Dea Mena quam præfecerunt menstruis fœminarum, August. de Civ. Dei, l. 4. xi. Ibi est et Dea Mena, quæ menstruis fluoribus præest, quamvis Jovis filia, tamen ignobilis: et hanc provinciam fluorum menstruorum in Libro Selectorum Deorum ipsi Junoni idem autor assignat, quæ in Diis Selectis etiam Regina est, et hic tanquam Juno Lucina cum eadem Menâ privignâ suâ cruori præsidet, Id. lib. 7. 2. Hæc Luna est quæ Μηνη Græcè dicitur, qui illa menstrua profluvia temperat, quod ad ejus rationem vel moventur vel quiescunt, ut Arist. in Lib. de An. scribit; quæ etiam est Jovis et Latonæ filia, idè privignam Junonis vocat; ignobilis tamen est eo nomine apud Latinos, Lud. Vives.
4. Juno, Jana, Diana, Lucina, Mena, etc. hæc omnia nomina non nisi unam Deam, nempe Lunam, primò designarunt, quæ Ἐλευθια propriè dicta est, quod ad parturientes veniat, ab ἔλευθω, unde etiam in Græco Epigr. simplicius Ἐλευθω appellatur.

*Mensis* erat quem *Diva* colit pulcherrima pulchrum,<sup>1</sup>  
 Lætitias anni pictaque pompa redit.  
 Convaluere ægræ, linquuntque cubilia, *Plantæ*,  
 Atque exire audent *Sole* jubente foras.  
 Ut gaudent *Cælum Patrémque* revisere charum!  
 Rupisse et *Tumuli* vincula severa sui!  
 Et *Mundum*, et dulces circùm spectare *Sorores*!  
 Nec *Risum* immeritò gaudia tanta cient.  
 Mox operi accingit sese gens sedula, blandis  
 Incorrupta bonis, officiique memor.  
 Pro se quæque opibus contendere strenua summis,  
 Inque dies densis altiùs ire comis,  
 Et folia et pulchros in lucem educere fœtus,  
 Et properè humanis usibus esse pares.  
 Ut valuère satls, mora nulla est; rebus agendis  
 Intendunt animos, *Conciliùmque* vocant.  
*Conciliùm* sibi quæque *Tribus* (quæ plurima *Genti* est  
 Privatim (*Gentis* mos vetus ille) tenet.  
 Sunt propè mille *Tribus*; sed quid sit in omnibus actum  
 Vix bene centeno dicier ore potest.  
 Nec mihi scire licet; Gens cauta silentia servat,  
 Et sacra *Conventûs* occulit acta sui.  
 Sed mea me *Laurus*, quæ jussa interfuit uni,<sup>2</sup>  
 (Illa *Gynæcitis* nomine dicta *Tribus*.)  
 Edocuit viridis secreta negotia cœtûs,  
 Et quid quæque *Herba* est, quoque locuta modo.  
 Vos, ô *humani* pars blanda et florida *Mundi*,  
 (Res hic vestra agitur, nec loquor ista *Viris*)  
 Vos dictis præbete animos, et credite quicquid  
 Nescia fallendi *Delphica Laurus* ait.  
 Splendebat cœli de vertice *Cynthia* summo,<sup>3</sup>  
 Atque udo tumidus lumine vultus erat.  
 Conveniunt *Plantæ* motis radicibus omnes,  
 Nobilis *Oxonii* quas sacer *Hortus* alit;  
 Omnes fœminei quibus est tutela doloris:  
*Orpheam* credas signa dedisse *Lyram*.  
 Conveniunt quo bella æquo nitet area circo,  
 Et se formoso molliter orbe locant.  
 Prima sedet castæ per honorem planta *Dianæ*,<sup>4</sup>  
 (Conciliî *Præses* tunc ea fortè fuit.)  
 Deinde *Magistratu* modò quæ præcesserat illam  
*Optima* non vano nomine dicta sedet.<sup>5</sup>  
 Occupat indè locum (casu puto et ordine nullo)  
 Arridens lætis blanda *Melissa* genis;  
*Thymbraque*,<sup>6</sup> *Serpillùmque*,<sup>7</sup> orisque *Absinthia* torvi  
*Asparagûsque*,<sup>8</sup> duplex *Abrotonùmque* genus.  
 Tu, *Croce*, adhuc teneris gaudens servire puellis,<sup>9</sup>  
 Nunc hilaris, quondam tristis *Amator*, ades.

Quique magis stulto tabescis, *Amarace*, luctu,<sup>10</sup>  
 Nunc causâ exitii suavior ipse tui.  
 Candida *Pæoniam* comitantur *Lilia* rubram,  
 Additur et *Viola* Purpura tincta recens.  
 Séque *Laser* fœtens tam dulci jungere turbæ<sup>11</sup>  
 Audet, Virtutis conscia planta suæ.  
 Et plenam portans *Lactuca* sub ubere *Multram*;<sup>12</sup>  
 Et quamvis *Cypriæ*, *Nympha*, inimica *Deæ*;<sup>13</sup>  
 Et grave *Marrubium* bene-olenti<sup>14</sup> *Bacchare* junctum<sup>15</sup>  
 Atque Uteri madido *Scordia* læta solo;<sup>16</sup>  
 Et *Polium* et<sup>17</sup> *Calamintha*, habitantia montibus  
 ambo;<sup>18</sup>  
 Ambo sed ad frigus vellere tuta suo:  
 Et bene juncta bonæ vitalis *Salvia Rute*,<sup>19</sup>  
 Quæque *Arcæ* titulum multicoloris habet.<sup>20</sup>  
 Et *Seselis*, *Cervis* *Dictamno* gratior ipsâ,<sup>21</sup>  
 Exiguoque potens semine *Daucus* adest:<sup>22</sup>  
*Consolida*, et *Plantago* salubris, germina frugi,<sup>23</sup>  
 Quæque solent firmis cuncta tenere seris:  
*Imperiumque* suum regali nomine signans,<sup>24</sup>  
 Et *Regum* titulis altior *Angelica*:  
*Spicidque*,<sup>25</sup> *Pulegiumque* accline<sup>26</sup> brevèsque *Anemone*,<sup>27</sup>  
 Atque *Epicuræ* nobile *Felis* olus.<sup>28</sup>  
 Atque *Abiga* arrespit tardo molimine tandem,<sup>29</sup>  
 Vix humilem terris ausa levare pedem.  
 Venit, nec miror quod venerit, *Anthemis* illuc;<sup>30</sup>  
 Per *Lapides* ruptos invenit illa viam.  
 Venit ab *Hispanis* fœlix *Vettonica* sylvis,<sup>31</sup>  
 Quæ gentis magnæ gloria sola manet.  
*Virginibûsque* favens pia *Virginis* herba *Minervæ*,<sup>32</sup>  
 Et germen venit *Mercuriale* comes.<sup>33</sup>  
 Venit *Erythrodanus*, radicis syrmatæ longæ<sup>34</sup>  
 Post tergum proprio murice tincta trahens.  
*Dictamnus* venit boreali frigore quamvis<sup>35</sup>  
 Tardigrada, et *Cretâ* tristis abesse suâ.  
 Et nimiùm immodicis *Cyclaminum* viribus audax,<sup>36</sup>  
 Et (liceat tandem dicere) *Centum alia*.

## NOTES.

1. *Aprilis*, *Aphrodite* sacer, unde nomen obtinet.

Sed *Veneris* mensem Græco sermone notatum  
 Auguror, à spumâ nam *Dea* dicta *Maris*.

*Ovid. Fast.*

2. *Laurus* meritò ad hunc conventum accersitur, nam  
 inter præcipuas plantas laudatur quæ utero dicantur.  
*Laurus* excafactoriam naturam habet, et foliis et cortice  
 et baccis; itaque decoctum ex his, maximè ex foliis, pro-  
 desse vulvis et vesicis convenit.—Prosunt et mensibus  
 fæminarum cum oleo cocta—Cortex radicis cavendus  
 gravidis—Baccæ menses trahunt appositæ trita, vel  
 pota—Sunt qui celeritati partus multùm conferre  
 putent radicem acetabuli mensurâ aquâ potam, efficacius  
 recentem quàm aridam—*Laurus Alexandrina* sive  
*Idæa* partus celeres facit, secundas etiam pellit, mensesque  
 eodem modo pota, *Plin. lib. 23. 8.*

3. *Nox* mediâ plenilunii *Aprilis*.

4. *Artemisia*, *Angl.* Mugwort. *Mulieres* quoque  
 hanc gloriam affectavere, in quibus *Artemisia* uxor  
*Mausoli*, adoptatâ herbâ quæ antea *Parthenis*. Sunt qui  
 ab *Artemide* *Ilithyâ* cognominatam putent, quod pri-  
 vatim medeatur fæminarum malis, *Plin. lib. 25. 7.*

5. *Aristolochia*, quoniam est ἀρσθη λοχόσταις optima  
 parturientibus. *Anglicè* Birthwort.

6. *Satureia* vulgo.

7. *Thymus* agrestis.

8. *Abrotonum* mas, Southern-wood; *Abrotonum*  
 fæmina, Lavender-Cotten.

9. *Crocus* puer impatientissimo amore *Smilacem*  
*Nympham* deperiens, in florem sui nominis conversus  
 dicitur. *Ovid. 4. Metam.* Hilaris, et propter pulchritud-  
 inem floris, et quod hilaritatem generet.

10. *Filius* *Cinara* Regis *Cypri*, qui fractâ casu  
 unguenti pretiosissimi *pyxide* præ mœrore contabuit, et  
 commiseratione *Deorum* in hanc herbam bene-olentem  
 conversus est. *Vulgus* *Majoranam*, *Plin. et Sampsuchum*  
 vocat.

11. *Laserpitium* (nam *Laser* propriè ejus lacryma  
 dicitur) fœtidissimum saluberrimùmque germen cujus  
 gummi *Assa* fœtida vulgò vocatur.

12. Ob lactei succi copiam, et quod *Lac* generet in  
 fæminis.

13. *Nymphæa*, olim *Nympha*. Vide *Fabulam* lib. 1.

14. *Anglicè* Hore-hound, *Prasium*, odorem porri  
 referens.

15. *Bacchar* radicis tantùm odorata, à quibusdam  
*Nardum rusticum* appellatum. Unguenta ex eâ radice  
 feri apud antiquos *Aristoph. prisca Comædiæ Poëta*  
 testis est: odor est ei *Cinnamomo* proximus, *Plin. l. 21.*

6. *Bacchar* in medicinâ usu aliqui ex nostris *Perpen-  
 sam* vocant.—Potio mulieres ex abortu purgat, etc.  
*Plin. lib. 31. 19. Officinæ* *Marrubium* nigrum vocant.

16. *Anglicè* Water-Germander, palustribus libentissimè  
 crescens.

17, 18. *Polium* *Montanum* dicitur, et in officinis  
*Calamintha* *Montana*; utrisque languinosa folia caul-  
 èsque; *Polia* ab eâ causâ nomen trahente, *Πόλιος*, canus.

19. *Ruta* cum *Salviâ* sata fugare bufones caterâque  
 venenata creditur quæ *salviâ* appetunt.

20. *Iris*, Flower-de-luce.

21. Paulò ante partum *Cervæ* se purgant quadam  
 herbâ quæ *Seselis* dicitur, *Cic. de Nat. Deor. lib. 2.*  
*Plin. lib. 8. 32. paulò aliter de Cervis.* A Partu duas  
 habent herbas, quæ *Aros* et *Seselis* appellantur. Post  
 redeunt ad fœtum; illis imbui lactis primos volunt  
 succos quacunque de causa, et lib. 25. 8. *Calep.* dicit à  
 vulgo herbariorum *Saxifragam* majorem nominari.

22. Genus *Pastinacæ* sylvestris: *Anglicè* Wild Carrots,  
 Duas differentias facit, *Plin. lib. 25. 19. Semen* (inquit)  
 hujus *Cumino* simile, prioris *Milio*; album, acre, odor-  
 atum omnibus et fervens—omnia hæc et hyeme et æstate  
 sunt intacta uad rupedi nisi post abortum.

23. *Anglicè* Consound et Plantain. Duæ plante  
 astringentes, et in nimiis fluxibus uteri utiliter adhibita.

24. *Imperatoria*, *Anglicè* Masterwort.

25. *Lavendula*.



26. *Ob surculos humi recumbentes. Angl. Penny-royal.*  
 27. 'Ανεμώνη dicta à vento, quo flante spoliatur floribus.  
 28. *Nepeta, Cataria, Mentha Cataria, quòd à felibus avidissimè devoretur, quòdque in eà corpora volutare ludibundæ gestiant, quæ Epicurea dicuntur propter has delicias. Angl. Catmint.*  
 29. *Chamæpitys, Ground-pine, propter aliquam similitudinem et odoris et foliorum, Abiga appellatur ab abigendo partu; aliis nominibus dicitur Thus Terræ, et Iva Arthritica.*  
 30. *Chamæmelon, Leucanthesis Plin. Pellit pota calculos, Id. Ad calculos efficacissima, Id. Tantæ autem esse dicitur ad hunc rem efficaciam, ut si calculus exemptus ex humano corpore ejus foliis involvatur, brevi tempore dissolvatur.*  
 31. *Vid. Lib. I. Gentis Magnæ. Vettonum, quorum nullum, quod sciam, memorabilius factum extat, quàm quòd usum hujus herbæ invenerunt.*  
 32. *Parthenium, Matricaria, Febrifuga, Perdicium, Leucanthe, Tamnacus, Muralium; nam abundat nominibus: Anglicè Feverfew. Vernula charus Pericli Atheniensium principi, cum is in arce templum ædificaret, repissetque super altitudinem fastigii et cecidisset, hæc herba dicitur sanatus, monstratâ Pericli somno à Minervâ, quare Parthenis vocari cæpta est, assignatûrque ei Deæ, Plin. lib. 22. 17.*  
 33. *Mercurialis. Έρροδ βραειον à Mercurio inventore, etiam Parthenium olim dictum.*  
 34. *Rubia Tinctorum, quæ radicem habet ruberrimam longissimamque, à colore nomen Erythrodanum sortita, tingendis lanis et coriis magno in usu. Lemnius Levinus affirmat ossa pecudum sandicino colore tingi si vel viventem herbam mandunt. Angl. Madder.*  
 35. *Vide paulò post.*  
 36. *Vid. Lib. I. Sow-bread.*

Multa quoque extremis advecta videntur ab *Indis*,<sup>1</sup>  
 De nostro multùm germina questa polo.  
 Sed fama *Oxonii*, vel utròsque vagata per *Indos*,  
 Solatur curas, exiliùmque levat.  
 Hæc inter steterunt æqualibus intervallis,  
 Et suprâ virides explicuere tholos,  
 Et genus *Arboreum*, et *Fruticum Pygmæa* propago;  
 Et visa est *Crenis* bella *Corona* suis.  
*Phanicios* portans *Vermes* pro *Fructibus Ilex*,<sup>2</sup>  
*Hesperidum* auriferis invidiosa jugis,  
 Stabat, fœmineis *Morbis* et *Luxibus* apta:  
 Quid disjungo illos? *Morbis* habendus hic est.  
 Hanc *Hedera* intexit ditem fallacibus ulnis,  
 Blanditiisque malis *Arboricida* necat.<sup>3</sup>  
 Stat juxtâ invidiam *Cocci* factura superbis  
 Murice mox *Floris* nobilliore *Rosa*.  
 Nec procul extendit ramos *Betula* severos,<sup>4</sup>  
 Et scelere humano sæpe *Sabina* nocens;<sup>5</sup>  
 Et patulo anplexu, Te dignaque, *Tityre, Fagus*,  
 Quisque meretur emi vilis ubique *Rubus*:<sup>6</sup>  
*Malus* et auratis pretiosa *Cydonia* Pomis,  
 Et *Medicina* homini vulnere *Myrrha* suo.<sup>7</sup>

Postremò (indictæ mihi quæso ignoscite *Planta*)  
*Juniperusque* ferax, sacrâque *Laurus* adest.<sup>8</sup>  
 Talis erat *viridis* species reverenda *Senatûs*.  
*Nox* est; *Ventus* abest; *Concio* tota silet.  
 Expectant, tacitæque *arrectis frondibus* astant:  
 Se levat, et *Præses Parthenis* orsa loqui.<sup>9</sup>

### NOTES.

1. *Ut Galanga, Nux Indica, Nux Moschata, Zedoaria, etc.*
2. *Dicitur Ilex Coccifera, ut distinguatur ab Ilice Glandiferâ communi. Sunt autem hi Cocci Bacca succum purpureum in se continentes, qui Sole coctus transmutatur in Vermem nobilem tingendis purpuris. Hi Cocci Hesperidum pomis præferuntur, cum propter magnos in Medicinâ usus, tum propter eximiam tincturæ pulchritudinem dignitatẽque, unde non minus lucri ex hæc Ilice quàm si Mala aurea portaret.*
3. *Arboricida. Verbum fictitium, sed satis ex analogiâ aliorum. Adjungitur autem Hedera quæ fœminini generis, non ut Adjectivum, sed per Appositionem.*
4. *Anglicè Birch. Severos, quòd ex hæc arbore Magistratum olim Fasces, nunc Pædagogorum Virgæ conficiantur.*
5. *Quòd abortibus procurandis in frequenti usu sit.*
6. *Propter eximiam vim astringendâ.*
7. *Inciditur arbor ut gummi ejus facilius exsudet.*
8. *Ferax, quia veteribus baccis adhuc manentibus novæ subindè subnascuntur.*
9. *Nempe quæ antè Parthenis dicta erat quàm Artemisia, Præses additur, ut distinguatur à Matricariâ, quæ Parthenis à Minervâ nominabatur, sicut hæc à Dianâ.*

### Artemisia.

Post longa hic, *Matres Conscriptæ*, frigora tandem<sup>1</sup>  
 (Sit felix generi nostro *Hominumque* precor)  
 In sancto solitòque frequentes adsumus *Horto*,  
 Et sacri *Mensis Nox* celebranda sacra est.  
 Gratia sit tibi, *Phæbe Pater*; tibi, maxima *Nutrix*  
*Cynthia*, quæ dictis lucida *Testis* ades.  
 Sed *Libertatis* momenta fugacia curtæ  
 (Namque dies mox nos orta refiget humi)  
 Nec *Nihilo*, nec nos vano *sermone* teramus,  
 Nec *Ludis*; *Homines* sic sua *Festa* colant.  
*Vivere* nunc æquum est verè; nam frigida *Bruma*  
*Dimidium Vita* (*Mortis Imago*) tenet.  
 Ergò agitè, *Utilibus* nunc æquum incumbere curis:  
*Longa quiescendi tempora Bruma* dabit.  
 Quot dederit vobis subigendos *Jupiter* hostes,  
 Et quantum officii sustineatis onus,  
 Expertæ multis magnisque laboribus estis,  
 Oppressisque piam sæpe tulistis opem.  
 Nec certè exiguo generosis *Gloria* plantis  
 Debit, et *Sexûs* gratia *mollis* emi:  
 Bella gerenda manent eadem, sempèrque manebunt  
 Dum tumidi *Infantes* pondera *Ventris* erunt.

Bella manent ; sed quò fœlicitùs illa gerantur,  
 Scire decet nostras, et decet Hostis opes.  
 Dicite vos, longus quas edocet usus utrumque,  
 Ingenuè vestras dicite, et Hostis opes.  
 Dicite Teste Deò, quæ nos videt aurea, verum ;  
 Et ferat hæc patriæ quæque Tributa suæ.  
 Et doceat discatque volens : sit nulla docere  
 Invidia, et nullus sit didicisse Pudor.  
 Prima meretur agi quæ nos tam sæpe recursans  
 Sanguinei exercet Menstrua cura mali :  
 Fœmineus quo fonte ruens, quo sidere fretus,  
 Fœcundum toties Nilus inundet agrum :  
 Quid Fluvium premat immodicum, impellatve morantem,  
 Et Bona quot secum, quantaque Monstra vehat.  
 Pandite secreto Mysteria clausa recessu ;  
 Nec vos rem tanti credite turpiculam.

Dixerat, incipiunt reliquæ, studiòque calenti  
 Propositum (ut doctis mos) agitur opus.

## NOTE.

1. Non immeritò in hoc conventu præsidet Artemisia (quam honoris, puto, causâ quidam Matrem herbarum appellant) nam omissis aliis virtutibus, quæ non sunt hujus loci, nihil æquè Utero patrociniatur, Plin. l. 26. 15. Artemisia Vulvæ medetur trita ex oleo Irino aut fîco, aut cum Myrrhâ apposita. Ejusdem radix pota in tantum purgat, ut partus enectos extrahat. Menses et Secundas ciet ramorum decoctum insidentibus ; item folia pota drachmâ. Ad eadem omnia prosunt vel imposita ventri, imò cum farinâ hordeaceâ. Addam unum Fernelii testimonium, lib. de Meth. Med. Artemisia species duæ calidæ 20, sicca 40, tenuium partium : sumptæ, aut in uteri fomenta vel insessus accommodatæ, menses ducunt, secundas fatûsque extrahunt, Uteri præclusioni conferunt. Earum quoque succus cum Myrrhâ subactus et admotus, elicit quæcunque concluduntur in utero.

## Pulegium.

Pulegium, sua quo virtus celebratior esset,<sup>1</sup>  
 (Et dicentis odor gratus ab ore venit)  
 Explicuisse ferunt, quot tristia damna minetur  
 Purpuream sistens Rivulus ille fugam.  
 Succedunt gravitas membrorum udiq̄ue tumores,  
 Fértque suum Corpus non patienter onus :  
 Succedunt placitarum olim fastidia rerum,  
 Ipsius et Vitæ Nausea tetra subit ;  
 Ulceraque, et putres ruptis fornacibus ignes,  
 Et Vomitus misto sanguine terribiles.  
 Nunc Labor, atque Uteri nequicquam pugna furentis,  
 Et Mortes Animâ mox titubante breves.  
 Pectore tardus nunc domito vix Spiritus exit,  
 Mox omnes artus Tussis anhela quatit.  
 Ipsa etiam victor scandit Capitolia Mentis,  
 Et Cerebri gyros occupat hostis atrox.

Hinc vigiles Noctes, vigiles sed Somnia terrent ;  
 Verâque Mens patitur dum mala, falsa creat.  
 Jactatâmque diu serus vitam obruit Hydrops,  
 Atque Anima è mersâ Naufraga puppe natat.  
 Ah quoties verno gemmantes flore puellas  
 (Multa sagittifero jam meditante Deo)  
 Hic ferus exurit subitâ rubigine Morbus ?  
 Flet deceptus Amor, tristis Amator abit.  
 Inficit ora virens, ipsa inficit oscula pallor ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Tingit ut afflatus Sulphuris aura Rosas.  
 Carbones Cinerésque vorant gypsúmque tenacem.  
 O fœda, et verè jam Malesuada Fames !  
 Non edit hæc Virgo, scelus est dixisse ; sed illa  
 In jejunanti Virgine Morbus edit.  
 Hæc ubi Pulegium, (sed multa pathetica verbis  
 Addidit, humano non referenda sono)  
 Dicitur, ut miserâ de Virgine mentio facta est,  
 Concilium lacrymis commaduisse piis.  
 Non aliter currum Lunâ fugiente diurnum,  
 Discessum Dominæ flet bona turba suæ.  
 Addidit et causas quâ vi, quo tramite cæco  
 Perreptet victrix omnia membra lues.  
 Ille ferox (ait) Humor ad ostia nota secundo  
 Pulsantis Venæ flumine pronus abit.<sup>3</sup>  
 Sive illum virtus Uteri Magnetica fugat,  
 Ut Ren totius Corporis haurit aquas ;  
 Cynthia seu cursum, rerum Regina fluentum,  
 Dirigat, æquoreas quâ regit arte vias.  
 Sed clausas Uteri si reperit obice portas,  
 Legitimúmque illi fortè negatur iter ;  
 Tum furit, exacultque æstum : pars crassior hæret,  
 Vicinisque movet bella nefanda locis ;  
 At pars mobilior sursum se attollit, et audet  
 In Venas puri sanguinis ire comes.  
 Latro Comes roseos corrumpit luridus Amnes,  
 Quâque fluit, ripâ marcet utrâque solum.  
 Vitalique Cavæ defertur lethifer alveo,  
 Obsessòque ferox Hepate Corda petit.  
 Corda tumens tantis dexter successibus intrat,<sup>4</sup>  
 Ingenti trepidant funditùs illa metu.  
 At Regio ulterior medii munimine Septi,<sup>5</sup>  
 Et tutam vallo se putat esse suo.  
 Heu mora parva mali ! Pulmones occupat ille,<sup>6</sup>  
 Sentit et arctatum Spiritus æger iter.  
 Indè viâ pronâ parvâque Propontide vectus,  
 Invadit lævi regna remota sinûs.  
 Quid satis est Morbo, cui Cor non sufficit ipsum ?  
 Omnia ni teneat, pauper Avaritia est.  
 Torrentem ingreditur Fluviorum Regis Aorta :  
 Hei mihi ! tum nullo more modòque furit.  
 Nec situs ætherius Capiti est, Pedibusve profundus  
 Auxilio : effrænis victor ubique meat.  
 Scilicet ut toto diffusus Corpore Sanguis,  
 Diffusa in toto Sanguine Pestis inest.

Assensere omnes ; neque enim dubitatur ab ullis  
 Purpureus Vitam quo rotet orbe labor.  
 Exciperent risus frondosâque sibilâ plantam,  
 Veracem Hervæum siqua negaret adhuc.

## NOTES.

1. *Pulegium* nomen obstinuit, quodd, ut ait Plinius, *Flos recentis insensus Pulices necat odore*. Γλήκων vel βλήκων Græc. dicitur, quodd gustatum à pecore caprisque balatum concitet. Multæ diversæque vires illi attribuntur: de iis quæ ad præsens negotium attinent sic, Plin. l. 20. 14. *Ex melle et aceto sedat menstrua et secundas, vulvas conversas corrigi, defunctos partus ejicit. Cui adjungamus Fernelium; Pulegium calfacit siccatque ordine tertio, potum extenuando menses, secundas, sætibusque pellit; tumores, durities, et uteri conversiones insensu tollit.*

2. *Morbus Virgineus, Fædi Virginum colores*, χλωρός, quæ significat et Viriditatem, est enim à χλωα, herba virens, et Pallorem, ut χλωρόν δέος, Hom. Ad aliis Febris Alba appellatur, quodd plerumque febricula comitetur.

3. i. e. *Arteria uterina. Arteriae à Veteribus Venæ nominabantur, sed plerumque distinctionis causâ cum epitheto, Pulsatiles, Pulsantes, aut Micantes, σφυκταὶ φλέβες. Sic Cicero Arteriam, quanquam et eo nomine alibi utatur, Venam micantem appellat.*

4. *Ingreditur Ventriculum dextrum Cordis; unde Palpitatio Cordis, frequens in hoc morbo symptoma.*

5. *Ventriculus Cordis sinister, qui à dextro, septo suo nullis foraminibus pervio, separatus, possit ab illâ vitiatâ sanguinis irruptione tutus videri.*

6. *Ex lege nobilissimæ Circulationis Herveianæ, à dextro cordis ventriculo Venam ingreditur Arteriosam, deinde per Pulmones transfunditur in Arteriam Venosam, quæ tanquam parva Propontis exonerat sese in Ventriculum sinistrum velut Pontum suum.*

## Dictamnus.

**D**ictamnus, quamvis constringant frigora fauces,<sup>1</sup>  
Injectâ properè se levat *Endromide*.  
Nam *Declamandi* si se bella offerat ansa,  
Quid prohibere potest *Germina Græca* loqui?  
*Pulegiumque* illi tanti miracula morbi  
*Rhetoricè* visum est explicuisse parùm.  
Arripuit quicquid *cognata* reliquerat *Herba*,<sup>2</sup>  
Et *doctâ* sibimet *garrulitate* placet.  
Si nondum infandl quæ sit vis *sæva veneni*  
Scitis, dum calido corpore fota latet,  
Vobiscum reputate precor quid corpore pulsa,  
Quid sola, exul, inops, mortua pestis agat.  
Illam errore malo gustent *hominésve canésve*,  
(Inque *Canes* potiùs tam malus error eat)  
Protinus humanam invadit *vesania mentem*,<sup>3</sup>  
Et totam incrustat *sordida Lepra* cutem.  
At *Canibus* rabies succedit *hiantibus atra*,<sup>4</sup>  
Et *Sitis* ardentes et *Timor* urget *aqua*.  
Illa (nefas dirum!) *prægnantibus illita partum*<sup>5</sup>  
Semihominem jugulat *præcipitè*que trahit.  
Credite nunc *pueros tali de sanguine natos*;  
Sic format *foetus*, sic alit ille *novos*

Nec satis hoc; illo *seges alma* et *Vitis abortum*<sup>6</sup>  
Afflatæ faciunt, et *sterilescit Ager*.  
Ipsa etiam, *gravida* est si fructibus, *Arbor abortit*;<sup>7</sup>  
Si *Virgo, ægrotat*, si modò *nata, perit*.  
Vos, *Hederæ*, testor (quis enim pudor acta fateri?)<sup>8</sup>  
Quid vos tum folii vis medicata juvat?  
Téque, *Venenorum* *victrix* celeberrima, *Ruta*,  
Luctantem cogunt tanta *Venena* mori.  
Arescunt *Autumnali flavedine* *Plantæ*,<sup>9</sup>  
Et moesta *Ictericus* germina tingit *Odor*.  
Ille fugat *Cives* tactis *Alvearibus* *ægros*:<sup>10</sup>  
It vaga, et iratum murmurat *Exul apis*.  
Linqvit *opes* misera *auratas*, longósque labores,  
Et structa artifici dulcia tecta *pæde*.  
Nec sua defendunt latitantem *dolia Bacchum*,<sup>11</sup>  
Languentisque senet prima *juventa* *cadi*.  
Parva loquor; non se defendit belliger *Ensis*,<sup>12</sup>  
Sed cedunt molli dura *Metalla Lui*.  
Fit *Sanguis* toties effusi *sanguinis* ultor,  
Et jam mutata vulnerat *Arma* vice.  
Sæpe *Viris* causa est belli, gladiósque repòstos  
*Fæmineum* exacuit *Forma* venusta *Bonum*.  
*Fæmineum* ergò *Malum* gladios obtundat eosdem,  
Obtundat tanti vel meminisse mali.  
Ah! nimum *Mulier* facie confisa superbit;  
Ah! nimum illa nimis se putat esse *Deam*.  
Viribus immodicis, heu! non *civiliter* usa,  
Mittit adorantes sub juga *sæva viros*.  
Tu verò *humanas, Dea non purissima*, sordes  
Respice, et esto memor quid tibi *Luna* ferat.  
Inspice tunc *Speculum*, quo nunc *decepta* ferocis:<sup>13</sup>  
Tunc verè quàm sis *Pulchrâ* videre potes.  
Tunc *Corruptorem* *corruptis* dira nitentem,  
Et diuturna tui certaque signa gerit.  
Tunc *Furia*, propriæque *Venefica Imaginis* audis  
Quanta lues! *Umbra pestifera ipsa tuæ*!

Sic ait, utque erat in cursu, parat addere multa:  
Sed totum dicunt obstrepuisse chorum.  
Pérque omnes ramos, et per folia omnia circùm,  
Tanquam indignantum, non leve murmur erat.  
Námque ibi *fæmineo* multùm indulgetur *honori*,  
Et visa est temerè verba prophana loqui.

## NOTES.

1. *Dictamnnum ostendère (Capræ) vulnerata pasta, statim decidentibus telis: non est alibi quam in Cretâ, ramis prætenue, Pulegio simile, fervens et acre gustu; foliis tantùm utuntur. Flos nullus ei, aut Semen, aut Caulis; Radix tenuis ac supervacua. Et in Creta autem non spatiosè nascitur, mirèque capris expetitur, Plin. lib. 25. 8. Præcipua Dictamno vis est, Menses ciet, partus emortuos vel transversos ejicit; bibitur ex aqua foliorum obolo; aded ad hæc efficax, ut ne in cubiculum quidem prægnantium inferatur: nec potu tantùm, sed et illitu et suffitu valet, Plin. 26. 15. At Fernel. Dictamni radix (quam tamen Plin. supra supervacua esse ait) tum pota, tum vel suffitu vel pessu*

excepta mortuos jam fatus educit, et solo gustu partus accelerat, etc. Unde etiam derivari creditur ἀπὸ τοῦ ῥικτῶν, à pariendo, Fas hinc esse non puto Virgilii luculentos de ea versus omittere, Æn. l. 12 :

Dictamnus genitrix Cretææ carpit ab Idâ  
Puberibus caulem foliis et flore comantem  
Purpureo, non illa feris incognita capris  
Gramina, cùm tergo volucres hæserè sagittæ.

Unde ad extrahendum ex Æneæ corpore telum ingeniosissime hanc adhibet Poëta. Frigoris est impatientissima, et nisi maximâ curâ nutriatur foveaturque, hyemem nostrarum regionum non perfert; tegumento ei opus est contra frigoris injuriam, unde Endromis illi attribuitur, quàm etiam caulis ejus ac folia densâ albâque lanugine referunt. Est enim Endromis hirsutum calidumque vestimenti genus. Martial:

Sordida, sed madido, non aspernanda Decembri,  
Dona peregrinam mittimus Endromidem.

2. Pulegium Dictamno cognatum et propter ramorum et propter odoris similitudinem, unde Dictamnus appellatur γληκῶν ἄγρια, i.e. Pulegium sylvestre.

3. Manifestè qualitate nocet, quòd cum molestia et mordacitate exeat, et contactu virile membrum excoarctat; Occultâ, quòd ab hominibus haustus Epilepsiam, Lepram, Maniam, etc. pariat. In fœminis retentus Uteri suffocationem, Vertiginem, Lipothymiam, etc. in fatu edito variolas et morbillos. Sennert.

4. In rabiem aguntur gustato eo Canes, atque insanabili veneno morsus inficitur, Plin. l. 7. 15. Unde affectus ille mirabilis et Canum rabiosorum, et animaliam ab iis demorsorum, ὀδρροφῶστα dictus.

5. Nè ipsis quidem fœminis malo suo inter se immunibus: abortum facit illitus, et omninò si prægnans supergrediatur. Plin. 28. 7.

7. Moriuntur insita, exuruntur hortorum germina, et fructus arborum quibus insedèrè decidunt, ib.

8. Rutam et Hederas res medicatissimas illicò mori, ib.

9. Omnia (hortensia) accessu mulieris menstrualis flavescent, Id. l. 19. 10.

10. Præter illa certum est apes tactis alvearibus fugere, Id. l. 28. 7. ut lib. 7. Alvei apum emeriuntur.

11. Acescunt superventu musta, Ib.

12. Ferri acies præstringitur, lib. 7. et l. 28. Aciem in cultris tonsorum hebescere, æs contactum græve virus accipere et æruginem.

13. Speculorum fulgor aspectu ipso hebetatur, Id. l. 7. Eborisque nitor, etc.

### Plantago.

Plantago assurgit nervo septemplex fulva,<sup>1</sup>

Plantago insignis gloria prima domûs.

Styptica gens illi est, quam gentibus Hæmatagogis  
Infensam virtus ambitiosa facit.

Sed sat habet levibus dictis tenus ire simultas,

Et nunquam humano perfurit illa modo.

Magna (nec invidio) certè laus maxima vobis,

Gentis Hirudinæ stirps numerosa, datur.<sup>2</sup>

Purpureum meritò depellit arce Tyrannum,  
Ejicitur patriâ jure Homicida Cruor.

Formosam imperio vitam premit ille superbo,  
Cogit et insultans multa nefanda pati.

Lurida lethalis circumfert arma Veneni,

Et Comites Morbos, agmina longa, trahit.

Sed quid opus justo superaddere vana timori

Terricula, et magnum magnificare malum?

Dum nimium tragicè sævum depingitis hostem,

Horribilis magis est, Credibilisque minus.

Heroëm minuit fictis quem laudibus auget,

Et demit verè gloria falsa fidem.

Geryonem occidit, Factum memorabile! at ille

Tergeminus fuerat; jam dubitare licet.

Sed facile est vobis Monstrum quodcumque domare;

Sed nobis Monstrum credere difficile est.

Legisti Græcos nimium, Dictamne, Poëtas,

Legisti, atque Artem te didicisse puto.

At mihi crede tuis quid de Popularibus unus?

Dixerit, illorum te meminisse decet.

Sit Dea Rubigo, segetem tamen arbitror almam

Non ita corrumpit Mensibus illa suis.

Et pleno nocuisse cado plùs mille puellis

Unius certum est ora bibacis Anâs.

Nec furit hoc quisquam gustato sanguine, multos

Efficat insanos sed locus unde venit.

Nam curare Canis rabiosi vulnera certè

Ille tuus nimium Plinius Autor ait.

Fæmineum si vitet Apis perterrita tactum,

Nescio; sed tactum Fæmina vitet Apis.

Fatalem in venis sineret stagnare cruorem,

A pulso siquidem Ruta necanda foret.

Tu quoque deberes meliùs tibi, Bacchica planta,

Atque Corymbifero consuluisse Deo.

Nam quòd ait rigidos Gladios ferrumque retundi,

Dii bene, si pestis summa sit ista bonæ.

Atque utinam Facies pulchra incorrupta maneret,

Corrumperet Speculum donec et illa suum.

Sed quid ago? satis hæc miracula Græca refellit,

Fæmina quòd tanto non perit ipsa malo.

Occupat hinc (dictis ut gaudet semper acutis,

Et Spinam in Linguâ fertur habere) Rubus.

Non tantùm his, aliis datur et Serpentibus, inquit,

Ut sua nè noceant sæva Venena sibi.

Nec perimens vultu Basiliscus cuncta, periret,

Si vultum in Speculo cerneret ipse suum.

Subrisere, levique omnes tremuère cachinno;

A vento credas prætereunte quat.

Nam Cynico Frutici libertas magna dabatur,

Hanc usu propriam fecerat ille sibi.

Plantago interpellari stomachata resedit,

Et pulchro inceptit protinus ore Rosa.

Dicentisque pudor faciem commendat honestus,

Gemmantem verno Flore rubere putes.

### NOTES.

1. Sic dicta per Excellentiam; Græcè Ἀρνώγλωσσον à figura folii Dividitur ab illis in duas species, Πεντά-

νευρον, Quinquenervia, *Angl.* Rib-wort, vel Rib-wort Plantain (quæ et *Plantago Augustifolia* dicitur) et Ἐπτάνευρον. Septinervia, *Angl.* Way-bred, *Plantago Latifolia*. Vix possunt numerari facultates quæ huic plantæ assignantur. Quod ad institutum nostrum sufficit, proferam mea usitata testimonia. *Plantago* apponitur in land in dolore vulvæ, in strangulatu bibitur, *Plin.* l. 26. 15. Et ibidem, Folia plantaginis pellunt, et apposita, vulvas. Fernel. autem, *Plantago* refrigerat densatque; hinc sanguinis eruptiones omnes cohibet, atque ut alvi profusiva, ita et vulvæ fluxiones compescit, et adversus uteri strangulationes ex land subjicitur, etc. Reliquæ virtutes, ut dixi, tot sunt, ut *Themison Medicus* integrum volumen de eâ composuerit.

2. Verbum fictitium ab *Hirudine* seu *Sanguisugâ*.

3. Κρήρες del ψευσταί, etc. citatum à *D. Paulo* ex *Epimenide Cretensi*.

4. Vide *Ovid.* *Fast.* 4.

Flamen in antiquæ lucum *Rubiginis* ibat, etc.

5. Inter omnes convenit, si aqua potâsque formidatur à moru *Canis*, suppositâ tantum calici laciniâ tali, statim metum illum discuti, videlicet prævalente sympathiâ illâ *Græcorum*, cum rabiem *Canis* ejus sanguinis gustatu incipere dixerimus, *Plin.* l. 28. 7.

6. *Hedera*.

Deme meis hederas, *Bacchica* sarta, comis. *Ovid.* *Corymbi*, baccæ *hederaceæ*.

### Rosa.

TAM fera fœmineo quæ toxica sanguine misces,<sup>1</sup>

*Cretica* (nam nostram tangere nolo *Rubum*)

Aspice quàm vivo saturetur murice vultus,

Quàmque ardens *Cytini* fulgeat ore decor.<sup>2</sup>

Aspice quàm nullus nec *Flos* nec *Flora* sit ipsa

Mollior illarum candidiorve cute.

Et ferrugineas juxtâ simul aspice formas,

Tectâque echinato cortice membra *Virâm*.<sup>3</sup>

Horrentem dices *Violetis* crescere *Ruscum*,<sup>4</sup>

Plorablsque feris *Lilia* mixta *Rubis*.

Sit tibi tum *Ratio* *Judex*, sint *Lumina* *Testes*,

An pura impurus corpora *Sanguis* alat.

At tu *Tinctoris* vitiatum crede *Lebetem*

*Decolor* unde venit, non *satur* unde *Colos*.

Si nihil hic peccat, dices, justissima nollet

Insontem patrio pellere *Luna* solo.

Hic nihil in vitio est, sed *Copia* peccat, et illum

*Publica* (quæ *summa* est *Lex*) jubet ire *salus*,

Sic si fortè olim numerosæ prolis abundat,

Nec populis *Regio* sufficit ipsa suis,

Haud illi indignum est alias dimittere partem

Quæsitum terras, *Exiliûmque* pium est.

Sed plusquam satis est cumulat cur *Fœmina*? crede,

*Naturæ* nunquam *Prodiga* *Luxuria* est;

Contenta est paucis, nec, *Avari* more *Nepotis*,

*Congerit* immensas, ut malè *perdat*, opes.

Certè opus est factò quicquid facit illa: quid ergò?

Non locus hic dubio; *Res* sibi *Testis* adest.

En toto ut durat *Vindemia Sanguinis* anno,  
Pressus et assiduè de nova *Vina Chylus*:  
Plena tument semper reparato *Torcula* succo,  
Quem calida et satiens *Mascula Vita* bibit.  
At *Mulier* de *Fonte* suo moderatiùs haurit,  
*Frugalsque* penum non vorat omne *Calor*.  
*Vitalem* in magnos *Thesaurum* congerit usus,  
*Naturam* humanam decoquere ille vetat.  
Nève ea sufficeret generando *Symbola* nato  
Quam confert misto semine uterque parens,  
Ni pia *Mantissam* vellet superaddere *Mater*,<sup>5</sup>  
Perficeretque sui larga *Cruoris* opus.  
*Nempe Cruore Rubens*, at *Candens Semine* constat,  
Et pars *Principium* concolor omnis habet.  
Hoc *Ligna*, atque illum *Lapides* præbere  
putares;

Vividque conjunctis surgit utrisque *Domus*.  
Ille *veneficii* reus actus, lethifer ille,  
Cui tu *Nessæum* virus inesse putas,  
(Et mirum est sanè nisi *Vestem* tinxerit illo  
Quâ miserum occidit *Delanira Virum*)<sup>6</sup>  
Componit teneri sanguis primordia foetûs,  
Et dat per *Menses* blanda alimenta decem.  
Nec satis hoc illi, chara inter brachia *Matris*  
*Hospitis* occurrit rursus ad ora sui.  
Mutato occurrit matatus tramite et ipse,  
*Secretam* emensus qualem *Arethusa* viam;<sup>7</sup>  
*Mammaramque* duplex gemino de *Fonte* resurgit,  
Flumine vel ripis candidiore suis.  
Potavit tales olim gens aurea rivos,  
Fælicis tales reddidit *Uber agri*:  
Simplicitâsque virum, candorque et lactea corda  
Infantum facili digna fuere cibo.  
O justa et prudens *Naturæ* cura *Parentis*!  
Quàm propria ætati pabula cuique dedit!  
Cum nondum *Jecoris* perfecta *Operaria Cella* est,  
Matre laboratus pignora *Sanguis* alit.  
Cumque modò ornatâ novus ignarûsque *Tabernâ*,  
Vix sua noscit adhuc munia *Tyro Calor*:  
*Mite rudimentum* tingendi murice *Lactis*  
(Discenti pensum quàm puerile!) datur.  
Materiâ victor se tandem exercet in omni,  
Gaudet et impensis luxuriare suis.  
Dicite nunc tetrum membris cumulare *Venenum*:  
Quo dulces *fætus* provida *Mater* alat.  
Propinant duræ pueris *Aconita Novercæ*,  
*Alma Parens* haurit de meliore notâ.  
Unde sed *Infanti* tam (quæres) utilis humor,  
Tot morbos *Matri* tantâque damna ferat?  
Ille quidem prodest natali vividus alveo,  
Egestus venis exanimisque nocet.  
Ille quidem egestus vicino littore torpet  
*Naufragus*; *efferrî Mortuus* ille velit.  
Hoc *Fortuna* negat? se vindicat ipse *relictus*:  
Omniâque infesto membra vapore replet.  
Sed (puto) maturi sapiant quid ab arbore fructus  
Indicium præbent, cum putruère, malum.  
Candida sic *Vitæ domus* est in *Semine puro*:  
*Semine corrupto* *Mors* stabulatur atrox.

De Vita Mors est Testis non æqua, nec ipsum  
 Crede oluisse *Hominem*, qualè *Cadaver* olet.  
 At tu legitimo labentem tempore rivum,  
 Cùm nullâ vitium traxerit ille morâ,  
 Non minùs affirmas, *Dictamne* severa, nocentem,  
 Nec *Morbos Morbo* ferre, sed *Ingenio*.  
 Nè tibi cuncta negem (memoras quæ plurima) *Monstra*,  
 (Quæ vel falsa quidem, vel bene rara puto)  
 Corpore siqua latent abstrusæ semina pestis,  
 (Corpore in humano qualia sæpe latent)  
 Unâ eâdemque operâ fugat hæc *Natura*, cruori  
 Porta redundanti cùm reserata patet.  
 Hinc fortè accipiunt *alienum Menstrua* virus ;  
 Et *Comites* fraudi est non habuisse bonos.  
 Sanguinis hæc culpa est? non sum *ipsa Venefica*, siquis  
 Cum succo biberit mista *Venena* meo.

Dixit, et ambrosium dictis spiravit odorem :  
 Sed multas contrâ disseruisse ferunt.  
*Phæbæ* tandem petitur sententia *Laurus* :  
*Phæbæ Lauris* verba habuere fidem.

## NOTES.

1. *Rosa*. Inhibet fluxiones mulierum, maximè albas, in poscâ potus (succus), Plin. l. 21. 19. Et oleum rosarum ad uteri refrigerationem, et immodicos Menses cohibendos, præscribit Fernel. etc.

2. *Cytinus flos mali punicæ sativæ*, cujus est vividissimus clarissimûsque rubor. *Balaustium sylvestris flos* est.

3. *Echinus tegmen spinosum castanearum*, Plin. *Armatum his echinato cortice vallum est*, Lib. 15. 23.

4. *Angl.* Butcher's Broom. *Virg.* Horridior rusco.

5. *Mantissa*, additamentum rei quæ venit, quasi manu tensum, quia ultra pondus quod exigitur hoc manu datur. *Lucil.* *Mantissa opsonium vincit.* *Angl.* Over-measure, Vantage.

6. *Herculem*: Vide *Fabul. Ovid. Met.* 9.

7. *Fons Achaia* notissimus, qui sub terrâ marique dilabens in *Ortygiâ* tandem *Siciliæ* erumpere dicitur. Nec minùs mirabiliter hic sanguis (ex communi sententiâ) ab Utero per *Venas hypogastricas* in *Mammarias*, pèrque illas in *mamillas ductus*, *papillis tandem tanquam è fontibus duobus erumpit*.

## Laurus.

Quæ sors magnorum est, inquit, non rara virorum,  
 O *famose Cruor*, contigit illa tibi.  
 Piùs æquo culpantur ab his, laudantur ab illis ;  
 Nec mediocre *Odium* est, nec mediocre *Amor*.  
 Hic præjudicio mentitur, et ille favore ;  
 Rumorsque omnes *discolor aura* ferit.  
*Dictamnium* auditis? nullo non foemina mense  
 Deducit *Lunam Saga Veneficiis* :  
 Nec miscere herbas opus, aut fatalia verba ;  
*Medea* esse potest *Sanguine* quæque suo.

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At siquid veri pulchro *Rosa* protulit ore,  
 Quæque suo *Mulier Sanguine Diva* bona est.  
*Purpurea* hinc teneræ suspendit *stamina* vitæ,  
 Subtextitque operi justa alimenta rudi.  
 Sed, cui chara feror, nisi me deludat *Apollo*,  
 Slmque sacrum frustrâ cingere sueta caput,  
 Nec *format* talis, nec *nutrit* corpora *sanguis* ;  
 Nequicquam falsâ laude triumphat iners.  
 Quæ me multa movent non hlc memorare necesse est :  
 Unum hoc multorum pondus et instar habet.  
 Nam *Mulier* cunctorum animantium sola reperta est,<sup>1</sup>  
 Quam *Vena* immodico *menstrua* fonte rigat.  
 At *pecus* omne tamen parit intra viscera foetus,  
 Vincit et humanum fertilitate genus.  
 Quot (monstrum!) exiguus fertur peperisse simul  
*Mus*?<sup>2</sup>

Paucâque *Trojani* pondera ridet *Equi*.  
 Quantum ô montosus circumfert molem *Elephantus*?  
 Visus et est *utero Turriger* esse suo.  
 Fertilitate tuos, *Lucina*, *Cuniculus* orbes  
 Penè æquat ; vix tu sæpius ipsa tumes.  
 Nec tamen hunc foetum *Thesaurus sanguinis* ullus  
 Pascit, *Venarum* nec reserata penus.  
 Nempe in conflictu *Sexûs* utriusque jocoso,  
*Scintilla* excutitur corpore *viva Maris*,  
 Quam medio tutè latitantem in semine sugit  
 Vis *Uteri* sitiens, interiûsque rapit.  
 In cellam rapit arcanam implicitosque recessus,  
 Discindentum oculis vix adeunda loca.  
 His *Virgo* in *Thalamis Anima Scintilla* recumbit  
*Famineæ*, ac pleno *nubilis igne* viget.  
 Jungit utrasque *Venus*, et *Connubialia* sese  
 Incipiunt mistâ *Puncta* movere face.  
 At circùm *Rubor* attritu motûque duorum,  
 Et *Sanguis*, *Signum Virginitatis*, adest.  
 Ut placuit florens, *Inventum nobile, sanguis!*  
 Et semel inventis addere prona via est.  
 Néve augere labor minimum quem eliseris *Ignem*,  
 In promptu *Fomes* si satis aptus erit.  
 Non opus est alios *Flammarum* inducere rivos ;  
 Hoc *fulvas tactu* gignit *Elixer* opes.<sup>3</sup>  
 Adsit materies, et non dignabitur ulla  
*Æternis Vestæ* cedere *Flamma* focus.  
 Guttula sic crescit primi generosa *Cruoris*,  
 Et spernit *facto* sanguine fortis ali.  
*Album* principio nativi seminis haurit,  
 Atque opibus læta est ædificare suis.  
 Hæ cùm deficient, tum *vita operosior* exit,  
 Et bene maternam sedula poscit opem.  
 Materiam poscit, sed quam sibi præparet ipsa,  
 Et puram roseo murice tingat agens.  
 Namque *Uteri* plenis hærescens *Lacte* mamillis  
 Venarum multo jugiter ore bibit.  
 Aspice vitales modò natum in luminis oras,<sup>4</sup>  
 Quàm promptus *Lactis nota* alimenta petit?  
 Blanditias mammis facit, arridétque papillis,  
 Et gaudet *veterem* se reperisse *dapem*.  
 An pascet prolem *Natura cruore* tenellam?  
 Proh scelus! hæc morum *sava Elementa* dabit?

X

Tale rudimentum quid mirum si genus ipsum  
 Efferat humanum, Cannibilsque facit?  
 Non illaudati mirarer facta *Neronis*  
 Impia, nec furias, tristis *Oresta*, tuas;  
 Si *Deus Infantes materno sanguine* nutrit,  
 Et *primam* miseris hanc jubet esse *sitim*.  
 Restat adhuc causam fluxus aperire rubentis,  
 Qui tantam *Fontem Religione* tegit.  
 Fœmina bruta parit, catulósque in ventre saginat;  
 Nec *Venas* ideò tudere *Luna* solet.  
 Pro causâ quærendum aliquid quo sola superbit,  
 Quod proprium *Mulier* præcipuumque tenet.  
 Atque hoc occurrit solum mihi multa putanti,  
 Quòd superat formam mollitiæque *Virum*.  
 Non *Equa* vincit *Equum*, non *Taurum Vacca*; sed  
 ista  
 Si digna est *Io*, dignus et ille *Jove* est.<sup>5</sup>  
 Si *Leo* tu torvus visu, tua torva *Leona* est;  
 Terribilsque minus non quatit illa jubas.  
 Nec magis *Ursa* rudi concinnè lambitur *Urso*,  
 Nec nitido magis est apta figura polo.<sup>6</sup>  
 Fœmina nec *Tigris* maculâ est ornatior unâ,  
 Et *Sus fulmineo* conjuge fœda magis.<sup>7</sup>  
 Non *Avis* incultum ridet decorata *Maritum*;  
*Peniculo* æquali pingit utrumque *Deus*.  
 Mollities candorque idem commendat *Olores*,  
 Nec *sexum* aspectu *Leda* vel ipsa sciat.<sup>8</sup>  
 Quid? gracilsne magis, vel bella est fœmina *Piscis*?  
 Squammarumve auro nobiliore nitet?  
 Se satis hinc armat *nudo Venus* improba *Sexu*;  
 Addere nec *Formæ* tela necesse putat.  
 Nulla *sagittiferis oculis* victoria parta est;  
 Rem peragit totam *Conciliator* odor.  
 At gentem humanam formosior ignis adurit,  
 Nec rationis egens, nec sine *Luce* *Calor*.  
 Nec facit hunc *Coitus* brevis et cœnosa voluptas:  
 Ah! pereant, quibus hæc sola vocatur *Amor*.  
 Larga *Venustatem* tribuit *Natura puellis*,  
 Et nivei blandas corporis illecebras.  
 Auratæque viros voluit retinere catenam,  
 Et frænare vagos *dulcibus imperiis*.  
 Nec solum incestas turpissima pascere membra,  
 Sed spectantum *oculis* gaudia casta dare.  
 Sanguinis hinc partem, *pressura* novissima tandem  
 Quem facit, et duri vilis *amurca Chyli*,  
 Quæque Pilos abit in tristes *Barbamque* ferocem,  
 Densatæque infert nubila fusca cuti,  
 Derivare omnem voluit de corpore pulchro,  
 Laxatæque dedit *Lunæ* aperire vias.  
 Quòd si *impura* suis decurrere *Flumina* rivis?<sup>9</sup>  
 Fors vetet, et magnus digerat illa calor,  
 Paulatim formam *mulier solidata* virilem  
 Induit, et stupor est qui fuit, *Iphi*, tuus.  
 Sic *Phaëthusa* pilis sibi totum horrescere corpus<sup>10</sup>  
 Mirata est, densas et fruticare genas.  
 Sæpe *manum* damnans *Speculum* sibi poscere *Testem*,  
 Et *Speculum* damnans sæpe referre *Manum*.  
 Ipsa diu proprio est infelix territa *Vultu*;  
 Ipsa diu infelix territa *Voce* suâ est.

Hæc et plura quidem (sed quis pote cuncta referre)  
*Veridico* edocuit *Laurus* amata *Deo*.  
 Hinc ærumnosi dura ad miracula partus  
 Se via sermoni præbuit ipsa ducem.  
*Obstetrisque* loqui jussa est *Junonia planta*,<sup>11</sup>  
 Quæ meritum à *Lochiis Optima* nomen habet.  
 Arrexit caules, et non invita loquuta est,<sup>12</sup>  
 Nec piguit proprium commemorare decus.

## NOTES.

1. Solum animal menstruale *Mulier*, in dè unius utero quas appellant *Molas*, *Plin.* l. 7. 15.
2. *Supra cuncta est Murium fetus*, haud sine cunctatione dicendus, quanquam autore *Aristotele*, et *Alexandri Magni* militibus, generatio eorum lambendo constare, non coitu, dicitur. Ex una genitos centum et viginti tradiderunt; apud *Persas* verò prægnantes et in utero parentis repertas; et salis gustatu fieri prægnantes opinantur. Itaque definit mirum esse unde vis tanta messes *populetur murium* agrestium, *Plin.* l. 10. 65. ubi de *Mure fœminâ* loquens adjectivum adjungit fœminini generis; sed usitatius aliter facit. Sic ejusdem lib. cap. 61. *Mus marinus* in terrâ scrobe effossâ parit ova. Et de *Corvis*, lib. 10. 12. *Corvi* pariunt cum plurimam, quinos: ore eos parere vulgus arbitratur. Et sæpe eodem modo, unde ad ejus exemplum sequitur *Elephantus Montosus*, et *Turriger*; quanquam *Plautus* adjectivum femininum *Elephanto Fœminæ* addat in *Sticho*, *Solere Elephantum Gravidam perpetuos decem esse annos. Sed putant Gravidam regi à verbo subintellecto, nempe Fœminam.*
3. *Elixer* verbum est Arabicum, sed in rebus quas *Romani* ignorarunt necesse est ut vocabulis utamur non Latinis, et ridiculè superstitiosus est qui id vitio vertit.
4. *Umbilicalium*.
5. *Io* in *Vaccam*; vide *Fab. Metam.* 1. *Jupiter* in *Taurum*, *Met.* 2.
6. *Callisto* à *Junone* in *ursam* commutata, à *Jove* in cælum translata, efficit *Ursam Majorem* quæ *Arctos* dicitur, *Fab. Met.* 2.
7. *Aprò*.  
 Fulmen habent acres in aduncis dentibus *Aprì*, *Ovid.* et passim alii.
8. *Utpote* quæ cum *Olore* concubuerit, notitiamque habuerit.
9. *Aliter enim Morbi Morsque* consequentur.
10. *Pithæi Abderite* *Conjux*, quam refert *Hippocrat.* lib. 6. *Epidem.* cum antea fœcunda fuisset, viro exulante mensibusque subsistentibus, toto corpore hirsutam factam esse, barbam erupisse, vocemque asperam et virilem effectam; idemque *Nemisæ Gorippi* conjugii contigisse.
11. *Aristolochia Junoni* *Lucinæ* sacra: Nominis causa quòd sit ἀπὸ τῆς ταῖς λοχέλαις, non λοχόσαις, ut in *Plin.* legitur, optima parturientibus: Vel à *Lochiis*, i. e. purgamentis omnibus post partum, quæ feliciter expellit.
12. *Habet enim caules humi arrepentes.*

*Aristolochia.*

ET *Florem, et Baccas virides, et Semina fundo,*<sup>1</sup>  
*Patronamque Uteri non sterilem esse decet.*  
 Sed magis est altè mea summa recondita virtus,  
 Et *Fructus Radix* maximus ipsa mihi est.  
 Hanc *Natura Uteri* signavit cauta figurâ,<sup>2</sup>  
 Nec passa est vires *dissimulare* suas.  
 Indè vocor *Terræ Malum*; tam nobile *Malum*  
 Non ipse *Hesperidum lucidus Hortus* habet.  
 Dignius hoc tolli (tu *Nupta* fatebere) cursum<sup>3</sup>  
 Quàm quod tardavit, pulchra *Atalanta*, tuum.  
 Hinc proprio fovet amplexu, nec pondera tanti  
 Ausa est *Arboribus* credere *Mater Humus*.  
 Néve in me partus solventem molliter omnes  
 Mirandus *Terræ* est *Omniparentis* Amor.  
 Non falsus fuit ille animi qui carmine dixit,  
*Præsentem monstrat qualibet herba Deum.*<sup>4</sup>  
 Nec falsa *Egyptus* coluit sanctissima quondam<sup>5</sup>  
*Florenti virides quæ pietate Deos.*  
*Roma, quid indulges Rhonchis? Nascuntur in Hortis,*<sup>6</sup>  
*Nascuntur campis Numina densa tuis.*  
 Quid *Seges* est nisi flava *Ceres*, et *Vitis Iacchus?*  
*Vestitûrque Deis* religiosus ager.  
 Et *Lucina Ego* sum; valvis bipatentibus arctas  
 Laxato vitæ cardine pando fores.  
 Ignoscas precor ô temerè mihi, *Luna*, loquutæ,  
 Impia si mihi vox excidit ore pio.  
 In me *Tu Numen, Tu in me Lucina* moraris,  
 Et sub personâ te tenet *Herba Deam*.  
 Claudis et exiguo nostræ *Radicis* in *Orbe*  
 Virtutum partem quas *tuis Orbis* habet.  
 Ingentes refero victrix de morte triumphos,  
*Armis usa meis, Viribus usa tuis.*  
 Sum *præfecta Viis*, totumque in corpore purgo,<sup>7</sup>  
 Perfuncta *Ædilis* nobile munus, iter.  
 Dilato angustum nimis, obstructumque recludo,  
 Et latè præceps omne quod obstat ago.  
 Nulla objecta mora est *Animaque Animaque Ministris*,  
 Nè possint puras ire redire vias.  
 Sentinas etiam exsiccò, fœdâsque paludes,<sup>8</sup>  
 Hæreat in medio nè vaga turba luto.  
 Sed mihi mandata est curâ propiore tuenda,  
 Ducit ad ætherias quæ *Via Sacra* plagas.<sup>9</sup>  
*Cimmerias Patriæ* tenebras cùm linquere vellet,  
 Et nova *cognatum* cernere *Vita diem*,  
*Thermopylas Uteri* nè *Mors* prius occupet obsto,<sup>10</sup>  
 Præcludâtque arctum nè vigil hostis iter.  
 Mireris (nam, *mirorum ditissima Mater*,  
 Nil *Natura* magis prodigiale facit)  
 Quo materna modo pondus malè mobile possint  
 Tantillo tantum claustra tenere sinu;  
 Quo moles tam magna modo, quo *fulmine* adacta,  
 Transeat angustæ *Limina clausa* foris;  
 Compages *Uteri* quo dura *reciproce* æstu,  
 Quo sese *evolvat*, quo *replietque* modo;  
 Quid laxet nodos quâ vi solida ossa dehiscant,<sup>11</sup>  
 Quâ subeant iterum vincula nota *fide*.

Non opis hoc nostræ, nec quicquid ubique potentum  
*Herbarum* est, quotquot maxima *Terra* parit.  
 Ipsaque Vosque mæse, non segnis turba, *Sorores*,  
 Instrumenta operis parva, sed apta, sumus.  
 At peragit *Deus* (ut facile est agnoscere) primas;<sup>12</sup>  
 Nam dignus tanto *Vindice Nodus* adest.  
 Ille jubet crescenti *Uterum* decedere *proli*,  
 Crescentique *Utero* cedere *Membra* jubet:  
 Et *concurrentis Symplegados* ora resolvit,<sup>13</sup>  
 Atque aperit molli *saxea claustra* manu.  
 Interea forti conatu industrius *Infans*  
 Et capite audaci *fissile* tentat *iter*:<sup>14</sup>  
 Interea magno *Mulier* disrupta dolore,  
 Commotum totis artubus urget onus:  
 Et meus instigat penetrabilis ardor utrumque,  
 Et rarescentes cogit hiare plagas.  
 Sæpe intra miseræ funebria viscera *Matris*,  
 Heu! nondum proles *nata, sepulta* jacet.  
 Incestat *Patrias Vitæ Mors* impia sedes,  
 In tam *fecundo Fertilis ipsa* loco.  
 Spargit lethiferos inclusum *Funus* odores,  
*Sarcophagumque* suum (*Monstra!*) *Cadaver* edit.  
 Quis credat? *Matrem tollit præposterus Infans*;  
 Et *Tumulum Vivum Mortuus ipse* necat.  
 Prodigium castæ Dii tantum averte genti;  
 Nec nisi *Adulterio* sit *Labor* ille datus.  
 Quâ licet auxiliior; putridum salvâ arbore fructum  
 Stringo; concussus molliter ille cadit.  
 Gaudeo, nè tantâ præceps eat ipsa procellâ,  
 Quassatæ *Merces* præcipitare *Ratis*.  
 Sæpe fugit vinclis proles temeraria ruptis,  
*Exuvias* linquens *Sarcinulasque* suas.<sup>15</sup>  
 Linquitur et *Chorion Tunica*, atque *Subucula*  
*ralla*<sup>16</sup>  
*Amnios*, et turgens lacte *Placenta Penus*.  
*Lucinam* implorat *Mulier* *recidiva secundam*,  
 Nec miseræ ad *Partum Parturisse* sat est.  
 Hic etiam miseræ succurro, *Uterumque* repurgo:  
 Nec facilis, purus nec nimis ille labor.  
 Quas ibi sustineam fortis detergere sordes  
 Scitis; sed nullus *Vir* (precor) ista sciat.  
 Si sciat, amittet multum *Venus* improba juris,  
 Et minùs incipies esse, *Cupido*, ferox.  
 Sed quamvis arcana in me *Chirurgica virtus*<sup>17</sup>  
 Infixa ex alto vulnere tela trahat,  
 Non tua, blande *Cupido*, revellere spicula conor;  
 Heu! malè tunc *Uteri* dicta *Patrona* forem.  
 Una in me vis est, quam certè miror et ipsa,<sup>18</sup>  
 (Ah quæ se poterit noscere *Planta* satis?)  
*Omnia sunt Tenebræ*; multos meditata per annos,  
 Quod feci toties quâ faciam arte rogo,  
 Nam tanta *humanæ* quæ præbeo commoda *vitæ*,  
*Piscibus* exitium, nec *sua fata*, fero.  
 Ut me libârunt, patrias *Anima uda* sub undas,  
*Vitæque* cum nullo murmure *muta* fugit.  
 Unde hoc fluctivagis bellum cum gentibus ortum?  
 Nam nec eas novi, nec nocuere mihi.  
 Et *fecunda* magis vivunt animalia nusquam:  
 Persequor hæc odio *Fertilitatis Amans*.



Exerit *Effectus* sese, præbétque videndum ;  
Sub Terrâ *Radix* Causa profunda latet.

## NOTES.

1. *Angl.* Birth-wort. *Plurimis* modis *Aristolochia* prodest; nam et *Menses* et *secundas* sciet, et *emortuos partus* extrahit *myrrhâ* et *pipere* additis, *pota* vel *subdita*: *Vulvas* quoque *proidentes* *inhibet* *potu*, vel *suffitu*, vel *subjectu*, *maximè* *tenuis*, *Plin. lib. 26. 15.* *Nostris* *Malum Terræ* vocant, et *quatuor* *ejus* *genera* *servant*—*omnes* *colore* *buxeo*, *caulibus* *parvis*, *flore* *purpureo*; *ferunt* *baculas* *parvas* *ut* *Capparis*. *Valent* *Radice* *tantum*—*Odor* *omnium* *medicatus*, *sed* *oblongæ* *radici* *tenuiortque* *gratior*—*Oblonga* *in* *summâ* *gloriâ* *est*; *si* *modò* *à* *conceptu* *admota* *vulvis* *in* *carne* *bubulâ*, *mares* *figurat*, *ut* *traditur*; *Plin. lib. 25. 8.* *Quod* *postremum* *dignius* *erat* *hoc* *poëmata* *quàm* *opere* *Philosophico* *inferi*; *imò* *nè* *hoc* *quidem* *dignum*. *Libet* *adjungere* *Fernel. Aristolochia* *utraque* *menses*, *secundas*, *et* *fætus* *cum* *myrrhâ* *et* *pipere* *pota* *pellit*; *subdita* *eadem* *præstat*, *et* *Uteri* *sordes* *expurgat*.

2. *Crollius*, *qui* *in* *Signaturis* *Plantarum* *multus* *est*, *hanc* *similitudinem* *inter* *figuram* *Uteri* *atque* *radicis* *Aristolochiæ* *rotundæ* *observavit*, *ut* *arbitror*, *primus*. *Quantam* *vim* *habeant* *hæ* *Signaturæ* *rerum* *nescio*; *Pœtica* *non* *male* *conveniunt*.

3. *Notissima* *fabula*: *vide* *Metam. 10.*

4. \* \* \* \* \*

5. *Allium* *Cepásque* *inter* *Deos* *in* *jurejurando* *habet* *Ægyptus*, *Plin. l. 19. 6.*

*Porrum* *et* *cepe* *nefas* *violare* *aut* *frangere* *morsu*.

*Juv. Sat. 15.*

6. *A Romanis* *irridebatur* *hæc* *superstitio* *Ægyptiorum*, *quanquam* *omnigenam* *Deorum* *avidissimis*, *ut* *patet* (*præter* *multa* *alia*) *ex* *illo* *notissimo* *scommate* *Juven. Sat. 15*:

O sanctas gentes quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis  
Numina !—

7. *Aristolochia*, *præsertim* *Rotunda*, *calida* *atque* *sicca* *tertii* *gradûs* *initio*, *adeoque* *validè* *Cerebri* *et* *Pulmonum* *lentam* *crassamque* *pituïtam* *expurgat*, *ut* *Epilepsiæ* *ab* *utero*, *tussi* *et* *asthmatis* *conferat*, *et* *interiores* *rumpat* *abscessus*, *et* *abortum* *quoque* *provocet*, *Fernel. lib. 5. Meth. Med. Et, Aristolochia* *utraque* *amara* *et* *subacris*, *abstergit* *et* *digerit*, *sed* *rotunda* *crassos* *humores* *validiùs* *extenuat*, *et* *ab* *iis* *natas* *obstructiones* *promptiùs* *expedit*; *hinc* *asthmaticis*, *suspiciosos* *et* *pleuriticis* *auxilio* *est*, *cap. 20.* *Aristolochia* *multò* *validiùs* *Lienem* *obstructione* *liberat*, *latertisque* *doloribus* *auxiliatur*, *cap. 24.*

8. *Putrescentia* *sanat* *et* *sordida* *expurgat*, *Fernel. Ibid.* *Et, Aristolochia* *utriusque* *radix* *strenuè* *abstergit*, *sed* *rotundæ* *potentius*; *putredines* *sanat* *et* *exest*, *ulcerum* *sordes* *expurgat*, *vermesque* *neqat* *et* *extrahit*, *Id. lib. 10.*

9. *Uterus*, *membra* *muliebria*.

10. *Celeberrimæ* *angustiæ* *montium* *in* *Græciâ*, *quas* *Leonidas* *Rex* *cum* *quatuor* *millibus* *occupavit*, *et* *numer-*

*osissimo* *Persarum* *exercitui* *adytum* *in* *Græciam* *intercludere* *ausus* *est*; *dictæ* *à* *πόλας*, *Portæ*, *i. e.* *angustiæ* *montium*, *et* *aquis* *calidis* *scaturientibus*, *quæ* *cum* *cervice* *uteri* *non* *malè* *conveniunt*.

11. *In* *partu* *ossium* *commissuræ*, *nempe* *synchondrosis* *Coxendicis* *cum* *osse* *sacro* *et* *pubis*, *et* *coccygis* *synneurosis* *solvuntur* *et* *mollescunt*.

12. *Nec* *Deus* *intersit*, *nisi* *dignus* *vindice* *nodus* *Inciderit*.

*Horat.*

*Hic* *autem* *contra* *regulam* *Horatianam* *non* *peccatur*.

13. *Symplegades* *Insulæ*, *vel* *potius* *Scopuli*, *in* *ostio* *Ponti* *Euxini*, *quas* *inter* *se* *concurrere* *poetæ* *finxerunt*. *Vide* *Valer. Flac. lib. 4.* *Et* *singularis* *in* *usu* *est* *Συμπληγάς*. *Mart. :*

*Si* *constringantur* *geminâ* *Symplegade* *culi*.

14. *Omnia* *animalia* *naturaliter* *in* *caput* *exerunt*; *obliqua* *autem*, *vel* *in* *pedes*, *contra* *naturam*, *Aristot. Hist. Anim. l. 7. 8.*

15. *Secundas*.

16. *Exterior* *Membrana* *fætum* *in* *utero* *circumvestiens*, *Χόριον*. *interior* *Ἄμνιον* *dicta* *est*; *unde* *hæc* *Subuculam*, *illa* *Tunicam* *refert*. *Placenta* *uteri*, *vel* *Hepar* *Uterinum*, *vel* *fortasse* *rectiùs* *Mamma* *uterina*, *unde* *infans* *per* *vasa* *umbilicalia* *partem* *nutrimenti* *haurit*.

17. *Aristolochia* *utraque* *surculos* *et* *spicula* *extrahit*, *squamas* *ossium* *illita*, *Fernel. ib.*

18. *Piscatores* *Campaniæ* *eam* *quæ* *rotunda* *est* *Venum* *Terræ* *vocant*, *cordmque* *nobis* *contusam* *immistâ* *calce* *in* *mari* *sparsere*: *advolant* *pisces* *cupiditate* *mirâ*, *statimque* *exanimati* *fuitant*, *Plin. l. 25. 8.*

## Lentiscus.

Excipit hîc oriunda *Chio* *Lentiscus*; *et* *inquit*,<sup>1</sup>  
Nunc quod adest, non hoc temporis hujus opus.  
Ut lubet in *Pisces* (non hoc erit, *Optima*, fraudi)  
Et sævi, et totum depopulare *Mare*.  
Viderit hoc *Glauci* quæ reddit in æquora *Pisces*,<sup>2</sup>  
Viderit *Æquoreos* quæ facit *Herba* *Deos*.  
Parva queri piget, ô, quando hîc, hîc ausa *Sabina* est  
Inter tot plantas stare scelestas pias:  
Ausa sacros aditus, et non violabile *Templum*,  
Vivificosque *Uteri* cæde replere *Lares*;  
Impatiens sceleris *Spem* *nudam* occidere *Vitæ*,  
Et designatos ausa necare *Viros*.  
Infantem tenerum maternis abripere ulnis,  
Extremus belli est immodicusque furor.  
Hîc intuta (nefas!) clausi custodia *Ventris*,  
Præsidiique parùm *Viscera* *Matris* habent.  
At tantùm *Natos* civili tollitis irâ,  
Arma *Novarcalis* tarda, *Aconita*, manûs.  
O ignara mali, simplex et rustica *Colchis*,  
Flagitiique *Artes* erudienda novas!  
*Medeam* erudiet pueros *Medea* *Sabina*  
Doctiùs et citiùs dilacerare suos.

Ingeniosa parùm es, vindictæque inscia *Progne* :  
 Grande moræ pretium est ; hic sine vivat *Itys*.  
 Concumbasque fero quamvis invita Marito,  
 Spémque novam *Tereo*, ventre tumente, feras.  
 Tunc matura odio, tunc nostram admitte *Sabinam*,  
 Funestásque utero præparet illa dapes.  
 Ore calescentes avido *Vir* devoret offas,  
 Et sua visceribus *Viscera* rapta tuis.  
 Quem *Vindicta* facit, generosum est crimen *Abortus* :  
 Nunc faciunt nugæ deliciæque leves :  
 Ut vultum famæ componat *Adultera* castum,  
 Nè ferat indicium criminis ipsa sui ;  
 Ut vitet sumptus, et sit *Venus* impia frugi,  
 Nè tua sit nimiùm laxa, *Libido*, domus :  
*Monstrando Ventri* rugarum ut dedecus absit.  
 Et *Matronales* (res inhonora) nota.  
 Omnibus his causis æquè officiosa *Sabina* est,  
 Nobilis ingenii sedulitate mali.  
 Si conspirarent homines cum germine tali,  
 Mox cultor vacuo nullus in orbe foret.  
 Vos brutis oculis spectacula vana daretis,  
 Materies vestræ tota deesset opis.  
 At vos, quæ rapidum *sufflamine* stringitis ævum,<sup>3</sup>  
 Et *Parcis* dulces nectitis arte moras,  
 Utque estis pictæ florentia *Sidera Terræ*,<sup>4</sup>  
 Jure *Homini* Vitæ fata Neclsque datis,  
 Vos, ò, Infantum viva incunabula foedè  
 Vexantem, *Arboream* flammâ abolete *Strygem*.<sup>5</sup>  
*Hostem Naturæ* scleratom tollite, et ipsum  
 Ter madidâ *Lauru* ritè plate locum.<sup>6</sup>  
 Se saltem *Cretæ* teneat natalibus arvis,<sup>7</sup>  
*Pasiphaës* uterum digna subire gravem.<sup>8</sup>  
 Corporis hinc duplicem unius fecisset *Abortum* :  
 O iterum nullo palma futura die !  
 Sed, puto, maternâ nunquam voluisset in alvo  
 Tam magnæ *Monstrum* dilaniare *spei*.  
 Nam pueros septem forti faustóque quotannis<sup>9</sup>  
 Ore voraturus *Semivir* ille fuit.  
 Curre, *Sabina*, redi in patriam ; nec fortè queremur  
*Dictamnus* tecum si *Popularis* eat.<sup>10</sup>

His dictis divisi animi ; varióque tumultu,  
 Murmure et incerto *Concio* tota fremit.  
 At frondes commota *Sabina* erexit acutas,  
 Ut viso ardentis hoste *Leæna* jubas :  
 Culque priùs ternos mater *Natura Calores* <sup>11</sup>  
 Attribuit, *Calidam* jam quater ira facit.

## NOTES.

1. *Lentiscus*, *Anglicè* The Mastick Tree, *Græcè* σχῖνος, et bacca ejus σχῖνιδα. Nomen Latinum fortassis à *Lentore lacrymæ et folii*. Omnes fluxiones, non solum *Mensium* cohibet. Meritò ei hæ partes contra *Sabinam* attribuuntur ; non solum enim abortum prohibere creditur, sed et ipsa semper sæcunda est, ut ex *Ciceronis* versu discimus :

Jam verò semper viridis sempérque gravata  
*Lentiscus* triplici solita est grandescere foetu ;  
 Ter fruges fundens tria tempora monstrat arandi.

*Hujus arboris gummi Mastiche dicitur ; optimum genus in Chio nascitur magnâ copia.*

2. *Vid. Fabul. ultimam 13. lib. Metam. Cùm pisces in ripâ explicuisset, illi contactâ quâdam herbâ in profundum prosiluerunt : admiratus vim herbæ Glaucus eam degustat, séque eodem modo in mare projiciens Deus marinus factus est. Prov. Græc. Γλαῦκος φαγὼν πῦρα οἰκῆ ἐν θαλάσῳ.*

3. *Machina quâ currus descensu pronò rapidus stringitur, i.e. retinetur.*

Ipse rotam stringit multo sufflamine Consul. *Juv. 8. Unde Augusti dictum: Haterii ingenium sufflaminandum esse.*

4. *Eodem jure fortasse quo Cæli sidera.*

5. Nocte volant, puerósque petunt *Nutricis* egentes.  
 Et vitiant cunis corpora rapta suis :  
 Carpere dicuntur lactentia viscera rostris,  
 Et plenum poto sanguine guttur habent.  
 Est illis *Strigibus* nomen, etc.

*Ovid. Fast. 6.*

6. *Ritus antiquus lustrandi.*

— Cuperes lustrari, siqua darentur  
 Sulphura cum tædis, et si foret humida *Laurus*.

7. *Ubi magnâ copiâ crescit, et unde in alias regiones provenisse creditur. Quidam Creticam Cupressum appellant, teste Plin.*

8. *Quæ Minotaurum peperit,*

Semibovémque hominem, semihominémque bovem.

Gravem, i.e. gravidum : sic *Quinctil.* Gravis fructu vitis.

9. *Minos victis Atheniensibus hanc jussit esse partem stipendii quam penderent, ut septem nobiles pueros quotannis in Cretam mitterent Minotauro objiciendos.*

10. *Dictamnus Popularis, ejusdem patriæ, nempe Cretica. Dictamnus autem mirè efficax creditur ad expellendum embryonem.*

11. *Vulgò dicunt Calidam tertio gradu.*

*Sabina.*

TUne, *miselle frutex* (his turbida vocibus infit)<sup>1</sup>  
 Tüne inimicitias, ambitiose, meas ?  
 Tu celebrem Mundo maledictis stringere plantam,  
 Et multâ notam laude, *miselle frutex* ?  
 Tu, *Dentis* medicina cavi, quam sede remotâ<sup>2</sup>  
 Vix in *Tonstrinis* ultima *Theca* capit ?  
 I nunc, votivas circùm suspende *Tabellas*,  
 Atque onerent ramos parta *Trophæa* tuos.  
 Inter tot titulos monumentâque tanta laborum,  
 Pars *putridi dentes* maxima laudis erunt.  
 An quoniam flentes tua *Lachryma* dura *Catarrhos*,  
 Et decurrentes lignea sistit aquas,

*Naturamne* putas tenui constringere vinclo,<sup>3</sup>  
 Conceptusque *adam* posse inhibere *fugam*?  
 Non ita; sed *Nomen* fallaces Vana per artes,  
 Et magno vilis planta licere, cupis.  
 Quod non es simulas, famæque imponere quæris:  
 Non Ego sed quæ sim dissimulare volo.  
 Confiteor nondum natos me avellere foetus  
 Utere confessæ commoditate reæ.  
 Confiteor; nec Tu, *Matre* indulgentior ipsâ,  
*Lachrymulis* poteris hoc prohibere tuis.  
 Te comedat, totam te prægnans allinat alvum,  
 Junge et cum lentâ mascula thura pice;  
 Et *Lapidem* gestet (labor hic est *Hercule* dignus)<sup>4</sup>  
*Herculeum*; vires, credo, habet ille tuas.  
 Scilicet ille hominis primordia ferrea duri,  
 Invictâ retinet fortiter ille fide.  
 Adsint *Coraliûmque Smaragdorûmque* Cylindri,<sup>5-6</sup>  
 Et circum digitos plurima *Jaspis* eat;  
 Indomitûsque *Adamas*, et proles *Unio* Conchæ,<sup>7</sup>  
 Quæ sese et prolem claudere docta suam.  
 Ante omnes prægnantem *Ætiten* ferre sub ulnis<sup>8</sup>  
 Sit memor; imò illi consule ferre duos.  
 Nil gerit in gravidâ sobolem constantiûs alvo;  
 Æternûm sobolem providus ille gerit.  
 Omnia cùm faciet, faciet tamen omnia frustrâ,  
 Attingat succos si simul illa meos.  
 Confiteor; neque ero Naturæ ingrata benignæ,  
 Nè tibi displiceam quæ mihi nulla places.  
 Hoc *Natura* dedit, puto *Te* sapientior, ipsa,  
*Arboreus* quamvis tu videare *Cato*.  
 Non in proliferam soleo subrepere furtim,  
 Aut *Domina* invitâ vi penetrare domum.  
 Mallem ego formoso formosa virescere in horto,  
 Atque illibatas integra ferre comas.  
 Discerpor, tundor pilis, cædémque coacta  
 Sum *facere* indignam, sed priûs *Ipsa* pati.  
 Jure quidem summo sceleratam *Colchida* damnas  
 Numquid et in *Cultrum* transit, Inepta, scelus?  
 Quid Nemus omne tibi nisi, *Non es sobria*, dicet,  
 Quando reas *Vites Ebrietatis* ages?  
 Vim Deus hanc tantam dono mihi non dedit;  
 illam  
 Sed majora sequi dona necesse fuit.  
 Nam *Menses* Utero cunctatricésque *Secundas*,  
 Membræque mortiferum mortua pondus ago.  
 Et per me liber nativo carcere foetus  
 Attonito ignotum suspicit ore diem.  
 Sed nihil, ah! tanto dignum videt ille labore:  
 Vellet et in *Tenebras*, credo, *redire* suas.  
 Optaret venisse meum maturiûs haustum,  
 Cùm nondum vivum perficeretur opus.  
 Quod *scelus* appellas, gravis auctor, et esse fatebor;  
 Sed, *Lentisce*, *Hominum*, non scelus esse *Meum*.  
 Hoc emeret quanti primis sub mensibus *Infans*,  
 Si sciret quòd mox esset iturus iter?  
 Ah! minimè prorsûs decuit producere talem  
 Angustam in mundum difficilémque viam.  
 Ad *Calum* ire putes magnis conatibus ægrum;  
 Cum *pænâ ad pænas nascitur* innumeras.

*Nixibus* in lucem prodit *lethalibus* Infans;  
 Ipse dolor *Partûs Omina Mortis* habet.  
 Ah! quanti *Veneris* fallacia gaudia constant!  
 Quam carè Matris nomina Mater emit!  
 At tu dilecto cruciata *Puerpera* morbo,  
 Quam vivum torquet (*Vipera Dulcis*) onus,  
 Carpe meum properè folium, nè carpere differ;  
 Et crede in succo *Nectar* inesse meo.  
 Protinus impulsu reserantur claustra potenti;  
 Exitus è Mundo vix magis ipse patet.  
 Protinus à ramis maturus decidit Infans,  
 Et *plorat* tantùm, *Matre tacente*, *Puer*.  
 Illa rudi gaudet vagitu obliata doloris;  
 Ausa animo *Venerem* mox agitare *novam*.  
 At tu legitimæ cui desunt tempora *Lunæ*,  
 (*Noctem Uteri Princeps* humida *Luna* regit.)  
 Tu folium nè carpe meum, nè carpe, monebo;  
 Sed longè, quanquam pondere tarda, fuge.  
 A me concussus totâ pluit arbore Foetus,  
 Atque cadit, vel si *Fructus acerbus* erat.  
 Hoc Egò prædico, nè me post damna petita  
*Lentisco* dicas imposuisse tibi.  
 Scilicet innocuæ non peccant spontè Puellæ,  
 Nulla volens unquam vel *gravidata* fuit.  
 Sed si Ego non essem, credo, committere tantum  
 Nulla quidem posset (da voluisse) nefas.  
 At centum præstant operam bona germina eandem;  
 Exiliûmque ideo si meruisse putor,  
 Exilii comites video non defore nostri;  
 Ibimyr in *Cretam* quàm bene magna cohors?  
 Ibis, *Myrrha*, simul mecum, *Virgo impia* quondam,  
 Nunc *pia*, supplicio nunc pretiosa tuo.  
 Sed labefactâsti neque tunc, licèt impia, foetum:  
 Quem *Fatum*? et crimen quem *peperisse* fuit.<sup>9</sup>  
 Et *Panaces* magno *Mortem* quod nomine terret,<sup>10</sup>  
 Cùmque *Ammoniaco Galbana* flava suo;<sup>11</sup>  
 Divitibusque *Laser* planta inficianda *Cyrenis*,<sup>12</sup>  
 Ni simul et *Lucri dulcis* adesset *Odor*.  
 Ibis, *Thus Terra* (nec *Thura Sabæa* moramur)<sup>13</sup>  
 Ibis tu *Luto* quem, *Croce*, tinxit *Amor*.<sup>14</sup>  
 Ibis *Ereuthodanum*, et *Colocynthis* fellea, mecum,<sup>15</sup>  
 Pictâque quæ varii terga *Draconis* habes;<sup>16</sup>  
 Eminus et tacitis *Cyclaminus* noxia telis,  
 Nec temero gravidis transilienda pede:  
*Antidotusque* aliis, sed *Fatibus* ipsa *Venenum*,<sup>17</sup>  
 In cœtu nulli *Ruta* secunda pio.  
 Quid memorem reliquas? *Agmen* sumus; ipsa quoque  
 ibis  
 Quæ meritum à *Lochiis Optima* nomen habes.  
 Sed neque tu tandem, *Præses* veneranda, manebis:  
 Surge, age, et *Exilium* concomitare meum.  
 Finierat; favor ortantem plausûsque sequuntur:  
 Nec causam dubium est obtinuisse suam.  
*Parthenis* incept; reverentia *Præsidis* omnem<sup>18</sup>  
 Compressit motum, conticuitque locus.

## NOTES.

1. *Herba Sabina*, *Brathy* appellata à *Græcis*, duorum generum est, altera *Tamarici* similis folio, altera *Cu-*

presso; quare quidam Creticam Cupressum dixere—partus emortuos apposita extrahit et suffitu, Plin. lib. 24. 11. Anglicè Savin dicitur. Crollius in eâ signaturam Venarum Uteri vidit, mirâ (ut mihi videtur) perspicacitate. Sabina (inquit Fernel.) tertio est gradu calidorum et siccorum, acris et validè digerens. Menses, siquid aliud, provocat: fœtum etiam viventem enecat et mortuum ejicit.

2. Nempe Mastiche, lacryma ejus, in doloribus dentium vulgatissimum remedium. Mastiche laudatissima Chia, candida, Plin.

3. Ad firmandum fœtum atque uterum in iis quæ abortui sunt obnoxia nihil frequentius à Medicis quam Mastiche et intus et extrâ adhibetur.

4. Lap. Herc. i.e. Magnetem, ob admirabiles vires sic dictum. In manu gestet gravida (quæ abortum timet) Magnetem, vel umbilico apponat: Brachio alliget, et sub alis gestet Lapidem Aquilæ, vel qui in utero Cervæ aliquando reperitur: Corallia item, Jaspidas, Smaragdos, Adamantas, Sennert. Alitque passim eadem.

5. Claudian. dicit,

Vellitque Corallia Clotho;

et Græcè scribitur κοράλιον cumo: sed his prævalere debet Ovidii autoritas, qui bis in Metam. 4. et 15. habet Corallium.

6. Cylindros ex iis (smaragdis) facere malunt quàm Gemmas, quoniam est summa commendatio in longitudine, Plin. lib. 37. 5.

7. Margaritarum etiam pulvis passim præscribitur.

8. Ætites Lapides ex argumento nominis magnam famam habent; reperiuntur in nidis Aquilarum: aiunt binos inveniri, Marem et Fæminam, nec sine iis parere quas diximus aquilas, et ideo binds tantum—Huic est in alvo lapis qui vocatur Callimus—Ætite omnes gravidis adalligatæ mulieribus vel quadrupedibus in pelliculis sacrificatorum animalium continent partus, non nisi cum parturiant removendi, alioqui vulvæ excidunt; sed nisi parturientibus auferantur, non pariunt, Plin. lib. 36. 21. Est Lapis iste prægnans; intus, cum quatiis, alio velut in utero sonante, Id. lib.

10. 3. Suprà alligatus (inquit Lev. Lemnius de Occult. Nat. Mirac.) fœtum retinet: ad femora applicatus attrahit, partumque facilem reddit: et hoc usu quotidie in Galliâ comprobatum esse.

9. Nempe ex patre conceptum. Vid. Fab. Metam. lib. 10.

10. Panaces ipso nomine omnium morborum remedia promittit, Plin. lib. 25. 3. ἀπὸ τοῦ πᾶν ἀκεῖν Vocatur et Panax et Panacea, et propter eximias vires, Panax Hercules. Virg. appellat Odoriferam Panacæam. Est autem Panaces neutrius generis, sicut Cacoëthes, Nepenthes, Hippomanes. Anglicè vocatur All-heal. Ab hoc exsudat Opoponax, qui succus cum multis potestatibus et hanc obtinuit abigendi partus.

11. Galbanum, gummi Ferula Syra, Ammoniacum Cyrenaicæ.

12. Propter odorem fœtidum. Planta ipsa Laserpitium proprie dicitur, succus Laser, i.e. Asa fatida. Catul.: Laserpitiferis jacet Cyrenis.

Plin. lib. 19. 3.—Laserpitium, quod Græci Σιλπίον vocant, in Cyrenaicâ Provinciâ repertum, magnificum in usu medicamentis.

13. Abiga, Ground-pine, de quâ suprà. Nec Thura Sabæa moramur, quia scilicet contrariæ virtutis, existimantur unde Sabina modò,

Junge et cum lentâ mascula Thura pice.

14. Allusio ad versum Tibulli,

Sed nimius Luto corpora tingit amor.

Lutum, vel Luteum, vel Lutea, (Λυσιμάχιον quibusdam) herba erat croceo colori tingendo in usu. Virg.:

—Croceo mutabit vellera luto.

Crocus amore Smilacis contabescens, in florem sui nominis conversus esse fingitur.

15. Erythrodanum, Anglicè Madder, de quo prius. Alia est Erythrodanum, quam aliqui Ereuthodanum vocant, nos Rubiam, quâ tinguntur lanæ, pellæque perficiuntur, etc. Plin. l. 24. 11. Rubia radice atque semine pollet, callida ordine secundo, sicca tertio, eximiâ detergendi facultate insignis, quâ jecur, lienem, renes atque uterum exquisitè purgat: Nam Icterum sanat, Lienem absumit, urinam crassam atque copiosam, nonnunquam et cruentam, movet, Menses ciet, appositæque Secundas ac fœtum detrahit, ut proinde minimè sit tuta prægnanti, Fernel. l. 5. Meth. Med.

Colocynthis, vel Cucurbita sylvestris, appellatur etiam Fel Terræ, propter amaritudinem; et Mors Plantarum, quia Herbas quæ propè crescunt, aut necat aut amarescere facit. Anglicè Coloquintida, vel Bitter Gourd. Nec puerorum nec senum nec prægnantium (fœtus enim vel supposita enecat) sed ætate duntaxat florentium et robustorum Medicamentum est, Fernel. l. 5. Meth. Med.

16. Dracunculus, Dracontium, Serpentaria à quibusdam, Anglicè Dragon, à caule maculoso instar Draconum. Semen Dracunculi fervens mordaxque, tantumque inesse ei virus, ut olfactum gravidis abortum inferat, Plin. l. 24. 16.

17. Quæcunque autem Ruta et per se pro Antidoto valet, foliis tritis et ex vino sumptis, contra aconitum maximè et viscum; item fungos et serpentium ictus, utpote cum mustelæ dimicaturæ cum his rutam prius edendo se muniant. Valent et contra scorpionum ictus et araneorum, apum, crabonum, vesparum aculeos, et cantharidas ac ulamandras, canisve rabiosi morsus, etc. Plin. lib. 20. 13. Sed addit tandem, Præcavendum est gravidis abstineant hoc cibo, necari enim partus invenio.

18. Artemisia. Vide quæ prius.

### Artemisia.

CUM te, chara soror, viridis Respublica pellet, Ire relegatæ non dubitabo comes. Si nos fœminei luumis scelera omnia Sextis, Næ nostra echolicæ stirps miseranda domus,<sup>1</sup> Sit capiti ipsius siqua in sua viscera sævit; Nec pars, sed totum Mortis agatur opus.

Intempestivâ cur nos accersimur horâ?  
 Illa dies nostra est cùm bona Juno venit.  
 Impia et infœlix, Virtutis tempora tantæ  
 In magnum impatiens anticipare nefas!  
 At semel admissi non nôrunt otia succi,  
 Otia non nôrunt torpida; semper agunt.  
 Nec labor est magnus tabulata revellere nondum  
 Vel bene fixa solo, vel bene juncta Domûs.  
 Spreturam Ventos cùm sint retinacula firma,  
 Nunc dubiam abripiet quælibet aura *Ratem*.  
 Quid non evertit *primordia frivola vitæ*?  
 Nec mirum; *Vita est integra penè Nihil*.  
 Nunc perit, ah! tenui pereuntis odore *Lucernæ*,<sup>2</sup>  
 Et *Fumum* hunc *Fumus fortior* ille fugat.  
 Totum *Aquilis Cæsar* rapidis circumvolet *Orbem*,  
*Collegamque* sibi vix ferat esse *Jovem*.<sup>3</sup>  
 Quantula res quantos potuisset inepta *Triumphos*,  
 Et magnum nasci vel prohibere *Deum*!  
 Exhæredâsset moriente *Lucernula* flammâ  
 Tot *Domini Mundum Numinibusque* novis.<sup>4</sup>  
 Tu quoque tantilli, *Juvenis Pellæe*, perisses,  
 (Quàm gratus terris ille fuisset *Odor*?)  
 Tu tantùm unius qui pauper *Regulus Orbis*,  
 Et propè *Privatus* visus es esse tibi.  
 Nec Tu tantùm, idem potuisset tollere casus<sup>5</sup>  
 Téque, *Jovis Fili*, *Bucephalumque* tuum.  
*Dormitorque Urbem* malè delevisset *Agaso*<sup>6</sup>  
*Bucephalam* è vestris, *Indica Fata*, libris.  
 Vix credenda quidem tam *nugatoria pestis*,  
 Mollitia hæc *Uteri* ni mihi nota foret.  
 Ingratos soitis quantum aspernetur *Odores*  
*Arcanâ Olfactûs Tetricitate* sui.  
 Vix bene prudenter, mihi credite; nam locus  
 aptum?  
 Deliciis tantis non habet ille situm,  
 At contrâ, totis bene-olentia sensibus haurit,  
 Occurrîtque illis, interîdsque trahit.  
 Nec facile affectûs causam indagare latentis,  
 Nec docti satls hanc explicuere viri.  
 Tentemus siquid melius possimus et ipsæ;  
 Ultima nam cursûs tempora *Luna* terit:  
 Et quæ de *Partu* miracula mille supersunt,  
 Conventum poscunt discutienda novum.  
 Edita tu proavis, *Cynareia Planta*, Tyrannis,<sup>8</sup>  
 Jam tandem *offensi* gloria summa *Patris*;  
 Jam *Sacra*, jam *Divûm* gratissima naribus *Arbor*,<sup>9</sup>  
 Atque iterum *Virgo*, *Virgo* perennè manens,  
 Tu bene fœminei mysteria *Famina* mundi  
 Commemorare potes, nam *Meminisse* puto.  
 Téque olim *Patriæ* natam inter aromata dulcis<sup>10</sup>  
 Præclare fas est noscere quid sit *Odor*.  
 Quinetiam infœlix cùm te Ratione minori  
 Tentantem frustra vincere vicit *Amor*.  
 In medio longæ miseram discrimine pugnæ,  
 Ah! sæpe *Hystericam* decubuisse ferunt.  
 Ergò agè, quæ tandem tua sit sententia pande:  
 Quid dubitas, nimitùm *Myrrha* modesta, loqui?  
 Quid fles? quid rupto dimanant cortice guttæ?  
 Illa vetus nil jam culpa pudoris habet,

Fœlices culpæ, *Lacrymas* producere tales,  
 Et tantum terris quæ potuere bonum!  
 Nulla unquam merita est tantum *Virtutibus* ipsis  
 Fœmina, Tu quantum *crimine*, *Myrrha*, tuo.

## NOTES.

1. *Plantæ quæ fœtum imperfectum aut mortuum ejiciunt.*

2. *Miseret, atque etiam pudet, æstimantem quàm sit frivola animalium superbissima origo, cùm plerumque abortûs causa fiat odor à Lucernarum extinctu. His principii nascuntur Tyranni, his carnifex animus. Tu qui corporis viribus fidis, tu qui fortunæ munera amplexaris, nec te Alumnum quidem ejus existimas, sed Partum, tu qui te Deum credis aliquo successu tumens, tanti perire potuisti, atque etiam hodie minoris potes, Plin. l. 7. 7.*

3. *Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.*

4. *Imperatoribus Romanis, qui post obitum in Deorum numerum plerique relati sunt.*

5. *Ad eundem odorem Equæ dicuntur abortire.*

6. *Id est, Si Agaso (qui curam Equorum agit, A Groom) dormittans fortè in stabulo Equæ Bucephalo prægnantis extremitatem candela fœtentem reliquisset, in causâ forsitan fuisset cur abortum faciente Equâ, Bucephala Urbs (in memoriam illius celebris Equi ædificata) nunquam condita fuisset.*

7. *Inter Vesicam et Rectum Intestinum positus.*

8. *Myrrha, filia Cynaræ Regis.*

9. *Quæ adoletur Diis immortalibus Thuris modo.*

10. *Panchaia.*

—sit dives amomo,

Cinnamâque costûmque suum sudatâque ligno  
 Thura ferat, florésque alios Panchalca tellus,  
 Dum ferat et Myrrham, etc.

Ovid. *Metam.* 10.

## Myrrha.

AT tandem abstergens fletum *Cynareis* odorum,  
 Diductis leviter frondibus ora levat.  
 Incipit, exactoque calet mox *Lingua* pudore;  
 Mox nullâ ut pergat sollicitanda prece;  
 Sic prima est *Cochleæ* dura exantlatio siccæ;  
 Mox densum pleno flumen ab ore vomit.  
 Nota quidem res est, aliis longè omnibus unam  
 Plura *Gynæctin* fundere verba *Tribum*.  
 Inque illâ longè reliquis plura omnibus unam  
 Fundere, siqua olim *Planta Puella* fuit.  
 Ergò hîc *Historiam* contextit origine ab ipsâ,  
 Quâque licet, molli *mitigat* arte suam:  
 Quàm longùm illicito pugnavit fortis *Amori*,  
 Et mala nè faceret, quàm mala sæva tulit:  
 Quàm sit sæpè suâ conata accessere dextrâ  
 Mortem, dum potuit *Myrrha* pudica mori;  
 Impar cum sævo congressa *Cupidine* *Virgo*,  
 Sub juga qui magnas mittit athena *Deas*.

Multaque præterea quæ Mens mihi dicere non est,  
 Cùm meliùs *Naso* dixerit illa priùs.  
 Tum verò innumeros Uteri (haud ignara) labores  
 Flebilibus fertur quæta fuisse modis.  
 Vix ego, si ora mihi dentur *Muliebria* centum,  
 Et detur pulmo roboris instar habens,  
 Tot genera et formas et nomina sæva malorum,  
 Tot varii vultus Monstra referre queam.  
 Quæ Superùm invidia est tam multo *milite Mortis*  
 Ipsius *Vitæ* velle replere *domum* ?  
 Quid tutum est homini, tua dulcia regna, *Voluptas*,  
*Metropolitique* tuam si *Dolor Hostis* habet ?  
 Sed mihi præcipuè *Laurus* mea rettulit illam,  
 Hysterici incursus ingemuisse mali.  
 Væ miseræ (dixit) totius *Corporis Urbis*,  
 Si *Castellum Uteri* vis inimica tenet !  
 Eminus hinc dirum jaculatur ubique vaporem,  
 Fit fuga vasta Animæ quæ Vapor ille subit.  
 Spirituum turbas intercipit ille volantum.  
 Ut procul incautas teter *Avernus Aves*.  
 Si Stomachum attingit, stomachus collabatur æger,  
 Pensaque Venarum semiperacta jacent.  
 Immemor officii dulces avertitur escas ;  
 Friget et extincto *cruda Culina* foco.  
 Cor petit ? ipsa tremunt labefacta palatia Cordis ;  
 Vitale excusso sanguine turbat opus.  
 Intransesque novos suspendit ad *Ostia* fluctus ;  
 Territa vel retrò cedere Vena jubet.<sup>1</sup>  
 Et *Cava* vel dubio, vel nullo, *Tympana* pulsu<sup>2</sup>  
 Significant Animæ prætereuntis iter.<sup>3</sup>  
 Splendida *Lætities* afflatu extinguitur atro,  
 Et spes, et quicquid pectore *Lumen* habet.  
 Ut dicunt, Stygiis olim apparentibus *Umbris*,  
 Oppressâ tremulas luce perire faces.  
 At subeunt Luctusque Metusque Odiumque diei,  
 Et formis horret Scena maligna nigris.  
 Mox in processu fauces crudeliter ipsas  
*Carnificis* stringunt *Vincula sæva mali*.  
 Ætheriâ infelix aurâ non vescitur ; *Ignis*  
 Sola alimenta sui *Vita pyralis* habet.<sup>4</sup>  
 Sæpe et in alta volans Caput occupat impigra  
 pestis,  
 Ardentemque Animi fertque rapitque domum.  
 Barbarico trahitur *Ratio Captiva* Triumpho,  
 Nunc religata *Oculos*, nunc religata *Manus*.  
 Scilicet hanc hilaris miseram dementia ludit,  
 Et risu effræni viscera mœsta quatit.  
 Et (vigil ah frustrâ !) præsentia somnia narrat,  
 Miraturque suos non placuisse jocos.  
 Cuncta tremens pavet hæc, et cunctis illa minatur,  
 Ac *Miseranda* jacet *Terribilisque* simul.  
 Huic vanis irarum ardescunt ignibus ora,  
 Atque illi vanis imbribus ora madent.  
 Mortis Imago alias premit exactissima, quâcum  
 Collatus, *Vitæ Somnus Imago* foret.  
 Constringit sensus *torpor solidissimus* omnes,  
*Arboreæque Animæ* non magis alta quies.  
 Nec levis aura potest tenues impellere pappos,<sup>5</sup>  
 Siqua ex ore venit ; sed, puto, nulla venit.

VOL. II.

*Defunctam Hystericæ* conjunge, jacere putabis  
*Defunctæve* duas, *Hystericæve* duas.  
 Hoc tanto in morbo (quis credat ? sed tamen æquum  
 est  
 Credere quam longus perdocet usus opem)  
 Subjice sopitis grave-olentes naribus auras ;  
 Huic tetro cedit tetrior ille Vapor.  
 Perdicum plumæ variæ suffimina sunt.<sup>6</sup>  
 Humanæque comæ, quadrupedumque pili,  
 Cornuæque coriumque boum, et quæ plurima quon-  
 dam<sup>7</sup>  
 Verruca ægroti crure tumescit Equi.  
 Nil Virtutis eget : Quis casus reperit istam ?  
 Aut tantum *Ingenium Casibus* unde fuit ?  
 Ure simul *Petrelæa*, et *Matrem Sulphur odorum*,<sup>8-9</sup>  
 Virosamque *Asam Castoreumque* grave.<sup>10</sup>  
 Hæc per mille poros, nervosque, viasque micantes,  
 Descendunt acie densâ, Uterumque petunt.  
 Ille omnes adytus contrâ munire supernè,  
 Et claustra aggeribus firma tenere bonis.  
 Ergò in se magnis contractus nixibus ipse  
 (Nam spatio in magno vis malè fusa perit)  
 Humorésque supervacuus foedósque vapores  
 Emittit tristes inferiore viâ.  
 Non jam cura manet longinqua invadere regna ;  
 Tutari cura est séque suosque Lares.  
 Nec tandem *Hannibali* nova sufficit agmina, possit  
 Ut procul *Italia* frangere victor opes,  
*Romanas Aquilas* et pila minantia circum  
*Carthago* è muris cùm videt ipsa suis.  
 His *Nares* ; Uterum contrâ suffire memento  
 Quo placas magnos largus odore *Deos*.  
*Cinnamâque*<sup>11</sup> *Ladanumque* illic suppone *caprinum*,<sup>12</sup>  
 Et *Costum*, et *Stacten*, si sapis, adde meam,<sup>13</sup>  
 Sudorémque sacrum *Zibethi*,<sup>14</sup> *Vomicamque Gasela*<sup>15</sup>  
 Ignotumque homini te genus, *Ambar*, habens,<sup>16</sup>  
 Et mea quod spirat *Panchaia* ditibus hortis,  
 Atque *revicturæ* quod *Rogus* halat *Avis*.  
 Nec tu *Thura* bonis dubites avertere *Divis* :  
 Dii bene concedent usibus illa piis.  
 Tum membra obscuro cernes undantia motu  
 Experrecti Animi lucida signa dare.  
 Tum cava non solito fremere Intestina tumultu,  
 Disjectique Hostis tota sonare fugâ ;  
 Subter et obscæno stillare Venena canali,  
*Sanguinedsque* iterum lenè micare vias.  
 Et se sæpe levant oculi, cœlùmque requirunt,  
 Purpureusque redux floret in ore calor.  
 Ultima constrictas reserant suspiria fauces ;  
 Ad *Vitæ* expirat *Morbis* et ipse modum.

Quod tibi, dulcis *Odor*, cum membro à nare remoto,  
 Et Nari invisio, quod tibi *Fædus, Odor* ?  
 Tu quoque quâ causâ, *Fator* spurcissime, bello  
 Tam clara et longè dissita regna petis ?  
 Quâ vos, quâ celeres emittitis arte *sagittas*,  
*Nasus* ubi, vester tam procul *Arcus*, abest ?  
 Ergò aliqui ad *Cerebrum* credunt pertingere solum,  
 Quâ via sub celso fornice nota patet ;

Y

Cognatôque *Utero* mox impertire *Cerebrum*,  
 Aut triste aut lætum quod ferat *Hospes Odor*.  
 Nec sua sæpe *Uterus*, sed gaudia gaudit *Amici*,  
 Et læsi læsus sæpe dolore dolet.  
 Quod *Cerebrum Pyladen*, *Uterum* delectat *Oresten* ;  
 Quod fugit et *Pylades*, noster *Oresta* fugis.  
 Non eqidem inficior nodum quo jungit utrosque  
 Naturâ simili conciliatus amor.  
*Conceptûsque* suus, suus est et *Partus* utrisque,  
 Atque ambo *Fœtus* ora *Parentis* habent.  
 Quid, quod inest nunquam satiata libido creandi ?  
 Magnorûmque capax, arctus utrisque sinus ?  
 Multaque prætereo (concurrunt multa in utrisque)  
 Scilicet hæc *Matrix Corporis*, illa *Animi est*.  
 Sed tamen hæc isti propria est ac priva facultas,  
 Nec *Caput* et *Nares* semper, *Agdne*, rogat,<sup>17</sup>  
 Surgere conantem atque urgentem vincula frustrâ<sup>18</sup>  
 (Sæpe rebellantem vincula nulla tenent)  
 Suppositus revocat (*Naso* ignorante quid actum)  
 Et firmat grato glutine blandus *Odor*.  
 At descendentem devexo pondere eundem  
 (Nam proprio imbellis pondere sæpe labat)  
 Suppositus fugat occurso, sursûmque repellit  
 Horrenda intentans arma molestus *Odor*.  
 Sic cùm tota suis gens olim excesserat arvis,<sup>19</sup>  
 (Ingens finitimis undique terror agris)  
 Invitam ad *Patriæ* semeruta tecta relictæ  
 Reppulit obstanti major ab *Hoste* metus.  
 Ergo alias alii causas ; sed nulla relatu  
 (Nam legistis eas, sat scio) digna novo.  
 Quid potero ipsa novi ? mihi tu, doctissima *Præses*,  
*Fare aliquid*, dicis ; *Res* ait ipsa, *Tace*.  
 Fas parere tibi ; *Verum reperire Deus* me  
 Fortè vetat, *Verum querere* et ipse jubet.  
 Longiùs hæc *Ratio*, *Puteo*que petatur ab imo :<sup>20</sup>  
 Haurio si lentè, da veniam, *Alta* latet.  
 Admiranda vides, et *Bella* et *Fædera* rerum ;  
 His constat *Mundi Musicus* ille tenor.  
 Hæc qui haurire velit noto de *Fonte quaterno*,  
 Gnaviter *Insanus* cum *Ratione* foret.  
*Causarum* hinc varii se pandunt undique *Rami*  
 Sed *Causis Radix* omnibus una subest.  
 Namque ea quæ vulgò jam quatuor esse putantur,  
 Non sunt immensi *Semina* prima *Globi*.  
*Thesaurus Elementorum* concessit in illis  
*Verorum*, in promptu *Numen* habere volens ;  
 Principia unde suos depromere posset ad usus,  
 Et *Mista æternûm* suppeditare nova.  
 Infinita *Favis* latitant *Elementa minutis* ;  
 Infinita *Homini*, sed numerata *Deo*.  
 Nec magis antiquus claro *Calor* insidet *Igne*,  
 Famosûmque suæ *Frigus* inhæret *Aquæ*,  
 Quàm vel *Amarities*, *Dulcedo*, *Albòrque Nigròrque*,  
 Atque omnis, variæ copia *Naris*, *Odor*,  
 Vel nostræ *Ecbolicæ* vires, vel *Styptica* virtus,  
 Propria *Materiæ Puncta* habuere suæ.  
*Terris* cuncta, et *Aquis*, *Flammisque Animisque*  
*coæva*.  
 Quid parcè et timidè dico ? *Priora* volo.

Nam quæ *Terræ* et *Aquæ*, *Flammæque Animæque*  
 vocantur,  
 Ex his compositum corpus habere reor.  
 Quippe. . . . Sed oblatu subito vocem abripit horror,  
 Nam longè versâ *Janua* clave sonat.  
 Intransemque ipsum *Cultorem* nobilis *Horti*  
 Vidit *Ruta* procul ; vidit, et intremuit.  
 (Nam nulla in terris distantia longiùs *Herba*  
*Purgatrix Oculi* quàm bona *Ruta* videt)  
 Et fugite hinc properè submissâ voce susurrat ;  
*Cultor* adest *Horti*, diffugiamus, ait.  
 Nondum erat orta *Dies*, sed luce afflata propinquâ  
*Luna* iter admissis præcipitabat *Equis*.  
 Nec se more suo tam matutinus agebat,  
 Sed casu è somnis excitus ille novo.  
 Nam subitis *Uteri* lacerata laboribus *Uxor*,  
 Inclamabat opem, *Juno* benigna, tuam.  
 Ille autem, qui vel centum *Junonibus* *Horti*  
 Prætulit attonitus germina multa sui,  
 Quæsitum huc properè *Cyclaminum* forte cucurrit,  
 Quo lentum excuteret *Parturientis* onus.  
 Ut procul aspexere *Virum*, sese ocyûs omnis,  
 Sed furtim, et nullo murmure, *Turba* levat.  
 Et breviter *Præses*, *Nunc Missa est* ; *Ite* sorores :  
 Interruptum aliàs perficietur opus.  
 Discedunt, nullòque sono nullòque tumultu  
*Arcolas* repetunt *Germina* quæque suas.

## NOTES.

1. *Vena Cava* ubi ingreditur dextrum *Cordis* *ventriculum*.
2. *Arteriæ*.
3. *Sanguinis*, vel *Animæ* in *Sanguine*.
4. In *Cypri arariis* fornacibus ex medio igne majoris *muscæ* magnitudine volat pennatum quadrupes, appellatur *Pyralis*, à quibusdam *Pyrausta* : quamdiu in igne est, vivit ; cùm evasit longiore paulò volatu, emoritur. *Plin. l. xi. 36*.
5. *Pappus*, *Lanugo* *florum* (proprie *papaveris*) *Lucret.*  
 — Pappòsque volantes.
6. *Plumæ avium* auxiliantur, inprimis *Perdicum*, *combustæ*, *Sennert*.
7. Inprimis utiles sunt et à pluribus commendantur ut præsentaneum auxilium, et quòd momento quasi *Mulier* suffocatas revocent, *Verrucæ* quæ tibiis equorum adnascuntur, si in furno siccentur, et in pulverem redigantur, et fumus ex eo naribus obijciatur injecto carbonibus, *Idem*.
8. *Περπέλαιον*, quasi oleum petrarum, ex quibus odore validissimo extillat.
9. Ex *Chymicorum* sententiâ, quæ sanè probabilis est.
10. *Grave-olentem* : sic *Plin.* *Virus* alarum, et *Mustelarum* virus exitio est, i.e. odor. *Colum.* *Virus* paludis ; *Virg.*  
 — *Virosaque* *Pontus*  
*Castorea* —

*Stattus, tamen eo in bonam partem utitur :*

—Atque omne benignè  
Virus odoriferis Arabum quod crescit in arvis.

*Ubi Virus significat rem Multum non Malè olentem.*

11. Ἀθήδων Herodot. sed Ionicè, nam communiter Ἀθήδων scribitur, et corripitur à Marcello.

12. Arabia etiamnum et Ladano gloriatur, fortè casu hoc et injurià fieri odoris plures tradidere, Capras, maleficum aliàs animal, odoratorum autem fruticum appetentius, tanquam intelligant pretia, carpere germinum caules prædulci liquore turgentes, distillantémque ab his casus misturà succum improbo barbarum villo abstergere, hunc glomerari pulvere, incoqui Sole, et ideo in Ladano Caprarum pilos esse, Plin. l. 12. 17.

13. Sudant (Myrrhæ ardores) sponte priusquam inciduntur Stacten dictam, cui nulla præfertus.

14. Zibeth vocatur odoramentum quoddam pingue, crassum, nigri saponis facie, quod sudor est animalis cui Felis est figura. Qui liquorem illum esse ejus semen arbitrantur, ineptiunt; Strigmentum enim est, non, ut putabas, humor extractus è loculis genitalibus, Scal. Exerc. 211. 2.

15. Gazelæ Vomica, cujus excellentiam probant Persæ, si odorantibus sanguis è naribus eliciatur, Id. Exerc.

211. 6. —Gazela tibi ignota non fuisset ex quâ Moschus : est autem Gazela tota capreoli facie, etc. Ibid. Vide etiam Exercitat. 21.

16. Græci recentiores (veteres enim non noverunt) Ἀμβρα appellant, quidam Ambarum, alii Ambram : quidam Balenæ semen esse putant, alii gummi arborum in mare delapsum, alii genus bituminis. Scaliger Fungi speciem esse.

17. Ut Minister in sacris Agonalibus.

Semper Agatne rogat, nec nisi jussus agit.

Ovid. Fast. 1.

18. Galeni motus autoritate non-nunquam putavi Uterum nihil aut perexiguum è suâ sede dimoveri : at ægotarum mulierum modò querimoniâ modò precibus adductus, hunc sæpe tactu deprehendi instar globi cujusdam in ventriculum efferri, eúmque graviter opprimere ; hinc et sæpe manu depressus est, manifestòque in propriam sedem propulsus : neque id sanè magis alienum videri debet quàm ejusdem prolapsus quo totus ferè procidit. Fernel. Alii tamen hunc ascensum uteri negant.

19. Helvetii. Vide Histor. lib. 1. Comment. Cæsar.

20. A notissimâ Democriti sententiâ, Veritatem in profundo Puteo latere.





# PLANTARUM.

## LIB. III.

### Flora.

Nunc, siquando, mihi, nunc lætùm, Musa, renide,  
Tempus adest *Veris*; Temporis ora refer.  
Nunc varia innumeros, Facundia, pande colores,  
Et quicquid Florum picta Poesis habet.  
Undique se trudent viridanti è carmine Gemmæ,  
Et resonet toto Musica verna Libro:  
Undique *Laudis odor* dulcissimus halet, et omnis  
Plusquam *Pæstana* Pagina fundat opes.  
Undique formosas Lumen discriminet umbras;  
Nullaque non *Veris* gaudia Carmen agat.

Primus, *Io, Maii*, mundo gratissimus omni,  
Primus, *Io*, venit, præcipuusque dies.  
Hoc olim (sic Fama) die (nec Rumor inanis  
Sed sic Fama refert Vatibus orta sacris)  
Nupsit odorato *Chloris* formosa Marito,  
Nupsit, et ex illo tempore facta Dea est.  
Tunc et Terra ferax, et Cælum, et Pontus et Aër,  
Publica lætitiæ signa dedere suæ.  
Nulla erat in toto *nubes* circumvaga cœlo,  
Vel si forsân erat, *picta* decenter erat.  
Nullus composito spirabat in aëre *Ventus*,  
Aut hilares flatu sollicitabat aquas.  
Vel si forsân erat, dulces spirabat *odores*,  
Mulcebátque hilares *officiosus* aquas.  
Tunc mille ignotis florum radiare figuris,  
Attonitam Monstro Fertilitatis Humum.  
Tunc nova per steriles se attollere *Lilia* montes,  
Innocuosque *Rubos* dulcè nitere *Rosis*.  
Pro tristi *Urticâ* pro vulnifico *Paliûro*,  
*Narcissum* et *Violam* surgere purpuream,  
Hunc talem tantumque diem, de Virgine crudâ  
Quo facta est eadem *Famina*, quòque *Dea*.  
Grata quidem ludis celebravit *Flora* quotannis,  
Et voluit lautâ religione coli.  
Dum Dea Romanæ mansit non ultima gentis  
Et Numen Dominâ dives in urbe fuit.  
At tandem omnigenum turbâ comitante Deorum,  
Cum vaga Romanis finibus Exul, abít,  
Ludorum, et pompæ, templique et thuris honore,  
Omnibus et Divæ dispoliata bonis.  
Cum generi infelix humano desiit esse,  
Et cœpit tantum Floribus esse *Dea*.

Quo potuit miseranda modo (non more vetusto  
Prodiga inexhaustas cum malè sparsit *opes*,  
Non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia tanto  
Culmine dejecti Numinis esse potest.)  
Sed furtim modicèque et libertate modestâ  
Et coluit tamen hunc, et colit usque diem:  
Quòque magis variis dispersum partibus Orbis,  
Regnum obeat *Florum*, quod sibi restat adhuc.  
Hæc, memor officii, solennia sacra quotannis,  
Nunc his, nunc aliis partibus orbis agit.  
Nec labor est illi terras peragrarè remotas,  
Et latè mundum visere Floriferum.  
Nam pictis *Zephyri* vaga curribus aëra tranat,  
Et placidum Aurigâ conjuge radit iter.  
Annus erat longè ante alios pulcherrimus annos,  
*Annus, Ió*, nomen cui *Carolinus* erat,  
Aureus ille quidem cœlo processit ovanti,  
Cinxeruntque aureis Astra benigna choris.  
Ille dedit toti Pacem mitissimus Orbi.  
Ille *fores Jani clausit* ubique sui.  
Ille dedit majus tibi, *fausta Britannia*, donum,  
Ille tibi Pacem *Carolidemque* dedit.  
Viginti annorum reparavit damna malorum,  
Composuitque vetus jam, validumque *Chaos*.  
Nec fuerant Urbes tantum illi atque Oppida curæ,  
Respexit *Flores*, arboreumque genus.  
Restituit *Sylvarum*, *Hortorumque* auxit honores;  
Et nullum nitidæ Pacis omisit opus.  
Ipsa *Deos* reliquos et *dulcia Numina Ruris*,  
Exul *Flora* diu concomitata redit,  
Illam ego curvatæ dorso super Iridis altam  
Vidi equidem (mihi tum Musa specilla dedit)  
Anglica *purpureo* repetentem regna *triumpho*,  
In pompâ agnovi versicolore Deam.  
Substitit illa tuâ, *Thamisis*, celeberrime, ripâ,  
Cui chara ante alias et vetus hospes erat.  
Hic Dea totius conventum indixerat Orbis  
*Floribus*, hic justo conveniuntque loco.  
Convenere omnes, quotquot plaga fervida torret,  
Frigida constringit, vel moderata fovet.  
Quotquot prima dies roseo de carcere *Eoo*  
Erumpens, madidi luminis imbre rigat.  
Quotquot fera dies pronæ contermina *Metæ*  
Lumine purpureo florida et ipsa videt.  
Germina conveniunt, non hæc (nè fortè putetis)  
Quæ *radice altâ* fixa videtis *humo*.  
Fixa videtis humo, nec se posse ipsa levare,  
Vivere materno vel malè raptâ sinu.

Quis negat? at certè venère (quid impedit) illa  
 Quæ vidisse sacrâ mente *Platona* ferunt :  
 Agnovisse ferunt simul, *Ideasque* vocasse,  
 Divinûmque genus, *Filiolâsque Jovis*.  
 O quanta *ætheriis* quam fulgida gloria *plantis*,  
 Quantus honor *Nudæ* est *Archetypæque Rosæ*?  
 Qualis odor, quantûsque *rubor!* sed et hæc tamen ipsa  
 Nostrates multûm est dicta referre rosas.  
 At constans et firma per omnia sæcula verna,  
 Non violabile habens occiduûmve decus.  
 Námque *Idæa Rosa* est *Divinæ Mentis Imago*,  
 At *Rosa* terrestri, quæque superbit humi.  
 A *Jove* plus distans vel *Imaginis* hujus *Imago* est,  
 Quid mirum, stabili si minûs ore nitet?  
 Talia conveniunt *Viva Exemplaria gentis*  
*Florea Floridula*; concelebrantque diem.

Tanta, tot istius spectacula *Dædala* lucis,  
 Pingere tu, credo, solus, *Apollo*, potes.  
 Tu qui peniculo radiorum pingis, *Apollo*,  
 Hoc varium mundi multicoloris opus.  
 An possis planè dubito describere versu,  
 Plantarum et *Vatum* sis licet ipse *Deus*.  
 Confiteor rem tantam operum non esse meorum ;  
 Pauca legam, ritu prætereuntis *Apis*.  
*Fasciculus* nobis è tanto *parvulus* horto,  
 Sufficiens unus, sit modò *dulcis*, erit.

Cùm jam solennis pars magna peracta diei  
 Esset odoratis magnificisque sacris.  
 (Sacris, quæ nec *Lingua* potest humana referre  
 Forsitan, et quæ sit fortè referre nefas)  
 Iudicio tandem placuit certare jocosus ;  
 (Sed res certè acta est acriùs illa joco)  
*Reginam Hortorum* regni si vellet amæni,  
 Et quasi *Pronumen* *Diva* creare suum.  
 Quæ foret ingenti dignissima nomine *planta*  
 Et tituli radiis nobilitanda novi.  
 Scena recurvatis stabat *Topiaria* ramis,  
 Exigui formam *Templi* imitata cavam.  
 Multa arbor, multûsque frutex bene olentibus umbris,  
 Et lepidè pictis composuère *Tholum*.  
*Punica* ibi, regale rubens, et candida *Jasme*,  
 Candidâque *Idaliæ Myrtus* amata *Deæ*.  
 Et flore argento simili stetit *Aurea Malus*,  
 Tota odor; atque *Maris Ros* et utrûmque *Lilac*.<sup>1</sup>  
 Lenta *Periclymenos*, vultûque *Colutea* flavo,<sup>2,3</sup>  
 Intextûsque *Rosæ* multus ubique decor.  
 Et pulchrum quicumque alius caput extulit altè  
 (Emblema adjectum) *Flos* variabat opus.  
 Interiùs posita est summi testudine *Templi*  
 Sub mediâ, sedes *Judicis* alta *Deæ*.  
 Conflata innumerabilibus (mirabile dictu)  
 Ex foliis *Horti versicoloris* erat.  
 Quæ variis oculos ludebant scita figuris,  
 Non effabilibus consociata modis.  
 Vermiculatum opus egregiè, gemmisque per artem  
 Dispositis solidum, tesserulâsve putes.

Nil opus est solido; sunt tenuia corpora *Divis*,  
 Quæque super pappis firma sedere queant.  
 Illa sedet totâ cum *Majestate* venustâ  
 Immensæ poterant quam dare *Veris* opes.  
 Illa *Ariadnæâ* frontem stellata *Coronâ*,  
 Iridis et festâ veste superba sedet.  
 Ante *Deæ* solium et nullis non mite *Tribunal*,  
 Stabat in officiis turba parata suis.  
 Mollibus et pictis, sed et, heu! pernicibus alis,  
 Subnixâ *Horarum* bis duodena *cohors*.  
 Has prope ter deni stabant ex ordine pulchri,  
 Insignésque pedum mobilitate, *Dies*.  
 Vos quoque bis seni sed vultu dispere *Menses* ;  
 Sedula *Lunares* gens agitare *rotas*.  
 Ver aderat, *roseus Juvenis*, sua in ora notatus,  
 Attrahere haud rarò *Judicis* ora *Deæ*.  
 Pulchra quoque astabat, cultûque modestior *Æstas*,  
 Spicea sarta illi, flavâque vestis erat.  
*Pomonaque* tumens, *Bacchi*que *Autumnus* honore,  
 Purpureas *Vitis* qui pede calcat opes.  
 Et parvo contenta, famémque et frigora spernens,  
*Tempestas* planè *Stoica*, pauper *Hyems*.  
 Non tamen huic nullum indulsit *Natura* nitorem,  
 Nec vel languenti gratia nulla solo est.  
 Rebus in adversis tristem non deserit *Annum*  
 Plantarum fragili *Natio* tota fide.  
 Sunt aliquæ plantæ (sunt *Flores* inter amænos,  
 Deliciis natum *Luxuriæque* genus)  
 Quas *Hyemis* nunquam certè infelicitis *Amicas*  
 Esse pudet, non si terra polûsque fremant.  
 Sunt paucæ fateor, sunt germina parva *Minorum*  
 Gentium, at à meritis nobilitata suis.  
 Ergò *Hyemem* primam (dedit hunc novus *Annum* hono-  
 rem,  
 Atque *Hyemi* vultu *Janus* utroque favens)  
 Diva suam jussit non magnam educere turmam,  
 Copiolâmque inopem, Gloriolâmque levem.  
 Paret *Hyems*, raro disponit et agmine *Flores*  
 (Virtuti haud numero fidere sueta) suos.

Stant acie in primâ duo florum pænè *Gigantes*  
*Pigmeas* inter *Militias Hyemis*.  
 Nobile *Mezerion* mater *Laurûmque Tinum* quos<sup>4,5</sup>  
 Pænè *Gigantæo* nomine terra vocat.  
 Quæ si florerent minûs anni tempore duro  
 Germina, vix nomen *Florum* habitura puto.  
 Nunc ita censentur; titulûmque hunc forma mereri  
 Et non indignus *Vere* probabit odor.  
 Stat juxtâ, quam sæpe malæ legere *Novercæ*,<sup>6</sup>  
 Quam genuit *triplicis* spuma cruenta *Canis*,  
*Planta* nocens, duris plerumque in *cautibus* orta,  
 Nomen et indè ferum, durior ipsa, trahens.  
 Nunc viget, auratûmque caput levat improba  
 terrâ,  
 Nec, *similis Patri*, Solis ad ora tremit.  
 At propè *Leucoion* tenerum tremit ore modesto,<sup>7</sup>  
 Territa *Vicinæ* proximitate malæ.  
 Illa nives inter niveæque simillima guttæ,  
 Dignoscenda tamen, candidiorque nitet.

Nobilis hanc sequitur cœlesti concolor oræ<sup>8</sup>  
*Hepatica*, atque omni cœrula nube caret.  
 A se servato clarum et venerabile terris  
 Sanguinis artificii Viscere nomen habens,  
 Conscia virtutis sæva inter frigora Brumæ,  
 Prosilit è duro, planta pusilla, solo.  
 Aspectus aliæ molles et tempora cœli ;  
 Et Solem et Zephyros, opperiantur, ait.  
 Prosilit illa ferox, heu, caule tenerrima nudo,  
 Præpropera, et foliis incomitata suis.  
*Primula* jungitur his, quam Ver cognominat ipsum,<sup>9</sup>  
 Et decorat vernus purpureusque color :  
 Atque *Anemonarum*, *Cyclaminorumque Crocorumque*  
 Audax sub dio quoddam *hyemare* genus.<sup>10</sup>  
 Quas velut istius non veras Temporis Herbas  
 Diva ad Gentiles jussit abire suas.  
 Restabat canæ genuino ex milite Brumæ,<sup>11</sup>  
*Helleborus*, gelidi gloria prima soli,  
 Solus hic ausus erat pulchrum certamen inire,  
 Floreæque intrepidus poscere regna sibi.  
 Et radice nigrâ se sistens antè Tribunal  
*Pallidulo* cæpit fortitè ore loqui.

