

**Syphilis: or, a poetical history of the French disease / Written in Latin ...  
And now attempted in English by N. Tate. [With life of Fracastorius].**

**Contributors**

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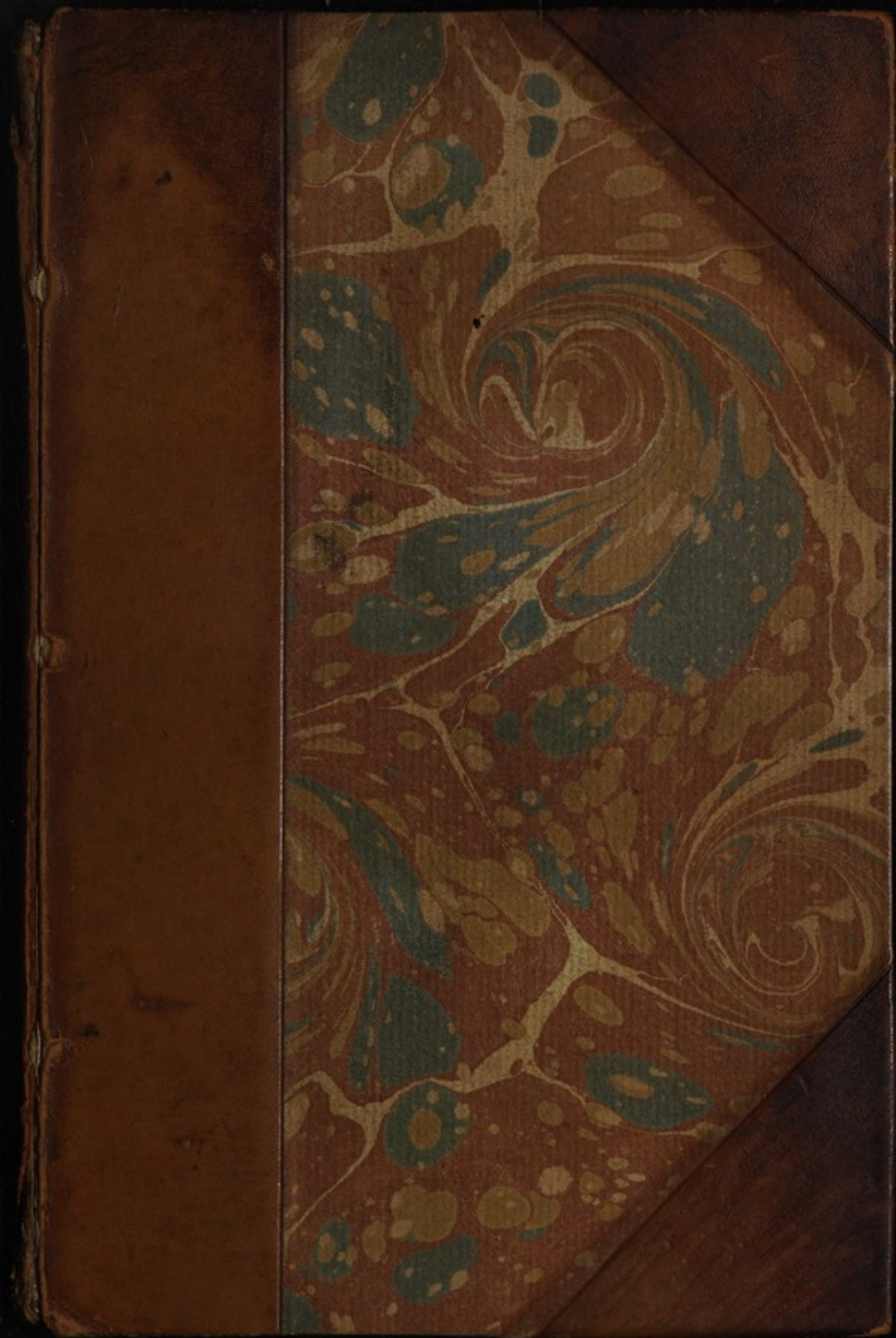
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Wellcome Collection  
183 Euston Road  
London NW1 2BE UK  
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722  
E [library@wellcomecollection.org](mailto:library@wellcomecollection.org)  
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FRACASTORIUS. 1686







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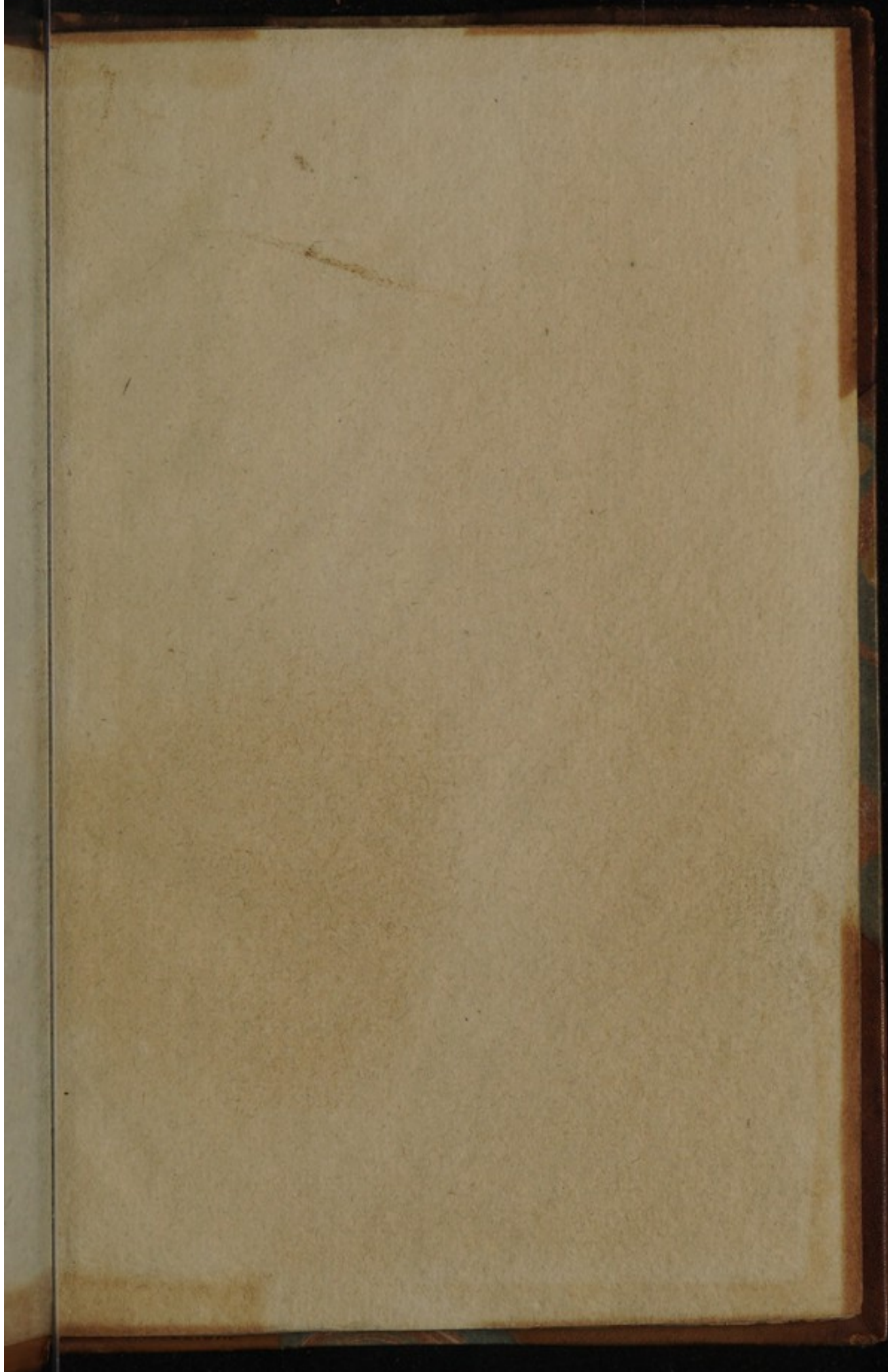
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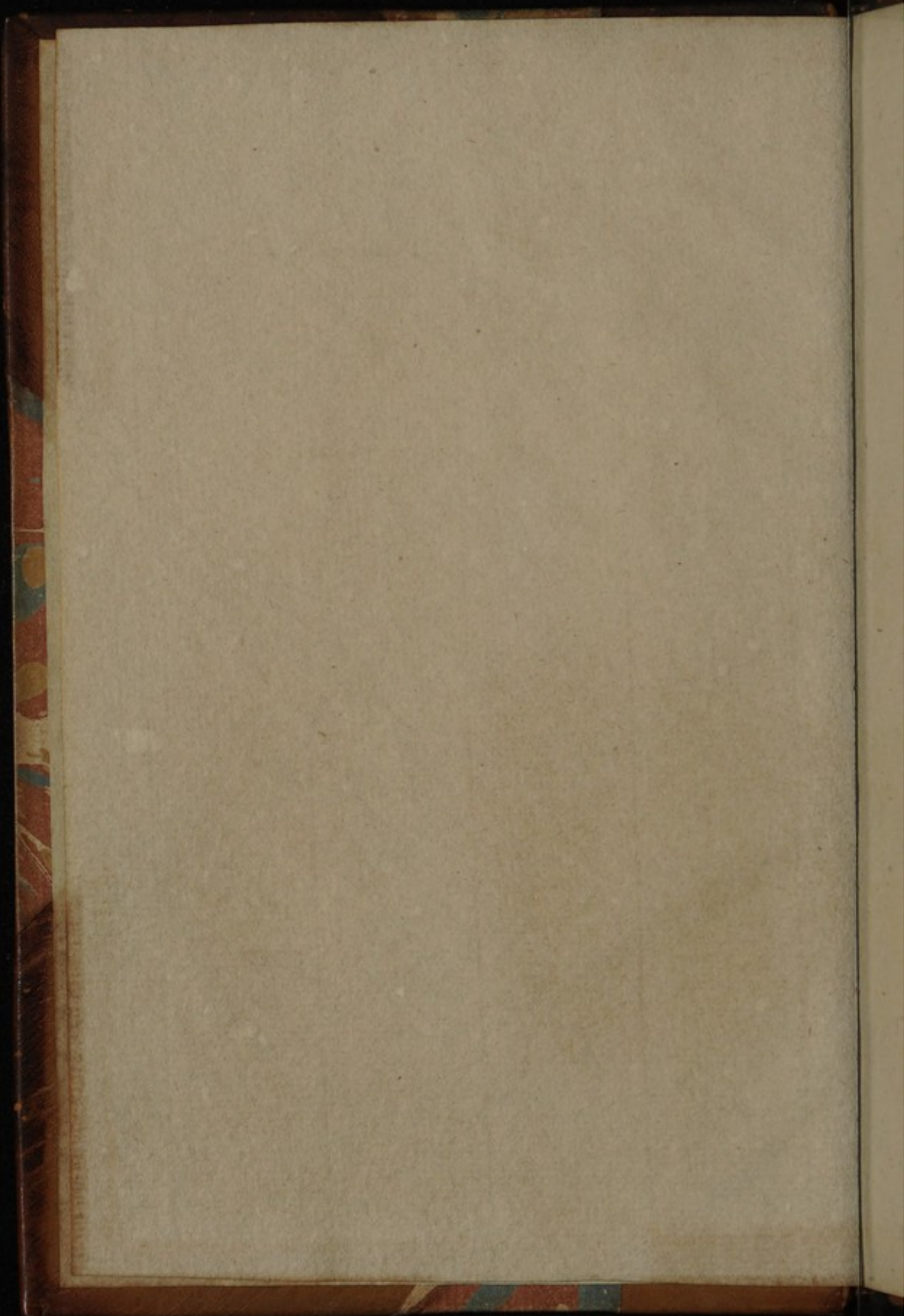
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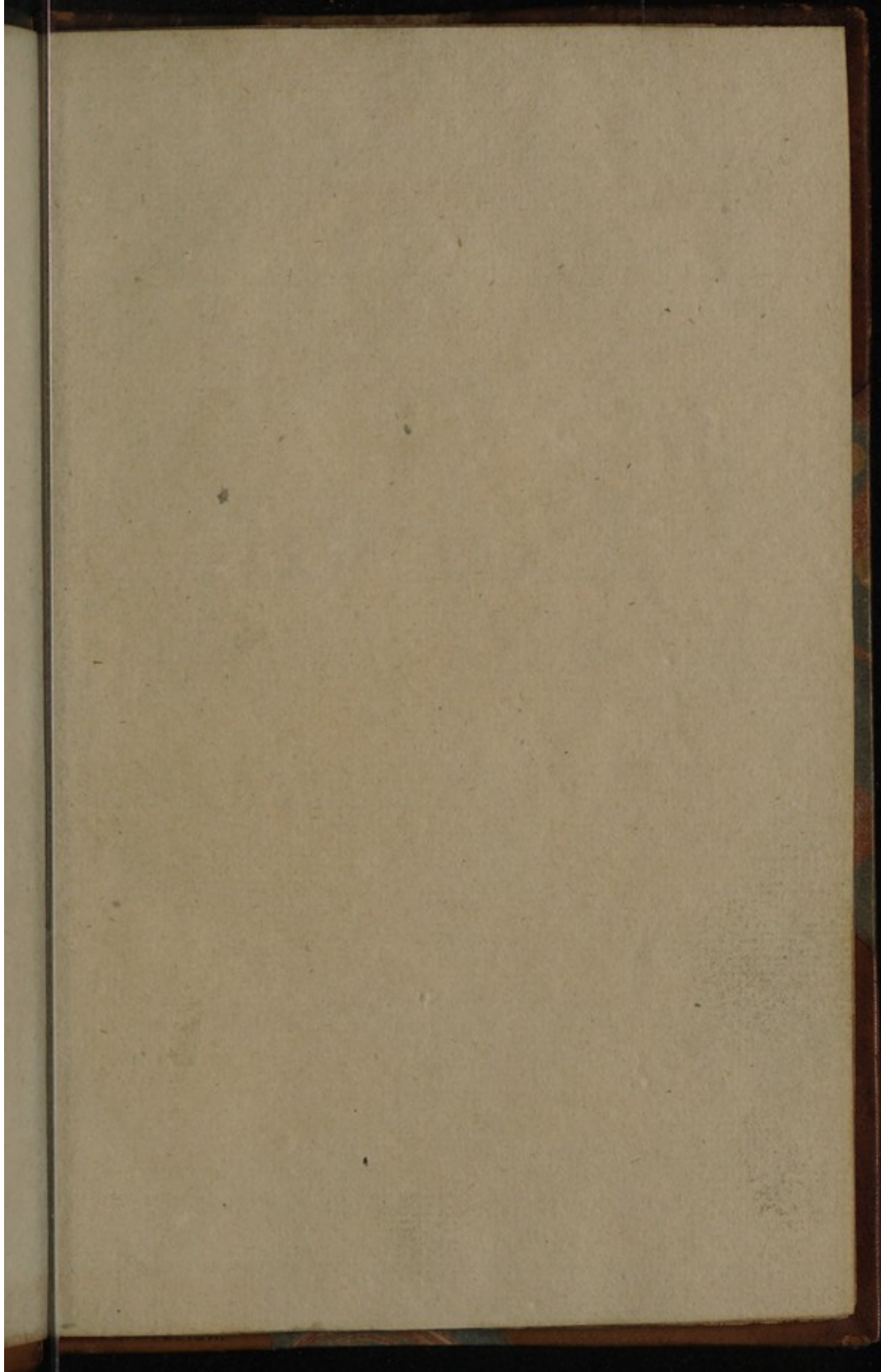
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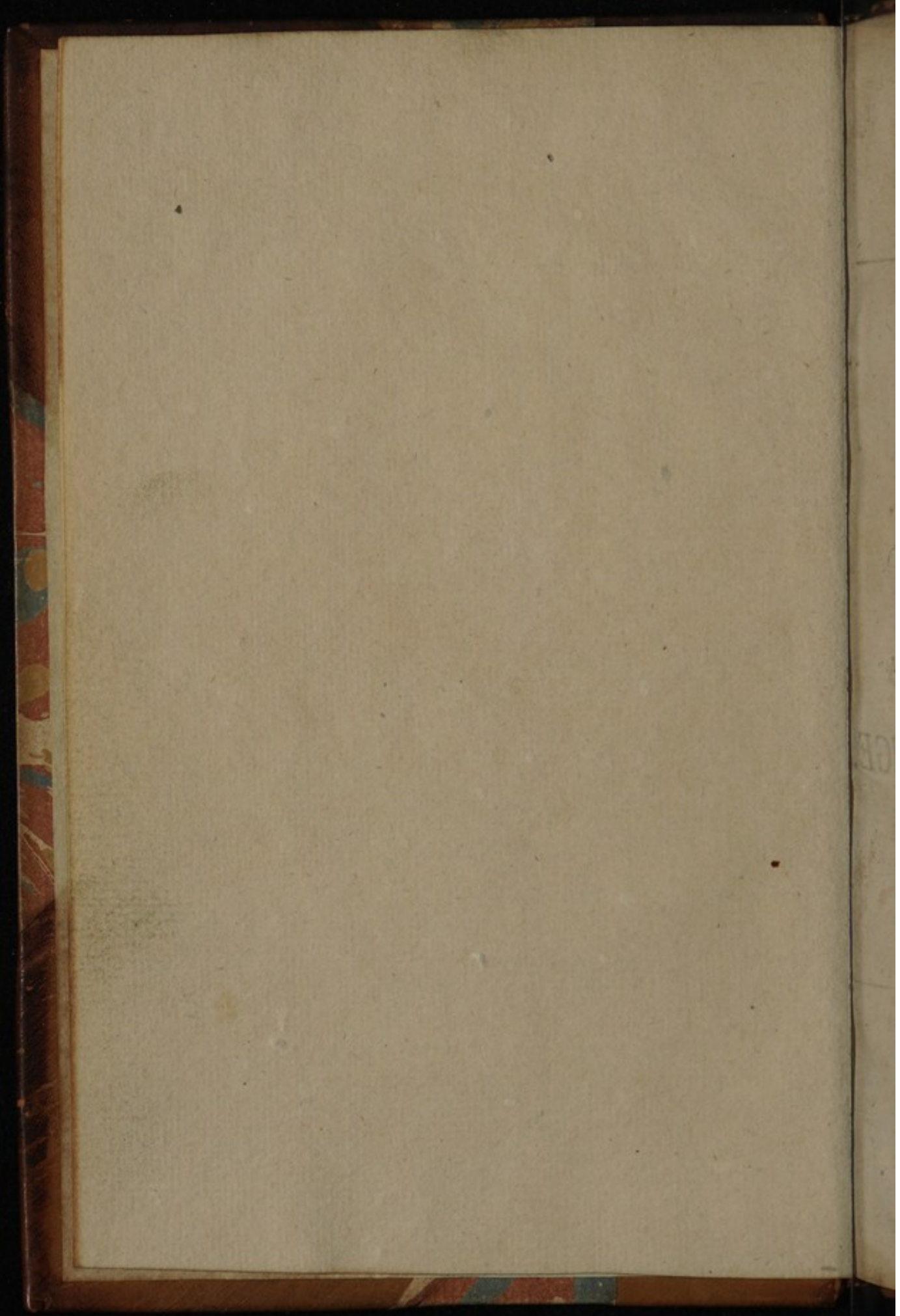
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RO. L. ESTRANGE

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42565  
S Y P H I L I S :  
O R,  
A P O E T I C A L  
H I S T O R Y  
O F T H E  
F r e n c h D i s e a s e .

GE.  
Written  
In Latin by *FRACASTORIUS*.

And now Attempted in English by *N. TATE*.

L O N D O N,  
Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, at the *Judge's-Head* in  
*Chancery-lane* near *Fleetstreet*, 1 6 8 6.

STY P H I L L S  
OR  
A POETICAL  
HISTORY  
OF THE  
FRENCH DISEASE.

Written

IN LATIN BY FRANCIS TORRES.

AND NOW ABSTRACTED IN ENGLISH BY W. J. H. A.



Printed for James ...  
Chancery Lane ...

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THE  
TRANSLATOR  
TO  
Mr. HOBBS,

Surgeon to His MAJESTY.

**A** Ccept, great Son of Art, this faint effect  
Of a most active, and unfeign'd Respect:  
Numbers that yield (Alas!) too just survey  
Of Physick's growth and Poetry's decay.  
That shew a generous Muse impair'd by Me,  
As much as th' Authour's skill's out-done by Thee.



( )

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This *Indian Conquerer's* fatal March he sung,  
To the same Lyre his own *Apollo* strung;  
Whose Notes yet fail'd the Monster to assuage,  
Revenging Here, invading *Spaniard's* Rage.  
Dear was the Conquest of a new found World,  
Whose Plague e'er since through all the Old is  
hurl'd.

Had *Fracastorius*, who in Numbers told  
(Numbers more rich than those new Lands of  
Gold)

This great Destroyer's Progress, seen this Age  
And thy Success against the Tyrant's Rage,  
*Bembus*, had then been no immortal Name,  
Thou and thy Art had challeng'd all his Flame!  
Thou driv'st th' Usurper to his last Retreats,  
Repairing as Thou go'st the ruin'd Seats:  
Thus while the Foe is by thy Art remov'd,  
The Holds are strengthen'd, and the Soil im-  
prov'd.

Thy

Thy happy Conquest do's at once Expell  
Th' Invader's force, and inbred Factions quell.  
Thy Patients and *Augusta's* fate's the same,  
To rise more fair and lasting for the *Flame* :  
While meaner Artists this bold Task essay,  
I'th' little *World of Man* they loose their way.  
Thou know'st the secret Passes to each Part,  
And, skill'd in *Nature*, can'st not fail in *Art*.

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THE

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The happy Conqueror do's at once Expell  
The Invader's force, and inbred Factions quell  
By Patient and Kings's fate's the same,  
To the more fair and lasting for the Name  
While another Arise this bold Task essay,  
In the World of Man they looke their way  
Then know if the secret Passes to each Part,  
And skil'd in Warre, can't not fail in Art

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THE

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T H E  
L I F E  
O F  
Fracastorius.

**F***racastorius* was descended from the *Fracastorian* Family of great Antiquity in *Verona*. He seemed not onely to rival the Fame of *Catullus* and *Pliny*, who had long before made that City renown'd, but to have very far exceeded all his Contemporaries, for Learning and Poetry. His Parents were *Paulo-Philippus Fracastorius* and *Camilla Mascarella*, both of great Reputation. He was so well educated  
by

## *The Life of Fracastorius.*

by his Father that he gave early proofs of a great Genius, so that in his childhood all men conceived hopes of an extraordinary Man. Nor was Providence wanting to give him a signal Testimony, forasmuch as when he was an Infant in the Armes of his Mother, a sudden Tempelt arising, in which the Mother was struck dead by Lightning, the Child received no harm. He was sent for literature while very young to *Padua*, where even in that age with indefatigable labour, he opened his way to that height of glory which he afterwards attained: After the initiatory Arts he applyed himself to the secrets of distinct Sciences, but infinitely delighted with the Mathematicks, in all, assisted by a Memory equal to his Ingenuity. After several years spent in Philosophical studies under the Tutorship of *Peter Pomponatius* of *Mantua*; he devoted himself by the dictates of his Genius to Physick with such resolution

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## *The Life of Fracastorius.*

tion and success, that in the School disputations, not onely his fellow Students but most experienc'd Doctours were sensible that he was designed by Providence for great Undertakings. Accordingly they then gave him the honour of the Pulpit, which had never before been permitted to any person till they had perfected their studies, and were arrived to the years of Manhood. This School being dissolv'd by the breaking out of the War, while he had thoughts of returning to his Countrey (his Father being then dead) he was on honourable conditions invited by *Livianus*, General of the *Venetian* Forces, and a noble Patron of Wit, to the College *Forojuliensis*, &c. ---- and lodged in the same apartment of *Andrea Naugerus* and *Johannes Cottac*, two excellent Poets. He had not long resided here before he published Verses on every extraordinary Occasion that happened, which were received with such general applause

## The Life of Fracastorius.

applause throughout *Italy*, that their fame has to this day stilled the performances of his Companions. Having after wards accompanied *Livianus* through many wars, the General being at last overthrown and taken Prisoner by the *French* at *Abdua*; he returned late into his native countrey, where in the general devastation he found his Patrimony almost utterly destroyed.

He marry'd, but was soon unhappy in the loss of two Sons whose untimely death he bewailed in a most passionate Elegy. He was low of Stature but of good bulk, his Shoulders broad, his Hair black and long, his Face round, his Eyes black, his Nose short and turning upwards by his continual contemplation of the Stars, a lively air was spread over his Countenance that displayed the Serenity and Ingenuity of his Mind. He affected a quiet and private life, as being a man free from ambitious desires; contenting himself  
with

## The Life of Fracastorius.

with a moderate fortune, and placing his happiness in improvement of his knowledge. He was chearfull though frugal at his Table, having a constant regard to his health; his wit being always the best part of his Banquet. He was notwithstanding sparing in his Speech, and affecting no vanity in his Dress: He was never censorious of other mens performances, but always glad of an occasion to commend; for which he was deservedly celebrated by *Johannes Baptista* in a noble Epigram. He spent his time in curing the diseased, a divine Power seeming always to attend his endeavours, above the sordid desire of gain, and thought himself best rewarded in the health of his Patient. By these means he contracted many friendships, and had (deservedly) no Enemy.

He was not onely esteemed for his skill in his own countrey, but was sought to by foreign Princes in desperate  
rate



## *The Life of Fracastorius.*

rate sickness, for which though vast rewards were offered, he brought nothing home beside their Friendship.

In his leisure he diverted himself with reading History, at which time *Polybius*, or *Plutarch* were never out of his hands. He sometimes relieved his studies with Mathematicks and Musick, and made no small performances in Cosmography. He was much alone, yet always employed; and though by reason of his backwardness to discourse, he seemed of a Saturnine Temper, yet none were more chearfull and pleasant when entred into Conversation. He performed wonders by his exact knowledge of Herbs and Simples, by searching the best Books of the Ancients. That most excellent Antidote called *Diascordium*, was of his preparing; we are likewise beholding to his judgment for specifying many usefull Herbs of which the Ancients had left uncertain description. The Age in which he lived saw nothing  
equal

## The Life of Fracastorius.

equal to his Learning, but his honesty. In his retreat from the City, while the Pestilence raged, he found leisure to compose the following Poem, a work of such elegance, that *Sanazarius* freely acknowledged it to excell his own, *De partu Virginis*, that had cost him above twenty years labour and correction. His Treatises in Prose and efforts of Poetry are too numerous to be recited on this occasion.

In all which he affected so little vanity that he never preserv'd a Copy; and we are beholding for what are extant, to the industry of his Friends that collected them after his death.

He was above 70 years old when he dyed, which was by an Apoplexy that seiz'd him while he was at Dinner at his Countrey seat. He was sensible of his malady, though speechless, often putting his Hand upon the top of his Head, by which sign he would have had his Servants administer a Cupping-Glass

*The Life of Fracastorius.*

Glass to the part affected, by which he had formerly cured a Nun in *Verona*, labouring under the same Distemper. But his Domesticks not conceiving his meaning apply'd first one thing and then another, till in the Evening he gently Expired. He was Interr'd at *Verona*: his Statue together with that of *Andrea Naugerus*, delicately cast in Brass, was erected in the School of *Padua* by *Johannes Baptista Rhamnusius*. His fellow Citizens of *Verona*, not to be behind *Rhamnusius* in respect (two years after the erecting the brazen Statue in *Padua*) set up his Image in marble at *Verona*, in imitation of their Ancestours who had performed the same honour to their *Catullus* and *Pliny*; with Laurel round their Heads.

T O

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TO  
His Friend,

The Writer of the  
ENSUING TRANSLATION.

**W**ELL has thy Fate directed Thee to chuse  
An Authour, worthy of the noblest Muse:  
His learned Pen has, what was long unknown,  
In Roman language, like a Roman shown.  
And thine as sweet, in British numbers taught  
The Labours of his vast Poetick thought.  
Of Earth, of Seas, of putrid air He sung,  
To search from whence that dire Contagion sprung,  
Which now does worse than fellest Plagues deface  
The beauteous Form of God's resembling Race.

†

From

From the Malignant influence of the Skies,  
'Tis sure the Seeds of most Diseases rise.

But if this merciless, consuming Flame,  
From Vapours, or infectious Planets came;  
Why rag'd it not much more in ancient Times,  
From Exhalations of impurer Climes?

Besides; no settled Consequence can spring  
From whatso'er contingent Causes bring.

The raging Pestilence, that long lays wast  
The spotted Prey, devours it self at last.

And sure had this been ne'er so strong entail'd,  
The vile succession must e'er now have fail'd.

Blame not the Stars; 'tis plain it neither fell  
From the distemper'd Heav'ns, nor rose from Hell.

Nor need we to the distant Indies come;  
The curst Originals are nearer home.

Whence should that foul infectious Torment flow,  
But from the banefull source of all our wo?

That

( )  
That wheedling, charming Sex, that draws us in  
To ev'ry punishment and ev'ry sin.

While Man, by Heav'n's command, and nature led,  
Through this vast Globe his Maker's Image spread;  
The Godlike Figure form'd in ev'ry womb  
Prolifick stems, for Ages yet to come,

Uncurst, because he did not vainly toil,  
On barren Mountains, or impregnant soil;

Healthfull and vigorous, He, o'er the face  
Of the wide Earth, dispers'd the Sacred race.

But now, that Tribe, who all our Rights invade,  
Pervert the wise Decrees which Nature made.

Prompt to all ill, Insatiately they fire

At ev'ry pamper'd Brutes untam'd desire :

And while they prostitute themselves to more  
Than Eastern Kings had Concubines before ;

The foul Promiscuous Coition breeds,

Like jarring Elements, those pois'nous seeds,

Which

( )  

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*Which all the dreadfull host of Symptomes bring;  
And with one curst Disease a Legion spring.*

*Were the decay'd, degen'rate race of Man,  
Untainted now, as when it first began;  
And there were no such tort'ring Plague on Earth,  
The first inconstant Wretch wou'd give it birth:  
Shun her, as you wou'd fly from splitting Rocks;  
Not Wolves so fatal are to tender Flocks:  
Though round the world the dire Contagion flew,  
She'll poison more, than e'er Pandora flew.*

---

*A POE-*

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A  
P O E T I C A L  
H I S T O R Y  
O F T H E  
F R E N C H D I S E A S E.

**T**hrough what adventures this unknown Disease  
So lately did astonisht *Europe* seize,  
Through *Asian* Coasts and *Libyan* Cities ran,  
And from what Seeds the Malady began,  
Our Song shall tell: To *Naples* first it came  
From *France*, and justly took from *France* his  
Companion of the War ——— (Name,

B

The



The Methods next of Cure we shall exprefs,  
 The wondrous Wit of Mortals in diftrefs :  
 But when their Skill too faint Refiftence made,  
 We'll fhew the Gods descending to their aid.  
 To reach the fecret Causes we muft rife  
 Above the Clouds, and travell o'er the Skies.  
 The daring Subject let us then purfue,  
 Transported with an Argument fo new,  
 While fpringing Groves and tunefull Birds invite  
 And Mufes that in wondrous Theams delight.

O *Bembus*, Ornament of *Italy*,

If yet from Cares of State thou canft be free,  
 If *Leo's* Councils yet can spare thy skill,  
 And let the Bufinefs of the World ftand ftill ;  
 O ftal a vifit to thofe cool retreats,  
 The Mufes deareft moft frequented Seats ;  
 And, gentle *Bembus*, do not there difdain  
 A Member of the *Esculapian* Train,

Attempt

Attempting Physicks practice to rehearse,

And clothing low Experiments in Verse.

A God instructs, these mysteries of old

By great *Apollo's* self in equal streins were told.

The smallest objects oft attract our Eyes,

But here, beneath a small appearance, lies

A Source, that greatest wonder will create,

Of Nature much and very much of Fate.

But thou, *Urania*, who alone canst trace

First Causes, measure out the Starry space;

That know'st the Planets number, force and use,

And what Effects the vari'd Orbs produce:

So may the Spheres thy Heavenly Course admire,

The Stars with envy at thy Beams retire;

As thou a while shalt Condescend to dwell,

With me on Earth, and make this Grove thy Cell;

While *Zephyrus*, can my head, with Myrtle bound,

And imitating Rocks my Song resound.

Say, Goddess, to what Cause we shall at last  
 Assign this Plague, unknown to Ages past;  
 If from the Western Climes 'twas wafted o'er,  
 When daring *Spaniards* left their Native shore;  
 Resolv'd beyond th' *Atlantick* to descry,  
 Conjectur'd Worlds, or in the search to dye.  
 For Fame Reports this Grief perpetual there,  
 From Skies infected and polluted Air:  
 From whence 'tis grown so Epidemical,  
 Whole Cities Victims to its Fury fall;  
 Few scape, for what relief where vital Breath,  
 The Gate of Life, is made the Road of death?  
 If then by Traffick thence this Plague was brought,  
 How Dearly Dearly was that Traffick bought!  
 This Prodigy of sickness, weak at first,  
 (Like Infant Tyrants and in secret Nurst)  
 When once confirm'd, with sudden rage breaks forth  
 And scatters desolation through the Earth.

So while the Shepherd travelling through the dark  
Strikes his dim Torch, some unsuspected Spark  
Falls in the Stubble, where it smothers long  
But by degrees becomes at last so strong,  
That now it spreads o'er all the Neighbouring soil,  
Devours at once the Plowmans hope and Toil ;  
The sacred Grove next Sacrifice must be,  
Nor *Jove* can save his dedicated Tree ;  
The Grove Foments its Rage from whence it flies  
In curling flames and seems to fire the Skies.  
Yet observation rightly taken draws  
This new Distemper from some newer Cause ;  
Nor Reason can allow that this Disease,  
Came first by Commerce from beyond the Seas ;  
Since instances in divers Lands are shown,  
To whom all *Indian* Traffick is unknown :  
Nor could th' Infection from the Western Clime  
Seize distant Nations at the self same time ;

And in Remoter parts begin its Reign,  
As fierce and early as it did in *Spain*.  
What slaughter in our *Italy* was made  
Where *Tiber's* Tribute to the Oceans paid;  
Where *Poe* does through a hundred Cities glide,  
And pours as many Streams into the Tide.  
All at one Season, all without relief,  
Receiv'd and languisht with the common grief.  
Nor can th' Infection first be charg'd on *Spain*,  
That fought new Worlds beyond the Western  
Since from *Pyrene's* foot, to *Italy*, (Main.  
It shed its Bane on *France*, while *Spain* was free.  
As soon the fertile *Rhine* its fury found,  
And Regions with eternal Winter bound:  
Nor yet did Southern Climes its vengeance shun,  
But felt a flame more scorching than the Sun.  
The Palms of *Ida* now neglected stood,  
And *Egypt* languisht while her *Nile* o'erflow'd;

From whence 'tis plain this Pest must be assign'd  
To some more pow'rfull Cause and hard to find.

In all productions of wise Nature's hand,  
Whether Conceiv'd in Air on Sea or Land ;  
No constant method does direct her way,  
But various Beings various Laws obey ;  
Such things as from few Principles arise,  
In every place and season meet our eyes ;  
But what are fram'd of Principles abstruce,  
Such places onely and such times produce,  
Effects of yet a more stupendious Birth,  
And such as Nature must with pangs bring forth,  
Where violent and various Seeds unite,  
Break slowly from the Bosome of the Night ;  
Long in the Womb of Fate the Embryo's worn,  
Whole Ages pass before the Monster's born.

Diseases thus which various Seeds compound,  
As various in their Birth and date are found.

Some always seen, some long in darkness hurld,  
That break their chains at last to scourge the World:  
To which black List this Plague must be assign'd,  
Nights foulest Birth and Terrour of Mankind.  
Nor must we yet think this escape the first,  
Since former Ages with the like were curst.  
Long since he scatter'd his Infernal flame,  
And always Being had, though not a Name,  
At least what Name it bore is now unfound:  
Both Names and things in times Abyss lye drown'd.  
How vainly then do we project to keep  
Our Names remembred when our Bodies sleep?  
Since late Succession searching their descent,  
Shall neither find our dust nor Monument.  
Yet where the Western Ocean finds its bound  
(The World so lately by the *Spaniards* found)  
Beneath this Pest the wretched Natives groan  
In every Nation there and always known,

Such dire Effects depend upon a Clime,  
On varying Skies and long Revolving time:  
The temper of their Air this Plague brought forth,  
The Soil it self dispos'd for such a Birth.  
All things conspir'd to raise the Tyrant there,  
But time alone cou'd fix his Conquest here.  
If therefore more distinctly we would know  
Each Source from whence this deadly Bane did  
His Progress in the Earth we must survey (flow,  
How many Cities groan beneath his sway.  
And when his great Advancement we have trac'd,  
We must allow his Principles as vast.  
That Earth nor Sea th' Ingredients cou'd prepare }  
And wholly must ascribe it to the Air, }  
The Tyrant's seat, his Magazine is there. }  
The Air that do's both Earth and Sea surround,  
As easily can Earth and Sea confound;

What



What Fence for Bodies when at every pore  
The soft Invader has an open door? (Breath,  
What fence, where poyson's drawn with vitall  
And Father Air the Authour proves of Death?  
Of subtile substance that with ease receives  
Infection, which as easily it gives.

Now by what means this dire Contagion first,  
Was form'd aloft, by what Ingredients nurst,  
Our Song shall tell; and in this wondrous Course,  
Revolving times and varying Planets force.

First then the Sun with all his train of Stars,  
Amongst our Elements raise endless Wars;  
And when the Planets from their Stations Range,  
Our Orb is influenc'd, and feels the Change.  
The chiefest instance is the Suns retreat,  
No sooner he withdraws his vital heat,  
But fruitless Fields with Snow are cover'd o'er,  
The pretty Fountains run and talk no more.

Yet

Yet when his Chariot to the *Crab* returns,  
The Air, the Earth, the very Ocean burns.  
The Queen of Night can boast no less a sway,  
At least all humid things her power obey.  
Malignant *Saturn's* Star as much can claim,  
With friendly *Jove's*, bright *Mars*, and *Venus*  
    flame,  
And all the host of Lights without a Name.  
Our Elements beneath their influence lye,  
Slaves to the very Rabble of the Sky.  
But most when many meet in one abode,  
Or when some Planet enters a new road,  
Far distant from the Course he us'd to run,  
Some mighty work of Fate is to be done.  
Long tracts of time indeed must first be spent,  
Before completion of the vast event;  
But when the Revolution once is made  
What mischiefs Earth and Sea at once Invade!

Poor Mortals then shall all extremes sustain  
While Heav'n dissolves in Deluges of Rain ;  
Which from the mountains with impetuous course,  
And headlong Rage, Trees, Rocks and Towns  
shall force,

O'er swelling *Ganges* then shall sweep the Plain,  
And peacefull *Poe* outroar the Stormy Main.

In other parts the Springs as low shall lye,  
And Nymphs with Tears, exhausted streams  
supply.

Where neither Drought nor Deluges destroy,  
The winds their utmost fury shall employ ;  
Whlie Hurricans whole Cities shall o'erthrow,  
Or Earthquakes Gorge them in the depths below.  
Perhaps the Season shall arrive ( if Fate  
And Nature once agree upon the date )  
When this most cultivated Earth shall be  
Unpeopled quite, or drench'd beneath the Sea ;

When

When ev'n the Sun another Course shall steer,  
And other Seasons constitute the year :  
The wondring North shall see the springing Vine,  
And *Moors* admire at Snow beneath the Line.  
New *Species* then of Creatures shall arise  
A new Creation Nature's self surprife.  
Then Youth shall lend fresh vigour to the Earth,  
And give a fecond breed of Gyants birth.  
By whom a new affault shall be perform'd,  
Hills heap'd on Hills, and Heaven once more  
be storm'd.

Since Nature's then fo lyable to change,  
Why fould we think this late Contagion ftrange ;  
Or that the Planets where fuch mifchiefs grow,  
Should fhed their poyfon on the Earth below ?

Two hundred rowling years are paff away,  
Since *Mars* and *Saturn* in Conjunction lay.

When

When through the East an unknown Fever Rag'd,  
 Of strange Effects and by no Arts Asswag'd ;  
 From suffocated Lungs with pain they drew  
 Their breath, and bloud for spittle did ensue ;  
 Four days the wretches with this Plague were  
 griev'd,

(Oh dismal sight) and then by death reliev'd.  
 From thence to *Persia* the Contagion came,  
 Of whom th' *Assyrians* catch'd the spreading flame.  
*Euphrates* next and *Tigris* did complain,  
*Arabia* too stil'd happy now in vain ;

Then *Phrygia* mourn'd, from whence it crost the  
 (Too small to quench its flame) to *Italy*. (Sea

Then from this lower Orb with me remove }  
 To view the Starry Palaces above, }  
 Through all the Roads of wandring Planets rove. }

To search in what position they have stood,  
 And what Conjectures were from them made good.

