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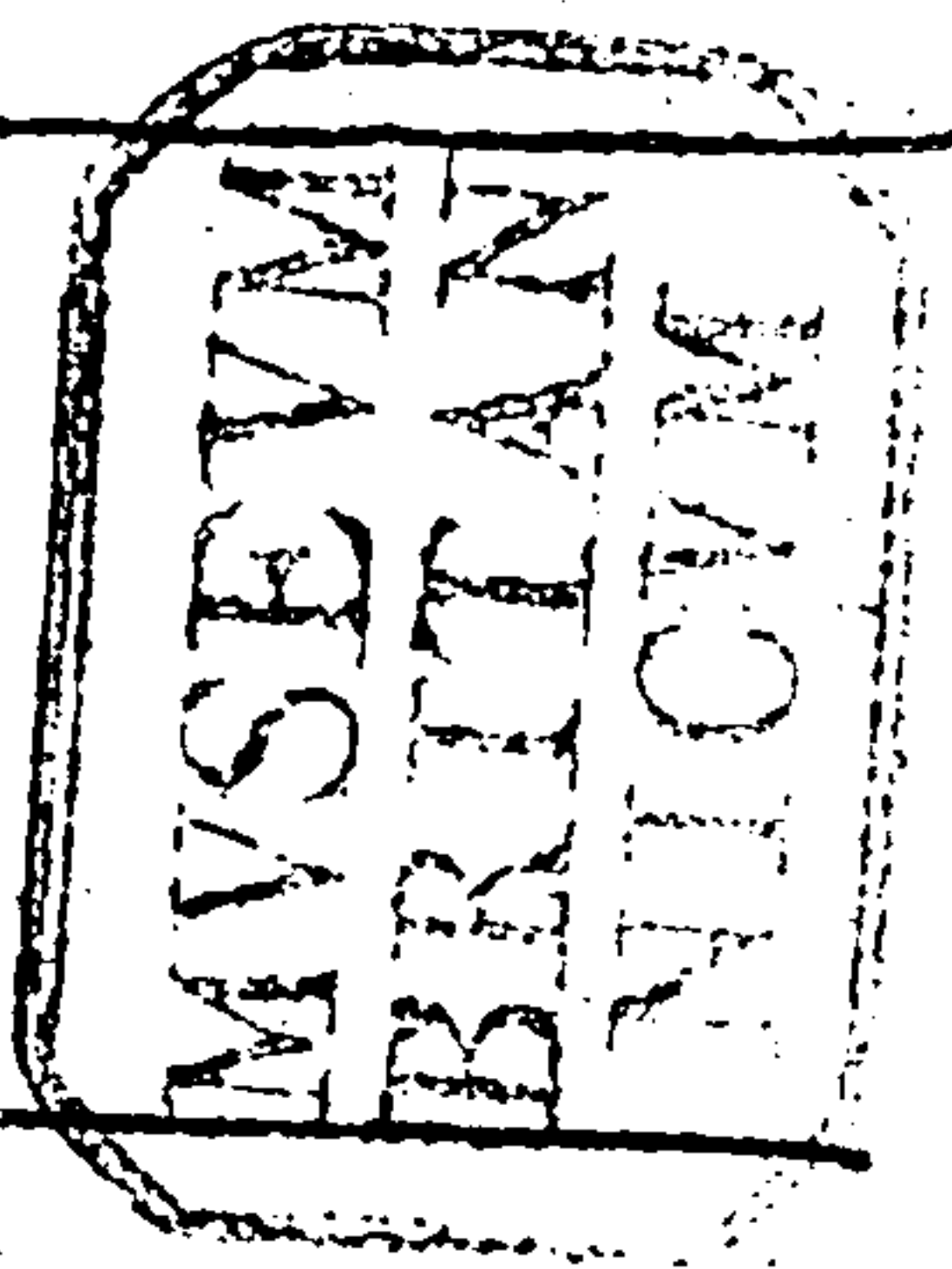
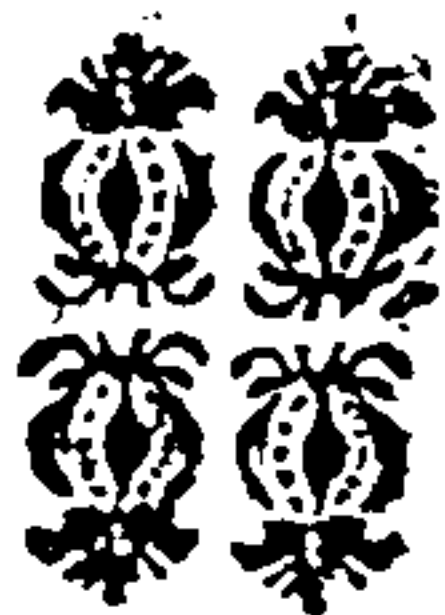
656

HERMETICALL

BANQUET,

*R* DREST

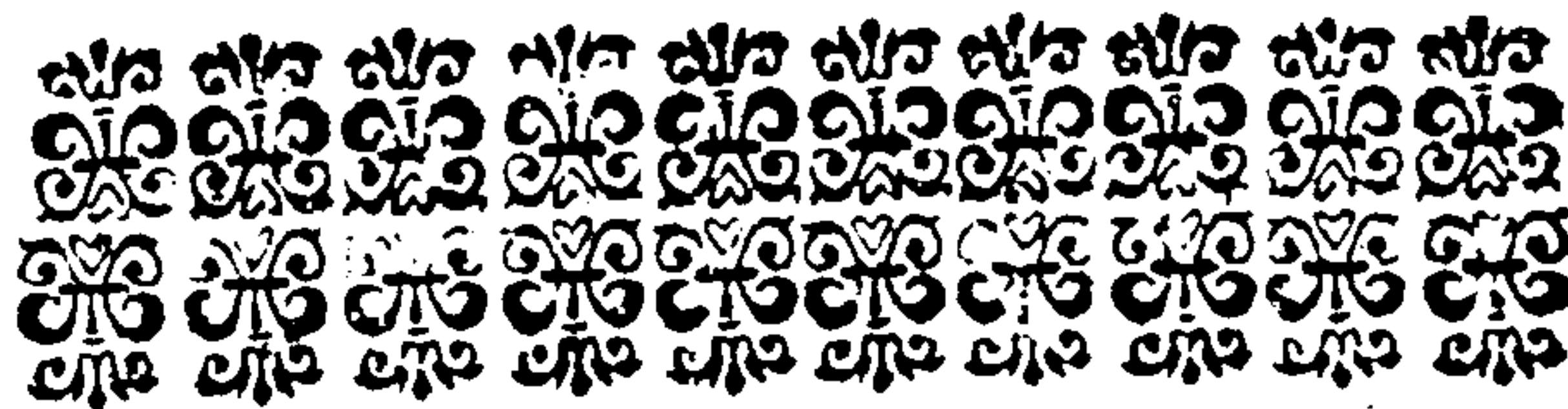
By a Spagiricall Cook: for  
the better Preservation of the  
*Microcosme.*



LONDON, Decemb. 16.

Printed for Andrew Crooke, and are to be  
sold at the Green Dragon in S. Pauls  
Church-yard. 1652. 165.

TO THE  
RIGHT HONORABLE  
*ISACKE WAKE*  
KNIGHT,  
EMBASSADOUR EX-  
TRAORDINARIE  
IN  
SAVOY AND PIEMONTE,  
ORDINARIE  
FOR  
ITALIE HELVETIA AND  
RHETIA,  
SELECT FOR FRANCE,  
FOR  
HIS MAJESTIE OF  
GREAT  
BRITAIN, &c.



*Right Honorable,*

**I**s our Custome in Eng-  
land, on the birth Day  
of every Year, for the  
Tenant to lay down his Offer-  
ing at the Altar of his Land-  
lord ; as an Oblation of his  
gratefull Servitude.

I, your Lordships Tenant, or  
rather, as the Anagram tells me,  
Natent, ( confessing my self by  
your Lordships Solar Influence,  
Renated, and of a Vegetable,

A 3      made

made Vitall ) not to abrogate Custom, do here present my Offering, to manifest a strong desire of Gratitude, in the weakness of my Expressions.

Our first Wishes upon this Day, is, for a merry new Year. What better Prologue to Mirth, than a Feast? That my Offering therefore may be the Embleme of my Wishes, I have here presented your Lordship with an *Hermeticall* Banquet; wherein are such plenty of Cordials, that I doubt not but it will make you heartily Merry.

I have caused it to be drest by Spagiricall Cooks; partly to preserve your more Delicate Palate  
from

from the Epidemicall *Nausea* of Galenicall Potions, with these our Hermeticall and Bezoartick Delicacies. And partly, because I have alwaies observ'd, in the Universalities of your Lordships Studies, a particular Genius much reflecting upon this Art, as the Key of Natures Cabinet.

Expect not much Hony in your Dishes; since like a Bee, shut up in the Winter Hive of my Quarantena, and unable to fly abroad and rob other Mens Gardens, was constrained to make use of such as I had collected in the Summer of my Youth: where I fear your Lordship will find more Wax, than Hony. I dance

A 4 little



little after Method, because no  
Methodist. Neither do I labour  
to oppress your Stomack with  
Dogmaticall Gravity.

No, I consider we are at a  
Feast, and therefore prefer a Jest  
before an Aphorisme.

How my Mirth will take, I  
know not, believe me it was  
meant well: though for want  
of other Musick I confess it is  
somewhat extravagant.

I subscribe therefore to your  
Lordships more mature Judge-  
ment; which, like a Celestiall  
Influence, penetrates even the  
Center of Inferiour Actions.

If it pass that Magellan, it  
may boldly, and with a full Sail  
plow

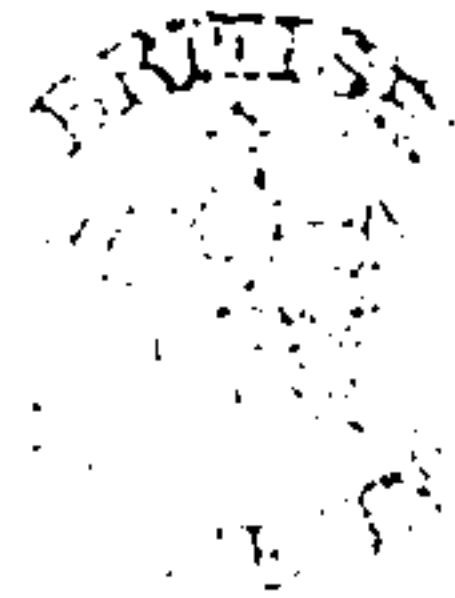
plow through the Tempestuous  
Ocean of the Universe.

'Tis your Lordships appro-  
bation then that must pro-  
tect our weak Bark. Your Co-  
lours only displai'd, banish  
all fears of Assaults, and make it  
*παράφοβον*.

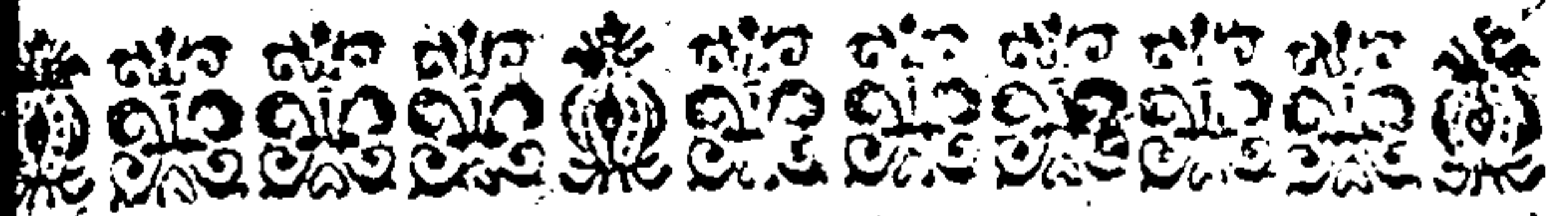
Under which Banner, I desire  
to serve but as a Common-  
Souldier: that so hereafter by  
some bolder Attempt, I may  
manifest unto the World,  
how little I respect superficiall  
Wounds, in the atchieve-  
ment of some better Title,  
thereby to be judged worthy  
of so Honourable a calling,  
as

as your Lordship hath gra-  
tiously favoured me with, in  
making me

Your Lordships Physician  
and most humbly Devo-  
ted Servant.



Symposiastes



## Symposiastes to his Symptotæ.



Entlemen, I here place  
my self at the portall  
to bid you Welcome to  
an Hermeticall Ban-  
quet. Who comes by  
the common road of  
invitation, to me is  
least welcome. And those resolute  
Sparks which boldly open the Door with  
complement, teaching good manners  
how to temperise, believe me they shall  
be exalted two Ceremonies above the  
Salt. Such Guest are alwayes least trou-  
blesome; they never put their Hoast to  
the expence of a Prologue; raw, or roasted,  
they fal to their business; hunger brought  
them to the Duel, and when that's over-  
come they leave the Field. I could hear-  
ily wish that all my Guest were thus  
Court.



Courtlike. For so I also might have  
time to eat, whilst they bid themselves  
welcome. I dare not invite many Women,  
lest I quarrel with their lean manners  
before the second Course enter. To  
some I must have of necessity to help  
way with the sweet-meats. My Servant  
told me he had invited a knot of merry  
Gossips in the City, whose aperi-string  
itch'd to be here: but they sent me word  
that their Husbands told them it was to  
publike a meeting, and therefore desir'd  
me to excuse them, and for my sake they  
would be merry at Home in private.

The other Day, making use of an Apo-  
thecaryes shop for a breathing place,  
In comes an old Galenist, sweating, and  
in choler calls for some Rose vinegar.  
I out of charity, (fearing he might have  
been arrested by some *καρδία*) began  
to fortifie him with my younger arms,  
and ask'd him if he were not well. He  
saw I was a stranger, and therefore re-  
pai'd my curtesie with a God reward.

you

you Sir: and then told me he was a lit-  
tle distempred with the Sulphurous in-  
fluencies of certain Infernall Spirits  
which seiz'd upon him, passing by the  
Bell Dore of a Spagiricall Cooks Shop,  
who, quoth he, hath infected the Air  
even to the middle Region round about  
him, with those pharماكouticall Mine-  
ralls, Paracelsian Fopperies wh. ch he is  
now preparing to adorn a great Feast  
which his Master, Iatrochimicus, cele-  
brates to morrow, calling it his Herme-  
ticall Banquet. Here I suspected his  
quick sence would have seiz'd upon me,  
my pockets at that instant being full of  
those Bugbears: but as it hapned he  
neither conceiv'd me to be either an  
Hermetick Galenist, or indeed Physi-  
cian. With the better arm'd confidence  
therefore I told him, that the *ἐσάρω* of  
that Feast was a cardiacall friend of  
mine; and had injoy'n'd me upon the  
breach of Friendship not to be absent:  
but to fill up his Feast with me and my  
friends,



friends: Therefore Sir, quoth I, that  
your nose may have satisfaction, you  
shall oblige me beyond the force of Ce-  
remony, to make your self my friend  
and acquaintance, and accompany me thither  
to morrow, where, I can assure you,  
mirth shall supply the defect of a better  
welcome: the good old man more curi-  
ous than hungry. assur'd me he would be  
there, were it but to tast of our new  
Cookery. If he come, Gentlemen, I shall  
intreat you to give him licence to abuse  
himself: for I know he will be very un-  
mannerly, smelling to every Dish, like  
an Ape in a Hucksters Basket: nay,  
twenty to nothing but he so far loseth  
himself in this strange Land, that hee  
forgets where he is, and in that Læ-  
thargy may dissuade you from eating.  
Which if he doe, deprive him not of  
Ages attribute, which is, πολυλογία, Tal-  
kative: but let his tongue runne-on,  
whilst your teeth follow. Your Pa-  
lates shall here exercise in the variety

o.

of foure Courses. And because I find  
how strong an Ascendent Curiosity  
gets houerly upon every mans Fantasy,  
I dare not dull your choice eares with  
those vulgar lowde-scraping motions  
which Time calls Musick; but in place  
thereof I have thought upon some merry  
Table talk, which may be more accep-  
table, in regard it is both extravagant,  
and ridiculous. Extravagant when  
poiz'd in the Ballance of our more seri-  
ous Witts: and ridiculous, to those  
whose infirm judgements cannot digest  
it. The Iudicious I know will not cen-  
sure me, because wee are here at a  
Feast, and not in the Scholes.

Inter pocula non est disputandum. I  
feare none so much as the Women I  
have invited: who perchance will cry,  
Fie upon him, he speakes bawdy. If they  
be reasonable, They will pardon that,  
because I am a Physician. But if there  
be any amongst them unreasonable, I  
know no sweeter course, than to stop their  
mouths with Comfits.

EPI-

EPIGRAMMA ÆNIGMA-  
TICA TETRASTICHON  
MICROCOSMI  
AVCTORIS  
BENEVOLO LECTORI.

*To please a World I never can,  
It being a Task too hard for Man.  
I de please but One. So shall you see  
A World there will Contented be.*



A Hermetical Ban-  
quet, &c.

*An anthropogeographicall Grace before  
meat, wherein the Microcosme  
is Hermetically Analogiz'd to  
the Sublunary and Ele-  
mentary Globes.*



Man was never better Baptized  
than by the name *Microcosmos*  
for whatsoever the greater  
World contains, the like shall  
you find, exquisitely exprest  
in this little World Man.  
So that Man is Natures *εἰκων* or Mirrour,  
wherein the Eye of Reason may compendi-  
ously contemplate on the great *ἔργον* his  
six Days Labour. There may you see the O-  
riginall of Miniature, where God (as his  
*ἄριστον* or Master-piece) hath limb'd the  
Worlds Pourtraict in small.

B

There



## A Hermeticall

There may you read an Epitome of his greater Volumes. So that, as one elegantly writes,

*Hominem à Deo post reliqua factum fuisse, ut Deus in ipso exprimeret, sub breui quodam compendio, quicquid diffuse ante fecerat.* So far doe these two Worlds symbolize, that a double *dispositio* cannot separate their Analogy.

For the Hermeticks (whose Doctrine I follow) bring them both under this Duplicate, Celestiall and Elementary.

The Celestiall part, as it hath reference to the Soul, I recommend to Theologists.

*Medicus, non Sacerdos sum.*

The Elementary World by his proximity and contiguity embraceth a more near Sympathy with Man and therefore more agreeable and Symbolicall to our present Anatomy.

If any more Criticall, than Judiciall, carpe at my Dissection, let them know tis my first Manuall Operation; and perchance for want of Instruments answerable to my work, I may now and then cut a veine. Well, hit or miss, (*Audaces Fortuna iuvat,*) as I am none of those *Medici*, so will I not proceed in their Method, who make their first Incision in the *Abdomen*, and so orderly penetrate the *Membranes* Investing the parts dedicated to nutrition. But to shew that I am a Pupill

## Banquet.

to *Paracelsus*, who they call *επιδημιος*, I will make a Paraphronick *διαιτησιον* and with his *Μεσοκοσμικη* I strike first at the Elementary World, the which I cut, *alla reverso*, into two parts, Superior and Inferiour: allowing the Superior part, the Elements of Fire and Aer for his Portion: to the Inferiour I allot the remnant, Water and Earth.

