A la recherche d'un grand-père-du…

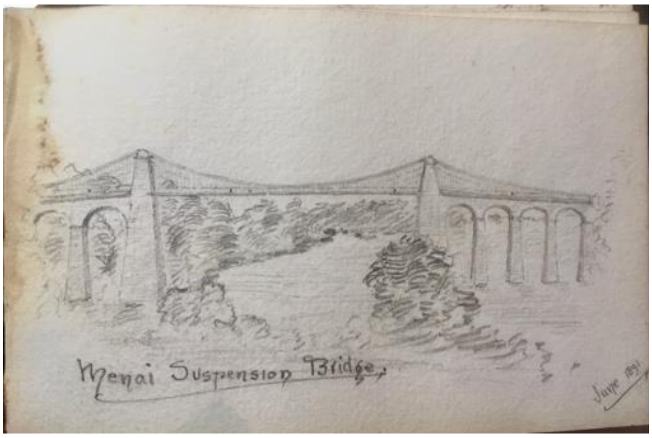
Of our *French* grandfather on my mother's side, another Charles, but a Charles Frédéric Dumas, I know lots and lots – he was a war hero twice over: in the First World War, in the trenches and on diplomatic service; and then in the Second World War when he was De Gaulle's 'fixer' in London and trained British officers for the Normandy invasion. Starting as a tea-boy with very little English, packed off by his clergyman father at the age of 16 to make his fortune in London with the English Dumas cousins (because his 6 sisters needed *him* to provide them with marriage settlements), he worked his way up to becoming a senior partner of the sugar brokers E.D. and F. Mann (of Mann Booker fame) at one point saving the firm from ruin. We have his letters from the trenches, citations for bravery, love letters to his beloved wife, photographs he took and stories from those who knew him. But of his *English* counterpart, our father's father, Charles Edgar Salmon, we children were told little and there are few clues around. So, don't expect *madeleines* or *tilleul*, but if you're lucky there might be china tea and a digestive biscuit.

What do we know, then? Born in 1872 (150 years ago on the 22nd November 2022!), he was an architect, building some of the Arts-and-Crafts-influenced suburban houses in the Reigate area, where he lived and worked. He designed 'Ridgefoot' along Pilgrims' Way in Reigate, where he and his family lived in some style until his early death in 1930. Close to the station with easy access to London, and yet set at the foot of the beautiful, rolling North Downs, this is nowadays the territory of millionaires. The house still apparently has a tennis court, although it used to be a lawn tennis court, kept in good condition because Charles, along with his brother Ernest, was a strong, amateur player - everyone was an amateur in those halcyon days. They were both good enough to play at Wimbledon (his brother went through to the quarter-finals in 1903) and also at Roland Garros (this needs corroboration…). Rider, his only son and our dad, went on to become a Cambridge Blue at tennis, and one of his father's granddaughters, Joanna, was told she could be coached to either club level *or* county level (she opted for club and remained a good junior player on the club circuit winning matches gratifyingly against county players at times).

I have had to rely on Pauline, our French mother (who lived in Britain all her life apart from 4 years in India) for the more gossipy aspects of life at Ridgefoot, because – and here's the rub - the Salmon family were *Quakers*. Quakers tend to hate (no, far too strong a word!) – *disapprove* of anything approaching *showing off* – ideally, you wouldn't take pride in anything: not satisfaction in your own achievements, nor pleasure in your children's or your family's successes. My father hardly ever spoke of his family and little of himself. Sketchy details had to be winkled out – perhaps we should have questioned more as children but our dad wasn't really interested in talking about his time at Leighton Park, the Quaker school where he was Head Boy, nor did he disclose much about his wartime years in the Friends' Ambulance Unit (I still don't really know where he worked as an ambulance driver and hospital assistant, nor what horrors he saw). He said once that he remembered a man, whose leg had had to be amputated, asking to have his toes scratched as they itched, and he also said he would have liked "one of my children to become a surgeon" - that was as much I can remember him saying, and it was off the cards for me, at least, as I was poor at Maths at school and far more interested in English Literature, drama and art.

From Pauline: They had servants, and Rider, who lost his father when he was only 8, became devoted to 'Cooky' their cook (who made wonderful steak and kidney puddings!). When Cooky, apparently, was first engaged as cook, she made dinner and served it up to the family. Knowing she was on trial she must have been on tenterhooks to find out how it had been received. Cooky was called in and told, doubtless by Charles rather than his very sweet and gentle wife, Agnes, who would never harm a fly: "You're not going to be *sacked* for this, so don't worry, but if you EVER serve a dinner on cold plates again, we shall have to let you go!" Perhaps it was partly a joke, for everyone said Charles had a great sense of humour, but still!

He obviously liked North Wales, for he had visited it when he was 18, with a



friend who sketched him, in Charles' very tiny (3½"x5") sketchbook, which was amongst other things of his when we cleared out our home after Pauline's death. Charles himself made a rough sketch from the top of the Little Orme of Llandudno showing the Great Orme with the coast beyond. In the sketchbook we can also see evidence not only of his interest in architecture, with a minute sketch of the Menai Bridge which he approaches with a designer's eye, but also of the real passion of his life: botany. There are minute and delicate flower paintings...

Now, we always knew that our father, an English teacher, loved flowers and gardening, just as his sister Doris did. But he almost never spoke of his father, a highly respected botanist and a Fellow of the Linnean Society of London (founded in 1788 and the world's oldest society devoted to botany). Charles worked at Kew often, and eventually wrote the second (and for its time *definitive*) "Flora of Surrey", which came out posthumously. As well as collecting an outstanding array of rare botanical books he collected hundreds of plant specimens and left his Herbarium to the British Museum – Natural History. C.E.S. was also an ardent map collector, mainly of very old and rare maps of Surrey, London and the southern counties. I picture him crawling over every square foot of his beloved county, searching out maverick plants and species that nobody had guessed at. He was largely responsible, as I understood from our father, who took us for walks up the steep ridge, for the preservation of Colley Hill for the nation. It's just outside Reigate and forms part of the North Downs escarpment, now fully protected and part of the North Downs Way, a spectacular walk along the escarpment, from Farnham in the west to Canterbury and eventually leading to the white cliffs of Dover.

Although the following article (1931) from a fellow naturalist is quite long, I include it here as it conjures up such an idyllic picture of the county of Surrey in the early years of the 20th century, before London had stretched out its dark tentacles, the ghastly ribbon developments that reach out to the M25. Most of Surrey, in those far off days, was gentle, old fashioned countryside, where wildflowers grew in profusion in what was almost a remote wilderness, one that I can still just remember - eg when I was 3 and my mother slipped and tumbled, pulling me with her down the steep stairs of Rider's mother's tiny cottage at Leigh, Surrey, (Agnes had moved out of Ridgefoot after her husband's death) and landing on my left arm. We discovered that it was broken – I couldn't raise it when asked to. There was then only *one* car in the whole village and it belonged to the vicar, so it was he who kindly drove us to Reigate Hospital for me to have my arm plastered. I remember the occasion clearly, even down to my handknitted red socks of which I was so proud (they had been made and given to me by Dodo, my grandmother's sister). I recall chatting to the doctors about them as they set my arm in plaster. Petrol was hand-pumped by an old fellow who had had his throat shot away in the First World War and I remember his croaky mumbles as he filled the car.

Preface by Arthur Beadell to "Nature Notes of Warlingham and Chelsham

Living here all my life, and having in me a great love of Natural History, I have had untold delight in being free to roam the wild part of the two parishes at will. For many years I made but little advance in knowledge, in that I was too poor to buy any books; in fact I did not know of any books to buy. One can understand this better when I state that I worked on a farm for seven years without a holiday – not even Sundays, for I looked after sheep, cows, pigs and horses.

