FOREWORD

Of all the gardening literature of this and ages past, nothing has survived longer, and little has been extolled more, than has this poem, *Hortulus* – meaning in English, *The little garden*. It has survived this long, and should live for more than as long again, not because of gardening innovations, accounts of new plants, or pharmacological discoveries reported in it, but because it is beautiful poetry, because it is full of man's love for the earth and for the plants he grows in it. It is pure gardening literature, not an herbal nor an agricultural account.

The principal manuscript of this poem, written by a scribe in a clear Carolingian hand about a quarter of a century after the poet's death in the year 849, long lay fallow awaiting recognition as a ninth-century work of high literary merit. In fact, it lay among the documents at the Benedictine monastery in St. Gall for nearly six hundred years before it was discovered, recopied (with errors made in the copying) and first set in type. This was done at the instance of Joachim von Watt (born in St. Gall in 1484, and better known by the latinized form of his name, Vadianus). In August 1509 Vadianus sent the poem, copied hastily from the St. Gall manuscript, to his Viennese friend and teacher, Georg Tannstetter Collimitius – mathematician, astronomer, physician, and patron of the arts. Collimitius arranged for it to be printed in Vienna by Hieronymus Vietor, who dated the
volume 29 October 1510. The manuscript written by Walahfrid Strabo about AD 840 thus became known in central Europe six centuries after its composition, and nearly sixty years after the appearance of the Gutenberg Bible. It stands today as one of the landmarks of gardening literature.

According to an account written by Gabathuler in 1942 the St. Gall manuscript passed, in 1600, into the hands of one Melchior Goldast, whose library was bought in 1635 by the mayor of Hansstadt. From him it was acquired by Queen Christina of Sweden, daughter of Gustav Adolf. After her conversion to catholicism and abdication of the throne, she delivered it to Cardinal Azzolini, who, in 1690, presented it to the Vatican library. There, it is a part (leaves 29r-39r) of Codex Vaticanus Latinus bibliothecae reginae no. 459. It is this same manuscript that is here reproduced in facsimile for what is believed to be the first time. Other manuscripts of the Hortulus include: one, of the 9th century but incomplete, in the Vatican library; another, of the 11th century, at the State Library of Munich (the basis of the Reuss edition of 1834). See also pp. 14-15.

Most of the printed editions of the Hortulus are from the Vadianus copy of 1510, and reflect orthographic changes from the original manuscript, not to mention typographical errors by the printer. Not until 1884, when Ernst Dümmeler's classical study appeared, was the poem made the subject of thorough bibliographical investigation. At the same time all previous editions were collated and comparisons were made with the manuscript version in Vatican Codex no. 469.

The late Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt proposed that
this work be considered as a volume of the Hunt Facsimile Series. Not only was the significance of the poem well known to her, but she had collected all but the French edition of it — including the now excessively rare editio princeps of 1510. Her interest in the production of a facsimile edition was further stimulated by the appreciation that the only English translation ever published offered ample opportunity for improvement, both in accuracy of translation and excellence of style. The decision to produce this edition was reached in part by encouragement to do so from Dr. Harold W. Rickett, of the New York Botanical Garden and at that time (1962) a member of this library’s Advisory Committee. He had given considerable study to the poem and had made a preliminary English translation.

No manuscript of the Hortulus in the hand of Walahfrid Strabo is known to exist, only the two near-contemporary copies. Through generous assistance from Rev. P. Alfonso Raes, S.J., of La Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana, the Hunt Botanical Library was provided with photographic negatives of the manuscript, on vellum, of the St. Gall draft of the Hortulus (the Vatican Codex no. 469 leaves 29-39), together with permission to reproduce it in facsimile and in English translation. Like most medieval Latin manuscripts this is replete with words in condensed or abbreviated form, and is most difficult for anyone but a specialist to read. The decision was made that this library should publish (1) the Vatican manuscript in facsimile, without reduction in size, (2) a transcription of that copy in classical Latin form, (3) an English translation in free verse (not in the hexameter of the
original), and (4) supporting accounts of the poet, the plants he wrote about, and the published editions.

The name of this poet is variously cited and spelled in the literature. As Wilfrid Blunt explains (p. 1), the name Walahfrid Strabo means "Walahfrid the Squint-eyed." Despite the use of the designator Strabo by itself in the first two printed editions of the *Hortulus*, it is considered incorrect to treat Strabo (or its variant, Strabus) as if it was his surname. It was no more than an identifying nickname. Citations such as "Strabo, Walahfrid" are inadmissible. The only family name he had, in the sense that it was given by his family, was Walahfrid. When it is desired to shorten his two-word name, one drops the Strabo. One will find in the literature about him every spelling variant, although in the oldest manuscript it is spelled Walahfrid (see *Encycl. Brit.*, ed. 11). These variants include Walafred (Choulant 1832, and Reuss 1834), Walafaed (Luxmoore 1922), and Walafried (Sierp 1924).

Mr. Raef Payne, of the Classical department of Eton College, Windsor, prepared the transcription and the English translation. To assist him with the latter, Dr. Rickett most generously made available his own notes and provisional translation. The penultimate draft of the transcription and translation were read critically by Mr. Ronald E. Latham, noted medievalist and Latinist at the Public Records Office, London. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, a leading authority on botanical art, and longtime devotee of Walahfrid Strabo, consented to prepare the biographical account of this Benedictine monk (809-849). Mr. Blunt also contributed substantially to concepts for the design of this book, and it was on his recommendation that
Henry Evans, of San Francisco, prepared the linoleum cuts reproduced here in association with the Latin and English texts of the poem. I myself prepared the bibliographical studies.

The design of the binding's spine was commissioned of Mr. Arnold Bank, noted calligrapher and specialist with Carolingian scripts. His patient understanding of technical requirements and his success when capturing the spirit of the original manuscript, are gratefully acknowledged.

To all persons who contributed to the planning, preparation, and production of this book, I am pleased to express thanks and gratitude on behalf of the Hunt Botanical Library. In addition to those mentioned above, I include also Mr. John S. L. Gilmour, University Botanic Garden, Cambridge; Dr. Elizabeth McClintock, California Academy of Sciences, San Francisco; Dr. Rogers McVaugh, University of Michigan; Dr. William T. Stearn, British Museum (Natural History); and Professor Karl Morrison, University of Chicago. Special thanks are extended to Mr. Henry Evans, artist and printmaker of San Francisco, for his patience and understanding when bending his talents the better to reconcile his aesthetic expression and our design requirements. Miss Flavia Zortea of the Hunt Botanical Library staff, who assisted in the layout of the illustrations. I am also grateful to Mr. J. Peter Engel, and to Mr. H. Clewits of the firm of Joh. Enschedé en Zonen, of Haarlem, for their skillful assistance in the production and design of this volume.

George H. M. Lawrence, Director
Hunt Botanical Library

10 November 1965
CONTENTS

Foreword ........................................ vii

Walahfrid Strabo ................................... 1
by Wilfrid Blunt

The Hortulus in facsimile ...................... 19

The Hortulus in transcription and translation . 21
by Raef Payne

Editions of the Hortulus ....................... 69
by George H. M. Lawrence

The plants of the Hortulus .................... 79

References ...................................... 83

Index ............................................ 87
WALAHFRID STRABO
BY WILFRID BLUNT

Walahfrid Strabo—"Walahfrid the Squint-eyed"—was born about the year 809 in Alemannia, that part of south-west Germany that was later to become more generally known as Swabia.

There is little record of his parents. Probably they were pious or poor, or perhaps both; for when their son was about eight years old they placed him as an oblate in the Benedictine Abbey of Reichenau, on the Bodensee (Lake Constance). The Abbey, which stands on an island in the Untersee, the western arm of the Lake, had been founded in 724 and was closely associated with the yet older establishment of St. Gall, about twenty-five miles to the south-east. It was in touch, too, with the court of Aachen where, shortly before the boy's arrival at Reichenau, Louis the Pious had succeeded his father, Charlemagne, as Emperor; this connection with the court was later to have an important influence on Walahfrid's career.

The boy took kindly to monastic life. His tutor, Wettin, thought highly of the ability of this "young barbarian" (as Walahfrid later described his youthful self). There were profitable hours spent in the study of history and philology with Reginbert, the Librarian; and Grimald, the Head of the Abbey school, soon realised with pleasure that he had acquired an outstanding pupil.

Before long the boy's particular gift became apparent: he
had a remarkable talent for the writing of Latin verse, and by the time he was fifteen his compositions had begun to attract a good deal of attention. A monk named Tatto was now his tutor—a man who stood for reform, who mistrusted the “humanism” of Charlemagne and who deplored the cult and imitation of the pagan poets. It happened that Tatto wished to send to Ebbo, Archbishop of Rheims, one of those flattering addresses which high prelates expect to receive from any who seek their patronage; he therefore invited his talented pupil to compose for him suitable verses, and these were duly despatched. The boy also sent, on his own behalf, verses to Thegan, a bishop in the diocese of Trier, writing humbly “as a mouse to a giant.” There are other letters in verse and in prose; and to one of his correspondents he engagingly recalls his identity: “’Tis the boy, Father, with the squint who writes these words to you.”

It seems that it was three of Walahfrid’s friends who encouraged him to begin his first considerable composition—a life, in hexameters, of the monk and martyr, Mammes. There followed the biography of another martyr—the Irish saint, Blaithmaic—who had recently been murdered by the Danes; Walahfrid had no doubt heard the details from Irish pilgrims visiting Reichenau.

These were impressive performances for a boy; but they were still immature; perhaps it needed the personal experience of unhappiness to draw out what was finest in him. In 823 the Abbot of Reichenau, Haito, had retired, and Walahfrid found his successor, Erlebald, uncongenial. Then Grimald was appointed chaplain to the Emperor’s son,
Louis the German, King of Bavaria; and in 824 Wettin died. Walahfrid had been devoted to his first teachers; he felt lost and unhappy, and wrote of his misery to Grimald. It was at the suggestion of Adalgis, one of the senior monks, that the boy began, probably in the year 826, his first major work, *Visio Wettini*, the Vision of Wettin.

Wettin, shortly before his death, had experienced a Dantesque vision. One night his cell had been invaded by evil spirits dressed as monks and brandishing instruments of torture. They finally fled at the approach of his Guardian Angel, who played Virgil to his Dante and who now led him down to hell. Here in a river of flame were the damned, not a few of whom, he noticed, were members of the clergy, and some of these high dignitaries of the church. Purgatory followed; and there, to his surprise, Wettin saw Charlemagne himself, expiating the lusts of his old age. Of heaven he was afforded but the briefest glimpse: “tomorrow,” said his Angel, “you will depart from life on earth; while there is still time, let us pray the Lord for mercy on your soul.” Then, as the Martyrs pleaded for him and the Holy Virgins drew near, the Glory of the Lord shone round about them. Such, in brief, was Wettin’s vision, which next morning he described to Haito – now, since his retirement from high office, a simple monk at Reichenau. That evening, at the hour of Vespers, Wettin died.

Haito had written down in Latin prose what Wettin had told him; it was this account that Walahfrid, only too conscious of his unworthiness for such a task, now began to turn into verse. Erlebald had little sympathy for poetry,
and Tatto's attitude to it was old-fashioned. "Of course," Walahfrid wrote to Grimald, "Abbot Erlebald, who rules us, and my teacher Tatto, will have to be told; it's wrong for a monk to hide anything from his abbot. If they think my verses are full of foul lies, they will punish me. I'm afraid they won't take my youthfulness into consideration, and I shall get a sound beating. They are skilful in writing verse, as they are in other arts; but they care little for it. I beg you to come to my aid."

Adalgis and Grimald urged him on, and in due course the poem was completed. How it was generally received is not recorded; there survives, however, a generous letter of appreciation from Agobard, Archbishop of Lyons. For the subject matter Walahfrid was not, of course, responsible; but those references to corruption in high places in church and state may well have caused raised eyebrows at court. Wettin's vision foreshadowed, only too clearly, the approaching disruption of Charlemagne's empire.

It was in this same year, 826, that Walahfrid was sent from Reichenau to the sister establishment at Fulda. No doubt this move to a more important centre of learning was in part a recognition of his achievements; yet perhaps Erlebald and Tatto were not altogether sorry to see the young poet transferred elsewhere. The Abbot of Fulda at this time was Hrabanus Maurus, a pupil of Alcuin and one of the finest scholars of his day; under his sympathetic guidance Walahfrid continued work on a glossa of the scriptures that he had begun at Reichenau. It was Hrabanus, too, who developed in the youth that firm belief in the
sacredness and unity of the empire which was to influence his later career.

While at Fulda, Walahfrid formed a romantic friendship with a brilliant young man of about his own age – Gottschalk, the son of a Saxon noble. Together they studied Virgil, and as “Servius Honoratus” and “Fulgentius”\(^2\) dedicated poems to one another. This friendship was later to cause Walahfrid much sorrow. Gottschalk had been brought as a child to Fulda, and as time passed he became increasingly aware that monastic life was not his vocation. Further, his Saxon background was a handicap. Denounced at last for the unorthodoxy of his views, he left the monastery in disgrace to lead a wandering and a troubled life. He preached what he had come to believe, and so persuasively that he began to make converts; in 849, therefore, he was brought before the Synod of Quierzy, proclaimed a heretic and forthwith flogged until he was on the point of death. What finally became of him is not known.\(^3\)

Walahfrid’s friendship with this dangerous young man does not seem to have damaged his prospects. At twenty he was a poet and a humanist of no little reputation. He was even better known, among churchmen of the stricter sort, as a learned commentator on the Bible. And Grimald, in Aachen, was keeping a fatherly eye on him. When, in 829, the Emperor was looking for a tutor for his six-year-old son, Charles, it was no doubt Grimald who played an important part in getting his protégé appointed.

Walahfrid arrived at court to find himself in a hotbed of intrigue; and the cause of it was Charles and his mother.
By his first wife Louis had had three sons: Lothar, Pippin, and Louis the German. In 817 he had made a division of his empire, to be fully operative after his death. Lothar was proclaimed King of the Franks and promised the succession to the imperial throne; to Pippin went Aquitaine; to Louis, Bavaria. The following year the Empress died, and in 819 Louis married Judith, daughter of Welf, Count of Bavaria. Their son, Charles, was born in 823, and his beautiful and accomplished mother set to work at once to assure his future.

Lothar at first co-operated with his stepmother. But he and his brothers soon realised that their inheritances were to be curtailed for the sake of this Benjamin; when Charles was promised Rhaetia, Alsace, part of Burgundy, and Alemannia, they immediately rose in revolt. The fluctuating fortunes of the civil war that followed are too complicated to describe in detail. In the spring of 830 the Emperor surrendered at Compiègne and Judith was imprisoned in Poitiers. Then the three brothers fell out among themselves; the same autumn the Emperor was reinstated, Judith released from prison, and Charles's inheritance confirmed and even enlarged. In 833 and 834 the story was repeated, with Lothar as the ring-leader of the revolt; but this time Louis not only recovered, but retained his throne.

What happened to Walahfrid during the first revolt is not known, but it can hardly be doubted, that he shared the fate of the Emperor and Empress. He had made no secret of his admiration of Judith, and as Charles's tutor he must inevitably have been considered by Lothar and his brothers as being in the enemy's camp. Soon after his arrival at
court he had written *Versus de imagine Tetrici* , a poem inspired by the golden equestrian statue of King Theodoric which Louis had brought from Ravenna and erected in front of the royal palace. In it he contrasted the tyrant Goth with the good Emperor Louis, portrayed as Moses leading his people out of the wilderness. Judith he compared to Rachel leading her little Benjamin by the hand, and the inference was obvious. Already in his description of the statue, where “the pigeons flew in and out of their nesting in the nostrils and wide-open mouth of his war horse, and, all around, trees, flowers, and sky were radiant in the sun of springtime,” 4 we see evidence of that love of nature that was later to find fuller expression in the *Hortulus* .

During the second revolt Walahfrid accompanied his pupil into exile, and brought him back to Aachen when the Emperor was reinstated in 834. Life at court now returned to normal. We do not know how exacting were Walahfrid’s duties, but clearly he had plenty of leisure for his own work. Poems poured from his pen: verses in praise of Louis, Judith, and Charles, and of friends he had made at court. He gave a better shape to crudely written lives of Gall, and of Othmar – first abbot of St. Gall. He made an abridgement of Hrabanus’ voluminous *Commentaries on the Pentateuch* – a work which earned an acid marginal comment from one medieval reader: “Hrabanus an excellent scholar, wrote the explanations; Strabo merely added the feeble captions.”

Life at court continued to be delightful, and Walahfrid must have regretted the day when, in 838, his fifteen-year-
old pupil came of age and his services were no longer required. Walahfrid's work had been well done, though he did not live long enough to see the full fruits of it; as "Charles the Bald," King of the western Franks, his pupil was to give great stimulus and support to scholarship in France, and it was not wholly in vain that he was dubbed by his admirers "the second Charlemagne." As for Louis, he showed his gratitude by recommending the appointment of his son's tutor as Abbot of Reichenau, in place of Erlebald who had recently retired. Thus at thirty Walahfrid returned to rule over the monastery where he had once been a member of the community.

Now Louis had forgotten — or perhaps chosen to ignore — that the monks of Reichenau had the right to elect their abbot; their candidate was a monk named Ruadheim, who was probably a partisan of Louis the German. Walahfrid, dedicated to the idea of the indivisible empire with Lothar as its legitimate ruler, would not even have supported the cause of his own pupil Charles against that of the eldest son of the Emperor. He had considerable difficulty in establishing his authority, but it would seem that Louis exerted his influence and that within a year his position was recognized. All now seemed to be set fair for Walahfrid; but in those troubled times danger was always round every corner and men lived from day to day.

Pippin, Louis' second son, had died in 838, and in the redistribution of lands which the Emperor therefore made in 840 Louis the German fared worst, his portion remaining what it had previously been — the Kingdom of Bavaria. In
that same year Louis also died, and Louis the German
reversed himself on his father by plundering Alemannia.
Walahfrid was driven from Reichenau, and it was not until
two years later that he was able to return there.

Now civil war again broke out. Lothar and Pippin's
young son, Pippin II, joined forces against Louis the Ger-
man and Charles. Walahfrid, putting loyalty to the Empire
before loyalty to his old pupil, sided with Lothar. The
Truce of Orléans, signed in November of the same year,
was only a respite, and on 25th June 841 was fought, near
Auxerre, the bloody and indecisive Battle of Fontenoy.5
"So great a slaughter was wrought on both sides," wrote
a contemporary, "as never can our memory recall at any
time before among the Franks." The following year the
brothers met near Mâcon and agreed to keep the peace.
Finally, in August 843, with the signing of the Treaty of
Verdun, agreement was reached over the distribution of the
disputed territories, and peace again reigned. It was in this
year, too, that Judith died.

Meanwhile Walahfrid had been in Speyer. In a letter to
Hrabanus at Fulda he speaks of his mental anguish and of
his penury; he has not, he says, even sandals for his feet,
and he begs Hrabanus to help him. To Lothar, too, he
writes: "I have suffered much by your father's death. For-
gotten are the fields of Alemannia. I have fled from lands
ruined by division within the Empire. Put out your hand,
hallowed Emperor, to help those who have followed you."
But Reichenau was in Louis the German's territory, and it
was probably Grimald, for many years in his service and
recently appointed Abbot of St. Gall, who brought about Walahfrid's return from exile. At all events, in 842, many months before the signing of the Treaty of Verdun, Walahfrid found himself once again at Reichenau.

Walahfrid was now about thirty-three years old, and in such leisure as administration of a large monastery afforded him he turned again energetically to literary pursuits. He completed an important prose work that very possibly he had begun while in exile in Speyer: On the Beginnings and on the Growth of Observances in the Church. He edited Einhard's life of Charlemagne and Thegan's life of Louis the Pious. And it was probably now, too, that he composed, in the calm of the monastic garden, his De cultura hortorum – the twenty-seven short poems, given by a later scribe the general title of Hortulus or "The Little Garden," by which he is best remembered today. Then, on 18th August 849, while on a mission from Louis the German to Charles, he met his death by drowning as he was crossing the river Loire.

In all likelihood this accident deprived history of another name to rank with Bede and Alcuin, from whom Walahfrid was intellectually descended. Short though his life was, he none the less found time to write several major poems, a number of lyrics, the verses on gardening which are our immediate concern, and at least a part of the monumental Glossa ordinaria which became an indispensable work of reference for every reputable medieval library. Walahfrid seems to have been a man of strong character, who combined scholarship and the love of letters with considerable
administrative ability. His brief tenure of office at Reichenau was of sufficient importance to warrant the setting aside of the anniversary of his death as a *Jahrgedächtnis*.

**Sources for the Life of Walahfrid**

Sources for the life of Walahfrid are numerous; indeed, of scarcely any other literary figure of the time is so much known. First come the records preserved at Reichenau, of which Beyerle has made full use in his *Die Kultur der Abtei Reichenau* (pp. 92-107). These include the *Verbrüderungsbuch*, or register of the brotherhood of monks, and a number of formulæs, among the latter being a remarkable collection of letters preserved as *Formulae Augienses C*, a ninth-century manuscript. Copies of letters, though with the names of sender and recipient usually omitted, were commonly kept as models of correspondence.

These particular letters were examined by Dümmler, who believed some of them to be connected with Walahfrid; they are described in detail in a paper by Bayerle (*Hist. Aufs. 1927*: 82-98). The first is from a former pupil begging for readmission to the monastery. Bayerle ascribes it to Walahfrid, and conjures up from it, and from No. 16, an improbable episode of expulsion and foreign travel for which there is no other evidence stronger than the strained relations which are known to have existed between Walahfrid and Erlebald. The possibility that the errant brother might have been Walahfrid's friend Gottschalk does not seem to have been entertained by modern scholars. Other
letters are requests for various services — for prayers, for seeds of chive ("not to be bought in all France"), for Augustine’s De civitate Dei, for the loan of a glass-worker, and for an account of the Trojan War. There are also letters of thanks for various gifts and favours received.

An elaborate production entitled The school life of Walahfrid Strabo, supposedly translated from the German by James Darre Butler and purporting to be from an autobiographical fragment, has been shown to be spurious. It is, however, done with such skill as to afford a plausible picture of the education of a boy in a convent school of the ninth century. It was not written by Walahfrid or by any monk of those times; but it might well have been.

THE HORTULUS

The bulk of Walahfrid’s writings comprises commentaries, and the editing of the work of others; his Hortulus is his unique excursion into the realm of nature.

For its inspiration we must turn first to Virgil, with whose Georgics Walahfrid was very familiar. But the Hortulus is in no way a réchauffé, or a pastiche, of a classical poem which had caught a scholar’s fancy; it is a down-to-earth practical but very artful manual by a man who had a garden of his own, who loved it and who himself cultivated it. No unprejudiced reader can doubt this. It has often been said of Virgil that he merely supervised the labour of slaves; whether or not this is true can never now be known. But Walahfrid unquestionably “hardened and
dirtied his hands with hard work;" it was he himself who "spread whole basketfuls of dung on the sun parched soil;" he tells us so, and we believe him. The heart of every gardener will go out to him as he wrestles with his incorrigible nettles, as he wonders what he can possibly grow in that shady or that arid corner, as he destroys the mole runs or waits impatiently for the germination of the seed that he has sown.

In Walahfrid’s day a garden was, of course, principally a kitchen garden— a place to grow medicinal herbs and vegetables; most of the plants he discusses are not therefore those which would be acceptable in a modern flower garden. It was of fennel, mint, gourds, and other useful plants that he chiefly wrote. But the rose and the lily, symbols of faith and the Passion, are there too, and he makes them the excuse for a rapt mysticism very far removed from the practical advice which he gives on the "virtues" and culture of his herbs.

The Hortulus is dedicated to Grimald, and the question very naturally arises: when, exactly, was it written? Some scholars have attempted to show that it was an early work, composed when Walahfrid was a student at the Abbey school of Reichenau and Grimald its head. But it seems to me far more probable that it was written during that Indian summer of his brief life when he was Abbot of Reichenau. He appears to be addressing himself, in his dedication, to one who is absent — to one, therefore, who was at St. Gall, sitting in his orchard there and surrounded by his smiling pupils.
But it matters little. What is important is that this enchanting poem has been spared to us. Today, when Walahfrid's more laborious compilations are no more than unopened folios on dusty library shelves, its author still lives in our memory as the first man to write a book in praise of gardens. There is no need to say more; the poem will speak for itself.

MANUSCRIPTS OF THE HORTULUS

Four medieval manuscripts of the Hortulus exist, the most important being that which is here reproduced in facsimile. It is not the work of Walahfrid's own hand, but the fine Caroline minuscules suggest that it was written some time during the second half of the ninth century, and by a scribe who had learned his craft in Alemannia.

An inscription on the first leaf of the volume, "Hunc librum Ruodolf p(ricia?) lucratus sancto Bonifacio," would seem to imply that a monk named Rudolf acquired it for St. Boniface (probably Fulda). It is listed in the catalogue, made in 1461, of the library of St. Gall.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century the manuscript came into the possession of the humanist, Melchior Goldast, who had been studying medieval documents at St. Gall. (One may well wonder under what circumstances he managed to acquire this and other manuscripts belonging to the monastery). In 1624 Goldast, because of the disturbed state of the country during the Thirty Years' War, withdrew to Bremen, where he deposited his collection in
the town library. Some time after his death in 1635 the town purchased his books, but it was soon obliged to sell the most valuable of them. Many of the manuscripts, including the *Hortulus*, now passed into the hands of Queen Christina of Sweden, who carried them out of the country with her after her abdication in 1654. At her death in Rome in 1689 her library was inherited by Cardinal Azzolini, and the following year the *Hortulus*, along with other of her manuscripts, came finally to rest in the Vatican Library, where it is catalogued as *Codex Vaticanus Latinus bibliotheca regiae 469* (C).

A second and incomplete ninth-century manuscript of the *Hortulus*, containing only the first 340 lines of the poem, is also in the Vatican library (*Codex Romanus Palatinus 1519*), and an eleventh-century copy, with important annotations, is in the Stadtbibliothek, Leipzig (I 4° 53). In 1463 the Nuremberg humanist, Hartmann Schedel, made a copy of the poem, probably from the Leipzig manuscript; this is now in Munich in the Staatsbibliothek (*Codex latinus monacensis 666*).

**PRINTED EDITIONS AND COMMENTARIES**

In the year 1509 the Swiss humanist Joachim von Watt, better known as Vadianus, chanced upon the manuscript of the *Hortulus* in the St. Gall library and was immediately captivated by it. The following year he published the text in Vienna, and two years later a second edition was printed in Nuremberg. What called for this new edition is not
known: perhaps the first was exhausted; or possibly Vadianus was dissatisfied with what by modern standards would certainly be considered a rather slipshod production. At all events the Nuremberg edition was a marked improvement upon its predecessor.

Vadianus, in his dedications, makes it clear that he fully realised that he had stumbled upon something quite out of the ordinary – a little treasure that deserved to be rescued and endowed with such immortality as he could give it. He was successful: seven more "editions" of the Hortulus were called for in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and one in the eighteenth.

In the nineteenth century the poem attracted the attention of more critical scholars. The text was edited by Reuss in 1834 (cf. p. 72), and was included in Migne's Patrologiae cursus completus, series Latina, vol. 114 (1852), and in the Monumenta Germaniae historica, series Poetae latini aevi carolini, vol. II (1884). It was extensively analysed by Sierp in K. Bayerle's Die Kultur der Abtei Reichenau (1925). Sierp quotes a partial translation by Baumgartner in German hexameters; whether or not the latter made a full translation of the text does not seem to be known.

In England the Hortulus was "discovered" by H. E. Luxmoore, an Eton master whose garden has become almost as famous as Walahfrid's. Luxmoore published his findings in 1922 in the Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society. If one is sometimes irritated by the thoroughness of German scholarship, a glance at Luxmoore's article will serve as a corrective. Luxmoore writes of the Hortulus as
“a rare Latin poem by Walahfrid Strabo, dated about 800 A.D., when the great Karl was at the height of his power” – unaware, apparently, that Charlemagne had died when Walahfrid was a child of five. He speaks, too, of his concern for Walahfrid’s “aging back;” of the “cheerful old monk” whose “poor old teeth” were doubtless a source of worry to him. Luxmoore, when he wrote these absurdities, was many years older than this “gentle old churchman,” who died at the age of forty.

Though Luxmoore translated – and pleasantly enough – one or two passages of the Hortulus, it would seem that there has been only one complete translation of the poem into English. This was the work of Richard Stanton Lambert, who in 1924 produced a pretty little book, “printed by hand” in a very small edition and decorated with woodcuts by Elinor Lambert. No doubt it was Luxmoore’s article which drew his attention to the poem. Lambert turned Walahfrid’s hexameters into neat but rather jingling rhymed anapaests; the translation is very free, sometimes felicitous, not always accurate.

The French followed in 1933, when Henri Leclerc produced Le petit jardin; the Latin text is here accompanied by a translation and commentary.

In 1942 the Hortulus was translated into German hexameters by Werner Näf and provided with annotations by Matthäus Gabathuler. The book was beautifully produced and, very appropriately, published in St. Gall. The hexameter, so unmanageable in English, is well adapted to the German language; praise could hardly be too high for this
fine and scholarly translation, which succeeds in preserving the rustic flavour of the original. The Latin text and the German version confront one another, and the book is illustrated with woodcuts taken from the sixteenth-century herbals of Brunfels, Fuchs, and Bock. A revised edition was published in 1957.

There are some very apt observations on Walahfrid and his Hortulus in M. L. W. Laistner, Thought and letters in Western Europe, A.D. 500 to 900, 2nd ed. (Cornell, 1957), and especially in M. Manitius, Geschichte der lateinischen Literatur des Mittelalters (1 Teil, Munich, 1911), pp. 302-315. Eleanour S. Duckett, Carolingian Portraits (Michigan, 1962) is stimulating reading for anyone who wishes to get a fuller picture of the author of the Hortulus and the age in which he lived.

1 July 1965

(1) The Abbey fell into decay in the fourteenth century as the result of mal-administration, and was secularised in 1799. The Church, which was consecrated in 805, serves today as the parish church of the island’s chief village, Münster (Mittelzell). The tower and nave of the original building survive. Charles the Fat, Charlemagne’s great-grandson, is buried there. The island is now joined to the German shore of the Lake by a causeway.

(2) The names of two famous commentators on Virgil.

(3) For a fuller account of Gottschalk’s life see Duckett, op. cit., pp. 130 and 153-58.

(4) Duckett, op. cit., pp. 133-34.

(5) Not, of course, to be confused with the Fontenoy in Belgium, scene of a more famous battle in 1745.

(6) Most modern scholars incline to the belief that the Glossa was a twelfth-century compilation probably incorporating some of Walahfrid’s writings.
THE HORTULUS

In Facsimile
The following folded leaves present, in facsimile, the 9th century calligraphic manuscript of the *Hortulus*, comprising ff. 30-39 of the *Codex Latinus bibliotheca regia* no. 469.

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La Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana
protegat geliciter. Salve
Turba quod simul piorum
Quid sunt proximi.
Accedite penes supiam
Poscimus clementiam. Salve
Sibi dignam triformem
Pangimus potentiae
Quaete sanum uexit illuc
Frangorum perregina. Salve

Incipit liber decultura hortorum
Arabis cultura bonis feliciter

1. Decultura hortorum

11 Difficultas assumpti laboris

111 Instarum culturae & fructus operis

111 Salina
V Ruta
VI Abrotanum
VII Cucurbita
VIII ppones
VIII Absinthium
X Marrubium
XI Feniculum
XII Gladiola
XIII Lyristicum
XXVIII. cerfolium
XXV. Lilium
XXVI. papauer
XXVII. Sclaregga
XXVIII. menta
XXVIII. puleium
XX. Apium
XXI. vettonica
XXII. Agrimonia
XXIII. Ambrosia
XXIII. Nepeta
XXV. Rafaenum
XXVI. Rosa
XXVII. commendatio opusculi

DECULTURA HORTORUM

Multiplese hautorum opes contempnent sibi
Ausiburam iteat calloriasque aere duro
D etrectat fuscare manus et tercera plerum
Virtut inarinti disponere pulviret qualis
Haec non sibi mihi patefact opinius in amore
Vulgis: quinta libris nec lectio priscus
Sed labor et studium quibus orta longa dier
post postulat certum rebus docuere pateat
Bruma sequetur iurancula tonus annu
Venter amplifici consumptorque saeua laborus
V erisubi aduentur terrarum pulsa submas
Dilatunt latebras usque horrida avare
Verbiemis reducere rerum delere parare
S cernate antiquo languentia rupturorum
Reddere uer-orbis primi caput adeae annu
Putor aurad am ci am reterare terebun
uncta etque zephyrosque herbe floreique tecum
Temura porrigent radicis acuminacex
Tecladui gremio canasqu excusa prunas
C uilue folis montis quoque gramine pingui
Prata: conspicuis uerum retent sax a usectus
De molent quod prospitibus mihi parua patenti
Area uestibulo solis convivit ad ortum
Vtricce impulerunt cupi quoptequor parum
Inlita feruenti creuerunt tela ueneno
Quid faceré tamen siquis erat radicibus infra orto catenatis utriding ut sexere lentus
viminius cratref stabulisole arte magister
vingula cornipedum si quando homine nocetur
colletto & putris imitatur marida fungor
Ergo morbum pensaturn idem facientes
Agregare globos torpentes aquavit auratus
spone renascendum complexibitur urticarum
Ergo numbriculis habitata cubilia talpis
D ruo lumbrosorum reuocans inluminosorae
indeto coquitur labris solisque calore
Aeola & lignus e diffusus obtita quadrar
Altis apnato modicium resupina lenatur
Tota minuta in tabris contundetur unci
Et pinguis fermenta simi suspensus altatur
Semineque quidem tempus holsmsula quidam,
Stirpibus; antiquis prince reuocare uuent

Denique uernali interdū conspergatur imbres
parua segetis tenuesque foveat praelanda uel cissim
Luna comas surrursit; quando seca negabat
Tempore vertus opem: culture impulsus amor
quippe siti maxens gracile torpescere fibras
Flumina pura cadis inferre capitibus acris
curans studio & proprius infundere palmis
Cuttatim: neforte ferocior impaurosundas
Ingere x nimbis & semina facta moueris
Nec mora germinibus uesteur tota tenellis
Areola & quamquam illius partis sub alta
Arectus tecto pulmarum & muneris expers
S quaestat aerii parilla perennibus umbritis
Diffugiat solem paries cui celior igneri
S idris accessum lateris negat obice duri
Nomine nullam abi fuerant quae credra pridem
S pestine cremenient pigro sub cespitre clausit
Quin potiusque sica fere & translatata subactis
S suscepti scrobibus redi inuo plena utore
Reticuit reparans numeroso semina fructu
Nunc opus ingenii docili nunc pector & ore
Nomina quoprim uires opus adungere tante
Meditationem res parvis ornentur honore

Lelyagus prima fulgea fronte locorum
Dulcis odore granum virumque atque utilius suavissimum
plumbus hec hominibus morbis prodest & repra
perpauco uiris merut gaudere uentur
S ed tolerat cui le malum n sita parentem
Progenies floruit suert nisempta purae
Et facit antiquos desungier inuidia ramos

Hoc nemus umbriferum pingitur undissimurate
Silvula cerulea foliusque predesta parum
Um bella incolumata breui speraminis uentu
E traditos phoebi caules transmittit ad imor
Attalusque graues leni dispigit odoris
Hec cum multiplicii uigitat uirtute medellae
Dictum occultum ad prime obstaret uenenis
Oxicaque in uasis in comoda pellere februs

VI
Nec minus abrotani promptus est miraculare
pubertis frutices aquas inspirat aristas
Ramorum ubras tenuis imitata capillos
Humus odoratsum lento cucumine erinem
poenos captum prodest miscere medellis
febris umbrae ementis fugat adiuat artus
Quos in certa pinnarum sursum in una gutta
preterrata ter habet uires quot filiacomarum

VII
Haud feciculis interpate semen cucurbita uinii
Assugenus parmis foliorum sustinet umbrae
In genere crebris; iaceat racinaula ramis
De ielure ulmu hedera implicatur sub frondibus; alta
Rurisabiusq; sinutuvisia brachia circum
Laxa dedit ligno sumusq; secuta cacumen
Corpus occultum uiridi tutamine rugas
Nut arbusto huium uirtus genus arbore cumque
Explicuit quasis ramorumq; alta corinba
Vestit ap' pria sursum se sponte leuant
Visitatur ergo rubens aliena i n sede racemus
Dependere pinnis tabulata uirentia bacchi
pampinus et frondes discernit Latior altae
Silvae sed fragili stirpe curvata surgens
Diligite apposita sua sustentacula furcos
Atque amplexa suas uncineta unguitus alnos
Neuer in rano duelli turbinem prono
Quo generat nodosum unicae tricula crudit
Et quo duplicem producunt singulae funem.
Vndeque, culturam dextra Leuag, prehendunt
Et sedent in susum nentes cum penna puellae
Molli traiciunt spirisque ingentibus omnem.
Filiorum scriba pulchros in cantus in orbis
Sic uaga tortilibus stringunt ammenta catenis
S calarum teretes involuquim, lucuourgas
Viribus & discunt aliquispecta cauarum
Ardua porticolum volucrum superare nata
1 am quispona queat ramis dependetia passim
in rindoigne quernominundique certis
Sunt formata uis quam proonta lignum
inspiciar mediorum quem in Dixmure constat
illa quidem gracili primu demissa flagello
oblongo tenuique, strunq ingentia collo
Corpora tum suatum laxatur in ilia pondus
Totum ueneri habet totiulus intus alune
Multa cauerno suo sexunctum carcere grana
Quod ubi coniunctum possint primitre mettem
Prosperum est teneo sub tempore fructus
Ante unum quam clausa latens puniret auro
Autumno audentur rarescat & arida curt
Refertur cutis inter opes tranire ciborum
Superi emus & ardenti muraginse pingue
Cum bibere arundix de placidu setmenta sapore
Ebraio multoties menis prestare secundis
Super aestuus sintur spiramina solis
Cum genere pati & matura falceretid
L dem setur in asiduo formamierus
Vasorum potier intus diu uscera u inter
Egermus faciliradenter iliatorno
Non nisi quod hanc ingenium sextarius adit alio
Clauditur aut potior mensura portio plene
Amphora quae speculor antid dixituna servavit
In corrupta diu genero dona Lyaei

Hoc simul in spatio capi quosignatur unus
Hic est alia regeruli quae carmine pinxi
Visitur alterius urbis genus acer po quor
Ser pere pulvereu & frutus nutrire rotundos
Pomorum est species terre sup arida vulgo
Terra iacent crementa capis pulcherrima donec
Solibus aestuus flauor intinta coloris
Messoris calathos matura fruges plex
Cuiuidea calus teretem satis esse figuram
Vndiq: porro alius oblongoscemateuentrem
De emissum: nucis autque uersatili insitar
Veoptionalibus: quondam suspensa supinus
Luce agentis: cecidit lomentibullalatiam
Ante recens: maceratur aquis qua spuma refusis
Dum lentecest: adhuc digitis sustantibus: et
Alter ni: unus: studiis: fricantibus una
Inter utramq: manum paruosit paruuiat
Exitus: huc strictolenim: ex ole nothui
Distingit: quant utrat: sub imaginem: pondus
t: et centrum medio: confingit: labile: fundo
Multiplici: tudem: in: cauis: quimpulimatergus
Frustam: manus: spargens: hortorum: lux: opimas
Vinaturali: frigus: per: uscera: nutrit
Herbarum: matrem: simulantes: simine: leno
Insulis: color: est: alius: ramiq: odor: alter
puberembus: longeq: sapori: tamamor: hautus
Feruentem: domuisset: tim: depellere: febris
Hoc sedes auxilium clara virtute phatum
S tubi preterea caput acris fortis dolore
Pulserat subter una est igna fatigae
Humus et imperitare coqui ens frondentes amara
Absynthium silium tumura lebæ capaci
Effunde & captus psum de cacuminas summi
Quo postqua ablueris gracilesum morere capillos
Deuaet frondem suppositori memento
Cum mollis ploros constringat facia crinere
Et post non multas elapsi temporis horas
Hoc inter reliquae vis mirabere uires

X. Quid referam iuxta positum multis potens
Marrubium nonnullum genus licet acrus ina
Mordax et longe gustum distinguat odorum
Dulce enim dulces aptus sed pectoris segros
Comprimit angores tristi duxit sua uisti
Principue talis caleat si potus abigunt
Et tamen cratus cogat claudere exebrit
Si quando inste queste uenena noueret
Potest immiscet dabis suis aconitadolos
Triste confunditur exemplo sumpta salubris
Potio marrubii suspetta pericula premissat

XI. Ne manu altrix tacetur honorque suprema
Tollitur & lateramortu brachia tendit
Dulce satiis gustum dulcem satis addit odorem
Hoc oculti, quos umbra premit, prodest locuntur
Huius item sem en fade cum lacte captella
Absumptum umentis furtur mollire tumorem
Cum tantumq, moras disolvire promptius alius
P r e t e r e a radix manteri concinta liquori
Leneotur impetepra repellit anhelam

xii
Ieneque transferum latie cui liberali linguæ
Nomine degladii nomen sanctia finxit
Tum hi purpurei progignis floris honorem
Prima est tæta geniis uide uicunda nigelle
Munera velqualis semia subapollinis alata
I n u e s ti puere promorte recens yaciocthis
Exuit & floresignauerit vertiae nomen
Radix frumenta tuæ siccatà fluenti
Diluimus confirmà mero fruumq, dolorem
V esce preminis tali non setus arte
P ignore fullo tuo lumi candenti adexta
E f f eretur utrique dulciq, immettur odoris

xii
I nter odontam memorante biblica sibiam
Fortia suade'amor parui diffusior horti
Hoc germen seco quam us' odoris gemellis
O rhibus officere & tenebras inirre putetur
S e m ina sepe tamen qua estis addere curris
Parua solae famam q aluenlus laude merem

xiii
Quo tot bellorum tot famosissima rerum
Magnarum monimenta sacropia consiciore
Exule erato non de dignare meorum
Dum na volerum uersupbringere mecum
Infirmi diu saliex Macedonia ramis
Spargitur acretus ignobile semen arbar
Sufficit illa tamen tota reparabili anno
Pauperem largo solatior maneret plebur
Indique nec non restrinquere sanguinis undas
Corporre diffusas facili solac obiaguft
Hla quoq inferno enter dum forte dolore
Turbator somente sup non urria dicit
Puleum rubrum frondesque papaveris addens,
Lilia quaeus su cadentia carmine quoe
Eius sae maciesiatus esset arida mupa
Quorum candor habet niuei simulacram crantor
Dulcis odor siluas imitatur flores habeas
Non parum cando Lapis non nardus odore
Liliuma pretium nec non super fidus anguis
I ngénus collecta dolus seret ore uenena
Petitem secum pulvis ad intimam mortem
Cor diuam mitten, pistillo liliuma pretat
Commacerare grau siusque haurire salerno
Si quod contumus est summo liuentis in ore
Ponatur punctatumiam di noscre uires
Manus in fuit sedatur medicamini uietro
Hae secundam lucis prodest contusio membris

XVI. Et tectae: quidem nuga rum in parte papae.
Hac memorare placet: quod raptum estea puella
mater ut immensis optata obliueris mentem
E xuere cur surfur Latona uorasse
Hoc simul auxilio car-bunculus tener-abimo
pectore quinquitius nimium cumuluit amaros
o misadustique fures reprimis psepe uidurur
Huus ad alta caput granorum femine-fosum
protempo fragiliiq; solas testellere collo

I nque modum maliregicupunica nomen
I ndidit unius patulo subellis amicu

C rana celebregis urururis plurima claudit
Deque tononandentis habet formabiles nomen

XVII. Hic umbrosa novos inter se larga uirures
strips preualido assurgent ramosique comasque
Altius extoller que quam vis stirius uill
quae est auxilio medicorum purgare putares
Effugisse manus dulcem a men indita calde
Et uires ad odorati fermenta sapores
priset: emi uixta hortensis non extimacodi
Silua latina tomachiquis morasentremq; salubri
provo cat auxilio radicum muner are cocciae

XVIII Nec minus defuerit vulgariscopia mente
multa pæ generas species diversa colorisque
Et tuere suis quoddam genus utile uocem.

Raucionam clarum virum redhibere carnem

posteputant eius sucositate eum.

Ituunt quemerebra premens saucedo fatigat

E saudit prepingue genus suum et frutea.

Quodiam nonparius diffundat germenus umbra

Cella ebullit sed more etsens amptate forma

Vndique maiorem filiorum primogat alas

Qui sodor alter inest pauloque immittit hauritus

Sedquis suos specieris nomina mens.

Ad plenum memorare potest si at ille necessit e.

A quoque tertio uolitent ingurgite puces.

Lennis aut altum uin aera multiter ire

Cintillas uas suis uideat fornacibus aeternis

XVIII.

Non patentur cunctas angustias carminis huius

pulchrum urtatae celeri comprehendere uersa.

Hoc apud inodorum tanti constare perrors

Ferox apud gallos quam vula indica nigri

congenti pipere quis iam dubitare sine

Hachera plureri leniri posse laboros.

Quam pretius in hanc serem diutissimaturis

gens hebenoqi aunque fluens & mura voltei

Quogeeferis mundo omagni laudando aetonantes

Virtutatemo nullis quae munera terris

Larga sua et non pandit opusque serat subito.
Ligere solis alius in partibus horum
copatentia sacrae quantam ulissimae tecum
Efficience, nimirum quodamque scripta, uidetur
Forti tibi magno mercantur dicta regna
Alter ut alterius potius potius soenore tellus
Orbis intus per partes una domus
Puleum quodque decemtem curabit amice
Et potius atque atque hummi crede morantem
Dum carnis quaedam tanta grauis ratione tenemus
Quae edam audita etiam uero misericordia
Pasusque ant quin cum ingento pulei
A uricule non forte capuit turbauerit acie
Solius inaestum per flares aperto
Quod nisim cur rentis deponere uelathalia
Cogere actandem portas in ore monere
Hic tibi multiplicès poteram decempere flores
Quamuis in nostri apium uilescens horus
Et soli id multi professe sapere putarint
Plura tamen propriis medicamina urb, acrim
Exhibite auxilio, curam deperia capellas
Semina torquetea urinie frangere tricas
Dicitur ipsum quam tenere egermine manium
Corpus hume regem turbantur tinausia uexet
Mox apium lymphata trique libatur acceo
p ostitum coelestis seda deucta medellae

Mortibus suis praeceps quae lubus imus

et omnis pretiosa collectio cunus

penetra super cupe passim. tamen hanc quoque

Hortus habet cultaque donec manus equire terrae

Hac tamum meruit generale nomine laudis.

V et liquida musa uelit supaddert sponde

Mole omnipotenti suum iam sentiat illa

Votitate minuat quid de prompseret eum

Hanc uindem si forte tuoconam inus

Carpe re ficcat amen huiusquid doec omen pigre

Turbida seuturs oblectant pelta saucer

Seu potius longo tibi desecata labore

Dona placent huum virtutem misabilis herbe

Omnia sufficiat quam quodam pendere tarn

Novimus ut contratotam que inuiera corpus

impert internus munus uiribus eus

S esset poste rati solent haerere diebus

continuus hoc acer genus medicaminis almis

preterea caput infestis sium sera fructum

Tabuerit tum certuaterens imponere acer

Tegmina ut tonite statim mirabere uires

Iliam in solidum sustinet dum clausa cicatrix

XXI. Hic quoque sarco colam caposque plurima passim

V est. et effusa siluarium inuenta sub umbros
N. ascetur ordimibus facile est discernere pulchris
H. ade predemur ante uirtutum honorem
T. ne domat uentris predium et potas dolorem
S. quia forte calibus insensibus ualerea membris
I. nondum nisi huus tempesti ubemur
A. auxilia partique imponere tuina patenti
C. erimina matrum nactum hac arte uigorem
S. tamen addatur mordenscata plasmata accum
XXII. Haud procul ambrosiam uulgo quandam die ruse est
E. rightur lauda data qui dem sedans pastella
C. uis in antiquis celeberrima mentio librís
E. it dubium est multus medicis tamen arte uapte
H. ane uicum, colunt tantumque sanguinis uasta
A. bisumte quantum potu, ingessite almi
XXIII. Herbarum innumeróquohortulus illercenti
S. temp prole creat nepotis non sequior eætr
S. uirtus uirticam solus simulantibus ab eo
V. ericæ prægratam late largius odorem
H. et uaris solim morbórum commodo cum
N. on extrema alicuius inter deterntur herbas
H. uius enim sucrus usto commixtur olivo
E. si frict unguentum laesæ quod ualerea carnis
A. que ciscu tricum deiformia signa nouarum
P. orde abolere autem prisco dé reparare nitor
E. et reuocar pilos plagis quos forte recentur
peetas huvelcatulit samae taboque pereor
xxv Hic rafinum radice potens latoque comarum
T egmine sublatum extrinm facit ordidum
C ultum samara satia quattuentem usseratussim
Manst premte radix terrique seminis haustus
Et usdem urlo pestis per sepe uideur
xxvi I annusime festum via longior indupebrux
S crupeus atq; noui terrerae carminis ordos
Deueram uburna rose pretiosa macllo
pactol & niue sacrabum circumdare gemmus
Haec quia nortvia germaniae tangitque oibro
Lata nec ardenti regallia murice iactat
Lutea purpurea reparat cruenta quotannis
v bora floris tantum qui potinomnes

Herbarum uicissé comas virute & odore
Dicitur uternce florum floresse ferutur
1 nfit hic oleum proprium nomine dictum
Quod quam sepe fuat mortalibus utile curtis
Ne meninisse potest hominum ne dicere quisqu qui
Hunc famosu suos opponunt lilia flores
Longus horum & ammirans odor imburt aurum
S ed quis nuiuei candidenta germina fructus
Teruert aspersi mirabilis ilicac omnem
Nectar is illis sibi eterne perisse mettu
Hoc quia virginitas fama subnixa beata
Floreat nata quam sit nullus labor exagitatur
Sordis sinicissi nonfregit ardor amoris
Flagrat odor suo: porro sigilla persum
Integratur: ext: foecor mutabit odorem
Hae duo namque probabilium general inchta floruit
E celeberrimis signant psieula palmas
S anguiue martiri carpit sedona rosarum
Liliaque insides gestat candida senentis
O mater virgo fecundo germine mater
Virgofide intacta sponsi denomine sponsa
Sponia colatba domus regina fiduc Amica

Bello car-pertos lica arripes ilia pace
Flores sibi scepter gerent generamine vestre
Vincus antiquus reparator stirpis & auctor
Lilia qui ubi vesta suaque dicit ur amoenae
Morte rosas tinguens pacem qui proelia membris
Liquit in orbis suis suetur amplexus utramq;
Preniaq: ambobus servans aeternam trium phis
XXVIII. Haec tibi struit munuscula ilia parui
s trabotuis grimalde pater doctissime servus
p ector deuto nullius ponderis offert
vt cum conseptuulis consedent s horto
s ubter opacatas frondent uertice malos
persicuis imparibus crines ubi diuidit umbris.
Dum tibi cana legunt tenera lanugine poma
Ludentes puero scala laubunda tuorum
Atq; uols ingeniosa mala capacibus indunt.
S randia conantes includere corpora palmar
Quemonear habeas nostri pater alme laboris
Dum relegis quaedea dolens interigit legendo
Ut urtiosa setes deaposco placentia firmis.
Tedias quern faciat virtute uirentem
I m marcescibilis palmam comprehendere uite.
Hoc pater hoc natu hoc spiritus annuat al mus.
EXPLICIT
HABET VERSUS
CCC XL III

AD MO DO INUM
Sigua quam facere nosstris fiducia uotis
optabam dudum scribere repetebi
S uscipe nunc tandem presul carissime nobis
que simplex humilitatis ratione animus
THE HORTULUS

In Transcription and English Translation
BY RAEF PAYNE

With Illustrations from Linoleum Cuts
BY HENRY EVANS
TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

Walahfrid Strabo wrote his *Hortulus* in Latin hexameters, no doubt taking Virgil's *Georgics* as his model. There are indeed many Virgilian echoes in his poem and his Latin is, in general, the classical Latin of the first century B.C.

It was difficult to know how best to translate this poem. I have not tried to produce a "period flavor:" such attempts so often end in disaster and there is, anyway, no period of English that matches Walahfrid's Latin. It seemed better to use the language of our time, except in a few passages where the original prompted a more formal poetic diction. I was anxious to keep as close to the exact sense and structure as I reasonably could, but in some passages where Walahfrid, owing to the demands of meter or the conventions of Roman poetry, has indulged in elaborate periphrasis, I have allowed myself a fair measure of freedom to avoid awkwardness and obscurity.

I felt that a rhyming or regularly metrical form would involve me in either some very unnatural language or a much greater divergence from the original than could be justified. So I have adopted a free verse form which I hope may enable the modern reader to understand and enjoy the poem without letting him forget that it is a poem.

I am pleased to record my sincere gratitude to several friends and helpers: to Mr. Wilfrid Blunt who first suggested the undertaking and whose advice and encouragement at every stage have been invaluable; to Dr. H. W. Rickett who
was kind enough to put at my disposal his own scholarly work on the *Hortulus*; to Mr. John S. L. Gilmour, Mr. John Holmstrom, Dr. George H. M. Lawrence, Dr. R. E. Latham, Mr. R. C. Martineau, and Dr. F. A. Stafleu, all of whom read my script and made many helpful suggestions; and to Miss Kathleen Gow who has patiently and expertly typed and retyped the various drafts. The faults that remain I must, reluctantly but in all honesty, admit to being entirely my own.
Incipit liber de cultura hortorum
Strabi seu Strabonis feliciter

i. DE CVLTVRÆ HORTORVM

Plurima tranquillæ cum sint insignia vitae,
Non minimum est, si quis Paestanae deditus arti
Noverit obsceni curas tractare Priapi.
Ruris enim quaecunque datur possessio, seu sit
5 Putris harenoso qua torpet glarea tractu,
Seu pinguï molita graves uligine fetus,
Collibus erectis alte sita, sive iacenti
Planitie facilis, elivo seu vallibus horrens;
Non negat ingenuos holerum progignere fructus,
10 Si modo non tua cura gravi compressa veterno
Multiplices holitoris opes contemnere stultis
Ausibus assuescit, callosasque aëre duro
Detrectat fuscàre manús et stercora plenis
Vitat in aënti disponere pulvere qualis.
15 Haec non sola mihi patefecit opinio famae
Vulgaris, quaesita libris nec lectio priscis;
Sed labor et studium, quibus oitia longa dierum
Postposui, expertum rebus docuere probatis.
Here begins the Book
on the Cultivation of Gardens by Strabus (or Strabo)
May it find favor

ON THE CULTIVATION OF GARDENS

A quiet life has many rewards: not least of these
Is the joy that comes to him who devotes himself to the art
They knew at Paestum, ¹ and learns the ancient skill of obscene
Priapus ² — the joy that comes of devoting himself to a garden.

For whatever the land you possess, whether it be where sand
And gravel lie barren and dead, or where fruits grow heavy
In rich moist ground; whether high on a steep hillside,
Easy ground in the plain or rough among sloping valleys —
Wherever it is, your land cannot fail to produce
Its native plants. If you do not let laziness clog
Your labor, if you do not insult with misguided efforts
The gardener’s multifarious wealth, and if you do not
Refuse to harden or dirty your hands in the open air ³
Or to spread whole baskets of dung on the sun-parched soil —
Then, you may rest assured, your soil will not fail you.

This I have learnt not only from common opinion
And searching about in old books, but from experience —
Experience of hard work and sacrifice of many days
When I might have rested, but chose instead to labor.
II. DIFFICULTAS ASSumpti LABORIS

Bruma senectutis vernacula, totius anni
20 Venter et ampliflui consumptribis saevas laboris,
Veris ubi adventu terrarum pulsa sub imas
Delituit latebras, vestigiaque horrida avarae
Ver hiemis reduci rerum delere pararet
Schemate, et antquoo languentia rura nitori
25 Reddere – ver orbus primum caput et decus anni –
Purior aura diem cum iam reserare serenum
Inciperet, Zephyrosque herbae floresque secuti
Tenuia porrigerent radicis acuminata, caeco
Tecta diu gremio canasque exosa pruinis;
30 Cum silvae foliis, montes quoque gramine pingui,
Prataque conspicuus vernarent laeta virectis:
Atriolum, quod pro foribus mihi parva patenti
Area vestibulo solis convertit ad ortum,
Urticae implerent campique per aequora parvi
35 Inlita fervent creverunt tela veneno.
Quid facerem? Tam spissus erat radicibus infra
Ordo catenatis, virides ut texere lentis
Vinminibus crates stabuli solet arte magister,
Ungula cornipedum si quando humore nocetur
40 Collecto et putres imitaturn marcida fungos.
Ergo moras rumpeas Saturni dente iacentes
Aggregior glebas, torpentinaque arva revulsis
Sponte renascentum complexibus urticarum
Ergo et umbricolis habitata cubilia talpis
THE DIFFICULTY OF THE UNDERTAKING

Winter, image of age, who like a great belly
Eats up the whole year’s substance and heartlessly
Swallows the fruits of our unstinted labor,
Had gone into hiding deep below the earth.
For Spring had arrived and driven him under. Spring,
Source of the world’s life and glory of the year,
Had returned, and was wiping away the ugly traces
Of greedy winter and restoring to ailing fields
Their former loveliness.

A purer air was now beginning to herald
Fine weather. Plants stirred in the zephyr’s path
Thrusting out from their roots the slender tips
Which had long lain hidden in the earth’s blind womb,
Shunning the frost they hate. Spring smiled
In the leaves of the woodland, the lush grass on the slopes
And the bright sword of the cheerful meadows.

But this little patch which lies facing east
In the small open courtyard before my door
Was full – of nettles! All over
My small piece of land they grew, their barbs
Tipped with a smear of tingling poison.

What should I do? So thick were the ranks
That grew from the tangle of roots below,
They were like the green hurdles a stableman skilfully,
Weaves of pliant osiers when the horses’ hooves
Diruo, lumbricos revocans in luminis oras. 
Inde Noti coquitur flabris solisque calore 
Areola et lignis, ne diffluat, obsita quadris 
Altius a plano modicum resupina levatur. 
Tota minutatim rastris contunditur uncis, 

50
Et pinguis fermenta sūmi super insinuantur. 
Seminibus quaedam tentamus holuscula, quaedam 
Stirpibus antiquis priscae revocare iuventae.

III. INSTANTIA CIVToris ET FRVCTVS OPERIS

Denique vernali interdum conspergitur imbre 
Parva seges, tenuesque foveat praeblanda vicissim 
Luna comas; rursus si quando sicca negabant 
Tempora roris opem, culturae impulsus amore, 
Quippe siti metuens graciles torpescere fibras, 
Flumina pura cadis inferre capacibus acri 
Curavi studio et propriis infundere palmis 

55
Guttatim, ne forte velocior impetus undas 
Ingereret nimias et semina iacta moveret. 
Nec mora, germinibus vestitur tota tenellis
Rot in the standing puddles and go soft as fungus.
So I put it off no longer. I set to with my mattock
And dug up the sluggish ground. From their embraces
I tore those nettles though they grew and grew again.
I destroyed the tunnels of the moles that haunt dark places,
And back to the realms of light I summoned the worms.

Then my small patch was warmed by winds from the south
And the sun's heat. That it should not be washed away,
We faced it with planks and raised it in oblong beds
A little above the level ground. With a rake
I broke the soil up bit by bit, and then
Worked in from on top the leaven of rich manure.
Some plants we grow from seed, some from old stocks
We try to bring back to the youth they knew before.

THE GARDENER'S PERSEVERANCE AND THE FRUITS OF HIS LABOR

Then come the showers of Spring, from time to time
Watering our tiny crop, and in its turn
The gentle moon caresses the delicate leaves.
Should a dry spell rob the plants of the moisture they need,
My gardening zeal and fear that the slender shoots
May die of thirst make me scurry to bring fresh water
In brimming buckets. With my own hands I pour it
Drop by drop, taking care not to shift the seeds
By too sudden or lavish a soaking. Sure enough,
In a little while the garden is carpeted over
Areola et quamquam illius pars ista sub alto
Arescat tecto, pluviarum et muneris expers

65 Squaleat aeri, pars illa perennibus umbris
Diffugiat solem, paries cui celsior ignei
Sideris accessum lateris negat obice duri:
Non tamen ulla, sibi fuerant quae credita pridem,
Spe sine crenenti pigro sub caespite clausit.

70 Quin potius, quae sicca fere et translata subactis
Suscepit scrobibus, redivivo plena virore
Restituit reparans numero semina fructu.
Nunc opus ingenii, docili nunc pectore et ore,
Nomina quo possim viresque attingere tantae

75 Messis, ut ingenti res parvae ornatur honore.

IV. SALVIA

Lelifagus prima praefulget fronte locorum,
Dulcis olore, gravis virtute atque utilis haustu.
Pluribus haece hominum morbis prodesse reperta,
Perpetuo viridi mequit gaudere iuventa.

80 Sed tolerat civile malum; nam saeva parentem
Progenies florum, fuerit ni dempta, perurit,
Et facit antiquos defungier invida ramos.
With tiny young shoots. True, that part there
Below the high roof is dry and rough from the lack
Of rain and the heaven's benison; true, this
Part here is always in shade, for the high wall's
Solid rampart forbids the sun to enter.
Yet of all that was lately entrusted to it, the garden
Has held nothing enclosed in its sluggish soil
Without hope of growth. What is more, those plants that were moved,
More dead than alive, to the newly dug furrows are now
Green again; our garden has brought them back
To life, making them good with abundant growth.

Now I must summon all my skill, all
My learning, all my eloquence, to muster
The names and virtues of this noble harvest,
That this my lowly subject may receive
The highest honor that my art can give.

Sage

There in the very front glows sage, sweetly scented.
It deserves to grow green for ever, enjoying perpetual youth;
For it is rich in virtue and good to mix in a potion,
Of proven use for many a human ailment.
But within itself is the germ of civil war;
For unless the new growth is cut away, it turns
Savagely on its parent and chokes to death
The older stems in bitter jealousy.
V. RVTA

Hoc nemus umbriferum pingit viridissima rutae
Silvula caeruleae, foliis quae praedita parvis.

85 Umbellas iaculata breves, spiramina venti
Et radios Phoebi caules transmittit ad imos,
Attactuque graves leni dispergit odores.
Haec cum multiplici vigeat virtute medellae,
Dicitur occultis adprime obstare venenis,

90 Toxicaque invasis incommoda pellere fibris.

VI. ABROTANVM

Nec minus abrotani promptum est mirarier altae
Pubentis frutices, et quas inspicat aristas
Ramorum ubertas, tenus imitata capillos.
H multis odorarum lento cum vinite crinem

95 Paeonis carpum prodest miscere medellis.
Febris obstat enim, telum fugat, adiuuat artus
Quos incerta premit surtiva inuiria gutae.
Praeterea tot habet vires quot fila comarum.
Rue

Here is a shadowed grove which takes its color
From the miniature forest of glaucous rue.
Through its small leaves and the short umbels which rise
Like clusters of spears it sends the wind's breath
And the sun's rays down to its roots below.
Touch it but gently and it yields a heavy
Fragrance. Many a healing power it has —
Especially, they say, to combat
Hidden toxin and to expel from the bowels
The invading forces of noxious poison.

Southernwood

Admire too the tall bushes of southernwood
With their bloom of down, and the sharp spikes
Which grow on its wealth of branches like finest hair.
It is good to mix the scented sprigs, plucked
With the supple stem, into healing medicines.
It has power against fevers, banishes stitch, and if
Your limbs ache with the elusive and mysterious
Pain of gout, it will bring relief. Indeed.
As many virtues it has as strands of foliage.
Haud secus altipetax semente cucurbita vili
Assurgens, parmis foliorum suscitat umbras
Ingentes, crebrisque iacit retinacula ramis.
Ac velut ulnum hedera implicuit cum frondibus altam,
Ruris abusque sinu toti sua brachia circum
Laxa dedit ligno, summumque secuta cacumen
Corticis occuluit viridi tutamine rugas;
Aut arbustivm vitis genus, arbore cum se
Explicit quavis, ramorumque alta corymbis
Vestit et propria sursum se sponte levavit,
Visitum ergo rubens aliena in sede recemus
Dependere, premit tabulata virentia Bacchus,
Pampinus et frondes discernit latior alas:
Sic mea sic fragili cum stirpe cucurbita surgens
Diligit appositas sua sustentacula furcas,
Atque amplexa suas unicis tenet unguibus alnos.
Ne vero insanis divelli turbine possit,
Quot generat nodos, tot iam retinacula trudit,
Et quoniam duplicem producunt singula funem,
Undique fulturam dextra laevaqueprehendunt.
Et velut in fusum nentes cum pensa puellae
Mollia traiciunt, spirisque ingentibus omnem
Filorum seriem pulchros metantur in orbes:
Sic vagae tortilibus stringunt amenta catenis
Scalarum teretes involvuntque ilico virgas,
Viribus et discunt alienis tecta carvarum
Gourd

The gourd too aspires to grow high from a humble beginning. Like shields are the leaves that cast those great shadows; like cables the stems it puts out so thickly. You have seen how ivy twines Its leaves round a lofty elm, from the earth’s bosom Lapping its supple arms around the whole tree till it finds A way to the very top, and hides all the wrinkled bark With a mantle of green —

You have seen how a vine, trained to a tree, Scrambles over it, festooning the topmost branches With clusters of grapes, and pulls itself of its own accord Up and up: the bunches hang there for all to see, Blushing in the place they have made their own; the green storeys Sag with Bacchus, whose broad leaves part the lofty foliage —

Even so my gourd, rising on brittle stem, Welcomes the props that are put there for it, hugging the alder In the grip of its curly tentacles. It’s so determined Not to be wrenched away by even the wildest storm That it thrusts out a cable at every joint and, each Extending two strands, seizes support on this side and that.

It reminds me too of girls spinning, when they draw The soft heaps of wool to their spindles, and in great twists Measure off the endless thread into trim balls —

Just so

The wandering thongs of my gourd twist and cling; quick To wrap their coils round the smooth sticks set as ladders for them, They learn to use borrowed strength and, with a swimmer’s thrust,
Ardua porticum volucrum superare natatu.
Iam quis poma queat ramis pendentia passim
Mirari digne quae non minus undique certis
Sunt formata viis, quam si tornatile lignum
Inspicias medio rasurem quod mamiture constat.

Illa quidem gracili primum demissa flagello
Oblongo tenuique ferunt ingentia collo
Corpora, tum vastum laxatur in ilia pondus,
Totum venter habet, totum alvus, et intus aluntur
Multa cavernoso seiuunctim carcer grana,

Quae tibi consimilium possunt promittere messem.
Ipsos quin etiam tenero sub tempore fructus,
Ante humor quam clausa latens per viscera sero
Autumn claventum rarescat et arida circum
Resisterit cutis, inter opes transire ciborum

Saepe videmus et ardenti sartagine pinguem
Combibere arvinam, et placidum segmenta saporem
Ebrice multoties mensis praestare secundis.
Si vero aestivis sinitur spiramina solis
Cum genetrice pati et matura falce recidi,

Idem fetus in assiduos formarier usus
Vasorum poterit, vasto dum viscera ventre
Egerimus, facili radentes ilia torno.
Nonnunquam hac ingens sextarius abditur alvo,
Clauditur aut potior mensurae portio plenae,

Amphora quae piceo linitur dum glutine, servat
Incorrupta diu generosi dona Lyaei.
Climb the steep roofs of the covered cloister.

Oh, who now

Can praise as he ought the fruits that hang from its branches
Everywhere? They are as perfectly formed from every angle
As a piece of wood that is turned and shaved on a lathe.
They hang on a slender stalk and swell from a long, thin neck
Into huge bodies, their great mass broadening at the flanks.
They are all belly, all paunch. Inside
That cavernous prison are nourished, each in its place, the many
Seeds that promise another harvest as good as this one.

At the approach of tardy autumn, while yet they are tender
And before the hidden moisture that is sealed inside them dries
To leave but the withered shells, we often see the fruit
Handed round among the good things of the dinner-table
And soaking up the rich fat in a piping dish;
For often these juicy slices, served as dessert,
Delight the palate.

But if you let the gourd stay
Enjoying the summer sun on its parent tree and only
Set your blade to it late in the year, then after scooping
The flesh from its ponderous belly and shaving the sides
On a nimble lathe, you can put it to practical use as a vessel.
A pint this mighty paunch will sometimes hold, sometimes
Half a gallon or more; and if you seal your jar
With gummy pitch it will keep wine good for many a day.
Hoc simul in spatio campi quo figitur imis
Haec tam laeta seges, vili quam carmine pinxi,
Visitur alterius vitis genus acre per aequor

Serpere pulvereum et fructus nutrire rotundos
Pomorum. Haec species terrae super arida vulgo
Terga iacens cremenata capit pulcherrima, donec
Solibus aestivis flavos intincta colores
Messoris calathos matura fruge repletur.

Tum videas aliis teretem satis esse figuram
Undique, porro aliis oblongo schemate ventrem
Demissum, nucis aut ovi versatilis instar;
Vel qualis manibus quondam suspensa supinis
Lucet agens circum lomenti bulla salivam,

Ante recens maceretur aquis quam spuma refusis,
Dum lentescit adhuc digitis luctantibus et se
Alternis vicibus studioque fricanibus uno,
Inter utramque manum parvo fit parvus hiatus
Exitus, huc stricto lenis meat ore Noti vis,

Distenditque cavum vitrea sub imagine pondus
Et centrum medio confingit labile fundo,
Undique conveniat camuri quo inflexio tecti.
Ergo chalybs huius penetrat dum viscera pomi,
Elicit humoris largos cum semine rivos

Multipli: tum deinde cavum per plurima tergus
Frusta manu spargens hortorum laetus opimas
Delicias conviva capit, candorque saporque
Oblectat fauces; nec duros illa molares
Melon

In the same patch at the bottom of the garden where this fine crop
My humble lines have just described is planted,
You will see something else which looks like an eager vine creeping
Over the dusty ground and nursing a rounded fruit.
This one commonly lies on the dry ridges of earth
And the growth it makes is beautiful — until the time when,
Yellow and ripe with summer sun, it fills the gardener’s basket.

Some you will see are completely round and even;
Others you’ll find with a drooping oblong belly, the shape
Of a nut or an egg —

Or like a soap bubble. You know how it is
When you hold up a cake of soap: it gleams in your upraised hands
As the slippery wetness runs over its surface, until by pouring
More water on it you wash the fresh froth off.
But when the fingers work on it, kneading and rubbing purposefully.
This way and that, it softens; and then, with your hands together
And only a crack between, if you blow through narrowed lips
Gently, gently, your breath will make the hollow suds
Swell like blown glass, and the curve of the vaulted skin
Meets to form a slippery center at the bubble’s base.

When a knife-blade finds the guts of a melon a gush
Of juice comes out, and many seeds with it. Then
Your lucky guest can divide by hand the hollow body
Into several pieces and thus enjoy the luscious delicacy.
Its freshness and savour delight the palate; nor can this food
Esca stupere facit, facili sed mansa voratu
180 Vi naturali frigus per viscera nutrit.

IX. ABSINTHIUM

Proximus absinthi frutices locus erigit acris,
Herbarum matrem simulantes vimine lento.
In foliis color est alius ramisque odor alter
Pubericus, longeque saporis amarior haustus.

185 Ferventem domuisse sitim, depellere febres
Hoc solet auxilium clara virtute probatum.
Si tibi praeterea caput acri forte dolore
Pulsetur subito, vel si vertigo fatiget,
Huian operem rimare, coquens frondentis amaram

190 Absinthis silvam, tum iura lebete capaci
Effunde et capitis perfunde cacumina summi.
Quo postquam ablueris gracles humore capillos,
Devinctas frondes super imposuisse memento,
Tum mollis fotos constringat fascia crines,

195 Et post non multas elapsi temporis horas
Hoc inter reliquas eius mirabere vires.

X. MARRUBIUM

Quid referam iuxta positi nimiumque potentis
Marrubii non vile genus, licet acrius ora
Defeat a man’s teeth, for it’s easy to eat and its natural Properties cool and refresh his whole inner body.

Wormwood

The next bed grows bushes of bitter wormwood. Its supple stem Resembles the Mother of Herbs, but the leaves have a different color. The smell of its downy branches is different too, and the brew It makes has a bitterer taste by far.

Its powers are famous,
Its effectiveness proven. It tames a raging thirst; fever It banishes. If, besides, your head should suddenly start to Throb and throb with pain, if fits of fainting worry you, Seek its help:

Boil the bitter stem of a plant
In leaf, tip the brew into an ample basin
And pour it over the top of your head. Then having bathed Your soft hair with the liquid make a garland of leaves (Do not forget this) and put it on, so that the bandage Gently binds your hair and holds the warmth in it.
A few hours later — not many — you will be marvelling At this yet further proof of the healing powers of wormwood.

Horehound

Horehound comes next, and what shall I say of this Powerful worker? A precious herb, though biring
Mordeat et longe gustum disiungat odore.

Dulce enim olet, non dulce sapit; sed pectoris aegros
Conprimit angores, tristi dum sumitur haustu,
Praecipue talis caleat si potus ab igni,
Et caenam cyathis cogatur claudere crebris.
Si quando infensae quaesita venena novercae

Potibus inmiscent, dapibusve aconita dolosis
Tristia confundunt, extemplo sumpta salubris
Potio marrubii suspeta pericula pressat.

XI. FENICVLVM

Nec marathri taceatur honor, quod stipite forti
Tollitur et late ramorum brachia tendit,

Dulce satis gustu, dulcem satis addit odorem,
Hoc oculis quos umbra premit prodesset loquuntur.
Huus item semen fetae cum lacte capellae
Absumptum ventris fertur mollire tumorem,
Cunctantisque moras dissolvere protinus alvi.

Praeterea radix marathri commixta liquori
Lenaeo tussim percepta repellit anhelam.
And sharp on the tongue where it tastes so unlike
Its scent: for whereas the scent is sweet, the taste
Is not sweet at all. Yet taken in a draught,
For all its nastiness it assuages pain
In the chest, and most when drunk still warm from the fire
And ladled out quickly to close the meal.

If ever
A vicious stepmother mixes in your drink
Subtle poisons, or makes a treacherous dish
Of lethal aconite for you, don’t waste a moment –
Take a dose of wholesome horehound; that
Will counteract the danger you suspect.

Fennel

Let us not forget to honor fennel. It grows
On a strong stem and spreads its branches wide,
Its taste is sweet enough, sweet too its smell;
They say it is good for eyes whose sight is clouded,
That its seed, taken with milk from a pregnant goat,
Eases a swollen stomach and quickly loosens
Sluggish bowels. What is more, your rasping cough
Will go if you take fennel-root mixed with wine.
XII. GLADIOLA

Te neque transierim Latiae cui libera linguae
Nomine de gladii nomen facundia finxit.
Tu mihi purpurei progignis floris honorem
220 Prima aestate gerens violae iucunda nigellae
Munera, vel qualis mensa sub Apollinis alta
Investis pueri pro morte recens hyacinthus
Exiit et floris signavit vertice nomen.
Radicis ramenta tuae siccata fluenti
225 Diluimus contusa mero, saevumque dolorem
Vesicae premimus tali non secius arte.
Pignore fullo tuo lini candentia texta
Efficit ut rigeat dulcesque imitantur odores.

XIII. LYBISTICVM

Inter odoratam memorarelybistica silvam
230 Fortia suadet amor parvi diffusior horti.
Hoc germem suco quamvis et odore gemellis
Orbibus officere et tenebras inferre putetur,
Semina saepe tamen quaesitis addere curis
Parva solet, famamque aliena laude mereri.
Iris

And I must not pass you by, my iris, in silence.
Latin, that rich and eloquent tongue, has given you
The name Gladiola, made from its word for a sword.⁵
For me at the start of summer you put forth
The beauty of your purple flower, which serves
(A charming office!) for the violet dark and small,
Or for the fresh hyacinth which, in memory
Of the fresh-faced boy⁶ who died, springs up under
Apollo's high altar, and signs the boy's name
On the tip of its flower.

We dry the shavings
Of your root, crush them and then dissolve them in wine.
With this preparation (none else is so good) we relieve
Gripping pains in the bladder. With your help too
The laundryman can stiffen his shining linen
And scent it sweetly.

Lovage

Here in this fragrant thicket is sturdy lovage.
So deep is my love for this little garden of mine,
I have to mention it. Although its juice and smell
Are thought to injure the eyes and bring the shadows of blindness,
Yet its tiny seeds are often added to cunningly blended
Cures, winning fame from praise that is due to others.
Quae tot bellorum tot famosissima rerum
Magnarum monimenta sacro pia conficiis ore,
Exiles Erato non dedignare meorum
Divitias holurum versus perstringere mecum.
Infirmis divisa licet macedonia ramis
Spargitur et crebris ignobile semen aristas
Sufficit, illa tamen toto reparabilis anno
Pauperiem largo solatur munere plebis
Indigae, nec non restringere sanguinis undas
Corpore diffusas facili solet obvia gustu.
Illa quoque, infesto venter dum forte dolore
Turbatur, fementia super non irrita ductit,
Puleium sibimet frondesque papaveris addens.

Lilia quo versus candentia, carmine quove
leiunae macies satis effert arida Musae?
Quorum candor habet nivei simulacra nitoris,
Dulcis odor silvas imitatur flore Sabaeas.
Non Parius candore lapis, non nardus odore
Lilia nostra premit; nec non si perfidus anguis
Ingentitis collecta dolis serit ore venena
Pestifero, caecum per vulner ad intima mortem
Chervil

Come, holy Muse, thou who in sacred song
Canst establish monuments of mighty wars
And mighty deeds — come, scorn not to touch with me
The humble riches that my garden yields.

Now chervil, though it splits and divides itself
In flimsy branches and gives but a paltry seed
In its thick clusters of ears, yet flourishing
All the year through gives largesse to the poor
And comfort.

A draught of this, so easy to take,
Will counter and check internal bleeding. Again,
When mixed with pennyroyal and poppy leaves.
It makes a poultice which will prove effective
For a stomach that’s upset and racked with pain.

Lily

Now the lily, and ah! what lines can my simple Muse,
Lean and meagre as she is, find to praise
The shining lily? Its white is the white of glistening snow,
Its scent the scent of sweetest frankincense.
Not Parian marble in whiteness, not spikenard in fragrance
Surpass our lily.

If a snake, treacherous and wily
As it is by nature, plants with deadly tongue its parcel
Of venom in you, sending grim death through the unseen wound
Corda feram mittens, pistillo lilia praestat
Commacerare gravi, sucosque haurire Falerno.
Si quod contusum est summo liventis in ore
Ponatur puncti, tum iam discernere vires
Magnificas huicuse datur medicaminis ultro.
Haec etiam luxis prodest contusio membris.

XVI. PAPAYER

Et Cereale quidem nugarum in parte papaver
Hac memorare placet, quod raptu maesta puellae
Mater, ut immensis optata oblivia mentem
Exuerent curis, furtur Latona vorasse.
Hoc simul auxilio carbunculus ater ab imo
Pectore qui ructus nimium convolvit amaros
Oris adusque fores reprimi persaepe videtur.
Huius ad alta caput granorum semine fetum
Protento fragilique solet se tollere collo,
Inque modum mali, regio cui punica nomen
Indidit, unius patulo sub pellis amictu
Grana celebrandae virtutis plurima claudit,
Deque sono mandentis habet formabile nomen.

XVII. SCAREGAE

Hic umbrosa novos inter scarega virores
Stipite praevalido assurgens, ramosque comasque
Altius extollit, quae quamvis rarius ulli
Quaesita auxilio medicorum paene putetur

48
To the inmost vaults of the heart — then crush lilies with a weighty Pestle and drink the juice in wine. Now place the pulp
On the top of the livid spot where the snake’s tongue jabbed;
Then indeed you will learn for yourself the wonderful power
This antidote has. Nor is that all: this same pulp
Of crushed lily is good for limbs that are twisted awry.

Poppy

Here in this tale of triffles let me speak of Ceres’ poppy —
Hers it is because, mourning the loss of her stolen daughter,¹
She is said to have eaten poppy to drown her sorrow, deep
Beyond measure — to forget, as she longed to forget, her grief of mind.
The poppy will often help to check that dark ulcer,
Deep in the chest, which sends to the mouth the foul and acid
Belch. Its head, loaded with tiny grains, is held high
On a long delicate neck and, like the Phoenician pomegranate,²
Under the broad mantle of a single skin it holds
A mass of seeds of remarkable power. The sound of chewing
(From a Latin word) gave it the name we know it by now.³

Clary

Here, casting its shadow among the fresh verdure,
Grows clary, rising on sturdy stalk
And sending high and higher still
Its branch and leaf. Its help is rarely
Sought for cures; the doctor’s hand,
Effugisse manus, dulci tamen indita caldae
280  Et vires et odorati fermenta saporis
Praestat; eam iuxta hortensis non extima costi
Silva latet, stomachique moras ventremque salubri
Provocat auxilio, radicis munere coctae.

XVIII. MENTA

Nec mihi defuerit vulgaris copia mentae
285  Multa per et genera et species diversa coloreisque
Et vires: huius quoddam genus utile vocem
Raucisonam claro rursus redhibere canori
Posse putant, eius sucos si fauce vorarit
Leuca, quem crebra premens raucedo fatigat.
290  Est alud praepingue genus huiusce frutecti,
Quod iam non parvi diffundit germinis umbras,
Celsa ebuli sed more petens a stipite forti
Undique maiores foliorum prorogat alas,
Quis odor alter inest pauloque immittor haustus.
295  Sed si quis vires speciesque et nomina mentae
Ad plenum memorare potest, sciat ille necesse est
Aut quot Erythrae voitent in gurgite pisces,
Lemnus aut alnum quot in aëra Mulciber ire
Scintillas vastis videat formacibus Aetnae.
You might almost think, had missed it.  
But when it is put in soft warm water  
It yields a goodness, makes a brew  
Which is sweetly scented.  

Near it lurks  
(But not forgotten) a bush of garden  
Costus, whose root when cooked will move  
With its wholesome aid the sluggish stomach.

Mint

I shall never lack a good supply of common mint,  
In all its many varieties, all its colors, all  
Its virtues. One of its kind is thought to be good for the voice:  
If a man who is often troubled with hoarseness wets his dry  
Throat with a julep of mint, the roughness will go and the tone  
Come clear.

Another kind there is, with a different scent  
And a rather harsher taste, which grows very thick. Its full  
Spread of leaf casts no mean shadow; but like the dianthus  
It aims high on its strong stem and stretches its wings  
Of leaf on every side . . .

But if any man can name  
The full list of all the kinds and all the properties  
Of mint, he must be one who knows how many fish  
Swim in the Indian Ocean, how many sparks Vulcan  
Sees fly in the air from his vast furnace in Etna.
XIX. PVLEGIVM

300 Non patitur cunctas angustias carminis huius
Pulei virtutes celeri comprehendere versu.
Hoc apud Indorum tanti constare peritos
Furtur, apud Gallos quanti valet Indica nigri
Congeries piperis. Quis iam dubitare sinetur

305 Hac herba plures leniri posse labores,
Quam pretiis inhianter emit ditissima tantis
Gens hebenoque auroque fluens et mira volenti
Quaeque ferens mundo? O magni laudanda Tonantis
Virtus et ratio, nullis quae munera terris

310 Larga suae non pandit opis: quae rara sub isto
Axe videre soles, aliis in partibus horum
Copia tanta jacet, quantam vilissima tecum
Efficiunt, rursus quaedam quae spreta videntur
Forte tibi, magno mercantur dicta regna,

315 Altera ut alterius potiatur foenore tellus,
Orbis et in toro per partes una domus sit.
Puleum quoque decoctum curabit, amice,
Et potu et potu stomachum, mihi crede, morantem.
Dum canimus quae certa gravi ratione tenemus,

320 Quaedam audita etiam vero miscere cothurno
Fas ususque sinit: ramum coniungito pulei
Pennyroyal

The humble scale of my song will not allow me
To embrace in fleeting verse the many virtues
Of pennyroyal. They say that Eastern doctors
Will pay as much for it as we pay here
For a load of Indian pepper. Since such a people,
Rich as they are, blessed with gold and ebony,
Who give to an eager world a wealth of marvels —
Since they will buy at such a price, so greedily,
Our pennyroyal, who can doubt its power
To allay a host of troubles?

Oh, how wise,

How good is God! Let us praise Him as we ought.
From no land He withholds His bounty; what is rare
Beneath this sky, under another lies
In such abundance as the cheapest trash
We have among us here: some things we scorn
Rich kingdoms pay great prices for. And so
One land helps another; so the whole world,
Through all its parts, makes one family.

Believe me, my friend, if you cook some pennyroyal
And use it as a potion or a poultice, it will cure
A heavy stomach — that you can take for truth.
Some things are only hearsay, but custom and usage
Allow us to blend them in with lofty truth — like this:
When the sun is blazing down on you in the open,
Auriculae, ne forte caput turbaverit aestus
Solis, in aërio si te perflarit aperto.
Quod nisi me currens deponere vela Thalia
Cogeret ac tandem portus intrare moneret,
Hic tibi multiplices poteram decerpere flores.

XX. APIVM

Quamvis in nostris apium vilesceret hortis,
Et solo id multi prodesse sapore putarint,
Plura tamem propriis medicamina viribus acri
Exhibet auxilio, cuius si trita capessas
Semina, torquentes urinae frangere tricas
Dicitur, ipsum etiam teneo cum germine mansum
Concoquit errantes stomachi penetralibus escas.
Corporis hunc regem turbans si nausea vexet,
Mox apium lympha tristique bibatur aceto,
Passio tum celeri cedet devicta medellae.

XXI. VETTONICA

Montibus et silvis pratis et vallibus imis
Vettonicae pretiosa licet collectio cunctis
Paene locis superet passim, tamen hanc quoque noster
Hortus habet cultuque docte mansuecere terra.
Haec tantum memit generali nomine laudis,
Ut si quid mea Musa velit supperaddere, tandem
To prevent the heat from harming your head, put a sprig
Of pennyroyal behind your ear . . . 12

Ah me!

If my impatient Muse were not now forcing me
To take in sail and make at last for harbor,
Many another flower could I gather for you.

Celery

Celery is now held cheap in our gardens and many think
Taste is its only merit. But it has its virtues
And offers quick help in many remedies. If you grind
The seeds and take them, they are said to banish the racking pains
Of a troubled bladder. If you chew them together with the tender buds
It helps digest the food as it moves through the inmost parts
Of the system. And if the stomach, that king of the body, is sick,
Hurry to take a draught of water and sour vinegar
With celery: the discomfort will pass, routed and quickly cured.

Betony

In the mountains and woods, in the meadows and depths of the valleys—
Almost everywhere, far and wide, grows the precious abundance
Of betony. Yet I have it too in my garden, and there
It learns a softer way of life in the tended soil.
So great is the honor this genus has won for its name
That if my Muse wished to add to it she would find herself
Mole operis devicta sui, iam sentiat illa
Utilitate minus quicquid deprompserit esse.

Hanc viridem si forte tuos conaris in usus
Carpere, siccataeve hiemi deponere pigrae,
Turbida sive tuas oblectant pocula fauces,
Seu potius longo tibi defaecata labore
Dona placent, huius virtus mirabilis herbae

Omnia sufficit; quam quosdam pendere tanti
Novimus ut contra, totam quae iniuria corpus
Impetit interius, muniri viribus eius
Sese posse rati, soleant hauries diebus
Continuis hoc acre genus medicaminis almi.

Praeterea caput infesto si vulner e fractum
Tabuerit, tum crebra terens imponito sacrae
Tegmina vettonicae, statim mirabere vires
Illius, in solidum fuerit dum clausa cicatrix.

XXII. AGRIMONIA

Hic quoque sarcocolam campos quae plurima passim

Vestit et effetis silvarum inventa sub umbris
Nascitur, ordinibus facile est discernere pulchris.
Hace praeter varium latae virtutis honorem,
Trita domat ventris praedirum et pota dolorem.
Si quae forte chalybs insensus vulnera membris

Indiderit nostris, huius temptare iubemur
Auxilium partique imponere tunsa patenti
Defeated at last, overwhelmed; and soon she would see
She could add nothing more to the value it has already.

Perhaps you pick it to use it green, perhaps
To dry and store away for the sluggish winter.
Do you like to drink it from cloudy goblets? Or do you
Prefer to enjoy what it gives after long and careful
Refining? Whatever your fancy, the wonderful powers
Which this herb has will supply all your needs.
Indeed some men I know rate it so highly
That, hoping to find protection from every harm
Which assaults the inner body, day after day,
They drink a dose of this harsh but soothing tonic.

Again, if your head is cut and the wound turns septic,
Crush some sacred betony, make of it dressings
And apply them frequently: you will be amazed
How quickly its powerful influence closes the wound.

Agrimony

And here in handsome rows you can see my agrimony.
It clothes all the fields with its profusion; it grows
Wild in the woodland shade. Much honor it has and many
Virtues – among them this: if it’s crushed and drunk
The draught will check the most violent stomach-ache.

And if an enemy blade happens to wound us
We are recommended to try its aid, pounding
The shoots and putting them on the open place.
Germina, maturum nacturi hac arte vigorem,
Si tamen addatur mordens cataplasmati acetum.

XXIII. AMBROSIA

Haud procul ambrosiam vulgo quam dicere mos est
Erigitur, laudata quidem, sed an ista sit illa,
Cuius in antiquis celeberrima mentio libris
Fit, dubium est multis. Medici tamen arte suapte
Hanc utcunque colunt, tantum quae sanguinis hausta
Absumit, quantum potus ingesserit almi.

XXIV. NEPETA

Herbarum in numero, quas hortulus ille recenti
Semper prole creat, nepetae non segnior exit
Surculus, urticam foliis simulantibus, alto
Vertice praegratum late largitus odorem.
Haec variis olim morborum accommodate curis,
Non extrema alas inter decernitur herbas;
Huius enim sucus, roseo commixtus olivo,
Efficit unguentum, laesae quod vulnera carnis
Atque cicatricum deformia signa novarum
Posse abolere aiunt, prisco et reparare nitori
Et revocare pilos, plagae quos forte recentis
Pestis hiulca fulsit, sanie taboque peresos.
If we remember to add to the dressing some sharp Vinegar, our full strength will soon be restored.

*Tansy*

Not far away grows tansy, commonly called Ambrosia. Famous it certainly is, but whether This is that same ambrosia so often mentioned In ancient writings many would doubt. However, The doctors use it for the powers it has. A draught of it clears away as much blood inside As the size of the dose you take of this nourishing brew.

*Catmint*

Among the herbs my garden is always renewing The sprigs of catmint grow as brisk as any. Its leaves are like the nettle’s, but the scent it casts So lavishly round its tall head is passing sweet.

It has long been known as a cure for many ailments And ranks high among herbs. Mixed with oil of roses, The juice makes an ointment which, they say, can clear The hurt of a wound and the unsightly marks of a scar, Restoring the bloom of the skin and renewing the hair Which the blood and pus of the gaping sore had eaten away.
XXV. RAFANUM

Hic rafanum radice potens latoque comarum
Tegmine sublatum extremus facit ordo videri
Cuius amara satis quotientem viscera tussim
390 Mansa premit radix, triti quoque seminis haustus
Eiusdem vitio pestis persaepe medetur.

XXVI. ROSA

Jam nisi me fessum via longior indupediret,
Scripeus atque novi terreret carminis ordo,
Debueram viburna rosae pretiosa metallo
395 Pactoli et niveis Arabum circumdare gemmis.
Haec quia non Tyrio Germania tingitur ostro,
Lata nec ardenti se Gallia murice iactat,
Lutea purpurei reparat crementa quotannis
Ubertim floris, tantum qui protinus omnes
400 Herbarum vicisse comas virtute et odore
Dicitur, ut merito florum flos esse feratur.
Inficit hic oleum proprio de nomine dictum,
Quod quam saepe fuat mortalibus utile curis,
Nec meminisse potest hominum nec dicere quisquam.
405 Huic famosa suos opponunt lilia flores,
Radish

Here, in the last row of all, the radish
Roots itself strongly and raises its leaves in a broad
Canopy. Chew the root — though it’s rather hot —
To check a spasm of coughing; the troublesomeness
Of that same complaint can also often be cured
If you grind the seed in a potion and swallow it down.

Rose

I am tired. To travel further this road would exhaust
My failing strength; the rough path of untried song
Frightens me. Else, as I ought, I should
Crown my precious roses with gold from the Pactolus
And the sparkling jewels of Araby.

Since Germany

Yields no tint of Tyrian purple and the wide realm
Of France cannot boast the proud glow of murex,
For us the rose from year to year renews in abundance
The yellow stamens of its crimson flower.
Far and away the best of all in power and fragrance,
It well deserves its name "the Flower of Flowers".
It colors the oil which bears its name. No man can say,
No man remember, how many uses there are
For Oil of Roses as a cure for mankind’s ailments.

Over against it grows the famous lily;
Its flowers breathe a scent which hangs
Longius horum etiam spirans odor imbuít auras;
Sed si quis nivei candentia germina fructus
Triverit, aspersi mirabítur ilícit omnem
Nectarís ille fídem celeri períisse meatu.

Hoc quia virginitas fama subnixa beata
Flore nitet, quam si nullus labor exagítarit
Sordís et iníciti non fregerít ardor amorís,
Fragrát odóre suo: porro sí glória pessum
Integritátis eat, foetor mutabit odórem.

Haec dúo namque probabílium genera inclyta florum
Ecclesiáe summas signánt per saecula palmas,
Sanguíne Martyríi carpit quae doná rosarum
Liliaque in fidei gestat candore nitentís.

O Mater Virgo, fecundo germine Mater,
Virgo fide intacta, sponsi dé nomine sponsa,
Sponsa, columba, domus, regina, fidelis amica,
Bello carpe rosas, laeta arípe lilia pace.
Flos Tibi sceptrígero venít generamine Jesse,
Unicus antiquae reparató stirpis et auctor,

Lilia qui verbiu vitae dicavít amoena,
Morte rosas tinguens, pacemque et proelía membris
Liquít in orbe suis, viriítem amplexus utramque,
Praemiaque amóbus servás aeterna triumphís.
Long in the air; but he who crushes the gleaming buds
Of its snow-white flowers will find to his amazement
That the heavenly perfume, sweet as a scattering of nectar,
Vanishes in a moment.

For in this flower
Shines Chastity, strong in her sacred honor.
If no unclean hand disturbs her, if
No illicit passion does violence to her,
The flower smells sweetly. But should her pride of innocence
Be lost, the scent turns foul and noisome.

These two flowers, so loved and widely honored,
Have throughout the ages stood as symbols
Of the Church's greatest treasures; for it plucks the rose
In token of blood shed by the Blessed Martyrs;
The lily it wears as a shining sign of its faith.

O Holy Mary, Mother from whose womb was born
The Son, Virgin of purest faith, though bride
In name of Joseph, O Bride and Queen and Dove,
Our Refuge and our Friend for ever — pluck Thou
Roses for war, for peace the smiling lily!
To Thee came a flower of the royal stem of Jesse,
A single Son to restore the ancient line.
By His holy word and life He sanctified
The pleasant lily; dying,
He gave its color to the rose.
Peace and war He left for His church on earth,
And the virtues of peace and war are joined in Him;
In Him their triumphs eternal reward.
XXVII. COMMENDATIO OPUSCVLI

Haec tibi servitii munuscula vilia parvi
Strabo tuus, Grimalde pater doctissime, servus
Pectore devoto, nullius ponderis offert:
Ut — cum concepto viridis consederis horti,
Subter opacatas frondenti vertice malos,
Persicus imparibus crines ubi dividit umbris,
Dum tibi cana legunt tenera lanugine poma
Ludentes pueri, schola laetabunda tuorum,
Atque volis ingentia mala capacibus indunt,
Grandia conantes includere corpora palmis —
Quo monere habeas nostri, pater alme, laboris,
Dum relegis quae dedo volens; interque legendum
Ut vitiosa seces deposco, placentia firmes.
Te Deus aeterna faciat virtute virentem
Immarcesibilis palmam comprehendere vitae.
Hoc Pater, hoc Natus, hoc Spiritus annuat almus!
DEDICATION

This small gift, the worthless labor of an easy service, 
Is offered to you, most learned Father Grimald, 
By your humble servant, Strabo. A thing of no weight, 
But the heart that gives is sincere …

I can picture you 
Sitting there in the green enclosure of your garden
Under apples which hang in the shade of lofty foliage, 
Where the peach-tree turns its leaves this way and that 
In and out of the sun, and the boys at play, 
Your happy band of pupils, gather for you 
Fruits white with tender down and stretch 
Their hands to grasp the huge apples …

So I see you, 
And I offer you this, that as you read what I gladly 
Dedicate to you you may know of my labors. And, please, 
As you read, prune the faults and approve what is good. 

God give you the crown of eternal life, the palm 
That is green for ever. To this my prayer may the Father, 
The Son, and the Holy Ghost grant Their

Amen.
(1) A town in Lucania (South Italy), famous for its roses which flowered twice a year. Cf. Virgil Georgic IV, 119.
(2) A son of Dionysus and Aphrodite, and god of fertility. His ithyphallic statues were often placed in Greek and Roman gardens.
(3) Or, reading aere diurno, “by daily use of tools.”
(4) Common Mugwort (Artemisia vulgaris).
(6) Hyakinthos was a beautiful boy with whom Apollo fell in love. He was killed by a discus while Apollo and he were practising throws, and to immortalise his name Apollo created the flower out of his blood. The flower’s petals bear the boy’s initial Η, or – according to another version of the story – the first two letters of Apollo’s cry of grief AI (αἰαί). Exactly what the ancient “hyacinth” was is uncertain: it was not, of course, the same as our modern flower of that name.
(7) I.e., Proserpina (or Persephone) who was carried off by Hades, god of Death, to be his bride in the underworld. Eventually she was restored to her mother Ceres (or Demeter; not, as Walahfrid mistakenly calls her, Latona) – but only on condition that she spent a third of the year with Hades below the earth.
(8) The pomegranate (Punica granatum) seems to have reached the Romans via the Phoenician colony of Carthage in North Africa. Hence its Latin name.
(9) Latin papare or pappare, to eat or chew. This derivation is almost certainly false.
(10) We cannot be certain what Walahfrid meant by this – perhaps Alecost (or Costmary). Tanacetum balsamita.
(11) Vulcan, blacksmith of the Gods, was supposed to have his forge in Etna, the Sicilian volcano. Walahfrid here calls him “Lemnian Muciber”. Muciber was his other Roman name; the adjective Lemnian refers to a story in which his Greek equivalent, Hephaistos, son of Zeus and Hera, being hurled down from heaven by his father who was angered at his son’s support of Hera in a family quarrel, fell on the isle of Lemnos.
(12) Auricula, a little ear, is also used for Primula vulgaris. So this passage could mean “Join a sprig of pennyroyal with Primula vulgaris.” But this does not seem likely because (a) we are not told what to do with this curious combination, and (b) the other sense accords better with Walahfrid’s suggestion that this is merely an old wives’ tale.
(13) Ambrosia (the word means “immortality”) was the food of the Olympian gods, sometimes described as if it were a plant. Our word

66.
"tansy" is derived from the Greek ἀθανασία (athanasia) which also means immortality.

(14) A river in Lydia, the modern Sarabar, famous for the grains of gold it carried in its sand.

(15) References to the purple dye obtained by the ancients from the molluscs Murex trunculus and Murex brandaris.

(16) The Vatican codex no. 469 reads vilis ("mean", "humble") instead of viridis ("green"), which makes sense, albeit not a very complimentary one! This is the only point, except for corrections of obvious errors and minor changes of orthography, where I have departed in my transliteration from the Vatican codex (see pages viii, ix and 15).
STRABIO, GALLI POETAE ET THEOLOGI DOCTISSIMI: AD GRIMALDVM COENOBII S. GALLI ABBATEM HORTTV., LVST.

AD LECTOREM, IOACH. VAD:

Amande lector: hic novo Poetae Salutat: & petit suum carmen uelis Non flocipendere: nec rigidis oculis Quie Q notare: nec malum subscribere: Cum sit malignorum piis non parere: Et omne naso succulentum persequi: Quod si nolis uatum lepidum relinquere: Lacteae iugis & Theonimum focae Virus: Tibi noces: Nec optimis minus Laudis paratur conscientia duce. Nec est quod angat hocce uulgus insolens: Nec est quod ipse laudis expetat foris:

A
EDITIONS OF THE
HORTULUS
BY GEORGE H. M. LAWRENCE

This reports the known editions of the Hortulus as an independent work, or in a volume devoted solely to the work.

1510

1. HORTULUS. Wien, H. [Vetor] (Philovalus, pseud.), 1510.

Strabi/Galli poetae et theo- | logi doctissimi: ad
grimal- | dum Coenobii. S. Galli | Abbatem Hortv- | Ivs.
[Leaf A1 recto.]

4° A-C*. Leaves: 12 [unnumbered]. Type: Roman.

Two states of this edition are known, a and b. Their differences comprise eight typographical corrections in 1b, reported by Quinby (1958). Both were published in 1510. The first (uncorrected) state [reproduced in facsimile in no. 5 (1926)] was published in 29 October 1510. The colophon of the second state (reproduced below) is identical with that of the first and it may be presumed that no appreciable time difference separates the two. For an ac-

Impolla est extremamanus Strabi Hortulo Vien-
nae Austriæ: pridie Kalen. Nouembris per Hie-
ronymum Philovalle. Anno M.D.X.
Strabini Fuldensis mo
nach poete suavissimi, quondam Rabani
Mauri auditoris Mostulus nuper apud Melitios in S. Galli monasterio
repertus, qui carminis elegantiam tam et delectabilis, et doctrina cognoscendi
barum quarumdam herbarum varietate vitis. Ad Hermanni Abbatem.

I Psalmus 41. Sicut cerus desiderat aed, et Psalmus 117. Laps
date pueri aed per Venerabilis Bedam sono Heroico decantant.

Leaf A1, of Weyssenberger's Norinbergae edition, 1512
Hunt Botanical Library copy
count of the printer, Viator, alias Philoalus, see Denis, Michael Wien’s Buchdruckergeschichte bis 1560. Wien, 1780, Pp. 32-34. The Hunt copy is 1b, the corrected state.

1512


Strabi Fuldensis mo | nachi, poete suavisissimi, quandam Rabani | Mauri auditoris Hortulus nuper apud Heluetios in S. Galli monasterio | repertus, qui carminis elegantia tam est delectabilis quam doctrinae cognescen | darum quarrundam herbarum varietate vtulis. Ad Grymaldum Abbatem. | [full bordered woodcut 9.7 × 12.7 cm, genre gardening scene, four nuns within fenced enclosure, gardener standing outside covered gate] 1 Jean Psalmus, 41, Sicut ceruus desiderat &c. et Psalmus 11 Lau- | date pueri &c. per Venerabilem Bedam, sono Heroico decatanti-

[Leaf A1 recto].

4° A-C⁴. Leaves 12 [unnumbered]. Type: Gothic black letter.

The colophon (see top of p. 72) identifies the work to have been published the 19th day of July 1512. It is followed by a woodcut (5.3 × 9.3 cm) of two winged cherubs holding a black shield bearing the printer’s device (see p. 71). Copy at Hunt Botanical Library (cased, in modern vellum binding by T. W. Patterson).
HORTULUS. Basileae, 1527.

Not seen, and not counted here as an edition. Reported by Preuss (1834) and so repeated by others, as an independent 8° work. However, as cited by Choulant (1841, p. 231) and emphasized by Weil (1926, p. xxiv), this and the so-called 1530 Freiburg edition by Johannes Atrocinus (or Acronius) of Basel, are inclusions of the poem in editions of the Macer Floridus collections of poetry, often identified also as De Herbarum vertutibus. See Note at end of this treatment for other intermediate publication sources for the Hortulus.

1834

3. HORTULUS. Wirceburg, J. Stahel, 1834.
This edition is the first critical and scholarly study of the *Hortulus*, and although rare today it was reprinted, as Mr. Blunt has noted, in 1852 and 1884, and was the basis of Sierp’s analysis of 1925 (see p. 16). Reuss is high in his praise of Walahfrid, noting “I cannot get over it [my amazement], how in this century which Baronius calls iron-like in barrenness, lead-like in evil, and dark in literary productivity, such a poet emerged.”

Gabathuler (1941) considered this edition to have been based on the 1463 mss. now in Munich, written by or for Hartmann Schedel (Bayrische Staatsbibliothek Codex Latinus Monacensis 666), and itself derived from the 11th century Leipzig manuscript (Stadtbibliothek Leipzig, I, 4°, 53). Copy at Hunt Botanical Library in contemporary plain wrappers. Boxed.
4. HORTULUS or the Little Garden. [Wembley Hill], The Stanton Press, 1924.

   Hortulus or the Little Garden. A ninth century poem by Walafred Strabo. The Stanton Press.

   F° a¹-k² Pages (25.5 × 19.5 cm) [1-4] 5-6 [7-8 (blank)] 9 10 (blank) 11-12 13-38 [39-40 (blank)] 41 42 (blank).

   The subtitle page opens with “Hortulus is here for the first time done into English verse from the Latin by Richard Stanton Lambert and decorated with cuts on wood by Elinor Lambert mcmxxiii.” This is a limited edition of 132 copies, printed by hand in red and black by Richard and Elinor Lambert, Wembley Hill, Middlesex, England. The colophon reports “Finished January 5th, 1924.” Lambert, in his Introduction, notes that his translation is “from the text of Duemmler published in the Monumenta Germaniae Historia in 1884.” Thus, the Lambert translation, which is very free and not wholly accurate, is based on the Reuss edition (1834). Blunt (p. 77) postulates its production may have been prompted by Luxmoore’s account of 1922.

   Copy at Hunt Botanical Library, in original cloth and paper binding. Boxed.

1926

5. HORTULUS. München, Verlag der Münchner Drucke, 1926.
HORTULUS OR THE LITTLE GARDEN
A NINTH CENTURY POEM
BY WALAFRID STRABO.

THE STANTON PRESS.

8° [i-iv], v-xii, [12 lvs. facs. 1510 ed.], xii-xxiv.

This facsimile is that believed to be the first (uncorrected) state of the first (1510) edition of the Hortulus, taken from the copy in the Munich Bayerische Staatsbibliothek. The Foreword by Heinrich Marzell provides a biographical account of Walahfrid Strabo, a brief history of the poem, and an account of the plants described by Walahfrid together with modern identifications. It is followed by a brief history, by Ernst Weil, of the publication of the 1510 and 1512 editions.

Copy at Hunt Botanical Library, in original wrappers, modern binding in green buckram.

1933


Le petit jardinier (Hortulus) de Walahfrid Strabos... Texte latin et traduction française, précédés d’une étude sur la vie et sur les œuvres pratiques de l’auteur et accompagnés de commentaires. By Henri Leclerc, M.D. Paris, A. Legrand. 1933.
8° (?) [3] 110 pp. frontispiece, 2 plates
This, the first French edition, has not been seen by me.
Data are from the Library of Congress catalogue.

1942

    Walahfrid Strabo | Hortulus | Vom Gartenbau | Erstmals veröffentlicht vom Joachim von Watt (Vadianus) |
    Herausgegeben, übersetzt und eingeleitet von | Werner |
    [147-148] 25 plates
This typographically beautiful and scholarly volume embodies the first new German translation of the Hortulus to be published in more than a century, made by Werner Naf, and based on the Vatican Codex 469. The German text is on recto pages, with the Latin transcription on the facing versos. Each of the 25 plants is represented by a redrawing of woodcuts from the herbals of Brunfels (1539), Fuchs (1534), or Bock (1551). Matthäus Gabathuler provided an account of the St. Gall manuscript discovered by Vadianus and, although he did not report the two states of the 1510 edition, he did explain the shortcomings of both the 1510 and 1512 editions.
8. HORTULUS. St. Gallen, H. Tschudy & Co., 1957. 4° [A reprint of no. 7, the type reset but collation unchanged. A new colophon is provided.]

***

Note: In addition to its appearance as an independent monograph, the Hortulus was published without translation (taken usually from the 1510 edition) in various compilations of poetry, of works on medicinal plants, and in collected works of medieval or ecclesiastical writings. The earliest of these works are mentioned above under the date of 1527. Later collected works appeared from 1530 onward. The first of these is in Eobanus Hessus Collectio diaetetica Argentiori, 1530 (and in editions of 1533, Paris; 1533, Francofurt). This was reprinted by Christian Egenolph of Frankfurt in 1564 and 1571. In 1547 it was issued from Venice in the Collectio Aldina. Andreas Rivinus included it in his Ars veterum nonnullorum ... Leipzig 1655. In the period of 1677 to 1725 it was included in at least two published collections of Walahfrid Strabo’s ecclesiastical writings.
THE PLANTS OF THE
HORTULUS

Twenty-nine garden plants (mostly medicinal herbs) are mentioned by name in this poem, including the two commonest fruit trees of that day — the apple and the peach. Certainly these are not all of the kinds grown by Walahfrid, nor by any means the only ones available at the Reichenau monastery. A few are only of plants that were known to him and are mentioned in passing (such as the Indian pepper and pomegranate). Surely the kinds treated in detail are those that provided greatest personal appeal to him and often, as for the nettle, for reasons given by him in detail. Few of the ornamentals then grown in gardens are reported by Walahfrid, but his poem is not intended to be an inventory, nor did he purport to provide his reader with new insights into the composition of monastery gardens in general. His is a work of literary art, and in its accuracy of report it corroborates what is known from other contemporary writings on the subject.

Numerous scholarly studies have been made of the plants of this poem, and of medieval monastery gardens in general. References to them are given in the accounts cited under References (pp. 83-85), for Berendes (1908), Christ (1923), Fischer-Benzon (1894), Kerner (1855), Lauenstein (1900), Marzell (1926), Meyer (1856), and Stearn (1965).

The following list is an alphabetic enumeration of the common names as given in Mr. Payne's English translation. Each is equated with its modern Latin equivalent.
absinthe (Artemisia absinthium L.) Wormwood
agrimony (Agrimonia eupatoria L.)
ambrosia (?Tanacetum vulgare)
apple (Malus pumila Mill.)
betony (Stachys officinalis (L.) Franchet; Betonica officinalis L. a synonym)
catmint (Nepeta cataria L.) Catnip
celery (Apium graveolens L.)
chervil (Anthriscus cerefolium (L.) Hoffmann)
clary (Salvia sclarea L.)
costus hortensis (probably Chrysanthemum balsamitum (L.); Tanacetum balsamita L. a synonym)
fennel (Foeniculum vulgare, Mill)
frankincense (Boswellia carteri Birdw.)
gourd (Lagenaria siceraria (Molina) Standley; L. vulgaris Ser. a synonym)
grape (Vitis vinifera L.)
horehound (Marrubium vulgare L.)
Indian pepper (Piper nigrum L.)
iris (Iris germanica L.)
lily (Lilium candidum L.) Madonna lily
lovage (Levisticum officinale Koch)
marrubium (Marrubium vulgare L.) Horehound
melon (Cucumis melo L.) Muskmelon
mint (Mentha viridis L. or M. piperita L.)
mother of herbs (Artemisia vulgaris) Mugwort
nettle (Urtica dioica L.)
peach (Prunus persica L.)
pennyroyal (Mentha pulegium L.)
poppy (*Papaver somniferum* L.) Opium poppy
pomegranate (*Punica granatum* L.)
radish (*Raphanus sativus* L.)
rose (*Rosa gallica* L.) French rose
rue (*Ruta graveolens* L.)
sage (*Salvia officinalis* L.)
southernwood (*Artemisia abrotanum* L.)
tansy (*Tanacetum vulgare* L.)
wormwood (*Artemisia absinthium* L.)

G. H. M. Lawrence
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SILLIG, JULIUS — See, Choulant, L. 1832.


Thérive, André (transl.) — Le jardinet de Gaufray le Louche. Traduit en français avec une introduction et des notes par ... Abbeville, 1925. [Les Amis d'Edouard, no. 81.]


INDEX

Abbot of Reichenau 2, 3, 8, 13
Abrotanum (Southernwood), in Hortulus 37-33, (=Artemisia abrotanum) 81
Absinthium (Wormwood), in Hortulus 40-41, 81
Acroniaus, Johannes 72
Adalgis, friend of Walahfrid's 4
Agobard, Archbishop of Lyons 4
Agrimony (Agrimonia eupatoria), in Hortulus 56-59, 80
Alcuin 4
Ambrosia (Tansy), in Hortulus 58-59 (footnote 13), 66, 81
Anthriscus cerefolium, in Hortulus 46-47, 80
Apium graveolens (Celery), in Hortulus 54-55, 80
Apple (Malus pumila), in Hortulus 64-65, 80
Artemisia abrotanum, in Hortulus 22-33, 81
Artemisia absinthium (Wormwood), in Hortulus 40-41, 81
Artemisia vulgaris (Mother of Herbs), in Hortulus 41 (footnote 4), 66, 80
Atrocius, Johannes 72
Auricula (Primula vulgaris), in Hortulus 54-55 (footnote 12), 66
Basel "edition" of Hortulus (1527) 72
Bayerle, K. 11, 16, 83
Betonica officinalis (=Stachys officinalis) betony, in Hortulus 54-57
Betony (Stachys officinalis), in Hortulus 54-57, 80
Biography of Walahfrid Strabo 1-11
Blaithmac, the Irish saint 2
Blunt, Wilfrid, Walahfrid Strabo 1-19
Boswellia carteri (Frankincense) 46-47
Butler, J. D. The school life of Walahfrid Strabo 12
Cardinal Azzolini 15
Catmint (Catnip), in Hortulus 58-59, 80
Celery (Apium graveolens), in Hortulus 54-55, 80
Cereolium (Chervil), in Hortulus 46-47, 80
Charlemagne 1
Charles, son of Charlemagne 5-8
"Charles the Bald" 8
Chervil (Cereolium), in Hortulus 46-47, 80
Christina, Queen of Sweden 15
Chrysanthemum balsamitum (Costus), in Hortulus 50-51 (footnote 16), 66, 80
Clary (Sclarea), in Hortulus 48-51, 80
Choulant, J. L. 72; Macer Floridus de viribus herbarum 83
Collectio diatetica 78
Costus (Costus hortensis, =Chrysanthemum balsamitum), in Hortulus 50-51 (footnote 16), 66, 80
Cucurbita (Gourd), in Hortulus (Lagenaria siceraaria) 34-37, 80
De cultura hortorum 10
Denis, Michael Wien's Buchdruckergeschichte bis 1560. 69, 71
Duckett, Eleanour S. 18, 83
Dümmler, Ernest 11, 74
Ebbo. Archbishop of Rheims 2
Egenolph, Christian 78
Erlebald, Abbot of Reichenau 2, 3; legend concerning 11-12; succeeded by Walahfrid as Abbot of Reichenau 8
Evans, Henry, Illustrations of plants of the Hortulus 21-67
Fennel, *Foeniculum vulgare*, in *Hortulus* 42–43, 80
Frankincense (*Boswellia carteri*) 46–47, 80
Freiburg "edition" of *Hortulus* (1350) 72
Fulda 4, 5, 14

Gabathuler, Matthäus, studies of the *Hortulus* 17–18, 73–77
Gardener’s fruits of labor, in *Hortulus* 28–30
Gilmour, John S. L. 23
Gliadiola (*Iris*), in *Hortulus* 44–45, 80
Glossaria ordinaria 10, 19
Goldast, Melchior 14–15
Gottschalk, the Saxon 5, 11
Gourd, in *Hortulus* 34–37, 80
Gow, Kathleen 23
Grape (*Vitis vinifera*), in *Hortulus* 34–35, 80
Grimaldi 1, 2, 4, 5, 9; appointed Abbot of St. Gall 9–10; dedicatee of the *Hortulus* 13

Haito, Abbot of Reichenauf 2, 3
Herbarum vertutibus, de 72
Hessus, Eobanus Collectio diaetetica 78
Holmstrom, John 23
Horehound (*Marrubium*), in *Hortulus* 40–43, 80

*Hortulus*, Basel "edition" of (1527) 72; editions of 15–18, 68, 69–78; facsimile of, after p. 20; Freiburg "edition" (1530) 72; Gabathuler’s studies of 17–18, 73, 77; history of 12–14; illustrations of plants, by Henry Evans 21–67; Lambert’s translation and edition of 17, 73–75; Leclerc’s edition of 17, 76; Leipzig manuscript of 15, 73; Luxmoore’s commentary on 16–17; manuscript at Vatican Library 15; manuscripts of 14–15; Marzell’s studies of 76; München edition of (1926) 74, 76; Munich manuscript of 15, 73, 76; Naf’s translation of 17–18, 77; Nuremberg edition (1512) 16, 70, 71–72; plants of 79–81; Reuss’s edition of (1834) 72–73, 74; St. Gall manuscript of 15–16; transcription and translation by R. Payne 21–67; translations of 15–18, 21–67, 69–78; Well’s studies of 1510 and 1512 editions 76; Wien edition of (1510) 69–71; Wirzburg edition of (Reuss, 1834) 72–73, 74

*Hortulus*, or the Little Garden 73–75

Hrabanus Maurus, Abbot of Fulda 4, 9; Commentaries on the Pentateuch, abridged by Walahfrid 7

Hyacinth (identity unknown) 44–45

Indian pepper (*Piper nigrum*), in *Hortulus* 52–53, 80
Iris (*Gladiola*), in *Hortulus* 44–45, 80
Iris germanica, in *Hortulus* 44–45, 80

Judith, daughter of Welf, wife of Louis the Pious 6; dies 9

Lagenaria siceraria, in *Hortulus* 34–37, 80
Lagenaris vulgaris (= L. siceraria) 80
Laistner, Max L. W. 18, 84
Lambert, Elinor, woodcuts of 17, 74
Lambert, Richard & Elinor, *Hortulus*, or the Little Garden 17, 73–75

Latham, Ronald E. 23
Lawrence, George H. M., Editions of the *Hortulus* 68–78; the plants of the *Hortulus* 79–81
Leclerc, Henri, edition of the *Hortulus* 17, 76
Le petit jardinier 17, 76
Levisticum officinale, in *Hortulus* 44–45, 80
Lilium candidum, in *Hortulus* 46–49, 80
Lilium (Lily), in Hortulus 46-49, 80
Lothar, son of Louis the Pious 6, 8, 9
Louis the German, son of Louis the Pious 3, 6, 8
Louis the Pious 1; appoints
Walahfrid Abbot of Reichenau 8;
biography of 10; dies 9; sons of 6
Luxmoore, H. E. 16-17
Lybsticym (Lovage), in Hortulus
44-45, 80

Macer Floridus 72
Malus pumila (Apple), in Hortulus
64-65, 80
Mammes, the martyr 2
Manitius, M. 18, 84
Manuscripts of the Hortulus 14-15
Marrubium (Horehound), in
Hortulus 40-41, 81
Martineau, R. C. 23
Marzell, Heinrich, studies of the
Hortulus 76
Maurus; see Hrabanus Maurus
Melon, in Hortulus 38-41, 80
Menta (Mint), in Hortulus 50-51
Mentha piperita, in Hortulus 50-51, 80
Mentha pulegium, in Hortulus
52-55, 80
Mentha viridis, in Hortulus 50-51, 80
Migne, J. P. Patrologie cursus
completus 16
Mint, in Hortulus 50-51, 80
Mint julep, in Hortulus 50-51
Mother of Herbs (Artemisia
vulgaris), in Hortulus 41
(footnote 4), 66
Mugwort (Artemisia vulgaris), in
Hortulus 41 (footnote 4), 66
München edition of Hortulus (1926)
74, 76
Murex (whelk-like mollusc), in
Hortulus 60-61 (footnote 15), 67
Muskmelon, in Hortulus 38-41, 80
Näf, Werner, translation of the
Hortulus 17-18, 77

Nepeta cataria (Catmint, Catnip),
in Hortulus 58-59, 80
Nettles (Urtica dioica), in Hortulus
26-27, 80
Nuremberg edition of Hortulus
(1511) 70, 71-72

Oil of roses, in Hortulus 58-59, 60-61
On the cultivation of gardens, in
Hortulus 24-28
Opium poppy, in Hortulus 48-49, 81
Othmar, Abbot of St. Gall 7

Papaver somniferum (Poppy), in
Hortulus 48-49, 81
Payne, Raef, The Hortulus in
transcription and translation 21-67
Peach (Prunus persica), in Hortulus
64-65, 80
Pennroyal (Mentha pulegium), in
Hortulus 52-55, 80
Pepones, in Hortulus 38-41
Petit jardiner, le 17, 76
Philovalus (pseud. for Victor) 69
Piper nigrum, in Hortulus 52-53, 80
Pippin, son of Louis the Pious 6, 8
Pippin II 9

Plants of the Hortulus 79-81
Pomegranate (Punica granatum), in
Hortulus 48-49, 66, 81
Poppy, in Hortulus 48-49, 81
Primula vulgaris (Auricula), in
Hortulus 54-55 (footnote 12), 66
Prunus persica (Peach), in Hortulus
64-65
Pulegium (Pennroyal), in Hortulus
52-55, 80
Punica granatum (Pomegranate), in
Hortulus 48-49, 66, 81

Radish (Raphanus sativus), in
Hortulus 60-61, 81
Rafanum (Radish), in Hortulus
60-61, 81
Raphanus sativus, in Hortulus
60-61, 81
Reginbert
Reichenau 1, 4, 9; records at 11; Walahfrid made Abbot of 8
Reuss, F. A. 16, 73; edition of Hortulus (1823) 72-73, 74
Rickett, H. W. 22
Rivinus, Andreas 78
Rosa canina (Rose), in Hortulus 60-63, 81
Rose, in Hortulus 60-63, 81
Roses, oil of 58-59
Rudadelm, monk at Reichenau 8
Ruta graveolens (Rue), in Hortulus 32-33, 81
Sage, in Hortulus 30-32, 81
St. Boniface (= Fulda?) 14
St. Gall, library catalogue of 14; manuscript of Hortulus 15-16
St. Gallin (= St. Gall)
Salvia (Sage), in Hortulus 30-32, 81
Salvia officinalis, in Hortulus 30-32, 80
Salvia sclarea, in Hortulus 48-51, 80
Schedel, Hartmann 73
School life of Walahfrid Strabo, The 12
Sclarea (Clary), in Hortulus 48-51, 80
Sierp, H. 16, 73
Southernwood
(Artemisia abrotanum) 32-33, 81
Speyer 9
Stachys officinalis, in Hortulus 54-57, 80
Straslieu, F. A. 23
Stahel, J., printer 72
Stanton Press 73-75
Strabo, Walahfrid: see Walahfrid Strabo
Tanacetum balsamita
(= Chrysanthemum balsamitum)
Costus, in Hortulus 50-51
(footnote 10), 66, 80
Tanacetum vulgare, in Hortulus 58-59, 81
Tansy (Tanacetum vulgare), in Hortulus 58-59, 66 (footnote 13), 81
Tatto, tutor to Walahfrid 2, 4
Thegan, Bishop near Trier 2
Transcription of the Hortulus, by R. Payne 2.4-64
Translations of the Hortulus 15-18, 21-67, 69-78
Urtica dioica, in Hortulus 26-29, 80
Vadianus (= J. von Watt) 15, 16, 77
Versus de imagine Tetrici 7
Vettonica (Betony), in Hortulus 54-57, 80
Vitruv, printer of 1510 edition of Hortulus 69
Virgil's Georgics 12
Visio Wettini 3
Vukan, blacksmith of the Gods, in Hortulus 50-51 (footnote 11), 66
Walahfrid Strabo, appointed Abbot of Reichenau 8; autobiography (spurious) of 12; biography of 1; Flunt's study of 1-19; dies by drowning 10; edits Einhard's life of Charlemagne, and Thegan's life of Louis the Pious 10; edits Glossa ordinaria 10, 19; foreign travel of, disclaimed 11-12; Hortulus, history of 12-14, manuscripts of 14-15, printed editions of 15-18, 69-78 (see also under Hortulus); life of (sources) 11-12; Luxmore's comments on 16-17, 74; makes abridgement of Hrabanus' Commentaries 7; opinion of Abbot Erlebald 4; poems by 3, 7; sent to Fulda 4; sources for the life of 11-12; spurious autobiography of 12; tutor to Charles, son of Charlemagne 5-8
Watt, Joachim von 15, 77
Well, Ernst, studies of 1510 and 1512 editions of the Hortulus 72-76
Wettin, death of 3; tutor to
Walahfrid 1
Wien edition of Hortulus (1510)
69-71, for colophon cf. p. 69

Würzburg edition of Hortulus
(Reuss, 1834) 72-73, 74
Wormwood in Hortulus 40-41, 81
COLOPHON

Printed by Joh. Enschedé en Zonen, Haarlem.
Typefaces: Romulus and Cancelleresca Bastarda.
Bound by Proost en Brandt, Amsterdam.
Paper used for book: Superior quality woodfree offset.
Paper used for cover: Linson vellum.
Cover designed by Arnold Bank.
Typography H. Clewits.

Edition limited to 1500 copies.