That this separation may connect our Analogy; I strike againe at this little World Man: where laying aside all Humane respect, I divide the Head from the Shoulders (not coming neare the Bowels, lest I should raise some *εξορροια* which might inanimate *Exhalatio* my Spectators to a future Audience) and the *sterquilina* Head I Symbolize with the Elementary upper Region, Fire and Aer: where we see far more Prodigious lights than any the Elementary Regions could ever produce. What Heart is not sensible of two blazing Stars, whose Influences present us hourly with multitudes of amazing varieties? Those when they appeare in a Serene and Cloudlesse Aer, doe they not penetrate with their *Astrophorus* Rays the Center of this Earth Man, ascending therein a Vestall Fire in that little point, the Heart?

Doe they not (*sicut radius ille fulmineus, corio non laeso dissolvit in eo metallum*) often



## A Hermetick

inelt the Heart, leaving the skin unscorch'd?

Doe they not with their motion, like the Sun, cause Spring and Fall in this little World Man?

Doe they not, when in a bad Aspect, make their Catoblepick Rays instruments of Murder?

Doe they not in their Exaltations, like some prodigious Comet, threaten strong Insurrections, Amorous Phrensies, Philogynies, Mutuall embraces, Extasies, Cardialgies, Syncopens, Symptomaticall sweats, *εἰματα*, and the like. What *Diogenes*? what *Socrates*? what *Μισγύριαιος* can resist those *ἰσθαλμοειρεσιβόλοι*, when like *ἰσθμοει*, they appeare in their Zenith?

Marke how, like Straws, every Heart leaps to their Amber Influence!

How, with the North Star, they make every mans Verticall Needle dance after their Magneticall Influence.

In this Superiour Region likewise, the Head, have we not that *Ignem Fatuam*, Opinion, which leads so many men a wooll-gathering, in the dark Night of *Philautia* until being over fool'd and misled by that false light, Confidence, they tumble at last into a *καταστροφικὴν* Ditch?

Have we not here those erratick Spirits, Hobgoblin,

## Banquet.

Hobgoblins, *επιτρομαστω*, which fright so many out of their wits?

Are not here those Platonicall Genii, good and bad, which governe every Mans affairs, giving him either a gratefull applause in his publike actions, or a neglected scorne in all his proceedings?

To the Inferiour Regions of the Elementary World, the Vitall, and parts are serviceable to Nutrition, are (by the Hermeticks) analogiz'd.

For as in the Entrals of the Earth (partly the exhaling vertue of the Suns rays, partly by Astrall Influences, as also by a proper and inbread heat of the Earth) many variable Species of Exhalations and vapours are excited which are the Essence of so many mixt and imperfect Bodies there generated, such as are those diversities of Sulphurs, Minerall salts, Bitumens, Mercuriall humidities, &c.

So likewise in this Terrene Globe Man, we find no lesse variety generated: Here being Saccharine salts Nutritive.

Nitrous, Amare, and Acute salts, Purgative, and Absterfive.

Salts Marine, which are Balsamicall, and Conservative.

Aluminous and Pontick, which are Stegnoticall, Stypticall, and Corroborating the Retentive faculties.



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And lastly Acide, Vnriolate and Esurine Salts which Concoct, Distribute, and excite Appetite.

There is likewise found in this Microcosme as many Species of *Bitumens*, *Napthe*, *Resinarum*, *Pinguedinarum*, *Lachrymarum*, *Gummi*, and such like sorts of Sulphurs, as there are of the forementioned Salts: and those likewise produce effects answerable unto their qualities.

For there is one sort of Sulphur which is Odoriferous and Fragrant; Recreating and Renovative.

An other Fetide, Narcoticall, and Stupefactive.

A third Hypnoticall, Papaverine, and Somniferous.

A fourth Anodinous.

A fifth Septicall, Arsenicall, and Pestiferous.

And the sixt Cardiacall, Vitall, and Salutiferous.

Here to Illuminate these two Worlds Analogies with more eminent Demonstrations: the Veins and Arteries, are they not so many Rivers, dispers'd through the whole Continent lending in their motion, to every part their proper Aliment and desir'd Moisture? and doe they not likewise Imboak and  
evacuate

## Banquet.

evacuate their superabounding Humidities into the Ocean of the Bladder? Which Bladder Ocean hath it not his Flux and Reflux, observing his Tydes for high and low Water? And doe you not see his Channels often so obstructed with the Sands and Gravell of this Sea, that the Water is denied his Naturall passage? Is not this Sea-water, Salt and brackish? whose *Virtus lapidescens*, doth it not houely produce innumerable species of Stones and Lapidary Vegetables, whose Forms and Colours are no lesse variable than their number: some being red and Coralline, Others lesse compact, whose Rare and Spungy bodies emulate the Pumice; Others againe so vast, solid ragged, and mis-shappen, that they appeare so many Rocks threatning wrack, to Mans weak Bark.

To give yet a greater light to these our Analogicall Instances, 'tis requisite that I run over my first draught, with more lively and perspicuous shadows, lest that some of my Guests to ease their Doubts, should confute with some Dogmatist, and he abuse truth, by the strength of his Methodicall Ignorance.

The chief point therefore which will oppose your Common sense (it having long since stagger'd Galenicall Philosophy, and made them almost reele out of their Method) is

### A Hermetick

those Sulphurs, Bitumens, Vitriolated Salts, Mercuriall Liquors, Muscilaginous Tartars, and such like, which Hermeticks so rationally demonstrate to be generated in our Microcosme.

Here you must expect but a leane satisfaction, if you take Counsell of a Galenist. For they will allow man to be *Μικρόκομος*, an Epitomy of the greater World: but the symbolizations which must adde perfection to the Analogy they invidiously renege.

Aske them why? and they answer, that they are dissonant to Galen's Principles: and that they never found more in Man than the four humors Blood, Choler, Phlegma, and Melancholia.

This is just an answer given in Method. Good Methodist, why doe you not aswell blot out Cassia, Tamarindi, Mechiocan, Gutta Gamandra Zalappa, and many other Neotericall and Exotick Catharticks, forth from your Moderne Dispensatories, since your two great Masters, *Hipocrates* and *Galen* never knew any of them?

Obstinacy joynd with Ignorance makes your errors unpardonable. Lay aside but a while those Immense Volumes and *Ἀπομνημονεύματα* on *Hipocrates*, *Galen*, *Avicen*, *Rhasi* & *Averrhoes*,

### Barquet.

*verrhoes*, *Aetius*, &c. Cast away your Nauseous Potions, Infusions, Decoets, Apozemes, and such like Antistomata: then put on an Aperne and enter into our Spagirical Kitchen: blush not to be Ignorant, but let your patience view our Fermentations, Putrifactions, Distillations, Rectifications, Cohobations, Circulations, Calcinations, Sublimations, Reverberations, Solutions, Precipitations, Coagulations, Filtrations, and such like enucleating Preparations: there you shall see Nature out of her smock, and in that nakedness, her secrets so far laid open, that you will admire her modesty blusheth not.

There shall you see the soule of every Vegetable separated from its Terrestriety.

You shall see *opium* open it self against you all, and declare his Innocency of that excessive coldness, which you falsely attach him withall: protesting he was never yet guilty of any cold distemper, but alwaies sleeping in the fulginious Cradle of a hot Narcotick Sulphur.

Their you shall find that *nitro-sapores* have their Prerogatives from a Nitrous and Cathartick Salt.

That *medicamenta adstringentia* and *στυπνικα* receive their qualities from a Stegnotick, Pontick, and Aluminous Salt.

That



## A Hermeticall

*Attenuantia.* That *Αιτλουρια Τυπικα, ιαβορωτικα* operate by vertue of their Tartareous, and Vitriolated Salts.

*Incidentia.* That *Δολωρησεντα*, are such by reason of their Anodynous and Paregoricall Sulphurs with which they abound. That *Σαρκοτικα, Κολλητικα* and *Ερωλεπικα*, doe renovate and reunite *solutionem unitatis* from the benignity of their Balsamicall Sulphurs and Sarcotick Mummy's.

And lastly, that *Καθαρτικα, Σηπτικα, Εσχαριστικα*, and *Κυρτικα*, doe but execute the Tyranny of their Septick and Arsenicall Salts.

Here you shall quickly learne to correct your Father Galen's Errour, where speaking *de Sopore, Apoplexia*, and *Epilepsia*, he a little too confidently saith,

*Galen. lib. 4. de loc. affect.* *Horum trium morborum, frigiditas, ac crassus aut omnino viscidus humor causa est.*

Which positive assertion he makes more erroneous by an Apoplecticall instance, where he opposeth both moderne experience, and violates all Peripateticall Philosophy labouring to prove all Apoplexies to be generated *ex crasso & viscido humore.*

*Quod cito generentur, & solvantur. Quod cito generetur*, that argueth rather the cause to be *ex vaporibus & exhalationibus spirituosis: Humor enim Crassus non potest non aliquo temporis*

## Banquet.

*temporis intervallo in cerebro aggregari.*

Then, that *Apoplexia nunquam confestim solvitur, sed agerrime potius*, I subscribe to the experience of any Apothecary's Boy.

No: when you have learnd perfectly to Anatomize and enucleate the Humors in our Microcosme, then you will tell Galen that *eiusmodi vapores aut halitus, qui vertiginem inducunt, ex Resinosis, Tartareis, aut Sulphureis, in Ventriculo, aliqve viscere contentis: vel ex unctuosiore magis Sulphurea Sanguinis substantia, promanare: qua secum Tincturam, aliquando, nigra Fuliginis, admodum ad tingendum & denigrandum efficacem, convehunt, citra tamen acrimoniam ullam; unde Scotomia oritur.*

That *Paralysis*, and *Apoplexia*, doe not proceed *ex simplici frigiditate & crassitie, sed ex acerbitate, stipticitate, & acetositate Spiritus Vitrioli, Sulphuris, vel Salis in Cerebro congelato.* And from the constriction and coarctation of those Acide and Vitriolated spirits, ariseth those momentary and precipitate Apoplecticall Paroxysms. And when that Vitriolated Ice, either by force of nature, or help of art, dissolveth, and falls by the Spondyls into the Spinall marrow (*neruorum propago*) there, by its Acidity, Stipticity, Mordacity, and Acrimony, vellicating, stupifying



## A Hermeticall

stupifying and consopiating those tender-fee-ling parts, are procreated those Paralyticall Symptoms, (*stupores & indormitiones membrorum*) as infallible *oracles* to a future Palsey. And lastly you shall find that Epilepticall Paroxysms are not produc'd *ex humore simpliciter frigido & crasso, qualis creditur esse Pituita*. For by this argument, all Hydrocephali, and by consequence all Children, whose Brains swim in the Deluge of Phlegmaticall humidities, should inherit this Disease as Hereditary.

'Tis true, that Children are most proclive to this Evil (whence *Avicenna* calls it *morbum Puerilem*) yet not all; though none are free from that superfluity of Puitous excrements. But 'tis when the Mother or *Materna* have ill dispos'd Milk; or when the Infant is infirme and cannot digest the Milk received, where it corrupts and sowres in the Ventricle; which corruption degenerats into an eruginous, virid, and Vitriolated virulency (*ut ex eorum rejectionibus ac vomitibus hujusce coloris videre est*) whence are rendred those fearfull accidents of that more horrid Malady. And this *Hipocrates* makes more authentick, where his Oracle Prognosticats your Galenicall error in this Aphorisme.

Comitiales

## Banquet.

*Comitiales Melancholici facile fiunt & Melancholici Comitiales.*

Though I presume he never suspected such complexions to abound with acide and Vitriolated humors.

Come! let us to worke then: and let not your Lady hands make any conscience in picking the Colliars Purse. Off with arts Epidemicall delicacies, and learne first to make Glasse malleable with the Fat of your Mothers Entrals. And then our Freshmans first operation (the Sublimation of Wine) shall be my instance, to prove that the veins of Mans little Earth doe flow with Minerals and Semiminerals, no lesse than those of the greater worlds Earth.

Whilst our Coals are kindling therefore let us sit down, and rub up our Sophistry a little, that the World may see, *per Artem Spagoricam*, we can rectifie errors, by the Circulation of reason, and the Cohobation of Experience.

Reason therefore thus disputes.

*Si magna est ejusmodi Vitriolarum, Mercurialium, Sulphuriarum, Salium copia in multis Vegetabilibus quibus nutrimur, & ex quibus elaboratur Sanguis: sequitur ut similibus inquinatur Sanguis.*

*Sed in Vino, Cerevisia, Pomatio, Pyratio, &c.*



*A Hermeticall*

*Sec. ejusmodi Sulphura & Salia reperiuntur.*

*Ergo.*

Your tutor *Galen* I know hath taught you to say *nego minorem*. Your own experience too perchance (in the Sublimation of so many Quart Pots) can confute me, who in none of those Liquors could ever see or tast any such imaginary Salts.

Yet me thinks I over-heare a secret confession acknowledge that in many Wines which have past a triall of Fire, you have often found store of Saccharine Salts.

Sweet Sir be not then so glucupriconical-ly obstinate: but let's to work, and make the Alembick our-moderator. I will give you an instance in a cup of Claret, to excite alacrity in our operations, and to extract your errors out of your own Element. In this distillation your dullest sense shall feele the truth of our argument, and you shall see in this enucleation of Wine, both Vitriolated, Nitrosulphureous, and Tartareous Salts; which demonstrated, Consequence shall force your believe to acknowledge the same in our blood.

By the way I desire you to be patient and fir not, lest we break Glasses: for this operation is very phlegmatick; and your Choler may after our degree of heat, and so produce

an

*Banquet.*

an Empyreuma in our Aquavitæ. Stand quietly therefore with expectation (like a Spaniard at the siege of a *Piazza*) and presently your error shall evaporate, and both our opinions shall dance together in a Limbeck. Marke therefore how true an Analogy there is between Wine and Mans blood, and then tell me whether Hermeticks nurse any Opinions but what are legitimate to reason.

From Wine therefore, we first Sublimatè the Aquavitæ, by a temperat heat in *Balneo*.

From Blood, by the same soft naturall heat of the heart, is separated the Aquavitæ also, *Spiritus vitalis*.

Again from Aquavitæ, by Rectification and Circulation, we extract the Spirits of Wine, a part more æthereall and essentiall than Aquavitæ, a drop whereof let fall, *est inis in curam evanescat, quam in terram delabatur*. So from the Aquavitæ or Vitall Spirits of the Blood, by Rectification and Circulation in the naturall *Balneo Maris* of the Brain are produc'd the Animal Spirits, the which likewise in subtility and purenesse doe infinitely excell the Vitall.

In these preparations, remaine great quantity of unprofitable Phlegme.

And is not the same in Blood?

After



## A Hermetick

After the Separation of the spirits and Phlegma from Wine, there remains store of dregs which abound with Sulphur, Niter, and Tartar.

The like shall you discover in the distillation of Bloud, where Choler doth aptly Symbolize with those Faces, that being Nitrosulphureous.

Of the Dregs of Wine is made Vinegar, whose Pontick and Acide Taste doth wholly resemble naturall Melancholy, which subsides in the Bloud, and from whence nature supplys the Kitchin of her Stomack with Vinegar, her Cook using no other Sawce to excite appetite.

In the distillation of Vinegar likewise there remains a Tartareous Sediment, so sharp, black, and acrimonious, (the major part being a Vitriolated Salt) that dissolve the least quantity of it in a competent part of Water, and it instantly inquinats the whole masse, making it Acide like Vinegar.

And this is likewise seen in the Bloud; for those black dregs of Vinegar, correspond unto black Choler or Melancholy Adust as you falsely call it: for it is not such, from any Adustion, as you dreame; but from the separation of the Mercuriall, from their Sulphureous parts, by whose permixtion, before

## Banquet.

it was made temperate, those Corrosive Salts being as it were lull'd asleep in Mercuriall Humidities: which is evidently seen in Culinary Vinegar, whose Mercuriall Phlegma not separated is edible and usefull: but those humidities by ebullition once evaporated, his Salts like drowned Flyes sensible of heat, begin to actuate, as your Tongue may taste and testifie.

'Tis evident therefore, Adustion cannot produce such Acrimonies: for give Common Water, or the Phlegma of Wine, all the ebullitions and re ebullitions you can they shall never be brought to this Acrimony which you call Adustion, because they are destitute of those Vitriolated and Nitrosulphureous Salts.

What you find in this Anatomy of Wine, the very same is likewise in Cyder, Perry, and Beer: and not our Drinks only, but all our nourishment, be it of Vegetables or Animals, abounds with those Sulphurs and Salts.

How then shall the Bloud escape from their infection? your own Master tells you *talem esse Sanguinem, quale Nutrimentum.*

Let an ingenuous confession then couth this erroneous Cataract; and so without fading



## A Hermeticall

ing your Nose with Ages glazen Opticks, you may perspicuously discover the grosnesse of your Methodicall Errours, which envidious Ignorance would never yet suffer to be brought to the *Copella* of Examination.

Then armed with Truth, you may boldly bring hither many a ridiculous Page of *Galens* to supply the defect of *charta Emporetica*.

I will not here discover any, lest Imitating the Sons of *Noah*, I detect Paternall nakednesse.

No! but rather with reverence I adore the Divine Oracle of *Hipocrates*: acknowledging *Galen* to be our *Αρχιατρος*; and admiring their sedulity and Infinite labours in laying the first Foundation of *Ασκληπιου* his Temple; that future Ages by their examples might daily adde a Stone to their Architecture, that so with time it might glory in Perfection.

Those good old men are not to be contemned, or neglected, because their first Principles have past the Alembick of so many Brains, that now all excrementitious hypostasis is separated, and they truly rectified. But as *Hipocrates* answers for all, saying,

*Medicinam non eam affectam esse perfectionem*

## Banquet,

*fectionem, cui nihil addi possit: sed in qua semper, vel aliquid modo reprehendi, modo corrigi, modo addisci queat.*

So to his ingenuous confession, I adjoyn this Absolution.

*Facilius est inventis addere, quam ea primum excogitare.*

Here me thinks I see som Vitriolated Stomacks, look sharply one upon another, and with a whispering murmur invite a Departure, saying that neither the Feasts of *Apicius*, *Vitellius*, or *Heliogabalus*, were thus long in preparation.

