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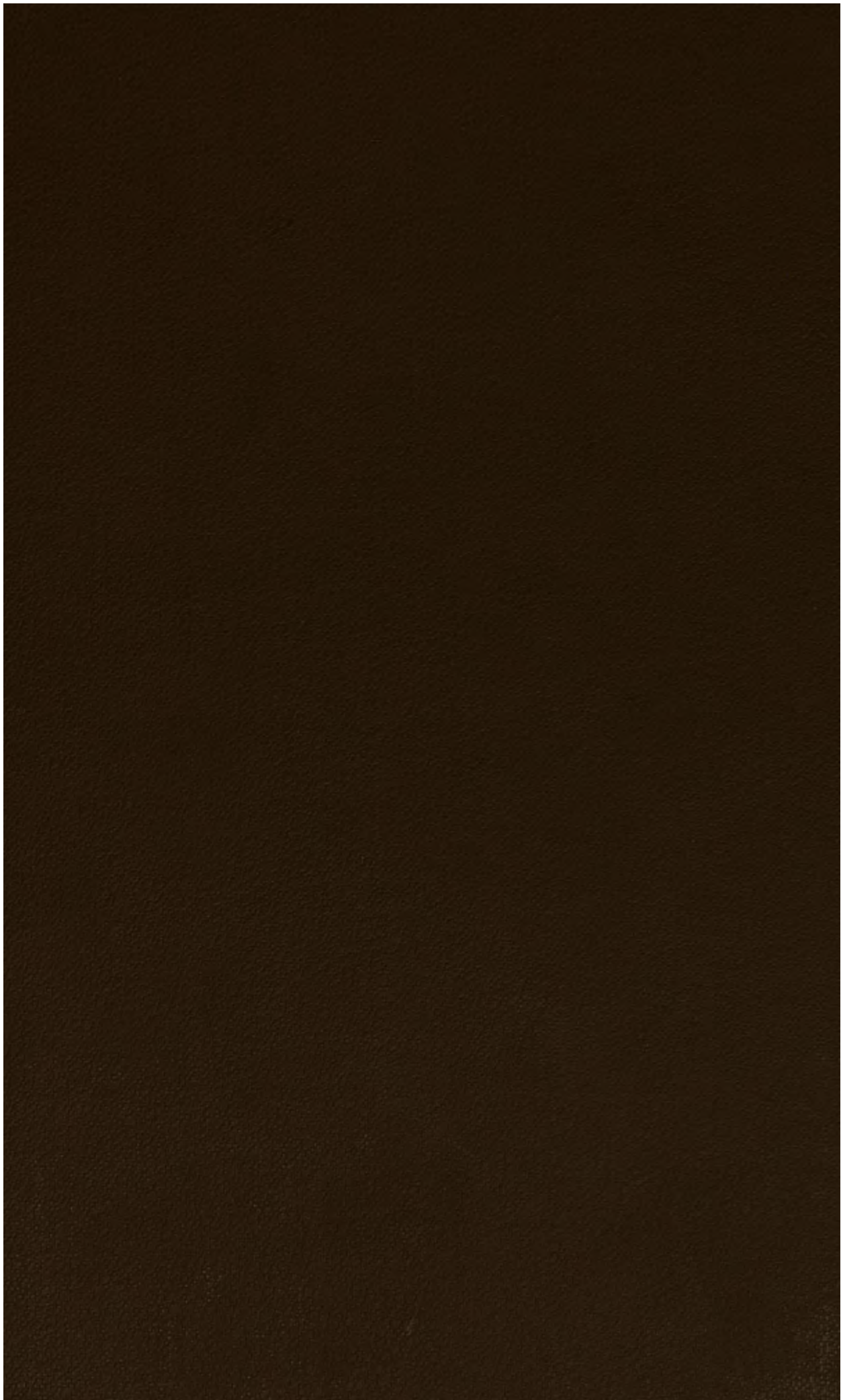
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