I never met anyone who could tell me anything about the wildflowers; the countrymen knew couch grass, "bell bine" thistles, poppies and charlock, and that was about all. When I was on the farm we had men come on tramp with women from miles around to work in the fields in the summer; they used to cook the leaves of charlock as a vegetable. I looked on with astonishment then, but I know charlock belongs to the cabbage family, so probably it was quite palatable.

I have often thought how extraordinary it is that the ordinary countryman does not get more interested in the flowers and wildlife generally; it is beyond me to account for it. I was thought childish and a freak when I was engrossed in its studies; it was not what an ordinary man would do; it had no place in his life.

Birds or animals they all knew well; but flowers and butterflies were for children, not men.

I well remember seeing my first naturalist – an entomologist – when I was about twenty. He had a net, capturing specimens of Clouded Yellow, for it was a Clouded Yellow year. (I was entranced with these insects. I wanted to catch them also; but I had never seen a net before, and how to set them I had not the faintest idea until 12 years later.) He told me they only appeared here in certain years. As he spoke I spotted a lovely little gem, which I knew well by sight, settle in the corn. I said, "Oh, do come and catch this pretty one!" Capturing it, he said it was a "small copper" and that was my first and only lesson in entomology until twelve more years had passed.

In the year 1910, I made the acquaintance of Mr Ralph Saword, of Chelsham, who began to teach me the nomenclature and identity of the greater part of my wildflowers. I awoke to the fact that here was at last my life's opportunity, and I worked like a Trojan in all my spare time. Daily I took him batches of different plants to name for me; he tabulated them carefully, using the London Catalogue of British Plants for guidance in giving their generic and specific names and the numbers of the 112 counties in which they were found.. This last idea gave me a new pleasure, because it fully defined the rarity, or otherwise, of my finds, and the results spurred me on to further endeavours.

After a time I found plants he could not name, so these were sent to another keen botanist to name, and, of course, the inevitable happened; some were sent which he failed to name, and finally I got introductions in this way to England's greatest botanists.

Mr W.H. Griffen, Curator of the South London Botanical Institute, was the first one I got in contact with; he knew Charles Darwin, and often told me about his orchid bank at Downe. We had several rambles together. This helped me greatly, as he named all my critical plants, and gave me increased interest. He was a most interesting man to talk to on wildflowers, for he led rambles and lectured on wild plants. He knew all the interesting old legends *attached to them, which I loved him to tell me. He said he would be delighted to come here and deliver a lecture on the British for a, free of charge, should I ever wish it; but that will never be for he died shortly after.*

He was a leading a ramble on one occasion in Holwood Park, which I attended; there I met a botanist who advised me to send a full list of the plants I had found in my district to Mr C.E. Salmon, of Reigate, who was writing a new Flora of Surrey. I took his advice at once. This brought into my life one of the best friends I ever had; he was so pleased with my list of plants, he queried the doubtful ones, corrected errors, and he became my expert adviser on all my critical rarer plants.

In the old 'Flora of Surrey', by Brewer, published in 1863, district "D", that was the part in which Warlingham and Chelsham were included, had hardly any records sent at all, so all mine were most welcome for inclusion in the new Flora. One plant recorded in my list sent to Mr Salmon was "Military Orchid"; he at once queried this for verification, as this orchid was extinct in Surrey. Then began a most appalling period, to get this plant truly identified. The first year after he queried me, it came up, got into bud – that is, with the flower showing. Then a cow, or something, stepped on it and finished it for that year. The next year it did not flower at all. In the meantime I had made the acquaintance of Mr E.M. Holmes, Curator of the Pharmaceutical Society, a wonderful man with flowers; he said, "Send me just one floret of your plant, and I will identify it for you."

The next year, to my untold joy, it flowered, and I watched it daily coming into the flowering stage. At last my patience was rewarded. I picked one floret and sent it to Mr Holmes, and another to Mr Salmon; the latter replied at once by letter that he would come in a day or two to see it, but evidently realizing the danger incurred in delaying his visit, he later sent a telegram, which arrived at the same time as the letter, that I was "to meet him at the station at once."

This was, indeed, a red-letter day to me. I ran off to meet him, and together we went to the spot of our charmer, which I had previously covered over with *dead bushes and dead grass cunningly to match its surroundings, and to save it from destruction, as it grew in an open sot where many people passed by.*

A letter had arrived that morning from Mr Holmes, saying, "Your interesting find is the Great Brown-winged Orchid (Orchis Purpurea)." Mr Salmon on seeing the orchid was as delighted as I was; he straightway sat down and sketched it.

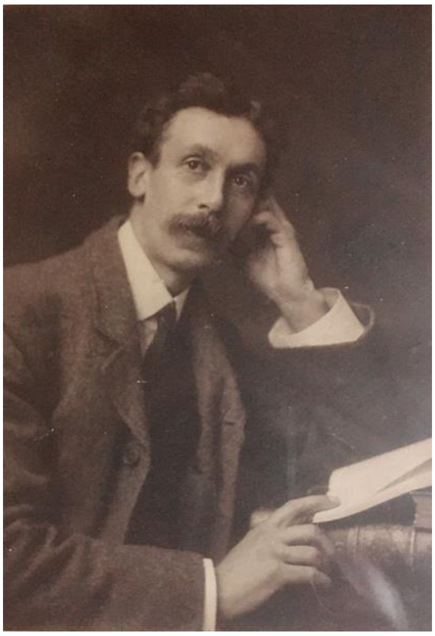
……. My studies of the wild have been a real joy, because I have, until recently, been allowed to ramble in search of treasures wherever I wished. All the big landowners gave me a privilege I shall never have again. Warlingham is fast being built upon; all the interesting woods and fields are disappearing. Chelsham still retains its rural character; 'tis true the greater part of the end south of Butler's Dene Road has been built on and lost to the Nature lover as regards rambling o'er it. I know from experience that the big landowner was far more partial to the Naturalist than the small holder of land.

At one time I could roam for hours on end in the wilds around Chelsham Court and Beddlestead and never meet or see a person; it was most delightful to be able to do this, especially so when there were such grand displays of wildflowers. I have seen bee orchids in thousands in the Beddlestead Valley, and the woods there covered with pink campions, lady's smock, early purple orchids, the lovely blue forget-me-nots similar to those grown in your garden, small teasels and wood sanicle; and in the season a field between Mollards and Owls Wood was, indeed, a picture each year with its masses of ripe wild strawberries. I have had gallons from there. Holt Wood and The Gripes have had masses of fox-gloves and rosebay willow herb, a marvellous display of rich colour, and growing as thickly as corn in a cornfield.

We are lucky in having so many types of soils which are instrumental in giving us a variable supply of flowers, as different plants revel in different soils. Our tiny ponds, too, provided their share towards one's enjoyment. It was a great pleasure to see the old dewpond at "Nore Hill" completely white with the masses of water crowfoot in bloom, the lovely edging of pennyroyal at Forge

Pond, the yellow nodding bur-marigolds at Willys-pit pond, and many bullrushes at the old pond at Milberry; but alas! All our ponds are now fast being filled in, and their one-time beauty destroyed. Gone are all the numerous fishermen, for dead are all their fish, the tarred roads completed their destruction. Gone are all the old dipping stools where we all walked out to fill our buckets, for the old ponds were our chief source of water supply, and oft-times sheep and cattle drank from the same ponds as we did, but certain ponds were set aside for cattle to drink from as they were driven through to Croydon Market each week, or came from the farms near. Now all is finished. 'Tis interesting to record that this next week, the last week in December 1931, the Croydon Cattle Market closes for good.

