

Muiopotmos:
or,
The Fate of the Butterfly
(London: William Ponsonby, 1590)

To the Right Worthy and Virtuous Ladie,
The La: Carey

MOST braue and bountifull La: for so excellent fauours as I haue receiued at your sweet handes, to offer these fewe leaues as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the Gods for their diuine benefites. Therefore I haue determined to giue my selfe wholly to you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and absolutely vowed to your seruices: which in all right is euer held for full recompence of debt or damage to haue the person yeilded. My person I wot wel how little worth it is. But the faithfull minde & humble zeale which I beare vnto your La: may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the poore seruice therof; which taketh glory to aduance your excellent partes and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honouring you: not so much for your great bounty to my self, which yet may not be vnminde; nor for name or kindreds sake by you vouchsafed, being also regardable; as for that honorable name, which yee haue by your braue deserts purchast to your self, & spred in the mouths of all men: with which I haue also presumed to grace my verses, & vnder your name to commend to the world this small poëme, the which beseeching your La: to take in worth, and of all things therein according to your wonted graciousnes to make a milde construction, I humbly pray for your happines.

Your La: ever humbly;
E. S.

Muiopotmos:
or,
The Fate of the Butterfly

I SING of deadly dolorous debate,
Stir'd vp through wrathfull Nemesis despight,
Betwixt two mightie ones of great estate,
Drawne into armes, and proofe of mortall fight,
Through proude ambition, and hartswelling hate,
Whilest neither could the others greater might
And sdeignfull scorne endure; that from small iarre
Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The rote whereof and tragicall effect,
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfulst Muse of nyne,
That wontst the tragick stage for to direct,
In funerall complaints and wayfull tyne,
Reuale to me, and all the meanes detect,
Through which sad Clarion did at last declyne
To lowest wretchednes; And is there then
Such rancor in the harts of mightie men?

10

Of all the race of siluer-winged
Flies Which doo possesse the Empire of the aire,

Betwixt the centred earth, and azure skies, 20
Was none more fauourable, nor more faire,
Whilst heauen did fauour his felicities,
Then Clarion, the eldest sonne and haire
Of Muscaroll, and in his fathers sight
Of all aliue did seeme the fairest wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed
Of future good, which his young toward yeares,
Full of braue courage and bold hardyhed,
Aboue th' ensample of his equall peares,
Did largely promise, and to him forered, 30
(Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender teares)
That he in time would sure proue such an one,
As should be worthie of his fathers throne.

The fresh young flie, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustfull yong began to kindle fast,
Did much disdain to subject his desire
To loathsome sloth, or houres in ease to wast,
But ioy'd to range abroad in fresh attire;
Through the wide compas of the ayrie coast,
And with vnwearied wings each part t'inquire 40
Of the wide rule of his renommed sire.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dar'd to stie
Vp to the clowdes, and thence with pineons light,
To mount aloft vnto the Christall skie,
To vew the workmanship of heauens hight:
Whence downe descending he along would flie
Vpon the streaming riuers, sport to finde;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous winde.

So on a Summers day, when season milde 50
With gentle calme the world had quieted,
And high in heauen Hyperions fierie childe
Ascending, did his beames abroad dispred,
Whiles all the heauens on lower creatures smilde;
Yong Clarion with vaunted lustie head,
After his guize did cast abroad to fare;
And theretoo gan his furnitures prepare.

His breastplate first, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
That mought his life from yron death assure, 60
And ward his gentle corpes from cruell wound:
For it by arte was framed to endure
The bit of balefull steele and bitter stownd,
No lesse then that, which Vulcane made to sheild
Achilles life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairie hide of some wild beast, whom hee
In saluage forrest by aduenture slew,
And rest the spoyle his ornament to bee:
Which spredding all his backe with dreadfull vew, 70
Made all that him so horrible did see,
Thinke him Alcides with the Lyons skin,
When the Næmean Conquest he did win.