### *Helleborus Niger.*

NON mihi nunc animus formæ contendere honore,  
*Lilia* vobiscum, purpureæque *Rosæ*.  
*Prætidas* hæc olim vesania perdidit, ausas<sup>12</sup>  
*Junoni* vultus æquiparare suos.  
 Cum subito falsis silvam mugitibus implent,  
 Sèque putant turpes rus peragrare Boves.  
 Hæc ego curavi læsæ deliria mentis,  
 Humanamque iterum vocem animumque dedi,  
 Et meus haud pretium retulit vulgare *Melampus*  
 Conscendens thalamos, *Iphianassa*, tuos.  
 Nec mihi stultitiam quisquam exprobat eandem,  
 Quam pepulit plantæ vis animosa meæ.  
 Forma bonum magnis solidum atque fidele Deabus,  
 Cum Cœlo et magnis illa cœva Deis,  
 Non illam hostili irrumpens capit impete morbus,  
 Nec longi expugnant obsidione dies,  
 Frivola res Forma est in floribus atque Puellis,  
 Par Hominum Vitæ frivola ridiculæ.  
 Talis inauratæ fugitiva superbia Nubis  
 Quam *Phœbi* Artificis Lucida pingit Acus.  
 Nunc lætùm nitet ac ridet, sed proxima tristes  
 Turpiter in lacrymas desinere hora videt.  
 Hæc teneros angusta coarctat gloria flores,  
 Hos malè cancellos *Hemerocallis* habet.<sup>13</sup>  
 Illos et pluvie necat, et vis improba venti,  
 Illos Astrorum cæca venena necant.  
 Ut *Semele* infœlix inter blanda oscula Solis,  
 Atque sui, pereunt ipso in amore Dei.  
 Illis per fibras cæsim Læthale Calores,  
 Mortiferum punctum Frigora vulnus agunt.  
 Frigora si veniant *Progne* perniciousis alis  
 Adventum Brumæ non magis ipsa fugit.  
 Siquis in hæc, Divum æternis Flos dignior hortis,  
 Tam fragili vitæ conditione brevis.

Siquis subject pedibus strepitumque furorémque  
 Et raucas Hyemis terribilisque minas.  
 Indomitisque Nives calcat, pluviasque repellit  
*Victor*, et aeris bella sonora plagæ.  
 Huic, *Dea*, pro meritis da *Sceptra hortensia* tantis,<sup>14</sup>  
*Imperium* in Flores da, *Dea justa*, tuos.  
 Sola quidem *Virtus* facit et *Sapientia Regem*,  
 Si benè *Rex* magni dictus *Imago Dei*.  
 Hæc ego confidens, non formæ Dote superba,  
 Florea non temerè vindico regna mihi :  
 Nec forti imbellis mihi cedere turba rubescat,  
 Luxuriâ et vernis ebria, turba bonis.  
 Venit *Hyems* ; Eheu ! lætus modo, nunc simul  
 Annus  
 Lugentis vultus atque Furentis habet.  
 Undique carceribus *Venti* effunduntur apertis,  
 Et latè *infelix* dispoliatur *Ager*.  
 Frondibus arboreis primo conamine raptis  
 Truncum et Radices vix sua servat humus,  
*Imbribus immodicis* latet obruta Terra, vel illa  
*Lanatis* nivium tota operitur aquis.  
 Vel concreta gelu riget, et simul ipsa supernè,  
 Fert ripam in dorso fluminis unda novam.  
*Marmoreo in tumulo* Natura sepulta videtur ;  
 Frigora captivam desidiosa tenent.  
 Germina miraris tanto in discrimine rerum  
 Multa mori ; ingenti multa latere metu ?  
 Aspice languidulo nictantem lumine, et ipsum,  
 Plantarum credes non benè habere Deum.  
 Nunc, *Violæ*, nunc ô bellæ prodite *Tulipæ*,  
 Nunc, *Rosæ*, purpureum pande superba Decus.  
 Quid nitidi vivas expromere, *Lilia*, vultus  
 Cessatis (propria est hæc *Nivis hora*) Nives ?  
 Omnia secretis conduntur germina in antris,  
 Omnia *surda* jacent, omnia *muta* metu.  
 Ausa laborantis tantâ in formidine Mundi  
 Pænè ego belligerum sola levare caput.  
 Nec me *Virtutis*, nec me *Rationis* egentem  
 Circumstat telis millibus acris Hyems.  
 Quod tibi si mens est *Reginam*, *Diva*, creare,  
 Et titulo *Plantam* nobilitare sacro.  
 Conveniant omnes, te coràm iudice certent,  
 Ut dignam tanto munere, *Diva* legas.  
 Cauta sed in mediam Conventum indicito Brumam,  
 Quæque petunt fortem tempora dura Ducem.  
 Siqua ex molliculis, siqua ex redolentibus istis,  
 Et nimiâ ornatis ambitione venit,  
 Si caput audebit pulchellum ostendere, Cedo ;  
 Pulchellum exornet pulchra Corona caput.  
 Nulla quidem veniet ; discrimine picta venustas  
 Tam magno imperium non benè credet emi.  
 At solæ comparebunt non divite cultu  
 Quas, *Dea*, nunc Comites cernis adesse meas.  
 Nec sibi nunc (non est fiducia tanta) petitum  
 Adveniunt istæ, sed mihi regna vovent.  
 Fortiter hæc patior ; quid agam nunc fortiter audi,  
 Cognita nam *Virtus* parte in utraq; mea est.  
 Nec solum invictum bellis civilibus esse,  
 Sed latè populos vincere *Regis opus*.

Si mihi de partis cognomina clara triumphis,  
 Atque honor ex omni surgeret hoste novus,  
 Vix (puto) *Romanus* vel jactantissimus olim  
 Tot titulos *Princeps* accumulare potest.  
*Serpentes* latè *Cancros*, *Scabièmq; vagantem*  
 Monstra superveniens irrequieta domo ;  
*Quartanas Cunctatices* lentòque duello  
 Terribiles celerem carpere cogo fugam.  
 Cum *Vertigo* rotat cerebrum, Sufflamine nostro  
 Sistitur, et firmo permanet orbe caput.  
 Cum membris exundat *aquosus* et æstuat *Hydrops*,  
 Siccatur nostro pulvere dira *Palus*.  
 Quid memorem reliquos, cum *Morbum* tollo Caducum  
 Sit licet *Herculeus*, sit *Sacer* ille licet ?  
 Quid memorem *Morbos*? mihi *Mors Apoplectica* cedit  
 Nève Animá patior membra manente mori.  
 Magna quidem memoro ; sed et his majora super sunt,  
 Tantáque res meriti pars quotacunque mei est.  
 Me penes est unum *læsæ curatio mentis*,  
 Efficere hoc solis *Ditsque Mihique* licet.  
*Insanis* medeor *stultisque*, quid addere possit,  
 Quæ majora mihi vel dare regna Deus ?  
 Qui facit hoc, illi est totus Provincia *Mundus*,  
 Imperium magno *Cæsare* majus habet.  
 Dixerat, et læto comites plausere tumultu,  
 Ipsáque (si fas est credere) *risit Hyems*.  
 Protenús eduxit *Legiones* purpureum *Ver*,  
*Florea* per totum funditur *Umbra* solum.  
 Vix (puto) qui tantá potuit facundus *Homerus*  
*Argolicas* acies dinumerare fide.  
 Vix (puto) tot poterat formosa examina *Florum*  
 Exactá et certá dinumerare fide.  
 O *Ver!* ó pulchræ ductor pulcherrime gentis!  
 O *Florum Xerxes* innumerabilium ?  
 Quos ego (nam gens est non aversata liquores)  
 Epotare etiam *Flumina* posse reor.  
 Talis erat pictis fulgens *Exercitus* armis,  
 Et forma atque ingens *Arma* fuere *Decor*.

## NOTES.

1. *Album et Cæruleum*, alio nomine dicitur *Syrinx* vel *Syringa Alba* aut *cærulea*, quod surculos spargat (aliquando et truncum arboreum *cærulea*) fungosâ medullâ plenos in morem *Sambuci*, et fistulis effingendis aptos, unde et *Anglicè* vocatur *Pipetree*, *spicam* vel *racemum* portat *florum* *minutorum*, *cærulea* *Longiorem*, *alba* *breviorem*, *odoratorum*.
2. *Frutex sepidibus familiaris flore odoro*, vulgò dictus *Caprifolia* vel *Matrisilva*. *Angl.* *Woodbind*, *Hony-suckle*.
3. *Arbor florem ferens similem genistæ*, à nostratibus *Sena Notha* dicta, quod folium habeat non dissimile *Senæ*, vim autem purgandi acriorem multò et periculosam.
4. *Chamælæa Germanica*, *Angl.* *Spurge Olive*, or *Dwarf Bay*, 1. *Laurus Pumila*, nec differre videtur à

*Chamædaphne Dioscorid.* *Arab.* *Mesereon* dicitur, floret circa *Calendas Januar.* *Frutex* est, aliquandò in altitudinem sex pedum crescens, et multos ramulos diffundens, folio *Ligustri*, sed minore, et pallidiore, racemis *florum* *minutorum* ex ipso ligno erumpentibus, quibusdam saturi, aliis diluti ruboris, odoratis.

5. *Quamobrem ità vocetur nescio*, aliqui *Laurum sylvestrem* vocant, *æquè malè*. *Tini* meminuit, *Plin.* *Hanc* (ait) *sylvestrem Laurum* aliqui intelligunt, nonnulli sui generis arborem: differt colore, est enim *cæruleâ baccâ*, *lib.* 15. *cap.* 30. *Pumila* est planta (verba sunt *Bapt. Portæ*, sed in *Angl.* novem pedes altas vidî) foliis inodora admodum florida, etiam *Hyeme*, quo tempore maximè expetitur opere topiario, *Flos* in umbella *corymbacea* ex albo *purpureus*, semine ut *Terebinthi*, *gigartibus* *uvarum* ex argento in *cæruleum* *Luridis*, et *Celastrum Theophrasti* putat esse.

6. *Aconitum*, *Wolfs-bane*, *Angl.*, floret mense *Januario* (nempe *Aconitum hyemale* dictum, sunt enim aliæ species) *Constat omnium venenorum ocysimum esse Aconitum*, et tactis quoque genitalibus feminini sexus animalium eodem die inferre mortem. *Hoc fuit venenum quo interemptas à Calphur.* *Bestiâ uxores M. Cæcilius* accusator objecit, *Hinc illa atrox peroratio*, *Ejus in digito mortuas.* *Fabulæ* narravère, a *spumis Cerberi Canis*, extrahente ab inferis *Hercule*, ideòque apud *Heracleam Ponticam* ubi monstratur is ad inferos aditus *gigni*, *Plin. lib.* 27. *c.* 2. *Addit.* 3. *Nascitur in nudis cautibus*, quas *Aconas* vocant, et ideò *Aconitum* aliqui dixere, nullo ne pulvere quidem nutriente, hanc aliqui rationem nominis attulère, *Alii*, quoniam vis eadem in morte esset, quæ cotibus ad ferri aciem detrendam, statimque admota velocitas sentiretur. *Postrema ratio nominis satis inepta est, priorem probat.* *Ovidius:*  
 Quæ quia nascuntur durâ vivacia caute,  
 Mortales *Aconita* vocant—

*Florem* habent *Ranunculo similem*, *radicem Anemonæ.*

7. *Nempe Leucoium Bulbosum præcox* (nam *Leucoium* significat *Stockgillflowers*, et *Leucoium Luteum*, *Wallflowers*) quod *Febr.* floret, vel aliquandò sub finem *Januarii*; *Aliqui Violam albam Bulbosam* appellant; *Angli* *The Bulbous Violet*, or *Snow-drops*, quasi dicàs *Guttas Nivis*.

8. *Hepatica nobilis*; *Noble Liverwort.* *Flos Ranunculo similis*, *Januario* florens.

9. *Primula Veris Cærulea* vel *purpurea*, quæ mediâ *hyeme* floret, nam reliqua genera tardiora verndque sunt. *Blew Primroses.*

10. *Anemonæ arte et satione tempestivâ quovis anni mense* florent, sed et spontè quædam *Februario*, sicut et *Cyclamini*, *Crocique.*

11. *Hellebor*, *Bears foot*, floret *Decembri*, unde et *Angl.* dictus est, *Christmas-Flower*, *Flos Rosæ albæ simplici similis.*

12. *Melampodis famæ divinationis artibus nota est*, ab hoc appellatur unum *Hellebori* genus *Melampodion*, *Aliqui pastorem eodem nomine invenisse tradunt*, *capras purgari pasto illo animadvertentem*, datòque lacte earum sanasse *Prætidas furentes.* *Plin. l.* 25. *c.* 5. *Prætides*

*Præti Argivorum Regis filia, Iphianassa, Lysippe, Mæra, et Euriale dictæ, quæ cum se formâ Junonem superare jactilassent, in eum furorem actæ sunt, ut se Vaccas esse crederent. Prætides impleverunt*

Prætides impleverunt falsis Mugitibus agros.

Virg. *Melampus autem (sive Augur ille celebris, sive alius)*

—Helleboro curavit eas, et  
Iphianassam uxorem duxit certè Melampus.

Virg. *Medicas dicitur. Georg. 3.*

Cessere Magistri

Phyllirides Chiron, Amathaoínusque Melampus.

13. *Hemerocallis antiquorum flos diversus est diversis autoribus, Dioscoridi ex genere Liliorum est, Theoph. Longe alius, et Plin. qui eam folio coronare dicit. Nomen certè maximæ parti florum convenit, sed minùs fortassè Lilio quam plerisque aliis, siva fugacitate titulum obtinuit.*

14. *Audiamus unum, Plin. Medetur morbis Comitilibus, Vertigini, melancholicis, insanientibus, Lymphaticis, Elephantia albæ, lepris, tetano, tremulis, podagricis, Hydropicis, incipientibus Tympanicis, stomachicis, spasticis, clinicis, Ichiadicis, Quartanis, quæ aliter non desinant, tussi veteri, inflammationibus torminibus. Hæc omnia cumulatim, sed et multa aliâ sparsim attribuit. Libet nunc titulos videre Imperat. Justiniani, Imperator, Cæsar, Flavius Justinianus, Alemanicus, Gothicus, Francicus, Germanicus, Anticus, Alanicus, Vandalicus, Africanus, Pius, Fælix, Inclytus, Victor ac Triumphator, semper Augustus. Satis hæc gloriosa, sed profecto Imperator Helleboro nostro immane quantum inferior est.*

Nomine tum formæque Tubæ *Flos æmulus ærææ,*<sup>1</sup>

Stans medio, clarum ter dedit ore sonum.

Edictque altâ voce, ut simul audiat omnis.

Concio (nam vox est candida et alta Tubæ.)

Quisquis (*Io*) florum quos hic astare videmus,

Non petitis regnum, cedite ritè loco,

Ritè priùs sanctum venerati Numen abite,

Qui regnum ambitis, vos remanete loco.

Prima racemosi submisso vertice caulis.<sup>2</sup>

Antè Deæ solium Judicis, *Orchis* abit.

*Orchis* apes portans maculoso examine pictas,

Monstræque ridiculi ludicra floris habens.

*Orchis*, quam *Satyri* et nequam *Deus* ille *Priapus*,

Et *Venus*, et *Judex* nostra vel ipsa probat.

Hanc sequitur Cognata *Canini nominis Herba,*<sup>3</sup>

Nec minùs ipsa iisdem fida Ministra Deis.

His quoque se jungunt pulchri comites *Hyacinthi,*<sup>4</sup>

Nobilis illa, potens, et numerosa domus.

Nec tamen hæc ausa est hoc tempore poscere regnum,

Heu! ignominia nuper inusta gravi.

Nam quondam *Oebalio* cum se de sanguine cretum,

Et magni *Ajacis* diceret esse genus.

Res ea judicio *Floræ* commissa supremo

Nuper erat, causâ sed cecidisse ferunt,

Quod sua non poterant Insignia scripta probare

Litterulis moestis flebilibusque notis;

Tu quoque qui Græcis *Gallinæ Filius albæ,*<sup>5</sup>

*Ignoti titulum*, candide, *Lactis* habes,

Quamque parens *Florum* miti lætissima cælo

*Bethlemiæ Stellam* Terra Britannia vocat,

Ambitione vacans omni, *Leucantheme Bulbe*,

Ut decet Affinem, tu comitaris eos.

Sed neque Te summæ tanto in certamine laudis,<sup>6</sup>

Virium habere satis, *Belli* modesta, putas.

*Militiæ* quanquam pars tu firmissima *vernæ*,

Præcedis, comitas, subsequerisque Ducem.

Quanquam *Consolidæ* nomen tibi jure tributum est

Et magno dignum principe munus habes.

Quanquam nulla facis, quanquam omnia vulnera curas,

O verum *Plantæ Militis Officium!*

Hæc eadem guttis *Sanicula* sparsa cruentis,<sup>7</sup>

Et *Cotyledonis* sanguine sparsus apex.

Hæc eadem rubro *Lunaria* cærulea caule,

Et *Gerani* virtus *Hæmatoidis* agit.

Hæc cessere tamen; *Flores* plerumque *feroces*

Non sua tam *Virtus*, quam sua *Forma* facit.

Cedit et ipse etiam *Gladii* de nomine dictus,<sup>8</sup>

(Quis putet hoc?) cedit, picta *Tulipa*, tibi.

Tot cinctus *Gladiis*, truculenti more Tyranni,

Regni affectati suspicione caret.

Quantum inmanè aliis hic distat ab Ensibus *Ensis*.

In rabiem effingit quos fera *Flamma* suam.

Huic tribuit *Natura* parens *Armaria* verè

Unguenta; hoc solo sistitur *Ense* *Cruor*.

Tu quoque cessisti, locuples, *Aquileia*, colorum,<sup>9</sup>

Et lauta et centum conspicienda *Togis*.

Obsessâsque vias audax perrumpere, et hostes

Dejicere obstantes, precipitâsque dare.

Quodque magis mirum est, tam formidabile Nomen

Tam regale sonans, *Ora Leonis* habens.

Nec tibi majores animos, *Gaviana* modesta,<sup>10</sup>

*Tigridis* in morem dat maculosa cutis.

Cur non hoc prosit, maculas mutare vel *Auro*,<sup>11</sup>

Cum nollet *Citrus* luxuriosa suas.

Discessere simul ferrugine tincta rubenti<sup>12</sup>

*Lilia*, quæ scelix *Persidos* ora tulit.

*Lilia* discessere simul, tollentia stellis<sup>13</sup>

Spicatum exiguis lacteolisque caput.

Gemmantis gratos *Uvæ* redolentia odores,

Pergratos *Hominum* sensibus atque *Deum*.

Non viret in terris *Cerebro indulgentior* *Herba*,

Vim non immodici sobria nacta meri.

Hanc sequitur repens per humum, baculûmque

requirens,<sup>14</sup>

Clematis infirmo non bene fulta genu.

Purpurei denso *Ranunculus* oris honore<sup>15</sup>

Bellus it, à tergo gens numerosa subit.

Gens agris hortisque potens, latèque per hortos

Nobilitas, latè plebs dominatur agris.

Bellus it *Asphodelus*, sed enim, me judice, *Radix*<sup>16</sup>

Non dedit *Ascræo* fercula lauta seni.

Flos propè consequitur, sed multùm dispere formâ,  
 Nomine non humilis, pulcher *Adoni*, tuo.<sup>17</sup>  
 Sed tua progenies *Anemone* fertur euntem  
 Risisse indignum nomine, *Adoni*, tuo.  
*Leucoion*, quanquam totum vix deserat Annum,<sup>18</sup>  
 Curriculum faciens, Solis ad instar, idem,  
 Officii plenum, et nullis non Mensibus aptum ;  
 (Sed tamen hic *Veris* maluit esse *Comes*.)  
 Egreditur campo simul, et cognomine eodem<sup>19</sup>  
 Cingit odoratum lutea planta latus.  
 Proxima *Caltha* subit, penè omnibus illa Calendis<sup>20</sup>  
 Certa *Cliens Mensis* stet licet ante fores.  
*Calceolusque* cavo belloque adapertus hiatu,<sup>21</sup>  
 Calceolus dignus vel pede, *Flora*, tuo.  
 Necnon *Barba Capri*, socors nimisque veterni<sup>22</sup>  
 Dormitum medio quam iuvat ire die.  
*Buthalmósque* oculi lato fulgore bovini,<sup>23</sup>  
 Sive tuo potius, maxima *Juno*, micans.  
*Scorzonersque* flava, malis inimica Novercis,<sup>24</sup>  
 Ipsaque materno lacte benigna tumens.  
 Et *Cava* non æstum patiens non frigora *Radix*.<sup>25</sup>  
 Quæ cautè post Ver advenit, antè fugit.  
 Et tu *Lunaris Viola*,<sup>(26)</sup> et *Blattaria* dulcis<sup>27</sup>  
 Digna quidem titulo nobiliore frui.  
 Albaque *Cardamine* (28) et *Pulmonaria* fusca,<sup>29</sup>  
 Et quas mille alias longa referre mora est.  
 His etiam arborei fœtus, fruticésque nitentes,  
 Se jungunt comites non renuente Deâ.  
 Quis dedit Hortorum læto considere regno  
 Numen Floripotens, et meruere locum.  
 Dulce *Periclymenum*, dulci *Libanotis* odore,  
 Dulcis et *Hispano* nata *Genista* solo.  
 Et *Syringa* duplex, cultu formosa decenti,  
 Albam sive gerit cœruleâmve togam.  
 Additur his *Rosæ Sambuci* lacteus orbis,<sup>30</sup>  
 Mille unus *Stellis* conglomeratus honos.  
 Additur et *Cerasus*, Nostrásque et *Persica Malus*.<sup>31</sup>  
 Quarum multiplici flore superbit apex.  
 Quis Natura tamen Fructus prolémque negavit,  
 Et sterili passa est luxuriare bono.  
 Sed, *velut Eunuchi*, formæ decus atque coloris  
 Præmiolum raptæ Fertilitatis habent.  
 His et mille aliis cedentibus æquore campi,  
 Turba Petitorum sola relicta manet.  
 Omnis erat totâ comitatus gente suorum,  
 Omnis et in festâ veste superbus erat.  
 Procedit prima ante alias, quasi *Phosphorus* almi  
 Veris, et hos dulci dat *Viola* ore sonos.

## NOTES.

1. Ex genere *Pseudonarcissorum Juncifoliorum*, propter figuram tubi in medio flore à Gall. *Trompettes* dicitur, ut a nostratibus, *Trompets*, vel, *Bastard Juncilias*.

2. Famosissimo nomine *Satyrium*, à libidinosis *Satyrorum* testiculis. "Opkeus Testiculi, quorum et figuram radices referunt, et vim mirificè augere dicuntur. Diosc.

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scribit à Romanis, *Molorticulum Veneris* nominari, quasi (interprete Laurembergio) *efficax in permolendo Orticulo muliebri*. Multæ sunt *Orchidum* species, sed tres à floribus figurâ cognominatæ, nempe *Orchis*, *Sphæodes*, *Melittias*, *Myodes*. Angl. The Wasps' Orchis, (quam malè Parkinsonus noster appellat, The Gnats Orchis, σφήξ enim *Vespa* est, non *Culex*) The Bees Orchis, The Flies' Orchis.

3. *Dens Caninus*, Dogs-tooth. Flore albo vel purpureo, ex *Satyriorum* (ut quidam existimant) genere, et *Satyrium Erythronium*, Τριφύλλον Diosc. volunt esse, quod Parkinsonus nostras *Tulipam* esse contendit, utcumque non minùs *efficax in excitandâ Venere* creditur.

4. Variæ sunt dissimillimæque *Hyacinthorum* species quarum nulla litterulis notisve signata est, sed neque *Lilii* formam habet, itaque nullo jure hoc nomen invaserunt. *Columellæ*, *Vitruvio*, *Palladio* *Iris*, cœrulea *Hyacinthus* dicitur, quæ non minus ab illo Heroico poetarum differt; de quo magna inter Criticos et inextricabilis contentio est. Parkinsonus *Hyacinthum illum purpureum quem stellatum dicimus, Virgilianum Vaccinium* putat esse.

5. *Ornithogalum*, *Lac avis*, vel *Gallinæ*, an propter excellentiam et raritatem cum primo id nominis adeptum sit? quo sensu dicimus,

Rara avis in terris nigròque simillima Cygno?

Certè Plin. in præfatione sic ait, *Alii* Κέρας Ἀμαθελας, (libros inscripsere) ut vel *Lactis Gallinæ* sperare possis in volumine haustum, super quo *Dalecampius*, *Lac Gallinaceum* olim de summâ felicitate usurpabat. Strabo, l. 14. Eos qui *Sami* fecunditatem laudabant, ei proverbium accommodasse tradit quo aiunt, φέρεω ὀπιθων γάλα. At nullus hoc bulbo vulgarior; an quod flos iste parvus, intus lacteus, foris viridis, albas quodammodo avium super foliis dejectiones (quæ quasi lac Avium videntur) representant? vocatur et alio nomine *Bulbus Leucanthemus*, et ab Anglis honorificentissimè, *Bethlemicæ Stella* propter stellarem floribus figuram.

6. *Daisie*. Gall. *Margarite*. Officinis *Consolida* minor appellatur propter vim astringendi curandorumque vulnerum eximiam.

7. *Sanicula guttata* dicta, propter plurimas minutissimas coloris sanguinei guttas per florem minutum sparsas. Angl. Spotted Sanicle. Nec dissimilibus guttis notata est *Cotyledon*, sed paucioribus, majoribusque, herba est ex *Sedorum* genere, Angl. Navel-wort; *Lunaria*, Moon-wort, Angl. aliquibus *Soldanella Montana* dicitur, vel *Alpina* propter similitudinem folii cum *Soldanellâ marinâ*, i.e. Sea Bindweed. *Geranium*, Angl. Cranes-bill, à γέρας grus, quod in summis alis quasi gruum capitula ac rostra spectantur. Multas habet species, *Geranium Tuberosum*, Romanum, *Batrachoides*, *Hematoides*, propter sanguineum floris colorem, et Astringunt hæ quatuor *Herbæ*, et egregiam vim habent in vulnerariis remediis, sed et florum etiam gratiâ in hortos aliquando recipiuntur.

8. *Gladiolus*, quod folium ad effigiem gladii formatum sit, quâ de causâ et Græc. ἰλίπιον appellant, et Μαγαρόπιον. Angl. Corn-flag, quoniam crescat inter

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segetes, Segetalis etiam Lat. dictus. In pulverem reductus bulbis, et inspersus, Sanguinem sistit, et vix uspiam planta est tantæ potestatis in emolliendis discutendisque tumoribus et quam Gladioli bulbis foris impositus cum adipe porcino. Lauremb.

9. Vel Aquilina, vel Aquilegia, Angl. Columbine, quia florum calcaria recurva columbarum cervicem cum capite et rostro referunt, sicut Latine ab Aquilâ denominatur propter mucronem floris aduncum instar Aquilini Unguis. Fab. Columnæ Isopyrum est Diosc. Costæo Pothos Theophrasti, at Dalechamphio Theop. Diosanthos. Dodonæo Leo Herba vocatur, Gesnero Leontostomium; non alium existimantibus Ore Leonis, a Columellâ dicto,

Narcissique comas et hiantis sæva Leonis  
Ora feri———

Lib. 10. Radix in Hispaniâ estur post longa jejunia ad deturbandos renibus calculos. Park. ex Camerario, ex Clusio autem refert semen contra Morbum Regium atque omnes Hepatis obstructions utiliter sumi, immo et parturientibus facilem partum præstare.

10. Fritillaria vulgo nominatur, errore ridiculo nomenclatoris qui putavit Fritillum significare Fabulam illam Lusoriam quâ Scacchorum in ludo utimur, quadratis areolis bicoloribus distinctam, Alii Meleagridem appellant, quod ejusmodi maculis Meleagrides i.e. Affricano-gallinæ, et plumæ et ova notentur, Alii Narcissum (videtur enim Narcissorum esse ex genere) Caperonium, à nomine, ut ferunt, Inventoris. Alii Liliium variegatum. Nomen Gavianæ primus ei indidit Laurembergius, ab ovis Gaviarum punctis luridis eundem in morem variis. Gavia avis est aquatica, Angl. puto dicitur, Sea-gull, eandemque ob causam Belgas hunc florem appellare ait Rivitsblomen, i.e. Gaviæ florem.

11. Prodigiosa Mensarum Citrearum prætia vid. apud Plin. Lib. 13. et Mensarum insaniam vocat, quas sæminæ viris contra Margaritas regerunt. Et, Inter pauca nitidioris vitæ instrumenta hæc arbor est. Has mensas propter maculas et colorum discursus varios, Tigrinas et Pantherinas ibidem vocat.

Accipe sælices, Atlantica munera, sylvas;  
Aurea qui dederit dona, minora dabit. Mart.

12. Lilia Persica, non ita pridem à Persiâ huc advecta à Mercatoribus nostratibus. Radicem habet Coronæ Imperiali similem, sed sine graveolentiâ scapum minorem humilioremque; à medio ad summum stant quidam ordines florum pendulorum instar Gavianæ sed vix tantæ magnitudinis, colore ferrugineo, c.

13. Liliium Convallium dictum, nescio quamobrem, exiguorum alborumque foliorum spicâ constans. Putatur hæc esse veterum Oenanthe, quam Theod. Viti-floram vertit ab odore germinantis uvæ. Incertum hoc quidem, sed ponamus hic ita esse.

14. Vinca pervinca. Angl. Periwinkle, or Ladies Bower, sed plures ejus species sunt.

15. Crow-foot, Angl. Ranunculum vocamus, quem Græci Batrachion, genera ejus quatuor—nascitur in

limitibus humidis, et opacis, Plin. unde à Ramis cognominatur; sed hodie multa ejus generis nota sunt, quædam certe bellissimo flore.

16. Asphodil, Day Lilly. Asphodelus manditur et semine tosto et Bulbo, sed hoc in Cinere tosto, deinde sale oleo addito, præterea tuso cum ficis, præcipuè voluptate, ut videtur Hesiodo, traditur et ante portas villarum satum remedio esse contra veneficiorum noxam. Asphodeli mentionem et Homerus fecit, Radix ejus napsi modicis similis est, neque alia numerosior 80 sæpè acervatis bulbis. Theophrast. Et forè Græci, principisque Pythagoras. Caulem ejus cubitalem et sæpè duàm cubitorum, foliis porri-sylvestris, Anthericon vocavere, radicem vero, i.e. Bulbos Asphodelon, nostri illos Albucum vocant, et caulem Hastulam Regiam, etc. Plin. Lib. 21. 17. Hesiod:

Νήπιοι, οὐδ' Ἴσασω ὄσφ πλέον ἡμῶν πάντος,  
οὐδ' ὄσον ἐν μαλάχῃ καὶ ἀσφοδέλω μέγ' ὄνειρα.

Plato, 3. de Legibus Epimenidem vilissimo cibo confecto ex Malvâ et Asphodelo contentum fuisse tradit. Dalech. 'Εδωδιμοὶ μὲν γὰρ οὐ μόνον βοῶν καὶ τὰ θύμια τοῦτοις, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἡ τοῦ 'Ασφοδέλου ῥίζα. Theophr. Quidam igitur veterum Ἀσφοδέλων Sisarum putant esse, sed folia Asphodeli πρῶσω μεγάρω θύμια non autem Sisari; nostri quidem Asphodeli tuberibus porci vescuntur, sed hominum stomacho aversatur ac vomitum ciet, ergo aut Asphodelum poetico more pro quacunque radice ponit Hesiod. Aut delicatius Ascræ genus nascitur, aut planè nescimus quid sit illius Asphodelus.

17. Flos Adonis, eodem nomine et Anglice vocatur, satis ineptè. Flos est exiguus, ruber, sex foliis minutis conflatus, ex Anthemidis genere videtur esse; ridet hanc nominis arrogantiam anemone quod ea ex ipso Adonidis sanguine nata dicatur. Anemonis hanc aggregant quidam tanquam infamam et simplicissimam earum speciem.

18. Angl. Stock-Gilliflowers, i.e. Caryophyllus fruticans, ab odoris similitudine. Leucoion dicitur, quantum omnium ferè colorum flos sit, vel a canitie foliorum, non floris; ut putat B. Porta, vel fortassè quod omnes flores, cujuscunque coloris sint, degenerent tandem in album, ferè post triennium. Columella addit etiam iis Epitheton Candidi, admodum superflue, sed hoc tamen innuit et alios Leucoion colores habere, cur autem Candida Leucoia præcipuè nominat, cum illa sint vel ignobilissimum genus, vel degenerantia et quasi valedudinaria Leucoia?

19. Leucoia lutea, maceris ac muris ædificiorum familiaria quanquam et in hortos quoque recepta, præcipuè flore multiplici, unde Angl. dicuntur Wall-flowers, quasi flos murorum, vel Parietaria Officinis Cheiri vocatur, unde fit oleum Cheirinum, Arabico, ut arbitror, vocabulo.

20. Calendula nostra (sic dicta quod omnibus Calendis, i.e. mensibus floreat, Fior d'ogni Mese, Ital. quod exactè verum est) Caltha veterum putatur esse. Luteolam Virgil vocat. Colum. ait,

—Flaventia lumina Calthæ.

Marigold Angl.

21. *Helleborine dicitur, quod sit Hellebori albi folio, flos Calcei formam quodammodo representat, unde Calceolus Mariæ vulgò indigetatur, Angl. Ladies-slipper. Unde et Cosmosandalos existimatur esse veterum à Sandalis figurâ.*

22. *Barba Hirci, Τραγωνύριον, Angl. Goats-beard, quod flos nondum explicatus barbæ hircinæ figuram imitatur, vel a pappo cano grandiori qui in summo vertice ejus nascitur. Plin. Comen etiam vocat. Quotidiè circâ meridiem flos occludit folia nec nisi manè postero explicat.*

23. *Angl. Ox-eye. Buphthalmos flore similis boum oculis, folio fœniculi, circâ oppida nascens, fruticosa caulibus, qui et manduntur decocti, quidam Cachlam vocant. Plin. l. 25. 8. Dalech. Legit Calcham; fortasse non malè Caltham legeremus, nam ex earum genere videtur esse, et colore et figurâ floris. Notum est Bovinos oculos, i.e. magnos, Junoni attribui.*

24. *Angl. Vipers-grass, Scorsonera Hispanicè sonat quasi Viperaria herba non ità pridem inventa, contra venena laudatissima, lacteo humore abundans, Flos luteus dilutâ flavedine, et non absimilis Barbæ Hircinæ; Tragopog.*

25. *Radix Cava, Angl. Hollow-root, A re nomen habens, nam intus cava est, testâque refert. Herba est Delphimo flore similis folio Aquilegiæ, Tota veri mancipatur, reliquo anni tempore sub terrâ latens.*

26. *Variis nominibus nuncupatur Viola Lunaris, Bolbonach, (barbarico nomine) Viola latifolia, Viola peregrina, Lunaria Græca, Lunaria major, Lunaria odorata, Angl. Sattin Flower, Honesty, Penny Flower.*

27. *Plin. Lib. 25. 9. Est similis Verbasco herba, quæ sæpè fallit pro eâ capta, foliis minus candidis, cauliculis pluribus, hæc abjecta blattas in se contrahit, ideòque Romæ Blattariam vocant: Atque idem scribit Dioscor. de verbasco sylvestri; negat id Parkinsonus in nostratibus Blattariis observari; quæ tamen et Anglicum à Blattis nomen trahunt. Moth Mullein, quarum quæ Lutea est, odorata est.*

28. *Sisymbrii genus est, quod officinæ Nasturtium aquaticam vocant, Water Cresses: Sed Cardamine flore pleno et Cardamine trifolia recipiuntur etiam in hortos. Angl. Cuckow Flowers (flos Cuculi) Ladies Smocks.*

29. *Herba Buglossi folio sed promisso magis atque læviore, colore quoque dilutiore, albicantibus maculis notato, ad similitudinem pulmonis, unde nomen, et ad omnes pulmonis morbos utilissima existimatur. Quidam Symphytum maculosum vocant, i.e. Spotted Comfrey. Florem fert Paralyti vulgari similem, sed colore ferrugineo, unde et Angl. dicitur. Cowslip of Jerusalem, aliisque nominibus Lungwort, Sage of Jerusalem.*

30. *The Elder Rose, Angl. Or the Guelder Rose, quod in Gueldriâ frequens nascatur; flos quasi pila quædam alba apparet ex innumeris minutissimis conglobata flosculis.*

31. *Fructum, nisi rarissimè, non ferunt, eumque non probabilem, itaque ad topiarias magis scenas, quàm usum Pomarii adhibentur.*

## Viola.

**A**ureus portis Arias supernè  
Exit auratis quadriformis Anni,  
Vérque formosum radiante portat  
(Plaudite) dorso.

Vérque dum procedit (Iò Triumphè!)  
Floreo procedit (Iò!) Triumpho,  
Ferculum primum venio superbæ  
Nobile pompæ.

Ut decet Veris sobolem decori,  
Maximam natu sobolem decoram,  
Purpurâ involvor, viridisque gesto In-  
signia regni.

Regio quamvis veneranda cultu,  
Regios odi tumidòsque fastus,  
Nec sinum amplexùmque humilis Parentis  
Impia sperno.

Gaudet aspectu Cytheræa nostro  
Sentiens anni reditum tepentis,  
Nec magis certa est calidorum Hirundo  
Augur Amorum.

Ergo nascenti mihi multa raptim  
Millia impingit Venus osculorum,  
Et sacro labrum mihi purpurascens  
Nectare tingit.

Hinc calix nostri simul atque Floris  
Panditur blandâ resolutus aurâ,  
Parva jucundos adaperta pixis  
Fundit odores.

Dùmque Odoratum mea mulcet aura,  
Dùmque Gustatum sapor ipse inescat,  
Dùmque mirantes color et venustas  
Palpat ocellos.

Utli Lenocinio salubres  
Corpori succos simul administro  
Blanda et ægroto Medicina quondam  
Digna Epicuro.

Fervidos hostes minimo tumultu  
Exigo sensim sine clade victrix  
Corpus haud sentit placidè peracti  
Vulnera belli.

Cedit, et cessisse rubescit Herbæ  
Ad coronamenta epulâsque natæ,  
Virium atque iræ nimum potentis  
Conscia Febris.

Ponit ut ventus timidè que mussat,  
Ipse Neptunus simul atque lætum  
Increpans ventos caput æstuosis  
Extulit undis.

Quid mihi paucos numerare flores  
Viribus magnis nimum furentes?  
Quid mihi multos specie decoros  
Rebus ineptos?

Principem siquid deceat rogabis;  
Omnis hoc Mundus referet roganti,  
Magna cum multâ benè Lenitate  
Juncta Potestas.



Dixit, et extemplò divini spiritus oris  
 Demulcet totum lætificatque locum,  
 Aura diù mansit, *Viola*que fuisse locutam,  
 Si non audisses *verba*, probasset *Odor*.  
 Discessit, subitque locum, quæ proxima stabat,  
*Auricularum* ingens nec numeranda *cohors*.  
 Tincta *cohors Viola*, coccis, et murice tincta,  
 Pallida, flava, rubens, candida, fusca, *cohors*.  
 Quæque (genus duplex) consanguinitate propinqua  
 Sed formâ inferior, *Primula Veris* erat.<sup>1</sup>  
*Auricula* has ducit cunctas, causamque perorat  
*Lutea*, quæ merito Maxima dicta suo est.  
 Centena attollens quæ prodigialiter ora,  
 Centeno poterat (cùm lubet) ore loqui.

### *Auricula Ursi.*

**F**lorum *Diva* potens ô radiantium,  
 Quid mistum è variis floribus in sinu  
 Gestas *Fasciculum* mollis eburneo?  
 Me, me multiplicem caule vel unico  
 Unam *Fasciculum* *Diva* fer integrum,  
 Me turbâ capitum dulce micantium  
 Plusquam *Geryonem*, Monstrum et amabile :  
 Me sidus radiis dulce salubribus  
 Multis compositum fer, *Dea*, Stellulis.  
 In flores alius jus sibi Regium  
 Et summum titulum *Flosculus* arroget,  
 Dicar vel *Populus Floripotens* Ego.  
 Nec Natura mihi vana sine omine  
 Lætorum tribuit tot Capitem decus,  
 Humani Capitis, Principis omnium  
 Partis, nobilibus dedico usibus.  
 Mentis conspicuam sed fragilem Pharon,  
 Æternæ Dominæ nec benè congruam  
 Virtus non patitur nostra fatiscere ;  
 Cùm nutat dubio pondere Machina  
 Laxatis superans vix retinaculis  
 Extinctoque ferè Lumine mobilis.  
 I, nunc, illepidum nomen et horridum  
 Ride, si lubet, ô, quod mihi inusserit  
 Sæcli barbaries sordida nuperi.  
 Nam verum et proprium gens veterum pio  
 (Rem sacram) occuluit cauta silentio,  
 In mentem tibi quid venit, Ineptule.  
 Qui primus lepidos dicere Flosculos  
 Fœdæ consimiles Auriculis Feræ,  
 (O quisquis fueras) ausus es, impudens ?  
 O, non *Auriculis* digne, sed *Auribus* !  
 O amplis *Asini dignior Auribus*,  
 Quam *Judex Cytharæ ridiculus Midas* !

Talia cantanti (neque enim tam læta loquuntur  
 Germina, more hominum, sed sua verba canunt)  
 Succedis, *Narcisse*, puer (si credimus) olim,  
 (Pérque sacram Vatum credimus ista fidem)  
 Et ducis longumque genus, variisque propinquos,  
 Suffragatores, ambitiose, tuos.

Omnes *pallor* habet, vel *fulgor luteus* omnes,  
 (*Pallore* et *Luto* corpora tingit *Amor*)  
 Quanquam purpureos illis indulsit honores  
 Blandus adulator, munificusque *Maro*.<sup>2</sup>  
 Pro cunctis albo *Flos Chalcedonicus* ore<sup>3</sup>  
*Narcissi soboles* indubitata, Canit.

### *Narcissus.*

○ Lim quis fuerim Puer.  
 Quam formæ nimio terribilis bono  
 Quæ fataliter impotens  
 Et multis nocuit, nec Domino minùs.  
 Cujus *vandâ ab Imagine*  
*Flammas elicit* vel *sub Aquis* Amor.  
 Notum stirpibus infimis  
 Jam notum anniculis stirpibus arbitror.  
 Et quas tosta *caloribus*  
 Urunt perpetuis *Æthiopum* sola.  
 Et quas ripa *Borysthenis*  
 Urit perpetuo languida *frigore*.  
 Ut quondam pueris Puer  
 Sic Flos emineo Floribus omnibus,  
 Nec causam poteris dare,  
 Cur mi forma minùs nunc placeat mea.  
 Demissum teneo caput,  
 Antiquum *Speculum* cernere gestiens,  
 Da *Fontem* mihi limpidum  
 Antiquis videas fervere amoribus,  
 A Nymphis et adhuc color,  
 Et nostris decorant tempora floribus,  
 Me gestant tepido sinu,  
 An mallent Puerum dicere, nescio.

Gens *Anemonarum* tum se promovit, et illi  
 Arrisit placido lumine *Diva* favens.  
 Nam neque splendidior, nec gens numerosior ulla  
 Horticula est, dicam pace, *Tulipa*, tuâ.  
 Purpurea his dux est Juvenis de sanguine pulchri  
 Derivans certo stemmate pulchra genus.  
 Cuique *Anemonarum* (domus est quæ maxima Gensis  
 Haud dubiè primas dat *Platyphylla* Domus.<sup>4</sup>  
 Illa decenter hiat *Zephyro* spirante benigno,<sup>5</sup>  
 Solvit et in tales ora venusta modos.

### *Anemone.*

○ Omni requie mollior inquires,  
 Qui mundum exhilaras flamine fertili,  
 O ter digne *Favoni*,  
 Nostræ connubio Deæ.  
 Inspires Dominæ leniter auribus  
 Blando quo recreas omnia spiritu  
 Commendantia verba,  
 Et voto faveas meo.  
 Si ventus meritò congenerem mihi  
 Non falsi titulum nominis addidit,  
 Si cum carcere ventus  
 Marcens *Æolio* jacet.

Confusa, et simili vincta silentio  
 Ornatum capitis complico fulgidum, et  
 Casu tristis Amici,  
*Florem* incarcerationo *lugubrem*.  
 Si me ornat variis copia vestibus,  
 Et læta innumeris pompa coloribus,  
 Si me Regibus aptum,  
 Divum Nobilitat genus.  
 Me flavi genuit sanguis *Adonidis*,  
 Commistus *roseæ* cum lacrymis *Deæ*,  
 Cum sacri puer oris  
 Sylvæ gloria flebilis :  
*Apri* fulmineo vulnere concidit ;  
 Ut valdè *Historicus Naso* probabilis,  
*Antiquarius* ingens,  
 Non vanâ retulit fide.  
 Quot guttæ Juveni purpureæ cadunt  
 Tot rorat lacrymis Diva nitentibus,  
 Formosique cruenta  
 Æquant Flumina Rivuli.  
 Tanquam conjugio nexibus intimis  
 Se miscent Lacrymæ et Sanguis Amantium,  
 Pulchrorumque Parentum  
 Nascor *Filia pulchrior*.  
 Quas vires habeam fortè requiritis ?  
 Quas vires habeam ? *Formam* habeo *bonam*,  
 Pulchræ *Filia Divæ*,  
 Pulchri *Filia Adonidis*.  
 Proxima se multâ cum majestate decoris  
 Et nimium fastûs *Imperialis* habens,  
 Clara *Corona* infert ; nec vel *Divi* vel *Iambi*  
 Incedunt *Tragici* nobiliore gradu.  
 Illa propinquorum nullo venit agmine cincta,  
 Illa sibi fidens, *Agminis instar* erat.  
 Erigitur, vultûque ipsâ vel *Judice* digno<sup>6</sup>  
 Persequitur numero jus graviore suum.

### Corona Imperialis.

**M**Agnum hinc videtis, maximum, et acribus  
 Certamen actum seditionibus  
*Natura sed nostræ verendum*  
*Imposuit Diadema fronti*.  
 O tot peracto verba negotio  
 Consumpta frustrâ ! Quæ loca litibus  
*Natura si nostræ verendum*  
*Imposuit Diadema fronti ?*  
 Mî gloriantî insignibus imperi,  
 Flori invidetis fortè Novitio,  
 Fraudique mî forsan futurum est,  
 Nomina non habuisse Græca.  
*Plebeia* forsan *Filia* pauperum  
 Dicar parentum, quod traho originem  
 Nullis pudendam fabulosis  
 Aut pueris superum aut puellis,  
 Hujusce mundi non vetus incola,  
 Rexi per annos innumerabiles,<sup>7</sup>  
*Et Bactra Susâsque et beati*  
*Floriferos Orientis Hortos*.

*Bulbus* me honestat *Maximus Aureus*,<sup>8</sup>  
 Qualem videmus sæpè manu Globum  
 Regum timendorum teneri,  
 Orbis et imperium notare.  
 Et celsa *Thyrsum* purpureum erigo  
 Regumque dignum sceptrigerâ manu,  
 Te, *Bacche*, victorem decere,  
 Qui domitis potuisset *Indis*.  
*Florum Coronâ* cingor et *aureâ*,  
 Intérque Flores turgidulæ micant,<sup>9</sup>  
 Dulcique distentæ liquore,  
 Parvula Sidera, *Margaritæ*.  
 Ornant *Coronam* Argentea stamina  
 Et stamina ornant ; *Aureoli Croci*  
 Et circulum supra nitentem  
 Exeritur viridis Capillus.  
 Quandóque *Florum* tergemino ordine<sup>10</sup>  
 Augusta surgo ; nec mihi sat placet  
 Regalis ornatus *Supremæ*  
 Pontifici *Locupletis Horti*.  
 Invidit *Æther*, me aspiciens, *Humo* ;  
 Claramque stellis obtinuit novem  
*Minoidos* pulchræ *Coronam*,<sup>11</sup>  
 Debet adhuc tamen invidere.

Talia voce tonat, graditurque Deamque salutat  
 Non *humili gestu*, sed quasi *Divæ* Deam.  
 Ah *nimum felix*, omnique ex parte *beata*,  
 Ni gravis ornatum dedecoraret odos.  
 Occupat inde locum dives sine fine *Tulipa*,  
 Lasciva et nullo luxuriosa modo.  
 Quotquot habet *Mundus* tot possidet *una colores*,  
 Callida misturis se variare novis.  
 Non satls est auro coöpertam stare corusco,  
 Nec *Cocci* aut *Conchæ* purpura lauta satls.  
*Licia* sola juvant sed multicoloria vestis  
*Attalicâ* pictæ, vel *Babylonis acu*.  
 Sola placere oculis cura est ; et dicier *Horti*  
 (Hoc juvat, hoc melli est) nomina summa sui.  
 Sæpè aliqua ex illis proprii pertæsa coloris,<sup>12</sup>  
 Nec contenta suis (ut sit ubique) bonis.  
 Nescio quo, magno certè conamine, et ægrè,  
 Ora sibi mutat, nobiliusque micat.  
*Medea* veluti si cocta fuisset ahenò,  
 (*Medea* Herbarum talia fecit ope)  
 Certa mori, sed læta tamen, neque enim illa recusat,  
 Aut dubitat tali conditione mori.  
 Tantus Amor laudis, tantique est Gloria formæ !  
*Plus Vitæ indecori Mors celebrata juvat*.  
 Pro reliquis causam nunc suscipit *Alba Tulipa*,  
 Sive quod haud illâ rarior ulla fuit.  
 Sive *Magistratum* veteri quod more *petenti*  
 Conveniens semper *Candida* visa *Toga* est.

### Tulipa.

**I**N libris (memini) *Vatis Horatii*,  
 (Nam *Vates* legimus *natio florea*

Nos Vates redamant, nullaque cernitur.  
*Florum gens studiosior.*)  
 Quidam se *Chlamydam* dives opum domi  
 Possedissee refert millia quinquies ;  
 Ut magnum numerat millia quinquies ;<sup>13</sup>  
 Vestes bis totidem mihi.  
 Quot terræ facies verna puerperæ  
 Quot fulget Volucrum *picta superbia*,  
 Quot scitè artificum dispositus manu  
 Gemmarum varius dies,  
 Quot vel Lucis acus docta coloribus,  
 Intexit lepidè stragula Nubium,  
 Tot vestes mihi sunt, et sequitur *decor*  
 Me *Regalis* in omnibus.  
 Me vestrùm miseret, candida *Lilia*,  
 Me vestrùm miseret, purpureæ *Rosæ*,  
 Quas una atque eadem continuò facit  
 Vestis trita beatulas.  
 Tam frugi studiis conveniunt togæ,  
 Et quandòque gravem germina florida  
 Picto constituent Horto *Academiam*,  
 Vobis non deerit locus.  
 Ornet divitior copia principem,  
 Ornet lautities ambitiosior ;  
 Regem Pompa decet splendida ; Parcitas  
*Vectigal* malè sordidum est.  
 Hinc Ver purpureum (Veris an abnuat  
 Quisquam in iudicio Flos requiescere ?)  
 Me totis retinet Mensibus ad sui  
 Extremum imperii diem.  
 Atque his eximiis auget honoribus  
 Pars anni tenero chara *Cupidini*,  
 Non tantùm faciem propter amabilem,  
 Sed multò mihi plus *Amor*.  
 Devinctus meritis interioribus ;  
 Magnum nescio quid, præsto *Cupidini* ;<sup>14</sup>  
 Magnum ; sed taceo ; quid taceam tamen ?  
 Non Nos tetrica Natio  
 Flores, progenies nec sumus Arboris  
 Lentæ, frigidulæ, putidulæ, gravis,<sup>15</sup>  
 Moroso *Cereris* nobilis in sacro ;  
 Sed nec Tu Dea tetrica es.  
 Radix *deliciis* molliculis favet,  
 Radix *nequitiis* nostra procacibus,  
 Torpentes agitat lenè *Medullulas*  
 Blandis fæta caloribus.  
 Si cœnasset eam nocte nefariâ  
 Infœlix Juvenis Regii Adultera<sup>16</sup>  
 Non invita die, nec nimiùm ferox  
 Vixisset, puto, postero.  
 Dixerat ; erubuit paulùm *Dea conscia veri*,  
 Nec tamen et risum continuisse ferunt.  
*Iris* subsequitur, cœlestiâque ora resolvit,  
*Iris* odorato concomitata choro.

### *Iris.*

**S**I *Forma* imperium potest mereri,  
 (*Flores* forsitan inter et meretur)

En ora imperio creata florum,  
 Et cognomine pulchriora Gemmâ<sup>17</sup>  
 Et cognomine pulchriora Divâ  
 Erectâ ad superos verenda fronte,  
 Et *calum* referente, sed *Serenum*.  
 Par est Regia Numini potestas  
 Par Cœlo facies decetque Regem,  
 Nullus principe dignior potenti  
 Quam mollis titulus Serenitatis,  
 Nec certè satis est mihi esse pulchræ,  
 Omnis livor abest malignitâsque  
 Pulchros efficio, meoque succo<sup>18</sup>  
 Purgatis nitor additur puellis.  
 Hic formosa tenui virùm et Deorum  
 Captis blandior innocens Ocellis,  
 Nec Nasum minùs obligo beatam,<sup>19</sup>  
 Aurum nectaream undequaque fundens,  
 Nullam præposuisse fertur olim,  
*Redenti* mihi dulce, dulce *olenti*  
 Nec *Seplasia* delicata plantam,<sup>20</sup>  
 Nec molli *Sibaris* soluta luxu<sup>21</sup>  
 Cunctarùmque potens Amœnitatum.  
 Spirant (quis negat ?) ore blandienti  
 Divinos *Viola Rosaque* odores,  
 Spirat *Leucoion*, *Crocusque* serus,<sup>22</sup>  
 Et nunc nomen aromatis calentis<sup>23</sup>  
*Flos* quondam *Jovis*, obtinens, et omnis  
 Dives copia suaveolentis Anni.  
 Sed (credo) mihi soli odora *Radix*,  
 Formosissima partibus supernis  
 Fragrantissima partibus profundis,  
 Utrimque utilis atque utrimque Flos sum.  
 Inter delicias severa tantas  
 Morbos undique pello sævientes,  
 Sic turmas trepidas agit virorum  
 Vultu *Penthesilea* virginali,  
 Sic *Martem Veneremque Pallas* una  
 Diversissima Numina, æmulatur.  
 Non hâc inferior superba Forma est,  
 Non illo inferior superba Virtus.  
 Me pictam fugit obstinata *Bilis*,<sup>24</sup>  
 Me luxus comitem *Cupidintsque*  
 Unguentis madidam fugit, mihique  
 Indignata velut *Leæna*, cedit  
 Hostis fulva feròxque delicatæ.  
 Me vel plus *Lepore Hinnulòque* pernix  
 Vitat præcipitans aquosus Humor,  
 Audax diluvium minatus *Hydrops*  
 Erumpensque vagus latente Fonte,  
 Cùm me corpore sentit ingruentem,  
 Cedit corpore pænè Naufraganti.  
 Ut *Nilus* refluitque subsidètque  
 Contactus radio potentis Astri,  
 Hebræi (pia gens) licet Deorum  
 Heu sacris aliena dicta nostrùm,  
 Gens vobis Solomone nota Rege.  
 Promississe ferunt Jovem supremum  
 Cùm mersum æquore recrearet orbem,  
 Nullo tempore velic se futuro,

Submersum æquore perditum ire mundum,  
*Promissæque sui* velut *Sigillum*  
 Æternum Diplomatis sacrati  
 Impressisse polo *Iridem* decoram ;  
*Iris* nunc Ego, nec minùs venusta  
 Nec formâ minùs efficax venustâ,  
 (Ipsam rem gero, cujus illa Signum est)  
 Parvo polliceor venusta Mundo,  
 Illum, me simul atque cernat intùs,  
 Nulli Diluvio obnoxium futurum.  
 Protenùs in medio comitatus conjuge solâ <sup>25</sup>  
*Pæonis* ingenti *Flos* ruber ore stetit,  
 Non ea de numero magnæ fiducia venit  
 Gentis ; tota quidem gens erat una *Domus*.  
 Nec dedit hos animos regalis copia vestis,  
 Idem *habitus* cunctis et *color* unus erat,  
 Non tamen hæc frugi toga majestatis egebat,  
 Atque inerat constans cum gravitate decor,  
 Nam clarum Floris latè centuplicis orbem  
 Fulgentem saturo murice tollit ovans,  
*Aglaphotin* eum titulo appellare superbo  
 Non dubitant aliqui, nec meruisse nego.  
 Quin Medicorum etiam Diplomata publica jussu  
 Fertur honorificè scripta tulisse Deæ.  
 Namque Deis *Pæon Medicus* Primarius olim,  
 Nomen apud Medicos nobile servat adhuc :  
 His igitur, meritisque suis, quæ maxima, fretus,  
 Intrepido causam sic agit ore suam.

### *Pæonia.*

**I**llusa pictis si *Tulipa* virgulis  
 Et Morionis in Togâ,  
 Gemmata vel proles *Anemone Adonidis*  
 Si præferatur nunc mihi,  
 Cedat *Tonantis Ales*, et regno excidat  
*Pavone* victus *aureo*.  
 Cedat *Tyrannus* saltuum, verus *Leo*  
*Chamæleonti* futili.  
 Vos in corollis gestitent *Nymphæ* suis,  
 Nec me Corollæ respuunt.  
 Eône nomine arrogaturam mihi  
 Me nunc *Coronam* creditis ?  
 Me regia virtus, inque rebus arduis  
 Felicis efficaciam,  
 Victoriæque nobiles Regem creant,  
 Non pictus armorum decor.  
 Sic, sic furentem viribus Morbum sacris,  
 Sacròque nomine *Herculis*,  
 Humana *Clava* corpora *Herculeæ* modo  
 Ictùque sternentem unico,  
 Depello capitis arce jactantem minas  
 Iræque spumantem improbâ.  
 Hinc ille succo præpotens *Pæon* meo,  
 Curasse forsân dicitur,  
*Plutona* magno vulneratum ab *Hercule*,  
 Curavit hunc Morbum scio.  
 Immite *Mortis Numen*, et Regem Inferum  
 Fuisse *Plutonem* ferunt.

Hic ipse *Mors* est *Morbus* ; at furens, neque  
*Defuncta* Mors, sed *Saucia*.  
 Inepta sim profectò si vires meas  
 Cum gente molli conferam,  
 Præfiscinèque dixerim, plantam mihi  
 Sol ipse non videt parem.  
 Non ista facio cognitâ plantis viâ,  
 Diviniori sed modo,  
 Nec me necesse est corpus ingressam intimum  
 Hostem ferire cominùs,  
 Non est opus vaginâ, ut ensem conditum  
 Virtutis internæ extraham,  
 Emissa longè namque Odoris ipsius  
 Hostem Sagitta conficit.  
 Suspensa collo perduelles abditos  
 Vallisque munitos fugo,  
 Non ipsa Vidi castra, non Veni (quid hoc  
*O Cæsar ?*) et *Vici* tamen.

Talia commemorans abit ille, modesta Maritum  
 Prosequitur Conjux ore rubente suum ;  
 Ecce autem totum fragrantior aura repente  
 Exhilarare locum, splendidiórque dies.  
 Processere *Rosæ* ; quas ; *turma Triaria*, magni  
 Scilicet hæc *Acies ultima Veris* erat,  
 Sylvestres aliquæ ; sed et his non gratia nulla est ;  
 Et Virtus Horto digna vel *Hesperidum*.  
 Hæc portentificum valet exarmare Venenum, <sup>26</sup>  
 Formidantis aquam quod vomit ira Canis,  
 Hæc valet et Lapidum duras in corpore venas <sup>27</sup>  
 Saxeæque obsessæ rumpere claustra viæ.  
 Nec, quanquam agrestis, fuerat Cognatio talis  
 Dedecori, aut summis inficianda *Rosis*.  
 At stetit urbanæque Tribus, turbæque Togatæ  
 Quatuor attollens signa *quaterna Phalanx*,  
 Quarum prima venit, próque omnibus una locuta est,  
 Puniceo spirans suaviter ore *Rosa* :  
 Gloria quæ quondam locupletis magna *Damasci*, <sup>28</sup>  
 Dicitur *Astartes* sanguine nata Deæ.

### *Rosa.*

**E**sse me quisquam dubitare possit  
 Sanguinem verum *Veneris* beatæ ?  
 Ipse *Germanum* sine fraude vultus  
 Pingit *Amorem*.  
 Dulcis, et Mollis, Juvenisque semper  
 Sic meus ridet, lacrymátque quondam  
 Mane vel Frater ; similique nobis  
 Purpurat ore.  
*Frater alatus* ; foliorum et Alas  
 Ipsa distendo ; Facibus relucet  
 Frater, ardentes Apices et ipsa  
 Vertice tollo.  
 Quis meas nescit : quis in orbe spinas ?  
 Quis mei Fratris, quis in orbe spinas  
 (Quas magis densas gerit atque acutas)  
 Nescit Amoris ?

Quicquid hoc Mundo superoque pulchrum est,  
 Optat et gaudet *Roseum* vocari,  
 Hæc *Puellarum* propè summa laus est,  
     Summa *Dearum*.  
 Me colit *Princeps Orientis* alti  
*Memnonis Mater*, similésque nobis  
 Vel sibi tantùm Digtos habere  
     Ducit honori.  
 Cum *Dies* portâ bipatente cœli,  
 Prodit *aurato* nitidus *Triumpho*,  
*Cærulam nimbis Roseis* plateam  
     Molliter *Horæ*.  
 Divites spargunt, superas *Coronis*  
 Undique exornant *Roseis* Fenestras,  
 Primus exorti videor Diei Or-  
     Natus et Omen.  
 Cùmque jam laudis satur æstuosæ  
 Se domum pompâ recipit peractâ  
 Limine occurro, reduciq; læto  
     Gratulor ore.  
 Elegans pulchri speculator oris,  
 Arbitr formæ *Criticus Cupido*,  
 Intuens vultus vacuos *Rosarum*  
     Vitat et odit.  
 Sic *Apis* (quandóque meus, fatebor,  
 Melleæ Frater similis Volucris est)  
 Præterit *Flores* inopes odorum, ig-  
     Nobile vulgus.  
 Ipsa nimirùm nisi tincta plenè  
 Spiritu vivo fuerint rosarum  
 Ipsa, vix summis patiendâ labris,  
     Oscula sordent.  
 Quid quod et Morbos fugo delicata,  
 Efficax virtute, modóque suavis?  
 Ipsa tormento resoluta leni  
     Corpora purgo.  
*Phæbus* ut nubes reserans aquosas  
 Solvit in rorem placidè salubrem,  
 Non *Jovis* ritu, rapido exprimentis  
     Fulmine Nimbos.  
 Quid mihi objectant breve tempus ævi?  
 Non ob hoc *Regina* minus vocari  
 Debeo; hoc obsit mihi nuncupari  
     Si *Dea* vellem.  
 Arroget nomen Superis dicatum,  
 Nomen Immortale *Amaranthus* audax  
 Arroget; nullum tamen ipsa novi  
     *Nestora* Florem.  
 Ah potens Flores nimiùm propago,  
 Et videremur genus invidendum,  
 Longa si tanti, propria et decoris  
     Dona fuissent.  
 Quid querar nostram doleámve sortem?  
 Omnis Humanæ miserè caduci  
 Gloriæ Flores, fugiunt eodem  
     More modóque.  
 Fama sed *Fortes* vetat interire:  
 Et mihi abruptum properante Parcâ  
 Non fugax Virtus, odor et superstes  
     Prorogat ævum.

Infirmus *Vermis* remanente vitâ  
 Mortuo fertur melior *Leone*;  
 Ipsa viventes validósque Flores  
     Mortua vinco.  
 Mortuam si me reputare fas est  
 Cujus insignem vel adhuc Cadaver  
 (Corporis functi quasi vivus Hæres)  
     Spirat odorem.  
 Torqueant ipsum mihi vel *Cadaver*,  
 Torqueant sævi lacerata *Membra*,  
 Exprimant omnem clibani calentis  
     Turbine succum.  
 Aridi blandiùm *Cineres olebunt*;  
 Ut decet magnos sepelire Reges,  
 Me meo Natura parens odore  
     Funera condit.

Dixerat, ambrosiâque locum compleverat aurâ;  
 Gratia virginei mira ruboris erat.  
 Laudibus accessit, quod eam non spontè putares,  
 Nec temerè laudes commemorasse suas.  
 Rivales tremuisse ferunt; nam *Diva* favoris  
 Multa sui vultu signa loquente dedit.  
 Suffragatores steterunt post terga potentes,  
     *Terna* propinquarem congenerúmque *Phalanx*,  
*Lutes prima* fuit, bello minùs utilis illa,  
 Nullâque Morborum capta *Trophæa* ferens.  
*Alba secunda* *Phalanx*, et non ingloria factis,  
 Quæque oculis fidam sæpè tulisset opem.  
*Tertia Vexillo*, Bellatrix maxima, *rubro*,  
 Et non pacifero læta colore micat.  
 Immodico fluxu labefactos sustinet artus,  
 Humorúmque vagam sistit ubique fugam.  
 Il' a feros hostes ligat astringentibus armis,  
 Vincula dat victis, implicitósque tenet.  
 Subsidio illa solet *Cordi Cerebróque* venire,  
 Cum Cor aut Cerebrum vis inimica premit.  
 Illa docet spirantem ignes mitescere *Febrim*,  
 Paulatim et somno lumina victa dare.  
 Germinis auxilio talis demulsit *Jason*  
 Flammivomos Tauros, suppositúque jugo.  
 Hæc ope pervigilem didicit sopire *Draconem*;  
 Fallor, an ille *Draco* nil nisi *Febris* erat?  
 Talis *Rubra Phalanx*, quæ cum popularibus  
     albis  
 Dicitur, heu, lites quondam habuisse graves.  
 Quid de lite loquor? Longum et lacrymabile bellum,  
 Et certamen atrox inter utrasque fuit.  
 Nec miser *Æmathia* bis inundans sanguine *Campus*,  
 Spectavit majus nobiliúsque nefas.  
 Scilicet (ut mos est) regnandi dira libido,  
 Solennis tanti causa furoris erat.  
 Nam *Rosa* non potuit per *Campos Rubra Britannos*,  
 Et *Rosa* non potuit Candida ferre parem,  
 Huic ager *Eboraci, Lancastræ* fertilis illi  
 Ad bellum ingentes suppeditavit opes.  
 Quis furor, ô, vestras in vosmet vertere *Spinas*,  
 O Consanguineæ, congenerésque *Rosæ*?  
 Non desunt Hostes vobis, non justa triumphi  
 Materia, et nullo fama pudore rubens.

*Gallica* nam vestro bis subdita *Lilia* regno  
 Per Roseos latè nunc dominantur agros,  
 Vicinúsque nimis nudum latus improbus haurit,  
*Carduus*, et stimulos irrequietus agit.<sup>30</sup>  
 Intereà vobis per bella domestica Sceptrum,  
 Et petitur nimiùm grata *Corona Rosis*  
 Ah nimiùm *Veneris* pulchræ de sanguine cretis,  
 Ah nimiùm (video) *Mars* violente, places.  
 Nunc ego crediderim *Martem de Flore* creatum,<sup>31</sup>  
 Accepit tandèm *Fabula* mira fidem.  
*Mars* totis violentus agris bacchatur, ut Horto  
 Immissus nitido sævit aduncus *Aper*,  
 Ille ruit frutices et sepimenta decora,  
 Et laceram pando fulmine vexat humum,  
 Eruit ille *Crocus*, et purpureos *Hyacinthos*,  
 Atque epulas *Bulbi*, lauta *Tulipa* tui.  
 Egestos tumulos subversaque germina fleres,  
 Et vastum informi strage videre solum.

Quo me, *Musa*, rapis? vel quo producis, ineptum?  
 Non hæc est numeris res tenuanda meis.  
 Dicam ego *Plantarum* lusus rixásque jocosas,  
 Par erit his forsán *Fistula* nostra modis.  
*Prelia Plantarum* et plusquam *Civilia* bella,  
*Lucanus* tragicá personet ipse *Tubá*,  
 Vel *Thebanorum* cecinit qui funera *Fratrum*,  
*Virgilio* *Vates* proximus ille canat.

## NOTES.

1. *Primulam Veris* a *Paralysi* ità distinguit *Parkinsonus*, (*Nam ab aliis plerumque confunduntur nomina*) quod illa non nisi unicum florem eodem caule attollat, hæc plures. Illam *Primrose* *Angl.* vocamus, hanc, *Cowslip*. Sunt igitur omnes *Auriculæ Ursi*, genus quoddam *Paralysos* quod nomen *Auricularum* satis quidem ineptum, suo tempore obtinuisse testatur *Mathioli*. Mirum sanè foret si hæc omnia genera *Primularum*, tam insignia atque ubique ætate nostrâ crescentia, veteribus ignota omninò fuerint, vix minùs certè mirandum est, vetus illarum nomen à *Criticis* nostris adhuc ignorari.

2. *Parkinsonus* noster nullum agnoscit purpureum *Narcissum*, aliquem *Medio-purpureum* appellat, qui calycem nempe habeat vel circulis vel punctis purpureis signatum. At *Virg.* *Eclog.* 5:

Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo *Narcisso*.

*Fortassis* more suo quemvis pulchrum colorem, *Purpureum*, quemvis *Florem Narcissum* vocat, ut cum dicit

—Manibus date *Lilia* plenis,

*i. e.* Flores omnes, sicut *Homerus*, *Aeplon* nomine genus omne florum complectitur, sed quid respondebimus *Plin?* qui ait, *Narcissi* duo genera in usu *Medici* recipiunt, unum purpureo flore, alterum *Herbaceum*. An illum indigitare vult quem *Medio-purpureum* vocat *Parkins?* An illâ ætate quidam fuerint toti purpurei? Annon denique (quod suspicor) *Romani* aliam aliquam plantam præter croceum illum fabulosum ex *Narcisso* florem,

*Narcissum nuncupaverint? Cur enim ei peculiariter Comam attribuerunt?* *Colum.* *Narcissique Comam;* *Virg.:*

—Sera *Comantem*

*Narcissum*—

et certè longè maxima pars *Narcissorum* verna, non sera est: cur illi etiam *Lacrymam*, tanquam arbori aut frutici, glutinosam dederunt? *Virg.* 4. *Georg.:*

—Pars circa septa domorum,

*Narcissi lacrymam* et lentum de cortice gluten;

*Prima favis* ponunt fundamina—

3. *Narcissus Chalcedonicus* flore pleno albo *Polyanthos*. *Parkins.* qui et pulcherrimus et suaveolentissimus est.

4. *Vulgatissima Anemonarum* divisio apud *Recentiores* in *Latifolias* atque *Tenuifolias*.

5. *Flos* nunquam se aperit nisi vento spirante, unde et nomen accepit. *Plin.* 21. 23. *Fallitur ergo Ovidius*, Qui ità dictum putat, propter brevitate[m] floris, pauci enim sunt diuturniores,

—Brevis est tamen usus in illis;

Námque malè hærentem, et nimiâ levitate caducum, *Excutiunt* iidem qui perflant omnia venti.

*Ovid. Lib.* 10. *Metam.* *Ubi Fabulam* vide. *Ex Adonidis cruore* *Natam Anemonem* fabulantur et *Ovidius*, et *Nicander*, et plerique poetarum. *Bion* solus ex illo *Rosam* asserit creatam, à lacrymis autem *Veneris Anemonem*.

Δάκρυον ἢ Παφίη τῶσον ἐκχέει, ὅσον Ἄδωνι,  
 Αἷμα χέει τὰδε πάντα ποτὶ χθόνη γίγνεται ἄνθη.  
 Αἷμα ῥόδον τίττει, τὰδε δάκρυα τὸν Ἀνεμόνα.

*Liceat* mihi *Anemonæ* gratificari, atque ex utrisque ortam prædicare.

6. *Omnium florum* augustissimus visu; *Laurembergius Archithyrso* nomen illi indit.

7. Ab oriente non ità pridem in nostras regiones venit, veteribus ignotus.

8. Sæpè bilibris est.

9. In intimis foliorum singulorum floreis unguis enascuntur tubercula quædam candida, *Margaritis* non absimilia, liquore melleo plena.

10. *Archithyrus* triplici florum ordine *Constantinopoli* familiaris est, apud nos rarissima.

11. *Ariadnes*.

12. Qui bulbis continuos aliquot annos vulgarem florem, flavum aut rubrum ostentavit, is unâ forsitan ætate pulcherrimi coloris flosculo exhilaraturus est colonum, sed brevi et non durabili gaudio; nam cum plantâ ipsâ bulbis totus sequenti anno emoritur. *Lauremb.*

13. — *Chlamydes* *Lucullus*, ut aiunt,

Si posset centum *Scenæ* præbere rogatus.

Qui possum tot? ait, tamen et quæram, et quot habeo

Mittam.—

Post paulò scribit,

—sibi millia quinque.

Esse domi Chlamydum partem, vel tolleret omnes.  
Horat. l. 1. Epist. 6.

14. Ante non ita multos annos cæperunt quoque bulbi illarum inferri culinis, et præparari in gulosum, neque ingratum ferculum, quo non solum creditur corpori laudabile alimentum adjungi, sed et stimulos addi exercitiis venereis. Assantur bulbi sub cineribus, vel coquuntur in aquâ, et apponuntur cum aceto, oleo, sale, pipere. Lauremb. Gerardus, et Parkinsonus, contendunt, et, ut arbitror, evincunt, Tulipam nostram non aliam esse Satyrio Dioscoridis, inter venereos bulbos olim famosissimo.

15. Ἄρνός Græcè, quasi Ἄρνός, i.e. purus, castus. Undè Officinæ eam barbarè Agnum Castum vocant, hoc est, Arborem Castam castam. Est ex salicum genere: Gaza Amerinam vertit. Rationem nominis reddit Galenus, quod castitatem, conservet iis, quibus aut estur, aut bibitur, aut substernitur: Vitex latinè dicitur; Plin. Lib. 24. 9. Non multum à salice vitilium usu distat Vitex, foliorum quoque aspectu, nisi odore gratior esset, Græci Lygon vocant, alii Agnon, quoniam Matronæ Thesmophoriis Atheniensium castitatem custodientes, his foliis cubitus sibi sternunt. Θεσμοφόρος autem Ceres; Legiferam Cererem appellat Virgil. Romanis Bonæ Deæ nomine innotuit, cujus castissimæ sacra viris ne aspicere quidem licuit.

16. Sexti Tarquinii.

17. Quidam radicem Chrystalli esse dixerunt, vocatur ex argumento Iris; nam sub tecto percussa, sole species et colores Arcus cælestis in proximos parietes ejaculatur, subinde mutans, magnâque varietate admirationem sui augens. Plin. l. 37. 9.

18. Succus radicis tollit maculas, impetigines et

19. Quædam locum ipsum odoratiorem faciunt, ut Iris; quia et arborem totam, cujus radices attingit. Plin. l. 21. 7. Et paulo post, Iris radice tantùm commendatur, unguentis et medicinæ nascens, et alibi eam dicit esse Nobilissimi odoris. Hinc ex radice Iridis caruleæ pulvis ille conficitur, vulgò Pulvis de Cypro dictus (Angl. Orris-powder) qui capillis inspergi solet.

20. Forum Capuæ, ubi tot unguentarii negotiabantur, ut Seplasiarius indè absolutè pro unguentario acceptus sit.

21. Famosissima deliciis olim urbs magnæ Græciæ.

22. Angl. Stock gilflower, Crocus serus. Verus ille Crocus, qui medicinæ usibus seritur, et autumno tantùm floret, odoris suavissimi.

23. Caryophyllus. Gillo-flower Angl. quem quidam putant esse διὸς ἄρθος Theophr. sed non nimis hoc certum est.

24. Succus recenter expressus, partim ex radicibus solis, partim ex floribus etiam validè deturbat ex corpore Aquam et Bilem; adeoque celebre est Hydragogon. Lauremb. Iris cui flos purpureus est, efficacior ea cui albus, dejectione, nonnunquam et vomitione Aquam, præcipuè Citrinam ducit, deinde et crassiorem pituitam, viscerum obstructionibus expediendis efficacissima. Fernel.

25. Vetustissima inventu Pæonia est, noménque auctoris retinet. Plin. l. 25. 4. nempe à Pæone, cujus meminit Homerus, eamque Plutonem curasse dicit vulneratum ab Hercule. Vid. Iliad. 5. Celeberrimus hujus plantæ usus in omnibus Epilepticis Cephalicisque morbis, præcipuè verò Pæoniæ Maris, non Fæminæ languidior virtus, Appensa collo radix (præcipuè infantum) Epilepsiam (quæ non sit inveterata) curat, sicut ipse experimento sæpius cognovi. Parkins. atque hujus rei author est etiam Galenus.

26. A morsu canis rabiosi unicum remedium oraculo quodam nuper repertum radix sylvestris Rosæ quæ Cynorrhodos appellatur. l. 8. 41. Historiam vide lib. 24. 2.

27. Fructus Lithonriptici, in quibus excellunt exempti Arilli, spongiæ quoque calculosos efficacissimè juvare dicuntur, et imprimis qui inibi concinentur lapilli et vermiculi. Schrodr.

28. Veneris Syriæ, Quarta Venus Syriâ Tyroque concepta, quæ Astarte vocatur, quam Adonidi nupsisse traditum est. Cic. l. 3. de Nat. Deor. Fabula autem sic se habet. Rosam non nisi candidam primò exstitisse, rubuisse demùm, vulnerato Veneris pede, cum Adonidi opem latura, præcipiti cursu per dumeta raperetur.

29. Rosa Candida insigne erat Regiæ familiæ Ducum Eboracensium, Rubra Lancastrisium, inter quos per sæculum ferè duravit bellum omnium longè crudelissimum, in quo plus sanguinis Britannici quàm in bis superandâ Galliâ effusum esse dicitur, in quo octuaginta principes regiæ sanguinis occidisse feruntur. Certè duodecim ferè annorum spacio duodecim magna prælia inter Reges Henricum sextum et Edwardum quartum commissa sunt.

30. Insigne Regni Scotici.

31. Vid. Fab. 5. Lib. Fastorum.



# PLANTARUM.

## LIB. IV.

### Florum II.

**F**œlix, quem miserâ procul ambitione remotum,  
Parvus Ager placidè, parvus et Hortus, alit.  
Præbet *Ager* quicquid frugi *Natura* requirit,  
*Hortus* habet, quicquid *luxuriosa* petit,  
Cætera sollicitæ speciosa incommoda Vitæ,  
Permittit *Stultis* quærere, habere *Malis*.

Talis erat magni memoratu digna *Maronis*<sup>1</sup>  
*Corycii* quondam vita beata *Senis*.  
Talis (crediderim) tam lætus et impiger hortis  
Dives in exiguis *Abdolominus* erat,<sup>2</sup>  
Illum damnosas runcantem gnaviter herbas  
Ecce ab *Alexandro* Rege satelles adit,  
Accipe *Sidonii*, Vir magne, Insignia regni,  
Sceptrum, ait, et Mitram, *Sidoniamque* togam :  
Missus in imperium tantum (quis credat ?) amatam  
Dicitur invitus deseruisse casam.  
Respicit ille gemens Hortum ; Meliora relinquo.  
Heu, ait, infœlix, Deteriora sequor.  
Talis erat generi humano vix nomine notus  
*Aglæus*, in parvo Diis benè notus agro.<sup>3</sup>  
Námque *Gyges Lydas*, Regum ditissimus olim,  
Impius et scelerum prosperitate tumens,  
Ecquis, ait, toto, me fortunatior orbe est ?  
Hic Clarium est ausus voce rogare Deum.  
Numen adulari nescit ; fœlicior, inquit,  
*Aglæus* ; Ille furens, *Aglæus iste quis est ?*  
An sit eo quisquam Rex nomine quærit ? At illo  
Rex certè dictus nomine nullus erat.  
An sit eo quisquam Dux belli nomine clarus,  
Aut superis tractâ nobilitate potens ?  
Anne aliquis prædives opum nullóque periculo  
Inter inexhaustas luxuriosus opes ?  
Nullus erat talis generis splendore, vel armis,  
Divitisve potens ; *Aglæus iste quis est ?*  
At tandem *Arcadiæ* vix notâ in valle repertus,  
(*Arcadas* alta quies umbrâque densa tegit)  
Strenuus exigui cultor prope *Ptophida* fundi  
(*Ptophida* sed tantum viderat ille semel)<sup>4</sup>  
Invidia regum dignissimus ille repertus,  
Teste Deo fœlix, *Aglæus* ille fuit.  
Talis, magne Deus (si te mihi dicere fas sit  
Ridiculorum inter nomina vana Deum)

Talis, Vere Deus, nunc inclinantibus annis  
Sit, precor, ætatis Scena suprema meæ,  
Finis inutilium mihi sit precor illa laborum,  
Jactatæ statio firma sit illa rati.  
Sic mea cœlestem prægustet Vita quietem ;  
Dormiat, et mortem discat amare suam.

Ecce iterum abripior longè ; quo *Musa* rapis me ?  
Oti laudatrix irrequieta sacri ?  
Pulchra via est (fateor) sed nostris devia cœptis,  
Verte aliò, inceptum perficiamus iter.  
Nunc tibi dicendum est, per totum *Autumnus* et *Æstas*  
Quot quantas acies explicuere locum.

Fulgentem juncto complerunt milite Campum,  
Aut quia Vir numero par vel utrisque fuit.  
Aut quia fortassis non germina pauca fuerunt,  
Militiam exercent quæ sub utroque, Duces.  
Pauca, precor, mihi *Musa* refer, neque enim omnia,  
quanquam  
*Filia Mnemosynæ* sis, meminisse vales.  
Si poteris ; densas fœcundæ *Æstatis* aristas,  
Autumnique uvas enumerare potes.

Principium *Viola* *Æstati*, lætùmque dat Omen<sup>5</sup>  
Flammea, et æstivum concomitatur iter.  
Et *Comes Autumni* ; veluti *Proserpina Lucens*  
Anni dimidio, dimidióque latens.  
Pulchrior illa quidem *Violâ* cognomine Vernâ  
Ornatus generum possidet una triùm.  
Argentùmque Aurùmque et Purpura fulget in illâ  
O Fœlix, similis nî tibi deesses odor !

*Hesperis* et *Viola* sibi nomen amabile sumit,<sup>6</sup>  
Rectius in titulos, *Hesperis*, sumpta tuos.  
Omnes illa tibi reserat, tibi fundit odores  
Prodiga, quos toto claudit avara die.  
Te plus Sole colit ; nec te nova Nupta salutat  
Blandiùs, ut lucem sentit abire gravem.

*Anthemis* exiguum sed non ingloria florem  
Vix levat ; at vires parva Gigantis habet.<sup>7</sup>  
Illa specum reserat victrix, quo tumida Caci  
Ignivomi Febris condita more latet.  
Illa fovet lassos, labefactos erigit artus,  
Egeritùrque dolor, discutitùrque tumor.  
Calculus impulsu illius dissolvitur acri,  
Damnantis Fati Calculus ille malus,  
Innatas cautes, et claustra potentiùs ictu  
Fulminis aut Auri, saxea rumpere amat.

Viola Flammea

Hesperis.

Anthemis.



Cyanas.	<p>Te <i>Cyane</i> infœlix vellem laudare, nec ipse Diffiteor vultus sic meruisse tuos.<sup>8</sup> Sunt tibi formosi vultus, cœlûmque serenum (Quàm distans Cœli moribus !) ore refers. Ergò vetat laudare <i>Ceres</i>, Diva utilis orbi, Agricolæque, sacrum Dîsque Mihique genus, Sunt tibi mendosi mores, segetémque trucas Fertilis (ô monstrum !) <i>perfidus Hospes</i> agri, Nec Rubigo magis, nec belli Ductor iniquus, Nec magè <i>frugifera Sus inimica Deæ</i>. Quin etiam Messori obstat, falcémque retundis<sup>9</sup> Improbis, Agricolis Vitâ Obitúque nocens.</p>	<p>Secreti cum quicquid habent Elementa Veneni Aër, et Tellus, et gravis Unda vomunt. Inque homines miseros inspirant omnia mortem, Et quo debet ali fomite, Vita perit. Cùm possit Natura Venefica et ipsa videri, Et pro <i>Matre</i> bonâ facta <i>Noverca</i> mala est. Tum quoque lapsarum mundi miserescere rerum, Tum quoque victricem sistere es ausa luem. O pulchrûmque sacrûmque Herbæ Fatique duellum ! Hoc Hominum oppugnat, protegit illa genus. Sume Secundanam <i>Galegam</i> tibi, <i>martia planta</i> ;<sup>15</sup></p>	Galega.
Nigella.	<p>Frons rudis est, mistâque decens feritate <i>Nigella</i>, Et <i>Venus</i> incompta est, horridulúsque nitor.<sup>10</sup> Sylva impexa tibi viridis riget hispida barbæ, Consimilique virent Cornua torta modo. Est et cœruleæ vultus tibi concolor undæ, Flumineus quali fingitur ore Deus. Pictus in hoc habitu steteras <i>Achelbe</i>, priusquam <i>Herculeâ</i> fuerant Cornua fracta manu. Non hoc de nihilo est ; ornatu germina vestit Natura, officiis conveniente suis. Tu toto educis latitantes corpore rivos, Currite, dicis Aquis ; territa currit Aqua. Secretos regis anfractus, cæcósque canales, <i>Flumineum</i> humano <i>Numen</i> in orbe tenes.</p>	<p>Pulchra quidem es <i>Lychnis</i>, sed quâ ratione vetustas<sup>16</sup> Te voluit <i>Græcæ</i> nomen habere <i>Rosæ</i>. Hoc <i>Græcâ</i> dixere fide ; Mendacia <i>Græca</i> Cernere ubique licet, nam tibi nullus odor. Tu tamen antiquis decus es solenne Corollis, Et stellant radiis tempora cincta tuis. Illustrata tuis gaudent convivia <i>Lychnis</i>, Et largo Vini munere facta <i>Rosa</i> es.</p>	Lychnis
Speculum Veneris.	<p>Quid, <i>Speculum Veneris</i>, tantum tibi sumere nomen,<sup>11</sup> Tam plenum invidiæ quid tibi mentis erat ? Innumeris pingit vestem tibi purpura Clavis, Nobilem habes, fateor, Patriciámque Togam. Sed <i>Speculum Veneris</i> ? tituli vix pondera tanti, Sanguine nata Deæ, sustinet ipsa Rosa.</p>	<p><i>Lychnida</i> majorem et speciosam lumine multo<sup>17</sup> Misit <i>Cæcorum</i> Terra vocata priús <i>Candelabrum</i> ingens, varîsque insigne racemis, Nec plures oculos <i>Pavo</i> superbus habet. Tale ferè Regum pendet laquearibus altis, Auratóque auréas verberat igne trabes. Altera divitibus Mensis, Altaribus ista, Atque epulis Divum digna <i>Lucerna</i> micat.</p>	Lychnis donica.
Antirrhinum.	<p>Non tu tam lepidos titulos, <i>Antyrrhinon</i>, ambis !<sup>12</sup> Te <i>Caput</i> hic <i>Vitulæ</i> nominat, ille <i>Leæ</i>. Formidabilis te nominat <i>Ora Draconis</i> <i>Anglia</i> ; Quæ tituli est ista <i>Chimæra</i> tui ? <i>Gorgonas</i> et <i>Furias</i> Nocturnâque <i>Spectra</i> fugare Quid mirum si te territa credit anus ?</p>	<p>Si quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum, Nascantur Flores, me, <i>Maro</i> magne, rogas, Nescio ; sed certè non pauci nomina Regum Magna ferunt ; néve est is mediocris honos. <i>Lysimachus</i>que ornat, Rex ornat <i>Gentius Hortum</i>,<sup>18</sup> Hortus (<i>lô</i>) recipit nomina tanta libens.<sup>19</sup></p>	Lysimac Gentian
Napellus.	<p>Quid tibi Casside opus, malè caute <i>Napelle</i> ? timésne<sup>13</sup> Insidias Capiti, Flos scelerate, tuo ? Ah utinam tantùm Galeam tibi fata dedissent, Impia in humanam tela dedere Necem. Quid tibi Cassis opus ? non bello invadis aperto, Militiam peragunt cæca Venena tuam. Dii benè quòd Galeam contra Galea altera surgit, Quæ premit alta tuas, <i>Anthora</i> justa, comas.<sup>14</sup></p>	<p>Nec dedignatur te, <i>Saponaria</i>, nomen<sup>20</sup> Vile ; sed et bella est Forma, et amænus Odor ; Magna quoque est Virtus ; tibi cedit maximus Hydrops, Atque Lues pulchræ filia fœda Deæ. Inde ministeriis victrix servilibus instas, Splendescitque operâ nigra Culina tuâ. Ipse triumphatis <i>Dictator Quinctius Æquis</i>, Ad sua (nec puduit) talis Aratra redit. Direxitque manu stivas, et misit eâdem Sub juga curva Homines, sub juga curva Boves.</p>	Saponari
Anthora.	<p>Excipit hæc ictus, et vulnera vana retundit, Casside sub tali prælia <i>Pallas</i> init. Quis Deus has vires tantillas, quis tibi robor Monstrosum Heroâ cum pietate dedit ? Tu bona <i>Medeis</i> tantùm <i>Medea</i>, Venenis, Tot scelerum vindex, sacra Venena ferens, Nec tibi devicti laus sola aut summa <i>Napelli</i>, In nullo pateris germine inulta nefas. <i>Serpentes</i> poterunt per te non esse nocentes, Et non esse nocens <i>Africa</i> terra potest.</p>	<p>Quid voluit cum tot Flores Natura creatrix <i>Campanæ</i> formam jussit habere cavam ?<sup>21</sup> Quænam hæc sunt tibi, <i>Flora</i>, oblectamenta jocosa ? Ad quæ, nescio quos, ludicra sacra vocas ? Nullus in his usus, nec tintinnabula nobis Reddiderint ullos tam fabrefacta sonos : Auris tarda homini est ; vertentis Machina Mundi Non notos homini fundit ubique modos. Pars aliqua è florum populis, hominûmque Deûmque <i>Gustatum</i>, <i>Tactum</i>, <i>Nasum</i>, <i>Oculósque</i> juvat, Quid Sensem excipimus quintum, cum forsitan illi Harmonici poterint auribus esse Deûm.</p>	Campan

Convolvulus Major.	O benè commisto <i>Convolvule</i> fuse metallo ! <sup>22</sup> Ille <i>Corinthiaco</i> pulchrior ære color.	Sanguine nescio quo creta est et <i>Fraxinus</i> Herba, <sup>31</sup> <i>Hectoris</i> ingentis forsitan ille fuit : Purpurea assurgunt tibi fila, cutimque rubellam Percurrit saturo Vena cruore rubens : Tu tres <i>Metropoles</i> humani corporis, armis Propugnans, <i>Uterum</i> , <i>Cor</i> , <i>Cerebrumque</i> , tuis. Arsuras tandem defendis fortiter Urbes Interea, et differs quâ potes usque Rogum. Fata obstant, obstat Deus imperiosus, habetque <i>Hectora</i> nequicquam <i>Troja</i> caduca suum. Nescio quas vires habeas, <i>Creta incolæ</i> , <i>Thlaspi</i> , <sup>32</sup> Magnas credo, <i>Jovis</i> tu <i>Popularis</i> habes.	Fraxinella. Thlaspi Creticum
Trachelius Flos Cardinalis.	Dum blandi in laudes solvuntur rauca <i>Tracheli</i> , <sup>23</sup> Guttura, tam leni quæ recreantur ope, Nomen adhuc majus tribuunt Collegia <i>Romæ</i> Coccina purpureæ, Pontificumque <i>Togæ</i> .	Quæ te dextra legit Leprâ, <i>Scabiosa</i> , decenti <sup>33</sup> Contactu ô fiat sic <i>scabiosa</i> tuo.	Scabiosa.
Digitalis.	Ipsa tibi molles manicas <i>Digitalis</i> adaptat <sup>24</sup> Spinosas carpis cum Dea Flora Rosas.	Igne salutari <i>Pyrethrum</i> calet acre, molestas <sup>34</sup> Exhaurit torto dente potenter aquas, Pars imi rubra est, summi pars candida Floris, Gingivam et Dentem, natus utrisque, refert.	Pyrethrum.
Pomum Amoris.	Non nimum <i>Pomo</i> Flos est formosus <i>Amoris</i> ; <sup>25</sup> Lætior est Fructus, floridulusque magis. Hoc in Amore novum est ; plus totâ Messe rei que Possessæ Fructu Flos nitet ipse Spei.	Tu Porcis alimenta soles <i>Cyclamine</i> decora, <sup>35</sup> Sed <i>Medicinam</i> Homini, sed dare <i>Serta</i> Deis.	Cyclaminus.
Canna Indica, Flos Caucri.	Quam nitidas <i>Cancri</i> nova mittit <i>America</i> Chelas ? <sup>26</sup> Talia Sidereus Brachia <i>Cancer</i> habet.	Non <i>Muri</i> absimilis, <i>Muri</i> cognominis Herba. <sup>36</sup> Gaudet in obscuris cauta habitare locis. Umbram amat ; adversus <i>Phæbæia</i> spicula, plantam Auratâ Umbellâ protegit ipsa suam. Tota riget setis, sed et est holoserica seta, Nec teneram offendit Virginis illa manum. Innumeris horret, sed multum innoxia, telis, Telorumque piâ <i>Vulnera</i> sanat ope.	Auricula Muris, Pilosella.
Nasturtium Indicum.	Pars eadem mundi <i>Nasturtia</i> lutea mittit, <sup>27</sup> Ille etiam in nostros flos venit hospes agros : Ecce, Eques Auratus, de carcere stiptis arcto, (Agnoscens signum Sole tepente datum) Prosilat, et fulvis florem calcaribus urget, Et simili flavum suspicit ore diem. Tale solet <i>Castor</i> cum pervolat æquora cœli, Spadici nitidum subdere Calcar Equo. Credo aliquam pugnam fortis bellator inivit, Aspice sanguineis corpora sparsa notis : Ah utinam hoc habitu visus tibi, <i>Naso</i> , fuisset, Narrasses lepidam gnaviter Historiam. Omnia dixisses ; genus altum et fata superbi Floris, et illa rubens quid sibi gutta velit, At nos cuncta latent seros antiqua Poetas, Nec <i>Deus</i> exagitat, nec vetus ille <i>furor</i> . Et tibi <i>Regalis</i> pulchrum dat gloria calcar <sup>28</sup> <i>Consolida</i> , et Flores magnus es inter Eques. Ornatum decuit belli atque insignia ferre, Si verum <i>Ajaxis</i> te genus esse probas, Floris inarmati non est pater ille, negata Qui voluit nimum fortis ob arma mori. Parte quidem ex aliquâ veteris titulos <i>Hyacinthi</i> Te certum est vultu sustinuisse tuo. Nam tibi adhuc remanent vestigia grata decoris <i>Oebalii</i> , et vel adhuc te, puto, <i>Phæbus</i> amat, Et tibi lugubris signavit syllaba frontem, Heu Index miseri vix dubitanda patris : Quique invasit adhuc <i>Hyacinthi</i> alienus honores, <sup>29</sup> Victus jure, novos jam sibi quærit Avos Nec tamen hic finis magnæ de nomine litis ; Sed tibi adhuc, <i>Princeps Consolida</i> , hæret aqua. Plurima signa favent, sed et, heu, nonnulla repugnant, Nam referunt formam <i>Lilia</i> nulla tuam, Nescio <i>Trojanis</i> an te Ver colligat Hortis, Hic comes <i>Æstatis</i> tardior ire soles. Et contendit adhuc tecum de nomine claro, <i>Martagon</i> ; et causam quo tueatur, habet. <sup>30</sup> Nec <i>Lærtiaden Ajacemque</i> inter, <i>Achillis</i> De sacris armis lis propè tanta fuit. Quantam <i>Consolida</i> exercent, et <i>Martagon</i> ingens, Ob titulos <i>Ajax</i> , relliquiasque tuas.	Parvus aromatici speciem vultumque decorum <i>Armerius</i> dicti de <i>Jove</i> Floris habet. <sup>37</sup> Majestas propè sola deest divina pusilla, (Crediderim) Infantis <i>Flos</i> fuit iste <i>Jovis</i> . At juncti Florem multi sociantur in unum, Qui vel <i>Barbato</i> sic <i>Jove</i> dignus erit.	Armerius.
Consolida Regalis.		Te quidam <i>Armerium</i> , <i>Muscaria</i> planta, vocarunt, <sup>38</sup> Te cui <i>Musca</i> levis, præda jocosa placet. Impendis succos in retia densa, tuosque Gnaviter exudas insidiosa dolos.	Muscipula.
		Sunt triplices Rami, ramo ramusculus omni Tergeminus, foliis tergeminsque datur. Tergemini simul et flores <i>Epimedium</i> ornant, <sup>39</sup> Quicquid id est, aliquid res habet ista sacri. Tu quoque parva nites, neque enim tibi, <i>Ptarmica</i> , <sup>40</sup> parvæ Candida multiplicis gloria floris abest, Utque movere soles sternutamenta, salubre Sic, puto, nascenti sternuit Omen Amor.	Epimedium.
		At tibi formosi formosior <i>accola Mellæ</i> <sup>41</sup> Aurea purpureis frons redimita comis. Nec pudeat prati, prato collecta virenti Rustica placavit sæpe Corolla Deos. Tu pia <i>mellifera</i> præbes alimenta <i>Volucris</i> , Cum tibi vix tellus præbeat ipsa parens. Das hyemale penus, das anni tempore duro, Atque <i>Æstate</i> illi Flos semel esse parum est.	Ptarmica. Amellus Aster Atticus.

	<p>Officio Floris Radix tibi fungitur ipsa,  Mellâque languenti sera ministrat Api.  Est <i>Monstrum</i> visu fœdum, nec mole timendum,  Sed multum Ingenio, viribus, arte potens,  Octo pedes, totidem crurum internodia terna,  Quæque importunâ mobilitate vigent.  Et pro corpore habet Ventrem, deforme, rotundum.  Ventre Venena tument, Retia ventre latent.  Retia quæ tendit Culici Muscæque vaganti,  Dulciâque ex rapto fercula Latro vorat,  Hoc satis est tibi, <i>Arachne</i>, urbes ac tecta colenti  Civilisque tibi est Legitimûsque furor,  At sævit majori <i>Agreste Phalangion</i> irâ,<sup>43</sup>  Et minimo ingentes conficit ore Feras,  Dico, Feras? Dentis non aspectabilis ictu  Mentem homini primam, mox animamque rapit.  Tale, <i>Phalangita</i>, et tam formidabile Monstrum  Conficis, et meriti præmia Nomen habes.  Sic cum <i>Scipiada</i> cessit pars tertia mundi,  Diripuit victæ Miles avarus opes.  Dux habuit spoliū belli sibi majus, et Hostis  Cognomen domiti Præda superba fuit.<sup>43</sup></p>	
Phalangium.		
Mirabile Peruvianum.	<p>Producis lepidos, opulenta <i>Peruvia</i> flores,<sup>44</sup>  Mirandi nostro germinis orbe parens.  Ne tibi tam placeas Auri Argenticque metallis,  Quæ malè fœcundo gignis ubique solo.  Ut tantas admirer opes laudémque, requiris?  Terra Venenorum non magis ulla ferax.  Alba quatit rubro sua tintinnabula caule,  Nativum hic etiam monstrat <i>Iucca</i> decus.<sup>45</sup>  Semina sed nostris non profert Exul in oris;  Pulchra sibi est, Patriæ fertillis illa suæ.</p>	
Iucca.		
Malva Hortensis Rosea.	<p><i>Malva</i> levat caput Hortensis, penè æmula gentis<sup>46</sup>  Arboreæ, et multâ stat redimita Rosâ,  Diceret hanc aliquis cernens, planta ista superba est;  Tam pulchro nimius corpore fastus inest.  Mitiior at nulla est, nulla est humanior herba,  Nulla magis suavi commoditate bona est,  Omnia tam placidè reserat, blandèque relaxat,  Emollitque vias, nec sinit esse rudes.</p>	
Flos Affri- canus.	<p><i>Africa</i> dat multo saturatas lumine <i>Calthas</i>;<sup>47</sup>  Vicini agnoscas nobile <i>Solis opus</i>.  Latus multiplèxque ardenti fulgidus auro  Orbis, adoratas blandè imitatur opes.  Quædam tota cava est; poterat folium omne videri,  Aurata artifici Fistula facta manu,  Ah utinam bonus his animam inspirasset <i>Apollo</i>,  Fistula quàm miros ederet illa sonos!  Nec brevis huic Flori vita est; maturior ævi  Exacto moritur non nisi mense senex.  Tam longa indulgent huic soli sæcula Parcæ,  Invitâque secant stamina pulchra manu.  Capsula vulgaris non est quâ semina condit,  Sed Pharetræ formam picta sonantis habet.  Illa quidem pulchris Pharetra est onerata Sagittis,  Illa humero flores, molliter apta sedet,</p>	
	<p>Venatu indulgens cum <i>Papilionis</i> in Horto  Persequitur trepidam læta premitque fugam,  Ille laboratas radiis Solaribus alas  Huc temerè atque illuc, heu, sine mente quatit.  Qui nisi sic fugeret <i>Flos</i> possit et ipse videri,  Et picto attonitam falleret ore <i>Deam</i>.  Nunc miserande jaces confixus cuspede Floris,  Tactâque vix sentit <i>Terra</i> cadentis onus,</p> <p>Talem Regna ferunt quondam fœlicia <i>Caltham</i>,  <i>Punica</i>; <i>Junonis</i> tunc Rosa dicta fuit  Quo steterat <i>Carthago</i> ingens, hæc gloria clari  Unica, vel certè summa relicta soli est.  O Florum spes fallaces et inania vota!  Irrita in æquoreas quæ rapit Auster aquas!  Olim hæc speravit reducis decorare triumphum,  <i>Hannibalsque</i> ipsas cingere fortè comas.  Aurea speravit <i>Carthaginis</i> esse Corona  Victricis, Mundi cùm foret illa Caput.  Non dubitasset eo sibi tempore poscere Regnum,  <i>Flora</i> licet <i>Latia</i> tunc <i>Dea gentis</i> erat,  Nunc illi miseræ, cùm Patria serviat ipsa,  Vivere privatâ conditione sat est.</p> <p><i>Ciste</i>, decus parvi fruticis, tam flore pusillo,<sup>48</sup>  Quid simulare Rosas, ambitiose, juvat?  Nève parum id facias, moreris quâ nasceris horâ,  Cùmque die exoriens occidis ante diem.  Ah vide nè nimio constet tibi gloria tanta,  O plusquam satis est! <i>Ciste</i>, imitate Rosas.</p> <p><i>Lada</i>, soror <i>Cisti</i>, nè cedat honore Rosetis,<sup>49</sup>  Exudat foliis balsama odora suis.  Balsama, quæ fœdo <i>Caper improbus</i> appetit ore,  Et Barbæ obscœnæ pinguis adhæret odor.  Non scelus hoc homines tibi sic patiuntur abire,  Unguentata <i>Caper</i>, sed tibi <i>Barba</i> cadit.  Curat <i>Alopecias</i> hæc <i>Ladanon</i> arte repertum;  Quid dicam? has vires Planta dat, anne <i>Caper</i>?</p> <p>Objicienda tibi, '<i>Yasme</i> Unguentaria non est,<sup>50</sup>  Hic solus Flori Quæstus honestus erat.  At frangenda volunt alabastra, Unguentaque luxûs  Condemnant tetrici, putida turba, Senes,  Non (licèt iratus) tam <i>Jupiter</i> ipse severus,  Mitigat iratum dulcis acerra <i>Jovem</i>.  Dulcis odor placat superos; opus ille Deorum  Luxuriæ, Humanæ sed Pietatis agit.</p> <p>Vendicat <i>Auratum Malum</i> Dea nostra) legitque  Flores; et toto condit avara sinu.  Vendicat et <i>Pomona</i> sibi; legit aurea mala,  Atque onerat calathos insatiata suos.  Lis gravis est, nec lite absunt convicia tantâ,  Nec deést iratis lingua proterva Deis.  Et <i>Pomona</i> furens, Pomorum si tibi clamat  Tantus amor, <i>Pomum</i> tu tibi <i>Amoris</i> habe.  Convenit hic titulus; sed et, ô, aliena placere  Quid mirum est factæ de Meretrice Deæ.  <i>Flora</i> incensa refert, Vertumnum novimus et Te;  Novimus et quâ tu sub Nuce facta Dea es.<sup>51</sup></p>	

Dum simulabat Anum, tu Virgo pudica manebas,  
 Cum juvenili aderat corpore, tum quid eras?  
 Sorba manu lutea, et dotalia Mespila fortis  
 Stringe, maritales collige, casta, Nuces.  
 Tam bene olens (inquit) tam pulchrum et amabile  
*Pomum*  
 Flos est; et carpens asserit ipsa manu.  
 Quædam etiam noménque decúsque *Legumina Florum*,  
 Nec probro est illis rusticus ortus, habent,  
 Nec *Lathyrum* Hortensis, nec *Pisum* respuit Aula,<sup>52</sup>  
*Coccineamque* videt pænè superba *Fabam*.<sup>53</sup>  
 Et *Faba vulgaris*, non pauper odoris, et albo<sup>54</sup>  
 Ore nitens, Oculis conspicienda Nigris.  
 Ni totos vestiret agros, nutriret agrestes,  
 Hortorum poterat non levis esse decor.  
 Quanquam *Pythagoræ* non intellecta renati<sup>55</sup>  
 Verba quidem miseræ non nocuere parum.  
 At vos, ô semper, Sapientes, vera locuti,  
 Discite veridico planius ore loqui.

Lupinus. Torquet atrox gustum virtute *Lupinus* amarâ,<sup>56</sup>  
 Ingenium prisci quale *Catonis* erat.  
 Dilue sed benè Aquis Illum, Vinóque *Catonem*;  
 Dulcis uterque tibi Permadefactus erit.

Hi Flores, et mille alii, simul agmine longo  
 Et pompæ lento præteriére gradu.  
 Procedunt tractâ per humum Radice decenter,  
 Ut sua Serpentes florida terga movent.

Mandragoras. Soli *Mandragoræ* geminis benè cruribus apti<sup>57</sup>  
 Humano incedunt, Fœmina Mâsque, modo.  
*Mandragoræ* bello penè est Dea territa Monstro,  
 Semiflorem illum Semihominémque videns.

Nymphæa. Abfuit hoc *Nymphæa* choro, non, credo, quod oris<sup>58</sup>  
 Fidere non ausit viribus illa sui.  
 Forma colorque boni certè; quot cernere ubique  
 Fastosas vultu deteriore licet?  
 Et si certamen de nobilitate fuisset,  
 Nulla fuit tantâ nobilitate potens.  
*Nympha palustris* erat; quantum decus! *Herculis*  
*Uxor*,  
 Diis geniti Herois; Nunc quoque et ille Deus.  
 Constitit hoc magno miseræ; namque *Herculis* illam  
 De madido Plantam Numine fecit Amor.  
 Ex illo gravis et tristis, lacrymosa, severa  
 Vivit, et ipsum odio Nomen *Amoris* habet.  
 Concubitúsque odio est, et quicquid ducit ad illum,  
 Lusus, Blanditiæ, liberiórque jocus.  
 Et quia nota Deæ fertur lascivia *Floræ*,  
 (De tanta hoc fas est si memorare Deâ,  
 Nam dum viva fuit, dum Fœmina, semper *Amori*,  
 Et choreis operam, nequitis dedit)  
 Sistere famosum se noluit ante Tribunal,  
 Nec Regno hâc vellet conditione frui.  
 Ah mallet stagnis radicem, credo, relictis,  
 Ante tuum Nudam sistere, Phœbe, jubar.  
 Sanctior his longè *Maracottam* causa profanis<sup>59</sup>  
 Ridiculisque simul jussit abesse sacris,  
 Pictorum Vatúmque Deos contemnit et odit,  
 Signata alterius religione Dei.

Maracotta.  
 Flos Passionis.

Deridet *Venerem*, et *Floram*, foedúmque *Priapum*,  
 Et *Phæbum*, et ficti monstra jocosa poli.  
 Nescio quæ, latitant sed in hoc Mysteria Flore  
 Magna quidem, et nostris non referenda  
 modis.  
 Nec temerè, nec Naturæ sine mente parentis  
 Tam non vulgaris, tam nova forma data est.  
 Alba decem folia expandit; Toga convenit alba  
 Virginibus castis, Pontificúmque choro:  
*Purpureâ* duplicis Limbi pars ima *Coronâ*  
 Bis cincta est; *Sancti Martyris ille color*.  
 Multa tegunt Florem (sed tectus non latet ille)  
 Stamina inauratis subrubicunda crocis.  
 Hoc Diadema aliqui, spinis horrentia Serta,  
 Sanguine tincta sacro Serta, referre putant.  
 Et Porphyriaci consurgit Marmoris instar  
 Undique sanguineis sparsa *Columna* notis.  
 Sunt quoque (donati peracuto lumine visus,  
 Namque hebetes oculos plurima mira latent)  
 Pendula qui clarè mediâ summâque *Columnâ*  
*Spongiolam*, *Clavos*, *Flagra* cruenta vident.  
 Melle tument intus dulci, capitisque figuram  
 Parva coronati candida poma gerunt.  
 At *Radix* sub humum descendit longa profundam,  
 Tartara victricem visere velle putes.  
 Et quasi si totum cuperet complectier Orbem,  
 Non extirpandâ fertilitate viget.

Turba Petitorum restabat sola, nec ipsa  
 Magna quidem; paucis vis ea mentis erat.  
 Inter odoratos Regnum tam dulce petentes  
 Ecquis te, flores quærere *Moly* velit,

## NOTES.

- Namque sub Oebaliæ memini me turribus altis,  
 Quâ niger humectat flaventia culta Galesus  
 Corycium vidisse senem: cui pauca relictis  
 Jugera ruris erat—  
 et paulò post,  
 Regum æquabat opes animis, etc.  
 Virg. 4. Georg.
- Ubi mallem per Corycium, Phocensem; quàm cum  
 Virgilianis interpretibus Cilicem intelligere, nempe ex  
 Coryco, vel Corycæ Phocidis propè Parnassum, non  
 ex Coryco, Ciliciæ monte, oriundum meminit ejus  
 Stat. Theb. 7.  
 Vel qui Parnasson utrumque  
 Aut Cyrrham tauris Ænemoriámque supinant  
 Coryciumque nemus—
- Historiam vide initio quarti libr. Q. Curtii.  
 3. A Gyge Rege tunc amplissimo terrarum consultum  
 (oraculum Apollinis respondit) Aglaum Psophidiam  
 esse falciorem. Senior hic in angustissimo Arcadiæ  
 angulo parvum, sed annuis victibus largè sufficiens  
 prædium colebat, nunquam ex eo egressus, atque (ut è  
 vitæ genere manifestum est) minimâ cupidine minimum

in vita mali expertus. Plin. lib. 7. 46. *Quam Historiam fusiis narrat Valerius Maximus. lib. 7. c. 1.*

4. *Arcadiæ civitas ab Ovidio, Statio, etc. memorata.*

5. *Viola tricolor. Angl. Hearts-ease. Pansy. Theophr. Φλόξ. In flore triplicem colorem ostendit, candidum, luteum, cæruleum, videturque non potuisse decentiori vocabulo à Theophr. nominari quàm Flamma; cum in lucernæ sive lignorum flammâ terni ejusmodi colores conspiciuntur, cæruleus in imo, luteus in medio, candidus in cacumine, ut et in Iride cælesti. B. Porta. Maio floret, et ad finem usque Autumnii perdurat. Sed inodora est.*

6. *Flos Leucoio non absimilis. Angl. Dames-Violets. Queens Gillo-flowers. Winter Gillo-flowers. Viola matronalis, vel Hyemalis, vel Damascena, vel Muscatella quibusdam dicitur, non certum hanc esse Hesperim Theophr. Hesperis (inquit Plin. l. 21. 7.) noctu magis olet, inde nomine invento. Quò in re certè cum veterum Hesperis hæc nostra convenit.*

7. *Chamæmelon, propter odorem mali dictum. Leucanthemis—Anthemum Plinii l. 26. 8. Videtur alia ab hac herba esse, quoniam et illud calculos ejicere dicat. Chamæmelon febres quæ citrà visceris alicujus inflammationem infestant, discutit dissolvitque; ac præsertim quæ ex humoribus biliosis aut cutis densitate proveniunt, quò de re et ab Ægyptiorum sapientioribus Soli consecratum est, febriùmque omnium putatur remedium, etc. Sennertus ex Galeno. Quidam etiam affirmant calculum ex humano corpore exemptum (sit penes ipsos fides) et Chamæmelo obvolutum, brevi tempore dissolutum iri, magno argumento illud validissimè calculosis opitulari.*

8. *Blew-bottle, Angl. In nomine Cyani colos. Plin. l. 21. 8. Quoniam à Cyano, gemmâ cærulei coloris, nomen habet, quam quidam Turchinam nostram arbitrantur; quoniam ubique inter segetes nascatur, cum tamen honorificentissimè Plin. cum Viola, et Rosâ et Amaranthe recenset.*

9. *Blaptisecula rusticis dicta est, quoniam metentium fallacem retundit.*

10. *Angl. Fennel-flower, quòd feniculi folio sit, à Græcis Melanthia propter colorem seminis, quòd ad multa utile esse dicitur, vid. Plin. lib. 20. 17. Gith, ex Græcis alii Melanthion, alii Metaspermon vocant, optimum quàm excitatissimi odoris et quam nigerrimum; et Gith, et si barbarum videri possit, Romanum vocabulum est, nec à Plin tantum sed et à Columella et à Plauto usurpatum, si verè Calepinus legit in Rudente Pl. Act. 5. Sc. Secundæ, Os calet tibi, num Gith frige-factus? Gall. Pourette dicitur propter calorem seminis piperi non absimilem. Ferocula floris figura est, (indèque rustici nostrates eum appellant Ruffing Robin) extantibus barbâ cornibusque viridibus: Semen, nempe id genus quòd suave olet, Catarrhos et humores aqueos potentissimè exsiccare atque exhaurire dicitur.*

11. *Nomen à Gerardo nostrate impositum, traductum ex Belgico, Venus Looking-glass, sed melius antè à nostris appellabatur Corn-Violet. i. Viola segetalis, quòd inter segetes crescat, ab aliis variè nominatur Onobry-*

*chis, Viola Arvensis, Viola inodora, Viola Pentagona, Campanula arvensis. Flos minutus purpureus, ex unico folio Companularum more compactus, sed pentagono; parvitatè floris ingens numerus ex eodem caule pullulantium compensat, et bellum præbet spectaculum.*

12. *Antirrhinon vocatur, sive Anarrhinon, sive Lichnis agria, similis Lino, radice nullâ, flore Hyacinthi, semine vituli navium, etc. Plin. 25. 10. Nomen Antirrhini attribuitur huic plantæ, quoniam non omnimodè conveniat cum Descriptione Theophrasti aut Dioscoridis; Ab aliis vocatur Orontium, Canis Cerebrum, Os Leonis, Leo Herba, Angl. Snap-dragon, Lyons-mouth, Calves snout. Hoc perunctos venustiores fieri, nec ullo malo medicamento lædi possè, aut veneno, siquis in brachiali habeat, arbitrantur Magi. Plin. ibid.*

13. *Napellus verus flore cæruleo. Blew-helmet flower, (i. Flos Galeatus, à figura) vel Monks-hood Angl. (i. Monachi cucullus) ex Aconitorum genere. Napellus venenorum præsentaneorum facillè princeps, et planta adeò venenata est, ut non solum ii qui ejus succum hauerunt, rarè vel nunquam evadant: sed et ii qui sagittis Napelli succo illitis vulnerentur. Sennert. à radice figurâ quæ Napum refert (nempe radice longâ non rotundum) nomen obtinet.*

14. *Angl. The wholsom helmet flower (Flos galeatus salubris.) Counter-poison, Monks-hood. (Monachi cucullus, Antidotum) Aconitum saluterferum; Avicennæ Napellus Moysis dicitur. Anthora quasi Antithora, hoc est. Thoræ nempe Aconiti antidotus. Usus præcipui in morbis ac ictibus venenatis, Pestilentie specificè adversatur, et peculiariter radices Thoræ. Scroderer.*

15. *Secundani, secundæ Legionis milites. Liv. Galea, Ruta, Capraria, Angl. Goats-Rhue. Galea Italicum nomen est teste Mathiolo, florem habet, vel potiùs spicam floream, albi vel cærulei coloris, contra omnia venena pestilentisque morbos laudatur.*

16. *Quæ Græca (Rosa) appellatur à nostris, à Græcis Lychnis, non nisi in humidis locis proveniens (nostrates autem Lychnides nulla loca recusant) nec unquam excedens quinque folia, viola, magnitudine, odore nullo. Plin. l. 21. 4. λυχνίς στεφανωµατικὴ dicitur, vel à foliorum caulisque tomento, quo veteras fortasse pro ἔλλυχνίῳ utebantur, vel à colore lucido, vel quòd noctu luceat: Theodor. Gaza in versione Theophr. Lucernulam vocat. Angl. Campion.*

17. *Flos speciosissimus, multarum Lychnidum umbellam portans. Angl. Nonesuch, or Flower of Bristow, Chalcedonii autem Cæci olim dicti, quòd non sedem potiùs in opposito littore elegissent, ubi postea Byzantium conditum, est, multùm commodiore loco.*

18. *Invenit et Lysimachus herbam Lysimachiam quæ ab eo nomen retinet, celebrata Erasistrato, folia habet salicis, Florem purpureum, fruticosa, ramulis erectis, odore acri, gignitur in aquis, vis ejus tanta est ut jumentis discordantibus jugo imposita asperitatem cohibeat, Plin. l. 25. 7. Unde quidam eam παρά λέων την μαχίην dictam volunt, quo sensu Angl. vocatur Loos-strife, or, Willow-herb, propter folium salicis.*

19. *Angl. Gentian, Felwort, Bitterwort. Cujus diversæ species multumque flore differentes. Gentianam invenit Gentius Rex Illyriorum, ubique nascentem, sed Illyrico præstantissimam, etc.*

20. *Sopewort Angl. Inter gentianas numerat Parkinsonus propter similitudinem folii. Nomen habet ab extergendi facultate quæ saponis ritu pannos eluit purgâtque, etiam lanas ac vasa culinaria emundant eâ rusticæ. Flos, qui aliquibus plenus est, Jasmini odorem æmulatur.*

21. *Campanæ, vel Campanulæ, Angl. Bell Flowers, à figurâ floris, multæ sunt earum species, sed quæ præcipue et peculiariter ita nominantur (nam Convolvulus, Trachelium, etc. licet eadem formâ sint, habent propria sibi nomina) Campanæ Persicifoliæ, quæ vel albæ sunt vel cæruleæ.*

22. *Convolvulus autem major cæruleus, multò largior Campanulâ cæruleâ, Angl. Great blew Bellflower, Great blew Bindweed, flos bellus, jucundissimi coloris.*

*Alluditur ad Campanas veras quæ ex ære conflantur, cujus genus laudatissimum Corinthium olim fuit.*

23. *Trachelium dicitur à leniendis faucibus gutturbusque exasperatis Angl. Throat-wort, or Canterbury-bells, quorum omnium pulcherrimum Trachelium Americanum flore ruberrimo, sive Flos Cardinalis; sic dictum vel à colore coccineo longè vividissimo, vel quod in Cardinalis alicujus horto primùm Europæ innotuerit.*

24. *Angl. Fox-glove, quod aliquatenus Chirothecam repræsentet.*

25. *Love-Apple. Longo caule poma quædam portat (nam flos negligitur) magnitudine exigui mali sed gibbera colore mali Aurantiæ.*

26. *Flos coccineus, antequam explicetur Cancrorum chelas aliquatenus referens, explicatus Gladiolum. Angl. The Indian flowry reed.*

27. *Nasturtium Indicum. Indian Cresses, Angl. (quod folia esitantur nasturtii modo, similique sapore acri prædita sunt) Yellow Larks-heel, i.e. Delphinium luteum, quod Delphini more calcaneum vel calcar habet longum. Flos bellissimus. Monardus, qui primus eam in Hispaniam transtulit, Florem Sanguineum nominat, quod tria inferiora floris folia sanguineis punctis et quasi guttulis notata sunt.*

28. *Flos πολύωννος, Consol. Reg. Calcaris Flos, Flos Regius, Buccinum Romanorum, sed usitatissimè Delphinium. A quibusdam creditur esse veterum Hyacinthus fabulosus. E quaternis conditionibus Hyacintho attributis ab Ovidio, sola forma Liliæ obstat, aliquin affirmarem audacter Consolidam regalem, eam scilicet cui Flos est purpureus, esse ipsummet Ovidii Hyacinthum, 1 color illi purpureus, 2 evidentissimè et expressissimè in flore hoc leguntur Litteræ Ai, Ai. 3 Est etiam primus inter verni temporis flores, sed prohibet figura quæ nimis remota a Liliæ effigie. Lauremb. Sed quid sibi velit cum Consol. Regal. primum inter vernos flores vocet, non intelligo; est enim certè omninò æstivus, propè ad Autumnum usque durans. Angl. vocatur Larks-heel vel Larks-spur.*

29. *Hyacintho enim nostro veteri omnes notæ desunt.*

30. *Pro Martago sic argumentantur, esse ex genere liliorum, esse inscriptum maculis quibusdam, qua Litteræ possunt appellari, eodem certè jure quo Plinius in Fabâ Litteras lugubres inveniri ait ex sententiâ M. Varronis. Unde distinctionis gratiâ hunc Hyacinthum Inscriptum appellant, καὶ ἄ γραπτὰ ὑάκινθος. Theocr. Sed et ille Epitheton Ferruginei, atque Purpurei, satis convenit si morem Poëtarum spectamus, qui nunquam ferè de coloribus exactè loquuntur. At verò tandem non est vernus hic flos; Quid dicam? hæret aqua mihi, et assensum sustineo.*

31. *Fraxinella, quod sit folio Fraxini. Angl. Bastard Dittany. Flos quinquefolius, rubellus, sed singula folia saturiore et sanguineo rubore virgata, è quorum medio stamina purpurea dependent.*

32. *Thlaspi seu Thlaspe; cujus multa sunt genera diversissimæ figuræ; hoc genus quod in hortos recipitur, dicitur Angl. Candy Tufts.*

33. *Angl. Scabious, vel quod scabiei medetur, vel quod alba quasi farina quædam scabiei non absimilis, summis floribus adhæret quasi aspersa. Ψόρα Αἰθῆ.*

34. *Unde et Salivaris dicitur, quod salivam moveat ore recepta. Angl. Pellitory of Spain.*

35. *Flos Cyclamini Colossinus in coronas admittitur. Plin. l. 21. 9. Colossinus, purpureus, à Colossis urbe Troadis.*

36. *Pilosella, quod tota pilosa sit. Μυοσωρίς. Angl. Mousear.*

37. *Angl. Sweet John, Sweet William. Caryophyllis figurâ similis, sed singuli flores admodum parvi.*

38. *Muscipula Lobelii. Lobels Catch-fly. Ben rubrum Monspelienium. Inter Lychnidos recenset Parkins. caule et foliis ita viscosis ut irretire Muscas possit.*

39. *Epimedium Dioscor. et semine et flore caret. Huic spissandi refrigerandique natura, fæminis cavenda. Plin. 27. 9. Non est igitur Epimedium nostrum idem quod veterum; quamquam in illâ potestate convenire cum illo credatur, quod sterilitatis causa sit, unde Angl. nominatur Barren-wort.*

40. *Ptarmica flore pleno quod Παράμω, i.e. Sternutamentum provocet. Angl. Double Pelletory, Florem Parthenio similem gerit.*

*Amor sinistra ut ante Dextram sternuit approbationem. Nunc ab auspicio bono projecti, etc. Catul.*

Num tibi nascenti primis, mea vita, diebus,  
Aridus argutum sternuit omen Amor?

Propert.

41. *Est etiam flos in pratis cui nomen Amello, Fecere Agricolaë, facilis quærentibus herba, Namque imo ingentem tollit de vertice sylvam, Aureus ipse, sed in foliis quæ plurima circum Funduntur, Violæ subluceat purpura nigræ, Sæpe Deum nexis ornataë torquibus aræ Asper in ore sapor, tonsis in vallibus illum Pastores, et curva legunt prope flumina Mellæ; Hujus odorato radices incoque Baccho. Pabulâque in foribus plenis appone canistris.*

Virg. Georg. 4.

*Mella nobilis est in Galliâ fluvius, aliique cognominis alibi; Poëtæ tamen notior Mela Italus quem sinistra ripâ receptum Ollius fl. in Padum defert, videturque hinc nomen inditum flori Amello, Farnab. Nostras. Idem flos est atque Aster Atticus antiquorum, qui et Inguinalis et Bubonium dicitur. Angl. Star-wort.*

42. *Phalangium est Italiæ ignotum, plurimorum generum etc. Plin. L. 29. 4. Ubi genera nominantur; namq; omnis Araneus venenatus Phalangion dicitur, quod internodia terna in cruribus habeat (quanquam id cum innoxii araneis commune) Φάλαγξ enim propriè digitorum internodium est. Cum Italiæ ignotum esse dicit, Magnam Græciam sub Italiæ nomine non comprehendit; nam in Apulia familiaris est famosissima illa ex Phalangiorum genere Tarantula, a Tarento urbe dicta. Hæc autem herba Phalangites, vel Phalangium appellatur, Ἄπὸ τοῦ τοῖς Φαλαγγιοδῆκτος βοθηῖν. Eademque notione Angl. dicitur Spider-wort.*

43. *Cognomen Affricani.*

44. *Angl. The Mervail of Peru, or, of the World. Gloriosissimo nomine, et ultra meritum tumido. Flos parvus est ex campanularum genere, sed numerosissimus super eodem caule, luteus, purpureus, albus, versicolor, quod maximè est in eo mirandum. Ad solem se claudit, vesperi aperit, Convolvuli purpurei more.*

45. *Eam sic describit Ferrarius. Torosus, Thyrsus, asparagi sive Hastulæ regiae modo emicat in trium quandoque cubitorum lævem et sanguineo colore splendentem virgam, quæ diffusis palmaribus ramulis turbinatim arborens, fritillarias citrà quadratas maculas imitantia florea Tintinnabula, obsoleto candore pallida, levitque nonnunquam rubore interfusa, inodora, deorsum versus spectantia raris intervallis numerosa suspendit, eadem tandem sine semine aridua sibi postertsque moriuntur. Nempe nostris in regionibus sed in Americâ sæcunda est Iucca: Nomen illud indidit Gerardus nostras, arbitratur veram esse Iuccam Americanam, ex cujus radice panis ibi conficitur, Cassavi nominatus, sed fallebatur.*

46. *Angl. Holihock. Ex Malvarum genere, quarum virtutibus emolliendi, leniendi, laxandi prædita est. Malva arborea quibusdam dicitur, sed non rectè; est enim alia præter hanc vera Arbos Malva, semper vivens.*

47. *Angl. Africans, Et vulgè sed malè nominantur French-Marigolds. Flos Africanus, Flos Tunidensis, Caltha Africana dicitur. Genus autem unum eorum, Flos Africanus fistuloso flore, Semina omnibus inusitata formæ, longæ, plantæque sagittam referentis, sicut et folliculus quo conduntur, Pharetram representat, unde locus non absurdus fortasse datur fabulæ insequenti: Floræ cum his telis Papiliones insectantis venatu.*

48. *Græci Ciston appellant fruticem majorem Thymo, foliis Ocymi, duo ejus genera, flos masculo rosaceus, fæminæ albus. Plin. L. 24. 10. Rosago quibusdam dicitur, quod sit flore simplicis Rosæ, sed inodora, et paucis horis marcescens. Angl. Holly Rose, Sage Rose.*

49. *Congenera huic Lada est, sed altior fruticosiorque. Cistus Ledon, quibusdam. Angl. Gum-Cistus, or Sweet-*

*Cistus. Ladanon vel Ledanon exsudans. Arabia etiamnum Ladano gloriatur. Forte casuque hoc et injuriâ fieri odoris plures tradidère, Capras maleficum aliàs frondibus animal, odoratorum verò fruticum appetentius, tanquam intelligant pretia, carpere germinum caulis prædulci liquore turgentis, distillantemque ab his casus misturâ succum improbe barbarum villo abstergere, hunc glomerari pulvere, incoqui sole, et ideo in Ladano caprarum pilos esse, Plin. L. 12. 1b. Ubi vide plura. Hoc Ladanon multi usûs est, inter cætera vino coctum Alopecias curare dicitur.*

50. *Angl. Jasmine, or Jessemin. Jasminum aliquibus dicitur: originem Græcam subolet quasi Viola odorata, quanquam Græcis Jasme incognita. Frutex nobilissimus inter tepiarios, apibus flos gratissimus, ex quo Unguentum conficitur omnium suavissimum.*

51. *Vid. Fabulam 14º Libro Metamorph.*

52. *Lathyrus annuus siliquis Corobi, Angl. Party-coloured Chichlins: Lathyrus latifolius, idem est quod Pisum perenne (Everlasting-Pease) sed et aliud Pisum, Quadratum dictum, flore coccineo in hortos recipitur.*

53. *Angl. Scarlet Bean. Nam Fabam et Phaseolum communi nomine appellamus; est autem hic Phaseolus magis propriè dicendus quàm Faba.*

54. *Literas lugubres eas maculas appellat, Plin. Sed et Oculi quoque Latine satis dici possunt: nam idem Plin. ait L. 8. 17. Pantheris in candido breves macularum Oculi.*

55. *Par scelus Pythagoras esse dicebat, Ἐοθλεω κνάμοῦς, κεφαλᾶστε τοκῆω. Notissimum præceptum ejus, Fabis abstineto, sed sensus ejus valdè dubius controversusque est; nam et ipsum Fabis libentissimè vesci solitum memoriæ proditum est. De interpretatione præcepti, vid. Plin. 18. 12. Gel. 11. 4. Cæl. Rhodig, 17. 27, etc.*

56. *Angl. Lupine. Tria sunt genera, flore albo, luteo, et cæruleo. Lupinum ab omnibus animalibus amaritudine suâ tutum, Plin. 18. 14. Sed addit. Maceratum calidâ aquâ homini quoque in cibo est; nam bovem unum modii singuli satiant, validumque præstant.*

57. *Mandrake. Mandragoram alii Circeium vocant; duo ejus genera: Candidus qui et mas, niger, quæ Fæmina existimatur, angustioribus foliis quàm Lactucæ, hirsutis caulibus, radicibusque binis ternisve rufulis, intus albis carnosiss, tenertsque pene cubitalibus, etc. Plin. 15. 13. Ab hæc radicem quasi crurum similitudine (sunt enim plerumque binæ, ut sæpè et in pastinacis tenuifoliis videre est) mirum fingunt de hæc plantâ vanissimi agyrte, creditque vulgus humanum habere figuram non sexûs differentiâ etiam oculis percipiendâ, quia et gemitus erutum edere exitiales effodienti. Semihominis vesano gramine fæta Mandragoræ. Colum. L. 10.*

58. *De Nymphæâ vide quæ Lib. 2º diximus.*

59. *Vide descriptionem hujus plantæ, admirabilis sanè pulcherrimæque, apud Fabricium (si videre lubet) qui materiam hic nactus non vulgarem, strenuissimè, more suo, ineptit. Granadillam Hispani (quod pomum Malo granato sive Punico non absimile ferat) Americani*

*Maracottam nominant. Flos Passionis Jesuitis dicitur, quod exceptâ Cruce, omnia instrumenta Dominica passionis in illo conspiciant; Illi quidem, hebetioris visûs homunculi non item, Maracoe, sive Clematis Virginiana (The Virginian Climer) à Parkinsono appellatur, quod a Colonia nostrâ Virginianâ in Angliam primùm missa sit.*

Te cognata tibi redolentem rustica plantam<sup>1</sup>  
*Allia*, Messorum prandia, *Moly* velit?  
 Est aliquid (Plantæ decus hoc sensere vel ipsæ)  
*Mæonidæ* sacro nomen habere libro.  
 Hoc tibi dat magnos animos, fastûmque Tyranni,  
 Hoc titulo regnum te meruisse putas.  
 Tantâ laude tumens medium procedis in æquor,  
 Et graveolenti audes fortiter ore loqui.