A gentle lament for a rich environment that has almost completely disappeared! Books like "Cider With Rosie", "Lark Rise to Candleford" and a lot of D.H. Lawrence's fiction give us a similar picture of that yearning for a countryside fast vanishing forever.

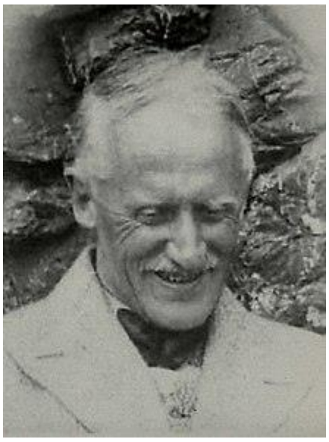


Here is C.E.S. in a Keatsian photographic study. He exudes a dreamy thoughtfulness…

His older brother, Ernest, became a world authority on hops having been a mycologist up till then:

Ernest Stanley Salmon (1 June 1871 – 12 October 1959) was a British mycologist and plant pathologist best known for his work in breeding new varieties of hops. Salmon crossed a wild Manitoban hop with cultivated English stock to create hybrid C9*a*, which was released to commercial cultivation in 1934 as Brewer's Gold. Though the original wild hop died during the winter of 1918–19,[1]: 17 Brewer's Gold has become the ancestor of nearly every new high-alpha hop variety released since then.

Salmon was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, in 1871[2] and held a number of research and teaching positions through his life. He was a researcher at the Kew Gardens from 1899 to 1906 and at Wye College from 1906 to 1937. Salmon was elected as the president of the British Mycological Society in 1911, he was appointed as a reader in mycology at London University in 1912 and was promoted to a full professorship there in 1925.[3]



As his obituaries noted, Salmon was an excellent tennis player. He reached the Wimbledon men's singles quarter final in 1903. Salmon lived for most of his life in the village of Wye. He died in a Folkestone nursing home on October 12, 1959.[4]

The article fails to relate that Ernest was offered a knighthood (for his services to botany and hop growing) but refused it (*Hooray!!)* as he was a member of the Communist Party. He lived with his common-law wife, something shocking at that time, had no children but generally seems to have been a fascinating character. I'm sorry I never met him.

(Flower study by C.E.S.)

Back to Charles. I mentioned his interest in North Wales. Our father, prompted by my mother, used to point out the rather grand hotel (not *the* Grand Hotel in Llandudno) that used to be situated at the foot of the Little Orme. Doris, his elder daughter apparently used to climb down the fire escapes to visit the dance halls in Llandudno at night, and unchaperoned! Later, we were told by Pauline that when Doris became pregnant with no suitor or boyfriend on the scene, her mother and she were too terrified to tell Charles about it. Our mother was a bit hazy on whether there was a swift adoption or an abortion (more likely, perhaps), but this was characteristically all hushed up and Charles never found out. Not that Charles was in any way felt to be a tyrant, I think, but this was the Home Counties, middle-class morality of the time.

Rider developed Alzheimer's towards the end of his life, but elements of his long term memory endured occasionally. Just a month before he died, I asked him whether Doris had ever been a 'flapper' in her youth. "No, not a '*flapper*', he answered after a pause, "Doris was *fast*, but she wasn't a 'flapper' as far as I know!"

Every summer, Charles set off *without* his wife (but with his naturalist friends) to the Alps or the Pyrenees, searching for rare specimens around Mont Blanc, Chamonix and other exotic locations. He was evidently clubbable and had an excellent sense of humour that endeared him to his many botanist friends In one obituary notice that I found, this "Personal Note" was attached at the end:

> *Those who knew C.E. Salmon, in the very intimate manner of close friendship, were conscious of a rare and charming personality. Behind the obvious façade of the enthusiasm with which he pursued his botanical work, there lay a character that was hard to analyse, just because it was so simple and direct. One gets so used to human beings who act in very involved ways – partly because they are not sure what they want to do, partly because they want to conceal their motives and deeds. Charles Salmon was spared all such manoeuvrings, for he had two plain rules which seemed to govern all his life: common sense and absolutely straightforward honesty – and these rules put him apart from so many of his fellows who did not share his high ideals. …. His very gentle manner could not possibly distinguish between a peer or a peasant; if pressed he could have perhaps, admitted them as varieties. He had no affectations; he was always the same direct and honest being; full of humour, and entirely devoid of any selfish ambitions which would interfere with anyone else's happiness; his sympathy for others was deep.*
>
> *He was in his element when one was holding him by the heels as he searched some deep ditch for a possible rare plant; and then he would turn with equal enthusiasm in search of the nearest inn where he could drink shandy-gaff (?), or better still, his inevitable cup of tea. The world of selfishly-pushing and callously-snatching humanity was beyond the scope of his simple and reasonable mind.*

Much of this I realise applies to our father, Rider. He also made friends easily, was simple, straightforward and had a keen sense of humour (and adored tea). He took us to ponds, looking for newts and tadpoles when we were small and played tennis or squash with us when we were older. On the whole he left us to do just as we wished.

Charles' botanical books Growing up, we children were nearly always more interested in sports, outdoor activities and literature or drama and art (in my case) than 'botany', which sounded 'flowery' and tedious. Near the front door, however, were some tall, dark, rather forbidding, leather-bound books that, if we thought about them at all, were just 'Charles Salmon's botany books'. Our father never referred to them, nor did he appear to consult or leaf through them. He certainly never tried to interest us in them. And yet…

This is where the *magic* begins! And I have only recently, in the last three years, begun to see *why* botany (quite apart from the sheer beauty of the flowers and plants to which Charles was certainly very responsive, turning out his own utterly delicate water-coloured paintings) could become an obsessive passion. One of these great tomes, which was hidden away because it was clearly worth a lot, was the "New Kreuterbuch" by Leonhart Fuchs (from where we get

the name of the plant called 'fuchsia'). The book is extremely beautiful, in the original cream pigskin with studded corners and dated 1543. Yes, 1543!

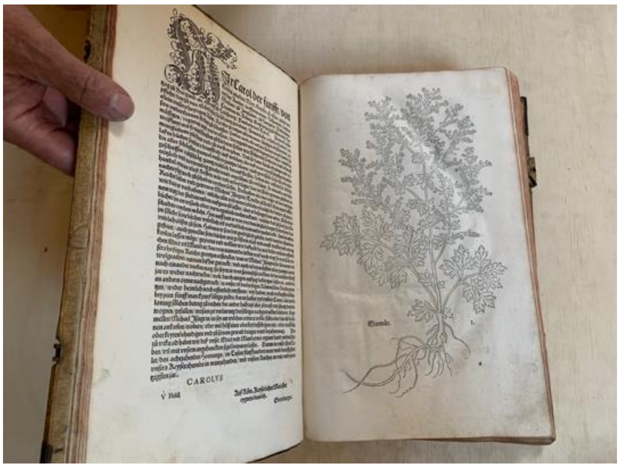
Here is a good, potted version about it from a German museum (Museum für Medizinhistorische Bücher Mori) of medical treatises (for the history of herbs is intimately linked with the history of medicine). And this superb book takes us into the world of mediaeval herbals – books dealing primarily with herbal solutions for medical problems – but also, here, beginning to try to study, analyse, codify, classify plants – in a way that we would recognise today as *scientific*. And 1543 is also a year which saw other tremendous leaps forward in Renaissance understanding of the world.

https://www.mmbm.ch/fuchs-en.html

The first German edition of the "Kreuterbuch" by Leonhart Fuchs contains 512 woodcuts. They illustrate known medicinal herbs in a way that is very close to nature. Over 400 of the pictures illustrate local plants. Others come from the "new" continent of America. About a hundred plants were presented for the first time in a written document.