Vpon his head his glistering Burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous deuce,
And curiously engrauen, he did set:
The mettall was of rare and passing price;
Not Bilbo steele, nor brasse from Corinth fet,
Nor costly Oricanche from strange Phoenice; 80
But such as could both Phoebus arrowes ward,
And th' hayling darts of heauen beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunched towards either side,
Like two sharpe speares, his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike Brigandine, applyde
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore,
The engines which in them sad death doo hyde:
So did this flie outstretch his fearefull hornes,
Yet so as him their terrour more adorne.

Lastly his shinie wings as siluer bright, 90
Painted with thousand colours, passing farre
All Painters skill, he did about him dight:
Not halfe so manie sundrie colours arre
In Iris bowe, ne heauen doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with manie a twinckling starre,
Nor Iunoes Bird in her ey-spotted traine
So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken)
The Archer God, the son of Cytheree,
That ioyes on wretched louers to be wroken, 100
And heaped spoyles of bleeding harts to see,
Beares in his wings so manie a changefull token.
Ah my liege Lord, forgiue it vnto mee,
If ought against thine honour I haue tolde;
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifolde.

Full manie a Ladie faire, in Court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly enuide,
And wisht that two such fannes, so silken soft,
And golden faire, her Loue would her prouide;
Or that when them the gorgeous Flie had doft, 100

Some one that would with grace be gratifide,
From him would steale them priuily away,
And bring to her so precious a pray.

Report is that dame Venus on a day
In spring when flowres doo clothe the fruitfull ground,
Walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play,
Bad her faire damzels flocking her arownd,
To gather flowres, her forehead to array:
Emongst the rest a gentle Nymph was found,
Hight Astery, excelling all the crewe 120
In curteous vsage, and vnstained hewe

Who beeing nimbler ioynted than the rest,
And more industrious, gathered more store
Of the fields honour, than the others best;
Which they in secret harts enuying sore,
Tolde Venus, when her as the worthiest
She praisd, that Cupide (as they heard before)
Did lend her secret aide, in gathering
Into her lap the children of the spring.

Wherof the Goddesse gathering iealous feare, 130
Not yet vnmindfull how not long agoe
Her sonne to Psyche secrete loue did beare,
And long it close conceal'd, till mickle woe
Thereof arose, and manie a ruffull teare;
Reason with sudden rage did ouergoe,
And giuing hastie credit to th'accuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Eftsoones that Damzell by her heauenly might,
She turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide aire to make her wandring flight; 140
And all those flowres, with which so plenteouslie
Her lap she filled had, that bred her spright,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh Clarion being readie dight,
Vnto his iourney did himselfe addresse,
And with good speed began to take his flight:
Ouer the fields in his franke lustinesse, 150
And all the countrey wide he did possesse,
Feeding vpon their pleasures bounteouslie,
That none gainsaid, nor none him did enuie.

The woods, the riuers, and the meadowes green,
With his aire-cutting wings he measur'd wide,
Ne did he leaue the mountaines bare vnseene,

Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights vntride.
But none of these, how euer sweete they beene,
Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t'abide:
His choicefull sense with euerie change doth flit. 160
No common things may please a wauering wit.

To the gay gardins his vnstaid desire
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights:
There lauish Nature in her best attire,
Powres forth sweete odors, and alluring sights;
And Arte with her contending, doth aspire
T'excell the naturall, with made delights:
And all that faire or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excesse doth there abound.

There he arriuing, round about doth flie, 170
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes suruey with curious busie eye,
Of euerie flowre and herbe there set in order;
Now this, now that he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their silken leaues deface;
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And euermore with most varietie,
And change of sweetnesse (for all change is sweete)
He casts his glutton sense to satisfie, 180
Now sucking of the sap of herbe most meete,
Or of the deaw, which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feete:
And then he pearcheth on some braunch thereby,
To weather him, and his moyst wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,
To spoyle the pleasure of that Paradise:
The wholesome Saluge, and Lauender still gray,
Ranke smelling Rue, and Cummin good for eyes, 190
The Roses rainging in the pride of May,
Sharpe Isope, good for greene wounds remedies,
Faire Marigoldes, and Bees alluring Thime,
Sweet Marioram, and Daysies decking prime.