### *Moly.*

**I**mposere Dei nomen mihi; *Moly* me vocarunt;  
 Nomen verendum Mysticûmque *Moly*.  
 Non bene Grammaticis vox cognita; calluit sed omnem  
 Linguam Deorum, Divus ipse, *Homerus*.  
*Moly* Deûm linguâ Græcis *Μέγα* dicitur, Latinis  
*Magnum*; Deorum molliûs sonat Vox.  
 Victa meis divina Venefica, Sole nata, *Circe*,  
 Cessit Venenis, fortibus piisque.  
 Vixisset sine me sollertia perspicax *Ulyssis*  
 Contacta setis indecentèr Apri.  
 Illi *Mercurius* dedit agmina mille, vimque magnam  
 Astutiarum Consillique frustra.  
 Ingeniique rotam versatilis, Eloquentiæque;  
 Nè me dedisset majus acriûsque.  
 Telum —  
 — Multa quidem parat addere dicta, sed illi  
 Non nullum iratum suspicor esse Deum.  
 Infœlix emittit olentes *Ulpica* Ructus,  
 Famosûmque gravi prodit odore genus<sup>2</sup>  
 At circum miseri casu Rivalis acerbo,  
 Gaudere, et risu cætera turba quatî.  
 Non erat invidiæ tam pauper planta ferendæ,  
 Nominis (heu demens!) ambitiosa sacri.  
 Et cœpere omnes lusu cantare jocosum  
 (Nota illis Lyrici carmina Vatis erant.)

*Parentis* olim siquis impiâ manu  
 Senile guttur fregerit,  
 Edat *Cicutis Allium* nocentius;  
*O dura Messorum ilia!*  
 Sed lætum abruptit, subridens ipsa tumultum  
 Significans nutu se *Dea* velle loqui.  
 Molliter efficta in vocem suavissima suavem  
 Aura, profanatum lustrat odore locum.

### *Flora.*

**N**on mendax vanûsve mihi dicitur *Homerus*  
 (Me quanquam omisit versibus ille suis)

Turpiter hoc; sed mi fas est ignoscere Cæco,  
 Munificè reliquos obligat ille Deos.  
 Quisquis tam pius est, veracem credite eundem;  
 Et de *Moly* suo non nisi vera refert.  
 Mortales *Baāran* Hebræo nomine dicunt  
*Mæonides* sacro nomine *Moly* vocat.  
 Est talis mihi *Flos*; Infœlix, *Est mihi*, dico?  
 Nempe *Fuit*; sed jam nomina sola manent.  
 Postquam nota Homini tam dta potentia plantæ  
 Suspecta, et superis invidiosa fuit.  
*Mercurioque* Patrem, quod eam monstrasset *Ulyssi*,  
 Iratum colaphos Fama dedisse refert.  
 Non equidem hoc vidi, sed vidi (proh scelus!) ipsa  
 Indignis miserum *Moly* perire modis.  
 In barathrum Radix descendit nigra profundum,  
 Extirpare illam vix Deus ipse valet.  
 Velle quidem credas mundi *Cacodæmonas* imi,  
 Horridaque inferni monstra fugare soli.  
*Jupiter* irridens, opus est hæc improba multas  
 Et non vulgares ut bibat, inquit, aquas.  
 Ergo Deam *Lympham* vocat, et mirabile, dixit,<sup>3</sup>  
 Per Ciconum nosti serpere Flumen agros:<sup>4</sup>  
 Hinc tu marmoreas undas *Dea* largiter hauri,  
 Et quocunque vides crescere *Moly* loco.  
 Funde super nimbos fed ferece capacibus urnis,  
 Et multo bibulum rone benigna riga.  
 Jussa facit, plenos illi non invidet haustus;  
 Mortifera haud parcè frigora *Moly* vorat.  
 Protenûs (horrendum dictu) pro Caule *Columnam*  
 Stare, atque in summo sculptile Floris opus.  
 Marmoris et fuscî Radicem ducere venas;  
*O Monumentum ingens Mortua Planta sui!*  
 Hunc habuit finem parvi immoderata potestas  
 Germinis, et superis fama propinqua nimis.

Quid mirum *Jovis* ingentes si pertulit iras<sup>5</sup>  
 Rivalis summi *Flos* meus ille *Jovis*?  
 Ille admirandus castæ *Junonis* Adulter,  
 Ille *Deæ* conjux et Pater ille Dei?  
 Quid genuit? *Numen*; nec de mediocribus unum,  
 Pænè suo Vitrico par, et (ut Ille) Tonans.  
 Et genuit *Tactu*, non magno humilique labore  
 Quo sobolem extundit *Jupiter* ipse suam.  
 Forma quidem (quantum vitæ natura virentis  
 Passa est) totius bellica Floris erat.  
 Fingitur in rigidam *Gladii* folium omne figuram,  
 Et cæsim et punctim vulnera ferre valens.  
 Et ferrugineam variant discrimina rubra;  
 Lamina ceu *Chalibis* sanguine tincta nitet.  
 Sanguineûsque horret falcatis undique spinis,  
 Caulis et in toto purpurat ore cruor.  
 Fundus habet *Clypei* speciem, micat aureus *Umbo*  
 In medio, at capitis stat *galeatus apex*.  
 Stamina habent *Arcum*, *Nervos*, *albasque Sagittas*,  
 Puniceo auratum nec pede *Calcar* abest.  
 Huic equidem castam bellatricemque *Minervam*  
 Constituebam apto jungere connubio.  
 Quo fieret Vitæ servatâ Lege severæ,  
 Atque illibatâ virginitate parens.



Unicus ille meis (fateor) crecebat in hortis  
 Et mihi ob id *Phœnix* nomine dictus erat :  
 Seminis infœlix hic Fertilitatis egebat  
 Auctor, et *Eunuchus* Flos erat ipse sibi.  
 Utque propagarem mundo tam nobile germen  
 Tentavi, fateor, sedula mille modos.  
 Ingenio desperandum nihil arbitror, *Arte*  
*Omnia vincuntur* ; scilicet *Arte Deûm*.  
 Jámq̄ teneo veteri *Bulbus* Succrescere *Bulbo*,  
 Cœpit *Phœnicis* spes propè certa novi.  
 Ecquis erit finis? turbatus *Jupiter* inquit,  
 Expectem, hîc Infans dum creet ipse Deos?  
 Æqualem in cœlis (patiar modò) nempe videbo  
 Progeniem *Floris*, Progeniemque *Jovis*.  
 Ergò, *Monstrum horrendum ingens cui Lumen ademp-*  
*tum*  
 Insolito *Talpam* terribilem ore facit :  
 Ille rapax *prædo* nostris immittitur hortis,  
*Mole* minor, similis sed *Caledonis Apro*.  
 Quas dederit latè strages pictasque ruinas,  
 Quas poterit siccis commemorare genis?  
 Illum nec poterat *Ricinus*, nec *Sulphuris aura*,\*  
 Nec *Laseris*, nec odor, *Moly*, fugare tuus.  
 Nec contentus erat Majorum more suorum  
 Venatum *Vermes* ire, levésque feras.  
 Ille Epicuræus *Bulbos* et *Tubera* Porcus,  
 Pulpamenta vorat deliciásque meas.  
 Uno nempe decem mihi libræ pendo Coronas,  
 Totque *Tuliparum* perdidit ille die ;  
 Quot vellem superùm certè nunc vendere nulli,  
 Vel mihi bis decies si numerata daret.  
 Fortiter ista tuli et divinè ; talia damna  
 Ex facili nostræ perpetiuntur opes.  
 Dum paro vim contrà, *Talpa* execrabilis ille  
*Phœnicem* rabido devorat ore meum.  
 Cùmque Parente simul (*facinus crudele !*) tenellus  
 Affixus lateri *Bulbulus* ipse perit.  
 Heu Scelus !—hic lacrymæ, nempè hic Chrystallina  
 Roris,  
 (Hoc Lacrymare Deæ est) plurima gutta cadit.  
 Dissimulare cupit fletus, atque tumida turget  
 Per causam admotâ leniter ora manu.  
 At tu *Moly* novum, quod fortè comedit *Homerus*  
 (Nam nimum ille (pudet dicere) pauper erat :  
 Sed puto quod nullo celebrandum carmine duxit,  
 Hæc exempla videns Nomina tanta fuge.  
 Ah fuge crudeles divinæ stirpis honores  
 Intra Naturam sit satis esse tuam.  
 Rustica tu soboles, Ruris fortuna beati,  
 Non *Plantæ* debet, non *Homini* esse probro.  
 Finierat, mollique astantia *Lilia* nutu  
 Evocat arridens, et jubet ipsa Loqui.

### *Lilium Candidum.*

Qualis superbum lotus *Olor* caput?  
*Trentæ* sereno vel *Thamisis* vado  
 Attollit, et turgens aquarum  
 Despiciat inferiùs nitorem,

Se talis Horto *Flos meus* exerit  
 Sic ore celsus germina *candido* :  
 Subjecta contemnit, parèmq̄  
 Stare negat sibi in orbe Florem.  
 Infantis ætas prima tenelluli  
 Nutritur albis, mollibus et cibus,  
 Quò pulchra candorem benignum  
 Ora trabant nivelque mores.  
 Hinc cuncta aluntur *Lacte* Animantia,  
 Pulchris bonisque hoc sat Mediocribus ;  
 Me *Lacte* sed Nasci, verendo  
 Lacte *Deæ* voluere fata.  
*Junonis* olim turgidula *Ubera*  
 Sugente magno fortiter *Hercule*,  
 Prorupit atque undavit albi  
 Vis subito immoderata Fontis.  
 Quà fluxit, albo semite protenus  
 Tincti pavementum enituit poli,  
 Guttæque formosi liquoris  
 Per tennes cecidere rimas.  
 Illæ receptæ fertilis in sinum  
 Terræ, resurgunt *candida Lilia*,  
 Et lacteis (monstrum decorum !)  
 Prata micant animata glebis.  
*Humana* tali *Mens* ab origine est.  
 Utræque *Cœli* particulæ sumus.  
 Ramenta cœlestis Metallum  
 Lapsa in humum pretiosa vilem.  
*Mens* illa fœlix, quæ similis mei,  
 Sacræ colorem servat originis,  
 Candore nativo venusta,  
 Nec *Maculata*, nec *Erubescens*.  
 Ornata nostro *Pax* habitu venit,  
 Et pulchra *Pacis* Filia *Faustitas*,  
 Et Spes renidentes benignum,  
 Turbæque lucida *Gaudiòrum*.  
 Donata vultu est *alba Fides* meo,  
 Et *Pulchritudo* est, sacræque *Castitas*,  
 Rarisque conjunctæ Puellis  
 Flore meo benè copulantur.  
*Natura* multos lumine turbido,  
 Mistisque tingit lauta coloribus  
 Flores sed unum *Me* revestit  
 Luce merâ, *Liquidòque Honore*.  
 Sic ait, atque supersedit benè conscia Formæ  
 Planta suæ, dotes commemorare alias.  
 Multa sequebantur diverso *Lilia* vultu  
 Candentem Dominam, nec pudor ullus erat.  
 Ipse sequebaris generis Flos *Martagon* alti,  
 Qui magni *Ajacis* diceris esse *Nepos*.  
 Sed tanti Heròis generoso sanguine nasci  
 Quam vel *Lacte Deæ* gloria visa minor.  
 Tum verò ante alios expergefacta resolvit  
 Et Flos (sed tardè) somnifer ora levat.  
 Ambitione ipsum vigilat suadente *Papaver*,  
 Et Causam (non hoc munus inertis) agit.  
 Voce graves stimulòque abrumpit *Gloria* somnos,  
 Et *Cantum*, et *Gallis* *Gloria* *Calcar* habet.

*Papaver.*

**S**omne, lenimen placidum Doloris,  
Gaudium Curæ, Requies Laborum,  
Sola Morborum Medicina grata,

*Somne beate.*

Somne, non fallax Miserorum Amice,  
Hospes agrestis sine fraude tecti,  
Pauperum Fautor, Deus Innocentium,

*Optime Somne.*

Somne, qui Mundum vicibus gubernas  
Cum *Jove* æquatis, mediúmque Numen  
Inter et *Plutona* es, et inter illum

*Maxime Somne*

Justus es (justum decet ut probúmque  
Numen) hic coram fateare fungi  
Te tui virtute operâque nostrâ

Munia regni.

Illa non segnis (licet esse segnem  
Diceres) latè volitat per auras,  
Et gravi plumbo feriens Volucres

Sistere gaudet.

Illa componit placidâ quiete,  
Inquies, regnum Maris, Insulâsque  
Mobiles Ponti religat catenis

*Grandia Cete.*

Illa *Pantheras* rapidos et *Ursos*,  
Illa sylvarum Dominos *Leones*,  
Et *feras Tygres* domat et furentes

*Illa Tyrannos.*

Qui, vel aspectu *Basiliscus* ipso  
Duras occidit, Juvenúmque corda  
Dulcibus torquens oculi Venenis

*Pulchra Puella,*

Improbas vires et acuta condunt  
Tela cum nutu jubeo potenti,  
Et venenatis gravidam sagittis

*Claudo Pharetram.*

*Regulum* sed quid Loquor, aut *Puellam*,  
Summa Serpentum genera aureorum?  
Vis mea occidit *Superos* perennes

*Funere curto.*

Excipit solum Superúm *Parentem*  
(Jure an excepit dubito) Poëta,  
Impii possunt vigilante Cælo

*Esse Beati?*

Cùm *Jovem* Clamat penetrâtque nubes  
Voce inauditâ cruor Innocentium;  
Nonne tunc dormis? in utramque dormis

*Jupiter aurem.*

Siquis invisum *Cereri* benignæ  
Me putat germen, vehementer errat,  
Ille me in partem recipit libenter

*Fertilis Agri.*

*Mèque Frumentumque* simul per omnes  
Consulens mundo Dea spargit oras,  
Crescite, ô (dicit) *duo magna susten-*

*tacula Vita.*

Carpe, mortalis, mea dona lætus,  
Carpe, nec plantas alias require,  
Sed satur *Panis*, satur et *Soporis*,  
Cætera sperne.

Ipse se nostro exhilarat sapore,<sup>9</sup>  
Mèque commistus liquidóque Melle,  
Se vel ad Mensæ relevat Secundæ

*Panis honorem.*

Spiceis ornata *Ceres* corollis,<sup>10</sup>  
Me manu gestat, tetigitque primùm  
Ore, materni diuturna post je-

*junia Luctus,*

Prætulit cunctis mea jure grana,  
Grana quæ certè potuère sola  
Et Famem longam simul et Dolores  
Solvere longos.

Ergo *fecundum* super omne *germen*<sup>11</sup>  
Me Deus fecit, numeróque turbæ  
*Persicum* vincit mea seminalis

*Capsula Castrum.*

Fertiles crescunt homini *Labores*,  
Fertiles crescunt et ubique *Morbi*,  
*Cura* per totum vigil evagatur

*Fertilis orbem.*

Vidit hoc mundum miseratus ægrum,  
*Jupiter*, viditque deditque nostram  
Tótque tantisque *Antidotum* Venenis

*Fertiliorum.*

Dixerat hæc, et plura (puto) meditata referre  
Mens erat, at cursu substitit in medio.

Planta soporato nutabat Languida Flore,  
Nec poterat vires ferre gravata suas.

Mira loquor (sed quid timidus nimiúmque modestus  
Hæc taceam, certâ mira relata fide?)

Siqua fides (neque enim Historiæ mendacia Veræ  
*Mors Poëtarum* jungere vana velim)

Florea reclinante ad humum lentâque cervice  
Nictabat dubiis Concio tota oculis:

*Narcissus* velut obstipus tristisve *Hyacinthus*,  
*Jupiter* immodico cùm premit imbre caput.

Senserat hoc *Zephyrus*, ridetque atque increpat alis,  
Attonitúmque quatit fortior aura locum:

Oscitat ad flatus atque oscula nota Mariti,  
Prima Dea, atque oculos vix levat ipsa graves:

Purpureis motu incerto pudibunda soporem  
Deterget digitis, et rogat, *Hora quota est?*

Paulatim reliquæ mirantia lumina volvunt,  
Concutiuntque comas suspiciuntque diem.

Præcipuè *Florem Solis* torpore diurno  
Turpiter ignavum succubuisse pudet:

Pondera sed capitis magni sempérque reclivis  
Causatus, somnum dissimulare cupit.

Ante Deam multâ stat majestate verendus,  
Atque itâ *Phæbæo* protenus ore canit.

*Flos Solis.*

**L**egitimus simili si *Filius* ore probatur,  
Certúmque reddit, Teste Naturâ, *Patrem*:

Credite mi, *Fratres*, cùm vos spectabit *Apollo*,  
 Suspectam habebit Conjugis Terræ fidem.  
 Per *Styga* jurabit mea cum conspexerit ora,  
 Alio creatum non fuisse me Patre.  
 Et color auratæ, clypeatæque frontis imago,  
 Radiisque cinctum convenit *Phæbo* caput.  
 Et nisi mortali genitus de matre fuissem,  
 Hic vultus inter *Astra* donasset locum.  
 Me, prolem *Cœli*, Fratrem ne dicite, Flores  
 Vos, ô, Gigantum terrei Fratreculi.  
 Subscribit Formæ *Pietas*, et fortiùs addit  
*Amórque, Pietásque* Testimonium,  
 Ipse, meum semper submisso vertice adoro  
 Sempérque specto, semper observo *Patrem* ;  
 Quà vertit vultus, vultus obverto sequaces,  
 Et semper hærent oculi in obtutu pio.  
 Viderat hoc sapiens *Pater* (ut videt omnia) *Phæbus*,  
 Spuriisque vobis aut dubitandis *Liberis*,  
 Has pro dote dedit terras in paupere mundo,  
 Sacri Metalli (nempe *Phæbei*) indigo.  
 At mihi divitibus sedem assignavit in oris,  
 Regnare latè jussit orbe in aureo ;  
 Ille suos inter *Thesaurus* jure reponit  
*Vivam Monētam*, *Imagine impressam suâ*.  
 Dixit, et haud humili reverenter more salutat  
 Bísque *Deam* flexo vertice, térque *Patrem*.  
*Flos* subit eximius, titulo majore superbus,  
*Flos Jovis*, et pulchrâ talia voce refert.

### *Flos Jovis, Caryophyllus.*

Iste *Auctore* satus *Medicinæ*, quomodo nullam<sup>13</sup>  
 Vim Medicam sibi jactat inesse?  
 At *Jove* natus Ego, et proles *Jove* digna parente,  
 Cor Regnum mihi vindico summum.  
 Ille oculis placeat fulvo spectabilis auro,  
*Aurum Ego sum lætabile Cordi*.  
 Nec poterunt tantum *Curæ* Morbique levamen  
 Ipsa *Tagi* vada tinnula flavi :  
 Nec tua, *Flos Solis*, medicamen patria fulva,  
 Vel dare tota *Peruvia*, tantum.  
 Non poterit meus ipse *Pater*, si rursus ab alto  
 In rutilo descenderet Imbre.  
 At tu, ne *Florem Locupletem* crede, colore  
 Sit totus licet *Aureus*, uno.  
 Quas tibi fingis opes? indutum semper eadem  
 Pauperis est incedere veste.  
 Ipsa mihi ternis tunicis, vel fortè quaternis,  
 Nec *Rosa* dives habebitur unquam,  
 Dicenda est opulenta *Anemone*, opulenta *Tulipa* est,  
 Et sese utraque vestit honesté.  
 Sed mea vel tales opulenta vincit utrasque,  
 Et *Cræsus* vocor ipse *colorum*.  
 Nulla quidem illarum (veluti locupletis *Avari*)  
 Munera vel benefacta videntur :  
 Nostra suis opibus par est benè prodiga virtus,  
 Et mellis est relevare misellos.

Nec mihi *dulcis Odor*, tanquam *bona Fama*, recusat  
 Tantorum comes esse Bonorum.

Vox, odor, atque habitus, vultusque statusque placebant,  
 Omnia dicenti plena decoris erant.  
 Nec modò *Rivales* reliquos turbabat, at ipsi  
 Invidiosus erat terribilsque *Rosæ* :  
 Longa sequebatur succo gentilis eodem  
*Creta cohors*, formâ, vi numeróque potens,  
 Ex agris aderat simul his *Cognatio magna*,  
 Et non ingrata simplicitate rudis.  
 Inde *Gigantæo* subnixis robore parvi  
 Successère loco, gens numerosa *Croci*.  
 Dux erat his, quem *Purpureâ ferrugine tinctum*,<sup>14</sup>  
 Anni declivis morbifera astra vident.  
 Quem domitis *cœli* ipsius sensère venenis  
 Insignem *Bellis* et *Pietate Ducem*.  
 Incepturus erat cùm respicit ille, vidétque  
 Impia *Militibus Colchica* mista suis :<sup>15</sup>  
 Quid mihi vobiscum est? clamat. Procul ite profana  
 Germina, nec causam dedecorate meam :  
 Ad sua vos *Circe* nocturna nefandaque bella  
 Aut *Medea* ferox, Dux popularis, agat.  
 Cùm vocat illa suos celebrátque *Charistia* sancta,  
 Vos eritis *cœnæ* fercula prima piæ.  
 Ite procul, fraterna revisite toxica *Ponti*,  
 O *Florum*, ô *Terræ dedecus* atque *Poli*.  
 Sic ait increpitans, nam sit licet ille benignus  
 Fervet et ignescit bile *Venena* videns.  
 Quanta est *Virtutis* reverentia sacra probatæ !  
 Demisso tacitè diffugiunt capite.

### *Crocus.*

Sunt qui nominibus tument sonoris  
 Aut *Phæbi* Patris aut *Tonantis* alti,  
 At mi non licet esse tam superbo  
 Qui flores humilis fero pusillos.  
 Implet gloriolam beátque nostram  
*Nomen nobile consecrati Amantis*,<sup>16</sup>  
 Quem post tædia turbulenta vitæ  
 Per spes languidulas, metúsque acutos,  
 Per fletus querimoniásque tractæ,  
 Tandem *Jupiter* æquus innocentis,  
 (Magnus non *Pater* est mihi, at *Patronus*)  
 Sub *Floris* reliquos dies figurâ  
 Lætos degere dapsilésque jussit.  
 Nec tantum mihi dixit, *Esto lætus* ;  
 Dones *Lætitiâ*, manúque largâ  
 Dispergas ubicunque, dixit, ibis.  
 Hæc dicens tria quatuórve flori,  
 Auri sidere tincta præpotenti  
 Junxit *Stamina*, condiditque in illis  
 Centum lætitiâs lubentiásque,  
 Centum gaudia, centum amænitates,  
 Risus, blanditiâs, jocos, lepores,  
 Scintillas celeres et enitentes,  
 Auratæ *Veneris Cupidintsque*.

Pellit tristitiam metúmque *Bacchus*,  
Sed tanquam *Medicaster* imperitus.  
Nam vivunt redeúntque fortiores.  
Serpentis *Caput* obtero sed ipse,  
Vanis vorticibus rotata *Cauda*  
Parvo tempore contumax repugnat.  
Humorum mea vis malas, paludes,  
Auras pestíferas gravésque pellit.  
Et *Morbos* fugat et fugat *Venena*,<sup>17</sup>  
Et quicquid premit obsidétque *Corda*,  
Purgato benè *Corde Liberóque*,  
Per venas placidas per et micantes.  
*Mæandros* vaga corporis per omnes  
Discurrit, fugit ac redit vicissim,  
Quám pellucida, læta, ludibunda,  
Festivè saliens niténsque *Vita* !

Quid morbos juvat expulisse *Corde*  
Si *Pulmonibus* Hostis occupatis,  
Præcludens aditus, viásque cœli  
Rumpit fœdera commentis auræ ?  
Sed non hoc patior, sacrámque ab udīs  
Tersam vindico *Spongiam Venenis*.  
Nostro Spiritus undequaque tutus  
Quo vult itque redítque *Commeatu*.  
Ingratus nimis immemórque *Amicl*,  
Indignúsque datá foret salute  
In præconia nostra si negaret  
Ullam impendere liberatus auram.

Sed Me qui documenta magna *Amoris*  
Perfecti dederam *Magister* olim,  
Me vel *nomen* adhuc *sacrum Puellis*,  
Neglexisse *Uterum* locúmque carum  
Et mos et pietas vetant *Amantúm*.  
Quicquid vivificas lacessit oras,  
Et *Nidum* malè vexat æstuantem  
*Naturæ* tenero incubantis *Ovo*.  
Proturbat mea vis forásque trudit,  
Fructum concutit et revellit ipsum  
Cum *Matrem* premit egredíque pugnat,  
Ipsos enumerandus inter hostes.

Quod si, *Florea*, Principem recusas  
Talem *Natio*, commodum piúmque  
Lætum et Lætitiæ bonum datorem,  
Sed justum tamen et malis severum,  
Sed fortem tamen inpigrúmque bello ;  
Si vis vivere serva sub Tyranno,  
Nostrum nos tibi *Colchicum* profectò  
Commendabimus *Improbum Propinquum*.

Dixit, concussísque Locum bis térve potenter  
Staminibus Læto sparsit odore *Crocus*.  
Omnia jucundo perfundit germina nimbo,  
Nectareásque animæ divitis halat opes :  
Illa repentino testantur fulgure vultus ;  
Et leviter motis gaudia muta genis.  
*Tristitiam* tetricis pellit, Rivalibus ipsis  
*Invidiam* ; cunctis cuncta *Venena* fugat.  
Attonitum relevat Languentia colla *Papaver*,  
Et rorem somni discutit ore gravem :

Purpuream fœlix *Amaranthus* surgit in hastam  
Ultimus, atque humiles despicit ipse *Crocus*.  
Magnificæ tumidos animos dat gloria *Spicæ*,  
Et tituli ambitio non moderata sacri.

### *Amaranthus.*

I Mbelles *Viola*, futilis et *Rosa*,<sup>18</sup>  
Eheu, purpureá præcipites fugá,  
Formosos pueros atque puellulas  
Ornent *Hemerocallidas*.  
Nos æterna Deum tempora cingimus,  
Æternis comites semper honoribus,  
Et nunquam Capiti vel Coma decidit,  
Vel nos decidimus comis.  
Spectate innumeras undique *Stellulas*  
Gemmanes superis in viridariis,  
Sunt nostri similes, si mihi creditis,  
Sunt *Flores Amaranthini*.  
Hoc *Calthásque Rosásque* albáque *Lilia*  
Et vel mille alios nomine flosculos  
*Hortis ætheriis Cynthia* suspicit,  
Sed me despicit *Unicum*.  
Sunt, Floris titulum qui mihi denegant,  
Et spicam vocitant *Floream*, Ineptuli ;  
Non vulgare quidem (nec pudet hoc) decus,  
Sed privum et proprium est mihi.  
Me formá fateor surgere dispari,  
Et vultu insolito ; sed quid habet novi  
Immortalia si germina differunt  
A Mortalibus omnibus ?  
Dii non *Sanguinem* habent, sed quasi *Sanguinem* :<sup>19</sup>  
Dii non *Corpora* habent, sed quasi *Corpora* :  
Sum *Divis* similis : non Ego *Floribus*  
Consto, sed quasi *Floribus*.

Finierant cuncti, et latè gemmante coroná,  
Dispositi turmis ordinibusque suis,  
Circumière Deam, ac pressis siluere labellis  
Intenti ; Caules spèque metúque tremunt.  
Illam personæ reverentia congrua tantæ  
Componit placidam, blanditiásque domat,  
Annuat, et vultum effingit lasciva severum,  
Pictáque *Minois* se gravitate levat.

### *Flora.*

I Nter multa meæ memorans miracula, *Romæ*,  
Concilium augustum purpureúmque, Patres,  
Se *Cineas* Regum dixit vidisse *Senatum*,<sup>20</sup>  
Tantum erat in cunctis imperiale decus.  
Talem ego nunc *Cætum* video, nullúmque *Coroná*  
Non dignum, hæc inter millia, stare *Caput*.  
Difficilem electum tam dives copia reddit,  
Et lances *Trutinæ* firmat, utrasque replens,  
Invidiam tituli deponite, censeo, tanti,  
Et sibi nemo, omnes quod meruère, petat.  
Ut verum vobis fatear, *Romana*, Quirites,  
Sum *Dea*, nec Regem jura creare sinunt.

Tarquiniúm ne Hortis potero regnare Superbum,  
 Romuléâ factum Numen in urbe, pati?  
 Et benè si memini gavisâ est vestra Tyranni  
 Sacrilegi justâ Natio tota fugâ.  
 Ille Gabinorum præludens cædibus, Horto  
 Messuit infælix Lilia summa suo.  
 Non Hominum, *Florum capitî* non ille pepercit,  
 Abscidit horribili sævus utrumque joco.  
 Vos quoque terrarum Dominos imitariæ æquum est,  
 Florigenâ ductum nobile Marte genus,  
 Esto igitur, sempérque mane, *Respublica Florum*,  
 Ordine plebeio patriciôque potens.  
 Quod fœlix faustumque siet Vobisque Mihique,  
 Jucundúmque *Hominum* sensibus atque *Deúm*,  
 Tu, *Rosa*, sis Consul, Collegam Lilia sume;  
 Pulcher et auspiciis talibus Annus eat:  
 Prætores estote regendo quatuor Anno;  
 Præturam vernam, pulchra *Tulipa*, cape.  
*Flos æstiva Jovis, Crocus* autumnalia jura  
 Dicat, et *Helleboro* bellica cedat Hyems.  
 Invigilate, datum *Officii* est, non munus *Honoris*  
 Ipse *Honor* est vobis, ipsaque *Vita* brevis.  
 Dixerat, assensère omnes, luctúmque repulsæ  
 Præsentem, sortis spes repetenda levat.

## NOTES.

1. *Quæ nunc Moly plantæ vocantur, ex aliorum esse genere odor sapórque testantur; unde illud honorificentissimum olim nomen adeptæ sint, divinare nemo potest, cum Homericò certè Moly (quod nullum esse in naturâ rerum non dubito, non magis quàm fabulosum illud Hebræorum huic affine Baâras à Josepho, L. 7. 24. memoratum) nullâ in re conveniunt, Hom. 10. Odyssees.*

'Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας πόρε φάρμακον Ἀργεῖφόντης,  
 Ἐκ γαίης ἐρύσας, καὶ μοι φύσιν αὐτοῦ ἔδειξεν.  
 Ῥίζῃ μὲν μέλαν ἔσκε, γάλακτι δὲ εἴκελον ἄνθος,  
 Μῶλυ δὲ μὴν καλέουσι θεοὶ, χαλεπὸν δὲ τ' ὀρύσσειν.  
 Ἀνδράσι γε θνητοῖσι θεοὶ δὲ τε πάντα δύνανται.

Plin. *De hoc Moly, sicut ipse conjecturam facit, sic ait, L. 25. 4. Laudatissima Herbarum est Homero, quam vocari a Diis putat Moly, et inventionem ejus Mercurio assignat, contrâque summa veneficia demonstrat, Nasci eum hodiè circâ Pheneam et in Cyllene Arcadiæ tradunt, specie illâ Homericâ, radice rotundâ nigrâque magnitudine cepæ, folio scyllæ, effodi autem difficulter. Græci autores florem hunc luteum pinxere, cum Homerus, candidum scripserit. Inveni è peritis Herbarum medicis qui et in Italiâ eam nasci dicerent, affertque Campaniâ mihi aliquot diebus effossam inter difficultates saxæas radicis triginta pedes longæ, ac ne sic quidem solidæ, sed abruptæ.*

2. *Ulpicum, genus allii grandissimum, maximi incrementi, Punicum, Ἀφροσκόροδον Gr.*

Tu plenior alii Ulpici quàm Romani remiges.

Plaut. in *Pæn.*

Alliâque infractis spicis et olentia latè,  
 Ulpica—

Col. l. 10.

3. *Lymphæ non tantùm Aquam significat, sed et Deam Aquæ. Testis Varro qui eam invocât inter duodecim Deos Consentos, Agricolarum duces, initio Libri; Nec non etiam precor Lympham ac Bonum Eventum, quoniam sine Aquâ omnis arida ac misera agricultura, sine successu ac bono eventu, frustratio est.*

4. *Flumen habent Cicones, quod potum saxea reddit Viscera, quod tactis inducit marmora rebus.*

Ovid. *Metam.* 15.

5. *Flos cujus tactu Juno Martem concepit. Vid. Fab. Ovid. Fastor. l. 5.*

6. *Ricinus (Palma Christi, great Spurg) olim dictus est à magnis autoribus (Falsum hoc quidem, sed nihil id meâ refert in hoc loco) in horto consitus Talpas omnes fugare. Alii Sulphuris fumo in cuniculos immisso, aut Asæ fœtidæ (i. Laseris) aut Allii odore eos abigere præcipiunt.*

7. *Lilium Rosæ nobilitate proximum, inquit Plin. at veteres Poëtæ tanquam esset omnium florum Princeps, illud unum sæpè pro omnibus nominant.*

—Tibi Lilia plenis

Ecce ferant Nymphæ calathis. et,  
 Manibus date Lilia plenis. *Virg.*

*Quâ figurâ non rarò utuntur et sacræ litteræ. Dilectus meus pascit inter Lilia, Et, Considerate Lilia agri quæ neque serunt neque metunt, etc. et eodem modo dicendi λείριον vel κρίνον, honoratur apud Græcos; immò quicquid amabile est λείριον appellatur Apollo λείριος; Homerus etiam suavem vocem vocat βαλειριώσσαν, qualem, arbitror, Latini, intelligunt per vocem Candidam. Quidam Rosam Junoniam nominant, quod ex fabulâ traductum videtur, quæ refert Jovem cum vellet Herculem immortalitate donare, dormientis Junonis uberibus eum clam admovisse, illo autem nimis fortiter sugente magnum vim lactis effluxisse, partem ejus calo retentam, Galaxiam; partem verò in terram delapsam Lilia effecisse.*

8. *Iliad. 2:*

'Ἄλλοι μὲν πα θεοὶ τε καὶ ἀνέρες ἰπποκορυσταὶ  
 Ἐῶδον παννόχιοι, Δία δ' οὐκ ἔχε νήδυμος ὕπνος.

9. *Candidi papaveris semen tostum in secundâ mensâ cum melle apud antiquos dabatur. Hoc et panis rustici crate inspergitur affuso ovo inhaerens. Pl. l. 19. 8. Ad hunc morem alludens Petronius, dicit Mellitos verborum globulos et omnia dicta factaque quasi papavere et sesamo sparsa. et Plaut. Ut mulsa loquitur? Nil nisi laterculos (i. placentas laterculorum formâ) sesamum, papaveremque triticeum et frictas nuces.*

10. *Simulachra Cereris papaver olim manu gestabant, vel quod inter segetes sponte crescat, ejusque inventrix Ceres ipsa quibusdam dicatur, vel quod esui fuerit antiquis velut frumentum, unde Vescum et Cereale papaver dicitur, Virg. vel quod Ceres post amissam filiam eo primum cibo ad oblivionem doloris usa sit.*

11. *Proverbialiter Ovidius dicit, Quotque soporiferum grana papaver habet.*

12. *Flos Solis, Chrysanthum Furevianum, Sol Indianus. Flos omnium maximus, excelsissimisque.*

13. *Caryophyllus sativus Major, Angl. Gilloflowers, quasi Julii Flores. Maximus, Carnations, variis nominibus à diversis autoribus indigitantur, Veronica, Altera, Vet. Atilis. Vet. Coronaria, Herba Tunica Viola Damascena, Ocellus Damascenus. Cantabrica Plinii, Iphium Theophrasti, et δὴς ἄρθος, Flos Jovis, quod postremum nomen utpote honorificentius reliquis, elegit quanquam reverà valdè incertum sit an Græcis Romantive fuerit cognitus.*

14. *Crocus verus Purpurascens Autumnalis, cujus unius stamina (cum plurima sint Crocorum genera) magnum culinis et multiplicem Pharmacopoliis usum præbent, Angl. Saffron, ab Italo nomine.*

15. *Angl. Meadow-Saffron; Crocus Prati, propter similitudinem floris Colchicum dicitur à Colchide venenorum feracissimâ regione, et Bulbus strangulatorius, et Ephemerum Lethale.*

16. *Smilax et Crocus, amoris impatientiâ in fruticem florémque conversi esse traduntur, sed fabula à nemine qui extat, disertè explicatur. Ovid. Eos nominat tantum Metam. 4.*

Et Crocon in Parvos versam cum Smilace flores.

Plin. l. 16c. 35. *De Hederâ quæ vocatur Smilax post descriptionem ejus, sic addit. Infausta omnibus sacris et coronis, quoniam sit Lugubris, virgine ejus nominis propter amorem juvenis, Croci mutatâ in hanc florem.*

17. *Numero potestatum suarum omnes puto flores superat Crocus. Videamus breviter quid de eo credatur. Donatum est à Naturâ Crocum virtute calefaciendi, exsiccandi, dissipandi, aperiendi poros, roborandi, coquendi, digerendi, emolliendi, tam fortis applicatum, quàm intus assumptum Lauremb. Cordialis est et pulmonicus (sitâ ut Anima pulmonum audiat) uterinus, et hinc cæteris visceribus familiaris; calefacit, siccit, aperit, digerit, emollit, Anodynus est, somnum conciliat, menses ac fætum pellit, usus ejus frequens in Syncope,*

*Apoplexiâ, hystericis affectibus, ictero, peste, aliisque venenosis morbis, Asthmate, Scrod.*

18. *Amarantho non dubiè vincimur. Est autem Spica purpurea veriùs quàm flos aliquis, et ipse sine odore. Mirum in eo gaudere decerpi, et latius renasci. Provenit Augusto mense, durat in Autumnum. Alexandrino palma qui decerptus asservatur, mirumque postquam defecere cuncti flores, madefactus aquâ reviviscit, et hybernas coronas facit. Summa ejus natura in nomine est, appellato, quoniam non marcescat. Plin. l. 21. 8. Ἄπὸ τοῦ μὴ μαρῶσθαι. Angl. Flowergentle, Floramour. Gall. Passevelours. Et Helicrysum (Goldilocks Angl.) Amaranthus luteus dicitur. Exsiccatus Amaranthus colorem retinet, ob id Deos eo coronabant, quod diligentissimè Ptolemæus Rex Ægypti observavit. Plin.*

19. *Epicuræorum de Diis opinio, vid. Cic. de Nat. Deor. 1º Hominis esse specie Deos confitendum est. Nec tamen ea species corpus est, sed quasi corpus: nec habens sanguinem sed quasi sanguinem. Quod ex Homero sumpsisse videtur Epicurus, qui de Venere vulneratâ, Iliad 5. Sic loquitur,*

— ῥέε δ' ἀμβροτον αἶμα θεοῖο

Ἴχωρ ὅλος κέρ γε ῥέει μακάρεσσι θεοῖσιν.

Ὁὐ γὰρ σῖτον ἔδουσ' οὐ πίνουσ' αἰθωπα ὄλον

Τοῦνεκ' ἀναίμωνές εἰσι καὶ ἀθάνατοι καλέονται.

20. *Plutarch. In Vitâ Pyrrhi.*

21. *Illic Tarquinii mandata latentia Nati*

*Accipit, et virgâ Lilia summa metit.*

*Nuntius ut rediit, decussâque Lilia dixit.*

*Ovid. 1 Fast. At Livius summa papaverum capita decussisse affirmat: et Plin. probat Papavera fuisse semper in honore apud Romanos, Indicio est (inquit) Tarquinii Superbi, qui legatis a filio missis, decutiendo Papavera in horto altissima sanguinariū illud responsum hâc facti ambage reddidit. l. 19. 8. Et sic ferè alii, sed absit ut Poëtæ alicui Ovidii Autoritas non sufficiat.*



# PLANTARUM.

## LIB. V.

### Pomona.

Altius elatis insurgite Carmina talis  
Et pedis heroi gressum relevate Cothurno,  
Alta cano; *Gentem Arboream*, gentem æthere multo  
Vicinòque polo et *Phæbo* proprio beatam.  
Illa leves odit pulchellis Floribus aptos  
Despicit illa humiles et dignos Gramine Versus.  
Cætera materno in gremio se germina condunt,  
Et vitam aërio tenuem non ausa profundo  
Credere, tuta legunt ventosi littora regni:  
His Deus ora dedit sublimia ferre per auras  
Ad Cælum, et plantas subter ridere timentes,  
Atque parum Erectos Hominum contemnere Vultus.  
*Herculeas* metas inter, magnique *Columbi*  
Fulvum Orbem, medio longè jacet Insula Ponto,  
Fortunatarum pulcherrima, quam beat ingens  
Naturæ favor, et mira indulgentia Cœli.  
Non illic placidum, constans, solidúmque serenum  
Importuna cohors Venti Pluviæque lacessunt.  
Solus odoratis alarum molliter auris,  
Plaudit humum *Zephyrus* sæcundòque incubat anno.  
Non illam tristi nubes lacrymosa macràque  
Pascit aquà, tacito saturat sed rore benignus  
Æther, et succis vitalibus Astra saginant.  
Perpetuum et nullo violabile frigore regnum  
Occupat hic modicis defensa caloribus Æstas,  
Ditior Autumnus, Vere et formosior ipso;  
Hic locuples nullis conturbat Mensibus Arbor,  
Sed frondes simul et flores, fructúsque ferentem  
Omnis læta videt, videt omni *Cynthia* vultu  
Plurima nec tribuens, quædam negat invida more  
Nostrati; hic *eadem semper fert omnia tellus*.  
Hunc coluisse locum studio *Pomona* perenni  
Posthabitis magni *Alcinoi* Dea dicitur Hortis.  
Hanc sapiens mundi mediam Veterisque Novique  
Pomiferis statuens umbrosam gentibus Urbem,  
(*Arbori caput Imperii* sedémque verendam)  
Conscriptis ab utroque replevit Civibus orbe.  
Illam tergemino circumdant undique vallo  
Muricibúsque adytum prohibent *Paliurus* acutis<sup>1</sup>  
Et *Rubus* et *Rhamni* et semper florens *Pyracantha*,  
Et *Spina* Appendix,<sup>2</sup> et *Spina* potentior *Alba*,<sup>3</sup>  
Vel magicas etiam valeat quæ pellere noxas.  
At lepido directæ intús *Quincunce* plateæ,  
Totam oculis pandunt viridem gaudentibus urbem,

In medióque Deæ stat vivis fulva columnis  
Et testudineis *Ædes Topiaria* ramis,  
Cui circum paries et frondescentia tecta  
Omnigenis distincta nitent pulcherrima pomis,  
Esse putes variis *Anaglypta* extantia formis.<sup>4</sup>

Hic Dea, iam lectis fœcundi fructibus Horti,  
(Nempe alibi lectis, hic nullo tempore cessant)  
Vulnerat aversum caudâ cum *Scorpius* Annum,<sup>5</sup>  
Et gelido effœtum reddit sterilémque veneno;  
Hic sua solenni sacra Vortumnalia more  
Sacra sui vario de nomine dicta Mariti,  
Ambitione colit multâ, instaurátque quotannis:  
Illo Lautâ die (neque enim tum Prodigâ dici  
Diva opulenta potest) Hortensibus apparat ingens  
Ruricolisque Deis Epulum; Venere frequentes  
Patricio primi, summòque ex ordine cœli  
Consentúm bis sena cohors; Nec abesse *Priapus*<sup>6</sup>  
Sustinet, et prurit Lascivus in Hospite Divâ;  
Venit magna Pales, umbræque virentis amator  
*Pan Deus Arcadiæ*, stimulat *Silenus* Asellum  
Ponè sequens tardum, necnon agrestia *Fauni*  
Numina *Capripedes* læti ad convivia saltant.  
Subsequitur vulgus superúm, raròque superbum  
Thuris honore sacri; *Picumnus* stercore diti<sup>7</sup>  
Sordidus, et *Condus* frugum *Tutanus* avarus,<sup>8</sup>  
Et *Collina* tumens, et Tu *Vallonia* pinguis,<sup>9</sup>  
Et *Rurina* pedes latos perone revincta,  
Et centum *Arboræa Nymphæ* per candida colla  
Effusæ, viridésque comas, mollémque gerentes  
Depexam foliis tenuëve ex cortice vestem.  
Ipsa novos quoque misit *America* rustica multos  
Terribiles habitu, formæque et nomine Divos.

## NOTES.

1. *Omni genere Spinarum, neque enim necesse est omnes nominare. Murices, alio nomine Triboli, vel Tribuli, machinula ferrea erant aculeis extantibus infestæ, ad impediendas hostium irruptiones passim sparse.*

*Paliurus, Angl. Christ's Thorn, i.e. Christi spina, quâ illum fuisse coronatum autumant, quia sibi in Palestinâ omnium maximè communis. Rubus, præter illum qui morum fert, (Bramble) et Cynosbaton (the Eglantine) et Cynorrhodon (the Wild Rose) et Rubum Idæ (Raspberry) comprehendit. Rhamnorum etiam diversa genera apud Græcos quæ distinguere, nostrâque linguâ indigetare*

perquam difficile est. Nec certè major uspiam apud Botanicos veterum nominum ignoratio est, quàm in hâc spinosarum tribu. Ipsa *Oxyacantha* Theophrasti alia est illa Dioscoridis, utræque aliæ Galenicæ, etc. *Pyra-cantha* (quam Parkinsonus veram *Oxyacantham* arbitratur esse) arbor est fruticosa, semper virens, pulcherrimis racemis baccarum corallarum undequaque ornata, spinis munitissima, ramulis densa, et omnium sepimentorum, meâ sententiâ, optima. Angl. The Coral Tree.

2. Missis hic Botanicorum controversiis Spinam appendicem, Plinii cum Dalecampio *Berberim* nostram puto esse. De eâ sic Plin. Spina est Appendix appellata, quoniam baccæ puniceo colore in eâ Appendices vocantur, hæ crudæ per se et aridæ in vino coctæ, alvum citam ac tormina compescunt. L. 24. 13.

3. The White-thorn, Hawthorn. *Spina Alba*, Ἀλεξίκακος olim credita, et omnium Lemurum, Strigum, magcorumque medicamentorum *Averrunca*. Ovid. Fast. 6 :

Sic fatus Spinam quâ tristes pellere posset  
A foribus noxas, hæc erat Alba, dedit.

Et paulo post,

Virgâque Janalis de Spinâ sumitur albâ.

Unde ominis causâ novis Nuptis ex hâc arbore Tædas præferre veteribus solenne erat. Janalis autem dicta, quia ad avertenda illa mala Foribus prætexi solita est.

4. Opera ita exculpta, ut in iis imagines emineant, qualis ille caper stans extra pocula. Juven. Galli Relevata dicunt. Plin. In asperitatem excisa.

5. Mense Octobri Sol ingreditur Scorpium; at teste Varrone, Vortumnalia à Vortumno cujus Feriæ Octobri mense. Vertumnus dicitur quod in omnes se formas verteret, vel ab Anno vertente cujus omnes fructus percipit.

6. Varro in Principio Libri de R. R. Et quoniam Dei facientes adjuvant, prius invocabo eos, nec ut Homerus et Ennius Musas, sed duodecim Deos consentis, neque tamen eos urbanos, quorum imagines ad forum curatæ stant, sed Mares et Fæminæ totidem, sed illos duodecim Deos qui maximè agricolarum Duces sunt et Quos deinde enumerat, nempe, Jovem et Tellurem, Solem et Lunam, Cererem et Liberum, Robigum et Floram, Minervam et Venerem, Lympham ac Bonum Eventum.

7. Picumnus, stercorandorum agrorum invenit usum, unde et sterquilinus dictus est. Serv. in 6. Æneid.

8. Frumentis collectis atque reconditis ut tutò servarentur, Deam Tutilinam præposuerunt. Aug. l. 4. de Civit. Dei c. 8. Super quo loco L. Vives, Tutanus et utilina Dii qui rebus tuendis præerant. Non. Marcell. hunc Varro et periculosus et subitis rebus invocari nomen esse dicit, ut Herculem malorum depulsorem.

9. Nec agrorum munus uni alicui Deo committendum arbitrati sunt, sed Rura Deâ Rusinæ, juga montium Deo Jugatino, collibus Deam Collatinam, vallibus Valloniam præfecerunt. August. ibid. ubi Rusinæ et Collatinæ loco legendum eruditi putant Rurinam et Collinam.

Omnia quis poterit, quis si centum ora darentur,  
Gustare illius vel dicere fercula mensæ ?

Nullius fruticis, nullius et arboris illic  
Symbola defuerant; circumstant nobile Cetrum  
Accumulântque dapes variâ cum veste Ministri  
Succincti, atque habiles duodeni ex ordine Menses.

Vina dedere *Pyrus*, *Malûsque*, *Eôâque Palma*.

Et vina et Calices *Nux Indica*. Prodigia *Vitis*

Mille meri dederat species, et lætus *Iacchus*

Attollens manibus spumantia pocula sacro

Quem vicina Deæ misit *Cannaria* succo.

Euge, solum Cœleste, inquit *Canaria* macte !

O infausta cohors, absentia Numina, quæ nunc

Sobria discumbunt Cœlo, Nectârque propinant !

Persuasit reliquis non futilis autor, at unam

Hauserunt avidè *Chocolatam Flora Venûsque*,

Haud reor ignaræ Virtutum nescio quarum.

Indulgent Genio Superi, sapiântque bonisque

Rebus agunt lætos Convivas; Unus eorum

Dicitur hæc inter clamasse, O stulta nocensque

Progenies hominum, quæ sordida sanguine multo,

Tam faciles Natura cibos cum larga ministret,

Horrendas epulas mavult, Luxûmque ferarum,

Sacrificâtque sibi crudeliter, Inque Culinas

Avertit Templis Animalia debita nostris.

Hospitis hinc omnes grato celebrare tumultu

Munera divitiâsque Deæ, pars aurea Mala,

Pars *Ficus*, liquidâve tumentia *Persica carne*.

Pars dites *Oleæ* succos, pars maxima *Vitem*.

Audiit hæc, tantæque inter præconia laudis

Indignans gravitêrque ferens sua *Poma* sileri

Mirandósque homini quos gignit *America* fructus

(Fœlix terra nimis prædivésque Intus et Extrâ)

Increpat ore Deos sic *Omelochilus* iniquos,

Vespertina suum quem prædicat *India Bacchum*.

Eqquis ait, veteris celeberrima Numina Mundi

Livor habet? procul hoc vitium Nostratibus absit,

Si nostri meruere orbis fœlicia poma

(Vidi aliquos equidem non segniter illa vorantes)

*Europæorum* contingere Labra Deorum,

Et laudem merêre aliquam; sic reddere grates,

Sic suffragari non invida Lingua Palato

Debit, at vestræ venalis gratia famæ

Primitias tantùm, Decimas, Libamina, Honores

Ambitiosa suos celebrat; solâsque probatis

Quêis culti per longa fuistis sæcula, Fruges.

At non, si nostrum Fortuna affligerit orbem

Destituit Natura parens. Non si horridus armis

*Gradivus* superavit *Ochecum* vester inermem,

Non si turrigeri *Neptuni* classibus altis

*Tlallici Canoæ* nostri cessêre cavatæ,

Si cessit *Viracocha Jovi*, proh viribus impar !

Hispanûsque ferox, cæsis cultoribus omnem

Divastavit agrum, et latè sola sola reliquit.

Non, inquam, idcirco sterilesceat *America* tellus

Luxuriante sinu innumeris effundere foetus,

Gaudet inexhausta et Victore potentior orbe,

Ignotos alibi et noscendos tempore nullo

(Namque *Europa Asiæque* et pauperis *Africa* venæ



Tam generosa dabunt nunquam, mihi credite, poma)  
Mille parit fructus; Agite, ô, fiducia siqua est,  
(Quandoquidem hic omnes utriusque coegerit oræ  
Arboreas *Pomona* dapes) Locuplete Deorum  
Judicio videamus uter sit ditior Orbis;  
Ditior, ah! Pomis dico; nam cætera nostris.  
Ah nimiùm novistis Opes, Frugésque Potosi.

Assensère alacri populares murmure Divi,  
Nève recusarunt nostri; gaudere *Minerva*  
Confidens *Oleæ*; *Bacchus* ridere sonorum:  
Jam nova ab Occiduis Victoria quæritur Indis  
Craterisque ferox acuit sibi Cornua denis;  
Ergo placet dapibus tandem Mensisque remotis  
*Censum agere Arboreum*; Dea protinus evocat omnes,  
Sèque jubet medio visendas sistere *Pomos*.

Ordine quamque suo; primæ procedere jussæ  
Quas vetus orbis alit duplici de gente *Nucùmque*  
*Malorumque*, omnes generosum stemma trahentes,  
*Malorum* sed mille Domus et Nomina mille.

Ipsa *Nuces* inter numerata est *Esculus* olim,  
Omnis erat lautis pinguescens glandibus Arbor  
Pars Horti, *Pomona*, tui; sed fercula tandem  
Ligna *Dodones*, alimentaque debita *Porcis*  
Odit honesta fames; tandem fastosa decerit  
Vix Dea *Castaneas* dulces *Corylósque* recepit.  
Magnificósque alto jactantem vertice conos  
Aëriam *Pinum*, vix has, et pene gravatim,  
Sed recipit tamen, atque locum meruere receptæ.

Corylus.

Prima subit *Corylus* campo, *Nucibusque* jocosum  
Velitibus certamen init, sedet arbore amatâ  
Non umbram captans (dedit umbram cauda) *Sciurus*,  
Sed ludo indulgens et cassâ putamina spargens.  
Diva refert, senibus non expugnabile pomum  
Cernitis, abstineas *Frater Silene* monebo.  
Sed multùm innocuis puerorum lusibus aptum  
Et gratam malis non pubescentibus escam.  
At vos, ô Pueri, jam jam vernante calore  
Ocyus abjicitote *Nuces*; odère Puellæ:<sup>1</sup>  
Respuit, ac spargi jubet oblectamina poscens  
Seria, et intentus Ludis majoribus *Hymen*.  
*Bacchus* ad hoc, Pueris ô germina digna Patronis,  
Quæ *Vites* odio nostras fugiuntque fugantque!<sup>2</sup>  
Gingivis ô poma tuis dignissima quondam,  
*Simia*, ridiculè turpes agitantia rugas!  
Sobria subridens *Pallas*, Mirabimur, infert,  
Has inimicitias, *Corylos* odisse Venena  
Omnia si certum est? Iilarum plus mihi multò  
Admirandus amor, quo vel tellure sub alta  
Thesaurus malè securos scrutantur avaræ.  
En ut Sceptra tenens *Coryli* divina potentis  
Progreditur Vates, oculisque errantibus auri  
Rimatur nequicquam obscura cubilia tecti  
*Venator*; sed enim *Præde* nota aura propinque  
Afflat, ut *extremæ suspensa cacumina Virgæ*,  
(Dulcis odor Lucri facit ipso in Stipite Sensum.)  
Illa tremens, fortisque sacro Magnete metalli  
Percita, ad amplexus properè se inclinât amatos,  
Designâtque locum, et Vatem spe divite complet.  
Quid mirum, si tanta premunt miracula mentem

Humanam, densaque vagam caligine volvunt?  
Me, me ipsam certè cogunt dubitare, *Cerebro*  
Prognatum *Jovis*, et nutritum Numen *Athenis*;  
Tu causam, tu pande (potes nam solus) *Apollo*,  
*Nos* Hominum turbâ, nobis *Tu* doctior ipsis.  
Dixerat, at tanto infœlix *Ænigmate Phæbus*  
Æstuat irretitus, et errat cæcus in arcto.  
Nunc *Animam Mundi*, nunc commovet *Entelechian*,  
*Sympathidumque*, *Atomósque* vagas, *Fermentâque* turbat,  
Credas nigra suis *Oracula* fundere *Delphis*:  
Ridet anhelantem Genitor, sibi *Jupiter* uni  
Ista reservari gaudens, Hominésque Deósque  
Naturæ nodos, et inextricabile textum  
Materiæ, Mundique sul secreta latere.

Subsequitur *Corylis*, Horti licèt incola rarò  
*Castanea*, et latè sylvestrem porrigit umbram,  
Ferre Nuces quicumque favent, sed qui minùs æqui  
Glandes ferre volunt; riserunt vilia Divi  
Tergeminis munita armis, *Cataphractâque poma*.  
*Linteâ* prima illi *Lorica*, sed apta duellis,  
*Undantem arcanâ sistens virtute cruorem*;  
Proxima de ligno solido fabrefacta levique;  
Tertia non tantùm defendere nata, sed hostem  
Vulnerat, et longè telis extantibus horret.  
Vix, puto, majores movisset et ipse cachinnos,  
*Thersites* Clypeo *Ajaxis* septemplice tectus.

At sua tutatur formæ reverentia *Pinum*,  
Illa caput celsum nubes rigat inter aquosas.  
Sacraque jactatrix incisa in cortice verba  
*Virgiliâna* gerit, Pulcherrima *Pinus* in horto.  
*Pan* Deus agnoscit venientem, ultròque salutât  
Pinifero capite innutans, et tempora blandus  
Cornibus ac foliis vallata inclinât acutis.  
*Neptunus* fecisset idem si fortè fuisset<sup>9</sup>  
Præsens, nec tantos illi invidisset honores  
*Isthmiacam* ornanti sacris *Trieterida* sertis  
Victorésque coronanti, plausúsque moventi,  
Quos Pater ipse mari gaudens audiret utroque.  
Non illam immeritò colit, et sibi vindicat unam  
*Neptunus*, plantarum aliàs non magnus amator:  
Illa solo stabili et natali colle relicto  
(Quo ventosa diù jactato vertice bella  
Prælusit juvenis) Montes habitare marinos  
Gaudet, et æquoreis occurrere nuda procellis:  
O frustrâ generi Plantarum Hominúmque negatas  
Disclusásque solo et donatas Piscibus undas!  
Naturæ superant *Ars* atque *Industria* leges,  
Arboribusque Virisque sit altera Patria Pontus.  
At *Cybelæ* ante omnes stat grata in Montibus Idæ,<sup>10</sup>  
Matri *Turrigeræ* turriti verticis Arbor;  
Nunc formosa Arbor, sed formosissimus olim  
Dilectúsque Deæ Puer; infœlicia testæ  
Vulnera nunc damnat sapiens castósque furores,  
Nunc *Venerem* nucleis foveat irritátque morantem,<sup>11</sup>  
Et tibi jucundas tædas, *Hymenæe*, ministrat.

Ast Iâ, cui tædas de Spinâ præparat Albâ<sup>12</sup>  
Jam pater (Alba faces tribuit tum Spina jugales)  
Non jam desponsata Viro, proh *regia Virgo*,  
Non jam Semiviro, longam pro Conjuge *Pinum*

Casta

Pinus.

Optato amplectens, vano intabescit amore.  
 Rivalem prius at sociam nunc denique luctus,  
 Indurat teneram trunco miserata *Cybele*,  
 Et jubet esse *Nucem* : fit *Amygdalus* ; inficit ipsum  
 Perpetuus fructum, remanetque doloris Amaror.  
 At Soror (hæc miseræ comes) evanescere vultus  
 Ut videt humanos, paulatimque ora subire  
 Ligna, crescentem librum retinere laborat,  
 Sed stupet obductam simili se cortice cernens.  
 Omnia par nisi quod mæror subdulcia Poma  
 Lenior effecit, nulloque admixtus amore ;  
 Mitior his multum virtus, operosior illis.  
 Nec tantum semel hæc habitandam se dedit Arbor  
 Inque pios ramos truncumque recepit Amantes :  
 Induit hanc etiam, et vitâ meliore renata est.  
 Heu nimium pactos menses numerare severa,  
 Impatiensque viri *Phyllis Rhodophia* lenti,  
 Fronde novâ laceros crines et caudice longo  
 Extentam informi letho mutata figuram.  
*Phyllis* abit pudibunda, *Ceres* perlustrat euntem<sup>13</sup>  
 Sollicitè, foetique videns gemmascere multo  
 Spem Dea venturi locupletem præcipit anni.  
 Succedunt solidis *Pistacia* densa racemis,  
 Laudatamque ferunt victis *Serpentibus* escam.<sup>14</sup>  
 Sed venit, ecce, ingens multumque potentior arbor,  
 Quam dixere *Nucem* Mortales, Numina *Glandem*,<sup>15</sup>  
 At *Glandem Jovis*, hic nullum non nomen honestat  
 Additus ; *Ambrosiamque* Hominum si forte vocassent  
 Laudassent minus ; haud equidem reor absque Deorum  
 Consilio hæc *Capitis* nux est sortita figuram,  
 Nec *Caryan* Græci frustra dixere disertis.<sup>16</sup>  
 Illam callosas imitantem anfractibus undas  
 Innumeris, gyrisque voluminâque alba Cerebri,  
 Investit tunicâ *Meninx* bombycina molli ;  
 Atque abducta super bifidâ consuta carinâ  
 Ligna defendit solido *Calvaria* claustro :  
 Nec satis hoc, viridis tegitur post omnia pulchro  
 Orbe Pericranii, Decus est Tutamine in ipso.  
 Nève parum liquidè cognatio sacra probetur  
 Cum Capite humano, minimamve calumnia rimam  
 Inveniat, Crines parit atque alit illa, memorque<sup>17</sup>  
 Vel sua quam turpis fuerit sine frondibus Arbor,  
 Non sinit esse homines inhoneste vertice calvos.  
 Quam variæ *Juglandis* opes ? dat nobile Fabrûm  
 Usibus atque annis non expugnabile Lignum.<sup>18</sup>  
 Illustrat Pictoris opus, cæmentâque firmat,<sup>19</sup>  
 Dat Mensam, et Mensæ bellaria grata secundæ,  
 Dat Cœnis *Oleum*, Cœnanti *Lampada* fulvam,  
 Præcipuè medicum formidatamque Venenis<sup>20</sup>  
 Virus habet cunctis ; non prodigiosa caninæ  
 Vincit eam spumæ rabies, non aeris ægri  
 Circumfusa lues, cœlûmque furentiâque astra,  
 Novit, dilectamque habuit, multumque comedit  
 Ille Veneniferæ *Mithridates* maximus oræ,  
 Ille *Venenorum Rector* fortissimus olim.  
 Heu nimium ingratos homines ! sortemque malignam  
 Infestamque bonis ! Virtuti heu invida fata  
 Arboreæ ! his meritis non tantum pellitur Horto  
*Nux Jovis* Ipsius, sed toto excluditur agro :

Vix illam extremo desertus margine fundus,  
 Aut lapidosa solo recipit via publica macro.  
 Omnibus expositam damnis sævisque rapinis,  
 Hic miseram bello vexant mutilantque procaci  
 Immities pueri et vicinia rustica, et omnis  
 Turba Viatorum, nec cessat *saxeus imber*,  
 Nec malè fœcundos contundere Pertica ramos.

## NOTES.

1. Credo pueros olim non tantum Juglandibus sed et omnium generum nucibus luisse solitos, et Ocellata quibus Augustum cum pueris minutis luisse solitum laxandi animi gratiâ refert Suetonius, aliqui has nuces avellanas, alii amygdalas, Alexander ab Alex. ingeniosissime, Persicorum Ossa, propter innumera eorum foramina et quasi Ocellos interpretatur. Dalechamp. certè fallitur, qui per Ocellata intelligit genus optimum Juglandium quod Persicon et Basilicon vocat, Plin. L. 14. 22. Quod eâ (inquit) parte quæ barbata suæ cuti adhæret, cum avelluntur, oculi figura delineata conspiciatur, nec id in ullâ aliâ Nuce appareat. Sed verba Suetonii sunt, Talis, aut Ocellatis nucibusque ludebat. Quod idem esset ex hâc interpretatione acsi dixisset, Juglandibus, Juglandibusque ludebat, sed rectè dici potest Persicorum nucleis nucibusque ludebat. Non inficias ibo doctissimum Causab. cum Ocellata globulos lapideos aut eburneos putat esse (nostrates pueri appellant, Bounding-stones, et nullus adhuc frequentior ludus est puerilis) conjecturâ niti probabili, sed nec altera est improbabilis. Omne genus igitur Nuces die nuptiarum Sponsus vel spargebat, vel concubinis suis (ut innuit Catullus in Epithal. Jul. et Mall.) spargendas dabat, ut significaret se puerilibus omnibus oblectamentis renunciare, edque in posterum facere velle.

—Nucibus facimus quæcunque relictis.

(Ut ait Pers.) Hanc enim veram hujus moris esse causam arbitror, non eas quas memorat, Plin. (dicens, Quæ causa eas nuptiis fecit religiosas, tot modis fetu munito, quod est verisimilius quàm quæ calendo tripudium sonumve faciant) neque illas quas ex Varrone citat Servius, ut strepitu puerorum nuces rapientium puellæ vox virginitatem amittentis obrueretur, aut denique ut Jovis omine (cui sacræ sunt Nuces) matrimonium celebraretur.

2. Nève inter Corylos vitem sere—  
 Virg. Georg. 2. Et paulò post,

—Cornu ductus stabit sacer Hircus ad aram,  
 Pinguiaque in veribus torrebimus exta Columnis.

Quòd non solum Hircus sed et Corylus nocent vitibus.  
 Ex illo Plin. Vites odit Corylus, et ni procul absit,  
 tristis et ægra est.

3. Avellanarum nucleos Venenis resistere venenatorumque ictibus testatur, Gal. L. 7. Simplic. Medic.

4. Metallicorum experienciâ compertum est, tantam cum metallis Coryli arborem sympathiam habere, ut si illius virga per loca ubi metalla lateant, rectè deferatur,

illic flectatur in absconditi metalli indicium. Bapt. P. Faciunt ex Coryli sylvestris bifido surculo virgulam quæ metalla scrutantur. Schrodr. hanc Virgulam divinam vocant. Memini me videre quosdam, quos nunc Virtuosos vocare mos est, cum in ludo Litterario Westmonasterii puer agerem, qui hanc Virgulam per omnes Ecclesie Collegiique partes ingentium Thesaurorum reperiendorum spe, et impetratâ ab ipso Rege veniâ circumtulere, multisque in locis terram effoderunt, indicis nescio quibus decepti, sed post universi tridui laborem irritum, ab ipsis pueris irrisi discesserunt. Habet tamen adhuc magnam auctoritatem hoc genus divinationis.

5. Nuces vocamus et Castaneas, quanquam accomodatiore glandium generi, Armatum iis echinato calyce vallum, mirumque vilissima quæ tanta occultaverit cura naturæ. — apud Græcos Sardonios balanos appellant, etc. Plin. 15. 23. A Castanâ Magnesiæ, vel ut quidam volunt, Apulie propè Tarentum, oppido nomen obtinent.

6. Præter membranam rubram cortici ac carni intercedentem nihil officinis exhibent; illa Membrana sinit valenter immodicos alvi fluores, et sanguinis rejectiones in vino austero sumpta. Schrodr.

7. Fraxinus in sylvis pulcherrima, Pinus in hortis.

Virg. Ecl.

8. — Arcadio Pinus amata Deo.

Propert.

— Pan

Pinea semiferi capitis velamina quassans. Lucret.

9. Omnium Isthmorum celeberrimus Corinthiacus, triginta sex stadia latus inter Ægæum et Ionium mare. Hic Neptunus cognomento Isthmius, Templum habuit luo Pineo circumclusum, prope quem Iudi Isthmii celebrabantur, è Sisypho Corinthiorum Rege primùm in honorem Melicertæ instituti, postea diu intermissi, à Theseo restituebantur, et ab illo, Neptuno consecrabantur; Victorum Corona Pineæ præmium, vel propter communitatem vicini illius luci Pinei, eidem Neptuno dedicati, vel quòd ex pinu plerumque tunc temporis navigia fiebant, idèque existimabatur illa Arbor Maris esse Deo gratissima.

— Dat utile lignum

Navigiis Pinus.

Virg.

10. Grata Deum Matri siquidem Cybeleius Atys, Exuit hæc hominem, truncòque induruit illo.

Ovid. 10. Met.

Poma sumus Cybeles. —

Mart.

Atys formosissimus et clarissimus Cybelæ puer, cum per mare Phrygium navigaret, ad Flumen Gallum usque pervenisse memoratur, ejusque potu ad insaniam versus, testes sibi amputavisse silice, vel testâ,

Mollia qui ruptâ secuit genitalia testâ. Juven.

Sèque Cybelæ consecravisse, unde omnes post eum Deæ antistites, Castrati, Gallique appellati sunt. Multis aliis etiam modis hæc fabula refertur, quos non est operæ precium commemorare. Vide Catulli carmen de Berecynthia et Aty. Cybele autem (per quam Telurem intelligunt) et Mater Idæa, aut Berecynthia, et Mater Magna,

et Mater Deorum dicitur, turritamque coronam gestare, quòd Terra quasi coronetur urbibus.

Alma parens Idæa Deum cui Dindyma cordi

Turrigeræque urbes. —

Virg.

Turrigeramque petit Cybelem —

Claud.

— et pronas intendit ad oscula Turres. Id.

Et sæpe alibi venustissimum hæc Turres usum illi præbent.

11. Nucleorum usus præcipuus est in Phthysi (quia nutriunt bene) tussi, stranguriâ atque acrimoniâ urinæ mitigandâ, segnem excitant Venerem, ulcera renum mundificant. Schrodr.

Tadæ Nuptiales ex Spinâ albâ primùm, deinde ex Pinu factitatæ sunt. Res notissima, supersedeo exemplis.

12. Iâ, Midæ Regis filia desponsata Aty, sponso suo in arborem converso, ipsa se interfecit, miserata Cybele corpus in Amygdalum amarum transformavit, refert hæc Arnobius, cætera de Sorore ejus mihi subtexere placuit, et quidni liceat? Comitatur et alia Fabula hanc arborem, Phyllida Demophoontis, viro ultra promissum tempus absente, correptam amoris impatientiâ laqueo vitam finivisse, et in Amygdalum conversam fuisse, sed sine foliis, Demophoonta reversum truncum ejus amplexum esse, illam autem sensisse adventum viri, et gaudio folia emisisse; ab ejus nomine tum demum φάλλα dicta, cum antè πετάλα dicerentur.

13. Contemplator item cum se Nux plurima sylvis

Induet in florem et ramos curvabit olentes,

Si superant fetus pariter frumenta sequentur,

Magnaque cum magno veniet tritura calore.

Virg. Georg. 1.

Nucem, Amygdalum hoc in loco omnes interpretantur.

14. In Nucum genere Pistacia nota, prodesse adversus serpentium traduntur morsus et potu et cibo. Plin. L.

13. 5. Nux Persiæ, Syriæ, Ægypto familiarissima, sed et in Græciâ quoque atque Italiâ crescens, hic etiam vivere non recusat, sed neque fructum fert neque Florem.

15. Homericò more loquendi, qui alia rebus apud homines, alia apud Deos nomina assignat. Itaque Nux simpliciter, tanquam Nucum maxima (est enim, ut ait Plin. pineis minor universitate, sed proportione amplior nucleo) ab hominibus appelletur, à Diis (si Diis placet) Juglans, hoc est, διὸς Βάλανος, Jovis Glans.

16. A capitis similitudine nomen potiùs deduco quàm à Capitis gravedine (ut Plin.) propter odoris gravitatem, mihi quidem (ut pro meipso dicam) gratissimus odor est foliorum, itaque Macrob. dicit eam aliquos Juglandem dictam arbitrari, quasi Juvantem Glandem; absit igitur ut nomen Nucis vel à Nocendo vel à Nocte (quod putamina atro colore inficiat) derivemus.

17. Putamen combustum tritumque in oleo aut vino, infantium capite peruncto, nutrit capillum, et ad alopecias eo sic utuntur. Plin. 23. 8.

18. Id. Plin. Cariem vetustatèque tardissimè sentit Juglans.

19. Nempe oleo è nucleis expresso.

20. In Sanctuariis Mithridatis maximi Regis devicti Cn, Pompeius invenit in peculiari commentario ipsius

*manu compositionem—Antidoti è duabus nucibus siccis, item ficis totidem, et rutæ foliis viginti simul tritis, addito salis grano, et qui hoc jejunus sumat nullum venenum nociturum illo die, Contra rabiosi quoque canis morsus nuclei à jejuno homine commanducati illiique præsentis remedio esse dicuntur.* Plin. l. 23. 8.

Et jam tota *Nucum* processerat agmine firmo  
Turba, *genus durum*, genus insuperabile bello  
Dentibus infirmis, superùm sed in ore libenter  
(Nec mora) contactæ summis patuère labellis.  
Has inter, pictásque cutim, succóque tumentes,  
Mollésque imbelli Malorum corpore gentes,  
Pomo loco subeunt corio defensa rigenti,  
Et cognata *Nucum* populo Dux *Punica Malus*.<sup>1</sup>  
Non alio *Pomona* magis vel *Flora* superbit  
Germine, nec dubitat *Cytini* Rosa verna color<sup>2</sup>  
Cedere, nec vernans Aurora, nec igne *Pyropus*  
Purpureo fulgens, nec coccina gloria Regum,  
Nec pudor in pulchro dilectæ Virginis ore.  
*Junoni* magnæ fructus sacer; Aurea Templi<sup>3</sup>  
Stat medio Heræi, *Polycleti* nobile Numen,  
Hâc Sceptrum, formosa suæ *Carthaginis* illâ  
Poma tenens dextrâ (*Dextra est manus utraque Divis*)  
Non equidem indignum pomi tam fertilis orbem  
Innumeris Uterisque cavum, innumerisque tumentem  
Seminibus *Lucina* fovet; verùm *infera Juno*<sup>4</sup>  
Libatum reditus memor abscondisse supernos<sup>5</sup>  
Odit, et intranti torvos lacrymisque madentes  
Heu nondum placata *Ceres*, avertit ocellos.  
Omnia nimirum constringit *Punica*, sistit  
Omnia, et *Elysiis*, ubi non datur exitus, *arvis* :  
Aptior haud ulla est *Arbos*; manet ipsa retenta  
Et religata tribus sumptis *Proserpina* granis.<sup>6</sup>  
At subito lux flava oculos perstringere Divùm  
Mirantùm, et blandi discurrere fulguris aura;  
Ditavère locum ingressæ splendentibus umbris,  
*Hesperidum Citrus*, *Malúsque Nerantia* quondam<sup>7</sup>  
Gloria; perpetuis vestitæ frondibus ambæ,  
Perpetuo Flore ornatæ, foëtúque tumentes  
Perpetuo; germanæ ambæ, sed palluit illas,  
Hæc auro rubuit saturo; nec *cælisfer Atlas*<sup>8</sup>  
Dedignatus erat. qui sydera vertice gestat,  
Has stellas plantasse, pedùm ornamenta suorum,  
Exiguas, magnæque imitamina parva Coronæ.  
Dicitur has muris clausisse et montibus altis,  
Multa cavens, nec contentus *Custode Priapo*,  
Arboreóque Deo, *vigilem* apposuisse *Draconem*.  
Perspicite hæc aliis quantum Pomaria præstent,  
Mendicos metuère vagos puerósque procaces  
Illa, sed *Alciden* magnum fecisse Latronem  
Hæc meruere; venit Jove natus ab orbe remoto  
Bellator, tantæque viæ tantisque pericli  
Poma relaturus mercedem *Citria* dignam :  
Nec tamen hic verum prædæ cognoverat usum  
Infelix precidúmque suæ, *Martisque* peritus  
Nescierat vires Plantarum, et *Apollinis* artes.  
Si pomi aurati, monstrosa venena domantis,

Malus Punica.

Malus Citria, et  
Aurantia.

Virtutem Herculeam nosset, succósque potentes,<sup>9</sup>  
Non illum Irato *Centauri* sanguine mistum,  
Mutliplicis virus totum extinxisset *Echidnæ*,  
Nec trepidam implesset furiosis vocibus *Oetam*.  
Se tandèm toties victâ, nec iam ampliùs ullo  
Ore renascenti, victum indignatus ab Hydrâ.

Inde Tribus numerosa *Monostea* nomine dicta,  
Intrat, et has ducit *Cerasus*, quæ sedula grates<sup>10</sup>  
Et festina referre, salutat prima Colonom,  
Fructiferùmque aperit baccis rutilantibus Annum.  
*Matus* egens dapibus, sed lauto dives amictu,  
Miratur, Florémque putat tam præcoque pomum.  
Non ea foecundos maturo sole calores<sup>11</sup>  
Æstatisque dies opperta moratur adultos :  
Frigus amat modicum, cultúque tenellula nullo  
Arva ambusta pati, aut tellurem cogitur assam;  
Invitat frustrâ *Ægyptus*, *Nilúsque* benignus,<sup>12</sup>  
*Nilus* abundanti saturat qui flumine plantas,  
Nec madidam tanti mensúm putat esse duorum  
Luxuriam, ut sitiât reliquo et misera æstuet anno.  
*Italiam* vix læta videt *Romámque* beatam,  
Sed sibi adhuc peregrina et adhuc *Captiva* videtur.  
Scilicet hanc bello captam, *Cerasunte* subactâ,<sup>13</sup>  
(Hoc habuit clarum charissima patria nomen)  
Cum reliquis Ponti gazis et divite prædâ  
Transtulit *Italicos* victor *Lucullus* in agros;  
Et pars ipsa fuit non contemnenda Triumphî.  
Dicite *Iö Pæan* ventoso murmure Lætæ  
*Italides* Pomi, ter *Iö*, ter dicite *Pæan* :  
Ipsa Triumphantis *Laurus* gestire videtur  
Captivam *Cerasum* ducens, *Lauróque* superbæ  
Plaudere *Romani* Respublica nobilis *Horti*.  
Nec tu capta dole, sed ovans comitare Triumphum,  
Tu modò, tu *Latiæ* Civis (quid inepta recusas?)  
*Urbis* eris, Dominásque inter numerabere Pomos.

Ejusdem venère Tribus gens maxima *Pruni*,  
In multas ramosa domus, varióque colore  
Distinctas; quarum *Princeps* ab origine mundi<sup>14</sup>  
Dicitur ipsius diti regnasse *Damasco*.  
Illa quidem *Hesperium* serò migravit in orbem  
Post domitas *Orientis* opes hortóque beatos,  
Jam facilis victu, jam nullo non Jove læ ta,  
Audet *Hyperboreis* radicem figere campis;  
*Omne solum* plantæ nimirum est *Patria forti*.

His affine genus, *Malum* cognomine *Præcox*<sup>15</sup>  
*Armeniúmque* aderat, sed stirpis major in istis  
Nobilitas apparet, odos generosior exit.  
Ambrosiúsque sapor perfundens ora Liquescit.  
Et rubet asperso leviter color aureus Ostro.

Sed pœnè *Assyrias* spernit, nec *Persica* malis<sup>16</sup>  
Invidet *Armeniis*; lanugo serica fructum  
Molliter investit, caro turgida nectare multo  
Estur potatúrque simul: Properate, fugaci  
Maturæque dapi quid parcitis? illa reponi<sup>17</sup>  
Se vetat; haud unquam convivia crastina amarunt  
Vel *Florum Rosa*, vel *Pomorum Persica Princeps*.

Sunt etiam quibus ipsa suum pulcheríssima nomen  
Dat *Rosa*, conceditque volens *Rhodocina* vocari;<sup>18</sup>  
Non alienus odor, rosefque in corpore tractus.

Cerasus.

Prunus.

Armenia.  
Præcocia.

Persica.

Duracina.

Illis summus honos, solidam mandentibus escam  
Dura ferunt, solidisque fideliter ossibus hærent.  
Hæc ori tenuis indulget stomachoque calenti  
*Persica*, deliciis contenta impendere fructum,<sup>19</sup>  
Ossa sed, et Crines, Flores, Lacrymæque vel ipsas,<sup>20</sup>  
Tristitiam Luxumque suum pia dedicat omnem  
Utilitati hominum summæ, morbisque fugandis ;  
Paucæ *Voluptati* tribuens, sed multa *Saluti*.

**Cornus.** Non ita quæ sequitur *Cornus*, malè consulit illa  
Humano infœlix generi, *Martisque* satelles<sup>21</sup>  
Impia, crudeli dat dura hastilia ligno,  
Jure colens sylvas, indignaque mitibus hortis,  
Et Lapidosa ferens poma austerumque saporem.

**Ziziphus.** It comes huic sylvæ vetus incola *Ziziphus* Afræ,  
Mitior at baccis ; multâ licet aspera spinâ<sup>22</sup>  
Pacis amans gaudet Florem præbere Corollis,  
Materiem *Cythis* præbere epularibus aptam.

**Lotus.** Misit et huc (patriam posses agnoscere fuscam)  
Corpore nigrantem sitientemque *Africa* *Loton*,<sup>23</sup>  
Ecce omnis Superum (quis honor mirabilis iste  
Arboris?) assurgit chorus, intrantemque salutat.<sup>24</sup>  
Solus at immoto dejecit lumina vultu  
Conscius, et quamvis perfrictâ fronte, *Priapus*,  
Quamvis antè fuit ruber ore, rubescere visus.  
Agnovère Dei nimirum et in *Arbore* *Loto*  
(Omnia Dii norunt, namque hæc immane figurâ  
Distant) agnovère in *Loto* *Lotida* *Nympham*.  
Nil hominum generi suspectum tale fuisset,  
Agnovère tamen ; fugiens hæc scilicet olim  
*Hellespontiaci* vim Numinis, inscia tantæ  
Nequitie, et magno nebulonis territa telo,  
Dicitur hoc tandem vultus clausisse pudicos  
Cortice, nec rigidi *Cuneum* admisisse *Priapi*.  
Non jam *Nympha* manet, mutatâ nec tamen illa  
Conditione dolet ; *Nymphis* longævior *Arbos*<sup>25</sup>  
Nunc vivit, Puerumque vocantes *Nestora* *Quercus*  
Ipsa vocat *Pusas* ; eadem sub Rege *Quirino*  
Fundamenta Urbis, tandemque Incendia *Romæ*  
Se jactat vidisse *Nerone* sub Antiquirino,  
Non erat illa quidem tanto longum igne superstes,  
Sed simul et flammis et magno saucia luctu  
Ante diem infœlix nec fato occumbere questa est ;  
Nongentos (eheu !) nondum compleverat annos !  
Nunc quoque Defunctæ corpus superesse putandum  
est ;<sup>26</sup>

Hinc nullo tacitura ævo sibi Musica fingit<sup>27</sup>  
*Organa* *Tibicen*, multoque sonantior ore  
More Poëtarum auditur post funera *Lotos*.  
Vel post mille annos florescit laude recenti  
Jugiter, et vivit magis, æternumque virescit.  
Tali (nam magica est certè dulcedo sonorum)  
Tali dum fuit in vivis dulcedine fructus<sup>28</sup>  
Delenisse homines fertur, Sirenibus olim  
Dulciloquis *Lotos*, *Circæque* potentior ipsâ.

**Palma.** Ecce triumphalis venit arbor ; *Nympha* recede ;  
Inclyta *Palma* venit ; contempto pondere victrix<sup>29</sup>  
Emicat, *Exemplum* *Virtuti* ac *Premia* donans.  
Illa quidem *Solymis* olim Lætissima in agris  
Vixit, *Nunniadæ* magni, magnique triumphos

*Jessiadæ* comitata sacros ; Nunc (si benè novi  
Arboris ingentes animos fastumque decorum)  
Damnati servire soli dolet Incola dici.  
*Herculeam* dat *Pisa* *Oleam*, dant *Laurea* *Delphi*,<sup>30</sup>  
Atque *Apium* *Nemea*, atque *Isthmos* *Neptunia* *Pinum*,  
Sed simul et *Palmam* tribuant Victoribus omnes,  
Omnis in hunc *Palmæ* consentit Mundus honorem,  
Et meritò, neque enim est *veræ virtutis Imago*  
Verior in terris ; sic inviolata decorem  
Armata semper folii sempèrque virentis,  
Servat, non æstum metuens non frigora Virtus.  
Sic oneri fatoque renititur illa prementi,  
Fortior assurgens, sic et procerâ relinquit  
Terras, et cælo pulchrum caput inferit alto :  
Sic generi humano varios se expendit in usus<sup>31</sup>  
Multiplèxque bonum est, generoso pectora vino  
Lætificat, Panem et Bellaria blanda ministrat,  
Et prodesse potens et delectare perita.  
Sic amat et Virtus ; verè atque decenter Amare,<sup>32</sup>  
Non minimum est Virtutis opus, *Palmamque* meretur.  
Non magis *Arsura* *Evadne* Capanæa crematum<sup>33</sup>  
Nec magis *Admetum* dilexit prodiga casti<sup>34</sup>  
Sanguinis *Alceste*, quam fœmina *Palma* *maritum*  
Deperit ; inclinat blandos ad basia ramos,  
Secretosque petit (mos illè vetustus Amantum)  
Complexus, mistisque avidè radicibus hæret.

*Cedunt* *Arma* *Togæ*, victrix concedat *Olivæ*  
*Palma* piæ ; bello pacem præstare fatetur  
Paciferam gestans *Oleam* Dea bellica *Pallas* :  
Hæc Dea magnificum memoratur adepta triumphum  
Et Numen Nomènque suum doctissima doctæ  
Imposuisse Urbi, superum quæ gloria summa est,  
Nam toto laxè regnantes æthere (tanta  
Ambitio est) hominum regno de paupere certant,  
Hic sonitum agnoscens, magni signumque Tridentis  
Bellator se fundit Equus de Carcere terræ,  
Ille novas efflare levatis naribus auras,  
Et quassare jubis undantia colla decoris,  
Hinnitusque sui sonitum exaudire superbit,  
Insultatque pedes glomerans natalibus arvis,  
Ignotas rerum facies mirasque figuras  
Et circumstantum intrepidus videt ora Deorum.  
At juxtâ leviter tellus, percussa potenti  
Cuspide *Palladiâ*, rimas agit, emicat altè  
Attollitque caput glaucum veneranda comarum  
Canitie et pomis ditescens pinguibus Arbor.  
Admirata novam plausurunt Numina plantam,  
Et benedixerunt, ac tanti muneris autor  
Præfertur *Neptune* tibi ; fremuere sonorum  
Victus *Equus* victusque *Deus*, sed vimque minasque  
Et strepitum, *Ingenii* vicit Dea, *Pacis* et Arbor.<sup>35</sup>

Salve, *Sancta Arbor*, cujus Lex suscipit ipsa  
Tanquam hominis curam, et noxâ defendit ab omni<sup>36</sup>  
Cui furor ipsius (tanta est reverentia) belli  
Parcit, et eversis permittit crescere Templis :  
Non te impune ausus sævâ violare securi  
Impius iratâ nimium pietate repulsæ  
Ultor *Halirrhotius* patriæ, *Neptunia* proles ;  
Ille sui infœlix cecidit vertigine teli,

Arbore securâ, relevato quam petit ictu.  
Spectavere Dei casum, errorêmq; cruentum  
Sacriligæ risere manus; *Jacet hostis Olive.*  
Sic pereant, opto, qui pacis amabile germen  
Contemerare volunt, sed et hæc tam sacra *Quieti*  
Planta, jubet *Bello* semper nos esse paratos,  
Et sperare vices rerum motûsque futuros:  
Enses illa quidem gaudet spectare repostos,  
Sed positos sapiens rubigine vindicat Enses.  
Illa etiam nudas juvenum celebrare palæstras,  
Lene rudimentum pugnae; perfundit opimo  
Corpora luctantûm succo, foliisque coronat  
Tempora vincentûm. Nec *pacem* diligit illa  
Mollitie morum luxûve inducta metûve,  
Ex utero terræ non exit *fortior infans*:<sup>39</sup>  
Nil cultoris eget, nec fimum alimentâque poscit,  
Sed gratis fœcunda solo pinguescere macro  
Dignatur, cœlos habeat solésque benignos,  
Et crescet quocunque loco; Truncum insere terræ  
(Nec labor) abscissum, radices protinus ille  
Non ignavus agit, séque Arbos ipsa creabit.  
Illa quidem lentè et pedetentim *surgit in auras*,<sup>40</sup>  
Sed validâ et multûm fœcundâ ætate virili,  
Sed semper viridè et longûm durante senectâ,  
Crescentis tardè compensat damna Juventæ.  
Ah benè constituit *Naturæ provida Cura*,<sup>41</sup>  
Utilis ut mundo foret et vitalis *Olivi*  
Proventus facilis vulgôque parabilis usus.  
Ille liquor fœlix assumptus et intus et extrâ,  
Dat formam et robur membris habilémque vigorem,  
Levigat ille vias, rivo polit aspera pingui,<sup>42</sup>  
Vulnera pacifico componit hiantia succo:  
Ille dapem agrestum miseratus condit egenam,  
Et præstare epulis Regum facit additus *Herbam*;  
Sistit Pictorum fugitivos ille colores,  
Et brevibus Tabulis statuarum tempora donat;  
Ille suæ studiis accommodat apta *Minervæ*  
Lumina nocturnis; et vitam ac secula sperent,  
Non nisi *Palladium* redolentes Lampada Chartæ,  
O utinam nostræ!  
Jure igitur cunctos meritôque supernatat ille,  
Conjugia (ut par est) ignobiliora recusans,  
Perfectus, plenûsque sui, castissimus Humor.  
Jure sacerdotes casto, Regésque potenti,  
Et docto Vates sacrans perfudit *Olivo*  
Optima sacrorum quondam *Judæa* magistra.  
Talis erat, tales quassavit vertice fructus  
Discedens *Olea*, ac ramum decerpit eunti  
Læta triumphalem, et cinxit sua tempora *Pallas*.  
Successere aliæ gentes; *Polyostea* primûm,  
*Mespilus*, et fructum putrem ambitiosa coronat.<sup>43</sup>  
Pulchra venit Divæ *Myrtus* gratissima pulchræ;<sup>44</sup>  
Adventantem imber dulcis prænunciat auræ,  
Et blando superûm nares titillat odore.  
Ornet sanguineos *Laurus Phœbæa* triumphos,  
*Myrtus* amat faciles paucique cruoris honores,  
Contenta est molles comitari *Myrtus* Ovantes.  
Quisquis amat, *Paphiâ* cingat sua tempora *Myrto*,  
Cingat, Io, fidenter, Ovantisque occupet Omen.

VOL. II.

*Gentis Hyperphlææ* post hanc *Malusque Pyrusque*<sup>45</sup> *Malus*  
Illustres venere Domus, numerôque potentes.  
Non illas aspernatur vel *Citria* Regum  
Mensa superborum, non aspernantur et illæ  
Vel tripedes inopum mensas, et terrea vasa:  
Subsidium vitæ, luxûsque paratus egenæ,  
Et non ullius desertrix copia Mensis.  
Hinc sibi vina parant gentes quas igne remotus  
Languidiore fovet non vitibus æquus *Apollo*.  
Principis illa quidem munûsque vicêmque liquoris  
Non indigna ferunt; sic curas illa metûsque  
Pauperiémque domant, sic lætitiûsque jocisque  
Spéque novâ, et liquido perfundunt lumine Venas,  
Et pulchrum accendunt *Veneris Martisque* furorem.  
Hoc contenta mero lætûm *Normannia* degit,  
Vicinasque tuens *Gallorum* haud invidet uvas.  
Agmine discedunt longo *Malique Pyrique*  
Omnigenæ, Sylvam credas migrare vetustam,  
Tantus erat populus: *Pomona* abeuntibus illis  
Annuit arridens; sed linguam sannio *Bacchus*  
Exerit, *auriculas* digitis imitatus *Aselli*.  
Se negat his comitem miscere *Cydonia Malus*,<sup>46</sup> *Malus Cydonia*.  
Sola venit; magnos populari indulsit honores  
*Jupiter ipse* suæ; grato perfudit odore,  
Depinxitque auro et molli lanugine textit.  
Hæc bene cocta *Jovi* dantes conditâque melle  
Vagitum infantis pacantia poma protervi,  
*Cretenses* memorant *Nymphas Melimela* vocasse;  
Nunc etiam *Melimelorum* (si credere fas est)  
Non pudet *Ambrosiâ saturum* meminisse *Tonantem*.  
Enumerare omnes longum est; tota agmina claudunt  
Multa *Gigartophoræ* celeberrima nomina *gentis*<sup>47</sup>  
Nobilitate potentis, et Horto ditis et Agro.  
*Berberin* et *Crispam* spinis horrentibus *Uvam*,<sup>48</sup>  
Et *Ribem* exiguis *Vitem* simulare racemis  
Gaudentem, *Idæisque Rubos*, *Hybernâque Fraga*,<sup>49</sup>  
Plebeiâsque domus alias mihi omittere fas sit.  
Non itâ fas *Morum*, et *Ficum*, diviniâque *Vitis*  
Germina, Militiæ veteris fortissima *Poma*;  
Et nunc spes tanti certaminis ultima restant.  
Se cautè sapiens infert ac provida *Morus*,<sup>50</sup> *Morus*.  
Explorat cœlos, et vertice suspicit alto  
Quod teneat Signum *Phæbus* celeste, fidèque  
Præteritne bonâ, nec possit Bruma reverti,  
Non fructum aut frondes dubio expositura calori.  
Ergo diù succum tenet in statione paratum  
Atque exire vetat, nisi *Tessera* detur *Adulti*  
Moribus incertis Anni non credula Verni.  
Sed reparat tandè geminata industria tardæ  
Damna moræ; signôque dato, ruit omnibus acer  
Nodorum portis, frangitque repagula Succus.  
Dat strepitum erumpens, magno turbante tumultu,  
Gemmarum studio properantûm densa caterva:  
Nec duo prætereunt menses, et purpura *Morum*  
Nobilis infecit dibaphum, non sanguine vili  
Purpura *Concharum*, sed *Amantum* tincta *duorum*,<sup>51</sup>  
Est precium et foliis tamen ipsis majus, et usus  
Nobilior Fructu; benè contemplare colorem,  
Materiam et formam folii, *vulgaria* dices

*Mespilus.*  
*Myrtus.*

2 D

Omnia, sed nec tu *Formæ* nec crede *Colori* ;  
 Ornamenta vides regalis maxima luxûs,  
 Vestimenta vides turbæ mollissima mollis,  
 His foliis induta ferocit fœmina dives.  
 Nativôque minûs fudit vel pulchra decori,  
 Has robusta terunt umbellas membra virorum,  
 Lascivltque hominum ridenda superbia gestans  
 Vermiculo (miserum !) contextas paupere frondes.  
 Talis erat *Morus* ; sed quis miracula *Fici*  
 Dicere, vel genera ipsius vel nomina possit ?  
 Innumerâsque potestates variôsque triumphos ?  
 Salve magna *Ceres*, tantæ sacra Arboris autor !<sup>52</sup>  
 Tu *Frugum Legûmque* datrix, te vindice, Vita  
 Exuit et Victum et Mores humana ferinos.  
 Et *Pacem Panémque* habuit ; Quid quærimus ultrâ ?  
 Hoc satiari famem didicit Natura modestam.  
 Plus tamen indulges, et gratificata palato,  
 Mellea lactantis tribuisti fercula pomi.  
 Pauperibus faciles epulas, nec suavius illis  
 Mensa tamen quicquam damnosa voravit *Apici*.  
 Hâc *Phytalum* donasse *Ceres* primùm arbore fertur  
 Hospita grata pium, et Frumentis poma scatere<sup>53</sup>  
 Innumeris jussit, testata in munere Numen.  
 Nec tamen huic plantæ frugalis Diva decorem  
 Ullius adjunxit Floris, risûmve severa  
 Permisit vernum : Lasciva hæc gaudia, dixit,  
 Gloriolæque habeant vexilla fugacia vanæ ;  
 Germina pulvillis Horti recubantia pictis,  
 Quæ se prostituunt oculis meretricia cunctis,  
 Nec metuere manus hominum narêsque salaces.  
 Nil opus his *Nugis* ; fructu satis Arbor honesta est  
 Ista suo, cultûque viget Matrôna modesto ;  
 Fertilitatem amat ; et solido de stipite pomum  
 Trudit agens studio sobolis festina creandæ  
*Grossorum* miseros, heu, passa frequenter abortus ;<sup>54</sup>  
 Lacte tumet, munus gestit Nutricis obire.  
 Quis tibi, *Fice*, neget gratæ præconia vocis,<sup>55</sup>  
 Quàm labefactatam recreas, totûmque recludis  
 Prætereuntis iter ? scabrosa atque aspera lævas,  
 Obstructâsque vias aperis spirabilis auræ,  
*Pulmonûmque* replet ventis vitalibus *Utres*,  
 Nec Vocem emendas frustrâ, reserata sed Auris  
 Per te porta patet ; venientemque accipit intrò.  
 Ulcera tu purgas sentinâ sordida putri,  
 Emollis que feros, fomentum mite, tumores.  
*Gangranam* et *Lepram*, Serpentum maxima Monstra,  
 Et *Lichena* domas, et luctificum *Cacoëthes*,<sup>56</sup>  
*Pandæque*, *Strumâsque*, gravêsque *Parotidas*, et quæ  
 Deformant nitidum *Myrmecia* corporis æquor.  
 Te *Podagræ* fugiunt, tibi aquosus detumet *Hydrops*,  
 Singula quid referam ? tu cunctis magna Venenis  
 Bellatrix (comites *Rutam* modò nacta Nucémque)  
 Non metuis terræ concurrere cominûs *Afræ*,  
 Non metuis toto grassantes aëre morbos  
 Sistere, et Astrorum cæcis te opponere telis.  
 Unde ea vis animæ viridis ? quæ tanta potestas ?  
 Non ipsum metuât *Ficus* brevius Vitam.<sup>57</sup>  
 Fulguris illa vias horrendâ luce coruscas,  
 Ejectâsque *Jovi* sacras in turbine Sylvas,

Succussos Montes, nutantia Tempa Deorum  
 Aspicit, attonitque sonora pericula Mundi,  
 Intrepida, et nullâ motis formidine ramis.  
 Euhœ *Bacche* ! venit tandèm dulcissima *Vitis* !  
 Euhœ *Bacche* venit ! venit *Ebria*, Euhœ *Bacche* !  
 Stare nequit, sustentat eam robustior, Ecce,  
 Labentemque tenet Conjux ! Euge *Ebria Vitis* !  
 Ut te amo, complectôrque libens, carissima planta !  
 Da mihi te plenam succi, uberibusque tumentem  
 Nectareis ; da te facilem ; non oscula tantùm  
 Sumere, nec *suprema* sat est mihi tingere *labra*,  
 Interiùs, *totòque* frui te corpore fas sit,  
 Et penetrem fœlix fundum *Urinator* ad imum,  
 Et me mellifluis madida obruat amne voluptas.  
 Quis Deus, ô quis me pronepotem nobilis *Orphei*  
 (Degenerem quamvis inopémque, heu, laudis avitæ,  
 Sed redimitum Hederâ tamen, et non vana furentem)  
 Collibus *Ismariis* sistat ? quis per juga raptet<sup>58</sup>  
 Me *Campana* vagum, fœlix ubi *Vinea* fulget<sup>59</sup>  
 Sole suprâ, Flammisque infrâ bis cocta *Vesevi* ?  
 Aut ubi cœlesti *Canaria* celsa superbit,  
 Aut ubi *Belnensi Burgundia* purpurat *uvâ* ?<sup>60</sup>  
 His decet, ô, temerè Vatem recubare sub umbris,  
 His saltare jugis atque insanire decorum,  
 Turgentem Venâsque Deo, Mentémque Animûmque  
 Qui celebret dignè *Vitem*, Numénque quod ore  
 Ebibit attonitus, divinâ voce refundat.  
 O *Arbor* meritò dulci de nomine Vitæ  
 Nomen habens ! ô qui te ornant, pulcherrima, fructus ?  
 Multus Amor, multum Ingenium, Facundia multa,  
 Multa etiam Virtus animi, et Mavortius Ardor,  
 Lætitiæque, Jocque, et Spes, et Gaudia mille :  
 His *Arbor* fœcunda tumes, cunctôsque beatæ  
 Purpureos Vitæ portas albôsque Racemos,  
 Omnia Fortunæ scelerata Venena malignæ  
 (Non tot alit, tellus infamis, Toxica *Pontus*,  
 Serpentum tantâ non sibilat *Africa* turbâ)  
 Diffugiunt perstricta tui cœlestibus armis  
 Antidoti ; redeunt fateor, vicibusque recurrant,  
 Te tamen absentem, et tempus captantia siccum :  
 Te relevante hominem non sentit tristia ferri  
 Pondera *Captivus*, non Paupertatis *Egenus* ;  
 Te comitante *Exul* nemo est, Te nemo repulsam  
 Suffragante tulit ; Populo nolente creatur  
*Consul*, habétque suos quales *Caninius* olim<sup>61</sup>  
 Horarum Fastos ; Tu Principis instar amati,<sup>62</sup>  
*Delicias* olim *Mundi* quem *Roma* vocavit,  
 Nullum hominem, Jucunda, soles dimittere *Tristem*.  
 Quid præstare potest maius Sapiencia summa,  
 Discipulôsque suos cum Divis Porticus æquans,  
 Quàm tenebras, nimbos, et nubila pellere mentis,  
 Atque aperire diem vultûque animôque serenum ?  
*Ebrius* et *Sapiens* Rex est, atque *Omnia* Solus ;  
 O magnus *Cato* qui Regnum possedit utrumque !  
 Si brevia hæc quisquam et fallacia gaudia dicet  
 Confiteor ; sed et ô Hominum quæ talia non sunt  
 Gaudia ? quid brevius Vitâ aut fallacius ipsâ ?  
 Utere dum licet, ô, Vinique liquore beato  
 Vita levis subvecta secundo defluat amne.

*Vitis* ablt ; veteris plausurunt Numina Mundi  
Omnia, purpureosque manu carpsere racemos.  
E quibus insignem Ludi non parcus *Iacchus*  
Compactum innumeris acinorum ex utribus unum,  
Porrigit *Omelochile* tibi ; Quin ebibe, sodes,  
Si sapis hunc succum, dixit, non aptior alter  
*Cannibalum* stomachos crudos tergere Deorum.

Ille parum Græco *Bacchi* assuefactus *Aceto*  
Absurdum fremit iratus, pugnòque dedisset  
Barbarus intento responsum, credo, jocanti,  
Ni vires nimium notas, animosque timeret  
*Numinis Europæi* ; ergò in discrimina Pomos  
Sæva minus prodire suas jubet ; ordine pulchro  
Stant omnes, varios jactantes vertice fructus,  
Atque ineunt pictis certamen *Amazones* armis.  
Sed prima in campo pomis inhonora sine ullis  
*Coca* stetit, tenui nitens arbuscula ligno,  
Subridensque *Venus* ; Næ gentis *America* pubes  
Horticolæ, ad bellum de fertilitatis honore  
Elegere parum foeliciter, inquit, euntes  
Eunuchum Nanumque Ducem, Effudere cachinnos  
Nostrates Superi, at Mater *Pachamama* procacem  
Increpuit Divam, et *Cocam* defendit amatam.  
O quantum, *Cythera*, erras ? tibi nempe salaci  
Fertilitas obscœna animantum cognita sola est,  
Hic mala tu Judex ; mea regna carentia sexu  
Sunt peregrina tibi ; cunctarum quotquot ubique  
Terra parit fecunda, hæc fecundissima vivit  
Semper, et innumeris turgescit fructibus *Arbor*.  
Quid ridetis adhuc ? quàm sit frondosa videte,  
Quot *Frondes* tot *Poma* gerit ; nec frondibus istis  
Utilitate ulli dubitabant cedere Fructus.  
Illæ *Pacchamaci Viracochæ* munere miro  
(Quem juga commovit subitura immitia quondam  
Et nimis opibus pauperrima terra futura)  
Ore parum mansæ, succoque in pectora misso.  
Continuò, Longæque famis, longique laboris  
Languores abigunt ægros, membrisque vigorem  
Restituunt, Animumque levant sub fasce labantem  
Corporis infirmi, quo Vos, ò *Bacche Ceresque*,  
Numina bina, modo. Tres ista viatica portans  
Bis ternos aliquando dies durabit abundè  
Pastus, et horribiles curret *Quittoita* per *Andes*.  
*Horribiles Andes*, positam inter nubila summa  
Ventorum patriam, Pluvieque, Hyemisque, tuamque  
Fortis *Coca* simul, quam bellica Diva pusillam  
Deridet *Cythera* Ducem ; nec te, inclyta *Coca*,  
Sustentas ipsam minus admiranda profectò  
Quàm servas Homines ; hic te Mercator adire,  
Hinc petere haud metuit ; vel centum mille quotannis  
*Vicugnos* foliis onerat, *Pacòsque* gementes,  
Non ingrata ferens misero commercia Mundo.

Sic ait, innumeris Mater *Pachamama* figuris  
Picta cutim, nutuque *Hoviam* procedere jussit,  
Portantem lapidosa *Hoviam* contemptaque pruna,  
Sed parili, quamvis aliter, virtute potentem ;  
Conciliare leves arcanis viribus umbræ  
Et dulces condire novâ ducedine somnos  
Creditur ; ut tantum hac dormire sub arbore possit,

Ire viam gaudet longam miser incola terræ  
Divitis, incumbitque operi, et se sponte fatigat,  
Ut tantâ recreetur ope, placidamque capescat  
Hic recubans, quanquam *Hispano* dominante, quietem.

At *Platano Ede* falsò cognominis arbor,  
(*Brasilia Bacôna* est) foliorum ingentia vela  
Expandit, quorum unius dormire sub umbrâ,  
Et cantare potest Pastor securus ab æstu ;  
Sub foliisque jacent viridantibus aurea mala  
Conglomerata uno bis centum sæpe racemo,  
Carpuntur toto, toto nascuntur in anno ;  
Omnia damna latent, sempèrque prioribus hæres,  
Flavorum Caputum formosa repullulat *Hydra* :  
Nec legere illa manu vacat, avelluntur ab ipsis  
Pondere lucenti nutantia brachia truncis,  
Namque uno avulso termes mox aureus alter  
Prosilat, atque opibus redivitis parcere vanum est.  
Tum verò in medium, sed nescio quomodo, *Ficus*  
*Indica* prorepsit ; nostri novitate figuræ  
Obstupuere Dei, clamavit et unus eorum  
(Heu nimium incautus, nam falli Numina turpe est)  
Hoc opus est *Artis* ; tentamur fraude Planorum,  
Admovitque manum plantæ, risere vicissim  
Barbara turba Deum, nec compressere cachinnos.  
Admiranda stetit Membrorum et Corporis experts,  
E Foliis tantum compacta et Fructibus Arbor,  
Et Foliis foliorum, et quæ nascuntur ab illis.  
*Prodigium !* et viridis species monstrosa *Cometa !*

Congenerem *Tunam* misit *Tlascalla* superba,  
Talia cui Frondis superat miracula Fructus,  
Poma illi *Viracocha* dedit viventia soli,  
*Coccineo* Regum preciosa animalcula *Luxu*,  
Ipse etiam *Hispanæ* Dominator maximus ora  
Captivæ spoliis *Cochenilla* gaudet opimis  
Indutus, victi dominator maximus orbis,  
Atque utinam hoc solo devicti sanguine tinctus.  
Ignotum *Europæ* Pomum, notissima Poma  
Ostentavit, ovans tantâ *Guattimala* Cive,  
Nam quis *Amygdalinas Cacaos*, quis pocula *Panis*  
Sobria, quis potum *Chocolatæ* nescit edulem ?  
Dat vegetum membris habitum, florèrque venustæ  
Purpureum Majestatis, dat dulcia cordi  
Lumina lætitiæ, nec fortè potentior alter  
Lenè ciere viros, *Veneremque* accendere succus.  
Non tantum præstare homini, si tota daretur,  
Vasta potest Arbor, seu Sylva Argentea, quæ se  
Sub magno expandit multum ramosa Potoso :  
Nec tantum rutilat fulvis ubi *Cartama* saxis,  
Marmoreis latè fruticans in rupibus Aurum.  
Non igitur sapiens tam divitis incola Mundi  
Ex auro quondam argentové numismata cudit,  
Nec tribuit Vitæ commercia tota Metallo  
Quod vitæ tam sæpe nocens, et inutile semper.  
Hæc bona *Nux* Nummus populis erat unicus illis,  
Census erat magnus, non tum sestertia mille  
Sed numerare domi *Cacaorum* millia posse,  
Una Arbor, parvi vectigal nobile fundi  
Et pascit Dominos, et vestit, et ornat, et armat ;  
Hoc emitur penus omnis, et omne utensile nummo,

Coca.

Hovia.

Platanus.

Ficus Indica.

Tuna.

Cacao.



Et si magna cibum penuria denegat omnem,  
 Hic Cibus, hic Ipse est. *O vera Pecunia!* at inter  
 Divitias Mundi (pudet, ah!) nostratis ineptas  
 Possumus et *dites* simul esse, *Famēque perire.*  
 Quàm tu fausta, tuæ si tantùm *Hispanus* avarus  
*Gentis* opes, et non *Telluris, America*, nosset!  
 Nec minus et *Veneri* (*Venerem* te *Mexica* sævam  
*Tlazotera* colit) bene olenti fronde decora  
 Agucata. *Agucata* favet, Fructusque effectus in Ovum  
 Candenti dulcis succi pinguedine turgens  
 Imperfecta refert udæ primordia vitæ.  
 Omnia si Dominus *Cacais* edit, omnia penè  
 Metla. Possidet in *Mellâ*, nec se facit illa monetam.  
 Nec Mercaturam exercet; Merx omnis in ipsa est.  
 Nec pueris fert illa *Nuces*, nec dulcia *Poma*  
 Fœmineo parit oblectamina vana palato:  
*Tota Arbor suus est Fructus*; Foliū omne tenellum  
 Manditur, et victum in promptu dat suave salubrem;  
 Quod simul ac vires ætate acquirit adultâ  
 Textitur in vestes; néve instrumenta dēessent  
 Artifici, summo stat *Spina* cacumine frondis  
 Et fit *Acus* sartori, *Acus* et sua *Fila* cohærent.  
 Uritur immodico vicini Lumine Solis  
 Terra siti damnata, hinc vivus cortice scisso  
 Fons Liquidæ prorumpit Aquæ, quæ leniter arctis  
 Percolata viis, longo *Mæandria* flexu  
 Fibrarum, nullôque tamen vitiata colore,  
 Jucundum *Virgo* trahit intemerata saporem.  
 Hoc satis est *Hominum Naturæ*, sed *tibi* non est  
 Prodigia *Mella* satis. Quærentur dulcia? *Mellis*  
 Instar habes; acris delectat gustus? *Acetum* es.  
 Parva Loquor, *Vinum* es, generoso pectora succo  
 Lætificas, quacunque ruis, curâque metūque  
 Pauperiūque gravem pellens, velut Aurifer Amnis,  
 Influis in venas; per te miserabilis *Indus*  
 Dives adhuc, Libérque sibi, Dominusque videtur,  
 Et *Rege Hispano* est aliquando beatior ipso.  
 Si dubitat quisquam, nec possit credere *Vinum*  
 Quam modò vidit *Aquam*, pleno se proluat haustu:  
 (Nam quis Aquæ parcat?) factam de simplice *Nymphâ*  
 Sentiet esse deam, et vim numinis ipse probabit.  
 Delicias fundens tales, Medicamina sudat.  
 Cortice distillant Unguenta potentia cocto,  
 Et precium est Lacrymis, quantum non ulla mereri  
 Gemma potest, oculo pulchræ nec blanda Puellæ  
 Gutta tremens, cū se pavitantem dedit Amanti:  
 Non illis rabidi præsentior ulla veneni  
*Antidotus*, medicant medicatæ cuspidis ictum,  
 Et geminâ exarmanat armatas morte sagittas.  
 Omnia poenè dedisse parum est; quid *Mella*, su-  
 perbis?  
 Coccus. Tam variis dotata bonis, tot munera fundens  
 Vinceris ipsa tamen; dat scilicet Omnia *Coccus*,  
*Indorum Palma* omniparens, quâ sospite nunquam  
 (Non mihi certè unquam) dicetur *America pauper*.  
 Tollat *Iberus* opes, tellurem evisceret ipsam;  
 Si *Coccus* solas cum Libertate relinquat  
 Invidiosus erit miserabilis *Indus Ibero*,  
 Quis nisi mentis inops, et Dīs invisus *Avarus*

Ulteriora petat? nam quid negat utile *Coccus*?  
 Vestimenta, domos, panem, bellaria, vinum,  
 Et mensas, lectôsque, et vasa, et poculo magna,  
 Et Lactis mollem, et stomachum recreantis Aceti,  
 Atque Olei pinguem tribuens Mellisque Liquorem?  
 Nec tantùm in *Terris*, dominatur et æquore *Coccus*,  
 Fit *Ratis* ex illâ, fit malus, vela, rudentes,  
 Omniâque instrumenta *Ratis*, tandēque repletur  
 Mercibus ipsa suis: Vectores excipe solos,  
 Cætera sunt *Cocci*; néve excepisse necesse est  
 Vectores, solo nutritos munere *Cocci*.

*Barbarica* horrendū fremendū murmure læto  
 Et non civili plauserunt Numina gestu.  
 Nostra sed attonito se Lumine circumspectant.  
 Invidisse putem, nisi quod non possit inesse  
 Invidia ulla Deis; saltem sic credere verum est  
 Nos Homines, et quicquid agant, fiam ipse Deorum  
 Candidus Interpres; sed *America* Natio Divūm  
 (Quancum militiæ, vix pars centesima tantæ  
 Explicuisset adhuc campo sua signa patenti)  
 Protinūs exultans, et semper ad omnia præceps,  
 Judicium Divæ clamore exposcere magno.

Jámque in concilii medio *Pomona* locata,  
 Multa putans secum prudenti corde parabat  
 Dicere, (de lanâ neque enim lis illa Caprinâ,  
 Sed Mundorum agitur celeberrima causa duorum,  
 Patronisque Deis) dixissetque Ampliūs, aut Non  
 Fortè Liquere sibi; mihi si penetrare Deorum  
 Fas Homini Mentem; sed res inopina levisque  
 Judicium horribili turbat solenne tumultu;  
 Tempore nam toto tam nobilis *Arborilustrâ*,  
 Et bibulus *Lenæus*, et *Omelochilus* utrimque,  
 Si quicquam alterutri visum dictūmve placebat  
 Vina propinabant ultrò citròque protervi  
 Prælia miscentes; Hic *Mellis*, *Vitibus* Ille,  
 Néve pitissabant modico Libamine læti,  
 Magna sed inverso siccabant pocula fundo,  
*Euhœ*, clamantes; at procedente vapore  
 In caput, ac frustra divinum utriusque cerebrum  
 Mutua ridentem convitia fundere primò,  
 Tum verò jurare, execrarique visissim;  
 Et tandē nimio correptus Numine *Mella*  
*Omelachilus* atrox (timor et reverentia Divi  
 Exciderat Græci) duram jacit impete *Coccum*  
 Immani, et frontem *Bromio* ferit improbus ipsam;  
 Sed vina excutiens tantū semihæusta bibenti  
 Innocuum sedit media inter cornua pomum.

Non tulit hoc *Bacchus* fervens irâque meròque,  
 Agrestisque Dei deformia adegit in ora,  
 Turbine fulmineo gemmis signisque rigentem,  
 Quem tenuit Cratera manu; brutum rudit ille,  
*Oi Camacalli, camalli, natasliis, Inteloloci,*  
 Vociferans patrio sermone; at cætera turba,  
 Audito clamore, ululat, mugitque, rugitque  
 Dentibus infrendens; circumfluus undique Pontus  
 Ad sonitum resilit, fundo tremit Insula ab imo.  
 Proximus huic fumos et nubila fœda *Tabaci*  
 Ore bibens, atròque eructans jugiter ore,  
*Vitiliputlus* edax (monstro crudelior omni

*Vitiliputlus*, et humanæ sacer *Helluo* carnis)  
 Fictile adhuc *Peto* plenum procul abjicit amens ;  
 Et raptim tenditque Arcum, promittitque sagittas,  
 Arma, Arma, ingeminans ; nec segnius arripit arma  
*Tescalipuca* ferox, Duce nil humanior ipso,  
 Totaque barbarici Legio arripit horrida Coeli.  
 Per diversa Deæ fugiunt, pavidæque remota  
 Post arbusta latent ; *Venus* olim saucia bello  
 Humano, miseris nil dat sperare Deabus  
 Divorum in pugna ; *Pallas* tamen una remansit,  
 Paciferumque suæ ramum projecit *Olivæ*.  
 Mascula turba Deum ruit in certamina sancta  
 Forti animo, planæque viriliter arma capescunt :  
 Forsan et illa dies Coelestibus atra fuisset,  
 Forsitan haud paucos longum mutilasset in ævum,  
 (Vel Superum bello Superos nam posse necari  
 Credere non fas est) nisi tempore protinus illo :  
 Ipse Stratagem innocuum reperisset *Apollo* :  
 Non frustra *Deus Ingenii*, Medicusque malorum ;  
 Nam, licet Arcitenens, Arcum non ille sonantem  
 Dicitur intendisse, sonos magis ille potentes  
 Noverat, arripuitque *Lynam*, numerosque cievit,  
 Aurea veloci percurrrens pectine fila :  
 Quales (crediderim) Divum edidit auribus olim  
 Concentus Mundi sacer, et dulcissimus ordo,  
 Cum lites Elementorum Natura diremit,  
 Disposuitque modis divinitus omnia justis.  
 Illi (crediderim) compescere bella furentum  
*Centaurorum*, illi decimos componere fluctus ;  
 Illi incurrentum valuissent *Hurricanorum*  
 Sistere vim rapidam ; late ligat omnia circum  
 Læta quies, atque Auris avaræ muta voluptas,  
*Vitiliputlus* atrox ut sensibus hausit amœnum  
 Attonitis sonitum, nervo excidit apta sagitta,  
 Atque *Cœatlensis* lævâ delabitur Arcus ;  
 Ipse manus levat admirans, hiat ore profundo,  
 Excudit et capiti variæ diademata plumæ  
 Auribus arrectis subitò ; Jam maximus Aram  
 Sustulerat magnam *Viracocha* sub arbore sacra  
*Pomonæque* sacram, quam sævi fulminis instar  
 Jam missurus erat ( Jaculator Fulminis ingens  
 Ipse domi Cœlæque suo) at modulamine primo  
 Omnipotente Dei, et magicâ dulcedine tactus,  
 Deposuit saxum, seditque intentus in ipso  
 Pacifici Auditor cantus, atque immemor iræ,  
 Non centena unquam magis Hostia mitigat illum.  
 Te quoque dedecoris tanti, oblitumque doloris  
*Omclochile* miser, mulctato tam malè vultu  
 Subrisisse ferunt, mox et Risisse libenter :  
 Nam (proh mira fides, et vis divina melorum !)   
 Ipse repercussus modulis Coelestibus aër  
 Toto erumpentem compescuit ore cruorem,  
 Musicæque imposuit numerorum vincula victo :  
 Ipsæ sponte suâ disrupti vulneris oræ  
 Antiquâ coëre fide, Harmoniamque sonoram  
 Cunctarum sequitur felix concordia rerum :  
 Ergo suæ lætus successu et viribus artis,  
 Captorum enormes gestus ac gaudia Divum  
 Ridet, et urget opus, superatisque instat *Apollo*,

Vocem addens blandis divinam et carmina nervis.  
*Carmen erat*, Mundum per secula longa latentem  
 Ut sacrâ *Herous* concepit mente *Columbus*.  
 O Fœlix ! Mundique Oculo mihi cognita soli  
 Regna videns animo ! nostrisque emense labores !  
*Pellæi Juvenis* superans vastissima vota,  
 Inventorque Orbis, quem tantum optaverat Ille.  
 Non te nostrorum decepit fabula Vatum,  
 A quibus *Hesperium* descendere lassus in æquor  
 (*Lassus Ego ?*) insimulor ; sensisti Numine nostro  
 Digna magis, Mentem ipse dabam, tibi, *magne columbe* :  
 Tunc aderam, et stimulos agitabam in pectore sanctos.  
 Non te continuit pro desidis *Herculis* olim  
 Meta, nec intacti reverentia sacra profundi,  
 Nec te Naturæ caligo horrenda latentis.  
 Tres audax menses Mundo post terga relicto  
 Jactaris pelago immenso, nova suspicis astra,  
 Ignotos fluctus, ventosque et monstra marina  
 Ignotosque Deos terres interritus ipse,  
 Tu solus ; Comitum trepidant sed inertia corda,  
 Et reditum indecorem poscunt infanda minantes.  
 Cum miseris procul apparet lætissimus ignis  
 De specula, *Guanahana*, tua, et plaudentibus orbem  
 Luce novum felici aperit ; clamore salutant  
 Immodico signum, complectunturque *Columbum*.  
 Hæc patuit portâ nunc pervius aurifer orbis,  
 Ille dedit parvus parvumque accensus ad usum  
 Ille dedit quantum lucem mortalibus ignis !  
 Quam facile hoc adytum penetravit in intima mundi  
 Sepositi, Virtus, seu Virtute acrior ipsâ  
*Europæa* fames auri regni que cupido ?  
 At gens *Hispanam* miratur *America classem*  
 Ad sua diffusis tendentem littora velis,  
 Viventesque putat terris accendere moles,  
 Aligeros *Cetos*, formæque animalia miræ  
 Mirantur cultumque habitusque atque arma virorum,  
 Et crustam humanis ferratam accrescere membris,  
 Ferventes mirantur Equos, Equitesque bifformes ;  
 Et varium duplici conflatum ex corpore monstrum,  
 Hoc *Hinnire*, aliòque *Loqui* (quis crederet ?) ore.  
 Præcipue *Bombardarum* vultumque sonumque  
 Et subitas fumi commisto fulgure nubes,  
 Et veri pejora imitamina *Fulminis* horrent,  
 Te vidi attonitum (non, sodes, ipse negabis)  
 Altitonans *Viracocha* homines timuisse Tonantes.  
 Nec minus interea vestræ stupet advena terræ  
 Insolitam rerum faciem, ignotasque figuras :  
 Miratur tot ubique novis animantia formis,  
 Plantasque fructusque novos, Hominisque Deosque,  
 Naturamque aliam, sed enim super omnia vecors  
 Immensas miratur opes, glebasque micantes  
 Auriferosque amnes ! hinc cædes et bella nefanda  
 Quæ gestit mox Hostis atrox ex hospite factus ;  
 Quæ mihi nunc memorare dolet, puduitque videre.  
 Hinc desolatum late cultoribus orbem  
 Vidimus ; hinc Mundi integri, tanquam Unius Urbis  
 Vidimus excidium : Quid nunc certamen inane  
 Exercet ? quid nunc *Pomos* defendere tentat  
*Terra suas*, sua quæ defendere viscera nescit ?

At tu præteritas tandem obliviscere clades,  
 Nam tanti non parva Deus tibi, *America*, vindex,  
 Et dedit et majora dabit solatia damni.  
 Gaude sorte tuâ, pars omnis amara vorata est  
 Jamdudùm, Dulcis superest : (hic intimâ ab arte  
 Lætificos ciet ore modos ac pectine *Phæbus*,  
 Lætantur monstrosorum fera corda Deorum,  
 Membrâque saltantum jactant immania ritu,  
 Sed taciti, metuunt sacrum interrumpere carmen)  
 Jamdudùm *Europâ* sævum dominatur in omni,  
 Et vos abreptum vobis ulciscitur *Aurum*.  
 Jamdudùm insultat captum Victoribus ipsis,  
 Nec scelerum *Hispanis* terris jam causa minorum est  
 Quàm vestris *Hispanus* erat ; jura omnia sternunt,  
 Cuncta ruunt, miscèntque simul quacunquè redundant  
 Divitiæ, sed nec populis damnosior ulla est  
 Cognita *Diluvies* ; plures arcessite *Iberos*,  
 Et similes gentes (quæ non imitantur *Iberos* ?)  
 Effodiantur opes vestræ de stirpe relinquunt  
 Quas terra emittit fruges, quascunquè recondit ;  
 Quâ lubet, ô tollant, tollant fomenta malorum.  
 Infœlicem *Helenam*, Mundis ambobus *Erynnyn*  
 Communem rapiunt, quam tristia bella sequuntur  
 Quâ venit, atque *Ignes*, regnorûmque ultima fata.  
 Tantillo intereâ pretio quot commoda vitæ  
 Mutastis ? pulsa est morum importuna priorum  
*Barbaries*, gens depulsa est Hominûmque Deûmque  
 Carnibus humanis tandèm victiçque profano,  
 Sive *horrenda Fames*, seû detestabile quoddam  
 Luxuriæ genus illud erat, Tu deseris ipse,  
 Tu paulatim epulas jam, *Vitsiliputle*, cruentas,  
 Jam nebulis plerûmque satur fumôque *Tabaci*.  
 Vescèrsque brevi (sic Dii vescuntur honesti)  
 Ambrosiâ tenui, et cœlesti abstemius aurâ.  
 Nunc agitis civile bonis sub legibus ævum,  
 Nunc habitare domos et munire oppida vallo,  
 Vomere nunc *Terram*, et *Pontum* didicistis arare  
 Navigiis, magnique patent *commercia Mundi* :  
 Nunc vestis variæ decus, et tutamen habetis  
 Armorum, et vitæ lauta instrumenta beatæ,  
 Et belli pacisque artes, totâmq; *Minervam*.  
 Ipsæ etiam proavis incognita Numina, *Musæ*,  
 Incipiunt jam se vestris assuescere terris,  
 Et gaudere loco ; jamdudùm vidimus *Incas*  
*Historicos*, visuri olim magnosque *Pœtas*,  
 Quod nisi falsus Ego (at *Phæbo* quis verior Augur  
 Venturi ?) veniat sæclis volventibus ætas  
 Cum vestris corrupta opibus, maturâque messi,  
 Proventu scelerum ingenti, Virtute fugatâ  
 Diisque suis, cadet *Europæ*, pars optima mundi,  
 Externis propiisque simul cadet obruta bellis  
 Heû deserta diû et vobis miseranda jacebit.  
 Tunc Orbis (gaudete) vigebit gloria vestri,  
 Ingenium, Pietas, Artes, ac bellica virtus,  
 Hûc profugæ venient, et regna illustra cœdent.  
 Ponè sequentur Opes ; Nollem ; sed, credo, redibunt  
 In Patriam, Patriæque iterum pro more nocebunt ;  
 Imperia hîc seræ statuent tum maxima *Parcæ*,  
 Non numero ingenti Servorum et inutilis Auri

*Barbarico* tantùm fulgore potentia vulgi  
 Sensibus attoniti, vidistis qualia nuper  
 Regna *Motexumæ*, vel ditis *Guanacapaci*,  
 Qualia *Romano* quondam sed vidimus *Orbe*,  
 Et Domina his *Virtus* erit, et *Fortuna* Ministra.

## NOTES.

1. *Democritus*, aliique *Agriculturæ Scriptores*, malum *punicum* inter *Nuces* reponendum censent, cum foris duro tegatur cortice, intus verò habeat quod esui sit, ea *Græci* ἀκρόβρυα vocant. *Plin.* verò inter mala ; Mala (inquit) appellamus, quanquam diversi generis *Persica* et *Granata*. B. P.

2. Ab hoc flore *Punicus* color nomen obtinet. *Dioscor.* et *Galenus* L. 6. *Simplic.* *Cytinus* flos est mali *punicæ* sativæ ; *Balaustium* autem *sylvestris* flos est : at *Plinio*, *Balaustium* est utriusque. *Cytinus* autem rudimentum fructus primum.