The precision of the illustrations, which was new at this level of quality, was intended to rule out erroneous medical applications. In addition to two directories of plant names in German and Latin, an index of known diseases facilitates the finding of each presented remedy. The book is divided into 346 chapters, each introducing a specific genus of plants with multiple "genders". The descriptions follow a strict pattern. First, the name is listed in German with its Latin and Greek equivalents. The term "gender" is used to describe different species within a superordinate family of plants. This is followed by the "Gstalt", the places where the plant usually grows, the flowering period and their characteristics and use in the medicine of the time.

The German "Kreuterbuch" achieved great success, which is evident in the numerous editions and translations. The woodcuts were copied by other authors and adopted. The lifelike appearance of the plants with flowers, fruit, leaves, from trunk to roots, has prevailed in European herbal books. As a physician and herbalist, Fuchs gave applied medicine a central position. At that time, pharmaceutical teaching followed the ancient humororism or the Doctrine of the Four Juices, which interpreted illness as an imbalance of the four humours – blood, yellow bile, black bile, and phlegm. Some uses are also in keeping with the signature doctrine. One had to search for external similarities in order to find the correct remedy. The shape of a leaf or the colour of a plant's juices were supposed to provide hints to people about the right herbal remedy for a particular illness. Thus, celandine with its yellow juice was considered an effective remedy for banishing jaundice.



Two hundred years later, Linnaeus also classified flora according to kinship

and similarities. At the suggestion of a Franciscan priest, Linneaus named a plant, "Fuchsia triphylla", after Leonhart Fuchs, which forms the genus of Fuchsias along with other flowering plants.

Leonhart Fuchs was born in the Bavarian town of Wemding in 1501. He studied medicine at Ingolstadt and practiced in Munich. In 1525 he married the daughter of a patrician, Anna Friedberg, with whom he had a large family of six girls and four boys.

In 1526, he was appointed Professor of Medicine at the University of Ingolstadt. Fuchs was an early follower of the reformer Martin Luther, who had held his first reformed mass just a year earlier. He therefore felt himself in enemy territory at the Catholic University of Ingolstadt, and two years later he accepted a position as personal physician to the Margrave of Brandenburg in Ansbach. In 1535 he became a Professor of Medicine in Tübingen, where he established a medicinal herb garden.

In Tübingen he was under the supervision of Duke Ulrich of Württemberg, who wanted to reform Tübingen University as the first institution modelled on Martin Luther's model. Fuchs fulfilled this expectation and served as Dean and Rector.

The plant illustrations which made the herbal famous were drawn by Albert Meyer under the supervision of Fuchs. Heinrich Füllmaurer transferred the drawings to wood blocks, and the Strasbourg wood engraver Veyt Rudolf Speckle made the printing plates.

In 1543, the work "De revolutionibus orbium coelestium" by Nicolas Copernicus, which places the sun in the centre of the orbits of the planets, was printed. In the same year, the anatomical image work "De humani corporis fabrica" by Andreas Vesalius appeared, which altered the image of the body. And then the "Kreuterbuch" by Leonhart Fuchs was also printed in 1543. It is commonly held that the "Fabrica" and the "Kreuterbuch" contributed to the transformation of medical fundamentals with their own observations.

The "Kreuterbuch" turns its back on the strictly dogmatic scholasticism and Arabian medicine of the Middle Ages. However, the plant descriptions do not spring from pure experiential knowledge. As a humanist, Fuchs wanted to revive classical Greek medicine. He had to rely on copies of ancient pharmacopoeias which had hardly any illustrations. Therefore, it was especially difficult to match the medicinal herbs of antiquity with the native plants.

It is not just in Leonhart Fuchs' work that plants are depicted in a lifelike manner. Hieronymus Bock and Otto Brunfels as well, two contemporaries of Fuchs, strove to achieve illustrations of medicinal herbs that were as true to life as possible. There are also parallels in the texts. Thus, we speak today of the "three fathers of botany".

Doesn't this make you sit up and start dreaming? I've had to sell this beautiful book for the family coffers - but reluctantly because it commands such love and respect, for its scholarship, its beauty and its sheer physical presence that has lasted nearly five centuries!

I've also been reading Charles' "Flora of Surrey", which is an intriguing survey, not just of the 'flora' of the county, but also its topography and geology. He documents all the flowers, recording when they were first discovered and where, accompanied with little comments showing flashes of his own personal involvement. Here, for example, at the end of his recordings of the plant "Impatiens" … 216 *I. fulva* Nutt. *I. biflora* Walt. (Alien; native of North America. Riverbanks and stream sides, locally plentiful. July-September ……)" - he notes as follows:

> *"This interesting plant seems to have been first seen in Surrey – and indeed in England – in 1822 by J.S. Mill (***the*** *John Stuart Mill!) who noticed it by the Tillingbourne at Albury, carried down by the Albury Park Gardens where it was cultivated…. The plant more often than not produces inconspicuous cleistogamous flowers, but when it is hung with its countless rich orange-coloured lanterns it is indeed a thing of beauty."*

It is only on Page 83 that we get to the main section on "Flora", and we start the *long* lists of flowers. I'm interested to see that the 'flora' proper begin with "DICOTYLEDONES, RANUNCULACEAE, **Clematis** Linn., C. Vitalba L. Traveller's Joy, Wild Clematis, Old Man's Beard …". Colley Hill is mentioned as one of the sites (though it grows all along the Chalk Downs) and it was one of the plants I remember Rider showing us and telling us about on our walks up Colley Hill, after we came back from India in 1959. I remember seeing "Old Man's Beard" trailing everywhere in the woods and hanging from branches quite high up. The setting would have worked very well in a Tarzan film, I thought at the time.

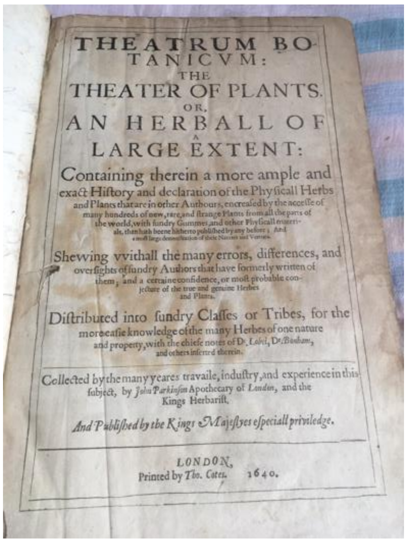
> *"When the pleasantly-scented creamy flowers are past, the sprays are equally decorative in autumn and winter with clusters of silvery-white feathery-awned fruit, brightening the hedges and waysides." P.83*

I've had fun looking up what he says of orchids – beneath the dry recordings one senses the hunter's thrill of the chase, to see if orchids such as the Monkey Orchid really ***were*** extinct: *("A single specimen found by Miss Porter in a copse near the Upper Lodge of Gatton Park, June 1853." Mr A. Bennet could not learn that the plant had been seen again, nor could he trace the original specimen.)*

The English names are so quirky too: *Yellow Archangel, Butcher's Broom, Creeping Jenny, Gold-of-Pleasure, Leopard's Bane, Nipplewort, Petty Spurge, Purple Loosestrife, Devil's-bit Scabious, Yorkshire Fog…*

I'm glad to see there are **two** cannabis varieties: *Eupatorium Cannabinum* or Hemp Agrimony (Native. Streamsides, ditches and moist woods) First recorded 1827 – lots of sightings; and there is also *Galeopsis Tetrahit* or Hemp-nettle, which is in a completely different family (genus? species?) but goes by the name also of *Cannabis Spuria* (which suggests, to my untrained mind, that it merely *looks* like cannabis (?). Charles' "Flora", unlike other 'herbals', has unfortunately nothing to say about its *uses* (!) and medicinal properties etc. But then, a 'flora' is more concerned with classifications and taxonomies rather than the plants' properties and uses ,which you only find in the older herbals.