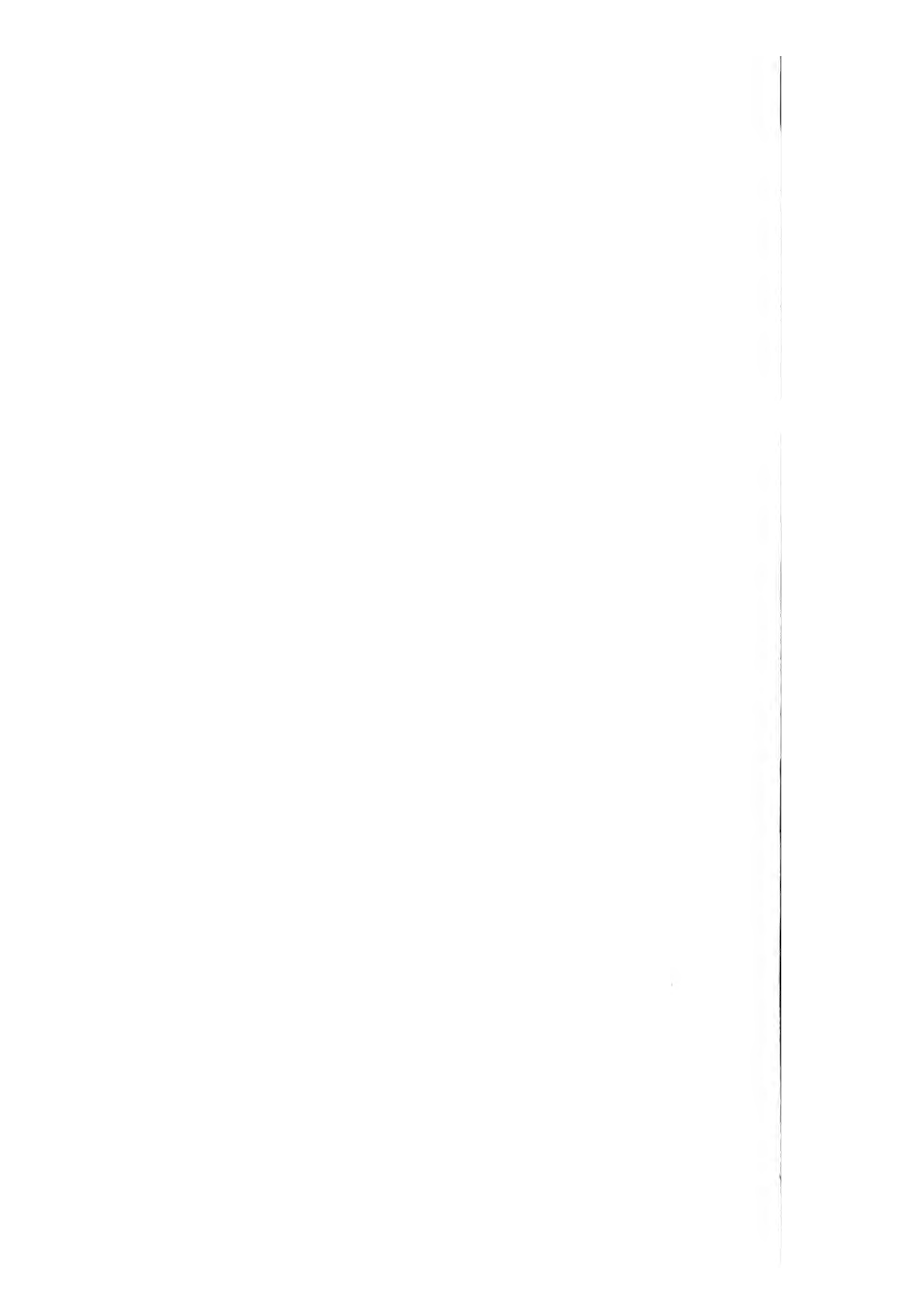
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[Rebound Febr. 1930]

