

Wall-Flowers, or Winter-Gilliflowers.

THE Garden kind are so well known, that they need no Description.

Descript.] The common single Wall-flowers, which grow wild abroad, have sundry, small, long, narrow, and dark green Leaves, set without Order, upon small, round, whitish woody Stalks, which bear at the Tops divers single yellow Flowers one above another, every one bearing four Leaves a-piece, and of a very sweet Scent; after which come long Pons, containing reddish Sees. The Root is white, hard, and thready.

Place.] It groweth upon Church-Walls, and old Walls of many Houses, and other Stone-Walls in divers Places. The other Sorts in Gardens only.

Time.] All the single Kinds do flower many Times in the End of Autumn; and if the Winter be mild, all the Winter long, but especially in the Months of February, March and April, and until the Heat of the Spring do spend them. But the double Kinds continue not flowering in that manner all the Year long, although they flower very early sometimes, and in some Places very late.

Government and Vertues.] The Moon rules them Galen in his Seventh Book of Simple Medicine, saith, That the yellow Wall flowers work more powerfully than any of the other Kinds and are therefore of more Use in Physick. It cleanseth the Blood, and freeth the Liver and Reins from Obstructions, provoketh Womens Courses, expelleth the Secundine, and dead Child, helpeth the Hardness and Pains of the Mother, and of the Spleen also; stayeth Inflammations and Swellings, comforteth and strengtbneth any weak Part, or out of Joint; helpeth to cleanse the Eyes from Mistiness and Films on them, and to cleanse the filthy Ulcers in the Mouth, or any other Part, and is a singular Remedy for the Gout, and all Aches and Pains in the Joints and Sinews; a Conserve made of the Flowers, is used for a Remedy both for the Apoplexy and Palsie.

Obstructions, Liver, Terms provokes, After-Birth, Child, Spleen, Weakness, Disjuncture, Gout, Sinews, Apoplexy, Palsie.

The Walnut-Tree.

IT is so well known, that it needeth no Description.

Time.] It blossometh early before the Leaves come forth, and the Fruit is ripe in *September*.

Government and Vertues.] This also is a Plant of the *Sun*. Let the Fruit of it be gathered accordingly, which you shall find to be of most Vertues whilst they are green, before they have Shells. The Bark of the Tree doth

*Binds, Dries, Worms, Poy-
son, Epidemical Diseases,
Inflammation in the Throat,
Wounds of the Sinews,
Gangreens, Carbuncles,
Flux, Terms stops, Bald-
ness, Quinzey, Tooth-ach,
Cholick, Mether, Wind,
Aguet, Deafness, Ears.*

bind and dry very much, and the Leaves are much of the same Temperature; but the Leaves, when they are older, are heating and drying in the second Degree, and harder of Digestion than when they are fresh, which by Reason of their Sweetness, are more pleasing, and better digesting in the Stomach; and taken with sweet

Wine, they move the Belly downwards; but being old, they grieve the Stomach; and in hot Bodies cause the Cholera to abound, and the Head ach, and are an Enemy to those that have the Cough; but are less hurtful to those that have a colder Stomach, and are said to kill the broad Worms in the Belly or Stomach. If they be taken with Onions, Salt and Honey, they help the biting of a mad Dog, or the Venom, or infectious Poison of any Beast, &c. *Oneius Pompeius* found in the Treasury of *Mithridates*, King of *Pontus*, when he was overthrown, a Scroll of his own Hand-writing, containing a Medicine against any Poison and Infection; which is this: Take two dry Walnuts, and as many good Figs, and twenty Leaves of Rue, bruised and beaten together with two or three Corns of Salt and twenty Juniper-Berries, which taken every Morning fasting, preserveth from Danger of Poison and Infection that Day it is taken. The Juice of the other green Husks boiled with Honey, is an excellent Gargle for sore Mouths, the Heat and Inflammation in the Throat and Stomach. The Kernels, when they grow old, are more oily, and therefore not fit to be eaten, but are then used to heal the Wounds of the Sinews, Gangreens and Carbuncles. The said Kernels being burned, are then very Astringent, and will