And here, we come to another fascinating book I found and rescued from its dusty bookcase. It is called "Old English Herbals" (1922) and was written by an American, Eleanour Sinclair Rohde, who obviously knew Charles because I found a letter inside written to him by her in 1921 from Eton College, where she was conducting some of her research. She asks whether she can come and visit his John Parkinson and study it (!). She must have done so, because she writes enthusiastically about this huge tome called "Theatrum Botanicum" (the *theatre* of botany!), dated 1640 and magisterially produced by John Parkinson, the "Royal Apothcary and the *King's Herbarist" (sic) – (*Charles I).


THEATRUM BOTANICVM:
THE
THEATER OF PLANTS.
OR,
AN HERBALL OF
A
LARGE EXTENT:
Containing therein a more ample and exact History and declaration of the Physicall Herbs and Plants that are in other Authours, encreased by the accesse of many hundreds of new, rare, and strange Plants from all the parts of the world, with sundry Gummes, and other Physicall materials, than hath beene hitherto published by any before;
Shewing withall the many errors, differences, and oversights of sundry Authors that have formerly written of them; and a certaine confidence, or most probable conjecture of the true and genuine Herbes and Plants.
Distributed into sundry Classes or Tribes, for the more easie knowledge of the many Herbes of one nature and property, with the chiefe notes of Dr. Lobel, Dr. Bonham, and others inserted therein.
Collected by the many yeares travaile, industry, and experience in this subject, by John Parkinson Apothecary of London, and the Kings Herbarist.
And Published by the Kings Majestyes especiall priviledge.
LONDON,
Printed by Tho. Cotes. 1640.

Written near the end of his very full life, for he had been also the royal apothecary for James I, this huge compendium came *after* his best-seller called beguilingly, "*Paradisi in Sole Paradisus Terrestris*" (1629). (If you fail to spot it, as I did, this is clever wordplay on his name, 'Park (*think Eden*)-in-Sun' geddit!?) One of the interesting things about this pair of books is that Parkinson produced the very *first* flora, that is, a book specifically about flowers and gardens. He also produced this massive compendium 11 years later, which is technically the *last* herbal in Britain. Yet, he produced both books, one could argue, the wrong way round!

Rohde claims that the title 'Theatrum' sounds clunky and heavy ("hard and chilling"), whereas 'Paradiso' is far more positive. 'Theatrum', however, holds *me* spellbound, as it is such a vast collection of knowledge, numbering classifying and describing about 3,800 plants, nearly double the amount in 'Gerard's Herbal', which up till then had been *the* authoritative voice on plants. Parkinson writes lovingly and thoughtfully about the plants with their evocative names. Rohde, whom I want to quote at some length (sorry!), says, “It is, however, the curious out-of-the-way pieces of information on all sorts of matters which are so interesting in Parkinson’s Herbal”:

> ‘*He tells us that three several sorts of colours are made from the berries of the purging thorn; that the yellow dye is used by painters, “and also by Bookbinders to colour the edges of Bookes and by leather dressers to colour leather”; that the green dye is “usually put up into great bladders tyed with strong thred at the head and hung up until it is drye, which is dissolved in water or wine, but sacke is the best to preserve the colour from ‘starving’, as they call it, that is from decaying, and to make it hold fresh the longer”; and that the purple dye is made by leaving the berries on the bushes until the end of November, when they are ready to drop off. That the best mushrooms grow under oak trees or fir trees. That spurry leaves bruised and laid to a cut finger will speedily heal it, “whereof the Country people in divers places say they have had good experience”, and that it is also good for causing “the Kine to give more store of milke than ordinary otherwise, so it causeth Pullaine likewise to lay more store of egges.” That the fruit of the bead tree “being drilled and drawne on stringes serves people beyond sea to number their prayers thereon least they forget themselves and give God too many.” That in Warwickshire the female fern was always used “insteed of Sope to wash their clothes,” and that it was gathered about Midsummer, “unto good big balls which when they will use them they burne them in the fire until it becomes blewish, which being then layd by will dissolve into powder of itself, like unto Lime : foure of these balles being dissolved in warme water is sufficient to wash a whol bucke full of clothes.” That the burning of lupin seeds drives away gnats, and that half-sodden barley “given to Hennes that hardly or seldome lay egges will cause them to lay both greater and more often.” That country housewives use that common weed horsetail to scour their wooden, pewter and brass vessels, and sometimes boil the young tops of the same weed and eat them like asparagus. That bramble leaves do not fall until all the sharp frosts are over “whereby the country men do observe that the extremity of Winter is past when they fall off.” That every year sacks of violets are sent from Marseilles to Alexandria and other parts of Egypt, “where they use them boyled in water which only by their religion they are enjoined to drinke.”…*

…That writing-ink can be made of the green fruit of alder trees. That the bark of the same tree is useful for making "a backe dye for the courser sorts of things," and that the leaves put under the bare feet of travellers are "a great refreshing unto them." That the Rose of Jericho opened the night that our Saviour was born, and that placed in any house it will open when a child is born. That Mouseare if given to any horse "will cause that he shall not be hurt by the Smith that shooeth him." That Purslane is not only a sovereign remedy for crick in the neck, but also for "blastings by lightening, or planets and for burnings by Gunpowder or otherwise." That country folk in Kent and Sussex call Sopewort "Gill-run-by-the-streete." That agrimony leaves will cure cattle suffering from coughs, and that wounded deer use this same herb to heal their hurts. That a decoction made of hemp will draw earthworms out of their holes and that fishermen thus obtain their bait…..

… That Goat's Rue is good for fattening hens. That Herb True Love taken every day for twenty days will help those that "that by witchcraft (as it is thought) have become half-foolish to become perfectly restored to their former good estate." That the best starch is made from "the root of Cuckoo-pint, and that in former dayes when the making of our ordinary starch was not knowen or frequent in use; the finest Dames used the rootes hereof to starch their linen, which would so sting, exasperate and choppe the skinne of their servants' hands that used it, that they could scarce get them smooth and whole with all the anointing they could doe before they should use it againe." That the root of this same herb, cut small and mixed with a sallet of white endive or lettice, is "an excellent dish to entertain a smell-feast or unbidden unwelcome guest to a man's table, to make sport with him and derive him from his too much boldness"; or the pouder of the dried roote strawed upon any daintie bit of meate that may be given to him to eate; for either way within a while after the taking of it, it will so burne and pricke his mouthe that he shall not be able either to eate a bit more or scarce to speak for paine and so will abide until there be some new milk or fresh butter given, which by little and little will take away the heate and pricking and restore him againe." That another "good jest for a bold, unwelcome guest" is to infuse Nightshade in a little wine for six or seven hours and serve it to the guest, who then "shall not be able to eat any meate for that meale nor untill he drinks some vinegar which will presently