Have Patience Sirs, and know that I have invited a World: whom I purpose to entertain with a banquet, not to satiate as those of *Vitellius* and *Heliogabalus*, who *ex sacrorum piscium jecinoribus, Muranarum lacte, Phasianorum, ac Pavonum cerebellis, Phanicopterorum, Pavonum & Luscinjarum linguis, atque id genus inauditis ac inusitatis, maximorumque sumptuum edulis parata atque confecta, illorum Mensa replebantur.*

No! to those Feasts I recommend *Cleomenes*, *Lacydes*, *Q. Ennius*, *Dionysius Minor*, *Mycerinus*, *Timocreon*, *Rhodius*, *Bonosus*, *Val. Aurelianus Imp.*, *Mutonius*, *Philoxenes*, *Melanthus*, and the like Gluttonous Idolaters of that loathsome Goddess Intemperance.



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Here you must enter into the Athenian and Lacedemonian schools of Temperance, where *Zeno, Aristippus, Socrates, Epaminondas, Cato, Cicero*, and such like sober guest, shall perswade you to a temperate Diet.

Yet will I not confine you to the strict Laws of *Solon* and *Licurgus*, and so present you only with *Galenicall* Sallads.

No, your Temperance shall heer consist in Delicacies: We will be Prodigall, yet Sparring: Your Stomiacks shall be Italianated with *puoco e buona*, little dishes but great nourishers: furnish the Eye, but satisfie Nature.

For here every Dish shall be so Spagirically drest, and Essentially ordered, that every man shall depart hungry, yet fully satisfied.

My Cooks do not like *Galens* set all boiling as soon as the Pot is over the Fire; So we might *Operam & Oleum perdere*, all our Fat might be quickly in the Fire.

No, as our Physick, so are our Fires, Naturall and Temperate, the which must be served with Time and Phlegme.

I here therefore follow the old Custom of *England*: when Guests are invited and the Cook somewhat tedious, the *Symposiastes* or Patron of the Feast, with merry Tales and winning discourse labours to beguile time, and ease the expectation of his hungry Guest.

As

### Banquet.

As neer as I could therefore I have given you exercise before meat, proper for the Aliment provided for you in my Banquet: and between every Course I shall interlard your lean Dishes, with wholesome though ridiculous Mirth.

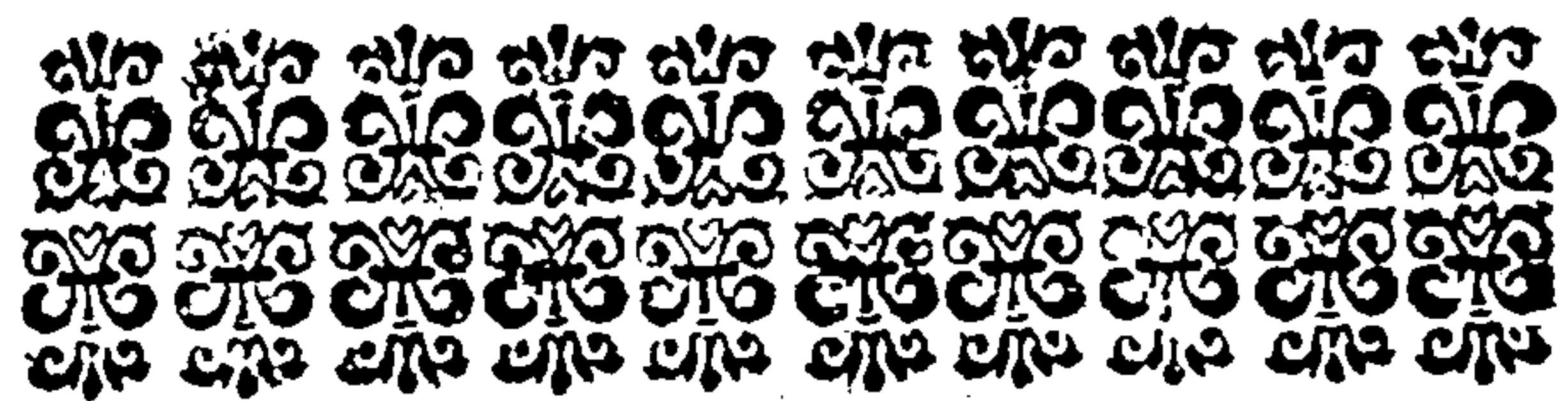
And my chiefest care shall be not to present any Dish that shall either be nauleous or unsavory: but all such as may answer the Delicacy of your most delicate Palates.

My *Anthropogeographicall* Mapp, dividing our *Microcosme* into four parts, I allow every Part his preservative, and from thence make foure Courses.

The first Course is *Stomaticall*, the second *Cephalicall*, the third *Hepaticall*, and the last *Cardiacall*.

Now then as soon as you please, wash and fall to: and to imitate mine Host, be merry, for you are wel-come Gentlemen.





THE  
FIRST COURSE  
STOMATICALL.

**T**He reason why I begin with the *Stomaticall* part of the *Microcosme*, is, because we are at a Feast. And indeed such a Feast where every one shall find Appetite in his Dish.

This Part being likewise our Cooks judgement Hall (where *Pallatus* sitteth aloft as Judge, and *Appetitus* his Baylieff under him, summoning every Dish to his triall) 'tis requisite that we here first make our Examination, before we fall to Execution.

Besides as it is the *Microcosmes* Kitchen, it must of necessity be first supply'd, since the whole World is nourisht by his Alms.

The Stomack also is the Physitians best Al-

## A Hermeticall

manack by which he Prognosticats what weather is likely to insue, and what alterations are to be expected from the middle Region of the *Microcosme*. 'Tis necessary therefore that we first look into that: for when we have discover'd his indispositions and distempers, we shall the better learn how to preserve the whole *Microcosme*.

Every one therefore which is carefull of his best Treasure, *Health*, must first reflect upon this Part, as the little Worlds Nurse, which duly sendeth her Milk by the Mesericks, unto every Part.

If this our Nurse therefore have by disorder, or bad Diet, her Milk or Chylus inquinat, how can the other Parts her Children expect health from such corruptible Nourishment?

*Prima enim concoctionis error, in Secunda non corrigitur.*

Such as the Devil is, such is his Broth: and from sowre Cream we must not expect sweet Butter.

That my Guests therefore may not sit picking their Teeth for want of Appetite, I will here give you a Catalogue of those Principles we Nature presented unto that great Monarck of the *Microcosme* (when she first establisht him in his Dominions) to the end he might  
injoy

## Banquet.

injoy a peaceable and quiet Reign.

And as neer as I can I will deliver them verbally as I found them (in my Travells through the *Stomaticall Territories*) ingrav'd in every Portall of the Prime Governors, and Prophylacticks of those Parts. And they are these,

1. Never oppress the Stomack with such Satiety, that it may produce either *nauseam*, or Cruditie.

2. Oblige not the Stomack to any determinate hours of eating or drinking: for your worldly affairs will often give a Diversion to those *Puntillii*, misplacing the *Gnomon* of your Appetites *Horologe* either more backward, or more forward.

3. But if possible, *Famem cibis, sitim potus expectet*. When Hunger begs, be Charitable and feed her. And if thirst put a dry jest upon you, answer her as Inns of Court Gentlemen do Schollers, and drink to her.

4. Nitrosulphureous Stomacks, let their drink exceed their meat: as of Mercuriall and Tartareous, the Contrary.

Let all overmoist, unctuous, and viscous Aliments, which by relaxation debilitate, be reserv'd for Watermen, as a nourishment suitable to their Exercise.

5. Do not challenge Nature to the Duell  
of



## A Hermeticall

of hard Digestions : lest finding you raw Spirited and no great Stomack to the Quarrell, She, unable to digest such affronts, make you confess your own weaknes, and so leave you.

6. All Flatulent meats, you shall recommend to Mariners and Ship-boyes, whose windy reluctancies may help in a Calm to fill the main Sheet. From my Banquet likewise I banish all such meats, as Guest too turbulent and rebellious : since we here desire Mirth and not Blows.

7. Let not Judge *Pallatus* be corrupted with rich Presents of Fish or Fruits ; and advertise your Bayleff *Appetitus*, not to be brib'd by the delicacy of their tastes, and bid the great Porter your Mouth that he stand not gaping on the Dishes whilst the Fish leap in : for believe me this may ruin the whole *Republick*.

8. If any one have a sweet-Tooth, let him lick it with a sowre Tongue : for, meats exactly sweet, must alwayes be allayed with some Acide Corrective, and made *dolce picanti*, otherwise they are not edible.

9. Let the Body have his Exercise, before the Stomack his Collation : and let Nature evacuate her Superfluities before either.

10. At

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10. At Table, be sure that your Teeth labour like so many Gally slaves, keeping true stroke with the Hand. For Mastication is of many esteem'd the first Concoction : and none will deny but that 'tis Natural-heats best Agent ; for meats well masticated, are half digested.

11. Of Drinks, Claret (whose ruby Tincture, emulating the blush of *Aurora*, allures more Souls to the courts of *Bacchus*, than he hath stools to entertain them) is the Stomacks best Favorite.

12. Be not fearfull at any time of a second Deluge, and so make your Stomack *Noahs* Ark, tumbling in at one Past promiscuously all sorts of creatures, as *Beefe, Mutton, Lamb, Pigs, Capons, Chicken, Pheasants, Larks, &c.* Why the confusion of *Babel* was not greater. Do but Imagine what a horrid incounter this is to weak Nature, when she finds a *Chaos* of Imperfect Bodyes brought into her Operatory, there to be digested, united, made *homogeneous*, and assimilated into a perfect Body. Why *hoc contra naturam Opus est* ! Nature must prepare new Vessels for this Operation ; for she fears the Old will crack and the Fire go out.

Me thinks I see her so puzzled in this work, that faint sweats water her Temples ; and her Lungs, with overblowing to preserve so weak-

a

## A Hermeticall

a heat under her overcharg'd Alembick, begin to double their motion: she grows dull and febrish: so that at last, with a drowsie Lassitude, her Lamps being almost out, not able to hold up any longer, lets fall her Tongs, commits all to Fortune, and sleeps. Believe me in these disorders you scru Nature to the *Zenith* of her Patience. And who ever makes his Teeth guilty of such Massakers, violates her Laws so far, that at last she will give him over as an Arch Heretique. When occasion therefore shall tempt you with such varieties, let them serve only as a Perspective to the Opticks: let your Eyes feed on all; but let Appetite satisfie it self with some one Dish most Sympaticall to your Stomack, and obedient to Digestion. For in one Dish fear it not, but you shall meet variety enough to keep all Natures Cooks in Exercise.

Yet if any one have a Caprizzious Palate, that will daunce after his own Pipe, and contemnes the Regular Musick of Dieteticall Method, Yet at least let him keep some *Homogeneity* in his choise, *nam dissimilia quae sunt seditionem movent*: and withall let him be sure to take *Temperantia* for his Maid Marian to make up the Dance.

This Lady *Intemperantia* is Prologue to all Maladies; who with the sweet Oratory of her bewitching

## Banquet.

bewitching Delicacies, winns our Audience to an insuing Tragedy.

She is like *Adams* Apple, pleasant, and though the Devil were Cook down it must.

She labours to make every Man sell Natures Portion for a Mess of Pottage. Health, as our good Genius, is vigilant in our preservation; but she negligent of her Graces, hath invented that loathsome Rack of Gluttony to Martyr us.

'Tis now a Vice too generall: and no Man but is ambitious to hear his Table groan under the burden of Plenty.

But stay! I have almost leapt out of a Limbeck into a Pulpit. Pardon me Sirs: for if I preach, 'tis not for a Benefice: a fat Goose will content me. Neither do I rail at Intemperance to make you partiall to my Dishes: No, fall to on Gods name, and spare nothing that either Palate or Appetite shall point at. For here you have licence to embrace Variety, it being all *Homogeniall*. Eat therefore and wel-come; remembering that your last Morfell be as a Ligature, whose Stegnotick, and Styp-tick Vertue may *incatenate* Naturall Heat within the purse of the Stomack, by an exact closure of his upper Orifice.

For



## A Hermeticall

For which effect, I recommend a Box of Marmalade to your use. Or this,

℞. *Conser. rosar.*  
*Diacydon. an. ℥j. ℞.*  
*Sem. Coriand. præ. ℥j.*  
*Salis perlar.*  
*Salis corallor. an. ℥j.*  
*Spir. rosar. gat. vj.*  
*Fiat Electuar. s. a.*

℞. *Rob de Ribes. ℥j.*  
*Sal. Coral. præ. ℥j.*  
*essentiar. masticis.*  
*Cinamom. an. g. iij.*  
*Cum Syr. Corallor. q. s. misce.*

Or which excells all, after meals you may eat a piece of our Spagiricall Sugar of Roles (for the preparation thereof I recommend you to our Spagiricall Kitchin) whose corroborating Vertue, (which is no less Cephalicall and Cardiacall, as Stomaticall) I will deferr to the Encomium of your Future Experience.

The Vulgar may in these necessities content themselves with a roasted Pear or a Medlar: It were a Sin to cast Pearls amongst Swine.

Least my Banquet should seem a Vision  
or

## Banquet.

or Dream, out of which you remain little satisfied, I have here dish'd out in Catalogues, aswell what is gratefull as offensive to the Stomake: that every man may the better avoid the abortive meats of Ignorance. I desire you therefore to put them up in your Handkerchers in place of Comfits, and carry them home to your Children.

Things corroborating and acceptable to a weak Stomack distempred by Heate,

*Marmalade.*  
*Cons. of red Ros.*  
*Currans.*  
*Cichory rootes condit.*  
*Corall.*  
*Medlars.*  
*Strawberries.*  
*Sorrell.*

*Pomegranates.*  
*Pears bak'd,*  
*or roasted.*  
*Melons.*  
*Mulberryes.*

*Ribes.*  
*Barberryes.*  
*Sowre Cherryes.*  
*Orenges.*  
*Lemons.*

## Compounds.

*Elect. de Sorbis.*  
*Elect. de bas. Myrt.*

*Diarrhod.*

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Diarrhod. Ab.

Diatrion. Santal.

And all such things whose acide and stiptick taſts are united by a temperate mixture.

Things corroborating and acceptable to a weak ſtomack diſtempered by accels of Cold and Moiſture.

Maſtick	Rosemary	Cubebæ
Mints:	Junip. ber.	Synap.
Sage	Caroway.	Zinzib.
Capers	Aniſe.	Nuc. moſc.
Sampire	Fennell-ſeed.	Maceres.
Worm-wood.	Wood of Aloes.	Garyoph.
Fennell.	Galingall.	Piper.
Cinamomum.	Zedoaria,	Cardamom.
Rad. Cyper.	Thymus.	Satureia.
Nepita.	Calamint.	Serpillum.

## Compoſita.

Aromat. roſat.	Diagalanga.
Dianiſum.	Diaxyſaloes.
Diacyminum.	Diacynamom.
Diazinzib.	Diatrionpip.
Elect. de Cur.	Elec. ex bac. lat.
Roſat. non.	Diaſpoliticum.

The Stomack hath many particular enemies, whom he abhorrs with that deteſted Nauſeo,

## Banquet.

Nauſeo, that when he finds them in his kitchen, he is never well till he hath frighted them out with hot Water. And thoſe are

Galenicall potions. Pompions.

Raw Onions.

Blites.

Radishes.

Orage.

Old Nuts.

Cole-worts.

Rochetts.

Hellebor.

Garlick.

Lap. lazul.

Cucumbers.

Aloes unwash'd.

Fat meats.

Scamon. ill prap.

All cold things.

Salt Fiſh.

Green ſoure fruits

Butter.

Brains.

Cream.

Much uſe of Oil. Legumin. non ex-  
cort.

But ſtay ! me thinks there is a Cruſt of Galens brown bread leapt into your Broth Gentlemen ! Pray let it lie ſince 'tis in ; for it muſt (like an artificiall Velvet mole in fair Faces) give our Bread the greater luſtre.

Good Galen ! was there never a Searce maker in your dayes, to teach you how to ſeperate the unprofitable Bran from the Flower, but you muſt needs choke your Patients with brown Bread-Cawdles. What Pollicy drew you into the Method of making Remedies more maligne then the Diſeaſe.

D

But



But alas good old Man, he is no whit culpable, since *nihil perfectionem in principio gaudet*. He left the *Embryo* of his Labours for future Ages to perfect and preserve from abortment. He gave us the first, and true Design of Health, and left us the *Scizza*. Hermeticks they have wrought it to Life, adorning it with the naturall Colours, Tinctures, and Spirits themselves: so that their Industry hath made them so excellent in this Art of Painting, that had they but such a cobby of the Soul, I think they would ease Nature, and make her Creatures for her.

I would gladly understand then why our Neotericall Dogmatists do not endeavour to perfect this Designe of their Masters: or at least why they will not take a Coal in Hand, and adde a shadow to the perfection of his *Scizza*.

No, by no means; their hands shall not be guilty of our Venemous Mineralls.

They dare not enter into the Hell of our Laboratory for fear the Spirits fly about their Ears. They say we preach new Doctrine, and labour to silence us; Mineralls they all disclaim as Venemous, yet all their principal Antidotes are infected with them.

Who doubts of this, let him examine *Merepsus* his Book *de Antidosis* (where he hath selected

selected the choicest and most authentick compositions of all the select Band of Galenists) there you shall finde more than a hundred Antidotes whose Basis and principal ingredients are either Mineralls or Semimineralls, and those crude and unprepar'd. There in *Antidoto persica Pauli*, you shall see both crude Sulphur, and five dragmes of unprepar'd Arsenick, which I suppose he intended for an *Antidoto persica Pauli*. In *Antidoto. cap. 303. Musa Apollonio adscripta* the same Arsenick is imbrac'd as a principal Ingredient. *Dioscorides* likewise, doth he not prescribe a dragnie of raw Vitrioll mixt with Hony as a prime Secret against those *Ascarides*, and for such whose wanton Palate hath opprest Nature with Venimous *Fungi*? In that Divine *Panacea*, that so admir'd *Chaos* of Druggs, *Theriaca*, is not *Calcutis* an Ingredient? In *Merepsus* his *Mithridate* is not calcin'd Lead cald in as one of the Jury? Are not *Lapis Lazulus* and *Lap. Armenus*, two of your Familiar Spirits against Melancholy.

Again they say Mineralls are too violent in their Operations. Let them look well into their Vegetables, and then tell me if *Tithimalus*, *Thapsia*, *Helleb. alb. & nig.*, *Pityusa*, *Elaterium*, *Colocynthis*, *Turpetum*, *Bryonia*, *Scammonium*, *Thymelaea*, *Chamelea*, *Cyolaminus*,



*A Hermeticall*

*minus*, &c. Do not emulate the violence of the most Tyrannicall Minerall, torturing every Nerve on the Rack of Convulsions.

Here I lose my self in admiration to see so many famous Physicians of our Times lie puzzling in the Dust of Ignorance; where losing their Eyes they lye groaping in the Dunghil of their Drugs, whilst the Hermeticks pick out the Pearls.

They see that every Mans Stomack riseth against their Physick; and yet they will still persecute poor Nature, oftner frightening then curing Diseases.