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will stay Lasks and Womens Courses, being taken in
Wine; and stay the falling of the Hair, and make it fair,
being anointed with Oil and Wine. The Green Husks
will do the like being used in the same Manner. The
Kernels beaten with Rue and Wine, being applied helpeth
the Quinzey; and bruised with some Honey, and applied
to the Ears, easeth the Pains and Inflammations of them.
A piece of the green Husks put into a hollow Tooth, easeth
the Pain. The Catkins hereof, taken before they fall off,
dried, and given a Drachm thereof in Powder with White-
wine, wonderfully helpeth those that are troubled with
the Rising of the Mother. The Oil that is pressed out
of the Kernels, is very profitably taken inwardly, like Oil
of Almonds, to help the Cholick, and to expel Wind very
effectually; an Ounce or two thereof may be taken at
any Time. The young green Nuts taken before they be
half ripe, and preserved with Sugar, are of good Use for
those that have weak Stomachs, or Defluxions thereon. The
distilled Water of the green Husks, before they be half ripe,
is of excellent Use to cool the Heat of Agues, being drunk
an Ounce or two at a time; as also to resist the
Infection of the Plague if some of the same be also ap-
plied to the Sores thereof. The same also cooleth the
Heat of green Wounds and old Ulcers, and healeth them,
being bathed therewith. The distilled Water of the green
Husks being ripe, when they are shelled from the Nuts,
being drunk with a little Vinegar, is also found by Expe-
rience, to be good for those that are infected with the
Plague, so as before the taking thereof a Vein be opened.
The said Water is very good against the Quinzey, being
gargled and bathed therewith, and wonderfully helpeth
Deafness, the Noise and other Pains in the Ears. The di-
stilled Water of the young green Leaves in the end of May,
performeth a single Cure on foul running Ulcers and Sores,
to be bathed, with wet Cloths or Spunges, applied to them
every Morning.

Wold, Weld, or Dyer's-Weed.

THE common Kind groweth busheing with many Leaves, long,
narrow and flat upon the Ground, of a dark bluish green
Colour, somewhat like unto Wood, but nothing so large, a little
crumpled.

crumpled, and as it were round-pointed, which do so abide the first Year; and the next Spring, from among them, rise up divers round Stalks, two or three Foot high, beset with many such like Leaves thereon, but smaller, and shooting forth some small Branches, which with the Stalks carry many small yellow Flowers, in a long spiked Head at the top of them, where afterwards come the Seed, which is small and black, inclosed in Heads that are divided at the Tops into four Parts. The Root is long, white, and thick, abiding the Winter. The whole Herb changeth to be yellow, after it hath been in Flower a while.

Place.] It groweth every where by the Way-sides, in moist Grounds as well as dry, in Corners of Fields and By-Lanes, and sometimes all over the Field. In *Suffex* and *Kent* they call it *Green-Weed*.

Time.] It flowereth about *June*.

Government and Vertues.] *Matthiolas* saith, That the Root hereof cutteth tough Flegm, digesteth raw Flegm, thinneth gross Humours, dissolveth hard Tumours, and openeth Obstructions. Some do highly commend it against the Bittings of venomous Creatures, to be taken inwardly and applied outwardly to the hurt Place; as also for the Plague or Pestilence. The People in some Countries of this Land, do use to bruise the Herb, and lay it to Cuts or Wounds in the Hands or Legs, to heal them.

Flegm, Humours, Tumours, Venomous Beasts, Pestilence, Wounds.

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Wheat.

ALL the several Kinds hereof are so well known unto almost all People, that it is altogether needless to write a Description thereof

Government and Vertues.] It is under *Venus*. *Diescorides* saith, That to eat the Corners of green Wheat, is hurtful to the Stomach, and breedeth Worms. *Pliny* saith, That the Corns of Wheat, roasted upon an Iron pan, and eaten, is a present Remedy for those that are chilled with

Cold, Tetters, Ring-worm, Ulcers, Chops in the Hands and Feet, mad Dogs, Eyes, King's-Evil,

Cold. The Oil pressed from Wheat, between two thick Plates of Iron, or Copper, heated healeth all Tetters and Ring-worms being used warm; and hereby *Galen* saith,

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faith, He hath known many to be cured. *Matthiolus* commendeth the same to be put into hollow Ulcers, to heal them up, and it is good for Chops in the Hands and Feet, and to make rugged Skin smooth. The green Corns of Wheat being chewed, and applied to the Place bitten by a mad Dog, healeth it; Slices of Wheat Bread soaked in Red Rose-water, and applied to the Eyes that are hot, red and inflamed, or Blood-shot; helpeth them. Hot Bread applied for an Hour, at Times, for three Days together, perfectly healeth the Kernels in the Throat, commonly called the King's-Evil. The Flower of Wheat mixed with the Juice of Henbane, stayeth the Flux of Humours to the Joints, being laid thereon. The said Meal boiled in Vinegar, helpeth shrinking of the Sinews, saith *Pliny*; and mixed with Vinegar, and boiled together, healeth all Freckles, Spots and Pimples on the Face. Wheat Flower, mixed with the Yolk of an Egg, Honey and Turpentine, doth draw, cleanse and heal any Boil, Plague-fore, or foul Ulcer. The Bran of Wheat-meal, steeped in sharp Vinegar, and then bound in a Linnen-Cloth, and rubbed on those Places, that have the Scurf, Morpew, Scabs, or Leprosie, will take them away, the Body being first well purged and prepared, the Decoction of the Bran of Wheat or Barley, is of good Use to bathe those Places that are bursten by a Rupture; and the said Bran boiled in good Vinegar, and applied to swollen Breasts helpeth them, and stayeth all Inflammations. It helpeth also the biting of Vipers (which I take to be no other than our *English Adder*) and all other Venomous Creatures. The Loaves of Wheat-meal, applied with some Salt, take away Hardness of the Skin, Warts, and hard Knots in the Flesh. Starch, moisted with Rose-water, and laid to the Cods, taketh away their Itching. Wafers put in Water, and drunk, stayeth the Lask and Bloody-flux, and is profitably used both inwardly and outwardly for the Ruptures in Children. Boiled in Water unto a thick Jelly, and taken, it stayeth spitting Blood; and boiled with Mint and Butter, it helpeth the Hoarseness of the Throat.

The Willow-Tree.

THESSE are so well known that they need no Description, I shall therefore only shew you the Vertues thereof.

Government and Vertues] The Moon owns it. Both the Leaves, Bark, and the Seed, are used to stanch Bleeding of Wounds, and at Mouth and Nose spitting of Blood, and other Fluxes of Blood in Man or Woman, and to stay Vomiting, and Provocation thereunto, if the Decoction of them in Wine be drunk. It helpeth also to stay thin, hot sharp, salt Distillations from the Head upon the Lungs, causing a Consumption.

The Leaves bruised with some Pepper, and drunk in Wine, helpeth much the Wind-Cholick. The Leaves bruised and boiled in Wine and drunk stayeth the Heat of Lust in Man or Woman, and quite extinguisheth it, if it be long used: The Seed is also of the same Effect. The Water that is gathered from the Willow, when it flowereth, the Bark being slit, and a Vessel fitting to receive it, is very good for Redness and Dimness of Sight, or Films that grow over the Eye, and stay the Rheums that fall into them; to provoke Urine, being stopped, if it be drunk; to clear the Face and Skin from Spots and Discolourings. Galen saith, The Flowers have an admirable Faculty in drying up Humours, being a Medicine without any Sharpness or Corrosion; you may boil them in White-wine, and drink as much as you will; (so you drink not your self drunk) The Bark works the same Effects, if used in the same Manner and the Tree hath always a Bark upon it, though not always Flowers; the Burnt Ashes of the Bark being mixed with Vinegar, takes away Warts, Corns, and superfluous Flesh, being applied to the Place. The Decoction of the Leaves or Bark in Wine, takes away Scurf or Dandriff by washing the Place with it. 'Tis a fine cool Tree, the Boughs of which are very convenient to be placed in the Chamber of one sick of a Fever.

Woad.

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Descript.] IT hath divers large Leaves, long, and somewhat broad withal, like those of the greater Plantane, but larger, thicker, of a greenish Colour, and somewhat blue withal. From among which Leaves riseth up a lusty Stalk, three or four Foot high, with divers Leaves set thereon; the higher the Stalk riseth, the smaller are the Leaves; at the Top it spreadeth divers Branches, at the End of which appear very pretty, little yellow Flowers; and after they pass away like other Flowers of the Fields, come Husks, long and somewhat flat withal; in Form, they resemble a Tongue, in Colour, they are black, and they hang bobbing downwards. The Seed contained within these Husks (if it be a little chewed) gives an azure Colour. The Root is white and long.

Place.] It is sowed in Fields for the Benefit of it, where those that sow it, cut it three times a Year.

Time.] It flowereth in June, but it is long after before the Seed is ripe.

Government and Vertues.] It is a cold and dry Plant, of Saturn. Some People affirm, The Plant to be Destructive to Bees, which, if it be, I cannot help it. They say, It possesseth the Bees with the Flux, but that I can hardly believe, unless Bees be contrary to other Creatures. I should rather think it possesseth them with the contrary Disease, the Herb being exceeding dry and binding. However, if any Bees be diseased thereby, the Cure is to set Urine by them, but set it in such a Vessel, that they cannot drown themselves, which may be remedied, if you put pieces of Cork in it. I told you before, The Herb was drying and binding, and so drying and binding that it is not fit to be given inwardly. An Ointment made thereof, stancheth Bleeding. A Plaister made thereof, and applied to the Region of the Spleen. (and I pray you take Notice, That the Spleen lies on the Left side) takes away the Hardness and Pains thereof: The Ointment is excellent good in such Ulcers as abound with Moisture, and takes away the corroding and fretting Humours: It cools Inflammations, quenqueth St. Anthony's Fire, and stayeth Defluations of the Blood to any part of the Body.

Bleeding, Spleen, Ulcers, Inflammations, St. Anthony's Fire, Defluations of Blood.

Woodbine,

Woodbine, or Honey-Suckles.

IT is a Plant so common, that every one that hath Eyes knows it, and he that hath none, cannot read a Description, if I should write it.

Time] They flower in *June*, and the Fruit is ripe in *August*.

Government and Vertues] Doctor *Tradition*, that grand Introducer of Errors, that Hater of Truth, that Lover of Folly, and that mortal Foe to Doctor *Reason*, hath taught the common People to use the Leaves or Flowers of this Plant in Mouth-water, and by long Continuance of Time, hath so grounded it in the Brains of the Vulgar, that you cannot beat it out with a Beetle: All Mouth-waters ought to be cooling and drying, but Honey suckles are cleansing, consuming and digesting, and therefore no way fit for Inflammations; thus Dr. *Reason*. Again if you please, we will leave Dr. *Reason* a while, and come to Doctor *Experience*, a Learned Gentleman, and his Brother: Take a Leaf and chew it in your Mouth and you will quickly find it liker to cause a sore Mouth and Throat than to cure it. Well then, if it be not good for this, What is it good for? 'Tis good for something, for God and Nature made Nothing in vain; It is an Herb

Lungs afflicted, Asthma, Spleen, provokes Urine, and speedy Delivery in Child-birth, Cramps, Convulsions and Palsies, Freckles, and Sun-burning.