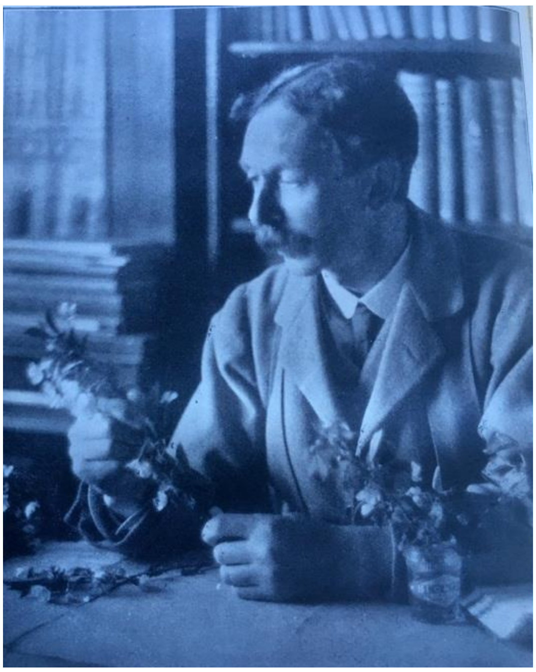
dispell that qualitie and cause him to fall to his viands with as good a stomach as he had before." That sufferers from toothache should rub the bruised root of Crowfoote on to their fingers; by causing "more paine therein than is felt by the toothache it taketh away the pain." That the juice of Fumitory, if dropped in the eyes, will take away the redness and other defects, although it procure some paine for the present and bringeth forth teares." That the hunters and shepherds of Austria commend the roots of the supposed wolf's-bane "against the swimming or turning in the head which is a disease subject to those places rising from the feare and horroure of such steepe downfalls and dangerous places which they doe and must continually passe." That Scabious, if bruised and applied to "any place wherein any splinter, broken bone, or any such like thing lyeth in the flesh doth in short time loosen it and causeth it to be easily drawen forth." That Butcher's Broom was used in olden times to preserve "hanged meate" from being eaten by mice and also for the making of brooms, "but the King's Chamber is by revolution of time turned to the Butcher's stall, for that a abundle of the stalkes tied together serveth them to cleanse their stalls and from thence have we our English name of Butcher's Broom." That the down of Swallow-wort "doth make a farre softer stuffing for cushions or pillows or the like than Thistle downe which is much used in some places for the like purpose." That, if ivory is boiled with mandrake root for six hours, the ivory will become so soft "that it will take what form or impression you will give it." That fresh elder flowers, hung in a vessel of new wine and pressed every evening for seven nights together, " giveth to the wine a very good relish and a smell like Muscadine." That the Moth Mullein is of no use except that it will attract moths wherever it is laid? That if Pennyroyal is put into "unwholesome and stinking waters that men must drinke (as at sea in long voyages) it maketh them less hurtful." And to conclude, it is from Parkinson we learn that "Queen Elizabeth of famous memorie did more desire Medowsweet than any other sweete herbe to strew her chambers withal." '

Whew! This single paragraph (as long as some of Proust's…) would have been even longer had I not truncated it. I've laboriously copied it out because clearly Rohde was, herself, so ecstatic about Parkinson's quaint and encyclopaedic, botanical lore.

What is particularly gripping in Eleanour Rohde's story (I love Elean*our*!) is that she traces how herbals (the amassing of almost witchlike potions for all of the ailments under the sun, based on the theory of humours, and astrology, and stuff that we now scorn – I hope!), slowly became scientific in their approach: studying (above all), classifying, indexing, inventing taxonomies, and spreading this knowledge through accessible books in English, German, French, rather than in Latin (Fuchs' book was in Latin first but was speedily translated into German, before going *'viral'* throughout Europe). This led, of course, to the same scientific approach being applied to medicine, diseases, surgery, physics and chemistry. It's a riveting history and she writes with clarity and passion.

Nicolas Culpeper, one of the last herbalists, as such, she treats with some disdain as little more than an unoriginal purveyor of botanical/herbal lore (a "light-hearted rogue" she calls him) and is scathing about his astrological tie-ups, even though in reality Culpeper really did people a great service by putting herbal medicine within the reach of the masses, and doing so at his own cost at times. Culpepper's "The English Physician" was among Charles' collection. (See ADDENDUM below – it's a bit long but you'll see, the style is excitingly feisty and quite moving too, for he died the following year and already, in his preface, senses the game is up for him, if not for his readers).

Back to Charles. His life must have been hectic: he had, apparently, an extensive architecture practice; he was working on the proofs of his book; as an FLS he was on various



committees, working at Kew and writing papers for the Journal of Botany. I can't help thinking that this possible over-load may have contributed to his unexpected death on New Year's Day 1930, with a very sudden heart attack. Rider would have been eight at the time – what a terrible time for the family and him! The little boy was packed off to a local boarding school, where, strangely, he flourished (having been fussed over by two much older sisters as a child). Very good at sport and good in all his subjects, particularly Maths, he became head-boy at Leighton Park, the Quaker public school, and went on to read Maths at Cambridge after the war, switching after a year to study English Literature (rather than following in the footsteps of his father towards architecture, as planned).

So, I'm left with a puzzle. Charles led a quiet but surprisingly full life. All of his passion for flowers and plants (you only have to look at his delicate paintings to see that Charles *was* moved by the beauty of flowers and plants), emerges in a book, mainly of lists, that is actually… well, rather dull - not quite as dull perhaps as the Surrey ditchwater to which he was so attached. His books and maps, nevertheless, *are* thrilling - rare documents that open up a hitherto unimagined world. How strange, then, to know so little about someone who was clearly highly valued in this botanical world and held in great esteem. I'm sure, too, that Rider *did* value his father, but he must have barely known him (though he said once that he enjoyed going out for walks with his father – typically, he didn't elaborate).

I must just tell you about one more work, a series of books that were in CES's possession: "Sowerby's Botany". I've just had (again unwillingly) to sell the beautiful leather-bound First Edition that he owned – the original 36 volumes, brought out between 1790 and 1814, each book coloured by hand! Here is good old Wikipaedia again:

***English Botany** was a major publication of British plants comprising a 36 volume set, issued in 267 monthly parts over 23 years from 1790 to 1814. The work was conceived, illustrated, edited and published by the botanical illustrator and natural historian, James Sowerby. The brief formal technical descriptions were mostly supplied by the founder of the Linnean Society, Sir James Edward Smith. Initially Smith had declined to have his name*

associated with the work as he considered that his professional co-operation with a socially inferior artisan such as Sowerby might degrade his standing in higher circles. However, following the phenomenal public success and general acceptance by the professional class of the work he insisted that the title page of the fourth and succeeding volumes credited the work to his

*name with Sowerby named solely as the illustrator. The work, however, continued to be generally referred to as "**Sowerby's Botany**". In spite of this abuse of their social class differences by Smith, the two men were good friends and happily worked together on several projects over many years. The work was printed by J. Davis, London; initially on Edmeads and Pine laid paper.*

The full title reads; English Botany or, Coloured Figures of British Plants, with their Essential Characters, Synonyms and Places of Growth. The complete First Edition comprises 2,592 hand-coloured, finely detailed, copper-plate engravings, including 3 fold-outs, each with a single page of text. The work is comprehensively indexed with each of the 36 volumes having its own specific set. In September 1814, Sowerby published a comprehensive, 42 page, three-part final index comprising; two indexes with Latin nomenclature (systematical and alphabetical) and an index of the common English names. The final indexes were also sold to non-subscribers as a set that included a six-page index to Sowerby's concurrent

work "Coloured Figures of English Fungi or Mushrooms" (1797-1809 with five supplements to 1814) - the supplements not having previously been indexed.

Whilst extensive, the work was not initially intended to be comprehensive - Smith would be the first to attempt such a survey with his first two volumes of Flora Britannica. However, by the end of the work, "Sowerby's Botany" had become the most comprehensive, illustrated flora of Great Britain published up to that time. It included the first descriptions and illustrations of many mosses and lichens, a particular passion of both Sowerby and Smith. The very high quality, fully coloured plates accompanied by brief technical descriptions followed by lengthy comments in plain English resulted in the work's immediate popularity with the general public. The aesthetic appeal of the vivid hand coloured engravings earned Sowerby much praise.