Coolle Violets, and Orpine growing still,
Embathed Balme, and chearfull Galingale,
Fresh Costmarie, and breathfull Camomill,
Red Poppie, and drink-quickning Setuale,
Veyne-healing Veruen, and hed-purging Dill,
Sound Sauorie, and Bazil hartie-hale, 200
Fat Colworts and comforting Perseline,
Colde Lettuce, and refreshing Rosmarine.

And whatso else of virtue good or ill
Grew in the Gardin, fetcht from farre away,
Of euerie one he takes, and tastes at will,
And on their pleasures greedily doth pray.
Then when he hath both plaid, and fed his fill,
In the warme Sunne he doth himselfe embay,
And there him rests in riotous siffisaunce
Of all his gladfulnes, and kingly ioyauce.

What more felicitie can fall to creature 210
Than to enioy delight with libertie,
And to be Lord of all the workes of Nature,
To raine in th' aire from th' earth to highest skie,
To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,
To take what euer thing doth please the eie?
Who rests not pleased with such happines,
Well worthie he to taste of wretchednes.

But what on earth can long abide in state?
Or who can him assure of happie day;
Sith morning faire may bring fowle euening late, 220
And least mishap the most blisse alter may?
For thousand perills lie in close awaite
About vs daylie, to worke our decay;
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them auoyde, or remedie prouide.

And whatso heuens in their secrete doome
Ordained haue, how can fraile fleshly wight
Forecast, but it must needs to issue come?
The sea, the aire, the fire, the day, the night,
And th' armies of their creatures all and some 230
Do serue to them, and with importune might
Warre against vs the vassals of their will.
Who then can saue, what they dispose to spill?

Not thou, O Clarion, though fairest thou
Of all thy kinde, vnhappye happie Flie,
Whose cruell fate is wouen euen now
Of Ioues owne hand, to worke thy miserie:
Ne may thee helpe the manie hartie vow,
Which thy olde Sire with sacred pietie
Hath powred forth for thee, and th' altars sprent: 240
Nought may thee saue from heuens auengement.

It fortun'd (as heuens had behight)
That in this gardin, where yong Clarion
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight,
The foe of faire things, th' author of confusion,
The shame of Nature, the bondslaue of spight,

Had lately built his hatefull mansion;
And, lurking closely, in awayte now lay
How he might anie in his trap betray.

But when he spide the ioyous Butterflie
In this faire plot displacing too and fro, 250
Fearles of foes and hidden ieopardie,
Lord how he gan for to bestirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part applie:
His heate did earne against his hated foe,
And bowels so with ranckling poyson swelde,
That scarce the skin the strong contagion helde.

The cause why he this Flie so maliced,
Was (as in stories it is written found) 260
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The most fine-fingred workwoman on ground,
Arachne, by his meanes was vanquished
Of Pallas, and in her owne skill confound,
When she with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her shame, and sorrow neuer ended.

For the Tritonian goddessse, hauing hard
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fil'd,
Came downe to proue the truth, and due reward
For her prais-worthie workmanship to yeild 270
But the presumptuous Damzel rashly dar'd
The Goddessse selfe to chalenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

Minerua did the chalenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make:
So to their worke they sit, and each doth chuse
What storie she will for her tapet take.
Arachne figur'd how Ioue did abuse
Europa like a Bull, and on his backe 280
Her through the sea did beare; so liuely seene,
That it true Sea, and true Bull ye would weene.

Shee seem'd still backe vnto the land to looke,
And her play-fellowes aide to call, and feare
The dashing of the waues, that vp she tooke
Her daintie feete, and garments gathered neare:
But (Lord) how she in euerie member shooke,
When as the land she saw no more appeare,
But a wilde wildernes of waters deepe:
Then gan she greatly to lament and weepe.

Before the Bull she pictur'd winged Loue, 290
With his yong brother Sport, light fluttering

Vpon the waues, as each had beene a Doue;
The one his bowe and shafts, the other Spring.
A burning Teade about his head did moue,
As in their Syres new loue both triumphing:
And manie Nymphes about them flocking round,
And manie Tritons, which did their hornes sound.

And round about, her worke she did empale
With a faire border wrought of sundrie flowres,
Enwouen with an Yuie winding trayle: 300
A goodly worke, full fit for Kingly bowres,
Such as Dame Pallas, such as Enuie pale,
That al good things with venemous tooth deuowres,
Could not accuse. Then gan the Goddesses bright
Her selfe likewise vnto her worke to dight.

She made the storie of the old debate
Which she with Neptune did for Athens trie:
Twelue Gods doo sit around in royall state,
And Ioue in midst with awfull Maiestie,
To iudge the strife betweene them stirred late: 310
Each of the Gods by his like visnomie
Eathe to be knowen; but Ioue aboue them all,
By his great lookes and power Imperiall.

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,
Clayming that sea-coast Citie as his right,
And strikes the rockes with his three-forked mace;
Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,
The signe by which he chalengeth the place,
That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous might
Did surely deme the victorie his due: 320
But seldome seene, foriudgement proueth true.

Then to her selfe she giues her Aegide shield,
And steelhed speare, and morion on her hedd,
Such as she oft is seene in warlicke field:
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dredd
She smote the ground, the which streight foorth did yield
A fruitfull Olyue tree, with berries spredd,
That all the Gods admir'd; then all the storie
She compast with a wreathe of Olyues hoarie.

Emongst these leaues she made a Butterflie, 330
With excellent deuce and wondrous flight,
Fluttering among the Oliues wantonly,
That seem'd to liue, so like it was in sight:
The veluet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The siken downe with which his backe is dight,
His broad outstretched hornes, his hayrie thies,
His glorious colours, and his glittering eies.

Which when Arachne saw, as ouerlaid
And mastered with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, ne ought gainesaid, 340
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,
And by her silence, signe of one dismaid,
The victorie did yeeld her as her share:
Yet she did inly fret, and felly burne,
And all her blood to poysonous rancor turne:

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,
Such as she was, when Pallas she attempted,
She grew to hideous shape of dryrihed,
Pined with grieffe of folly late repented:
Eftsoones her white streight legs were altered 350
To crooked crawling shankes, of marrowe emptied,
And her faire face to fowle and loathsome hewe
And her fine corpses to a bag of venim grewe.

This cursed creature, mindfull of that olde
Enfested grudge, the which his mother felt,
So soone as Clarion he did beholde,
His heart with vengefull malice inly swelt;
And weauing straight a net with manie a folde
About the caue, in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine small cords about it stretched wide, 360
So finely sponne, that scarce they could be spide.

Not anie damzell, which her vaunteth most
In skilfull knitting of soft silken twyne;
Nor anie skil'd in workmanship embost;
Nor anie skil'd in loupes of fingring fine,
Might in their diuers cunning euer dare,
With this so curious networke to compare.

Ne doo I thinke, that that same subtil gin, 370
The which the Lemnian God framde craftilie,
Mars sleeping with his wife to compasse in,
That all the Gods with common mockerie
Might laugh at them, and scorne their shamefull sin,
Was like to this. This same he did applie
For to entrap the careles Clarion,
That ran'gd each where without suspition.

Suspition of friend, nor feare of foe,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandred too and fro, 380
In the pride of his freedome principall:
Litle wist he his fatall future woe,
But was secure, the liker he to fall.
He likest is to fall into mischaunce,

That is regardles of his gouernaunce.