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VERTUMNUS.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

Mr. JACOB BOBART,

Botany Professor

TO THE

University of OXFORD,

AND

Keeper of the Physick-Garden.



By the Author of *The APPARITION.*

*Venit & agresti capitis Sylvanus honore,
Florentes ferulas, & grandia lilia quassans.*

Virg. Ecl. 10.

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VERTUMNUS.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

Mr. Jacob Bobart.

THANK Heav'n! at Last our Wars
are o'er;

We're very Wise, and very Poor:

All our Campaigns at once are done;

We've Ended, where we just Begun,

In Perfect *PEACE*: Long may it last!

And Pay for all the Taxes past:

A

Refil

Refil th' *Exchequer*, chase our Fears,
 And dry up all the Ladies Tears,
 For Husbands, Sons, and Lovers lost ;
 In Duels some, in Battles most.

Rise, Rise, ye *Britons*, Thankful Rise!
 Extol your *EMPERESS* to the Skies ;
 Crown Her with Laurels ever Green,
 With Olives fair inwove between :
 Her Courage drew the Conquering Sword ;
 Her Wisdom Banish'd *PEACE* restor'd.

Long, Wondrous *ANNA!* may'st Thou live,
 T' Enjoy those Blessings which You Give:
 To Guard Thy Friends, Confound Thy Foes,
 And Fix the Church, and State's Repose :

To

And late, for *PEACE* to *Britain* giv'n,
 Be Crown'd with Endless *PEACE* in Heav'n.

Farewel ye **Camps**, and **Sieges** dire!
 With all your **Cannons**, **Smoak** and **Fire** :
 Ye **Victories** and **Trophies** vain!
 A certain **Loss**, uncertain **Gain** :
 Ye **Squadrons** and **Battalions** brave!
 Who first your **Foes**, then **Friends** enslave :
 Ye **Gallant Leaders** ! who delight,
 For **Glory** less, than **Gold**, to **Fight** :
 Ye **Publick Patriots** ! plac'd on **High**,
 To **Sell** those **Votes**, which first ye **Buy** :
 And **Bards**, whose **mercenary Lays**,
 Such **Heroes**, and such **Statesmen Praise**.

An Honest Muse, alike disclaims
 Such Authors, and their impious Themes:
 And with a more becoming Grace,
 Her Song impartial does address,
BOBART to Thee; the Muses Friend:
BOBART! the Promis'd Song attend.

And where no Difference appears
 Betwixt the Subject, and the Verse;
 But He who Praises, and is Prais'd,
 On Equal Eminence are rais'd:
 No Flatteries thence are to be fear'd,
 Nor Hopes encourag'd of Reward.

Such is our Case: — I Honour Thee
 For Something, Thou for Something Me;

Sin²

Sincerely Both: Our Thoughts the same;
 Of Courtiers, Fortune, and of Fame:
 Alike, (in Pity to Mankind)
 To *PEACE*, to Heavenly *PEACE*, inclin'd.

To *PEACE*, my Friend! that Thou and I,
 No Colours fluttering in the Sky;
 With frightful Faces, glittering Arms,
Bellona's military Charms;
 May undisturb'd, and studious rove,
 O'er every Lawn, thro' every Grove.

See various Nature, in each Field
 Her Flow'rs, and Fruits luxuriant yield;
 While the Bright God of Day presides,
 Aloft, and all the Seasons guides;

Jocund

Jocund to run his annual Course,
With never-tiring Speed and Force.

With Golden Hair, the God of Day,
Wings from the East, his fervid Way :
The Stars, applauding as he flies,
To see him stretch, along the Skies :
To see him roll his fiery Race,
Athwart the vast Æthereal Space ;
Unbind the Frosts, dissolve the Snows,
As round the Radiant Belt he goes.

Mild *Zephyrus*, the Graces leads,
To Revel o're the fragrant Meads ;
The Mountains shout, the Forests ring,
While *Flora* decks the Purple Spring :

The

The *Hours* (attendant all the while)

On *Zephyrus*, and *Flora* smile:

The Vallies laugh, the Rivers play,

In Honour of the God of Day.