Go to a Methodist, tell him your Stomack is debilitated by a cold distemper, and he will presently prescribe you the Decoction of *Anise*, *Rew*, and *Parsely* Seed, with *Diatrion-Piperion*, *Diacalamint*. *Theriaca* and the like.

If your weakness proceed from heat and cholerick humors, he bids you purge with *Hiera Picra* (*Galene Stomaticall Panacea*) and to drink *Endive* and *Succory* Waters, mixt with Vinegar. Why this is pure Judaical Physick imitating the Cure they used to our Saviour, when he suffered Thirst on the Cross.

Me thinks as the Old Law is, so their Physick likewise should be abrogated.

Be not dismayd at these Relations good Guest! for here He promiseth your entertainment

*Banquet.*

ment shall be more Christian like. And when your *Microcosme* shall discover any such distempers, retire to our Spagiricall Kitchin, over whose Door you shall find written, *Sapores palato ingrati procul absint*. There you shall not be allur'd to give Christian buryall to a Jewish Potion, by perswasive Apologies: but believe me, the sweetnesse of your cure, shall bring a pleasant recompence to the bitterness of your Malady.

Whosoever therefore is subject to any debilitation of the Stomack: proceeding from a mixt distemper of Humors, be they *Tartarius*, *Vitriolate*, *Nitrosulphureous*, or *Mercuriall*: let him before he tast of our Preservatives, first secure the Stomack from all such false Usurpers, by taking one, two, or three grains of our Hermeticall *Panchymaggon*. For Ladies and such delicate Tempers, one graine renders a compleat Operation. You may mix it with any Dissolvent your Stomack most approves of; as Wine, Bear, Broth, Posset-drink, or any liquidity. Or you may lend it the form of a Pill by addition of some Conserve, Marmalade, Quidity, Gelatine or the like. 'Tis not guilty either of Tast or smell, neither doth it seek by Violence to put any man out of his humor. No, you shall find it as good a Fellow as may be; and one that will dance after



the Caprizio of every ones humor. For if they be Cholerick, and will at the first Dash *con la Furia Francese*, give a Scalado by the upper Orifice; he straight Consents, helps, and follows. Or if they abound with Spanish Phlegma, and desire rather to entrench themselves first. and so make a long Seidge; why, he plays the Pyoner, there too, and flings out as fast as the stoutest. Believe me the Operation hereof is miraculous, and the little Experience which I have made would consume Volumes in the Description: but as from my purpose I defer it to some better Occasion. Here I labour only to preserve, not to Cure. If Nature therefore suspect any Summer Assault, by Acute and malignant Fevers, Tertians, Plurisies, or the like; this taken in the Spring breaks their Designs. If she fear any Autumnall Skirmish or Winter Seidge, by some Cronical Disease; do but scowre the Enemies Trenches with this Artillery and (under God) I dare promise her Peace.

The preparation of this *Panchymagogon* is thus. You must first rob our Hermeticall Courier when he rides Post to *Calum Christallinum*, and take from him two ounces of his false Diamonds.

Then open a Vein in your Mothers, Belly, and from her Coagulated Bloud you shall pick

pick out  $\text{ʒij}$ . of the bones of the 7. Planets great Grandmother, these you shall charm into Butter, and then Season it for your Winter Service.

But if any of you fear a Vomit by reason of a streight Chest, I recommend him to our *Tetrapharmacon Panchymagogon*, whose Operation is exprest in an easie and low Stile, never ambitiously reaching at those high streins.

Having thus scowr'd your Ditches, and cast up your Parapetts, that your Fort may be strong for Battery, now you must begin to fortifie your Walls, and look to your Outworks; renew your weak Flanks, and let Nature, your Inginier, search where and what Part is most subject to the Mine and there prepare her Counter-Mines: For by strengthening and preserving this Piazza, you need not fear the whole World.

If therefore the Winter of your Complexion produce a weakness to the Stomack, by the Ice of his violent and cold distemper you shall disgeal it with this Insuing *Elixir*, which is the Stomacks proper *Balsamum*.

*Rx. Cinamomi.*

*Zedoaria.*

*Cardamon.*

*Maceris an ʒj.*

D 4

Gary.

18  
**A Hermetical**

Garyophyl.  
Nuc. Mosch.  
Cubeb. an. ℥j. ℞.  
Galanoa. ℥ij.  
Piper. long. ℥vj.  
Garyoph. hortens.  
Ros. Rub.  
Flor. Buglos.  
Flor. Mentha Rom. an. M. j.  
Folior. Menth. Rom.  
Absinthii. an. M. ℞.

Bruse them small in a Mortar, and adde thereto ten ounces of the Crum of white Bread. Put all into a Glass Cucurbita, and powre thereto of the best Sack as much as they can drink, with two fingers depth advantage: close your Glass according to art, then give it 8. dayes Fermentation: which done adjoyn this Emulsion.

℞. Amygd. dulc. excort. ℥. ℞.  
Aqu. Rosar.  
Buglos. an. ℥ij.  
Sacchar. albis. ℥ij.  
Fiat emulsiō.

Then destill all in Balneo secund. attem.

The

29  
**Banquet.**

The Dose is two spoonfulls an hour before and after, meat.

Here follows an other more excellent.

℞. Spir. Vini, cum Spirito.  
Sem. Anisi animato. ℥. j.  
Theriaca. ℥j.  
Confect. Alcher. ℥. ℞.  
Specier. Diarrhod. ℞.  
Zinzib.  
Maceris.  
Cinamom. an. ℥j.  
Cort. Citri. ℥ij.

The Ginger, Mace, Cinamon and Citron-peeles, being all grossly beaten, mix all together, and in Balneo by a gentle heat, extract the Tincture. To which you shall adde these,

Tinctur. Succini.  
Tinctur. Corallor. an. ℥j.  
Tinctur. Auri.  
Essent. Perlar. an. gut. xx.  
Spir. Menthar.  
Spir. Fenic.  
Spir. Melissa an. ℥. ℞.  
Spir. Rosar. ℥j.  
Essentia Sacci. ℥ij.  
Tinctur. Croci gut. xij.  
Misce.

Who



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Who please may proceed farther in this Preparation, by separating the Spirits from the first Theriacall Tincture, in *Balneo vaporoso*, which Spirits being Sublimated, he shall find at the bottom of his Cucurbita an Extract or coagulated Tincture, admirable in Corroborating the Principle Parts, specially the Heart and Stomack and far surpassing the Common Theriaca against all pestilential and infectious Aer.

Then to those Spirits thus separated from their Tinctures, you may adde the other fore-mentioned Tinctures. And who ever can attain to this, believe me he enjoyes a Treasure worthy of a Princes Cabinet: whose vertues are so infinite, that they would lose themselves in Expression. It asswageth all inward dolours of the Stomack, Heart, Liver, Bowels, &c. And that on an Instant. 'Tis a Panacea, in all Pestilentiall Fevers, both Prophylactick and Therapeutick. It corroborates all the Vitall Parts, and renovates the Oyl of Ages decaying Lamp. To conclude it recalls a departing Soul by rendring the Annuall Tribute which weak Natures exhausted Treasury could no longer disburse.

*Hippocras* and Artificiall Aromaticall Wines are much in use with us in *England*: & not without Cause, since they have a peculiar Efficacy

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Efficacy in repairing Cold, weak, and decaying Stomacks.

That those therefore which honour my Feast, may at all hours, and on any occasion, prepare a Quart of Hippocras for their Friends in an Instant: I will favour them with this insuing Hippocraticall Extract.

℞. *Cinamom.* ℥ij. vel iij.  
*Garyophyl.* ℥ss.  
*Zinzib.*  
*Macropip.*  
*Cardamom.*  
*Gran. Parad.*  
*Galanea an.* ℥ij.  
*Nuc. Mosch.* ℥j. ss.

Being all grossly powdred, put them into a Glass Violl, and powre thereon of the *Spir. of Wine* to the eminence of 4. fingers, Stop your Glass close, and set it in *Balneo*, or in Summer in the Sun, for the Space of three or four Dayes, untill the Spirits have rob'd the Aromaticks of their Tinctures: this done, separate it from the Fæces, and reserve it for your use.

When any of you therefore desire a Cup of Hippocras, mix but ℥ss. of this Tincture with



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with a Pint or more of Sack, adding what Quantity of Sugar you please, or which is better the Essence of Sugar, and your desire is answered: a Glass of which with a Toast, before meat, gives no small Check to a cold distemper.

Here likewise I present a Tact of Spagiri- call Claret to your weak Stomacks, by the often use of which, neither Crudities or Ventosities shall impair your Digestion.

*Rx. Cinamom. ℥ij.  
Maceris. ℥℥.  
Dactylor. num. 20.  
Myccbal. num. 4.  
Uvar. passul. ℥v. vel. 6.  
Sem. Anisi.  
Coriand. præ. an. ℥j.  
Fenicul. ℥℥.*

With the Spirits of Wine and Canary Sack of each ℔ iij. being mixt set them in some cool Cellar to ferment the space of four or five Dayes. Of this you may take one or two spoonfulls in a morning.

If I mistake not I heard some of you call for a glass of Wormwood Wine.

I have none ready prepared: but here is a little Violl of the Spirits of Wormwood with

w<sup>h</sup>ic

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which who please to make a Triall and put but some few drops in a glass of ordinary white Wine, he shall find his desire satisfied with a Cup of exquisite Wormwood Wine, far more effectually than any Galenicall maceration or Infusion,

And that your defect may be supplied when this small quantity shall be exhausted, I here lend you the receipt whereby you may hereafter furnish your self, and pleasure a Friend.

*Rx. Summitat. Absint. q. s. affunde aq. com. s. q. stent in digestionem per dies aliquot: potest & quid ad fermentandum adjici. Destilletur per Vesicam: exhibit. aquam, oleum quippiam continens. Oleum, per Seperatorium separatur. Aqua tota Cucurbita utree indatur atq; in Balneo semel atq; iterum rectificetur, & saltem pars spirituosior abstrahatur, qua odorem & saporem Absinthii retinet.*

This hath a singular Vertue in corroborating both Stomack and Liver, it resists putrefaction, and depilates obstructions, and is a Specificall Preservative against all Stomattical and Intestinall Vermine. Spirit of Mints is likewise an excellent and peculiar prophylactic



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Stick of a Weak and cold Stomack, some few drops thereof put into a Cup of Sack with a Toast, adjoyning a drop of the Essence of Cinamon, and taken an hour before meat.

To think to please every Mans Palate may well enlarge the List of Impossibilities: yet Despair shall not interrupt my Carving: and where one Dish likes not, variety shall presently bring in another. So that at length I presume the major part shall satisfie the variability of Fancy, and give Appetite a Delight, in the Stomacks preservation.

Who then please may tast of this Spagiri- call Stomaticall Syrupe, which in delicacy and Vertue excelleth all your ordinary Cinamon-Waters.

*Rx. Cinam. gros. mod. pulv. ℥iiij.  
Vin Hispanis. ℔. ij.*

Let them infuse in *Balneo* three dayes: then separate the Tincture from his Faeces and adding thereto ℔ j. ℔. of pure white Sugar, put all into a Glass Cucurbita and with a boiling Balneo distill it untill it remain at the Bottom in consistence of a Syrup. So in one Operation you enjoy both a Syrup and an excellent Cinamon Water both of which for Corroborating a Weak Stomack and expelling Melancholy

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choly from a pensive Heart, may take possession among your Secrets. But to make it more perfect, in place of Sack you shall use *Spir. of Wine.*

In the same manner you shall make Syrup of *Nutmegs*, the which is a little more Specificall for the Stomack.

For windiness of the Stomack and Bowels you may compose the like Waters and Syrups of Annise and Caraway seeds.

But there are many whole Natures so Antipathize with Wine, that both smell and taste thereof is offensive to them. Such persons may make the above said Syrups as followeth,

*Rx. Cinam. pulveriz. ℥iiij. vel iiij.  
aqu. commun. q. s.*

Set them in some cold place the space of three or four Dayes: then distill it. Then take of that distild water, ℔ j. Sugar ℔ ℔.

*Fiat Syrrup. s. a.*

This retains the fragant Odour of Cinamon: and this for the Summer is more proper, to which you may adde an ounce or two of Rose-water.

Gentlemen, you are too modest. Because my Cook, to follow Court Fashion, sends in his Dishes in Duplicates, every man expects that I should

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should make the Discovery.

This Lady-like nicety, had almost let a good Dish here scape for the serving men. 'Tis a meat which you have already tasted of: the difference is only in the dressing, the which is rare and exquisite.

Take the above mentioned Spirits seperated from the first Cinamon Syrupe: adde to it ℥iij. or iiij. of gros beaten Cinamon, then being exquisitely stop'd, set in a cold place untill the water have the perfect Tincture of the Cinamon: the which you shall separate, and to every ℥x. adde ℥iij. or 4. of Sugar. Then in Balneo separate those Spirits from the Tincture, and you have the best sort of Cinamon Water, together with an admirable Syrup. If you will make one yet more excellent, 'tis but adding fresh Cinamon to these last rectified Spirits, proceeding as before: and reiterating this Operation three or four times so that the last will render you an Essence of Cinamon whose Vertues will repay your Labour with Interest.

We have in our Spagiricall Kitchen certain Stomatticall Balsams, whose descriptions I must here forbear as *Frutta nova*, and not yet for every mans Table. Such as are

*Balsamum Junip.*

*Balsamum Nuc. mosc.*

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*Bals. Cinamon.*

*Balsam. Rosmar. &c.*

These as they are rare and Princely, so are they Singular in Corroborating both the Stomack, and the rest of the Vitall Parts, either Intrinsicall or Extrinsicallly applyed.

And for such over-nice and delicate Persons which either through Coyness will not, or through Weakners cannot receive any Internall remedy, let them morning and evening Externally annoint the Stomack with this Hermeticall Balsam.

*Rx. Butyr. Gelsomini. ℥j.*

*Essent. Rosmar. ℥. ℞.*

*Essent. Cinamon.*

*Essent. Nuc. mosc. an. ℥. j.*

*Essent. Masticis. ℥j.*

*Moschi.*

*Ambræ an. g. iiij.*

*Zibet. g. ij.*

*Cum Cero virgin. decies in aq. Rosar. lavat. q. s. fiat Balsam. s. a.*

That no man may complain for want of Bread to his Meat, you shall tast of our Spagiricall Biscuit, which I recommend to all weak and moist Stomacks, especially to those

*E*

*who*



who after some Chronicall Disease cannot digest ordinary Bread.

Take lb. j. of the purest Wheat-flower, of the best refined Sugar ℥xvj. Fresh Eggs numb. xij. The Cream of Almonds extracted with the best Rosewater, ℥iiij. Essence of Annise, Cinamon, and Nutmeggs, an. ℥. j. more or less according to the humor of your Palate: Spirit of Roses q. s. mix them according to Art and thereof make your Biscuits.

There are many other sorts of Biscuits which every good Wife knows how to prepare, as Regall Biscuit, Spanish Biscuit, French Biscuit, Lorain Biscuit, Italian Biscuit, &c. Therefore as too Vulgar for our Table I omit them: Yet if any one desire a Tast, let them call to our Cook.

Now presuming upon the Phlegme of your Cold Distempers, I will call in for a Dish or two to refocillate our younger and more Sulphureous Stomacks, whose extravagant disorders hath brought the Stomack so far in Choler with the *Microcosme*, that he refuseth to supply it with his expected Nourishment. This Quarrell must not grow too hot: but tis necessary a speedy reconciliation be made, before the Stomack grow too Obstinate in his Humor.

In this Case I know no better Aparater than  
our

our *Panchymagogon*: let him bring him up to the Court of Conscience, there he will be so qualified, that you may turn him to any conditions of Peace.

When you have him at this Advantage, injoy him for Penance every morning to take three drops of the Spiries of *Sulphur*; or *Vitriol*, with as many of the Spirit of *Roses* mixt with a glass of Spring Water, edulcorated with the Essence of Sugar. Or this

℞. *Sal. Christalli*. ℥. ss.  
*Spir. Vitrioli gut.* iij.  
*Spir. Rosar. gut.* s.  
*Essent. Sacch.* q. s.  
*Aq. fontan. distillat.* ℥iiij.  
*Misce.*

Before meat half an hour or an hour let him use this,

℞. *Rob. de Ribes.*  
*Rob. de Berber. an.* ℥j.  
*Spir. Δ g.* iij.  
*Salis perlar.* ℥. j.  
*Misce.*

After Meals, this,

℞. *Conser. Corneol.*  
*Diacydon. simp. an.* ℥ij.  
E 2

*Salis*



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*Salis coralor: ʒj.*

*Spir. Salis gur. vj.*

*Spir. Rosar. gut: x.*

*Misce.*

You which are thus distemperd, I desire you to entertain Appetite with Patience until the Third Course enter, where you may pick out Variety of Hepaticall Dishes proper to your Indisposition. In the mean time if any Insolent Stomack-Worms quarrel for a breakfast before their Master be served, you shall do well to cut off their allowance, and then turn them out of your Doors with a Powder.

*℞. Corn. Cer. præp.*

*Coral. rub. præp. an. ʒj.*

*Aquila Celestis ʒ. j. ʒ.*

*Verm. terrest. præ.*

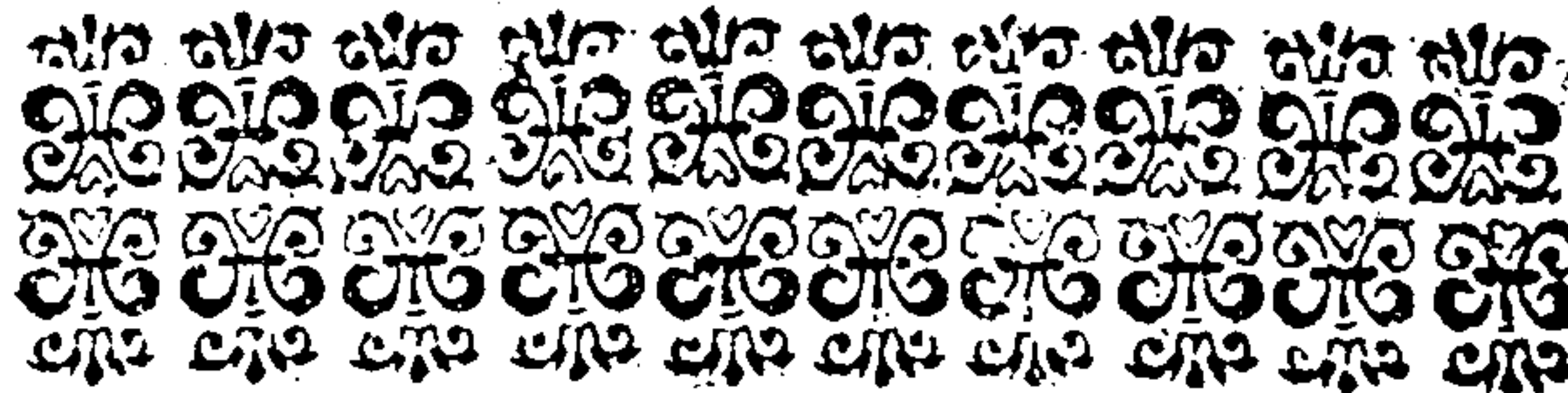
*Cinamom. an. ʒ. j.*

*Scammon. cum  $\Delta$ . præp. ʒj.*

*Misce. Dos. ʒ. j.*

The Furies of Appetite being laid, now your Patience may dispence with a little Idle Table Talk, to renovate the dull'd edge of your Appetites, that they may be the livelier at the Second encounter.