And while we're on passion… here's a quiet little *mystery*. I can just remember someone called Aunty Annie, who had a house and a huge property near Colley Hill. We were told she wasn't a real aunt, but a dear friend of Charles. Rider once took us out 'badger watching' at night in the woods around her house – she was away at the time. Who exactly was she? Pauline let slip later that Aunty Annie was in fact Charles' secret mistress. That Agnes had had to live with this awkward arrangement. Can this be true? I've found a very friendly letter by someone who signs herself as Annie Taylor, leaving a botanical book to Rider, perhaps the Rohde 'Old English Herbals' in which I found the letter. But Annie Taylor refers to her "brothers", who had "thought so highly of this (book)". Yet in the 1881 census – there are four brothers mentioned and only one daughter, Isabella… Hmmm! There *was* an Annie Edith Taylor (née Pattenden) about CES's age and living in Reigate. Was *she* passionate about botany, I wonder, and did she live at Quarry

Orchard, Colley Lane? (And were her *Pattenden* brothers equally interested?! Perhaps we will never know, but then so much was hidden away in those long-lost days, in many families, not just ours.

My mother passed on to me (I shall not sell it) a magnificent solid gold, fob watch Charles must have been given or had made. It is peculiarly *un-Quakerly*, with the letters of his name standing in for numerals. He was not up to retirement age… So, was this a gift from his secret admirer(s)…?

I leave you with more of the weirdly wonderful and wayward names of English wildflowers:

> *White Bedstraw, Bitter Sweet, Adders Tongue, Bloody Dock, Feverfew, Hart's Tongue, Hearts Ease, Hounds Tongue, True Love, Loose Strife, Rattlegrass, Rapture Wort, Saracen's Confound, Self-heal, Solomon's Seal, Thorough Wax, Lady's Thistle, Viper's Bugloss, Sea Wormwood…*

ADDENDUM

Here is Culpeper's touching Preface and the beginning of his work. He died in 1654, the year following this warning and this touching farewell.

All other Authors that have written of the nature of Herbs, give not a bit of reason why such an Herb was appropriated to such a part of the body, nor why it cured such a disease. Truly my own body being sickly, brought me easily into a capacity, to know that health was the greatest of all earthly blessings, and truly he was never sick that doth not believe it. Then I considered that all medicines were compounded of Herbs, Roots, Flowers, Seeds, &c., and this first set me to work in studying the nature of simples, most of which I knew by sight before; and indeed all the Authors I could read gave me but little satisfaction in this particular, or none at all. I cannot build my faith upon Authors' words, nor believe a thing because they say it, and could wish every body were of my mind in this,—to labour to be able to give a reason for every thing they say or do. They say Reason makes a man differ from a Beast; if that be true, pray what are they that, *instead of reason for their judgment, quote old Authors? Perhaps their authors knew a reason for what they wrote, perhaps they did not; what is that to us? Do we know it? Truly in writing this work first, to satisfy myself, I drew out all the virtues of the vulgar or common[iv] Herbs, Plants, and Trees, &c., out of the best or most approved authors I had, or could get; and having done so, I set myself to study the reason of them. I knew well enough the whole world, and every thing in it, was formed of a composition of contrary elements, and in such a harmony as must needs show the wisdom and power of a great God. I knew as well this Creation, though thus composed of contraries, was one united body, and man an epitome of it: I knew those various affections in man, in respect of sickness and health, were caused naturally (though God may have other ends best known to himself) by the various operations of the Microcosm; and I could not be ignorant, that as the cause is, so must the cure be; and therefore he that would know the reason of the operation of the Herbs, must look up as high as the Stars, astrologically. I always found the disease vary according to the various motions of the Stars; and this is enough, one would think, to teach a man by the effect where the cause lies. Then to find out the reason of the operation of Herbs, Plants, &c., by the Stars went I; and herein I could find but few authors, but those as full of nonsense and contradiction as an egg is full of meat. This not being pleasing, and less profitable to me, I consulted with my two brothers, DR. REASON and DR. EXPERIENCE, and took a voyage to visit my mother NATURE, by whose advice, together with the help of DR. DILIGENCE, I at last obtained my desire; and, being warned by MR. HONESTY, a stranger in our days, to publish it to the world, I have done it.*

But you will say, What need I have written on this Subject, seeing so many famous and learned men have written so much of it in the English Tongue, much more than I have done?

To this I answer, neither GERRARD nor PARKINSON, or any that ever wrote in the like nature, ever gave one wise reason for what they wrote, and so did nothing else but train up young novices in Physic in the School of tradition, and teach them just as a parrot is taught to speak; an Author says so, therefore it is true; and if all that Authors say be true, why do they contradict one another? But in mine, if you view it with the eye of reason, you shall see a reason for everything that is written, whereby you may find the very

ground and foundation of Physic; you may know what you do, and wherefore you do it; and this shall call me Father, it being (that I know of) never done in the world before.

I have now but two things to write, and then I have done.

1. What the profit and benefit of this Work is.

2. Instructions in the use of it.

1. The profit and benefit arising from it, or that may occur to a wise man from it are many; so many that should I sum up all the particulars, my Epistle would be as big as my Book; I shall quote some few general heads.

First. The admirable Harmony of the Creation is herein seen, in the influence of Stars upon Herbs and the Body of Man, how one part of the Creation is subservient to another, and all for the use of Man, whereby the infinite power and wisdom of God in the creation appear; and if I do not admire at the simplicity of the Ranters, never trust me; who but viewing the Creation can hold such a sottish opinion, as that it was from eternity, when the mysteries of it are so clear to every eye? but that Scripture shall be verified to them, Rom. i. 20: "The invisible things of him from the Creation of the World are clearly seen, being understood by the[v] things that are made, even his Eternal Power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse."—And a Poet could teach them a better lesson;

"Because out of thy thoughts God shall not pass,
"His image stamped is on every grass."

This indeed is true, God has stamped his image on every creature, and therefore the abuse of the creature is a great sin; but how much the more do the wisdom and excellency of God appear, if we consider the harmony of the Creation in the virtue and operation of every Herb!

Secondly, Hereby you may know what infinite knowledge Adam had in his innocence, that by looking upon a creature, he was able to give it a name according to its nature; and by knowing that, thou mayest know how great thy fall was and be humbled for it even in this respect, because hereby thou art so ignorant.

Thirdly, Here is the right way for thee to begin at the study of Physic, if thou art minded to begin at the right end, for here thou hast the reason of the whole art. I wrote before in certain Astrological Lectures, which I read, and printed, intituled, Astrological Judgment of Diseases, what planet caused (as a second cause) every disease, how it might be found out what planet caused it; here thou hast what planet cures it by Sympathy and Antipathy; and this brings me to my last promise, viz.

Instructions for the right use of the book.

And herein let me premise a word or two. The Herbs, Plants, &c. are now in the book appropriated to their proper planets. Therefore,

First, Consider what planet causeth the disease; that thou mayest find it in my aforesaid Judgment of Diseases.

Secondly, Consider what part of the body is afflicted by the disease, and whether it lies in the flesh, or blood, or bones, or ventricles.

Thirdly, Consider by what planet the afflicted part of the body is governed: that my Judgment of Diseases will inform you also.

Fourthly, You may oppose diseases by Herbs of the planet, opposite to the planet that causes them: as diseases of Jupiter by herbs of Mercury, and the contrary; diseases of the Luminaries by the herbs of Saturn, and the contrary; diseases of Mars by herbs of Venus, and the contrary.

Fifthly, There is a way to cure diseases sometimes by Sympathy, and so every planet cures his own disease; as the Sun and Moon by their Herbs cure the Eyes, Saturn the Spleen, Jupiter the liver, Mars the Gall and diseases of choler, and Venus diseases in the instruments of Generation.