The Birds, that fan the liquid Air,

To Tune their little Throats prepare;

The Joyous Birds of every Shade,

For Loyt'ring, Love, and Musick made:

Their Voices raise on every Spray,

To Welcome in the God of Day.

The Vegetable Earth beneath,

Bids all her Plants his Praises breathe:

Clouds of fresh Fragrance upwards rise,

To cheer his Progress thro' the Skies;

And

And Heaven, and Earth, and Air unite,
To Celebrate his Heat, and Light.

That Light and Heat, which on our World,
From his gay Chariot Wheels is hurl'd;
And ev'ry Morn does Rosy rise,
To glad our dampy, darksom Skies:
Which once deserted by his Light,
Wou'd languish in Eternal Night.

But *GARD'NING* were of all a Toil;
That on our Hopes the least wou'd Smile;
Shou'd the Kind God of Day forbear
T' exhale the Rains, foment the Air:
Or, in an angry Mood, decline,
With his prolifick Beams to shine.

Ev'n

Ev'n *THOU!* tho' that's thy meanest Praise,
 Nor Fruits, nor Flow'rs cou'dst hope to raise;
 (Howe'er thou may'st in Order place,
 Of Both, the Latter, Earlier Race;
 In Glasses, or in Sheds confin'd,
 To shield them from the Wintry Wind;
 Or, in the Spring, with skilful Care,
 Place 'em his Influence best to share;)

Did not the *SUN*, their Genial Sire,
 The Vegetative Soul inspire:
 Instruct the senseless aukward Root,
 And teach the Fibres how to shoot:
 Command the taper Stalk to rear
 His flow'ring Head, to grace the Year;

To shed Ambrosial Odours round,
 And paint, with choicest Dyes, the Ground.

THOU, next to Him, art truly Great;
 On Earth his Mighty Delegate :
 The Vegetable World to guide,
 And o'er all *BOTANY* preside:
 To see, that every dewy Morn,
 Successive Plants the Earth adorn:
 That *Flow'rs*, thro' every Month be found,
 Constant to keep their gaudy Round:
 That *Flow'rs*, in spite of Frost and Snow,
 Thro'out our Year, perpetual Blow:
 That *Trees*, in spite of Winds are seen,
 Array'd in Everlasting Green.

Nor

Nor with a Care, beneath thy Skill,
Dost *THOU* that vast Employment fill.

Hail, Horticulture's Sapient *KING!*
Receive the Homage that we bring:
While at thy Feet, with Reverence low,
All *Botanists* and *Florists* Bow;
Their Knowledge, Practice, all resign:
Short, infinitely Short of *Thine*.

For *THOU*, not satisfy'd to know,
The *Plants*, that in Three Nations Blow;
(Their Names, their Seasons, native Place;
Their Culture, Qualities and Race)
Or *Europe's* more extended Plains;
Sylvanus, *Flora's* wide Domains.

Nothing in *Africk, Asia*, shoots
 From Seeds, from Layers, Grafts, or Roots;
 At both the *Indies*, both the *Poles*,
 Whate'er the Sea, or Ocean rolls;
 Of the *Botanick*, Herbal Kind,
 Lies open to Thy searching Mind.

Noblest Ambition of thy Soul!
 Which Limits, but in vain Controul:
 Let others, meanly satisfy'd
 With Partial Knowledge, sooth their Pride;
 While *Thou*, with Thy prodigious Store,
 But shew'st thy Modesty the more.

Thou Venerable *Patriarch* Wife,
 Instruct us in thy Mysteries:

From

From Thee, the Gods no Knowledge hide,

No Knowledge have to Thee deny'd:

The *Rural Gods* of Hills, or Plains;

Where *Faunus*, or *Feronia* Reigns.

Then tell us, as Thou best dost know,
Where perfect Happiness does grow.

What *Herbs*, our Bodies will sustain
Secure from Sickness, and from Pain:

What *Plants*, protect us from the Rage
Of blighting Time, and blasting Age;
Which *Shrubs*, of all the flow'ry Field,
Most Aromatick Odours yield.

Shew us the *Trees*, by Nature spread,
To form the Coolest Noon-tide Shade;

When

When our first Ancestors were seen,
 Out-stretch'd upon the Grassy Green :
 Nor any Food, or Covering sought,
 But what from *Trees* and *Woods* they got.

Who after various Ages spent
 In Ease, Abundance, and Content,
 Knew not what Wars, or Sicknes meant ;
 But Cheerful, when the Fates requir'd,
 Quick to th' *Elysian* Fields retir'd.

Recount the Precepts they observ'd ;
 How from their Rules, they never swerv'd :
 Such, as *Alcinous* of Old,
 To his Belov'd *Phaeacians* told ;
 Or those *Apolla* first did teach
 His * Son, the *Epidaurian* Leach.

* *Asculapius*.

Long

Long e'er the *Romans* us'd to Dine,
 Beneath their Planes manur'd with Wine:
 On *Tyrian* Couches, Thoughtless lay,
 And Drank, and Laugh'd, and Kifs'd away }
 Each fultry, circling, Summer's Day : }
 On polish'd Ivory Beds reclin'd ;
 Flung Care, and Sorrow to the Wind :
 And scorning Nature's Temperate Rules,
 Like Madmen Liv'd, and Dy'd like Fools :
 Teach us, Thou Learn'd, Judicious Sage !
 The Manners of a Wiser Age.

To Thee, was giv'n by *Jove* to Keep
 Those Grotto's, where the Muses Sleep :
 To Plant their Forests, where they Sing,
 Fast by the Cool *Castalian* Spring :

With

With Myrtles their Pavilions raise ;
 Soft, intermix'd with *Delian* Bays :
 And when they wake, at Earliest Day ;
 To strow, with sweetest Flow'rs, their Way.

Transcendent Honour! here Below,
 The Muses, and their Haunts to know !

ANNA ! Look down on *Isis* Tow'rs ;
 Be Gracious to the Muses Bow'rs :
 And now Thy Toils of War are done ;
ANNA ! Protect *Apollo's* Throne :
 'Twas He, the Dart unerring threw ;
Python, the Snaky Monster slew.

The *Muses* Bow'rs, by all admir'd,
 But those Fanatick Rage has fir'd :

Or

Or Atheist Fools, who Freedom boast ;

Themselves to Slav'ry fetter'd most.

Stern *Mars* may Thunder, *Momus* Rail ;

But Wisdom's Goddess will prevail.

On *Isis* Banks, Retirement sweet !

Tritonian Pallas holds her Seat.

Minerva's Gardens are Thy Care ;

BOBART! the *Virgin Pow'r* revere :

Thy Hoary Head with *Vervain* bound,

The Mystick Grove Thrice compass round ;

The Waters of *Lustration* pour,

And Thrice the Allies, Walks explore.

Left some Presumptuous Wretch intrude,

With Impious Steel to wound the Wood :

Or, with rash Arm, Prophanely dare
 To shake the Trees, the Leaves to bare,
 And violate their Sacred Hair :

Or by worse Sacrilege betray'd,
 The Blossoms, Fruits, or Flow'rs invade.

Ye Strangers ! Guard your heedless Feet,
 Left from the Herbs, their Dews ye beat ;
 Cosmetick Dews, (by Virgins Fair,
 Exhal'd in *May*, with Early care ;)
 Will to their Eyes fresh Lustre give,
 And make their Charms for ever live.

Minerva's Gardens are Thy Care ;
 J A C O B, the Goddess Maid revere.

All *Plants* which *Europe's* Fields contain ;
 For Health, for Pleasure, or for Pain :

From

(From the tall Cedar, that does rise
 With Conic Pride, and mates the Skies;
 Down to the humblest Shrub that crawls
 On Earth, or just ascends our Walls,)
 Her Squares of Horticulture yield:
 By *DANBY* Planted, *BOBART* Till'd.
 Delightful scientifick Shade!
 For Knowledge, as for Pleasure made.

'Twas Gen'rous *DANBY* first enclos'd
 The Waste, and in Parterres dispos'd;
 Transform'd the Fashion of the Ground,
 And Fenc'd it with a Rocky Mound;
 The Figure disproportion'd chang'd,
 Trees, Shrubs, and Plants in Order rang'd;

Stock'd it, with such excessive Store,
 Only the spacious Earth has more :
 At His Command the Plat was chose,
 And *Eden* from the *Chaos* rose :
 Confusion in a Moment fled,
 And Roses blush'd where Thistles bred.

The *Portico* next, High he rear'd,
 By Builders now so much rever'd ;
 (Which like some Rustick Beauty shows,
 Who all her Charms to Nature owes ;
 Yet fires the Heart, and warms the Head,
 No less than those in Cities bred ;
 Our Wonder equally does raise
 With them, as well deserves our Praise.)

The

The Work of *Jones's* Master-Hand :

Jones, the *Vitruvius* of our Land;

He drew the Plan, the Fabrick fix'd,

With equal Strength, and Beauty mix'd :

With perfect Symmetry design'd ;

Consummate, like the Donor's Mind.

Illustrious *DANBY!* Splendid Peer!

Look downwards from thy Radiant Sphere,

The Muses Thanks propitious hear.

When *Albion* will thy Nobles now,

Such Bounty to *Minerva* show ?

With true Patrician Renown,

In Honour of the Church and Crown,

Grace, with such Gifts, the Muses Town ?

There,

There, where Old *Cherwell* gently leads
 His humid Train, along the Meads ;
 And courts fair *Isis*, but in vain,
 Who laughs at all his am'rous Pain ;
 Away the scornful *Naid* turns,
 For Younger *Tamus*, *Isis* burns,

Close to those Tow'rs, so much renown'd
 * For Slav'ry lost, and Freedom found :
 Where thy Brave Sons! in hapless Days,
Wainfleet : To thy Immortal Praise !
 Their Rights Municipal maintain'd
 Submiss, nor their Allegiance stain'd :
 To Loyalty and Conscience true ;
 Gave *Cæsar*, and Themselves their Due.

Close to those Tow'rs, by *Jove's* Command,
 The Gardens of *Minerva* stand.

* *Magdalen* College.

There 'tis we see Thee, *BOBART*, tend
 Thy fav'rite Greens; from Harms defend
 Exotick Plants, which finely Bred
 In softer Soils, Thy Succour need ;
 Whose Birth far distant Countries claim;
 Sent here in Honour to Thy Name.

To Thee the Strangers trembling fly,
 For Shelter from our barb'rous Sky,
 And murd'ring Winds, that frequent blow,
 With cruel Drifts of Rain or Snow ;
 And dreadful Ills, both Fall and Spring,
 On alien Vegetables bring.

Nor art Thou less inclin'd to save,
 Than they Thy gen'rous Aid to crave :

But

But with like Pleasure and Respect,
 Thy darling Tribe Thou dost Protect :
 Lessen their Fears, their Hopes dilate,
 And save their fragrant Souls from Fate :
 While they secure in Health and Peace,
 Their Covert, and their Guardian blefs.

This makes Thee rouse at prime of Day,
 Thy doubtful Nurs'ry to survey :
 At Noon to count Thy Flock with Care,
 And in their Joys and Sorrows share :
 (By each Extream unhappy made,
 Of too much Sun, or too much Shade :)
 Be ready to attend their Cry,
 And all their little Wants supply :

By

By Day severest Sentry keep,

By Night sit by 'em as they Sleep :

With endless Pain, and endless Pleasure,

As Misers guard their hoarded Treasure.

'Till soft *Favonius* fanns the Flow'rs,

Breathes balmy Dews, drops fruitful Show'rs :

Favonius soft, that sweetly blows,

The Tulip paints, perfumes the Rose ;

And with the gentle *Twins* at Play,

Brings in th' *Elysian* Month of *May*.

Then boldly from their Lodge, You bring

Your Guests, to deck our gloomy Spring.

Thrice happy Foreigners! to find

From Islanders, such Treatment kind :

D

Not

Not only undisturb'd to Live,
 But by Thy Goodness, *BOBART*, Thrive:
 Grow strong, increase, their Verdure hold,
 As dwelling in their native Mold.

The rest, who will no Culture know,
 But ceaseless Curse our Rains and Snow:
 A sickly, fullen, fretful Race;
 The Gard'ner's, and his Art's disgrace:
 Whom *BOBART*'s Self in vain does strive,
 With all his Skill to keep alive:
 Which from beneath the Æquator come,
 In *India*'s sultry Forests bloom.

Of these, at least, since Nature more,
 Denies t' encrease thy living Store,

Their

Their Barks, or Roots, their Flow'rs, or Leaves,
Thy * *Hortus Siccus* still receives :

In Tomes twice Ten, that Work immense !

By Thee compil'd at vast Expence ;

With utmost Diligence amass'd,

And shall as many Ages last.

And now, methinks, my Genius sees

My Friend, amidst his Plants and Trees ;

Full in the Center, there he stands,

Encircl'd with his verdant Bands ;

Who all around Obsequious wait,

To know his Pleasure, and their Fate :

His Royal Orders to receive,

To grow, decay, to die, or live :

A Hortus Siccus is a Collection of Plants, pasted upon Paper, and kept Dry in a Book.

That not the proudest Kings can boast,
A greater, or more duteous Host.

THOU, all that Pow'r dost truly know,
Which They but dream of here Below ;
Thy absolute Despotick Reign,
Inviolably dost maintain :
Nor, with ill-govern'd Wrath, affright
Thy People, or insult their Right :
(But as Thy Might, in Greatness grows,
Thy Mercy, in proportion flows :)
Nor they Undutiful deny,
What's due to Lawful Majesty.
Safe in Thy Court from all the Cares,
Domestick Treasons, Foreign Wars,

Which

Which Monarchs, and their Crowns perplex,
Whom Factions still, or Fav'rites vex.

But *THOU*, on Thy *Botanick* Throne,
Sit'st Fearless, Uncontroul'd, Alone:
Thy Realms in Tumults ne'er involv'd,
Or Rising, are as soon dissolv'd:
Free from the Mischiefs, and the Strife,
Of a False Friend, or Fury Wife:
And if a rebel Slave, or Son,
Audacious by Indulgence grown,
Presumes above his Mates to rise,
And their dull Loyalty despise;
THOU, Awful Sultan! with a Look,
Can'st all his Arrogance rebuke;

And

And darting one Imperial Frown,
 Hurl the bold Traytor headlong down:
 His Brethren trembling at his Fate,
 Thy dread Commands with Rev'ence wait:
 Thy wondrous Pow'r, and Justice own,
 And learn t' assert a tott'ring Throne.

Thus Kings, that were in Empire wise,
 Rebellions early shou'd Chastise;
 And give their Clemency no Time,
 Betwixt th' Offender, and the Crime,
 With fatal Eloquence to plead,
 Which does more Rebels only breed.

BOBART, to Kings Thy Rules commend,
 For Thou to Monarchs art a Friend.

Thus

Thus, Sov'reign *PLANTER* ! I have Paid
 The Debt, the promis'd Present made :
 Do *THOU*, what's written for Thy Sake
 With Freedom, with like Freedom take :
 Take the just Praise Thy Friend does give,
 And in my Verse for ever Live.

————— *Tibi candida Nais*
Pallentes violas & summa papavera carpens,
Narcissum, & florem jungit bene olentis anethi.
 Virg. *Ecl.* 2.

F I N I S.

*A Catalogue of some Books, to be Sold by Stephen
 Fletcher, Bookseller in OXFORD.*

Biblia Polyglotta, cura Waltoni, 6 Vol.
 Lexicon Heptaglotton Castelli, 2 Vol.
 Hofmanni Lexicon, 4 Vol.
 Aristotelis Opera, apud Du-Vallium, 4 Vol.
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