THE



THE  
SECOND COURSE  
CEPHALICALL.

Here Dogmaticall Discipline bids me be more Compendious, and collect my Method unto Heads.

But we are Travellers, and must not be limited: We are now landed on the Coast of the *Cephalick Peninsula*, a place whose Fame elevates it above all other parts of the World; and where both Tongue and Eyes of all Men sleep in Admiration. Here that great Monarck of the *Microcosme* hath his residence, Who is an Emperiall King, and full of Divinity: his Head being alwayes Crown'd, as a Type of his absolute and peaceable reign even to the Worlds end.

That his more Celestiall Thoughts may not be interrupted with State Affairs he hath re-

E 3

signed



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signed the government of his *Microcosme*, (which he hath divided into three Monarchies) unto three of his ablest Subjects, *Spiritus Vitalis*, *Spiritus Animalis*, and *Spiritus Naturalis*. To *Spiritus Animalis*, he hath given the *Cephalick Peninsula*, placing him neer unto himself, as his Wisest Counsellor: for which consideration he hath made him likewise *Αρχισυμβουλος*, Lord Secretary.

To *Spiritus Vitalis*, and *Spiritus Naturalis*, he hath resigned the Government of *Terra firma*: an equall Division being made, the one taking the *Cardiacall*, the other the *Hepaticall* Parts.

*Spiritus Vitalis* likewise being his Lord Treasurer; and *Spiritus Naturalis* Lord of the *Cinque-Ports*.

Other Information of this King (the Soul) I dare not enter into.

*De sacris in presentia mysteriis non est loquendum.*

Yet I will shew you a reflection of his greatness in the glass of his Nobility and Court, which I will here Carve into Descriptions which may serve you as Picktooth's and Table Talk, untill our Cook shall stop our Mouths with the *second Course*.

Know then that this King is retir'd into the *Cephalick Peninsula*, where his Highness is lodg'd

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lodg'd in an Emperiall Palace, whose Fabricks are all of pure Ivory.

There the Architect, Emblematically expressing Perfection (and that the *Microcosme* might not want his Epitomy) hath united all in a *Spherical* Figure.

The walls of his Court are environed with a pleasant Forrest: the naturall plantation of whose Trees make so intricate a *Laberinth*, that tis a delightfull pastime for the Ladies of Honor, every morning for exercise, to lose themselves an hour or two in the Crispie twirles of those Aromatick Thickets. There likewise they sport themselves with young Harts, which they find often so intangled, that unable to resist, they rely on the mercy of those weak Females, suffering themselves to be fool'd withall, untill pittie shall send them Liberty. Sometimes more aged Harts (whose *Aetion* plumes calculate their Nativity) are secretly insnar'd, and lock'd so fast, that their relief is desperate, insonuch that they lie and pine away in the Jealousie of their own weakness.

The Ladies of this Court are so particularly delighted with the pleasant chase of the Hare, that Day and Night the poor Creatures take little rest; hourly new engines being invented to intangle them. So that every day

therē falls more than all the court Dogs can eat and scape choaking.

As you approach this Regall Palace, your Heart is Planet-stroke by two Celestial lights fixt in the Frontispiece: Whose Magick Fires captivate the souls of yong Courtiers, making their Noble servitude seem an Imperiall liberty.

Those are the Lights which lead Men into Fools Paradise, where they study Idolatry in a Looking-glass. If you can pass the Influence of those Stars; you may enter the Great Gate (the Mouth) which at a word speaking is opened.

This is strongly fortified with Ivory Percullises set in *Mosaick*. Here you are presently incountred by that wanton Portress *Lingua*, who cannot speak to a man without wagging of her Tail, she recommends you to her Lady and Mistris *Eloquentia*, who with sweet complements, and Court Ceremonies, invites you presently to a view of this Imperiall Palace: and so shews you first the out-Chambers of the five Lady *Sences*: then leads you up to the Lodgings of the Princes *Phantasia*, which is the prime side of the Court for good fellowship.

There you shall find this Princess, with the nine Virgin *Muses* dancing a Phantastical

call *Brando* to the melody of the Lady *Musica*.

Here she shews you the Chambers of all the seven liberall Sciences, whom *Phantasia* hath honor'd with severall Offices. *Geometria* is her *Carver*, *Arithmetica* keeps her Accounts. *Rhetorica* is Mistris of the Ceremonies. *Grammatica* governes the Pages. *Astrologia* serves in place of a *Jeaster*, and tells Fortunes to provoke mirth. *Musica*, all the World knows her Charge. *Poeta* is her *Mum*, to whom she resignes the whole government of her Family. She makes Hay whilst the Sun shines; and prefers all her poor kindred to severall Places in the Court.

*Ovid* she makes *Major-domo*. *Homer* because a merry Greek Master of the Wine-Cellars. *Arctine* (for his skill in Postures) growing old, is made Pander. *Siack-spear*, Butler. *Ben Johnson*, Clark of the Kitchin. *Fenner* his Turn-spit, And *Taylor* his Scullion.

All these have their chamber-doors pester'd with sharking *Players*, *Fidlers*, *Ballad-singers*, and such like hangers on.

Next, she carries you to the middle Lodgings, where the Viceroy of the *Cephalick Peninsula* is Lodged, next dore unto the Great King *Animus*.

This



This Viceroy attends wholly unto his King and Master: putting over all Publique affairs into the hands of the Lord *Intellectus*, his Favorite, who governes all.

Yet *Spiritus Animalis*, having found him often corrupted by inferiour Members, dares not trust him too far, but for the better security of the *Peninsula*, he hath Five fair Ladyes, as secret spies to inform him dayly how every part is govern'd.

The Lady *Visus* hath her commission to have an Eye on both sides, and to look to every part, specially the more Noble, and to observe their Humor and Disposition towards *Intellectus*, and whether they render freely their Tribute.

The Lady *Auditus* is commanded to lend an Ear to Chamber Discourses of those Court Gossips, *Lingua*, *Rhetorica*, &c. Who make every Festivall Day, a Day of Parliament.

Lady *Tactus* is bid now and then to handle them somewhat ruffly: So to try who is most touchy, and if in their choler they be subject to Rebellion, and disobedient to the Laws published by *Intellectus*.

Lady *Gustus* is enjoyned to be alwayes at his Table as Tastress; to prevent the Malice of some treacherous Humor, which by casting some Soporiferous mixture into his Dish, he might

might be deposed by an Apoplexy.

Lady *Olfactus* she smells to every ones chollar: and like an *Ape* suffers nothing to pass the Court Gate, but she must have a Nose in it.

Here you shall see that Fountain *Somnus* (the true *Helicon*) where *Orpheus* sits and playes sweet *Requiem*s to the Nine Lady *Muses*, *Memoria*, and the five Sensuall Ladyes, who refresh their defatigated Limms with the hypnoticall dew of this *Anodynous* Bath: And whilst they rest, the Princess *Phantasia*, who never enters that Fountain, she sports her self with the Jugling tricks of that *Artifex simulatorque figura*, *Morpheus*, his *Photetur* and *Phantasmus*.

Here if *Eloquentia* forget not her self, she will shew you *Memoria*, and her Lodging.

But now I remember my self, I have heard our Cook and his Hatch twice at knocks, because none will ease him of his *second* Course.

And I fear some of my more serious Guest could do the like with me, who perchance expected grave Apothegmes, and sententious Aphorismes for their Table Talk.

No, you both abuse your expectations, and break the Rules of Physick, if you gape for Sen-



Sentences here. Ever whilst you live be merry at meat. Tis to excite your Mirth that I play the Fool: *Letitia Cœlum vos creavit sua; Letitia Cœlum vos servabit vestra.* Why then be merry! and with *Democritus* Jeere Melancholy out of his Humor, *nam fata sinum dum securi vivitis.*

And believe me, Mirth is the main Spring of your Lives. *Horologe*: tis that maintains the Clapper your Tongue in motion.

Tis Healths chief *Panacea*, and *absque hac una tanquam medicinarum omnium vita medicine omnes ad vitam producendam adhibita moriuntur.*

Laugh and be fat therefore: and let Doctor *Merryman* alwayes make up your Mess.

But soft! here comes the Second Course! Gentlemen pray have a Care you commit no Capitall Crime in your Table Talk. For whosoever makes Gravity his Salt, and Contemplation his Sawce, gives so great an Affront to *Intellectus*, the Favorite, that he may chance hang his Head for it. For thus you corrupt the Embassadours and Agents which *Spiritus Naturalis* imployes in the *Stomaticall* Territories, by diverting them from their Function, whereby their charge is rawly executed. Next, you give a false *Alarme* throughout the whole *Microcosme*, making *Spiritus Animalis*

to retire his Forces to the *Cephalick Peninsula*, when there is more necessity of their succour in *terra firma*. Lastly, you rob the Treasury, drawing from the Exchequer of the Heart good Angel-Gold, pure vitall Spirits; and send back false, indigested Metall, all *Mercuriall*, falsified by a weak externall Tincture only: but brought to Natures test *alla Copella*, and after dissolved in her rectified Spirits, you shall scarce draw from a Pound, one scruple of perfect *Aurum potabile*.

Thus likewise you cause fearfull Inundations in this *Peninsula*, making his Fluxes and Reflexes so Violent, that they drown the very Marrow and Heart of the Soil; bringing with it a Marine Saltness, whose Corrosive heat consumes the true *Balsamicall* moisture, leaving those Parts where it runs so impregnable that nothing prospers there but *Tussilago*.

Nor is this all the Danger! for by eating Cricks in the Neck-land, it threatneth the whole Continent.

Here in the Chamber of *Memoria*, I found a Book in Manuscript, full of Politicall Maximes and Machavilian Principles, for the better Government of the *Sephalick* State. The chief whereof were these,

I. How ever the World go, be not too *Vigilant* in your Affairs: lest by over-greediness *evitand.*  
of



of Gain you lose your Interest in the Publique Treasury, and at last abandoned by *Intellectus*, you grow out of Memory amongst your Friends, and so pass for a Man of small Judgement.

*Alvi excrement.*

*Quotidie expurgan.*

2. Be carefull that the Inland Inhabitants suffer not their Culinary Excrements to lye putrifying in their Channells: but dayly to evacuate them by the Port *Esculine*.

For believe me, the Contagious exhalations which ascend from those fatid neglects, will quickly breed the Sickness in the *Cephalick* Land.

*Somnum fuge Meridianum.*

3. This *Peninsula* being barren, and receiving all his Provisions from the Continent, 'tis necessary that you keep an Eye open upon the *Stomatickall* Magazin, and see that Memory forget not her self to charge all the Lady Sences to be vigilant in this action, and not so much as to Dream of any other negotiation, untill they have seen a full and perfect distribution. For if you let those Ministers sleep, you may be supplied with a corrupt Munition, sufficient to morbidie all your Inhabitants.

*Somnus sit moderatus.*

4. Here *Intellectus* must answer the advice of his Physician *Sensus Communis*, with obedience, and moderate his hours of Recreation in the *Helicon*; lest he grow dull with those stupid Vapours; and so unapt to negotiate,

ciate, be at last put out of his Office by the Princess *Phantasia*.

5. As far as Possibility permits, this *Peninsula* must be defended from those injurious Sea Winds, especially from that *Pincerna pluvia* the South, whose humid Gusts, supported on the wings of noysome Fogs, lend a new body to the investing Aer; increasing the Violence of his Fluxes, and sending a Repletion even into the Cranyes of that Earth.

6. Here is allowed, to *Intellectus*, his particular Recreations, for the preservation of his Vigour and Health: and those he shall borrow from the Lady *Sences*.

For sometime *Visus* shall divert his too serious and retir'd meditations, with the reviving Aspect of some actuating Beauty: whose presence will give such a charge to his defatigated Spirits, that in a Point of Time, by the strong refraction of those Rayes, all his forces shall be inflamed with a renovating Fire.

*Tactus*, yet more audacious, shall bring him on to touch this Beauty, making him embrace Corporality, to adde a greater feeling to his Delights. And there the *Intellect* might die in Extasy, did not *Auditus* presently by some *Syrene* voice or *Orphean* Instrument relieve his melting Soul from the Abyss of Pleasure.

And



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And lastly *Gustus* shall salute him with her Arms full of restoring Dishes, making the Lady *Lingua* invite him to a Sack-Posset, as the most proper *Nepenthes* for his Lassitude, and of all approved for an Authentick settle brain.

In this my *Cephalicall M<sup>pp</sup>*, you may discover the Head to be the most noble part of the *Microcosme*! the little Worlds *Britannia*! *Wisdems Cabinet*! The Mules *Parasitus*! *Apollo's Oracle*! *Minerva's Temple* and which crowns all, the Souls Imperiall terrestiall Tribunall whose Foundation is the Body: which if once impaired, his fair buildings fall, and kiss their Mother Earth for a second admission into her Bowels.

Who then so desperate of sence, as to neglect the preservation of so Principal a Part. Believe me 'twere Madness in the abstract, and such might well pass for Hair-brain'd humors.

This my second Course therefore shall consist wholly of *Cephalicall Preservatives*. Look from one end of my Table to the other and you shall not see either gross, flatulent, unctuous, vaporous, nauseous, or crude and indigestible meats, such as are, Old Beefe, Milk, Fat Broths, strong Wines, Butter, Black Olives, Nurs, Onions, Cabbage, raw Sallads, Beans, Pease,

Pease, Rochet, or any such Cephalick Enemy.

No! I sent my *Spenditore* to *Galens Market*, where he bought me these Ingredients.

<i>Betonica</i>	<i>Anisi</i>	<i>Herb. paraly.</i>
<i>Majoran.</i>	<i>Rad freos</i>	<i>Lil. conval.</i>
<i>Salvia</i>	<i>Caryophyllata.</i>	<i>Galange</i>
<i>Hyssopus</i>	<i>Visc. Querc.</i>	<i>Stach. Arab.</i>
<i>Melissa</i>	<i>Flor. Tilia.</i>	<i>Chamomilla</i>
<i>Rosmarin.</i>	<i>Bac. Junip.</i>	<i>Anacard.</i>
<i>Fol. laur.</i>	<i>Acorus.</i>	<i>Nuc. Mosch.</i>
<i>Satureia</i>	<i>Pulegium.</i>	<i>Succinum</i>
<i>Ruta.</i>	<i>Nepita.</i>	<i>Moschus</i>
<i>Ocimum.</i>	<i>Euphrasia</i>	<i>Ambra. griz.</i>
<i>Cal. arom.</i>	<i>Calaminta</i>	<i>Lig. Aloes</i>
<i>Melilotus</i>	<i>Serpillum</i>	<i>Caryophyll.</i>
<i>Peonia</i>	<i>Spica</i>	<i>Cubeba.</i>
<i>Sem. Fenic.</i>	<i>Lavendul.</i>	<i>Cardamomi</i>
<i>Coriandri</i>	<i>Origanum.</i>	<i>Macis, &amp;c.</i>

And these by an Essentiall Fire we have brought into Quintessences, Elixars, Extracts, Tinctures, Balsoms, Magistalls, Spirits, Arcani, and the like: all which you shall find far more toothsome, & Specificall to Cephalicall Distempers than any of these following Methodicall Dishes,

F

Diambra



## A Hermeticall

Diambra Conf. Anacard.  
 Diamosc. amar. Hygija Grac.  
 Diacastor. Diaolibar.  
 Diapaeonias. Aurea Alex.  
 Theriac. diates. Mithridat.  
 Pleres archont. Dianthos  
 Opoyra Theriaca, &c.

No, I presume all sorts of delicate and nice tempers will rather honour our *Hermeticall Feast*: especially those curious Females whose very Stomacks are Complementall, in so much that they will not take a grain of Physick, under a Pound of Ceremonies. Nor can I blame them! For whose Disease hath once invited them to *Galens Table*, they shall find that the Nauseous variety of Syrups, Potions, Boles, Pills, Apozemes, Emulsions, Powders, Electuaries, Lozenges, Eclygmes, with a world of such like Kitchin-stuff, shall give his Stomack so compleat a Surfit, that at a second invitation, they will rather (dispensing with good manners) appeal thrice to the Judgment of the Nose, before they will once ask the Opinion of the Palate.

This if any man deny, I refer him to the infallible experience of his next Malady, or to the Volums of *Hippoc. Galen, Avicen, Rhazes, Aretaus, Aetius, &c.* Whose pra  
 Et

Disc our *Methodists*. now wholly imitate. Read those, and you shall find most bitter Examples of all that I have mentioned. And whose belief in this point, cannot be overcome but by Instances, let them tast a little of this so much admired *Antiepilepticall Antidote* of *Aetius*,

R. Castorei. Helleb. nig. Scammon. an. ℥ij.  
 Opopanac. Cumini Thebaic.  
 Centaurii, Nitri, Sulphuris vivis,  
 Abrotani, Ammoniaci, Thymianatis  
 Sem. Ruta Sylvest. Absynt. an. ℥j.

Contusa & cribrata, excipe aqua & efforma pillulas faba Aegyptia magnitudine, & unam quotidie prabe, cum Aceti misli Cyathis quatuor.

Oh sweet Antidote! me thinks I see the Disease flying from it in the very preparation. Gentlemen, one such a Dish as this might make you all leave my Table, and run to the Cooks Shops.

Here therefore you shall see the difference between a good Cook and a bad.

For my part, had I *Appetitus Caninis*, or that ravening *Buqu*, I should not move a Tooth at such *Ogropodridoes*.

I remember, about my second *Clymaetrical* year I had a *Quartan Fever*; and requiring as-



A Hermettcall

stance of a good Old and reverend Dogmatist! for my Cure, he prescrib'd me a Water to drink; the which hath put me into an *Idiotia* ever since.

Take heed Sirs, how you mix such Waters with your Wine: for I can assure you, you may grow mad upon it.

From Galens Cephalicall Sallads, I have made many Dishes, which I desire no man to commend untill he have tasted.

Pray therefore fall to this Dish of Extracts.

A Cephalicall Extract.

- R. Nuc. Mosch.
- Caryophyl.
- Cinamom.
- Cardamom.
- Calam. arom.
- Succine
- Maceris an. ℥ ss.

- Sem. { Anisi.
- Fenicul.
- Coriand. prap.
- Sileris mont.
- Paonie an. ℥ ij.

Flor.

Banquet.

- Flor. { Betonica
- Salvia
- Rosmar.
- Herb. paral.
- Euphrag.
- Lil. conoal.
- Paonie
- Tilia arboris
- Lavend.
- Stach. Arab. an. P. j.

- Folior. { Majorane
- Melissa
- Lauri
- Nepite
- Calamint.
- Serpilli
- Ocimi, an. M. j.

- Rad. { Paonie
- Acori
- Galanga
- Caryophyllate,
- Ireos ana. ℥ ij.

- Bac. Junip.
- Bac. Lauri an. ℥ ij. ss.

F 3

Lig.



## A Hermeticall

Lig. { Aloes  
Sassafras  
Guaiacini  
Visc. querc.  
Coryl.  
Buxi an. ʒj. ʒ.

Let the Herbs be brused, the Woods rasp'd, the Seeds, Aromaticks, roots and berries grossly beaten. Put all into a large Matracio of Glass, and cover them 4. or 5. fingers deep with Spir. of Wine animated with the Spirits of Sage and Juniper Berries. Set them in Balneo to Ferment six or 8. Dayes. Then separate the Tincture from the *Faces per inclinationem*. To the remaining *Faces* powre half as much as aforesaid of the S. of W. animated with the S. of Annise, and Cinamon. Set them again in Digestion other six Dayes; which finish'd. and your *Matracium* cold, separate the Tincture from the *Faces*. Adjoyne these Tinctures, and by a gentle heat in Balneo vaporoso first separate the Spirits, then put your Alembick in Balneo bulliente and distill the *Phlegma* until your Tincture coagulat into an Extract. To every ʒij. of which Extract adde.

Magister. perlar.  
Magist. Coral. an. ʒj.

Tinct.

## BANQUET.

Tinct. Confect. Alcher. ʒij.  
Essentia D. gut. xx.  
Magister. Cran. hum.  
Salis cran. hum. an. ʒj.  
Essent. nuc. mosch.  
Essent. Cinam. an. g. x.  
Spir. C. gut. vj.

Mix all according to art in the consistence of an Extract. Dosis. ʒʒ. vel ʒ. j.

The Spirits of this Extract. have cochl. ʒ. vel cochl. j. to their Dose.

This Extract doth miraculously corroborate the Brain, and both Preserves and Cures you of all Cephalicall diseases, as Apoplexies, Epilepsies, Palsyes, Vertigines, Hemicranies, Sopors, Torpors, Lethargies, &c. It fortifyeth the Memory, acuates the sight, extenuates and dissipates cold, gross, viscous & Tartareous humors of the Brain, which cause noise and pain in the Ears Deafnes and the like.

For a Preservative against all cold distempers of the Head the first Extract without the mixture of those, other Essences may excuse such as are not in our Spagiricall Cooks Books.

Those which will not feed on that Dish let them satisfie Nature with this Elixir: though somewhat inferiour to the first Extract which is Αρχικεφαλικον.

F 4

Elixir.



*A Hermeticall**Elixir Cephalic.*

*R. Nuc. Mosch. ℥j. ℞.*

*Maceris*

*Caryophyll.*

*Cinamom. an. ℥℞.*

*Galano.*

*Calam. arom. an. ℥j.*

*Euphrasia.*

*Flor. Lavend.*

*Rosmarin.*

*Herb. paral. an. Mj.*

*Melisse*

*Ment. Rom.*

*Card. Ben. an. Mj. ℞.*

By the example of the former you shall extract the Tincture with Spir. of Wine or ordinary Cinamon water. Then separate the Elixir from his Tincture, and proceed as before. The Coagulated Extract having ℥j. to his Dose. The Elixir half a whole Sponfull in the morning: the which resists all cold and moist distempers of the Brain: saves a bad Memory the expence of Table-books: and in one half year (if generally used) it would make our Glasses Cheap by runing the Trade of Spectacles.

This likewise is a Capitall enemy to Tale-carriers:

*Banquet.*

carriers: for it makes the Sence of hearing so exquisite, that their Imployment would become unnecessary.

Here Variety calls you to another Dish.

*R. Zinzib.*

*Santal. rub.*

*Caryoph. an. ℥℞.*

*Cinamom. ℥ij.*

*Nuc. Mosch.*

*Maceris*

*Piperis.*

*Galange*

*Cubebe*

*Cardamomi*

*Anise*

*Sem. Fenic.*

*Coriand. prep. an. ℥℞.*

*Aromat. rosat.*

*Spec. Diambre*

*Dianthos an. ℥ij.*

*Majoran.*

*Flor. Ocini*

*Lavend. an. Pj.*

*Ros. rub. Mj.*

With ℥ij. of the best Sack, and ℥℞. of the S. of W. with ℥viij. of Rose-water animated with the Essence of Musk proceed

as



A Hermeticall

as in the other Elixir. The vertues are the same with the former, but somewhat more efficacious.

He that thinks these Elixars and Extracts will be too hot for him, let him play the good Fellow and fall to our Cock-broth which here waits for the Innovation of his Spoon.

℞. An old fat Cock or Capon, being exenterated, cut him in pieces, and then put him into a large Glas Phialum adding,

- Santal. Citrin.
- Lig. Aloes
- Caryophyl.
- Nuc. Moschat.
- Cinnamon.
- Maceris an. ℥j.
- Galanga
- Cort. Citri.
- Zedoaria
- Croc orient. an. ℥ss.
- Flor. { Rosmarin.
- { Salvia
- { Betonic.
- { Lavend.
- { Borag.
- { Bugloss
- { Ros. rub. an. P. j.

Sal.

Banquet.

- Sal. corallor. ℥j.
- Granor. Kerm. ℥iij.
- Vini Canarien. ℔iij.
- Sacchar. albis. ℔ss.

Set all well stoped. 8. or ten Dayes in Balneo fervido. Then bring your Cock to the Press and there execute him: which done distill all in Alembico vitreo: Dosis j. 2. or iij. sponfulls.

This Restorative I recommend to Students, whose Cephalick Treasure is exhausted, by their Prodiggall exercise of the Brain, as most Specificall.

I have taken notice of some here who are so bad sighted that they cannot find the narrow passage of their Mouths. Others again before they can draw their Eyes out of their Pockets, lose many a choise bit which they gaped for. These things must be better look'd into: otherwise we shall make but a blind reckoning of it. That I may not be troubled with blind Guest therefore, I will bring you to your Diet, and prescrib you this Ophthalmick water: and this is for such as prefer their ease, before their Eyes: who rather than suffer a little smart, will sooner be at the charge of some well Tutor'd Mungrell, to follow his Dogged Humor.

℞. Eu-

## A Hermeticall

℞. Euphrag.  
 Chelidon. an. M. ij.  
 Card. Ben.  
 Betonec. an. M. j.  
 Ruta P. j.  
 Salvia  
 Fenic. an. M. j.  
 Emul. camp.  
 Rad. Valerian. an. ℥i.  
 Fenic.  
 Sem. Anisi  
 Coriand. prap.  
 Siler. mont. an. ℥ss.  
 Bac. Junip. ℥j.  
 Ros. alb.  
 Flor. Rosmarin.  
 Calondul.  
 Lavend.  
 Steched. an. P. j.  
 Nuc. Mosch.  
 Zinzib.  
 Cardamom.  
 Macropip.  
 Calam. arom.  
 Cinamum. an. ℥j.

Infuse all in ℔. iij. of the Spir. of Wine  
 animated with the Spirits of Sage, for the space  
 of four Days in Balneo: from whence accord-  
 ing

ing to art, you shall extract the Spirits and  
 Tincture from the Faces, by Calcination, So-  
 lution, Filtration, and coagulation; you shall  
 resuscitate the Soul of those Vegetables, with  
 which you are to Animate the Spirits, and  
 Phlegma. Which Phlegma dissolving therein  
 ℔. ss, with a little *crocus metallorum*,  
 makes an excellent externall Ophthalmick wa-  
 ter. The Spirits are to be inhibited the quan-  
 tity of a Spoonfull, or but half. The coagu-  
 lated Tincture ℔ss. vel ℔jss.

Who will prie far into other mens matters,  
 though he smart for it, let him use this Exter-  
 nall Ophthalmicall Water.

℞. Suc. Chelidon.  
 Euphrag. an. ℔ss.  
 Lact. Caprin. ℔j.  
 Zinzib.  
 Maceris an. ℥j.  
 Aloes ℥ss.  
 Vitriol. alb. ℥iij.

Give all four Dayes Infusion and then  
 distill them in Balneo. To this distilled  
 water, take little peeces of Tutia, heat them  
 red hot in a new Iron spoon, and ex-  
 tinguish them in this water, with nine  
 Repetitions, leaving your Tutia at the last  
 ex-



## A Hermeticall

extinction in the water, and so reserve it for your use.

A blind man may see the Vertues of this water, a drop thereof being often put into his Eys. It cures all *Ophthalmies*, *Gumms*, *salt Tears*, *Pearles*, &c.

In your first *Stomaticall* Course, I told you of a new Hermeticall method in curing Diseases (which I have often practiz'd on Infants and extream feeble Patients) only by externall remedies, without any Internall *præsidio*: Whereby I will undertake, and maintain, that any Disease, either Acute, Chronical, or *Astralis*, (where no Malignity prædominates) may be perfectly, and with far less expence to Nature, eradicated. And that all exteriour affects, as Ulcers, Wounds, &c. may be brought to an exact sanation without any locall application, but meerly by a Magneticall Sympathy.

This Opinion I know will be better than a Gig to our modern Methodists to provoke Laughter: But let them beware, in their Laughter they revive not the Example of *Zerxis* that famous Painter, who imitating the Deformity of an Old Tripefac'd Beldam, whose arch'd Chin supported the fall of her Nose, and the want of teeth gave her Tongue Liberty to drown her mumping Eloquence

## Banquet.

quence with dribling Oratory; every Eye likewise being so retir'd, that their Gravity eclipsed all suspect of Lightness. When he had finish'd this Master-peece, and wrought it so near to the Life, that Art had almost lost her Interest in it; he was so overcome with the extravagancy of his Penfills perfection, that bursting into a violent Laughter, he let out his soul to animate his Pourtraict.

Thus perchance the Extravagancy of our Art mixt with perfection, may draw some of them to a Violent Laughter: But I fear twill be *Sardinian*.

Faith if they laugh! I must do as Fools do, and laugh for Company: Yet with a more hearty laughter, as was of that of *Chryssippus*, when he saw an *Ass* forsake sweet Grass and fall to Thistles. Apply who will.

Here (Purpose bringing me upon it) to make this new Art more Speculative, and my Opinion more apparent, I will give you an Ocular Instance.

In all *Ophthalmies* where a *Plethora* doth indicate evacuation, we have an Hermeticall *Ophthalmick* water whereof three drops put into the Eye hath these three Properties.

First *per repulsion* it causeth a Universall Revulsion of the humor peccant, which flows to the part affected. Secondly by a repulsion

it



*A Hermeticall*

it resists the flux of humors. Lastly, *παραπορευει* it makes an insensible discussion of those humors already compacted and coagulated in the Eye.

Now they will not only laugh, but conclude I am Mad; to say that the dropping water in the Eyes, can purge *περ παραπορευει*.

If this seeme so strange to them, perchance I may shortly present them with a Monster (yet no *χιμαιρα*) whose smell shall excite Intestinall evacuations.

To shew that I am not in choller, therefore, with Methodicall Obstinacy, which Jeeres at Truth, to blinde their Ignorance, will drink to them in a Cup of our Hermeticall Claret.

*Rx. Caryoph.*  
*Nuc. Mosch.*  
*Miceris an. ʒj. ʒ.*  
*Zinzib.*  
*Cardamom. an. ʒ ʒ.*  
*Coriand. præp.*  
*Anisi*  
*Fenicul. an. ʒij.*  
*Diptamni*  
*Zedoaria*  
*rad Angel. an. ʒij.*  
*Flor. Rosmarin.*  
*Bugloss. an. P. ij.*

*Banquet.*

*Tabel. arom. ros. ʒj.*  
*Sacchar. alb. lb. j.*

All grossly beaten, put them into a glass vessell with lb. iij. or five of the best Wine of Candia, or good Canary; set them the space of two or three dayes in *Balneo tepido*. Then pass it two or three times through a Hippocras Bag. Which done, mix therewith of the Spirits of Roses essentiated with Musk and Amber; then put it up into Vessells for your use. One or two spoonfulls taken of this in a morning, corroborates all the Animall, Vitall, and Naturall Faculties.

Hence it conduceth to all Cephalicall affects: as also to all *Cardialgia*, *Lipothimia*, *Sincopi*, &c. 'Tis excellent in all weaknes Crudities, and ventosities of the Stomack. It corroborates the Liver and Spleen and cures all *Cachexies*, *Hypochondriacall* Melancholies, and *Hysterical* Passions. It preserves from the Pestilence, Worms, and all sorts of putrifications.

I must not here omit the recreating of your Sences by some externall perfumes: accept therefore of these Pomanders.

*Rx. Syrrac. catam.*  
*Laudan. an. ʒj. ʒ.*

G

Ben



**A Hermeticall**

Benzoes ℥j.  
 Garyoph.  
 Macis  
 Lig. Aloes  
 Flor. Lavend. an. ℥. ℞.  
 Moschi  
 Ambra an. g. iij.  
 Gum. Tragac. in aq. Ros.  
 dissolnt. q. s.  
 Terebint. parum.

In a hot Mortar make them up into a Pomander, according to art.

If that please not, make use of this

℞. Ladani ℥ij.  
 Styrac. cal. ℥j. ℞.  
 Benzoes  
 Thuris  
 Succin. alb.  
 Lig. Aloes  
 Ros. rub.  
 Lig. Cypres.  
 Cinamom.  
 Garyophil. an. ℥. ij.  
 Ambra  
 Moschi an. g. v.

With Gum Tragacanth dissolved in Spirit of Roses, q. s. make them up into small Trochisks;

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chisks; one of which cast upon the Coals fills your Chamber with a gratefull Odour.

Or this,

℞. Thuris  
 Lig. Aloes  
 Styr. Cal. an. ℥ ℞.  
 Styr. liq. ℥vj.  
 Laudan. ℥j. ℞.  
 Ambra  
 Moschi an. g. vij.  
 Carbonum Tilia,  
 vel Salicis ℥j.  
 Tragacant. ℥ ℞.

Your Gum dissolved in Spirit of Roses with a little S. of W. make them up into little Roles like small Candles.

Or use this Water.

℞. Aq. Rosar. ℥ iij.  
 Vin. malvat. ℥. ℞.  
 Flor. Lavend.  
 Spica an. ℥ ij.  
 Cort. Citri ℥ ℞.  
 Rad. Ireos ℥ij.  
 Cinamom  
 Nuc. Mosch.  
 Styr. calam. an. ℥ ℞.



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After ten Dayes infusion, distill them, putting in the Nose of your Alembick, Musk and Amber an. ℥j. This water you may mix with common Water for your Hands or face; Or put some of it in a perfuming pot, the Vapour whereof will recreate your Sences with a delightfull Aer.

If none of those perfumes please you, I must call for my Hermeticall Cabinet, where I think to finde a Balsam shall please you all in despite of your Noses.

℞. Butyr. Gelsom. ℥ss.

Essent. flor. Carri.

Essent. Cort. Citri.

Ess. Cinamom.

Ol. Nuc. Mosch.

Essent. Rosar. an. ℥ss.

Flor. Benzoin. ℥ss.

Essent. Moschi

Essent. Ambra.

Essent. Zibette an. ℥ss.

These in some small mortar, sine calore, you shall mix well together, and then reserve it in some silver box to your use.

With this you may rub your Gloves, Handkerchief, or any thing else about you. When the Barber elevates your Mustachoes, this will

be of singular use, making your Whiskers stand up most sweetly. In time of Pestilence it will be very serviceable, and where it layes hold it will a long time stick to your Coat.

Here since I have taken you by the Nose, I must hold you a little longer: for I have a Secret to reveal to you, but it will trouble your Brains, and therefore I doubt you will take it in snuff. Yet as it concerns the Health both of your Soul and Body, I am bound in conscience to reveal it: make good use of it therefore for my sake, and I promise you every one shall pray for you.

*Pulvis sternutatorius.*

℞. Sem. nigel.

Helleb. alb. an. ℥j.

Majorana.

Rosmarin.

Salvia an. ℥ss.

Moschi g. iij.

Fiat pulvis. s. a.

These and such like sneezing powders are never to be used but fasting: for you know, fasting and praying go always together.

This following is safer and better: but you will be the less praid for,

℞. Pyrethri ℥ss.

Helleb. nig. ℥j.



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*Nasturt. ʒ ʒ.*  
*Fiat pulvis.*

Tye it in a peece of fine Cloath, and steep it in Rose water, and by sinelling to it; it gently provokes sternutation.

Here I have another Dish for some body which perchance little dreams of it,

*℞. Quatuor sem. frig. maj. an. ʒ ij.*

*Sem. Papav. alb. lb. ʒ.*

*Lactuca ʒ iiij.*

*Hyschyam. ʒ ij.*

*Flor. Nymph.*

*Violarum.*

*Rosar. rub.*

*Papav. rhead. an. p. iiij.*

*Flor. Sambuci.*

*Sūmitat. Ruta an. P. ij.*

*Macis*

*Nuc. Moschat.*

*Benzoini an. ʒvj.*

All grossly beaten infuse them four dayes in

*Aqua rosar.*

*Lactuca*

*Nenupharis*

*Papav. rheadis an. lb. ij.*

Then

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Then strein it with a strong expression, to which you shall adde

*Requies Nich. ʒ ʒ.*

*Croci orient.*

*Mumia an. ʒiiij.*

*Camphora*

*Castorei. an. ʒj.*

Being well mixt, distill them according to Art. The Dose is ʒ ij. at your wonted hour of rest. This spoils all your Watches: Silenceth your Clocks, and makes you lose more time then you think of: The best property it hath, is, it makes a man forget all wrongs.

All that is bad in it is this, that who ever takes of it he will be no more good for any thing a long time after.

This is far safer and of better effect than any of the Vulgar *Narcoticks*, and it emulates our Hermeticall *Laudanum*, mitigating all Internal dolours, Inflammations, *Inquietudini*, &c.

Gentlemen, I did let your Noses go a little too soon: here is a bloody Action put in against them, which may cost some of you your Lives. I should be very sorry to see any of my Guest throw away themselves by their own weakness. Believe me tis to be pittyed, and I would



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would spend part of my best Blood to save them.

Whensoever therefore Prodigious drops of Blood shall fall from the upper Region of the Microcosme, knock at our Hermeticall Cabinets Door: for there you shall finde a Sympaticall Powder, which increaseth both in Quantity and Quality every time you make use of it: One Dragm of which is sufficient for an Army. 'Tis to be preserv'd in some little box in your Pocket, and when your Nose bleeds, let but a drop or two fall on this Powder: then put up the Box presently from the Aer, and you shall find your Blood stop miraculously. And thus it Cures all Fluxes of Blood either of Man or Woman without any other helps. And this I have here Inserted, to adde a Nerve to the Truth of our former Opinion.

Here when I call to minde the Malice of Ignorance, I could play the Montibanco and draw Teeth. But from whom? not from my Guess! but from the Jawes of those *μισανθρωποι* whose Canine and rabid Envy like that of *Timonius* the Athenian Man-hater (*quod nihil ingratus animo concipiat quam erga Homines benevolunt ac beneficunt. Deum se habere, eosque prospere ac feliciter prospiciat degere*), runs snarling and biting at every Man, Nay Nature

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ture her self cannot pass them! But because she is *φιλα μυστικος*, and favours Man with the use of her Secrets, they hourly labour to discredit her, and ruin her Reputation with their Malignant Calumnies. But she is so well armed with her *Panacea*, and Truths *Arcani*, that in vain with *Aesops* Dog they do but bark at the Moon.

While I was Student in *Padoua*, upon many particular occasions, I have often tasted of that bitter *Galenicall* Envy against *Hermeticall* discipline. Amongst which this was one.

Walking one day in the Garden of Simples, with one of the Professours of that Academy in Physick: (and none of the Simplest neither) we gathered our Discourse out of our Mothers *Aperne*: where I by chance taking up the Herb *Heliotropium* (whose name discovers his Solar Sympathy) it gave me occasion to sublimate the Terrestriety of our Discourse into Celestiall Influences, where rising from the bare and Elementary Vertues of Herbs an other Vegetables, we flew up at last unto their Occult Qualities: where I made sure account to have adorn'd the naked Wings of my *Questus*, with the choicest Feathers of this Old *Asclepians* Answers.

I entrod him upon the Signatures of Vegetables and Mineralls, telling him how many mira-



miraculous Cures I had seen from *Sympaticall* Remedies; to the great Amazement of the Ignorant, and to the greater Elogie of *Hermeticks*, whose enucleating Curiosity had thus stole into Natures most secret Mysteries.

The good Man was so suddenly cholericke to hear me attribute any Truth or belief to *Sympaticall Physick*, that he had no leasure to answer me with Patience; but, calling me *Paracelsian*, he began very *Galenically* to rail in Method against our *Hermetick* Discipline: telling me, that if I had ever read *Galen* or *Hippocrates*, I should Impart little Honour to any of our *Chymiatrs*, or *Impyricall Charletaines*, who contemning ratioll Method, apply themselves wholly to Venimous Mineralls, Magick Spells, and Diabolicall Characters.

Our Art, in that University being prohibited! I durst not cure those broken Heads with our Balsamicall Reasons, which he so desperately wounded with the blunt Beetle of Ignorance.

But letting him run on his Heat; his over angry Tongue had so bastonadoed his teeth, that at last they Silenc'd him with a vendicative Dolor. Nature I think visiting his Ignorance on purpose to shew him the experience of her *Sympaticall* Secrets.

Here

Here like the *Samaritan* I took out a little Violl from the *Pharmacopaea* of my Pocket, and profer'd to lend him ease. Imagine with what scorn he contemn'd my younger Practise: but bidding me follow him to the Apothecaries, I should see he was not destitute of Remedies far better than any of my *Impyricall* Fopperies. There he made a mixture of *Theriaca* with a grain or two of *Opium*, with which he fill'd the hollow Vault of his ruin'd Tooth. This by the *narcoticall Sulphur* of the *Opium*, stupefied the Nerve, and so for a while mock'd his martyr'd Sence with a seeming Ease: which brought him presently into the Vanity of his Secret *Encomium*, asking me how long I would undertake to dig before I found a Mineral so rarely qualify'd. I laughing ask'd how long it might be before he expected the return of his Currier: at which very Instant, his *Opiate* was now overcome; and his Dolour answer'd him in a Duplicate.

Once more I abused him with Curtesie, and desired him to make use of my *Sympaticall Unguent*: praying him but to draw bloud from his aking Tooth with his tooth-picker, and make a Resignation of the stick to me; I would return him an Acquittance of his Dolor, without any locall application.

My Opportunity at last won his Obedience; and



and his Toothpick was no sooner buried in my *Sympaticall Vnguent*, but a sudden ease contradicted his Expectation. Who, like a *Crocodyle*, when I had picked the dolor out of his Teeth, he was like to have swallowed me up with his malicious Oratory: telling me that this Cure was Diabolicall, answerable to our *Hermetick* Doctrine; and advised me not to make farther use of it, but to content my Practice with rationally *Galenicall* Ingredients.

I must confess it angered me to hear a Philosopher so lost in Obtinacy, who blushed not to repay the Use of Natures Secrets, with Ingratitude. His Ignorance gave my Teeth such an *apudie*, that I could never since masticate a *Galenicall* Sallad.

Gentlemen, I hope you are more rationally and better natured: and when a Tooth pains you, will rather make use of our *Sympaticall* Unguent, than draw it out.

In this my *Cephalicall* Course, twenty to one but some old Lady will be looking for a Dish to renovate Natures defac'd Masterpeece with some Artificiall Shadow: Or to illuminate her *Microcosmical* *Nap* with the superficial Beauty of our *Hermeticall* Tinctures.

To say the Truth, I had prepared many Dishes for this effect: but my fear was left  
some

Some of our younger Beauties (whose Perfection is so compleat that Nature her self hath many years since confessed she cannot adde unto it), would, for want of more substantiall Pastimes, fall a dappling with our Spagiricall Accidents: and like ambitious Painters, which never thinking their Retraits finished, with too much Curiosity spoil the whole Peece. Indeed I should be heartily sorry to see a good Face marr'd for want of a Play-fellow.

To such pragmaticall Fancies therefore I will shortly (God willing) make a Present, wherein they shall finde such variety of intertainment, that I doubt not but many a Fair Face will thank me for it.

In the mean Time I wish that their busie Heads may not abuse, the Innocencie of their Beauty, cheating themselves of Natures Treasure under a Colour of fair dealing.

The desire therefore which I have to see such Beauties flourish in their Meridian, hath made me lose many a nights sleep in Contemplation, before I could attain to their true externall *Prophylactick*. I sent the Embassadors of my Fanie through every part of the World for *Vegetables*, *Mineralls*, *Semimineralls*, *Fukes*, *Belletti*, *Smegmatick* *Secrets*, *Vntions*, *Pomades*, *Waters*, any thing that had or might be practized in that nature.

Faith

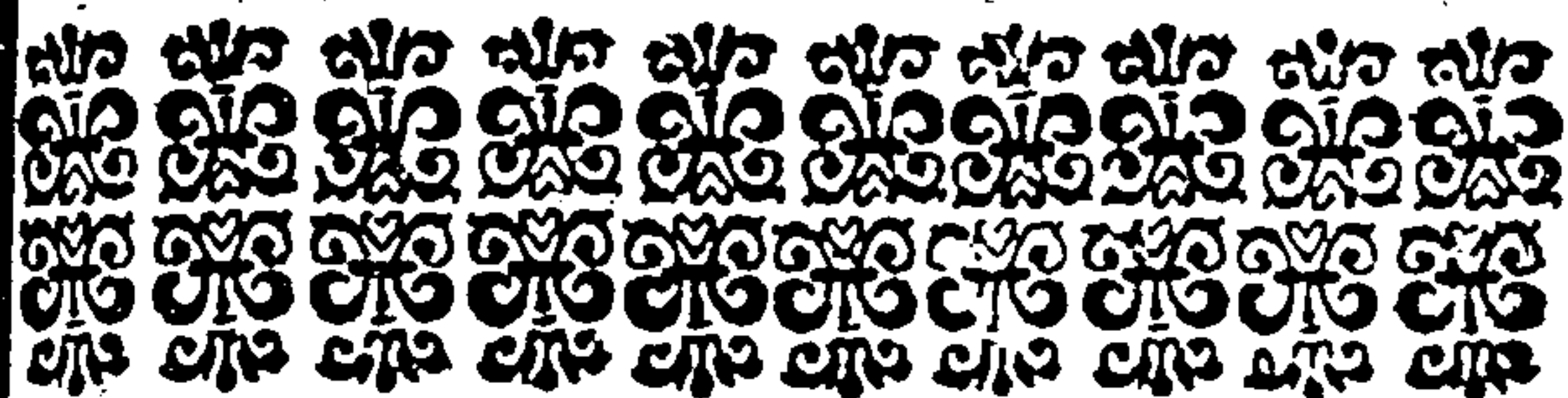


Faith I found all to be but Curtains to a good Picture, which only kept the Dust from it, but Eclipsed the Glory of it.

Yet I could not rest thus satisfied, but persuaded my self that Nature had given all things their Preservatives. In which contemplation I called to minde how that Celestiall Beauty, the Sun, used no other Art but fair Water, Morning and Evening washing his bright Rayes in that Fountain the Sea.

This then as Natures best Secret for maintaining a lively ruddy cleer and Snowy skin, I freely impart to all Faire Faces: wishing them to make some clear fountain their Painter, and to dabble there as long as they please: remembering that they make not that, their Glasse of *Philantia*; and so Sacrifice their good Faces to *Narcissus*.

THE



THE  
THIRD COURSE  
HEPATICALL.

SEE what a merry Gossip *Health* is! she is alwayes exciting us to Mirth. I have already wandred through two Parts of the World with her: in which Pilgrimage my sides are so larded with the Fat operation of her good Diet, mixt with the extravagancies of her ridiculous Mirth, that with a Months hard Lodging I might very well supply the defect of a Christmas Brawner. And now she hath put me in this good plight, I must not leave her neither. If I but speak of parting, she denies me my *Billetto di Sanita*. Then she hugs me, kisseth me, bids me rowse up my Spirits, laugh, sing, dance, and let care go a Catter-wauling. She swears that she is in love with



with my good Diet : and doteth on the Temperance of my Youth : and tells me that shall do very ill to leave her, that have often protested that I could not live well without her.

Faith I felt all this to be true ! And though I knew her to be a noted Strumpet one that would sell herself to any man for little good Diet. Besides how Inconstant she was, drawing every Mans Eyes upon her to corrupt her ; and letting every Boy lye with her. Again, accustomed to feed on the best and would not be brought out of her good Diet ; but if she misliked her feeding, leave a man. Yet considering that she was of good Bloud, honest Parentage, alwayes well disposed and of good breeding ; Full of Mirth, affable not subject to any Ill Humors Fair and of a pure Complexion. Her vertues being equivalent with her vices ; I fell so far in Love with her, that I made her Lady of my Desires & in short time she won so far upon me that she govern'd me, and withall made me fond of her, that if I were absent but a Minute from her me thought I was Sick. In fine let her be in what Humor she would, I was her *Morpheus*, and Imitated : if she slept so did I. If she were distempered, So was I. And being thus lost in the Labyrinth of Love

let her wander where she please I have vow'd to follow, humor her, and bear her charges.

Thus captivated there did I  
Fall in the Veines of Poesy.  
The Magick of my Mistris Eyes  
Made me no more apologize :  
But at a look, where ere she went,  
Follow I must, or lose Content.  
Here toth' *Hepatick* land shee'd go,  
Where Delicacies overflow :  
And there she promis'd I should see  
*Mars* in a Box of *Quidini*.  
Next *Venus* Court, Whereas I might  
In time with *Cupid* lose my Sight.  
But ear these Wonders I could see  
I first an *Israelite* must be,  
And pass the mercy of a Floud  
Which some baptize the Sea of Bloud.  
There I was Sea-sick, and would fain  
With Healths permission ope a Veine:  
No she would no such bloody Trick,  
Sheed first for company be sick;  
Empty my stomach, and she said  
The Red-Seas fury would be laid.  
After those Waves had plai'd their sport,  
At last they brought us to a Port  
Whose milky Torrent drove us in  
To Loves restoring Magazin,

H

Here

Venus  
Porta



*A Hermeticall*

Here sweet *Health* laughs, gives me a buss,  
 And bids me hug my *Genius* ;  
 Then shews where *Venus* hid her Treasure,  
 Some for Health and some for Pleasure,  
 Next her Temple (whereat she bowes)  
 Then her Altar then her Vowes,  
 (Upon which Altar a Chalice stood  
 Brim full of desperate Lovers Bloud)  
 Bids me be modest, shut mine Eyes,  
 Lest I were call'd to Sacrifice.  
 And here she shew'd that fatal Well  
 Wherein she laid *Narcissus* tell.  
 Hence in al haste my Love departs  
 And ushers out the Queen of Hearts,  
 Whose Deity was magnifi'd  
 By a rich Train of Courtly Pride.  
 Her Whiteboy *Cupid* flew before  
 To force all strangers to adore  
 His Mothers beauty; For which intent  
 His Bow was alwayes ready bent.  
 Next came *Intemp'rance* with a Cup  
 Of ruddy Nectar: Drinks it up,  
 And then growes wanton: At me she ran  
 And kist me twise. Here *Health* began  
 To swell look big, and puffing to me said,  
 I was to blame to kisse Loves Chambermaid.  
 I prai'd my Mistris not to take it ill:  
 Since she kist me, 'twas manners to stand still.

*Banquet.*

In this Distemper *Venus* came,  
 Who calls my Mistris by her name,  
 And ask'd where she that Youngster had  
 Which made her Maid *Intemp'rance* mad,  
 Quoth *Health*, a stranger tis, would be  
 A Pupill in your Nursery.  
*Venus* straight swore, hee's Patron here,  
 Such Guest we have not every year:  
 My Family is so decai'd  
 That I am forc'd to wo my Maid  
*Intemperance*, to bring me In  
 Some able Sparks a Gossiping.  
 Here *Venus* kist me, and protests  
 For Health sake shee'd obey my heasts,  
 Her *Mars* from hence as Old shee'd quite deny,  
 I was chief Member of her Family.  
 She bids *Intemp'rance* to retire,  
 And charge her Cooks to lay toth' Fire  
 Their *Edge-pyes*, *Marrows*, *armed Fishes*,  
 What they thought restoring Dishes.  
 To see her dining Chamber were  
 Perfum'd against Guest entred there,  
 And to express our Wellcome more,  
 Bad her strew Rushes at the Door.  
 Then to her Palace she invites  
 The fury of our Appetites.  
 Here *health* corrupted was she said:  
 By a strong *Phylter* from Loves Maid,



*A Hermeticall*

And therefore follow'd, gins to dance,  
 And kisses sweet *Intemperance*.  
 Entering, stood *Hercules* at the Door  
 As Portar, and a Lambs skin wore.  
 No sooner in, but *Venus* she  
 Kist me again to welcome me.  
 First by the Kitchin Dore we past,  
 Where I a sheepish eye did cast  
 Upon the Cooks (fair Ladies all)  
 So busie at the Funerall  
 Of hot *Potatoes*, young *Cock Sparrows*,  
 Whose graves they dig'd in *Pyes* of Marrow.  
 That Men interr'd by such a strong refection  
 Must needs expect a speedy resurrection.  
 Some which delighted not in *Pyes*  
 Were knuckle deep in *Quidinyes*.  
 There *Geladini*, *Consummadi*,  
*Cockbroth*, *Candles*, *Pineoladi*,  
*Eggs* and *Amber*, *Maqueroni*  
*Avec Gallorum Coglioni*  
 Made those sweet Laydes sweat and labour so  
 That every Juncture seem'd in *Balneo*.  
*Health* whisper'd here into mine Ear,  
 And said those meats I must forbear,  
 Lest that Temptation should at length  
 Force me to go beyond my strength.  
 Hence passing up to Loves sweet Chamber,  
 Where every step was Musk, and Amber,  
*Venus*

*Banquet.*

*Venus* to vary her sweet blisses,  
 Numbred our steps with sugred kisses,  
 And when we entred at the Door  
 She multiplied a thousand more.  
 There a round Table spread I found  
 With Diaper hanging to the ground,  
 Where the first Course did ready lye  
 Expecting Hungers Battery.  
*Venus* uncover'd all her Dishes,  
 Better cheer for me she wishes,  
 Bids me fall to : then guides my hand  
 Into a Dish of *Marzapan*.  
 My Appetite being up, I fed  
 Like one new risen from the dead.  
 And had't not been for *Eggs* and *Ling*  
 I had indanger'd surfeiting.  
*Venus* there saw I was distasted,  
 Whispers to *Cupid*; who streight hasted,  
 Brings sweet waters in a Dish  
 For us to wash after our Fish.  
 After a Cup or two of Wine,  
 A kiss, a smile, in little Time  
 The second Course here enter'd in.  
 I fed as I had famish'd been.  
 My hunger was so sharply set  
 I laid about me till I sweat.  
*Venus* so taken was at this  
 My mouth she oft stopt with a kiss,  
H 3      Swearing



## A Hermeticall

Swearing I was a well-come guest,  
 Whose hunger did commend her Feast,  
*Health* was content that I should here  
 Participate of *Venus* Cheere,  
 Until she saw a third Course come,  
 Then shee'd have had me left the roome.  
 M<sup>r</sup> *Herculean Pillar* there she said that I  
 Must streight put up, and *non plus ultra* cry.  
 How to please both I could not tell,  
*Venus* I lov'd, and *Health* aswell.  
 If I neglected what was there  
 Love thought I scorn'd such homely fare;  
 If I exceeded 'twas a chance  
 But *Health* would scorn m' Intemperance.  
 Here I grew dull, and very sad.  
*Venus* or drunk, or else half mad,  
 Claps in my spoon into a Pot  
 Of perfum'd Gelly scalding hot,  
 And cri'd twas a restoring bit  
 For such as Diet *Health* with Wit.  
 I curst a Pox upon her Gelly,  
 Wish'd spoon and Pot within her Belly,  
 Gave her knocks which made her ly  
 For half an hour in Extasy,  
 Flung down the Table, Split her Dishes,  
 Rent all her napkins, burn'd the Rushes,  
 Broke *Cupids* head, & call'd *Health* Whore,  
 Made her drink drunk and sleep inth' Dore.