NICH. CULPEPER.

From my House in Spitalfields,
next door to the Red Lion,
September 5, 1653.

TO HIS DEAREST CONSORT
MRS. ALICE CULPEPER.

MY DEAREST,

THE works that I have published to the world (though envied by some illiterate physicians) have merited such just applause, that thou mayest be confident in proceeding to publish anything I leave thee, especially this master-piece: assuring my friends and countrymen, that they will receive as much benefit by this, as by my Dispensatory, and that incomparable piece called, Semiotica Uranica enlarged, and English Physician.

These are the choicest secrets, which I have had many years locked up in my own breast. I gained them by my constant practice, and by them I maintained a continual reputation in the world, and I doubt not but the world will honour thee for divulging them; and my fame shall continue and increase thereby, though the period of my Life and Studies be at hand, and I must now bid all things under the sun farewell. Farewell, my dear wife and child; farewell, Arts and Sciences, which I so dearly loved; farewell, all worldly glories; adieu, readers,

NICHOLAS CULPEPER.

NICHOLAS CULPEPER, the Author of this Work, was son of Nicholas Culpeper, a Clergyman, and grandson of Sir Thomas Culpeper, Bart. He was some time a student in the university of Cambridge, and soon after was bound apprentice to an Apothecary. He employed all his leisure hours in the study of Physic and Astrology, which he afterwards professed, and set up business in Spitalfields, next door to the Red Lion, (formerly known as the Half-way House between Islington and Stepney, an exact representation of which we have given under our Author's Portrait), where he had considerable practice, and was much resorted to for his advice, which he gave to the poor gratis. Astrological Doctors have always been highly respected; and those celebrated Physicians of the early times, whom our Author seems to have particularly studied, Hippocrates, Galen, and Avicen, regarded those as homicides who were ignorant of Astrology. Paracelsus, indeed, went farther; he declared, a Physician should be predestinated to the cure of his patient; and the horoscope should be inspected, the plants gathered at the critical moment, &c.

Culpeper was a writer and translator of several Works, the most celebrated of which is his Herbal, "being an astrologo-physical discourse of the common herbs of the nation; containing a complete Method or Practice of Physic, whereby a Man may preserve his Body in Health, or *cure himself when sick, with such things only as grow in England, they being most fit for English Constitutions."*

This celebrated, and useful Physician died at his house in Spitalfields, in the year 1654. This Book will remain as a lasting monument of his skill and industry.

"Culpeper, the man that first ranged the woods and climbed the mountains in search of medicinal and salutary herbs, has undoubtedly merited the gratitude of posterity."— DR. JOHNSON.

THE ENGLISH PHYSICIAN ENLARGED.

AMARA DULCIS.

CONSIDERING divers shires in this nation give divers names to one and the same herb, and that the common name which it bears in one county, is not known in another; I shall take the pains to set down all the names that I know of each herb: pardon me for setting that name first, which is most common to myself. Besides Amara Dulcis, some call it Mortal, others Bitter-sweet; some Woody Night-shade, and others Felon-wort.

Descript.] It grows up with woody stalks even to a man's height, and sometimes higher. The leaves fall off at the approach of winter, and spring out of the same stalk at spring-time: the branch is compassed about with a whitish bark, and has a pith in the middle of it: the main branch branches itself into many small ones with claspers, laying hold on what is next to them, as vines do: it bears many leaves, they grow in no order at all, at least in no regular order; the leaves are longish, though somewhat broad, and pointed at the ends: many of them have two little leaves growing at the end of their foot-stalk; some have but one, and some none. The leaves are of a pale green colour; the flowers are of a purple colour, or of a perfect blue, like to violets, and they stand many of them together in knots: the berries are green at first, but when they are ripe they are very red; if you taste them, you shall find them just as the crabs which we in Sussex call Bittersweet, viz. sweet at first and bitter afterwards.

Place.] They grow commonly almost throughout England, especially in moist and shady places.

Time.] The leaves shoot out about the latter end of March, if the temperature of the air be ordinary; it flowers in July, and the seeds are ripe soon after, usually in the next month.

Government and virtues.] It is under the planet Mercury, and a notable herb of his also, if it be rightly gathered under his influence. It is excellently good to remove witchcraft both in men and beasts, as also all sudden diseases whatsoever. Being tied round about the neck, is one of the most admirable remedies for the vertigo or dizziness in the head; and that is the reason (as Tragus saith) the people in Germany commonly hang it about their cattle's necks, when they fear any such evil hath betided[2] them: Country people commonly take the berries of it, and having bruised them, apply them to felons, and thereby soon rid their fingers of such troublesome guests.

We have now showed you the external use of the herb; we shall speak a word or two of the internal, and so conclude. Take notice, it is a Mercurial herb, and therefore of very subtile parts, as indeed all Mercurial plants are; therefore take a pound of the wood and leaves together, bruise the wood (which you may easily do, for it is not so hard as oak) then put it in a pot, and put to it three pints of white wine, put on the pot-lid and shut it close; and let it infuse hot over a gentle fire twelve hours, then strain it out, so have you a most excellent drink to open obstructions of the liver and spleen, to help difficulty of breath, bruises and falls, and congealed blood in any part of the body, it helps the yellow jaundice, the dropsy, and black jaundice, and to cleanse women newly brought to bed. You may drink a quarter of a pint of the infusion every morning. It purges the body very gently, and not churlishly as some hold. And when you find good by this, remember me.

They that think the use of these medicines is too brief, it is only for the cheapness of the book; let them read those books of mine, of the last edition, viz. Reverius, Veslingus, Riolanus, Johnson, Sennertus, and Physic for the Poor.

ALL-HEAL.

IT is called All-heal, Hercules's All-heal, and Hercules's Woundwort, because it is supposed that Hercules learned the herb and its virtues from Chiron, when he learned physic of him. Some call it Panay, and others Opopane-wort.

Descript.] Its root is long, thick, and exceeding full of juice, of a hot and biting taste, the leaves are great and large, and winged almost like ash-tree leaves, but that they are something hairy, each leaf consisting of five or six pair of such wings set one against the other upon foot-stalks, broad below, but narrow towards the end; one of the leaves is a little deeper at the bottom than the other, of a fair yellowish fresh green colour: they are of a bitterish taste, being chewed in the mouth; from among these rises up a stalk, green in colour, round in form, great and strong in magnitude, five or six feet in altitude, with many joints, and some leaves thereat; towards *the top come forth umbels of small yellow flowers, after which are passed away, you may find whitish, yellow, short, flat seeds, bitter also in taste.*

Place.] Having given you a description of the herb from bottom to top, give me leave to tell you, that there are other herbs called by this name; but because they are strangers in England, I give only the description of this, which is easily to be had in the gardens of divers places.

Time.] Although Gerrard saith, that they flower from the beginning of May to the end of December, experience teaches them that keep it in their gardens, that it flowers not till the latter end of the summer, and sheds its seeds presently after.

Government and virtues.] It is under the dominion of Mars, hot, biting, and choleric; and remedies what evils Mars inflicts the body of man with, by sympathy, as vipers' flesh attracts poison, and the loadstone iron. It kills the worms, helps the gout, cramp, and convulsions, provokes urine, and helps all joint-aches. It helps all cold griefs of the head, the vertigo, falling-sickness, the lethargy, the wind cholic, obstructions of the liver and spleen, stone in the kidneys and bladder. It provokes the terms, expels the dead birth: it is excellent good for the griefs of the sinews, itch, stone, and tooth-ache, the biting of mad dogs and venomous beasts, and purges choler very gently.

So now you know a little more about how to protect yourself from all such evils…! And lastly, two more of Charles' ever so delicate flower paintings: