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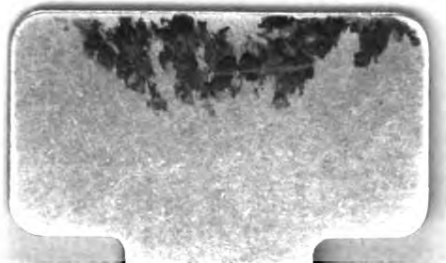
The image shows a full-page view of marbled paper. The pattern consists of intricate, swirling veins of dark brown, black, and purple, set against a lighter, mottled tan background. The overall effect is a complex, organic texture. In the center of the page, the text "OXFORD UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH" is printed in a gold, serif font, arranged in four lines.

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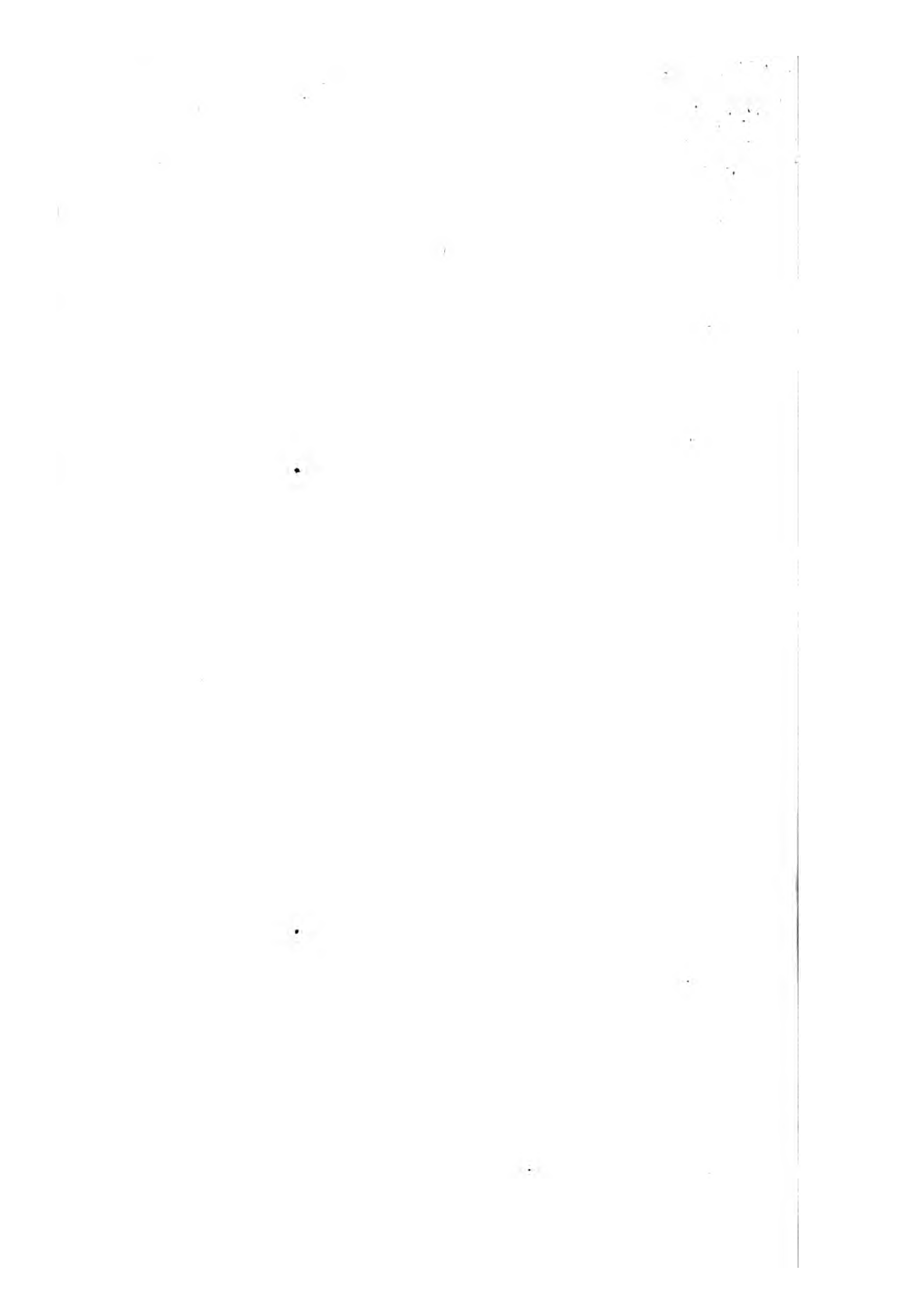
Thomas Jones

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THE ~~7~~ 4-0  
PLAGUE  
OF  
ATHENS,

Which hapened in the  
SECOND YEAR  
OF THE  
Peloponnesian WAR.

*By Spratt.*

First described in Greek

By THUCYDIDES;

Then in Latin

By LUCRETIVS. L. 6. 1191. *Leg.*

*Aug. 1093.*  
Since attempted in English

*v. Judex for  
-wab.*

By the Right Reverend Father in God,  
THOMAS Lord Bishop of Rochester.

LONDON:  
Printed by H. Hills, in Black-fryars, near the  
Water-side, 1709.