To

To find what Signs did former times direct,  
And what the present Age is to expect :  
From hence perhaps we shall with ease descry  
The Source of this stupendious Malady.  
Behold how *Cancer* with portentous harms  
Before Heav'n's Gate unfolds his threatenng Armes;  
Prodigious ills must needs from thence ensue,  
In which one House we may distinctly view  
A numerous Cabal of Stars conspire,  
To hurl at once on Air their bainfull fire.  
All this the Rev'rend Artist did descry  
Who nightly watch'd the Motions of the Sky,  
Ye Gods (he cry'd) what does your rage prepare,  
What unknown Plague engenders in the Air ?  
Besides, I see dire Wars on *Europe* shed,  
*Ausonian* Fields with Native Gore o'erspread.  
Thus Sung the Sage, and to prevent debate,  
In writing left the Story of our Fate.

When

When any certain Course of years is run  
E'er the next Revolution be begun,  
Heavens Method is, for *Jove* in all his State,  
To weigh Events and to determine Fate ;  
To search the Book of destiny and show  
What change shall rise in Heav'n or Earth below.  
Behold him then in awfull Robes array'd,  
And calling his known Counsel to his aid ;  
*Saturn* and *Mars* the Thundring Summons call,  
The *Crab's* portentous Armes unlock the Hall,  
Mark with what various meen the Gods repair,  
First *Mars* with sparkling Eyes and flaming Hair,  
So furious and addicted to Alarms,  
He dreams of Battels, though in *Venus* Armes.  
But see with what august and peacefull brow  
(Of Gold his Chariot if the Fates allow)  
Great *Jove* appears, who do's to all extend  
Impartial Justice, Heav'n and Nature's friend.

Old *Saturn* last with heavy pace comes on,  
Loath to obey the Summons of his Son;  
Oft going stopt, oft pender'd in his mind  
Heaven's Empire lost, oft to return inclin'd;  
Thus, much distracted, and arriving late,  
Sits grudging down beside the Chair of State.  
*Jove* now unfolds what Fate's dark laws contain,  
Which *Jove* alone has Wisdom to Explain:  
Sees ripning Mischiefs ready to be hurl'd,  
And much Condoles the Sufferings of the World:  
Unfolded views deaths Adamantine Gates,  
War, Slaughters, Factions and subverted States.  
But most astonish'd at a new Disease,  
That must forthwith on helpless Mortals seize,  
These secrets he unfolds, and shakes the Skies:  
The Gods Condole and from the Council rise.  
Hell's Agent thus no sooner quits his Cage,  
But on the starting Spheres he hurles his rage:



The purer Orbs disdain th' Infernal foe,  
And shake the Taint upon the Air below.  
The grosser Air receives the banefull Seeds,  
Converting to the Poison which it feeds :  
Whether the Sun from Earth this Vapour drew,  
In late Conjunction with his fiery Crew ;  
Or from Fermenting Seas by *Neptune* sent  
In Envy to the higher Element,  
Is hard to say ; or if more Powers combin'd,  
Sent forth this Prodigy to fright Mankind.  
The Offices of Nature to define,  
And to each Cause a true effect assign,  
Must be a Task both hard and doubtfull too,  
Since various consequences oft ensue :  
Nor Nature always to her self is true.  
Some Principles shall on the Instant work,  
Whilst others shall for tedious Ages lurk :

Besides the Power of Chance shall oft prevail,  
On Natures force, and cause Events to fail.  
Nor is the influence of Maladies  
Less various than the Seeds from whence they rise.  
Sometimes th' infected Air hurts Trees alone,  
To grafs and tender flowers pernicious known.  
The blast sometimes destroys the furrow'd soil,  
With mildew'd Ears not worth the Reapers toil.  
Or if some Dale with Grain seems more enrich'd,  
It moulds and rots before the sheaves are pitchd.  
When Earth yields store, yet oft some strange  
Shall fall and onely on poor Cattel seize. (Disease  
Here it shall sweep the Stock, while there it sheds  
its fury onely on devoted Heads.  
My own Remembrance to this hour retains,  
An Autumn drown'd with never ceasing Rains:  
Yet this Malignant Luxury the breed  
Of Goats alone did rue, the rest were freed.

See how at break of day their number's told,  
 See how the Keeper drives them from the Fold:  
 Behold him next beneath a hanging Rock,  
 And chearing with his Reed the browzing Flock,  
 While them he charms nor is himself less

pleas'd,  
 With a sharp sudden Cough some darling Kid is  
 The Cough his Knell, for with a giddy round  
 He whirls, and streight falls dead upon the ground.  
 This fever thus to Goats and Kids severe  
 While *Autumn* held, confined his Vengeance there  
 Next Spring, both lowing Herd and Bleating  
 Flock

At once it seiz'd, spar'd none but swept the Stock  
 With such uncertainty from tainted Skies  
 In Bodies plac't on Earth effects arise.

Since then by dear experiment we find  
 Diseases various in their Rise and Kind:

d, Of this Contagion let us take a view,  
Fold: More terrible for being Strange and new,  
That with the proudest Son of Slaughter vies,  
Flock, And claims no lower kindred than the Skies ;  
And as he did aloft conceive his Flame,  
The proud Destroyer seeks no common Game,  
feiz'd  
Kid is He scorns the well finn'd Sporters of the Flood,  
ad He scorns the well plum'd Singers of the wood ;  
round. Disdains the wanton Browzers of the Rock,  
Disdains the lowing Herd and bleating Flock ;  
there With Wolf or Bear, despizes to engage,  
bleating Nor can the generous Horse provoke his rage :  
The Lords of Nature onely he annoys,  
Stock And humane frame, Heav'ns Images, destroys.  
s The bloud's black viscous parts he seizes first,  
By whose malignant Aliments he's nurst ;  
And e'er he can the fierce Assault begin,  
Factions of humours take his part within ;

The strongest Holds of nature thus he gains,  
 Quar'ring his cruel Troop throughout the veins,  
 While some more noble Seat the Tyrant's Throne  
 contains.

Such principles brought this Distemper forth,  
 Such Aliments maintain'd the dreadfull Birth.  
 His certain signs and symptoms to rehearse,  
 Is the next taske of our instructing Verse.

O, may it prove of such a lasting date,  
 To conquer Time, and Triumph over Fate.

*Apollo's* self inspires the usefull Song,  
 And all that to *Apollo* do's belong,  
 Like him, should ever, live and be for ever young.

How shall Posterity admire our skill,  
 Taught by our Muse to know the lurking ill,  
 And when his dreadfull Visage they behold,  
 Cry, this is the Disease whose Signs of old  
 Th' inspir'd Physician in bright numbers told.

For thô th' infernal Pest should quit the Earth,  
Absconding in the Hell, that gave it Birth;  
Yet after lazy Revolutions past  
The unsuspected Prodigy at last,  
Shall from the womb of Night once more be hurl'd,  
T' infect the Skies, and to amaze the World.  
What therefore seems most wondrous in his course  
Is that he should so long conceal his Force;  
For when the Foe his secret way has made,  
And in our Intrails strong detachments laid;  
Yet oft the Moon four monthly rounds shall steer  
Before convincing Symptoms shall appear;  
So long the Malady shall lurk within,  
And grow confirm'd before the danger's seen;  
Yet with Disturbance to the wretch diseas'd,  
Who with unwonted heaviness is seiz'd,  
With drooping Spirits, his affairs persues,  
And all his Limbs their offices refuse,

The chearfull glories of his Eyes decay,  
And from his Cheeks the Roses fade away,  
A leaden hue o'er all his Face is spread,  
And greater weights depress his drooping Head ;  
Till by degrees the Secret parts shall show,  
By open proofs the undermining Foe ;  
Who now his dreadfull ensigns shall display,  
Devour, and harass in the sight of day.  
Again, when chearfull Light has left the Skies,  
And Night's ungratefull shades and Vapors rise ;  
When Nature to our Spirits sounds retreat,  
And to the Vitals calls Her stragling Heat ;  
When th' out works are no more of warmth possest,  
Bloudless, and with a load of humours prest ;  
When ev'ry kind Relief's retir'd within,  
'Tis then the Execrable Pains begin ;  
Armes, Shoulders, Legs, with restless Aches vex't,  
And with Convulsions ev'ry Nerve perplex't ;

For when through all our Veins th' Infection's  
spread,

And by what e'er should feed the Body fed;

When Nature strives the Vitals to defend,

And all destructive humours outward send:

These being viscous, gross and loath to start,

In its dull March shall torture ev'ry Part;

Whence to the Bloudless Nerves dire Pains ensue,

At once contracted, and extended too;

The thinner Parts will yet not stick so fast,

But to the Surface of the Skin are cast,

Which in foul Botches o'er the Body spread,

Prophane the Bosome, and deform the Head:

Here Puscles in the form of Achorns swell'd,

In form alone, for these with Stench are fill'd,

Whose Ripness is Corruption, that in time,

Disdain confinement, and discharge the slime;

Yet



Yet oft the Foe would turn his Forces back,  
The Brawn and inmost Muscles to attack,  
And pierce so deep, that the bare Bones have been  
Betwixt the dreadfull fleshy Breaches seen;  
When on the vocal parts his Rage was spent,  
Imperfect sounds, for tunefull Speech was sent.  
As on a springing Plant, you have beheld  
The juice that through the tender Bark has swell'd,  
That from the Sap's more viscous part did come,  
Till by the Sun condens'd into a Gumm:  
So when this Bane is once receiv'd within,  
With such Eruptions he shall force the Skin;  
And when the Humour for a time has flow'd,  
Grow fixt at last, and harden to a Node.  
Hence some young Swain, as on the Rocks he stood,  
To view his Picture in the crystal Flood,  
And finding there his lovely Cheeks deform'd,  
Against the Stars, against the Gods he storm'd:

Mean

Mean while the Sable Wings of Night are spread,  
And balmy Sleep on ev'ry creature shed.  
These wretches onely no Repose could take,  
By this tormenting Fiend still kept Awake ;  
Impatient till the Morn restor'd the Light,  
Then curst her Beams, and wish'd again for Night.  
*Ceres* in vain her blessings did afford,  
In vain the flowing Goblet crown'd the Board ;  
No comfort they in large Possessions had,  
Of Farms, or Towns, but e'en in Banquets sad :  
In vain the Streams, and Meads they did frequent,  
The dismal Thought persu'd wheree'er they went ;  
And when for Prospect they would climb the Hill,  
The dire Remembrance Hagg'd their Fancy still :  
In vain the Gods themselves they did invoke,  
Adorn'd their Shrines, and made their Altars smoak :  
They Brib'd and Pray'd, yet still reliefless lay,  
Their offer'd Gumms consum'd less fast than they.

Shall

Shall I relate what I my self beheld,  
Where *Ollius* stream with gentle plenty swell'd?  
In those fair Meads where *Ollius* cuts his way,  
A Youth of Godlike form I did survey,  
By all the World besides unparallel'd,  
And ev'n in *Italy* by none excell'd;  
First Signs of Manhood on his Cheeks were shown,  
A tender Harvest, and but thinly sown,  
Besides those charms that did his Person grace,  
Descended from a rich and noble Race:  
What transport in Spectatours did he breed,  
Mounted, and managing the fiery Steed,  
What Joy at once, and Terrour did we feel,  
When he prepar'd for Field, and shone in Steel?  
Of equal Strength and Skill for Exercise,  
All conflicts try'd, but never lost a Prize;  
Oft in the Chase his Courser he'd forgo,  
Trust his own Feet, and turn the swiftest Roe.

For him each Nymph, for him each Goddess strove,  
Of Hill, of Plain, of Meadow, Stream and Grove;  
Nor can we doubt that in this numerous Train,  
Some One (neglected) did to Heaven complain,  
Who though in vain She lov'd, yet did not Curse  
in vain;  
For whilst the Youth did to his Strength confide,  
And Nerves in ev'ry Task of hardship try'd.  
This finish'd Piece, this celebrated Frame,  
The Mansion of a loath'd Disease became:  
But of such banefull, and malignant Kind, (find.  
As Ages past ne'er knew, and future ne'er shall  
Now might you see his Spring, of Youth decay,  
The Verdure dye, the Blossoms fall away;  
The foul Infection o'er his Body spread,  
Prophanes his Bosome, and deforms his Head;  
His wretched Limbs with filth and stench o'er flow,  
While Flesh divides, and shews the Bones below.

Dire

Dire Ulcers (can the Gods permit them) prey  
 On his fair Eye-balls, and devour their Day,  
 Whilst the neat Pyramid below, falls Mouldring  
 quite away.

Him neighbouring *Alps* bewail'd with constant  
*Ollius*; no more his wonted Passage knew (Dew,  
 Hills, Valleys, Rocks, Streams, Groves, his Fate  
 Bemoan'd,  
*Sebinus* Lake from deepest Caverns groan'd.

From hence malicious *Saturn's* Force is known,  
 From whose malignant Orb this Plague was thrown,  
 To whom more cruel *Mars* assistance lent,  
 And club'd his Influence to the dire Event:  
 Nor could the malice of the Stars suffice,  
 To make such execrable Mischief rise;  
 For certainly e'er this Disease began,  
 Through Hells dark Courts the cursing Furies ran,

Where to astonisht Ghosts they did relate,  
In dreadfull Songs, the Burthen of our Fate;  
The *Stygian* Pool did to the bottome rake,  
And from its Dregs the curst Ingredients take,  
Which scatter'd since through *Europe* wide and far,  
Bred Pestilence, and more consuming War.

Ye Deities who once our Guardians were,  
Who made th' *Ausonian* fields your special Care,  
And thou O *Saturn*, Father of our Breed,  
From whence do's this unwonted Rage proceed  
Against thy ancient Seats?  
Has Fate's dark Store a Plague yet left, which we  
Have not sustain'd ev'n to Extremity?  
First let *Parthenope* her griefs declare,  
Her Kings destroy'd her Temples sack't in War.  
Who can the Slaughter of that Day recite,  
When hand to hand we joyn'd the *Gauls* in fight,

When

When *Tarrus* Brook was so o'er-swell'd with Bloud  
 Men, Horses, Arms, rowl'd down th' impetuous  
*Eridanus* in wandring Banks receives (Flood?  
 The purple Stream, and for our Fate with Brother  
 To what estate, O wretched *Italy* (*Tarrus* grieves.  
 Has civil Strife reduc'd, and mouldr'd Thee!  
 Where now are all thy ancient Glories hurl'd?  
 Where is thy boasted Empire of the World?  
 What nook in Thee from barb'rous Rage is freed,  
 And has not seen her captive Children bleed?  
 That was not first to savage Arms a Prey,  
 And do's not yet more savage Laws obey?  
 Answer ye Hills where peacefull Clusters grew,  
 And never till this hour disturbance knew,  
 Calm as the Flood which at your Feet ye View;  
 Calm as *Erethenus* who on each side,  
 Beholds your Vines, and ravisht with their Pride,  
 Moves slowly with his Tribute to the Tide.

O *Italy*

O *Italy*, our Ancient happy Seat,  
Glory of Nations, and the Gods Retreat,  
Whose fruitfull Fields for peopled Towns provide,  
Where *Athesis*, and smooth *Benacus* glide,  
What words have force, thy Sufferings to relate,  
Thy servile Yoke, and ignominious Fate.  
Now dive, *Benacus*, thy fam'd course give o'er  
And lead thy Streams through Laurel-Banks no  
more.

Yet, when our Mis'ries thus were at their height,  
As if our Sorrows still had wanted weight,  
As if our former Plagues had been too small,  
We saw our Hope, *Minerva's* Darling fall,  
Thy Funeral, *Marcus*, we did then survey  
Snatcht from the Muses Armes before thy day,  
*Benacus* Banks at thy Interment groan'd,  
And neighbouring *Athesis* thy Fate bemoan'd;



Where by the Moon's pale Beams, *Catullus* came,  
 And nightly still was heard to sound thy Name,  
 His Songs once more his native Seats inspire,  
 The Groves were charm'd, and knew their  
 Master's Lyre.

'Twas now the *Galls* began their fierce Alarms,  
 And crusht *Liguria* with victorious Arms,  
 While other Provinces as fast expire  
 By *Cæsar's* Sword, and more destructive Fire;  
 No Latian Seat was free from Slaughter found,  
 But all alike with Tears and Bloud were drown'd.

Now for our second Task, and what Relief  
 Our Age has found against this raging Grief,  
 The Methods now of Cure we will express,  
 The wondrous Wit of Mortals in distress.  
 Astonisht long they lay, no Remedy  
 At first they knew, nor Courage had to try,

But learnt by slow Experience to appease,  
To check, and last to vanquish the Disease.  
Yet after all our Study we must own  
Some Secrets were by Revelation known:  
For though the Stars in dark Cabals combin'd,  
And for our Ruine with the Furies join'd,  
Yet were we not to last Destruction left,  
Nor of the Gods Protection quite bereft.  
If strange and dreadfull Maladies have reign'd,  
If Wars, dire Massacres we have sustain'd,  
If Flames have laid our Fields and Cities waste,  
Our Temples too in common Rubbish cast;  
If swelling Streams no more in Banks were kept,  
But Men, Herds, Houses with the Flood were swept;  
If few surviv'd these Plagues, and Famine slew,  
The greater Part of that surviving Few.  
Yet of such great Adventures we are proud,  
As Fate had to no former Age allow'd.

For, what no Mortals ever dar'd before,  
We have the Ocean stemm'd from sight of Shore;  
Nor was't enough, by *Atlas* farthest bound,  
That we the fair *Hesperian* Gardens found,  
That we t' *Arabia* a new Passage fought,  
While Ships for Camels the rich Lading brought:  
To th' outmost East, we since a Voiage made,  
And in the rising Sun our Sails display'd,  
Beyond the *Ind* large tracts of Land did find,  
And left the World's reputed bounds behind,  
To pass the World's reputed bounds was small  
Performances, of greater Glory call  
Our fam'd Adventures on the western Shore,  
Discovering Stars, and Worlds unknown before;  
But waving these, our Age has yet beheld  
An inspir'd Poet, and by none excell'd,  
*Partbenope* extoll'd the Songs he made,  
*Sebethe's* God, and *Virgil's* sacred Shade,

From

From Gardens to the Stars his Muse would rise,  
And made the Earth acquainted with the Skies.  
His Name might well the Ages pride sustain,  
But many more exalted Souls remain;  
Who, when Expir'd, and Envy with them dead  
To equal the best Ancients shall be said:  
But, *Bembus*, while this List we do unfold,  
In which Heav'n's blessings on the Age are told,  
*Leo*, the most illustrious place do's claim,  
The great Restorer of the *Roman* Name;  
By whose mild Aspects, and auspicious Fire,  
Malignant Planets to their Cells retire.  
*Jove's* friendly Star once more is seen to rise  
And scatters healing Lustre through the Skies,  
He, onely He, our Losses could repair,  
And call the Muses to their native Air,  
Restore the ancient Laws of Right and Just,  
Polish Religion, from Barbarian Rust.

For Heav'n, and *Rome* engag'd in fierce Alarms,  
 With pious Vengeance, and with sacred Arms,  
 Whose terrour to *Euphrates* Banks was spread,  
 While *Nile* retir'd t' his undiscover'd Head,  
 And frighted *Doris* div'd into his oozy Bed.

While some more able Muse shall sing his Name,  
 In Numbers equal to his Deeds and Fame.  
 While *Bembus* thou shalt this great Theme rehearse,  
 And weave his Praises in eternal Verse,  
 Let me, in what I have propos'd, proceed  
 With Subject suted to my slender Reed.

First, then your Patient's Constitution learn,  
 And well the Temper of his Bloud discern,  
 If that be pure, with so much greater ease  
 You will engage, and vanquish the Disease,  
 Whose venome, where black Cholera choaks the  
 Takes firmer hold, and will exact more Pains (Veins,

More violent Assaults you there must make,  
 And on the batter'd Frame no pity take.  
 Who e'er can soon discern the lurking Grief,  
 With far less labour may expect Relief;  
 But when the Foe has deeper inroads made,  
 And gain'd the factious humours to his Aid,  
 What Toil, what Conflicts must be first sustain'd  
 Before he's dispossest, and Health regain'd;  
 Therefore with Care his first approaches find,  
 And hoard these usefull Precepts in thy Mind.

From noxious Winds preserve your self with  
 And such are all that from the South repair (care,  
 Of Fens and Lakes, avoid th' unwholsome Air. }  
 To open fields and sunny Mountains fly  
 Where *Zephyr* fans, and *Boreas* sweeps the Sky:  
 Nor must you there indulge Repose, but stray,  
 And in continu'd actions spend the Day;

With ev'ry Beast of Prey loud War proclaim,  
 And make the grizly Boar your constant Game,  
 Nor yet amongst these great Attempts disdain,  
 To rouse the Stag, and force him to the Plain.  
 Some I have known to th' Chase so much inclin'd,  
 That in the Woods they left their Grief behind,  
 Nor yet think scorn the sordid Plow to guide,  
 Or with the pondrous Rake the Clods divide,  
 With heavy Ax, and many weary blow,  
 The towring Pine, and spreading Oak o'erthrow;  
 The very House yields Exercise, the Hall  
 Has room for Fencing, and the bounding Ball.  
 Rouze, rouze, shake off your fond desire of Ease,  
 For Sleep foments and feeds the foul Disease,  
 'Tis then th' Invader do's the Vitals seize. }  
 But chiefly from thy Thoughts all sorrows drive,  
 Nor with *Minerva's* knotty Precepts strive,

With

With lighter Labours of the Muses sport, (resort.  
And seek the Plains where Swains and Nymphs  
Abstain however from the Act of Love,  
For nothing can so much destructive prove:  
Bright *Venus* hates polluted Mysteries,  
And ev'ry Nymph from foul Embraces flies.  
Dire practice! Poison with Delight to bring,  
And with the Lovers Dart, the Serpent's sting.

A proper Diet you must next prepare, (care;  
Than which there's nothing more requires your  
All Food that from the Fens is brought refuse, }  
Whate'er the standing Lakes or Seas produce, }  
Nor must long Custome pass for an Excuse; }  
Therefore from Fish in general I dissuade,  
All these are of a washy Substance made,  
Which though the luscious Palate they content,  
Convert to Humours more than Nourishment;



Ev'n Giltheads, though most tempting to the sight,  
 And sharp-fin'd Perch that in the Rocks delight.  
 All sorts of Fowl that on the Water prey,  
 By the same Rule I'd have remov'd away,  
 Forbear the Drake, and leave *Rome's* ancient Friend  
 The Capitol and City to Defend.  
 No less the Bustard's luscious Flesh decline,  
 Forbear the Back and Entrails of the Swine,  
 Nor with the hunted Boar thy Hunger stay,  
 Enjoy the Sport, but still forbear the Prey.  
 I hold nor Cucumber nor Mushrooms good,  
 And Artichoke is too salacious Food:  
 Nor yet the use of Milk would I enjoyn,  
 Much less of Vinegar or eager Wine,  
 Such as from *Rhetia* comes, and from the *Rhine*;  
 The *Sabine* Vintage is of safer Use,  
 Which mellow and Well-water'd fields produce:

But if your Banquets with the Gods you'd make  
Of Herbs and Roots the unbought Dainties take;  
Be sure that Mint and Endive still abound,  
And Sowthistle, with leaves in Winter crown'd,  
And *Sian* by clear Fountains always found;  
To these add Calamint, and Savery  
Burrage and Balm, whose mingled sweets agree,  
Rochet and Sorrel I as much approve:  
The climbing Hop grows wild in ev'ry Grove,  
Take thence the infant Buds, and with them join  
The curling Tendrells of the springing Vine,  
Whose Armes have yet no friendly shade allow'd,  
Nor with the weight of juicy Clusters bow'd.  
Particulars were endless to rehearse,  
And weightier Subjects now demand our Verse.  
We'll draw the Muses from *Aonian* Hills,  
To Natures Garden, Groves and humble Rills,

Where

Where if no Laurels spring, or if I find  
 That those are all for Conquerours design'd;  
 With Oaken Leaves at least I'll bind my Brow,  
 For millions fav'd you must that Grace allow.

At first approach of Spring, I would advise,  
 Or ev'n in Autumn months if strength suffice,  
 To bleed your Patient in the regal Vein,  
 And by degrees th' infected Current drein:  
 But in all Seasons fail not to expell,  
 And purge the noxious Humours from their Cell;  
 But fit Ingredients you must first collect,  
 And then their different Qualities respect,  
 Make firm the Liquid and the Gross dissect.

Take, therefore, care to gather, in their prime,  
 The sweet Corycian and Pamphilian Tyme,  
 These you must boil, together with the Rest  
 In this ensuing Catalogue exprest:

Fennell and Hop that close Embraces weaves,  
 Parsley and Fumitory's bitter Leaves;  
 Wild Fern on ev'ry Down and Heath you'll meet  
 With Leaves resembling *Polypus's* shagg'd feet,  
 And Mayden-hair, of virtue strange, but true }  
 For dipt in Fountains, it reteins no Dew : }  
 Hart's-tongue and Citarch must be added too. }

The greater Part, and with success more sure,  
 By Mercury perform the happy Cure ;  
 A wondrous virtue in that Mineral lies,  
 Whether by force of various Qualities  
 Of Cold and Heat, it flies into the Veins,  
 And with a fiercer Fire their Flame restrains,  
 Conqu'ring the raging Humours in their Seat,  
 As glowing Steel exceeds the Forge's heat,  
 Or whether his keen Particles (combin'd  
 With strange connexion) when th' are once disjoin'd,

Disperse,

Disperse, all Quarters of the Foe to seize,  
 And burn the very Seeds of the Disease ;  
 Or whether 'tis with some more hidden force  
 Endow'd by Nature to perform its Course,  
 Is hard to say, but though the Gods conceal  
 The virtual Cause, they did its use reveal. (shew,  
 Now by what means 'twas found our Song shall  
 Nor may we let Heav'ns Gifts in Silence go.

In *Syrian* Vales where Groves of *Osier* grow,  
 And where *Callirhoe's* sacred Fountains flow.  
*Ilceus* the Huntsman, who with Zeal ador'd  
 The rural Gods, with Gifts their Altars stor'd ;  
 Was yet afflicted with this restless Grief,  
 And, if Tradition may obtain belief,  
 As he was watering there each spicy Bed,  
 Thus to entreat the *Sylvan* Pow'rs, is said.

You Deities by me ador'd, and Thou,  
*Callirhoe*, who do'st Relief allow

'Gainst

'Gainst all Diseases, as I flew for Thee  
The Stag, and fix'd his Head upon a Tree;  
A Tree that do's with lesser Branches spread,  
Than those that join to that most horrid Head:  
You sacred Pow'rs if you'll remove away (Day,  
This plague that Racks my Frame all Night and  
I, all the mingled glories of the Spring,  
Lilies and Violets to your Seats will bring,  
With Daffadills first budding Roses weave,  
And on your Shrines the fragrant Garland leave.  
He said, and down upon the Herbage lay,  
Tir'd with the raging Pain, and raging Day.  
*Callirrhoe* (bathing in the neighbouring Well,  
With Musk that grew in Plenty round the Cell)  
Heard the Youth's pray'r and streight in soft repose,  
Th' indulgent Nymph his heavy Eyes did close,  
Then to his Fancy, from her sacred Streams,  
Appear'd and charm'd him with prophetick  
Dreams.

*Ilceus*

*Ilceus* (said she) my Servant, and my Care,  
The Gods at last have hearken'd to thy Pray'r;  
Yet, on the Earth, as far as *Sol* can spy,  
For thy Disease remains no Remedy.  
*Cynthia* and *Phæbus* too at her Request,  
Into thy tortur'd Veins have sent this Pest,  
The Stag to her was sacred which you slew,  
And this the Punishment that did ensue,  
For which the Earth, as far as *Sol* can see,  
The spacious Earth, affords no Remedy:  
Then since her Surface no relief can lend,  
To her dark Entrails for thy Cure descend;  
A Cave there is its self an awfull shade,  
But by *Jove's* spreading Tree more dreadfull made,  
Where mingling Cedars wanton with the Air,  
Thither at first approach of Day repair;  
A jet-black Ram before the Entrance slay,  
And cry, these Rites great *Ops* to Thee I pay.

The lesser Pow'rs, pale Ghosts and Nymphs of  
Night,

The Smoak of Yew and Cyprefs shall invite;  
These Nymphs shall at the outmost Entrance stay,  
And through the dark Retreats conduct thy way.

Rise, rise, nor think all this an idle Dream,

For know I am the Goddess of this Stream.

This for thy pious Homage to my Cell—

So spake the Nymph, and div'd into the Well.

The Youth starts up astonish'd, but restor'd,

With gratefull pray'rs th' obliging Nymph ador'd:

Thy Voice, bright Goddess, I'll with speed Obey,

O still assist and bless me on my Way.

With the next Dawn the sacred Cave he found,

With spreading Oaks and towring Cedars crown'd;

A jet-black Ram did at the Entrance slay,

And cry'd these Rites, great *Ops*, to thee I pay:



The lesser Pow'rs, pale Ghosts and Nymphs of  
Night,

The Smoak of Yew and Cyprefs did invite.

His Voice resounding through the hollow Seats,

Disturb'd the Nymphs within their deep Retreats.

Those Nymphs that toil in Metals underground,

Gave o'er their Work at th' unexpected Sound ;

Some Quicksilver and Sulphur others brought,

From which calcin'd, the golden Oar was wrought ;

Of pure Ætherial Light a hundred beams,

Of Subterranean fire a hundred Streams,

With various seeds of Earth and Sea they joyn'd,

For humane Eyes too subtle and refin'd.

But *Lipare* who forms the richer Oar,

And to the Furnace brings the Sulph'rous store,

To *Ilceus* through the dark Recesses broke,

And in these words the trembling Youth bespoke :

is of *Ilceus* (for I have heard your Name and Grief)  
*Callirrhoe* sends you hither for relief;  
Nor has the Goddess counsell'd you in vain,  
These Cells afford a Med'cine for your Pain;  
Take courage therefore, and the Charge obey,  
She said, and through the Cavern leads the way.  
He follows wondring at the dark aboads,  
The spacious Voids and Subterranean Roads;  
Astonisht there to see those Rivers move,  
Which he observ'd to lose themselves above:  
Each Cave, cry'd *Lipare*, some Pow'r contains,  
P'th lowest Mansion *Proserpine* remains;  
The middle Regions *Pluto's* Treasure hold,  
And Nymphs that work in Silver, Brass and Gold,  
Of which rich Train am I, whose Veins extend,  
And to *Callirrhoe's* Stream the smoaking Sulphur  
send.

Thus through the Realms of Night they took their  
way,

And heard from far the Forge and Furnace play.  
These (said the Nymph) the Beds of Metals are,  
That give you wretched Mortals so much Care.  
By thousand Nymphs of Earth and Night enjoy'd,  
Who yet in various Tasks are all employ'd.  
Some turn the Current, some the Seeds dissect  
Of Earth and Sea, which some again collect,  
That, mixt with Lightning, make the golden Oar,  
While others quench in Streams the shining store.  
Not far from hence the *Cyclop's* Cave is found,  
See how it glows, hark how their Anvils found.  
But here turn off, and take the right-hand way,  
This Path do's to that sacred Stream convey,  
In which thy onely Hope remains: She said,  
And under golden Roofs her Patient led,

Hard by, the Lakes of liquid Silver flow'd,  
 Which to the wondring Youth the Goddess show'd;  
 Thrice washt in these (said she) thy Pains shall end,  
 And all the Stench into the Stream descend.  
 Thrice with her Virgin hands the Goddess threw  
 On all his suffering Limbs the healing Dew:  
 He, at the falling Filth admiring stood,  
 And scarce believ'd for joy, the virtue of the Flood.

When therefore you return to open Day,  
 With Sacrifice *Diana's* Rage allay,  
 And Homage to the Fountain's Goddess pay. }  
 Thus spake the Nymph, and through the Realms  
 of Night,

Restor'd the gratefull Youth to open Light.

This strange Invention soon obtain'd belief,  
 And flying Fame divulg'd the sure Relief.  
 But first Experiments did onely joyn,  
 And for a Vehicle use lard of Swine:

Larch-gum and Turpentine were added next,  
That wrought more safe and less the Patient vex;  
Horse-grease and Bears with them they did com-  
Bdellium and Gum of Cedar usefull found; (pound,  
Then Myrrh, and Frankincense were us'd by some,  
With living Sulphur and *Arabian* Gum;  
But if black Helebore be added too,  
With Rain-bow Flowers your Method I allow;  
Benzoin and Galbanum I next require,  
Lint-Oil, and Sulphur's e'er it feels the Fire.

With these Ingredients mix'd, you must not fear  
Your suffering Limbs and Body to besmear,  
Nor let the foulness of the Course displease,  
Obscene indeed, but less than your Disease:  
Yet when you do anoint, take special care  
That both your Head and tender Breast you spare,  
This done, wrapt close and swath'd, repair to Bed,  
And there let such thick Cov'rings be o'e-rspread,

Till

Till streams of Sweat from ev'ry pore you force:  
For twice five Days you must repeat this Course;  
Severe indeed but you your Fate must bear,  
And signs of coming Health will streight appear.  
The Mass of Humours now dissolv'd within,  
To purge themselves by Spittle shall begin,  
Till you with wonder at your feet shall see,  
A tide of Filth, and bless the Remedy.  
For Ulcers that shall then the Mouth offend,  
Boil Flowers that Privet and Pomgranets send.  
Now, onely now, I would forbid the Use  
Of generous Wine that noble Soils produce;  
All sorts without distinction you must fly,  
The sparkling Bowl with all its Charms deny.  
Rise, now victorious, Health is now at hand,  
One labour more is all I shall command,

Easie and pleasant; you must last prepare  
 Your Bath, with Rosemary and Lavander,  
 Vervain and Yarrow too must both be there;  
 'Mongst these your sleeping Body you must lay,  
 To chear you, and to wash all Dreggs away.

But now the verdant Blessings that belong  
 To new discover'd Worlds demand our Song.  
 Beyond *Herculean* bounds the Ocean roars  
 With loud applause to those far distant Shoars.  
 The sacred Tree must next our Muse employ,  
 That onely could this raging Plague destroy;  
 Just Praise (*Urania*) to this Plant allow,  
 And with its happy Leaves upon thy Brow,  
 Through all our *Latian* Cities take thy way,  
 And to admiring Croud the healing Boughs display;  
 E'en I my self shall prize my Streins the more,  
 For Blessings never Seen nor Sung before.

Perhaps

Perhaps some more exalted Poet (warm'd,  
For Martial Streins) with this new subject Charm'd  
Shall quit the noble business of the Field,  
Bequeath to Rust the Sword and polish'd Shield,  
Leave wrangling Heroes that o'ercome or Dye,  
Both shrouded in the same obscurity;  
Pass o'er the harast Soil and bloody Stream,  
To prosecute this more delightfull Theme;  
To tell how first auspicious Navies made  
More bold attempts, and th' Ocean's bounds essay'd;  
To sing vast Tracts of Land beyond the Main,  
By former Ages guess'd, and wisht in Vain,  
Strange Regions, Floods and Cities to rehearse,  
And with true Prodigies adorn their Verse;  
New Lands, new Seas, and still new Lands to spy,  
Another Heaven, and other Stars descry.  
When this is done resume their Martial Strein,  
And crown our Conquests in each savage Plain,

That



That ev'n from Vanquishment advantage draws,  
 Enrich'd with *European* Arts and Laws,  
 Shall sing (what future Ages will confound)  
 How Earth and Sea one Vessel did Surround.  
 Thrice happy to Bard whom indulgent Heav'n,  
 A Soul capacious of this Work has giv'n.  
 My weaker Muse shall think her Office done,  
 Of all these wonders to record but one:  
 One single Plant which these glad Lands produce  
 To specify and shew it's sov'reign Use,  
 By what adventures found, and waisted o'er  
 From unknown Worlds to *Europe's* wondring shore.

Far Westward hence where th' Ocean seems to  
 Beneath fierce *Cancer*, lies a spacious Isle, (boil  
 Descry'd by *Spaniards* roving on the Main,  
 And justly honour'd with the Name of *Spain*.  
 Fertile in Gold but far more blest to be,  
 The Garden of this consecrated Tree :

Its Trunk erect, but on his Top is seen,  
A spreading Grove with Branches ever Green ;  
Upon his Boughs a little Nut is found,  
But poignant and with Leaves encompass'd round ;  
The stubborn Substance toothless makes the Saw,  
And scarcely from the Axe receives a flaw ;  
Dissected, various Colours meet your view,  
The outward Bark is of the Laurel hue ;  
The next like Box, the parts more inwards set,  
Of dusky grain but not so dark as Jet ;  
If to these mixtures you will add the Red,  
All colours of the gaudy Bow are spread.  
This Plant the Natives conscious of its use  
Adore, and with religious Care produce ;  
On ev'ry Hill, in ev'ry Vale'tis found,  
And held the greatest Blessing of the ground  
Against this Pest that always Rages there,  
From Skies infected and polluted Air :

The

The outward Bark as useless they refuse,  
But with their utmost force the Timber bruise,  
Or break in Splinters, which they steep a while  
In fountains, and when soak'd, in Vessels boil,  
Regardless how too fierce a fire may make  
The juice run o'er, whose healing Froth they take,  
With which they Bath their Limbs where Pustles  
And heal the Breaches where dire Ulcers feed. (breed,  
Half boil'd away the Remnant they retain,  
And adding Hony boil the Chips again:  
To use no other Liquor when they Dine,  
Their Countries Law, and greater Priest enjoyn:  
The first Decoction with the rising Light  
They drink, and once again at fall of Night;  
This course they strictly hold when once begun,  
Till *Cynthia* has her monthly Progress run,  
Hous'd all the while where no offensive Wind,  
Nor the least breath of Air can entrance find.

But who will yield us credit to proceed,  
And tell how wondrous slenderly they Feed;  
Just so much Food as can bare Life preserve,  
And to its joint connect each feeble Nerve:  
Yet let not this strange Abstinence deter,  
And make you think the Method too severe.  
This Drink it self will wasted Strength repair,  
For *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* too are there;  
All offices of Nature it maintains,  
The Heart refreshes, and recruits the Veins.  
When the Draught's tane, for two hours and no  
The Patient on his Couch is cover'd o'er; (more  
For by this means the Liquor with more ease,  
Expells in streams of Sweat the foul Disease.  
All Parts (O prodigy!) grow sound within,  
Nor any Filth remains upon the Skin;  
Fresh youth in ev'ry Limb, fresh vigour's found,  
And now the Moon has run her monthly Round.

What

What God did first the wondrous use display,  
 Of this blest Plant, what chance did first convey  
 Our *European* Fleet to that rich shore,  
 That for their Toil so rich a Traffique bore,  
 Our Song shall now unfold; a Navy bound  
 For no known Port nor yet discover'd Ground,  
 Resolv'd the secrets of the Main to find,  
 And now they leave their Native shore behind,  
 Clap on more Sail and skudd before the Wind.  
 Thus on the spreading Ocean they did stray,  
 For many Weeks uncertain of their way:  
 The thronging Sea-Nymphs wondring at the  
 Of each tall Ship appear above the Tide, (Pride,  
 And with proportion'd speed around them glide,  
 Charm'd with each painted Stern and golden  
 Witheach gay Streamer, striving as they go (Prow,  
 To catch their Pictures in the Flood below.

'Twas

'Twas night, but *Cynthia* did such beams display,  
So strong as more than half restor'd the Day.  
When the bold Leader of this roving Train,  
(The bravest Youth that ever stemm'd the Main;)  
As on the Decks he lay with anxious care,  
And watchfull o'er his charge, conceiv'd this Pray'r;  
Bright Goddess of the night (said he) whose sway,  
All humid Things and these vast Seas obey;  
Twice have we seen thy infant *Crescents* spring,  
And twice united in a glorious Ring,  
Since first this Fleet commenc'd her restless toil,  
Nor yet have gain'd the Sight of any Soil.  
O Virgin Star, of nightly Planets chief,  
Vouchsafe your weary Wanderers relief;  
Let some fair Continent at last arise,  
Or some less distant Isle salute our Eyes;  
At least some Rock with one small Rill and Port,  
For these o'er-labour'd Boats and Youths support.

The

The Goddess heard not this Address in Vain,  
 But leaves to her nocturnal Steeds the Rein,  
 And like a Sea-Nymph floats upon the Main:  
 So well disguis'd That *Clotho's* self might be  
 Deceiv'd, and take her for *Cymothoe*;  
 With such a meen she cut the yielding Tide,  
 And in these words bespoke the wandring Guide;  
 Take courage, for the next approaching Day,  
 Shall see these Ships safe riding in the Bay;  
 But stay not long where first your Anchors fall,  
 The Fates to yet more distant Regions call;  
 Find *Ophyre* high-seated in the Main;  
 Those Seats for you the Destinies ordain.  
 She said, and pusht the Keel; a brisker Gale  
 Forthwith descends and pregnates ev'ry Sail:  
 Now from the East the Sun invites their Eyes,  
 As fast they westward see the Mountains rise

Like clouds at first, but as they nearer drew,  
Rocks, Groves and Springs were open'd to their  
High on the Decks the joyfull Sailers stand, (View;  
And thrice with Shouts salute th' expected Land.  
Then safely Anchor'd in the promis'd Bay,  
First to the Gods their just Devotion pay.  
Four days, no more, are spent upon this Soil,  
To fit their shatter'd Ships for farther Toil,  
Each hand once more is to his Charge assign'd,  
All take advantage of the friendly Wind;  
A swift and stedy course they now maintain,  
And leave *Anthylia* floating on the Main:  
With *Hagia's* coast, and tall *Ammeria's* Isle,  
The Cannibals most execrable Soil,  
O'er all the Deep they now see Turrets rise,  
And Islands without number meet their Eyes;

F

'Mongst



'Mongst these they singled one from whence they  
hear'd

Streams fall, while spreading Groves aloft appear'd,  
Charm'd with these Objects there they put to shore,  
Where first the Islands Genius they adore,  
Then spread their Banquet on the verdant ground,  
Whilst Bowls of sparkling Wine go nimbly round;  
Refresh'd, they separate, some to descry  
The country, others more o'er-joy'd to spy  
Beneath the Flood pure Gold lye mixt with Sand,  
And seize the shining Oar with greedy hand.  
At length a Flock of painted Birds they view,  
With azure Plumes and Beaks of Coral-hue,  
Which fearless through the Glades did seem to rove,  
And perch'd securely in their native Grove;  
The Youths to temper'd Engines have recourse  
That imitate the Thunders dreadfull Force,

*Vulcan's*

Vulcan's invention while with wondrous Art,  
 He did to Men the Arms of *Jove* impart;  
 Each takes his Stand and singles out his Mark,  
 He dire Ingredients with a sudden Spark  
 inflam'd, discharge with rage the whizzing Ball,  
 He unsuspecting Birds by hundreds fall;  
 The Air with Smoak and Fire is cover'd round,  
 The Groves and Rocks astonisht with the sound,  
 And shaking Sands beneath the Seas rebound. }  
 The Remnant of the Flock with terrour fly  
 To Rocks whose Turrets seem'd to pierce the Sky;  
 From whence with humane Voice (O dire Portent!)  
 One of this feather'd Tribe these Numbers sent.  
 You who have Saerilegioufly assay'd,  
 The Sun's lov'd Birds, and impious slaughter made,  
 Fear what th' enrag'd avenging God prepares,  
 And in prophetick Sounds by me declares.

Know, you at last have reacht your promis'd soil,  
For this is *Ophyre's* long expected Isle,  
But destin'd Empire shall not yet obtain  
Of Provinces beyond the western Main,  
The Natives of long Liberty deprive,  
Found Cities, and a new Religion give,  
Till Toils by Earth and Sea are undergone,  
And many dreadfull Battels lost and won;  
For, most shall leave your Trunks on foreign Land,  
Few shatter'd Ships shall reach your native Sand;  
In vain shall some Sail back again to find,  
Their wretched Comrades whom they left behind  
Whose Bones of flesh devested shall be found,  
For *Cyclops* too in these dire Coasts abound:  
Your Foes o'er-come, your Fleet in Civil Rage  
Shall disagree, and Ship with Ship engage.  
Nor end your sufferings here, a strange Disease,  
And most obscene shall on your Bodies seize;

In this distress your Errour you shall mourn,  
And to these injur'd Groves for Cure return;  
This dreadfull Doom the feather'd Prophet spoke,  
And sculkt within the Covert of the Rock.

Astonisht with the unexpected sound,  
Th'offending Men fell prostrate on the ground;  
Forgiveness from the sacred Flock to gain,  
But chiefly *Phæbus* Pardon to obtain.

The Guardians of the Grove to reconcile,  
And once more hail the fair *Ophyrian* Isle.

These Rites perform'd, returning on their way,  
A race with humane Shape they did survey,  
But black as Jet, who fally'd from the Wood,  
And made the Vale more dark in which they stood;  
No Garment o'er their Breasts or Shoulders spread,  
And wreaths of peacefull Olive on their Head;  
Unarm'd, yet more with wonder struck than fear,  
They view'd the Strangers, and approach'd more  
near;

Astonisht at their glittering Arms, but more  
At each proud Vessel lodg'd upon the Shore,  
The Flags and Streamers sporting with the Wind,  
And thought their Owners more than humane  
Some Gods or Heroes to the Gods ally'd, (kind  
And more than Mortal reverence apply'd;  
But to our Chief their first Respect they paid,  
And cheap, but yet most royal Presents made,  
Rich golden Oar, of use and worth unknown,  
And onely priz'd by them because it shone,  
With which the blessings of their Fields were born,  
Ripe blushing Fruits and pondrous Ears of Corn;  
Unpolisht but capacious Vessels fill'd  
With Hony from each fragrant Tree <sup>distil</sup> l'd,  
Which did from Heaven in nightly Dew arrive,  
Without the tedious labours of the Hive.

With

With them our Garments like Reception found,  
And now the Tribes fate mingled on the Ground,  
With *Indian* Food and *Spanish* Vintage crown'd:  
Who can express the Savages delight,  
As if the Gods some Mortal shou'd invite  
To heavenly Courts, and with the *Nectar*-bowl  
Into a Deity exalt his ravisht Soul.

By chance the solemn Day was drawing near,  
The greatest Festival of all the Year;  
And to the Sun their greatest God belong'd,  
To which from ev'ry part the Natives throng'd,  
With whom their Neighbours of *Hesperia* met;  
And now within the sacred Vale were set  
Each Sex, and all degrees of Age were seen,  
But plac'd without distinction on the Green;  
Yet from the Infant to the grizled Head,  
A cloud of Grief o'er ev'ry Face was spread,

All languish'd with the same obscene Disease,  
And years, not Strength distinguisht the Degrees;  
Dire flames upon their Vitals fed within,  
While Sores and crufted Filth prophan'd their Skin.  
At last the Priest in snowy Robes array'd,  
The Boughs of healing Guiacum display'd,  
Which (dipt in living Streams) he shook around  
To purge, for holy Rites the tainted Ground.  
An Heifer then before the Altar flew,  
A Swain stood near on whom the Bloud he threw;  
Then to the Sun began his mystick Song,  
And streight was seconded by all the Throng.  
Both Swine and Heifers now by thousands bleed,  
And Natives on their roasted Entrails feed.

Our Train with wonder saw these Rites, but  
Astonisht at the Plague unseen before: (more  
Mean while our Leader in his carefull breast,  
Form'd sad Conjectures of this dreadfull Pest,

This,

This, this said he (the Gods avert our Fate)  
Is that dire Curse which *Phæbus* did relate;  
The Birds prodigious Song I now recall,  
The strange Disease that on our Troops shou'd fall.  
As therefore from the Altar they retir'd,  
Our Gen'ral of the Native Prince enquir'd,  
To what dread Power these Off'rings did belong?  
What meant that languishing infected Throng?  
And why the Shepherd by the Altar stood?  
And wherefore Sprinkled with the gushing bloud?  
To which the Island Monarch, noble Guest,  
With annual Zeal these Off'rings are address'd,  
To *Phæbus* enrag'd Deity assign'd,  
And by our Ancestours of old enjoin'd;  
But if a foreign Nations toils to learn,  
And less refin'd be worth your least concern,  
If you have any Sense of Strangers fate,  
From its first source the Story I'll relate :

Perhaps



Perhaps you may have heard of *Atlas* name,  
From whom in long descent great Nations came;  
From him we sprang, and once a happy Race,  
Belov'd of Heav'n while Piety had place,  
While to the Gods our Ancestours did Pray,  
And gratefull Off'rings on their Altars lay.  
But when the Powers to be despis'd began,  
When to leud Luxury our Nation ran;  
Who can express the Mis'ries that ensu'd,  
And Plagues with each returning Day renew'd?  
Then fair *Atlantia* once an Isle of fame;  
(That from the mighty *Atlas* took its Name,  
Who there had govern'd long with upright Sway)  
Was gorg'd intire, and swallowed by the Sea.  
With which our Flocks and Herds were wholly  
Not one preserv'd or ever after found. (drown'd,  
Since when outlandish Cattle here are slain,  
And Bulls of foreign Breed our Altars stain;

In that dire Season this Disease was bred,  
That thus o'er all our tortur'd Limbs is spread:  
Most universal from it Birth it grew,  
And none have since escap'd or very few;  
Sent from above to scourge that vicious Age,  
And chiefly by incens'd *Apollo's* Rage,  
For which these annual Rites were first ordain'd,  
Whereof this firm Tradition is retain'd.

A Shepherd once (distrust not ancient Fame)  
Possess these Downs, and *Syphilus* his Name.  
A thousand Heifers in these Vales he fed,  
A thousand Ews to those fair Rivers led:  
For King *Alcithous* he rais'd this Stock,  
And shaded in the Covert of a Rock,  
For now 'twas *Solstice*, and the *Syrian* Star  
Increas'd the Heat and shot his Beams afar;  
The Fields were burnt to ashes, and the Swain  
Repair'd for shade to thickest Woods in vain,

No Wind to fan the scorching Air was found,  
No nightly Dew refresh'd the thirsty Ground:  
This Drought our *Syphilus* beheld with pain,  
Nor could the suff'rings of his Flock sustain,  
But to the Noon-day Sun with up-cast Eyes,  
In rage threw these reproaching Blasphemies,  
Is it for this O *Sol*, that thou art styl'd  
Our God and Parent? how are we beguil'd  
Dull Bigots to pay Homage to thy Name?  
And with rich Spices feed thy Altar's flame:  
Why do we yearly Rites for thee prepare,  
Who tak'st of our affairs so little Care?  
At least thou might'st between the Rabble Kine  
Distinguish, and these royal Herds of Mine.  
These to the great *Alcithous* belong,  
Nor ought to perish with the Vulgar throng.  
Or shall I rather think your Deity  
With envious Eyes our thriving Stock did see?

I grant

I grant you had sufficient cause indeed,  
 A thousand Heifers of the snowy Breed,  
 A thousand Ews of mine these Downs did feed;  
 Whilst one Etherial Bull was all your stock,  
 One Ram, and to preserve this mighty Flock,  
 You must forsooth your *Syrian* Dog maintain,  
 Why do I worship then a Pow'r so Vain?  
 Henceforth I to *Alcithous* will bring  
 My Off'rings and Adore my greater King,  
 Who do's such spacious Tracts of Land possess,  
 And whose vast Pow'r the conquer'd Seas confess.  
 Him I'll invoke my Suff'rings to redress.  
 Hee'll streight command the cooling Winds to blow,  
 Refreshing Show'rs on Trees and Herbs bestow,  
 Nor suffer Thirst, both Flock and Swain to kill:  
 He said, and forthwith on a neighbouring Hill  
 Erects an Altar to his Monarch's name,  
 The Swains from far bring Incense to the Flame;

At

At length to greater Victims they proceed,  
 Till Swine and Heifers too by hundreds Bleed,  
 On whose half roasted Flesh the impious Wret-  
 ches feed.

All quarters soon were fill'd with the Report,  
 That ceas'd not till it reacht the Monarch's Court ;  
 Th' aspiring Prince with Godlike Rites o'er joy'd,  
 Commands all Altars else to be destroy'd,  
 Proclaims Himself in Earth's low sphere to be  
 The onely and sufficient Deity ;  
 That Heav'nly Pow'rs liv'd too remote and high,  
 And had enough to do to Rule the Sky.  
 Th' all-seeing Sun no longer could sustain  
 These practices, but with enrag'd Disdain  
 Darts forth such pestilent malignant Beams,  
 As shed Infection on Air, Earth and Streams ;  
 From whence this Malady its birth receiv'd,  
 And first th' offending *Syphilus* was griev'd,

Who

Who rais'd forbidden Altars on the Hill,  
And Victims bloud with impious Hands did spill;  
He first wore Buboes dreadfull to the sight,  
First felt strange Pains and sleeplefs past the Night;  
From him the Malady receiv'd its name,  
The neighbouring Shepherds catcht the spreading  
At last in City and in Court 'twas known, (Flame:  
And seiz'd th' ambitious Monarch on his Throne;  
In this distress the wretched Tribes repair  
To *Ammerice* the Gods Interpreter,  
Chief Priestests of the consecrated Wood,  
In whose Retreats the awfull Tripod stood,  
From whence the Gods responsal she exprest;  
The Crowd enquire what Cause produc'd this Pest,  
What God enrag'd? and how to be appeas'd,  
And last what Cure remain'd for the Diseas'd?  
To whom the Nymph reply'd—the Sun incens'd,  
With just revenge these Torments has commenc'd.

What

What man can with immortal Pow'rs compare?  
Fly, wretches, fly, his Altars soon repair,  
Load them with Incense, Him with Pray'rs invade,  
His Anger will not easily be laid ;      (swear,  
Your Doom is past, black *Styx* has heard him  
This Plague should never be extinguisht here,  
Since then your Soil must ne'er be wholly free,  
Beg Heav'n at least to yield some Remedy :  
A milkwhite Cow on *Juno's* Altar lay,  
To Mother Earth a jet-black Heifer slay ;  
One from above the happy Seeds shall shed,  
The other rear the Grove and make it spread,  
That onely for your Grief a Cure shall yield.  
She said: the Croud return'd to th' open'd Field,  
Rais'd Altars to the Sun without delay,  
To Mother Earth, and *Juno* Victims slay.  
'Twill seem most strange what now I shall declare,  
But by our Gods and Ancestours I swear,

'Tis

'Tis sacred Truth ———

These Groves that spread so wide and look so green  
Within this Isle, till then, were never seen,  
But now before their Eyes the Plants were found  
To spring, and in an instant Shade the ground,  
The Priest forthwith bids Sacrifice be done,  
And Justice paid to the offended Sun;  
Some destin'd Head t'atone the Crimes of all,  
On *Syphilus* the dreadfull Lot did fall,  
Who now was plac'd before the Altar bound,  
His head with sacrificial Garlands crown'd,  
His Throat laid open to the lifted Knife,  
But interceding *Juno* spar'd his Life,  
Commands them in his stead a Heifer slay,  
For *Phæbus* Rage was now remov'd away.  
'This made our gratefull Ancestours enjoin,  
When first these annual Rites they did assign,



That to the Altar bound a Swine each time  
Should stand, to witness *Syphilus* his Crime,

All this infected Throng whom you behold,  
Smart for their Ancestours Offence of old:

To heal their Plague this Sacrifice is done,  
And reconcile them to th'offended Sun.

The Rites perform'd, the hallow'd Boughs they  
The speedy certain Cure for their Disease. (seize,

With such discourse the Chiefs their Cares de-  
Whose Tribes of different Worlds united live, (ceive,  
Till now the Ships sent back to *Europes* shore,  
Return and bring prodigious Tidings o'er.

That this Disease did now through *Europe* rage,  
Nor any Med'cine found that cou'd assuage,

That in their Ships no slender Number mourn'd,  
With Boils without and inward Ulcers burn'd.

Then call'd to mind the Bird's prophetick sound,  
That in those Groves Relief was to be found.

Then

Then each with solemn Vows the Sun entreats,  
And gentle Nymphs the Gardians of those Seats.  
With lusty Strokes the Grove they next invade,  
Whose weighty Boughs are on their Shoulders laid,  
Which with the Natives methods they prepare,  
And with the healing Draughts their Health repair,  
But not forgetfull of their Country's good,  
They fraight their largest Ships with this rich Wood,  
To try if in our Climate it would be  
Of equal use, for the same Malady :  
The years mild Season seconds their desire,  
And western Winds their willing Sails inspire.  
*Iberian* Coasts you first were happy made  
With this rich Plant, and wonder'd at its Aid;  
Known now to *France* and neighbouring *Ger-*  
*Cold Scythian* Coasts and temp'rate *Italy*, (many }  
To *Europe's* Bounds all bless the vital Tree.

Hail heav'n-born Plant whose Rival ne'er was seen,  
 Whose Virtues like thy Leaves are ever green;  
 Hope of Mankind and Comfort of their Eyes,  
 Of new discover'd Worlds the richest Prize.  
 Too happy would Indulgent Gods allow,  
 Thy Groves in *Europe's* nobler Clime to grow:  
 Yet if my Streins have any force, thy Name  
 Shall flourish here, and *Europe* sing thy Fame.  
 If not remoter Lands with Winter bound,  
 Eternal Snow, nor *Libya's* scorching Ground;  
 Yet *Latium* and *Benacus* cool Retreats,  
 Shall thee resound, with *Athesis* fair Seats.  
 Too, blest if *Bembus* live thy Growth to see,  
 And on the Banks of *Tyber* gather thee,  
 If he thy matchless Virtues once rehearse,  
 And crown thy Praises with eternal Verse.

FINIS.

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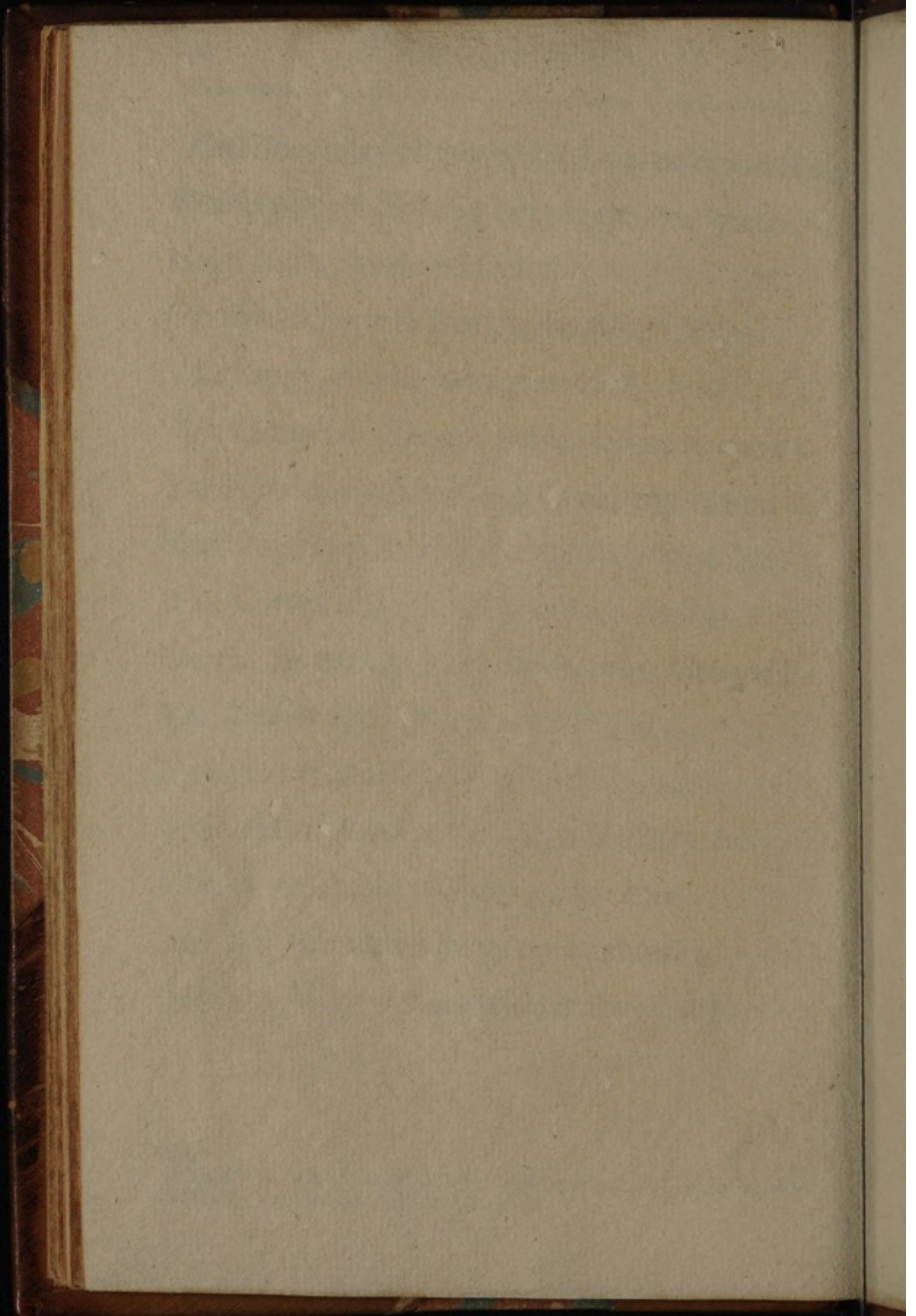
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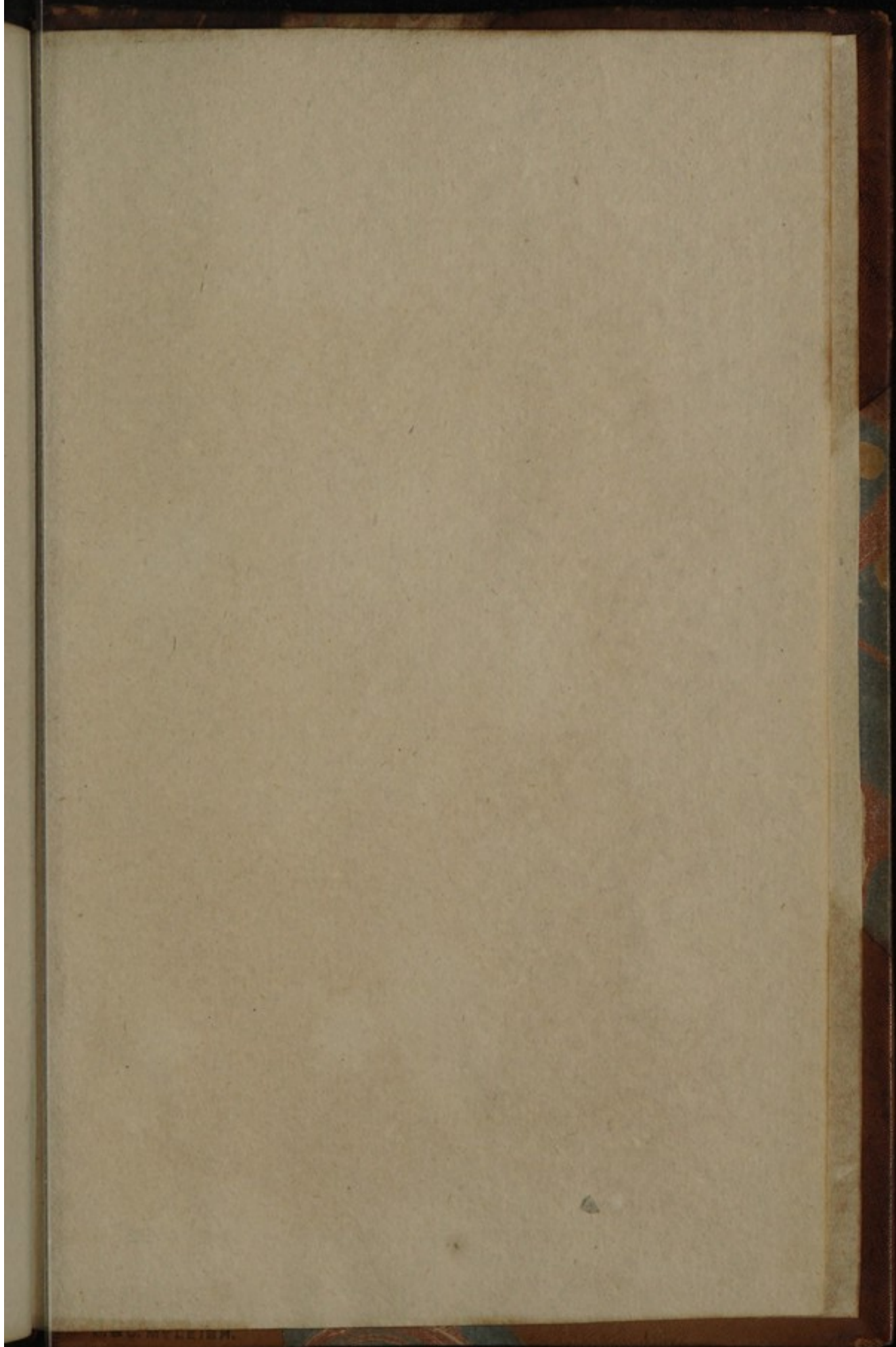
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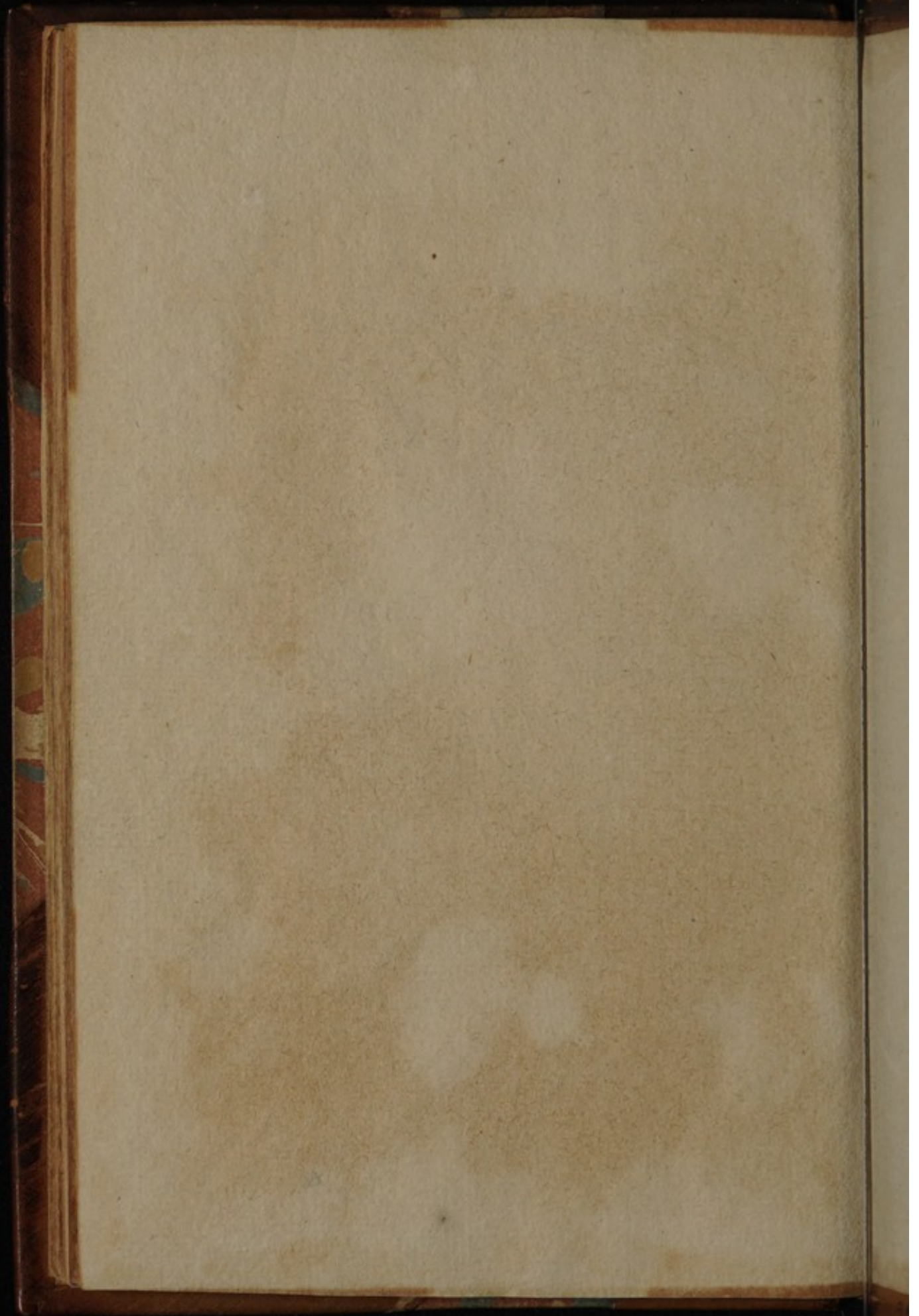
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