3. *Græci* tradunt *Heraum Templum* (à *Junonis* nomine dictum quam Ἡραῶν appellarunt) in *Euboæ* memorabile fuisse *Junonis* simulacro, *Polycleti* opere, ex ebore atque auro facti, alterâ manu sceptrum, alterâ *Malum Punicum* gestantis.

4. Notum est *Junonem* atque *Lucinam*, eandem fuisse, quamque et *Luna* itâ vocetur ; sed primò neque *Jupiter* aliud à *Sole*, neque *Luna* aliud à *Junone* numen existimatum est. *Pluto* etiam infernus *Jupiter*, *Proserpina* inferna *Juno*, dicti sunt.

5. *Jupiter* promississe *Cereri* traditur, sibi restitutum iri filiam raptam, si nihil apud inferos degustasset ; comederat autem misella septem vel tria grana (nam utrumque, *Ovid.* diversis in locis affirmat) *Mali Punicæ*.

— Cultis dum simplex errat in hortis  
 Punicum curvâ decerpserat arbore pomum,  
 Sumptâque pallenti septem de cortice grana  
 Presserat ore suo. *Metam.* 5.

At in Fast. :

Rapta tribus, dixit, solvit jejunia granis,  
 Punica quæ texto cortice Poma tegunt.

6. Vix enim quicquam astringentius malo *Punico* ; sistunt potu menses *feminarum*, sanguinis excreationes, ventris et stomachi solutiones, genitalia, ulcerâque quacunquè in parte manantia. Siccavere etiam ut sic quoque experirentur, inveneruntque *tusorum* farinâ *dysentericos* à morte revocari, alvum sisti, *Plin.* L. 23. 6.

7. *Lemons* and *Oranges*. *Mala Assyria* et *Medica* eadem fuisse genere (nata multa sunt eorum genera et diversis in regionibus valde differunt) quæ nunc *Citria* vocantur, nullus dubito, edque (cum iis quæ *Arantia* dicuntur, fuisse *Aurea Hesperidum* mala *Pœtis* celebratissima, quanquam *Plin.* asseverat *Malum Medicam* nisi apud *Medas* et in *Perside* nasci nolle, cum nunc in omnibus calidis regionibus benè proveniant, principatum autem hodiè obtineant *Chinensia*, *Citrus* illa ex quâ preciosissima veterum mensæ (quanquam et illa è *Mauritania*, ubi *Hesperidum Horti*, oriunda) ab

*hæc longè diversa est et folio sylvestris Cupressus, cum hæc sit Laurus. Malum Arantiam dictam volunt ab Arantiâ oppido Achaïæ, quod iis pomis abundasse ferunt, accedit Pausaniæ autoritas, qui Herculem poma Hesperidum Arantiam primùm transtulisse scribit. alii vocatum hæc Mala Aurantia, Arantia, Nerantia, Narantia, Arania quasi Ariana, ab Aria Persica regione. Nicandri Scholiastes dicit Μηλον ἐστὶ τὸ Μηδικὸν τὸ νεράριον.*

8. *Metam.* 4.

Tempus, Atla, veniet tua quo spoliabitur auro  
Arbor, et hunc prædæ titulum Jove natus habebit,  
Id metuens solidis pomaria clauserat Atlas  
Montibus, et vasto dederat servanda Draconi.

9. Media fert tristes succos tardùmque saporem  
Fœlicis mali, quo non præsentius ullum :  
Pocula si quando sævæ infecere Novercæ,  
Miscueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba,  
Auxilium venit, et membris agit atra Venena, etc.  
*Virg. Georg.*

*et in hoc omnes Medici consentiunt.*

10. *Inter prima hoc è pomis colono gratiam annuam refert. Pl. 15. 25.*

11. *Septentrione frigidisque gaudet, Ib. Palladius. Cerasus amat cæli statum frigidum, in tepidis regionibus parva provenit.*

12. *In Ægypto nullâ curâ potuère gigni. Plin. Ib.*

13. *Cerasi ante victoriam L. Luculli non fuere in Italia, ad urbis annum 680. Is primum vexit è Ponto, annisque 120. trans Oceanum in Britanniam usque pervenire. Plin. Ib. Athenæus memoria prodidit Lucullum debellato Mithridate victorem reversæ primùm arborem hanc à Cerasunte Pontico municipio in Italiam detulisse, fructumque gentilitio nomine Cerasium appellasse : veruntamen Diphilus Siphnius vir arte et facundia celebris, longè vetustior, ut pote qui Lysimachi Regis successoris Alexandri vixit, Cerasorum meminit : Cerasa, inquit, bonum succum creant, sed parùm subministrant alimenti, stomacho grata sunt, et eidem auxiliantur in frigidâ sumpta, rubentiora præstant, et Milesia quæ urinam pellunt, sed Servius ait, Antiquam è Ceraso urbe Lucullus adveheret, Cerasium erat in Italiâ sed durum et Cornu appellabatur, quod postea mixto nomine Cornucerasium est vocatum. Nam Servius pomum Cerasium non Cerasum vocitari præcipit. B. P.*

14. *Ingens turba prunorum, versicolor, nigra, candidans—Damascena à Syriæ Damasco cognominata, jam pridem in Italiâ nascentia, grandiore ligno, et exiliore carne, nec unquam in rugas siccata, quoniam soles sui desunt. Pl. L. 15. 13. Ubi miratur paulo post Prunorum mentionem à Catone non esse factam, cum condenda docuerit quædam et sylvestria, additque, Pruna omnia post Catonem cæpisse manifestum est. Damascenis inter omnia principatus, unde nostratia (Damasins) cognominantur, sed soli culpâ ignobiliora. Prunisque Damasci stipantur calathi. Colum.*

15. *Persicorum genus in quatuor species dividemus*

*secundùm Palladii sententiam, scilicet in Præcocia, Armeniaca, Persica, Duracina, B. P. In his earumque subjectis speciebus distinguendis magnæ controversiæ, nec angustiis notarum decidendæ. Duas primas species nos communi nomine appellamus Abricots, (à Græco περικόκκιον) 3. Peaches, 4. Nectorins, quæ puto et Rhodacena et Tuberes et Nucipersica vocari, quod lævem cuteolam nucum repræsentent. Armeniaca, vel Armenia majora sunt Præcocibus, Armeniaca sola odore commendantur. Plin.*

16. *Prunas Damascenas, nam Syrium et Assyrium idem est Poëtis, Assyrio fucatur lana veneno. Virg. 1. Tyrio.*

17. *Pomum innocuum expetitur agris, præciùmque singulis jam triceni nummi fuere, nullius majore, quod miremur, quia non aliud fugacius, longissima namque decerto bidui mora est, cogitque se venundari. Plin. 15. 12.*

18. *Rhodacena Paulo, c. 81. L. 1. Persicorum genera ea sunt quos nos vocamus, Auberges, Mirecotons, Presses, sic dicta quæ Rosam oleant, vel roseo colore picturata ferè conspiciantur, ea fortasse Duracina Latini vocarunt ob solidam carnis duritiem, cum mollis et tenera sit in Persicis, Armeniis, Præcocibus, et Tubericibus quæ vulgus appellat Pesches Noix. Dalecamp. in Plin. ib.*

19. *Persica vulgè creduntur in suâ patriâ venenata nasci, eoque in errore fuit Colum.*

—Pomis quæ barbara Persis  
Miserat (ut fama est) patriis armata venenis,  
At nunc expositi parvo discrimine lethi  
(qui versus mendosus est)  
Ambrosios præbent succos oblita nocendi.

*Error in similitudine nominum Perseæ et Persicæ ; quem Plin. notat L. 15. 13. Persicæ arbores seret et cum difficultate transire, ut quæ in Rhodo nihil ferant, quod primum ab Ægypto earum fuerat hospitium. Falsum est, venenata cum cruciatu, in Persis gigni, et panarum causâ à Regibus translata in Ægyptum, terrâ mitigatâ ; id enim de Perseæ diligentiores tradunt, quæ in totum alia est, myxis rubentibus similis, nec extra Orientem nasci voluit. Galenus etiam L. 2. κατὰ τὸ πρῶτον affirmat Perseam à se visam Alexandriæ, arborem proceram mali magnitudine, fructu pyri, noxiâ in Perside, vesca in Ægypto.*

20. *Flores, Folia ac Nuclei calfac. sicc. absterg. Vsus præcipuus Florum in Lumbricis infantum, in alvi Laxatione, mesenterii obstructione, seri purgatione, et Nuculorum in diureticis et Lithontripcticis, in obstructione Hepatis, ardore stomachi. Extrinsecus adhibentur crebrè in Emulsionibus capitis dolori dicatis. Schrodr. Lacryma Tussi, Asthmatis, omnibusque pulmonum vitiis medetur, et calculosis utilis.*

21. *Cornelian-berry or Cherry. Bona bello Cornus. Virg. Georg. 2. quod ex eâ optima fiebant hastilia. Id. Æneid. Volat Itala cornus.*

22. *The Jujube Tree nobis ignota. Theophr. Παι-  
ουπος Africana, quam ex Loti genere dicit esse. Galenus*

appellare videtur Sericum. Sic describitur à B. P. Arbor infra Pruni magnitudinem, caudice retorrido nec satis recto, ramis senticosis, multis aduncis intercalantibus spinis, è quibus surculi præclari, foliosi, spithamæ longitudine exeunt, frondes gerentes utrimque per intervallum impari exortu, lentisci more per cubitum serratas, similes 3. Diosc. Rhamno, qui hyeme cum frondibus unâ decidunt: Flore muscoso oleæ, sed odorato magis pomo Cornis simili, dulci, primo viridi, ultimò puniceo. De Zizipho, Pl. L. 15. 14. Æquè peregrina sunt Zizipha et Tuberes, quæ et ipsa non pridem venere in Italiam: Hæc ex Africâ, Illa ex Syriâ, (ubi per hæc intelligere debemus, Zizipha; per Illa, (Poma) Tuberes, Transpositione non probabili, sed à Plinio aliisque bonis Autoribus aliquandò usurpatâ) Sextus Papinius quem Consulem vidimus, primus utraque attulit, D. Augusti novissimis temporibus, in castrorum aggeribus, sata, baccis similiora quàm malis, sed aggeribus præcipuè decora, quoniam et in tecta jam sylvæ scandunt. Alibi Ziziphi Flores ad coronamenta adhiberi scribit, his odoratus similis olearum floribus, L. 21. 9. Materies intus colorata est solidâque, ideo ex eâ Cytharæ conficiuntur. B. P.

23. Africa, quâ vergit ad nos, insignem arborem Loton gignit, quam vocant Celtin, et ipsam Italiæ familiarem, sed terrâ mutatam. Præcipua est circa Syrtis et Nasamonas. Magnitudo quæ pyro, quanquam Cornel. Nepos brevem tradat. Incisuræ in folio crebriores, alioquin ilicis videntur. differentia plures eaque maximè fructu fiunt. Magnitudo huic fabæ, color croci sed ante maturitatem alius atque alius, sicut in uvâ. Nascitur densus in ramis, myrti modo, non ut in Italia Cerasi. Tam dulci ibi cibo, ut nomen etiam genti terræque dederit, nimis hospitali advenarum oblivione patriæ. Ligno colos niger Ad tiliarum cantus expetitur. Plin. vide Lib. 13. cap. 17. et 18. et L. 16. 30. Lotos sive Fabæ Græca, quam Romæ à suavitate fructus, sylvestris quidem, sed Cerasorum penè naturâ, Loton appellant, etc.

21. Haud procul à stagno Tyrios imitata colores  
In spem baccharum crescebat aquatica Lotos  
Lotos in hac Nymphæ fugiens obscæna Priapi  
Contulerat versos servato nomine vultus.

Ovid. Metam. 9.

25. Romæ Lotos in Lucinæ area, anno qui fuit sine Magistratibus 369. urbis æde conditâ. Incertum ipsa quanto vetustior. Esse quidem vetustiore non est dubium, cum ab eo luco Lucina nominetur. Hæc nunc circiter annum 450. habet. Antiquior illâ est, sed incerta ejus ætas, quæ Capillata dicitur, quoniam Vestalium Virginum capillus ad eam defertur. Verùm altera Lotos in Vulcanali quod Romulus constituit ex victoriâ de decumis, æquæva urbi intelligitur, etc. Plin. L. 16. 44. Duravere (Loti) ad Neronis Principis incendia virides juvenesque ni Princeps ille accelerasset etiam arborum mortem.

26. Cariem vetustatèque non sentit Lotos. Id.

27. Λώτιος ὄλης. Athen. 4. Palladius tenero Lotos ab ore sonat Mart. L. 8. Ep. 51. 1. Tibia è Loto sed quamobrem Lotus ibi masculini sit generis? Planè

magis Latinum esset, Palladia Lotos, sed Græco utitur genere, apud quos dicitur ὄλωτος, sicut et alia pævea arborum nomina ὀ γύρωτος, oleaster, ὀ κόμαρος, arbutus, etc. Ovid. certè fæminino utitur:

—Horrendo Lotos adunca sono.

Fast. 4.

28. Inde Syrtis major, in intimo sinu fuit ora Loto-phagon. Plin. L. 4. c. 4. Huc cùm exploratores misisset Ulysses, dulcedine fructuum capti, redire noluerunt. Hom. Ὀδυσσ. 1.

Τῶν δ' ὄστις λωτοῖο φάγοι με λήδεα καρπὸν  
Ὀὐκ ἐτ' ἀπαγγεῖλαι πάλιν ἤθελεν, οὐδὲ νεέσθαι,  
'Ἄλλ' αὐτῇ βούλομαι μετ' ἀνδράσι λωτοφάγοισι  
Λωτὸν ἐρεπτόμενοι μετέμην νοστοῦτε λαθέσθαι.

Unde λωτοῦ ἤφαγες, Proverb. dictum, cùm quis amore alicujus loci captus, ibi se teneat, aliorumque obliviscatur.

29. Ut copia atque fertilitas (Palmarum) ita nobilitas in Judæa, nec in tota, sed Hierochunte maximè etc. Judæa incluta est vel magis palmis. Plin. L. 13. 4.

Arbusto palmarum dives Idume. Luc.

Primus Idumæas referam tibi Mantua palmas.

Virg.

30. Plutarchum vide Symposiacôn 8. ubi rationes multas reddidit, quamobrem alia alias certamina coronas habeant, palmas verò omnes communiter; quasdam earum versu retuli.

31. Strabo est autor, Babylonios carmen decantare solitos, quo trecentæ et sexaginta utilitates palmæ recensentur. Multas sane enumerant, Xenoph. in expedit. Cyri; Dioscor. Plin. Omnes qui de eâ verba faciunt.

32. Non sine maribus gignere fæminas sponte edito nemore confirmant: circâque singulos plures nutare in eum pronas blandioribus comis. Illum erectis hispidum, afflatu visûque ipso, et pulvere etiam reliquas maritare. Hujus arbore excissâ viduas post steriles fæminas. Adeoque est Veneris intellectus, ut coitus etiam excogitatus sit ab hominibus, ex maribus flore ac lanugine, interdum verò tantum pulvere insperso fæminis. Plin. L. 13. 4. Multa de his mutæ benevolentia signis tradunt Multi; bellè Claudian:

Vivunt in Venerem frondes Animisque vicissim

Fœlix arbor amat, (mallem hoc omisisset)

Nutant ad mutua palmæ Fœdera.

33. Quæ se in rogam mariti conjecit.

34. Quæ ut vitam Mariti redimeret, ipsa ejus fato morituri vicem sponte subiiit.

35. Contentions inter Neptunum et Minervam de Nomine Athenis imponendo fabula notissima est, sed quid magis incongruum videri potest, quàm Equi bellici Neptunum, Olivæ bellicam Minervam autorem extitisse? Puto equidem hanc et plerâque veterum fabulas, non ut multi arbitrantur, ex mysteriis sapientum concinnatas, sed ex fortuitis vulgi rumoribus consarcinatas fuisse.

36. Tanta erat apud Athenienses eleæ dignitas, ut siquis aliquam plantam ejus vel subriperet, vel discinderet, in judicium vocaretur, ac pro sacrilego condem-

naretur, earumque cultura gratiâ Magistratus quidam instituti, cum Lacedæmones Atheniensem agrum ferro atque igne vastabant, Oleis tantum parcere solebant, tum veneratione plantæ, tum dirarum metu, quibus Athenienses omnes mortales devovebant, qui oleam violarent; immò et Olevantibus legem antiquissimam fuisse scribit Plin. Oleam ne stringito neque verberato; Idem Oleam pollui fas esse negat, et vel propitiandis numinibus accendi ex ea altaria.

37. Halirrhotius, Neptuni filius, Patrem suum à Minervâ in hoc certamine victum indignatus, sacram oleam excindere voluisse dicitur, sed securim in seipsum impigisse, et ex vulnere occubuisse.

38. Olea honorem Romana Majestas magnum præbuit, turmas equitum Id. Jul. ex eâ coronando item minoribus triumphis Ovantes. Athenæ quoque victores Oleâ coronant, Græci verò Oleastro Olympiæ. Plin. L. 15. 4.

39. Contrâ non ulla est Oleis cultura, etc.

Virg. Georg. 2.

Quin et caudicibus sectis (mirabile dictu)

Truditur è sicco radix Oleagina ligno. Id.

40. Virg. dicit—

Prolem tardè crescentis Olivæ, etc. Hesiodus negavit oleæ satorem fructum ex eâ percepisse quenquam, tam tarda tunc res erat, Plin. At L. 16. 44. Firmissimæ ad vivendum Oleæ, ut quas durare annis 200. inter Autores conveniat. Et Olympiæ Oleaster ex quo primus Hercules coronatus est, et nunc custoditur religiosè. Athenis quoque Olea durare traditur in certamine edita à Minervâ. Vivacem Olivam, Virg. vocat.

41. Oleo noluit parci natura, seclique ex necessitate promiscuum et vulgò. Plin.

42. In patriâ meâ Westphaliâ usitatissimum est vulneratis quotidie exhibere oleum olivarum cum cerevisiâ calidâ, quo adeo largè utuntur ut sudor oleum redoleat. Schrodr. Oleum vulnerarium est. Id.

43. Medlar. Angl. foliaceis quibusdam quasi sîmbriis caput pomi in coronæ modum redimitur.

44. Formosæ Myrtus Veneri. — Virg.

Solido Paphiæ de robore Myrtus. Id.

et amatores in Elysio,

— Myrtea circum

Sylva tegit —

Sed et Venus Murtia, à Myrto cognominata creditur. Bellicis quoque rebus inservit (Myrtus) triumphansque de Sabinis Posth. Tubertus in Consulatu (qui primus omnium ovans urbem ingressus est, quoniam rem leviter sine cruore gesserat) Myrto Veneris Victricis coronatus incessit. Optabilèque arborem etiam hostibus fecit. Hæc postè Ovantium fuit corona. Plin. L. 15. 29.

45. Cur Empedocles dixerit υπέρφλοια μήλα, ambigit Plutarchus, cum Philosophus non casu Epitheta apponat. Grammatici dicunt ob vigorem, et esse quosdam de Græcis qui Phlo Baccho sacrificent; quoniam ex omnibus fructibus in malo maximè vigor et viror permanet; vel cum alii fructus foris cortice ambiantur (is enim φλοῖος est) i.e. tegmen in superficie habeant, solus mali cortex intus est glutinosa et pinguis tunica, qua semen con-

tinetur; id vero quod esui foris est circa eam circumpositum, υπέρφλοιον, i.e. extrâ corticem situm. B. P.

46. Mala quæ vocamus Cotonea, et Græci Cydonia, ex Cretâ Ins. advecta. Plin. Plura eorum genera, Chrysomela, Struthia, Plin. Addit Colum. Mustea. Virg. appellat Cana Mala,

Ipse ego cana legam tenerâ lanugine mala.

Vera Cydonia Dioscor. parva, rotunda, odorata, Pommes coin. Ex quibus Genuenses suum delicatissimum Cydoniatum parant, Struthia verò magna, sed minus utilia, vulgo Poires coin. Dalech. utrumque Angl. Quince. Melimela, quidam Mustea interpretantur, eademque esse, quæ, D. Johannis Mala vocantur; i.e. Junetins Angl. Alii aliter. Prædulcia fuisse Constat.

Infanti Melimela dato. — Mart.

Qui et melle condita Cydonia, Melimela vocat in Zeniis.

Si tibi Cecropia saturata Cydonia melle

Ponentur, dicas hæc Melimela licet.

47. Πγαρον. Vinacuum, i.e. Minutum ossiculum in Acino uvæ propriè, sed et aliis ejusmodi granulis attribuitur.

48. I.e. Barberries, Goosberries, Currants, Raspberries.

49. Hybernâque Fraga. Fructus Arbuti, Angl. Strawberry-Tree, i.e. Arbor fraga ferens. Aliud corpus est terrestribus Fragis, aliud congeneri eorum Unedoni, quod solum pomum simile fructui terræ gignitur. Arbor ipsa fruticosa, fructus anno maturescit, pariter floret subnascens et prior colligitur. Mas sit, an femina sterilis, inter Autores non convenit. Pomum inhonorum, ut cui nomen ex argumento sit unum tantum edendî, duobus tamen hoc nominibus appellant Græci, Comarum, et Memacylum, quo apparet, totidem esse genera et apud nos. Alio nomine Arbutus vocatur. Plin. 15. 24.

50. Serotino quædam germinatu florent, maturantque celeriter, sicut Morus, quæ novissima urbanarum, germinat, nec nisi exacto frigore, ob id dicta sapientissima arborum: Sed cum cæpit, in tantum universa germinatio erumpit, ut unâ nocte peragat etiam cum strepitu. Plin. 16. 25.

51. Pyrami et Thisbes. Fab. Vulgatiss.

52. Pausanias in Atticâ primam ficum editam tradit prope Cephyssum, ubi Phytalus, Cererem hospitio benignè excipiens, hospitalitatis præmium Ficum arborem à Deâ dono accepit.

Ἐνθα δὲ ἄναξ ἦρος Φύταλος ποτε δέξατο σεμνήν

Δημήτραν ὅτε πρῶτος ὄπώρα καρπὸν ἔφηνεν,

Ἦν ἱερὰν συκὴν θνητῶν γένος ἐξονομάζει

Ἐξ οὗ δὴ τιμὰς Φυτάλου γένος ἔσχεν ἀγέρας.

53. Maturis Frumenta insunt. Plin.

54. In Ficis mirabiles sunt abortus, qui nunquam maturescunt. Id.

55. De his atque aliis Fici virtutibus, vide Plin. fusè tractantem, L. 23. 7.

56. Lichen, Impetigo, (Ring-Worm, Tetter) Coccoethes, ulcus malignum. Panus, tumor, Φύμα, in quo quiddam

*pustula inest cum dolore et distentione vehementi. Strumæ (Kings-Evill) scrophulæ. Parotis, abscessus genus quod sub auribus oriri solet. Myrmecia verruca formicarum more pungentes.*

57. Plutarchus inter alia admiranda Fici, nempe cicurari Tauros indomitos ei alligatos, tenerescere carnes animalium quæ in ea pependerit, etc. addit, neque de cælo unquam tactam esse Ficum, et inepti mendacii rationem reddit ineptiorem, Amaritudini hoc acceptum referens, cujusmodi res non attingunt, scilicet fulmina, ut neque Vitulum Marinum, neque Hyænam.

51. *Ism. Mons Thracia quem Orpheus incoluit.*

Nec tantum Rhodope miratur et Ismarus Orphea.  
Vinetis olim celebris, Juvat Ismara Baccho  
Conserere. — Virg.

Homer. quoque de Ismaro loquens Odys. 9. addit.

*\*Ἐνθα δὲ πολλὸν μὲν μέσθω πίπετο.*

59. *Hinc folix illa Campania est: ab hoc sinu incipiunt vitiferi colles, et temulentia nobilis succo per omnes terras inclyto, atque (ut veteres dixere) summum Liberi Patris cum Cerere certamen: Hinc Setini et Cæcubi obtenduntur agri, his junguntur Falerni. Caleni, deinde*

*consurgunt Massici, Gaurani, Surrentinique Montes. Plin. L. 3. 5. Principatus olim Ammineis vitibus (quod id genus fuerit hodie, puto, ignorari) quarum Vina firmissima appellat. Virg. Eos in Vesuvio Monte crescere (vel Vesevo, nam utroque modo scribitur) Surrentinisque collibus testis est Plin. L. 14. 2. Nos ex notis quas offert Colum. dicimus Amineum vinum esse nostrum vulgare Græcum, nam nobilissima notæ est, diutiusque in vetustatem asservatur, ut etiam centum annorum reperiatur—Ejus vites Vesuvium montem convestiunt rependentem fructu illata damna, ut inveniatur apud posteros gratiam cinere, et conflagratis saxis, et calore suo vino vim tribuit. B. P.*

60. *Vin de Beaune, nobilissimum Burgundiæ; Perdicis Oculi colore notabile.*

61. *Pridid Cal. Januar. repentinâ Consulis morte cessantem honorem in paucas horas petenti dedit. Sueton. in Jul. Cæs. i. e. Caninio, in quem Consulatum vide quæ jocatur Cic. in Epist. ad Curium.*

62. *Tit. Vespasianus, Amor et Delicia generis humani appellatus, cujus dictum memorabile, non oportere quengquam à sermone Principis tristem discedere. Suet. et Patrem ejus Vespasianum miro epitheto salutatur Plin. Jucundissime Imperator.*



# PLANTARUM.

## LIB. VI.

### Sylva.

Nunc, age, *delicias Hortorum*, Musa, nitentum  
Desere; nunc obscura tibi, nunc aspera dumis  
(Qua *Phœbus* Ductor tuus olim, excluditur ipse)  
Per saltus tentanda via. et nemorum in via, restat.  
Eja, age *Venatrix*! densas penetremus in umbras,  
Intima scrutemur viridantium lustra Dearum.  
Solve mihi *Ingenium pede velox*, solve *sagacis*  
*Judicium naris*; Facundia libera currat,  
Naturamque premat læto clamore latentem.  
Tende plagas Mentis, subtilia retia tende,  
Et magnâ constringe fugax Indagine Verum;  
Hic tuus est *Venatus*, et hæc tua sola *Ferina*.  
Sed neque te pudeat *Pomaria* ditia *Sylvis*  
Pauperibus mutasse; *Habitarunt Numina Sylvas*,  
Forsân et hic habitent: *Habitavit proximus illis*  
*Carolides*, nemoris dono tutatus opaci  
Augustum caput, et nulli violabile Parcæ:  
Huc ades, *ô dilecte Deo*! sacrum tibi lucum  
Pangimus, æterni pubentem Veris honore.  
Tu mihi, Tu præsens frondosi Carminis ipse  
Numen adesto, tuamque volens hic incole *Quercum*,  
Quam tibi longævam statuo; non illa latebras  
Perfugiumque dabit; Sed victor fronde sedebis  
Servatam ob patriam redimitus tempora querna,  
Fulgebisque altus, totique videberis Orbi.

Vos quoque *Sylvicolæ*, vel (si fas dicere) *Sylvæ*,  
Orbis, *Hamadryades*, non ultima fama Britannii.  
Vos mihi cantanti capite inclinante faventes  
Annuite, *ô*; veniâ liceat mihi pandere vestra  
Res veterum sacrâ Nemorum caligine tectas,  
Atque novum ingentes immittere lumen in umbras.  
Fas mihi, florentis consulta verenda Senatûs,  
Sermonesque Deum fas sit proferre virentium.  
Ignotasque homini voces, quas auribus haurit  
Nescius attonitis, ramorum audire sonores  
Mobilierum credens, et ludicra murmura venti:  
Sed *Laurus Phæbo* (qui tunc procul abfuit ipse  
Orbe vehens alio) *Phæbus* mihi singula dixit,  
Nunc Ego mundo omni *Plantarum* prædico vates.

Tempus erat quo *Jacobi* certissima proles,  
(*Carolus ille Pius, propago mitis Olivæ*)<sup>1</sup>  
Angligenas placidâ populos in pace regebat.  
Fœlix ante alios Reges, dum fata sinebant,  
Dumque gubernantis tempestas improba rerum

Non renuebat opem, nunc fœlicissimus ultra  
Invidiam, et Divum fato transgressus honores.  
Nam miseram Vento *Europam* bellante per omnem,  
Et strage informi sylvas lacerante vetustas;  
Pax super Oceanum fertur turbata volasse,  
Et tepidum in lucis Nidum posuisse *Britannis*:  
Non illum vano Dea fœcundissima fovit  
Incubitu, pullique exclusi protinus aurei,  
Justitia atque Fides, atque *uno Copia Cornu*:<sup>2</sup>  
Sed pleno atque malis noto medicamine multis.  
Talia crediderim *Saturno* Sæcula *Rege*.  
Tam lævi atque albo transisse per æthera tractu,  
Sed sibi tandem oneri nimia est Fortuna, Detsque  
Ipsis Invidiæ: Tædet tandem esse Beatos;  
Et levitas hominum pulchram temeraria mutat  
Pellice deformi Uxorem; *mutatio pulchra est*.  
Non aliud *Morbi Mortisque* instare periculum<sup>3</sup>  
Certius affirmant Medici, quam cum integra visu,  
Luxuriâque Valetudo, sine vulnere causæ  
Ullius nulloque vigorem fracta labore  
Sponte fatigata atque labans sibi displicet ipsi.  
Talis erat status *Angligenam* tam pulcher et *Æger*,  
Fortunatorum nimium bona si sua nossent.  
Sed tam ingrata nihil levat Ignorantia culpam.  
Ergo Deum magnis monitrix apparuit *Ira*  
Prodigiis, heu, nequicquam; cœu Fulminis ictum  
Antevolare solet rapidi prænuncia *Flamma*.  
Ipse Puer, nondum (manet horrida imago) bilustris,<sup>4</sup>  
*Tristia* me memini toto æthere *signa* videre;  
Vidi equidem instantum lato terrore malorum  
Conscriptam cœlo Historiam; *Convexa polorum*  
Lucenti (heu trepido referens) *accensa* procellâ,  
Et *faciem inferni flagrantem imitata Barathri*  
Undique sulphureos flammaram volvere fluctus.  
Tum ruptâ nube horrendam pulchrâque repente  
Sese aperire intus Scenam, duplicesque stupendo  
Ordine dispositas Acies, belloque paratas  
Luminis ærati fulgentes stare sub armis:  
*Monchius* haud acies meliùs, fortissimus Heros,  
Instruxisset eas, bello clarissimus omni  
*Monchius*, et patriæ columenque decusque ruentis,  
Qui tunc fortè aliquâ descriptus et ipse figurâ  
Militiæ cœlestis erat, rapidumque premebat  
Altus Equum; Nostras timor an deceperit aures  
Nescio, credidimus clangorem audire tubarum,  
Principium pugnae; concurrunt protinus *alæ*  
Hic *Equitum ardentis*, adversaque pectora trudunt  
Obnixi; hic *Pedites* hastilia longa coruscant,



Verâque ab ætheriis Sclopetis Fulmina mittunt.  
Involvunt superos tetrâ caligine campos,  
Factâque Nubigenûm memoranda, et fata virorum.  
Sed partem immensæ stragis faciémque tumultûs  
Confusam, rivisque rubentem sanguinis æthram  
Vidimus, armorum splendore et luce malignâ  
Fulguris emisit quam Tormentarius ignis.  
Tandem Acies nobis melior quæ visa, figuris  
Nobilior magnis latè armorûmque virorûmque  
Heû conversa fugâ est : Nox cætera condidit alta,  
Mortalésque hebetans visus caligo Futuri.

Non tamen his multisque aliis (quæ tempore in illo  
Plurima visa piis) commota est *Anglia* torpens  
Prodigiis ; *Sylvæ* quis tunc obscura timebat  
Monstra *Caledoniæ* ? quis murmura plebis ineptæ ?  
Quis tunc *Schismatici* fermenta latentia *Zeli* ?  
Impius aut quod tum nomen *Cromwellus* habebat ?  
Nec sat erat Divis, Urbes Aulâmque ruinæ  
Premonuisse gravis ; Saltus sylvâsque monebant ;  
Nam paria et sylvis instabant fata *Britannis*.  
Flante videbamus *Zephyro* procumbere *Quercus*  
Funditûs ejectas possesso mille per annos  
Natalique solo ; *Zephyro* quis talia demens  
Imputet innocuo ? *Dryades* vidère Deorum  
Semideæ dextras stirpem sine falce secantes.  
Ast aliæ, frondes (portentum triste) ferebant  
Enormes, formâque novâ insolitôque colore ;  
Et nunquam foliis manabat melleus humor,  
Nobile nec ramos *Viscum* ditabat ovantes :  
Sed gallis onerabantur, *gallisque latebat* <sup>5</sup>  
In cunctis *Musca* infœlix, divina futuræ  
Cladis, et obscuro mussabat murmure diras.  
Sæpè nemus totum subitâ quasi febre laborans  
Nullis tranquillum turbantibus aëra ventis  
Contremere horrescens ; turbantibus aëra ventis  
Pro strepitu arboreo tristes resonare per umbras  
Humano similem gemitum et suspiria vera,  
Quinetiam obscenæ summâ dicuntur in orno  
Luce palâm, *Phæbo* frustrâ indignante, *Volucres*,  
*Bubones*, *Ululaque*, et nomen *Noctis* habentes  
Sedis, et diro temerasse examine sylvam.  
Siqua fides Vati, *Spinturnix* ipsa fuisse <sup>6</sup>  
Dicitur inter eas, monstro feralior omni  
*Spinturnix* ; Avis ignota est mortalibus illa,  
Sed novère Deæ, et visâ tremuère misellæ.  
Singula quis memoret ? Sed quid monstrosius isto ?  
Exclusisse cavo *Serpentes* ova feruntur <sup>7</sup>  
*Fraxinæ* trabis ; haud umbræ perferre solebant  
*Fraxinæ* supremam oram ; vix frondis odorem  
*Fraxinæ* ; objectos mallent incurrere in *Ignes*.  
At magis haud ullum sylvæstria Numina movit  
Prodigium arboreum, quam tactas fulmine *Laurus*  
Cernere, contactas viderunt fulmine *Laurus* ;  
Quas Jovis ipsius veteri *Diplomate* dicunt  
Fulminis immunes semper vixisse, nec ulla  
Pertimuisse minas cœli, fortémque tulisse,  
Quam nulli poterant *Victori* tradere, *Tutam* ;  
Tam fera monstra *Delam*, manifestâque signa *malorum*,  
Religiosa cohors et conjectare peritæ,

Orbis *Hamadryades* non neglexère *Britanni*.  
Est vetus atque ingens, famâ celeberrima, *Sylva* ; <sup>8</sup>  
(Hinc *Vaga Cambriacis* sacram disternat *agris*,  
Illinc vix *Thamesi* cedens *Sabrina* potenti  
Alluit) *Ardennæ* quondam prænobile nomen  
Nunc *Denæ* datur ; et nomen mutilatur et ipsa.  
Plus nulli *Martis* nocuit crudele metallum ;  
Cæditur et ferro, et ferro succisa coquendo  
Inservit, propriæque infœlix tristia mortis  
Instrumenta facit ; sibi damnum parturit ipsa  
Arboribus fœcunda super, subtûsque metallis.  
O semper bona *Pauperies* ! et conditus altâ  
Thesaurus tellure nocens ! O semper ovantes,  
Integræ, salvæque solo non divite *Sylvæ* !  
Nunc quota pars nemoris manet inconsumpta vetusti ?  
Sed tamen hanc partem (tanta est reverentia) parvas  
Ferri reliquias immitis, et ignis avari,  
Numina multa colunt, et adhuc post omnia damna  
Nobilior terris non incubat umbra *Britannis*.  
Hic *longæva Dryas*, Regni *Regina* virentis,  
Cui vectigales immensi adjunxerat undas  
Oceanî victrix, *Nymphis* sylvestribus ipsa  
Concilium indixit magnum, et venère frequentes.

Omnes quæ poterant cœlum perferre *Britannum*  
*Sylvestres* venère Deæ, levitérque supino  
Colle super, pulchrâ circum cinxère coronâ  
*Reginam* in medio *Dryadem* ; non ora Dearum  
Fœminea, arboream sed formam habitûmque gerentes,  
Officiique sui festis conventibus aptum  
Ornatum viridem ; siquis bello ordine stantes  
Præteriens vidisset eas, non ille putaret  
Numina, sed *Lucum* magnis se cernere sacrum  
Numinibus ; Talis *Scenæ* frondentis imago ;  
Quam parte ex unâ rivus circumdat amœnus  
Decurrentis aquæ ; viridanti in margine sedem  
Occupat, atque solo se sistit molliter udo  
*Leucis*, comes *Alicida*, Herculeôsque labores <sup>9</sup>  
Umbra refert bicolor folii ; pars nigra superna est,  
*Alba* subest ; Olli comes est *Phætonτίας Alnus*. <sup>10</sup>  
Ambusti memor, ac casu perterrita Fratris,  
Multâ gaudet aquâ, et vivit secunda sub undis.  
Huic latus adjungunt *Gens Olesicarpia* dicta <sup>11</sup>  
*Iteades Nymphæ*, castissima turba Sororum,  
Et vel adhuc Juvenes incano crine severæ  
Flumen amant ; mores dilectum frigus in ipsos  
Transit, et e gelido lentore Cupidinis ignes  
Extinguunt *Salamandræ instar* ; dant vincula rebus  
Firma aliis, solos gaudent disjungere Amantes,  
Non minùs his *Acte* lætatur et assidet undis, <sup>12</sup>  
Sed tamen humanis stagnantes pellere membris  
Dicitur, hæc effata ; Quid hïc torpetis inertes ?  
Hæc sola sanguineis tantùm sunt debita *Rivis*.  
Quid cruciare *Hominem* juvat, ô, dum plurima vobis  
Arbor honesta caret ? Quin ocyûs, inquit, abite,  
Inque uterum *Terræ* vestrum descendite ; At illæ  
Quâ via permittit descendunt agmine denso,  
Et toto exactus de corpore depluit humor,  
Territus imperio magno virgâque potenti.  
Stat propè nullius non hospita læta *Betulla*, <sup>13</sup>

Populus  
(Populus)

Alnus

Salix

Acte

Betula

	Arentis madidive soli : nullo aere tristis. Mollis et alba cutim, formosam vertice fundens Caesariem, sed mens tetrica est, sed nulla nec Arbor Nec fera sylvarum crudelior incolit umbras : Nam simul atque Urbes concessum intrare domosque Plagosum <i>Orbilium</i> saevumque imitata <i>Draconem</i> Illa furit, non ulla viris delicta, nec ullum Indulgens ludum pueris ; inscribere membra Discentum, teneroque rubescere sanguine gaudet. At contra urbanae multa instrumenta ministrat Prodiga Luxuriae nimum <i>Sphendamnis</i> , et omnes <sup>14</sup> Venarum impendit labyrinthos versicolorum. Hinc pretiosa nitet <i>Citroque</i> secunda supellex, <i>Molluscum</i> , <i>Bruscumque</i> , atque aspera nomina laevis Lautitiae ; quoniam gula jam languescit inepta, Ditia sustineat nisi dives mensa Nepotum Fercula, tanquam ederent maculosi tubera ligni. Ah melius quanto <i>Zygias</i> tibi provida, Venter, <sup>15</sup> Consult, agricolae cum dat juga fortia Tauro, Materiemque <i>Moletrinae</i> cum sufficit aptam ? <i>Uimus</i> . (Elm.) Ah melius quanto <i>Pteleas</i> tibi rustica, praebens <sup>16</sup> Et frondem armentis, et aratris utile lignum, Rustica, sed foelix et <i>Baccho</i> Coniuge clara ? <i>Fagus</i> . (Beech.) <i>Oxyas</i> una nemus spaciosum proxima fundit, <sup>17</sup> Et gratam pecori, gratam pastoribus umbram, Sive diem somno, seu malint frangere cantu Aestivam ; at potius, pastores, frangite cantu. Cantando <i>Fagos</i> mulcebat <i>Tityrus</i> altas. Hinc olim juvenis Mundi melioribus annis Fortunatarum domuum non magna supellex Tota petebatur ; Sellas, Armaria, Lectos, Et mensas dabat, et Lances, et pocula <i>Fagus</i> . His celebrare epulum Veteres et festa solebant Vina coronati Divis libere benignis, His retinere (opus haud fuerat placare) faventes. Nulla scyphos unquam infamarunt toxica tales : Sed sitis exhausit plenos secunda, nec illud Arcana eventit ligni virtute potentis. Paupertas fuit Antidotum contra omne Venenum. Tales tunc habuit placidos et <i>Fraxinus</i> usus, <sup>18</sup> ( <i>Fraxinus</i> ipsa Arbor, <i>Melias</i> sed <i>Nympha</i> vocatur) At postquam ex illa fabricata est <i>Pelias</i> Hasta, Et bibit <i>Hectoreum</i> (pro gloria saeva ! <i>cruorem</i> , Bella colit, nec jam pluvias vicinae tantum Flumina, sanguineos quantum sitit effera rores. Non illi inferior procero corpore juxta (Sed pia et alterius studiis operata Minervae, Nam tenui donat victura volumina libro) <i>Tilia</i> . (Lime-tree.) Stat <i>Philyra</i> ; haud omnes formosior altera surgit <sup>19</sup> Inter <i>Hamadryadas</i> ; mollissima, candida, laevis, Et viridante coma et beneolenti flore superba. Spargit odoratam late atque aequaliter umbram. Istam componit nativa imitata venustas <i>Culturam</i> , et multo ditat medicamine Virtus, <sup>20</sup> Unaque plantarum dotes complectitur omnes, Una omnes merito connectere nata Coronas. <i>Achras</i> acerba tuens et <i>Oreimelis</i> simul astant Nequicquam maturae et nullo Sole demandae, Venerunt etiam sylvasque hortosque colentes		
<i>Acer</i> . (Maple.)			
<i>Zygias</i> . (Hornbeam.)			
<i>Uimus</i> . (Elm.)			
<i>Fagus</i> . (Beech.)			
<i>Fraxinus</i> . (Ash.)			
<i>Tilia</i> . (Lime-tree.)			
Pyri et Mali sylvestris.			
	<i>Amphibia Nymphae</i> : non belli nominis <i>Oivas</i> , <sup>21</sup> <i>Oxyacantha</i> ferox, <i>Sycamimea</i> sanguine tincta, Tincta cruore atro, sed et ossea tota <i>Craneia</i> , Et <i>Carya</i> , et <i>Corylis</i> dura, et cute <i>Castanis</i> hirta. Quis neget has lautas et opimas vivere, in <i>Hortis</i> Quels Domus urbana est, in <i>Sylvis</i> rustica Villa ? Sed nec abesse putes <i>Spinam</i> conventibus <i>Albam</i> <i>Talibus</i> ; omne solum natale est, intrat ubique <i>Ardelio</i> ; illa quidem cultis excluditur agris Plerumque, atque <i>Hortis</i> ; sed circumsepit utrosque Atque omnes adytus servat fidissima custos, Utilior latrante <i>Cane</i> armatoque <i>Priapo</i> . Aspera frigoribus saxisque <i>Helvetia</i> tales Educat, et peregre terras emittit in omnes Enormes durosque viros, sed fortia bello Pectora ; non illi cultu, non moribus Aulas, Atque urbes decorare valent, sed utrasque fideli Defendunt opera ; nec iis, gens cauta, Tyranni, Praeponunt speciosa magis, multumque sonora Praesidia ; his certi vitam tutantur opesque. Hos quoque cum junctos videas, justaque sub armis Dispositos acie, toto nullum agmen in orbe Nobilius dices visu aut formosius illo. Non igitur temere veteres ex arbore tali Quae rigidae sepi munimina firma ministrat Contra praedonum insidias furumque ferarumque Excidere sacras <i>Hymenaea</i> ad foedera Taedas <sup>22</sup> Jusseruntque novis vigiles praere Maritis. Huic comites addunt sese de more frequentes Horrida <i>Prumnitis</i> pomo foecunda severo Aspera <i>Virgo Batis</i> , <i>Rosa</i> morsu nota canino, Auxiliatrices ad sepimenta catervae. Haud minor aeterno pubentium frondis honore Sylva aderat ; victrix brumae, nec legibus anni Subdita vertentis ; nihil illa vel indiga <i>Solis</i> , Vel <i>Jovis</i> est, sed Vere suo privoque beata ; Et ridet plorante polo terraque gemente. Pyxiadis Frondes Hyemem, sed saecula vincit Omnia <i>Materies</i> ; dentemque fatigat in illa <sup>23</sup> Tempus edax frustra : tamen omni cerea formae, Culturae dociles ramos accommodat omni, Ingeniosa sequi dextramque artemque Magistri. Si tibi sic visum est, humiles distinguet in imo Repens areolas, et flores stare superbos Aspiciet supra ; si vis, caput efferet alte Magna Arbos, sumetque volens quamcumque figuram Seu jubeas <i>Hominem</i> fieri, seu forte <i>Leonem</i> Seu <i>Volucrum</i> ; trunco viridis quasi <i>Psittacus</i> illa Insistet proprio ; Statuasque hinc ordine pulchras Arboreus tibi <i>Praxiteles</i> disponet in Horto, Nec minus Artificum obsequitur defuncta labori ; Hinc simulacra dolant, atque Immortalia penes Numina ; divinamque canens multo ore <i>Cybellam</i> Delectat patrios <i>Berecynthia</i> <i>Tibia</i> Montes <sup>24</sup> Hinc fabrefacta sacros diffundit Pyxis odores Nativo purgata ; strepunt hoc cardine valvae, Hinc solidi plaustrorum axes, et buris aratri, Haec et foemineo multum officiosa decori <sup>25</sup> Caesariem terget nitidam ; non ultima belli	Sorbus. Berber. Morus, Cornus. Juglans. Coryli. Castanea.	
			Spina alba. ( <i>Hey-thorn</i> .)
			Prunus Sylvestris. Rubus. Rosa Canina.
			Buxus.

Aquilifolium. (Holly.)	<p>Arma puellaris ; laqueos hæc nectit Amantùm, Et venatricis disponit retia Formæ. <i>Agrias</i> insidiis levibus captare Volucres<sup>26</sup> Contenta est, scelerisque fugam constringere pennæ, Sed mala furta hominum densis mucronibus arcens Securum defendit inexpugnabilis Hortum, Exornâtque simul, toto spectabilis anno, Et numero et viridi foliorum luce nitentùm, Nec piget his decorare domos ; juvat undique lætas Texere Acufoliæ ramos, roseique pusillis <i>Coralii</i> gemmis deformem ornare <i>Decembrem</i>, Et gelidas vernis hilarare coloribus <i>Horas</i>.</p>	<p>Cortice sub viridi, <i>Cyparissis</i> Nympha vocatur, <i>Cupressusque</i> Arbor. Tùque ò (Deus aureus addit) Cui tantilla movet tam magnos causa dolores, Semper eris meritò tu maxima <i>Præfica</i> luctùs Funeris, Diti sacra et Diis Manibus esto : Sic ait, et Veri benè gnarus in Arbore Mortis <i>Æternæ</i> posuit præsentia dulcia vitæ, Materiem invictam carie, nec temporis ullâ Labe fatiscentem, florentes semper honores Frondis innocidue, pulchræ decora alta figuræ, In morem liquidæ Cælum invadentia flammæ, Stat propè major amor <i>Phæbi</i>, stat dignior Ignis Arboreus <i>Daphne</i> pulcherrima, casta sed omnes Illa perodit adhuc, crepitùque avertitur ignes.<sup>32</sup> Non minùs et castam <i>Deus</i> ardens diligit illam, Et <i>Vatem</i> facit, et strepitu indignantis in ipso Omen inesse jubet faustum lætosque sonores, Quid mirum est humilis si sacratissima <i>Laurus</i> Vulneris impatiens terreno stringitur hoste ? Fulgura quæ superum circum volitantia tutò Aspiciat, atque minas Cœli flammantis inanes ? O foelix longè ante alias ! ò <i>maxima gentis</i> <i>Arboræ Princeps</i> ! vel si tibi Principis aufert Diva <i>Dryas</i> titulos, O certè <i>maxima Vates</i> ! Te <i>Reges</i> tumidi, te <i>Victoresque</i> superbi (Pars operi precium) te proxima gloria Mundi <i>Turba Poëtarum</i> gestant, quos inter et ipsos (Fas sperare) comas non dedignabere nostras, Et foliis raro et sterili circumdare ramo. Tum verò ingentes <i>Elate Peucedque</i> sorores,<sup>34</sup> Sublimi feriunt rorantes vertice nubes. Quantum despiciunt montana cacumina valles, Tantum illæ stantes in summo montibus ipsis Altiùs assurgunt ; sic stabat <i>turba Gigantum</i>, Sic superinjectâ frondoso <i>Pelion Ossâ</i> Stabant terrores superum, similésque superbis <i>Abietibus Pintsque</i> levabant brachia centum. Hoc benè prospectu terras, pontùmque profundum, (Nam domibus terras et pontum navibus ornant) Non sine gaudiolo latè sua Regna tuentur, Ipsa etiam <i>Prinis</i> palatia Regia linquit<sup>35</sup> Servantique fores sese exiit <i>Ilice sacrâ</i> <i>Hortenses</i> ; remanet trunco vita ægra relicto : Intereâ ; vix Cœlo alibi contenta Britanno, Nec sub sole quidem nostro sed Rege virescens, Huc jam mœsta venit, monstros exterrita tantis, Et fatis <i>Aulæ</i> super insolabilis <i>Alba</i>.</p>	Lauru
Arbutus. (Strawberry Tree.)	<p>Plus Hyemi præstat <i>Comaris</i>, dat edulia poma,<sup>27</sup> Non terrena ferens nec humi repentina <i>Fraga</i>. Hâc solâ infœlix sylvestri pascitur escâ <i>Janus</i>, et esuriens non uno devorat ore.</p>		Lauru
Phyllirea. Pyracantha.	<p><i>Phillyris</i> et <i>Pyracantha</i> oculos hominùmque Deùmque<sup>28</sup> Pascere contentæ, baccharum fercula rubra, Dant Avibus solis, et tandem debita gratæ Per brumam æstivi persolvunt præmia cantus.</p>		Lauru
Taxus. (Yew.)	<p>Mœsta subit <i>Smilax</i>, habitu lugentis ad urnam<sup>29</sup> Aut bello rapti aut morbo inclemente Mariti. Mœsta subit, velòque umbræ circumdata nigræ Heu nimium infœlix et inani Nympha laborans Invidiâ ? falsi sub suspicione Veneni Insontem <i>Græii</i> quam damnavere <i>Poëtæ</i>, Historicisque fide famam levioere sequuti. Me decet Arboreum <i>Vatem</i> purgare malignis, Arboream dictis, et ficto crimine Divam, Siqua fides Vati non Graio, <i>Taxus</i> ab omni Pura veneficio est, <i>Taxi</i> sub tegmine quivis Dormiet, inque oculos, inque aures tutus utrasque ; De vino responde mihi, et mihi pocula præbe <i>Toxica</i>, non equidem parcam vel dante Novercâ, Putida, Grammatici, res est hinc <i>Toxica</i> dici, Illa trahunt Arcus Græco de nomine nomen Triste, venenatæ veteri de more sagittæ Mortiferis titulum sævum imposuere Venenis. Cantanti nec obesse soles, <i>Arceuthi</i>, gravemque Objicit immeritò vatium tibi maximus umbram, <i>Juniperi</i> levis umbra nocet nec frugibus ipsis.<sup>30</sup> Quàm multa Arboribus tribuuntur crimina falsò ? Virtutesque utinam nullæ ! Latet intùs ocellos Effugiens, densoque obductum Cortice Verum.</p>		Lauru
Juniperus.	<p>Te quoque, si liceat vellem excusare <i>Sabina</i><sup>31</sup> Non licet, et sceleris nimium manifesta teneris, Per te prima novæ scintilla industria vitæ, Pauper, et in Flammam nondum eluctata micantem (Triste nefas !) aspersa veneno extinguitur udo. Non hic immeritò comitem, funesta <i>Sabina</i> Funeream <i>Cyparissin</i> habes ; Comes omnibus illa<sup>32</sup> Sed pia funeribus ; tu nondum (barbara) natos Tollis, at illa senes etiam deplorat adeptos. Talis erat Puer ille Deo <i>Cyparissus</i> amatus Lucenti, tam leni animo, tam pectore molli, Vulnera qui lugens et lamentabile fatum Dilecti sibi <i>Cervi</i> in mortem tabuit ipse : Sed faciem hanc illi miseratus <i>Apollo</i> refecit, Et dedit esse <i>Cupressum</i>, ævùmque agitare perenne</p>		Ilex.
Sabina.	<p>Non licet, et sceleris nimium manifesta teneris, Per te prima novæ scintilla industria vitæ, Pauper, et in Flammam nondum eluctata micantem (Triste nefas !) aspersa veneno extinguitur udo. Non hic immeritò comitem, funesta <i>Sabina</i> Funeream <i>Cyparissin</i> habes ; Comes omnibus illa<sup>32</sup> Sed pia funeribus ; tu nondum (barbara) natos Tollis, at illa senes etiam deplorat adeptos. Talis erat Puer ille Deo <i>Cyparissus</i> amatus Lucenti, tam leni animo, tam pectore molli, Vulnera qui lugens et lamentabile fatum Dilecti sibi <i>Cervi</i> in mortem tabuit ipse : Sed faciem hanc illi miseratus <i>Apollo</i> refecit, Et dedit esse <i>Cupressum</i>, ævùmque agitare perenne</p>		Ilex.
Cupressus.	<p>Arma puellaris ; laqueos hæc nectit Amantùm, Et venatricis disponit retia Formæ. <i>Agrias</i> insidiis levibus captare Volucres<sup>26</sup> Contenta est, scelerisque fugam constringere pennæ, Sed mala furta hominum densis mucronibus arcens Securum defendit inexpugnabilis Hortum, Exornâtque simul, toto spectabilis anno, Et numero et viridi foliorum luce nitentùm, Nec piget his decorare domos ; juvat undique lætas Texere Acufoliæ ramos, roseique pusillis <i>Coralii</i> gemmis deformem ornare <i>Decembrem</i>, Et gelidas vernis hilarare coloribus <i>Horas</i>. Plus Hyemi præstat <i>Comaris</i>, dat edulia poma,<sup>27</sup> Non terrena ferens nec humi repentina <i>Fraga</i>. Hâc solâ infœlix sylvestri pascitur escâ <i>Janus</i>, et esuriens non uno devorat ore. <i>Phillyris</i> et <i>Pyracantha</i> oculos hominùmque Deùmque<sup>28</sup> Pascere contentæ, baccharum fercula rubra, Dant Avibus solis, et tandem debita gratæ Per brumam æstivi persolvunt præmia cantus. Mœsta subit <i>Smilax</i>, habitu lugentis ad urnam<sup>29</sup> Aut bello rapti aut morbo inclemente Mariti. Mœsta subit, velòque umbræ circumdata nigræ Heu nimium infœlix et inani Nympha laborans Invidiâ ? falsi sub suspicione Veneni Insontem <i>Græii</i> quam damnavere <i>Poëtæ</i>, Historicisque fide famam levioere sequuti. Me decet Arboreum <i>Vatem</i> purgare malignis, Arboream dictis, et ficto crimine Divam, Siqua fides Vati non Graio, <i>Taxus</i> ab omni Pura veneficio est, <i>Taxi</i> sub tegmine quivis Dormiet, inque oculos, inque aures tutus utrasque ; De vino responde mihi, et mihi pocula præbe <i>Toxica</i>, non equidem parcam vel dante Novercâ, Putida, Grammatici, res est hinc <i>Toxica</i> dici, Illa trahunt Arcus Græco de nomine nomen Triste, venenatæ veteri de more sagittæ Mortiferis titulum sævum imposuere Venenis. Cantanti nec obesse soles, <i>Arceuthi</i>, gravemque Objicit immeritò vatium tibi maximus umbram, <i>Juniperi</i> levis umbra nocet nec frugibus ipsis.<sup>30</sup> Quàm multa Arboribus tribuuntur crimina falsò ? Virtutesque utinam nullæ ! Latet intùs ocellos Effugiens, densoque obductum Cortice Verum. Te quoque, si liceat vellem excusare <i>Sabina</i><sup>31</sup> Non licet, et sceleris nimium manifesta teneris, Per te prima novæ scintilla industria vitæ, Pauper, et in Flammam nondum eluctata micantem (Triste nefas !) aspersa veneno extinguitur udo. Non hic immeritò comitem, funesta <i>Sabina</i> Funeream <i>Cyparissin</i> habes ; Comes omnibus illa<sup>32</sup> Sed pia funeribus ; tu nondum (barbara) natos Tollis, at illa senes etiam deplorat adeptos. Talis erat Puer ille Deo <i>Cyparissus</i> amatus Lucenti, tam leni animo, tam pectore molli, Vulnera qui lugens et lamentabile fatum Dilecti sibi <i>Cervi</i> in mortem tabuit ipse : Sed faciem hanc illi miseratus <i>Apollo</i> refecit, Et dedit esse <i>Cupressum</i>, ævùmque agitare perenne</p>	<p>Tali Sceptrigeram <i>Dryadem</i> circumstetit orbe Nobile <i>Nympharum Angligenùm</i> nemus ; illa levato Composuit sese tumulo mediàmque locavit, Multâ Majestate tumens, umbræque favorem Regalis partes longè diffundit in omnes, Non Ego, si venti mihi vox clamosa daretur, Cùm viridis <i>Querceta</i> agitat reboantia <i>Denæ</i>, Te dignè, veneranda <i>Dryas</i>, celebrare, tuarum Vel potero sylvam immensam describere laudum. Ex te (siqua fides miracula multa canenti Danda vetustati est) erupit prima virorum Tunc libro viridi, cute nunc contacta juvenus.</p>	Quercu

Tunc quoque dura genus, sed *Deucalionis* in ævo,  
 Durior evasit, crustâque incalluit albâ.  
 Hanc famam eximiis subnixam authoribus olim  
 Elevat, et spernit vanorum turba sophorum,  
 Et Schola *Pyrrhonis*, nimitumque *Academia* ridens.  
 Fas dubitare quidem; sed non dubitabile et illud  
 Quos tunc terra bonos homines magnosque creavit,  
 His crevisse cibis, et quernâ glande repasta  
 Æquasse annosas vivendo corpore *Quercus*.  
 Fœlix illa ætas mundi justissima *Nymphe*,  
 Cùm dabat umbra domum vivam tua, cùm Domus ipsa  
 Decidua Dominos pascebat fruge quietos,  
 Solâque præbebant sylvestria poma secundas  
 Gramineis epulas mensis; nondum arte magistrâ  
 Arbor Adulteriis præluserat Insita nostris.  
*Alma Ceres*, non est tua munificentia tanti,  
 Immites alimenta ferunt si mitia mores:  
 Non tanti est si gens hominum depulsa, ferarum  
 Victibus induitur naturam sæva ferinam.  
 Hinc malè mutatus *Respublica* desiit esse  
 Mundus, et invasit communia commoda rerum  
 Quisque sibi; hinc cœptum est partiri finibus agros,  
 Natâque confestum fines proferre libido.  
 Hinc Homini sua Terra parum; mox nulla videri  
 Terra satis. Bonus, ecce *Solum* fastidit Arator,  
*Pontum* arat, his sulcis frumentum quærit ineptus.  
 Esto, non poterit magnus Tentator Avarus  
 Efficere ut Fruges *Pontus* ferat; efficit illud  
 Ut ferat *Arboreum* genus, et te, maxima *Quercus*,  
 Æquoris immensi montes transplantat in altos,  
 Inseruisse audax *abiignis* Robora *Malis*.  
 O *Dryas*, humani comes et Patrona laboris!  
 Si sapiunt, stabilique volunt requiescere sede,  
 En Domus es Domino multum diuturnior ipso.  
 Si possunt patrio contenti vivere fundo,  
 Das juga dura boum, stivamque, axesque gementes,  
 Omniaque agricolis vitæ prompta arma beatæ.  
 Pallida si mentes agitat vesania lucri  
 Fis *Ratis* errabunda, trabes nec certior ulla  
 Ventorumque marisque incerta pericula lustrat,  
 Mors fera compagem rabiidâ circumsonat irâ  
 Deditignata levis tenui munimine Ligni  
 Se fremere exclusam, Ceu quondam raptor ovile  
 Discurrit circum *Lupus*, exacutque furorem,  
 Et rigido dentes nequicquam in poste retundit.  
 Linque tuas *porcis* glandes, ditissima *Quercus*,  
 Linque volens; homini quicquid parit undique terra,  
 Et quascunque ostentat opes, quascunque recondit,  
 Conquiris donasque; *Eodque* aromata portas  
*Occiduamque aurum*; per te mollissima serum,  
 Sylvâque odora *Arabum Thulen* pervenit ad ipsam,  
 Per te nunc orbis reserati pervius usus;  
 Per te nunc iterum magnus *Respublica* Mundus  
 Incipit esse; *Omnis nunc possidet omnia tellus*.  
 Si meritâ veteres celebrarunt laude Poëtæ  
 Arietis unius referentem vellera fulva  
 Phaside vicinâ Pinum, penetratâque Ponti  
 Clastra, et *Cyanæ* ridenda pericula cautis:  
 Quis tandem Oceanus famæ tibi sufficit, aut quo

Te satis ad Cœlum tollet facundia fluctu  
 Adjungétque astris, ô magni sacra *Columbi*  
*Quercus*! Io, Vectrix auri fœlicior, *Argo*!  
 At *Quercus Dracana* tuos imitata labores  
*Phæbe*, tuo digna est solius carmine dici.  
 Sit sidus *Pagasæ Ratis*, post tempora vitæ  
 Et cursum æquoreæ Cœlestis fulgeat instar  
*Arietis*; hæc Puppis totum circum acta per orbem  
 Sideris officio jamdudum et in æquore functa est.  
 Quam benè consuluit terræ Natura *Britannæ*  
 Oceani magnum tendens hic ponere regnum?  
 Si non ingentes, *Libani* decora ardua, *Cedros*,  
 Nec *Pinum Ideam*, aut *Palmam fœlicis Idumes*  
 Nec dites *Arabum* sylvas et odora vireta,  
 Nec *Platani* festam concessit amabilis umbram,  
 At *Querceta* dedit toto longè optima mundo,  
 Belligerumque nemus solidavit robore multo,  
 At maris immensi vastâ circumdata Fossâ  
 Insula stat secura minarum, et classibus illam  
 Roboreis communit inexuperabile Vallum.  
 Non igitur *Dryadæ* nostrates pectore vano  
 Nec sine consulto coluerunt Numine *Quercum*,  
 Non illam *Albionis* jam tum celebravit honore  
 Stulta superstitio, venturive inscia scœcli  
*Anghiaci* ingentes puto prævidisse triumphos  
 Roboris, Imperiumque maris, quod maximus olim  
*Carolides* vastâ Victor ditioe teneret.

Quid mirum hoc, siquidem veteres Oracula *Quercus*  
 Effudisse ferunt? Superumque arcana voluntas  
 Principio raucâ sylvarum voce putatur  
 Significata homini; *Phæbeam* qualiter implet  
 Vatem *Cyrrhæis* erumpens spiritus *antris*  
 Attonitam raptans et multo Numine turbans,  
 Haud aliter sacros inspirans ipse furores  
 Robora *Dodones* agitavit Ventus; at illa  
 Terribili sonitu capita et fera brachia jactant  
 Bacchantum more insano; nemus omne tremebat  
 Atque abrupta volant folia undique et undique rami  
 Sparguntur lacerati, equitantem in turbine nescit  
 Sylva Deum stimulata pati, sed voce prementem  
 Excutit immani tandem; Deus ore dehiscens  
 Intonat *arboreo* mundi secreta futuri;  
 Multa simul glomerans obscura umbrosâque vera.  
 At superum generi mortali aversa voluntas  
 Jamdudum sacras præstare silentia *Quercus*  
 Jussit, et his tantum vocè in Conventibus uti,  
 Aut certè humanas, si coram aliquando loquantur,  
 Non intellectum profundere murmur in aures;  
 Hic data libertas fandi, nec *Chaonis* unquam  
 Clarius in sylvâ nec apertius ore locuta est  
 Fatidico *Dryas*; Immotis Nemus undique ramis  
 Conticuit, vocemque arrectis frondibus hausit.

Magna Deos generi nostroque hominumque minari  
 Cernitis, ô Socie, et multum sperare nefastos  
 Arbitror eventus, tamen hæc incerta malorum  
 Ne vos attonitas confundat imago, premâtque:  
 Me nunc partem aliquam Deus hic edicere jussit  
 Planibus, et monitu virtutem armare salubri.  
 Accipite hæc totis mea dicta et condite rimis,

Fortiâque adversis opponite robora ventis.  
 Non mihi vana fides : hic, quo nunc induor ipsa,  
 Truncus ab antiqua descendit origine *Quercus*  
 Quam mirata loqui primam *Dodonia* sylva est.  
 Nam *Brutus*, cæsi genitoris regna perosus,  
 (Filius infœlix, fœlix Pater ille Britanni  
 Nominis) *Epirum* venit mœstissimus exul.  
 Illic progeniem, consanguinitate propinquam  
*Pyramidæ* sceptris pulsam, soliôque paterno  
 Restituit victor bello ; et pietate solutus  
 Crimine fatali est ; nec dedignatus et ipse est  
 Compellare virum quercino *Jupiter* ore,  
*Aeneaque* sui pronepotem emittere magnum,  
 In similem *Aeneæ* sortem longôsque labores ;  
 Talia namque illi dirupto cortice fertur  
 Fudisse attonito et trepidanti Oracula *Quercus*,  
*Chaoniâ* steterat quæ vocalissima *sylvâ*.  
 Tros, ô *sylviade*, non his tibi figere sedem  
 Parca dabit sylvis, patriæque piacula cædis  
 Plura tibi quanquam insonti, majorâque restant.  
 Multa obeunda mari, sævisque pericula bellis.  
 Tu solidam obfirma mentem, pérque aspera rerum  
 Finde novas virtute vias ; dat præmia Finis.  
 Substitit *Hesperis Alcides Gadibus* olim,  
 Nil ultrâ prono sperans de sole ; sed Ultrâ  
 Tu penetrare aude ; nec te vastissima veri  
 Terreat Oceani facies ; at vela memento  
 In Boream dare dextrorsùm ; tua fata *Boôtæ*  
*Plaustra vehunt* ; pigrè, certo sed euntia motu.  
 Auxiliùmque feret totis tibi viribus *Astri*  
*Ursa* sui Jove prognato. Tua dextra Tyrannos  
 Bis senos *Gomeritarum* sub tartara mittet  
 Prætereuntis opus ; quid adhuc *Victoria* prodest  
 Tanta ? Triumphanti totus tibi clauditur Orbis.  
 Totius tu Mundi Exul ; te fata relegant  
 Ulteriùs, sed nec trepida, nec defice ; Mundum  
 Illa dabunt alium, gremio quem condidit alto  
 Integrùmque reservavit per sæcula longa  
 Oceanus tibi *Brute*, tuum qui semper habebit  
 Et genus et nomen ; quicquid complectitur æther  
*Aeneaque Brutique* dedere nepotibus astra,  
*Aeneæ Terras* omnes *Maria* omnia *Bruti*.  
 Talia prædicens hæc insuper addidit ore  
*Quercus* hians sacro : Memor esto, atque accipe *Glandes*  
 Has ait (implevit porrecto termite dextram)  
 Hæc tibi erunt longi solamina muta laboris,  
 Promissisque mei testes ; cùmque ubere diti  
 Præbebit tua fausta solum *Britannia* dignum,  
 Has sere, in immensas crescent hæc semina sylvas,  
 Et *Quercus* toto celebrabitur orbe *Britanna* ;  
*Chaoniam* famâ superabit *Filia Matrem* :  
 Tum tu *Brute* mihi gratum instaurabis honorem,  
 Instituésque *Patres Druidas*, sanctissima mundi  
 Nomina ; *Teutates* habitabit Robore in omni,  
 Lætâque fœlicis vulgò dabit Omnia *Vlsci*.  
 Dixerat hæc *Quercus* non veri vana, nec illam  
 Linea decepit puncto fatalis in uno :  
 Primâque *Chaoniis* crevit de *Glandibus* Arbor,  
 Huic *Avia*, ex quâ nunc vobis *Oracula* pando.

Scilicet hæc Juvenis, cùm primùm huc *Danica Classis*  
 Appulit, iratis *Thore* et *Tuiscone* Deisque  
*Saxoniae* reliquis, bis centum circiter annos  
 Nata fuit ; meminit, viditque simillima nostris  
 Prodigia, heu, similes nimirum visura ruinas !  
 Ecce, illas video ! —  
 Prima *Caledoniis* Nubes de montibus orta  
*Arctos* operit campos, *Tueddmque* quietum,  
 Limitis oblitum jamdudùm munere fungi,  
 Et Medium unius tantùm se currere regni  
 Credentem, super acta volat popularibus auris  
*Anglicis*que agros ferali territat umbrâ.  
 Sed terrere satis primò, Simulacrâque *Martis*  
 (Qualia vos nuper cœlo vidistis in ipso)  
 Proludunt sicci ; fugat hostem argenteus imber,  
 Ignotum genus *Armorum*, pugnacibus olim  
 Parcisque *Angligenum* proavis, sed prodigus emptor  
 Nunc Pacis populus, scelerata infandâque bella  
 Mox pluris Civilia Emet : Pax sanguine primo  
 Ipsa rubet (proh dirum Omen !) Fontémque recludens  
 Purpureum, in medio Furiis operata Senatu est.  
 Magnorum invidiâ Vir magnus, Plebis ineptæ  
 Integer injustis odiis, Clamore *Disertus*  
 Obruatur, Sacer, ô, multôque cruore piandus  
 Insonti pariter Regi, sontique *Popello*,  
 Principium belli damnata *Vigornia* fato,  
 Mœsta videt victrix, et multo murmure plorat  
*Sabrina* lacrimisque suæ ; sed et ipsa videbit  
 Mœstior, ah, Belli (quis possit credere ?) Finem,  
 Quis nunc *Kintonia* sublimem in collibus altis  
 Me sistit Deus ? heu qualem nunc flumine rubro  
 Despicio undantem Vallem ? quantisque tumentem  
 Aggeribus cædùm ? quas fervidus æquore toto  
*Rupertus* cumulat strages, Victôrque gemiscens  
*Rex pius* ? avertant cursum nisi fata secundum ;  
 Tantorum ista dabit finem lux una malorum :  
 Irati vetuere Dei ; *Victoria* præceps  
 Corruit, atque nequit vicinam attingere *Metam*.  
 Quâ patet *imperium* tunc occupat omne *Britannum*  
*Mars* immane fremens, Regni pars integra nulla est.  
*Belerii* extremis a cornibus *Orcadas* usque  
 Et vix læta quidem semestribus arva diebus,  
 In scelus exitiùmque ruunt, Furor omnibus idem.  
*Albion* infœlix, quæ te sævissima *Serpens*  
*Eumenidum*, quænam, ô, *Hæmorrhoids* ore momordit ?  
 Omnia membra fluunt stillantibus undique *Venis*,  
 Tantum, tàmque ingens, Totum est pro *Vulnere* Corpus.  
 Ter campos infausta tuos, *Neuberria*, cerno  
 Cladibus informes, superâtque horrore nefando  
 Sanguine bis tinctos tua tristic fama *Philippus* :  
 Mutua damna diù, atque alternæ pondera stragis  
 Nutantem partis librant utriusque ruinam.  
 Terribilem primò impulsam momentâque sæva  
*Eboracensis* ager dabit, et *Nasbeia* tandem  
 Mortiferum geminabit et immedicabile vulnus.  
 Quod superest (námque omne nefas, superesse putan-  
 dum est)  
 Cernere me prohibete Dei ; quid deinde futurum  
 Secretum vobis, precor, integrùmque tenete.

Tollite notitiam venturi ; haud gloria tanti est  
 Fatidicam dici atque Oracula fundere, ut ista  
 Prævideam, Videamque iterum. Sed se ingerit, Ecce,  
 Congeries oculis non enarranda malorum,  
 Et deforme Chaos : Victor rapit impius omnia.  
*Rex* Hostem fugiens *plebeio* tectus *amictu*  
 (Tempore *Rex* illo primùm *Simulator*, at ora  
 Agnosco sacra) fugit miserandus ad Hostem.  
 Quos non Hostilis Victo locus ? Ille suorum  
 Implorat popularium opem (proh jura fidemque !)  
*Rex Hospes*, *Supplex* frustrâ. Sic spontè Magister  
 Naufragus, in fluctus, quos horruit ante, minaces  
 Exilit ardenti et flammis crepitante Carinâ.  
 At fluctus crudelis et implacabilis irâ  
 Luctantem in flammis et fata priora rejectat.  
 Quid facerent ? Regem Miles seù fraude retentam  
 Ex bello prædam, precibusque minisque reposcit.  
 Regem adamare putes, nec vivere posse sine illo.  
 Nec minùs et *Scoti* redamant, ac reddere nolunt.  
 Non ità pro vili est ; persistunt ; acriter urgent  
 Jus partemque suam ; aut illum non *Anglus* habebit,  
 Aut *Emet*. O nullo credendum dedecus ævo !  
 Ille *potens Dominus* terrâque marique, sub Hastâ  
 Mancipii venit Captivi more, suumque  
 Servus Herum abducit, Sector temerarius, emptum  
 Non tibi ego hoc tantum (procul absit) *Scotia* crimen  
 Imputo ; tentabis gentis virtute piare  
 Totius, scelus hoc Paucorum ; et sanguine multo  
 Paucorum delicta lues. Vix arma quiescunt  
 Affixa in domibus, longusque revertitur ordo  
 Civilis belli ; fœdis subjecta Tyrannis  
 Regia Majestas, constrictaque carcere Vectæ,  
 Quem non commoveat ? Justas commovit in iras,  
*Scotia*, te serò, te libertatis amatrix  
*Cantia*, te *Britonum* non impar *Cambria* famæ :  
 Prælia quid referam vobis, quæ plurima cerno  
 Astrorum auspiciis et adhuc commissa priorum ?  
 Quid memorem trepidam tingentia vulnera *Riblam*,  
 Sistensque fugâ vel cursum, fluminis ipsum  
 Præcipiti *Scotos* ? Quid te *Medvaga*, tumentem  
 Cædibus ? obsidiõe tuam, *Colcestria*, longo  
 Virtutem infractam, melioraque fata merentem ?  
 Quid tot Nobilium, pugnantùm nobile lethum,  
 Captorumque necem miseram, belloque pudendam ?  
 Non mihi post tantas clades, tot vulnera sortis,  
 Fas plorare quidem perituri funera Regis,  
 Si mihi nota Viri, Mundo notissima toti,  
 Cœlestis pietas, Mortem inter munera ponet  
 Summa Dei ; Scelus humanum, facinûsque tremendum  
 Auditu deploro, quod execrabitur ætas  
 Nulla satis, quod nulla satis, fœcunda dolorum,  
 Tartara, tormento poterunt punire perenni.  
 Heù quid agunt ? Video productum carcere *Regem*  
*Pegmate in excelso*, suâque ante palatia, in arce  
 Imperii summâ, populo spectante Dièque,  
 Carnificisque manu ———  
 Substitit hic, gemitûsque imâ radice petitus,  
 In solido ingentes prorupit cortice rimas,  
 Undique dimanant *lacrymæ* de frondibus udis,

VOL. II.

Quot qualésque solent madidæ post tempora Noctis,  
 Cùm capiti hærentes nebulas Aurora resolvit.  
 Ingemuit viridum simul omnis turba Sororum,  
 Et moestùm infremuit, subitque sonora doloris  
 Tempestas totum quatiit nemus ; inde sequuta est  
 Sæva quies magni, Mortisque simillima, luctûs :  
 Post longum tandem *Dryas* incipit intervallum.

Tum verò innumeris confossa *Britannia* telis,  
 Et *Capite abscisso*, proprioque in sanguine mersa,  
 Non agnoscendum jacet atque informe *Cadaver*,  
*Immanis* sine Mente, Animâque et Nomine *Truncus*.  
 Quis non post tantum Mortis sperare Quietem  
 Possit, et æternum torpenti in funere somnum ?  
 Nil minùs ; Ecce, loco Unius tunc membra regentis,  
 Mille scatent viles Animæ, ferventque tumultu,  
 (Terraï putris soboles, ignobile vulgus)  
 Vermiculi genus omne, acricque Insecta veneno,  
 Serpentesque atri, et *Serpentum maximus*, ipsas  
*Cromvellus* rabido depascitur ore Medullas.  
 Fœdus odor toto latè diffunditur orbe.  
 Tum fas atque nefas versum, nec frena furoris  
*Impietas victrix* habet, et transgressa pudorem.  
 Pegmata tunc passim mediis erecta plateis  
 Sanguine Nobilium rorantia cernere Ludus,  
 Et Paria (heù tanquam Spectacula præbita vulgo)  
 Carnifices, clarosque Viros, commissa videre.  
 Tunc ipse Hospitium factus solenne bonorum  
*Carcer*, et ante ortum lucis, quæ ducit ad illum,  
 Plena via est turbâ ; sed delassata parumper  
 Sævities cessare, et respirare coacta est ;  
 Cessat Avarities nunquam ; sine more modoque  
 Insatiata furit ; Pugnantis sæpè libenter,  
 Sed Proscribentis deponitur Hasta gravatè.  
 Quicquid florentum series longissima Regum,  
 Magnificâ parçaque manu congesserat olim :  
 Bellorum spolia, aut prolixæ munera pacis,  
 Quicquid non frugi Pietas, et splendida cultu  
 Religio proavorum aris sacraverat ipsis,  
 Quicquid *Patricius* regni possederat *ordo*,  
 Quotquot Opum Fideique Rei (proh vasta vorago !)  
 Terrigenis Paucisque haud sufficit omne Tyrannis.  
 Nec sat habent spoliare ædes Regisque Defque,  
 Diruere, atque æquare solo gens impia gaudet ;  
 Est aliqua ipsius scelerata libido Ruinæ :  
 Discurrunt *Fabri*, sonat undique malleus ingens,  
 Undique ferramenta sonant, et acuta bipennis.  
 Undique tigna vehunt lapidésque gementia plaustra,  
 Ardentes instant operi, strepitumque cientes,  
 Ædificare putas victores velle superbos ?  
 Diripientum ille est Eversorumque tumultus :  
 Cùmque hæc eveniunt, Sociæ, cum ligna parentum,  
 Defunctisque trabes vestrùm, longaque quiete  
 Compostas olim Regum sub turribus altis,  
 Excisâsque furente manu, vulsâsque videtis,  
 Tunc scitote diem vestrum, et lacrymabile fatum  
 Sylvarum venisse ; Trabes quæ sæva sepultas  
 Deturbat domibus, non parçet dextera Vivis.  
 Tunc omnes latè Saltus, nemora omnia regni,  
 (Nobile Seminium et *Plantaria* Classis et Urbis,

2 F

Spem *Belli*, et *Pacis* certa ornamenta *future*)  
 Religio quæ magna olim, nunc maximus Usus  
 Vivere privatæ jubet inviolata securi ;  
 Barbarus invadit Victor, sternitque, soloque  
 Eruit, atque Igni dividit Avarus Avaro.  
 Non generi arboreo, aut ætati parcitur ulli,  
 Triginta annorum Infantes in limine vitæ  
 Dejiciunt Ulmos, Fagósque Ornósque tenellas,  
 Nec Senium aut cani reverentia corticis obstat.  
 Pellitur infœlix ô semper Musica turba,  
 Ramorum hospitibus Volucres pelluntur avitis,  
 Flebilitérque novum celebrat *Philomela* dolorem.  
 Exul *Hamadryadum* simul his chorus effugit omnis,  
 At tacito luctu (neque enim plorare sonorùm,  
 Cœlestes decet) et lacrymis stillantibus intús.  
 Heù fugimus, Sociæ, et toto vix orbe *Britanno*  
 Securos Truncos quos ingrediamur habemus.  
 Sed non hæc semper fera *Saturnalia* durant ;  
 Immodico nunquam dat tempora longa furori  
 Instans à tergo *Nemesis*, quatiénsque securim.  
 Vos ne despondete animos, Vestri Deus ultor  
 Extirpabit eos radicitús et dabit igni.  
 Sternite nunc sylvas, nemora alta cremate, seelesti,  
 Non deërit vobis ex quâ pendebitis *Arbor* :  
 Intereâ (neque enim voti vestigia nostri  
 Fata premunt, sempérve sequuntur passibus æquis)  
 Intereâ extorres patriæ crudelibus oris  
*Carolidæ* magni per regna aliena vagantur,  
 Auxiliúmque petunt frustrâ : Comes hæret ubique  
 Sors immitis adhuc, et vix concedit *Asylum*.  
 Heù quantum terris, quoties jactatus in alto,  
*Filius* ille *Pius* Sancti Patris ! Ille labores  
 Lætus obit cunctos, sortémque ferendo fatigat  
 Infractus ; Perfer, *Juvenis venerande*, labascet,  
 Et cedit Fortuna tibi ; sed tempora Parcæ  
 Expectanda manent, tunc quæ tua sceptrâ tenaci  
 Nulla potest hominum vis extorquere *Tyranno*,  
 In dextram matura tuam atque caduca ferentur.  
 Quò fertur, quid agit ? Nondum data Tessera Fati,  
 Prosilii ille ferox, et non patienter in arma  
 Prodigus irrumpit vitæ, famámque lacessens,  
 Per clausum brumâ atque inimicis classibus æquor,  
 Littora adhuc suspecta petit, hostilia nuper ;  
 Vela tamen dantem reditúsque in regna parantem  
*Carolidem* trepidæ cernunt, dubiósque tumultu  
*Eumenides* turbantur *Oliverianæque mundi*  
*Numina Tartarei*, sacrámque evertere puppim  
 Tempestate suâ tentant, factísque procellis  
 Impediunt frustrâ, Fato impellente, Carinam :  
 Sed metuunt etiam frustrâ, cum *Cæsar* in illâ  
 Tutus agente Deo, sed non *Fortuna* vehatur  
*Cæsaris* ; illa manus alias, alia arma requirit,  
 Et vix Arma quidem ; frustrâ jam *Scotia* Regem  
 Immutata suum revocat, tanti sed honoris  
 Gloriolam (totum neque enim meruisset) habebit.  
 Emittétque Virum tandem plaudentibus Astris,  
 Qui Regem Armatus multâ cum pace reducet.  
 Intereâ (nondum, ô, Sociæ, nam præterit illud  
 Intereâ spissum) *Sconæ* venerabile Fanum

*Fergusii magni* plusquam centesimus Hæres  
 Ingreditur, veterémque capit de more Coronam  
 Applausu ingenti, sed et, ô, non Omine fausto,  
 Impositámque manu regni non ritè Sinistrâ.  
 Urget atrox hostis, circúmque strepentibus armis  
 Insultans furit, et turbat solennia victor,  
 Tum pulchram Regi mentem, centúmque parentum  
 Sceptrigerúm sobole dignam, *Indignatio justa*,  
 Et cædis patriæ *vindicta*, incensáque Virtus  
 Addit agens magnæ stimulos sub pectore Laudis.  
 Non hic extremo regnorum in fine pudendâ  
 Obsidione premi, aut venturæ fidere Brumæ  
 Auxiliis, hostique altos opponere Montes,  
 Sed dare se totum bello, permittere habenas  
 Fortunis Animisque suis *Tædque* remoto  
 Oclusum, ad Thamesim certâ vel morte parandam  
 Affectare viam ; post terga relinquitur Hostis  
 Attonitus, cœptique tremens horrore stupendi.  
 Heù nihil adverso valitura in tempore Virtus !  
 Jámque dies venit precibus lacrimisque petita  
*Brutigenæ* toties populi ; Rex agmine forti  
 In patriam vindex redit, et per mille labores  
 Mille pericla viæ, *Sabrina* ad flumina victor  
 (Ad Thamesim malle) penetrat : Rex mavolet ipse  
 Ad Thamesim, sed consiliis immista potenter  
 Vota vetant ; Age jam bellatrix *Anglia*, nunc, nunc,  
 Poscere tempus equos, capere arma, incurrere in  
 hostem,  
 Nunc (si qua est pietas) tempus defendere *Natum*,  
 Ulciscique *Patrem*, et *Patriam* relevare jacentem.  
 Talis erit mens una viris, *idem omnibus ardor*.  
 Hoc metuens *Genius regni malus*, inque bonorum  
 Perniciem vel *Cromvello* vigilantior ipso  
 Temperat infernum sævâ *Tetrapharmacum* arte ;  
 Aspida somniferam gelidi immodicique Pavoris,  
 Desidiæque Opium religantibus frigore Nervos,  
 Et constringentis dextram Torpedinis instar  
 Virus Avaritiæ ; nigro de flumine *Lethes*  
 Immiscet guttas ; his omnia pectora spargit,  
 Et pestis subit uda, Veternúque occupat ingens,  
 Oblitum Famæ populum propriæque salutis.  
 Non tamen hic à Fortuna deserta suisque,  
 Hostibus innumeris circúm obruta, deficit acris  
*Carolidæ* virtus ; *Sabrina* decolor unda  
 Testis, et haud vano jam *Rubri* nomine *Colles*,  
 Metáque fatalis longi *Vigornia* belli.  
 Post miseram latè cædémque, fugámque suorum  
 Ultimus excedit campo, captâ ultimus Urbe  
 Atque invitus abit ; mox et de colle propinquo  
 Respicit indignans, sparsúmque recolligit agmen  
 Naufragio è tanto parvum ; integrare labores  
 Ira subit, casúsque omnes, tandémque nefastum  
 Aut reparare diem, aut Mortém superaddere damnis :  
 Consilium laudant animosum, in utrumque parati,  
*Derbétúsque Comes*, *Vilmottúsque* inclytus armis,  
 Et *Dux Villerius*, Juvenis formosus et audax,  
 Dulce domi Sidus, violenti Fulguris instar  
 Militiæ, tantóque *Æneâ* dignus *Achates*.  
 Nulla mora est, vertunt ora et vestigia retrò ;

Nec nova *Spes* animos, sed *Desperatio* pulchra  
 Ardentes iterum infœlicia raptat in arma.  
 Sic *Rex*, sic alii pauci, quos Gloria Mortem  
 Nec miseris docet esse viris, nec fortibus Hostem.  
 Non ea vis reliquæ, nec tanta Scientia turmæ,  
 Vocibus hortantem vanis, surdósque precantem  
 Deseruere Ducem trepidi, totósque per agros  
 Præcipitem sparsere fugam : Discrimine tanto  
 Quis te nunc Juvenis frustrâ fortissime, quis te  
 Implicitum nodis, sævâque indagine fortis  
 Inclusum Deus eripiet ? Siquidem omnia possit,  
 Hoc poterit Deus, et faciet, nec tanta negabit  
 (Præmia Martyrii) *Sancto* Miracula *Patri* :  
 Non illi æthereâ præpollens *Carolus* aulâ  
*Carolidæ* imbelli commendat voce salutem.  
 Nunc vobis, *Sociæ*, cur hæc secreta referre  
 Annorum jubear venientum, et pandere sacros  
 Tempora Thesaurus inter latitantia Cœli,  
 His impressa tamen dudum et signata figuris.  
 (Quæ nec Somnus adhuc, nec dia Insania Vatum  
 Nec pecudum fibræ, volucrum nec penna, nec Astra  
 Monstravere Homini) tacitis attendite ramis.  
 Limite in extremo quâ dives spectat ad ortum  
*Sallopiæ*, assurgit *Lucus* cognomine *Bellus* ;  
 Nunc locus obscurus, Chartisque incognitus ipsis,  
 Sèque fruens ; sed mox toto celebratio orbe  
 Nulla erit, aut famæ radiis illustrior Umbra.  
 Stat propè *Sacra* olim, *felicitis* et *Ominis* *Ædes*  
*Albarum* titulo *Dominarum* ; hæc unius horæ  
 Perfugium Regi, Panémque (ô munera magna !)  
 Prima dabit lasso, primúmque albescere pulli  
 Hic color incipiet fati, sed non nisi postquam  
 Exuerit Regem ; hic flentes dimittit amicos  
 Illorum flens ipse vicem et discrimina, siccus  
 Immotusque suis, hic ornamenta prioris  
 Aurea deponit vitæ, nec tænia cruris  
 Cærulea, aut *Equitis* servatur Imago *Georgii*  
 Bellatrix, jam sacrum Equitem superante *Dracone*,  
 Longa comæ nigræ et speciosa volumina cultro  
 Scissa cadunt, *capitque parum est cecidisse Coronam*.  
 Induiturque artus pannosâ et paupere veste,  
 Nec Personatus tantum est hoc tempore Pauper.  
 Heu nimium istius *Legi* Rex maximus *Ædis*  
 Subjicitur veteri ; pompam cultumque relinquit  
 Mundanum, abscindit crines, assumit egeni  
 Squallentem miserumque habitum, valedicit amicis,  
 Fit *Monachus* ; mox et Tectum *Fortuna* negabit ;  
 Fiet *Eremita* ; in sylvis se condet opacis  
 Solus, egens, vagus ; hoc etiam *Fortuna* negabit ;  
 Eripiet tandem Terram crudeliter ipsam,  
 Vix profugo sedem dabit Arbor in Aëre tutam.  
 Tum vos, ô, *Lucum* (ne frustrâ hæc dicta putetis)  
 Ad Bellum properate omnes ; intrate silentes  
 Truncum quæque suum ; totâ sine Numine *Sylvâ*  
 Stet nullum genus arboreum, simul ipsaque præsens  
 Fœlicem ingrediari, Nemoris quæ maxima, *Quercum*.  
 Hic agite excubias noctemque diemque fideles,  
 Prospicite in totos erecto vertice campos,  
 Vicinâsque vias, *Miles* fortè impius istuc

Ne veniat venatum homines, rapiâtque profanus  
 Depositum cœli sacrum, quod Numina nostræ  
 Committunt fidei, et tutum integrumque repositum.  
 Multa virum, atque oculis impervia protegat Umbra ;  
 Hic igitur jussæ *Regem* expectate, Sorores,  
 Jámque aderit, jam nunc horæ fatalis ad aures  
 Pervenit sonus ; intereâ quis Rusticus iste est ?  
 Vel quid humi recubat, nostrâque sub arbore solus ?  
 Num *Latro* aut *Speculator* adest ? Nam quis nisi talis  
 Sub Jove tam sævo ventum perpressus et imbrem  
 Duraret ? vultum, precor, ô, habitumque notemus,  
 Et quid agat ; sordent crines et scortæ vestis ;  
 Mœstitiæ multa in vultu, sed plura laboris  
 Immodici videor vestigia inusta videre,  
 Credo equidem et facies aliquâ fuligine tincta est.  
 Sed tamen hæc inter (vos acrem intendite visum)  
 Sacrum nescio quid, non enarrabile quiddam  
 Luminis arcani scintillat, jámque tuenti  
 Clariùs assurgit ; num me mea lumina Divam  
 Fallunt fatidicam ? Nisi fallunt, *Rusticus* iste,  
*Rusticus* iste miser (proh cœlum et Numina ! *Rex est*  
*Jam certè Rex est* ; Divina apparet Imago,  
 Expugnâtque leves tenebras et nubila vana.  
 Salve magna Deum—sed quis venit importunus ?  
 Dii Regem servate, aliquis venit ; O bene factum !  
 Respiciunt humana Dei, nec Proditor iste,  
 Sed fidus fortisque Vir est ; *Carlesius* iste est  
 Naufragio in nostras umbras ejectus eodem :  
 O fœlix, ô *Cromvello* fœlicior ipso  
 Quem mala sors tanto victum dignatur honore !  
 Ille refert agros compleri milite totos,  
 Pérque domos omnes, pérque omnes quærere sylvas  
 Addictum precio *sacrum caput*, et propè adesse,  
 Jam propè adesse Hostes ; quid agant ? discrimine ab ipso  
 Consilium rapidum sed non sine Numine sumunt.  
 Conscendunt nostram, nemoris quæ maxima, *Quercum*,  
 Ipsa ego scandenti ramos inclino volentes  
 Et Solium Regi compono molliter aptum,  
 Lautâque contexo densæ *Conopea* frondis ;  
 Et caput augustum suprâ jubeo ipsa repente  
 Gemmiferum (fœlix Omen) prorumpere Viscum.  
 Hic nos incolumem fatis sub tegmine nostro  
 Rite salutemus submisso vertice Regem,  
 Tota illum tacitè sylvâ et reverenter adoret.  
 Salve magna Deum cura, et nunc *Maxime Regum* ;  
 Nec te plorantem, nec te rationis egentem  
 Horrida tantorum circumstat turba malorum,  
 Ille potens verè est, potuit qui tempore tali  
 Nec Timuisse *Necem*, nec Desperasse *Salutem*.  
 Hoc opus est animi summum Regalis ; ademit  
 Si Regnum *Fortuna* tibi, *justissimus ultor*  
 Fortunæ tu Regnum adimis, victusque triumphas  
 Par Superi tantum gaudent committere, sed te  
 Donabunt *Rude* ; nec longè pulcherrimus ille  
 Annus abest ; procedet, Iô, procedet *Olympo*  
 Pacatum irradians Astris fœlicibus Orbem.  
 Stellâque lucentem ducit fortissima pompam  
 Quæ tibi ter denis annorum cursibus antè  
 Natalem candore sacro signaverat horam.



Ausa die medio sustollere lampada noctis,  
 Ausa die medio toti se opponere *Phæbo*,  
 Atque novum insolito portendere lumine lumen.  
 Nunc iterum cœlos, nunc prodigialiter ornans  
 Surge die medio, *bona Stella*, Renascitur, Ecce,  
*Carolus* ille tuus ! Nunc demum est editus ille  
 Vitalem in vitam, jucundâque ætheris auras.  
 Ecce laborantem manus ut fortissima *Monchi*  
 Educit placidè in lucem, nexusque resolvit  
 Obstetrîxque tibi est ! Generose renascere Princeps  
*Matus* adest pulchro fati tibi debitus ore,  
*Natalisque tuus* ; generose renascere Princeps,  
 O lætum nitidumque diem ! Pacisque Triumphum  
 Victricis ! Cùm tu, fortunatissime Regum  
*Magnorum medius Fratrum*, et splendente catervâ  
 Stipatus procerum, *Londinum* invectus ovanti  
 Aureus ibis Equo ! Mundum coisse putares  
 Visendi studio ; Foliorum turba virentium  
 Non est in sylvâ magis innumerabilis istâ.  
 Omnibus una Venit primò, mox omnibus una  
*Vivat Iô, Vox est* ; plausumque sonorâque tanti  
 Gaudia crediderim populi trans æquora ferri  
 Turbine ventoso, et gentes terrere remotas.  
 Insanire juvat ; permittite *Stoica turba*,  
 Finit ut brevis hæc, hilarisque Insania tandem  
 Viginti annorum miseros, tristisque Furores,  
 Nec patitur tali Noctem succedere Luci ;  
 Tota simul festis exardens Insula flammis,  
 Insula tota ardet, lucent Maria omnia circum.  
 Quid referam Ludos vulgi, cantusque dapésque  
 Et Risum et Fletum ? Nam dulces fundit et albas  
 Lætitiâ infrænis lacrymas ; quid Vina per omnes  
 Currere Aquæductus ? Nimirum Flumina et ipsa  
 Fundere deberent (*Ætas venit Aurea*) Vinum.  
 Aurati veniunt Menses, et lucidus ordo  
 Sœclorum ; *Pax*, ecce, poli de parte serenâ,  
 Nubila discutiens, *Pax longa* revertitur Exul,  
*Albionemque* albis plaudens amplectitur alis.  
 Nec redit incommittata, *Pudor* redit et *bona Fama*,  
*Copidque*, et cultum *Pietas* induta decentem,  
 Atque *Astræa* diu terras exosa Britannas,  
*Ingeniumque, Artisque*, et formosissima rerum  
*Libertas*, sub Rege viget quæ maxima justo.  
 Cùmque his, non minus ipsa Bonum, tu *regia Mater*  
 Post longum Exilium, in patria (quis credat ?) acerbum,  
 Magna *Maria* redis, Tibi dilexisse Maritum  
 Crimen erat, partemque piam subiisse laborum,  
 Nunc Vindictam *Illi* Deus, et *Tibi* Præmia solvit.  
 Salve fœminei decus, ô, sexusque virillis  
 Regina opprobium ! Quam sorte in utraque decenter  
 Lætâque, Tristêmque, suique in utraque potentem  
 Cernimus, Invidiamque Deis de Coniuge solo  
 Conflantem lacrymis, Rota quam circumsonat Orbis  
 Immotam, et Centro fixam Virtutis in ipso.  
 Protinus adjicies animum, justissime Princeps,  
 Ad verum Regnantis opus ; tot vulnera belli  
 Et certâ, et leni componere hiantia dextrâ,  
 Paulatimque Cicatrices abolere vel ipsas.  
 Reddere vim Legi, Majestatêmque priorem,

Tergere corruptos scabrâ rubigine *Mores*.  
 Antiquam revocare *Fidem*, et Vetus illud *Honestum*  
*Nominis Angliaci* ; Talis cura occupat Horti  
 Squallentis *reducem Dominum* ; senta omnia visu  
 Horridâque offendit ; sed luxuriantia cautâ  
 Falce premit, dejecta levat, religâtque soluta,  
 Multa serit, multa extirpat, novat omnia cultu,  
 Immensum sed dulce opus est, omnemque coloni  
 Paulatim recreat crescente Decore Laborem.  
 Nempe tui *Rex magne Horti* sunt Oppida et Urbes,  
 His culturam adhibes formosam, atque ordine bello  
 Singula disponis, sed et hæc quoque respicis inter  
 Nonnullis Sylvas oculis ; succurris earum  
 Accisis inopum rebus, populatâque regna  
 Arboreæ gentis suffectâ pube novellâ  
 Integras augésque, futurum extendis in ævum  
 Imperium sylvestre, tuisque beata jacebit  
 (*Optime Protector*) pronepotum turba sub Umbris.  
 Hi tibi debebunt æstivâque frigora læti  
 Brumalésque focos ; debebunt fixa domorum  
 Tecta, domosque vagas, nemorosa Palatia Ponti.  
 Forsan abhinc annos tercentum aut mille futuræ  
 Fundamenta jacis jam nunc et *Classis* et *Urbis*,  
 Ingentesque metes præsens hic ipse triumphos,  
 Ingentésque meres à Posteritate metendos.  
 Ipse viam primus findens quâ Gloria clivo  
 Prærupto consurgit ad altæ lucida Famæ  
 Templâ tuos duces, exemptos Nocte, *Britannos*.  
 Ipse dabis Ponto morémque ac jura frementi,  
 Ipse indignantem claudes, humilémque recludes,  
 Tu *Dominus* mundi et *Neptunus* habebis udi,  
 Et tibi erunt Tria Regna *Tridens*.  
 Quis furor, ô *Batavi*, velle extorquere *Britannis*  
 Quod Natura dedit *Sceptrum Maris* ? Illa coronat  
 Fluctibus, atque alias terras ex parte salutas  
 Dilectam *Albionem* complectitur *Amphitrite*.  
 Vix insultantem Oceanum gravitêrque prementem  
 Obsidione urbes ac mœnia vestra perenni  
 Aggeribus factis tumultisque arcere valetis ;  
 Et tamen audetis (Spes Ambitionis inepta !)  
 Imperium pelagi vobis promittere totum,  
 Oceanique undis imponere regna Paludum.  
 Non hoc *Carolidum* patietur vivida Virtus,  
 Sed nec *Ego* hoc patiar *Britonum invictissima Quercus*.  
 Ecce minax *Batavum* vacuo volat æquore *Classis*  
 Atque absente canit tanquam victo hoste triumphum :  
 Ille diu haud aberit, nec tu lætabere longum  
*Belga* ferox, seris natalia non sine votis  
 Littora respicies ; primi rumoris ad auram  
 Prodigus ille *Animæ* et *Laudis* solius Avarus  
 Impatiensque redit *Ductor Jacobus* in altum,  
 Quo tu more Fugam præceps post bella capesses.  
 Jámque procul *Batavum* conspectâ classe *Britanni*  
 Clamorem ingentem tollunt, qualem edere mos est  
 Post longam extremis reduces trieterida *Sinis*,  
 Cùm patriæ rupes et candida saxa salutant.  
 Primam aciem ducit Ventôque Deoque favente  
 Et virtute diu celebri terræque marique,  
*Cornuâque* obtundit *Batavæ* navalia *Luna*

*Rupertus*, flammante viam sibi limite scindens.  
 Protinus obvertit medium trepidantibus agmen  
*Carolidæ* in summâ nudo stans arduus ense  
*Jacobus*, Ductorque Ducem in certamina quærit ;  
 Nec sævum *Opdamus* detrectat fortis honorem,  
 Regiâque hinc, illinc Prætoria Puppis utrique  
 Non segnes horrenda parant spectacula Classi ;  
 Quonam *Opdame* ruis ? Non hæc temeraria Virtus  
 Grata Deo ; non est : tantône sub Hoste perire  
 Ambitio est ? tantæne placet tibi gloria Mortis ?  
 Tu dextrâ majore cades ; Deus ipse ruentem  
 In scelus hoc feriet ; tam digno Vindice nodo  
 Intererit Deus ipse, sui Defensor ubique  
*Carolidæ* præsens, et rupti fœderis ultor.  
 Ingens illa *ratis*, centum ærea fulmina portans  
 Sexcentosque vehens, intacta hostilibus armis,  
 Dissilit immani in nubes immissa fragore  
 Fumósque flammásque vomens, semustáque sparsæ  
 Fragmina compagis, laceratáque membra virorum ;  
 Seu Deus in miseros non *factum Fulmen* adegit  
 (Credibile est, et Pax toties violata Fidésque  
 Et scelus *Amboyne* meruere piacula tanta)  
 Seu pyrius pulvis fortuito accensus ab igne  
 Erupit violens ; directus Numine Casus  
 Ipse Dei Telum est ; natat *igneum* in æquore vasto  
*Naufragium* latè, miseranda ruina vel Hosti  
 Terribilisque pio ; sed adhuc miserescere multum  
 Non vocat ; horrendo jam cuncta utrimque tumultu  
 Miscentur confusa, legítque Carina Carinam.  
 Et nihil *Opdami* sacrâ conterrita clade  
 Victorem aggreditur *Jacobum Aurantia puppis*,  
 Audax antè alias et Fulmine digna secundo  
 Ni virtus illam sibi posceret *Anglica* vindex :  
 Ignibus humanis stridentem devorat æquor,  
 Exurit tres Fama rates, Cognomine Divâ  
 Non memoranda parùm, tres et *Delphinus* adortus  
 Sulphureo nimbo flammisque furentibus haurit ;  
 Urbem ardere putes noctis per tempora captam,  
 Tot diversa simul findunt Incendia passim  
 Nubila fumorum bombardarumque tenebras.  
 Undarum in regno quis tanta licere putaret  
 Ignibus ? et certè merito latet Unda pudore.  
 Illam operit strages dispersæ vasta ruinae  
*Antennæ*, Malíque, foríque, avulsáque rostra,  
 Et tabulæ, funésque et vela, et aplustria, et arma,  
 Et temerè jactata cadavera mille virorum  
 Seminecésque viri, et siquâ patet area ponti ;  
 Purpurei apparent tractus et cærula celant.  
 Longa mora est, mersásque rates, captásque referre,  
 Et quæ multa dabit varii discrimina fati  
 Una dies ; monstrata modis Sollertia multis,  
 Ingeniúmque et pœnè *Pœtica Cópia* Casus  
 Queis servare aliquos et multos perdere gaudet,  
 Queis sævit parcítque modis : Dant nobile mundo  
 Exemplum (exsuperant vulgi numerúmque fidémque  
 Funera) tres meritis Juvenes et sanguine clari,  
 Momentóque uno, plumbíque volatilis uno  
 Dilacerati ictu ; tres unum pœnè *Cadaver*,  
 Tergeminique eâdem Fratres in Morte jacentes.

Quis non, *O fera Sors!* quis non, *O Barbara!* dicet?  
 Illa *benigna* tamen simul est ; nam proximus illis  
 (Horresco referens et tam vicina periclo  
 Gaudia me turbant) en *Ductor Regius* ipse  
 Fulguris afflatus *pyrii* stridentibus auris,  
 Sanguine respersus morientum, vulnere nullo  
 Libatur nullóque metu ; premit acrior hostem,  
 Ardescens irâque novâ ingentique dolore.  
 Nec superaccensam justis jam sustinet ultrâ  
*Virtutem Anglicam* furiis, quanquam *inclyta Virtus*  
*Belgica*, tot damnis infracta atque impare Causâ.  
 Diffugiunt sævi palantes æquore toto  
 Reliquiæ belli laceræ ; tandem Ostia victis  
 Mœsta aperit, nostrósque videns post terga ruentes  
 Attonitus tremit, et submittit *Cornua Rhenus*.  
 Sic cecinit sacro *Dryas* irritata furore,  
 Multáque venturæ siluit miracula Laudis,  
 Sed post me genitis Dii tanta trophæa reservant,  
 Et celebranda dabunt melioribus illa Poëtis.

## NOTES.

1. *Prima in propago (ne quem fortè Grammatici decipiant) tam nomine quam Verbo anceps est. Verbum bis producit* Lucretius, bis nomen Virgil. *Nec quicquam magis ridiculum excogitari potest, quàm quod Probus ait: Nomen in nominativo corripit, in obliquis produci. vid. Voss. de A. Gr.*
2. *Quasi celebratissimum illud Copiæ Cornu, verum esset, et solum fortassè Monocerotis Cornu, magnum illud Alexipharmacum.*
3. *Κόροι αὐτομάτοι φράζονται νόσους. Hippocratis, Aph. S. 2. Spontaneæ lassitudines morbos denunciant.*
4. *Hanc partem prodigiorum, quæ in æthere apparuerunt, veram esse in me recipio, plurimique idonei testes rei nunc vivunt.*
5. *Ex animalculis intra gallas quercuum enatis, recepta est apud rusticos venturi anni divinatio, si vermis in iis generetur, caritatem frugum, si aranea, pestilentiam, si Musca, bellum instare prædicunt.*
6. *Inauspicata est et Incendiaria avis, propter quam sæpenumero lustratam Urbem in Annalibus invenimus, sicut L. Cassio, C. Mario Coss. quo anno et Bubone viso lustrata est: Quæ sit avis ea nec reperitur nec traditur, quidam ità interpretantur, quæcunque apparuerit carbonem ferens ex aris vel Altaribus, alii Spinturnicem eam vocant, sed hæc ipsa quæ esset inter aves qui se scire diceret, non inveni. Plin. L. 10. 13. Incendiaria avis, Ambustanea, quæ circa busta versabatur; Ea, inquit Serv. si de busto sudem ad tectum detulisset, Incendium portendebat. cujus ædes insedisset, et vocem misisset, significabat mortem. Dalecamp.*
7. *Contra Serpentes succo expresso ad potum et imposta ulceribus (folia Fraxini) opifera, ac nihil æque, reperiuntur: Tantâque est vis ut ne matutinas quidem occidentesve umbras, quàm sunt longissimæ, Serpens arboris ejus attingat, aded ipsam procul fugit. Experti prodimus, si fronde eâ gyro claudatur ignis et serpens, in ignem potius quàm in fraxinum fugere serpentem.*

*Mira natura benignitas priusquam hæ prodeant florere fraxinum, nec antè conditas folia dimittere.* Plin. L. 16. 13.

8. *Nobilissima Sylva* (The Forrest of Dean) in Comitatu Glocestriæ inter Vagam Fluv. (the Wye) et Sabrinam sita, sed jam pridem Ferrifodinis et fornacibus plus solis interlucata, penèque exhausta. Quidam quasi Danicam sylvam dictam volunt: Giralduus, sylvam Danubiæ vocat. Sed Camdenus nostras ab Ardennæ nomine, abjectâ syllabâ priore derivat Denam. Ardenna autem veterum Gallorum linguâ sylvam significabat, unde vastissima Sylva in Galliâ Celticâ id nomen absolutè obtinuit, aliâque olim in agro qui nunc Warvicensis dicitur.

9. Populus Alcidiæ gratissima. Virg.  
Et,

Herculeâ bicolor cui populus umbrâ  
Velavitque comas. —

*Ab inferis redux hæc primùm arbore se coronasse dicitur Hercules.*

Λευκή, Gr. Populus Alba. Angl. Poplar.

10. Alnus. Alder, Angl.

Tum Phaetontiadæ musco circumdat amari  
Corticis, atque solo proceras erigit Alnus. Virg.

At 10. Æn. in Populos conversas fuisse innuit,

Populeas inter frondes umbramque sororum  
Dum canit —

(Cygnus) *Et sic vulgò traditur; Ovid. Autem arbores non nominat, sed eas electro stillantes facit, quod neutri convenit, nec ulli quidem arbori, nam succinum bituminis genus est.*

11. Iræa. Salix, παρὰ τὸ ἱεραὶ, à Saliendo, quod cito in altum crescat. Hom. Odys. 10. :

— ἱεραὶ ὄλεσκαρποι.

*Ocysimè salix amittit semen, antequam omninò maturitatem sentiat, ob id dicta Homero Frugiperda, secutâque ætas scelere suo interpretata est hanc sententiam quando semen salicis mulieri sterilitatis medicamentum esse constat. Plin. 16. 26. Erat salix antiquitùs sterilitatis et castitatis symbolum, sive quod Amerina salix, (præcipuè Vitex quæ ex eo genere est) substrata corporibus veneris desiderata auferat; sive quod folia hujus arboris contrita et pota libidinem extinguant.*

12. Ἀκτὴ A Littore, nam in humidis gaudet. Sambucus ab ejus nominis instrumento Musico, quod ex ea fieri solitum est; (sicut Syringa, arbor (the Pipe Tree) parili ratione nominata est. Angl. Eldar. Inter plantas Hydragogas vix alia celebrior.

13. Betulla, vel Betula, quasi Batula, à batuendo: i.e. feriendo. Theophrast. Σημίδα. Angl. Birch. Arbor est Gallica mirabili candore et tenuitate, terribilis Magistratum virgis. Plin. L. 16. 18.

14. Σφένδαμνος, Acer. Maple, Angl. Acer operum elegantia et subtilitate Cedro secundum; plura ejus genera: Album, quod præcipui candoris vocatur Gallicum; in Transpadanâ Italiâ, transque Alpes nascens; alterum genus crispo macularum discursu, qui cum excellentior fuit, à similitudine caudæ pavonum

nomen accepit—Pulcherrimum verò est Bruscum, multoque excellentius etiamnum Molluscum, (ubi notanda est negligentia verborum: Multò excellentius pulcherrimo) tuber utrumque arboris ejus: Bruscum intortius crispum, Molluscum simplicius sparsum; Et si magnitudinem mensurarum capere, haud dubiè præferretur Cedro (vel Citro) nunc intrâ pugillares, lectorumque silicios aut laminas (legunt al. Lectorum siliceas laminas, i.e. flavas. Al. Lectorum Scilicæ aut laminas) raro usu spectatur; è Brusco fiunt et mensæ nigrescentes. Plin. L. 16. Cap. 15. 16.

15. Ζυγία. quod ex eâ facta sunt Juga. Carpinus Lat. Hornbeam, Anglicè, à duritie ligni. Theoph. Ex Acerum genere esse putat, videtur esse ex ulmorum.

16. Πτελέα. Ulmus, Elm. Materie vitiumque amicitia præstare dicit Ulmum Plin. Cato Ulmos circum vias seri debere præcipit, uti frondem Ovibus et Bubus habeas, et materiam siquâ opus sit, in parato.

Viminibus salices fœcundæ, frondibus Ulmi Virg.

17. Ὀξύα. A glande triquetra acuminatâ, (sed diversa sunt genera fagorum) Fagus, quod glans ejus esui fuerit olim, et adhuc potest esse in magna penuria. Angl. Beech. Magna pars supellectilis antiquorum ex hac arbore, præcipuè Pocula,

— Pocula ponam

Fagina. — Virg.

— Nec bella fuerunt,

Faginus astabat dum scyphus ante dapes.

Tibul.

18. Μελία, Fraxinus, Ash. Multum Homeri præconio et Achilles hastâ nobilitata. Plin. L. 16. 13. de hastâ Hom. Il. 16 :

— Ἐγχος

Βριθὸ, μέγα, στιβαρὸν, τὸ μὲν οὐ δύνατ' ἄλλος Ἀχαιῶν  
Πάλλειν, ἀλλὰ μιν ὀλος ἐπιστάτο πῆλαι Ἀχιλλεύς.

Πηλιάδα Μελίην (Fraxinum) τὴν πατρὶ φίλῳ πόρῳ  
χέλῳ

Πηλίου ἐκ κορυφῆς φόρον ἔμμεναι ἠρώεσσω.

— Fraxinus utilis hastis. Ovid.

— Belli potura cruores

Fraxinus — Stat.

19. Φύλαρα, Tilia, Lime-tree. Ad chartarum usum Philyræ cortex ut plurimum selectus. E philyrâ fieri libros tenuissimos, et in utramque partem replicabiles, in Com. Herodianus Autor est. Hinc philyræ dicuntur omnes libri aut papyri ad scripturam utiles. Inter corticem ac lignum tenues tunica multiplici membrana è quibus vincula Tilia vocantur, tenuissimæ earum Philyræ, coronatum lemniscis celebres antiquorum honore. Plin. 16. 14.

Displient nexæ Philyrâ coronæ. Hor.

Ebrius incinctis Philyrâ conviva capillis

Saltat. — Ovid. Fast.

20. Flores calefaciunt et sicc. discut. Cephalici sunt, utiles in Epilepsiâ, Apoplex. Vertig. Folia ac cortex siccant, repellunt, urinam ac menses cient, extrinsecis

ambustis subveniunt. Semen fluxionibus quibuscunque medetur, etiam Hæmorrhagiæ narium lignum sanguinem coagulatum fortiter dissolvit, extrinsecus adhibentur folia in aphthis et tumoribus pedum discutiendis, corticis mucilago in ambustis ac vulneribus magni est solaminis. Humor defluens è medullâ dissectæ capillorum defluvio succurrit. Schrod.

21. Οβα, \*Οα, Οβη. Sorbus. Service-Tree. — Oxyacantha, de Oxyacantha Diosc. et Theophr. et Oxyacantho Galen. Variæ sunt doctissimorum virorum opiniones, quidam Berberim nostram putant esse, quos hic sequor, eandemque Plinii Spinam Appendicem — Ζυκάμωος, Morus, Mulberry-Tree. — Κραβία, Cornus, Cornelia-Berry.

— τανυφλοῖόν τε Κραβίαν. Hom.

Caryæ, Juglandis, Corylis, Coryli, Castanis Castaneæ Nympha est.

22. Spina nuptiarum facibus auspiciatissima, quoniam inde fecerint pastores qui rapuerunt Sabinas, ut Auctor est Massurius. Plin. 16. 18.

23. Πύξος διὰ τὸ πυκνὸν τοῦ ξύλου; Inde nomen Pyxidum ex illâ factarum; Buxus, Box. Cariem vetustatēque non sentit. Plin.

24. — Buxusque vocat Berecynthia Matris Idææ. Virg.

Si buxos inflare juvat. —

i. e. Tibias, Claud. Berecynthus Mons Phrygiæ Matri Deam sacer, buxo abundantissimus.

25. Quod pectines ex eâ fiunt.

Multifido Buxus quæ tibi dente datur. Mart.

26. Ἄγρια, Theophrast. Aquifolium, vel Aquifolia, quasi Acufolium nam Aquus olim pro Acus dicebant. Angl. Holly. Fit ex illa viscum.

27. Κόμπος. Arbutus, Strawberry-Tree, quod fructus Fraga repræsentet. Hyeme fructu superbit, coccineo aspectu micanti, numeroso, acetosis conflato partibus, ac guttur exasperantibus, quique alio anni tempore respuerentur, flore Inteolo.

28. Φιλλυπέα, Diosc. Alaternus ex ejus genere. Angl. Ever-green Privet. Pyracantha, secundum Parkins. Oxyacantha veterum. Angl. Prickly-Coral-Tree.

29. Taxus Dioscor. Smilax, Theoph. Μίλος et Μίλτρος dicitur. Similis his (i. e. Abieti, Larici, Piceæ) aspectu est Taxus, minus virens, gracilisque et tristis, ac dira, nullo succo, ex omnibus sola baccifera, Mas noxio fructu, lethale quippe baccis, in Hispania præcipuè, venenum inest. Vasa etiam viatoria ex ea vinis in Gallia facta, mortifera fuisse compertum est, hanc Sextius Smilacem à Græcis vocari dixit, et esse in Arcadia tam præsentis veneni, ut qui obdormiant sub ea cibumve capiant, moriantur. Sunt qui et Taxica hinc appellata putant venena, quæ nunc Toxica dicimus, quibus sagittæ tingantur. Repertum innoxiam fieri, si

in ipsam arborem clavus æreus infigatur. Plin. 16. 10. Ridiculi mali ridiculum remedium! sed audiamus aliorum tragædias. Plut. in sympos. Ιστοροῦσι γὰρ οὗτι καὶ σκιά σμυλακος ἀποκτείνει τοὺς ἐγκαταδαρθέντας ὅταν ὀργᾶ μάλιστα πρὸς τὴν ἀνθησῶ. Lucr. :

Est etiam magnis Heliconis montibus arbos, Floris odore homines tetro consueta necare.

Quid quod Cæsar in suis Commentar. refert Cativulcum Taxo, cujus magna in Gallia et Germania copia erat, se exanimasse. Hinc Furiis tædas ex hæc arbore attribuerunt Poetæ.

Truncâ lustraverat obvia Taxo Eumenis. Stat.

Sed post omnem hanc calumniam nostratis Taxi non tantum umbra innocua est, sed et baccæ sine noxa eduntur, sed et de Italia idem testatur Bapt. Porta, Taxum à Τόξω. Arcu videtur nomen adepta, et ab eodem Toxicum

— Ituræos Taxi torquentur in arcus. Virg.

30. Ἄρκευθὸς vel Ἄρκευθὺς, Juniperus. Umbra ejus somnum conciliare dicitur,

Lethæi quassare silentia rami. Val. Flacc. quod ex Apollonio sumptum, qui Juniperi ramo vigilem. Draconem sopitum tradit à Medeâ

Ἴδ' Ὀφω ἀρκευθόισι νέον τετμηκότι ταλλῶ Βάπτουσι, etc. —

Sed et opus fuit pharmaca atque incantamenta carminum addere.

Juniperi gravis umbra, nocent et frugibus umbræ. Virg.

Omnes quidem, sed in hæc præcipuum est.

31. De Sabinâ, vid. Libr. 1. Plant.

32. Vid. Fab. 10. Metamorph.

33. Laurus quidem manifestò abdicat ignes crepitu et quâdam detestatione. Pl. L. 15. 30. ubi multa vide de Lauro. Crepitem ejus sonorum felicia portendere existimarunt Veteres; contraque inominatum erat, si combusta sileret.

Laurus ubi bona signa dedit, gaudete Coloni. Tib.

Et tacet extincto Laurus adusta foco. Prop.

34. Ἐλάτη, ab ἐλάω, impello, quod in immensam proceritatem quasi propellit se. Abiisque Latine dicitur eadem notione nominis, quod abeat in altum. Angl. Firre. Πεύκη Pinus, quanquam alii Πίτρον, Pinum volunt esse, Πεύκη Picam, nostrâ non multum hic refert.

35. Πρίνος, à Folio serrato, Ilex, Angl. Holm Oak, or Evergreen Oak, quod in hyeme frondes non amittat. Hic hortis tantum excolitur, nec ibi quidem frequens, unius tanquam præcipuè hic meminit Parkinsonus noster, in horto Regiæ Westmonasteriensis, quam Albam Aulam vocant, ad posticum.



## H Y M N U S.

### *In Lucem.*

**P**Ulchra de nigrâ soboles Parente,  
Quam Chaos fertur peperisse primam,  
Cujus ob formam benè risit olim

*Massa severa!*

Risus ô Terræ Sacer et polorum!  
Aureus verè Pluvius Tonantis;  
Quæque de cælo fluis inquieto

*Gloria rivo!*

O salus rerum, et Decus omne, salve;  
Vita Naturæ vigil actuosæ!  
Omnium Mater bona cum Calore

*Juncta Marito!*

Unde, memento, quibus è Phætretris  
Tela per totum jacularis orbem?  
Præpotens, divésque Deique Verbum  
Fassa paternum?

Carceres ipsos simûl, atque Metam  
Linquis, attingisque, Animi Sagittis  
Ocyor strictis, rapidâ Angelorum  
Ocyor alâ.

Aureo Lunæ benè læta Curru  
Auream Astrorum peragrarè Sylvam, et  
Vere nocturno reparata semper

*Visere præta,*

Regiam gaudens habitare Solis  
More in æternum Scythico vagantem, et  
Divitem Mundi redeunte gyro

*Ducere Pompam:*

Inter et tantos humilis Triumphos  
Vermium dignata animare caudas,  
Pauperes dignata hilarare parvâ  
Lampade Vepres.

Te fugit nigris comitata Pullis  
Nox, et adverso latitat sub Axe,  
Te fugit pennâ trepidans inerti

*Noctua somnus.*

Discolorato glomerans racemo  
Turba pictorum vaga Somniorum  
Avolat; mixtas sine more formas

*Trudit et urget.*

Quin et obscænas repetunt latebras  
Sæcla Serpentum malè consciorum,  
Nec tibi Natura pudens sinistrum  
Objicit Omen.

Ad tuos quondam Dolor ipse vultus  
Fertur invitam recreasse frontem;

Cura subrisit, pepulitque rugas

*Ore maligno.*

Ad tuos quondam Timor ipse vultus  
Excutit turpem genubus tremorem;  
Pallor ignescit; capite insolenti

*Cornua vibrant.*

Inverecundi Dominator oris  
Te tamen testem metuit Cupido;  
Flamma cognatis rotat in Tenebris

*Sordida fumo.*

Tu, Dea, Eoi simûl atque cæli  
Exeris pulchrum caput è Rosetis,  
In tuas laudes volucrum canoris

*Personat hymnis*

Aula gaudentis reserata Mundi;  
Spectra discedunt, Animæque noctis,  
Vana disceduntque Tenebrionum  
Monstra Deorum.

Te bibens Arcus Jovis ebriosus  
Mille formosos revomit colores,  
Pavo cælestis; variâmq; pascit  
Lumine Caudam.

In Rosâ pallam indueris rubentem,  
In Croco auratam indueris lacernam,  
Supparum gestas quasi nuda rallum

*Lilia complens.*

Fertilis Floræ sobolem tenellam  
Purpurâ involvis Violas honestâ  
Veste segmentata operis superbas

*Larga Tulippas.*

Igne concreto fabricata Gemmas  
Florem immisceas solidumque fucum;  
Invidet pictus, fragilésque damnat  
Hortus honores.

Parcior fulvis utinam fuisses  
Diva largiri pretium Metallis!  
Parcior, quantis hominum allevasses!  
Pectora curis!

Mi quidem Solis nitor, et Diei  
Innocens fulgor magis allubescit,  
Pars quota humani generis sed Aurum  
Non Tibi præfert

Ætheris gyros per inexplicatos,  
Æris campos per et evolutos,  
Æquoris per regna laboriosi  
Flumine vivo

Lucidum trudis propteranther agmen,  
Sed resistentum super ora rerum

Lenitèr Stagnas, liquidòque inundas  
Cuncta Colore.  
At Mare immensum, *Oceanúsque Lucis*  
Jugiter *Cælo* fluit *Empyræo*,  
Hinc *inexhausto* per utrumque *Mundum*  
Funditur ore.

## A. C. CLIFFORDO, S. D.

*Cùm ab eo pessimum omnium Poëtam dono  
accepisset.*

Quis putet hoc? Etiámne φιλοῦ nunc δῶρον ἄδωρον?  
Quo fugère *fides, pietas, socialia jura*  
Cùm tu sustineas tali mactare Libello  
*Couleium, Clifforde*, tuum? quin et, malè salse,  
Munere commendato *Judicio* quoque nostro  
Fecisti insidias, captum ludòsque jocúmque  
Facturus; sed Te *Danaorum dona* ferentem  
Præveniam *Phrygibus* sapientior, et mihi certum est  
Musæo exclusum subjectis urere flammis  
Infelix munus, Librúmque *Sionis* amici.  
At *Nemesis* (nam tu gaudes punire scelestos)  
Suggere *vindictam horribilem* mihi; quid faciam, ede.  
Illa refert contrà: Magis ulli Talio nunquam  
In promptu fuit, ut si quis *lapide* improbus ultrò  
Te petat, haud aberit longè credo *Lapis ultor*.  
Grassantem versu, versu referire memento:  
Sentiat, ista movens plusquam civilia bella,  
Ille pares Aquilas et pila minantia pilis.  
Sunt propè bis centum furiosâ mente Poëtæ,  
(Quorum nil opus ut celeberrima nomina dicam,  
*Αἰδέομαι* quoniam (quamvis *Dea*) *Τρώας*, et illis  
Admiratores numerosi; sed benè nosti)  
Horum quos furere exactè in totúmque videbis  
Selige quinquaginta aliquos, gratúsque remitte.  
Si *Temet* super ipse dabis, tu non leve pondus  
Vindictæ adjicies—  
Hæc acris præcepta dedit *Dea*; Tótne poëtas  
Magno emisse malos Vindictæ me decet ergo?  
Sim potius *Pius*, et facilis veniam dare culpæ.  
Quod nihili constat faciam; illi carmina mittam,  
Et nequam immani plectetur epistolâ abundè  
In tergo scriptum, furiis quæ vincet *Orestem*.  
Eia, hoc subtile est! Nempe hoc summi benefacti  
Ille loco apponet; lætúsque avidusque leget; non  
Hæc illi, ut nobis, *stomachum bilemque* movere,  
Sed *lusum risúmque* solent; his ille venenis  
Improbis indulget, pinguescítque; hic cibus illi est.  
Fortè olim ex stagnis et consitâ arundine ripâ  
Ranarum absurdos questus, vocémque molestam  
Audirem cùm præteriens; O te miseram (inquam)  
*Picta Anas*, hæc inter tormenta aurísq; occultque  
Quæ assiduè degis! Contrà perniciter alas  
Plaudens, lætitiámque suam clangore professa,  
Respondere mihi visa est *Anas* hoc: Miseram auren  
Morosámque tibi, quam offendit *Musica* talis!  
Pasce, ait, hic sodes mecum, et sonus ipse placebit.

VOL. II.

Cùm dico, *Clifforde*, precor, *Librum aufer ineptum*;  
Non possum legere, et mihi Nausea surgit ab ipso  
Principio, mihi tu respondes, O *sale multo*,  
Et *risu* atque *joco*, et *multis* cariture *cachinnis*,  
Si nescis Stultus sapienti quid sapiat, vel  
Quid jucundi habeant ægrorum somnia Vatum!  
Pol tibi ego invideo, at paucis cœlòque probatis  
*Democriti* splenem tribuerunt fata beatum.  
O *Fælix*, quem sic circumvolat undique *risus*!  
Certè illi *nunquam* et *nusquam* *Comœdia* deërit.

## SELLA.

*Ex Reliquiis tabulatorum Navis Dracanæ  
fabricata: Et a Johanne Davisio Dept-  
fordiensi, Bibliothecæ Oxoniensi dedicata.*

ORBE pererrato, solarisque æmula Currús  
Quem valuit totum noscere, *digna Polo*,  
Eligit hunc *Portum* sapiens, rerúmque perita,  
Formam induta novam *Pythagorea Ratis*.  
Non poterat meritis tribui *Navisque, Dracique*  
Nobilis *pretium*, nobillórve *locus*.  
Nam sedet *Æternâ* compòstus *uterque Quiete*,  
Et Dracus in *Cælo*, Navis et *Oxonii*.

## Solitudo.

URA laudamus meritò *Poëtæ*,  
Rure floremus; Dominòque *Laurum*  
Sole gaudentem necat Oppidorum  
Nubilus Aër.  
Nam priùs crescet *Seges* in plateis,  
Et coronabunt fora densa flores  
Spontè nascentes, priùs ipsa Civis  
Fiet et *Herba*.  
Urbe Quam surgat mediâ bonorum  
*Carminum Messis*; bona semper Urbem  
Carmina oderunt, neque nutrit omnis  
Omnia Tellus.  
Rure, *Persarum* veluti *Tyrannus*,  
Abditus longo maneam recessu,  
Sæpè *Legatum* satis est ad urbem  
Mittere *Carmen*.  
Arbores salvete, bonæque sylvæ,  
*Civitas* fœlix *Avium* innocentum!  
Regna Musarum! sacra rusticantium  
*Villa Deorum*!  
Hic jacens vestris temerè sub umbris,  
Audiam suprâ *Zephyros* volantes  
Cùmque fœcundis benè disputantes  
Frondebis Auras.  
O *sacrum risum* juvenilis anni!  
Cùm *calor* totos penetrans per artus,  
*Fertilem pubem, Venerémque* adulti  
Suscitat orbis.

2 G

Hic mihi *æstivo* Domus apta *Sole*,  
Pulchra *Naturæ* Domus *Architectæ* !  
Quis *Trabem excisam* prius æstimabit  
*Arbore vivâ ?*

Audiam hic prona per aprica collis  
Luce turgentis liquidisque gemmis,  
Dulcè *identes* properare *Rivos*,  
*Dulcè loquentes.*

Esse qui secum nequit *Occupatus*,  
Aut laborabit *miser* ille vitæ  
Tædio, aut caras malè collocabit  
*Prodigus* horas.