Yet still Aragnoll (so his foe was hight)
Lay lurking couertly him to surprise,
And all his gins that him entangle might,
Drest in good order as he could deuise.
At length the foolish Flie without foresight, 390
As he that did all danger quite despise,
Toward those parts came flying careleslie ,
Where hidden was his hatefull enemye.

Who, seeing him, with secreete ioy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in euerie vaine,
And his false hart fraught with all treasons store,
Was fil'd with hope, his purpose to obtaine:
Himselfe he close vpgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceptfull traine
By his there being might not be bewraid, 400
Ne anie noyse, ne anie motion made.

Like as a wily Foxe, that hauing spide,
Where on a sunnie banke the Lambes doo play,
Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,
Ne stirreth limbe, till seeing readie tide,
He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
One of the little yonglings vnawares:
So to his worke Aragnoll him prepares.

Who now shall giue vnto my heauie eyes 410
A well of teares, that all may ouerflow?
Or where shall I finde lamentable cries,
And mournfull tunes enough my grieffe to show?
Helpe O thou Tragick Muse, me to deuise
Notes sad enough t'expresse this bitter throw:
For loe, the dreerie stownd is now arriued,
That of all happines hath vs depriued.

The luckles Clarion, whether cruell Fate,
Or wicked Fortune faultles him misled,
Or some vngracious blast out of the gate 420
Of Aeoles raine perforce him droue on hed,
Was (O sad hap and howre vnfortunate)
With violent swift flight forth caried
Into the cursed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his finall ouerthro.

There the fond Flie entangled, struggled long,
Himselfe to free thereout; but all in vaine.
For striuing more, the more in laces strong
Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twine

In lymie snares the subtill loupes among; 430
That in the ende he breathlesse did remaine,
And all his yougthly forces idly spent,
Him to the mercie of th' auenger lent.

Which when the greisly tyrant did espie,
Like a grimme Lyon rushing with fierce might
Out of his den, he seized greedilie
On the resistles pray, and with fell spight,
Vnder the left wing stroke his weapon slie
Into his heart, that his deepe groning spright
In bloodie streames foorth fled into the aire, 440
His bodie left the spectacle of care.

FINIS.

from Ulisse Androvandi,
De animalibus insectis libri septem, cum singulorum iconibus ad viuum expressis
(Bologna, 1602)



Figs. 1 and 2,
from Book 2



from Pliny the Elder,
Historia naturalis
(1st century AD)

The spider—its varieties, and mode of weaving its web, and dealing with a catch.

To these may be not ineptly joined the nature of spiders, which deserves even exceptional admiration. There are several kinds of spiders, but they need not be described, as they are so well known. The name of *phalangium* is given to a kind of spider that has a harmful bite and a small body of variegated colour and pointed shape, and advances by leaps and bounds. A second species of spider is black, with very long fore legs. All spiders have legs with two joints. Of the wolf-spiders the smallest do not weave a web, but the larger ones live in the ground and spin tiny anterooms in front of their holes. A third kind of the same species is remarkable for its scientific method of construction; it sets up its warp-threads, and its own womb suffices to supply the material needed for this considerable work, whether because the substance of its intestines is thus resolved at a fixed time, as Democritus holds, or because it has inside it some power of producing wool: with such careful use of its claw and such a smooth and even thread it spins the warp, employing itself as a weight. It starts weaving at the centre, twining in the woof in a circular round, and entwists the meshes in an unloosable knot, spreading them out at intervals that are always regular but continually grow less narrow. How skilfully it conceals the snares that lurk in its checkered net! How unintentional appears to be the density of the close warp and the plan of the woof, rendered by a sort of scientific smoothing automatically tenacious! How its bosom bellies to the breezes so as not to reject things that come to it! You might think the threads had been left by a weary weaver stretching in front at the top; but they are difficult to see, and, like the cords in hunting-nets, when the quarry comes against them throw it into the bosom of the net. With what architectural skill is the vaulting of the actual cave designed! and how much more hairy it is made, to give protection against cold! How distant it is from the centre, and how its intention is concealed, although it is really so roofed in that it is impossible to see whether somebody is inside or not! Then its strength—when is it broken by the winds? what quantity of dust weighs it down? When the spider is practising its art and learning to weave, the breadth of the web often reaches between two trees and the length of the thread stretches down from the top of the tree and there is a quick return right up the thread from the ground, and the spider goes up and brings down the threads simultaneously. But when a catch falls into the web, how watchfully and alertly it runs to it! although it may be clinging to the edge of the net, it always runs to the middle, because in that way it entangles the prey by shaking the whole. When the web is torn it at once restores it to a finished condition by patching it. And spiders actually hunt young frogs and lizards, first wrapping up their mouth with web and then finally gripping both lips with their jaws, giving a show worthy of the amphitheatre when it comes off.

(Book XI.xxviii, Loeb translation)

from Thomas Moffett,
Insectorum sive Minimorum Animalium Theatrum
 (London: Thomas Cotes, 1634)



Insectorum sive

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3. Ferè parilis est forme, absque antennis efficit multo longioribus, & sanguineis maculis alio modo asperis, nam circa extremitatem alarum guttae sanguineae duae tantum apparent, ab exortu verò maculae duae longius trahæ conspicuntur.

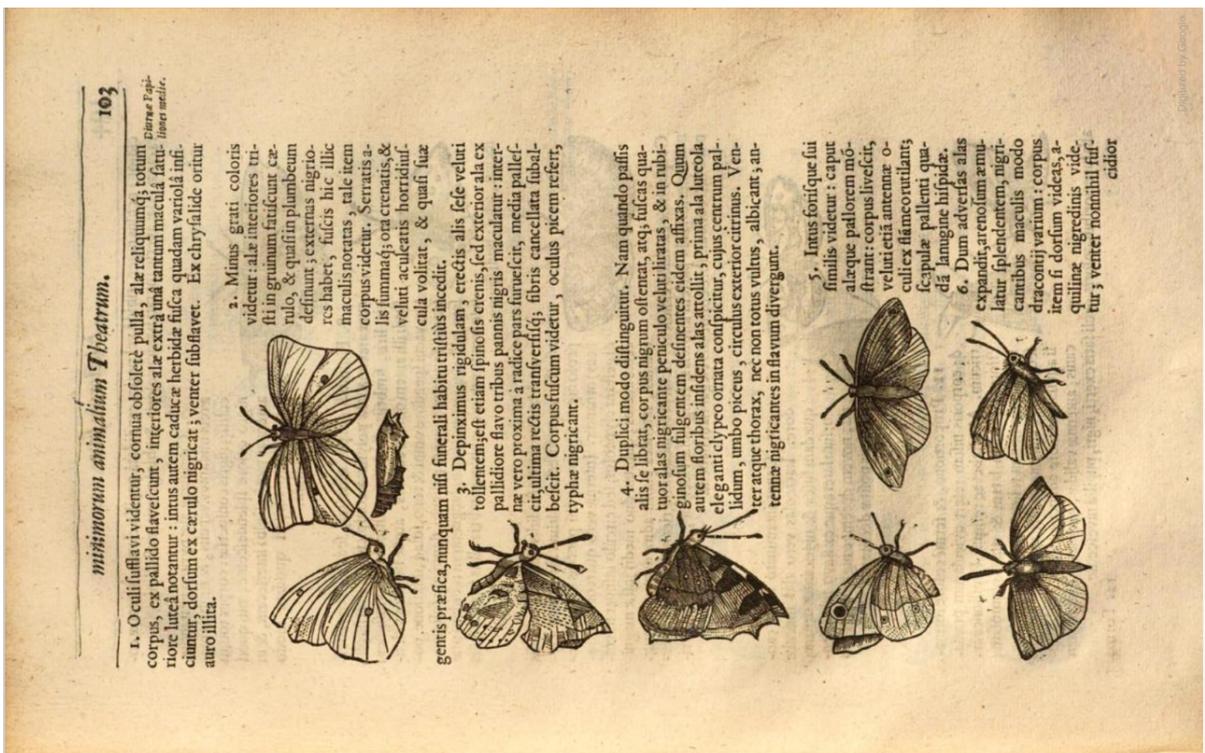
Atque de nocturnis Papilionibus sive Phalaris hactenus sit dictum. Nunc ad nocturnos sive diurnas transgremas.

Diurna Papilioes eo modo sunt describendas, ut quisq; facultatem elegantiamq; naturæ hactenus in parte videre possit atque inspicere. Neque enim minus lustri vel potius sculo operata est in eam varietate coloribus, veltibus, paragyis, orbiculis, globulis, clavibus, meandris, refferis, laciniisque ornandis, pingendis, confectendis, atque in Phalaris fecerat.

Diurna Papilio Prima, omnium maxima, maximam partem flavescit, his locis paribusq; exceptis, quæ hic attracto desigrantur. Quinetiam extremi illi internum alarum globuli coelocolorum spirant: ut genium saphyris continetur. Oculum chrysolithi referunt. Magnitudinem formandis adeo ad normam exculptam hic exhibemus, ut plura de his attere non sit necessarium.

3. Præter

Fig. 5 (right)
 Fig. 6 (left)



minimorum animalium Theatrum.

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1. Oculi sufflavi videntur, cornua obsoletè pulla, alæ reliquumq; totum corpus, ex pallido flavescunt, interiores alæ extrâ unâ tantum maculâ fatiuntur luce notantur: intus autem caduceæ herbidae fusca quadam variolâ infumantur, dorsum ex cernulo nigricat; venter subflavet. Ex chrysalide ortur auro illita.

2. Minus grati coloris videtur: alæ interiores tristi in gruinum fatiscunt cernulo, & quasi in plumbecum desinunt; exterius nigricos habet, fuscis hic illic maculis notatis, tale item corpus videtur. Serratis alis summaq; ora crenatis, & veluti aculeatis horridifcula volitat, & quasi lux genis præfica, nunquam nisi funerali habitu tristibus incedit.

3. Depinximus niguliam, erectis alis sese veluti tollentem; est etiam spinosis crenis, sed exterior alæ ex pallidiorè flavo tribus pannis nigris maculatur: interna vero proxima à radice pars sumescit, media pallidescit, ultima rectis transversisq; fibris cancellata subalbescit. Corpus fuscum videtur, oculus picem refert, typha nigricant.

4. Duplici modo distinguuntur. Nam quando passis alis se libratis, corpus nigrum ostendit, atq; fuscis quatuor alas nigricante peniculo veluti liratas, & in rubiginosum fulgentem desinentes eidem affixas. Quam autem floribus insidens alas arcollit, prima alæ luteola elegantè clypeo ornata conspicitur, cuius centrum pallidum, umbo piccus, circulus exterior citrinus. Venter atque thorax, nec non totus vultus, albicant; antennæ nigrescentes in flavum divergunt.

5. Intus fortique sui similis videtur: caput alæque pallorem monstrant: corpus livescit, veluti etiâ antennæ oculi flammeo vitilatis scipula pallentè quadâ lanugine hispida.

6. Dum advertas alas expandit, arenosum armulatur splendentem, nigricantibus maculis modo draconum varium: corpus item si dorsum videtas, aquilinae nigredinis videtur; venter nonnihil fuscior



from Robert Hooke,
Micrographia
(London: J. Martyn, 1665)



Fig. 7,
'Microscopic view of a shepherd or
long legg'd spider'