of *Mercury*, and appropriated to the Lungs; the Celestial *Cyath* claims Dominion over it; neither is it a Foe to the *Lyon*; if the Lungs be afflicted by *Jupiter*, this is your Cure: It is fitting a Conserve made of the Flowers of it, were kept in every Gentlewoman's House; I know no better Cure for an Asthma than this; besides it takes away the Evil of the Spleen, provokes Urine, procures speedy Delivery of Women in Travel, helps Cramp, Convulsions and Palsies, and whatsoever Grievs come of Cold or Stopping; if you please to make use of it in an Ointment, it will clear your Skin of Morpew, Freckles and Sun-burnings, or whatever else discolours it and then the Maids will love it. I have done when I have told you what Authors say, and cavilled a little with them; they say, The Flowers are of more Effect than the Leaves, and that's true; but

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Madness, and he brings in his Brethren, *Dr. Ignorance*, *Dr. Folly*, and *Dr. Sickness*, and these together make way for *Death*, and the latter End of that Man is worse than the beginning. *Pride* was the Cause of *Adam's Fall*; *Pride* begat a Daughter, I do not know the Father of it, unless the Devil, but she christened it, and called it *Appetite*, and sent her Daughter to taste these Wormoods, who finding this the least Bitter, made the squeamish Wench extol it to the Skies, though the Vertues of it never reach'd to the middle Region of the Air. Its due Praise, is this; It is weakest, therefore fittest for weak Bodies, and fitter for those Bodies that dwell near it, than those that live far from it; my Reason is, The Sea (those that live far from it, know when they come near it) casteth not such a Smell as the Land doth. The tender Mercies of God being over all his Works, hath by his Eternal Providence planted *Seraphian* by the Sea side, as a fit Medicine for the Bodies of those that live near it. Lastly, It is known to all that know any Thing in the Course of Nature, That the Liver delights in sweet Things, if so, it abhors bitter; then, if your Liver be weak, it is none of the wisest Courses to plague it with an Enemy. If the Liver be weak, a Consumption follows: Would you know the Reason? 'Tis this, A Man's Flesh is repaired by Blood, by a third Concoction, which transmutes Blood into the Flesh; ('tis well I said (Concoction) say I, if I had said (Boiling) every Cook would have understood me) The Liver makes Blood, and if it be weakened, that it makes not enough, the Flesh wasteth; and why must Flesh always be renewed? Because the Eternal God, when he made the Creation, made one part of it in continual Dependency upon another; And why did he so? Because himself only is permanent; to teach us, That we should not fix our Affections upon what is Transitory, but upon what endures for ever. The Result of all this is, if the Liver be weak and cannot make Blood enough (I would have said (Sanguif.) if I had written only to Scholars) the *Seraphian*, which is the weakest of Wormoods, is better than the best. I have been critical enough, if not too much.

Place.] It grows familiar in *England*, by the Sea side.

Descript.] It starts up out of the Earth, with many round, woolly, hairy Stalks from one Root. Its Height is four Foot high, or three at least. The Leaves in Longitude are long,

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long, in Latitude narrow, in Colour white, in Form hoary, in Similitude like Southernwood, only broader and longer; in Taste, rather Salt than Bitter, because it grows so near the Salt water; At the Joints, with the Leaves towards the Tops, it bears little yellow Flowers. The Root lies deep, and is woody.

Common Wormwood I shall not describe; for every Boy that can eat an Egg knows it.

Roman Wormwood; and why Roman, seeing it grows familiarly in England? It may be it was so called, because 'tis good for a stinking Breath, which the Romans cannot be very free from, maintaining so many Bawdy Houses by Authority of his Holiness.

Descript. THE Stalks are slender, and shorter than the common Wormwood, by one Foot at least; the Leaves are more finely cut and divided than they are, but something smaller; both Leaves and Stalks are hoary, the Flowers of a pale yellow Colour; it is altogether like the Common Wormwood, save only in Bigness, for it is smaller; in Taste, for 'tis not so bitter; in Smell, for it's spicy.

Place.] It groweth upon the Tops of the Mountains (it seems 'tis aspiring) there 'tis Natural, but usually nursed up in Gardens for the Use of the Apothecaries in London.

Time.] All Wormwoods usually flower in August, a little sooner or later.

Government and Vertues.] Will you give me Leave to be critical a little? I must take Leave: Wormwood is an Herb of Mars, and if Pontamus say otherwise, he is beside the Bridge. I prove it thus: What delights in Martial Places, is a Martial Herb; but Wormwood delights in Martial Places (for about Forges and Iron Works, you may gather a Cart load of it) Ergo, It is a Martial Herb. It is hot and dry in the first Degree, viz Just as hot as your Blood, and no hotter. It remedies the Evils Choler can inflict on the Body of Man by Sympathy. It helps the Evils Venus and the wanton Boy produce by Antipathy, and it doth something else besides. It cleanseth the Body of Choler (and who dares say Mars doth no good?) It provokes Urine helps Surfeits, or Swellings in the Belly; it causeth Appetite to Meat; because Mars rules the attractive

Choler, Venery, provokes Urine, helps Surfeits, Swellings, Appetite lost, Yellow Jaundice.

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attractive Faculty in Man: The Sun never shon upon a better Herb for the Yellow Jaundice than this: Why should Men cry out so much upon *Mars* for an Infortunate, (or *Saturn* either?) Did God make Creatures to do the Creation a Mischief? This Herb testifies, That *Mars* is willing to cure all Diseases he causes; the Truth is, *Mars* loves no Cowards, nor *Saturn* Fools, nor I neither. Take of the Flowers of Wormwood, Rosemary, and Black Thorn, of each a like Quantity, half that Quantity of Saffron; boil this in Rhenish-wine, but put not in the Saffron till it is almost boiled: This is the Way to keep a Man's Body

in Health, appointed by *Camerarius*.
Preserves Health, Terms In his Book, intituled *Hortus Medicus*, and it is a good one too.
provokes, biting of Rats, Besides all this, Wormwood pro-
and Mice, Mushrooms, vokes the Terms I would wil-
Wheals, Pusles, Black lingly teach Astrologers, and
and Blue Spots, Quinzie, make them Physicians (if I knew
Eye. how) for they are most fitting

for the Calling; if you will not believe me, ask Doctor *Hypocrates* and Dr. *Galen*, a couple of Gentlemen that our College of Physicians keep to vapour with, not to follow. In this our Herb, I shall give the Pattern of a Ruler, the Sons of Art rough-cast, yet as near the Truth as the Men of *Benjamin* could throw a Stone: Whereby, my Brethren, the Astrologers may know by a Penny how a Shilling is coined: As for the College of Physicians, they are too stately to Learn and too proud to continue) They say a Mouse is under the Dominion of the Moon, and that is the Reason they feed in the Night; the House of the Moon is *Cancer*; Rats are of the same Nature with Mice, but they are a little bigger; *Mars* receives his Fall in *Cancer*, Ergo, Wormwood being an Herb of *Mars*, is a present Remedy for the biting of Rats and Mice. Mushrooms (I cannot give them the Title of *Herba Fruetex* or *A:bo*) are under the Dominion of *Saturn*, (and take one Time for another, they do as much harm as good;) if any have poisoned himself by eating them. Wormwood, an Herb of *Mars* cures him, because *Mars* is exalted in *Capricorn*, the House of *Saturn*, and this it doth by Sympathy, as it did the other by Antipathy. Wheals, Pusles, black and blue Spots, coming either by Bruises or Beatings, Wormwood, an Herb of *Mars*, helps, because *Mars*, (as bad as you love him,

him, and as you hate him) will not break your Head, but he'll give you a Plaister. If he do but teach you to know your selves, his Courtesie is greater than his Discourtesie. The greatest Antipathy between the Planets, is between *Mars* and *Venus*, one is hot, the other cold; one Diurnal, the other Nocturnal; one Dry, the other Moist; their Houses are opposite, one Masculine, the other Feminine; one Publick, the other Private; one is Valiant, the other Effeminate; one loves the Light, the other hates it; one loves the Field, the other Sheets; then the Throat is under *Venus*, the Quinsie lies in the Throat, and is an Inflammation there: *Venus* rules the Throat (it being under *Taurus* her Sign) *Mars* eradicates all Diseases in the Throat by his Herbs (of which Wormwood is one) and sends them to *Egypt* on an Errant, never to return more, this done by Antipathy. The Eyes are under the Luminaries; the Right Eye of a Man, and the Left Eye of a Woman the *Sun* claims Dominion over; the Left Eye of a Man, and the Right Eye of a Woman, are Privileges of the *Moon*; Wormwood, an Herb of *Mars*, cures both; what belongs to the *Sun* by Simpathy, because he is exalted in his House; but what belongs to the *Moon* by Antipathy, because he hath his fall in hers. Suppose a Man be bitten or stung by a Martial Creature, imagine a Wasp, a Hornet, a Scorpion. Wormwood an Herb of *Mars* giveth you a present Cure; then *Mars*, Cholerick as he is, hath learned that Patience, to pass by your evil Speeches of him, and tells You by my Pen, That he gives You no Affliction, but he gives you a Cure; you need not run to *Apollo*, nor *Aesculapius*; and if he were so Cholerick as you make him to be he would have drawn his Sword for Anger, to see the ill Conditions of those People that can spy his Vices, and not his Vertues. The Eternal God, when he made *Mars*, made him for publick Good, and the Sons of Men shall know it in the latter end of the World. *Et Calum Mars sola habet.* You say *Mars* is a Destroyer, mix a little Wormwood, an Herb of *Mars*, with your Ink, and neither Rats nor Mice will touch the Paper is written with it, and then *Mars* is a Preserver. Astrologers think *Mars* causeth Scabs and Itch, and the Virgins are angry with him, because wanton *Venus* told them he deforms their skins

As Bitings or Stinging by venomous Beasts.

Skins; but quoth *Mars*, My only desire is, they should know themselves; my Herb Wormwood will restore them to the Beauty they formerly had, and in that I will not come an Inch behind my Opposite, *Venus*; for which doth the greatest Evil, he that takes away an innate Beauty, and when he has done, knows how to restore it again? Or she that teaches a Company of wanton Lasses to paint their Faces? If *Mars* be in a Virgin, in the Nativity, they say he causeth the Cholick ('tis well God hath set some body to pull down the Pride of Man) He in the Virgin troubles none with the Cholick, but them that know not themselves (for who knows himself, may easily know all the World) Wormwood, an Herb of *Mars*, is a present Cure for it; and whether it be most like a Christian to love him for his Good, or hate him for his Evil, judge ye. I had almost forgotten, that Charity thinks no Evil. I was once in the *Tower* and viewed the Wardrobe, and there was a great many fine Cloths: (I can give them no other Title, for I was never either Linnen or Woollen Draper) yet as brave as they looked, my Opinion was, that the Moths might consume them; Moths are under the Dominion of *Mars*, this Herb Wormwood being laid amongst Cloaths, will make a Moth scorn to meddle with the Cloths as much as a Lion scorns to meddle with a Mouse, or an Eagle a Fly. You say *Mars* is angry, and 'tis true enough he is angry with many Countrymen for being such Fools to be led by the Noses, by the College of Physicians, as they lead Bears to *Paris Garden*. Melancholy Men cannot endure to be wronged in Point of good Fame, and that doth sorely trouble old *Saturn*, because they call him the greatest *Infortune*; In the Body of Man he rules the Spleen, (and that makes covetous Men so Splenetick) the poor old Man lies crying out of his Left Side. Father *Saturn*'s angry *Mars* comes to him; Come Brother, I confess thou art evil spoken of, and so am I; thou knowest I have my Exaltation in my House, I give him an Herb of mine Wormwood, to cure the poor Man; *Saturn* consented. but spoke but little, and so *Mars* cured him by Sympathy. When *Mars* was free from War. (for he loves to be fighting, and is the best Friend a Soldier hath) I say when *Mars* was free from War, he called a Council of War

Spleen.

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War in his own Brain, to know how he should do poor sinful Man good, desiring to forget his Abuses in being call'd an Infortunate. He musters up his own Forces, and places them in Battalia; Oh! quoth he, Why do I hurt a poor silly Man or Woman? His Angel answers him, 'Tis because they have offended their God, (Look back to Adam) Well says Mars, tho' they speak evil of me, I'll do good to them) Death's Cold, my Herb shall heat them; they are full of ill Humours (else they would never have spoken ill of me;) my Herb shall cleanse them and dry them; they are poor weak Creatures, my Herb shall strengthen them; they are Dull-witted, my Herb shall fortifie their Apprehensions; and yet amongst Astrologers all this doth not deserve a good Word; Oh the patience of Mars!

*Fœlix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Inque sœtus superum scâdere cura fuit.*

*Oh happy he that can the Knowledge gain,
To know th' Eternal God made nought in vain.*

To this I add,

*I know the Reason causeth such a Deavth
Of Knowledge; 'tis because Men love the Earth.*

The other day Mars told me he met with Venus, and he ask'd her. What the Reason was that she accused him for abusing Women? He never gave them the Pox; in the Dispute they fell out, and in Anger parted, and Mars told me that his Brother Saturn told him, that an Anti-venerean Medicine was the best against the Pox. Once a Month he meets with the Moon. Mars is quick enough of Speech, and the Moon not much behind hand (neither are most Women,) The Moon looks much after Children, and Children are much troubled with the Worms; she desired a Medicine of him, he bid her take his own Herb Wormwood. He had no sooner parted with the Moon, but he met with Venus, and she was as drunk as a Bitch: Alas poor Venus, quoth he; What thou a Fortune, and be Drunk? I'll give thee an Antipathetical Cure; Take my Herb Wormwood, and thou shalt never get a Surfeit by Drinking. A poor silly Country-man hath got an Ague, and cannot go about

French Pox.

*Surfeit, stinking Breath,
Dull Brain, Weak Sight.*

his

his Business; he wishes he had it not, and so do I; but I'll tell him a Remedy, wherein he shall prevent it: Take the Herb of *Mars* Wormwood, and if Infortunes will do good, what will Fortunes do? Some think the Lungs are under *Jupiter*; and if the Lungs, then the Breath, and tho' sometimes a Man gets a stinking Breath, and yet *Jupiter* is a Fortune forsooth; up comes *Mars* to him; Come Brother *Jupiter*, thou knowest I sent thee a couple of Trines to thy House last Night, the one from *Aries*, and the other from *Scorpio*; give me thy leave by Simpathy to cure this Poor Man with drinking a Draught of Wormwood Beer each Morning. The *Moon* was weak the other Day, and she gave a Man two terrible Mischiefs a dull Brain, and a weak Sight; *Mars* laid by his Sword, and comes to her. Sister *Moon*, said he, this Man hath anger'd thee, but I beseech thee take Notice he is but a Fool, prehee be patient, I will with my Herb Wormwood cure him of both Infirmities by Antipathy, for thou knowest thou and I cannot agree; with that the *Moon* began to quarrel; *Mars* (not delighting much in Womens Tongues) went away, and did it whether she would or no.

He that reads this and understands what he reads, hath a Jewel more Worth than a Diamond; he that understands it not, is as little fit to give Physick. There lies a Key in these Words, which will unlock, (if it be turned by a Wise Hand) the *Cabine of Physick*: I have delivered it as plain as I durst. 'tis not only upon Wormwood as I wrote, but upon all Plants, Trees and Herbs; he that understands it not, is unfit (in my Opinion) to give Physick. This shall live when I am dead. And thus I leave it to the World, not caring a Farthing whether they like or dislike it. The Grave equals all Men, and therefore shall equal me with all Princes; until which time the Eternal Providence is over me; Then the ill Tongue of a prating Fellow, or of one that hath more Tongue than Wit, or more Proud than Honest shall never trouble me. *Wisdom is just fy'd of her Children.* And so much for Wormwood.