To my *Worthy and Learned Friend, Dr. Walter Pope, Late Professor of the University of Oxford.*

S I R,

I Know not what pleasure you could take in bestowing your Commands so unprofitably, unless it be that for which Nature sometimes cherishes and allows Monsters, The Love of Variety. This only delight you will receive by turning over this rude and unpolish'd Copy, and comparing it with my excellent Patterns, the *Greek* and *Latin*. By this you will see how much a noble Subject is changed and disfigured by an ill Hand, and what reason *Alexander* had to forbid his Picture to be drawn but by some celebrated Pencil. In *Greek Thucydides* so well and so lively expresses it, that I know not which is more a Poem, his description, or that of *Lucretius*. Tho' it must be said, that the *Historian* had a vast advantage over the *Poet*; He having been present on the place, and assaulted by the disease himself, had the Horrour familiar to his Eyes, and all the shapes of the *miser*y still remaining on his mind, which must needs make a great Impression on his Pen and Fancy. Whereas the *Poet* was forced to allow his foot-steps, and only work on that matter he allow'd him. This I speak, because it may in some measure too excuse my own defects: For being so far removed from the place whereon the Disease acted his Tragedy; and time having denied us many of the Circumstances, Customs of the Country, and other small things which would be of great use to any one who did intend to be perfect on the Subject; besides, only writing by an *Idea* of that which I never yet saw, nor care to feel, (being not of the humour of the Painter in *Sir Philip Sidney*, who thrust himself into the midst of a Fight, that he might the better deliecate it.) Having, I say, all these Disadvantages, and many more, for which I must only blame my self, it cannot be expected that I should come near equalling him, in whom none of the contrary Advantages were wanting. Thus then, Sir, by emboldening me to this rash Attempt, you have given opportunity to the *Greek* and *Latin* to triumph over our *Mother-Tongue*. Yet I would not have the Honour of the Countries or Languages engaged in the Comparison, but that the inequality should reach no farther than the Authors. But I have much reason to fear the just Indignation of that excellent Person, (the present Ornament and Honour of our Nation) whose way of writing I imitate: For he may think himself as much injured by my following him, as were the Heavens by that bold Man's counterfeiting the sacred and unimitable noise of Thunder by the sound of Brasses and Horses Hoofs. I shall only say for my self that I took *Cicero's* Advice, who bids us in imitation, propose the noblest pattern to our Thoughts; for so we may be sure to be raised above the common level, though we come infinitely short of what we aim at. Yet I hope that renowned Poet will have none of my Crimes any way reflect on himself; for it was not any fault in the excellent Musician, that the weak Bird, endeavouring by straining its Throat, to follow his Notes, destroy'd her self in the Attempt. Well, Sir, by this, that I have chosen rather to expose my self than to be disobedient, you may guess with what zeal and hazard I strive to approve my self.

S I R, *Your most humble and Affectionate Servant,* THO. SPRAT.

## THUCYDIDES,

## LIB. II.

As it is excellently Translated by Mr. Hobbs.

**I**N the very beginning of Summer, the Peloponnesians, and their Confederates, with two thirds of their Forces, as before invaded Attica, under the Conduct of Archidamus, the Son of Zeuxidamas, King of Lacedæmon, and after they had encamped themselves, wasted the Country about them.

They had not been many days in Attica, when the Plague first began among the Athenians, said also to have seized formerly on divers other parts, as about Lemnos, and elsewhere; but so great a Plague, and Mortality of Men was never remembered to have hapned in any place before. For at first, neither were the Physicians able to cure it, through ignorance of what it was, but died fastest themselves, as being the Men that most approached the Sick; nor any other Art of Man availed whatsoever. All Supplications to the Gods, and enquiries of Oracles, and whatsoever other means they used of that kind proved all unprofitable; insomuch as subdued with the greatness of the evil, they gave them all over. It began (by report) first, in that part of Æthiopia that lieth upon Ægypt, and thence fell down into Ægypt and Africk, and into the greatest part of the Territories of the King. It invaded Athens on a sudden, and touched first upon those that dwelt in Pyræus, insomuch as they reported, that the Peloponnesians had cast Poison into their Wells; for Springs there were not any in that place. But afterwards it came up into the high City, and then they died a great deal faster. Now let every Man, Physician or other, concerning the ground of this Sickness, whence it sprung, and what causes he thinks able to produce so great an alteration, speak according to his own knowledge; for my own part, I will deliver but the manner of it, and lay open only such things, as one may take his Mark by, to discover the same if it come again, having been both sick of it my self, and seen others sick of the same. This Year by confession of all Men was of all other, for other Diseases most free and healthful. If any Man were sick before, his Disease turned to this; if not, yet suddenly, without any apparent cause preceding, and being in perfect health, they were taken first with an extream ache in their Heads, redness and inflammation of the Eyes; and then inwardly their Throats and Tongues grew presently bloody, and their breath noisom and unfavoury. Upon this followed a sneezing and hoarseness, and not long after, the pain, together with a mighty Cough, came down into the Breast. And when once it was settled in the Stomach, it caused Vomit, and with great Torment came up all



manner of bilious purgation that the Physicians ever named. Most of them had also the Hickyexce, which brought with it a strong Convulsion, and in some ceased quickly, but in others was long before it gave over. Their Bodies outwardly to the touch, were neither very hot nor pale, but reddish, livid, and beset with little Pimples and Whelks; but so burned inwardly, as not to endure any the lightest cloaths or linnen garment to be upon them, nor any thing but meer nakedness, but rather most willingly to have cast themselves into the cold Water. And many of them that were not looked to, possessed with insatiate thirst, ran unto the Wells; and to drink much or little, was indifferent, being still from ease and power to sleep as far as ever. As long as the Disease was at the height, their Bodies wasted not, but resisted the Torment beyond all expectation, inso-much as the most of them either died of their inward burning in nine or seven days, whilst they had yet strength; or if they escaped that then the Disease falling down into their Bellies, and causing there great excruciations and immoderate looseness, they dyed many of them afterwards thro' Weakness: For the Disease (which took first the Head) began above, and came down, and passed through the whole Body: and he that overcame the worst of it, was yet marked with the loss of his extream parts; for breaking out both at their privy Members, and at their Fingers and Toes, many with the loss of these escaped. There were also some that lost their Eyes, and many that presently upon their recovery were taken with such an oblivion of all things whatsoever, as they neither knew themselves nor their Acquaintance. For this was a kind of Sicknes which far surmounted all Expression of Words, and both exceeded Humane Nature in the cruelty wherewith it handled each one, and appeared also otherwise to be none of those Diseases that are bred amongst us, and that especially by this: For all, both Birds and Beasts, that use to feed on Humane Flesh, though many Men lay abroad unburied, either came not at them, or tasting Perished. An Argument whercof as touching the Birds, is the manifest defect of such Fowl, which were not then seen, neither about the Carcasses, or any where else; but by the Dogs, because they are familiar with Men, this Effect was seen much clearer. So that this Disease (to pass over many strange Particulars of the Accidents that some had differently from others) was in general such as I have shewn; and for other usual Sickneses at that time, no Man was troubled with any. Now they dyed some for want of Attendance, and some again with all the Care and Physick that could be used. Nor was there any, to say, certain Medicine, that applied, must have helped them; for if it did good to one, it did harm to another; nor any difference of Body for strength or weakness that was able to resist it; but it carried all away what Physick soever was administered. But the greatest misery of all was the dejection of Mind in such as found themselves beginning to be sick (for they grew presently desperate, and gave themselves over without any resistance,) as also their dying thus like Sheep, infected by mutual visitation: For if Men forbore to visit them for fear, then they died forlorn, whereby many Families became empty

pty, for want of such as should take care of them. If they forbore not thm they died themselves, and principally the honestest Men: For out of shame they would not spare themselves, but went in unto their Friends, especially after it was come to that pass, that even their Domesticks, wearied with the Lamentations of them that died, and overcome with the greatnes of the Calamity, were no longer moved therewith. But those that were recovered, had much Compassion both on them thae dyed, and on them that lay sick, as having both known the Misery themselves, and no now more subject to the like danger: For this Disease never took any Man the second time so as to be mortal. And these Men were both by others counted happy, and they also themselves, through excess of present joy, conceived a kind of light hope never to die of any other Sicknes hereafter. Besides the present Affliction, the reception of the Country People, and of their Substance into the City, oppressed both them, and much more the People themselves that so came in. For having no Houses, but dwelling at that time of the year in stifing Booths, the Mortality was now without all Form; and dying Men lay tumbling one upon another in the Streets, and Men half dead about every Conduit through desire of Water. The Temples also where they dwelt in Tents were all full of the dead that died within them; for oppressed with the violence of the Calamity and not knowing what to do, Men grew careless, both of Holy and Prophane things alike. And the Laws which they formerly used touching Funerals, were all now broken, every one burying where he could find room. And many for want of things necessary after so many deaths before, were forced to become impudent in the Funerals of their Friends. For when one had made a Funeral Pile, another getting before him, would throw on his dead and give it fire. And when one was in burning, another would come and having cast thereon him whom he carried, go his way again. And the great licentiousness, which also in other kinds was used in the City, began at first from this Disease. For that which a Man before would dissemble, and not acknowledge to be done for voluptuousness, he durst now do freely, seeing before his eyes such quick revolution, of the Rich dying, and Men worth nothing inheriting their Estates; insomuch as they justified a speedy fruition of their Goods, even for their pleasure, as men that thought they held their Lives but by the day. As for pains, no man was forwayd in any action of Honour, to take any, because they thought it uncertain whether they should die or not before they atchieved it. But what any man knew to be delightful, and to be profitable to pleasure, that was made both profitable and honourable. Neither the fear of the Gods, nor Laws of men, awed any man. Not the former, because they concluded it was alike to worship or not worship, from seeing that alike they all perished: Nor the latter, because no man expected that his Life would last till he received punishment of his Crimes by Judgment. But they thought there was now over their heads some far greater Judgment decreed against them; before which fell, they thought to enjoy some little part of their Lives.

# The Plague of ATHENS.

## I

**U**Nhappy Man! by Nature made to sway,  
 And yet is every Creatures prey,  
 Destroy'd by those that should his power obey.  
 Of the whole World we call *Mankind* the Lords,  
     Flatt'ring our selves with mighty Words;  
     Of all things we the Monarchs are,  
 And so we rule, and so we dominner;  
     All Creatures else about us stand  
     Like some *Prætorian* Band,  
     To guard, to help, and to defend;  
     Yet they sometimes prove Enemies,  
     Sometimes against us rise;  
 Our very Guards rebel, and tyrannize.  
     Thousand Diseases sent by Fate,  
 (Unhappy Servants!) on us wait;  
     A thousand Treacheries within  
     Are laid weak Life to win,  
     Huge Troops of Maladies without,  
 (A grim, a meagre, and a dreadful rout:)  
     Some formal Sieges make,  
 And with sure slowness do our Bodies take,  
 Some with quick violence storm the Town,  
     And all in a moment down:  
     Some one peculiar Fort assail,  
 Some by general Attempts prevail.  
 Small Herbs, alas, can only us relieve,  
 And small is the Assistance they can give,  
 How can the fading Off-spring of the Field  
     Sure health and succour yield?  
     What strong and certain remedy?  
 What firm and lasting Life can ours be?  
 When that which makes us live doth ev'ry Winter die?

Nor is this all, we do not only breed  
 Within our selves the fatal Seed  
 Of change and of decrease in ev'ry part,  
**Head, Belly, Stomach, and root of Life the Heart,**  
 Not only have our Autumn when we must  
 Of our own Nature turn to Dust,  
 When Leaves and Fruit must fall;  
 But are expos'd to mighty Tempests too,  
 Which do at once what they would slowly do,  
**Which throw down Fruit and Tree of Life withal.**

From ruin we in vain  
 Our Bodies by repair maintain,  
 Bodies compos'd of Stuff,  
 Mouldring and frail enough;  
 Yet from without as shell we fear  
 A dangerous and destructive War.  
**From Heaven from Earth, from Sea, from Air.**  
 We like the *Roman Empire* should decay,  
 And our own Force would melt away  
 By the intestine Jar  
 Of Elephants, which on each other prey,  
**The Cæsars and the Pompeys** which within we bear :  
 Yet are ( like that ) in danger too  
 Of foreign Armies, and external Foe,  
 Sometimes the *Gotbifh* and the barbarous rage  
 Of Plague or Pestilence attends Man's Age  
 Which neither Force nor Arts Asswage ;  
 Which cannot be avoided or withstood,  
**But drowns and over-runs with unexpected Flood.**

On *Ethiopia*, and the Southern Sands,  
 The unfrequented Coasts, and parched Lands,  
 Whither the Sun too kind a heat doth send,  
 (The Sun, which the worst Neighbour is, and the best Friend)  
 Hither a mortal influence came,  
 A fatal and unhappy Flame,  
 Kindled by Heavens angry Beam.



With dreadful Frowns, the Heavens scattered here  
 Cruel infectious heats into the Air,  
 Now all the stores of Poyson sent,

Threatning at once a general doom,  
 Lavish'd out all their hate, and meant

In future Ages to be innocent,  
 Not to disturb the World for many years to come.

Hold! Heavens hold! why should your sacred Fire,  
 Which doth to all things Life inspire,

By whose kind Beams you bring  
 Each year on every thing,

A new and glorious Spring,  
 Which doth th' Original Seed

Of all things in the Womb of Earth that breed,  
 With vital heat and quick'ning feed;

Why should you now that here employ,  
 The Earth, the Air, the Fields, the Cities to annoy?  
 That which it before reviv'd, why should it now destroy?

## IV.

Those *Africk* Desarts strait were double Desarts grown,  
 The Rav'nous Beasts were left alone,  
 The rav'nous Beasts then first began  
 To pity their old Enemy Man,

And blam'd the Plague for what they would themselves have  
 Nor staid the cruel evil there, (done.

Nor could be long confin'd unto one Air,  
 Plagues presently forsake

The Wilderness which they themselves do make:  
 Away the deadly breaths their Journey take,

Driven by a mighty Wind,

They a new Booty and fresh Forrage find,  
 The loaded Wind went swiftly on,

And as it pass, was heard to sigh and groan.

On *Egypt* next it seiz'd,

Nor could but by a general Ruin be appeas'd.

*Egypt* in rage back on the South did look

And wondred thence should come the unhappy stroke,

From whence before her fruitfulness she took.

*Egypt* did now curse and revile

Those very Lands from whence she has her Nile; *Egypt*.

*Egypt* now fear'd another *Hebrew* God,  
Another Angel's Hand, a second *Aaron's* Rod.

## V.

Then on it goes, and through the sacred Land  
Its angry Forces did command ;  
But God did place an Angel there,  
Its violence to withstand,  
And turn into another Road the putrid Air.  
To *Tyre* it came, and there did all devour.  
Though that by Seas might think it self secure:  
Nor staid as the great Conquerors did,  
Till it had fill'd and stopp'd the Tide,  
Which did it from the shore divide,  
But past the waters, and did all possess,  
And quickly all was Wilderness.  
Thence it did *Persia* over-run,  
And all that sacrifice unto the Sun ;  
In every Limb a dreadful pain they felt,  
Tortur'd with secret Coals did melt ;  
The *Persians* call'd their Sun in vain,  
Their God increas'd the pain.  
They look'd up to their God no more  
But curse the beams they worshipp'd before,  
And hate the very fire which once they did adore.

## VI.

Glutt'd with ruine on the East,  
She took her wings and down to *Athens* past ;  
Just Plague ! which dost no parties take,  
But *Greece*, as well as *Persia* sack.  
While in unnatural quarrels they  
( Like Frogs and Mice ) each other slay ;  
Thou in thy ravenous Claws took'st both away.  
Thither it came and did destroy the Town,  
Whilst all his Ships and Soldiers look'd upon ;  
And now the *Asian* Plague did more  
Than all the *Asian* Force cou'd do before,  
Without the Walls the *Spartan* Army fate,  
The *Spartan* Army came too late ;  
For now there was no farther work for Fate.

They

They saw the City open lay,  
 An easie and a bootless prey;  
 They saw the Rampires empty stand,  
 The Fleet, the Walls, the Forts unmann'd  
 No need of cruelty or Slaughters now,  
 The Plague had finish'd what they came to do :  
 They might now unresisted enter there,  
 Did they not the very Air,  
 More than th' *Athenians* fear.  
 The Air it self to them was Wall and Bulwarks too.

## VII.

Unhappy *Athens* ! it is true thou wert  
 The proudest work of Nature and of Art :  
 Learning and strength did thee compose,  
 As Soul and Body us :  
 But yet thou only thence art made  
 A noble nobler Prey for Fates t' invade.  
 Those mighty numbers that within the breath,  
 Do only serve to make a fatter feast for Death.  
 Death in the most frequented places lives,  
 Most tribute from the Crowd receives ;  
 And though it bears a sigh, and seems to own  
 A rustick Life alone,  
 It loves no Wilderness,  
 No scatter'd Villages,  
 But mighty populous Palaces,  
 The Throng, the Tumult, and the Town ;  
 VVhat strange unheard of Conqueror is this,  
 Which by the Forces that resist it doth increase !  
 When other Conquerors are  
 Oblig'd to make a slower War,  
 Nay sometimes for themselves may fear,  
 And must proceed with watchful care,  
 When thicker Troops of Enemies appear ;  
 This stronger still, and more successful grows,  
 Down sooner all before it throws,  
 If greater multitudes of Men do it oppose.

## VIII.

The Tyrant first the Heaven did subdue,  
 Lately the *Athenians* (it knew)

Them.

Themselves by wooden Walls did save,  
 And therefore first to them the Infection gave,  
 Lest they new succour thence receive.  
 Cruel *Pyraeus* ! now thou hast undone,  
 The Honour thou before hadst won :  
 Not all thy Merchandize.  
 Thy Wealth thy Treasuries,  
 Which from all Coasts thy Fleet supplies,  
 Can to atone this Crime suffice.  
 Next o'er the upper Town it spread,  
 With mad and undiscerned speed ,  
 In every corner, every street,  
 Without a guide did set its feet,  
 And too familiar every house did greet,  
 Unhappy *Greece* of *Greece* ! great *Theseus* now  
 Did thee a mortal injury do,  
 When first in Walls he did thee close,  
 When first he did the Cities reduce,  
 Houses, and Government, and Laws to use.  
 It had been better if thy People still  
 Dispersed in some Field or Hill,  
 Though salvage and undisciplin'd did dwell,  
 Though barbarous untame and rude,  
 Than by their Numbers thus to be subdu'd ;  
 To be by their own swarms annoy'd,  
 And to be civiliz'd only to be destroy'd.

## IX.

*Minerva* started when she heard the noise,  
 And dying Mens confused voice.  
 From Heaven in haste she came to see  
 What was the mighty prodige  
 Upon the Castle Pinacles the fate,  
 And dar'd not nearer flie,  
 Nor midst so many deaths to trust her very Deity.  
 With pitying look she saw at every gate  
 Death and Destruction wait;  
 She wrung her hands and call'd on *Jove*,  
 And all the immortal Powers above,



But though a Goddess now did pray,  
 The Heavens refus'd, and turn'd their Ear away.  
 She brought her Olive and her Shield,  
 Neither of these alafs! assistance yield  
 She lookt upon *Medusa's* Face  
 Was angry that she was  
 Her self of an immortal Race,  
 Was angry that her *Gorgon's* Head  
 Could not strike her as well as others dead;  
 She sate and wept a while, and then away she fled.

## X.

Now death began her Sword to whet,  
 Not all the *Cyclops* sweat,  
 Nor *Vulcan's* mighty Anvils could prepare  
 Weapons enough for her,  
 No VVeapon large enough but all the Air;  
 Men felt the heat within 'em rage,  
 And hop'd the Air did it asswage,  
 Call'd for its help but th' Air did them deceive,  
 And aggravate the ills it should relieve.  
 The Air no more was Vital now,  
 But did a mortal Poison grow;  
 The Lungs which us' to fan the Heart,  
 Only now serv'd to fire each part,  
 What should refresh, increas'd the smart.  
 And now their very breath,  
 The chiefeft sign of life, turn'd the cause of death.

## XI.

Upon the Head first the disease,  
 As a bold Conqueror doth seize,  
 Begins with *Man's* Metropolis,  
 Secur'd the Capitol, and then it knew  
 It cou'd at pleasure weaker parts subdue.  
 Blood started through each Eye,  
 The redness of that Skie,  
 Foretold a Tempest nigh.  
 The Tongue did flow all o'er  
 With clotted filth and gore,

As doth a Lion's, when some innocent prey  
 He hath devour'd and brought away :  
 Hoarseness and sores the throat did fill,  
 And stopt the Passages of speech and life ;  
 No room was left for groans or grief ;  
 Too cruel and imperious ill !  
 Which not content to kill,  
 With Tyrannous and dreadful pain,  
 Dost take from Men the very power to complain.

## XII.

Then down it went into the very breast,  
 There all the seats and shops of life possess'd,  
 Such noisom smells from thence did come,  
 As if the Stomach were a Tomb ;  
 No Food would there abide,  
 Or if it did, turn'd to the Enemies side,  
 The very Meat new Poysons to the Plague supply'd,  
 Next to the Hear the fires came,  
 The Heart did wonder what usurping flame,  
 What unknown furnace shou'd  
 On its more natural heat intrude,  
 Strait call'd its Spirits up but found too well,  
 It was too late now to rebel,  
 The tainted Blood its course began,  
 And carried death where e'er it ran,  
 That which before was Nature's noblest Art,  
 The Circulation from the Heart,  
 Was most destructful now,  
 And nature speedier did undo,  
 For that the sooner did impart  
 The Poyson and the smart,  
 The infectious Blood to every distant part.

## XIII.

The Belly felt at last its Share,  
 And all the subtile Labyrinths there  
 Of winding Bowels did new Monsters bear,  
 Here seven days it rul'd and sway'd,  
 And oftener kill'd because it death so long delay'd.  
 But if through strength and heat of Age,  
 The Body overcame its rage,

The

The Plague departed as the Devil doth,  
 When driven by Prayers away he goeth.  
 If Prayers and Heaven do him controul,  
 And if it cannot have the Soul,  
 Himself out of the roof or window throws,  
 And will not all his labour lose.

But takes away with him part of the House :  
 So here the vanquish'd evil took from them  
 Who conquer'd it some part, some Limb ;  
 Some lost the use of Hands or Eyes,  
 Some Arms, some Legs, some Thighs,  
 Some all their lives before forgot,  
 Their minds were but one darker blot ;  
 Those various Pictures in the Head,  
 And all the numerous shapes were fled ;  
 And now the ransack'd memory  
 Languish'd in naked poverty,  
 Had lost its mighty treasury ;  
 They pass'd the *Lethe* Lake, although they did not die.

## XIV.

Whatever lesser Maladies Men had,  
 They all gave place and vanished ;  
 Those pretty Tyrants fled,  
 And at this mighty Conqueror shrunk their head.  
 Fevers, Agues, Palsies, Stone,  
 Gout, Cholick and Consumption,  
 And all the milder Generation,  
 By which Mankind is by degrees undone,  
 Quickly were rooted out and gone ;  
 Men saw themselves freed from the pain,  
 Rejoyc'd, but all, alas, in vain.  
 'Twas an unhappy Remedy,  
 Which cur'd 'em that they might both worse and sooner die.

## XV.

Physicians now could not prevail,  
 They the first spoils to the proud Victor fall,  
 Nor would the Plague their knowledge trust,  
 But fear'd their skill, and therefore slew them first :

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*Reader,*  
Through Mistake of the Press, a Page be-  
ing Transpos'd, you are desir'd to turn  
over Leaf.

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So Tyrants when they would confirm their yoke,  
 First make the chiefest Men to feel the stroke  
 The chiefest and the wisest heads left they  
 Should soonest disobey,  
 Shou'd first rebel, and others learn from them the way.  
 No aid of herbs or juices power,  
 None of *Apollo's* art could cure,  
 But help'd the Plague the speedier to devour.  
 Physick it self was a disease,  
 Physick the fatal Tortures did increase,  
 Prescriptions did the pains renew,  
 And *Aesculapius* to the Sick did come,  
 As afterwards to *Rome*,  
 In form of Serpent, brought new Poisons with him too.

## XVI.

The Streams did wonder that so soon  
 As they were from their native Mountains gone,  
 They saw themselves drunk up, and fear  
 Another *Xerxe's* Army near.  
 Some cast into the Pit the Urn,  
 And drink it dry at its return :  
 Again they drew, again they drank  
 At first the coolness of the stream did thank,  
 But strait the more were scorch'd the more did burn ;  
 And drunk with water in their drinking sank :  
 That Urn which now to quench their thirst they use,  
 Shortly their ashes shall inclose.  
 Others into the Chrystal Brook,  
 With faint and wondring eyes did look,  
 Saw what a ghastly shape themselves had took,  
 Away they would have fled, but them their Legs forsook.  
 Some snatch'd the Waters up,  
 Their hands, their mouths the cup ;  
 They drunk, and found they flam'd the more  
 And only added to the burning store.  
 So have I seen on lime cold water thrown,  
 Strait all was to a ferment grown,  
 And hidden Seeds of Fire together run :

The heap was calm and temperate before,  
 Such as the Finger could indure ;  
 But when the moistures it provoke,  
 Did rage, did swell, did smoke,  
 Did move and flame, and burn, and strait to ashes broke.

## XVII.

So strong the heat, so strong the torments were,  
 They like some mighty burthen bear  
 The lightest covering of Air.  
 All Sexes and all Ages do invade  
 The bounds which Nature laid,  
 The Laws of modesty which Nature made,  
 The Virgins blush not, yet uncloath'd appear,  
 Undress'd do run about yet never fear.  
 The Pain and the Disease did now  
 Unwillingly reduce men to  
 That nakedness once more,  
 Which perfect Health and Innocence caus'd before,  
 No sleep, no peace, no rest,  
 Their wandering and affrighted minds possess'd ;  
 Upon their Souls and Eyes,  
 Hell and eternal horror lies,  
 Unusual Shapes and Images,  
 Dark Pictures and Resemblances  
 Of things to come, and of the World below,  
 O'er their distemper'd fancies go :  
 Sometimes they curse, sometimes they pray unto  
 The Gods above, the Gods beneath ;  
 Sometimes they cruelties, and fury breath,  
 Not sleep, but waking now was sister unto death.

## XVIII.

Scatter'd in Fields the Bodies lay,  
 The Earth call'd to the Fowls to take their flesh away.  
 In vain she call'd, they came not nigh  
 Nor would their Food with their own Ruine buy  
 But at full meals they hunger, pine and die.  
 The Vultures afar off did see the Feast,  
 Rejoyc'd, and call'd their Friends to taste,  
 They rallied up their Troops in haste ;  
 Along came mighty droves,  
 Forsook their young ones, and their groves,  
 Each one his native Mountain and his Nest ;  
 They come, but all their Carcasses abhor,  
 And now avoid the dead Men more  
 Than weaker Birds did living Men before.  
 But if some bolder Fowls the flesh assay,  
 They were destroy'd by their own prey.  
 The Dog no longer bark'd at coming Guest,  
 Repents it's being a domestick Beast,  
 Did to the Woods and Mountains haste

The very Owls at *Athens* are  
 But seldom seen and rare,  
 The Owls depart in open day,  
 Rather than infected Ivy more to stay.

## XIX.

Mountains of Bones and Carcasses;  
 The Streets the Market-place possess,  
 Threatning to raise a new *Acropolis*.  
 Here lies a Mother and her Child,  
 The Infant suck'd as yet and smil'd,  
 But streight by its own food was kill'd.  
 There Parents hugg'd their Children last,  
 Here parting Lovers last embrac'd,  
 But yet not parting neither,  
 They both expir'd and went away together.  
 Here Prisoners in the Dungeon die,  
 And gain a two-fold Liberty,  
 They meet and thank their pains  
 Which them from double chains  
 Of Body and of Iron free,  
 Here others poyson'd by the scent  
 Which from corrupted Bodies went,  
 Quickly return the death they did receive,  
 And death to others give;  
 Themselves now dead the Air pollute the more,  
 For which they others curs'd before,  
 Their Bodies kill all that come near,  
 And even after Death they all are Murtherers here.

## XX.

The Friend doth hear his Friends last Cries.  
 Parteth his grief for him, and dies,  
 Lives not enough to close his Eyes,  
 The Father at his death  
 Speaks his Son Heir with an infectious Breath;  
 In the same Hour the Son doth take  
 His Father's Will, and his own make.  
 The Servant need not here be slain,  
 To serve his Master in the other World again;  
 They languishing together lie,  
 Their Souls away together fly;  
 The Husband gaspeth and his Wife lies by,  
 It must be her turn next to die,  
 The Husband and the Wife  
 Too truly now are one, and live one life,  
 That Couple which the Gods did entertain,  
 Had made their Prayer here in vain,  
 No Fates in Death could then divide,  
 They must without their Privilege together both have dy'd.

There

## XXI.

There was no number now of death,  
 The Sisters scarce stood still themselves to breath :  
 The Sisters now quite wearied  
 In cutting single Thread,  
 Began at once to part whole Looms,  
 One stroke did give whole Houses dooms ;  
 Now dy'd the frosty hairs,  
 The aged and decrepid years,  
 They fell and only begg'd of Fate,  
 Some few Months more, but 'twas alas too late.  
 Then Death as if ashamed of that  
 A Conquest so degenerate,  
 Cut off the young and lusty too ;  
 The young were reckoning o'er  
 What happy days, what Joys they had in store ;  
 But Fate e'er they had finish'd their Account, them flew  
 The wretched Usurer died,  
 And had no time to tell where he his Treasures hid :  
 The Merchant did behold  
 His Ships return with Spice and Gold ;  
 He saw't and turn'd aside his head  
 Nor thank'd the Gods, but fell amidst his Riches dead.

## XXII.

The Meetings and Assemblies cease, no more  
 The People throng about the Orator,  
 No course of Justice did appear,  
 No noise of Lawyers fill'd the Ear,  
 The Senate cast away  
 The Robe of Honour, and obey  
 Deaths more resistless sway,  
 Whilst that with Dictatorian power  
 Doth all the great and lesser Officers devour.  
 No Magistrates did walk about ;  
 No Purple aw'd the Rout,  
 The Common People too  
 A Purple of their own did shew ;  
 And all their Bodies o'er  
 The ruling Colours bore  
 No Judge, no Legislatours fit  
 Since this new *Draco* came,  
 And harsher Laws did frame,  
 Laws that like his in Blood are writ.  
 The Benches and the pleading-place they leave,  
 About the Streets they run and rave :  
 The madness which great *Solon* did of late  
 But counterfeit  
 For the Advantage of the State,  
 Now his Successors do too truly imitate,



## XXIII.

Up starts the Soldier from his bed,  
 He though Death's Servant is not freed  
 Death him cashier'd, cause now his help she did not need.

He that ne'er knew before to yield,  
 Or to give back or leave the Field,  
 Would fain now from himself have fled.

He snatch'd his Sword now rusted o'er,  
 Dreadful and sparkling now no more,  
 And thus in open streets did roar :

How have I, Death, so ill deserv'd of thee,  
 That now thy self thou shouldst revenge on me?  
 Have I so many Lives on thee bestow'd?  
 Have I the Earth so often dy'd in Blood?  
 Have I to flatter thee so many slain?  
 And must I now thy Prey remain?

Let me at least, if I must die,

Meet in the Field some gallant Enemy.

Send Gods the *Persian* Troops again.

No, they're a base and degenerate train ;

They by our Women may be slain,

Give me great Heavens, some manful Foes,

Let me my Death amidst some valiant *Grecians* chuse,

Let me survive to die at *Syracuse*,

Where my dear Country shall her Glory lose

For you, great Gods! into my dying mind infuse.

What Miseries, what doom

Must on my *Athens* shortly come:

My thoughts inspir'd presage

Slaughters and Battels to the coming Age;

Oh might I die upon that glorious Stage:

Oh that ! but then he grasp'd his Sword, and Death concludes his Rage.

## XXIV.

Draw back, draw back thy Sword, O Fate!

Lest thou repent when 'tis too late,

Lest by thy making now so great a waste,

By spending all Mankind upon one feast,

Thou starve thy self at last:

What Men wilt thou reserve in store,

Whom in the time to come thou may'st devour,

When thou shalt have destroyed all before?

But if thou wilt not yet give o'er,

If yet thy greedy Stomach calls for more,

If more remain whom thou must kill,

And if thy Jaws are craving still,

Carry thy fury to the *Sythian* Coasts,

The Northern Wilderness, and eternal Frosts!

Against those barbarous Crowds thy Arrows wher,

Where Arts and Laws are strangers yet;

Wher?

Where thou mayst kill, and yet the loss will not be great,  
 There Rage, there spread, and there infect the Air,  
 Murther whole Towns and Families there,  
 Thy worst against those Savage Nations dare,  
 Those whom Mankind can spare  
 Those whom Mankind it self doth fear ;  
 Amidst that dreadful Night and fatal Cold,  
 There thou mayst walk unseen and bold,  
 There let thy Flames thy Empire hold.  
 Unto the farthest Seas, and Natures ends,  
 Where never Summers Sun its beams extends,  
 Carry thy Plagues, thy Pains, thy Heats,  
 Thy raging Fires, thy torturing Sweats,  
 Where never ray or heat did come,  
 They will rejoyce at such a doom.  
 They'll bless thy pestilential Fire,  
 Though they by it expire.  
 They'll thank the very flames with which they do consume.

## XXV.

Then if that Banquet will not thee suffice,  
 Seek out new Lands where thou mayst tyrannize ;  
 Search every Forrest, every Hill,  
 And all that in the hollow Mountains dwell ;  
 Those wild and untame Troops devour,  
 Thereby thou wilt the rest of Men secure,  
 And that the rest of Men will thank thee for.  
 Let all those Humane Beasts be slain,  
 Till scarce their memory remain ;  
 Thy self with that Ignoble slaughter fill,  
 'Twill be permitted thee that blood to spill,  
 Measure the ruder World throughour,  
 March all the Ocean shores about,  
 Only pass by and spare the *British Isle*.  
 Go on, and ( what *Columbus* once shall do,  
 When days and time unto their ripeness grow )  
 Find out new Lands, and unknown Countries too,  
 Attempt those Lands which yet are hid  
 From all Mortality beside :  
 There thou mayst steal a Victory,  
 And none of this World hear the cry  
 Of those that by thy Wounds shall die ;  
 No *Greek* shall know thy cruelty,  
 And tell it to Posterity,  
 Go, and unpeople all those mighty Lands,  
 Destroy with unrelenting Hands ;  
 Go, and the *Spaniards* Sword prevent ;  
 Go, make the *Spaniard* innocent ;

Go,

Go, and root out all Mankind there,  
That when the *European* Armies shall appear,  
Their Sin may be the less,  
They may find all a Wilderness,  
And without blood the gold and silver there possess.

## XXVI.

Nor is this all which we thee grant ;  
Rather than thou shouldst full employment want,  
We do permit in *Greece* thy Kingdom plant.  
Ransack *Lycurgus* Streets throughour,  
They've no defence of Walls to keep thee out.  
On wanton and proud *Corinth* seize,  
Nor let her double waves thy flames appease.  
Let *Cyprus* feel more fires than those of Love :  
Let *Delos* which at first did give the Sun  
See unknown flames in her begun,  
Now let her wish she might unconstant move,  
And from her place might truly prove :  
Let *Lemnos* all thy anger feel,  
And think that a new *Vulcan* fell,  
And brought with him new Anvils, and new Hell.  
Nay, at *Athens* too we give thee up,  
All that thou find'st in Field, or Camp, or Shop,  
Make havock there without controul  
Of every ignorant and common Soul.  
But then, kind Plague, thy Conquests stop ;  
Let Arts, and let the Learned there escape,  
Upon *Minerva's* self commit no Rape ;  
Touch not the sacred throng,  
And let *Apollo's* Priests be ( like him ) young,  
Let him be healthful too, and strong.  
But ah ! too ravenous Plague, whilst I  
Strive to keep off the misery,  
The Learned too as fast as others round me die ;  
They from Corruption are not free,  
Are mortal though they give an immortality.

## XXVII.

They turn'd their Authors o'er to try  
What help, what Cure, what remedy  
All Nature's stores against this Plague supply,  
And though befids they shun'd it every where,  
They search'd it in their Books, and fain would meet it there.  
They turn'd the Records of the ancient times ;  
And chiefly those that were made famous by their Crimes ;  
To find if Men were punish'd so before,  
But found not the disease nor cure.

Nature, alas ! was now surpriz'd  
 And all her Forces seiz'd,  
 Before she was how to resist advis'd :  
 So when the Elephants did first affright  
 The *Romans* with unusual fight,  
 They many Battels lose,  
 Before they knew their Foes,  
 Before they understood such dreadful Troops t'oppose,

## XXVIII.

Now ev'ry different Sect agrees  
 Against their common adversary the disease,  
 And all their little wranglings cease ;  
 The *Pythagoreans* from their Precepts swerve,  
 No more their silence they observe,  
 Out of their Schools they run,  
 Lament, and cry, and groan ;  
 They now desir'd their Metempsychosis ;  
 Not only to dispute, but wish  
 That they might turn to beasts, or Fowls, or Fish.  
 If the *Platonicks* had been here,  
 They would have curs'd their Masters year,  
 When all things shall be as they were,  
 When they again the same Disease should bear :  
 And all the Philosophers would now,  
 What the great *Stagyrite* shall do,  
 Themselves into the waters headlong throw.

## XXIX.

The *Stoick* felt the deadly stroke,  
 At first assault their Courage was not broke,  
 They call'd to all the Cobweb aid,  
 Of Rules and Precepts which in store they had ;  
 They bid their Hearts stand out,  
 Bid them be calm and stout,  
 But all the strength of Precepts will not do't.  
 They can't the storms of Passions now assuage,  
 As common Men are angry, griev'd and rage.  
 The Gods are call'd upon in vain,  
 The Gods gave no release unto their pain,  
 The Gods to fear even for themselves began,  
 For now the sick unto the Temples came,  
 And brought more than an holy flame,  
 There at the Altars made their Prayer,  
 They sacrific'd and died there,  
 A Sacrifice not seen before ;  
 That Heaven, only us'd unto the gore  
 Of Lambs or Bulls should now  
 Loaded with Priests see its own Altars too,



XXX.

The Woods gave fun'ral Piles no more,  
 The Dead the very fire devour,  
 And that almighty Conqueror over-power,  
 The noble and the common dust  
 Into each others Graves are thrust,  
 No place is sacred, and no Tomb,  
 'Tis now a privilege to consume ;  
 Their Ashes no distinction had ;  
 Too truly all by Death are equal made.  
 The Ghosts of those great Heroes that had fled  
 From *Athens* long since banished,  
 Now o'er the City hovered ;  
 Their Anger yielded to their Love,  
 They left th' immortal Joys above,  
 So much their *Athens* danger did them move,  
 They came to pity and to aid,  
 But now, alas ! were quite dismay'd,  
 When they beheld the Marbles open lay'd,  
 And poor Mens Bones the noble Urns invade :  
 Back to the blessed seats they went,  
 And now did thank their Banishment,  
 By which they were to die in foreign Countries sent.

XXXI.

But what great Gods was worst of all,  
 Hell forth its Magazines of Lusts did call,  
 Nor would it be content  
 With the thick Troos of Souls were thither sent ;  
 Into the upper World it went.  
 Such guilt, such wickedness,  
 Such Irreligion did increase,  
 That the few good which did survive,  
 Were angry with the Plague for suffering them to live ;  
 More for the living than the dead did grieve.  
 Some robb'd the very dead,  
 Though sure to be infected e'er they fled,  
 Though in the very Air sure to be punished.  
 Some nor the Shrines nor the Temples spar'd  
 Nor Gods nor Heavens fear'd  
 Though such Example of their Power appear'd.  
 Vertue was now esteem'd an empty name,  
 And honesty the foolish voice of Fame ;  
 For having past those tort'ring flames before,  
 They thought the punishment already o'er,  
 Thought Heaven no worse torments had in store ;  
 Here having felt one Hell, they thought there was no more.

F I N I S.