Tu Deum longis comitata sæclis  
Sola tu Rerum, *Sacra solitudo*,  
Antequam Trunco Numerorum abiret  
*Arbor ab Uno.*

Impetus Mentis nimium evagantes  
*Instar Aurigæ* cohibes periti,  
Et jubes pulchrum brevior gyro  
*Claudere cursum.*

*Languidos* Mentis fluidæ *Calores*  
Et nimis multum spacii occupantes  
Ritè constringensque fovensque pulchros  
*Elicis Ignes.*

Quid mihi æterno populum, fluentem  
Fonte, *Londinum*, numerosque jactas ?  
Quid mihi ingentes nihil invidenti  
*Objicis arcus ?*

Eximam Stultos numero tuorum,  
Eximam densus genus Improborum,  
*Vicus* obscurus, propè *Solitudo*  
*Tu quoque fies.*

## Ode.

Quid relinquendos, *Moriture*, nummos,  
Sarcinas Vitæ *Fugiture*, quæris ?  
Si relinquendos ; Dominum relinquunt  
*Sæpè priores.*

Quid struis pulchros *Thalamos in altum*  
Membra *sub terrâ* positurus *imâ ?*  
*Conserens Hortos*, sed in omne tempus  
*Ipsè serendus ?*

Num tuas Te res agitare credis ?  
Esse Te *Frugalem ?* aliis laboras  
Servus infelix, aliena curas  
*Ardelio* ingens.

Longa memento meditantur uno,  
Dum *Senes* rebus venientis ævi  
*Lineæ Puncto brevis* in supremo  
*Acrius* instant.

Jure *Formicæ* cumulant acervos  
*Providæ*, et *Brumæ* memores futuræ,  
Sed malè *æstivas* eadem deceret  
*Cura Cicadas.*

Gloriæ mendax nitor atque honorum  
Posset excusare suos *Amantes*  
Si diem vitæ valuisset, ut *Sol*,  
*Pingere* totum.

At brevem post se sonitum relinquens  
Fulguris ritu, simul ac videtur  
Transit, illustri loca multa inaurans  
*Non sine Damno.*

O rudis pulchræ propè contuenti  
*Scena Fortunæ !* Mala fastuosa  
Ore larvato ! *Lacrymæque Pictæ*  
*Iridis instar !*

Magna contemnens, *miseransque* Magnos,  
*Invidens* nulli, minimo *Invidendus*,  
Vive *Coulti* ; lege tuta parvâ  
*Littora Cymbâ.*

Hospitem Cælorum, imitare *Alaudam*,  
Sis licèt *Nubes* super ire cantu  
Doctus, in *Terris humilem* memento  
*Ponere Nidum.*

## EPITAPHIUM.

Vivi Authoris.

Hic, ô *Viator*, sub *Lare parvulo*  
*COULEIUS* Hic est *Conditus*, Hic *Facet*,  
*Defunctus* humani laboris  
*Sorte, supervacudque* Vitâ.

*Non* indecorâ pauperie nitens,  
*Et non* inertî nobilis otio,  
*Vanòque* dilectis popello  
*Divitiis* animosus hostis.

*Possis* ut illum dicere Mortuum,  
*En* Terra jam nunc *Quantula* sufficit ?  
*Exempta* sit curis, *Viator*,  
*Terra* sit illa *Levis, precare.*

Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas,  
*Nam* Vita gaudet *Mortua floribus*,  
*Herbisque* odoratis corona  
*Vatis adhuc* Cinerem Calentem.

FINIS.



XI.

Translations from '*Of Plants,*' etc.

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Mrs. APHRA BEHN '*Of Trees,*'

AND

SELECTIONS.





## NOTE.

WITH a critically-careful text of '*de Plantarum*' given *in extenso* and in integrity throughout, both in text and notes, if I had been free to choose, I should have allowed it to go forth by itself, *i.e.* un-translated. But (a) In preceding collective editions, *e.g.* Sprat's (3 vols. 8vo, 1707-1711), Translations have been given; (b) Many requests have reached me for Translations, else the Latin will be 'sealed' to them. Accordingly I have felt shut up to furnish less or more of Translation. In doing this I have endeavoured to strike a medium between excess and parsimony. I could not think of inflicting the whole of the paraphrases rather than translations of I. O.; C. Cleve, Nahum Tate, upon the Reader, but following Mrs. Aphra Behn's rendering of B. VI. 'Of Trees,' which is furnished completely, will be found selections of such portions from the others as best represent the original, and that are in themselves somewhat poetical. I have selected Mrs. Aphra Behn's contribution to these Translations to be reprinted *as a whole*, for two reasons—(1.) Because she was a woman of undoubted genius, whatever her *morale* was. (2.) This Book is fairly typical for the unlearned Reader of the work '*de Plantarum*.' Prefixed is (a) Translation of 'The Author's Preface to his Two First Books of Plants: publish'd before the rest'; (b) NAHUM TATE'S Epistle-dedicatory to the Duke of Somerset and to the Reader. Of the Latin Poems, larger and minor, see more in our Memorial-Introduction, II. Critical.—G.



## I.—THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF PLANTS: PUBLISH'D BEFORE THE REST.

Considering the incredible Veneration which the best Poets always had for Gardens, Fields and Woods, insomuch that in all other Subjects they seem'd to be banish'd from the Muses' Territories, I wonder'd what evil Planet was so malicious to the Breed of Plants, as to permit none of the inspired Tribe to celebrate their Beauty and admirable Virtues. Certainly a copious Field of Matter, and what would yield them a plentiful return of Fruit; where each particular besides its pleasant History (the extent whereof every body, or to speak more truly, no body, can sufficiently understand) which contains the whole Fabrick of humane Frame, and a compleat Body of Physick: From whence I am 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. So that I who am but a Pigmy in Learning, and scarce sufficient to express the Virtues of the vile Sea-Weed, attempt that Work which those Giants declin'd: Yet wherefore should I not attempt? Forasmuch as they disdain'd to take up with less than comprehending the whole, and I am proud of conquering some part. I shall think it Reputation enough for me to have my Name carved on the Barks of some Trees, or (what is reckon'd a Royal Prerogative) inscribed upon a few Flowers. You must not therefore expect to find so many Herbs collected for this Fardel as sometimes go to the compounding of one single Medicine.

These two little Books then are offer'd as small Pills made up of sundry Herbs, and gilt with a certain brightness of Style; in the choice whereof I have not much labour'd, but took them as they came to my Hand, there being none amongst them which contain'd not plenty of Juice, if it were drawn out according to Art, none so insipid that would not afford Matter for a whole Book, if well extracted.

The Method which I 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 mixt, 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 easie than to turn over one or two Herbalists?) but because that beside Physicians (whom I pretend not to instruct, but divert) there are so few well vers'd in the History of Plants, as to be acquainted with the Names of them all. It is a part of Philosophy that lies out of the common Road of Learning; to such Persons I was to supply the Place of a Lexicon. But for the sake of the very Plants themselves, lest the treating of them in a Poetical way might derogate from their real Merit, and that should seem not to attribute to them those Faculties wherewith Nature has indued them (who studies what is 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 thereupon 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 my self with Two of those, (which

is the Number required by Law). Pliny and Fernelius I have chiefly made choice of, the first being an Author of unquestion'd Latin, and the Latter amongst the Moderns of the truest Sentiments, and no ill Master of Expression. If any except against the former, as too credulous of the Greekish idle Tales, that he may not safely be credited, he will find nothing in this Subject mention'd by him, which is not represented by all that writ of Herbs. Nor would I have the Reader, because I have made my Plants to discourse, forthwith (as if he were in Dodona's Grove) to expect Oracles, which, I fear, my Verses will only resemble in this, that they are as bad Metre as what the Gods of old deliver'd from their own Temples, to those who consulted them.

Having given you this Account, if any shall light upon this Book who have read my former, publish'd not long since by me in English, I fear they may take Occasion from thence, of reprehending some Things, concerning which, it will not be impertinent briefly to clear myself before I proceed. In the first place, I foresee that I shall be accused by some of too much Delicacy and Levity, in that having undertaken great Subjects, and after a Day or two's Journey, I have stopt, through Laziness and Despondency of reaching home, or possess 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 War and Turns of Fate I sing.

Thou sing of Wars, thou Dastard, who throw'st away thy Arms so soon, or betak'st thy self to the Enemy's Camp, a Renegade, before the first Charge is sounded? Or, if at any time thou adventrest to engage, it is like the Antient 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 apply'd himself to a Poem, as if he had married a Wife, should stick to it for better for worse, whether the Matter be grateful and easie, or harsh, and almost intractable, ought neither to quit it for Tiresomness, nor be diverted by new Loves, nor think of a Divorce, or at any time relinquish, till he has brought it to a Conclusion, as Wedlock terminates with Life. This is imputed to me as a Fault; and since I cannot deny the Charge, whether I am therein to be blamed or not, let us examine.

In the first place therefore, that which is most truly asserted of Human Life, is too applicable to my Poetry;

that it is best never to have been born, or being born, forthwith to die: And if my Essays should be carried on to their Omega, (to which the Works of Homer by a peculiar Felicity were continu'd vigorous) there would be great danger of their falling into Dotage before that time. The only thing that can recommend Trifles, or make them tolerable, is that they give off seasonably, that is suddenly; for that Author goes very much too far, who leaves his Reader tir'd behind him.

These Considerations, if I write ill, will excuse my Brevity, tho' not so easily excuse the Undertaking; nor shall my Inconstancy in not finishing what I have begun, be so much blamed, as my Constancy in ceasing not continually to begin, and being like Fortune, constant in Levity. But if, Reader (as it is my Desire) we have furnished you with what is agreeable to your Appetite, you ought to take it in good part that we have used such Moderation, as neither to send you away hungry, nor cloy your Stomach with too much Satiety: To this you must add, that our attempts, such as they are, may excite the Industry of others who are enabled by a greater Genius and Strength to undertake the very same or more noble Subjects. As Agesilaus of old, who though he had made no great progress into Asia, yet, being the first in that Adventure, he opened the way to Alexander for a glorious and entire Conquest. Lastly, (to confess to thee as a Friend, for such I will presume thee) I thus employ'd 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 Wearisomness 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 Irksomness 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 exolete 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 thy self (say they) hast thus declared, with the Approbation of all good Men, and given an Example in thy Davideis for others to imitate; dost thou, like an Apostate Jew loathing Manna, return to the Leeks and Garlick of Egypt? After the Appearance of Christ himself in thy Verse, and imposing Silence on the Oracles of Demons, shall we again hear the Voice of Apollo from thy profane Tripod? After the Restauration of Sion, and the Purgation of it from

*Monsters, shall it be again possessed by the drety 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 fasten'd to the Ground with your Herbs, and cannot soar as formerly to the Clouds; nor can we more admire at your Halting, than at your fabulous Vulcan; when he had fallen from the Skies.*

*A heavy Charge indeed, and terrible at the first Sight; but I esteem that which celebrates the wonderful Works of Providence, not to be far distant from a Sacred Poem. Nothing can be found more admirable in Nature than the Virtues of several Plants, therefore, amongst other things, of a 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, Psalm cxji. ver. 8. 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, Da. ch. iii. v. 53. Apocr. Those Fictions are not to be accounted for Lies, which cannot be believed, nor desire to be so. But that the Names of Heathen Deities and Fabulous Transformations are sometimes intermixt, the Matter itself compell'd me against my Will, being no other way capable of Embellishment, and it is well, if by that means they are so. No painted Garb is to be preferred to the native Dress and living Colours of Truth; yet in some Persons, and on some Occasions it is more agreeable: There was a time when it did not misbecome a King to dance, yet it had certainly been indecent for him to have danced in his Coronation-Robes. You are not therefore to expect, in a Work of this Nature, the Majesty of an Heroick Style, (which I never found any Plant to speak in) for I propose not here to fly, but only to 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 resolv'd in myself to write no more Verses, and made thereof such publick and solemn Protestation, as almost amounts to an Oath:*

*Si quidem Hercle possim nil prius, neque fortius.  
Eunuch. Scen. 1.*

*When behold, I have set in anew. Concerning which Matter, because I remember 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 labour'd 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 forsworn?  
'T 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?  
Forbear, my Friend, to wound with sharp Discourse  
A wretched Man that feels too much Remorse.  
Fate drags me on against my Will, in vain  
I struggle, fret, and try to break my Chain.  
Thrice I took Hellebore, and must confess,  
Hop'd I was fairly quit of the Disease,  
But the Moon's Power, to which all Herbs must yield  
Bids me be mad again, and gains the Field:  
At her Command for Pen and Ink I call,  
And in one Morn three hundred Rhimes let fall;  
Which, in the Transport of my 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.  
What Methods can'st thou study to reclaim,  
Whom nor his own, nor publick Grievs can tame?  
Who in all Seasons keep my chirping Strain,  
A Grashopper that sings in Frost and Rain.  
Like her whom Boys and Youths and Elders knew,  
I see the Path my Judgment should pursue:  
But what can naked I'gainst armed Nature do?  
I'm no Tydides, whom a Power divine  
Could overcome; I must, I must resign.  
Even thou, my Friend (unless I much mistake)  
Whose thundering Sermons make the Pulpit Shake,  
Unfold the Secrets of the World to come,  
And bid the trembling Earth expect its Doom,  
As if Elias were come down in Fire,  
Yet thou at Night dost to thy Glass retire,  
Like one of us, and (after moderate Use  
Of th' Indian Fume, and European Juice,)  
Sett'st into Rhime, and dost thy Muse caress,  
In learn'd Conceits, and harmless Wantonness.  
'Tis therefore just thou should'st excuse thy Friend,  
Who's none of those that trifle without end:  
I can be serious too when Business calls,  
My Frenzy still has lucid Intervals.



## II.—EPISTLE-DEDICATORY 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 despair'd of performing what could merit Encouragement from a Person of Your Grace's Worth and Honour, I was oblig'd 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 embark'd in COWLEY'S rich Bottom, laden with the Treasures of his Divine Fancy, I can with more assurance approach Your Altar. The Author sufficiently oblig'd the World with his Latin Original of this Work, and how he would have approved the Translation here attempted, I must leave others to determine; but am certain, that if he had lik'd the Undertaking, he would consequently have allowed me in ascribing this Version to the Illustrious Duke of SOMERSET. I dare not attempt Your Grace's Character, which would have been a proportion'd Task for the mighty Genius of COWLEY himself; I will only presume to say (and have all Mankind to abet me) that Your Grace is accomplish'd with all those noble Qualifications which his elevated Muse would have chosen to celebrate. Virtue and 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 endow'd with such Greatness of Soul, such Piety of Mind, such Generosity of Temper, with all those Charms of condescending Goodness and Courtesie, as have even in Your blooming Years procur'd You an universal Love and Admiration. It is upon these Accounts that the Muses claim a Share in Your Favour. It has in all Times been the Province of the most worthy to patronize Wit and Learning.*

Carmen amat quisquis carmine dignus.

*It is from thence I am encouraged (at least, in behalf of my Fellow-Undertakers) to entitle Your Grace to the Version of this Latin Volumn, which we hope is not so much dispirited by the Transfusion, but that a modest Censure may in a manner allow it to be COWLEY'S still. Could we have done him that Right which he perform'd 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 English Man, as far as was possible, should be Master of their beloved COWLEY entire; and hope your Grace will approve my Zeal, if not the Performance: At least, I will have recourse to that Indulgence you never fail of extending to your Petitioners, and beg the Honour of subscribing myself, with all Sincerity,*

Your GRACE'S

Most Devoted Humble Servant,

N[AHUM] TATE.



### III.—EPISTLE 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 deliver'd on that Subject by the incomparable *Dr. Spratt*, the present Bishop of *Rochester*, in the Account he has given of the Life and Writings of Mr. *COWLEY*. Concerning these *Six Books of Plants*, he has thus express'd his Sentiments with that strength of Judgment and Freedom of Ingenuity which was requisite.

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

The two first Books treat of Herbs, in a Style resembling the Elegies of *Ovid* and *Tibullus*, in the Sweetness and Freedom of the Verse; but excelling them in the Strength of the Fancy, and Vigour of the Sense. The third and fourth discourse of Flowers in all the Variety of *Catullus* and *Horace's* Numbers; for the last of which Authors he had a peculiar Reverence, and imitated him, not only in the stately and numerous Pace of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, but in the familiar Easiness of his *Epistles* and *Speeches*. The two last speak of Trees, in the way of *Virgil's Georgicks*: Of these the sixth Book is wholly dedicated to the Honour of his Country. For making the *British Oak* to preside in the Assembly of the Forest-Trees, upon that occasion he enlarges on the History of the late Rebellion, the King's Affliction and Return, and the beginning of the *Dutch Wars*; and manages all in a Style, that (to say all in a word) is equal to the Valour and Greatness of the *English Nation*.—]

This was as much as could be expected in a transient and general Account, and what has left but little room for a more particular Essay. As the Nature of the Subject has sometimes furnish'd our Author with great and beautiful occasions of Wit and Poetry, so it must

be confess'd, that in the main he has but a barren Province to cultivate, where the Soil was to be enrich'd by the Improvements of Art and Fancy. He must so frequently descend to such minute Descriptions of Herbs and Flowers, which administer so feeble occasions for Thought, and are so unfurnish'd 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, Politicks, and Battels with which he has adorn'd his Poem, were for the most part true in Fact, and the rest lay obvious to Invention; 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 beautifie the Work, *Hic labor, hoc opus*, it is there it seems worth our while to observe the sagacious Methods of his Fancy, in finding Topicks for his Wit, and Instances of amiable Variety. He had the Judgment to perceive, that where the Subjects he was to treat on in their own naked Nature, and simply consider'd, could afford but slender Matter; yet that many things were greater in their Circumstances than they are in themselves. Accordingly he has most nicely fasten'd upon each minute Circumstance of the Places where his Plants and Herbs delight to spring, the Seasons of their Flowering, Seeding, and Withering, their long or short Duration, their noxious or healthful Qualities, their Figures and Colouring: all which he has manag'd with such Dexterity of Fancy and unexhausted Conceit, that each Individual (as he has dress'd and set them out) appears with a different Aspect and peculiar Beauty: The very Agreeableness or Disagreeableness of their Names to those Dispositions wherewith Nature has indu'd them, are

frequently the surprizing and diverting occasion of his Wit.

Yet in all this Liberty, you find him no where diverted from his Point, *Judgment*, that is to say, a just regard to his Subject, every where conspicuous; being never carried too remote by the Heat of his Imagination and Quickness of his Apprehension. His Invention exerts its utmost Faculties, but so constantly over-ru'd by the Dictates of Sense, that even those Conceits which are so unexpectedly started, and had lain undiscover'd by a less piercing Wit, are no sooner brought to light, but they appear the Result of a genuine Thought, and naturally arising from his Matter. Antiquity had been before-hand, in furnishing him with diverting Fables relating to several Plants, which he never suffers to escape his hands; of which he is not a cold and dull Reciter, but delivers them with so new a Grace, such an ingenious Connexion and Application 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 Oeconomy thereof, the most important part of a Poem, and from whence it properly takes its Character; for without that artificial Cast and Drift, it can never be able to support 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 enter'd that Morning more early than usual, to gather such Herbs as he knew would be of assistance to his Wife who was fallen in Labour. The Third and Fourth Books treat of Flowers; in the Third he ranges those that appear in the Spring; in the Fourth he musters up the Tribes of Summer and Autumn Flowers, which together with the former, are assembled before *Flora*, to offer their respective Claims for the Precedency; the Goddess at last being doubtful how to determin amongst such noble Competitors, and to decline the Odium of a Decision, she puts them in mind of the Insolence of

*Tarquin*, the dangerous Consequences of a single and arbitrary Principality; that she was a *Roman* Deity, and they themselves were Flowers of a *Roman* breed; She therefore advises them to follow the Model of the *Roman* Government, and resolve themselves into a Commonwealth of Plants, where the Preferments or Offices being annual and successive, there would be room left to gratify their several Merits. Here we see the utmost Force of Judgment and Invention in most happy Connexion: 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 determin for the Savage Climate, prevents the Decision by a Quarrel between *Omelichilus* the *Indian Bacchus*, and the *European*: The Powers of both Countries are there-upon 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[AHUM] TATE.



# Translation by MRS. APHRA BEHN

OF

## PLANTS.

### BOOK VI.

#### *Sylva.*

CEASE, O my Muse, the soft delights to sing  
 Of *Flowry Gardens* in their fragrant Spring ;  
 And trace the rougher Paths of *obscure Woods*,  
 All gloom aloft, beneath o'rgrown with Shrubs.  
 Where *Phabus*, once thy Guide, can dart no Ray  
 T' inspire thy Flight, and make the Scene look gay.  
 Courage, my Huntress, let us range the Glades,  
 And search the inmost Grottos of the Shades :  
 Even to the lone Recesses let us pass,  
 Where the green Goddess rests on Beds of Moss. 10  
 Let loose, my Fancy, swift of foot to trace,  
 With a sagacious Scent, the noble Chase ;  
 And, with a joyful Cry, pursue the Prey ;  
 'Tis hidden Nature we must rouze to day.  
 Set all your Gins, let every Toil be plac'd,  
 Through all her Tracks let flying Truth be chas'd,  
 And seize her panting with her eager Haste.  
 Nor yet disdain, my Muse, in *Groves* to range,  
 Or humbler *Woods* for nobler *Orchards* change. 20  
 Here Deities, of old, have made Abode,  
 And once<sup>1</sup> secur'd great CHARLES, our earthly God.  
 The Royal Youth, born to out-brave his Fate,  
 Within a neighbouring Oak maintain'd his State :  
 The faithful Boughs in kind Allegiance spread  
 Their sheltring Branches round his awful Head,  
 Twin'd their rough Arms, and thicken'd all the Shade.

To Thee, belov'd of Heaven, to Thee we sing  
 Of sacred Groves, blooming perpetual Spring.  
 May'st thou be to my rural Verse and Me,  
 A present and assisting Deity. 30  
 Disdain not in this leafie Court to dwell,  
 Who its lov'd Monarch did secure so well.  
 Th' eternal *OAK*, now consecrate to thee,  
 No more thy Refuge, but thy Throne shall be.

<sup>1</sup> The *Royal Oak*, near *Boscobel*, in *Shropshire*.

We'll place thee Conqueror now, and crown thy Brows  
 With Garlands made of its young gayest Boughs :  
 While from our oaten Pipes the World shall know  
 How much they to this sacred Shelter owe.

And you, the soft Inhabitants of th' Groves,  
 You Wood Nymphs, Hamadryades, and Loves, 40  
 Satyrs and Fauns, who in these Arbors play,  
 Permit my Song, and give my Muse her way.  
 She tells of antient Woods the wondrous things,  
 Of Groves, long veil'd in sacred Darkness sings,  
 And a new Light into your Gloom she brings.

Let it be lawful for me to unfold  
 Divine Decrees, that never yet were told :  
 The Harangues of the Wood-Gods to rehearse.  
 And sing of flowry Senates in my Verse.

Voices unknown to Man he now shall hear, 50  
 Who always ignorant of what they were,  
 Have pass'd 'em by with a regardless Ear ;  
 Thought 'em the Murmurings of the ruffled Trees,  
 That mov'd and wanton'd with the sporting Breeze.  
 But<sup>1</sup> *Daphne* knew the Mysteries of the Wood,  
 And made Discoveries to her am'rous God ;

*Apollo* me inform'd, and did inspire  
 My Soul with his divine, prophetic Fire.  
 And I, the Priest of Plants, their Sense expound ;  
 Hear, O ye Worlds, and listen all around. 60

'Twas now, when Royal *Charles* that Prince of Peace,  
 (That pious Off-Spring of the Olive Race)  
 Sway'd *England's* Scepter with a God-like Hand,  
 Scattering soft Ease and Plenty o'er the Land ;  
 Happy 'bove all the neighbouring Kings, while yet  
 Unruff'd by the rudest Storms of Fate :  
 More fortunate the People, till their Pride  
 Disdain'd Obedience to the Sovereign Guide,  
 And to a base Plebeian Senate gave  
 The arbitrary Priv'lege to enslave ; 70  
 Who through a Sea of noblest Blood did wade,  
 To tear the Diadem from the sacred Head.

<sup>1</sup> *Daphne* belov'd of *Phabus*, being turn'd into a Laurel.  
*Ovid. Met. 2.*



Now above Envy, far above the Clouds  
 The Martyr sits, triumphing with the Gods.  
 While Peace before did o'er the Ocean fly  
 On our blest Shore, to find Security :  
 In *British* Groves she built her downy Nest,  
 No other Climate could afford her Rest :  
 For warring Winds o'er wretched *Europe* range,  
 Threatning Destruction, universal Change. 80  
 The raging Tempest tore the aged Woods,  
 Shook the vast Earth, and troubl'd all the Floods.  
 Nor did the fruitful Goddess brood in vain,  
 But here in Safety hatch'd her golden Train.  
 Justice and Faith one *Cornucopia* fill,  
 Of useful Med'cines known to many an Ill.  
 Such was the Golden Age in *Saturn's* Sway,  
 Easie and innocent it pass'd away :  
 But too much Luxury and good Fortune cloy,  
 And Virtues she should cherish she destroys. 90  
 What we most wish, what we most toil to gain,  
 Enjoyment palls, and turns the Bliss to Pain.  
 Possession makes us shift our Happiness,  
 From peaceful Wives to noisie Mistresses.  
 The Repetition makes the Pleasure dull ;  
 'Tis only Change that 's gay and beautiful.  
 O, Notion false ! O, Appetite deprav'd,  
 That has the nobler Part of Man enslav'd.  
 Man, born to Reason, does that Safety quit,  
 To split upon the dangerous Rock of Wit. 100  
 Physicians say, there 's no such Danger near,  
 As when, though no Signs manifest appear,  
 Self-tir'd and dull, Man knows not what he ails,  
 And, without Toil, his Strength and Vigour fails.  
 Such was the State of *England*, sick with Ease,  
 Too happy, if she knew her Happiness.  
 Their Crime no Ignorance for Excuse can plead,  
 That wretched Refuge for Ingratitude.  
 'Twas then that from the pitying Gods there came 110  
 A kind admonishing Anger to reclaim,  
 In dreadful<sup>1</sup> Prodigies ; but, alas, in vain.  
 So rapid Thunderbolts, before the Flame,  
 Fly, the consuming Vengeance to proclaim.  
 I, then a Boy, arriv'd to my Tenth Year,  
 And still those horrid Images I bear.  
 The mournful Signs are present to my Eyes.  
 I saw o'er all the Region of the Skies,  
 The History of our approaching Wars,  
 Writ in the Heav'ns in wondrous Characters.  
 The vaulted Firmament with Lightning burns, 120  
 And all the Clouds were kindled into Storms ;  
 And form'd an Image of th' infernal Hell ;  
 (I shake with the portentous things I tell)  
 Like sulph'rous Waves the horrid Flames did roll,  
 Whose raging Tides were hurl'd from Pole to Pole ;  
 Then suddenly the bursting Clouds divide,  
 A Fire like Burning mounts on either side,

<sup>1</sup> This relation of Prodigies, Mr. Cowley assures to be true ;  
*Veram esse in me recipio, plurimique idonei testes rei nunc  
 vivunt.* In the Margin of the Original.

Discovering (to th' astonish'd World) within  
 At once a dreadful and a beauteous Scene :  
 Two mighty Armies clad in Battle-array, 130  
 Ready, by Combat, to dispute the Day :  
 Their waving Plumes, and glittering Armor shone,  
 Mov'd by the Winds, and guided by the Sun.  
 So well in order seem'd each fearless Rank,  
 As they 'd been marshal'd by our Hero, *Monk* :  
*Monk*, born for mighty Things and great Command,  
 The glorious Pillar of our falling Land.  
 Perhaps his Genius on the Royal side,  
 One of those Heav'nly Figures did describe,  
 Here pointed out to us his noble Force, 140  
 And form'd him Conqueror on a flaming Horse.  
 We heard, or fanci'd that we heard, around,  
 The Signal giv'n by Drum and Trumpet-Sound ;  
 We saw the Fire-wing'd Horses fiercely meet,  
 And with their fatal Spears each other greet.  
 Here shining brandish'd Pikes like Lightning shook,  
 While from ethereal Guns true Thunder broke.  
 With gloomy Mists they 'nvolv'd the Plains of Heaven,  
 And to the Cloud-begotten Men was given  
 A memorable Fate— 150  
 By the dire Splendor which their Arms displaid,  
 And dreadful Lightning that from Cannons plaid,  
 We saw extended o'er the aerial Plain  
 The wounded Bodies of the numerous Slain :  
 (Their Faces fierce with Anger understood)  
 Turning the Sky red with their gushing Blood ;  
 At last, that Army, we the Just esteem'd,  
 And which adorn'd by noblest Figures seem'd  
 Of Arms and Men, alas ! was put to flight :  
 The rest was veil'd in the deep Shades of Night, 160  
 And Fates to come secur'd from human Sight.

But stupid *England*, touch'd with no Remorse,  
 Beholds the Prodigies as things of Course.  
 (With many more, which to the Just appear'd  
 As ominous Presages.) Then who fear'd  
 The Monsters of the *Caledonian* Woods,  
 Or the hid Ferments of Schismatic Crowds?  
 Nor had the impious *Cromwel* then a Name,  
 For *England's* Ruin, and for *England's* Shame. 170  
 Nor were the Gods pleas'd only to exhort  
 By Signs, the Restive City and the Court.  
 Th' impending Fates o'er all the Thickets reign'd,  
 And Ruin to the *English* Wood proclaim'd.  
 We saw the sturdy Oaks of monstrous Growth,  
 Whose spreading Roots fix'd in their native Earth,  
 Where for a thousand Years in Peace they grew,  
 Torn from the Soil, though none but *Zephrus* blew.  
 But who such violent Outrages could find  
 To be th' Effects of the soft Western Wind ?  
 The *Dryads* saw the Right Hand of the Gods 180  
 O'erturn the noblest Shelters of the Woods.  
 Others their Arms with baneful Leaves were clad,  
 That new unusual Forms and Colours had,  
 Whence now no *Aromatic* Moisture flows,  
 Or noble *Misseltoe* enrich the Boughs.

But bow'd with Galls, within those boding Hulls  
Lurk'd Flies, Diviners of ensuing Ills.  
Whose fatal buz did future Slaughters threat,  
And confus'd Murmurs, full of Dread, repeat.  
When no rude Winds disturb the ambient Air, 190  
The Trees, as weary of Repose, made War.  
With horrid Noise grappling their knotty Arms,  
Like meeting Tides, they ruffle into Storms ;  
But when the Winds to rattling Tempests rise,  
Instead of warring Trees, we heard the Cries  
Of warring Men, whose dying Groans around  
The Woods and mournful Echoes did resound.  
The dismal Shade with Birds obscene were fill'd,  
Which spight of *Phœbus*, he himself beheld.  
On the wild Ash's tops the Bats and Owls, 200  
With all night, ominous and baneful, Fowls  
Sate brooding, while the Screeches of these Drovers  
Prophan'd and violated all the Groves.  
If ought that Poets do relate be true  
The strange *Spinturnix*<sup>1</sup> led the feather'd Crew.  
Of all the Monsters of the Earth and Air,  
*Spinturnix* bears the cruell'st Character.  
The barbarous Bird, to mortal Eyes unknown,  
Is seen but by the Goddesses alone :  
And then they tremble ; for she always bodes 210  
Some fatal Discord, ev'n among the Gods.  
But that which gave more Wonder than the rest  
Within an Ash a Serpent built her Nest,<sup>2</sup>  
And laid her Eggs ; when once, to come beneath  
The very shadow of an Ash, was Death :  
Rather, if Chance could force, she through the Fire,  
From its faln Leaves so baneful, would retire.  
But none of all the *Sylvan* Prodigies  
Did more surprize the rural Deities,  
Than when the Lightning did the Laurel blast : 220  
The Lightning their lov'd Laurels all defac'd :  
The Laurel, which by *Jove's* divine Decree,  
Since antient Time from injuring Tempests free :  
No angry Threats from the celestial Powers,  
Could make her fear the Ruin of her Bowers :  
But always she enjoy'd a certain Fate,  
Which she cou'd ne'r secure the Victor yet.  
In vain these Signs and Monsters were not sent  
From angry Heav'n, the Wise knew what they meant.  
Their coming by Conjectures understood, 230  
As did the *Dryads* of the *British* Wood.  
There is an ancient Forest known to Fame,<sup>3</sup>  
On this side sep'rate from the *Cambrian* Plain  
By wandring *Wye* ; whose winding Current glides,  
And murm'ring leaves behind its flowry Sides.  
On that, 'tis wash'd by nobler *Severn's* Streams,  
Whose Beauties scarce will yield to famous *Thames*.  
Of yore 'twas *Arden* call'd, but that great Name,  
As like herself, diminish'd into *Dean*.

<sup>1</sup> What the Bird truly was, is not known, but it was much dreaded by the *Aruspices*. *Plin. Servius* etc.

<sup>2</sup> For the Truth hereof take *Pliny's* word, l. 16. 17.

<sup>3</sup> The Forest of *Dean*, in *Glostershire*.

The cursed Weapons of destructive War, 240  
In all their Cruelties have made her share ;  
The Iron has its noblest Shades destroy'd,  
Then to melt Iron is its Wood employ'd ;  
And so unhappy 'tis as it presents,  
Of its own Death the fatal Instruments.  
With Industry its Ruin to improve,  
Bears Minerals below, and Trees above.  
Oh Poverty ! thou Happiness extreme,  
(When no afflicting Want can intervene)  
And oh ! thou subtle Treasure of the Earth, 250  
From whence all Rapes and Mischiefs take their Birth.  
And you, triumphing Woods, secur'd from Spoil,  
By the safe Blessing of your barren Soil.  
Here unconsum'd, how small a part remains  
Of that rich Store that once adorn'd the Plains !  
Yet that small part that has escap'd the Ire  
Of lawless Steel, and avaritious Fire,  
By many Nymphs and Deities possess'd,  
Of all the *British* Shades continues still the best.  
Here the long Reverend *Dryas* (who had been 260  
Of all those shady verdant Regions Queen,  
To which by Conquest she had forc'd the Sea  
His constant tributary Waves to pay)  
Proclaim'd a gen'ral Council through her Court,  
To which the *Sylvan* Nymphs shou'd all resort.  
All the Wood-Goddesses do strait appear,  
At least who cou'd the *British* Climate bear ;  
And on a soft Ascent of rising Ground,  
Their Queen, their charming *Dryas*, they surround.  
Who, all adorn'd, was in the middle plac'd, 270  
And by a Thousand awful Beauties grac'd.  
These Goddesses alike were dress'd in Green,  
The Ornaments and Liv'ries of their Queen.  
Had Travellers at any distance view'd  
The beauteous Order of this stately Crowd,  
They wou'd not guess they 'd been Divinities,  
But Groves all sacred to the Deities.  
Such was the Image of this leafy Scene.  
On one side water'd by a cooling Stream,  
Upon whose brink the *Poplar* took her place : 280  
The *Poplar*, whom *Alcides* once did grace,  
Whose double-colour'd shadow'd Leaves express  
The Labours of our Hero *Hercules* ;  
Whose upper sides are black, the under white,  
To represent his Toil and his Delight.  
The *Phaetonian-Alder* next took place,  
Still sensible of the burnt Youth's Disgrace ;  
She loves the purling Streams, and often laves  
Beneath the Floods, and wantons with the Wavs.  
Close by her side the pensive *Willows* join'd, 290  
Chast Sisters all, to Lovers most unkind.  
*Olesicarpian*s call'd,<sup>1</sup> in Youth severe,  
Before the Winter-Age had snow'd their Hair.  
In Rivers take delight, whose chilling Streams,  
Mixt with the native Coldness of their Veins ;

<sup>1</sup> That is, a Tribe which early drops its Seed ; or which is an Enemy to Venery.

Like *Salamanders*, can all Heat remove,  
 And quite extinguish the quick Fire of Love.  
 Firm lasting Bonds they yield to all beside,  
 And take delight the Lovers to divide.  
 The *Elders* next, who, though they Waters love, 300  
 The same from humane Bodies yet remove,  
 And quite disperse the humid Moisture thence,  
 And partly with the *Dropsie* in this sense :  
 " Why do you linger here, O lazie Flood?  
 " This Soil belongs to Rivulets of Blood.  
 " Why do you Men torment, when many a Shade,  
 " And honest Trees and Plants do want your Aid?  
 " Be gone, from humane Bodies quick be gone,  
 " And back into your native Channels run  
 " By every Pore, by all the ways you can. 310  
 The Moisture frightned, flies at the Command,  
 And awful Terror of her powerful Wand.  
 The hospitable *Birch* does next appear,  
 Joyful and gay in hot or frigid Air ;  
 Flowing her Hair, her Garments soft and white,  
 And yet in Cruelty she takes delight ;  
 No wild Inhabitant o' th' Woods can be  
 So quick in Wrath, and in Revenge, as she ;  
 In Houses, great Authority assumes,  
 And 's the sole punisher of petty Crimes. 320  
 But most of all her Malice she employs  
 In Schools, to terrifie and awe young Boys ;  
 If she chastise, 'tis for the Patient's Good ;  
 Though oft she blushes with their tender Blood.  
 Not so the generous *Maples* ; they present  
 Whate'er the City Luxury can invent,  
 Who, with industrious Management and Pains,  
 Divide the Labyrinth of their curious Grains ;  
 And many necessary things produce,  
 That serve at once for Ornament and Use. 330  
 But thou, O *Pteleas*,<sup>1</sup> to the Swain allows  
 Shades to his Cattel, Timber for his Plows.  
 Ennobled thou above the leafie Race,  
 In that an amorous God<sup>2</sup> does thee embrace.  
 Next thee the *Oxyas*<sup>3</sup> of her self a Grove,  
 Whose wide-spread Shade the Flocks and Shepherds  
 love,  
 Whether thy Murmurs do to Sleep invite,  
 Or thy soft Noise inspire the rural pipe ;  
 Alike thou 'rt grateful, and canst always charm,  
 In Summer cooling, and in Winter warm. 340  
*Tityrus*, of yore, the Nymph with Garlands hung,  
 And all his Love-lays in her Shadow sung.  
 When first the Infant-World her Reign began,  
 E're Pride and Lux'ry had corrupted Man,  
 Before for Gold the Earth they did invade,  
 The useful Houshold-stuff of *Beech* was made ;  
 No other Plate the humble Side-board dress'd,  
 No other Bowls adorn'd the wholesome Feast :  
 Which no voluptuous Cookery cou'd boast,  
 The home-bred Kid or Lamb was all the Cost. 350

<sup>1</sup> The *Elm*.      <sup>2</sup> *Bacchus*, or the *Vine*.      <sup>3</sup> The *Beech*.

The Mirth, the Innocence, and little Care,  
 Surpass'd the loaded Boards of high-priz'd Fare.  
 There came no Guest for Interest or Design,  
 For guilty Love, fine Eating or rich Wine.  
 The *Beechen*-Bowl without Debauch went round,  
 And was with harmless Mirth and Roses crown'd :  
 In these — the Ancients in their happy State,  
 Their Feasts and Banquets us'd to celebrate.  
 Fill'd to the Brim with uncorrupted Wine,  
 They made Libations to the Powers Divine ; 360  
 To keep 'em still benign, no Sacrifice  
 They need perform the angry Gods t' appease.  
 They knew no Crimes the Deities t' offend,  
 But all their Care was still, to keep 'em kind.  
 No poison ever did those Bowls infest,  
 Securely here the Shepherd quench'd his Thirst ;  
 'Twas not that any Virtue in the Wood  
 Against the baneful Liquor was thought good ;  
 But Poverty and Innocence were here,  
 The Antidotes against all Ills and Fear. 370  
 Such was the *Ash* : the Nymph was *Melias* nam'd  
 For peaceful Use, and lib'ral Virtues fam'd ;  
 But since *Achilles'* Spear was of her Wood  
 Fatally form'd, and drank of *Hector's* Blood ;  
 O wretched Glory ! O unhappy Power,  
 She loves the Rain, and neighb'ring Floods no more ;  
 No more the falling Showers delight her now,  
 She only thirsts to drink of bloody Dew.  
*Philyra*,<sup>1</sup> not inferiour to her Race,  
 For her *Belle taille*, good Mien and handsome Grace,  
 For pious Use, and noblest Studies fit, 381  
*Minerva* here might exercise her Wit,  
 And on the lasting Vellum which she brings,  
 May in small Volumes write Seraphick Things ;  
 'Mongst all the Nymphs and *Hamadryades*,  
 There's none so fair, and so adorn'd as this.  
 All soft her Body, innocent and white,  
 In her green flowing Hair she takes delight ;  
 Proud of her perfum'd Blossoms far she spreads  
 Her lovely, charming, odoriferous Shades. 390  
 Her native Beauties ev'n excelling Art ;  
 Her Vertues many Med'cines still impart ;  
 The Dowry of each Plant in her does rest,  
 And she deserv'dly triumphs o'er the Best.  
 Next her *Orcimelis* and *Achras* stood,<sup>2</sup>  
 Whose Off spring is a sharp and rigid Brood ;  
 A Fruit no Season e'er could work upon,  
 Not to be mellow'd by th' all-ripening Sun.  
 Hither the fair amphibious Nymphs resort,  
 Who both in Woods and Gardens keep their Court, 400  
 The *Ouas*,<sup>3</sup> but of no ignoble Fame,  
 Although she bears a base and servile Name ;  
 Sharp *Oxyacantha*,<sup>4</sup> next the *Mulberry* stood,  
 The *Mulberry* dy'd in hapless Lovers' Blood.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The *Lime-Tree*.

<sup>2</sup> *Service-Tree*.

<sup>3</sup> *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

<sup>4</sup> *Wood pear* and *Crab-Apple*.

<sup>5</sup> *Barberry*.

*Cranca*,<sup>1</sup> a Nymph too lean to be admir'd,  
 But hard-gain'd *Carya*<sup>2</sup> is by all desir'd ;  
 The pretty *Corylus* so neat and trim,  
 And *Castanis*<sup>3</sup> with rough ungrateful Skin.  
 These Nymphs, of all their Race, live rich and high.  
 They taste the City's Golden Luxury, 410  
 And Woods their Country *Villa's* do supply.  
 Nor was the *Haw-thorn* absent from this Place,  
 All Soils are Native to her harden'd Race ;  
 Though her the Fields and Gardens do reject,  
 She with a thorny Hedge does both protect.  
*Helvetia*<sup>4</sup> rough with Gold and Stones first bred ;  
 The Nymph, who thence to other Climates fled,  
 Of her a warlike sturdy Race was born,  
 Whose Dress, nor Court, nor City can adorn ;  
 But with a faithful Hand they both defend, 420  
 While they upon no Garison depend ;  
 No Show, or noisie Grandeur they affect,  
 But to their Trust they're constant and exact :  
 Should you behold 'em rang'd in Battle-array,  
 All muster'd in due Order, you wou'd say,  
 That no *Militia* were so fine and gay.  
 Let none the Ancients rashly then reproach,  
 Who cut from hence the *Hymeneal* Torch.  
 Since they such Safeguards were 'gainst Thiefs and  
 Beasts,  
 Which with an equal Force their Charge molests. 430  
 And 'twas commanded they should always bear  
 Their watchful Twigs before the married Pair.  
 With the *Helvetian* Nymph, a pretty Train,  
 All her Companions, to the Circle came.  
 The fruitful *Bullace* first, whose Off-spring are,  
 Though harsh and sharp, yet moderately fair.  
 The prickly *Bramble*, neat and lovely *Rose*  
 So nice and coy, they never will dispose  
 Their valu'd Favours, but some Wounds they give  
 To those who will their guarded Joys receive. 440

No less a Troop of those gay Nymphs were seen,  
 Who nobly flourish in eternal Green ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Unsubject to the Laws o' th' changing Year,  
 They want no Aids of kindly Beams or Air.  
 But happy in their own peculiar Spring,  
 While the Pole weeps in Showers, they laugh and sing.  
 The generous *Pyxias*,<sup>6</sup> who a Conquest gains,  
 O'er armed Winter with her hosts of Rains.  
 All Ages she subdues : devouring Time  
 In vain endeavours to destroy her Prime ; 450  
 Still in her Youth and Beauty she survives,  
 When all the Spring is dead, she smiles and lives :  
 Yet though she's obstinate to Time and Storms,  
 She's kindly pliable to all curious Forms ;  
 To artful Masters she Obedience lends,

<sup>1</sup> *Cornelian-Berry.*

<sup>2</sup> *Wall-Nut.*

<sup>3</sup> Common-Hazle. *Small Nuts*, and *Chesnut.*

<sup>4</sup> *Switzerland.*

<sup>5</sup> Call'd Sengreens, or Ay-greens. *Sempervives.*

<sup>6</sup> *The Box-Tree.*

And to th' ingenious Hand, with ease she bends.  
 Into a thousand True-love's Knots she twines,  
 And with a verdant Wall the Flowers confines,  
 Still looking up with gay and youthful Love  
 To the triumphing Flow'rs that reign above. 460  
 Or, if you please, she will advance on high,  
 And with the lofty Trees her Stature vie ;  
 And cheerfully will any Figure take,  
 Whether Man, Lion, or a Bird you make ;  
 Or on her Trunk like a green Parrot show,  
 Or sometimes like a *Hercules* she'll grow :  
 And hence, *Praxiteles* fair Statues forms,  
 When with green Gods the Gardens he adorns.  
 Nor yet, being dead, does of less use appear  
 To the industrious Artificer : 470  
 From her, the noblest Figures do arise,  
 And almost are Immortal Deities ;  
 Of her, the *Berecynthian* Pipe is made,  
 That charms its native Mountain and its Shade,  
 That in such tuneful Harmonies express  
 The Praises of their Goddess *Cybeles*.  
 With this the lovely Females dress their Hair,<sup>1</sup>  
 That not least powerful Beauty of the Fair,  
 Their noblest Ornament and th' Lovers' Snare ;  
 This into Form the beauteous Nets still lay, 480  
 That the poor heedless Gazer does betray.  
*Agrias*<sup>2</sup> is content with easier Spoils,  
 Only for silly Birds she pitches Toils.  
 The wanton Bird she stops upon the Wing,  
 And can forbid the Insolence of men ;  
 With a Defence the Garden she supplies,  
 And does perpetually delight the Eyes :  
 Her shining Leaves a lovely Green produce,  
 And serve at once for Ornament and Use. 490  
 Deform'd *December* by her Posie-boughs  
 All deck'd and drest like joyful *April* shows ;  
 Cold Winter-days she both adorns and cheers,  
 While she her constant springing Livery wears.  
*Camaris*,<sup>3</sup> who in *Winter* give their Birth,  
 Not humbly creeping on the servile Earth,  
 But rear aloft their nobler fruitful Heads,  
 Whose *Sylvan* Food unhappy *Janus* feeds.  
 His hungry Appetite he here destroys,  
 And both his ravenous Mouths at once destroys.  
*Phyllyrea* here, and *Pyracantha* rise,<sup>4</sup> 500  
 Whose Beauty only gratifies the Eyes  
 Of Gods and Men ; no Banquets they afford  
 But to the welcome, though unbidden Bird,  
 Here gratefully in *Winter* they repay  
 For all the Summer-songs, that made their Groves so  
 gay.

Next came the melancholy *Yew*, who mourns  
 With silent Languor at the Warrior's Urns ;  
 See where she comes, all in black Shadow veil'd,  
 Ah, too unhappy Nymph, on every Side assail'd !

<sup>1</sup> Combs made of its Wood.

<sup>2</sup> *The Holly.* Hereof Bird-lime is made.

<sup>3</sup> *Strawberry-Tree.*

<sup>4</sup> Ever-green *Privet*, and prickly *Coral-Tree.*

Whom the *Greek* Poets and Historians blame, 510  
 (Deceiv'd by easie Faith and common Fame)  
 Thee, as a guilty Poisoner they present ;  
 Oh false Aspersers of the Innocent !  
 If Poets may find Credit when they speak,  
 (At least all those who are not of the *Greek*)  
 No baneful Poison, no malignant Dew  
 Lurks in, or hangs about the harmless *Yew* ;  
 No secret Mischief dares the Nymph invade,  
 And those are safe that sleep beneath her Shade.  
 Nor thou *Arceuthis*,<sup>1</sup> art an Enemy 520  
 To the soft Notes of charming Harmony.  
 Falsly the chief of Poets would persuade,  
 That Evil's lodg'd in thy Eternal Shade ;  
 Thy Aromatick Shade, whose verdant Arms  
 Ev'n thy own useful Fruits secures from Harms ;  
 Many false Crimes to thee they attribute,  
 Wou'd no false Virtues too, they wou'd to thee impute.  
 But thou *Sabina*,<sup>2</sup> my impartial Muse  
 Cannot with any Honesty excuse ;  
 By thee, the first new Sparks of Life, not yet 530  
 Struck up to shining Flame, to mature Heat,  
 Sprinkled by thy moist Poison fade and die,  
 Fatal *Sabina*, Nymph of Infamy.  
 For this the *Cypress* thee Companion calls,  
 Who piously attends at Funerals :  
 But thou more barbarous, dost thy Pow'r employ,  
 And even the unborn Innocent destroy.  
 Like Fate destructive thou, without remorse,  
 While she the Death of even the Ag'd deploues.  
 Such *Cyparissus*<sup>3</sup> was, that bashful Boy,  
 Who was belov'd by the bright God of Day ; 540  
 Of such a tender Mind, so soft a Breast,  
 With so compassionate a Grief opprest,  
 For wounding his lov'd Deer, that down he lay  
 And wept, and pin'd his sighing Soul away ;  
*Apollo* pitying it, renew'd his Fate  
 And to the *Cypress* did the Boy translate,  
 And gave his hapless Life a longer Date.  
 Then thus decreed the God— and thou, oh Tree !  
 Chief Mourner at all Funerals shalt be.  
 And since so small a Cause such Grief cou'd give, 550  
 Be 't still thy Talent (pitying Youth) to grieve.  
 Sacred be thou in *Pluto's* dark Abodes,  
 For ever sacred to th' Infernal Gods !  
 This said, well skill'd in Truth he did bequeath  
 Eternal Life to the dire Tree of Death :  
 A Substance that no Worm can e'er subdue  
 Whose never-dying Leaves each Day renew ;  
 Whose Figures like aspiring Flames still rise,  
 And with a noble Pride salute the Skies.  
 Next the fair Nymph that *Phœbus* does adore,<sup>4</sup> 560  
 But yet as nice and cold as heretofore :  
 She hates all Fires, and with Aversion still  
 She chides and crackles, if the Flame she feel.

<sup>1</sup> *Juniper-Tree*, whereof Musical Instruments are made.

<sup>2</sup> *Savin*, infamous for destroying Births and causing Abortions.

<sup>3</sup> *Ovid. Met.*

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

Yet, though she's Chast, the burning God no less  
 Adores, and makes his Love his Prophetess,  
 And even the Murmurs of her Scorn do now  
 For joyful Sounds and happy Omens go.  
 Nor does the Humble, though the Sacred Tree  
 Fear Wounds from any Earthly Enemy !  
 For she beholds when loudest Storms abound, 570  
 The flying Thunder of the Gods around.  
 Let all the flaming Heav'n's threat as they will  
 Unmov'd th' undaunted Nymph out-braves it still.  
 Oh thou !—  
 Of all the woody Nations happiest made  
 Thou greatest Princess of the fragrant Shade ;  
 But shou'd the Goddess *Dryas* not allow  
 That Royal Title to thy Vertue due,  
 At least her Justice must this Truth confess,  
 If not a Princess, thou 'rt a Prophetess. 580  
 And all the Glories of immortal Fame  
 Which conquering Monarchs so much strive to gain,  
 Is but at best from thy triumphing Boughs,  
 'To reach a Garland to adorn their Brows ;  
 And after Monarchs, Poets claim a Share  
 As the next Worthy thy priz'd Wreaths to wear.  
 Among that number, do not me disdain,  
 Me, the most humble of that glorious Train.  
<sup>1</sup> I, by a double Right, thy Bounties claim,  
 Both from my Sex, and in *Apollo's* Name : 590  
 Let me with *Sappho* and *Orinda* be,  
 Oh ever sacred Nymph, adorn'd by thee ;  
 And give my Verses Immortality.  
 The tall *Elate*<sup>2</sup> next, and *Peuce*<sup>3</sup> stood  
 The stateliest Sister-nymphs of all the Wood.  
 The flying Winds sport with their flowing Hair,  
 While to the dewy Clouds their lofty Heads they rear.  
 As mighty Hills above the Valleys shew  
 And look with Scorn on the Descent below ;  
 So do these view the Mountains where they grow, 600  
 So much above their humbler Tops they rise :  
 So stood the Giants that besieg'd the Skies,  
 The Terror of the Gods ! they having thrown  
 Huge *Ossa* on the Leafy *Pelion* :  
 The *Fir*, with the proud *Pine*, thus threatning stands  
 Lifting to Heav'n two hundred warring Hands ;  
 In this vast Prospect they with ease survey  
 The spacious-figur'd Land and boundless Sea ;  
 With joy behold the Ships their Timber builds, 609  
 How they've with Cities stor'd once spacious Fields.  
 This Grove of *English* Nymphs, this noble Train,  
 In a large Circle compass in their Queen,  
 The Scepter-bearing *Dryas*<sup>4</sup>—  
 Her Throne a rising Hillock, where she sate  
 With all the Charms of Majesty and State ;  
 With awful Grace the Numbers she survey'd,  
 Dealing around the Favours of her Shade.  
 If I the Voice of the loud Winds cou'd take  
 Which the re-echoing Oaks do agitate,

<sup>1</sup> The Translatress in her own Person speaks.

<sup>2</sup> The *Fir-Tree*. <sup>3</sup> The *Pine*. <sup>4</sup> Nymph of Oaks.

'Twould not suffice to celebrate thy Name, 620  
 Oh, sacred *Dryas*, of Immortal Fame.  
 If we a Faith can give Antiquity  
 That sings of many Miracles, from thee  
 In the World's Infant-Age Mankind broke forth,  
 From thee the nobler Race receiv'd their Birth ;  
 Thou then in a green tender Bark wast clad,  
 But in *Deucalion's* Age a rougher Covert had ;  
 More hard and warm, with crusted White all o'er,  
 As noble Authors sung in times of yore ;  
 Approv'd by some, condemn'd and argu'd down 630  
 By the vain Troop of Sophists, and the Gown,  
 The scoffing Academy, and the School  
 Of *Pyrrho* ; who traditions over-rule :  
 But let 'em doubt, yet they must grant this Truth,  
 Those Brawny Men that then the Earth brought forth,  
 Did on the Acorns feed, and feast and thrive  
 And with this wholesome Nourishment survive,  
 In Health and Strength an equal Age with thee  
 Secur'd from all the Banes of Luxury.  
 Oh, happy Age ! Oh Nymph, divinely Good ! 640  
 That mak'st thy Shade Man's House, thy Fruit his  
 Food.

When only Apples of the Wood did pass  
 For noble Banquets spread on Beds of Grass.  
 Tables not yet by any Art debauch'd,  
 And Fruit that ne'er the Grudger's Hand reproach'd.  
 Thy Bounties *Ceres* were of Little use,  
 And thy sweet Food ill Manners did produce :  
 Unluckily they did thy Virtues find  
 With that of the Wild-Boar and hunted Hind ;  
 With all wild Beasts on which their Luxury prey'd, 650  
 While new Desires their Appetites invade.  
 The Natures they partake of what they eat,  
 And salvage they become as was their Meat.

Hence the Republick of the World did cease :  
 Hence they might date the Forfeit of their Peace.  
 The common Good was now peculiar made,  
 A generous Int'rest now became a Trade,  
 And Men began their Neighbour's Rights t' invade.  
 For now they measur'd out their common Ground,  
 And Outrages commit t' enlarge their Bound : 660  
 Their own seem'd despicable, poor and small ;  
 Each wants more Room, and wou'd be Lord of all.  
 The Plow-man with Disdain his Field surveys,  
 Forsakes the Land, and plows the faithless Seas ;  
 The Fool in these deep Furrows seeks his Gain,  
 Despising Dangers, and induring Pain.  
 The sacred Oak her peaceful Mansion leaves  
 Transplanted to the Mountains of the Waves.

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

But if the Madness of desiring Gain,  
 Or wild Ambition agitate the Brain,  
 Straight to a wandering Ship they Thee transfer,  
 And none more fitly serves the Mariner. 680  
 Thou cut'st the Air, dost on the Waves rebound,  
 Wild Death and Fury raging all around ;  
 Disdaining to behold the manag'd Wood,  
 Out-brave the Storms and baffle the rude Flood.

To Swine, O richest Oak, thy Acorns leave.  
 And search for Man whate'er the Earth can give,  
 All that the spacious Universe brings forth,  
 What Land and Sea conceals of any Worth,  
 Bring *Aromatick* from the distant *East*,  
 And Gold so dangerous from the rifled *West*, 690  
 Whate'er the boundless Appetite can Feast.

With thee the utmost Bounds of Earth w' invade,  
 By thee, the unlock'd Orb is common made.  
 By thee—

The great Republick of the World revives,  
 And o'er the Earth luxurious Traffick thrives ;  
 If *Argo's* Ship were valued at that Rate  
 Which ancient Poets so much celebrate,  
 From Neighbouring *Colchos* only bringing home  
 The Golden-Fleece from Seas whose Tracts were  
 known : 700

If of the Dangers they so much have spoke  
 (More worthy Smiles) of the *Cyanean* Rock,  
 What Oceans then of Fame shall thee suffice ?  
 What Waves of Eloquence can sing thy Praise ?  
 O sacred *Oak*, that great *Columbus* bore,  
 IO ! thou bearer of an happier Ore,  
 Than celebrated *Argo* did before.

And *Drake's* brave Oak that pass'd to Worlds un-  
 known,  
 Whose Toils, O *Phabus*, were so like thy own ;  
 Who round the Earth's vast Globe triumphant  
 rode, 710  
 Deserves the Celebration of a God.

O let the *Pegasean* Ship no more  
 Be worshipp'd on the too unworthy Shore.  
 After her watry Life, let her become  
 A fixt Star shining equal with the Ram.  
 Long since the Duty of a Star sh' has done,  
 And round the Earth with guiding Light has shone.

Oh, how has Nature blest the *British* Land,  
 Who both the valued *Indies* can command !  
 What tho' thy Banks the Cedars do not grace 720  
 Those lofty Beauties of fam'd *Libanus* :

The Pine, or Palm of *Idumean* Plains ;  
*Arab's* rich Woods, or its sweet-smelling Greens,  
 Or lovely Plantan, whose large leafy Boughs  
 A pleasant and a noble Shade allows.  
 She has thy warlike Groves and Mountains blest  
 With sturdy Oaks, o'er all the World the best ;  
 And for the happy Island's sure Defence,  
 Has wall'd it with a Mote of Seas immense ;  
 While to declare her Safety and thy Pride, 730  
 With Oaken Ships that Sea is fortify'd.

Nor was that Adoration vainly made,  
Which to the Oak the antient *Druids* paid,  
Who reasonably believ'd a God within,  
Where such vast Wonders were produc'd and seen.  
Nor was it the dull Piety alone,  
And Superstition of our *Albion*,  
Nor Ignorance of the future Age, that paid  
Honours Divine to thy surprizing Shade.  
But they foresaw the Empire of the Sea, 740  
Great *Charles* should hold from the Triumphant Tree.

No Wonder then that Age should thee adore,  
Who gav'st our sacred Oracles heretofore ;  
The hidden Pleasure of the Gods was then  
In a hoarse Voice deliver'd out to Men.  
So Vapors from *Cyrrhean* Caverns broke,  
Inspir'd *Apollo's* Priestess when she spoke.  
Whilst ravish'd the fair Enthusiastick stood,  
Upon her *Tripes*, raging with the God. 750  
So Priest inspir'd with sacred Fury shook,  
When the Winds ruffl'd the *Dodonean* Oak,  
And toss'd their Branches, till a dreadful Sound  
Of awful Horror they proclaim around,  
Like frantick Bacchanals ; and while they move,  
Possess with Trembling all the sacred Grove.  
Their rifl'd Leaves the Tempest bore away,  
And their torn Boughs scatter'd on all Sides lay.  
The tortur'd Thicket knew not that there came  
A God triumphant in the Hurricane,  
Till the wing'd Wind with an amazing Cry, 760  
Deliver'd down the pressing Deity,  
Whose thundering Voice, strange Secrets did unfold,  
And wondrous Things of Worlds to come, he told,  
But Truths so veil'd in obscure Eloquence,  
They 'muse th' adoring Crowd with double Sense.

But by divine Decree the Oak no more,  
Declares Security as heretofore ;  
With Words, or Voice, yet to the listing Wood,  
Her differing Murmurs still are understood ;  
For sacred Divinations while the Sound, 770  
Informs, all but Humanity, around :  
Nor e'er did *Dryas* murmur awful Truth  
More clear and plain, from the prophetic Mouth,  
Than when she spoke to the *Chaonian* Wood,  
While all the Groves with eager Silence stood  
And with erected Leaves themselves dispose,  
To listen to the Language of her Boughs.

You see (O my Companions) that the Gods  
Threaten a dire Destruction to the Woods,  
And to all human Kind—the black Portents 780  
Are seen, of many sinister Events ;  
But lest their quick Approach too much should press,  
(O my astonish'd Nymphs) your Tenderness,  
The Gods command me to foretel your Doom,  
And prepossess ye with the Fate to come.  
With heedful Reverence then their Will observe,  
And in your Barks' deep Chinks my Words preserve :  
Believe me, Nymphs, nor is your Faith in vain,  
This Oaken Trunk in which conceal'd I am  
From a long honour'd ancient Lineage came, 790

Who in the fam'd *Dodonean* Grove first spoke,  
When with astonish'd Awe the sacred Valley shook.

" Know then that *Brutus* by unlucky Fate,  
" Murd'ring his Sire, bore an immortal Hate  
" To his own Kingdom, whose ungrateful Shore  
" He leaves with Vows ne'er to revisit more.  
" Then to *Epirus* a sad Exile came,  
" (Unhappy Son, who hast a Father slain,  
" But, happy Father of the *British* Name.)  
" There by victorious Arms he did restore 800  
" Those Scepters once the Race of *Priam* bore.  
" In their paternal Thrones his Kindred plac'd,  
" And by their Piety his fatal Crime effac'd.  
" There *Jupiter* disdain'd not to relate  
" Thorough an Oaken Mouth his future Fate.  
" Who for his Grandsire's, great *Aeneas* sake  
" Upon the Royal Youth will pity take :  
" Whose Toils to his shall this Resemblance bear  
" A long and tedious Wandering to endure.  
" 'Tis said the Deity retaining Oak 810  
" Bursting her Bark, thus to the Hero spoke ;  
" Whose Voice the Nymphs surpriz'd with awful Dread,  
" Who in *Chaonian* Groves inhabited.  
" Oh, noble *Trojan*, of great *Sylvia's* Blood,  
" Hasten from the Covert of this threatenng Wood.  
" A Mansion here the Fates will not permit,  
" Vast Toils and Dangers thou 'rt to conquer yet,  
" E'er for a murder'd Father thou canst be  
" Absolv'd, tho' innocently slain by thee,  
" Much thou must bear by Land, and much by Sea.  
" Then arm thy solid Mind, thy Virtues raise, 821  
" And thro' thy rough Adventures cut new Ways,  
" Whose End shall crown thee with immortal Bays.  
" Tho' *Hercules* so great a Fame atchiev'd :  
" His Conquests but to th' Western *Cales* arriv'd :  
" There finish'd all his Glories and his Toils,  
" He wish'd no more, nor sought more distant Spoils.  
" But the great Labors which thou hast begun  
" Must, fearless of the Ocean's Threats, go on.  
" And this remember, at thy lanching forth, 830  
" To set thy full-spread Sails against the North.  
" In *Charles's* Wain thy Fates are born above  
" Bright Stars descended from the Grandsire *Jove*,  
" Of Motion certain, tho' they slowly move.  
" The *Bear* too shall assist thee in thy Course  
" With all her Constellations' glittering Force.  
" And as thou goest, thy Right-hand shall destroy  
" Twice six *Gom'ritish* Tyrants in thy way.  
" Tho' exil'd from the World, disdain all Fear,  
" The Gods another World for thee prepare, 840  
" Which in the Bosom of the Deep conceal'd  
" From Ages past, shall be to thee reveal'd.  
" Reserv'd, O *Brutus*, to renown thy Fame,  
" And shall be blest still with thy Race and Name.  
" All that the Air surrounds, the Fates decree  
" To *Brutus*' and *Aeneas*' Progeny,  
" *Aeneas* all the Land, and *Brutus* all the Sea.  
Thus said the God, from the prophetick Oak,  
Who stretching out her Branches, farther spoke :

" Here fill thy Hands with Acorns from the Tree, 850  
 " Which in thy tedious Toils of use shall be,  
 " And Witnesses of all I promise thee.  
 " And when thy painful Wandring shall be o'er,  
 " And thou arriv'd on happy *Britain's* Shore,  
 " Then in her fruitful Soil these Acorns sow,  
 " Which to vast Woods of mighty Use shall grow.  
 " Not their *Chaonian* Mother's sacred Name  
 " Shall o'er the World be sung with greater Fame.  
 " Then holy *Druids* thou shalt consecrate,  
 " My Honour and my Rites to celebrate, 860  
 " *Teutates* in the sacred Oak shall grow,  
 " To give blest Omens to the *Missetoe*."

Thus spake the Oak—with reverend Awe believ'd,  
 And in no one Prediction was deceiv'd.

My Lineage from *Chaonian* Acorns came,  
 I two Descents from that first Parent am ;  
 And now oraculous Truths to you proclaim.  
 My Grandam Oak her blooming Beauties wore,  
 When first the *Danish* Fleet surpriz'd our Shore :  
 When *Thor* and *Tuisco* and the *Saxon* Gods 870  
 Were angry with their once belov'd Abodes,  
 Her Age two hundred Years ; a small Account  
 To what our long-liv'd Numbers do amount,  
 Such Prodigies then she saw, as we behold ;  
 And such our Ruins, as their Signs foretold.  
 Now from the *Caledonian* Mountains came  
 New-risen Clouds that cover'd all the Plain,  
 The quiet *Tweed* regards her Bounds no more,  
 But driv'n by Popular Winds usurps the Shore ;  
 In her wild Course a horrid Murmur yields, 880  
 And frightens with her Sound the *English* Fields.  
 Nor did they hear in vain, nor vainly fear  
 Those raging Prologues to approaching War.  
 But Silver Show'rs did soon the Foe subdue,  
 Weapons the Noble *English* never knew.  
 The People, who for Peace so lavish were,  
 Did after buy the Merchandise more dear.  
 Curst Civil-Wars even Peace betray'd to Guilt,  
 And made her Blush with the first Blood was spilt.  
 O cruel Omens of those future Woes, 890  
 Which now sate brooding in the Senate-House !  
 That Den of Mischief, where obscur'd she lies,  
 And hides her purple Face from human Eyes.  
 The working Furies there, lay unreveal'd,  
 Beneath the Priv'lege of the *House* conceal'd.  
 There, by the Malice of the Great and Proud,  
 And unjust Clamours of the frantick Crowd,  
 The Great, the Learned *Strafford* met his Fate ;  
 O sacred Innocence ! what can expiate  
 For guiltless Blood, but Blood ? and much must flow  
 Both from the Guilty and the Faultless too. 901  
 O *Worcester*, condemn'd by Fate to be  
 The Mournful Witness of our Misery,  
 And to bewail our first Intestine Wars  
 By thy soft *Severn's* Murmurs, and her Tears ;  
 Wars that more formidable did appear  
 Even at their End, than their Beginnings were.

Me to *Kintonian* Hills<sup>1</sup> some God convey,  
 That I the horrid Valley may survey ;  
 Which like a River seem'd of human Blood, 910  
 Swell'd with the numerous Bodies of the Dead.  
 What Slaughter makes fierce *Rupert* round the Field,  
 Whose Conquests Pious *Charles* with Sighs beheld ?  
 And had not Fate the Course of Things forbad,  
 This Day an End of all our Woes had made.

But our Success the angry Gods controul,  
 And stopt our Race of Glory near the Goal,  
 Where e'er the *British* Empire did extend,  
 The Tyrant War with barbarous Rigor reign'd,  
 From the remotest Parts it rifled Peace 920  
 From the *Belerian* Horn<sup>2</sup> even to the *Orcades*.  
 The Fields opprest, no joyful Harvests bear,  
 War ruin'd all the Product of the Year.  
 Unhappy *Albion* ! by what Fury stung ?  
 What Serpent of *Eumenides* has flung  
 His Poison thro' thy Veins ? thou bleed'st all o'er,  
 Art all one Wound, one universal Gore.

Unhappy *Newberry*, I thy fatal Field,  
 Covered with mighty Slaughters, thrice beheld.  
 In Horrors you *Philippi's* Fields out-vi'd, 930  
 Which twice the Civil Gore of *Romans* di'd.  
 Long mutual Loss, and the alternate Weight  
 Of equal Slaughters, pois'd each other's Fate.  
 Uncertain Ruin waver'd to and fro,  
 And knew not where to fix the deadly Blow ;  
 At last in *Northern* Fields like Lightning broke ;  
 And *Naseby* doubl'd every fatal Stroke.  
 But, O ye Gods, permit me not to tell  
 The Woes, that after this, the Land befel :  
 O, keep 'em to your selves, lest they shou'd make 940  
 Humanity your Rites, and Shrines forsake :  
 To future Ages let 'em not be known,  
 For wretched *England's* Credit, and your own.  
 And take from me, ye Gods, Futurity,  
 And let my Oracles all silent lie  
 Rather than by my Voice they shou'd declare  
 The dire Events of *England's* Civil War.  
 And yet my Sight a confus'd Prospect fills,  
 A *Chaos* all deform'd, a Heap of Ills ;  
 Such as no mortal Eyes cou'd e'er behold, 950  
 Such as no human Language can unfold.

But now——  
 The Conquering evil Genius of the Wars,  
 The Impious Victor all before him bears.  
 And O,— behold the Sacred Vanquish'd flies,  
 And tho' in a *Plebeian's* mean Disguise,  
 I know his God-like Face ; the Monarch sure  
 Did ne'er dissemble till this fatal Hour.  
 But O, he flees, distress, forlorn he flies,  
 And seeks his Safety 'mong his Enemies. 960  
 His Kingdom all he finds hostile to be,  
 No place to th' Vanquish'd proves a Sanctu'ry.  
 Thus Royal *Charles*——

<sup>1</sup> *Keinton-Fields. Edge-Hill.*

<sup>2</sup> *S. Burien, the uttermost Point of Cornwall.*



From his own People cou'd no Safety gain,  
 Alas, the King ! (their Guest) implores in vain ;  
 The Pilot thus the burning Vessel leaves,  
 And trusts what most he fears, the threatening Waves,  
 But, O, the cruel Flood with rude Disdain  
 Throws him all struggling to the Flames again :  
 So did the *Scots*, alas ! what shou'd they do, 970  
 That Prize of War (the Soldiers Interest now)  
 By Prayers and Threatnings back they strive to bring  
 But the wise *Scot* will yield to no such thing ;  
 And *England* to retrieve him, buys her King.  
 O, shame to future Worlds ! who did command,  
 As powerful Lord of all the Sea and Land,  
 Is now a Captive-Slave expos'd to Sale ;  
 And Villany o'er Virtue must prevail.  
 The Servant his bought Master bears away,  
 O, shameful Purchase of so glorious Prey. 980  
 But yet, O *Scotland*, far be it from me,  
 To charge thee wholly with this Infamy ;  
 Thy Nation's Virtues shall reverse that Fate,  
 And for the Criminal Few shall expiate ;  
 Yet for these Few the Innocent Rest must feel,  
 The dire Effects of the avenging Steel.  
 But now, by Laws to God and Man unknown,  
 Their Sovereign, God's Anointed, they dethrone,  
 Who to the *Isle of Wight* is Prisoner sent :  
 What Tongue, what cruel Hearts do not lament ! 990  
 That thee, O *Scotland*, with just Anger moves,  
 And *Kent* who valued Liberty so loves ;  
 And thee, O *Wales*, of still as noble Fame,  
 As were the ancient *Britains* whence ye came.  
 But why should I distinctly here relate  
 All I behold, the many Battles fought  
 Under the Conduct still of angry stars ;  
 Their new-made Wounds and old ones turn'd to Scars ;  
 The Blood that did the trembling *Bibla* dy,  
 Stopping its frighted Stream that strove to fly. 1000  
 Or thou, O *Medway*, swell'd with Slaughters, born  
 Above the flowry Banks that did thee once adorn.  
 Or why, O *Colchester*, shou'd I rehearse  
 Thy brave united Courage and thy Force ;  
 Or Deaths of those illustrious Men relate,  
 Who did, with thee, deserve a kinder Fate.  
 Or why the miserable Murders tell  
 Of Captives, who, by cooler Malice, fell.  
 Nor to your Grievs will the Addition bring,  
 The sad Ideas of a Martyr'd King ; 1010  
 A King, who all the Wounds of Fortune bore,  
 Nor will his mournful Funerals deplore.  
 Lest that Celestial Piety (of Fame  
 O'er all the World) should my sad Accents blame.  
 Since Death he still esteem'd, howe'er 'twas given,  
 The greatest good, and noblest Gift of Heav'n.  
 But I deplore Man's wretched Wickedness,  
 (O horrid to be heard, or to express !)  
 Whom even Hell can ne'er enough torment  
 With her eternal Pains and Punishment. 1020  
 But O ! what do I see ? alas they bring  
 Their sacred Master forth, their God-like King,  
 There on a Scaffold rais'd in solemn State,  
 And plac'd before the Royal Palace-Gate,  
 'Midst of his Empire the black Deed was done,  
 While Day, and all the World were looking on.  
 By common Hangman's Hands—Here stopt the Oak,  
 When from the bottom of its Root there broke  
 A Thousand Sighs, which to the Sky she lifts,  
 Bursting her solid Bark into a Thousand Clefts. 1030  
 Each Branch her tributary Sorrow gives,  
 And Tears run trickling from her mournful Leaves ;  
 Such Numbers after rainy Nights they shed,  
 When showering Clouds that did surround her Head,  
 Are by the rising Goddess of the Morn  
 Blown off, and fly before th' approaching Sun.  
 At which the Troop of the green Nymphs around  
 Ecchoing her Sighs, in wailing Accents groan'd,  
 Whose piercing Sounds from far were understood,  
 And the loud Tempest shook the wondering Wood :  
 And then a dismal Silence did succeed, 1040  
 As in the gloomy Mansions of the Dead.  
 But after a long awful Interval,  
*Dryas* assum'd her sad prophetic Tale.  
 Now *Britany* o'erwhelm'd with many a Wound,  
 Her Head lopt off, in her own Blood lies drown'd :  
 A horrid Carcase, without Mind or Soul,  
 A Trunk not to be known, deform'd and foul.  
 And now who wou'd not hope there shou'd ha' been,  
 After so much of Death, a quiet Scene? 1050  
 Or rather with their Monarch's Funeral,  
 Eternal Sleep shou'd not have seiz'd 'em all,  
 But nothing less ; for in the room of One,  
 Who govern'd justly on his peaceful Throne,  
 A Thousand Heads sprang up, deform'd and base,  
 With a tumultuous and ignoble Race ;  
 The vile, the vulgar Off-spring of the Earth ;  
 Insects of poisonous kinds, of monstrous Birth ;  
 And ravenous Serpents now the Land infest ;  
 And *Cromwel*, viler yet than all the rest. 1060  
 That Serpent now upon the Marrow preys,  
 Devouring Kingdoms with insatiate Jaws.  
 Now Right and Wrong (mere Words) confounded lie ;  
 Rage sets no Bounds to her Impiety ;  
 And having once transgress'd the Rules of Shame,  
 Honour or Justice counts an empty Name.  
 In every Street, as Pastime for the Crowd,  
 Erected Scaffolds reek'd with noble Blood.  
 Prisons were now th' Apartments of the Brave, 1069  
 Whom Tyranny commits, and only Deaths retrieve ;  
 Whose Paths were crowded ere the Morning-  
 dawn,  
 Some to the Dungeons, some to Gibbets drawn.  
 But tir'd-out Cruelty pauses for a while,  
 To take new Breath amidst her barbarous Toil.  
 So does not Avarice, she unwearied still,  
 Ne'er stops her greedy Hand from doing ill ;  
 The Warriour may a while his Spear forsake,  
 But Sequestrators will no Respite take.  
 What a long Race of Kings laid up with Care,  
 The Gifts of happy Peace, and Spoils of War ; 1080

Whatever liberal Piety did present,  
 Or the Religion (all magnificent)  
 Of our Fore-fathers to the Church had giv'n,  
 And consecrated to the Pow'rs of Heav'n,  
 Altars, or whatsoe'er cou'd guilty be  
 Of tempting Wealth, or fatal Loyalty,  
 Was not enough to satisfie the Rage  
 Of a few Earth-begotten Tyrants of the Age.  
 The impious Rout thought it a trivial thing  
 To rob the Houses of their God and King, 1090  
 Their Sacrilege admitting of no Bound,  
 Rejoyc'd to see 'em levell'd with the Ground :  
 As if the Nation (wicked and unjust)  
 Had even in Ruin found a certain Lust.  
 On every side the lab'ring Hammers sound,  
 And Strokes from mighty Hatchets do rebound :  
 On every side the groaning Earth sustains  
 The pond'rous Weight of Stones and wond'rous  
 Beams.  
 Fiercely they ply their Work with such a Noise,  
 As if some mighty Structure they would raise 1100  
 For the proud Tyrant : No, this clamorous Din  
 Is not for building but demolishing.  
 —When (my Companions) these sad things you see,  
 And each beholds the dead Beams of her Parent-Tree,  
 Long since repos'd in Palaces of Kings,  
 Torn down by furious Hands, as useless things ;  
 Then know your Fate is come ; Those Hands that  
 cou'd  
 From Houses tear dead Beams, and long-hewn Wood,  
 Those cruel Hands by unresisted Force,  
 Will for your living Trunks find no Remorse. 1110  
 Religion, which was great of old, commands,  
 No Woods shou'd be prophan'd by impious Hands,  
 Those noble Seminaries for the Fleet,  
 Plantations that make Towns and Cities great ;  
 Those Hopes of War, and Ornaments of Peace,  
 Shou'd live secure from any Outrages,  
 Which now the barbarous Conqueror will invade,  
 Tear up your Roots, and rifle all your Shade,  
 For Gain they'll sell you to the cov'tous Buyer,  
 A Sacrifice to every common Fire, 1120  
 They'll spare no Race of Trees of any Age,  
 But murder Infant-Branches in their Rage :  
 Elms, Beeches, tender Ashes shall be fell'd,  
 And even the grey and reverend Bark must yield :  
 The soft, the murmuring Troop shall be no more,  
 No more with Musick charm, as heretofore ;  
 No more each little Bird shall build her House,  
 And sing in her Hereditary Boughs,  
 But only *Philomel* shall celebrate  
 In mournful Notes a new unhappy Fate : 1130  
 The banish'd *Hamadryads* must be gone,  
 And take their Flight with sad, but silent Moan ;  
 For a Celestial Being ne'er complains,  
 Whatever be her Grief, in noisic Strains.  
 The Wood-Gods fly, and whither shall they go ?  
 Not all the *British* Orb can scarce allow  
 A Trunk secure for them to rest in now.

But yet these wild Saturnals shall not last,  
 Oppressing Vengeance follows on too fast ;  
 She shakes her brandish'd Steel, and still denies 1140  
 Length to immoderate Rage and Cruelties.  
 Do not despond, my Nymphs ; that wicked Birth  
 Th' avenging Pow'rs will chase from off the Earth ;  
 Let 'em hew down the Wood, destroy and burn,  
 And all the lofty Groves to Ashes turn ;  
 Yet still there will not want a Tree to yield  
 Timber enough old *Tyburn* to rebuild,  
 Where they may hang at last ; and this kind One  
 Shall then revenge the Woods of all their Wrong.  
 In the mean time (for Fate not always shows 1150  
 A swift Compliance to our Wish and Vows)  
 The Off-spring of great *Charles* forlorn and poor  
 And exil'd from their cruel native Shore,  
 Wander in forein Kingdoms, where in vain  
 They seek those Aids, alas, they cannot gain ;  
 For still their pressing Fate pursues them hard,  
 And scarce a place of Refuge will afford.  
 O pious Son of such a holy Sire !  
 Who can enough thy Fortitude admire ?  
 How often tost by Storms of Land and Sea, 1160  
 Yet unconcern'd thy Fate thou didst survey,  
 And her Fatigues still underwent with Joy !  
 O Royal Youth, pursue thy just Disdain,  
 Let Fortune and her Furies frown in vain,  
 Till tir'd with her Injustice she give out,  
 And leaves her giddy Wheel for thee to turn about.  
 Then the great Scepter which no human Hand  
 From the tenacious Tyrant can command,  
 Scorning the bold Usurper to adorn,  
 Shall, ripe and falling, to thy Hand be born. 1170  
 But O, he rowzes now before his time !  
 Illustrious Youth, whose Bravery is a Crime,  
 Alas, what wilt thou do ? Ah, why so fast ?  
 The Dice of Fate, alas, not yet are cast.  
 While thou all Fire, fearless of future Harms,  
 And prodigal of Life, assum'st thy Arms.  
 And, even provoking Fame, he cuts his way  
 Through hostile Fleets, and a rude Winter's Sea.  
 But neither shall his daring Course oppose,  
 Even to those Shores so very late his Foes, 1180  
 And still to be suspected ; but mean while  
 The *Oliverian* Demons of the Isle,  
 With all Hell's Deities, with Fury burn,  
 To see great *Charles* preparing to return ;  
 They call up all their Winds of dreadful Force,  
 In vain to stop his sacred Vessel's Course.  
 In vain their Storms a Ruin do prepare,  
 For what Fate means to take peculiar Care ;  
 And trembling find great *Cæsar* safe at Land,  
 By Heav'n conducted, not by Fortune's Hand. 1190  
 But, *Scotland*, you your King recal in vain,  
 While you your unchang'd Principles retain ;  
 But yet the time shall come, when some small share  
 Of Glory, that great Honour shall confer,  
 When you a conquering Hero forth shall guide,  
 While Heav'n and all the Stars are on his side,

Who shall the exil'd King in Peace recal,  
 And *England's* Genius be esteem'd by all :  
 But this, not yet, my Nymphs,—but now 's the time,  
 When the illustrious Heir of *Fergus' Line*, 1200  
 From full a Hundred Kings shall mount the Throne,  
 Who now the Temple enters, and at *Scone*,  
 After the ancient manner he receives the Crown ;  
 But, Oh ! with no auspicious Omens done,  
 The Left Hand of the Kingdom put it on.

But now th' insulting Conqueror draws nigh,  
 Disturbing the August Solemnity ;  
 When with Revenge and Indignation fir'd,  
 And by a Father's Murder well inspir'd ;  
 The brave, the Royal Youth for War prepares, 1210  
 O Heir most worthy of thy hundred-scepter'd Ancestors :  
 With Thoughts all glorious now he sallies forth ;  
 Nor will he trust his Fortune in the North,  
 That Corner of his Realms, nor will his Haste  
 Lazily wait till coming Winter's past ;  
 He scorns that Aid, nor will he hope t' oppose  
 High Mountains 'gainst the Fury of his Foes,  
 Nor their surrounding Force will here engage,  
 Or stay the Pressures of a shameful Siege ;  
 But boldly farther on resolves t' advance, 1220  
 And give a generous Loose to Fortune's Chance.  
 And, shut from distant *Tay*, he does essay  
 To *Thames*, even with his Death to force his Way ;  
 Behind he leaves his trembling Enemies,  
 Amaz'd at his stupendous Enterprize.

And now the wish'd-for happy Day appears,  
 Sought for so long by *Britain's* Prayers and Tears ;  
 The King returns, and with a mighty Hand,  
 Avow'd Revenger of his native Land.  
 And through a Thousand Dangers and Extremes, 1230  
 Marches a Conqueror to *Sabrina's* Streams ;  
 (Ah, wou'd to Heaven *Sabrina* had been *Thames*.)  
 So wish'd the King, but the persuasive Force  
 Of kind mistaken Councils stopt his Course.

Now, warlike *England*, rouze at these Alarms,  
 Provide your Horses, and assume your Arms,  
 And fall on the Usurper, now for shame,  
 If Piety be not Pretence and Name ;  
 Advance the Work Heaven has so well begun,  
 Revenge the Father, and Restore the Son. 1240  
 No more let that old Cant destructive be,  
 Religion, Liberty, and Property.  
 No longer let that dear-bought Cheat delude,  
 (O you too credulous, senseless Multitude !)  
 Words only form'd more easie to enslave,  
 By every popular and pretending Knave.  
 But now your bleeding Land expects you shou'd  
 Be wise, at the Expence of so much Blood ;  
 Rouze then, and with awaken'd Sense prepare  
 To reap the Glory of this holy War, 1250  
 In which your King and Heaven have equal share.  
 His Right Divine let every Voice proclaim,  
 And a just Ardour every Soul inflame.

But *England's* evil Genius watchful still  
 To ruin Virtue, and encourage Ill ;

Industrious, ev'n as *Cromwel*, to subvert  
 Honour and Loyalty in every Heart ;  
 A baneful Drug of four-fold Poison makes,  
 And an infernal sleepy Asp he takes  
 Of cold and fearful Nature ; adds to this 1260  
*Opium* that binds the Nerves with Laziness,  
 Mixt with the Venom of vile Avarice :  
 Which all the Spirits benumb, as when y' approach  
 The chilling wonderful *Torpedo's* Touch.  
 Next Drops from *Lethe's* Stream he does infuse,  
 And every Brest besprinkles with the Juice.  
 Till a deep Lethargy o'er all *Britain* came,  
 Who now forgot their Safety and their Fame.  
 Yet still great *Charles's* Valour stood the Test ;  
 By Fortune though forsaken and opprest, 1270  
 Witness the Purple-dy'd *Sabrina's* Stream,  
 And the *Red-Hill*, not call'd so now in vain.  
 And *Worcester* thou, who didst the Misery bear,  
 And saw'st the End of a long fatal War.

The King, tho' vanquish'd, still his Fate outbraves,  
 And was the last the captiv'd City leaves ;  
 Which from the neighbouring Hills he does survey,  
 Where round about his bleeding Numbers lay.  
 He saw 'em rifled by th' insulting Foe,  
 And sighs for those he cannot rescue now. 1280  
 But yet his Troops will rally once again,  
 Those few escap'd, all scatter'd o'er the Plain ;  
 Disdain and Anger now resolves to try  
 How to repair this Day's Fatality,  
 The King has sworn to conquer or to die.  
*Darby* and *Wilmot*, Chiefs of mighty Fame,  
 With that bold lovely Youth, great *Buckingham*,  
 Fiercer than Lightning ; to his Monarch dear,  
 That brave *Achates* worth *Aeneas* Care,  
 Applaud his great Resolve ! there's no delay, 1290  
 But toward the Foe in haste they take their way,  
 Not by vain Hopes of a new Victory fir'd,  
 But by a kind Despair alone inspir'd.  
 This was the King's Resolve, and those great Few  
 Whom Glory taught to die, as well as to subdue,  
 Who knew that Death, and the Reposing Grave  
 No Foes were to the Wretched or the Brave.

But O ! this noble Courage did not rest  
 In each ungen'rous unconsidering Brest,  
 They fearfully forsake their General, 1300  
 Who now in vain the flying Cowards call,  
 Deaf to his Voice, will no Obedience yield :  
 But in their hasty Flight scow'r o'er the dreadful Field.

O vainly gallant Youth ! what pitying God  
 Shall free thee from this Soul-oppressing Load  
 Of Grief and Shame ? abandon'd and betray'd  
 By perjur'd Slaves, whom thou hast fed and pay'd,  
 Prest with more Woes than mortal Force could bear,  
 And Fortune still resolv'd to be severe.  
 But yet that God— 1310  
 To whom no Wonders are impossible,  
 Will, to preserve thee, work a Miracle.  
 And for the sacred Father's Martyrdom  
 Will, with a Crown, reward the injur'd Son,

While thou, great *Charles*, with a prevailing Pray'r  
Dost to the Gods commend the Safety of thy Heir ;  
And the Celestial Court of Powers divine,  
With one Consent do in the *Chorus* join.

But why, O why must I reveal the Doom,  
(O my Companions) of the Years to come ; 1320  
And why divulge the Mysteries that lie  
Inroll'd long since in Heav'n's vast Treasury?  
In Char'cters which no Dreamer can unfold,  
Nor ever yet Prophetick Rapture told ;  
Nor the small Fibres of the victim'd Beast,  
Or Birds which sacred Aug'ries have exprest ;  
No Stars, or any Divination Shows  
Made mystick by the Murmurs of the Boughs.  
Yet I must on with a divine Presage,  
And tell the Wonders of the coming Age. 1330

In that far part where the rich *Salop* gains  
An ample View o'er all the Western Plains,  
A Grove appears, which *Boscobel* they name,  
Not known to Maps ; a Grove of scanty Fame,  
Scarce any human thing does there intrude,  
But it enjoys itself in its own Solitude.  
And yet henceforth no celebrated Shade,  
Of all the *British* Groves shall be more glorious made.

Near this obscure and destin'd happy Wood,  
A sacred House of lucky Omen stood, 1340  
*White-Lady* call'd ; and old Records relate  
'Twas once —

To Men of Holy Orders consecrate ;  
But to a King a Refuge now is made,  
The first that gives a wearied Monarch Bread.  
O, Present of a wondrous Excellence !  
That can relieve the Hunger of a Prince.  
Fortune shall here a better Face put on,  
And here the King shall first the King lay down ;  
Here he dismisses all his mourning Friends, 1350  
Whom to their kinder Stars he recommends,  
With Eyes all drown'd in Tears, their Fate to see,  
But unconcern'd at his own Destiny :  
Here he puts off those Ornaments he wore  
Through all the Splendour of his Life before ;  
Even his blue Garter now he will discharge,  
Nor keep the warlike Figure of St. *George*,  
That holy Champion now is vanquish'd quite ;  
Alas ! the Dragon has subdu'd the Knight ;  
His Crown, that toilsom Weight of Glory now 1360  
Divests a while from his more easie Brow :  
And all those charming Curls that did adorn  
His Royal Head — those jetty Curls are shorn ;  
Himself he cloaths in a coarse Russet Weed ;  
Nor was the poor Man feign'd, but so indeed ;  
And now the greatest King the World e'er saw  
Is subject to the House's ancient Law.

(A Convent once, which Poverty did profess,  
Here, he puts off all worldly Pomp and Dress,) 1370  
And, like a Monk, a sad Adieu he takes  
Of all his Friends, and the false World forsakes.  
But yet ere long, even this humble State,  
Alas ! shall be deny'd him by his Fate ;

She drives him forth even from this mean Abode,  
Who wanders now a Hermit in the Wood,  
Hungry and tir'd, to rest and seek his Food.  
The dark and lonely Shade conceals the King,  
Who feeds on Flowers, and drinks the murmuring  
Spring ;

More happy here than on a restless Throne,  
Cou'd he but call those Shades and Springs his own :  
No longer Fate will that Repose allow, 1381  
Who even of Earth itself deprives him now.  
A Tree will hardly here a Seat afford  
Amidst her Boughs to her abandon'd Lord.

Then, (O my Nymphs) you who your Monarch love,  
To save your Darling, hasten to that Grove ;  
(Nor think I vain Propheticks do express)  
In silence let each Nymph her Trunk possess ;  
O'er all the Woods and Plains let not a Tree  
Be uninhabited by a Deity 1390

While I the largest Forest-Oak inspire,  
And with you to this leafie Court retire.  
There keep a faithful Watch each Night and Day,  
And with erected Heads the Fields survey.  
Lest any impious Soldier pass that way :  
And shou'd profanely touch that Pledge of Heaven,  
Which to our guarding Shade in charge was given :  
Here then, my Nymphs, your King you shall receive,  
And Safety in your darkest Coverts give.

But ha, what rustick Swain is that I see 1400  
Sleeping beneath the Shade of yonder Tree,  
Upon whose knotty Root he leans his Head,  
And on the mossie Ground has made his Bed ?  
And why alone ? Alas, some Spy, I fear,  
For only such a Wretch would wander here ;  
Who even the Winds and Showers of Rain defies,  
Out-daring all the Anger of the Skies.  
Observe his Face, see his disorder'd Hair  
Is ruff'd by the Tempest-beaten Air,  
Yet look what Tracks of Grief have ag'd his Face. 1410  
Where hardly twenty Years have run their Race,  
Worn out with numerous Toils, and even in Sleep  
Sighs seem to heave his Brest, his Eyes to weep.  
Nor is that Colour of his Face his own,  
That sooty Veil, for some Disguise put on,  
To keep the nobler Part from being known ;  
For 'midst of all—something of sacred Light  
Beams forth, and does inform my wondering Sight,  
And now—arises to my View more bright.

Ha—can my Eyes deceive me, or am I 1420  
At last no true presaging Deity ?  
Yet if I am, that wretched rustick Thing,  
O Heavens, and all your Powers, must be the King.  
— Yes, 'tis the King ! his Image all Divine  
Breaks through the Cloud of Darkness ; and a Shine  
Gilds all the sooty Vizar ! — but alas,  
Who is 't approaches him with such a Pace ?  
O—'tis no Traytor, the just Gods, I find  
Have still a pitying Care of Human kind.  
This is the Gallant, Loyal *Carlless*, thrown 1430  
(By the same Wreck by which the King's undone.)

Beneath our Shades, he comes in pious Care  
(O happy Man ! than *Cromwel* happier far  
On whom ill Fate this Honour does confer.)  
He tells the King the Woods are overspread  
With Villains arm'd to search that Prize, his Head :  
Now poorly set to Sale ;—the Foe is nigh.  
What shall they do? Ah, whither shall they fly?  
They from the Danger hasty Counsel took,  
And by some God inspir'd ascend my Oak, 1440  
My Oak, the largest in the faithful Wood ;  
Whom to retrieve I my glad Branches bow'd.  
And for the King a Throne prepar'd and spread  
My thickest Leaves of Can'py o'er his Head,  
The Misseltoe commanded to ascend,  
Around his sacred Person to attend,  
(O happy Omen !) straight it did obey,  
The sacred Misseltoe attends with Joy.  
Here without Fear their prostrate Heads they bow,  
The King is safe beneath my Shelter now ; 1450  
And you, my Nymphs, with awful Silence may  
Your Adorations to your Sovereign pay,  
And cry, All hail, thou most belov'd of Heaven,  
To whom its chiefest Attributes are given ;  
But above all, that God-like Fortitude,  
That has the Malice of thy Fate subdu'd.  
All hail !  
Thou greatest now of Kings indeed, while yet  
With all the Miseries of Life beset,  
Thy mighty Mind cou'd Death nor Danger fear, 1460  
Nor yet even then of Safety cou'd despair.  
This is the Virtue of a Monarch's Soul,  
Who above Fortune's reach can all her Turns controul ;  
Thus, if Fate rob you of your Empire's Sway,  
You by this Fortitude take her's away ;  
O brave Reprisal ! which the Gods prefer,  
That makes you triumph o'er the Conquerour.  
The Gods who one day will this Justice do  
Both make you Victor and Triumpher too.  
That Day's at hand, O let that Day come on, 1470  
Wherein that wonderous Miracle shall be shown :  
May its gay Morn be more than usual Bright,  
And rise upon the World with new created Light ;  
Or let that Star, whose dazling Beams were hurl'd  
Upon his Birth day, now inform the World ;  
That brave bold Constellation, which in sight  
Of Mid day's Sun durst lift its Lamp of Light.  
Now, happy Star, again at Mid-day rise,  
And with new Prodigies adorn the Skies ;  
Great CHARLES again is born, MONK's valiant Hand  
At last delivers the long-labouring Land. 1481  
This is the Month, Great Prince, must bring you  
forth,  
*May* pays her fragrant Tributes at your Birth ;  
This is the Month that's due to you by Fate,  
O Month most Glorious, Month most Fortunate !  
When you between your Royal Brothers rode,  
Amidst your shining Train attended like some God,  
One would believe that all the World were met  
To pay their Homage at your Sacred Feet.

The wandering Gazers, numberless as these, 1490  
Or as the Leaves on the vast Forest-Trees.  
He comes ! he comes ! they cry, while the loud Din  
Resounds to Heaven : and then, Long live the King :  
And sure the Shouts of their long-echo'd Joys  
Reach'd to the utmost Bounds of distant Seas,  
Born by the flying Winds thro' yielding Air,  
And strike the Forein Shores with awful Fear.  
O 'tis a wond'rous Pleasure to be mad,  
Such frantick Turns our Nation oft has had.  
Permit it now, ye Stoicks, ne'er till now, 1500  
The Frenzy you more justly might allow,  
Since 'tis a joyful Fit that ends the Fears,  
And wretched Fury of so many Years.  
Nor will the Night her Sable Wings display  
T' obscure the Lustre of so bright a Day.  
At least the much-transported Multitude  
Permits not the dark Goddess to intrude ;  
The whole Isle seem'd to burn with joyful Flames,  
Whose Rays gilt all the Face of Neighbouring  
*Thames*.  
But how shall I express the Vulgar's Joys, 1510  
Their Songs, their Feasts, their Laughter, and their  
Cries :  
How Fountains run with the Vine's precious Juice,  
And such the flowing Rivers shou'd produce,  
Their Streams the richest Nectar should afford :  
The Golden Age seems now again restor'd,  
See—smiling Peace does her bright Face display,  
Down through the Air serene she cuts her way,  
Expels the Clouds, and rises on the Day.  
Long exil'd from our Shores, new Joy she brings,  
Embracing *Albion* with her snowy Wings ; 1520  
Nor comes she unattended, but a Throng  
Of Noble *British* Matrons brings along.  
Plenty, fair Fame, and charming Modesty,  
Religion, long since fled with Loyalty,  
And in a decent Garb the lovely Piety :  
Justice, from Fraud and Perj'ry forc'd to fly ;  
Learning, fine Arts, and generous Liberty.  
Blest Liberty, thou fairest in the Train,  
And most esteem'd in a just Prince's Reign.  
With these, as lov'd, Great MARY too return'd, 1530  
In her own Country who long Exile mourn'd,  
You, Royal Mother ! you, whose only Crime  
Was loving CHARLES, and sharing Woes with him.  
Now Heaven repays, tho' slow, yet just and true,  
For him Revenge, yet just Rewards for you.  
Hail, mighty Queen, form'd by the Pow'rs Divine,  
The Shame of our weak Sex, and Pride of thine,  
How well have you in either Fortune shown ?  
In either, still your Mind was all your own ;  
The giddy World roll'd round you long in vain, 1540  
Who fix'd in Virtue's Centre still remain.  
And now, just Prince ! thou thy great Mind shalt  
bring  
To the true weighty Office of a King.  
The gaping Wounds of War thy Hand shall cure,  
Thy Royal Hand, gentle alike, and sure :

And by insensible Degrees efface  
 Of fore-gone Ills the very Scars and Trace.  
 Force to the injur'd Law thou shalt restore,  
 And all that Majesty in Majesty it own'd before. 1550  
 Thou, long corrupted Manners shalt reclaim,  
 And Faith and Honour of the *English* Name :  
 Thus long-neglected Gardens entertain  
 Their banish'd Master, when return'd again.  
 All over-run with Weeds he finds, but soon  
 Luxuriant Branches carefully will prune :  
 The weaken'd Arms of the sick Vine he'll raise,  
 And with kind Bands sustain the loosen'd Sprays ;  
 Much does he plant, and much extirpate too,  
 And with his Art and Skill make all things new ;  
 A Work immense, yet sweet, and which in future Days  
 When the fair Trees their blooming Glories raise, 1561  
 The happy Gard'ner's Labour over-pays.  
 Cities and Towns, great Prince, thy Gardens be  
 With Labour cultivated worthy Thee.  
 In decent Order thou dost all dispose :  
 Nor are the Woods, nor Rural Groves disdain'd ;  
 He who our Wants, who all our Breaches knows,  
 He all our drooping Fortunes has sustain'd :  
 As Colonies of Trees thou dost replace  
 I' th' empty Realms of our arboreal Race ; 1570  
 Nay, dost our Reign extend to future Days ;  
 And blest Posterity, supinely laid,  
 Shall feast and revel underneath thy Shade.  
 Cool Summer Arbors then thy Gift shall be,  
 And their bright Winter-Fires they 'll owe to thee.  
 To thee those Beams their Palaces sustain,  
 And all their floating Castles on the Main.  
 Who knows, great Prince, but thou this happy Day  
 For Towns and Navies mayst Foundations lay  
 After a thousand Years are roll'd away. 1580  
 Reap thou those mighty Triumphs then which for thee  
 grow,  
 And mighty Triumphs for succeeding Ages sow :  
 Thou Glory's craggy Top shalt first essay,  
 Divide the Clouds, and mark the shining Way ;  
 To Fame's bright Temples shalt thy Subjects guide,  
 Thy *Britains* bold almost of Night deny'd.  
 The foaming Waves thy dread Commands shall stay,  
 Thy dread Commands the foaming Waves obey.  
 The watry World no *Neptune* owns but thee,  
 And thy three Kingdoms shall the Trident be. 1590  
 What Madness, O *Batavians*, you possess'd,  
 That the Sea's Scepter you'd from *Britain* wrest,  
 Which *Nature* gave ! whom she with Floods has crown'd  
 And fruitful *Amphitrite* embraces round ;  
 The rest o' th' World 's just kiss'd by *Amphitrite*,  
*Albion* sh' embraces, all her dear Delight.  
 You scarce th' insulting Ocean can restrain,  
 Nor bear th' Assaults of the besieging Main,  
 Your Grafs and Mounds, and Trenches all in vain.  
 And yet what fond Ambition spurs you on, 1600  
 You dare attempt to make the Seas your own !  
 O'er the vast Ocean, which no Limit knows,  
 The narrow Laws of Ponds and Fens impose :

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But *Charles* his lively Valour this defies,  
 And this the sturdy *British* Oak denies.  
 O'er guardless Seas the fierce *Batavian* Fleet  
 Sings Triumphs, while there was no Foes to meet,  
 But fear not ; *Belgian*, he'll not tarry long,  
 He 'll soon be here, and interrupt thy Song ;  
 Too late thou 'lt of thy hasty Joys complain, 1610  
 And to thy Native Shores look back in vain.  
 Great *James*, as soon as the first Whisper came,  
 Prodigal of his Life, and greedy but of Fame,  
 With eager Haste returns, as fast as they  
 After the dreadful Fight, will run away.  
 And now the joyful *English* from afar  
 Approaching saw the floating *Belgian* War.  
 Hark, what a Shout they give, like those who come  
 From long *East-India* Voyages rich laden home,  
 When first they make the happy *British* Land, 1620  
 The dear white Rocks, and *Albion's* Chalky Strand.  
 The way to all the rest great *Rupert* show'd,  
 And thro' their Fleet cuts out his flaming Road ;  
*Rupert*, who now the stubborn Fate inclin'd,  
 Heaven on his side engaging, and the Wind :  
 Famous by Land and Sea, whose Valor soon  
 Blunts both the Horns of the *Batavian* Moon.  
 Next comes illustrious *James*, and where he goes,  
 To Cowards leaves the Crowd of vulgar Foes ;  
 To th' *Royal-Sovereign's* Deck he seems to grow, 1630  
 Shakes his broad Sword, and seeks an equal Foe.  
 Nor did bold *Opdam's* mighty Mind refuse  
 The dreadful Honour which 'twas Death to chuse.  
 Both Admirals with haste for Fight prepare,  
 The rest might stand and gaze ; themselves a War.  
 O whither, whither, *Opdam*, dost thou flee ?  
 Can this rash Valor please the Pow'rs on high ?  
 It can't, it won't — or wou'd'st thou proudly die  
 By such a mighty Hand ? No *Opdam*, no :  
 Thy Fate 's to perish by a nobler Foe. 1640  
 Heav'n only, *Opdam*, shall thy Conqu'ror be ;  
 A Labour worth its while to conquer thee.  
 Heav'n shall be there to guard its best-lov'd House,  
 And just Revenge inflict on all your broken Vows.  
 The mighty Ship a hundred Cannons bore,  
 A hundred Cannons which like Thunder roar ;  
 Six times as many Men in Shivers torn,  
 E'er one Broad-side, or single Shot 't had born,  
 Is with a horrid Crack blown up to th' Sky :  
 In Smoak and Flames o'er all the Ocean nigh, 1650  
 Torn, half-burnt Limbs of Ships and Seamen scatter'd  
 lie.  
 Whether a real Bolt from Heav'n was thrown  
 Among the guilty Wretches is not known,  
 Tho' likely 'tis : *Amboyna's* Wickedness,  
 And broken Peace and Oaths deserv'd no less ;  
 Or whether fatal Gun powder it were  
 By some unlucky Spark enkindled there ;  
 Even Chance, by Heaven directed, is the Rod,  
 The fiery Shaft of an avenging God ;  
 The flaming Wrack, the hissing Deep floats o'er, 1660  
 Far, far away, almost to either Shore ;

2 K

Which ev'n from pious Foes wou'd pity draw,  
 A trembling Pity, mixt with dreadful Awe.  
 But Pity yet, scarce any Room can find,  
 What Noise, what Horror still remains behind?  
 On either side does wild Confusion reign,  
 Ship grapples Ship, and sink into the Main.  
 The *Orange* careless of lost *Opdam's* Fate,  
 Worthy to perish at the self-same rate,  
 Will next, t' attack victorious *James* prepare, 1670  
 But *English* Guns sufficient Thunder bear ;  
 By *English* Guns and human Fire o'er-power'd,  
 'Tis quickly in the hissing Waves devour'd.  
 Three Ships besides are burnt, if Fame says true,  
 None of whose baser Names the Goddess knew ;  
 As many more the *Dolphin* did subdue.  
 Their Decks in Show'rs of kindled Sulphur steep,  
 And send 'em flaming to th' affrighted Deep.  
 So burns a City, storm'd and fir'd by Night,  
 The Shades are pierc'd with such a dreadful Light ;  
 Such dusky Globes of Flame around 'em broke 1681  
 Through the dark Shadow of the Guns and Smoke.  
 Can Fire and Water then such Licence claim ?  
 Justly the Water hides itself for Shame :  
 The dreadful Wrack out-stretching far away  
 Vast Ruins o'er its trembling Bosom lay.  
 Here Masts and Rudders from their Vessels torn,  
 There Sails and Flags across the Waves are born ;  
 A thousand floating Bodies there appear,  
 As many half-dead Men lie groaning here. 1690  
 If any where the Sea itself 's reveal'd,  
 With horrid purple Tracks the Azure Waves conceal'd :  
 All sunk or ta'n, 'twere tedious to relate,  
 And all the sad Variety of Fate

One day produces— with what Art and Skill,  
 Ev'n Chance ingenious seems, to save or kill,  
 To spare, or to torment who e'er she will.  
 The vulgar Deaths, below the Muse to heed,  
 Not only Faith, but Number too exceed. 1700  
 Three noble Youths by the same sudden Death,  
 A brave Example to the World bequeath ;  
 Fam'd for high Birth, but Merits yet more high,  
 All at one fatal Moment's Warning die ;  
 Torn by one Shot, almost one Body they,  
 Three Brothers in one Death confounded lay.  
 Who wou'd not Fortune *harsh* and *barbarous* call?  
 Yet Fortune was *benign* and *kind* withal ;  
 For next to these—I tremble still with fear,  
 My Joy's disturb'd while such a Danger near, 1710  
 Fearless, unhurt, the Royal Adm'ral stood,  
 Stunn'd with the Blow, and sprinkl'd with their  
 Blood.

Fiercer he passes on, while they retir'd,  
 He presses on with Grief and Anger fir'd.  
 Nor longer can the *Belgian* Force engage  
 The *English* Valor, warm'd with double Rage.  
 Breaks with their Losses, and a Cause so ill,  
 Their shatter'd Fleet all the wide Ocean fill,  
 Till trembling *Rhine* opens his Harbours wide,  
 Seeing the Wretches from our Thunder fly :  
 From our hot Chase their shatter'd Fleet did 1720  
 hide,  
 And bends his conquer'd Horns as we go by.  
 In sacred Rage the *Dryad* this reveal'd,  
 Yet many future wondrous Things conceal'd.  
 But this to grace some future *Bard* will serve,  
 For better Poets this the Gods reserve.





OF  
PLANTS.—BOOK I.

[Translated by I. O.]

OPENING.

LIFE'S lowest, but far greatest Sphere I sing,  
Of all things, that adorn the gawdy Spring :  
Such as in *Desarts* live, whom, unconfin'd,  
None but the simple Laws of *Nature* bind ;  
And those who growing tame by *human* Care,  
The well-bred Citizens of *Gardens* are :  
Those that aspire to *Sol*, their Sire's bright Face,  
Or stoop into their Mother *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 ;  
Though I the Oaks vivacious Age should live,  
I ne'er to all, their Names in Verse should give.  
Yet I the Rise of Groves will briefly show  
In Verses like their Trees, rang'd all a-row.  
To which some one perhaps new shades may joyn,  
Till mine, at last become a Grove Divine :  
Assist me, *Phæbus* ! Wit of Heav'n, whose Care  
So bounteously both Plants and Poets share. 20  
Where-e'er thou com'st, hurl Light and Heat around,  
And with new Life enamel all the Ground ;  
As when the Spring feels thee, with Magick Light,  
Break thro' the Bonds of the dead Winter's Night :  
When thee to *Colchis*<sup>1</sup> the gilt Ram conveys,  
And the warm'd North rejoyses in thy Rays.  
Where shall I first begin ? For, with Delight  
Each gentle Plant me kindly does invite,  
My self to slavish Method I'll not tye,  
But like the Bee, where-e'er I please, will flie ; 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,  
Unlimited (nor the vast Treasure knows)

<sup>1</sup> When the Sun enters *Aries*, i.e. in *March*. *Colchis* is a Northern Region near the *Black Sea*, whence the *Ram* with the *Golden Fleece* was said to have been translated into a Constellation.

And various Plenty of the pathless Woods  
Will follow ; Poor Men only *count* their Goods.

MAIDEN-HAIR or VENUS-HAIR.

I Being the Chief of all the *Hairy*<sup>1</sup> State,  
Me they have chosen for their Advocate,  
To speak on their behalf : Now We, you know,  
Among the other Plants make no small Show,  
And *Fern*<sup>2</sup> too, far and near which does preside,  
O'er the wild Fields, is to our kind ally'd.  
Some *Hairy Comets*<sup>3</sup> also hence derive,  
And Marriages of *Stars* with *Plants* contrive.  
But we such Kindred do not care to own ;  
Rather than *rude* Relations we 'll have *none*. 10  
My Hair of Parentage far better came,  
'Tis not for nought, it has *Love's* gentle Name.  
*Beauty*<sup>4</sup> her self my Debtor is, she knows,  
And of my Threads *Love* does his Nets compose.  
Their Thanks to me the beauteous Women pay  
For wanton Curls, and shady Locks, that play  
Upon their Shoulders. Friend ! who e'er thou art,  
(If thou 'rt in *Love*) to me perform thy Part.  
Keep thy Hair florid, and let dangling Toils  
Around thy Head, make Ladies' Hearts thy Spoils. 20  
For when your Head is bald, or Hair grows thin,  
In vain you boast of Treasures lodg'd within ;  
The Women won't believe you, nor will prize  
Such Wealth ; all Lovers ought to please the Eyes.  
So I to *Venus* my Assistance lend  
(I 'm pleas'd to be my Heavenly<sup>5</sup> Name-sake's Friend)  
Though I am modest, and content to go  
In simple Weeds, that make no gaudy Show,

<sup>1</sup> Capillary Plants.

<sup>2</sup> From the likeness of their Leaves.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the Name.

<sup>4</sup> The Name it bears, because it tinges the Hair, and is to this purpose boil'd in Wine with Parsly Seed, and Plenty of Oil, which renders the Hair thick and curling, and keeps it from falling. *Plin.* 22. 21.

<sup>5</sup> Being call'd in Latin *Capillus Veneris*.



For I am cloath'd, as when I first was born,<sup>1</sup>  
 No painted Flowers my rural Head adorn. 30  
 But above all, I'm sober ; I ne'er drink  
 Sweet Streams, nor does my Thirst make Rivers sink.  
 When *Jove* to Plants begins an Health in show'rs,  
 And from the Sky large Bowls of Water pours,  
 You see the Herbs quaff all the Liquor up,  
 When they ought only modestly to sup :  
 You 'd think the *German* Drunkards near the *Rhine*,  
 Were keeping Holy-day with them in Wine.  
 Mean while I blush ; shake from my trembling Leaves  
 The Drops ; and *Jove* my Thanks in Drought receives.  
 But I no Topers envy ; for my meen 41  
 Is always gay, and my Complexion green.  
 Winter itself does not exhaust the Juice,  
 That makes me look so verdant and so spruce.  
 Yet the Physicians steep me cruelly  
 In hateful Water, which I drink and die.  
 But I ev'n dead,<sup>2</sup> on Humors operate,  
 Such force my Ashes have beyond my Fate.  
 I through the Liver, Spleen, and Reins, the Foe  
 Pursue, whilst they with speed before me flow. 50  
 Ten thousand Maladies down with 'em they  
 Like Monsters fell, in brackish Waves convey.  
 For this I might deserve, above the Air,  
 An higher Place than *Berenice's* <sup>3</sup> Hair ;  
 But if into the Sea, the Stars turn round,  
 Rather than Heav'n itself, I'd chuse dry ground.

SAGE.<sup>4</sup>

CONCEPTIONS, Women by thy help retain,  
 Nor does th' injected Seed flow back again.  
 Ah ! Death, don't Life itself anticipate,  
 Let a Man live before he meets his Fate,  
 Thou 'rt too severe, if, in the very Dock,  
 Our Ship, before 'tis built, strikes on a Rock.  
 Of thy Perfections this is but a Taste,  
 You bring to view things absent, and what's past  
 Recal ; such Tracts i' th' Mind of things you make,  
 None can the well-form'd Characters mistake. 10  
 And lest the Colours there should fade away,  
 Your Oil embalms, and keeps 'em from decay.

<sup>1</sup> 'Tis always green, but never flowers. It delights in dry places, and is green in Summer, but withers not in Winter. *Plin.*

<sup>2</sup> It forces Urine, is good against the *Dropsie*, *Strangury*, etc. *Plin.*

<sup>3</sup> The Wife of *Ptolomy Euergetes*, who having vowed, if her Husband had Success in his *Asian* Expedition, that she would cut off and dedicate her Hair : at his Return she did so ; and on the Morrow, it not being found in the Temple of *Venus*, where it was laid, *Ptolomy* was highly enraged, till one *Conon*, a Mathematician, made it out to him, that it was transferred to Heaven, and there made a Constellation of seven Stars near the *Lion's Tail* ; which still bears this Name.

<sup>4</sup> *Agrippa* calls it the *Holy Herb*, and says, the Lionesses eat it when they are big. See *Heurnius* concerning its Virtues this way.

## SCURVY-GRASS.

A Malady there is, that runs through all  
 The Northern World, which they the *Scurvy* call.  
 Thrice happy *Greece*, that scorns the barbarous Word  
 Nor in its Tongue a 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 bears,  
 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 ; 10  
 Him either Sloth or too much Labour breeds,  
 He both from Ease and Pain itself proceeds ;  
 Oft from a dying Fever he receives  
 His Birth, and in the Ashes of it lives.  
 Of him just born you easily may dispose,  
 Then he's a Dwarf, but soon a Giant grows.  
 That a small Egg should breed a Crocodile,  
 Of such vast bulk and strength, the wond'ring *Nile*  
 Thinks that as much amaz'd He ought to stand  
 As Men, when he o'erflows the drowned Land. 20  
 With nasty Humours and dry Salt he's fed,  
 By stinking Wind and Vapours nourished.  
 Even in his Cradle he unlucky grows  
 (Though he be Son of Sloth, no Sloth this shows)  
 His Toils no sooner, *Hercules* began ;  
 Monsters now ape that Monster-murdering Man.  
 E're he's well born the Limbs he does oppress,  
 And they are tir'd with every Idleness.  
 They languish and deliberating stand,  
 Loth to obey the active Soul's Command. 30  
 Nor does it to your wildred Sense appear,  
 Where their Pain is, 'cause it is every where.  
 When Men for want of Breath can hardly blow,  
 Nor Purple Streams in azure Channels flow,  
 Then the bold Enemy shews he's too nigh,  
 One so mischievous cannot hidden lie.  
 The Teeth drop out, and noisome grows the Breath,  
 The Man not only smells, but looks like Death.  
 Qualms, Vomiting and torturing Gripes within  
 Besides unseemly Spots upon the Skin 40  
 His other Symptoms are ; with Clouds the Mind  
 He overcasts, and, fettering the Sense,  
 To Life itself makes Living an Offence.

This Monster Nature gave me to subdue,  
 (Such Feats with Herbs to accomplish 'tis not new).

## DODDER.

THou, neither Leaf, nor Stalk, nor Root can'st  
 show ;  
 How, in this pensile posture dost thou grow ?  
 Thou 'rt perfect Magick, and I cannot now  
 Those things you do, for Miracles allow ;  
 Those Wonders, if compar'd to you, are none ;  
 Since you your self are a far greater one.  
 To make the Strength of other Herbs thy Prey,  
 The Huntress thou thy self for Nets dost lay,

Live, Riddle ! He that would thy Mysteries  
 Unfold, must with some *Oedipus* advise. 10  
 No wonder in your Arms the Plants you hold,  
 Thou being all Arms must needs them so infold.  
 For the large Threads the fatal Sisters spin,  
 But to your Work nor Woof nor Web put in.  
 Hence 'tis, that you so intricately twine  
 About the Flax, which yields so long a Line.  
 Oh Spouse ! most constant to a Plant most dear,  
 Than whom no Couple e'er more loving were.  
 No more let Love of wanton *Ivy* boast,  
 Her kindness is th' effect of nought but Lust. 20  
 Another she enjoys ; but that her love  
 And she are Two, <sup>1</sup> many Distinctions prove.  
 Their Strength and Leaves are different, and her Fruit  
 Puts all the Difference beyond dispute.  
 The Likeness to the Parent does profess,  
 That she in that is no Adulteress.  
 Her Root with different Juices is supply'd,  
 And she her Maiden-Name bears, tho' a Bride.  
 But *Dodder*, on her Spouse depends alone,  
 And nothing in her self can call her own. 30  
 Fed with his Juice, she on his Stalk is born,  
 And thinks his Leaves her Head full well adorn.  
 Whoe'er he be, she loves to take his Name,  
 And must with him be every way the same.  
*Alceste* and *Evadne* thus enflam'd,  
 Are, with some others, for their Passion fam'd.  
 So *Dodder* ! for thy Husband *Flax* thou'dst die,  
 I guess ; but mayst thou speed more luckily.  
 This is her living Passion ; but she grows  
 Still more renown'd for Kindness ; which she shows 40  
 To mortal Men, when sh' has resign'd her Breath  
 For she of them is mindful, even in Death.  
 The Liver and the Spleen most faithfully  
 Of all Oppressions she does ease and free.  
 Where has so small a Plant such Strength and store  
 Of Virtues, when her Husband's weak and poor ?  
 Who 'd think the Liver shou'd Assistance need,  
 A noble Part, from such a wretched Weed ?  
 Use therefore little things ; nor take it ill  
 That Men small things preserve ; for less may kill, 50

### WORM WOOD.

**M**EN-eating Worms I from the Body scare,  
 And conquering Arms against the Plague  
 prepare :  
 Voracious Worm ! thou wilt most certainly  
 Heir of our Bodies be, whene'er we die ;  
 Defer a while the Meal which in the Grave,  
 Of humane Viands thou e'r long must have.  
 Those Vermin Infants' Bowels make their Food,  
 And love to suck their fill of tender Blood.

<sup>1</sup> The *Ivy* is always call'd *Ivy*, whatsoever it cleaves to : but this Herb takes the Name from the Plant on which it hangs, with whom also it partakes its Virtues, as *Epithymum*, *Epilinum*, *Epiurtica*, &c.

They cannot stay till Death serves up their Feast,  
 But greedily snatch up the Meat undrest.

### WATER-LILLY.

**D**'ye slight me, 'cause a Bog my Belly feeds,  
 And I am found among a Crowd of Reeds ?  
 I'm no green vulgar Daughter of the Earth,  
 But to the noble Waters owe my Birth :  
 I was a Goddess <sup>1</sup> of no mean Degree,  
 But Love, alas ! depos'd my Deity.  
 He bad me love, and straight my kindled Heart  
 In *Hercules'* Triumphs bore a Part.  
 I with his Fame and Actions fell in Love,  
 And Limbs that might become his Father *Jove*. 10  
 And by Degrees Me a strong Impulse hurl'd,  
 That Man t' enjoy, who conquer'd all the World.  
 To tell you true, that Night I most admir'd,  
 When he got fifty Sons, and was not tir'd.  
 Now blushing, such Deeds hate I, to profess ;  
 But 'twas a Night of noble Wickedness.  
 He (to be short) my Honour stain'd, and he  
 Had the first Flow'r of my Virginity.  
 But He by's Father *Jove's* Example led  
 Rambled and cou'd not brook a single Bed. 20  
 Fierce monstrous Beasts and Tyrants, worse than they,  
 All o'er the World he ran to seek and slay.  
 But he the Tyrant, for his Guerdon still  
 A Maid requires, if he a Monster kill.  
 All Womankind to me his Harlots are,  
 Ev'n Goddesses in my Suspicion share.  
 Perish me ; let the Sun this Water Dry,  
 And may I scorch'd in this burnt Puddle die ;  
 If I of *Juno* were not jealous grown,  
 And thought I shew'd her Hatred in my Own. 30  
 (Perhaps, said I, my Passion he derides,  
 And I'm the Scorn of all his virtuous Brides.  
 Grief, Anger, Shame and Fury vex my Mind,  
 But, maugre all, Love's Darts those Passions blind.)  
 If I from Tortures of Eternal Grief  
 Did not design by Death to seek Relief.  
 But Goddesses in Love can never die,  
 Hard Fate ! our Punishment's Eternity.  
 Mean time I'm in all Tears both Night and Day,  
 And as they drop, my tedious Hours decay. 40  
 Into a Lake the standing Showers grow,  
 And o'r my Feet th' united Waters flow :  
 Then (as the dismal Boast of Misery)  
 I triumph in my Grief's fertility.  
 Till *Jove* at length in Pity, from above,  
 Said, I shou'd never from that Fen remove.  
 His Word my Body of its form bereft,  
 And straight all vanish'd, that my Grief had left.

<sup>1</sup> *Deianira's* Blood is said by *Calepine* to be turn'd into this Herb, after she had kill'd herself with *Hercules'* Club, for Grief that she had been the Cause of his Death.

My knotty Root under the Earth does sink,<sup>1</sup>  
 And makes me of a Club too often think. 50  
 My thirsty Leaves no Liquor can suffice ;  
 My Tears are now return'd into my Eyes.<sup>2</sup>  
 My Form its ancient Whiteness still retains,  
 And pristine Paleness in my Cheeks remains.  
 Now in perpetual Mirth my Days I pass ;  
 We Plants, believe me, are an happy Race,  
 We truly feel the 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. 60  
 I pity Man, whom thousand Cares perplex,  
 And cruel Love, that greatest Plague, does vex ;  
 Whilst mindful of the Ills I once endur'd  
 His Flames by me are quencht, his Wounds are cur'd.<sup>3</sup>  
 I triumph, that my Victor I o'rtrow,  
 Such Changes Tyrants' Thrones shou'd undergo ;  
 Don't wonder, Love, that Thee thy Slave shou'd beat,  
*Alcides*, Monsters taught me to defeat.

#### SPLEENWORT or MILTWAST.

ME cruel Nature, when she made me, gave  
 Nor Stalk, nor Seed, nor Flow'r, as others have.  
 The Sun ne'er warms me, nor will she allow,  
 I shou'd in cultivated Gardens grow.  
 And to augment the Torment of my Years,  
 No lovely Colour in my Leaves appears.  
 You'd think me Heaven's Aversion, and the Earth  
 Had brought me forth at some chance, spurious Birth.  
 Vain outward gaudy Shews, Mankind surprize,  
 And they resign their Reason to their Eyes. 10  
 To Gardens no poor Plant Admittance gains,  
 For there, God-wot, the painted Tulip reigns,  
 But the wise Gods mind no such Vanity,  
*Phabus*, above all Tulips, values me.  
 So does that *Coan*, old *Hippocrates*,  
 Who the next place to *Phabus* challenges.  
 For when the Members Nature did divide,  
 And over such and such bade Herbs preside ;  
 I of the savage and unruly Spleen,  
 A stubborn Province, was created Queen. 20  
 I that restrain, though 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,  
 And the Ways open all my Kingdom o'er.  
 If I don't take that Course, it furious grows,  
 And into every Part Contagion throws.  
 With pois'nous Vapours it infects the Blood,  
 And Life it self drinks of a venomous Flood. 30

<sup>1</sup> It is call'd by some *Hercules' Club*.

<sup>2</sup> There are two Sorts, a White and Yellow.

<sup>3</sup> 'Tis said to be an allayer of Lechery.

Foul Leprosie 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.  
 Hence Halters, cruel Love ! our Necks release  
 From thy more fatal Yoke, and Daggers ease  
 Our Souls of Life's incurable Disease ;  
 May no such monstrous Evils good Men hurt !  
*Jove* and my Virtue all such things avert !

#### EYE-BRIGHT.

ENTER, sweet Stranger, to my Eyes reveal  
 Thy self, and gratefully thy Poet heal,  
 If I of Plants have any thing deserv'd,  
 Or in my Verse their honour be preserv'd.  
 Thus, lying on the Grass and sad, pray'd I  
 Whilst nimble *Eye-bright* came and stood just by.  
 I wonder'd that so noble an Herb so soon  
 Rose by my Side like a *Champignon* ;  
 I saw her not before, nor did sh' appear,  
 For any thing I knew, to be so near. 10  
 On a black Stalk, nine Inches long she grew,  
 With Leaves all notch'd, and of a greenish Hue.  
 While pretty Flowers on her Top she bore,  
 With yellow mixt, and purple Streaks all o're.  
 I knew her straight, her Name and Visage sute,  
 And my glad Eyes their Patroness salute.  
 Strange News ! To me she bow'd with Flow'r and Stalk,  
 And thus, in Language fit for her, did talk.  
 'Twas low ; for Herbs that modest Custom love,  
 Hoarse Murmurs of the Trees they don't approve. 20  
 Thou only Bard, said she o' th' verdant Race,  
 Who in thy Songs do'st all our Virtues trace :  
 All Men are not allow'd our Voice to hear,  
 Though such Respect to you, our Friend, we bear ;  
 We hate the Custom, which with Men obtains,  
 To slight a kind, ingenuous Poet's Pains.  
 I wish my Root cou'd heal you, and I'm sure,  
 Our Nation all wou'd gladly see the Cure.<sup>1</sup>  
 But if by Nature's self it be withstood,  
 The Pow'r of Herbs, alas ! can do no good. 30  
 Nature's Injunctions none of us withstands,  
 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,  
 Or Wine, or Love, that's blind, and hates the Light ;  
 Or Surfeits, watchful Cares, or putrid Air,  
 Or numerous other things, that hurtful are ;  
 Then am I useful : if you wou'd engage 40  
 To count my Conquests, or the Wars I wage,  
 The Ev'ning-Star much sooner wou'd go down,  
 And all the Fields in dewy Nectar drown.

<sup>1</sup> Of Plants.

## ROSE-MARY.

*Touching the bite of the Tarantula.*<sup>1</sup>

**D**Aunian *Arachne*!<sup>2</sup> who spinn'st all the Day,  
 Nor to *Minerva* wil't ev'n yet give way ;  
 Whilst thy own Bowels thou to Lawn dost weave,  
 What Pleasure can'st thou from such Pains receive ?  
 Why thy sad Hours in such base Deeds dost spill,  
 Or do things so ridiculously ill ?  
 Why dost thou take delight to stop our Breath,  
 Or act the serious Sports of cruel Death.  
 Whom thou scarce touchest, straight to rave he's found  
 He raves although he hardly feels thy Wound. 10  
 One Atome of thy Poison in the Veins,  
 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 ;  
 He's fearful, t' other fights with th' gazing Crowd.  
 This cries, and this his Sides with Laughter shakes,  
 A thousand Habits this same Fury takes.  
 But all with love of Dancing are possest,  
 All day and Night they dance and never rest. 20  
 As soon as Musick from struck Strings rebounds,  
 Or the full Pipes breath forth their Magick Sounds ;  
 The stiff old Woman straight begins a Round,  
 And the Lethargick Sleeper quits the Ground.  
 The poor lame Fellow, though he cannot prance  
 So nimble as the rest, he hops a Dance.  
 The old Man, whom this merry Poison fires,  
*Satyrs* themselves, with Dancing almost tires.  
 To such a sad, phrenetick Dance as this  
 A Siren, sure, the fittest Minstrel is. 30  
 Cruel Distemper ! thy wild Fury proves  
 Worst Master of the Revels which it loves :  
 When this sad Pyrrhick Measure,<sup>1</sup> they begin,  
 Ah ! what a weight Hangs on their Hearts within.  
 Tell me, Physicians, which way shall I ease  
 Poor Mortals of this strange, unknown Disease ?  
 For me may *Phæbus* never more protect  
 (Whose Godhead you and I so much respect)  
 If I know any more (to tell you True)  
 Whence this dire Mischief springs, than one of You. 40  
 But to the Heart (you know it) and the Brain,  
 Those distant Provinces, in which I reign,  
 (To you, my Friends, I no false Stories feign.)  
 Auxiliary Troops of Spirits I  
 Send, and the Camp with fresh Recruits supply.  
 Many kind Plants besides Me to the War  
 Attend, nor Blush that under me they Soldiers are.  
 The merry Baum, and Rue which Serpents kills,  
 Cent'ry, and Saffron from *Cilician* Hills.  
 And thou, kind *Birthwort*, whose auspicious Name 50  
 From thy good Deeds to teeming Women came.  
 The kind *Pomgranate* also does engage,  
 With her bright Arms, and my Dear Sister *Sage*.

<sup>1</sup> An Insect of the Spider-kinds.

<sup>2</sup> A Nymph turn'd into a Spider.

<sup>3</sup> A heavy sort of Dancing in Armour.

Berries of *Laurel*, *Myrtle*, *Tamarisk*,  
*Ivy* nor *Juniper* are very brisk.  
*Lavender*, and sweet *Marjoram* march away,  
*Sothernwood* and *Angelica* don't stay.  
*Plantain*, the *Thistle* which they Blessed call,  
 And useful *Wormwood* in their Order fall,  
 Then *Carrot*, *Anise*, and white *Cumin* Seed, 60  
 With *Gith*, that pretty, chast, black Rogue, proceed.  
 Next *Viper-grass*, a Plant but lately known,  
 And *Tormentil*, and *Roses* red, full blown ;  
 To which, I *Garlick* may, and *Onions* join ;  
 All these to fight I lead ; go, give the Sign.  
 With Indignation I am vex'd, and hate  
 Soft Musick that great Praise shou'd arrogate.  
 Poets will say, 'tis true (they're given to lie)  
 Willing their Mistress so to gratifie.  
 But Food, I say it does, not Physick, prove 70  
 To Madmen (witness all that are in Love !)  
 She to a short-liv'd Folly does supply,  
 Constant Additions of new Vanity ;  
 And here (to shew her Wit and Courage too)  
 Flatters the Tyrant, whom she shou'd subdue.  
 It is the greatest Part of the Disease,  
 That she does so immoderately please,  
 'Tis part of the Disease, that so they throw  
 And toss themselves, which does for Physick go ;  
 This Plague it self is plagu'd so Night and Day 80  
 That tir'd with Labour it flies quite away,  
 I also lend an Hand to ease her Grief,  
 When from her own Strength, Nature seeks Relief.  
 'Tis something that I do ; but truly I  
 Think the Disease is its own Remedy.

## MISSELTOE.

**W**elcome, thrice welcome, sacred *Misseltoe* !  
 The greatest Gift, *Teutates*<sup>1</sup> does bestow.  
 With more Religion, Druid Priests invoke  
 Thee, than thy sacred, sturdy Sire, the Oak.  
 Raise holy Altars from the verdant Ground,  
 And strow your various Flowers all around :  
 Next let the Priest, when to the Gods<sup>2</sup> h' has paid  
 All due Devotion, and his Or'sons made,  
 Cloth'd all in white, by the Attendants be,  
 With Hands and Necks rais'd to the sacred Tree. 10  
 Where that he may more freely it receive,  
 Let him first beg the Shrub's indulgent leave.  
 And when h' has cut it with a golden Hook,  
 Let the expecting Crowd, that upward look,  
 Array'd in White, the falling Treasure meet,  
 And catch it in a pure, clean, snowy Sheet ;  
 Then let two spotless Bulls before him lie,  
 And with their grateful Blood the Altars die.  
 Which when you've done, then feast and dance, and  
 sing,  
 And let the Wood with their loud Voices ring. 20

<sup>1</sup> *Teutates* and *Hesus* were the two greatest Gods of the *Gauls*.

<sup>2</sup> Concerning these Ceremonies, see *Plin. l. 16. 43*.

Such Honour had the *Misseltoe*; which Hate  
 And Envy to it did in Gods create.  
 Th' *Egyptian* Temples do not louder sound,  
 When there again th' adored Heifer 's found.  
 Nor did she seem less Majesty to wear  
 (If any Tree there *Misseltoe* did bear)  
 When in *Dodona's* Grove upon an Oak  
 She grew, that in its hollow Oracles spoke;  
 For this one Plant the Antients, above all,  
 Protectress of their Life did think and call: 30  
 She only from the Earth loaths to be born,  
 And on the meaner ground to tread thinks scorn.  
 Nor did she from prolifick Matter come,  
 But like the World, from Nothing's fruitful Womb.  
 Others are set and grow by human Care,  
 Her Leaves the Product of mere Nature are.  
 Hence Serpents she of their black Stings disarms,  
 And baffles (Man's worse Poison) Magick Charms;<sup>1</sup>  
 Besides all other kind of Maladies  
 (How numberless, alas!) that on us seize; 40  
 Nor wonder, that all other Ills it beats,  
 Since the *Herculean* Sickness<sup>2</sup> it defeats,

<sup>1</sup> It averts Charms being tied to the Neck. *Clus.*

<sup>2</sup> The Falling-Sickness.

Than which none more *Chimæra*-like appears;  
 One part on 't's dead, the other raves and tears:  
 This Monster she subdues; hence 'twas believ'd  
 (And truly though 'twas false, it was receiv'd  
 On no bad grounds) that lesser Monsters she  
 Cou'd make the Trophies of her Victory.  
 The Antients thought so in the Infancy  
 O' th' World, they then knew nought of Fallacy. 50  
 Nor was she then thought only to defend  
 And guard Life's Fort, but Life it self to lend,  
 Ev'n the Womb's fruitful Soil t' improve and mend.  
 For what Soil barren to that Plant can be,  
 Which without Seed has its Nativity?  
 Or what to her close shut and lock'd can seem,  
 That makes th' obdurate Oak's hard Entrails teem?  
 That from a Tree comes forth in Pangs and Pain,  
 Like the *Athenian* Goddess from *Jove's* Brain.  
 But if that's true, which antient *Bards* have writ, 60  
 (For though they're antient *Bards*,<sup>1</sup> I question it)  
 I wonder not, that *Misseltoe's* so kind  
 To us, since her the Ties of Nature bind.  
 For Men of old (if you'll believe 'twas so)  
 Born out of Oaks, were the first *Misseltoe*.

<sup>1</sup> *Virg., Juven., Statius.*





OF  
PLANTS.—BOOK II.

[Translated by J. O.]

*DITTANY.*

**D***ittany*, though cold Winds her Lips did close,  
Put on her Winter-gown and up she rose.  
For what can hinder *Grecian* Plants to be  
Rhetorical, when they occasion see?  
For *Penny-royal*, painting that Disease,  
Her nice and quainter Fancy did not please.  
She spake to what the other did omit,  
And pleas'd her self with her own prating Wit.  
If this dire Poison's force their duller Eyes  
Can't see, whilst in the Body warm it lies ;  
Think with your selves how it offends the Sense,  
When all alone (nay dead) if driven thence.  
Let Dogs or Men by chance but taste of it  
(But on Dogs rather let such Mischiefs light)  
Madness the tainted Soul invades within,  
And sordid Leprosie rough-casts the Skin :  
Whilst panting<sup>1</sup> Dogs quite raving mad appear,  
And thirst for Water, but the Water fear ;  
It stabs an half-Man by abortive Birth,  
And from the Womb (Oh ! horrid) drags it forth.  
Now fansie Children born of such base Blood,  
Which gives the Embryo Poison 'stead of Food.  
Nor is this all ; for Corn and Vines too know  
Its baneful Force, by which Fields barren grow.  
A Tree, once us'd to bear, its Fruit denies ;  
If young it fades, and if new-born, it dies.  
Witness the *Ivies* ('tis no Shame) to you  
What good does their medicinal Virtue do ?  
Thou also, *Rue* ! who all Things do'st o'ercome,  
From this strong Venom must receive thy Doom.  
Plants dry and yellow, as in *Autumn*, grow,  
And Herbs, as if they had the Jaundice, show :  
Offended Bees with one small touch it drives  
(Though 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 Wines within defend,  
Which in their very Youth draw to their end.

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But I name Things of little Eminence ;  
The warlike Sword itself makes no Defence ;  
And Metals, which so oft have won the Field,  
To this effeminate Distemper yield.  
For frequent Blood-shed, Blood now Vengeance takes,  
And mortal Wounds ev'n in the Weapons makes.  
Beauty, the thing for which we Women love,  
Th' occasion of keen Swords does often prove :  
Let then the Female-Plague those Swords rebate,  
Yea, even the Mem'ry of what 's so ingrate.  
Maids with proud Thoughts, alas ! themselves deceive  
Whilst each herself a Goddess does believe ;  
Like Tyrants they misuse the Pow'r they have,  
And make their very Worshipper their Slave.  
But if they truly would consider things,  
And think what Filth each Month returning brings :  
If they their cheating Glasses then wou'd mind,  
(Which now they think so faithful and so kind)  
How beautiful they are they needs must find.  
The smooth Corrupter of their Looks they taint,  
Which long and certain Signs at that time paint.  
Each Maid in that still suffers the Disgrace  
Of being pois'ner to her own sweet Face.  
What an unnatural Distemper 's this,  
Which ev'n to their own Shadows mortal is ?  
Thus she ; and as much more she was about  
To say, the whole Assembly gave a shout.  
Through all the Boughs and all the Leaves around  
There went an angry, loud and murm'ring Sound.  
For they of Women's Honour tender are,  
Though she thereof had seem'd to take no care.

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50  
60

*MYRRH.*

**A**T last when *Myrrh* had wip'd her od'rous Tears,  
Putting aside her Leaves, her Face and Head she  
rears.  
Then she began, but blush'd, and stopp'd anon,  
Nor cou'd she be intreated to go on.  
So a dry Pump at first will hardly go,  
From whence a River by and by will flow.

<sup>1</sup> *Laserpitium*, the Gum of which is call'd *Asa fatida*.

'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. 10  
 Her Story therefore gently she begins,  
 And with her Art upon the Audience wins.  
 Her Wars with unchast Love she reckon'd o'er ;  
 For fear of doing Ill, what Ills she bore :  
 She told how oft her Breasts her Hands had try'd  
 To stab, whilst chast, fair *Myrrha* might ha' dy'd.  
 How long and oft unequally with Love,  
 Who, even Goddesses subdu'd, she strove.  
 And many Things besides, which I'll not name,  
 Since *Ovid*<sup>1</sup> with more Wit has said the same. 20  
 Then of the Womb's intolerable Pains  
 (Sh' had felt them) sadly she, 'tis 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 :  
 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 ? 30  
 But me my Laurel told ; then most she rail'd,  
 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 every way they throw,  
 Which rout the conquer'd Soul where-e'r they go.  
 The Troops of flying Spirits they destroy,  
 As Stenches from *Avernus*<sup>2</sup> Birds annoy.  
 If they the Stomach seize, the Appetite's gone,  
 And Tasks design'd for Veins lie by half-done. 40  
 No Meats it now endures, much less requires,  
 And the crude Kitchin cools for want of Fires.  
 If they the Heart invade, that's Walls they shake,  
 And in the vital Work, Confusion make ;  
 New Waves they thither bring, but those the Vein,  
 Which *Vena Cava's* call'd, bears back again.  
 The Art'ries by weak Pulsings notifie,  
 Or else by none, the Soul's then passing by.  
 By that black Cloud all Joy's extinguish'd quite,  
 And Hopes, that make the Mind look gay, and 50  
 bright ;  
 So when grim *Stygian* Shades, they say, appear,  
 The Candles tremble, and go out for fear.  
 Grief, Fear, and Hatred of the Light invade  
 Their Heart, the Soul a Scene of Trouble's made.  
 Then straight the Jaws themselves, the torturing Ill  
 With deadly, strangling Vapours strives to fill.  
 T' *Ethereal* Air it never shews Desire,  
 But *Salamander*-like, lives all on Fire :  
 Sometimes these restless Plagues the Head do seize,  
 And rifle all the Soul's rich Palaces. 60

<sup>1</sup> *Metam.* l. 10.

<sup>2</sup> A noisom Lake, over which, if Birds flew, they were often choak'd with the Stench of it.

In barbarous Triumph led, then Reason stands,  
 Hoodwink'd and manacled her Eyes and Hands.  
 For the poor Wretch a merry Madness takes,  
 And her sad Sides with doleful Laughter shakes.  
 Her Dreams (in vain awake) she tells, and those,  
 If no body admire, amaz'd she shows.  
 She fears, or threatens ev'ry thing she spies ;  
 A piteous, she, and dreadful Object, lies.  
 One seems to rave, and from her sparkling Eyes  
 Fierce Fire darts forth : another throbs and cries. 70  
 Some Death's exactest Image seizes, so  
 That sleep compar'd to that like Life wou'd show.  
 A solid Dulness all the Senses keeps  
 Lock'd up ; no Soul of Trees more soundly sleeps.  
 Her Breath, if any from her Nostrils go,  
 The Down from *Poppy* Tops wou'd hardly blow.  
 If you one dead with her compar'd, you 'd say,  
 Two dead ones there, or two Hysterick lay.  
 But then ('tis strange, and yet we must believe  
 What we from long Experience receive) 80  
 Under her Nose strong-smelling Odours lay,  
 The other Vapours these will chase away.  
 Burn Partridge Feathers, Hair of Man or Beast,  
 Horns, Leather, Warts, that Horses' Legs molest ;  
 All these are good, but what strange Accident  
 First found them out, or cou'd such Cures invent ?  
 Burn Oil, that Nature from hard Rocks distils,  
 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. 90  
 Through Pores, Nerves, Arteries, and all they go,  
 And thron' t' invade the labouring Womb below.  
 But that each Avenue, which upward lies,  
 With Mounds and strong-built Rampires fortifies.  
 Then being contracted to a narrower Place,  
 (For Force decays, spread in too wide a Space.)  
 No 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. 100  
*Carthage* to *Hann'bal* now sends no Supply,  
 To break the Force of distant *Italy*.  
 When from their Walls with Horror they descry  
 The threatening *Roman* Darts and Eagles fly.  
 This for the Nose, the Womb then you must  
 please,  
 With such sweet Odours as the Gods appease.  
 With *Cinnamon*, and *Goat-Bread*, *Ladanum*,  
 With healing Balsam and my oily Gum,  
 Civet, and Musk, and Amber too apply,  
 (Scarce yet well known to human Industry) 110  
 With all that my Rich, native Soil supplies,  
 Such Fumes as from the *Phanix* Nest arise,  
 Nor fear from Gods to take their Frankincense,  
 In such a pious Case, 'tis no Offence.  
 Then shalt thou see the Limbs faint Motions make  
 A certain Sign, that now the Soul's awake.  
 Then will the Guts with an unusual Noise,  
 The Enemy o'erthrown, seem to rejoice.

Blood will below the secret Passage stain,  
 And Arteries recruited beat again. 120  
 Oft, glad to see the Light, themselves the Eyes  
 Lift up ; the Face returning Purple Dies ;  
 One Jaw from t' other, with a Groan retires,  
 And the Disease it self, like Life, expires.  
 Tell me, sweet Odours, tell me what have you  
 With parts so distant from the Nose to do?  
 Or what have you, ill Smells so near the Nose  
 To do, since that and you are mortal Foes?  
 And why dost thou, abominable Stench,  
 Upon remote Dominions so intrench? 130  
 Say, by what secret Force you sling your Darts,  
 Whom from your Bow, the Nose, such Distance parts?  
 For some believe, that to the Brain alone  
 They fly, 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 rejoyces for That's sake,  
 And when That's griev'd, does all its Grievs partake.  
 The Womb's *Orestes*, *Pylades* the Brain,  
 And what to one, to th' other is a Pain. 140  
 I don't deny the native Sympathy,  
 And like Respects in which these Parts agree.  
 Each its Conception has, and each its Birth,

And both their Offsprings like the Sire, come forth,  
 Still to produce both have a constant Vein,  
 And their streight Bosoms mighty Things contain.  
 Much I omit in both ; but know, that This  
 O' th' Body, That o' th' Soul the Matrix is.  
 But th' Womb has this one proper Faculty,  
 Its Actions oft from Head and Nose are free. 150  
 Oft when it strives to break its Bounds in vain  
 (And often nought its Fury can contain)  
 A sweet Perfume apply'd (unknown to th' Nose)  
 Does with a grateful Grew its Body close.  
 But when oppress'd with Weight the Womb falls down  
 (As sometimes it, when weak, does with its own)  
 With dreadful Weapons arm'd a noisom Smell  
 Meets it, and upward quickly does repel.  
 So when th' *Helvetians* their own Land forsook,  
 (People which in their Neighbours Terrour strook) 160  
 A stronger Foe, their wand'ring to restrain,  
 To their old Quarters beat 'em back again.  
 Here different Reasons different Authors show,  
 But none worth speaking of, I'm sure, you know.  
 What can I add? You, Learned President, please  
 To bid me speak ; the Case says, hold your Peace.  
 Yet you I must obey ; Heav'n is so kind  
 To let us seek that Truth we cannot find.

The End of the Second Book.







OF  
P L A N T S.—B O O K III.

[Translated by Nahum Tate.]

*F L O R A.*

NOW Muse, if ever, now look brisk and gay,  
The Spring's at hand; blith Looks like that  
display.  
Use all the Schemes and Colours now of Speech,  
Use all the Flowers that Poetry enrich;  
Its Glories all, its blooming Beauties bring,  
As may resemble the returning Spring.  
Let the same Musick through thy Verse resound,  
As in the Woods and Shady Groves is found.  
Let every Line such fragrant Verse exhale,  
As rises up from some sweet-smelling Vale. 10  
Let Lights and Shades, as in the Woods, appear,  
And shew in painted Verse the Season of the Year.  
Come then away, for the first welcome Morn  
Of the spruce Month *May* begins to dawn.  
This Day, so tells the Poet's sacred Page,  
Bright *Chloris* did in Nuptial Bands engage;  
This very Day the Knot was ty'd, and thence  
The lovely Maid a Goddess did commence.  
The Signs of Joy did every where appear,  
In Earth, in Heav'n, throughout the Sea and Air: 20  
No wandring Cloud was seen in all the Sky,  
And if there were, 'twas of a curious Die,  
The Air serene, not an ungentle Blast  
Ruffled the Waters with its rude Embrace;  
The Wind that was, breath'd Odours all around,  
And only fann'd the Streams, and only kiss'd the  
Ground.  
Of unknown Flow'rs now such a numerous Birth  
Appear'd, as e'en astonish'd Mother-Earth.  
The Lily grew 'midst barren Heath and Sedge,  
And the Rose blush'd on each unprickly Hedge. 30  
The purple *Violet* and the *Daffadil*,  
The Places now of angry *Nettles* fill.  
This great and joyful Day, on which she knew  
What 'twas to be a Wife and Goddess too;  
The grateful *Flora* yearly did express  
In Shews, Religious Pomp and Gaudiness,  
Long as she thriv'd in *Rome*, and reign'd among  
The other Gods, a vast and numerous Throng;

But when the sacred Tribe was forc'd from *Rome*,  
Among the Rest an Exile she became, 40  
Strip'd of her Plays, and of her Fane bereft,  
Nought of the Grandeur of a Goddess left.  
Since then, no more ador'd on Earth by Men,  
But forc'd o'er Flowers to preside and reign,  
The best she can, she still keeps up the Day;  
Not as of old, when bless'd with Store she lay,  
When with a lavish Hand her Bounties flew;  
She han't the Heart, and Means to do it now;  
But in a way fitting her humble State  
She always did, and still does celebrate. 50  
And now that she the better may attend  
The flowry Empire under her Command,  
To all the World, at Times, she does resort,  
Now in this Part, now that she keeps her Court.  
And so the Seasons of the Year require.  
For here 'tis *Spring*, perhaps 'tis *Autumn* there.  
With Ease she flies to the remotest Shores,  
And visits in the way a World of Flow'rs.  
In *Zephyr's* painted Car she cuts the Air, 60  
Pleas'd with the Way, her Spouse the Charioteer.  
It was the Year, (thrice blest that beauteous Year,)  
Which mighty CHARLES's sacred Name did bear.  
A Golden Year the Heavens brought about  
In high Procession with a joyful Shout;  
A Year that barr'd up *Janus* brazen Gates,  
That brought home Peace, and laid our monstrous  
Heats;  
A greater Gift, blest *Albion* thou didst gain,  
It brought home God-like *Charles*, and all his peaceful  
Train;  
Compos'd our Chaos; cover'd o'er the Scars,  
And clos'd the bleeding Wounds of twenty Years. 70  
Nor felt the Town alone the Fruits of Peace,  
But Gardens, Woods, and all the flowry Race;  
This year to every thing fresh Honours brought,  
Nor 'midst these were the learned Arts forgot.  
Poor exil'd *Flora* with the *Sylvan* Gods  
Came back again to their old lov'd Abodes;  
I saw her (through a 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 forsaken 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  
For all the Flow'rs ; accordingly they met ;  
Those that are parch'd with Heat, or pinch'd with Cold,  
Or those which a more temperate Clime does hold ;  
Those drunk with Dew, the Sun just rising sees,  
Or those, when setting, with a Face like his ; 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 Mothers' Arms ;  
But those that *Plato* saw, *Ideas* nam'd,  
Daughters of *Jove*, for heavenly 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 'tis ever fresh, with long Life blest,  
Not in your fading mortal Colours drest.  
This Rose, the Image of the heavenly Mind,  
The other growing in our Earth, we find ;  
Which is the Image of that Image, then  
No wonder it appears less fresh and fine ;  
These Heaven-born Species of the flowry Race  
Assembled all, the Wedding-Morn to grace.  
*Phabus*, do thou the Pencil take, the same  
With which thou gildst the World's great chequer'd  
Frame ; 110  
Light's Pencil take ; try if thou canst display  
The various Scenes of this resplendent Day.  
And yet I doubt thy Skill, though all must bow  
To thee as God of Plants and Poets too ;  
I'm sure 'tis much too hard a Task for me,  
Yet some I'll touch, in passing, like the Bee.  
Where the whole Garden can't be had, we know,  
A Nose-gay 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 'tis not lawful to reveal :  
At length, the sporting Goddess thought it best  
(Though sure the Humour went beyond a Jest)  
A pleasant sort of Trial to propose,  
And from among the Plants a Queen to chuse,  
Which shou'd preside over the flowry Race,  
Be a Vice-Goddess and supply her Place.  
Each Plant was to appear, and make its Plea,  
To see which best deserv'd the Dignity. 130  
The Scene arch'd o'er with wreathing Branches stood,  
Which like a little hollow Temple show'd ;  
The Shrubs and Branches, darting from aloof  
Their pretty fragrant Shades compos'd the Roof ;  
Red and white *Jasmine*, with the Myrtle-Tree  
The Favourite of the *Cyprian* Deity ;

The Golden Apple-tree, with Silver Bud,  
Both sorts of Pipe-tree, with the Sea-dew stood ;  
There was the twining *Woodbind* to be seen,  
And yellow *Hather*, Roses mixt between. 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 Goddess did sustain ;  
Rob'd in a thousand several sorts of Leaves,  
And all the Colours which the Garden gives ;  
Which join'd together trim, in wondrous Wise,  
With their deluding Figures, mock'd your Eyes.  
A noble chequer'd Work ; which real seems,  
And firmly set with glistening Stones and Gems ; 150  
It real seem'd ; though Gods such Bodies wear  
For Weight, as Flow'rs upon their Down may bear ;  
The Goddess, seated in Majestick-wise,  
With all the Pride the wealthy Spring supplies,  
Had *Ariadne's* Crown ; and such a Vest  
With which the Rainbow on bright Days is drest ;  
Before her Throne did the officious Band  
Of Hours, Days, Months, in goodly Order stand.  
The Hours upon soft painted Wings were born :  
Painted ; but swift alas ! and quickly gone. 160  
The Days with nimble Feet advanc'd apace,  
And then the Months, each with a different Face ;  
On *Cynthia's* Orb they tend with constant Care,  
In Monthly-Courses whirling round her Sphere.  
First *Spring*, a Rosie-colour'd Youngster stood,  
With Looks enough to bribe a judging God.  
*Summer* appear'd, rob'd in a Yellow Gown,  
Full Ears of ripen'd Corn compos'd her Crown ;  
Then *Autumn* proud of rich *Pomona's* Store,  
And *Bacchus* too treading the blushing Floor ; 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,  
Some Plants that Faith and Duty don't forget ;  
Some Plants the Winter-Season does supply ;  
Born purely for Delight and Luxury ;  
Which brave the Frost and Cold, and Merit claim.

*Flower-Beauty ; Helleborus Niger, or  
Christmas-Flower.*

THE Goddesses above a Beauty claim,  
Lasting and firm as their immortal Frame,  
Which Time can't furrow, or Diseases wrong ;  
To be immortal, is to be for ever young.  
In Flow'rs or Girls Beauty's a transient thing ;  
Expect as well the whole Year will be Spring.  
Ye flowry Race, that open to the Sky,  
And there have seen a Cloud of curious Dye,  
The gaudy Phantome now with Pride appears,  
Look up again, 'tis strait dissolv'd in Tears ; 180

Such is the short-liv'd Glory Flowers have,  
 Bending, they point still towards their Womb and  
 Grave,  
 The Wind and Rain aim at their tender Head,  
 Besides, the Stars their baneful Influence shed ;  
 Like the fam'd *Semele*, they die away,  
 In the Embraces of the God of Day.  
 Expos'd to Air, to Heat an open Prey,  
 Colds through their tender Fibres force their way.  
 The Swallow or the Nightingale abhors  
 Not Winter more, than do th' whole Race of Flow'rs.  
 If among these a Flow'r you can descry 21  
 (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 dares boldly strive,  
 Scorns Cold, and under Heaps of Snow can live.  
 To this, great Goddess, to this noble Plant  
 You ought the Empire of the Garden grant.  
 Kings are *Jove's* Image ; and if that be true,  
 To Virtue only Sovereign Sway is due. 30  
 Trusting to this, and not the empty Name  
 Of Beauty, I the flowry Empire claim.  
 Nor will this soft, luxurious, pamper'd Race  
 Of Flow'rs, were things well-weigh'd, deny me place ;  
 For lo ! The Winter's come ; what change is there,  
 What Looks, what dismal Aspect of the Year !  
 The Winds from Prison broke, no Mercy yield,  
 But spoil the native Glories of the Field.  
 First on the Infant-Boughs they spend their Rage,  
 And scarcely spare the poor Trunk's reverend Age ; 40  
 Either with swelling Rains, the Ground below  
 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 every River-God  
 Feels on his Shoulders an unusual Load ;  
 Nature, a Captive now on Frost become,  
 Lies fairly buried in a Marble-Tomb.  
 And can you wonder then that Flow'rs shou'd die,  
 Or hid within their Beds, the Danger fly ? 50  
 D' ye see the Sun, how faint his Looks, that tell  
 The God himself of Plants isn't over-well.  
 Now let me see the *Violet*, *Tulip*, *Rose*,  
 Or any of 'em their fine Face disclose :  
 Ye *Lilies*, with your snowy Tresses now  
 Come forth, this is the proper time for Snow.  
 Deaf to the Call, none of them 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 ; 60  
 Winter with thousand several Arms prepar'd  
 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 ;  
 Let it in Winter be, though, I desire ;  
 That Season does a hardy Chief require.

If any of these tender, dainty Dames,  
 Deck'd with their rich Perfumes and gaudy Names, 70  
 Dare but at such a time shew half an Eye,  
 I'll frankly yield, and strait let fall my Plea.  
 Not a Plant's seen, I'll warrant you ; they hate  
 To gain a Kingdom at so dear a rate ;  
 They fear th' unequal Trial to sustain ;  
 None dare appear, but those that fill my Train,  
 And none of these are so ambitious grown,  
 To stand themselves, but beg for me the Crown.

### The *VIOLET*.

THE Ram<sup>1</sup> now ope the golden Portal throws,  
 Which holds the various Seasons of the Year,  
 And on his shining Fleece the Spring does bear ;  
 Ye Mortals, with a Shout salute him as he goes.  
 (*To triumph* !) now, now the Spring comes on  
 In solemn State and high Procession,  
 Whilst I, the beauteous *Violet*, still before him go  
 And usher in the gaudy Show ;  
 As it becomes the Child of such a Sire,  
 I'm wrap'd in Purple ; the first-born of Spring, 10  
 The Marks of my Legitimation bring,  
 And all the Tokens of his verdant Empire wear.  
 Clad like a Princely Babe, and born in State,  
 I all your Regal Titles hate,  
 Nor priding in my Blood, and mighty Birth,  
 Unnatural Plant, despise the Lap of Mother-Earth.  
 Love's Goddess smiles upon me just New-born,  
 Rejoycing at the Year's Return.  
 The *Swallow* is not a more certain Sign  
 That Love and warm Embraces now begin. 20  
 To the lov'd Babe a thousand Kisses  
 The Goddess gives, a thousand balmy Blissess.  
 Besides, my purple Lips  
 In sacred Nectar dips ;  
 Hence 'tis, no sooner does the *Violet* burst,  
 By the warm Air to a just Ripeness nurst,  
 But from my opening, blooming Head  
 A thousand fragrant Odours spread.  
 I do not only please the Smell,  
 And the most critick Taste beguile, 30  
 Not only with my pretty Die  
 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.  
 O'er pressing and vexatious Pain,  
 I such a silent Vict'ry gain,  
 That though the Body be the Scene,  
 It scarcely knows whether a Fight has been. 40  
 The Fever's well-known Valor I invade,  
 Which blushes with mere Rage to yield  
 To one that ne'er knew how to tread a Field,  
 But only was for Sights and Nuptial Banquets made.

<sup>1</sup> The Sign *Aries*.

It yields, but in a grumbling Way,  
 Just as the Winds Obedience pay,  
 When *Neptune* from the Flood does peep,  
 And silences those Troublers of the Deep.  
 What though some Flowers a greater Courage know,  
 Or a much finer Face can show ; 50  
 That does but still the Fancy feed,  
 Whilst I for Business fit, in real Worth exceed.  
 Search over all the Globe, you 'll find,  
 The Glory of a Princely Flower  
 Consists not in tyrannick Power,  
 But in a Majesty with Mildness join'd.

### The IMPERIAL CROWN.

WITH furious Heats and unbecoming Rage,  
 Ye flowry Nations, cease t' engage ;  
 Since on my stately Stem  
 Nature has plac'd th' Imperial Diadem.  
 Why all these words in vain, why all this Noise ?  
 Be judg'd by Nature and approve her Choice.  
 Perhaps it does your Envy move,  
 And to my Right may hurtful prove,  
 That I an upstart Novel Flower am, 10  
 Who have no rumbling hard *Greek* Name ;  
 Perhaps I may be thought  
 In some *Plebeian* Bed begot.  
 Because my Lineage wears no stain,  
 Nor does Romantick shameful Stories feign  
 That I am sprung from *Jove*, or from his Bastard-strain.  
 I freely own, I have not been  
 Long of your World a Denizen ;  
 But yet I reign'd for Ages past  
 In *Persia* and in *Bactria* plac'd,  
 The Pride and Joy of all the Gardens of the East. 20  
 My Flower a large-siz'd golden Head does wear.  
 Much like the Balls Kings in their Hands do bear,  
 Denoting Sovereign Rule, and striking Fear.  
 My purple Stalk, I, like some Scepter wield,  
 Worthy in Regal Hands to shine,  
 Worthy of thine, great God of Wine,  
 When *India* to thy conquering Arms did yield.  
 Besides all this ; I have a flowry Crown  
 My Royal Temples to adorn,  
 Whose Buds a sort of Hony Liquor bear, 30  
 Which round the Crown, like Stars or Pearls appear ;  
 Silver thread around it twine,  
*Saffron*, like Gold, with them does join ;  
 And over all  
 My Verdant Hair does neatly fall.  
 Sometimes, a three-fold Rank of Flowers  
 Grows on my Top, like lofty Towers.  
 Imperial Ornaments I scorn,  
 And, like the Pope, affect a triple Crown ;  
 The Heavens look down and envy Earth 40  
 From teeming with so bright a birth ;  
 For *Ariadne's* starry Crown  
 By mine is far out-shone,  
 And as they've Reason, let 'em envy on.

She thunder'd out her speech ; and walk'd to greet  
 The Judge, not falling meanly at her Feet,  
 But as one Goddess does another meet.

### The TULIP.

Somewhere in *Horace*,<sup>1</sup> if I don't forget,  
 (Flowers are no Foes to Poetry and Wit ;  
 For us that Tribe the like Affection bear,  
 And of all Men the greatest *Florists* are)  
 We find a wealthy Man  
 Whose Ward-robe did five thousand Suits contain ;  
 He counted *that* a vast prodigious Store,  
 But I that Number have twice told and more.  
 Whate'er in Spring the teeming Earth commands ; 10  
 What Colours e'er the painted Pride of Birds,  
 Or various Lights the glist'ring Gem affords  
 Cut by the artful Lapidary's Hands ;  
 Whate'er the Curtains of the Heavens can shew,  
 Or Light lays Dies upon the varnish'd Bow,  
 Rob'd in as many Vests I shine ;  
 In every thing, bearing a princely Mien.  
 Pity I must the *Lily* and the *Rose*  
 (And the last blushes at her thread-bare Cloaths)  
 Who think themselves so highly blest,  
 Yet have but one poor tatter'd Vest. 20  
 These studious, unambitious Things, in brief,  
 Wou'd fit extremely well a College-life,  
 And when the God of Flow'rs a Charter grants  
 Admission shall be given to these Plants ;  
 Kings shou'd have Plenty, and superfluous Store,  
 Whilst Thriftiness becomes the Poor.  
 Hence Spring himself does chiefly me regard :  
 Will any Flower refuse to stand to his Award ?  
 Me for whole Months he does retain,  
 And keeps me by him all his Reign ; 30  
 Caress'd by Spring, the Season of the Year,  
 Which before all to Love is dear.

### The ROSE.

AND who can doubt *my* Race, says she,  
 Who on my Face Love's Tokens see ?  
 The God of Love is always soft, and always young,  
 I am the same, then to his Blood what Wrong ?  
 My Brother winged does appear ;  
 I Leaves instead of Wings do wear ;  
 He's drawn with lightned Torches in his Hand ;  
 Upon my top bright flaming Glories stand ;  
 The Rose has Prickles, so has Love,  
 Though *these* a little sharper prove ; 10  
 There's nothing in the World above, or this below,  
 But would for *Rosie-colour'd* go ;  
 This is the Dye that still does please  
 Both mortal Maids, and heavenly Goddesses ;

<sup>1</sup> *Horat.* lib. i. Ep. 6. *Lucullus*.

I am the Standard by which Beauty's try'd,  
 The Wish of *Chloe*, and immortal *Juno's* Pride.  
 The bright *Aurora*, Queen of all the *East*,  
 Proud of her Rosie Fingers,<sup>1</sup> is confest ;  
 When from the Gates of Light the rising Day  
 Breaks forth, his constant Rounds to go, 20  
 The winged Hours prepare the Way,  
 And Rosie 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,  
 I greet it posting to the *Western* Shore.  
 The God of Love, we must allow,  
 Shou'd tolerably Beauty know.  
 Yet never from those Cheeks he goes,  
 Where he can spy the blushing Rose. 30  
 Thus the wise Bee will never dwell  
 (*That*, like the God of Love, has Wings ;  
 That too has Honey, that has Stings)  
 On vulgar Flow'rs, that have no grateful  
 Smell.  
 Tell me blest Lover : What's a Kiss,  
 Without a Rosie-Lip create the Bliss ?  
 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. 40  
 Not with a rough and pressing Hand,  
 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,  
 Was I the less design'd for Rule and State ;  
 Let proud ambitious *Floramour*

<sup>1</sup> *Homer* calls her *ροδοδάκτυλος*.

Usurping on the God's immortal Name,  
 Joy to be stil'd the *Everlasting Flower*,<sup>1</sup> 49  
 I ne'er knew yet that Plant that near to *Nestor*<sup>2</sup> came.  
 We too too blest, too powerful shou'd be grown,  
 Which wou'd but Envy raise,  
 If we cou'd say our Beauty were our own,  
 Or boast long Life and many Days.  
 But why shou'd I complain of Fate  
 For giving me so short a Date ?  
 Since Flowers, the Emblems of Mortality,  
 All the same way and manner die.  
 But the kind Gods above forbid,  
 That Virtue e'er a Grave shou'd find ; 60  
 And though the fatal Sisters cut my thread,  
 My Odour, like the Soul, remains behind.  
 To a dead Lion a live Worm's prefer'd,  
 Though once the King of all the savage Herd.  
 After my Death I still excel  
 The best of Flowers that are alive and well ;  
 If that the Name of Dead will bear,  
 From whose meer Corps does come  
 (Like the dead Bodie's still surviving Heir)  
 So sweet a Smell and strong Perfume. 70  
 Let 'em invent a thousand ways  
 My mangled Corps to vex and squeeze,  
 Though in a sweating Limbeck pent,  
 My Ashes shall preserve their scent.  
 Like a dead Monarch to the Grave I come,  
 Nature embalms me in my own Perfume.  
 She spoke, a Virgin-Blush came o're her Face,  
 And an Ambrosian-scent flew round the place ;  
 But that which gave her Words a finer Grace,  
 Not without some Constraint she seem'd to tell her  
 Praise. 80

<sup>1</sup> *Amaranth*.

<sup>2</sup> No Plants so long-liv'd as *Nestor*.

The End of the Third Book.





OF  
PLANTS.—BOOK IV.

[Translated by NAHUM TATE.]

*FLORA, of Flowers.*

**H**appy the Man, whom, from Ambition freed,  
A little Field and little Garden feed.  
The *Field* do's frugal *Nature's* Wants supply,  
The *Garden* furnishes for *Luxury*.  
What farther specious Clogs of Life remain,  
He leaves for Fools to seek, and Knaves to gain.  
This happy Life did th' old *Corycian*<sup>1</sup> choose ;  
A Life deserving *Maro's* noble Muse ;  
This happy Life did wise *Abdolmin*<sup>2</sup> charm,  
The Mighty Monarch of a little Farm. 10  
While houghing Weeds that on his Walks encroach'd,  
Great *Alexander's* Messenger approach'd ;  
Receive, said he, the *Ensigns* of a Crown,  
A Scepter, Mitre, and *Sidonian* Gown :  
To Empire call'd, unwillingly he goes,  
And longing Looks back on his Cottage throws.  
Thus *Aglau's*<sup>3</sup> 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 than I ?  
Thus challeng'd he the *Delphick* Deity :  
Yes ; *Aglau's*, the plain-dealing God reply'd :  
*Aglau's* ? Who's he ? th' angry Monarch cry'd.  
Say, is there any King so call'd ? there's none,  
No King was ever by that Title known.  
Or any great Commander of that Name,  
Or *Heroe*, who with Gods 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 *Aglau's* : Who's this *Aglau's* then ?  
At last, in the retir'd *Arcadian* Plains,  
(Silence and Shades surround *Arcadian* Swains)  
Near<sup>4</sup> *Psophis* Town (where he but once had been)  
At Plow, this Man of Happiness was seen.

<sup>1</sup> *Virg. Georg.* iv.                      <sup>2</sup> *Q. Curt.* l. 4.  
<sup>3</sup> *Val. Max., Plin.* vii. 46.        <sup>4</sup> *Ovid., Stat.*

In this Retirement was that *Aglau's* found,  
Envy'd by Kings, and by a God renown'd.  
Almighty Pow'r, if lawful it may be,  
Among 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 useless Toil be blest,  
My long-toss'd Barque in that calm Station rest.

*BELL-FLOWERS.*

**N**Ext comes the Flow'r in Figure of a Bell,<sup>1</sup>  
Thy sportive meaning, Nature, who can tell :  
In these what Musick, *Flora*, dost thou find ?  
Say for what jocund Rites they are design'd.  
By us these Bells are never heard to sound,  
Our Ears are dull, and stupid is our Mind,  
Nature is all a Riddle to Mankind.  
Some Flow'rs give Men as well as God delight,  
These qualife nor Smell nor Taste, nor Sight ;  
Why therefore should not our fifth Sense<sup>2</sup> be serv'd ? 10  
Or is that Pleasure for the Gods reserv'd ?  
But of all *Bell-Flow'rs* *Bindweed*<sup>3</sup> do's surpass,  
Of brighter Metal than *Corinthian* Brass.  
My *Muse* grows hoarse and can no longer sing,  
But, *Throat-Wort*, haste her kind Relief to bring ;  
The Colleges with Dignity enstal  
This Flow'r ; at *Rome* he is a Cardinal.<sup>4</sup>  
The *Fox-Glove*<sup>5</sup> on fair *Flora's* Hand is worn,  
Lest, while she gathers Flow'r's, she meet a Thorn.  
*Love-Apple*,<sup>6</sup> though its Flow'rs less fair appears, 20  
It's golden Fruit deserves the Name it bears.  
But this is new in Love, where the true Crop  
Proves nothing ; all the pleasure was i' th' Hope.

<sup>1</sup> *Bell-Flowers, Campanula.*  
<sup>2</sup> The Hearing.  
<sup>3</sup> Call'd great *Bind-Weed*, or great *Bell-Flower*.  
<sup>4</sup> In Latin call'd *Flos Cardinalis*.  
<sup>5</sup> *Flos Digitalis*, from resembling a Glove.  
<sup>6</sup> *Pomum Amoris*.

The *Indian Flow'ry-Reed*<sup>1</sup> in Figure vies,  
And Lustre, with the *Cancer* of the Skies.

The *Indian-Cress*,<sup>2</sup> our Climate now do's bear,  
Call'd *Larks-heel*, 'cause he wears a Horse-man'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 : 30  
So *Castor* mounted spurs his Steed away.  
This Warriour sure has in some Battel been,  
For spots of Blood upon his Breast are seen.  
Had *Ovid* seen him, how would he have told  
His History, a Task for me too bold ;  
His Race at large and Fortune had exprest,  
And whence those bleeding Signals on thy Brest.  
From later *Bards* such Mysteries are hid,  
Nor do's the God inspire, as heretofore he did.

### PASSION-FLOWER.

THEE, *Maracot*,<sup>3</sup> a much more sacred Cause  
From these profane ridic'ulous Rites withdraws ;  
With Signals of a real God adorn'd,  
Poets and Painter's Gods by thee are scorn'd :  
T' unfold the Emblems of this mystick Flow'r,  
Transcends (alas) my feeble *Muse's* Pow'r  
But Nature sure by chance did ne'er bestow  
A Form so diff'rent from all Plants that grow.  
Enrob'd with ten white Leaves, the proper Dress,  
Of Virgins chast and sacred Priestesses. 10  
Twice round her twofold Selvedge you may view  
A purple Ring, the sacred Martyr's Hue.  
Thick sprouting Stems of ruddy *Saffron-Grain*  
Strive to conceal the Flow'r, but strive in vain ;  
This Coronet of Ruby Spikes compos'd,  
The thorny Blood-stain'd Crown may be suppos'd :  
The Blood-stain'd Pillar too a curious Eye  
May there behold, and if you closely pry,  
The Sponge, the Nails, the Scourge thereon you'll spy,  
And Knobs resembling a Crown'd Head descry. 20  
So deep in Earth the Root descends, you'd swear,  
It meant to visit Hell, and triumph there ;  
In every Soil it grows, as if it meant  
To stretch its Conquest to the World's extent.

### SUN-FLOWER.<sup>4</sup>

IF by the Rules of Nature we proceed,  
And Likeness to the Sire must prove the Breed ;  
Believe me, Sirs, when *Phæbus* looks on you,  
He scarce can think his Spouse, the Earth, was true.

<sup>1</sup> *Canna Indica*, or *Flos Cancræ*.

<sup>2</sup> *Nasturtium Indicum*, *Delphinium luteum*.

<sup>3</sup> *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 discern'd by Men of Senses not so fine as they.

<sup>4</sup> *Chrysanthemum Peruvianum*.

No sooner can his Eye on me be thrown,  
But he by *Styx*<sup>1</sup> will swear I am his own.  
My Orb-like golden Aspect bound with Rays,  
The very Picture of his Face displays.  
Among the Stars, long since, I should have place,  
Had not my Mother been of mortal Race. 10  
Presume not then, ye Earth-born *Mushroom*-Brood,  
To call me Brother—I derive my Blood  
From *Phæbus* self, which by my Form I prove,  
And (more than by my Form) my filial Love.  
I still adore my Sire with prostrate Face,  
Turn where he turns, and all his Motions trace ;  
Who seeing this, (all things he sees) decreed  
To you his doubtful, if not spurious, Breed,  
These poorer Climes, to be in Dow'r enjoy'd,  
Of that divine *Phæbean* Metal void ; 20  
On me that richer Soil<sup>2</sup> he did bestow,  
Where Gold, the Product of his Beams, does grow.  
Amongst his Treasures well might he assign  
A place for me, his like and living Coin.  
He said, and bowing twice his Head, with Grace,  
To *Flora*, thrice to 's Sire, resum'd his Place,

### FLORA'S VERDICT.

AMONGST the Miracles of ancient *Rome*,  
When *Cineas* thither did as Envoy come,  
Th' August and purpl'd Senate he admir'd,  
View'd 'em, and if they all were Kings, enquir'd ?  
So I, in all this num'rous Throng, must own  
I see no Head but what deserves a Crown.  
On what *one* Flow'r can I bestow my Voice,  
Where *equal* Merits so distract my Choice ?  
Be rul'd by me, the envious Title wave,  
Let no one *claim* what all deserve to *have*, 10  
Consider how from *Roman*-Race we spring,  
Whose Laws, you know, wou'd ne'er permit a *King*.  
Can I, who am a *Roman* Deity,  
A haughty *Tarquin* in my Garden see ?  
Ev'n your own Tribes, if I remember right,  
Rejoyc'd when they beheld the Tyrant's flight.  
With *Gabine* slaughter big, think how he slew  
The fairest Flow'rs that in his Plat-forms grew ;  
*Mankind* and *you*, how he alike annoy'd,  
And both with sportive Cruelty destroy'd. 20  
You, who are Lords of Earth as well as they,  
Shou'd Free-born *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,  
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,

<sup>1</sup> The usual Oath of the Gods.

<sup>2</sup> *America*, where grow the largest *Sun-Flowers*.

The vernal *Pratorship*, thou, *Tulip* take :  
*Jove's* Flow'r<sup>1</sup> the Summer, *Crocus*<sup>2</sup> Autumn sway,  
Let Winter warlike *Hellebore* obey.  
Honour's the sole Reward that can accrue,

30

Tho' short your Office, to your Charge be true.  
Your Life is short—the Goddess ended here.  
The Chosen, with her Verdict pleas'd appear ;  
The rest with Hope to speed another Year.

<sup>1</sup> *July-Flowers.*

<sup>2</sup> *Saffron.*

The End of the Fourth Book.







OF  
PLANTS.—BOOK V.

[Translated by Nahum Tate.]

*HAZEL.*

**T**He *Hazel* with light Forces marches up,  
The first in Field, upon whose nutty Top  
A Squirrel sits, and wants no other Shade  
Than what by his own spreading Tail is made ;  
He culls the soundest, dext'rously picks out  
The Kernels sweet, and throws the Shells about.  
You see, *Pomona* cries, the cloister'd Fruit,  
That with your Tooth, *Silenus*, does not suit.  
That therefore useless 'tis, you cannot say,  
It serves our Youths at once for Food and Play ; 10  
But while such Toys, my Lads, you use too long,  
Expecting Virgins think you do 'em Wrong :  
'Tis time that you these childish Sports forsake,  
*Hymen* for you has other Nuts to crack.  
O Plant, most fit for Boys to patronize  
(Says *Bacchus*) who my gen'rous Juice despise,  
A restive Fruit, by Nature made to grace  
The Monky's Jaws and humour the Grimace.  
The sudden Gibe made sober *Pallas* smile  
Who thus proceeds in a more serious Stile. 20  
A strong and wondrous Enmity we find  
In Hazle-tree 'gainst Poisons of all kind,  
More wondrous their Magnetick Sympathy,  
That secret Beds of Metals<sup>1</sup> can descry,  
And point directly where hid Treasures lie.  
In search of Golden Mines a Hazle Wand  
The wise Diviner takes in his Right-Hand :  
In vain, alas ! he casts his Eyes about,  
To find the rich and secret Mansions out,  
Which yet, when near, shall with a force Divine, 30  
The Top of the suspended Wand incline.  
So strong the Sense of Gain, that it affects  
The very lifeless Twig, who strait reflects  
His trembling Head, and eager for th' Embrace,  
Directly tends to the Magnetick Place.  
What Wonder then so strange Effects confound  
The Minds of Men, in Mists of Errorr drown'd ;  
It puzzled me, who was at *Athens* bred,  
Ev'n me the Off-spring of great *Jove's* own Head.

<sup>1</sup> Of this is made the Divining Rod with which they pretend to discover Mines. *Bapt. Port. Schrod.*

*CHESNUT and PINE.*

**T**He shady *Chesnut* next her Claim puts in,  
Though seldom she is in our Gardens seen.  
So coarse her Fare, that 'tis no small Dispute,  
If Nuts or Acorns we shou'd call her Fruit ;  
So vile, the Gods from Mirth cou'd not forbear  
To see such Kernels such strong Armour wear ;  
First, with a linty Wad wrapt close about,  
(Useful to keep green Wounds from gushing out)  
Her next defence of solid Wood is made.  
The third has Spikes that can her foes invade.  
*Thersites*, sure, no greater Sport cou'd make ;  
With *Ajax* sev'n-fold Shield upon his Back.  
  
The *Pine* with awful Rev'rence next did rise  
Above Contempt, and almost touch'd the Skies :  
Carv'd in his sacred Bark,<sup>1</sup> he wore beside  
Great *Maro's* Words, to justifie his Pride :  
*Pan* own'd th' approaching Plant, and bowing low  
His Pine-wreath'd Head, but just Respect did show.  
Were *Neptune* present he had done the same,  
To that fair Plant that in his *Isthmian* Game 20  
The Victor crowns, whose loud Applauses he  
With equal Transport hears in either Sea.  
*Neptune*, of other Plants, no Lover seems,  
But with good Reason, he the *Pine* esteems ;  
The *Pine* alone has Courage to remove  
From 's native Hills (where long with Winds he strove  
In Youth) on watry Mountains<sup>2</sup> to engage  
With's naked Timber fiercer Tempests' rage.  
In vain were Floods to Plants and Men deny'd  
In vain design'd for Fishes to reside, 30  
Since Nature's Laws by Art are overcome,  
And Men with Ships makes Seas their native Home.  
But of all Pines Mount *Ida* bears the best,  
By *Cybele*<sup>3</sup> 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

<sup>1</sup> *Pulcherrima Pinus in hortis.* Virg. Ecl.

<sup>2</sup> Being made into Masts for Ships.

<sup>3</sup> *Atys*, reported for the sake of Chastity to have made himself an Eunuch. *Ovid. Met. ro. Juven.*

His Fruit delaying *Venus* now excites  
 His Wood affords the Torch which *Hymen* lights.  
*Ia*,<sup>1</sup> for whom her Father, of *White-thorn*, 40  
 A Torch prepar'd e'er *Pine* by Brides was born ;  
 When she shou'd meet her long expected Joy  
 Embrac'd the *Pine-tree* for her lovely Boy.  
 Dire change ! yet cannot from his Trunk retire  
 But languishes away with vain Desire :  
 Till *Cybele* afforded her Relief,  
 (Her Rival once, now Partner in her Grief)  
 Transform'd her to the bitter *Almond-tree*,<sup>2</sup>  
 Whose Fruit seems still with Sorrow to agree.  
 Her Sister, who the dreadful Change did mark, 50  
 Strove with her Hands to stop the spreading Bark ;  
 But while the pious Office she perform'd,  
 In the same manner found her self transform'd.  
 But, as her Grief was less severe, we find  
 Her *Almond sweet*,<sup>3</sup> and of a milder kind.  
 Thus did this Plant into her Arms receive  
 Th' unfortunate, and more than once relieve.  
 Poor *Phyllis* thus *Demophoon's* Absence mourn'd,  
 Till she into an *Almond-Tree* was turn'd.  
 Thus *Phyllis* vanish'd ; *Ceres* saw her bloom, 60  
 And prophesi'd a fruitful Year<sup>4</sup> to come.

### PALM.

**B**UT Nymph, retire, triumphant *Palm* appears,  
 She thrives the more the greater Weight she  
 bears ;  
 No Pressure for her Courage is too hard,  
 Of Virtue both th' Example and Reward.  
 She flourish'd once in *Solymean* Ground,<sup>5</sup>  
 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,  
*Nemea* *Smallage*, *Pines* the *Isthmian* Fields ; 10  
 But all breed *Palms*, the Prize of Victory.  
 All lands in Honour of the *Palm* agree,  
 And 'tis but the just Tribute of her Worth,  
 Virtue no fairer Image has on Earth.  
 Her Verdure she inviolate does hold,  
 In spite of *Summer's* Heat and *Winter's* Cold.  
 Opprest with Weight she from the Earth does rise,  
 And bears her Load in Triumph to the Skies.  
 What various Benefits<sup>6</sup> does she impart  
 To Human-kind ! her Wine revives the Heart ; 20  
 Her Dates rich Banquets to our Tables send,  
 At once to Pleasure, and to Health a Friend.

<sup>1</sup> The Daughter of *Midas*, espous'd to *Atys*. *Arnob.*

<sup>2</sup> The Bitter Almond.

<sup>3</sup> Sweet-Almond.

<sup>4</sup> *Virg. Georg. i.*

<sup>5</sup> *Judea.*

<sup>6</sup> *Strabo* relates that the *Babylonians* used a Song that recited Three Hundred and Sixty Benefits of the *Palm* or *Date-Tree*.

A Lover true, and well to *love* and *serve*  
 Is Virtue's noble Task, and does the *Palm* deserve.  
*Evadne*,<sup>1</sup> who a willing Victim prov'd,  
 Nor chast *Alcestis*<sup>2</sup> so her Husband lov'd,  
 As does the Female *Palm* her Male, her Arms  
 To him are stretch'd with most endearing Charms.  
 Nor stops their Passion here ; like Lovers, they  
 To more retir'd Endearments find the way ; 30  
 In Earth's cold Bed their am'rous Roots are found,  
 In close Embraces twining under ground.

### VINE.

**H**AIL, *Bacchus* ! hail, thou powerful God of Wine,  
 Hail, *Bacchus*, hail, here comes thy darling *Vine* !  
 Drunk with her own rich Juice, she cannot stand,  
 But comes supported by her Husband's Hand ;  
 The lusty *Elm* supports her stagg'ring Tree,  
 My best-lov'd Plant, how am I charm'd with thee !  
 Bow down thy juicy Clusters to my Lip,  
 Thy Nectar-Sweets I wou'd not lightly sip,  
 But drink thee deep, drink till my Veins were swell'd,  
 Drink till my Soul with Joys and thee were fill'd. 10  
 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)  
 To place him on Mount *Ismarus*, or where  
*Campanian* Hills the sweetest Clusters bear,  
 Where Grapes, twice ripen'd, twice concocted grow  
 With *Phæbus*' Beams above, *Vesuvius*' Flames below.  
 Or in the fortunate *Canarian* Isles,  
 Or where *Burgundia's* purple Vintage smiles. 20  
 '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*,  
 And with his grateful Voice discharge agen  
 The Deity, which with his Mouth he drank so largely in.  
 O vital Tree, what blessings dost thou send !  
 Love, Wit and Eloquence on thee attend ;  
 Mirth, Sports, green Hopes, ripe Joys and Martial Fire,  
 These are thy Fruits, thy Clusters these inspire. 30  
 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.  
 'Tis true, they'll rally and renew the War,  
 But 'tis when thou, our Cordial, art not by ;  
 They watch their Time and take us when w' are dry.  
 Thou mak'st the Captive to forget his Chain,  
 By thee the Bankrupt is enrich'd again ;  
 The Exul thou restor'st, the Candidate 40  
 Without the People's Vote thou dost create,  
 And mak'st him a *Caninian*<sup>3</sup> Magistrate,

<sup>1</sup> Leaping into the Flame of his Funeral-Pile.

<sup>2</sup> Who died in her Husband *Admetus's* stead.

<sup>3</sup> *Caninius* was Consul but seven Hours, dying the same Day he was chosen.

Like kind *Vespasian* thou Mankind mak'st glad,  
 None from thy Presence e'er departed sad.  
 What more can be to *Wisdom's* School assign'd,  
 Than from prevailing Mists to purge the Mind?  
 From thee the best Philosophy does spring,  
 Thou canst exalt the Beggar to a King ;  
 Th' unletter'd Peasant, who can compass thee,  
 As much as *Cato* knows, and is as great as he. 50  
 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,  
 And make it in full Streams of Wine more smoothly pass  
 away.

### *Cocoa and Metta.*

THE *Cacao's* Owner any thing may buy,  
 But he that has the *Metta*, may supply  
 Himself with almost all Things he can want,  
 From *Metta's* almost all-sufficient Plant ;  
*Metta* to pass as Money does despise,  
 Or Traffick serve, itself is Merchandize.  
 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*, 9  
 Are wholesome Food ; for Garments serve when *strong* ;  
 Not only so, but, to make up the Cloath,<sup>1</sup>  
 They furnish you with Thread and Needle both.  
 What though her Native Soil with drought is curst,  
 Cut but her Bark, and you may slake your Thirst,  
 A sudden Spring will in the Wound appear,  
 Which through streight Passes strein'd comes forth more  
 clear ;  
 And though through long *Meanders* of the Veins  
 'Tis carry'd, yet no vicious Hue retains ;  
 Limpid and sweet the Virgin-stream remains.  
 These Gifts for Nature might sufficient be, 20  
 But, Bounteous *Metta*, seem'd too small for thee ;  
 Thou gratifi'st our very Luxury.  
 For liqu'rish Palates Honey thou dost bear,  
 For those whose Gust wants quickning, Vinegar.  
 But these are Trifles, thou dost Wine impart,  
 That drives dull Care and Trouble from the Heart.  
 If any Wretch of Poverty complains,  
 Thou pour'st a golden Stream into his Veins.  
 The poorest *Indian* still is rich in thee,  
 In spite of *Spanish* Conquests still is free ; 30  
 The *Spaniard's* King is not so blest as he.  
 If any doubts the Liquor to be Wine,  
 Because no Crystal Water looks more fine,  
 Let him but drink, he'll find the weak Nymph fled,  
 And potent *Bacchus* enter'd in her stead,  
 To all these Gifts of Luxury and Wealth,  
 Thou giv'st us sov'reign Med'cines too for Health ;

<sup>1</sup> The Thorn growing at the end of each Leaf, which together with the stringy Part joyning to it, is used in manner of a Needle and Thread to sew withal.

Choice Balm from thy concocted Bark breaks forth ;  
 Thou shedst no Tear, but 'tis of greater Worth  
 Than fairest Gems ; no Lover more can prize 40  
 The Tears in his consenting Mistress' Eyes,  
 When in his Arms the panting Virgin lies ;  
 No Antidote affords more present Aid,  
 'Gainst doubly mortal Wounds by pois'nous Arrows  
 made.

Almost all Needs thou *Metta* dost supply,  
 Yet must not therefore bear thy self too high ;  
 While th' all-sufficient *Coccus-Tree* is by,  
 To *Coccus* thou must yield the Victory.  
 While she preserves this *Indian* Palm alone,  
*America* can never be undone ; 50  
 Embowel'd and of all her Gold bereft,  
 Her Liberty and *Coccus* only left,  
 She's richer than the *Spaniard* with his Theft.  
 What senseless Miser by the Gods abhorr'd,  
 Wou'd covet more than *Coccus* doth afford?  
 House, Garments, Beds and Boards, ev'n while we dine,  
 Supplies both Meat and Dish, both Cup and Wine.  
 Oil, Honey, Milk, the Stomach to delight,  
 And poignant Sawce to whet the Appetite.  
 Nor is her Service to the Land confin'd : 60  
 For Ships intire compos'd of her we find ;  
 Sails, Tackle, Timber, Cables, Ribs and Mast,  
 Wherewith the Vessel fitted up, at last  
 With her own Ware is freighted, all she bears  
 Is *Coccus* Growth, except her Mariners ;  
 Nor need we ev'n her Mariners exclude,  
 Who from the *Coco-Nut* have all their food.

### *America : Phæbus speaks.*

THAT Gold which *Europe* ravish'd from your Coast,  
 O'er *Europe*, now a Tyrant's Pow'r does boast.  
 Already has more Mischiefs brought on *Spain*  
 Than from insulting *Spaniards* you sustain.  
 Where'er it comes all Laws are straight dissolv'd,  
 In gen'ral Ruin all Things are involv'd :  
 No Land can breed a more destructive Pest.  
 Grieve not that of your Bane you're disposses't  
 Call in more *Spaniards* to remove the rest.  
 The fatal *Helen* drive from your Abodes, 10  
 Th' *Erinnys* that has set both Worlds at odds.  
 Fire, Sword, and Slaughter on her Footsteps wait ;  
 Whole Empires she betrays to utmost Fate.  
 Mean while these Benefits of Life you reap ;  
 Consider, and you 'll find th' Exchange was cheap.  
 Your former salvage Customs are remov'd,  
 The Manners of your Men and Gods improv'd ;  
 With human Flesh no more they shall be fed ;  
 Whether dire Famine first that Practice bred,  
 Or more detested Luxury— 20  
 Not long shalt thou *Vitnilipulli* feed  
 On bloody Feasts, or smoak thy *Indian* Weed ;  
 E'er long (like Us) with pure Ambrosial Fare  
 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 plow the Earth, to plow the very Main,  
 And traffick with the Universe maintain ;  
 Defensive Arms and Ornaments of Dress,  
 All Implements of Life you now possess, 30  
 To you the Arts of War and Peace are known,  
 And whole *Minerva* is become your own.  
 Our Muses to your Sires an unknown Band,  
 Already have got footing in your Land,  
 And like the Soil—  
*Incas* already have Historians been,  
 And *Inca*-Poets shall e're long be seen.  
 But (if I fail not in my Augury  
 And who can better judge Events than I?)  
 Long rowling Years shall late bring on the Times, 40  
 When with your Gold debauch'd and ripen'd Crimes,  
*Europe* (the World's most noble Part) shall fall,  
 Upon her banish'd Gods and Vertue call

In vain ; while foreign and domestick War  
 At once shall her distracted Bosom tear ?  
 Forlorn, and to be pity'd ev'n by you—  
 Mean while your rising Glory you shall view ;  
 Wit, Learning, Virtue, Discipline of War,  
 Shall for Protection to your World repair,  
 And fix a long illustrious Empire there. 50  
 Your native Gold (I would not have it so  
 But fear th' Event) in time will follow too :  
 O, should that fatal Prize return once more,  
 'Twill hurt your 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 *Motzum's*, or *Guanapaci's* Court ;  
 But such true Grandeur as old *Rome* maintain'd,  
 Where Fortune was a Slave, and Virtue reign'd. 60

The End of the Fifth Book ;

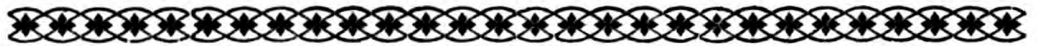
and

End of the

V E R S E.







PROSE.



I.

A Proposition for the Advancement of  
Experimental Philosophy.

1661.



## NOTE.

OPPOSITE is the original title-page. By recurrence to the Author's own edition, the 'Preface'—which is in itself a charming Essay—is recovered. Strangely enough, in all after-editions—even in the 'Bayard'—it has been overlooked, and the 'Proposition' commenced abruptly with 'The College. That, etc. . . .' We reproduce the Author's own text in integrity. See our Memorial-Introduction (II. Critical) on this anticipation of our present-day efforts for the Endowment of Research.

G.



A  
Proposition  
FOR THE  
Advancement  
OF  
LEARNING.

By A. COWLEY.

*Virg.—O Fortunati quorum jam Mænia  
Surgunt!*

LONDON,  
Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman,  
and are to be sold at his Shop at the  
Blew *Anchor* in the Lower-Walk of  
the New-Exchange, 1661.  
(12mo.)







## The Preface.

**A**LL Knowledge must either be of God, or of his Creatures, that is, of Nature; the first is called from the object, Divinity; the latter, Natural Philosophy, and is divided into the Contemplation of the Immediate or Mediate Creatures of God, that is, the Creatures of his Creature Man. Of this latter kind are all Arts for the use of Humane Life, which are thus again divided: Some are purely Humane, or made by Man alone, and as it were intirely spun out of himself, without relation to other Creatures; such are Grammar and Logick, to improve his Natural Qualities of Internal and External Speech; as likewise Rhetorick and Politicks (or Law) to fulfill and exalt his Natural Inclination to Society. Other are mixt, and are Man's Creatures no otherwise then by the Result which he effects by Conjunction and application of the Creatures of God. Of these parts of Philosophy, that which treats of God Almighty, (properly called Divinity) which is almost only to be sought out of his revealed will, and therefore requires only the diligent and pious study of this, and of the best Interpreters upon it; and that part which I call purely Humane, depending solely upon Memory and Wit, that is, Reading and Invention, are both excellently well provided for by the Constitution of our Universities. But the other two Parts, the Inquisition into the Nature of God's Creatures, and the Application of them to Humane Uses (especially the latter) seem to be very slenderly provided for, or rather almost totally neglected, except only some small assistances to Physick, and the Mathematicks. And therefore the Founders of our Colledges have taken ample care to supply the Students with multitude of Books, and to appoint Tutors and frequent Exercises, the one to interpret, and the other to confirm their Reading, as also to afford them sufficient plenty and leisure for the opportunities of their private study, that the Beams which they receive by Lecture may be doubled by Reflections of their own Wit: But towards the Observation and Application, as I said, of the Lectures themselves, have allowed no Instruments, Materials, or Conveniences. Partly, because the necessary expence thereof is much greater, then of the other;

and partly from that idle and pernicious opinion which had long possess the World, that all things to be searcht in Nature, had been already found and discovered by the Ancients, and that it were a folly to travel about for that which others had before brought home to us. And the great Importer of all Truths, they took to be Aristotle, as if (as Macrobius speaks foolishly of Hippocrates) he could neither deceive nor be deceived, or as if there had been not only no Lies in him, but all Verities. O true Philosophers in one sence! and contented with a very Little! Not that I would disparage the admirable Wit, and worthy labours of many of the Ancients, much less of Aristotle, the most eminent among them; but it were madness to imagine that the Cisterns of men should afford us as much, and as wholesome Waters, as the Fountains of Nature. As we understand the manners of men by conversation among them, and not by reading Romances, the same is our case in the true Apprehension and Judgement of Things. And no man can hope to make himself as rich by stealing out of others Truncks, as he might by opening and digging of new Mines. If he conceive that all are already exhausted, let him consider that many lightly thought so hundred years ago, and yet nevertheless since that time whole Regions of Art have been discovered, which the Ancients as little dreamt of as they did of America. There is yet many a Terra Incognita behind, to exercise our diligence, and let us exercise it never so much, we shall leave work enough too for our Posterity.

This therefore being laid down as a certain Foundation, that we must not content ourselves with that Inheritance of Knowledge which is left us by the labours and bounty of our Ancestors, but seek to improve these very grounds, and adde to them new and greater Purchases; it remains to be considered by what means we are most likely to attain the ends of this vertuous Covetousness.

And certainly the solitary and inactive Contemplation of Nature, by the most ingenious Persons living, in their own private Studies, can never effect it. Our Reasoning Faculty as well as Fancy, does but Dream, when it is not guided by sensible objects. We shall compound

where Nature has divided, and divide where Nature has compounded, and create nothing but either Deformed Monsters, or at best pretty but impossible Mermaids. 'Tis like Painting by Memory and Imagination which can never produce a Picture to the life. Many Persons of admirable abilities (if they had been wisely managed and profitably employed) have spent their whole time and diligence in commentating upon Aristotle's Philosophy, who could never go beyond him, because their design was only to follow; not grasp, or lay hold on, or so much as touch Nature, because they caught only at the shadow of her in their own Brains. And therefore we see that for above a thousand years together nothing almost of Ornament or Advantage was added to the Uses of Humane Society, except only Guns and Printing, whereas since the industry of Men has ventured to go abroad, out of Books and out of themselves, and to

work among God's Creatures, instead of Playing among their own, every age has abounded with excellent Inventions, and every year perhaps might do so, if a considerable number of select Persons were set apart, and well directed, and plentifully provided for the search of them. But our Universities having been founded in these former times, that I complain of, it is no wonder if they be defective in their Constitution as to this way of Learning, which was not then thought on.

For the supplying of which Defect, it is humbly proposed to his Sacred Majesty, his most Honourable Parliament, and Privy Council, and to all such of his Subjects as are willing and able to contribute any thing towards the advancement of real and useful Learning, that by their Authority, Encouragement, Patronage, and Bounty, a Philosophical Colledge may be erected, after this ensuing, or some such like Model.





A

## PROPOSITION

For the Advancement of

### *Experimental Philosophy.*

#### *The COLLEDGE.*

THAT the Philosophical Colledge be situated within one, two, or (at farthest) three miles of *London*, and, if it be possible to find that convenience, upon the side of the River, or very near it.

That the Revenue of this Colledge amount to four thousand pounds a Year.

That the Company receiv'd into it be as follows.

1. Twenty Philosophers or Professors. 2. Sixteen young Scholars, Servants to the Professors. 3. A Chaplain. 4. A Baily for the Revenue. 5. A Manciple or Purveyour for the provisions of the House. 6. Two Gardeners. 7. A Master-Cook. 8. An Under-Cook. 9. A Butler. 10. An Under-Butler. 11. A Chirurgeon, 12. Two Lungs, or Chymical Servants. 13. A Library-keeper, who is likewise to be Apothecary, Druggist, and Keeper of Instruments, Engines, etc. 14. An Officer to feed and take care of all Beasts, Fowl, etc. kept by the Colledge. 15. A Groom of the Stable. 16. A Messenger to send up and down for all uses of the Colledge. 17. Four old Women to tend the Chambers, keep the House clean, and such like services.

That the annual Allowance for this Company be as follows. 1. To every Professor, and to the Chaplain, one hundred and twenty Pounds. 2. To the sixteen Scholars £20 a piece, £10 for their diet, and £10 for their Entertainment. 3. To the Baily £30, besides allowance for his Journeys. 4. To the Purveyour or Manciple, thirty pounds. 5. To each of the Gardeners, twenty Pounds. 6. To the Master-Cook twenty Pounds. 7. To the Under-Cook, four Pounds. 8. To the Butler, ten Pounds. 9. To the Under-Butler, four Pounds. 10. To the Chirurgeon, thirty Pounds. 11. To the Library-keeper thirty Pounds. 12. To each of the Lungs, twelve Pounds. 13. To the Keeper of the Beasts, six Pounds. 14. To the Groom, five Pounds.

15. To the Messenger, twelve Pounds. 16. To the four necessary Women, ten Pounds. For the Manciples Table at which all the Servants of the House are to eat, except the Scholars, one hundred sixty Pounds. For 3 Horse for the Service of the Colledge, thirty Pounds.

All which amounts to three thousand two hundred eighty five Pounds. So that there remains for keeping of the House and Gardens, and Operatories, and Instruments, and Animals, and Experiments of all sorts, and all other expences, seven hundred & fifteen Pounds.

Which were a very inconsiderable sum for the great uses to which it is design'd, but that I conceive the Industry of the Colledge will in a short time so enrich it self, as to get a far better Stock for the advance and enlargement of the work, when it is once begun; neither is the continuance of particular mens liberality to be despaired of, when it shall be encouraged by the sight of that publick benefit which will accrue to all Mankind, and chiefly to our Nation, by this Foundation. Something likewise will arise from Leases, and other Casualties; that nothing of which may be diverted to the private gain of the Professors, or any other use besides that of the search of Nature, and by it the general good of the world, and that care may be taken for the certain performance of all things ordained by the Institution, as likewise for the protection and encouragement of the Company, it is proposed,

That some Person of Eminent Quality, a Lover of solid Learning, and no Stranger in it, be chosen Chancellour or President of the Colledge, and that eight Governours more, men qualified in the like manner, be joynd with him, two of which shall yearly be appointed Visitors of the Colledge, and receive an exact account of all expences, even to the smallest, and of the true estat<sup>e</sup> of the publick Treasure, under the hands and oaths of the Professors Resident.

That the choice of the Professors, in any vacancy, belong to the Chancellour and the Governours, but

that the Professors (who are likeliest to know what men of the Nation are most proper for the duties of their Society) direct their choice, by recommending two or three Persons to them at every Election. And that if any learned Person within his Majesty's Dominions discover or eminently improve any useful kind of knowledge, he may upon that ground, for his reward and the encouragement of others, be preferr'd, if he pretend to the place, before any body else.

That the Governours have power to turn out any Professor, who shall be proved to be either scandalous or unprofitable to the Society.

That the Colledge be built after this, or some such manner: That it consist of three fair Quadrangular Courts, and three large grounds, enclosed with good walls behind them. That the first Court be built with a fair Cloyster, and the Professors Lodgings, or rather little Houses, four on each side, at some Distance from one another, and with little Gardens behind them, just after the manner of the Chartreux beyond Sea. That the inside of the Cloyster be lined with a Gravel-walk, and that walk with a row of Trees, and that in the middle there be a Parterre of Flowers, and a Fountain.

That the second Quadrangle just behind the first, be so contrived, as to contain these parts. 1. A Chappel. 2. A Hall, with two long Tables on each side, for the Scholars and Officers of the House to eat at, and with a Pulpit and Forms at the end for the publick Lectures. 3. A large and pleasant Dining-Room within the Hall for the Professors to eat in, and to hold their Assemblies and Conferences. 4. A publick School-house. 5. A Library. 6. A Gallery to walk in, adorned with the Pictures or Statues of all the Inventors of any thing useful to Humane Life; as Printing, Guns, *America*, &c. and of late in Anatomy, the Circulation of the Blood, the Milky Veins, and such like discoveries in any Art, with short Elogies under the Portraits: As likewise the Figures of all sorts of Creatures, and the stuf skins of as many strange Animals as can be gotten. An Anatomy Chamber adorned with Skeletons and Anatomical Pictures, and prepared with all conveniences for Dissection. 8. A Chamber for all manner of Druggs, and Apothecaries Materials. 9. A Mathematical Chamber furnisht with all sorts of Mathematical Instruments, being an Appendix to the Library. 10. Lodgings for the Chaplain, Chirurgeon, Library-keeper and Purveyor, near the Chappel, Anatomy Chamber, Library and Hall.

That the third Court be on one side of these, very large, but meanly built, being designed only for use and not for beauty too, as the others. That it contain the Kitchen, Butteries, Brew-house, Bake-house, Dairy, Lardry, Stables, &c. and especially great Laboratories for Chymical Operations, and Lodgings for the Under-Servants.

That behind the second Court be placed the Garden, containing all sorts of Plants that our Soil will bear, and at the end a little House of pleasure, a Lodge for the Gardener, and a Grove of Trees cut out into Walks.

That the second enclosed ground be a Garden,

destin'd only to the tryal of all manner of Experiments concerning Plants, as their Melioration, Acceleration, Retardation, Conservation, Composition, Transmutation, Coloration, or whatsoever else can be produced by Art, either for use or curiosity, with a Lodge in it for the Gardener.

That the third Ground be employed in convenient Receptacles for all sorts of Creatures which the Professors shall judge necessary for their more exact search into the Nature of Animals, and the improvement of their Uses to us.

That there be likewise built in some place of the Colledge, where it may serve most for Ornament of the whole, a very high Tower for observation of Celestial Bodies, adorned with all sorts of Dyals and such like Curiosities: and that there be very deep Vaults under ground for Experiments most proper to such places, which will be undoubtedly very many.

Much might be added, but truly I am afraid this is too much already for the Charity or generosity of this age to extend to; and we do not design this after the Model of *Solomon's House* in my Lord *Bacon* (which is a Project of Experiments that can never be Experimented) but propose it within such bounds of Expence as have often been exceeded by the Buildings of private Citizens.

#### *Of the Professors, Scholars, Chaplain, and other Officers.*

THAT of the twenty Professors four be always travelling beyond Seas, and sixteen always Resident, unless by Permission upon extraordinary Occasions, and every one so absent, leaving a Deputy behind him to supply his Duties.

That the four Professors Itinerant be assigned to the four parts of the World, *Europe, Asia, Afrique, and America*, there to reside three years at least, and to give a constant account of all things that belong to the Learning, and especially Natural Experimental Philosophy of those parts.

That the expence of all Dispatches, and all Books, Simples, Animals, Stones, Metals, Minerals, &c. and all curiosities whatsoever, natural or artificial, sent by them to the Colledge, shall be defrayed out of the Treasury, and an additional allowance (above the 120*l*) made to them as soon as the Colledge's Revenue shall be improved.

That at their going abroad they shall take a solemn Oath never to write any thing to the Colledge, but what after very diligent Examination, they shall fully believe to be true, and to confess and recant it as soon as they find themselves in an Error.

That the sixteen Professors Resident shall be bound to study and teach all sorts of Natural, Experimental Philosophy, to consist of the Mathematicks, Mechanicks, Medicine, Anatomy, Chymistry, the History of Animals, Plants, Minerals, Elements, &c. Agriculture, Architecture, Art Military, Navigation, Gardening: The

Mysteries of all Trades and Improvement of them ; the Facture of all Merchandizes, all Natural Magick or Divination ; and briefly all things contained in the Catalogue of Natural Histories annexed to my Lord Bacon's Organon.

That once a Day from *Easter* till *Michaelmas*, and twice a Week from *Michaelmas* to *Easter*, at the hours in the afternoon most convenient for Auditors from *London*, according to the time of the year, there shall be a Lecture read in the Hall, upon such parts of Natural Experimental Philosophy, as the Professors shall agree on among themselves, and as each of them shall be able to perform usefully and honourably.

That two of the Professors by daily, weekly, or monethly turns shall teach the publick Schools, according to the Rules hereafter prescribed.

That all the Professors shall be equal in all respects (except precedency, choice of Lodging, and such like privileges, which shall belong to Seniority in the Colledge) and that all shall be Masters and Treasurers by annual turns, which two Officers for the time being shall take place of all the rest, and shall be *Arbitri duarum Mensarum*.

That the Master shall command all the Officers of the Colledge, appoint Assemblies or Conferences upon occasion, and preside in them with a double voice, and in his absence the Treasurer, whose business is to receive and disburse all moneys, by the Master's order in writing, (if it be an extraordinary) after consent of the other Professors.

That all the Professors shall sup together in the Parlour within the Hall every night, and shall dine there twice a Week (to wit, *Sundays* and *Thursdays*) at two round Tables for the convenience of discourse, which shall be for the most part of such matters as may improve their Studies and Professions, and to keep them from falling into loose or unprofitable talk shall be the duty of the two *Arbitri Mensarum*, who may likewise command any of the Servant-Scholars to read to them what he shall think fit, whilst they are at table : That it shall belong likewise to the *Arbitri Mensarum* only, to invite Strangers, which they shall rarely do, unless they be men of Learning or great Parts, and shall not invite above two at a time to one table, nothing being more vain and unfruitful than numerous Meetings of Acquaintance.

That the Professors Resident shall allow the Colledge twenty Pounds a Year for their Diet, whether they continue there all the time or not.

That they shall have once a week an Assembly or Conference concerning the Affairs of the Colledge, and the progress of their Experimental Philosophy.

That if any one find out any thing which he conceives to be of consequence, he shall communicate it to the Assembly to be examined, experimented, approved or rejected.

That if any one be Author of an Invention that may bring in profit, the third part of it shall belong to the Inventor, and the two other to the Society ; and

besides, if the thing be very considerable, his Statue or Picture with an Elogy under it, shall be placed in the Gallery, and made a Denison of that Corporation of famous Men.

That all the Professors shall be always assigned to some particular Inquisition (besides the ordinary course of their Studies) of which they shall give an account to the Assembly, so that by this means there may be every day some operation or other made in all the Arts, as Chymistry, Anatomy, Mechanicks, and the like, and that the Colledge shall furnish for the charge of the operation.

That there shall be kept a Register under lock and key, and not to be seen but by the Professors, of all the Experiments that succeed, signed by the persons who made the trial.

That the popular and received Errours in Experimental Philosophy (with which, like Weeds in a neglected Garden, it is now almost all over-grown) shall be evinced by tryal, and taken notice of in the publick Lectures, that they may no longer abuse the credulous, and beget new ones by consequence or similitude.

That every third year (after the full settlement of the Foundation) the Colledge shall give an account in Print, in proper and ancient Latine, of the fruits of their triennial Industry.

That every Professor Resident shall have his Scholar to wait upon him in his Chamber and at Table, whom he shall be obliged to breed up in Natural Philosophy, and render an account of his progress to the Assembly, from whose Election he received him, and therefore is responsible to it, both for the care of his Education, and the just and civil usage of him.

That the Scholar shall understand Latine very well, and be moderately initiated in the Greek, before he be capable of being chosen into the Service, and that he shall not remain in it above seven years.

That his Lodging shall be with the Professor whom he serves.

That no Professor shall be a married man, or a Divine, or Lawyer in practice, only Physick he may be allowed to prescribe, because the study of that Art is a great part of the duty of his place, and the duty of that is so great, that it will not suffer him to lose much time in mercenary practice.

That the Professors shall, in the Colledge, wear the habit of ordinary Masters of Art in the Universities, or of Doctors, if any of them be so.

That they shall all keep an inviolable and exemplary friendship with one another, and that the Assembly shall lay a considerable pecuniary mulct upon any one who shall be proved to have entered so far into a quarrel as to give uncivil Language to his Brother-Professor ; and that the perseverance in any enmity shall be punish'd by the Governours with expulsion.

That the Chaplain shall eat at the Master's Table, (paying his twenty Pounds a year as the others do) and that he shall read Prayers once a day at least, a little before Supper-time ; that he shall preach in the Chappel

every *Sunday* Morning, and Catechize in the Afternoon the Scholars and School-boys; that he shall every moneth administer the Holy Sacrament; that he shall not trouble himself and his Auditors with the Controversies of Divinity, but only teach God in his just Commandments, and in his wonderful Works.

### The SCHOOL.

THAT the School may be built so as to contain about two hundred Boys.

That it be divided into four Classes, not as others are ordinarily into six or seven, because we suppose that the Children sent hither to be initiated in Things as well as Words, ought to have past the two or three first, and to have attained the age of about thirteen Years, being already well advanced in the Latine Grammar, and some Authors.

That none, though never so rich, shall pay any thing for their teaching; and that if any Professor shall be convicted to have taken any money in consideration of his pains in the School, he shall be expelled with ignominy by the Governours; but if any persons of great estate and quality, finding their Sons much better Proficients in Learning here, then Boys of the same Age commonly are at other Schools, shall not think fit to receive an obligation of so near Concernment without returning some marks of Acknowledgment, they may, if they please (for nothing is to be demanded) bestow some little rarity or curiosity upon the Society in recompence of their trouble.

And because it is deplorable to consider the loss which Children make of their Time at most Schools, employing, or rather casting away six or seven years in the learning of words only, and that too very imperfectly:

That a Method be here established for the infusing Knowledge and Language at the same time into them; and that this may be their Apprenticeship in Natural Philosophy. This we conceive may be done, by breeding them up in Authors, or Pieces of Authors, who treat of some parts of Nature, and who may be understood with as much ease and pleasure, as those which are commonly taught; such are in Latine *Varro, Cato, Columella, Pliny*, part of *Celsus*, and of *Seneca, Cicero de Divinatione, de Naturâ Deorum*, and several scattered pieces, *Virgil's Georgicks, Grôtius, Nemesianus, Manilius*; and because the truth is we want good Poets (I mean, we have but few) who have purposely treated of solid and learned, that is, Natural Matters (the most part indulging to the weakness of the world, and feeding it either with the follies of Love, or with the Fables of gods and Heroes) we conceive that one Book ought to be compiled of all the scattered little parcels among the ancient Poets that might serve for the advancement of Natural Science, and which would make no small or unuseful or unpleasant Volumn. To this we would have added the Morals and Rhetoricks of *Cicero*, and the Institutions of *Quintilian*; and for the Comœdians,

from whom almost all that necessary part of common discourse, and all the most intimate proprieties of the Language are drawn, we conceive the Boys may be made Masters of them, as a part of their Recreation and not of their task, if once a moneth, or at least once in two, they act one of *Terence's* Comœdies, and afterwards (the most advanced) some of *Plautus* his; and this is, for many reasons, one of the best exercises they can be enjoyned, and most innocent pleasures they can be allowed. As for the Greek Authors, they may study *Nicander, Oppianus* (whom *Scaliger* does not doubt to prefer above *Homer* himself, and place next to his adored *Virgil*) *Aristotle's* History of Animals, and other parts, *Theophrastus* and *Dioscorides* of Plants, and a Collection made out of several both Poets and other Grecian Writers. For the Morals and Rhetorick *Aristotle* may suffice, or *Hermogenes* and *Longinus* be added for the latter; with the History of Animals they should be shewed Anatomy as a Divertisement, and made to know the Figures and Natures of those Creatures which are not common among us, disabusing them at the same time of those Errours, which are universally admitted concerning many. The same Method should be used to make them acquainted with all Plants; and to this must be added a little of the ancient and modern Geography, the understanding of the Globes, and the Principles of Geometry and Astronomy. They should likewise use to declaim in Latine and English, as the Romans did in Greek and Latine; and in all this travel be rather led on by familiarity, encouragement, and emulation, then driven by severity, punishment, and terror. Upon Festivals and play-times they should exercise themselves in the Fields by riding, leaping, fencing, mustering and training after the manner of Souldiers, &c. And to prevent all dangers, and all disorder, there should always be two of the Scholars with them to be as witnesses and directors of their actions; In foul weather it would not be amiss for them to learn to dance, that is, to learn just so much (for all beyond is superfluous, if not worse) as may give them a graceful comportment of their bodies.

Upon *Sundays*, and all days of Devotion, they are to be a part of the Chaplain's Province.

That for all these ends the Colledge so order it, as that there may be some convenient & pleasant Houses thereabouts, kept by religious, discreet, and careful persons, for the lodging and boarding of young Scholars, that they have a constant eye over them, to see that they be bred up there piously, cleanly, and plentifully, according to the proportion of their parents expences.

And that the Colledge, when it shall please God either by their own industry and success, or by the Benevolence of Patrons, to enrich them so far as that it may come to their turn and duty to be charitable to others, shall at their own charges erect and maintain some House or Houses for the Entertainment of such poor mens Sons, whose good Natural Parts may promise either Use or Ornament to the Commonwealth; during the time of their abode at School, and shall take

care that it shall be done with the same Conveniences as are enjoyed even by rich mens Children (though they maintain the fewer for that cause) there being nothing of eminent and illustrious to be expected from a low, sordid, and Hospital-like Education.

### CONCLUSION.

**I**F I be not much abused by a natural fondness to my own Conceptions (that *στρογγή* of the Greeks, which no other Language has a proper word for) there was never any Project thought upon, which deserves to meet with so few Adversaries as this; for who can without impudent folly oppose the establishment of twenty well selected persons in such a condition of Life, that their whole business and sole Profession may be to study the improvement and advantage of all other Professions, from that of the highest General even to the lowest Artisan? Who shall be obliged to employ their whole time, wit, learning, and industry to these four, the most useful that can be imagined, and to no other Ends; first, to weigh, examine, and prove all things of Nature delivered to us by former ages, to detect, explode, and strike a Censure through all false Monies with which the world has been paid and cheated so long, and (as I may say) to set the mark of the Colledge upon all true

Coins, that they may pass hereafter without any farther Tryal. Secondly, to recover the lost Inventions, and, as it were, Drown'd Lands of the Ancients. Thirdly, to improve all Arts which we now have; And lastly, to discover others which we yet have not. And who shall, besides all this (as a Benefit by the by) give the best Education in the world (purely *gratis*) to as many mens Children as shall think fit to make use of the Obligation. Neither does it at all check or enterfere with any Parties in State or Religion, but is indifferently to be embraced by all Differences in opinion, and can hardly be conceived capable (as many good Institutions have done) even of Degeneration into any thing harmful. So that, all things considered, I will suppose this Proposition shall encounter with no Enemies; the only Question is, whether it will find Friends enough to carry it on from Discourse and Design to Reality and Effect; the necessary Expences of the Beginning (for it will maintain it self well enough afterwards) being so great (though I have set them as low as is possible in order to so vast a work) that it may seem hopeless to raise such a sum out of those few dead Reliques of Humane Charity and Publick Generosity which are yet remaining in the World.

F I N I S.







II.

A

Discourse concerning  
*The Government of*  
OLIVER CROMWELL.



## NOTE.

THIS 'Discourse' must surely have appeared contemporaneously with the death of the great Protector. But nowhere have I been able to trace a copy earlier than a 12mo. of 1661, which was reprinted in the well-known 'Harleian Miscellany.' Curiously enough, save in that 'Miscellany' the 'Advertisement,' which is herein restored, has invariably been dropped. Biographically and every way that 'Advertisement' is most noticeable. The following is the original title-page:—'A Vision, concerning his late pretended Highness, Cromwell the Wicked: Containing a Discourse in Vindication of him, by a pretended Angel, and the Confutation thereof, by the Author, Abraham Cowley.

— Sua cuique Deus fit dira libido.—VIRGIL.

London, Printed for Henry Herringman, at the Anchor in the Lower-Walk in the New Exchange, 1661' (12° pp. 90). See Memorial-Introduction (II. Critical) for more on this 'Discourse.'—G.



## A DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE GOVERNMENT OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Discourse was written in the time of the late Protector, Richard the Little ; and was but the first book of three, that were designed by the Author. The second, was to be a Discourse with the Guardian-Angel of England, concerning all the late Confusions and Misfortunes of it. The third, to denounce heavy Judgments against the three Kingdoms, and several places and parties in them ; unless they prevented them speedily by serious repentance, and that greatest and hardest work of it, restitution. There was to be upon this subject the burthen of England, the burthen of Scotland, the burthen of Ireland, the burthen of London, the burthen of the Army, the burthen of the Divines, the burthen of the Lawyers, and many others ; after the manner of prophetic threatenings in the Old Testament. But, by the extraordinary mercy of God, (for which we had no pretence of merit, nor the least glimpse of hope,) in the sudden restoration of reason, and right, and happiness to us ; it became not only unnecessary, but unseasonable and impertinent to prosecute the work. However, it seemed not so to the author to publish this first part ; because, though no man can justify or approve the actions of Cromwell, without having all the seeds and principles of wickedness in his heart ; yet many there are, even honest and well-meaning people, who (without wading into any depth of consideration in the matter, and purely deceived by splendid words, and the outward appearances of vanity) are apt to admire him as a great and eminent person ; which is a fallacy, that extraordinary, and, especially, successful villanies impose upon the world. It is the corruption and depravation of human nature, that is the root of this opinion, though it lie sometimes so deep under ground, that we ourselves are not able to perceive it : and when we account any man great, or brave, or wise, or of good parts, who advances himself and his family, by any other ways but those of virtue ; we are certainly biassed to that judgment by a secret impulse, or, at least, inclination of the viciousness of our own spirit. It is so necessary for the good and peace of mankind, that this error (which grows almost every where, and is spontaneously generated by the rankness of the soil) should be weeded out, and for ever extirpated, that the author was content not to suppress this Discourse ; because it may contribute

somewhat to that end, though it be but a small piece of that which was his original design.

IT was the funeral day of the late man who made himself to be called ' Protector ; ' and though I bore but little affection, either to the memory of him, or to the trouble and folly of all public pageantry ; yet I was forced, by the importunity of my company, to go along with them, and be a spectator of that solemnity, the expectation of which had been so great, that it was said to have brought some very curious persons, (and no doubt singular virtuosos,) as far as from the Mount in Cornwall, and from the Orcades. I found there had been much more cost bestowed, than either the dead man, or indeed death itself could deserve. There was a mighty train of black assistants ; among which, too, divers princes in the persons of their ambassadors, being infinitely afflicted for the loss of their brother, were pleased to attend : the hearse was magnificent, the idol crowned, and (not to mention all other ceremonies which are practised at royal interments, and therefore by no means could be omitted here) the vast multitude of spectators made up, as it uses to do, no small part of the spectacle itself. But yet, I know not how, the whole was so managed, that, methought, it somewhat represented the life of him for whom it was made ; much noise, much tumult, much expence, much magnificence, much vain-glory ; briefly, a great show, and yet, after all this, but an ill sight. At last, (for it seemed long to me, and, like his short reign too, very tedious,) the whole scene passed by ; and I retired back to my chamber, weary ; and, I think, more melancholy than any of the mourners : where I began to reflect upon the whole life of this prodigious man ; and sometimes I was filled with horror and detestation of his actions, and sometimes I inclined a little to reverence and admiration of his courage, conduct, and success ; till, by these different motions and agitations of mind, rocked as it were asleep, I fell at last into this vision : or, if you please to call it but a dream, I shall not take it ill ; because the father of poets tells us, even dreams, too, are from God.

But sure it was no dream : for I was suddenly transported afar off, (whether in the body, or out of the body, like St. Paul, I know not,) and found myself upon the top of the famous hill in the island Mona, which has

the prospect of three great, and not-long-since, most happy kingdoms. As soon as ever I looked upon them, 'the not-long-since' struck upon my memory, and called forth the sad representation of all the sins, and all the miseries that had overwhelmed them these twenty years. And I wept bitterly for two or three hours; and, when my present stock of moisture was all wasted, I fell a-sighing for an hour more: and as soon as I recovered, from my passion, the use of speech and reason, I broke forth, as I remember, (looking upon England,) into this complaint:

## I.

Ah! happy Isle! how art thou chang'd, and curs'd,  
 Since I was born, and knew thee first!  
 When Peace, which had forsook the world around,  
 (Frighted with noise, and the shrill trumpet's sound,)  
 Thee, for a private place of rest,  
 And a secure retirement, chose  
 Wherein to build her Halcyon-nest;  
 No wind durst stir abroad, the air to discompose,

## II.

When all the riches of the globe beside  
 Flow'd into thee, with every tide;  
 When all that nature did thy soil deny,  
 The growth was of thy fruitful industry;  
 When all the proud and dreadful sea,  
 And all his tributary streams,  
 A constant tribute paid to thee;  
 When all the liquid world was one extended Thames:

## III.

When Plenty in each village did appear,  
 And Bounty was its steward there;  
 When gold walk'd free about in open view,  
 Ere it one conquering party's prisoner grew;  
 When the Religion of our state  
 Had face and substance with her voice,—  
 Ere she by' her foolish loves of late,  
 Like Echo (once a nymph) turn'd only into noise:

## IV.

When men to men respect and friendship bore,  
 And God, with reverence, did adore;  
 When upon earth no kingdom could have shown  
 A happier Monarch to us than our own;  
 And yet his subjects by him were  
 (Which is a truth will hardly be  
 Receiv'd by any vulgar ear,  
 A secret known to few) made happier ev'n than he.

## V.

Thou dost a chaos, and confusion, now,  
 A Babel, and a Bedlam, grow;  
 And, like a frantick person, thou dost tear  
 The ornaments and clothes which thou should'st  
 wear,—  
 And cut thy limbs;—and, if we see  
 (Just as thy barbarous Britons did)

Thy body with hypocrisy  
 Painted all o'er, thou think'st thy naked shame is hid.

## VI.

The nations, which envied thee erewhile,  
 Now laugh (too little 'tis to smile);  
 They laugh, and would have pitied thee, alas!  
 But that thy faults all pity do surpass.  
 Art thou the country which didst hate,  
 And mock the French inconstancy?  
 And have we, have we seen of late  
 Less change of habits there, than governments in thee?

## VII.

Unhappy Isle! no ship of thine at sea  
 Was ever toss'd and torn like thee;—  
 Thy naked hulk loose on the waves does beat,  
 The rocks and banks, around her, ruin threat;  
 What did thy foolish pilots ail,  
 To lay the compass quite aside?  
 Without a law or rule to sail,  
 And rather take the winds, than Heaven to be their guide!

## VIII.

Yet, mighty God! yet, yet, we humbly crave,  
 This floating Isle from shipwreck save;  
 And though, to wash that blood which does it stain,  
 It well deserves to sink into the main;  
 Yet, for the Royal Martyr's prayer,  
 (The Royal Martyr prays, we know,)  
 This guilty, perishing, vessel spare;  
 Hear but his soul, above; and not his blood, below!

I think I should have gone on, but that I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition; for there appeared to me (arising out of the earth, as I conceived) the figure of a man taller than a giant, or indeed, than the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked; but that nakedness adorned, or rather deformed, all over with several figures, after the manner of the Britons, painted upon it: and I perceived that most of them were the representations of the late battles in our civil wars, and, if I be not much mistaken, it was the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his breast. His eyes were like burning brass, and there were three crowns of the same metal (as I guessed), and that looked as red-hot too, upon his head. He held in his right-hand a sword that was yet bloody, and nevertheless the motto of it was, *Pax quaritur bello*; and in his left-hand a thick book, upon the back of which was written in letters of gold, 'Acts, ordinances, protestations, covenants, engagements, declarations, remonstrances,' etc. Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object, might have quelled a greater courage than mine; yet so it pleased God, (for there is nothing bolder than a man in a vision,) that I was not at all daunted, but asked him resolutely and briefly, 'What art thou?' And he said, 'I am called The North-west Principality, His Highness, the Protector of the Common-wealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland,

and the dominions belonging thereunto ; for I am that angel to whom the Almighty has committed the government of those three kingdoms, which thou seest from this place.' And I answered and said, 'If it be so, sir ; it seems to me, that for almost these twenty years past, your Highness has been absent from your charge : for not only if any angel, but if any wise and honest men had, since that time, been our governor, we should not have wandered thus long in these laborious and endless labyrinths of confusion ; but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back, before we had absolutely lost our way : but, instead of your Highness we have had since such a Protector as was his predecessor Richard the Third, to the king his nephew ; for he presently slew the commonwealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it : a little less guilty indeed in one respect, because the other slew the innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer. Such a Protector we have had, as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather received a constant Turk, than this every-month's apostate ; such a Protector as man is to his flocks, which he sheers, and sells, or devours himself ; and I would fain know, what the wolf, which he protects him from, could do more. Such a Protector——' and, as I was proceeding, methought his Highness began to put on a displeased and threatening countenance, (as men use to do when their dearest friends happen to be traduced in their company,) which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him ; for I did not believe that Cromwell, amongst all his foreign correspondences, had ever held any with angels. However, I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then : and therefore, as I had spoken to the Protector himself in Whitehall, 'I desired him that his Highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken any thing to the disparagement of a person, whose relations to his Highness I had not the honour to know.' At which he told me, 'that he had no other concernment for his late Highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the English nation, if not (said he) of the whole world ; which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account myself, as it were, a naturalized English angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that country. And pray, countryman, (said he, very kindly and very flatteringly,) for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that detests and decries so extraordinary a virtue ; what can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body (which have sometimes) or of mind (which have often, raised men to the highest dignities), should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in so improbable a design, as the destruction of one of the most ancient, and, in all appearance, most solidly founded monarchies upon earth ? That he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death : to banish that numerous and strongly allied family : to do all this under the name

and wages of a parliament ; to trample upon them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them ; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes ; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England ; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice ; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last ; to over-run each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the South, and the poverty of the North ; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth ; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth ; to be humbly and daily petitioned to, that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant : to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal, as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them ; and, lastly, (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory,) to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity ; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad ; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity ; and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished, but with the whole world ; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been too for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs ?'

By this speech I began to understand perfectly well what kind of angel his pretended Highness was ; and having fortified myself privately with a short mental prayer, and with the sign of the cross, (not out of any superstition to the sign, but as a recognition of my baptism in Christ,) I grew a little bolder, and replied in this manner : 'I should not venture to oppose what you are pleased to say in commendation of the late great, and (I confess) extraordinary person, but that I remember Christ forbids us to give assent to any other doctrine but what himself has taught us, even though it should be delivered by an angel : and if such you be, sir, it may be you have spoken all this rather to try than to tempt my frailty. For sure I am, that we must renounce or forget all the laws of the New and Old Testament, and those which are the foundation of both, even the laws of moral and natural honesty, if we approve of the actions of that man, whom, I suppose, you commend by irony.

'There would be no end to instance in the particulars of all his wickedness ; but to sum up a part of it briefly : What can be more extraordinarily wicked, than for a person, such as yourself, (qualify him rightly,) to endeavour not only to exalt himself above, but to trample upon all his equals and betters ? To pretend freedom for all men, and, under the help of that pretence to make all men his servants ? To take arms against taxes of scarce two-hundred-thousand pounds a year,

and to raise them himself to above two millions? To quarrel for the loss of three or four ears, and strike off three or four hundred heads? To fight against an imaginary suspicion of I know not what two-thousand guards to be fetched for the king, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himself no less than forty-thousand? To pretend the defence of parliaments, and violently to dissolve all, even of his own calling and almost choosing? To undertake the reformation of religion, to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expose it naked to the rage of all sects and heresies? To set up councils of rapine, and courts of murder? To fight against the king under a commission for him; to take him forcibly out of the hands of those for whom he had conquered him; to draw him into his net, with protestations and vows of fidelity; and when he had caught him in it to butcher him, with as little shame, as conscience, or humanity, in the open face of the whole world? To receive a commission for king and parliament, to murder (as I said) the one; and destroy, no less impudently, the other? To fight against monarchy, when he declared for it; and declare against it, when he contrived for it in his own person? To abase perfidiously, and supplant ungratefully, his own general first, and afterwards most of those officers, who with the loss of their honour, and hazard of their souls, had lifted him up to the top of his unreasonable ambitions? To break his faith with all enemies, and with all friends equally; and to make no less frequent use of the most solemn perjuries, than the looser sort of people do of customary oaths? To usurp three kingdoms without any shadow of the least pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them? To set himself up as an idol (which we know, as St. Paul says, "in itself is nothing,") and make the very streets of London, like the valley of Hinnon, by burning the bowels of men as a sacrifice to his Moloch-ship? To seek to entail this usurpation upon his posterity, and with it an endless war upon the nation; and lastly, by the severest judgment of Almighty God, to die hardened, and mad, and unrepentant, with the curses of the present age, and the detestation of all to succeed.'

Though I had much more to say, (for the life of man is so short, that it allows not time enough to speak against a tyrant,) yet because I had a mind to hear how my strange adversary would behave himself upon this subject, and to give even the devil (as they say) his right, and fair play in a disputation; I stopped here, and expected, not without the frailty of a little fear, that he should have broke into a violent passion in behalf of his favourite; but he on the contrary very calmly, and with the dove-like innocency of a serpent that was not yet warmed enough to sting, thus replied unto me:

'It is not so much out of my affection to that person whom we discourse of, (whose greatness is too solid to be shaken by the breath of any oratory,) as for your own sake, honest countryman, whom I conceive to err, rather by mistake than out of malice, that I shall endeavour to reform your uncharitable and unjust opinion. And in

the first place I must needs put you in mind of a sentence of the most ancient of the heathen divines, that you men are acquainted withal,

*Οὐκ ὄσιον κταμένους ἐπ' ἀνδρασιν εὐχεταῖσθαι,*

'Tis wicked, with insulting feet to tread  
Upon the monuments of the dead.

And the intention of the reproof there, is no less proper for this subject; for it is spoken to a person who was proud and insolent against those dead men, to whom he had been humble and obedient whilst they lived.'

'Your Highness may please (said I) to add the verse that follows, as no less proper for this subject:

Whom God's just doom and their own sins have sent  
Already to their punishment.

But I take this to be the rule in the case; that when we fix any infamy upon deceased persons, it should not be done out of hatred to the dead, but out of love and charity to the living; that the curses which only remain in men's thoughts, and dare not come forth against tyrants, (because they are tyrants,) whilst they are so, may at least be for ever settled and engraven upon their memories, to deter all others from the like wickedness; which else, in the time of their foolish prosperity, the flattery of their own hearts, and of other men's tongues, would not suffer them to perceive. Ambition is so subtle a tempter, and the corruption of human nature so susceptible of the temptation, that a man can hardly resist it, be he never so much forewarned of the evil consequences: much less if he find not only the concurrence of the present, but the approbation too of following ages, which have the liberty to judge more freely. The mischief of tyranny is too great, even in the shortest time that it can continue; it is endless and insupportable, if the example be to reign too, and if a Lambert must be invited to follow the steps of a Cromwell, as well by the voice of honour, as by the sight of power and riches. Though it may seem to some fantastically, yet was it wisely done of the Syracusians, to implead with the forms of their ordinary justice, to condemn and destroy even the statutes of all their tyrants; if it were possible to cut them out of all history, and to extinguish their very names, I am of opinion that it ought to be done; but, since they have left behind them too deep wounds to be ever closed up without a scar, at least let us set such a mark upon their memory, that men of the same wicked inclinations may be no less affrighted with their lasting ignominy, than enticed by their momentary glories. And, that your Highness may perceive that I speak not all this out of any private animosity against the person of the late Protector, I assure you upon my faith, that I bear no more hatred to his name, than I do to that of Marius or Sylla, who never did me or any friend of mine the least injury; and with that, transported by a holy fury, I fell into this sudden rapture:

I.

Curs'd be the man, (what do I wish? As though  
The wretch already were not so;

But curs'd on, let him be,) who thinks it brave  
 And great his country to enslave ;  
 Who seeks to overpoise alone  
 The balance of a nation :  
 Against the whole, but naked state,  
 Who in his own light scale makes up with arms the  
 weight :

## II.

Who of his nation loves to be the first,  
 Though at the rate of being worst ;  
 Who would be rather a great monster, than  
 A well-proportion'd man :  
 The Son of Earth, with hundred hands,  
 Upon this three-pil'd mountain stands,  
 Till thunder strikes him from the sky ;  
 The Son of Earth again in his earth's womb does lie.

## III.

What blood, confusion, ruin ! to obtain  
 A short and miserable reign !  
 In what oblique, and humble creeping wise,  
 Does the mischievous serpent rise !  
 But even his forked tongue strikes dead,  
 When he 'as rear'd up his wicked head :  
 He murders with his mortal frown,  
 A basilisk he grows, if once he get a crown.

## IV.

But no guards can oppose assaulting fears,  
 Or undermining tears ;  
 No more than doors, or close-drawn curtains keep  
 The swarming dreams out, when we sleep :  
 That bloody conscience, too, of his,  
 (For oh ! a rebel Red-coat 'tis)  
 Does here his early hell begin ;  
 He sees his slaves, without ; his tyrant feels, within.

## V.

Let, gracious God ! let never more thine hand  
 Lift up this rod against our land !  
 A tyrant is a rod, and serpent, too,  
 And brings worse plagues than Egypt knew.  
 What rivers stain'd with blood have been !  
 What storm and hail-shot have we seen !  
 What sores deform'd the ulcerous state !  
 What darkness, to be felt, has buried us of late !

## VI.

How has it snatch'd our flocks and herds away !  
 And made even of our sons a prey !  
 What croaking sects and vermin has it sent  
 The restless nation to torment !  
 What greedy troops, what armed power,  
 Of flies and locusts, to devour  
 The land, which every where they fill !  
 Nor fly they, Lord ! away ; no, they devour it still.

## VII.

Come the eleventh plague, rather than this should be ;  
 Come sink us rather in the sea :

Come rather pestilence, and reap us down ;  
 Come God's sword rather than our own :  
 Let rather Roman come again,  
 Or Saxon, Norman, or the Dane ;  
 In all the bonds we ever bore,  
 We griev'd, we sigh'd, we wept ; we never blush'd  
 before.

## VIII.

If by our sins the Divine justice be  
 Call'd to this last extremity,  
 Let some denouncing Jonas first be sent,  
 To try if England can repent :  
 Methinks, at least some prodigy,  
 Some dreadful comet from on high,  
 Should terribly forewarn the earth,  
 As of good princes' deaths, so of a tyrant's birth.

Here the spirit of verse beginning a little to fail, I stopped, and his Highness smiling, said : ' I was glad to see you engaged in the inclosures of metre ; for if you had staid in the open plain of declaiming against the word Tyrant, I must have had patience for half a dozen hours, till you had tired yourself as well as me. But pray, countryman, to avoid this sciomachy, or imaginary combat with words, let me know, sir, what you mean by the name of Tyrant ; for I remember that, among your ancient authors, not only all kings, but even Jupiter himself (your *juvans pater*) is so termed ; and perhaps as it was used formerly in a good sense, so we shall find it upon better consideration to be still a good thing for the benefit and peace of mankind ; at least it will appear whether your interpretation of it may be justly applied to the person who is now the subject of our discourse.'

' I call him (said I) a Tyrant, who either intrudes himself forcibly into the government of his fellow citizens without any legal authority over them ; or who, having a just title to the government of a people, abuses it to the destruction, or tormenting of them. So that all tyrants are at the same time usurpers, either of the whole, or at least of a part of that power which they assume to themselves ; and no less are they to be accounted rebels, since no man can usurp authority over others, but by rebelling against them who had it before or at least against those laws which were his superiors : and in all these senses, no history can afford us a more evident example of tyranny, or more out of all possibility of excuse, or palliation, than that of the person whom you are pleased to defend ; whether we consider his reiterated rebellions against all his superiors, or his usurpation of the supreme power to himself, or his tyranny in the exercise of it : and if lawful princes have been esteemed tyrants, by not containing themselves within the bounds of those laws which have been left them, as the sphere of their authority by their forefathers ; what shall we say of that man, who, having by right no power at all in this nation, could not content himself with that which had satisfied the most ambitious of our princes ? Nay, not with those vastly extended limits of sovereignty, which he, disdaining all that had



been prescribed and observed before, was pleased (but of great modesty) to set to himself ; not abstaining from rebellion and usurpation, even against his own laws as well as those of the nation.'

' Hold, Friend, (said his Highness, pulling me by my arm,) for I see your zeal is transporting you again ; whether the Protector were a tyrant in the exorbitant exercise of his power, we shall see anon ; it is requisite to examine, first, Whether he were so in the usurpation of it. And I say, that not only he, but no man else ever was, or can be so ; and that for these reasons. First, because all power belongs only to God, who is the source and fountain of it, as kings are of all honours in their dominions. Princes are but his viceroys in the little provinces of this world, and to some he gives their places for a few years, to some for their lives, and to others (upon ends or deserts best known to himself, or merely for his undisputable good pleasure) he bestows, as it were, leases upon them, and their posterity, for such a date of time as is prefixed in that patent of their destiny, which is not legible to you men below. Neither is it more unlawful for Oliver to succeed Charles in the kingdom of England, when God so disposes of it, than it had been for him to have succeeded the lord Strafford in the lieutenancy of Ireland, if he had been appointed to it by the king then reigning. Men are in both the cases obliged to obey him whom they see actually invested with the authority by that sovereign from whom he ought to derive it, without disputing or examining the causes, either of the removal of the one, or the preferment of the other. Secondly, because all power is attained either by the election and consent of the People, and that takes away your objection of forcible intrusion ; or else by a conquest of them, and that gives such a legal authority as you mention to be wanting in the usurpation of a tyrant : so that either this title is right, and then there are no usurpers, or else it is a wrong one, and then there are none else but usurpers, if you examine the original pretences of the princes of the world. Thirdly, (which, quitting the dispute in general, is a particular justification of his Highness,) the government of England was totally broken and dissolved, and extinguished by the confusions of a civil war, so that his Highness could not be accused to have possessed himself violently of the ancient building of the commonwealth, but to have prudently and peaceably built up a new one out of the ruins and ashes of the former ; and he, who after a deplorable shipwreck, can, with extraordinary industry, gather together the dispersed and broken planks and pieces of it, and with no less wonderful art and facility, so rejoin them, as to make a new vessel, more tight and beautiful than the old one, deserves, no doubt, to have the command of her, (even as his Highness had,) by the desire of the seamen and passengers themselves. And, do but consider, lastly, (for I omit a multitude of weighty things that might be spoken on this noble argument,) do but consider seriously and impartially with your self, what admirable parts of wit and prudence, what indefatigable diligence and invincible courage must

of necessity have concurred in the person of that man, who, from so contemptible beginnings, as I observed before, and through so many thousand difficulties, was able, not only to make himself the greatest and most absolute monarch of this nation, but to add to it the entire conquest of Ireland and Scotland ; which the whole force of the world, joined with the Roman virtue, could never attain to, and to crown all this with illustrious and heroic undertakings, and successes upon all our foreign enemies : do but (I say again) consider this, and you will confess, that his prodigious merits were a better title to imperial dignity, than the blood of an hundred royal progenitors ; and will rather lament, that he lived not to overcome more nations, than envy him the conquest and dominion of these.

' Whoever you are, (said I, my indignation making me somewhat bolder,) your discourse, methinks, becomes as little the person of a tutelar angel, as Cromwell's actions did that of a Protector. It is upon these principles that all the great crimes of the world have been committed, and most particularly those which I have had the misfortune to see in my own time, and in my own country. If these be to be allowed, we must break up human society, retire into the woods, and equally there stand upon our guards against our brethren mankind, and our rebels the wild beasts. For, if there can be no usurpation upon the rights of a whole nation, there can be none, most certainly upon those of a private person ; and if the robbers of countries be God's vicegerents, there is no doubt but the thieves, and bandittis, and murderers, are his under-officers. It is true which you say, that God is the source and fountain of all power ; and it is no less true, that he is the creator of serpents as well as angels ; nor does his goodness fail of its ends even in the malice of his own creatures. What power he suffers the devil to exercise in this world, is too apparent by our daily experience, and by nothing more than the late monstrous iniquities which you dispute for, and patronize in England ; but would you infer from thence, that the power of the devil is a just and lawful one, and that all men ought, as well as most men do, obey him ? God is the fountain of all powers ; but some flow from the right hand (as it were) of his goodness, and others from the left hand of his justice ; and the world, like an island between these two rivers, is sometimes refreshed and nourished by the one, and sometimes over-run and ruined by the other ; and, to continue a little farther the allegory, we are never overwhelmed with the latter, till either by our malice or negligence, we have stopped and dammed up the former.

' But to come a little closer to your argument, or rather the image of an argument, your similitude ; If Cromwell had come to command in Ireland in the place of the late lord Strafford, I should have yielded obedience, not for the equipage, and the strength, and the guards which he brought with him, but for the commission which he should first have shewed me from our common sovereign that sent him ; and, if he could have done that from God Almighty, I would have obeyed him too in

England : but that he was so far from being able to do, that, on the contrary, I read nothing but commands, and even public proclamations from God Almighty, not to admit him. Your second argument is, that he had the same right for his authority, that is the foundation of all others, even the right of conquest. Are we then so unhappy as to be conquered by the person, whom we hired at a daily rate, like a labourer, to conquer others for us? Did we furnish him with arms, only to draw and try upon our enemies (as we, it seems, falsely thought them), and keep them for ever sheathed in the bowels of his friends? Did we fight for liberty against our prince, that we might become slaves to our servant? This is such an impudent pretence, as neither he, nor any of his flatterers for him, had ever the face to mention. Though it can hardly be spoken or thought of, without passion, yet I shall, if you please, argue it more calmly than the case deserves. The right, certainly, of conquest, can only be exercis'd upon those, against whom the war is declared, and the victory obtained : so, that no whole nation can be said to be conquered but by foreign force. In all civil wars, men are so far from stating the quarrel against their country, that they do it only against a person, or party, which they really believe, or at least pretend, to be pernicious to it ; neither can there be any just cause for the destruction of a part of the body, but when it is done for the preservation and safety of the whole. It is our country that raises men in the quarrel, our country that arms, our country that pays them, our country that authorizes the undertaking, and by that distinguishes it from rapine and murder : lastly, it is our country directs and commands the army, and is, indeed, their general. So that to say in civil wars, that the prevailing party conquers their country, is to say, the country conquers itself. And if the general only of that party be the conqueror, the army, by which he is made so, is no less conquered than the army which is beaten ; and have as little reason to triumph in that victory, by which they lose both their honour and liberty. So that, if Cromwell conquered any party, it was only that against which he was sent ; and what that was, must appear by his commission. It was (says that) against a company of evil counsellors, and disaffected persons, who kept the king from a good intelligence and conjunction with his people. It was not then against the people. It is so far from being so, that even of that party which was beaten, the conquest did not belong to Cromwell, but to the parliament which employed him in their service ; or rather indeed to the king and parliament, for whose service, (if there had been any faith in men's vows and protestations,) the wars were undertaken. Merciful God ! did the right of this miserable conquest remain then in his Majesty ; and didst thou suffer him to be destroyed with more barbarity than if he had been conquered even by savages and cannibals? Was it for king and parliament that we fought, and has it fared with them just as with the army which we fought against ; the one part being slain, and the other fled? It appears therefore plainly, that Cromwell was not a conqueror,

but a thief and robber of the rights of the king and parliament, and an usurper upon those of the people. I do not here deny conquest to be sometimes, though it be very rarely, a true title ; but I deny this to be a true conquest. Sure I am, that the race of our princes came not in by such a one. One nation may conquer another sometimes justly ; and, if it be unjustly, yet still it is a true conquest, and they are to answer for the injustice only to God Almighty, having nothing else in authority above them, and not as particular rebels to their country ; which is, and ought always to be, their superior and their lord. If perhaps we find usurpation instead of conquest in the original titles of some royal families abroad, as no doubt there have been many usurpers before ours, though none in so impudent and execrable a manner ; all I can say for them is, that their title was very weak, till by length of time, and the death of all juster pretenders, it became to be the true, because it was the only one.

Your third defence of his Highness (as your Highness pleases to call him) enters in most seasonably after his pretence of conquest, for then a man may say any thing. The government was broken : who broke it? It was dissolved : who dissolved it? It was extinguished : who was it but Cromwell, who not only put out the light, but cast away even the very snuff of it? As if a man should murder a whole family, and then possess himself of the house, because it is better that he, than that only rats should live there. Jesus God ! (said I ; and at that word I perceived my pretended angel to give a start and trembled, but I took no notice of it, and went on,) this were a wicked pretension, even though the whole family were destroyed ; but the heirs, blessed be God ! are yet surviving, and likely to outlive all heirs of their dispossessors, besides their infamy. *Rode, caper, vitem, etc.* There will be yet wine enough left for the sacrifice of those wild beasts that have made so much spoil in the vineyard. But, did Cromwell think, like Nero, to set the city on fire, only that he might have the honour of being founder of a new and more beautiful one? He could not have such a shadow of virtue in his wickedness ; he meant only to rob more securely and more richly in the midst of the combustion : he little thought then, that he should ever have been able to make himself master of the palace, as well as plunder the goods of the commonwealth. He was glad to see the public vessel, the sovereign of the seas, in as desperate a condition as his own little canoe ; and thought only, with some scattered planks of that great shipwreck, to make a better fisher-boat for himself. But, when he saw that by the drowning of the master (whom he himself treacherously knocked on the head as he was swimming for his life), by the flight and dispersion of others, and cowardly patience of the remaining company, that all was abandoned to his pleasure, with the old hulk and new mis-shapen and disagreeing pieces of his own, he made up with much ado that piratical vessel which we have seen him command ; and, which how tight indeed it was, may best be judged by its perpetual leaking.

First, then, (much more wicked than those foolish daughters in the fable who cut their old father into pieces, in hope by charms and witchcraft to make him young and lusty again,) this man endeavoured to destroy the building, before he could imagine in what manner, with what materials, by what workmen, or what architect it was to be re-built. Secondly, If he had dreamed himself to be able to revive that body which he had killed, yet it had been but the insupportable insolence of an ignorant mountebank: and thirdly, (which concerns us nearest,) That very new thing, which he made out of the ruins of the old, is no more like the original, either for beauty, use, or duration, than an artificial plant, raised by the fire of a chymist is comparable to the true and natural one which he first burnt, that out of the ashes of it he might produce an imperfect similitude of his own making.

Your last argument is such, when reduced to syllogism, that the major proposition of it would make strange work in the world, if it were received for truth; to wit, that he who has the best parts in a nation, has right of being king over it. We had enough to do here of old with the contention between two branches of the same family; what would become of us when every man in England should lay his claim to the government? And truly, if Cromwell should have commenced his plea, when he seems to have begun his ambition, there were few persons besides, that might not at the same time have put in theirs too. But his deserts, I suppose, you will date from the same term that I do his great demerits, that is, from the beginning of our late calamities; (for, as for his private faults before, I can only wish, and that with as much charity to him as to the publick, that he had continued in them till his death, rather than changed them for those of his latter days;) and therefore we must begin the consideration of his greatness from the unlucky æra of our own misfortunes, which puts me in mind of what was said less truly of Pompey the Great; *Nostrâ miserâ magnus es*. But, because the general ground of your argumentation consists in this, that all men, who are the effecters of extraordinary mutations in the world, must needs have extraordinary forces of nature by which they are enabled to turn about, as they please, so great a wheel; I shall speak first a few words upon this universal proposition, which seems so reasonable, and is so popular, before I descend to the particular examination of the eminences of that person which is in question.

I have often observed, with all submission and resignation of spirit to the inscrutable mysteries of Eternal Providence, that, when the fulness and maturity of time is come that produces the great confusions and changes in the world, it usually pleases God to make it appear by the manner of them, that they are not the effects of human force or policy, but of the Divine justice and predestination; and though we see a man, like that which we call Jack of the clock-house, striking, as it were, the hour of that fulness of time, yet our reason must needs be convinced, that his hand is moved by some

secret, and, to us who stand without, invisible direction. And the stream of the current is then so violent, that the strongest men in the world cannot draw up against it; and none are so weak, but they may sail down with it. These are the spring-tides of public affairs which we see often happen, but seek in vain to discover any certain causes:

—*Omnia fluminis*  
*Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo*  
*Cum pace delabentis Etruscum*  
*In mare, nunc lapides adesos*  
*Stirpsque raptas, & pecus & domos*  
*Volventis undâ, non sine montium*  
*Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ;*  
*Cùm fera diluvies quietos*  
*Irritat amnes, — HOR. Carm. iii. 29.*

and one man then, by maliciously opening all the sluices that he can come at, can never be the sole author of all this, though he may be as guilty as if really he were, by intending and imagining to be so; but it is God that breaks up the flood-gates of so general a deluge, and all the art then and industry of mankind is not sufficient to raise up dikes and ramparts against it. In such a time it was as this, that not all the wisdom and power of the Roman senate, nor the wit and eloquence of Cicero, nor the courage and virtue of Brutus, was able to defend their country or themselves against the unexperienced rashness of a beardless boy, and the loose rage of a voluptuous madman. The valour and prudent counsels on the one side are made fruitless, and the errors and cowardice on the other harmless, by unexpected accidents. The one general saves his life, and gains the whole world, by a very dream; and the other loses both at once by a little mistake of the shortness of his sight. And though this be not always so, for we see that, in the translation of the great monarchies from one to another, it pleased God to make choice of the most eminent men in nature, as Cyrus, Alexander, Scipio, and his contemporaries, for his chief instruments and actors in so admirable a work, (the end of this being not only to destroy or punish one nation, which may be done by the worst of mankind, but to exalt and bless another, which is only to be effected by great and virtuous persons); yet, when God only intends the temporary chastisement of a people, he does not raise up his servant Cyrus (as he himself is pleased to call him), or an Alexander (who had as many virtues to do good, as vices to do harm); but he makes the Massanellos and the Johns of Leyden, the instruments of his vengeance; that the power of the Almighty might be more evident by the weakness of the means which he chooses to demonstrate it. He did not assemble the serpents and the monsters of Africa to correct the pride of the Egyptians, but called for his armies of locusts out of Ethiopia, and formed new ones of vermin out of the very dust; and, because you see a whole country destroyed by these, will you argue from thence that they must needs have had both craft of the foxes, and the courage of lions?

'It is easy to apply this general observation to the particular case of our troubles in England; and that they seem only to be meant for a temporary chastisement of our sins, and not for a total abolishment of the old, and introduction of a new government, appears probable to me from these considerations, as far as we may be bold to make a judgment of the will of God in future events: first, because he has suffered nothing to settle or take root in the place of that which has been so unwisely and unjustly removed; that none of these untempered mortars can hold out against the next blast of wind, nor any stone stick to a stone, till that which these foolish builders have refused be made again the head of the corner. For, when the indisposed and long-tormented Commonwealth has wearied and spent itself almost to nothing, with the chargeable, various, and dangerous experiments of several mountebanks, it is to be supposed, it will have the wit at last to send for a true physician; especially when it sees (which is the second consideration) most evidently (as it now begins to do, and will do every day more and more, and might have done perfectly long since) that no usurpation, under what name or pretext soever, can be kept up without open force; nor force without the continuance of those oppressions upon the people, which will at last tire out their patience, though it be great, even to stupidity. They cannot be so dull, when poverty and hunger begin to whet their understanding, as not to find out this no extraordinary mystery, that it is madness in a nation to pay three millions a year for the maintaining of their servitude under tyrants, when they might live free for nothing under their princes. This, I say, will not always lie hid even to the slowest capacities; and the next truth they will discover afterwards, is, that a whole people can never have the will, without having at the same time the power to redeem themselves. Thirdly, it does not look, methinks, as if God had forsaken the family of that man, from whom he has raised up five children, of as eminent virtue, and all other commendable qualities, as ever lived, perhaps, for so many together, and so young, in any other family in the whole world. Especially, if we add hereto this consideration, that by protecting and preserving some of them already through as great dangers as ever were passed with safety, either by prince or private person, he has given them already, as we may reasonably hope it to be meant, a promise and earnest of his future favours. And, lastly, (to return closely to the discourse from which I have a little digressed,) because I see nothing of those excellent parts of nature and mixture of merit with their vices, in the late disturbers of our peace and happiness, that uses to be found in the persons of those who are born for the erection of new empires.

'And, I confess, I find nothing of that kind, no not any shadow, (taking away the false light of some prosperity) in the man whom you extol for the first example of it. And certainly, all virtues being rightly divided into moral and intellectual, I know not how we can better judge of the former than by men's actions; or

of the latter, than by their writings or speeches. As for these latter (which are least in merit, or rather which are only the instruments of mischief, where the other are wanting), I think you can hardly pick out the name of a man who ever was called Great (besides him we are now speaking of), who never left the memory behind him of one wise or witty apophthegm, even amongst his domestic servants or greatest flatterers. That little in print, which remains upon a sad record for him, is such, as a satire against him would not have made him say, for fear of transgressing too much the rules of probability. I know not what you can produce for the justification of his parts in this kind, but his having been able to deceive so many particular persons, and so many whole parties; which, if you please to take notice of for the advantage of his intellectuals, I desire you to allow me the liberty to do so too, when I am to speak of his morals. The truth of the thing is this, that if craft be wisdom, and dissimulation wit, assisted both and improved with hypocrisies and perjuries, I must not deny him to have been singular in both; but so gross was the manner, in which he made use of them, that, as wise men ought not to have believed him at first, so no man was fool enough to believe him at last: neither did any man seem to do it, but those who thought [t]he[y] gained as much by that dissembling, as he did by his. His very actings of godliness grew at last as ridiculous as if a player, by putting on a gown, should think he represented excellently a woman, though his beard, at the same time, were seen by all the spectators. If you ask me, why they did not hiss and explode him off of the stage? I can only answer, that they durst not do so; because the actors and the door-keepers were too strong for the company. I must confess, that by these arts, how grossly soever managed, as by hypocritical praying, and silly preaching, by unmanly tears and whinings, by falsehoods and perjuries, even diabolical, he had, at first, the good fortune, as men call it, (that is, the ill fortune,) to attain his ends; but it was, because his ends were so unreasonable, that no human reason could foresee them; which made them who had to do with him believe, that he was rather a well-meaning and deluded bigot, than a crafty and malicious impostor. That these arts were helped by an indefatigable industry (as you term it), I am so far from doubting, that I intended to object that diligence as the worst of his crimes. It makes me almost mad, when I hear a man commended for his diligence in wickedness. If I were his son, I should wish to God he had been a more lazy person, and that we might have found him sleeping at the hours when other men are ordinarily waking, rather than waking for those ends of his when other men were ordinarily asleep: how diligent the wicked are, the Scripture often tells us; '*Their feet run to evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood,*' Isai. 59. 7. '*He travels with iniquity,*' Psal. 7. 14. '*He deviseth mischief upon his bed,*' Psal. 34. 4. '*They search out iniquity, they accomplish a diligent search,*' Psal. 64. 6. And in a multitude

of other places. And would it not seem ridiculous to praise a wolf for his watchfulness, and for his indefatigable industry, in ranging all night about the country, whilst the sheep, and perhaps the shepherd, and perhaps the very dogs too, are all asleep?

The Chartreux wants the warning of a bell  
To call him to the duties of his cell ;  
There needs no noise at all t' awaken sin,  
Th' adulterer and the thief his 'larum has within.

And if the diligence of wicked persons be so much to be blamed, as that it is only an emphasis and exaggeration of their wickedness, I see not how their courage can avoid the same censure. If the undertaking bold, and vast, and unreasonable designs, can deserve that honourable name, I am sure, Faux, and his fellow gunpowder-friends, will have cause to pretend, though not an equal, yet at least the next place of honour; neither can I doubt, but if they too had succeeded, they would have found their applauders and admirers. It was bold unquestionably for a man in defiance of all human and divine laws, and with so little probability of a long impunity, so publicly and so outrageously to murder his master; it was bold, with so much insolence and affront, to expel and disperse all the chief partners of his guilt, and creators of his power; it was bold to violate so openly and so scornfully all acts and constitutions of a nation, and afterwards even of his own making; it was bold to assume the authority of calling, and bolder yet of breaking so many parliaments; it was bold to trample upon the patience of his own, and provoke that of all neighbouring countries; it was bold, I say, above all boldness, to usurp this tyranny to himself; and impudent above all impudences, to endeavour to transmit it to his posterity. But all this boldness is so far from being a sign of manly courage (which dares not transgress the rules of any other virtue), that it is only a demonstration of brutish madness or diabolical possession. In both which last cases, there use frequent examples to appear of such extraordinary force, as may justly seem more wonderful and astonishing than the actions of Cromwell; neither is it stranger to believe that a whole nation should not be able to govern him and a mad army, than that five or six men should not be strong enough to bind a distracted girl. There is no man ever succeeds in one wickedness, but it gives him the boldness to attempt a greater. It was boldly done of Nero to kill his mother, and all the chief nobility of the empire; it was boldly done to set the metropolis of the whole world on fire, and undauntedly play upon his harp, whilst he saw it burning. I could reckon up five-hundred boldnesses of that great person, (for why should not he too be called so?) who wanted, when he was to die, that courage which could hardly have failed any woman in the like necessity.

'It would look, I must confess, like envy or too much partiality, if I should say that personal kind of courage had been deficient in the man we speak of; I am confident it was not; and yet I may venture, I think, to

affirm, that no man ever bore the honour of so many victories, at the rate of fewer wounds or dangers of his own body; and though his valour might perhaps have given him a just pretension to one of the first charges in an army, it could not certainly be a sufficient ground for a title to the command of three nations. What then shall we say: that he did all this by witchcraft? He did so indeed in a great measure by a sin that is called like it in the Scriptures. But truly and unpassionately reflecting upon the advantages of his person, which might be thought to have produced those of his fortune, I can espy no other but extraordinary diligence and infinite dissimulation; and believe he was exalted above his nation, partly by his own faults, but chiefly for ours.

'We have brought him thus briefly, (not through all his labyrinths) to the supreme usurped authority; and because, you say, it was great pity he did not live to command more kingdoms, be pleased to let me represent to you in a few words, how well I conceive he governed these. And we will divide the consideration into that of his foreign and domestic actions. The first of his foreign was a peace with our brethren of Holland, who were the first of our neighbours that God chastised for having had so great a hand in the encouraging and abetting our troubles at home: who would not imagine, at first glimpse, that this had been the most virtuous and laudable deed that his whole life could make any parade of? But no man can look upon all the circumstances without perceiving, that it was the sale and sacrificing of the greatest advantages that this country could ever hope, and was ready to reap, from a foreign war, to the private interests of his covetousness and ambition, and the security of his new and unsettled usurpation. No sooner is that danger past, but this *Beatus Pacificus* is kindling a fire in the northern world, and carrying a war two thousand miles off westwards. Two millions a year, besides all the vails of his Protectorship, is as little capable to suffice now either his avarice or prodigality, as the two-hundred pounds were that he was born to. He must have his prey of the whole Indies, both by sea and land, this great alligator. To satisfy our anti-Solomon, who has made silver almost as rare as gold, and gold as precious stones in his New Jerusalem, we must go, ten-thousand of his slaves, to fetch him riches from his fantastical Ophir. And, because his flatterers brag of him as the most fortunate prince, the Faustus as well as Sylla of our nation, whom God never forsook in any of his undertakings; I desire them to consider, how, since the English name was ever heard of, it never received so great and so infamous a blow, as under the imprudent conduct of this unlucky Faustus.—And herein let me admire the justice of God in this circumstance that they who had enslaved their country, though a great army, (which, I wish, may be observed by ours with trembling,) should be so shamefully defeated by the hands of forty slaves. It was very ridiculous to see, how prettily they endeavoured to hide this ignominy under the great name of the conquest of Jamaica; as if a defeated army should have the im-

pudence to brag afterwards of the victory, because, though they had fled out of the field of battle, yet they quartered that night in a village of the enemies. The war with Spain was a necessary consequence of this folly ; and how much we have gotten by it, let the Custom-house and Exchange inform you ; and if he please to boast of the taking a part of the silver fleet, (which indeed no body else but he, who was the sole gainer, has cause to do,) at least let him give leave to the rest of the nation, which is the only loser, to complain of the loss of twelve-hundred of her ships. But because it may here perhaps be answered, that his successes nearer home have extinguished the disgrace of so remote miscarriages, and that Dunkirk ought more to be remembered for his glory, than St. Domingo for his disadvantage ; I must confess, as to the honour of the English courage, that they were not wanting upon that occasion ; excepting only the fault of serving at least indirectly against their master, to the upholding of the renown of their warlike ancestors. But for his particular share of it, who sat still at home, and exposed them so frankly abroad, I can only say, that, for less money than he in the short time of his reign exacted from his fellow subjects, some of our former princes (with the daily hazard of their own persons) have added to the dominion of England not only one town, but even a greater kingdom than itself. And this being all considerable as concerning his enterprises abroad, let us examine in the next place, how much we owe him for justice and good government at home.

' And first, he found the Commonwealth (as they then called it) in a ready stock of about eight-hundred thousand pounds ; he left the Commonwealth (as he had the impudent raillery still to call it) some two millions and an half in debt. He found our trade very much decayed indeed, in comparison of the golden times of our late princes : he left it as much again more decayed than he found it ; and yet not only no prince in England, but no tyrant in the world, ever sought out more base or infamous means to raise money. I shall only instance in one that he put in practice, and another that he attempted, but was frightened from the execution, even he, by the infamy of it. That which he put in practice was decimation ; which was the most impudent breach of all public faith that the whole nation had given, and all private capitulations which himself had made, as the nation's general and servant, that can be found out, I believe, in all history, from any of the most barbarous generals of the most barbarous people. Which, because it has been most excellently and most largely laid open by a whole book written upon that subject, I shall only desire you here to remember the thing in general, and to be pleased to look upon that author when you would recollect all the particulars and circumstances of the iniquity. The other design of raising a present sum of money, which he violently pursued, but durst not put in execution, was by the calling in and establishment of the Jews at London ; from which he was rebutted by the universal outcry of the divines, and even of the citizens too, who took it ill that a considerable number at least

amongst themselves were not thought Jews enough by their own Herod. And for this design, they say, he invented (Oh Antichrist ! *Πονηρὸν* and *ὁ Πονηρὸς* !) to sell St. Paul's to them for a synagogue, if their purses and devotions could have reached to the purchase. And this indeed, if he had done only to reward that nation which had given the first noble example of crucifying their King, it might have had some appearance of gratitude ; but he did it only for love of their mammon ; and would have sold afterwards for as much more St. Peter's (even at his own Westminster) to the Turks for a mosque. Such was his extraordinary piety to God, that he desired he might be worshipped in all manners, excepting only that heathenish way of the Common-Prayer-book.

' But what do I speak of his wicked inventions for getting money ? when every penny, that for almost five years he took every day from every man living in England, Scotland, and Ireland, was as much robbery as if it had been taken by a thief upon the highways. Was it not so ? Or can any man think, that Cromwell, with the assistance of his forces and moss-troopers, had more right to the command of all men's purses, than he might have had to any one's whom he had met, and been too strong for, upon a road ? And yet, when this came, in the case of Mr. Coney, to be disputed by a legal trial, he (which was the highest act of tyranny that ever was seen in England) not only discouraged and threatened, but violently imprisoned the council of the plaintiff ; that is, he shut up the law itself close prisoner, that no man might have relief from, or access to it. And it ought to be remembered, that this was done by those men, who a few years before had so bitterly decried, and openly opposed the king's regular and formal way of proceeding, in the trial of a little ship-money. But, though we lost the benefit of our old courts of justice, it cannot be denied that he set up new ones ; and such they were, that as no virtuous prince before would, so no ill one durst erect. What, have we lived so many hundred years under such a form of justice as has been able regularly to punish all men that offended against it ? and is it so deficient just now, that we must seek out new ways how to proceed against offenders ? The reason, which can only be given in nature for a necessity of this, is, because those things are now made crimes, which were never esteemed so in former ages ; and there must needs be a new court set up to punish that, which all the old ones were bound to protect and reward. But I am so far from declaiming, as you call it, against these wickednesses, (which if I should undertake to do, I should never get to the peroration,) that you see I only give a hint of some few, and pass over the rest as things that are too many to be numbered, and must only be weighed in gross. Let any man shew me, (for though I pretend not to much reading, I will defy him in all history,) let any man shew me, I say, an example of any nation in the world, though much greater than ours, where there have in the space of four years been made so many prisoners, only out of the endless jealousies of one tyrant's guilty imagination. I grant

you that Marius and Sylla, and the accursed triumvirate after them, put more people to death; but the reason I think partly was, because in those times that had a mixture of some honour with their madness, they thought it a more civil revenge against a Roman to take away his life, than to take away his liberty. But truly, in the point of murder too, we have little reason to think that our late tyranny has been deficient to the examples that have ever been set it in other countries. Our judges and our courts of justice have not been idle; and to omit the whole reign of our late king (till the beginning of the war), in which no drop of blood was ever drawn but from two or three ears, I think the longest time of our worst princes scarce saw many more executions than the short one of our blessed reformer. And we saw, and smelt in our open streets, (as I marked to you at first,) the broiling of human bowels, as a burnt-offering of a sweet savour to our idol; but all murdering, and all torturing, though after the subtlest invention of his predecessors of Sicily, is more human and more supportable, than his selling of Christians, Englishmen, gentlemen: his selling of them, oh monstrous! oh incredible! to be slaves in America. If his whole life could be reproached with no other action, yet this alone would weigh down all the multiplicity of crimes in any of our tyrants; and I dare only touch, without stopping or insisting upon so insolent and so execrable a cruelty, for fear of falling into so violent, though just a passion, as would make me exceed that temper and moderation which I resolve to observe in this discourse with you.

'These are great calamities; but even these are not the most insupportable that we have endured: for so it is, that the scorn, and mockery, and insultings of an enemy, are more painful than the deepest wounds of his serious fury. This man was wanton and merry, unwittily and ungracefully merry, with our sufferings; he loved to say and do senseless and fantastical things, only to shew his power of doing or saying any thing. It would ill befit mine, or any civil mouth, to repeat those words which he spoke concerning the most sacred of our English laws, the petition of right, and Magna Charta. To-day you should see him ranting so wildly, that no body durst come near him; the morrow flinging of cushions, and playing at snow-balls with his servants. This month he assembles a Parliament, and professes himself with humble tears to be only their servant and their Minister; the next month he swears by the living God, that he will turn them out of doors; and he does so, in his princely way of threatening, bidding them turn the buckles of their girdles behind them. The representative of a whole; nay of three whole nations, was in his esteem so contemptible a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of so little consequence, as not to deserve that he should advise with any mortal man about it. What shall we call this? Boldness, or brutishness? rashness, or phrensy? There is no name can come up to it, and therefore we must leave it without one. Now a parliament must be chosen in the new manner, next time in the old form, but all cashiered still

after the newest mode. Now he will govern by major-generals, now by one house, now by another house, now by no house; now the freak takes him, and he makes seventy peers of the land at one clap (*extempore*, and *stans pede in uno*): and, to manifest the absolute power of the potter, he chose not only the worst clay he could find, but picks up even the dirt and mire, to form out of it his "vessels of honour." It was said anciently of Fortune, that when she had a mind to be merry and to divert herself, she was wont to raise up such kind of people to the highest dignities. This son of Fortune, Cromwell, who was himself one of the primest of her jests, found out the true *haut-gout* of this pleasure, and rejoiced in the extravagance of his ways, as the fullest demonstration of his uncontrollable sovereignty. Good God! what have we seen? and what have we suffered? What do all these actions signify? what do they say aloud to the whole nation, but this, even as plainly as if it were proclaimed by heralds through the streets of London, "You are slaves and fools, and so I will use you?"

'These are briefly a part of those merits which you lament to have wanted the rewards of more kingdoms; and suppose that, if he had lived longer, he might have had them; which I am so far from concurring to, that I believe his seasonable dying to have been a greater good fortune to him than all the victories and prosperities of his life. For he seemed evidently, methinks, to be near the end of his deceitful glories; his own army grew at least as weary of him as the rest of the people; and I never passed of late before his palace—his do I call it? I ask God and the king pardon,—but I never passed of late before Whitehall without reading upon the gate of it, *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*. But it pleased God to take him from the ordinary courts of men, and juries of his peers, to his own high-court of justice, which being more merciful than ours below, there is a little room yet left for the hope of his friends, if he have any; though the outward unrepentance of his death afford but small materials for the work of charity; especially, if he designed even then to entail his own injustice upon his children, and by it, inextricable confusions and civil wars upon the nation. But here 's at last an end of him: and where 's now the fruit of all that blood and calamity which his ambition has cost the world? Where is it? Why, his son (you 'll say) has the whole crop: I doubt he will find it quickly blasted. I have nothing to say against the gentleman, or any living of his family; on the contrary I wish him better fortune than to have a long and unquiet possession of his master's inheritance. Whatsoever I have spoken against his father, is that which I should have thought, though decency perhaps might have hindered me from saying it, even against mine own; if I had been so unhappy, as that mine, by the same ways, should have left me three kingdoms.'

Here I stopped, and my pretended protector, who, I expected, should have been very angry, fell a-laughing; it seems at the simplicity of my discourse, for thus he replied: 'You seem to pretend extremely to the old

obsolete rules of virtue and conscience, which makes me doubt very much whether from this vast prospect of three kingdoms you can show me any acres of your own. But these are so far from making you a prince, that I am afraid your friends will never have the contentment to see you so much as a justice of peace in your own country. For this I perceive, which you call virtue, is nothing else but either the frowardness of a Cynic, or the laziness of an Epicurean. I am glad you allow me at least artful dissimulation, and unwearied diligence in my hero; and I assure you that he, whose life is constantly drawn by those two, shall never be misled out of the way of greatness. But I see you are a pedant, and Platonical statesman, a theoretical Commonwealth's-man, an Utopian dreamer. Was ever riches gotten by your golden mediocrities? or the supreme place attained to, by virtues that must not stir out of the middle? Do you study Aristotle's politicks, and write, if you please, comments upon them; and let another but practise Machiavel; and let us see then, which of you two will come to the greatest preferments. If the desire of rule and superiority be a virtue, as sure I am, it is more imprinted in human nature than any of your lethargical morals; and what is the virtue of any creature, but the exercise of those powers and inclinations which God has infused into it? If that, I say, be virtue, we ought not to esteem any thing vice, which is the most proper, if not the only means of attaining of it.

It is a truth so certain, and so clear,  
That to the first-born man it did appear:  
Did not the mighty heir, the noble Cain,  
By the fresh laws of nature taught, disdain  
That (though a brother) any one should be  
A greater favourite to God than he?  
He struck him down; and, "So (said he) so fell  
The sheep which thou didst sacrifice so well.  
Since all the fullest sheaves which I could bring,  
Since all were blasted in the offering;  
Lest God should my next victim, too, despise,  
The acceptable priest I'll sacrifice."  
Hence! coward fears! for the first blood so spilt,—  
As a reward, he the first city built.  
'Twas a beginning generous and high,  
Fit for a grand-child of the Deity:  
So well advanc'd, 'twas pity there he stay'd;  
One step of glory more he should have made,  
And to the utmost bounds of greatness gone;  
Had Adam, too, been kill'd, he might have reign'd  
alone.  
One brother's death what do I mean to name?  
A small oblation to revenge and fame!  
The mighty-soul'd Abimeleck, to shew  
What for high place, a higher spi'rit can do,  
A hecatomb almost of brethren slew;  
And seventy times in nearest blood he dy'd  
(To make it hold) his royal-purple pride.  
Wh' do I name the lordly creature, man?  
The weak, the mild, the coward woman can,

When to a crown she cuts her sacred way,  
All that oppose, with manlike courage slay:  
So Athaliah, when she saw her son,  
And, with his life, her dearer greatness gone,  
With a majestic fury slaughter'd all,  
Whom high birth might to high pretences call:  
Since he was dead who all her power sustain'd,  
Resolv'd to reign alone; resolv'd, and reign'd.  
In vain her sex, in vain the laws, withstood,  
In vain the sacred plea of David's blood;  
A noble and a bold contention she  
(One woman) undertook with Destiny;  
She to pluck down, Destiny to uphold,  
(Oblig'd by holy oracles of old.)  
The great Jessæan race on Judah's throne,  
Till 'twas at last an equal wager grown;  
Scarce Fate, with much ado, the better got by one.  
Tell me not, she herself at last was slain;  
Did she not first seven years (a life-time) reign?  
Seven royal years, t' a publick spi'rit, will seem  
More than the private life of a Methusalem.  
'Tis godlike to be great; and as, they say,  
A thousand years to God, are but a day:  
So to a man, when once a crown he wears,  
The coronation-day's more than a thousand  
years.'—

He would have gone on, I perceived, in his blasphemies, but that, by God's grace, I became so bold as thus to interrupt him: 'I understand now perfectly, (which I guessed at long before,) what kind of Angel and Protector you are; and, though your style in verse be very much mended, since you were wont to deliver oracles, your doctrine is much worse, than ever you had formerly (that I heard of) the face to publish: whether your long practice with mankind has increased and improved your malice, or whether you think us in this age to be grown so impudently wicked, that there needs no more art or disguises to draw us to your party.'

'My dominion (said he hastily, and with a dreadful furious look) is so great in this world, and I am so powerful a monarch of it, that I need not be ashamed that you should know me; and that you may see I know you too, I know you to be an obstinate and inveterate Malignant, and for that reason I shall take you along with me to the next garrison of ours; from whence you shall go to the Tower, and from thence to the court of justice, and from thence you know whither.' I was almost in the very pounces of the great bird of prey;

When, lo, ere the last words were fully spoke,  
From a fair cloud, which rather op'd, than broke,  
A flash of light, rather than lightning, came,  
So swift, and yet so gentle was the flame:  
Upon it rode, (and, in his full career,  
Seem'd to my eyes, no sooner there than here,)  
The comeliest youth of all th' angelic race;  
Lovely his shape, ineffable his face:



The frowns, with which he struck the trembling fiend,  
 All smiles of human beauty did transcend.  
 His beams of locks fell part dishevel'd down,  
 Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a natu'ral crown,  
 Such as the British monarchs us'd to wear,  
 If gold might be compar'd with angels' hair ;  
 His coat and flowing mantle were so bright,  
 They seem'd both made of woven silver light ;  
 Across his breast an azure riband went,  
 At which a medal hung, that did present,  
 In wond'rous living figures, to the sight  
 The mystic champion's, and old dragon's fight,  
 And, from his mantle's side, there shone afar  
 A fix'd, and I believe, a real star.  
 In his fair hand (what need was there of more ?)  
 No arms, but th' English bloody cross he bore ;

Which when he tow'rds th' affrighted tyrant bent,  
 And some few words pronounc'd, (but what they meant,  
 Or were, could not, alas ! by me be known ;  
 Only, I well perceiv'd, 'JESUS' was one,)  
 He trembled, and he roar'd, and fled away,  
 Mad to quit thus his more than hop'd-for prey.

Such rage inflames the wolf's wild heart and eyes,  
 (Robb'd, as he thinks, unjustly of his prize,)  
 Whom unawares the shepherd spies, and draws  
 The bleating lamb from out his ravenous jaws ;  
 The shepherd, fain, himself would he assail,  
 But fear above his hunger does prevail ;  
 He knows his foe too strong, and must be gone ;  
 He grins as he looks back, and howls as he goes on.

*F I N I S.*





III.

Several Discourses

BY WAY

OF

Essays in

VERSE *and* PROSE.



## NOTE.

OF these 'Essays' the bibliography is extremely obscure. I have failed to find in either the British Museum or Bodleian, or any of our public or private libraries, an edition of these Essays earlier than the folio of the Works of 1668. I have read its text, and of the successive folios; but have found no variations beyond gradual modernising of the spelling, capitals, italics, punctuation, &c. Owing to the excess of capitals and italics in the folios, I decided—after collation and deliberation—to adopt Bishop Sprat's text (1707), which follows carefully that of 1668, with an occasional slight variation from an (apparently) separate edition that somehow has disappeared. In 'A Translation out of Virgil'—'The Country Mouse'—'A Paraphrase upon the 10th Epistle of the First Book of Horace'—'A Paraphrase on an Ode in Horace's Third Book'—'Claudian's Old Man of Verona'—'Martial, B. 10. Ep. 96,' I have recurred to the Author's own text of 1663 in 'Verses lately Written upon Several Occasions.'

G.



SEVERAL  
DISCOURSES

By way of  
ESSAYS,  
IN  
VERSE and PROSE.

I. *Of LIBERTY.*

THE Liberty of a People consists in being govern'd by Laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever Form it be of Government; the Liberty of a private Man in being Master of his own Time and Actions, as far as may consist with the Laws of God and of his Country. Of this latter only we are here to discourse, and to enquire what Estate of Life does best seat us in the Possession of it. This Liberty of our own Actions is such a Fundamental Privilege of Human Nature, that God himself, notwithstanding all his infinite Power and Right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a Forfeiture made by the Rebellion of *Adam*. He takes so much Care for the entire Preservation of it to us, that he suffers neither his Providence nor Eternal Decree to break or infringe it. Now for our Time, the same God, to whom we are but Tenants-at-will for the whole, requires but the seventh Part to be paid to him as a small Quit-Rent in Acknowledgment of his Title. It is Man only that has the Impudence to demand our whole Time, tho' he neither gave it, nor can restore it, nor is able to pay any considerable Value for the least Part of it. This Birth-right of Mankind above all other Creatures, some are forc'd by Hunger to sell, like *Esau*, for Bread and Broth, but the greatest Part of Men make such a Bargain for the Delivery up of themselves, as *Thamar* did with *Judah*, instead of a Kid, the necessary Provisions for Human Life, they are contented to do it for Rings and Bracelets. The great Dealers in this World may be divided into the Ambitious, the Covetous, and the Voluptuous; and that all these Men sell themselves to be Slaves, tho' to the Vulgar it may seem a Stoical Paradox, will appear to the Wise so plain and

obvious, that they will scarce think it deserves the Labour of Argumentation. Let us first consider the Ambitious, and those both in their Progress to Greatness, and after the Attaining of it. There is nothing truer than what *Salust* says, *Dominationis in alios servitium suum Mercedem dant*, They are content to pay so great a Price as their own Servitude to purchase the Domination over others. The first Thing they must resolve to sacrifice is their whole Time, they must never stop, nor ever turn aside, whilst they are in the Race of Glory, no not like *Atalanta* for Golden Apples. Neither indeed can a Man stop himself, if he would, when he's in this Career. *Fertur equis Auriga neque audit Currus habenas*.

Pray, let us but consider a little, what mean servile things Men do for this Imaginary Food. We cannot fetch a greater Example of it, than from the chief Men of that Nation which boasted most of Liberty. To what pitiful Baseness did the noblest *Romans* submit themselves for the obtaining of a Prætorship, or the Consular Dignity? They put on the Habit of Suppliants, and ran about on Foot, and in Dirt, through all the Tribes to beg Voices, they flatter'd the poorest Artisans, and carry'd a *Nomenclator* with them, to whisper in their Ear every Man's Name, lest they should mistake it in their Salutations; they shook the Hand, and kiss'd the Cheek of every popular Tradesman; they stood all Day at every Market in the publick Places, to shew and ingratiate themselves to the Rout; they employ'd all their Friends to solicit for them, they kept open Tables in every Street, they distributed Wine and Bread and Money, even to the vilest of the People. *En Romanos rerum Dominos! Behold the Masters of the World begging from Door to Door*. This particular humble way to Greatness is now out of Fashion, but

yet every Ambitious Person is still in some sort a *Roman* Candidate. He must feast and bribe, and attend and flatter, and adore many Beasts, tho' not the Beast with many Heads. *Catiline*, who was so proud that he could not content himself with a less Power than *Sylla's*, was yet so humble for the attaining of it, as to make himself the most contemptible of all Servants, to be a publick Bawd, to provide Whores, and something worse, for all the young Gentlemen of *Rome*, whose hot Lusts and Courages, and Heads he thought he might make use of. And since I happen'd here to propose *Catiline* for my Instance (tho' there be thousand of Examples for the same thing) give me Leave to transcribe the Character which *Cicero* gives of this noble Slave, because it is a general Description of all Ambitious Men, and which *Machiavil* perhaps would say ought to be the Rule of their Life and Actions. This Man (says he, as most of you may well remember) had many artificial Touches and Stroaks that look'd like the Beauty of great Virtues; his intimate Conversation was with the worst of Men, and yet he seem'd to be an Admirer and Lover of the best; he was furnish'd with all the Nets of Lust and Luxury, and yet wanted not the Arms of Labour and Industry; neither do I believe that there was ever any Monster in nature, composed out of so many different and disagreeing Parts. Who more acceptable, sometimes, to the most honourable Persons? who more a Favourite to the most infamous? Who, sometimes, appear'd a braver Champion? who, at other times, a bolder Enemy to his Country? Who more dissolute in his Pleasures? who more patient in his Toils? Who more rapacious in robbing? who more profuse in giving? Above all things, this was remarkable and admirable in him, the Arts he had to acquire the good Opinion and Kindness of all sorts of Men, to retain it with great Complaisance, to communicate all things to them, to watch and serve all the Occasions of their Fortune, both with his Mony, and his Interest, and his Industry; and if need were, not by sticking at any Wickedness whatsoever that might be useful to them, to bend and turn about his own Nature, and lavec with every Wind; to live severely with the melancholy, merrily with the pleasant, gravely with the aged, wantonly with the young, desperately with the bold, and debauchedly with the luxurious: With this Variety and Multiplicity of his Nature, as he had made a Collection of Friendships with all the most wicked and reckless of all Nations, so by the artificial Simulation of some Virtues, he made a shift to ensnare some honest and eminent Persons into his Familiarity; neither could so vast a Design as the Destruction of his Empire have been undertaken by him, if the Immanity of so many Vices had not been cover'd and disguis'd by the Appearance of some excellent Qualities.

I see, methinks, the Character of an *Anti-Paul*, who became all Things to all Men, that he might destroy all; who only wanted the Assistance of Fortune to have been as great as his Friend *Cesar* was a little after him. And the Ways of *Cesar* to compass the same Ends (I

mean 'till the Civil War, which was but another manner of setting his Country on Fire) were not unlike these, tho' he us'd afterward his unjust Dominion with more Moderation than, I think, the other would have done. *Salust* therefore, who was well acquainted with them both, and with many such like Gentlemen of his Time, says, That it is the Nature of Ambition (*Ambitio multos mortales falsos fieri coegit, etc.*) to make Men Liars and Cheaters, to hide the Truth in their Breasts, and show, like Juglers, another thing in their Mouths; to cut all Friendships and Enmities to the measure of their own Interest, and to make a good Countenance without the Help of a good Will. And can there be Freedom with this perpetual Constraint? What is it but a kind of Rack that forces Men to say what they have no Mind to? I have wonder'd at the extravagant and barbarous Stratagem of *Zopirus*, and more at the Praises which I find of so deform'd an Action; who tho' he was one of the seven Grandees of *Persia*, and the Son of *Megabises*, who had freed before his Country from an ignoble Servitude, slit his own Nose and Lips, cut off his own Ears, scourg'd and wounded his whole Body, that he might, under Pretence of having been mangled so inhumanly by *Darius*, be receiv'd into *Babylon* (then besieg'd by the *Persians*) and get into the Command of it by the Recommendation of so cruel a Sufferance, and their Hopes of his endeavouring to revenge it. It is great pity the *Babylonians* suspected not his Falshood, that they might have cut off his Hands too, and whipt him back again. But the Design succeeded, he betray'd the City, and was made Governor of it. What brutish Master ever punish'd his offending Slave with so little Mercy as Ambition did this *Zopirus*? And yet how many are there in all Nations who imitate him in some degree for a less Reward? Who tho' they endure not so much corporal Pain for a small Preferment or some Honour (as they call it) yet stick not to commit Actions, by which they are more shamefully and more lastingly stigmatiz'd? But you may say, tho' these be the most ordinary and open Ways to Greatness, yet there are narrow, thorny, and little-trodden Paths too, through which some Men find a Passage by virtuous Industry. I grant, sometimes they may; but then that Industry must be such, as cannot consist with Liberty, tho' it may with Honesty.

Thou'rt careful, frugal, painful; we commend a Servant so, but not a Friend.

Well then, we must acknowledge the Toil and Drudgery which we are forc'd to endure in this Ascent, but we are *Epicures* and Lords when once we are gotten up into the high Places. This is but a short Apprenticeship, after which we are made free of a Royal Company. If we fall in Love with any beautiful Woman, we must be content that they should be our Mistresses whilst we woo them, as soon as we are wedded and enjoy, 'tis we shall be the Masters.

I am willing to stick to this Similitude in the case of Greatness; we enter into the Bonds of it, like those of Matrimony; we are bewitch'd with the outward and

Orat. pro  
M. Caelio.

De Bel.  
Catil.

painted Beauty, and take it for better or worse, before we know its true Nature and interior Inconveniences. A great Fortune (says *Seneca*) is a great Servitude. But many are of that Opinion which *Brutus* imputes (I hope untruly) even to that Patron of Liberty, his Friend *Cicero*: We fear (says he to *Atticus*) Death, and Banishment, and Poverty, a great deal too much. *Cicero*, I am afraid, thinks these to be the worst of Evils, and if he have but some Persons, from whom he can obtain what he has a Mind to, and others who will flatter and worship him, seems to be well enough contented with an honourable Servitude, if any thing indeed ought to be call'd honourable, in so base and contumelious a Condition. This was spoken as became the bravest Man who was ever born in the bravest Common-wealth: But with us generally, no Condition passes for Servitude, that is accompany'd with great Riches, with Honours, and with the Service of many Inferiors. This is but a Deception of the Sight through a false Medium, for if a Groom serve a Gentleman in his Chamber, that Gentleman a Lord, and that Lord a Prince; the Groom, the Gentleman, and the Lord, are as much Servants one as the other: The circumstantial Difference of the one's getting only his Bread and Wages, the second a plentiful, and the third a superfluous Estate, is no more intrinsical to this Matter, than the Difference between a plain, a rich, and gaudy Livery. I do not say, that he who sells his whole Time, and his own Will for one hundred thousand, is not a wiser Merchant, than he who does it for one hundred Pounds; but I will swear they are both Merchants, and that he is happier than both, who can live contentedly without selling that Estate to which he was born. But this Dependence upon Superiors is but one Chain of the Lovers of Power, *Amatorem Trecentæ Pirithoum cohibent catenæ*. Let's begin with him by Break of Day: For by that time he's besieg'd by two or three hundred Suitors; and the Hall and Anti-chambers (all the Outworks) possess'd by the Enemy, as soon as his Chamber opens they are ready to break into that, or to corrupt the Guards for Entrance. This is so essential a Part of Greatness, that whosoever is without it, looks like a fallen Favourite, like a Person disgrac'd, and condemn'd to do what he please all the Morning. There are some who rather than want this, are contented to have their Rooms fill'd up every Day with murmuring and cursing Creditors, and to charge bravely through a Body of them to get to their Coach. Now I would fain know which is the worst Duty, that of any one particular Person who waits to speak with the Great Man, or the Great Man's, who waits every Day to speak with all the Company. *Aliena negotia centum Per caput & circum saliunt latus*; A hundred Businesses of other Men (many unjust and most impertinent) fly continually about his Head and Ears, and strike him in the Face like Dorres: Let's contemplate him a little at another special Scene of Glory, and that is his Table. Here he seems to be the Lord of all Nature; the Earth affords him her best Metals for his Dishes, her best Vegetables and Animals for his Food; the Air and Sea

supply him with their choicest Birds and Fishes; and a great many Men, who look like Masters, attend upon him; and yet, when all this is done, even all this is but *Table d'Hoste*. 'Tis crouded with People for whom he cares not, with many Parasites, and some Spies, with the most burdensome sort of Guests, the Endeavourers to be witty.

But every Body pays him great Respect, every Body commends his Meat, that is, his Mony; every Body admires the exquisite Dressing and Ordering of it, that is, his Clerk of the Kitchen, or his Cook; every Body loves his Hospitality, that is, his Vanity. But I desire to know why the honest Inn-keeper who provides a publick Table for his Profit, should be but of a mean Profession; and he who does it for his Honour, a munificent Prince? You'll say, Because one sells, and the other gives: Nay, both sell, though for different things, the one for plain Mony, the other for I know not what Jewels, whose Value is in Custom and in Fancy. If then his Table be made a Snare (as the Scripture speaks) to his Liberty, where can he hope for Freedom? There is always, and every where, some Restraint upon him. He's guarded with Clouds, and shackled with Formalities. The half Hat, the whole Hat, the half Smile, the whole Smile, the Nod, the Embrace, the Positive Parting with a little Bow, the Comparative at the middle of the Room, the Superlative at the Door; and if the Person be *Pan hyper sebastus*, there's a *Huper superlative* Ceremony then of conducting him to the Bottom of the Stairs, or to the very Gate; as if there were such Rules set to these *Leviathans* as are to the Sea, *Hitherto shalt thou go, and no further. Perditur hæc inter misero Lux*, Thus wretchedly the precious Day is lost.

How many impertinent Letters and Visits must he receive, and sometimes answer both too as impertinently? He never sets his Foot beyond his Threshold, unless, like a Funeral, he have a Train to follow him; as if, like the dead Corps, he could not stir, 'till the Bearers were all ready. My Life (says *Horace*) speaking to one of these *Magnifico's*) is a great deal more easie and commodious than thine, in that I can go into the Market and cheapen what I please without being wonder'd at; and take my Horse and ride as far as *Tarentum* without being miss'd. 'Tis an unpleasant Constraint to be always under the Sight and Observation, and Censure of others; as there may be Vanity in it, so, methinks, there should be Vexation too of Spirit: And I wonder how Princes can endure to have two or three hundred Men stand gazing upon them whilst they are at Dinner, and taking Notice of every Bit they eat. Nothing seems greater and more lordly than the multitude of Domestick Servants; but, even this too, if weigh'd seriously, is a Piece of Servitude; unless you will be a Servant to them (as many Men are) the Trouble and Care of yours in the Government of them all, is much more than that of every one of them in their Observance of you. I take the Profession of a School-Master to be one of the most useful, and which ought to be of the most honourable in a Common-wealth, yet certainly all his Faces and

Tyrannical Authority over so many Boys, takes away his own Liberty more than theirs.

I do but slightly touch upon all these Particulars of the Slavery of Greatness : I shake but a few of their outward Chains : Their Anger, Hatred, Jealousie, Fear, Envy, Grief, and all the *Etcetera* of their Passions, which are the secret, but constant Tyrants and Torturers of their Life, I omit here, because tho' they be Symptoms most frequent and violent in this Disease ; yet they are common too in some degree to the Epidemical Disease of Life it self. But, the Ambitious Man, tho' he be so many Ways a Slave (*O toties servus !*) yet he bears it bravely and heroically ; he struts and looks big upon the Stage ; he thinks himself a real Prince in his masking Habit, and deceives too all the foolish Part of his Spectators : He's a Slave in *Saturnalibus*. The Covetous Man is a downright Servant, a Draught-Horse without Bells or Feathers ; *ad Metalla damnatus*, a Man condemn'd to work in Mines, which is the lowest and hardest Condition of Servitude ; and, to encrease his Misery, a Worker there for he knows not whom : *He heapeth up Riches, and knows not who shall enjoy them ;* 'tis only sure that he himself neither shall nor can enjoy them. He's an indigent needy Slave, he will hardly allow himself Cloaths and Board-Wages ; *Uncitum vix demenso de suo suum defraudans Genium comparcit miser* ; he defrauds not only other Men, but his own Genius ; he cheats himself for Mony. But the servile and miserable Condition of this Wretch is so apparent, that I leave it, as evident to every Man's Sight, as well as Judgment. It seems a more difficult Work to prove that the Voluptuous Man too is but a Servant : What can be more the Life of a Freeman, or as we say ordinarily, of a Gentleman, than to follow nothing but his own Pleasures ? Why, I'll tell you who is that true Freeman, and that true Gentleman : Not he who blindly follows all his Pleasures (the very Name of Follower is servile) but he who rationally guides them, and is not hinder'd by outward Impediments in the Conduct and Enjoyment of them. If I want Skill or Force to restrain the Beast that I ride upon, tho' I bought it, and call it my own, yet in the truth of the matter I am at that time rather his Man, than he my Horse. The Voluptuous Men (whom we are fallen upon) may be divided, I think, into the Lustful and Luxurious, who are both Servants of the Belly ; the other whom we spoke of before, the Ambitious and the Covetous, were *κακά θηρία*, evil wild Beasts ; these are *γαστέρες άργαί*, slow Bellies, as our Translation renders it ; but the Word *άργαί* (which is a fantastical Word, with two directly opposite Significations) will bear as well the Translation of quick or diligent Bellies, and both Interpretations may be apply'd to these Men. *Metrodorus* said, That he had learnt *άληθώς γαστρι χαρίζεσθαι*, to give his Belly just Thanks for all his Pleasures. This by the Calumniators of *Epicurus* his Philosophy was objected as one of the most scandalous of all their Sayings ; which, according to my charitable Understanding, may admit a very virtuous Sense, which is, that he thanked his own

*Phorm. Act. 1.  
Sect. 1.*

Belly for that Moderation in the customary Appetites of it, which can only give a Man Liberty and Happiness in this World. Let this suffice at present to be spoken of those great Triumviri of the World ; the Covetous Man, who is a mean Villain, like *Lepidus* ; the Ambitious, who is a brave one, like *Octavius* ; and the Voluptuous, who is a loose and debauch'd one, like *Mark Antony*. *Quisnam igitur Liber ? Sapiens, sibi qui Imperiosus : Not Oenomaus*, who commits himself wholly to a Charioteer that may break his Neck ; but the Man

*Hor.  
Serm.*

Who governs his own Course with stedly Hand,  
Who does himself with Sov'reign Pow'r command ;  
Whom neither Death, nor Poverty does fright,  
Who stands not aukwardly in his own Light  
Against the Truth : Who can, when Pleasures knock  
Loud at his Door, keep firm the Bolt and Lock.  
Who can, tho' Honour at his Gate should stay  
In all her masking Cloaths, send her away,  
And cry, Be gone, I have no mind to Play.

This, I confess, is a Freeman : But it may be said, That many Persons are so shackled by their Fortune, that they are hinder'd from Enjoyment of that Manumission which they have obtain'd from Virtue. I do both understand, and in part feel the Weight of this Objection : All I can answer to it, is, That we must get as much Liberty as we can, we must use our utmost Endeavours, and when all that is done, be contented with the Length of that Line which is allow'd us. If you ask me in what Condition of Life I think the most allow'd ; I should pitch upon that sort of People, whom King *James* was wont to call the Happiest of our Nation, the Men plac'd in the Country by their Fortune above an High-Constable, and yet beneath the Trouble of a Justice of Peace, in a moderate Plenty, without any just Argument for the Desire of encreasing it by the Care of many Relations, and with so much Knowledge and Love of Piety and Philosophy (that is, of the Study of God's Laws, and of his Creatures) as may afford him Matter enough never to be Idle, tho' without Business ; and never to be Melancholy, tho' without Sin or Vanity.

I shall conclude this tedious Discourse with a Prayer of mine in a Copy of *Latin Verses*, of which I remember no other Part, and (*pour faire bonne bouche*) with some other Verses upon the same Subject.

*Magne Deus ; quod ad has vita brevis attinet horas,  
Da mihi, da Panem Libertatemque, nec ultra  
Sollicitas effundo preces, siquid datur ultra  
Accipiam gratus ; si non, Contentus abibo.*

For the few Hours of Life allotted me,  
Give me (great God) but Bread and Liberty !  
I'll beg no more ; if more thou'rt pleas'd to give,  
I'll thankfully that Overplus receive :  
If beyond this no more be freely sent,  
I'll thank for this, and go away content.

Martial, Lib. 2. *Vota tui breviter, &c.*

WELL then, Sir, you shall know how far extend  
 The Pray'rs and Hopes of your Poetick Friend ;  
 He does not Palaces nor Manors crave,  
 Would be no Lord, but less a Lord would have.  
 The Ground he holds, if he his own can call,  
 He quarrels not with Heav'n because 'tis small :  
 Let gay and toilsome Greatness others please,  
 He loves of homely Littleness the Ease.  
 Can any Man in gilded Rooms attend,  
 And his dear Hours in humble Visits spend ;  
 When in the fresh and beauteous Fields he may,  
 With various healthful Pleasures fill the Day ?  
 If there be Man (ye Gods) I ought to hate,  
 Dependance and Attendance be his Fate.  
 Still let him busie be, and in a Croud,  
 And very much a Slave, and very proud :  
 Thus he, perhaps, pow'ful and rich may grow ;  
 No matter, O ye Gods ! that I'll allow :  
 But let him Peace and Freedom never see ;  
 Let him not love this Life, who loves not me.

Martial, L. 2. *Vis fieri Liber ? &c.*

WOULD you be free? 'Tis your chief Wish, you say,  
 Come on ; I'll shew thee, Friend, the certain  
 Way.  
 If to no Feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,  
 Whilst bounteous God does Bread at home bestow ;  
 If thou the Goodness of thy Cloaths dost prize,  
 By thine own Use, and not by others Eyes ;  
 (If only safe from Weathers) thou canst dwell  
 In a small House, but a convenient Shell ;  
 If thou, without a Sigh, or Golden Wish,  
 Canst look upon thy Beechen Bowl, and Dish ;  
 If in thy Mind such Power and Greatness be,  
 The *Persian* King's a Slave, compar'd with thee.

Mart. L. 2. *Quod te nomine ? &c.*

THAT I do you with humble Bows no more,  
 And Danger of my naked Head, adore ;  
 That I, who Lord and Master cry'd e'erwhile,  
 Salute you in a new and different Stile,  
 By your own Name, a Scandal to you now,  
 Think not that I forget my self or you :  
 By Loss of all things by all others sought,  
 This Freedom, and the Freeman's Hat, is bought.  
 A Lord and Master no Man wants, but he  
 Who o'er himself has no Authority ;  
 Who does for Honours and for Riches strive,  
 And Follies, without which Lords cannot live.  
 If thou from Fortune dost no Servant crave,  
 Believe it, thou no Master need'st to have.

## ODE. Upon LIBERTY.

## I.

Freedom with Virtue takes her Seat :  
 Her proper Place, her only Scene,  
 Is in the Golden Mean ;  
 She lives not with the Poor, nor with the Great.  
 The Wings of those Necessity has clipt ;  
 And they're in Fortune's *Bridewell* whipt,  
 To the laborious Task of Bread ;  
 These are by various Tyrants Captive lead.  
 Now wild Ambition, with imperious Force,  
 Rides, reigns, and spurs them, like th' unruly Horse.  
 And servile Av'rice yokes them now,  
 Like toilsome Oxen, to the Plow.  
 And sometimes Lust, like the misguiding Light,  
 Draws them through all the Labyrinths of Night.  
 If any few among the Great there be  
 From these insulting Passions free,  
 Yet we ev'n those too fetter'd see,  
 By Custom, Business, Crouds, and formal Decency.  
 And wheresoe'er they stay, and wheresoe'er they go,  
 Impertinences round them flow :  
 These are the small uneasie things  
 Which about Greatness still are found,  
 And rather it molest than wound :  
 Like Gnats, which too much Heat of Summer brings ;  
 But Cares do swarm there too, and those have Stings :  
 As when the Honey does too open lye,  
 A thousand Wasps about it fly ;  
 Nor will the Master ev'n to share admit ;  
 The Master stands aloof, and dares not taste of it.

## II.

'Tis Morning ; well ; I fain would yet sleep on :  
 You cannot now ; you must be gone  
 To Court, or to the noisie Hall :  
 Besides, the Rooms without are crouded all ;  
 The Stream of Business does begin,  
 And a Spring-Tide of Clients is come in.  
 Ah cruel Guards, which this poor Pris'ner keep !  
 Will they not suffer him to sleep ?  
 Make an Escape ; out at the Postern fly,  
 And get some blessed Hours of Liberty,  
 With a few Friends, and a few Dishes dine,  
 And much of Mirth and mod'rate Wine.  
 To thy bent Mind some Relaxation give,  
 And steal one Day out of thy Life to live.  
 Oh happy Man (he cries) to whom kind Heav'n  
 Has such a Freedom always giv'n !  
 Why, mighty Madman, what should hinder thee  
 From being ev'ry Day as free ?

## III.

In all the freeborn Nations of the Air,  
 Never did Bird a Spirit so mean and sordid bear,  
 As to exchange his native Liberty,  
 Of soaring boldly up into the Sky ;  
 His Liberty to sing, to perch, or fly,



When, and where-ever he thought good,  
 And all his innocent Pleasures of the Wood ;  
 For a more plentiful or constant Food.  
 Nor ever did Ambitious Rage  
 Make him into a painted Cage,  
 Or the false Forest of a well-hung Room,  
 For Honour and Preferment come.  
 Now, Blessings on ye all, ye Heroick Race,  
 Who keep their primitive Powers and Rights so well,  
 Though Men and Angels fell.  
 Of all Material Lives the highest Place  
 To you is justly giv'n,  
 And Ways and Walks the nearest Heav'n.  
 Whilst wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit  
 To boast, That we look up to it.  
 Ev'n to the Universal Tyrant, Love,  
 You Homage pay but once a Year :  
 None so degenerate and unbirdly prove,  
 As his perpetual Yoke to bear.  
 None but a few unhappy Houshold Fowl,  
 Whom human Lordship does controul ;  
 Who from their Birth corrupted were  
 By Bondage, and by Man's Example here.

## IV.

He's no small Prince, who ev'ry Day  
 Thus to himself can say,  
 Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,  
 Now meditate alone, now with Acquaintance talk.  
 This I will do, here I will stay,  
 Or if my Fancy call me' away,  
 My Man and I will presently go ride,  
 (For we before have nothing to provide,  
 Nor after are to render an Account)  
 To *Dover*, *Berwick*, or the *Cornish* Mount.  
 If thou but a short Journey take,  
 As if thy last thou wert to make,  
 Business must be dispatch'd e'er thou canst part ;  
 Nor canst thou stir, unless there be  
 A hundred Horse and Men to wait on thee,  
 And many a Mule, and many a Cart ;  
 What an unweildy Man thou art ?  
 The *Rhodian Colossus* so  
 A Journey too might go.

## V.

Where Honour or where Conscience does not bind,  
 No other Law shall shackle me ;  
 Slave to my self I will not be,  
 Nor shall my future Actions be confin'd  
 By my own present Mind.  
 Who by Resolves and Vows engag'd does stand  
 For Days that yet belong to Fate,  
 Does, like an Unthrift, mortgage his Estate  
 Before it falls into his Hand.  
 The Bondman of the Cloister so  
 All that he does receive does always owe.  
 And still as Time comes in, it goes away,  
 Not to enjoy, but Debts to pay.

Unhappy Slave, and Pupil to a Bell !  
 Which his Hour's Work as well as Hours does tell !  
 Unhappy 'till the last, the kind releasing Knell.

## VI.

If Life should a well-order'd Poem be,  
 (In which he only hits the White,  
 Who joins true Profit with the best Delight)  
 The more Heroick Strain let others take,  
 Mine the Pindarick Way I'll make ;  
 The Matter shall be grave, the Numbers loose and  
 free.  
 It shall not keep one settled Pace of Time,  
 In the same Tune it shall not always chime,  
 Nor shall each Day just to his Neighbour rhyme :  
 A thousand Liberties it shall dispense,  
 And yet shall manage all without Offence,  
 Or to the Sweetness of the Sound, or Greatness of the  
 Sense :  
 Nor shall it never from one Subject start,  
 Nor seek Transitions to depart,  
 Nor its set Way o'er Stiles and Bridges make,  
 Nor thorough Lanes a Compass take,  
 As if it fear'd some Trespass to commit,  
 When the Wide Air's a Road for it.  
 So the Imperial Eagle does not stay,  
 'Till the whole Carkass it devour,  
 That's fall'n into its Pow'r ;  
 As if his gen'rous Hunger understood  
 That he can never want Plenty of Food.  
 He only sucks the tasteful Blood,  
 And to fresh Game flies chearfully away ;  
 To Kites and meaner Birds he leaves the mangled  
 Prey.

## II. OF SOLITUDE.

*N* *Umquam minus solus, quam cum solus*, is now  
 become a very vulgar Saying. Every Man, and  
 almost every Boy, for these seventeen hundred Years,  
 has had it in his Mouth. But it was at first spoken by  
 the Excellent *Scipio*, who was without question a most  
 Eloquent and Witty Person, as well as the most Wise,  
 most Worthy, most Happy, and the Greatest of all Man-  
 kind. His Meaning no doubt was this, That he found  
 more Satisfaction to his Mind, and more Improvement  
 of it by Solitude than by Company ; and to shew that he  
 spoke not this loosely or out of Vanity, after he had  
 made *Rome* Mistress of almost the whole World, he  
 retir'd himself from it by a Voluntary Exile, and at a  
 private House in the middle of a Wood near *Linternum*,  
 pass'd the Remainder of his Glorious Life no less glori-  
 ously. This House *Seneca* went to see so long after with  
 great Veneration, and among other things describes his  
 Baths to have been of so mean a Structure, that now,  
 says he, the basest of the People would despise them,  
 and cry out, Poor *Scipio* understood not how to live.  
 What an Authority is here for the Credit of Retreat ?  
 And happy had it been for *Hannibal*, if Adversity could

have taught him as much Wisdom as was learnt by *Scipio* from the highest Prosperities. This would be no Wonder, if it were as truly as it is colourably and wittily said by *Monsieur de Montagne*, That Ambition it self might teach us to love Solitude; there's nothing does so much hate to have Companions. 'Tis true, it loves to have its Elbows free, it detests to have Company on either Side, but it delights above all things in a Train behind, ay, and Ushers too before it. But the greatest Part of Men are so far from the Opinion of that noble *Roman*, that if they chance at any time to be without Company, they're like a becalmed Ship, they never move but by the Wind of other Men's Breath, and have no Oars of their own to steer withal. It is very fantastical and contradictory in human Nature, that Men should love themselves above all the rest of the World, and yet never endure to be with themselves. When they are in Love with a Mistress, all other Persons are importunate and burdensome to them. *Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam Lubens*, They would live and die with her alone.

*Sic ego secretis possum bene vivere silvis  
Quò nulla humano sit via trita pedè,  
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ  
Lumen, & in solis tu mihi turba locis.*

With thee for ever I in Woods could rest,  
Where never human Foot the Ground has prest,  
Thou from all Shades the Darkness canst exclude,  
And from a Desert banish Solitude.

And yet our Dear Self is so wearisome to us, that we can scarcely support its Conversation for an Hour together. This is such an odd Temper of Mind as *Catullus* expresses towards one of his Mistresses, whom we may suppose to have been of a very unsociable Humour:

*Odi & Amo, quandàm id faciam ratione requiris?  
Nescio, sed fieri sentio, & excrucior.*

I hate, and yet I love thee too;  
How can this be? I know not how;  
Only that so it is I know,  
And feel with Torment that 'tis so.

It is a deplorable Condition this, and drives a Man sometimes to pitiful Shifts, in seeking how to avoid himself.

The Truth of the Matter is, that neither he who is a Fop in the World, is a fit Man to be alone; nor he who has set his Heart much upon the World, tho' he have never so much Understanding; so that Solitude can be well fitted and set right, but upon a very few Persons. They must have enough Knowledge of the World to see the Vanity of it, and enough Virtue to despise all Vanity; if the Mind be possess'd with any Lust or Passion, a Man had better be in a Fair, than in a Wood alone. They may, like petty Thieves, cheat us perhaps, and pick our Pockets in the midst of Company; but, like Robbers, they use to strip and bind, or murder us when

they catch us alone. This is but to retreat from Men, and fall into the Hands of Devils. 'Tis like the Punishment of Paricides among the *Romans*, to be sow'd into a Bag with an Ape, a Dog, and a Serpent. The first Work therefore that a Man must do to make himself capable of the Good of Solitude, is, the very Eradication of all Lusts; for how is it possible for a Man to enjoy himself while his Affections are ty'd to Things without himself? In the second place, he must learn the Art and get the Habit of Thinking; for this too, no less than well speaking, depends upon much Practice, and Cogitation is the thing which distinguishes the Solitude of a God from a wild Beast. Now because the Soul of Man is not by its own Nature or Observation furnish'd with sufficient Materials to work upon; it is necessary for it to have continual Recourse to Learning and Books for fresh Supplies, so that the solitary Life will grow indigent, and be ready to starve without them; but if once we be thoroughly engag'd in the Love of Letters, instead of being weary'd with the Length of any Day, we shall only complain of the Shortness of our whole Life.

*O Vita, Stulto longa, Sapienti brevis!*  
O Life, long to the Fool, short to the Wise!

The first Minister of State has not so much Business in publick, as a wise Man has in private; if the one have little Leisure to be alone, the other has less Leisure to be in Company; the one has but Part of the Affairs of one Nation, the other all the Works of God and Nature under his Consideration. There is no Saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, That a Man does not know how to pass his Time. 'Twould have been but ill spoken by *Methusalem* in the nine hundred sixty ninth Year of his Life, so far it is from us, who have not Time enough to attain to the utmost Perfection of any Part of any Science, to have Cause to complain that we are forc'd to be idle for want of Work. But this you'll say is Work only for the Learned, others are not capable either of the Employments or Divertisements that arrive from Letters; I know they are not, and therefore cannot much recommend Solitude to a Man totally illiterate. But if any Man be so unlearned as to want Entertainment of the little Intervals of accidental Solitude, which frequently occur in almost all Conditions (except the very meanest of the People, who have Business enough in the necessary Provisions for Life) it is truly a great Shame both to his Parents and himself, for a very small Portion of any ingenious Art will stop up all those Gaps of our Time, either Musick, or Painting, or Designing, or Chymistry, or History, or Gardening, or twenty other things, will do it usefully and pleasantly; and if he happen to set his Affections upon Poetry (which I do not advise him too immoderately) that will over do it; no Wood will be thick enough to hide him from the Importunities of Company or Business, which would abstract him from his Beloved.

— *O quis me gelidis sub montibus Hæmi  
Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ?*

Virg. Georg.

## I.

Hail, old *Patrician* Trees, so great and good !  
Hail, ye *Plebeian* Under-wood !  
Where the Poetick Birds rejoice,  
And for their quiet Nests, and plenteous Food,  
Pay with their grateful Voice.

## II.

Hail, the poor Muses richest Manor Seat !  
Ye Country Houses and Retreat,  
Which all the happy Gods so love,  
That for you oft they quit their bright and great  
Metropolis above.

## III.

Here Nature does a House for me erect :  
Nature, the fairest Architect,  
Who those fond Artists does despise,  
That can the fair and living Trees neglect,  
Yet the dead Timber prize.

## IV.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,  
Hear the soft Winds above me flying,  
With all their wanton Boughs dispute,  
And the more tuneful Birds to both replying,  
Nor be my self too mute.

## V.

A Silver Stream shall roll his Waters near,  
Gilt with the sun-beams here and there ;  
On whose enamell'd Bank I 'll walk,  
And see how prettily they smile, and hear  
How prettily they talk.

## VI.

Ah wretched, and too solitary he,  
Who loves not his own Company !  
He 'll feel the Weight of 't many a Day,  
Unless he call in Sin or Vanity  
To help to bear 't away.

## VII.

Oh Solitude, first State of Humankind !  
Which blest remain'd, 'till Man did find  
Ev'n his own Helper's Company.  
As soon as two (alas !) together join'd,  
The Serpent made up three.

## VIII.

Tho' God himself, through countless Ages thee  
His sole Companion chose to be,  
Thee, Sacred Solitude, alone,  
Before the branchy Head of Number's Tree  
Sprang from the Trunk of one.

## IX.

Thou (tho' Men think thine an unactive Part)  
Dost break and tame th' unruly Heart,  
Which else would know no settled Pace,  
Making it move, well manag'd by thy Art,  
With Swiftmess and with Grace.

## X.

Thou the faint Beams of Reason's scatter'd Light  
Dost, like a Burning-glass, unite,  
Dost multiply the feeble Heat,  
And fortifie the Strength, 'till thou dost bright  
And noble Fires beget.

## XI.

Whilst this hard Truth I teach, methinks, I see  
The Monster *London* laugh at me ;  
I should at thee too, foolish City,  
If it were fit to laugh at Misery,  
But thy Estate I pity.

## XII.

Let but thy wicked Men from out thee go,  
And all the Fools that croud thee so,  
Ev'n thou, who dost thy Millions boast,  
A Village less than *Islington* wilt grow,  
A Solitude almost.

## III. Of OBSCURITY.

*NAM neque Divitibus contingunt gaudia solis,  
Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque Fefellit.*

Hor. Epist. l. 1. 18.

God made not Pleasures only for the Rich,  
Nor have those Men without their Share too liv'd,  
Who both in Life and Death the World deceiv'd.

This seems a strange Sentence thus literally translated,  
and looks as if it were in Vindication of the Men of  
Business (for who else can deceive the World ?) whereas  
it is in Commendation of those who live and die so  
obscurely, that the World takes no notice of them.  
This *Horace* calls deceiving the World, and in another  
Place uses the same Phrase.

*Secretum iter & Fallentis semita vita.*

Ep. 18.

The secret Tracks of the Deceiving Life.

It is very elegant in *Latin*, but our *English* Word will  
hardly bear up to that Sense, and therefore Mr. *Broom*  
translates it very well,

*Or from a Life, led as it were by Stealth.*

Yet we say in our Language, a Thing deceives our Sight,  
when it passes before us unperceiv'd, and we may say  
well enough out of the same Author,

*Sometimes with Sleep, sometimes with Wine we  
strive,*

*The Cares of Life and Troubles to deceive.*

But that is not to deceive the World, but to deceive our  
selves, as *Quintilian* says, *Vitam fallere*, To draw on  
still, and amuse and deceive our Life, 'till it be advanc'd  
insensibly to the fatal Period, and fall into that Pit  
which Nature hath prepar'd for it. The Meaning of all  
this is no more than that most vulgar Saying, *Bene qui  
latuit, bene vixit*, He has liv'd well, who has lain well

Declam  
de Apit

hidden. Which if it be a Truth, the World (I'll swear) is sufficiently deceiv'd: For my part, I think it is, and that the pleasantest Condition of Life is in *Incognito*. What a brave Privilege is it to be free from all Contentions, from all envying or being envy'd, from receiving and from paying all kind of Ceremonies? It is, in my Mind, a very delightful Pastime, for two good and agreeable Friends to travel up and down together, in Places where they are by no body known, nor know any body. It was the Case of *Aeneas* and his *Achates*, when they walk'd invisibly about the Fields and Streets of *Carthage*, *Venus* her self

*Virg. 1.* A vail of thicken'd Air around them cast,  
*Æn.* That none might know, or see them as they past.

The common story of *Demosthenes's* Confession that he had taken great Pleasure in hearing of a Tanker-woman say as he pass'd, This is that *Demosthenes*, is wonderful ridiculous from so solid an Orator. I myself have often met with that Temptation to Vanity (if it were any) but am so far from finding it any Pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the Place, 'till I get, as it were, out of Sight-shot. *Democritus* relates, and in such a manner, as if he glory'd in the good Fortune and Commodity of it, that when he came to *Athens* no body there did so much as take Notice of him; and *Epicurus* liv'd there very well, that is, Lay hid many Years in his Gardens, so famous since that time, with his Friend *Metrodorus*: After whose Death, making in one of his Letters a kind Commemoration of the Happiness which they two had enjoy'd together, he adds at last, that he thought it no Disparagement to those great Felicities of their Life, that in the midst of the most talk'd-of and talking Country in the World, they had liv'd so long, not only without Fame, but almost without being heard of. And yet within a very few Years afterward, there were no two Names of Men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large Acquaintance and various Familiarities, we set open our Gates to the Invaders of most of our Time: We expose our Life to a *Quotidian Ague* of frigid Impertinences, which would make a wise Man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by Sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the Honour that lyes in that: Whatsoever it be, every Mountebank has it more than the best Doctor, and the Hangman more than the Lord Chief-Justice of a City. Every Creature has it both of Nature and Art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, This is that *Bucephalus*, or, This is that *Incitatus*, when they were led prancing through the Streets, as, This is that *Alexander*, or, This is that *Domitian*; and truly for the latter, I take *Incitatus* to have been a much more Honourable Beast than his Master, and more deserving the Consulship, than he the Empire. I love and commend a true good Fame, because it is the Shadow of Virtue, not that it doth any good to the Body which it accompanies, but 'tis an efficacious Shadow, and like that of *St. Peter* cures the Diseases of others. The best kind of Glory, no doubt, is that which is

reflected from Honesty, such as was the Glory of *Cato* and *Aristides*, but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any Man whilst he live; what it is to him after his Death I cannot say, because I love not *Philosophy* merely notional and conjectural, and no Man who has made the Experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a Person who has a moderate Mind and Fortune, and lives in the Conversation of two or three agreeable Friends, with little Commerce in the World besides, who is esteem'd well enough by his few Neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by any body, and so after a healthful quiet Life, before the great Inconveniences of old Age, goes more silently out of it than he came in, (for I would not have him so much as cry in the *Exit*). This innocent Deceiver of the World, as *Horace* calls him, this *Muta Persona*, I take to have been more happy in his Part, than the greatest Actors that fill the Stage with Show and Noise, nay, even than *Augustus* himself, who ask'd with his last Breath, Whether he had not play'd his *Farce* very well.

*Seneca, ex Thyeste,*  
*Act. 2. Chor.*

*Stet quicumque volet, potens*  
*Aula culmine lubrico, &c.*

Upon the slippery Tops of human State,  
The gilded Pinnacles of Fate,  
Let others proudly stand, and for a while,  
The giddy Danger to beguile,  
With Joy, and with Disdain look down on all,  
'Till their Heads turn, and down they fall.  
Me, O ye Gods, on Earth, or else so near  
That I no Fall to Earth may fear,  
And, O ye Gods, at a good Distance seat  
From the long Ruins of the Great.  
Here wrapt in th' Arms of Quiet let me lye;  
Quiet, Companion of Obscurity.  
Here let my Life with as much Silence slide,  
As Time, that measures it, does glide.  
Nor let the Breath of Infamy, or Fame,  
From Town to Town echo about my Name.  
Nor let my homely Death embroider'd be  
With Scutcheon, or with Elegy.  
An old *Plebean* let me die;  
Alas, all then are such as well as I.  
To him, alas, to him, I fear,  
The Face of Death will terrible appear;  
Who in his Life flattering his senseless Pride,  
By being known to all the World beside,  
Does not himself, when he is dying, know,  
Nor what he is, nor whither he's to go.

#### IV. OF AGRICULTURE.

THE first Wish of *Virgil* (as you will find anon by his Verses) was to be a good Philosopher; the

second, a good Husbandman ; and God (whom he seem'd to understand better than most of the most learned Heathens) dealt with him just as he did with *Solomon* ; because he pray'd for Wisdom in the first place, he added all things else which were subordinately to be desir'd. He made him one of the best Philosophers, and best Husbandmen, and to adorn both those Faculties, the best Poet : He made him besides all this a rich Man, and a Man who desir'd to be no richer. *O Fortunatus nimium, & bona qui sua novit* : To be a Husbandman is but a Retreat from the City ; to be a Philosopher, from the World, or rather, a Retreat from the World, as it is Man's ; into the World, as it is God's. But since Nature denies to most Men the Capacity or Appetite, and Fortune allows but to a very few the Opportunities or Possibility of applying themselves wholly to Philosophy, the best mixture of human Affairs that we can make are the Employments of a Country Life. It is, as *Columella* calls it, *Res sine dubitatione proxima & quasi Consanguinea Sapientiæ*, The nearest Neighbour, or next in Kindred to Philosophy. *Varro* says, the Principles of it are the same which *Ennius* made to be the Principles of all Nature : Earth, Water, Air, and the Sun. It does certainly comprehend more Parts of Philosophy than any one Profession, Art or Science in the World besides ; and therefore *Cicero* says, The Pleasures of a Husbandman, *Mihi ad sapientis vitam proxime videntur accedere*, come very nigh to those of a Philosopher. There is no other sort of Life that affords so many Branches of Praise to a Panegyrist : The Utility of it to a Man's self : The usefulness, or rather Necessity of it to all the rest of Mankind : The Innocence, the Pleasure, the Antiquity, the Dignity. The Utility (I mean plainly the Lucre of it) is not so great now in our Nation as arises from Merchandise and the Trading of the City, from whence many of the best Estates and chief Honours of the Kingdom are deriv'd : We have no Men now fetch'd from the Plough to be Dictators, the Reason of which I conceive to be from an evil Custom, now grown as strong among us as if it were a Law, which is, that no Men put their Children to be bred up Apprentices in Agriculture, as in other Trades, but such who are so poor, that when they come to be Men, they have not wherewithal to set up in it, and so can only farm some small parcel of Ground, the Rent of which devours all but the bare Subsistence of the Tenant : Whilst they who are Proprietors of the Land, are either too proud, or, for want of Education, too ignorant to improve their Estates, tho' the Means of doing it be as easie and certain in this as in any other Track of Commerce : If there were always two or three thousand Youths, for seven or eight Years bound to this Profession, that they might learn the whole Art of it, and afterwards be enabled to be Masters in it, by a moderate Stock ; I cannot doubt but that we should see as many Aldermen's Estates made in the Country, as now we do out of all kind of merchandizing in the City. There are as many ways to be rich, and which is better, there is no Possibility to be poor, without such Negligence as can

*Lib. 1. c. 1.*

*De Senect.*

neither have Excuse nor Pity ; for a little Ground will without question feed a little Family, and the Superfluities of Life (which are now in some Cases by Custom made almost necessary) must be supply'd out of the Superabundance of Art and Industry, or contemned by as great a Degree of Philosophy. As for the Necessity of this Art, it is evident enough, since this can live without all others, and no one other without this. This is like Speech, without which the Society of Men cannot be preserv'd ; the others like Figures and Tropes of Speech, which serve only to adorn it. Many Nations have liv'd, and some do still, without any Art but this ; not so elegantly, I confess, but still they live, and almost all the other Arts which are here practis'd, are beholding to this for most of their Materials. The Innocence of this Life is the next thing for which I commend it, and if Husbandmen preserve not that, they are much to blame, for no Men are so free from the Temptations of Iniquity. They live by what they can get by Industry from the Earth, and others by what they can catch by Craft from Men. They live upon an Estate given them by their Mother, and others upon an Estate cheated from their Brethren. They live like Sheep and Kine, by the Allowances of Nature, and others like Wolves and Foxes by the Acquisitions of Rapine. And, I hope, I may affirm (without any Offence to the Great) that Sheep and Kine are very useful, and that Wolves and Foxes are pernicious Creatures. They are without Dispute of all Men the most quiet, and least apt to be inflam'd to the Disturbance of the Common-wealth : Their manner of Life inclines them, and Interest binds them to love Peace : In our late mad and miserable Civil Wars, all other Trades, even to the meanest, set forth whole Troops, and rais'd up some great Commanders, who became famous and mighty for the Mischief they had done : But, I do not remember the Name of any one Husbandman who had so considerable a Share in the twenty Years Ruin of his Country, as to deserve the Curses of his Countrymen : And if great Delights be join'd with so much Innocence, I think it is ill done of Men not to take them here where they are so tame, and ready at hand, rather than hunt for them in Courts and Cities, where they are so wild, and the Chase so troublesome and dangerous.

We are here among the vast and noble Scenes of Nature ; we are there among the pitiful Shifts of Policy : We walk here in the light and open Ways of the Divine Bounty ; we grope there in the dark and confus'd Labyrinths of Human Malice : Our Senses are here feasted with the clear and genuine Taste of their Objects, which are all Sophisticated there, and for the most part overwhelm'd with their Contraries. Here Pleasure looks (methinks) like a beautiful, constant, and modest Wife ; it is there an impudent, fickle, and painted Harlot. Here is harmless and cheap Plenty, there guilty and expenceful Luxury.

I shall only instance in one Delight more, the most natural and best natur'd of all others, a perpetual Companion of the Husbandman ; and that is, the Satisfac-

tion of looking round about him, and seeing nothing but the Effects and Improvements of his own Art and Diligence ; to be always gathering of some Fruits of it, and at the same time to behold others ripening, and others budding ; to see all his Fields and Gardens cover'd with the beauteous Creatures of his own Industry ; and to see, like God, that all his Works are Good.

— *Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades ; ipsi  
Agricolæ tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus.*

On his Heart-strings a secret Joy does strike.

The Antiquity of his Art is certainly not to be contested by any other. The three first Men in the World, were a Gard'ner, a Ploughman, and a Grazier ; and if any Man object, That the second of these was a Murtherer, I desire he would consider, that as soon as he was so, he quitted our Profession, and turn'd Builder. It is for this Reason, I suppose, that *Ecclesiasticus* forbids us to hate Husbandry ; because (says he) *the Most High has created it*. We were all born to this Art, and taught by Nature to nourish our Bodies by the same Earth out of which they were made, and to which they must return, and pay at last for their Sustenance.

Chap. 7.

Behold the Original and Primitive Nobility of all those great Persons, who are too proud now, not only to till the Ground, but almost to tread upon it. We may talk what we please of Lillies, and Lions Rampant, and Spread Eagles in Fields *d'Or*, or *d'Argent* ; but if Heraldry were guided by Reason, a Plough in a Field Arable, would be the most Noble and Ancient Arms.

All these Considerations make me fall into the Wonder and Complaint of *Columella*, How it should come to pass that all Arts or Sciences, (for the Dispute, which is an Art, and which a Science, does not belong to the Curiosity of us Husbandmen) *Metaphysick, Physick, Morality, Mathematicks, Logick, Rhetorick, &c.* which are all, I grant, good and useful Faculties, (except only *Metaphysick* which I do not know whether it be any thing or no) but even *Vaulting, Fencing, Dancing, Attiring, Cookery, Carving*, and such like Vanities, should all have publick Schools and Masters ; and yet that we should never see or hear of any Man who took upon him the Profession of teaching this so pleasant, so virtuous, so profitable, so honourable, so necessary Art.

A Man would think, when he's in serious Humour, that it were but a vain, irrational and ridiculous thing, for a great Company of Men and Women to run up and down in a Room together, in a hundred several Postures and Figures, to no purpose, and with no Design ; and therefore Dancing was invented first, and only practis'd anciently in the Ceremonies of the Heathen Religion, which consisted all in Mommery and Madness ; the latter being the chief Glory of the Worship, and accounted Divine Inspiration : This, I say, a severe Man would think, tho' I dare not determine so far against so customary a Part now of good Breeding.

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And yet, who is there among our Gentry, that does not entertain a Dancing-Master for his Children as soon as they are able to walk ? But, Did ever any Father provide a Tutor for his Son to instruct him betimes in the Nature and Improvements of that Land which he intended to leave him ? That is at least a Superfluity, and this a Defect in our manner of Education ; and therefore I could wish (but cannot in these times much hope to see it) that one College in each University were erected, and appropriated to this Study, as well as there are to Medicine, and the Civil Law ; There would be no need of making a Body of Scholars and Fellows, with certain Endowments, as in other Colleges ; it would suffice, if after the manner of Halls in *Oxford*, there were only four Professors constituted (for it would be too much Work for only one Master, or Principal, as they call him there) to teach these four Parts of it. First, *Aration*, and all things relating to it. Secondly, *Pasturage*. Thirdly, *Gardens, Orchards, Vineyards and Woods*. Fourthly, All parts of *Rural Oeconomy*, which would contain the Government of *Bees, Swine, Poultry, Decoys, Ponds, &c.* and all that which *Varro* calls *Villaticas Pastiones*, together with the Sports of the Field (which ought to be look'd upon not only as Pleasures, but as parts of House-keeping) and the Domestical Conservation and Uses of all that is brought in by Industry abroad. The Business of these Professors should not be, as is commonly practis'd in other Arts, only to read Pompous and Superficial Lectures out of *Virgil's Georgicks, Pliny, Varro, or Columella*, but to instruct their Pupils in the whole Method and Course of this Study, which might be run through perhaps with Diligence in a Year or two ; and the continual Succession of Scholars upon a moderate Taxation for their Diet, Lodging, and Learning, would be a sufficient constant Revenue for Maintenance of the House and the Professors, who should be Men not chosen for the Ostentation of Critical Literature, but for solid and experimental Knowledge of the things they teach such Men ; so industrious and publick-spirited as I conceive Mr. *Hartlib* to be, if the Gentleman be yet alive : But it is needless to speak farther of my Thoughts of this Design, unless the present Disposition of the Age allow'd more Probability of bringing it into Execution. What I have further to say of the Country Life, shall be borrow'd from the Poets, who were always the most faithful and affectionate Friends to it. Poetry was born among the Shepherds.

*Nescio qua Natale solum dulcedine Musas  
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.*

The Muses still love their own native Place,  
'T has secret Charms which nothing can deface.

The Truth is, no other Place is proper for their Work ; one might as well undertake to Dance in a Croud, as to make good Verses in the midst of Noise and Tumult.

As well might Corn as Verse in Cities grow ;  
In vain the thankless Glebe we plough and sow,

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Against th' unnatural Soil in vain we strive ;  
'Tis not a Ground in which these Plants will thrive.

It will bear nothing but the Nettles or Thorns of *Satyre*, which grow most naturally in the worst Earth : And therefore almost all Poets, except those who were not able to eat Bread without the Bounty of Great Men, that is, without what they could get by Flattering of them, have not only withdrawn themselves from the Vices and Vanities of the Grand World (*Pariter vitiiisque Jociisque Altius humanis exeruere caput*) into the innocent Happiness of a retir'd Life ; but have commended and adorned nothing so much by their Ever-living Poems. *Hesiod* was the first or second Poet in the World that remains yet extant (if *Homer*, as some think, preceded him, but I rather believe they were Contemporaries) and he is the first Writer too of the Art of Husbandry : He has contributed (says *Columella*) not a little to our Profession ; I suppose he means not a little Honour, for the Matter of his Instructions is not very important : His great Antiquity is visible through the Gravity and Simplicity of his Stile. The most acute of all his Sayings concerns our Purpose very much, and is couch'd in the reverend Obscurity of an Oracle, Πλεόν ἡμῶν Παντός, The half is more than the whole. The Occasion of the Speech is this ; His Brother *Perseus* had by corrupting some great Men (*Βασιλῆας Δωροφάγους*, Great Bribe-Eaters, he calls them) gotten from him the half of his Estate. It is no matter (says he) they have not done me so much Prejudice as they imagine.

Νῆπιοι οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ Πλεόν ἡμῶν Παντός,  
Οὐδ' ὅσον ἐν μαλάχῃ τε καὶ ἀσφοδέλῳ μέγ' ὄνειρα,  
Κρύψαντες γὰρ ἔχουσι θεοὶ βίον ἀνθρώποισι.

Unhappy they to' whom God has not reveal'd,  
By a strong Light which must their Sense control,  
That half a great Estate 's more than the whole :  
Unhappy, from whom still conceal'd does lye  
Of Roots and Herbs, the wholesome Luxury.

This I conceive to have been honest *Hesiod's* Meaning. From *Homer* we must not expect much concerning our Affairs. He was blind, and could neither work in the Country, nor enjoy the Pleasures of it. His helpless Poverty was likeliest to be sustain'd in the richest Places. He was to delight the *Grecians* with fine Tales of the Wars and Adventures of their Ancestors. His Subject remov'd him from all Commerce with us, and yet, methinks, he made a shift to show his good Will a little. For tho' he could do us no Honour in the Person of his *Hero Ulysses* (much less of *Achilles*) because his whole Time was consumed in Wars and Voyages, yet he makes his Father *Laertes* a Gard'ner all that while, and seeking his Consolation for the Absence of his Son in the Pleasure of Planting and even Dugging his own Grounds. Ye see he did not contemn us Peasants, nay, so far was he from that Insolence, that he always stiles *Eumæus*, who kept the Hogs, with wonderful Respect Διὸν ὑφορβόν, The Divine Swine-herd. He could have done no more for *Menelaus* or *Agamemnon*. And

*Theocritus* (a very ancient Poet, but he was one of our own Tribe, for he wrote nothing but Pastorals) gave the same Epithete to an Husbandman, Ἐμειβετο Διὸς ἀγροῶντος : The Divine Husbandman reply'd to *Hercules*, who was but Διὸς himself. These were Civil *Greeks* ! and who understood the Dignity of our Calling ! Among the *Romans* we have in the first place our truly Divine *Virgil*, who, though by the Favour of *Mecenas* and *Augustus*, he might have been one of the chief Men in *Rome*, yet chose rather to employ much of his Time in the Exercise, and much of his immortal Wit in the Praise and Instructions of a Rustick Life ; who tho' he had written before whole Books of *Pastorals* and *Georgicks*, could not abstain in his great and Imperial Poem from describing *Evander*, one of his best Princes, as living just after the homely manner of an ordinary Country-Man. He seats him in a Throne of Maple, and lays him but upon a Bear's Skin ; the Kine and Oxen are lowing in his Court-yard, the Birds under the Eaves of his Window call him up in the Morning, and when he goes abroad, only two Dogs go along with him for his Guard : At last when he brings *Aeneas* into his Royal Cottage, he makes him say this memorable Complement, greater than ever yet was spoken at the *Escurial*, the *Louvre*, or our *Whitehall*.

—*Hæc (inquit) limina victor  
Alcides subiit, hæc illum Regia cepit,  
Aude, Hospes, contemnere opes, & te quoque dignum  
Finge Deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis.*

This humble Roof, this rustick Court (said he)  
Receiv'd *Alcides* crown'd with Victory.  
Scorn not (great Guest) the Steps where he has trod,  
But contemn Wealth, and imitate a God.

The next Man whom we are much oblig'd to, both for his Doctrine and Example, is the next best Poet in the World to *Virgil*, his dear Friend *Horace* ; who when *Augustus* had desir'd *Mecenas* to persuade him to come and live domestically, and at the same Table with him, and to be Secretary of State of the whole World under him, or rather jointly with him, for he says, *ut nos in Epistolis scribendis adjuvet*, could not be tempted to forsake his *Sabin*, or *Tiburtin* Manor, for so rich and so glorious a Trouble. There was never, I think, such an Example as this in the World, that he should have so much Moderation and Courage as to refuse an Offer of such Greatness, and the Emperor so much Generosity and good Nature as not to be at all offended with his Refusal, but to retain still the same Kindness, and express it often to him in most friendly and familiar Letters, part of which are still extant. If I should produce all the Passages of this excellent Author upon the several Subjects which I treat of in this Book, I must be oblig'd to translate half his Works ; of which I may say more truly than in my Opinion he did of *Homer*, *Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid Turpe, quid utile, quid non, plenius & melius Chrysisippa, & Crantore dicit*. I shall content my self upon this particular

Theme with three only, one out of his *Odes*, the other out of his *Satyrs*, the third out of his *Epistles*, and shall forbear to collect the Suffrages of all other Poets, which may be found scatter'd up and down through all their Writings, and especially in *Martials*. But I must not omit to make some Excuse for the bold Undertaking of my unskilful Pencil upon the Beauties of a Face that has been drawn before by so many great Masters, especially, that I should dare to do it in *Latin Verses* (tho' of another kind) and have the Confidence to translate them. I can only say that I love the Matter, and that ought to cover many Faults; and that I run not to contend with those before me, but follow to applaud them.

*Virg. Georg. Lib. II.*

O fortunati nimium, &c.

*A Translation out of Virgil.*

**O**H happy (if his Happiness he knowes)  
The Country Swain, on whom kind Heav'n  
bestowes  
At home all Riches that wise Nature needs;  
Whom the just Earth with easie plenty feeds.  
'Tis true, no morning Tide of Clients comes,  
And fills the painted Channels of his rooms,  
Adoring the rich Figures, as they pass,  
In Tap'stry wrought, or cut in Living Brass;  
Nor is his Wool superfluously dy'd  
With the dear Poyson of Assyrian pride: 10  
Nor do Arabian Perfumes vainly spoil  
The Native Use, and Sweetness of his oyl.  
Instead of these, his calm and harmless life,  
Free from the Alarms of Fear, and storms of Strife,  
Does with substantial Blessedness abound,  
And the soft wings of Peace cover him round.  
Through artless Grotts the murm'ring waters glide;  
Thick Trees both against Heat and Cold provide,  
From whence the Birds salute him; and his ground  
With lowing Herds, and bleating Sheep does sound; 20  
And all the Rivers and the Forests nigh,  
Both Food and Game, and Exercise supply.  
Here a well-hardned active youth we see,  
Taught the great Art of chearful Povertie.  
Here, in this place alone, there still do shine  
Some streaks of Love, both Humane and Divine;  
From hence Astræa took her flight, and here  
Still her last Foot-steps upon Earth appear.  
'Tis true, the first desire, which does controul  
All the inferiour wheels that move my Soul, 30  
Is, that the Muse me her high-Priest would make;  
Into her holiest Scenes of Mystery take,  
And open there, to my mind's purged Eye,  
Those wonders which to Sense the Gods deny;  
How in the Moon such change of shapes is found,  
The Moon, the changing World's eternal bound.  
What shakes the solid Earth, what strong disease  
Dares trouble the firm Centre's ancient ease;

What makes the Sea retreat, and what advance:  
Varieties too regular for chance. 40  
What drives the Chariot on of Winter's light,  
And stops the lazy Waggon of the night.  
But if my dull and frozen Blood deny,  
To send forth Sp'rits that raise a Soul so high;  
In the next place, let Woods and Rivers be  
My quiet, though unglorious destinie.  
In Life's cool vale let my low Scene be laid,  
Cover me, Gods, with Tempe's thickest shade.  
Happy the man, I grant, thrice happy he  
Who can through gross effects their causes see: 50  
Whose courage from the deeps of knowledge springs,  
Nor vainly fears inevitable things;  
But does his walk of virtue calmly go,  
Through all th' allarms of Death and Hell below.  
Happy! but next such Conquerours, happy they,  
Whose humble Life lies not in Fortune's way.  
They unconcern'd, from their safe distant, seat,  
Behold the Rods and Scepters of the great.  
The quarrels of the mighty without fear,  
And the descent of foreign Troops they hear. 60  
Nor can even Rome their stedly course misguide,  
With all the Lustre of her perishing Pride.  
Them never yet did strife or avarice draw,  
Into the noisie markets of the Law,  
The Camps of gowned War; nor do they live  
By rules or forms, that many mad-men give.  
Duty, for Nature's Bounty, they repay,  
And her sole Laws religiously obey.  
Some with bold Labour plough the faithless main,  
Some rougher storms in Princes' Courts sustain. 70  
Some swell up their slight sails with pop'ular fame,  
Charm'd with the foolish whistlings of a Name.  
Some their vain wealth to Earth again commit;  
With endless cares some brooding o're it sit.  
Country and Friends are by some Wretches sold,  
To lye on Tyrian Beds, and drink in Gold;  
No price too high for profit can be shown;  
Not Brothers' Blood, nor hazards of their own.  
Around the World in search of it they roam,  
It makes ev'n their Antipodes their home; 80  
Mean while, the prudent Husbandman is found,  
In mutual duties striving with his ground;  
And half the year he care of that does take,  
That half the year grateful returns does make.  
Each fertil moneth does some new gifts present,  
And with new work his industry content.  
This, the young Lamb, that, the soft Fleece doth  
yield,  
This, loads with Hay, and that, with Corn the Field;  
All sorts of Fruit crown the rich Autumn's Pride;  
And on a swelling Hill's warm stony side, 90  
The powerful Princely Purple of the Vine,  
Twice dy'd with the redoubled Sun, does shine.  
In th' Evening to a fair ensuing day,  
With joy he sees his Flocks and Kids to play;  
And loaded Kyne about his Cottage stand,  
Inviting with known sound the Milker's Hand;



And when from wholsom labour he doth come,  
 With wishes to be there, and wisht-for home,  
 He meets at door the softest humane blisses,  
 His chaste wife's welcom, and dear Children's kisses.  
 When any Rural Holy-dayes invite 101  
 His Genius forth to innocent delight,  
 On Earth's fair bed, beneath some sacred shade,  
 Amidst his equal friends carelessly laid,  
 He sings thee, Bacchus, Patron of the Vine ;  
 The Beechen Boul fomes with a floud of Wine,  
 Not to the loss of reason, or of strength :  
 To active games, and manly sport at length,  
 Their mirth ascends, and with fill'd veins they see,  
 Who can the best at better trials be. 110  
 Such was the Life the prudent Sabins chose,  
 From such the old Hetrurian virtue rose.  
 Such, Remus and the God his Brother led,  
 From such firm footing Rome grew the World's Head.  
 Such was the Life that ev'n 'till now does raise  
 The honour of poor Saturn's golden dayes :  
 Before Men born of Earth, and bury'd there,  
 Let in the Sea their mortal fate to share.  
 Before new wayes of perishing were sought,  
 Before unskilful Death on Anvils wrought. 120  
 Before those Beasts, which humane life sustain,  
 By Men, unless to the Gods use, were slain.

### Horat. Epodon.

*Beatus ille qui procul, &c.*

**H**appy the Man whom bounteous Gods allow  
 With his own Hands Paternal Grounds to plow !  
 Like the first golden Mortals, happy he,  
 From Business and the Cares of Mony free !  
 No human Storms break off at Land his Sleep,  
 No loud Alarms of Nature on the Deep ;  
 From all the Cheats of Law he lives secure,  
 Nor does th' Affronts of Palaces endure.  
 Sometimes the beauteous, marriageable Vine 10  
 He to the lusty Bridegroom Elm does join ;  
 Sometimes he lops the barren Trees around,  
 And grafts new Life into the fruitful Wound ;  
 Sometimes he sheers his Flock, and sometimes he  
 Stores up the Golden Treasures of the Bee.  
 He sees his lowing Herds walk o'er the Plain,  
 Whilst neighb'ring Hills low back to them again :  
 And when the Season, rich as well as gay,  
 All her Autumnal Bounty does display,  
 How is he pleas'd th' encreasing Use to see 20  
 Of his well-trusted Labours bend the Tree !  
 Of which large Shares, on the glad Sacred Days,  
 He gives to Friends, and to the Gods repays.  
 With how much Joy does he beneath some Shade,  
 By aged Trees rev'rend Embraces made,  
 His careless Head on the fresh Green recline,  
 His Head uncharg'd with Fear or with Design :  
 By him a River constantly complains,  
 The Birds above rejoice with various Strains,

And in the solemn Scene their *Orgies* keep,  
 Like Dreams mix'd with the Gravity of Sleep ; 30  
 Sleep, which does always there for Entrance wait,  
 And nought within against it shuts the Gate.  
 Nor does the roughest Season of the Sky,  
 Or sullen *Jove*, all Sports to him deny.  
 He runs the Mazes of the nimble Hare,  
 His well-mouth'd Dogs' glad Concert rends the Air ;  
 Or with Game bolder, and rewarded more,  
 He drives into a Toil the foaming Boar ;  
 Here flies the Hawk t' assault, and there the Net 40  
 To intercept the travelling Fowl is set.  
 And all his Malice, all his Craft is shown  
 In innocent Wars, on Beasts and Birds alone.  
 This is the Life from all Misfortunes free,  
 From thee the great One, Tyrant Love, from thee ;  
 And if a chaste and clean, tho' homely Wife  
 Be added to the Blessings of this Life,  
 Such as the ancient Sun-burnt *Sabins* were,  
 Such as *Apulia*, frugal still, does bear :  
 Who makes her Children and the House her Care,  
 And joyfully the Work of Life does share, 50  
 Nor thinks herself too noble, or too fine,  
 To pin the Sheep-fold, or to milch the Kine ;  
 Who waits at Door against her Husband come,  
 From Rural Duties, late, and weary'd home ;  
 When she receives him with a kind Embrace,  
 A chearful Fire, and a more chearful Face ;  
 And fills the Bowl up to her homely Lord,  
 And with Domestick Plenty loads the Board.  
 Not all the lustful Shell-fish of the Sea,  
 Dress'd by the wanton Hand of Luxury, 60  
 Nor *Ortalans*, nor *Godwoits*, nor the rest  
 Of costly Names, that glorifie a Feast,  
 Are at the Princely Tables better Cheer,  
 Than Lamb and Kid, Lettuce and Olives here.

### The Country Mouse.

*A Paraphrase upon Horace, 2 Book. Satyr. 6.*

**A**T the large foot of a fair hollow tree,  
 Close to plow'd ground, seated commodiously,  
 His antient and Hereditary house,  
 There dwelt a good substantial Country Mouse :  
 Frugal, and grave, and careful of the main,  
 Yet, one, who once did nobly entertain  
 A City Mouse, well-coated, sleek, and gay,  
 A Mouse of high degree, which lost his way,  
 Wantonly walking forth to take the Air, 10  
 And arriv'd early, and belighted there,  
 For a day's Lodging : the good hearty Host  
 (The antient plenty of his hall to boast)  
 Did all the stores produce, that might excite,  
 With various tastes, the Courtier's appetite.  
 Fitches and Beans, Peason, and Oats, and Wheat,  
 And a large Chesnut, the delicious meat  
 Which *Jove* himself, were he a mouse, would eat.

And for a Haut goust there was mixt with these  
 The swerd of Bacon, and the coat of Cheese ;  
 The precious Reliques, which at Harvest, he  
 Had gather'd from the Reapers' luxurie. 20  
 Freely (said he) fall on, and never spare,  
 The bounteous Gods will for to morrow care.  
 And thus at ease on beds of straw they lay,  
 And to their Genius sacrific'd the day.  
 Yet the nice guest's *Epicurean* Mind  
 (Tho' breeding made him civil seem, and kind)  
 Despis'd this Country feast, and still his thought  
 Upon the Cakes and Pies of London wrought.  
 Your bounty and civility (said he) 30  
 Which I'm surpriz'd in these rude parts to see,  
 Shews that the Gods have given you a mind,  
 Too noble for the fate which here you find.  
 Why should a Soul, so virtuous, and so great,  
 Lose it self thus in an Obscure retreat?  
 Let savage Beasts lodge in a Country Den,  
 You should see Towns, and Manners know, and  
 Men :

And taste the generous Lux'ury of the Court,  
 Where all the Mice of quality resort ;  
 Where thousand beauteous shees about you move, 40  
 And by high fare are plyant made to love.  
 We all e're long must render up our breath,  
 No cave or hole can shelter us from death.  
 Since Life is so uncertain, and so short,  
 Let's spend it all in feasting, and in sport.  
 Come, worthy Sir, come with me, and partake  
 All the great things that mortals happy make.

Alas, what virtue hath sufficient Arms  
 T' oppose bright Honour, and soft Pleasure's Charms? 50  
 What wisdom can their magick force repell?  
 It draws this rev'rend Hermit from his Cell.  
 It was the time, when witty Poets tell,  
 That Phœbus into Thetis' bosom fell :  
 She blusht at first, and then put out the light,  
 And drew the modest Curtains of the night.  
 Plainly, the troth to tell, the Sun was set,  
 When to the Town our wearied Travellers get.  
 To a Lord's house, as Lordly as can be,  
 Made for the use of Pride and Luxurie,  
 They come ; the gentle Courtier at the door 60  
 Stops, and will hardly enter in before.  
 But 'tis, Sir, your command, and being so,  
 I'm sworn t' obedience ; and so in they go.  
 Behind a hanging in a spacious room,  
 (The richest work of Morclake's noble Loom)  
 They wait awhile their wearied Limbs to rest,  
 'Till silence should invite them to their feast.  
 About the hour that Cynthia's Silver light,  
 Had touch'd the pale Meridies of the night ;  
 At last the various Supper being done, 70  
 It happened that the Company was gone  
 Into a room remote, Servants and all,  
 To please their noble fancies with a Ball.  
 Our host leads forth his Stranger, and does find  
 All fitted to the bounties of his mind.

Still on the Table half-fill'd dishes stood,  
 And with delicious bits the floor was strow'd.  
 The Courteous Mouse presents him with the best,  
 And both with fat varieties are blest :  
 Th' industrious Peasant every where does range, 80  
 And thanks the Gods for his Life's happy change.  
 Loe, in the midst of a well-fraighted Pye  
 They both at last, glutted and wanton, lye :  
 When see the sad Reverse of prosp'rous fate,  
 And what fierce storms on mortal glories wait.  
 With hideous noise down the rude Servants come,  
 Six dogs before run barking into th' room ;  
 The wretched gluttons fly with wild affright,  
 And hate the fulness which retards their flight.  
 Our trembling Peasant wishes now in vain, 90  
 That Rocks and Mountains cover'd him again.  
 Oh how the change of his poor life he curst !  
 This, of all lives (said he) is sure the worst.  
 Give me again, ye Gods, my Cave, and wood ;  
 With peace, let Tares and Acorns be my food.

A Paraphrase upon the 10<sup>o</sup> Epistle of the  
 first Book of *Horace*.

Horace to Fuscus Aristius.

**H** Health, from the lover of the Country, me ;  
 Health, to the lover of the City, thee :  
 A difference in our souls this only proves,  
 In all things else, w' agree like married doves.  
 But the warm nest, and crouded dove-house, thou  
 Dost like ; I loosely fly from bough to bough,  
 And Rivers drink, and all the shining day,  
 Upon fair Trees, or mossy Rocks I play ;  
 In fine, I live and reign, when I retire  
 From all that you equal with Heaven admire. 10  
 Like one at last, from the Priest's service fled,  
 Loathing the honied Cakes, I long for Bread.  
 Would I a house for happiness erect,  
 Nature alone should be the Architect.  
 She'd build it more convenient, than great,  
 And doubtless in the Country choose her seat.  
 Is there a place doth better helps supply,  
 Against the wounds of Winter's cruelty?  
 Is there an Ayr that gent'ler does asswage  
 The mad Celestial Dogs, or Lyons' rage? 20  
 Is it not there that sleep (and only there)  
 Nor noise without, nor cares within does fear?  
 Does art through pipes a purer water bring,  
 Than that which nature strains into a spring?  
 Can all your Tap'stries, or your Pictures, show  
 More beauties than in Herbs and Flowers do grow?  
 Fountains and Trees our wearied Pride do please,  
 Even in the midst of gilded Palaces.  
 And in your towns, that prospect gives delight,  
 Which opens round the Country to our sight. 30  
 Men to the good, from which they rashly fly,  
 Return at last, and their wild Luxury

Does but in vain with those true joyes contend,  
Which nature did to mankind recommend.  
The Man who changes gold for burnisht brass,  
Or small right Gemms, for larger ones of Glass :  
Is not, at length, more certain to be made  
Ridiculous, and wretched by the trade,  
Than he, who sells a solid good, to buy  
The painted goods of Pride and Vanity. 40  
If thou be wise, no glorious fortune chuse,  
Which 'tis but pain to keep, yet grief to lose.  
For, when we place ev'n trifles in the heart,  
With trifles too, unwillingly we part.  
An humble Roof, plain bed, and homely board,  
More clear, untainted pleasures do afford,  
Than all the Tumult of vain greatness brings  
To Kings, or to the favourites of Kings.  
The horned Deer, by nature arm'd so well,  
Did with the Horse in common pasture dwell ; 50  
And when they fought, the Field it alwayes wan,  
'Till the ambitious Horse begg'd Help of Man,  
And took the bridle, and thenceforth did reign  
Bravely alone, as Lord of all the plain :  
But never after could the Rider get  
From off his back, or from his mouth the bit.  
So they, who poverty too much do fear,  
T' avoid that weight, a greater burden bear ?  
That they might Pow'r above their equals have,  
To cruel Masters they themselves enslave. 60  
For Gold, their Liberty exchange'd we see,  
That fairest flower which crowns Humanitie ;  
And all this mischief does upon them light,  
Only, because they know not how, aright,  
That great, but secret, happiness to prize,  
That 's laid up in a Little, for the Wise :  
That is the best, and easiest, Estate,  
Which to a man sits close, but not too straight ;  
'Tis like a shooe ; it pinches, and it burns,  
Too narrow ; and too large, it over-turns. 70  
My dearest friend, stop thy desires at last,  
And cheerfully enjoy the wealth thou hast.  
And, if me still seeking for more you see,  
Chide and reproach, despise and laugh at me.  
Money was made, not to command our will,  
But all our lawful pleasures to fulfill.  
Shame and woe to us, if we' our wealth obey ;  
The Horse doth with the Horse-man run away.

### The COUNTRY LIFE.

*Libr. 4. Plantarum.*

Bless'd be the Man (and bless'd he is) whom e'er  
(Plac'd far out of the Roads of Hope or Fear)  
A little Field, and little Garden feeds ;  
The Field gives all that frugal Nature needs,  
The wealthy Garden lib'rally bestows  
All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.  
The specious Inconveniences that wait  
Upon a Life of Business, and of State,

He sees (nor does the Sight disturb his Rest)  
By Fools desir'd, by wicked Men possess. 10  
Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great *Virgil's* Praise)  
The old *Corycian* Yeoman pass'd his Days.  
Thus his wise Life *Abdolonymus* spent :  
Th' Ambassadors, which the great Emp'ror sent  
To offer him a Crown, with Wonder found  
The rev'rend Gard'ner howing of his Ground ;  
Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent,  
From his lov'd Cottage, to a Throne he went :  
And oft he stopp'd in his triumphant Way,  
And oft look'd back, and oft was heard to say, 20  
Not without Sighs, Alas, I there forsake  
A happier Kingdom than I go to take.  
Thus *Aglaius* (a Man unknown to Men,  
But the Gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)  
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a Name,  
*Aglaius*, now consign'd t' eternal Fame.  
For *Gyges*, the rich King, wicked and great,  
Presum'd at wise *Apollo's Delphick* Seat,  
Presum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole World's Eye,  
See'st thou a Man that happier is than I ? 30  
The God, who scorn'd to flatter Man, reply'd,  
*Aglaius* happier is. But *Gyges* cry'd,  
In a proud Rage, Who can that *Aglaius* be ?  
We've heard as yet of no such King as he.  
And true it was, through the whole Earth around  
No King of such a Name was to be found.  
Is some old *Hero* of that Name alive,  
Who his high Race does from the Gods derive ?  
Is it some mighty Gen'ral, that has done  
Wonders in Fight, and God-like Honours won ? 40  
Is it some Man of endless Wealth ? said he.  
None, none of these ; who can this *Aglaius* be ?  
After long Search and vain Inquiries past,  
In an obscure *Arcadian* Vale at last,  
(Th' *Arcadian* Life has always shady been)  
Near *Sopho's* Town (which he but once had seen)  
This *Aglaius*, who Monarchs' Envy drew,  
Whose Happiness the Gods stood Witness to,  
This mighty *Aglaius* was lab'ring found, 50  
With his own Hands, in his own little Ground.  
So, gracious God, (if it may lawful be,  
Among those foolish Gods to mention thee)  
So let me act, on such a private Stage,  
The last dull Scenes of my declining Age ;  
After long Toils and Voyages in vain,  
This quiet Port let my toss'd Vessel gain ;  
Of Heav'nly Rest, this Earnest to me lend,  
Let my Life sleep, and learn to love her End.

### V. The GARDEN.

*To J. Evelyn, Esquire.*

I Never had any other Desire so strong, and so like to  
Covetousness, as that one which I have had  
always, that I might be Master at last of a small House  
and large Garden, with very moderate Conveniences  
join'd to them, and there dedicate the Remainder of my

Life only to the Culture of them, and the Study of Nature ;

And there (with no Design beyond my Wall) whole and entire to lye,

In no unactive Ease, and no unglorious Poverty.

Or as *Virgil* has said, shorter and better for me, that I might there *Studiis florere ignobilis otii* (though I could wish that he had rather said, *Nobilis otii*, when he spoke of his own). But several Accidents of my ill Fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that Felicity ; for though I have made the first and hardest Step to it, by abandoning all Ambitions and Hopes in this World, and by retiring from the Noise of all Business and almost Company, yet I stick still in the Inn of a hired House and Garden, among Weeds and Rubbish ; and without that pleasantest Work of Human Industry, the Improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our own. I am gone out from *Sodom*, but I am not yet arriv'd at my Little *Zoar*. *O let me escape thither (Is it not a Little one ?) and my Soul shall live.* I do not look back yet ; but I have been forc'd to stop, and make too many Halts. You may wonder, Sir, (for this seems a little too extravagant and Pindarical for Prose) what I mean by all this Preface : It is to let you know, That tho' I have miss'd, like a Chymist, my great End, yet I account my Affections and Endeavours well rewarded by something that I have met with by the By ; which is, that they have procur'd me some Part in your Kindness and Esteem ; and thereby the Honour of having my Name so advantageously recommended to Posterity, by the *Epistle* you are pleas'd to prefix to the most useful Book that has been written in that kind, and which is to last as long as Months and Years.

Among many other *Arts* and *Excellencies* which you enjoy, I am glad to find this Favourite of mine the most predominant ; that you chuse this for your Wife, tho' you have hundreds of other Arts for your Concubines ; tho' you know them, and beget Sons upon them all (to which you are rich enough to allow great Legacies) yet the Issue of this seems to be design'd by you to the main of the Estate ; you have taken most Pleasure in it, and bestow'd most Charges upon its Education : And I doubt not to see that Book which you are pleas'd to promise to the World, and of which you have given us a large Earnest in your *Calendar*, as Accomplish'd, as any thing can be expected from an *Extraordinary Wit*, and no ordinary Expences, and a long Experience. I know no Body that possesses more private Happiness than you do in your Garden ; and yet no Man who makes his Happiness more publick, by a free Communication of the Art and Knowledge of it to others. All that I my self am able yet to do, is only to recommend to Mankind the Search of that Felicity, which you instruct them how to find and to enjoy.

## I.

Happy art thou, whom God does bless  
With the full Choice of thine own Happiness ;

And happier yet, because thou 'rt blest  
With Prudence, how to chuse the best ;  
In Books and Gardens thou hast plac'd aright  
(Things which thou well dost understand ;  
And both dost make with thy laborious Hand)  
Thy noble, innocent Delight :  
And in thy virtuous Wife, where thou again dost meet  
Both Pleasures more refin'd and sweet :  
The fairest Garden in her Looks,  
And in her Mind the wisest Books,  
Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid Joys,  
For empty Shows and senseless Noise ;  
And all which rank Ambition breeds,  
Which seem such beauteous Flow'rs, and are such  
pois'nous Weeds ?

## II.

When God did Man to his own Likeness make,  
As much as Clay, tho' of the purest kind,  
By the great Potter's Art refin'd,  
Could the Divine Impression take ;  
He thought it fit to place him, where  
A kind of Heav'n too did appear,  
As far as Earth could such a Likeness bear :  
That Man no Happiness might want,  
Which Earth to her first Master could afford ;  
He did a Garden for him plant,  
By the quick Hand of his Omnipotent Word.  
As the chief Help and Joy of human Life,  
He gave him the first Gift ; first, ev'n before a Wife.

## III.

For God, the universal Architect,  
'T had been as easie to erect  
A *Louvre*, or *Escorial*, or a Tower  
That might with Heav'n Communication hold,  
As *Babel* vainly thought to do of old :  
He wanted not the Skill or Power ;  
In the World's Fabrick those were shown,  
And the Materials were all his own.  
But well he knew what Place would best agree  
With Innocence, and with Felicity :  
And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain,  
If any Part of either yet remain ;  
If any Part of either we expect,  
This may our Judgment in the Search direct ;  
God the first Garden made, and the first City, *Cain*.

## IV.

Oh blessed Shades ! O gentle cool Retreat  
From all th' immoderate Heat,  
In which the frantick World does burn and sweat !  
This does the Lion-Star, Ambition's Rage ;  
This Avarice, the Dogstar's Thirst asswage :  
Ev'ry where else their fatal Pow'r we see,  
They make and rule Man's wretched Destiny :  
They neither set, nor disappear,  
But tyrannize o'er all the Year ;  
Whilst we ne'er feel their Flame or Influence here.  
The Birds that dance from Bough to Bough,

And sing above in ev'ry Tree,  
 Are not from Fears and Cares more free,  
 Than we who lye, or sit, or walk below,  
 And should by right be Singers too.  
 What Prince's Quire of Musick can excel  
 That which within this Shade does dwell?  
 To which we nothing pay, or give;  
 They like all other Poets live,  
 Without Reward, or Thanks for their obliging Pains;  
 'Tis well if they become not Prey:  
 The whistling Winds add their less artful Strains,  
 And a grave Base the murm'ring Fountains play;  
 Nature does all this Harmony bestow,  
 But to our Plants, Art's Musick too,  
 The Pipe, Theorbo, and Guitar we owe;  
 The Lute it self, which once was green and mute;  
 When *Orpheus* strook th' inspir'd Lute,  
 The Trees danc'd round, and understood  
 By Sympathy the Voice of Wood.

## V.

These are the Spells that to kind Sleep invite,  
 And nothing does within Resistance make,  
 Which yet we moderately take;  
 Who would not chuse to be awake,  
 While he's encompass'd round with such Delight,  
 To th' Ear, the Nose, the Touch, the Taste and Sight?  
 When *Venus* would her dear *Ascanius* keep  
 A Pris'ner in the downy Bands of Sleep,  
 She Od'rous Herbs and Flow'rs beneath him spread,  
 As the most soft and sweetest Bed;  
 Not her own Lap would more have charm'd his Head.  
 Who, that has Reason, and his Smell,  
 Would not among Roses and Jasmin dwell,  
 Rather than all his Spirits choak  
 With Exhalations of Dirt and Smoak?  
 And all th' Uncleanness which does drown  
 In Pestilential Clouds a populous Town?  
 The Earth it self breaths better Perfumes here,  
 Than all the Female Men or Women there,  
 Not without Cause, about them bear.

## VI.

When *Epicurus* to the World had taught,  
 That Pleasure was the chiefest Good,  
 (And was perhaps i' th' Right, if rightly understood)  
 His Life he to his Doctrine brought,  
 And in a Garden's Shade that sov'reign Pleasure  
 sought:  
 Whoever a true *Epicure* would be,  
 May there find cheap and virtuous Luxury.  
*Vitellius* his Table, which did hold  
 As many Creatures as the Ark of old:  
 That Fiscal Table, to which ev'ry Day  
 All Countries did a constant Tribute pay,  
 Could nothing more delicious afford,  
 Than Nature's Liberality,  
 Help'd with a little Art and Industry,  
 Allows the meanest Gard'ner's Board.

The wanton Taste no Fish, or Fowl can chuse,  
 For which the Grape or Melon he would lose,  
 Tho' all th' Inhabitants of Sea and Air  
 Be listed in the Glutton's Bill of Fare;  
 Yet still the Fruits of Earth we see,  
 Plac'd the third Story high in all her Luxury.

## VII.

But with no Sense the Garden does comply;  
 None courts, or flatters, as it does, the Eye:  
 When the great *Hebrew* King did almost strain  
 The wond'rous Treasures of his Wealth and Brain,  
 His Royal Southern Guest to entertain;  
 Tho' she on Silver Floors did tread,  
 With bright *Assyrian* Carpets on them spread,  
 To hide the Metal's Poverty;  
 Tho' she look'd up to Roofs of Gold,  
 And nought around her could behold  
 But Silk and rich Embroidery,  
 And *Babylonian* Tapestry,  
 And wealthy *Hiram's* Princely Dye:  
 Tho' *Ophir's* starry Stones met ev'ry where her Eye;  
 Tho' she her self, and her gay Host, were dress'd  
 With all the shining Glories of the East;  
 When lavish Art her costly Work had done,  
 The Honour and the Prize of Bravery  
 Was by the Garden from the Palace won;  
 And ev'ry Rose and Lilly there did stand,  
 Better attir'd by Nature's Hand:  
 The Case thus judg'd against the King we see,  
 By one that would not be so rich, tho' wiser far than he.

## VIII.

Nor does this happy Place only dispence  
 Such various Pleasures to the Sense;  
 Here Health itself does live,  
 That Salt of Life, which does to all a Relish give;  
 Its standing Pleasure, and intrinsick Wealth,  
 The Body's Virtue, and the Soul's good Fortune,  
 Health.  
 The Tree of Life, when it in *Eden* stood,  
 Did its Immortal Head to Heav'n rear;  
 It lasted a tall Cedar 'till the Flood;  
 Now a small thorny Shrub it does appear,  
 Nor will it thrive too ev'ry where:  
 It always here is freshest seen,  
 'Tis only here an Ever-green.  
 If through the strong and beauteous Fence  
 Of Temperance and Innocence,  
 And wholesome Labours, and a quiet Mind,  
 Any Diseases Passage find,  
 They must not think here to assail  
 A Land unarm'd, or without a Guard;  
 They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,  
 Before they can prevail:  
 Scarce any Plant is growing here  
 Which against Death some Weapon does not bear.  
 Let Cities boast, That they provide  
 For Life the Ornaments of Pride;

But 'tis the Country and the Field,  
That furnish it with Staff and Shield.

## IX.

Where does the Wisdom, and the Pow'r Divine  
In a more bright and sweet Reflection shine?  
Where do we finer Stroaks and Colours see  
Of the Creator's real Poetry,

Than when we with Attention look  
Upon the third Day's Volume of the Book?  
If we could open and intend our eye,

We all, like *Moses*, should espy  
Ev'n in a Bush the radiant Deity.  
But we despise these his inferior Ways,  
(Tho' no less full of Miracle and Praise)

Upon the Flow'rs of Heav'n we gaze;  
The Stars of Earth no Wonder in us raise,  
Tho' these perhaps do more than they,  
The Life of Mankind sway.

Altho' no Part of mighty Nature be  
More stor'd with Beauty, Pow'r, and Mystery;  
Yet, to encourage human Industry,  
God has so order'd, that no other Part  
Such Space, and such Dominion leaves for Art.

## X.

We no where Art do so triumphant see,  
As when it Grafts or Buds the Tree:  
In other things we count it to excel,  
If it a docile Scholar can appear  
To Nature, and but imitate her well;  
It over-rules, and is her Master here.  
It imitates her Maker's Power Divine,  
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does refine;  
It does, like Grace, the fallen Tree restore  
To its bless'd State of Paradise before:  
Who would not joy to see his conqu'ring Hand  
O'er all the Vegetable World command?  
And the wild Giants of the Wood receive

What Law he's pleas'd to give?  
He bids th' ill-natur'd Crab produce  
The gentler Apple's Winy Juice;  
The Golden Fruit, that worthy is  
Of *Galatea's* purple Kiss;  
He does the savage Hawthorn teach  
To bear the Medlar and the Pear;  
He bids the rustick Plum to rear  
A noble Trunk, and be a Peach.  
Ev'n *Daphne's* Coyness he does mock,  
And weds the Cherry to her Stock,  
Tho' she refus'd *Apollo's* Suit;  
Ev'n she, that chaste and Virgin Tree,  
Now wonders at her self, to see

That she's a Mother made, and blushes in her Fruit.

## XI.

Methinks I see great *Dioclesian* walk  
In the *Salonian* Garden's noble Shade,  
Which by his own Imperial Hands was made:  
see him smile (methinks) as he does talk

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With the Ambassadors, who come in vain  
T' entice him to a Throne again.

If I, my Friends (said he) should to you show  
All the Delights, which in these Gardens grow;  
'Tis likelier much that you should with me stay,  
Than 'tis that you should carry me away:  
And trust me not, my Friends, if ev'ry Day

I walk not here with more Delight,  
Than ever, after the most happy Fight,  
In Triumph, to the Capitol, I rode,  
To thank the Gods, and to be thought, myself almost  
a God.

## VI. OF GREATNESS.

SINCE we cannot attain to Greatness, (says the *Seiur de Montagn*) let's have our Revenge by railing at it: This he spoke but in Jest. I believe he desir'd it no more than I do, and had less Reason, for he enjoy'd so plentiful and honourable a Fortune in a most excellent Country, as allow'd him all the real Conveniences of it, separated and purged from the Incommodities. If I were but in his Condition, I should think it hard measure, without being convinced of any Crime, to be sequester'd from it, and made one of the Principal Officers of State. But the Reader may think that what I now say, is of small Authority, because I never was, nor ever shall be put to the Trial: I can therefore only make my Protestation,

If ever I more Riches did desire  
Than Cleanliness and Quiet do require.  
If e'er Ambition did my Fancy cheat,  
With any Wish, so mean as to be great,  
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove  
The humble Blessings of that Life I love.

I know very many Men will despise, and some pity me, for this Humour, as a poor-spirited Fellow; but I'm content, and like *Horace*, thank God for being so. *Dii bene fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli Finxerunt animi.* I confess, I love Littleness almost in all things. A little convenient Estate, a little chearful House, a little Company, and a very little Feast, and if I were ever to fall in Love again (which is a great Passion, and therefore, I hope, I have done with it) it would be, I think, with Prettiness, rather than with Majestical Beauty. I would neither wish that my Mistress, nor my Fortune, should be a *Bona Roba*, as *Homer* uses to describe his Beauties, like a Daughter of great *Jupiter* for the Stateliness and Largeness of her Person, but as *Lucretius* says,

*Parvula, pumilio, Xaprow pla, tota merum sal.*

Where there is one Man of this, I believe there are a thousand of *Senecio's* Mind, whose ridiculous Affectation of Grandeur, *Seneca* the Elder describes to this effect. *Senecio* was a Man of a turbid and confus'd Wit, who could not endure to speak any but mighty Words and Sentences, 'till this Humour grew at last into

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so notorious a Habit, or rather Disease, as became the Sport of the whole Town : He would have no Servants, but huge, massy Fellows, no Plate or Houshold-stuff, but thrice as big as the Fashion : You may believe me, for I speak it without Railery, his Extravagancy came at last into such a Madness, that he would not put on a Pair of Shoes, each of which was not big enough for both his Feet : He would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any Fruit but Horse-Plums and Pound-Pears : He kept a Concubine that was a very Giantess, and made her walk too always in *Chiopins*, 'till at last he got the Sirname of *Senecio Grandio*, which *Messala* said, was 'not his *Cognomen*, but his *Cognomentum* : When he declaim'd for the three hundred *Lacedaemonians*, who alone oppos'd *Xerxes* his Army of above three hundred thousand, he stretch'd out his Arms, and stood on Tip-toes, that he might appear the taller, and cry'd out, in a very loud Voice, I rejoice, I rejoice— We wonder'd, I remember, what new great Fortune had befallen his Eminence. *Xerxes* (says he) is all mine own. He who took away the Sight of the Sea, with the Canvas Vails of so many Ships— and then he goes on so, as I know not what to make of the rest, whether it be the Fault of the Edition, or the Orator's own burly way of Nonsense.

This is the Character that *Seneca* gives of this *Hyperbolic* Fop, whom we stand amaz'd at, and yet there are very few Men who are not in some things, and to some degrees *Grandio's*. Is anything more common, than to see our Ladies of Quality wear such high Shoes as they cannot walk in, without one to lead them? and a Gown as long again as their Body, so that they cannot stir to the next Room without a Page or two to hold it up? I may safely say, That all the Ostentation of our Grandees is just like a Train of no Use in the world, but horribly cumbersome and inconvenient. What is all this, but a spice of *Grandio*? How tedious would this be, if we were always bound to it? I do believe there is no King, who would not rather be depos'd, than endure every Day of his Reign all the Ceremonies of his Coronation. The mightiest Princes are glad to fly often from these Majestick Pleasures (which is, methinks, no small Disparagement to them) as it were for Refuge, to the most contemptible Divertisements, and meanest Recreations of the Vulgar, nay, even of Children. One of the most powerful and fortunate Princes of the World, of late, could find out no Delight so satisfactory, as the keeping of little singing Birds, and hearing of them, and whistling to them. What did the Emperors of the whole World? If ever any Men had the free and full Enjoyment of all human Greatness (nay that would not suffice, for they would be Gods too) they certainly possess'd it : And yet one of them, who stil'd himself Lord and God of the Earth, could not tell how to pass his whole Day pleasantly, without spending constantly two or three Hours in catching of Flies, and killing them with a Bodkin, as if his Godship had been *Beelzebub*. One of his Predecessors, *Nero* (who never put any Bounds, nor met with any Stop to his Appetite) could

divert himself with no Pastime more agreeable, than to run about the Streets all Night in a Disguise, and abuse the Women, and affront the Men whom he met, and sometimes to beat them, and sometimes to be beaten by them : This was one of his Imperial Nocturnal Pleasures. His chiefest in the Day, was to sing and play upon a Fiddle, in the Habit of a Minstrel, upon the publick Stage ; he was prouder of the Garlands that were given to his Divine Voice (as they call'd it then) in those kind of Prizes, than all his Forefathers were of their Triumphs over Nations : He did not at his Death complain, that so mighty an Emperor, and the last of all the *Cæsarian* Race of Deities, should be brought to so shameful and miserable an End, but only cry'd out, Alas, what Pity 'tis that so excellent a Musician should perish in this manner ! His Uncle *Claudius* spent half his Time at playing at Dice ; that was the main fruit of his Sovereignty. I omit the Madnesses of *Caligula's* Delights, and the execrable Sordidness of those of *Tiberius*. Would one think that *Augustus* himself, the highest and most fortunate of Mankind, a Person endow'd too with many excellent Parts of Nature, should be so hard put to it sometimes for want of Recreations, as to be found playing at Nuts and bounding Stones, with little *Syrian* and *Moorish* Boys, whose Company he took Delight in, for their Prating and their Wantonness ?

Was it for this, that *Rome's* best Blood he spilt,  
With so much Falshood, so much Guilt ?

Was it for this that his Ambition strove,  
To equal *Cæsar* first, and after *Jove* ?  
Greatness is barren sure of solid Joys  
Her Merchandise (I fear) is all in Toys,  
She could not else sure so uncivil be,  
To treat his Universal Majesty,  
His new-created Deity,  
With Nuts, and Bounding-stones, and Boys.

But we must excuse her for this meager Entertainment ; she has not really wherewithal to make such Feasts as we imagine ; her Guests must be contented sometimes with but slender Cates, and with the same cold Meats serv'd over and over again, even 'till they become nauseous. When you have par'd away all the Vanity, what solid and natural Contentment does there remain, which may not be had with five hundred Pounds a Year? Not so many Servants or Horses ; but a few good ones, which will do all the Business as well : Not so many choice Dishes at every Meal ; but at several Meals all of them, which makes them both the more healthy, and the more pleasant : Not so rich Garments, nor so frequent Changes, but as warm and as comely, and so frequent Change too, as is every jot as good for the Master, tho' not for the Tailor, or *Valet de Chambre* : Not such a stately Palace, nor gilt Rooms, or the costliest sorts of Tapestry ; but a convenient Brick House, with decent Wainscot, and pretty Forest-work Hangings. Lastly, (for I omit all other Particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both Conditions) not whole Woods cut in Walks, nor vast Parks, nor Foun-

tain, or Cascade-Gardens; but Herb, and Flower, and Fruit-Gardens, which are more useful, and the Water every whit as clear and wholesome, as if it darted from the Breasts of a marble Nymph, or the Urn of a River-God. If for all this, you like better the Substance of that former Estate of Life, do but consider the inseparable Accidents of both: Servitude, Disquiet, Danger, and most commonly Guilt, inherent in the one; in the other Liberty, Tranquility, Security and Innocence; and when you have thought upon this, you will confess that to be a Truth, which appear'd to you before but a ridiculous *Paradox*, That a low Fortune is better guarded and attended than an high one. If indeed we look only upon the flourishing Head of the Tree, it appears a most beautiful Object,

— *Sed quantum vertice ad auras  
Ætherias, tantum radice ad Tartara tendit.*

As far as up tow'rds Heav'n the Branches grow,  
So far the Root sinks down to Hell below.

Another horrible Disgrace to Greatness is, that it is for the most part in pitiful Want and Distress: What a wonderful thing is this? unless it degenerate into Avarice, and so cease to be Greatness: It falls perpetually into such Necessities, as drive it into all the meanest and most sordid Ways of Borrowing, Cozenage, and Robbery, *Mancipiis locuples eget æris Cappadocum Rex*, This is the case of almost all Great Men, as well as of the poor King of *Cappadocia*. They abound with Slaves, but are indigent of Money. The ancient *Roman Emperors*, who had the Riches of the whole World for their Revenue, had wherewithal to live (one would have thought) pretty well at Ease, and to have been exempt from the Pressures of extream Poverty. But yet, with most of them it was much otherwise, and they fell perpetually into such miserable Penury, that they were forced to devour or squeeze most of their Friends and Servants, to cheat with infamous Projects, to ransack and pillage all their Provinces. This Fashion of Imperial Grandeur, is imitated by all inferior and subordinate sorts of it, as if it were a Point of Honour. They must be cheated of a third Part of their Estates, two other Thirds they must expend in Vanity, so that they remain Debtors for all the necessary Provisions of Life, and have no way to satisfy those Debts, but out of the Succours and Supplies of Rapine. *As Riches encrease (says Solomon) so do the Mouths that devour it.* The Master Mouth has no more than before. The Owner, methinks, is like *Ocnus* in the Fable, who is perpetually winding a Rope of Hay, and an Ass at the End perpetually eating it. Out of these Inconveniences arises naturally one more, which is, that no Greatness can be satisfy'd or contented with it self: Still if it could mount up a little higher, it would be happy; if it could gain but that Point, it would obtain all its Desires; but yet at last, when it is got up to the very Top of the Pic of *Tenariff*, it is in very great Danger of breaking its Neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards

into the Seat of Tranquility above the Moon. The first ambitious Men in the World, the old Giants, are said to have made an Heroical Attempt of scaling Heaven in despite of the Gods, and they cast *Ossa* upon *Olympus*, and *Pelion* upon *Ossa*; two or three Mountains more they thought would have done the Business, but the Thunder spoil'd all the Work, when they were come up to the third Story.

And what a noble Plot was crost,  
And what a brave Design was lost.

A famous Person of their Off-spring, the late Giant of our Nation, when from the Condition of a very inconsiderable Captain, he had made himself Lieutenant-General of an Army of little *Titans*, which was his first Mountain, and afterwards General, which was his second, and after that absolute Tyrant of three Kingdoms, which was the third, and almost touch'd the Heaven which he affected, is believ'd to have dy'd with Grief and Discontent, because he could not attain to the honest Name of a King, and the old Formality of a Crown, though he had before exceeded the Power by a wicked Usurpation. If he could have compass'd that, he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to Felicity, and pined away for want of the Title of an Emperor or a God. The Reason of this is, that Greatness has no Reality in Nature, but a Creature of the Fancy, a Notion that consists only in Relation and Comparison: It is indeed an Idol; but *St. Paul* teaches us, *That an Idol is nothing in the World.* There is in truth no rising or Meridian of the Sun, but only in respect to several Places; there is no Right or Left, no Upper Hand in Nature; every thing is Little, and every thing is Great, according as it is diversely compar'd. There may be perhaps some Village in *Scotland* or *Ireland* where I might be a great Man, and in that case I should be like *Cæsar*; (you would wonder how *Cæsar* and I should be like one another in any thing) and chuse rather to be the First Man of the Village, than Second at *Rome*. Our Country is call'd *Great Britany*, in regard only of a lesser of the same Name; it would be but a ridiculous Epithete for it, when we consider it together with the Kingdom of *China*. That too, is but a pitiful Rood of Ground in Comparison of the whole Earth besides; and this whole Globe of Earth, which we account so immense a Body, is but one Point or Atome in relation to those numberless Worlds that are scatter'd up and down in the infinite Space of the Sky which we behold. The other many Inconveniences of Grandeur I have spoken of dispersedly in several Chapters, and shall end this with an *Ode* of *Horace*, not exactly copy'd, but rudely imitated.

Horace. L. 3. Ode. 1.

*Odi profanum vulgus, &c.*

I.

Hence, ye Profane; I hate ye all;  
Both the Great, Vulgar, and the Small.



To Virgin Minds, which yet their native Whiteness hold,  
Not yet discolour'd with the Love of Gold,  
(That Jaundice of the Soul,  
Which makes it look so gilded and so foul)  
To you, ye very few, these Truths I tell ;  
The Muse inspires my Song, hark, and observe it well.

## II.

We look on Men, and wonder at such odds  
'Twixt things that were the same by Birth ;  
We look on Kings as Giants of the Earth,  
These Giants are but Pigmies to the Gods.  
The humblest Bush and proudest Oak,  
Are but of equal Proof against the Thunder-stroke.  
Beauty, and Strength, and Wit, and Wealth, and  
Pow'r

Have their short flour'ishing Hour ;  
And love to see themselves, and smile,  
And joy in their Pre-eminence a while ;  
Ev'n so in the same Land,  
Poor Weeds, rich Corn, gay Flow'rs together stand ;  
Alas, Death mows down all with an impartial Hand.

## III.

And all you Men, whom Greatness does so please,  
Ye feast (I fear) like *Damocles* :  
If you your Eyes could upwards move,  
(But you (I fear) think nothing is above)  
You would perceive by what a little Thread  
The Sword still hangs over your Head.  
No Tide of Wine would drown your Cares ;  
No Mirth or Musick over-noise your Fears.  
The Fear of Death would you so watchful keep,  
As not t' admit the Image of it, Sleep.

## IV.

Sleep is a God too proud to wait in Palaces,  
And yet so humble too, as not to scorn  
The meanest Country Cottages ;  
His Poppy grows among the Corn.  
The Halcyon Sleep will never build his Nest  
In any stormy Breast.  
'Tis not enough that he does find  
Clouds and Darkness in their Mind ;  
Darkness but half his Work will do,  
'Tis not enough, he must find Quiet too.

## V.

The Man, who in all Wishes he does make,  
Does only Nature's Counsel take,  
That wise and happy Man will never fear  
The evil Aspects of the Year,  
Nor tremble, tho' two Comets should appear ;  
He does not look in Almanacks, to see  
Whether he fortunate shall be ;  
Let *Mars* and *Saturn* in the Heav'n's conjoin,  
And what they please against the World design,  
So *Jupiter* within him shine.

## VI.

If of your Pleasures and Desires no End be found,  
God to your Cares and Fears will set no Bound.  
What would content you? Who can tell?  
Ye fear so much to lose what you have got,  
As if you lik'd it well :  
Ye strive for more, as if ye lik'd it not.  
Go, level Hills, and fill up Seas,  
Spare nought that may your wanton Fancy please ;  
But trust me, when you've done all this,  
Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.

## VII. OF AVARICE.

THERE are two sorts of *Avarice*, the one is but of a Bastard kind, and that is, the rapacious Appetite of Gain ; not for its own sake, but for the Pleasure of refunding it immediately through all the Channels of Pride and Luxury. The other is the true kind, and properly so call'd ; which is a restless and unsatiable Desire of Riches, not for any farther End or Use, but only to hoard, and preserve, and perpetually encrease them. The Covetous Man, of the first kind, is like a greedy *Ostrich*, which devours any Metal, but 'tis with an Intent to feed upon it, and in effect it makes a shift to digest and excern it. The second is like the foolish Chough, which loves to steal Mony only to hide it. The first does much Harm to mankind, and a little Good too to some few : The second does Good to none ; no, not to himself. The first can make no Excuse to God, or Angels, or Rational Men for his Actions : The second can give no Reason or Colour, not to the Devil himself, for what he does ; he is a Slave to Mammon without Wages. The first makes a shift to be belov'd ; ay, and envy'd too by some People : The second is the universal Object of Hatred and Contempt. There is no Vice has been so pelted with good Sentences, and especially by the Poets, who have pursu'd it with Stories, and Fables, and Allegories, and Allusions ; and mov'd, as we say, every Stone to fling at it : Among all which, I do not remember a more fine and Gentleman-like Correction, than that which was given it by one Line of *Ovid*'s :

*Desunt Luxuriæ multa, Avaritiæ omnia.*

Much is wanting to Luxury, All to Avarice.

To which Saying I have a mind to add one Member, and render it thus,

Poverty wants some, Luxury many, Avarice  
all Things.

Somebody says of a virtuous and wise Man, That having nothing, he has all : This is just his Antipode, who, having all things, yet has nothing. He's a Guardian Eunuch to his beloved Gold ; *Audivi eos Amatores esse maximos sed nil potesse.* They are the fondest Lovers, but impotent to enjoy.

And, oh, what Man's Condition can be worse  
Than his, whom Plenty Starves, and Blessings curse ;  
The Beggars but a common Fate deplore,  
The Rich poor Man's Emphatically Poor.

I wonder how it comes to pass, that there has never been any Law made against him : Against him, do I say ? I mean, For him ; as there are publick Provisions made for all other Madmen : It is very reasonable that the King should appoint some Persons (and I think the Courtiers would not be against this Proposition) to manage his Estate during his Life (for his Heirs commonly need not that Care) and out of it to make it their Business to see, that he should not want Alimony befitting his Condition, which he could never get out of his own cruel Fingers. We relieve idle Vagrants, and counterfeit Beggars, but have no Care at all of these really Poor Men, who are (methinks) to be respectfully treated in regard of their Quality. I might be endless against them, but I am almost choak'd with the Superabundance of Matter ; too much Plenty impoverishes me as it does them. I will conclude this odious Subject with Part of *Horace's* first *Satyre*, which take in his own familiar Stile.

I 'admire, *Mecenas*, how it comes to pass,  
That no Man ever yet contented was,  
Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that State  
In which his own Choice plants him, or his Fate.  
Happy the Merchant, the old Soldier cries ;  
The Merchant, beaten with tempestuous Skies,  
Happy the Soldier ; one half Hour to thee  
Gives speedy Death, or glorious Victory.  
The Lawyer, knock'd up early from his Rest  
By restless Clients, calls the Peasant bless'd :  
The Peasant, when his Labours ill succeed,  
Enviest the Mouth which only Talk does feed.  
'Tis not (I think you'll say) that I want store  
Of Instances, if here I add no more ;  
They are enough to reach at least a Mile  
Beyond long Orator *Fabius* his Stile.  
But, hold, you whom no Fortune e'er endears,  
Gentlemen, Malecontents, and Mutineers,  
Who bounteous *Jove* so often cruel call,  
Behold, *Jove's* now resolv'd to please you all.  
Thou Soldier be a Merchant ? Merchant, thou  
A Soldier be ; and, Lawyer, to the Plough.  
Change all their Stations strait, why do they stay ?  
The Devil a Man will change, now when he may.  
Were I in General *Jove's* abused case,  
By *Jove* I'd cudgel this rebellious Race :  
But he's too good ; Be all then as you were,  
However make the best of what you are,  
And in that State be chearful and rejoice,  
Which either was your Fate, or was your Choice.  
No, they must labour yet, and sweat, and toil,  
And very miserable be a while :  
But 'tis with a Design only to gain  
What may their Age with plenteous Ease maintain.

The prudent Pismire does this Lesson teach,  
And Industry to lazy Mankind preach.  
The little Drudge does trot about and sweat,  
Nor does he straight devour all he can get,  
But in his temp'rate Mouth carries it home,  
A Stock for Winter, which he knows must come.  
And when the rolling World to Creatures here  
Turns up the deform'd wrong Side of the Year,  
And shuts him in, with Storms, and Cold, and  
Wet,

He chearfully does his past Labours eat :  
O, does he so ? Your wise Example, th' Ant,  
Does not at all times Rest, and Plenty want :  
But weighing justly 'a mortal Ant's Condition,  
Divides his Life 'twixt Labour and Fruition.  
Thee neither Heat, nor Storms, nor Wet, nor Cold,  
From thy unnatural Diligence can with-hold.  
To th' *Indies* thou wouldst run, rather than see  
Another, tho' a Friend, richer than thee.  
Fond Man ! What Good or Beauty can be found  
In Heaps of Treasure bury'd under Ground ?  
Which rather than diminish'd e'er to see,  
Thou wouldst thy self too bury'd with them be.  
And what 's the Diff'rence ? Is't not quite as bad  
Never to use, as never to have had ?  
In thy vast Barns Millions of Quarters store,  
Thy Belly, for all that, will hold no more  
Than mine does : Ev'ry Baker makes much Bread ;  
What then ? He's with no more than others fed.  
Do you within the Bounds of Nature live,  
And to augment your own you need not strive.  
One hundred Acres will no less for you  
Your Life's whole Business than ten thousand do.  
But pleasant 'tis to take from a great Store ;  
What, Man, tho' you're resolv'd to take no more  
Than I do from a small one ? If your Will  
Be but a Pitcher or a Pot to fill,  
To some great River for it must you go,  
When a clear Spring just at your Feet does flow ?  
Give me the Spring which does to human Use  
Safe, easie, and untroubled Stores produce ;  
He who scorns these, and needs will drink at *Nile*,  
Must run the Danger of the Crocodile,  
And of the rapid Stream it self, which may  
At unawares bear him perhaps away :  
In a full Flood *Tantalus* stands, his Skin  
Wash'd o'er in vain, for ever dry within :  
He catches at the Stream with greedy Lips,  
From his touch'd Mouth the wanton Torment slips :  
You laugh now, and expand your careful Brow ;  
'Tis finely said, but what 's all this to you ?  
Change but the Name, this Fable is thy Story ;  
Thou in a Flood of useless Wealth dost glory,  
Which thou canst only touch, but never taste ;  
Th' Abundance still, and still the Want does last.  
The Treasures of the Gods thou wouldst not spare,  
But when they're made thine own, they sacred are,  
And must be kept with Rev'rence, as if thou  
No other Use of precious Gold didst know,

But that of curious Pictures, to delight,  
 With the fair Stamp, thy *Virtuoso* Sight.  
 The only true and genuine Use is this,  
 To buy the things which *Nature* cannot miss  
 Without Discomfort, Oil, and vital Bread,  
 And Wine by which the Life of Life is fed,  
 And all those few things else by which we live ;  
 All that remains is giv'n for thee to give.  
 If Cares and Troubles, Envy, Grief and Fear,  
 The bitter Fruits be, which fair Riches bear,  
 If a new Poverty grow out of Store ;  
 The old plain way, ye Gods, let me be Poor.

*A Paraphrase on an Ode in Horace's third  
 Book, beginning thus, Inclusam Danaen  
 turris aenea.*

## 1.

A Tower of Brass, one would have said,  
 And Locks, and Bolts, and Iron bars,  
 And guards, as strict as in the heat of wars,  
 Might have preserv'd one innocent Maiden-head.  
 The Jealous Father thought he well might spare  
 All further Jealous Care,  
 And as he walkt, t' himself alone he smil'd,  
 To think how Venus' Arts he had beguil'd ;  
 And when he slept, his rest was deep,  
 But Venus laugh'd to see and hear him sleep ;  
 She taught the amorous Jove  
 A Magical receipt in Love ;  
 Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him more,  
 Than all his thunder did, and his Almighty-ship before.

## 2.

She taught him Love's Elixar, by which Art  
 His Godhead into Gold he did convert ;  
 No Guards did then his passage stay,  
 He pass'd with ease ; Gold was the Word ;  
 Subtle as Lightning, bright and quick and fierce,  
 Gold through Doors and walls did peirce ;  
 And as that works sometimes upon the sword,  
 Melted the Maiden-head away,  
 Ev'n in the secret scabbard where it lay.  
 The prudent Macedonian King,  
 To blow up Towns, a Golden Mine did spring.  
 He broke through Gates with this Petar,  
 'Tis the great Art of peace, the Engine 'tis of war ;  
 And Fleets and Armies follow it afar,  
 The Ensign 'tis at Land, and 'tis the Seaman's Star.

## 3.

Let all the World slave to this Tyrant be,  
 Creature to this Disguis'd Deitie,  
 Yet it shall never conquer me.  
 A Guard of Virtues will not let it pass,  
 And wisdom is a Tower of stronger Brass.

The Muses' Lawrel round my Temples spread,  
 Does from this Lightning's force secure my head ;  
 Nor will I lift it up so high,  
 As in the violent Meteor's way to lye.  
 Wealth for its power do we honour and adore ?  
 The things we hate, ill Fate, and Death, have more.

## 4.

From Towns and Courts, Camps of the Rich and  
 Great,  
 The vast Xerxean Army, I retreat,  
 And to the small *Laconick* forces fly ;  
 Which hold the straights of Poverty.  
 Sellars and Granaries in vain we fill,  
 With all the bounteous Summer's store,  
 If the mind thirst and hunger still.  
 The poor rich man's emphatically poor.  
 Slaves to the things we too much prize,  
 We Masters grow of all that we despise.

## 5.

A field of Corn, a Fountain, and a Wood,  
 Is all the Wealth by Nature understood.  
 The Monarch on whom fertile *Nile* bestowes  
 All which that grateful Earth can bear,  
 Deceives himself, if he suppose  
 That more than this falls to his share.  
 Whatever an Estate does beyond this afford,  
 Is not a rent paid to the Lord ;  
 But is a tax illegal and unjust,  
 Exacted from it by the Tyrant Lust.  
 Much will always wanting be,  
 To him who much desires. Thrice happy he  
 To whom the wise indulgency of Heaven,  
 With sparing hand, but just enough has given.

VIII. *The Dangers of an Honest Man in  
 much Company.*

IF twenty thousand naked *Americans* were not able  
 to resist the Assaults of but twenty well-arm'd  
*Spaniards*, I see but little Possibility for one honest  
 Man to defend himself against twenty thousand knaves,  
 who are all furnish'd *Cap-a-pe*, with the defensive Arms  
 of worldly Prudence, and the offensive too of Craft and  
 Malice. He will find no less odds than this against him,  
 if he have much to do in human Affairs. The only  
 Advice therefore which I can give him, is, to be sure not  
 to venture his Person any longer in the open Campaign,  
 to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all Avenues,  
 and draw up all Bridges against so numerous an Enemy.  
 The truth of it is, that a Man in much Business must  
 either make himself a Knave, or else the World will  
 make him a Fool ; and if the Injury went no farther  
 than the being laugh'd at, a wise Man would content  
 himself with the Revenge of Retaliation ; but the case  
 is much worse, for these civil *Cannibals* too, as well as  
 the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken

Stranger, but at last devour him. A sober Man cannot get too soon out of drunken Company ; tho' they be never so kind and merry among themselves, 'tis not unpleasant only, but dangerous to him. Do ye wonder that a virtuous Man should love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwise ; he is so, when he is among ten thousand : Neither is the Solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other Creature, as it is to be alone, in the midst of wild Beasts. Man is to Man all kind of Beasts, a fawning Dog, a roaring Lion, a thieving Fox, a robbing Wolf, a dissembling Crocodile, a treacherous Decoy, and a rapacious Vulture. The civilest, methinks, of all Nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous, there is some Moderation and good Nature in the *Toupinambaltians*, who eat no Men but their Enemies, whilst we learned and polite and Christian *Europeans*, like so many Pikes and Sharks, prey upon every thing that we can swallow. It is the great Boast of Eloquence and Philosophy, that they first congregated Men dispers'd, united them into Societies, and built up the Houses and the Walls of Cities. I wish they could unravel all they have woven ; that we might have our Woods and our Innocence again, instead of our Castles and our Policies. They have assembled many thousands of scatter'd People into one Body ; 'tis true, they have done so, they have brought them together into Cities to cozen, and into Armies to murder one another : They found them Hunters and Fishers of wild creatures, they have made them Hunters and Fishers of their Brethren ; they boast to have reduc'd them to a State of Peace, when the truth is, they have only taught them the Art of War ; they have fram'd, I must confess, wholesome Laws for the Restraint of Vice, but they rais'd first that Devil which now they conjure and cannot bind ; tho' there were before no Punishments for Wickedness, yet there was less committed because there were no Rewards for it. But the Men who praise Philosophy from this Topick are much deceiv'd ; let Oratory answer for itself, the tinkling perhaps of that may unite a Swarm ; it never was the Work of Philosophy to assemble Multitudes, but to regulate only, and govern them when they were assembled, to make the best of an Evil, and bring them, as much as is possible, to Unity again. Avarice and Ambition only were the first Builders of Towns and Founders of Empire ; they said,

Gen. II. 4. *Go to, let us build us a City and a Tower whose Top may reach unto Heav'n, and let us make us a Name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the Face of the Earth.* What was the Beginning of *Rome*, the *Metropolis* of all the World? What was it, but a Concourse of Thieves, and a Sanctuary of Criminals? It was justly nam'd by the *Augury* of no less than twelve Vultures, and the Founder cemented his Walls with the Blood of his Brother ; not unlike to this was the Beginning even of the first Town too in the World, and such is the Original Sin of most Cities ; their actual Encrease daily with their Age and Growth ; the more People, the more wicked all of them ; every one brings in his Part to enflame the Contagion, which becomes at last so universal and so strong,

that no Precepts can be sufficient Preservatives, nor any thing secure our Safety, but Flight from among the Infected. We ought in the Choice of a Situation to regard above all things the Healthfulness of the Place, and the Healthfulness of it for the Mind rather than for the Body. But suppose (which is hardly to be suppos'd) we had Antidote enough against this Poison ; nay, suppose farther, we were always and at all Pieces arm'd and provided both against the Assaults of Hostility, and the Mines of Treachery, 'twill yet be but an uncomfortable Life to be ever in Alarms, tho' we were compass'd round with Fire, to defend our selves from wild Beasts, the Lodging would be unpleasant, because we must always be oblig'd to watch that Fire, and to fear no less the Defects of our Guard, than the Diligence of our Enemy. The sum of this is, that a virtuous Man is in danger to be trod upon and destroy'd in the Croud of his Contraries, nay, which is worse, to be chang'd and corrupted by them, and that 'tis impossible to escape both these Inconveniences, without so much Caution, as will take away the whole Quiet, that is, the Happiness of his Life. Ye see then what he may lose, but, I pray, what can he get there? *Quid Romæ faciam? Mentiri nescio.* What should a *Juv. Sat. 3.* Man of Truth and Honesty do at *Rome*? he can neither understand, nor speak the Language of the Place. A naked Man may swim in the Sea, but 'tis not the way to catch Fish there ; they are likelier to devour him, than he them, if he bring no Nets, and use no Deceits. I think therefore it was wise and friendly Advice which *Martial* gave to *Fabian*, when he met him newly arriv'd *Mart. L. 3.* at *Rome*.

Honest and poor, faithful in Word and Thought ;  
 What has thee, *Fabian*, to the City brought?  
 Thou neither the Buffoon, nor Bawd canst play,  
 Nor with false Whispers th' Innocent betray :  
 Nor corrupt Wives, nor from rich Beldams get  
 A Living, by thy Industry and Sweat ;  
 Nor with vain Promises nor Projects cheat,  
 Nor bribe or flatter any of the Great.  
 But you're a Man of Learning, prudent, just ;  
 A Man of Courage, firm, and fit for Trust.  
 Why you may stay, and live unenvy'd here ;  
 But (faith) go back, and keep you where you were.

Nay, if nothing of all this were in the case, yet the very Sight of Uncleaness is loathsome to the cleanly ; the Sight of Folly and Impiety vexatious to the Wise and Pious.

*Lucretius*, by his Favour, tho' a good Poet, was but an ill-natur'd Man, when he said, It was delightful to see other Men in a great Storm : And no less ill-natur'd should I think *Democritus*, who laugh'd at all the World, but that he retir'd himself so much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great Pleasure in that kind of Mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by Company to go to *Bedlam*, and have seen others very much delighted with the fantastical Extravangancy of so many various Madnesses, which upon me wrought so contrary an Effect, that I always return'd, not only melancholy,

*Lucret. Lib. 2.*

but even sick with the Sight. My Compassion there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thousand Madmen abroad, without any Perturbation; tho', to weigh the Matter justly, the total Loss of Reason is less deplorable than the total Depravation of it. An exact Judge of human Blessings, of Riches, Honours, Beauty, even of Wit itself, should pity the Abuse of them more than the Want.

Briefly, tho' a wise Man could pass never so securely through the great Roads of human Life, yet he will meet perpetually with so many Objects and Occasions of Compassion, Grief, Shame, Anger, Hatred, Indignation, and all Passions but Envy (for he will find nothing to deserve that) that he had better strike into some private Path; nay, go so far, if he could, out of the common way, *Ut nec facta audiat Pelopidarum*; that he might not so much as hear of the Actions of the Sons of Adam. But, whither shall we fly then? Into the Desarts, like the ancient Hermites?

Metam. 1.

*Quâ terra patet fera regnat Erynnis,  
In facinus jurasse putes.*

One would think that all Mankind had bound themselves by an Oath to do all the Wickedness they can; that they had all (as the Scripture speaks) sold themselves to Sin; the Difference only is, that some are a little more crafty (and but a little, God knows) in making of the Bargain. I thought, when I went first to dwell in the Country, that without doubt I should have met there with the Simplicity of the old Poetical Golden Age: I thought to have found no Inhabitants there, but such as the Shepherds of Sir *Phil. Sydney* in *Arcadia*, or of *Monsieur d'Urfe* upon the Banks of *Lignon*; and began to consider with my self, which way I might recommend no less to Posterity the Happiness and Innocence of the Men of *Chertsea*: But to confess the Truth, I perceiv'd quickly, by infallible Demonstrations, that I was still in old *England*, and not in *Arcadia*, or *La Forrest*; that if I could not content my self with any thing less than exact Fidelity in human Conversation, I had almost as good go back and seek for it in the Court, or the *Exchange*, or *Westminster-Hall*. I ask again then Whither shall we fly, or what shall we do? The World may so come in a Man's way, that he cannot chuse but salute it, he must take heed tho' not to go a whoring after it. If by any lawful Vocation, or just Necessity, Men happen to be marry'd to it, I can only give them St. *Paul's* Advice. *Brethren, the time is short, it remains that they that have Wives be as though they had none. But I would that all Men were even as I my self.*

1 Cor. 7. 29.

Verse 7.

In all Cases they must be sure that they do *Mundum ducere*, and not *Mundo nubere*. They must retain the Superiority and Headship over it: Happy are they who can get out of the Sight of this deceitful Beauty, that they may not be led so much as into Temptation; who have not only quitted the Metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next Market Town of their Country.

### Claudian's *Old Man of Verona*.

Happy the Man, who his whole time doth bound  
Within th' enclosure of his little ground.  
Happy the Man, whom the same humble place,  
(Th' hereditary Cottage of his Race)  
From his first rising infancy has known,  
And by degrees sees gently bending down,  
With natural propension to that Earth,  
Which both preserv'd his Life, and gave him birth.  
Him no false distant lights, by fortune set,  
Could ever into foolish wandrings get.  
He never dangers either saw, or fear'd:  
The dreadful storms at Sea he never heard.  
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,  
Or the worse noyses of the Lawyer's bar.  
No change of Consuls marks to him the year,  
The change of seasons is his Calendar.  
The cold and heat, Winter and Summer shows,  
Autumn by fruits, and Spring by flow'rs he knows.  
He measures time by Land-marks, and has found  
For the whole day the Dial of his Ground.  
A neighb'ring wood born with himself he sees,  
And loves his old contemporary trees.  
H' as only heard of near Verona's Name,  
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame.  
Does with a like concernment notice take  
Of the Red-Sea, and of Benacus Lake.  
Thus Health and Strength he to a third age enjoys,  
And sees a long Posterity of Boyes.  
About the spacious World let others roam,  
The Voyage Life is longest made at home.

### IX. *The Shortness of Life, and Uncertainty of Riches.*

IF you should see a Man who were to cross from *Dover* to *Calais*, run about very busie and sollicitous, and trouble himself many Weeks before in making Provisions for his Voyage, would you commend him for a cautious and discreet Person, or laugh at him for a timerous and impertinent Coxcomb? A Man who is excessive in his Pains and Diligence, and who consumes the greatest Part of his Time in furnishing the Remainder with all Conveniences and even Superfluities, is to Angels and wise Men no less ridiculous; he does as little consider the Shortness of his Passage, that he might proportion his Cares accordingly. It is, alas, so narrow a Streight betwixt the Womb and the Grave, that it might be call'd the *Pas de Vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calais*. We are all *Ἐφήμεροι* (as *Pindar* calls us) Creatures of a Day, and therefore our Saviour bounds our Desires to that little Space; as if it were very probable that every Day should be our last, we are taught to demand even Bread for no longer a Time. The Sun ought not to set upon our Covetousness no more than upon our Anger, but as to God Almighty, a thousand Years are as one Day, so in direct Opposition,

one Day to a covetous Man is as a thousand Years ; *Tam brevi fortis jaculatur ævo multa*, so far he shoots beyond his Butt : One would think he were of the Opinion of the *Millenaries*, and hop'd for so long a Reign upon Earth. The Patriarchs before the Flood, who enjoy'd almost such a Life, made, we are sure, less Stores for the maintaining of it ; they who liv'd nine hundred Years scarcely provided for a few Days ; we who live but a few Days, provide at least for nine hundred Years ; what a strange Alteration is this of human Life and Manners ? And yet we see an Imitation of it in every Man's particular Experience, for we begin not the Cares of Life 'till it be half spent, and still increase them as that decreases. What is there among the Actions of Beasts so illogical and repugnant to Reason ? When they do any thing which seems to proceed from that which we call Reason, we disdain to allow them that Perfection, and attribute it only to a natural Instinct ; and are not we Fools too by the same kind of Instinct ? If we could but learn to number our Days (as we are taught to pray that we might) we should adjust much better our other Accounts ; but whilst we never consider an End of them, it is no Wonder if our Cares for them be without End too. *Horace* advises very wisely, and in excellent good Words, *Spatio brevi spem longam rescet*, From a short Life cut off all Hopes that grow too long. They must be prun'd away like Suckers that choke the Mother-Plant, and hinder it from bearing Fruit. And in another Place to the same Sense, *Vita summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam* ; which *Seneca* does not mend when he says, *Oh quanta dementia est spes longas inchoantium !* But he gives an Example there of an Acquaintance of his named *Senecio*, who from a very mean Beginning by great Industry in turning about of Money through all ways of Gain, had attain'd to extraordinary Riches, but dy'd on a sudden, after having supped merrily, *In ipso actu bene cedentium rerum, in ipso procurrentis fortuna impetu*, In the full Course of his good Fortune, when she had a high Tide, a stiff Gale, and all her Sails on ; upon which Occasion he cries, out of *Virgil*,

*Insere nunc Melibæe pyros, pone ordine vites,*

Go *Melibæus*, now,  
Go graff thy Orchards and thy Vineyards plant ;  
Behold the Fruit !

For this *Senecio* I have no Compassion, because he was taken, as we say, in *ipso facto*, still labouring in the Work of Avarice ; but the poor rich Man in *St. Luke* (whose Case was not like this) I could pity, methinks, if the Scripture would permit me, for he seems to have been satisfy'd at last : he confesses he had enough for many Years, he bids his Soul take its Ease, and yet for all that God says to him, *Thou Fool, this Night thy Soul shall be requir'd of thee*, and the things thou hast laid up, whom shall they belong to ? Where shall we find the Causes of this bitter Reproach and terrible Judgment ? We may find, I think, two, and God perhaps saw more. First, That he did not intend true Rest

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to his Soul, but only to change the Employments of it from Avarice to Luxury ; his Design is to eat, and to drink, and to be merry. Secondly, That he went on too long before he thought of resting ; the Fulness of his old Barns had not sufficed him, he would stay 'till he was forc'd to build new ones ; and God meted out to him the same Measure : Since he would have more Riches than his Life could contain, God destroy'd his Life, and gave the Fruits of it to another.

Thus God takes away sometimes the Man from his Riches, and no less frequently Riches from the Man ; what Hope can there be of such a Marriage, where both Parties are so fickle and uncertain ? By what Bonds can such a Couple be kept long together ?

I.

Why dost thou heap up Wealth, which thou must quit,  
Or, what is worse, be left by it ?  
Why dost thou load thy self, when thou 'rt to fly,  
Oh Man ordain'd to die ?

II.

Why dost thou build up stately Rooms on high,  
Thou who art under Ground to lye ?  
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no Fruit must see,  
For Death, alas ! is sowing thee.

III.

Suppose thou Fortune couldst to Tameless bring,  
And clip or pinion her Wing ;  
Suppose thou couldst on Fate so far prevail,  
As not to cut off thy Entail.

IV.

Yet Death at all that Subtilty will laugh ;  
Death will that foolish Gard'ner mock,  
Who does a slight and annual Plant engraft,  
Upon a lasting Stock.

V.

Thou dost thy self Wise and Industrious deem ;  
A mighty Husband thou wouldst seem ;  
Fond Man ! like a bought Slave, thou all the while  
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

VI.

Officious Fool ! that needs must meddling be  
In Business that concerns not thee !  
For when to future Years thou' extend'st thy Cares  
Thou deal'st in other Men's Affairs.

VII.

Ev'n aged Men, as if they truly were  
Children again, for Age prepare ;  
Provisions for long Travel they design,  
In the last point of their short Line.

VIII.

Wisely the Ant against poor Winter hoards  
The Stock which Summer's Wealth affords ;  
In Grasshoppers, that must at Autumn die,  
How vain were such an Industry ?

## IX.

Of Pow'r and Honour the deceitful Light  
Might half excuse our cheated Sight,  
If it of Life the whole small Time would stay,  
And be our Sun-shine all the Day.

## X.

Like Lightning, that begot but in a Cloud,  
(Tho' shining bright, and speaking loud)  
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent Race,  
And where it gilds, it wounds the Place :

## XI.

Oh Scene of Fortune, which dost fair appear,  
Only to Men that stand not near !  
Proud Poverty, that Tinsel Brav'ry wears !  
And, like a Rainbow, painted Tears !

## XII.

Be prudent, and the Shore in Prospect keep,  
In a weak Boat trust not the Deep.  
Plac'd beneath Envy, above Envy's rise ;  
Pity great Men, great Things despise.

## XIII.

The wise Example of the Heav'nly Lark,  
Thy Fellow-Poet, *Cowley*, mark !  
Above the Clouds let thy proud Musick sound,  
Thy humble Nest built on the Ground.

## X. The Danger of Procrastination.

*A Letter to Mr. S. L.*

I Am glad that you approve and applaud my Design, of withdrawing myself from all Tumult and Business of the World ; and consecrating the little rest of my Time to those Studies, to which Nature had so motherly inclin'd me, and from which Fortune, like a Step-mother, has so long detain'd me. But nevertheless (you say, which *But* is, *Abrugo mera*, a Rust which spoils the good Metal it grows upon. But you say) you would advise me not to precipitate that Resolution, but to stay a while longer with Patience and Complaisance, 'till I had gotten such an Estate as might afford me (according to the Saying of that Person whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another Man) *Cum dignitate otium*. This were excellent Advice to *Joshua*, who could bid the Sun stay too. But there's no fooling with Life, when it is once turn'd beyond Forty. The seeking of a Fortune then, is but a desperate After-game, 'tis a hundred to one if a Man fling two Sixes, and recover all ; especially, if his Hand be no luckier than mine. There is some Help for all the Defects of Fortune, for if a Man cannot attain to the Length of his Wishes, he may have his Remedy by cutting of them shorter. *Epicurus* writes a Letter to *Idomeneas* (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and (it seems) bountiful Person) to recommend to him who had made so many Men rich, one *Pythocles*, a Friend of

Horat.

his, whom he desir'd might be made a rich Man too ; But I entreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving Persons, but in the most Gentlemanly Manner of obliging him, which is not to add any thing to his Estate, but to take something from his Desires. The sum of this is, That for the uncertain Hopes of some Conveniences, we ought not to defer the Execution of a Work that is necessary, especially when the Use of those Things which we would stay for, may otherwise be supply'd, but the Loss of Time never recover'd : Nay, farther yet, tho' we were sure to obtain all that we had a Mind to, tho' we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the Game, yet when the Light of Life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la Chandelle*, The Play is not worth the Expence of the Candle : After having been long tost in a Tempest, if our Masts be standing, and we have still Sail and Tackling enough to carry us to our Port, it is no matter for the want of Streamers and Top-Gallants ; *Utere velis, Totos pande sinus*. A Gentleman in our late Civil Wars, when his Quarters were beaten up by the Enemy, was taken Prisoner, and lost his Life afterwards, only by staying to put on a Band, and adjust his Periwig : He would escape like a Person of Quality, or not at all, and dy'd the noble Martyr of Ceremony and Gentility. I think your Counsel of *Festina lente* is as ill to a Man who is flying from the World, as it would have been to that unfortunate well-bred Gentleman, who was so cautious as not to fly undecently from his Enemies, and therefore I prefer *Horace's* Advice before yours :

—*Sapere Aude, Incipe*—

Begin ; the getting out of Doors is the greatest Part of the Journey. *Varro* teaches us that *Latin Proverb*, *Ag Portam itineri longissimam esse* : But to return to *Horace*,

—*Sapere aude,*

*Incipe, vivendi qui recte prorogat horam,  
Rusticus expectat dum defluat Amnis, at ille  
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*

Begin ; be bold, and venture to be wise ;  
He who defers this Work from Day to Day,  
Does on a River's Bank expecting stay,  
'Till the whole Stream, which stopp'd him, should be  
gone,  
That runs, and as it runs, for ever will run on.

*Cæsar* (the Man of Expedition above all others) was so far from this Folly, that whensoever in a Journey he was to cross any River, he never went one Foot out of his Way for a Bridge, or a Foord, or a Ferry, but flung himself into it immediately, and swam over ; and this is the Course we ought to imitate, if we meet with any Stops in our Way to Happiness. Stay 'till the Waters are low, stay 'till some Boats come by to transport you, stay 'till a Bridge be built for you ; You had even as good stay 'till the River be quite pass'd. *Persius* (who, you use to say, you do not know whether he be a good

Poet or no, because you cannot understand him, and whom therefore (I say) I know to be not a good Poet) has an odd Expression of these Procrastinators, which, methinks, is full of Fancy :

Pers. Satyr. 5.

*Jam Cras Hesternum consumpsimus, Ecce aliud Cras Egerit hos annos.*

Our Yesterday's To-morrow now is gone,  
And still a new To-morrow does come on,  
We by To-morrows draw up all our Store,  
'Till the exhausted Well can yield no more.

And now, I think, I am even with you, for your *Otium cum dignitate*, and *Festina lente*, and three or four other more of your new *Latin* Sentences : If I should draw upon you all my Forces out of *Seneca* and *Plutarch* upon this Subject, I should overwhelm you, but I leave those as *Triarii* for your next Charge. I shall only give you now a light Skirmish out of an Epigrammatist, your special good Friend, and so, *Vale*.

*Mart. Lib. 5. Epigr. 59.*

To Morrow you will live, you always cry ;  
In what far Country does this Morrow lye,  
That 'tis so mighty long e'er it arrive?  
Beyond the *Indies* does this Morrow live?  
'Tis so far fetch'd this Morrow, that I fear  
'Twill be both very Old, and very Dear.  
To Morrow I will live, the Fool does say ;  
To Day it self's too late, the Wise liv'd Yesterday.

*Mart. Lib. 2. Ep. 90.*

Wonder not, Sir, (you who instruct the Town  
In the true Wisdom of the Sacred Gown)  
That I make haste to live, and cannot hold  
Patiently out, 'till I grow rich and old.  
Life for Delays and Doubts no Time does give,  
None ever yet made Haste enough to Live.  
Let him defer it, whose preposterous Care  
Omits himself, and reaches to his Heir :  
Who does his Father's bounded Stores despise,  
And whom his own too never can suffice.  
My humble Thoughts no glittering Roofs require,  
Or Rooms that shine with ought but constant Fire.  
I well content the Av'rice of my Sight,  
With the fair Gildings of reflected Light :  
Pleasures abroad, the Sport of Nature yields,  
Her living Fountains, and her smiling Fields :  
And then at home, what Pleasure is't to see  
A little cleanly chearful Family?  
Which if a chaste Wife crown, no less in her,  
Than Fortune, I the Golden Mean prefer.  
Too noble, nor too wise, she should not be,  
No, nor too rich, too fair, too fond of me.  
Thus let my Life slide silently away,  
With Sleep all Night, and Quiet all the Day.

XI. Of MY SELF.

IT is a hard and nice Subject for a Man to write of himself. It grates his own Heart to say any thing of Disparagement, and the Reader's Ears to hear any thing of Praise from him. There is no Danger from me of offending him in this kind ; neither my Mind, nor my Body, nor my Fortune, allow me any Materials for that Vanity. It is sufficient, for my own Contentment, that they have preserv'd me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective Side. But besides that, I shall here speak of my self, only in relation to the Subject of these precedent Discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the Contempt, than rise up to the Estimation of most People. As far as my Memory can return back into my past Life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing what the World, or Glories, or Business of it were, the natural Affections of my Soul gave me a secret Bent of Aversion from them, as some Plants are said to turn away from others, by an Antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to Man's Understanding. Even when I was a very young Boy at School, instead of running about on Holy-days, and playing with my Fellows ; I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the Fields, either alone with a Book, or with some one Companion, if I could find any of the same Temper. I was then too, so much an Enemy to all Constraint, that my Masters could never prevail on me, by any Persuasions or Encouragements, to learn without Book the common Rules of Grammar ; in which they dispens'd with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual Exercise out of my own Reading and Observation. That I was then of the same Mind as I am now (which, I confess, I wonder at my self) may appear by the latter End of an Ode, which I made when I was but thirteen Years old, and which was then Printed with many other Verses. The Beginning of it is Boyish, but of this Part which I here set down (if a very little were corrected) I should hardly now be much asham'd.

IX.

This only grant me, that my Means may lye  
Too low for Envy, for Contempt too high.  
Some Honour I would have  
Not from great Deeds, but good alone.  
The unknown are better than ill known.  
Rumour can ope the Grave.  
Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends  
Not on the Number, but the Choice of Friends.

X.

Books should, not Business, entertain the Light ;  
And Sleep, as undisturb'd as Death, the Night.  
My House a Cottage, more  
Than Palace, and should fitting be  
For all my Use, no Luxury.  
My Garden painted o'er  
With Nature's Hand, not Art's ; and Pleasures yield,  
*Horace* might envy in his *Sabine* Field.



## XI.

Thus would I double my Life's fading Space ;  
For he that runs it well, runs twice his Race.

And in this true Delight,  
These unbought Sports, this happy State,  
I would not fear, nor wish my Fate,  
But boldly say each Night,  
To Morrow let my Sun his Beams display,  
Or in Clouds hide them ; I have liv'd to Day.

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the Poets (for the Conclusion is taken out of *Horace*;) and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate Love of them which stamp'd first, or rather engrav'd these Characters in me : They were like Letters cut into the Bark of a young Tree, which with the Tree still grow proportionably. But, how this Love came to be produc'd in me so early, is a hard Question : I believe I can tell the particular little Chance that filled my Head first with such Chimes of Verse, as have never since left ringing there : For I remember when I began to read, and to take some Pleasure in it, there was wont to lye in my Mother's Parlour (I know not by what accident, for she her self never in her Life read any Book but of Devotion) but there was wont to lye *Spencer's Works*. This I happen'd to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the Stories of the Knights, and Giants, and Monsters, and brave Houses, which I found every where there : (Tho' my Understanding had little to do with all this) and by degrees with the Tinkling of the Rhyme and Dance of the Numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve Years old, and was thus made a Poet as irremediably as a Child is made an Eunuch. With these Affections of Mind, and my Heart wholly set upon Letters, I went to the University ; but was soon torn from thence by that violent publick Storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every Plant, even from the Princely Cedars to me the Hyssop. Yet I had as good Fortune as could have befallen me in such a Tempest ; for I was cast by it into the Family of one of the best Persons, and into the Court of one of the best Princesses in the World. Now tho' I was here engag'd in Ways most contrary to the Original Design of my Life, that is, into much Company, and no small Business, and into a daily Sight of Greatness, both Militant and Triumphant (for that was the State then of the *English* and *French* Courts) yet all this was so far from altering my Opinion, that it only added the Confirmation of Reason to that which was before but Natural Inclination. I saw plainly all the Paint of that kind of Life, the nearer I came to it ; and that Beauty which I did not fall in Love with, when, for ought I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me, when I saw that it was Adulterate. I met with several great Persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any Part of their Greatness was to be lik'd or desir'd, no more than I would be glad, or content to be in a Storm, tho' I saw many Ships which rid safely, and bravely in

it. A Storm would not agree with my Stomach, if it did with my Courage. Tho' I was in a Croud of as good Company as could be found any where, tho' I was in Business of great and honourable Trust, tho' I eat at the best Table, and enjoy'd the best Conveniences for present Subsistance that ought to be desir'd by a Man of my Condition, in Banishment and publick Distresses ; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old School-Boy's Wish in a Copy of Verses to the same effect.

Well then ; I now do plainly see

This busie World and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then propos'd to my self any other Advantage from his Majesty's happy Restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient Retreat in the Country, which I thought in that Case I might easily have compass'd, as well as some others, who with no greater Probabilities or Pretences have arriv'd to extraordinary Fortunes : But I had before written a shrewd Prophecy against my self, and I think *Apollo* inspir'd me in the Truth, though not in the Elegance of it :

Thou neither great at Court, nor in the War,  
Nor at th' *Exchange* shalt be, nor at the wrangling  
Bar ;

Content thy self with the small barren Praise,  
Which neglected Verse does raise, &c.

*Pindar. Od. Destiny.*

However by the failing of the Forces which I had expected, I did not quit the Design which I had resolv'd on, I cast my self into it *A Corps perdu*, without making Capitulations, or taking Counsel of Fortune. But God laughs at a Man, who says to his Soul, *Take thy ease* : I met presently not only with many little Incumbrances and Impediments, but with so much Sickness (a new Misfortune to me) as would have spoil'd the Happiness of an Emperor as well as Mine : Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course. *Non ego perfidum Dixi Sacramentum* : Nothing shall separate me from a Mistress, which I have lov'd so long, and have now at last marry'd ; though she neither has brought me a rich Portion, nor liv'd yet so quietly with me as I hop'd from her.

— *Nec vos dulcissima mundi*

*Nomina, vos Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,  
Hortique Sylvæque anima remanente relinquam.*

Nor by me e'er shall you,

You of all Names the sweetest, and the best,  
You Muses, Books, and Liberty and Rest ;  
You Gardens, Fields, and Woods forsaken be,  
As long as Life it self forsakes not me.

But this is a very petty Ejaculation. Because I have concluded all the other Chapters with a Copy of Verses, I will maintain the Humour to the last.

Martial. L. 10. Ep. 47.

*Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorum, &c.*

**S**ince, dearest Friend, 'tis your desire to see  
A true Receipt of Happiness from me ;

These are the chief Ingredients, if not all ;  
 Take an Estate neither too great nor small,  
 Which *Quantum Sufficit* the Doctors call.  
 Let this Estate from Parents' Care descend ;  
 The getting it too much of Life does spend.  
 Take such a Ground, whose Gratitude may be  
 A fair Encouragement for Industry.  
 Let constant Fires the Winter's fury tame ;  
 And let thy Kitchens be a Vestal Flame.  
 Thee to the Town let never Suit at Law,  
 And rarely, very rarely Business draw.  
 Thy active Mind in equal Temper keep,  
 In undisturbed Peace, yet not in Sleep.  
 Let Exercise a vigorous Health maintain,  
 Without which all the Composition's vain.  
 In the same Weight Prudence and Innocence take,  
*Ana* of each, does the just Mixture make.  
 But a few Friendships wear, and let them be  
 By Nature and by Fortune fit for thee.  
 Instead of Art and Luxury in Food,  
 Let Mirth and Freedom make thy Table good.  
 If any Cares into thy Day-time creep,  
 At Night, without Wine's Opium, let them sleep.  
 Let Rest, which Nature does to Darkness wed,  
 And not Lust, recommend to thee thy Bed ;  
 Be satisfy'd, and pleas'd with what thou art,  
 Act chearfully and well th' allotted Part,  
 Enjoy the present Hour, be thankful for the past,  
 And neither fear, nor wish, th' Approaches of the last.

Martial. *Book 10. Epigram 96.*

**M**E who have liv'd so long among the great,  
 You wonder to hear talk of a Retreat ;  
 And a retreat so distant, as may show  
 No thoughts of a return when once I go.  
 Give me a Country, how remote so'ere,  
 Where happiness a mod'rate rate does bear,  
 Where Poverty itself in plenty flows ;  
 And all the solid use of Riches knowes.  
 The ground about the house maintains it there ;  
 The house maintains the ground about it here.  
 Here even Hunger's dear, and a full board  
 Devours the vital substance of the Lord.  
 The Land itself does there the feast bestow,  
 The Land itself must here to Market go.  
 Three or four suits one Winter here does wast,  
 One suit does there three or four Winters last.  
 Here every frugal Man must oft be cold,  
 And little Luke-warm-fires are to you sold.  
 There Fire's an Element, as cheap and free  
 Almost as any other of the Three.  
 Stay you then here, and live among the Great,  
 Attend their sports, and at their tables eat.  
 When all the bounties here of Men you score :  
 The Place's bounty there, shall give me more.

*To the Duke of Buckingham, upon his Marriage with the Lord Fairfax his Daughter.*

I.

**B**Eauty and Strength together came,  
 Even from the Birth with *Buckingham* ;  
 The little active Seeds which since are grown  
 So fair, so large and high,  
 With Life itself were in him sown ;  
 Honour and Wealth stood like the Midwives by,  
 To take the Birth into their happy Hands,  
 And wrapp'd him warm in their rich swadling Bands :  
 To the great Stock the thriving Infant soon  
 Made greater Acquisitions of his own ;  
 With Beauty generous Goodness he Combin'd,  
 Courage to Strength, Judgment to wit he join'd ;  
 He pair'd, and match'd his Native Virtues right,  
 Both to improve their Use, and their Delight.

II.

O blest Conjunction of the fairest Stars,  
 That Shine in Human Nature's Sphere !  
 But O ! what envious Cloud your Influence bars,  
 Ill Fortune, what dost thou do there ?  
 Hadst thou the least of Modesty,  
 Thoud'st be asham'd that we should see  
 Thy deform'd Looks, and Dress, in such a Company  
 Thou wert deceiv'd, rash Goddess, in thy Hate,  
 If thou didst foolishly believe  
 That thou couldst him of ought deprive,  
 But, what Men hold of thee, a great Estate.  
 And here indeed thou to the full didst shew  
 All that thy Tyrant Deity could do,  
 His Virtues never did thy Power obey,  
 In dissipating Storms, and routed Battels they  
 Did close and constant with their Captain stay ;  
 They with him into Exile went,  
 And kept their Home in Banishment.  
 The noble Youth was often forc'd to flee  
 From the insatiate Rage of thee,  
 Disguised, and Unknown ;  
 In all his Shapes they always kept their own,  
 Nay, with the Foil of Darkness, brighter shone,  
 And might Unwillingly have done,  
 But, that just Heav'n thy wicked Will abhorr'd :  
 What Virtues most detest, might have betray'd their  
 Lord.

III.

Ah slothful *Love*, could'st thou with Patience see  
*Fortune* usurp that flow'ry Spring from thee ;  
 And nip thy rosie Season with a Cold,  
 That comes too soon, when Life's short Year grows old ?  
 Love his gross Error saw at last,  
 And promis'd large Amends for what was past ;  
 He promis'd, and has done it, which is more  
 Than I, who knew him long, e'er knew him do before.  
 H' has done it Nobly, and we must confess  
 Could do no more, though h' ought to do no less.

What has he done? He has repaid  
The Ruins which a luckless War did make,  
And added to it a Reward  
Greater than Conquest for its share could take.  
His whole Estate could not such Gain produce,  
Had it laid out a hundred Years at use.

## IV.

Now Blessings to thy Noble Choice betide,  
Happy, and Happy-making Bride.  
Though thou art born of a Victorious Race,  
And all their rougher Victory dost grace  
With gentle Triumphs of thy Face,  
Permit us, in this milder War, to prize  
No less thy yeilding Heart, than thy Victorious Eyes.  
Nor doubt the Honour of that Field,  
Where thou didst first o'ercome, e'er thou didst yield.  
And tho' thy Father's Martial Name  
Has fill'd the Trumpets and the Drums of Fame,  
Thy Husband triumphs now no less than he,  
And it may justly question'd be,  
Which was the Happiest Conqueror of the three.

## V.

There is in Fate (which none but Poets see)  
There is in Fate the noblest Poetry,  
And she has shown, Great Duke, her utmost Art in thee ;  
For after all the Troubles of thy Scene,  
Which so confus'd, and intricate have been,  
She has ended with this Match thy Tragicomedy ;

We all admire it, for the Truth to tell,  
Our Poet Fate ends not all Plays so well ;  
But this she as her Master-piece does boast,  
And so indeed She may ;  
For in the middle Acts, and Turnings of the Play,  
Alas ! we gave our Heroe up for lost.  
All Men, I see, this with Applause receive,  
And now let me have leave,  
A Servant of the Person, and the Art,  
To Speak this Prologue to the second Part.

## Epitaphium Vivi Auctoris.

**H**IC, O Viator, sub Lare parvulo,  
Couleius Hic est Conditus, Hic Jacet  
Defunctus humani Laboris  
Sorte, supervacuaque vita,  
Non Indecora pauperie Nitens,  
Et non inerti nobilis otio,  
Vanoque dilectis popello  
Divitiis animosus hostis.  
Possis ut illum dicere mortuum,  
En Terra jam nunc Quantula sufficit ?  
Exempta sit Curis, viator,  
Terra sit illa Levis, precare.  
Hic sparge Flores, sparge breves Rosas,  
Nam Vita gaudet Mortua Floribus,  
Herbisque Odoratis Corona  
Vatis adhuc Cinerem Calentem.



IV.

**LETTERS.**



## NOTE.

The whole of the following Letters of Cowley (save one) are derived from a work not so well known now as it once was and ought to be still, viz. :—

### *Miscellanea Aulica:*

OR, A

## COLLECTION

OF

### State-Treatises,

Never before publish'd.

CONTAINING

LETTERS by K. *Charles* and K. *James* II. in their Exile.  
— from the E. of *Arlington* to Sir *Bern. Gascoign*, about the intended Match of the D. of *York* with the Archdutches of *Inspruck*.  
— from the E. of *Arlington* to the Dukes of *Ormond* and *Buckingham*.  
— by the famous *A. Cowley*.  
A Description of *Germany*, its Government, &c., by Sir *B. Gascoign*.  
An Essay upon the Disorders of *Scotland*.  
A Discourse upon the Union of *England* and *Scotland*.

The Grievances of *Scotland* in Relation to their Trade.  
A Proposal for an Union between *England* and *Ireland*.  
The *L. Lauderdale's* Charge against the E. of *Middleton*.  
The E. of *Middleton's* Answer.  
The King's *Propriety* in the *Sea Lands* and *Salt Shoars*.  
The ancient Method and Custom of Duels before the King.  
An Account of the State of Affairs in *Scotland Jan. 1661*.  
By the E. of *Middleton*.  
The King's *Prerogative* in making *Wars* and *Alliances*.  
A Treatise of *Leagues* and *Alliances*, and the Nature of their Obligation.

---

Faithfully Collected from their Originals, by MR. T. BROWN.

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*Ipsâ varietate tentamus efficere, ut quædam nonnullis, quædam fortasse omnibus placeant, PLIN. Epist.*

---

LONDON,

Printed for J. *Hartley*, next Door to the King's-head Tavern; *Rob. Gibson*, in *Middle Row*; and *Tho. Hodgson*, over against *Gray's-Inn Gate*, in *Holborn*, 1702.

The additional and hitherto unpublished letter is from the British Museum. It is placed last. On the Letters of Cowley see our Memorial-Introduction, wherein others are also introduced. Here it may be as well to give a short extract from the Preface to *Miscellanea Aulica*, thus :—

'I need not say anything of the famous Mr. *Cowley's* Letters then Secretary to the Earl of *St. Albans*, in *Paris*, since the best Master of our English Eloquence, who knew him better than any one, has already observ'd in his Life how much he excell'd in this way of Writing. I will only remark *en passant* that they give a short Account of K. *Charles* II.'s Affairs before he went to be crown'd in *Scotland* in the year 1650, and what Opinion the Cavaliers beyond Sea had of that unlucky Expedition.'

G.



LETTERS BY THE FAMOUS MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY (THEN SECRETARY TO MY LORD JERMYN) DURING KING CHARLES THE SECOND'S EXILE; WRITTEN FROM PARIS TO MR. HENRY BENNET AFTERWARDS EARL OF ARLINGTON.

I.

Paris, April 30, 1650.

SIR,

I Beg your pardon that I gave you not this Cypher whilst you were here, and that I was not with you to kiss your Hands when you parted; I shall now write constantly when there is any thing worth your Information, and not give you any trouble when there is nothing, which shall be the rule I will so faithfully observe that the Week when you hear not from me, you may be confident I have not met with the knowledge of any thing of Importance. The *Scotch* Treaty is the only thing now in which we are vitally concerned: I am one of the last Hoppers, and yet cannot now abstain from believing that the Agreement will be made: All People upon the place incline to that Opinion, the *Scotch* will moderate somewhat of the Vigour of their Demands; the mutual necessity of an accord is visible; the King is perswaded of it, and all Mankind but two or three mighty tender Consciences about him; and to tell you the truth, (which I take to be an Argument above all the rest) *Virgil* has told me something to that purpose.

But nothing had been actually concluded when the last Letters came from *Holland*; the Prince of *Orange's* absence from *Breda* (upon his own business at the *Hague*) has been the chief cause of this retardment, but next Week will put an end to our doubts in this point; in the mean time the *English* are making such Preparations for a War, that one may easily see they really believe they are to have one: Prince *Rupert*, with twelve Ships, is block'd up in the Road of *Lisbon* by fifteen of the Parliament's; but is not in much danger, for both Fleets are under command of the King's Castles there, who promises to let the Prince's page out three Tides before the other, and even without that Favour, the Prince writes to the King that he believes himself able to force his passage. The Affairs of *Ireland* do every day grow worse and worse; *Cromwell* writes to the Parliament for his excuse that he comes not back to them so soon as they desir'd, that he con-

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ceives himself very near the end of this work there, and would fain finish it before his departure, which nothing sure can prevent but a sudden beginning of a new War in *England*. I doubt not but you have heard of the Court's Success here, that they have taken *Bellegarde*, reduced all places but *Stenay*, and will be returned hither next Week, yet the old Princess of *Conde* had the Confidence (contrary to express command) to come to *Paris* this Week, and to deliver a Petition to the Parliament, which contain'd two Requests; first that her Sons might be brought to a present tryal, or immediately set at liberty; the second that she might have the Parliament's word and safeguard for her remaining in safety here to sollicit her business; but the Parliament's Answer has been more favourable to the Court than her Friends had made her expect. The first part they refuse to consider of, till the King be returned; for the second, they and the Duke of *Orleans* have given her security for her person at *Chilley* (an House 3 Leagues from hence) but not at *Paris*, till three days after the Court be come back, in which estate the business remains; and when it is determin'd you shall know the issue of it from,

SIR,

Your most humble and most faithful Servant,  
A. Cowley.

MY Lord presents his Service to you, and desires you to inform the Duke of *York*, that there is a Gentleman here, who has a Ship of 26 Guns, and about 200 or 300 Tuns, who would bring it to *Jersey*, and serve with it there, if the Duke would give him a Commission, which if he give any, will undoubtedly be very fit to be sent to him, and is desired with all speed.

My Lord desires you to present his humble Duty to the Duke of *York*, to whom he writes not now, because there is nothing at present to be added to this Letter which you will please to acquaint him with. You are intreated to let us know what Answer the Duke has had from the King concerning his giving of Commissions.

2 X

2.

Paris, May 10, 1650.

SIR,

OUR last Letters from *Holland* told us, that Mr. *Rainsford* within a Day or two after them would be with us with the News of the final Agreement with the *Scots*, which no body then seemed to doubt of, but it is now six days since and we hear not a word of Mr. *Rainsford*, nor any thing any other way which may free us from the Apprehensions that his stay suggests to us: It is with great Impatience that we have expected him every Hour, and I believe you will spend your time with no less, till you hear again from me, which shall be by the next Post, and then you shall know the Conclusion of this matter. The *English Army* is already marching Northward; the general Rendezvous is to be at *Nottingham*; *Fairfax* goes down with them, and for the securing of the Countries which they are to leave, new Forces are levying in great diligence, which they design to the number of 20000. The *Levellers* begin to talk again as if they meant to give them some trouble, which would now be very seasonable. The *French Court* is returned with good success; no place but *Stenay* remains in disobedience. The *Mareschal de Turenne* has had some loss of late in attempting to take *Mouson*; he has fifteen hundred Horse, but scarce so many Foot. The King goes away again next Week towards the Frontier to put the Army into the Field, which the *Spaniard* has already taken. Our Queen will by that time, I believe, come out of the *Carmelites*, and go to *St. Germain*s for this Summer. I received this Morning a Letter from Mr. *Charles May*, but am in such hast that I cannot answer it till the next, nor add any thing else to this but that I am,

SIR,

Your most humble, and most faithful Servant,  
A. Cowley.

We have not heard one word from Sir W. *Davenant* since he left us; be pleas'd to give me some account of him and his Voyage.

3.

Paris, May 17, 1650.

SIR,

AT last Mr. *Rainsford* is arrived here, and has brought the good News of the Conclusion of the Treaty in an Agreement; this they would willingly conceal for a little while (till the King be ready to transport himself into *Scotland*, which will be about a Month hence) but it hath already taken vent, and is written by every body from *Breda*, and by this time undoubtedly known by the Parliament, for they do not use to be the last that are acquainted with what is done by us. I have not yet seen a Copy of the Conditions, which I believe are very hard ones, but it is a thing that deserves a good price. The King was to be at the *Hague* last Night,

and is now busie in dispatching away persons into all parts for the obtaining of some Assistances in this new and hopeful entry into his Affairs; the *Scotch Commissioners* have already given him five thousand pound, and promise more for the Preparations and Expences of his Voyage. My Lord *Montross* is landed in the North of *Scotland*, his Forces (compos'd of about six hundred Strangers, and the rest drawn out of the Islands) are about two thousand; which I believe will be employ'd in *Ireland*, for tho' he be not by name excepted against in the Agreement, yet the Confirmation of their late Parliaments excludes him out of the Peace; and I cannot see what other use can now be made of him. My Lord has written to the King fully to the effect that you desire, and commands me to present to you, with his humble Service, his Excuse that he tells you not so himself. I am, SIR,

Your most humble, and most faithfull Servant,  
A. Cowley.

4.

Paris, May 28, 1650.

SIR,

I Have receiv'd the Favour of two of yours by Mr. *Howard*, and my Lord a large one at the same time, to which you will receive a particular Answer by the next, for at this present he is so busie that he is not able to write. The inclos'd print will let you see the Misfortune that is already befallen my Lord *Montross's* Forces in the North, and the little reason those Men had who would have relied upon that design for the King's recovery. The King is still at *Breda*, having put off his Journey to the *Hague*, where he appointed to meet the *Scotch Commissioners*, who were gone to raise Monies in *Holland*, for two reasons; first, because Affairs are in a great Embroilment there, by occasion of the States of *Holland's* opiniastrie in pressing the disbanding of 105 Companies, which the Prince of *Orange* and some of the other States protest against, and the Contestation continues with so much heat as endangers an open Rupture; and secondly, because the same States of *Holland* (perhaps incited to it in part by their opposition to the Prince) have dispatched one *Scape* in quality of an Ambassadour into *England*, to acknowledge their new Republick, and treat with it; which Affront will hinder the King from staying in their Country. I hope we shall hear by the next that he is going for *Scotland*, for it would be a shameful thing if *Cromwell* (who is every day expected in *England*) should be at *Edinburgh* before him; but as yet, since the conclusion of the Treaty, no advance has been made towards the Voyage. The Bishop of *London-derry* arrived lately at *Breda*, out of *Ireland*; he says, That by reason of the Jealousness of the Catholicks (which has been the ruine of that Kingdom) my Lord of *Ormond* is retired to a private House in *Connaught*, and has left to my Lord *Castlehaven* the command of the Army, and to my Lord *Clanricard* the Precedence in Civil Affairs.

Mr. O'Neal writes to my Lord, that he himself is coming away, and that he believes my Lord of *Ormond*, Lord *Inchequien*, and divers others will suddenly follow. Now concerning the Condition of this place, it is almost as ill as the *Spaniards* could wish; the Troubles at *Bourdeaux* begin again, for the Parliament there, against express Orders of the Court, undertake to protect Madam *la Princess*, and the Duke *de Bouillon*, with other banisht or discontented persons that fly thither, and the *D. d' Espernon* has already seized on two places, and in a manner begun the War. The Mareschal *de Turenne* who has finisht his Agreement with *Spain*, is to have an Army from them, and has already very considerable Forces, with which he is ready to take the Field; the *Spaniard* is upon the Frontiers with their Army; the whole Kingdom's as much discontented as ever, and so great are the wants of the Court, that this very day the *Swisses* are in a Mutiny for their Pay, refuse to do Duty, and threaten to march away tomorrow. In this distress of the Finances Monsieur *Demery* is dead, and Monsieur *D'avaux*, who was joined with him in the Surintendency has quitted the Charge, which is conferred upon Monsieur *de Mason*, but that choice (as commonly nothing pleases the People when they are once in distemper) is generally disapproved. Another thing frightens the Court as bad as all this, which is the appearance of being forced at last to sustain a new War from *England*; for many of their Ships have been taken of late by the *English* (among which the Cardinal's own, given him by the Queen of *Swedeland*, is said to be one) insomuch that the Parliament of *Rouin* have in revenge laid an Embargo upon the *English* Goods in those parts. In these Disorders the Court is removing to *Compeigne*, and goes from hence next *Tuesday*. Mr. *Long* writes word to my Lord, that the King approves of all was propos'd concerning the Duke's sending you into *Italy*, and that all things for that end will be dispatcht suddenly. I should write to Sir *G. Carteret* but have not now time: be pleased to let him know the Misfortune that is befallen to Sir *Will. Davenant* (in which I believe he has a share); it is that he is taken, and now Prisoner with all his Men in the *Isle of Wight*. We are strangely pursu'd in all things, and all places, by our evil Fortune; even our retreats to the other World (except by death) are cut off. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble, and most faithful Servant,  
A. Cowley.

The D. of *York's* Books will be here two days hence, there shall then be care taken to have them bound.

5.

Paris, June 11, 1650.

SIR,

THE appearances of great Disorders suddenly to happen in this Kingdom, which I mention'd

in my last, do encrease daily, and nothing but the Hand of God (which at this time seems likelier to fall heavy upon this place than to relieve it) can avert them. The Town of *Bourdeaux* has received the Princess and *le Duc d' Anguien*; the Magistrates shut the Gates against them, but the People broke them open, and let them in with great signs of Affection. The Parliament since that declared they would protect them, and either have or will write to all other Parliaments to desire them to interpose for the Liberty of the Princess: That of *Tholouze* is said to be already joyned. The Province has taken Arms, and by this time besieges *Cadillac* the Duke *d' Espernon's* House, to whose assistance Mareschal *de Meilleray* is marching. The Duke *de Bouillon* is in the *Vicomte de Turenne* with a Body of five or six thousand Men; all these Provinces are on the point of taking Arms, and the rest of the Kingdom is in too great a disposition to follow the Example. The *Spaniard* is on all sides very strong, and from *Flanders* is now advanced within twenty Miles of *Compeigne*, where the Court yet remains; two days since they sent for the Duke of *Orleans* to advise what course they were to take in their Distresses, and to perswade him to go to *Bourdeaux*, which it is thought he will refuse. He is this day expected here again, and I fear every one now will produce some new trouble. Our last Letters from *Holland* tell us, That the King is upon the point of parting, but had yet received little of the Money's he expected from the *Scots* Commissioners. This day news is come, that at *Edinburgh* they have hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd the Lord *Montrose* in a cruel and barbarous manner; the Particulars I know not yet; and some say he was first hang'd, then beheaded, and then quarter'd: If this be true (as I fear it is) it is a great and most unseasonable misfortune. And tho' I doubted no more of his death after his being taken, than of his being beaten, after I heard of his landing; yet I thought that either he would not have fallen alive into their Hands, or that even in that case they would have contented themselves in this Conjunction with the Revenge of simply putting him to death without such extraordinary Circumstances of Cruelty. I am confounded with the thought of it, but by the next shall be better able to give you an account of it. I am, SIR,

Your most humble, and most faithful Servant,  
A. Cowley.

My Lord presents his humble Service to you, and desires you to do it for him to Sir *G. Carteret*, to whom he writes not till the next: I desire you to do the same for me, having nothing to say to him more at this present.

6.

Paris, June 21, 1650.

SIR,

THE last Week my Lord having written all the News to Sir *G. Carteret*, I did not believe it reasonable



to trouble you with the Repetition ; since then I hear from *Calais*, that the King embarked at *Schveling* the roth of this Month, and had a very fair Wind for his Voyage to *Scotland* ; but my Lord *Biron's* not arriving yet here (who was to be dispatcht immediately upon the King's parting) makes us have some doubt of this Intelligence ; and there is lately an Information come from *Scotland*, which if it meet the King before his Landing there, may possibly have altered his Resolution. We have been often troubled to understand the *Scots* Motions, they are so obscure, and seem so irregular, but they never did any thing more unsearchable, than one proceeding of theirs since the Treaty : It is, that they have banisht my Lord Duke *Hamilton*, Lord *Lauderdail*, Lord *Calander*, Lord *St. Clair*, Lord *Lee*, Lord *Dumferlin*, Lord *Branford*, Lord *Eithim*, and some four more Lords since the Agreement, without any Intimation of such an Intent during the Treaty ; and my Lord *Calander* arriving at the *Frith* some few days since was not suffered to land, but sent back immediately. Mr. *Murray* is likewise returned to *Holland*, and some say is one of the banisht persons, which would yet render the business more mystical. In fine nothing but Time can explain this ; and he that will undertake to comprehend these Men's Actions, and reconcile them with themselves and their Professions, the next Task I would set him upon, should be to write a Comment on the *Revelation*. The manner of my Lord *Montroses* Execution the adjoyned Print will tell you : *Urray* and *Spotswood* were beheaded the next day. The death of the former is yet look'd upon as a Plot of his by our Politicians. *Cromwell* was received with great Triumph and Magnificence at *London* ; and it is believed, will have some new great Title conferr'd upon him (as Protector of the People's Liberty, or some such like) on purpose to put out *Fairfax*, and give the Command of all into his Hands. This Court returns hither on *Saturday* or *Monday*. The *Spaniard* has taken *Catelet*, and *la Guise*, and is now before *la Capelle*. All that concerns the Duke and your Company, I suppose, you are to know by my Lord *Biron*, whom we expect hourly. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble, and most faithful Servant,  
A. Cowley.

7.

Paris, July 9, 1650.

SIR,

IT is now eight and twenty days since the King embarked, and yet we have nothing from, or of him, but uncertain and contrary Reports, of his landing in *Orkney*, for he bore up towards *Norway*, and if his Voyage had been shorter, we should undoubtedly have heard sooner of him. It is hard to say what kind of a Reception he will find ; this is evident that the *Scots* will

endeavour to deferr the War with *England* as long as they can, and if that be not possible, to manage it only by Presbyterian Hands, if that be possible too, which I hope it will not, when once they are engaged in it, and shall be nearlier prest by their fears of Ruine, than by their hopes of an uncommunicable Victory. And this little is all I can say of our Affairs at home. This Court has had a most fortunate and seasonable Success in the *Spaniards* being forced to raise their Siege from *la Guise* by want of Provisions, and to retreat a little backwards. Two hundred *French* Horse (of which my Lord *Digby's* Troop was one) fell upon a Convoy of one thousand Horse, and three hundred Foot, broke suddenly amongst them, killed about one hundred, took five, and all the Provisions and Ammunition which they carried ; upon which disappointment the *Spaniard* was compelled to quit the Siege. This makes the King's Journey towards *Bourdeaux* more secure, and the trouble that still remains after a thousand good fortunes which they have had, shews, methinks that the least check would be very dangerous. I send you the last Papers from *Bourdeaux*. The Court is gone with a Resolution to buy a Peace there at any rate but the liberty of the Princess : even in these three or four days that they are parted from hence, new attacks have been made against the Cardinal with great violence by many in the Parliament, upon the occasion of the *Bourdeloises* Address to them for a Conjunction ; but the moderate Party prevails yet so far, as that they only join in a Request to the King to recall Monsieur *d'Espernon* without any mention of the Princess. Yesterday the Court removed from *Fountainbleau*, whither Mr. *Mountague* was commanded to attend it for their Answer in what they intended to do to enable the Duke of *York* to come to their Army, which will not be known till *Monday*, and is the reason that my Lord defers the giving his Highness any account till next Post, and desires your self, and Sir G. *Carteret* to excuse his not writing by this. I cannot hear of any other Packets come for you from the Court, than what I have sent you ; I suppose the last from my Lord *Biron* to Sir G. *Carteret* contained some enclosed Letters to you. I am most truly,

SIR,

Your most humble, and most faithful Servant,  
A. Cowley.

Pray present my humble service to Mr. *Crowder*, and tell him, that he has left our Church here like a Rat, for it is since quite fallen. The Queen of *France* at her last Visit to ours, desir'd her most earnestly to suppress it, saying, *That she conceiv'd (upon most deep and solid grounds) that her Son's late Troubles had been in part caused by the publick permission of Heretical Worship in his own Palace*; so that now we are interdicted. The Duke's Books are here, pray let us know his pleasure, what he will have done with them ; for if he resolve to come away, perhaps he would not think fit that they should be sent from hence.

8.

*Paris, July 16, 1650.*

SIR,

IT is a wonderful thing that now after six Weeks time that the King is parted we have no certain News of him; some report that he landed at *Orkney*, others at *Edinburgh*, and others (which is the latest Information) at *Spy* near *Aberdeen*; that being pursued by ten Parliament Ships, he put himself and most of his Company into three Fishermen, and so got thither, whilst his own Ships were still followed by the *English*, who knew not that he had quitted them. This Relation was brought hither yesterday by a *Dutch* Gentleman, who had it later than the last Letters from *Holland*, so that it cannot yet be confuted tho' it should be false. The *Scotch* Letters are all carried to the Council of State in *England*, and there retained, so that that passage of Intelligence is stopt up. In *England* *Fairfax* has laid down his Commission, they say, because he would not enter with his Army into *Scotland*, which was the Parliament's Order, and *Cromwell*, you may be sure, is made General, and already gone from *London* towards the *North*. There is no other News at present. The French Court lies this Night at *Poictiers*; since my last there has been no action neither in *Guienne* nor *Flanders*, nor is there any occasion to add to your trouble. I am, SIR,

Your most humble, and most faithful Servant,  
A. Cowley.

9.

*Paris, July 23, 1650.*

SIR,

I Send you herewith a Print in which you will find many things of Consequence; the chifest is the *English* Declaration of the causes of their invading *Scotland*, by which we are assured of a War betwixt those Nations; and tho' I believe the *Scots* will have an hard and dangerous work of it, yet I think it would not have been less so, if the Quarrel had been deferred a year longer, for the total Reduction of *Ireland*, and the gaining more Root in *England* would have weighed equally with any Succours which *Scotland* could have from abroad, without a general Peace, which is too remote a thing for us to build our Designs or Hopes upon. Not that *Scotland* alone is able to make sufficient resistance for their own defence, much less to bring the King Conquerour to *London*, but we are to hope that the King's and the Presbyterian Party will upon this occasion take Arms in *England*, and if they do not do it now, it is not likely they would at another time. Upon this point chiefly depends our Fortune, and it will quickly appear, for the War is already begun. The *English* have taken above 15 of the *Scotch* Vessels (for I'm sure that name will reach to them, they themselves say of their great Ships) and the Land Army is

advanc'd near *Berwick*. I will not add here the Authentical News we receive just now from *Scotland*, because it is written to Sir G. Carteret. That which you will find in the Print of the Bishop of *Closher's* defeat in *Ireland* is a dismal particular, but we have a little glimpse of Consolation remaining yet, in that there is yet no other authority for it. I have seen a Letter from *Ireland* of the 18th of *June*, which gave good hopes from thence, even to the recovery of what is lost, if any Disorders were to happen in *England*, or a War with *Scotland*: My Lord of *Ormond* and the Council (now better reconciled than ever) were in Connaught, and an Army was marching from thence to the relief of *Tecrohan*, but if this of the right Reverend General in God be true, all is dasht. My Lord *Biron* has received yours this Morning, and will answer it, I believe (for I have not seen him since I sent it to his Lodging) this Post. I do not take punctual notice of the receipt of yours because I do most certainly receive all, and they require little answer besides the acknowledgment of my humble thanks for your Favour and Kindness, which is a thing of that nature, that I hope you have enough good Opinion and Justice for me, as to say it to yourself from me as often as you do me the Honour to think upon,

SIR,

Your most humble, and most faithful Servant,  
A. Cowley.

10.

*Paris, August 6, 1650.*

SIR,

YOU may now very reasonably expect to hear from me every Post, for it is such a Conjunction of Business, as one would think should afford matter enough to write daily; and I doubt but you will be angry at a Letter that should leave you not at all wiser at the latter end of it, than you were at the Beginning; yet many such a one you are like to have from me even at this time, and more particularly even at this present; for I am able to add very little to the inclos'd *Gazette*: I cannot tell you in what Condition the King is in *Scotland* (for tho' undoubtedly he has been received with all publick Significations of Welcome, yet there is a Vilanous Report flies about, of the commanding all his old Servants that waited on him thither to leave the Kingdom, or at least, the Court; but we have nothing yet from authentick Hands) nor in what condition *Scotland* is for the defence of him, and it self, nor whether *Cromwell* be yet advanced as far as *Berwick*, nor what the Presbyterians and the King's old Party are like to do upon this great Opportunity in several parts of *England*, of which we are in general bidden to hope well but must do it yet very implicitly. Upon the whole matter, I conceive our Business much more hopeful than it was, but not yet brought into such a form as will admit of any good or perspicuous account of it; but before this

Month's end, either this new life of it will be crushed out again, or it will grow up into an able and sturdy Constitution. We are told, that the King of *Portugal* is resolved to make War upon the Parliament Fleet, which still blocks up the Harbour of *Lisbon*, that for that end he is preparing many Ships to be joyned with Prince *Rupert's* Fleet, and be commanded by him; and yesterday there is a News come that the Rebels Fleet is recalled, whether upon that Apprehension, or some new design, I cannot judge, nor affirm absolutely the truth of it. The French Court cannot come to an Agreement (as it is hoped) with those of *Bourdeaux*, but is now resolved to endeavour the Reduction of them by force, for which they are making great Preparations by Sea and Land, and the others no less for their defence, and have now declared against the Cardinal, as well as Monsieur *d'Espernon*. If this work be not suddenly ended one way or other, we are to expect great Disorders over the whole Kingdom, in which their Party (that is, the discontented Party) is strangely numerous and ripe for a Civil War. The *Spanish* Army has been this Fortnight before *La Capelle*, and we expect every moment to hear of the loss of it, it being wonderful that it has held out so long. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble, and most faithful Servant,  
A. Cowley.

My Lord presents his most humble service to you, and will answer your last by the next: He desires your Excuse, and that you would make it likewise for him to *Sir G. Carteret*.

II.

Paris, August 13, 1650.

SIR,

WE have at last received some Letters from the King's Company; never-failing Mr. *Boswell* is arrived in *Holland*, and has sent them to us, he himself I suppose is by this time back again with the King; they import, that he is most affectionately receiv'd by the whole Nation, that they are united as one Man in his and their own defence, and have already raised very considerable numbers; a part of which (as Mr. *Boswell* reports, at least sixteen thousand Horse and Foot, which is more than *Cromwell* carries against them) are encamped at *Duns*, and had before he came away) which was the  $\frac{1}{3}$  of the last Month from *Falkland*) taken three Troops of *English* Horse, and expected daily to see the whole *English* Army, so that without doubt there has been much Action before this time, and we have flying Reports here of losses and revolts from *Cromwell*, but I dare not yet bite at them. One thing our Letters bring, which though it be very inscrutable, yet that it is to be look'd upon as most ill News is plain enough, it is the proceedings of the *Scots* against the *English* that waited upon the King thither, the Particulars of which you will find in the inclos'd List of their

Names. Whether this be a Bigottry of the Ministers, or a Jealousie of the King's old Party, or an over Confidence of the Presbyterian Strength, or a pure Enmity and Animosity against us, I know not, but sure I am that it will make the Work infinitely more hazardous, and even if they should prevail, less advantageous to the King and all his Friends; which latter nevertheless (after all this) I fear not so much as the former. At *London* the Parliament on a sudden in the Night seized upon all the Horses in the Town, and have already mounted with them 2000 or 3000 Men, which makes some believe they have ill news out of the *North*, but I think it is only to prevent Risings in *London*, which they apprehend now above all things in the World, and they say have reason to do so, both there, and in many other parts of the Kingdom though nothing is yet broken out. Though you are most concerned in this that I have said, yet that which I am to tell you from *Holland* and *France* is no less remarkable; especially from *Holland*, where the Prince of *Orange* and the States General seiz'd, about ten days since, on the persons of six of the States of *Holland*, and brought the Army to surprise *Amsterdam*, of which they mist very narrowly, having been betray'd by some person who discovered it to the Town a few Hours before the Troops arrived that should have made themselves Masters of the Gates at the opening of them in the Morning, so that they had planted all their Cannon, drawn up their Men, and drowned a part of the Country just before the Troops got thither; nevertheless the Prince intended to pursue his design by besieging them, and had sent for all things necessary for that work, but the next Morning they came to an Agreement, of which we know not yet the Particulars, nor whether it be strong enough to hold after so great a widening of the Differences. In this place we had last *Tuesday* a decision of the Question, whether this Town and Parliament should continue in obedience to the King, or joyn with those of *Bourdeaux*, whom he is now going to besiege. There was a strange Disorder and Confusion at the Palace, the People crying out against *Mazarine*, for the Princesses liberty, and for a Peace with *Bourdeaux*, and many hundred Swords being drawn there, but without any harm done: In the Parliament thirty Voices were according to the Sense of the Rout, but three score and odd rested in the Propositions made by the Duke of *Orleans* in behalf of the Court, which were, that there should be an Act of Oblivion past to all in *Guienne* besides Monsieur *de Bullion*, *de Rochefaucaut*, and some few others who stand already under Sentence of Parliament, and should be referred to that Court; that Madam *la Princess*, and *le Duc d'Anguien* should have security for their persons in any of their Houses, and that the Duke *d'Espernon* should be recalled. I believe the Court will submit to this, but know not whether those of *Bourdeaux* will; and upon the quick dispatch of this business either by accord or by force, the quiet of all *France* depends. My Lord writes not till Mr. *May's* return which he hopes will be within a Week: he will by that

time undoubtedly bring you great News, but of what kind I dare not prophesie. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble, and most faithful Servant,  
A. Cowley.

12.

Paris, Novemb. 18, 1650.

SIR,

IT is not easie to give you an Intelligible Account of the Business of *Scotland*, though we have much in the Prints of it, and Sir *Edward Walker* with some others be newly arrived from thence in *Holland*. Things very strange and remarkable have happened within these two Months, but what will be the issue of them is yet very doubtful, though they look as if they meant to do us good. About the beginning of *October* a great number of Lords and Gentlemen (both of the King's old party, and of the Engagers) weary of the Oppression of the prevailing Faction, and seeing the Folly and Blindness of it to the point of opposing the Common Enemy, resolved to take Arms, and handled the matter so as that the King promised to come to them himself, for which a Day of Rendezvous was appointed, but the King the Night before communicating the Counsel to some of his *English* Company (my Lord Duke of *Buckingham* and Lord *Wilmot* are named) they had so little Opinion of the Solidity of the Matter, that they perswaded the King to lay aside the Resolution, and to send to the engaged persons not to assemble; at least the King seem'd to be perswaded, but several of the Engagers met, and he three days after, with very few in his Company, under a pretext of Hawking, was upon his way towards them, but (the thing being discovered too soon, I know not by what means) he was overtaken by a party of Horse and beseeched (that is forc'd) to return to *St. Johnston's*, and since to *Sterling*, which is the Head Quarter of the Army; but for all this, whether out of fear of the Violence of the Stream the other way, or out of desire to give him better Satisfaction, he found himself better treated than before, sate daily with them in Council (which he never did before) and the 30th of *October* was appointed for his Coronation. In the mean time the other Party grow in Strength, choose *Middleton* their General, and became a Body of about 5000 Men. To them was Sir *John Brown* sent with a party of two Regiments of Horse to offer them an Act of Indemnity, and in case of refusal, to reduce them by force: He sent this Message to them, and added, that if they returned a Dilatory Answer, he would hang up their Messenger. Their Answer was very quick; for they fell presently upon him, and took, slew, and dispersed the whole Party; this brought down the Pride of the violent Faction to a Treaty with them, and Hostages were given on both sides; the Treaty was but begun when Sir *Edward Walker* came away, but it was generally believed that the issue of it would be the Union of all Parties, and admission of all Persons into the Service.

The Lords risen in Arms were *Murry*, *Huntly*, Earl of *Athol*, *Marshall*, *Arrall*, *Lindsey*, *Ogleby*, Lord *Sinclair*, *Nuburgh*, *Plescarty*, and many more; Mr. *Long*, Mr. *Progers*, Mr. *Seymour*, and Dr. *Fraser* are again banisht for having had a Hand in this Business. In the mean time we have receiv'd a greater blow abroad than any thing at home can recompence, if we were to have never so good News; that is, in the death of the Prince of *Orange*, who died last Week of the Small Pox after a Week's Sickness, and was, I think, the most considerable Man at this time (as to the consequences of his person) not only to us, but to all this part of the World, that could have been taken out of it. The Princess *Royall* is in her 8th Month: if it please God to give her a Son it will be some Consolation in this great Misfortune. The D. of *York* is still at *Bruxells*, in all extremities of Want, having been so far from receiving any Support from the Archduke and the Duke of *Lorraine*, that he has scarce had the ordinary Civilities he might have expected; he wrote lately to the Queen to desire that he might by her means be invited into *Holland*, but that is dasht by this Misfortune, and the greatest hopes of his Subsistence lost by it. I think he will be forc'd to return hither at last, though his Council rather design a Journey into *Germany*, or indeed *Japan*, or the *West-Indies*. Sir *G. Ratcliff* is the Controuler of his Houshold, and orders the whole business of two Dishes a Meal for the Duke in his Chamber. My Lord gives you many thanks for your Treffles, and Mrs. *Gardner* for your care of her Beauty; the former I had some part in, the latter I am sure I never shall. This is a cruel long Letter to begin our Commerce withall, but I will not always be so troublesome. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble, and most faithful Servant,  
A. Cowley.

13.

Paris, Decemb. 5, 1650.

SIR,

MY last gave you an account of what was brought from *Scotland* by Sir *Edward Walker*, since which time we have had dismal Alarms from thence of the King's being made a Prisoner by the violent party in *Scotland*, and this came from the *London* Prints, but our last Intelligence both from *England* and *Holland* removes those Fears from us, and puts us again into a way of hope. The *London* Prints rail very much against the *Scots*, and confess, that they were all like to agree; and Letters from thence (of which one comes from a great Parliament Man) say, that *Straughan* and *Carr* having amused *Whalley* with a Treaty, and promised to joyn with him, fell suddenly upon him near *Carlisle*, and took and slew his whole Party, which consisted of 3000 Horse and Foot, which I take to be a very good *Scotch* Stratagem! Our Letters from *Holland* say, that *Middleton* and the Party risen for the King in the *North* was increased to the number of 10000, that they had

taken *Aberdeen* and *Dundee*, and put Garrisons into them, that they were advancing towards *St. John's Town*, that eleven Troops of the old Army was come into them, that *Plescarty* was bringing up 4000 *Highlanders*, that hereupon the Committee of Estates had sent Mr. *Will. Murry* to treat with them, and that there was no doubt of the Agreement. This is brought by a Merchant from *Aberdeen*, who says moreover, that it was there reported, that the King had been Crown'd in the Head of the old Army. All this I present to you upon the Faith of the Reporters, and do not engage my own Credit for your belief, though it seems all to be very probable. In *Ireland* my Lord *Clanricard* having driven away *Ireton* from *Athlone* with some loss is past the *Shanon*, and has besieged the *Burre*. This is certain, the other Rumours of great Success there on our Side are not worth repeating. I know not whether I told you, or could tell you in my last, that the Princess Royal was brought a bed of a Son, the only proper Consolation for the loss of the Father, whose Death hath loosened all the parts of that Commonwealth, where all People are designing several things, and it is hard to guess whether or no things will settle. There is at this present a General Assembly of the States of all the Provinces. The Queen upon the occasion of these great changes in the Princess R's Fortune, has sent my Lord into *Holland*, to condole, congratulate, and advise with her. I shall wait upon him thither, and we think to part to Morrow, so that you will not suddenly be troubled with any thing from me, which may serve to excuse the length of this. The Duke of *York's* Condition you will undoubtedly learn by the enclosed from my Lord *Biron*, to which I shall therefore refer you, and remain,

SIR,

Your most humble, and most faithful Servant,  
A. Cowley.

Be pleased to present my humble Service to Mr. *Marcess*; Mrs. *Marcess* is come to Town, but I have not seen her, nor know where she lies.

My Lord is in such a crowd of Business now at his parting, that I know not whether he will be able to write to you.

I have this Afternoon receiv'd yours of the 26th of *November*; your present to Mrs. *Gardiner*, to Mrs. *Gard*, and your Questions too upon it make her blush. Your Treffles were excellent good, as I wrote you word before; as for the *Piedmont* Wine we are now such moderate Men, as to content our selves with that of the *Rhine*, in which I hope suddenly to drink your Health.

14.

Paris, Septemb. 13, 1653.

SIR,

THE trouble of my Letters has fallen hitherto heavy upon Sir *John Berkly* only, now by the occasion of the inclosed you must have your share of it. But, as Men use to do, I shall begin modestly and moderately

with you; and indeed without writing for writing's sake as Monsieur *Balsac* and Mr. *Church* does: no body can at this time send you a long Letter from hence. The King is almost quite recovered, he wants only his Strength, which a few days and the fresh Air of the Country (whither he intends to go, I believe, sometime next Week) will restore him to, and *Chantilly* is the place which he, as yet, pitches upon; which is methinks frank and bold to go into that Man's own House who threatened to make him a Prisoner. Our great concernment in *Holland* is not yet determined; the Towns and Provinces have not given in their Answer to the *English* hard word. There is not much danger that they should submit to the Proposition, but I rather fear that they will make some new ones upon the hint of that, on purpose to continue the Treaty, and to prevent an Engagement with our King, and a renewing of the Power of the House of *Orange*, hoping that in time some Accidents or other may induce the *English* to content themselves with more reasonable terms. Not that this is the design of the Provinces, but it is of many persons in *Holland*, who have made a shift hitherto to govern the rest. But all these are but politick guesses, for in fine, no flesh is able to say not so much as what is likeliest to happen in this point. A part of the *English* Fleet is gone out again, to the number of forty Ships, under the Command of *Lawson*: The Rising in *Scotland* is doubtless very considerable, but how long it will be so, without some Assistance (whereas we have none for them but our Prayers, and those too the Divines grutch to them) I cannot tell. We have a Report likewise that a Party of Five Thousand *Irish*, who were ready to be embarked for *Spain*, but staid by contrary Orders from thence, have taken Arms, and that divers others are joynd to them in *Ireland*. *Lilburn* is absolved by two Juries but still kept a Prisoner, and threatned to be tryed upon another score of Correspondence with the King. The ridiculous Parliament passes Acts apace of great Consequence; they are almost all Anabaptists, and will reduce Church-Estates to that wild way, whatsoever it be, for that I cannot tell you, nor do I think it is to be found in any Authors. By this time you begin to laugh at my promise of Moderation, and therefore I shall make an end. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble, and most faithful Servant,  
A. Cowley.

My Lord presents his humble Service to you, and be pleased to let mine be presented to Sir *John Berkly* and the rest of your Company.

There is an Act passing in *England* for the present sale of Two Thirds of all Catholicks Estates.

The French Court will be here within a Fortnight.

15.

Paris, Jan: 8, 1648.

Sr,

ON wednesday last at three of y<sup>e</sup> Clock in y<sup>e</sup> Morning the King, the Queen Regent, Duc of Orleans,

Prince of Conde, and almost all y<sup>e</sup> great persons, men and woeman, went from hence to S<sup>t</sup> Germain's : two howres after the whole Towne was alarmed w<sup>th</sup> it, and w<sup>th</sup> great disorder and confusion began to put themselves in a posture of defence. The next day some regiments possess themselves of Pontoy's, S<sup>t</sup> Denis, and other passes to stop provisions from entring into y<sup>e</sup> Towne, and here on y<sup>e</sup> other side y<sup>e</sup> Parliament made an Arrest, y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Cardinal should leave y<sup>e</sup> Court in one day and in eight the Kingdome of France, or else to bee prosecuted as a Traytour ; an other Arrest for y<sup>e</sup> present levying in Paris of 8000 horse and 15000 foot, w<sup>th</sup> w<sup>ch</sup> they intend to march forth, and clear y<sup>e</sup> passages. This is the strang suddaine change of affaires here : wee know not yet nether upon what grounds the Court has undertaken this warre, nor what correspondencie the Parliament hath to encourage them to soe briske a

resistance. Our owne condition is like to bee very sad, the Queen being left here w<sup>th</sup>out one penny of money to buy her bread for tomorrow. Yesterday my Lord went to S<sup>t</sup> Germain's w<sup>th</sup> an intent to returne this morning, but is not yet come back, nether have wee heard from him. This is the reason you have nothing from him by this post, and I desire y<sup>w</sup> to acquaint My Lord Culpeper and his other freinds w<sup>th</sup> this for his excuse. I have stayd soe long before I wrote this in expectation every moment of his returne, y<sup>t</sup> I fear<sup>e</sup> the post is going (having changed his hower from midnight to six in y<sup>e</sup> evening) and therefore dare venture to say noe more, but y<sup>t</sup> I am

Sr,

Y<sup>r</sup> most humble and most  
faithfull Servant,  
A. Cowley.

## POSTSCRIPT.

With reference to the Writer's curious announcement in the first letter of this Series, 'Virgil has told me something to that purpose' (p. 345, col. 1, l. 19), Dr. Johnson thus wrote—'This expression from a secretary of the present time would be considered as merely ludicrous, or at most as an ostentatious display of scholarship ; but the manners of that time were so tinged with superstition, that I cannot but suspect Cowley of having consulted on this great occasion, the Virgilian lots, and to have given credit to the answer of his oracle.' On this again Cunningham annotates—'Wee proceeded to mention the King's [Charles I.] readinesse, in foretelling events, and from this to his Sors Virgiliana, which hapned at Oxford in the time of the late war, and whilst the parliament sate there, viz. that his majesty being tired out with businesse and afflictions, resolv'd to recreate himselfe with some young noblemen who were students there, by pricking in Virgil for his fortune, which he did, and lighted upon Dido's curse to Æneas when hee left her.

At bello audacis populi vexatus et armis,  
Finibus extorris, complexu avulsus Iuli,  
Auxilium imploret, videatque indigna suorum  
Funera ; nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquæ  
Tradiderit, regno aut optatâ luce fruatur :  
Sed cadat ante diem, mediâque inhumatus arenâ,  
*Æneid*, IV. 615-620.

'Whereat his majesty seem'd much concern'd, but sent it by Mr. Jermyn, now Earl of St. Alban's, to Mr. Cowley, then student of Christchurch [*sic*], to translate them into English, with a command not to acquaint him whose sors it was, which Mr. Cowley, did thus :

By a bold people's stubborn arms opprest,  
Forc'd to forsake the land which he possess,  
Torn from his dearest son, let him in vain  
Seek help, and see his friends unjustly slain :  
Let him to bold unequal terms submit,  
In hopes to save his crown, yet lose both it  
And life at once ; untimely let him die,  
And on an open stage unburied lie.

*Diary of Dr. Edward Lake, under 29<sup>o</sup> Jan. 1677-78.*

'The known story' of Mr. Cowley and the Sortes Virgilianæ is alluded to by Dr. Knightly Chetwood, in his 'Life of Virgil,' prefixed to Dryden's translation, and commonly (but erroneously) attributed to Walsh (as before, p. 9). On the names of persons and places (not a few mis-spelled) in these Letters, it were superfluous pains to annotate. All the Histories of the time have made them commonplaces. But one observation must be added, that even these few Letters reveal how justly vigilant the Commonwealth might well be over Cowley.—G.

## END OF THE PROSE.



## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Notes marked H. are by Bishop Hurd.—G.

### PINDARIQUE ODES.

Page 4, Preface, l. 13 (from bottom) '*Sands*' = George Sandys, poet and traveller: his Poems have been lately worthily collected in Smith's Library of Old Authors: l. 10, '*Buchanan*' = George Buchanan—it is noticeable that even Cowley called him 'a great Person': l. 4 (from bottom) '*Pancirollus*' = Guido Panciroli, the Jurist and Antiquary: died 1599.

.. 5, col. 1, l. 13, '*chocqued*'—see Glossarial Index *s.v.*

.. 6, l. 115, '*though*'—misprint for 'through': p. 7, l. 164, '*well-fetch'd*' = well-feathered or fledged: l. 166, '*white*' = mark: p. 11, l. 7, '*scion*' = graff or graft: p. 15, l. 42, '*unballast*' = unballasted: p. 16, l. 30, '*plain-conspiring*'—see Glossarial Index *s.v.*: p. 18, l. 49, '*Secondine*'—see note under 3, p. 18, col. 2: page 19, '*Mr. Hobs*' = Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury: p. 21, l. 65, '*Ben*'—one likes to come on our Poet's praise of 'rare Ben Jonson': p. 22, l. 86, '*a God crucify'd*' = Jesus Christ 'God manifest in the flesh.' Brutus lived only B.C. 42: *Dr.* [Sir Charles] *Scarborough*—see Memorial-Introduction, died Feb. 26, 1693: p. 23, l. 93, '*Life long, and Art but short*' = converse of the familiar Latin line: p. 24, l. 38, '*six poor Letters*' = his name Caesar: p. 25, '*The Extasie*', l. 8, '*Tittle*' = littleness: l. 45, '*Not Paul*', etc. = 2 Corinthians xii. 2: p. 27, l. 4, '*Maravedies*'—see note on the place on p. 28, col. 1: p. 32, l. 22, '*dain*' = deign: p. 34, l. 241, '*undocil*' = unteachable. See the Author's own notes at end of each poem, with slight exceptions.

### DAVIDEIS.

Page 46, l. 75, '*unfletcht*' = unfledged: p. 54, l. 34, '*Feature*' = making-up—see Glossarial In-

dex *s.v.*: p. 55, l. 91, '*fletcht*' = fledged, feathered—see Glossarial Index *s.v.*: p. 60, l. 660, '*Cyon*' = graff, as before: p. 83, l. 26, '*wrap'd*' = rapt: p. 90, l. 795, '*num'rous*' = numbered. See the Author's own notes on 'Davideis'; also the same on 'de Plantarum.' On the specimen-translations, see Memorial-Introduction.

### PROSE.

#### A DISCOURSE CONCERNING THE GOVERNMENT OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

Page 298, col. 1, l. 24, '*his own general*' = Sir Thomas Fairfax. But in answer to this Royalist 'gossip' malice, see Markham's 'Life of the Great Lord Fairfax' (1870), and our Memorial-Introduction (II. Critical): p. 299, col. 1, st. 2, '*country*'—This word, in the sense of *patria*, or as including in it the idea of a *civil constitution*, is always spelt by Mr. Cowley, I observe, with an *e* before *y*,—*country*;—in the sense of *rus*, without an *e*,—*country*; and this distinction, for the sake of perspicuity, may be worth preserving. H.: p. 305, col. 1, l. 17 (from bottom), '*decimation*'—By *decimation*, is here meant, not the putting to death of every *tenth man* (which is the usual sense of this term), but the levying of the *tenth penny* on the estates of the Royalists. The word is so used by Sir John Denham. H.: p. 306, col. 1, l. 19 (from bottom) '*the most sacred of our English laws*' = In the case of Coney, before mentioned: col. 2, l. 34, '*Mene*', etc. = Daniel v. 25: l. 13 (from bottom), '*I have nothing to say against the gentleman*'—A remarkable testimony to the blameless character of Richard Cromwell. H.—see our Memorial-Introduction (II. Critical): p. 308, col. 1,

l. 9, 'Across his breast,' etc.—I observed, that the plan of this discourse was poetical; and the conclusion is according to rule—

'Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
'Inciderit—'

But to take the full beauty of the contrivance, we are to reflect, that the tutelar genius of England is here introduced, not merely to unravel the intricacy of the scene, but to form a striking contrast to the *foul fiend*, who had usurped his place; and still further, to disgrace the *usurper*, by a portrait of the rightful heir to the British crown, presented to us under an angelic form, and in all the force and beauty of poetic colouring. H. :—to neutralise this Royalistic flattery let it be remembered the 'angelic form' in such case, and by such exegesis, was the pious and 'angelic' Charles II.

## ESSAYS.

Page 311, col. 1, l. 1, onward—see on this definition of Liberty our Memorial-Introduction (II. Critical) : col. 2, l. 5, 'Salust'—Fragm. ed. Maittaire, p. 116 : l. 13, 'Fertur,' etc. = Virgil, Georg. i. 514 : l. 32, 'En Romanos,' etc. = Virgil, Aeneid i. 282 : p. 312, col. 2, margin note, add 'c. x.' : p. 313, col. 1, l. 34, 'Amatorem,' etc. = Horace 3, Od. iv. 79 : l. 9 (from bottom), 'Aliena,' etc. = Horace, 2 Sat. vi. 34 : col. 2, l. 20, 'a Snare' = Psalm lxix. 22 : l. 31, 'Hitherto,' etc., Job xxxviii. 11 : l. 32, 'Perditur,' etc. = Horace, 2 Sat. vi. 59 : p. 314, col. 1, l. 21, 'He heapeth,' etc., Psalm xxxix. 6 : l. 25, read 'Unciatim,' and in margin 'Scene' for 'Sect,' and add l. 43 : col. 2, l. 12, 'Who governs,' etc. = Virgil, Georg. iii. 7 : p. 315, l. 1, read Lib. i. Ep. lvi. : l. 22, add Ep. liii. : l. 35, add Ep. lxxviii. : p. 316, II. Solitude, col. 1, l. 22, 'Sic ego,' etc. = 4 Tibullus, xiii. 9 : l. 36, 'Ode,' etc. = De amore suo lxxxiii. : col. 2, l. 22, 'O Vita,' etc.—O vita, misero longa, felici brevis ! last two lines =

O qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi, etc.

Virgil, Georg. ii. 489 : p. 318, col. 2, Of Obscurity, l. 1, 'Nam,' etc. = Horace, 1 Ep. xvii. 9 : l. 10 (from bottom), 'same Author' = 2 Sat. vii. 114 : p. 319, col. 1,

margin note, add ll. 415-6 : p. 321, col. 1, l. 9, 'Hinc,' etc. = Virgil, Aeneid i. 504, etc. : margin note, add v. 15 : col. 2, l. 17 (from bottom), 'Mr. [Samuel] Hartlib'—A gentleman, of whom it may be enough to say, that he had the honour to live in the friendship of Mede and Milton. The former of these great men addressed some letters to him, and the latter, his 'Tractate on Education.' H. : col. 2, l. 9 (from bottom), 'Nescio,' etc. = Ovid, 1 Ep. ex Pont. iii. 35 : p. 322, col. 1, l. 9, 'Pariter,' etc. = Ovid, Fasti i. 300 : p. 322, col. 2, l. 3, read *duelbero*. . . Idyll, xxv. v. 51 : l. 26, 'Haec,' etc. = Virgil, Aeneid viii. 365 : l. 3 (from bottom), 'Qui,' etc. = 1 Ep. ii. 3 : p. 323, col. 1, l. 14, add line 458, etc. : p. 324, col. 1, l. 27, add Ode II. : p. 327, col. 1, l. 7, 'Studiis,' etc. = Virgil, Georg. iv. 564 : col. 1, l. 32, 'Epistle'—Mr. Evelyn's 'Kalendarium Hortense' : dedicated to Mr. Cowley.—The title explains the propriety of the compliment, that this book was to last as long as months and years. H—see our Memorial-Introduction for the Epistle (II. Critical) : p. 328, st. v. l. 7, 'When Venus,' etc. = Virgil, Aeneid i. 695 : col. 2, st. vii. l. 21, 'Better attir'd,' etc. = St. Matthew vi. 29 : p. 329, Of Greatness, l. 24, 'Dii,' etc. = 1 Sat. iv. 17 : l. 9 (from bottom), 'Lucretius' = iv. 1155 : l. 4 (from bottom) = Suasoriarum Liber. Suas. 11 : p. 330, col. 1, l. 15 (from bottom), 'One of the most powerful,' etc. = Louis XIII. of France. The Duke de Luynes, the constable of France, is said to have gained the favour of this 'powerful and fortunate prince' by training singing birds for him : col. 2, l. 15, 'so excellent a Musician,' etc. = Qualis artifex pereo ! Suetonius, Nero : p. 331, col. 1, l. 16, 'Sed,' etc. = Virgil, Georg. ii. 291 : l. 26, 'Mancipis,' etc., Horace, 1 Ep. vi. 39 : l. 13 (from bottom), 'As Riches,' etc. = Eccl. v. 11 : p. 334, col. 1, l. 13, add 'Ode xvi.' : p. 335, col. 2, margin note, add '41' : p. 336, col. 1, l. 20, margin-note, add '241' : p. 337, col. 1, l. 25, 'Spatio,' etc. = 1 Carm. xi. 6 : l. 30, 'Vitæ,' etc. = *ibid.* iv. 15 : l. 42, 'Inserere,' etc. = Buc. i. 74 : p. 338, col. 2, l. 20, 'Utere velis,' etc. = Juvenal i. 150 : l. 32, 'Sapere,' etc. = 1 Ep. ii. 40 : p. 340, col. 1, l. 11, 'Horace,' etc. = 3 Od. xxix. 41.







GLOSSARIAL INDEX, ETC.



## NOTE.

IN the Glossarial Index of COWLEY—as with the rest of my Worthies—pains have been taken to record every word in any way noticeable. Necessarily as being much later than the others there is a vocabulary not only less full but less archaic. Nevertheless this Index will furnish apt examples of many good old English words. The same reasons have made it inexpedient to multiply illustrations, seeing that these are readily found in all our Dictionaries. The references are simple :—

I. = Vol. I.    II. = Vol. II.  
240/1, 29 = page 240, col. 1. line 29.

Incorporated with the words are all such proper names, or names of persons, etc., that are not trite. Numerous Scriptural and classic names of persons and places it would have been superfluous pains to have included.

As throughout, my admirable friend GEORGE H. WHITE, Esq. of Glenthorne, has rendered me unwearied service in the preparation of this Glossarial Index. We cherish the hope that these SEVEN Glossarial Indices, etc. etc., viz., BRETON—DAVIES OF HEREFORD—SYLVESTER—QUARLES—MORE—BEAUMONT and COWLEY, will prove not unimportant contributions to the English Dictionary of the Future. For the sake of word-hunters I have had a few separate copies of each Glossary thrown off. And now in closing for a time this arduous and trying work of Glossary making, I risk the gentle anger of Mr. WHITE (*ut supra*) by appropriating a sonnet that reached me from him in a recent letter :—

### THE DRONE-PIPE OF A PAIR OF HUMBLE BEES.

(*Apis Glossaria.*)

Even as the Bees that rove from bloom to bloom  
O'er furze-clad downs or tracts of heathery moor,  
Rifling each flower-cup of its treasured store  
Of honey, to enrich their straw-thatched home ;  
So we, from many a seldom-traversed page  
Of British Worthies, without ceasing strive  
To gather, in our bee-like pilgrimage,  
Sweet honied words for the Glossarial-Hive.  
Nor wilt thou scorn the labour, lettered friend,—  
Known, or unknown,—that brought within thy reach  
These treasures of our noble English speech ;  
But rather with a grateful heart commend  
The zeal which urg'd book-haunting Bees to roam  
And with these precious reliques laden come.

A last word from 'The Tempest'—

*Alb.* Was 't well done?

*Gr.* Bravely my diligence. Thou shalt be free' (v. 1).

A. B. G.



## GLOSSARIAL INDEX, ETC.

### A

- ABET, II. 240/1, 29. 'You that do *abet* him.' Richard II. ii. 1.
- Abolishment, II. 303/1, 4.
- Abortives, *sb.*, I. 140/1, 48, 233/2, 12. So Shakespeare repeatedly as an adjective.
- Academy, I. 28/344.
- Accaron, II. 33/143, 60/679.
- Acceptation, I. 42, 226, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.
- Accoast, *v.* = approach, I. 208/1, 30. '*Aborder*—to approach, *accoast*, *abboard*,' Cotgrave, *s.v.*
- Account, *v.*, I. 122/1, 11.
- Accubation—Latin *accubatio* = sitting down or reclining at table, II. 76, Note 33.
- Aconite, *sb.*, I. 150/2, 20.
- Acrostiques, I. 136/1, 8.
- Addle, *egge*, I. 221/2, 7.
- Admire, admires, *v.*, II. 49/421, 333/1, 24.
- Admire at, I. 18, 11; II. 239/1, 11.
- Adulterate, *adj.*, II. 340/1, 53.
- Advance, *sb.*, II. 89/622.
- Adventurest, II. 238/1, 35.
- Aequinoctial, *sb.*, II. 40, Note 16/3.
- Aequivocal, II. 28, Note 3.
- Affronts, *v.*, II. 58/508.
- A-forming, II. 18/48.
- Alarums, *sb.*, II. 89/634.
- Albion, II. 82, Note 98.
- Alchymist, *v.*, I. 31/589.
- Alcione, I. 108/1, 17.
- Alcocadin, I. 217/1, 11, and related note in Notes and Illustrations and Author's note.
- Alexander the Great, I. 107/2, 17, and related note in Notes and Illustrations, 135/1, 31.
- Alimony, II. 333/1, 13.
- All to, I. 207/1, 35.
- All-dazeling, I. 8/2, 382.
- Allay, allayes, *sb.* = alloy, I. 115/1, 12, 155/2, 4, 176/1, 24.
- Alligator, II. 304/2, 41.
- Allowance, I. 160/2, 48.
- Almanack, II. 332, st. 5.
- Almighty-ship, II. 334, st. 1.
- Altitonant = high-resounding, I. 210/2, 18, 20.
- Amazonian, *adj.*, I. 154/2, 20.
- Amber-grees, I. 203/2, 9.
- Ana, II. 341/1, 17.
- Anabaptists, II. 352/2, 39.
- Anagram, I. 136/1, 8.
- Anon, I. 118/1, 16.
- Antedate, *v.*, II. 26/138.
- Anthropophagus, I. 216/2, 24.
- Antick, *adj.*, I. 116/2, 28, 166/2, 8.
- Anti-Comet, I. 161/2, 24.
- Antipathetical, II. 69, Note 42.
- Antiperistasis, I. 149/2, 23, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.
- Anti-Paul, II. 312/1, 55.
- Antipodes, I. 25/58; II. 323/80, 332/2, 47.
- Antique, II. 86/307.
- Anti-Solomon, II. 304/2, 42.
- Apes in hell, I. 188/1, 32. See my Sidney, *s.v.*
- Appendixes, II. 108, Note 34.
- Apple-John = John-apple, I. 222/1, 51. A good-flavoured apple, which will keep two years—*Kersey*. It will consequently become very withered—'I am withered like an old apple-john.' 2 Henry IV. iii. 3.
- Apricocks = apricots, as in Shakespeare—'feed him with apricocks' (M. N. D. iii. 1), and 'yon dangling *apricocks*' (Richard II. iii. 4), I. 230/1, 42. See also my edition of Herrick, *s.n.*
- April (life's April)—'men are april when they woo' (As You Like It, IV. 1), I. 42/26.
- Arabian bird, I. 8, l. 298, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.
- Arachne's net, I. 8, l. 334, and *ibid.*
- Aration, II. 321/2, 17.
- Argent (heraldry), II. 321/1, 29.
- Argier, I. 59, 555 and related note in Notes and Illustrations.
- Argumentation, II. 311/2, 2.
- Artique pole, I. 51/469.
- Arrest, *sb.*, Fr. *arrêt*, II. 353/1, 9, 11.
- Ashame, *v.*, II. 46/113.
- Assa, II. 266/89.
- Asse's hoof, I. 127, st. 4, l. 5, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.
- Astronomical, II. 89, Note 44.
- Atomes, I. 39/291, 166/2, 8; II. 331/2, 46.
- Attaqu'ed, *v.*, I. 146/2, 20.
- Augury, II. 335/1, 48.

Authentique, II. 90/815.  
 Autoritie = authority, I. 167/2, st. 1, l. 9.  
 Avoids, I. 47, 470, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.

## B

BABIES, I. 197/2, 51.  
 Bacon, I. 168/1.  
 Baily, II. 287/1, 10.  
 Baits, *v.* = to refresh, II. 86/284.  
 Balcarres, Earl of, I. 151/1, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
 Bald, behind, I. 16/1, 90, and see Memorial-Introduction (I. Biographical).  
 Band, *sb.*, article of dress, II. 328/2, 24.  
 Banes, *sb.* = Banns (of marriage), I. 203/1, 22.  
 Banes, *sb.* = ills, II. 249/639.  
 Banditti, II. 300/2, 30.  
 Barnabie, saint, I. 112/2, 8, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
 Barebottle-fear-the-Lord, I. 180/2, sc. 2, l. 20—the orthodox way of speaking of the Puritans.  
 Bartlemew-fayr-baby = a tawdrily-splendidly dressed doll, I. 208/2, 29. So in Wit and Drollery, 1682, p. 343:—  
 'Her petticoat of sattin, her gown of crimson tabby,  
 Lac'd up before, and spangl'd ore, just like a Bartholomew baby.'  
 Bawbles, *sb.*, I. 180/2, 22.  
 Basiliskes, I. 45/420, 124/1, 19; II. 32/49, 299, st. 2.  
 Beamy, I. 166/2, 16; II. 52/812.  
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 Behn, Mrs. Aphra, II. 235, 236.  
 Being, I. 8, l. 355, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
 Be lac'd, I. 207/1, 35.  
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 Belfary, I. 65/711, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
 Belighted, *v.*, II. 324/2, 10.  
 Belingsgate—and see Billingsgate, I. 220/2, 40.  
 Belle taille, II. 246/380.  
 Bel-rope, I. 191/2, sc. 12, l. 6, and related note in Notes and Illustrations. Query the poor 'rope' contrivances of old, constantly liable to entanglement, etc., made it a chance that the bell rung or didn't? Present mechanical arrangements insure ringing, and so that the rope can't be 'humorous.'  
 Benights, *v.*, II. 59/532.  
 Benumbed, *adj.*, I. 118/2, 30.  
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 Gun-powder-friends = plotters, II. 304/1, 15.  
 Gust, *sb.*, II. 278/1, 24.  
 Gyants, II. 87/485.  
 Gyn, *sb.*, I. 8/333.

## H

HABBERDASHERS-HALL, I. 180/2, 42.  
 Hair-brain'd, I. 223/2, 25.  
 Halcyon nest, I. 160/1, 5; II. 296, st. 1.

Halcyon sleep, II. 332, st. 4.  
 Half-moons (patches), I. 204/2, 19.  
 Handsome, II. 55/72.  
 Hansels, *v.*, II. 88/503.  
 Happy-making, II. 342, st. 4.  
 Harrison, Thomas, I. 176/1, l. 2 (from bottom), and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
 Harry-groat = of Henry VIII., I. 195/2, 33.  
 Harvey, Dr. William, I. 158/1.  
 Hasty Pudding, I. 185/1, 10.  
 Hatch, *v.*, II. 99/690.  
 Hather (yellow hather), II. 269/140.  
 Haut-gout, II. 306/2, 13.  
 Haut goust, II. 325/1, 18.  
 Heart-law, I. 230/2, 3.  
 Hebrew, I. 116/2, 26.  
 Hecatombe, hecatombe, II. 102/1045, 307/1, 53.  
 Hedge (hedge rhymes), I. 144/2, 35.  
 Henrietta Maria, Queen, I. 163/2.  
 He-he-heeing fellows, I. 207/2, 12.  
 Herringman, Henry, I. 152; II. 283.  
 Hervey, William, I. 141/5.  
 Hindes, *sb.* = servants, I. 148/2, 51.  
 Hippocentaur, II. 32/1, 25.  
 His (some of Plautus his [comædies]), II. 209/2, 7.  
 Hizz'd, *v.*, II. 26/80.  
 Hobbes of Malmesbury, II. 19/1.  
 Hobble, *v.*, I. 221/2, 46.  
 Hobby (hawk), I. 101/899.  
 Hog's face, I. 222/1, l. 31, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
 Holland, Countess, I. 154/1, 41, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
 Hollowed, *v.* (= shouted), I. 116/1, 40.  
 Holden, John, Publisher, I. 205.  
 Homuncles, I. 211/1, 10.  
 Hony (dear hony Madam), I. 199/2, 50.  
 Horse-plums, II. 330/1, 9.  
 Hospital-like, II. 291/1, 5.  
 Houghing = hoeing, II. 273/1, 11.  
 Houses, I. 135/2, st. 4, l. 8, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
 Howing = hoeing, II. 326/2, 16.  
 Hulls, *sb.* = husks, II. 245/186.  
 Humming and hawing, I. 189/1, 9.  
 Huper superlative, II. 312/2, 28.  
 Husband, *sb.* = husbandman, II. 337, st. 5.  
 Hyeroglyphick, *adj.*, I. 109/1, st. 3.  
 Hyperbolic, II. 330/1, 26.  
 Hypercritical, II. 68, Note 33.  
 Hypostasis, II. 24/37.  
 Hysterick, II. 266/78.

## I

I = aye, I. 37/29, 42/46, 179/2, 12.  
 Iced, *v.*, II. 270/1, 43.  
 Idea, Idæas, I. 149/2, 32, 168/1, 19; II. 19/8, 22/34.

Ignes fatui, I. 118/1, 10.  
 Ignis Fatuus, I. 161/2, 11.  
 Ignoramus, I. 27/216.  
 Ignote, I. 26/141.  
 Ill-organ'd, II. 20/4.  
 Imboss, *v.*, II. 58/483.  
 Imitable, II. 14/1.  
 Immanity, II. 312/1, 52.  
 Immediate, II. 285/1, 5.  
 Impassible, I. 147/1, 36.  
 Impeachment, I. 9/393.  
 Impertinent, II. 238/1, 19, 313/2, 34.  
 Impertinently, II. 313/2, 35.  
 Implead, II. 298/2, 38.  
 Incas, II. 279/1, 36.  
 Inclosures, II. 299/2, 17.  
 Incognito, II. 319/1, 3.  
 Indifferency, II. 90/770.  
 Indies, II. 304/2, 41.  
 Indisposed, *adj.*, II. 303/1, 4.  
 Inducing, I. 6, l. 81, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
 Indulgency, II. 334, st. 5.  
 Infant-light, II. 61/762.  
 Inform'd, I. 117/1, 3.  
 Ingots, I. 164/2, 35.  
 Ingrateful, I. 18/58.  
 Ingrosses, *v.*, I. 165/2, 17.  
 Inhærence, II. 55/74.  
 Inkhorn, II. 76, Note 32.  
 Inne, *sb.*, inn, I. 27/276; II. 27/7.  
 Inquisition, II. 285/1, 25, 289/2, 6.  
 Inquisitors, II. 82, Note 95.  
 Intellectuals, *sb.*, II. 302/2, 16.  
 Intend, *v.*, II. 329, st. 9.  
 Interregnum, I. 143/2, 41.  
 Inrayles, I. 64/578.  
 Intrench, *v.*, II. 267/130.  
 Intrudance, I. 9/434, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
 Inundation, II. 23, Note 1.  
 Invoke, I. 25/23.  
 Irksomness, II. 238/2, 36.  
 Iron-scepter'd, I. 143/2, 17.  
 Irony, II. 25/16.  
 Itch, *sb.*, II. 94/152.  
 Itinerant, II. 288/2, 32.

## J

JACKANAPES, I. 179/2, 33, 202/1, 4.  
 Jack of the Clock House = a figure made on old public clocks to strike the bell on the outside; of the same kind as those formerly at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet Street. *Jack*, being the most familiar appellation, was frequently bestowed upon whatever bore the form, or seemed to do the work, of a man or servant. Thus roasting *Jacks* were so named from

performing the office of a man, who acted as turn-spit, before that office devolved upon dogs. *Jack* and *Gill* were, indeed, familiar representatives of the two sexes in low life, as in the proverb, 'Every *Jack* must have his *Gill*;' and 'A good *Jack* makes a good *Gill*.' Ray. Prov. p. 124, Nares *s.v.*; II. 302/1, 57. So Shakespeare:—

'But my time

Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
While I stand fooling here, his jack o' the clock.'  
(Richard II. v. 5.)

*Jack Sawce*, I. 179/2, 12, 16, 192/2, 36, 214/2, 25, etc.  
*Jennet* = steed, I. 5/28, 50.  
*Jerkin*, I. 48/110.  
*Jews-trump*, I. 233/1, 22.  
*Jocund*, II. 88/599.  
*John*, I. 196/2, 21, 222/1, 51.  
*John a Gaunt*, I. 222/1, 52.  
*John a Noak*, I. 222/1, 52.  
*John of Leyden*, II. 302/2, 49.  
*John o Nokes*, I. 196/2, 22.  
*John Puddins*, I. 203/2, 55.  
*Johnson* = *Jonson*, I. 215, l. 8 from bottom; II. 21, 65, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
*Johnson, Charles*, I. 67.  
*Jordan, Mr.*, I. 137, and Memorial Introduction (I. Biographical).  
*Joynture, v.*, I. 104/2, st. 7.  
*Jugling, adj.*, I. 114/2, 10.  
*Jumbling, v.*, I. 212/2, 20.

## K

*KAW, v.*, I. 196/1, 17.  
*Kilderkin*, I. 207/2, 3.  
*Kin*, II. 85/188.  
*Kine*, II. 324/2, 52.  
*Kings of hives*, II. 98/594.  
*Knight o' the post*, I. 213/1, 18.

## L

*LAMBERT, adj.*, II. 21/53, 25/24, 86/295, 109, Note 40.  
*Lansprizado* = lanceperado or lanceprisado = an officer under a corporal, or a commander of ten men, the lowest foot officer: I. 221/2, 43. Cf. Nares *s.v.*  
*Lardry*, II. 288/1, 52.  
*Laureat, sb.*, I. 165/1, 41.  
*Laveer, v.*, II. 312/1, 41.  
*Law you!* I. 45/384.  
*Lay, v.*, II. 86/345.  
*Leather, come not near . . . if you love your own leather* = skin, I. 196/1, 33.  
*Lecture, Lectures, sb.*, II. 285/1, 37, 39.  
*Ledaean*, I. 141/1, 39.  
*Leeches*, I. 48/119.  
*Leiger*, I. 181/1, 24.

*Legitimation*, II. 270/2, 11.  
*Lethargical*, II. 307/1, 23.  
*Lethargick*, II. 48/322.  
*Levellers*, II. 346/1, 17.  
*Libertine, adj.* II. 4/26.  
*Lief*, I. 47, 286, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
*Lilly's*, I. 26/92, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
*Limbeck*, II. 237/2, 4, 272/73.  
*Lime-Twigs*, I. 144/1, 17.  
*Lincoln, Bp. of* (= Williams) I. 4: 139/2.  
*Lion-star*, II. 327, st. 4.  
*Liquid*, II. 22/2, 21.  
*Liqu'rish*, II. 278/1, 23.  
*Listed, v.*, II. 328, st. 6.  
*Litter, sb.*, I. 218/2, 36.  
*Littletons*, I. 28/1.  
*Liveries, livery*, I. 166/2, 34; II. 26/123.  
*Loose, sb.*, II. 254/1221.  
*Lopp'd, adj.*, II. 99/714.  
*Loue-carried*, I. 10/560.  
*Lozenges (patches)*, I. 204/2, 19.  
*Lucie's*, I. 112/2, 7, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
*Luke*, I. 164/2.  
*Lungs (two Lungs or Chymical Servants)*, II. 287/1, 14.  
*Lust, sb.*, = pleasure, II. 253/1094.  
*Lustration*, II. 80, Note 70.  
*Luxuriant*, I. 175/2, 38.  
*Luxurious*, II. 312/1, 45.  
*Lymbeck*, I. 127/1, 18.  
*Lynces*, I. 25, 13, and see related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
*Lyon-mad*, I. 214/2, 33.

## M

*MACHIAVEL*, II. 307/1, 20, 312/1, 16.  
*Magick-mongers*, II. 69, Note 42.  
*Magnetick, adj.*, II. 276/1, 35.  
*Magnificos*, II. 313/2, 40.  
*Main, sb.*, II. 327/1, 40.  
*Main-prize*, I. 185/1, 30.  
*Makes, sb.* = sorts, kinds, I. 162/2, 4.  
*Make, sb.* = shape form, I. 165/2, 32.  
*Melancholy*, I. 7 l. 217, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
*Male-Virtu*, I. 167/1, 35.  
*Malignant*, II. 307/2, 43.  
*Malleable*, I. 217/1, 6.  
*Mammon*, II. 305/2, 9.  
*Man, and wife* = family portraits, I. 129, st. 2. l. 2, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
*Manciple*, II. 287/1, 10.  
*Manumission*, II. 314/2, 23.  
*Map*, I. 229/1, l. 2 (from bottom), and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
*Maravedies*, II. 27/34, and Author's note in the place.

- Mari-golds, I. 185/1, 12, 192/1, 25, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.
- Marry gap, 211/2, sc. 3. l. 10, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.
- Marry, I. 37/29.
- Masking Cloaths, II. 314/2, 19.
- Masking Habit, II. 314/1, 15.
- Masters, Robert, I. 4/153, and related note in Notes and Illustrations; also Memorial-Introduction (I. Biographical).
- Massanellos, II. 302/2, 49.
- Massie, II. 58/511.
- Matchivil, I. 203/2, 6.
- Mate at chess, II. 21/26.
- Mated, *ib.* II. 21/17.
- Mateless, I. 212/1, 33.
- Matrix, II. 267/148.
- Maukin, I. 39/257.
- Mausolus, I. 29/474, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.
- Meade, Robert, I. 4, and related note; also Memorial-Introduction (I. Biographical).
- Meander, *sb.*, I. 158/1, 28.
- Meanly, *adj.*, II. 288/1, 49.
- Mechanic, *adj.*, I. 168/1, 11.
- Mediate, II. 285/1, 5.
- Medusa's head, I. 184/2, l. 3 (from bottom), and related note in Notes and Illustrations.
- Melioration, II. 288/2, 2.
- Memorandums, I. 225/2, 12, 23.
- Merchandizing, *sb.*, II. 320/1, 57.
- Meridies, II. 325/1, 69.
- Mermaids, II. 286/1, 3.
- Mermaid-deity, II. 104, Note 6.
- Metaphysick, *sb.*, II. 321/1, 37, 40.
- Methoughts, II. 87/386.
- Metla, II. 278/1, 2, 4, 278/2, 45.
- Microcosme, I. 49/209.
- Milch, *v.* = to milk, II. 324/252.
- Millenaries, II. 337/1, 4.
- Mimick, *adj.*, II. 59/611.
- Mince, *v.*, I. 43/157.
- Mincing, *adj.*, I. 212/1, 16.
- Mindful, II. 56/267, 93/34.
- Minion, I. 218/1, 28, 232/2, 13.
- Ministeries, II. 76, Note 30.
- Minoes = minnows, II. 52/824.
- Misconst'ring, *adj.*, I. 25/73.
- Mis-led, II. 50, 531.
- Mistletoe, II. 244/185.
- Mole-catcher, I. 183/1, 20, 208/2, 16.
- Moloch-ship, II. 298/1, 37.
- Mommery, II. 321/1, 54.
- Monethly, II. 289/1, 15.
- Moon, half, I. 199/2, l. 3 from bottom.
- Mortlake, I. 217/2, l. 18 from bottom.
- Moor, I. 218/1, 36.
- Moseley, Humphry, Publisher, I. 101.
- Moschetto = mosque, II. 305/2, 11.
- Moss-troopers, II. 305/2, 22.
- Mote, *sb.* = moat, II. 249/729.
- Mother, fits of the, II. 266/32.
- Motherly, *adj.*, II. 338/1, 25.
- Mother-waters, II. 46/79.
- Mountebank, II. 302/1, 10, 303/1, 17.
- Movables, I. 118/1, 44.
- Mulct, *sb.*, II. 289/2, 51.
- Mum, I. 59/58, 60/197.
- Mummers, I. 221/1, 54.
- Mungrel, *adj.*, I. 207/2, 14.
- Murder, barbarous, I. 181/1, l. 11 (from bottom), and related note in Notes and Illustrations.
- Murrain, I. 230/1, 44, 46.
- Muscadel, I. 217/2, 38.
- Muse, *v.*, II. 250/764.
- Mushroom-Brood, II. 274/2, 11.
- Musidorus, I. p. 199, col. 2, l. 18. This shows that the old anonymous play called 'Mucedorus' (in which there is a 'purple patch' probably by Shakespeare) was still remembered. It had been revived early in the reign of James I., and in the title-page of the 1609 edition it is stated that it was acted 'at Whitehall on Shrove Tuesday night.' The occasion of Cowley's incidental reference was most likely the later representation at Witney in 1653-4, which became notorious from an accompanying accident. Of this performance and accident combined, the following memorial exists by John Rowe of C. C. C., Oxford—'Tragi-Comædia. Being a brief relation of the strange and wonderful hand of God discovered at Witney in the Comedy acted February the third, where there were some slaine, many hurt, and several other remarkable passages,' etc. . . . 1653-4. A 'clown' is one of the characters in this somewhat noticeable play.
- Muskadine, I. 180/2, 47.
- Musky, I. 47/28.
- Muster-master, II. 104, Note 8.
- Mystick, *adj.*, II. 61/831.

## N

- NEGRO, I. 166/1, 2.
- New-minted, II. 58/471.
- New-prov'd, II. 56/174.
- Nice, II. 325/1, 26, 339/2, 1.
- Nichols, I. 31/2.
- Nimble-footed, II. 17/4.
- Ninive, puppet-play, I. 225/1, l. 21, and related note in Notes and Illustrations. Ben Jonson in his *Every Man in his Humour* speaks of 'a new motion [*i.e.* puppet-play] of the City of Niniveh with Jonas and his whale at Fleet Bridge.' *Every Man out of his Humour*, ii. 1.
- Ninny, I. 185/2, 39.
- Nomenclator, I. 126/2, 36; II. 311/2, 24.
- Nonage, I. 167/1, 36.
- Now (eternal now), II. 48/362.
- Numerous, II. 90/795, 241/1, 33.

Numerously, I. 149/2, 8, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.

Nuncius, I. 19/89.

Nut (Homer in the nut), I. 128/1, 33.

Nut, to crack, II. 276/1, 14.

Nutly, II. 276/1, 2.

## O

OARS, *sb.* = ores, I. 164/2, 53.

Obliging, *adj.*, II. 91/931.

Oblique, II. 299, st. 3.

Obscene, II. 61/817, 82, Note 96.

Observance, II. 313/2, 56.

Occasion, I. 16/90.

Oeconomy, II. 242/1, 22.

Oleopodrido, I. 185/2, 2.

Oliverian Demons, II. 253/1182.

Omega, II. 238/2, 3.

On = one, I. 103, st. 7, l. 6.

Only, I. 135, ll. 12-13 (from bottom), and related note in Notes and Illustrations.

Onocentaurs, II. 31, Note 6.

Opacons, II. 81, Note 91.

Operatories, II. 287/2, 8.

Opiniastrete = opiniastrie, and so I've printed it, II. 346/5, 14.

Opium, II. 341/1, 23.

Or-heraldic, II. 321/1, 29.

Oraculous, II. 96/289, 309, 251/867.

Ordinary, *sb.*, I. 47/76.

Orinda, I. 153/2. See Philips, Katherine.

Ortolans, II. 324/2, 61.

Osbalton, Lambert, I. 14, and related note in Notes and Illustrations, and Memorial-Introduction (I. Biographical).

Outface, II. 98/545.

Outfly, II. 19/20.

Out-malice, II. 90/862.

Outsoud, I. 27/189.

Ovens, II. 101/951.

Over-noise, II. 332, st. 3.

Overplus, II. 314/2, 53.

Overpoise, *v.*, II. 299, st. 1.

Over-roasted (Coxcomb), I. 198/1, 51.

Over-wasted, I. 227/2, 14.

## P

PAINFUL, II. 312/2, 46.

Pancirollus, II. 4, l. 4 (from bottom), and related note in Notes and Illustrations.

Panegyrist, II. 320/1, 30.

Panims, I. 185/1, 51.

Paper-skins, II. 71, Note 56.

Papist, *sb.*, I. 187/2, 26.

Parabolically, I. 181/2, 24.

Parcel, II. 320/1, 45.

Parched, *adj.*, II. 58/516.

Parchment, II. 71, Note 56.

Parsonides, I. 192/1, 16.

Parterre, II. 288/1, 23.

Party-colour'd, I. 167/1, 4.

Passibility, I. 177/2, 4.

Passless, II. 35/356.

Pasturage, II. 321/2, 18.

Pat, I. 191/1, 5.

Patches, *sb.*, articles of dress, I. 199/2, 51, 203/2, 26.

Patrician, I. 318, st. 1.

Patronymique, *sb.*, II. 105, Note 10.

Paul's-steeple, I. 216/2, 50.

Paynims, I. 210/2, 40.

Peason = peas, II. 324/2, 15.

Pedantical, I. 175/2, 13; II. 30, Note 4.

Pen-featherd, *adj.*, I. 27/268.

Penny-royal, II. 265/1, 4.

Periwig, I. 200/1, 27; II. 338/2, 24.

Peroration, II. 305/2, 50.

Perseverer, I. 18/77.

Peruque, transition form from Puke to Periwig, I. 200/1, 36, 204/2, 7.

Pescod, I. 201/2, 16, 231/1, 36.

Pestilence, II. 40, Note 15.

Petar, II. 334, st. 2.

Philips, Mrs. Katherine, I. 165. See Orinda.

Phantastick, II. 24/42.

Philip and Mary, I. 192/1, 44.

Philly, I. 192/1, 16.

Phoebian metal, II. 274/2, 20.

Phoenician, II. 71, Note 54.

Phosphor, II. 61/762.

Physick, II. 285/1, 29, 321/1, 37.

Physick-garden, II. 242/1, 37.

Pic, *sb.*, II. 331/1, 55.

Pick'd-Oister, I. 223/2, 5.

Picks, *v.*, II. 86/208.

Piece-meales, I. 39/279.

Piec'd-up, II. 48/313.

Pies (a pies upon you), I. 190/1, 23. Cf. Nares, *v.*

Piety, I. 36/132, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.

Pigmy, II. 237/1, 19.

Pile, I. 203/2, 7.

Pin, *v.*, II. 324/2, 52.

Pindarical, II. 327/1, 23.

Pindarick, *adj.*, II. 316, st. 6.

Pissing-while, I. 222/2, 26.

Plain-conspiring, II. 16/30.

Plate, *sb.*, I. 149/2, 30.

Plate-fleet, I. 164/2, 34.

Plat-forms, II. 274/2, 18.

Platonical, II. 307/1, 14.

Plebeian, plebean, II. 318, st. 1, 319/2, 42.

Plush (to go in plush), I. 65/733.

Poignant, II. 278/2, 59.

Pores, *sb.*, II. 35/301.

Porphyrian, *adj.*, I. 145/1, 22.

Portraictures, II. 288/1, 37.

Pose, *v.*, pos'd = to puzzle, I. 53/69, 165/1, 38.  
 Posie-boughs, II. 247/490.  
 Postilion, II. 17/8.  
 Pot-gun, I. 209/1, 16.  
 Pot-hooks, I. 182/2, 9.  
 Pottle, I. 230/1, 36.  
 Poul, *sb.*, I. 218/2, 47.  
 Pounces, *sb.*, II. 307/2, 48.  
 Pound-pears, II. 330/1, 9.  
 Precordiums, I. 184/2, l. 14 (from bottom), and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
 Prelibation, II. 74, Note 22.  
 Prentice, prentices, I. 215/1, 17, 216/2, 42.  
 Prester John, I. 190/2, 17.  
 Pretend, *v.*, II. 288/1, 8.  
 Prevent, *v.*, II. 91/857.  
 Priding, *v.*, II. 270/2, 15.  
 Primest, *adj.*, II. 306/2, 12.  
 Primogeniture, II. 30, Note 5.  
 Principal, *sb.*, II. 321/2, 16.  
 Priscian's head, I. 26/104, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
 Privation, II. 24, Note 1, 34/247.  
 Prodigeous, I. 18/46.  
 Propension, II. 336/2, 7.  
 Prophanation, II. 81, Note 84.  
 Propheticks, *sb.*, II. 255/1388.  
 Propriety, I. 120/2, 24.  
 Prynne, I. 144/2, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
 Puddle, *sb.*, II., 261/2, 28.  
 Puffe, *sb.*, I. 127/2, 31.  
 Pulsings, *sb.*, II. 266/47.  
 Pumice (eyes of pumice) = tearless, unsympathetic, I. 48/92.  
 Punctual, II. 349/2, 18.  
 Punctually, II. 112, Note 13.  
 Punish, I. 185/2, l. 9 (from bottom), and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
 Punish, *adj.*, I. 185/2, 47.  
 Puritans, I. 175/2, 5.  
 Purpled, *adj.*, II. 274/2, 3.  
 Purples, *sb.*, II. 106, Note 26.  
 Putid, *adj.*, II. 64, Note 14.  
 Pyramide, II. 72, Note 59.  
 Pyramidal, II. 72, Note 59.  
 Pyrrhick, II. 263/1, 32.  
 Pythagoras, letter of =  $\gamma$ , I. 26, l. 133. See Persius Sat. iii. 56—7 :—

Et tibi quæ Samios deduxit litera ramos  
 Surgentem dextro monstravit limite callem :

on which a Scholiast as quoted by Dr. W. H. Thompson, and here freely translated, writes—  
 'Pythagoras who symbolised human life by  $\gamma$ , which in infancy, or at the beginning of the admonitions of the pedagogue or through fear of the father is straight and undivided, but in youth is divided, the left hand branch showing as it were the vices

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and the right the labours of virtue.' Cowley *in loco* is thinking of the corrugations of the 'brow' as shaping themselves into 'the letter of Pythagoras.'  
 Pythagorean, I. 169/1, 20.  
 Pythagorians, I. 211/1, 26.

## Q

QUACK-SALVER, I. 187/2, 24.  
 Quaker, I. 188/2, 6.  
 Quarters, *sb.*, II. 29/86.  
 Queristers, I. 38/102.  
 Quick, *adj.*, II. 52/808, 91/934.  
 Quit-rent, II. 311/1, 18.  
 Quotidian ague, II. 319/1, 40.

## R

RABBIT-SUCKERS = cony-catchers, I. 195/2, 18, 221/2, 18.  
 Racy, *adj.*, I. 144/2, 29.  
 Radical moisture, II. 24, Note 6.  
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## SADNESS.

'Whiles I this standing Lake,  
 Swath'd up with Ewe and Cypress Boughs,  
 Do move by Sighs and Vows,  
 Let Sadness only wake ;  
 That whiles thick Darkness blots the Light,  
 My thoughts may cast another Night :  
 In which double Shade,  
 By Heav'n and Me made,  
 O let me weep,  
 And fall asleep,  
 And forgotten fade.  
 Heark ! from yond' hollow Tree  
 Sadly sing two Anchoret Owles,  
 Whiles the Hermit Wolf Howls,  
 And all bewailing me,  
 The Raven hovers o'r my Bier,  
 The Bittern on a Reed I hear,  
 Pipes my Elegy,  
 And warns me to dye ;  
 Whiles from yond' graves  
 My Wrong'd Love craves  
 My sad Company.  
 Cease *Hylas*, cease thy Call ;  
 Such, O such was thy parting Groan,  
 Breath'd out to me alone  
 When thus disdain'd didst fall.  
 Loe thus unto thy silent tombe,  
 In my sad Winding Sheet, I come,  
 Creeping o'r dead Bones,  
 And cold Marble Stones,  
 That I may Mourn  
 Over thy Urn,  
 And appease thy groans' (pp. 220-1).

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 Stingo, I. 201/2, 16, 230/2, 7.

Stiver, I. 196/1, 31.  
 Stocke, I. 59/447, and related note in Notes and Illustrations.  
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 Strokes, *sb.*, II. 98/526.  
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 Strooken, *v.*, I. 47/37.  
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## ERRATA ET CORRIGENDA.

- I. 127, Discretion, l. 2, *read* 'A curse on.' . . . II. 101, l. 870, *for* 'mam'd' *read* 'nam'd,' and p. 338, st. 13, l. 4, *for* 'built' *read* 'build' as in 1681 Edition.
- 'Love's Riddle,' though neatly printed in its original edition, has evidently some corrupt passages. The following may be noted and 'put right':—
- I. p. 44/2, l. 291, *for* 'fotgets' *read* 'forgets' (my printers' mistake).
- P. 47/2, l. 80, 'whose eclipped' = who's *i.e.* who is.
- P. 48/2, l. 183, 'often kist it'—the past tense does not agree with 'playes' and 'touch.' Read 'kiss it,' the substitution of the *t* being due doubtless to the *t* of *it*.
- P. 60/2, l. 174, 'Aeg. Not me.' Eye and memory of the compositor probably affected by the preceding 'Not me.' 'Not me' the second is hardly sense or English. Read—'Nor me.'
- P. 62/2, l. 393. *Cal.* As she was the person whom Aphron would free against her will, and as she has just called it 'his wild lust,' she is not likely to have thus excused. It would be immodest, out of character with the tone of her present speech and inconsistent with her flight and taking up the role of a shepherd. Hence read *Cl[ariana]*, who has just begun to feel the sympathy of love. In like manner, p. 63/2, l. 481, *Cl[ariana]* is clearly *Cal[lidora]*. See ll. 483-4.
- In Vol. I. will be found a facsimile of the original title-page of 'Poetical Blossomes'—not specified (inadvertently) under Contents of Vol. I.—A. B. G.

END OF VOL. II.

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