Then

## Banquet.

Then up I went, call'd *Bacchus* in,  
 Where he and I afresh begin.  
*Mrs* hid himself within the Barrel,  
 Let out the Wine to make us quarrell,  
*Bacchus* begins a double glafs  
 Unto my Mistress *Santas*,  
 I swore I'd pledge it full as deep,  
 And make her drink it in her sleep.  
*Health* in a Dream here stagring up  
 Made *Venus* rise: Then takes my Cup  
 And challeng'd *Bacchus*. *Venus* she  
 Fill'd *Cupids* Quiver, and challeng'd me  
 With a deep draught, a good yard long,  
 Of *Bristow* Milk, pleasant but strong,  
 Whose practise made her heave it in,  
 As though't had but a spoonful been.  
 Half spent before, I could not stand,  
 Against this *Bachanalian*,  
 I still gave back, and durst not venture,  
 Fearing I should not reach the Center.  
*Venus* the slut begins to boast,  
 And ask if I would have a Toast.  
 Or if I'd have a Neats-tongue pie,  
 The which she said would make me drie,  
 To save my Credit (for I saw  
 A Womans will would hear no law,  
 And though it were a Veniall Sin,  
 Drunk or sober shee'd hav't in)

H 4

To



## A Hermeticall

To it I went, and at first bout  
 I suck'd but half the Quiver out,  
 She smil'd and bad me try again.  
 I fear'd the breaking of a Vein.  
 Yet this I saw, that she was laid  
 And could not stand; Yet must be paid,  
 Swearing't should cost another fall  
 But she would see me take up all.  
 Mad Girl quoth I, then drink't I wooll  
 Although it wear a Pulpit full.  
 Heer's to thy *Mars*. Were *Vulcan* up  
 Wee'd make his horn our second Cup.  
 And know that I am none of those  
 Which sleep when th'Glass is at their Nose.  
 Oh how she hugg'd me for that word!  
 But lo comes *Health* arm'd with her sword,  
 And vows if that we do not fly,  
*Mars* would be at us by and by.  
 For she had spi'd in *Bacchus* But  
 A man lye arm'd from Head to Foot,  
 And asking *Bacchus* who twas there,  
 He trembling said God *Mars* I fear.  
 Tush let him come out of his Barrell  
 Quoth *Venus*! He maintain your quarrel.  
 What do you tremble at his sight?  
 My Courtiers must expect to fight.  
 At this boy *Bacchus* staggers up,  
 And forc'd my Mistris tother Cup.

I

## Banquet.

I flung a Bowle of Sack in's eyes,  
 And bad him learn to Temporize:  
 Here *Bacchus* flung me to the ground,  
 His Barrell broke, the hoops ran round,  
 God *Mars* awak'd, and out he comes,  
 Where head gainst head excus'd for drums.  
*Health* here was wounded; so was I.  
*Venus* fell in a Lethargy,  
 The loss of blood made *Mars* retire.  
*Bacchus* still cast new coals inth'fire.  
 A bloody Fray there had you seen,  
 If *Somnus* had not entred in,  
 Who did his heavy Club advance  
 And knock'd us all into a Trance.  
*Sanitas* was dreaming here  
 Of *Bacchus* Bowles and *Venus* cheer,  
 So whilst I slep'd, she stole away  
 Three hours before the break of Day.  
 Out of this trance when I awak'd,  
 My brains they crow'd, my back that ak'd.  
 I felt for *Health*; look'd under th' bed,  
 Faith she was gone. There I halt dead  
 Cald *Cupid*: told him I was dry,  
 Pray him to bring some *Quidiny*.  
 The Jacknapes Boy gave a blind look,  
 Bad me to's Mother, she was Cook.  
 I flung my slippers at his head.  
 And weakly crawling out the Bed  
 I crope to *Venus* chamber Door  
 To enter as before.

She



She thrust me back, and swore shee'd see  
 What arms I bare ear in I be.  
 I knew 'twas Death for any one to bring  
 Toth' Privie Chamber a Pocket Pistoll In.  
 Therefore I durst not strive to enter  
 Lest, that my firelock peradventer  
 Should take fire : But only ask'd if she  
 Knew where my *Sanitas* might be.  
 Alas quoth *Venus* come you here  
 To seek for *Health* ! since fifteen year  
 I never saw that sober las  
 Your *Dietetick Sanitas*,  
 Go home and fast with bread and water,  
 You'l see your Mistris will come after.

Did not I tell you Gentlemen what an In-  
 constant Baggage this *Health* was. She was  
 not only content to entice me to a Bawdy  
 House and there leave me ; but she must rob  
 me of my Poetry too. Well she shall not scape  
 me thus. Rather than lose her ile follow her in  
 Prose : for in that disguise I may chance to re-  
 cover her, since the very name of a Poet makes  
 her hide her self in the Battery. I know this  
 is but a trick of hers to make me forsake *Venus*  
 Court and follow her : for I remember at her  
 parting she seemed much distempered only at  
 the sight of *Venus*, wishing her as far as *Na-  
 ples*.

Had

Had she not spoke that in cold bloud I should  
 have had little reason to believe her ; since I  
 ever found her *Venus* bosome friend, and al-  
 wayes alluring me to her Court. Nay I could  
 never rest for her, untill she had entred me  
 there : where for her sake I was content to do  
 any thing, and yet the Peevish slut would ever  
 be hitting me in the teeth with my inconstan-  
 cy ; though she know twas for her sake I first  
 became dishonest.

I think few men would do so much for a  
 Mistris as I have done for her. I was content  
 to lead my obedience into the race of her Me-  
 thod : where I alwayes run one Course, fed  
 upon one dish, exercised but once a day, drunk  
 but one sort of drink, never flattered Appetite  
 with more lawces than one, wch was Hunger :  
 & yet this precise Girl would not be content.  
 Let her dance over her monologies with her  
 lean sister *Temperantia* and she will. For my  
 part if I but finde her again, Ile teach her an-  
 other course of life : she shall be glad to dance  
 after my Pipe, or ile make her heart bloud  
 smart for it.

To go back again to *Venus* Court to seek  
 her, I have no inclination in the World : nei-  
 ther doth hope give me any assurance of find-  
 ing her there. Yet find her I must that's  
 Certain, or else all will not go well.

I



I am almost of Opinion that if I could but regulate my self according to the custome of these *Hepatick* Inhabitants, and settle my self well here but one forty days, and let health run out her course, that in the end she would come sweating to me again. But I fear I shall not digest their hard Diet.

The other day in a hungry humor I was looking about in the Cooks shops here for some choise bit: faith I could find nothing but dry livers, and a kind of black burn'd broath they made which was *bis. cotto*.

I asked the Cooks what they did with the rest of their better meat? they said that I was come in a very ill hour, and that they had already sent all their best provision to the *Cardiacall Princes Court*.

Yea thought I! here is no abode for me: i'e none of your chew'd meat. Hence wandring up and down in this bloody land; I came at length into a passage so narrow, that at every step I gal'd my Elboes. The bitterness of the Passage, and the fury it put me into made my legs make many a motion to begon out of it. As hasty as I was, I could go but slowly, every lim being over-loaden with passion. If I had met my Mistris there, I had beaten her out of all Reason.

I thought this had been the way to *Venus* Ho-

*Vesica  
fellis.*

*Hospital*, it made me sweat so: but in over-going a little more labour I found it was a blind passage to *Mars* his *Arsenall*. Where I was no sooner entred, but I fell in choler with *Ajax* Lieutenant of the Guard for staining my Stockins.

Here I saw a great number of *Fachini* strongly loaden with Vast Baskets on their shoulders, hasting to a little bitter well, where I saw them open their burdens, taking somewhat out of their Baskets, dipping of it in the water, and presently retiring of it again. My Curiosity was upon thorns to understand the Mystery of their exercise. So that drawing towards them and discovering their Baskets to be full of Humane Tongues, I asked one of them what secret might be inclos'd in that bitter Ceremony.

Quoth he! the Women of the *Hepatick* Land (being all sanguine and merry Gossips) one day at a Publike Feast in *Venus* Court were all so silenc'd by the thundring *Rodomontadoes* of the Garrison Souldiers of *Mars* his *Arsenall*, that their Tongues grew cold for want of Motion. Here they call'd a Counsell among themselves, how they might arrive to this braving humor. A *Virago* start up, and perswaded them that the best, and readiest way was to single out one of those Souldiers from his



his Cameradi, and said she ile undertake with the smell only of a *Baston* to make him confess where they stole our Female Treasure of Talking, and how they became so nimble Linguists. This was approved of by all, and suddenly executed.

They made *Venus* call up one of those Garrison Souldiers into her Chamber, there they all set their tongues on a wheel, and run upon him with so violent a Prologue that Thunder seemed still Musick to it. The Souldier, accustomed to such storms, answered their Thunder with such a rimbombo, that his Ecco's eat up their Audience. Here my *Virago* takes him by the bigotoes, and by vertue of a bed-staff first char'd him to be more masculine, and let silence skin his Tongue which over galld with his continuall motion, and then give them leave to talk to whom other arms were prohibited. Next quoth she I conjure thee by this fearfull *Medusa's* head of thine (for he was a Spaniard) to reveal truly unto us, where you with the rest of your Companions have learned this Womanish Art, and verball Bravery. My poor *Don* promises upon his knees, if they would omit Violence, he should discover how and where he was thus posselt. *Venus*. her self secured him that no hand should be guilty of injury, only let him disclose his secret.

Why

Why then quoth he, you must first know that our Court of Guard in *Mars* his *Arsenall*, when Nature first practised Chymistry, was her Laboratory. *Mars* being troubled with too many white-liver'd Souldiers (such as durst never serve but in some Garrison where there was never any likely-hood of employment) one day discoursing merrily with dame Nature concerning the Philosophers stone, he told her that his curiosity led him not into those golden vanities; so that his Souldiers were paid, heed never moil for other Treasure. But quoth he if I thought your skill afforded any secret to arm a Coward with Valour, I should gladly carry coales and be your Pupill.

In that, Quoth Nature, you speak of Impossibilities; for those kind of men are composed of a Metall so dull, cold, and *Saturnine*, that like *Salamanders*, they resist and extinguish our actuating fires: so that I am ever faine to thrust them into the World, do bak'd.

Yet said she, this I can do; I will make you a *Spagiricall* water which shall give Cowardize an Externall *Tincture* of Valour: into which, let the dullest Spirited Man in your Camps but dip his Tongue, and he shall seem another *Megara*; and maintain in a Souldiers stile that the Valour of *Achilles*, and the labours of *Heracles* were but a game at

Endg-



*A Hermeticall*

Cudggells in Comparrison of those Conquests, Siedges, Batteryes, Assaults, Skirmishes, Amboschadoes, Pitch'd-Battells, Combats, Sea-fights, Duells, &c. Which the World can witness his Arm to be the author of.

Now as I am a Souldier, quoth *Mars*, this Secret must not be lost. And though in our Actions 'twill lend us but little succour; yet be it only to delight our Collonels, and Commanders at a siege, when they want Pastime to call one of these *Rodomontades* into their Tents, and hear him batter Castles with his Tongue, It will be very acceptable to me if you please to favour me with it.

Nature told him, very willingly, and withall desir'd his patience to stand by, and see the Operation, which she promised him would be very delightfull to him.

Then she first took of Tongues,  
and galls of

<i>Bulls.</i>	<i>Parretts.</i>
<i>Bears.</i>	<i>Parrakitoes.</i>
<i>Wolves.</i>	<i>Jayes.</i>
<i>Dogs.</i>	<i>Cuckoes.</i>
<i>Magpies.</i>	<i>Nightingales, an. n. j.</i>
<i>Daves.</i>	

From

*Banquet.*

From Vegetables she took these Herbs

*Cynoglossum.*  
*Hippoglossum.*  
*Arnoglossum.*  
*Buglossum.*  
*Ophioglossum an. M. j.*

From *Reptilia animalia* she took of the  
tongues and tailes of

*Vipers.*  
*Adders.*  
*Snakes.*  
*Lizards an. num. j.*

From *Spagirical* Compositions  
she took of

*Aurum fulminans.*  
*Aqua fortis.*  
*Gunpowder. an. lb. j.*

From every great Bell she took a Clapper,  
from every Apothecaries great Mortar, she  
took a Pestell. These she mixt all with the  
former; and then luted them up in great  
Bells, and so Calcin'd them in the  
*Aetna.*

The Ashes of which she dissolv'd in a wa-  
ter

I

ter



ter distilled from all the Violent Torrents and after Filtrated it first through the leaves of *Calpine* (to make her Operation the more verball) then through twelve new Moons, thereby to attract the essence of their Change and variable inconstancy.

Being well Filtrated she distil'd all through a Trumpet, and then separated the *Phlegma* as unprofitable in this Work.

The Spirits which remained, she put into the Mouth of a Canon, closely luting it *Sigillo Hermetico*, and then Circulated them twelve years in the *Primum mobile*: where contrary to our *Spagiricall* Circulating fires, they became more *agile, mobile, and volatile*. Those Spirits thus Circulated she mixt with a Mouthfull of the Quintessence of every Erratick Star. Then she opened the Graves of all new deceased Lawyers, Charlitani, Tripe-wives, Oyster-Wives, and such like talkative people; cut out all their Tongues, and with the skins thereof she made a great Bladder; which bladder she strongly luted with Drum-heads; and then fill'd it up with Storms, Tempests Whirl-winds, Thunders, Lightnings. &c. Those for their better Incorporation she set (twelve other years) in a Ruff Sea in Fermentation. Which finished, she mixt these with the former; and to be sure there should not re-  
main

main the left breath of *Phlegma*, she rectified them every day thrice in a *Balneo* of Quick-silver twelve other years.

Lastly, to inrabiare the whole *Elixir*, and make it the more Canine, she cut a vein under the Tongue of the Dog-Star, drawing from thence a pound of the most Choleric, adust, and maligne blood; from which she Sublimated the Spirits, & after mixt them with the some of a mad Dog. Then incorporating all together, she return'd them into the former Bladder, Stitching it up only with the Nerves of *Socrates* his Wife.

And thus she finished her Operation, and presented it to *Mars*; bad him put it into any Spring, Well or Fountain, and it should suddenly contaminate the Water with that talkative Vertue.

*Mars* presently (said the Souldier) put it into our Well here in the Court of Guard in his *Arsenall*, and commanded the better part of his Souldiers once in the year to dip their Tongues in this Water, whereby (quoth he) fair Ladyes I became so bitter a Linguist.

And said he. if this be the ground of your quarrell; I wish that all your tongues were perboiled in that water, that so you might never be taken Prisoners by that dull Enemy silence.



Here, the Women had no patience to thank him; but turning him speedily out of the Chamber (as having what they looked for) they presently began a new to consult, how they might get their Tongues washed in this Well; knowing that it was prohibited for any of their Sex to enter *Mars*'s *Arsenall*.

Some of them (whose itching tongues could not admit of delay) longing to have a lick at this Water, stole privately out of the Chamber, and home they ran; put on their Husbands Breeches, and away to *Mars* they went, took pay, and were admitted into his Court of Guard.

The rest concluded, that *Venus*, having a great Command over *Mars*, should petitionate to him that all the Womens tongues (of the *Hepatick* land) might once in the year be dip't into his *Lexicon* to make them Talkative. *Mars* for *Venus*'s sake (being resolved likewise never to marry) gave them licence; but upon promise they would send their Tongues but once a year, and never to come personally.

And thus, said the *Fachin*, once a year I and my Camaradi (we having purchas'd the Monopoly) gain more upon this Day than our Families can consume all the year following: not a Woman omitting the day appointed, to send

send their tongues, with a double Fee; to have them the better washed.

This amazed me more than any thing I had hitherto seen in my Travells.

And indeed, the strangeness of it had eat up my belief, had I not heard the tongues which he had washed lie scolding in his Basket. Then I asked this *Fachino* whether he had ever washed his Wives tongue yet? Oh quoth he, she could never sleep untill she had it: in-somuch that I am glad to wash mine own tongue twice for her once, and yet not able to silence her. Upon this I desired him to give me a little bottle of that water to carry into my Country as a Rarity. By no means quoth he, for it will make you run Mad and scold with all you meet. Why then said I are not all your Women mad? Marry replied he so they are, more or less, according to my discretion in washing them.

I began to thank *Jove* here, that this Well was so far from our Country: though I did suspect that some of them had been licking here. The generall love therefore which I bare to that Sex, made me in pittie, not able to see their Tongues so infected; but drawing my Sword I beat away more than a hundred of those Tongue-loaden Knaves, which were coming to this Well: (presuming that some



Wittall or other would put me in his prayers for it) and then knowing I had committed an Error by drawing my sword in the *Arsenall*, out I ran all in Choler, and as yellow as a *Kites* leg. I had not gone far from thence, but I met my wandring Mistris *Sanitas* with a double *Tertian* on her back. She perceived that I had been lately in Choler, which made her come shaking to me, and excuse her long absence with trembling Apologies. I took her by the hand (which Fear had benum'd with a sleepy chilnel) and asked her why she trembled so? Oh quoth she, the fear which I have that you will not keep me, turns me all into a Gelly. So that the *Organ* pipe of your breath only makes me answer you in quavers.

The poor Girl lent me such pittifull looks, that I had a feeling of her misery: wherefore I presently eased her of the burden of her Song, and took a *Tertian* on my Back, in place of a Knap-sack, and away we went to seek out some charitable Hospitall. Thus thinking speedily to depart out of the *Torrid-Zone* of this *Hepatick* Land. contra: y to expectation we found all the passages stopt, by a great inundation of Waters: an affliction surely sent from Heaven to punish those corrupt Livers. This made us lye at Anchor one Month the longer: where I had much ado to keep life in my

my Mistris *Sanitas*, finding no provision there that was Edible, all things being so unsavory with those brackish waters, that what ever we put into our Mouths Nature thought time lost in masticating them. Hence not only we, but all the inhabitants grew weak, some pale, some greenish, others yeilow, and black, all sickly, for want of our former good nourishment.

It would have mollified a Heart of *Adamant* to have seen those matchless beauties of this Clymate, young Lasses of fourteen years, ruddy and sanguine, have their Virgin beauties Eclipsed by the green Mantle of Loves standing Pool.

Yong married Wives whose tender Palates having been lately accustomed to feed on fresh and dainty bits, now finding their Markets ill served, with dull and sapless Sallads; their *Beccarii* full of drowned Calves whose flagging, and flashy flesh, scarce sweet, their Dogs formerly would not have gap'd at: not able to subsist with this course diet, rather chuse to feed upon green fruits, and *frutta nova*, untill at last their forbidden diet bring them into a *Tympany*.

Young lusty Batchelours here, which entered into Pension at other mens Tables, never remembring this generall inundation, but



finding their diet altered, their meat rank, stale, and of a fishly favor; they suspecting the Cause to be their Hostesses desire of gain, forsake her Table straggle up and down, taking here a snap, and there a snap, untill at last many littles of what is bad, corrupt them, making them perfect *Pythagorists* and abhor all flesh ever after.

Gentlemen, if any of you be Travellers, and Curiosity lead you at any time to visit the *Hepatick* Dominions, see first in the Map of my Travells whether you can make any observations profitable for so dangerous, and desperate a Voyage. Read my description of *Venus* Court, and see if her entertainment can allure you out of your Country. And when you go, be sure to make *Health* your Mistress, and when you come to *Venus* table, let not that wanton Hostels intise you to disorder. Or if she do do not drink your Mistress drunk that she might not be Jealous and then play false under Nose. Have a speciall Care likewise that you be not too familiar with that *Lady Venus*, for she is Mistress unto the Viceroy *Spiritus Naturalis*, of those *Hepatick* Territoryes, who will play the Tyrant if he take you napping: bringing you first on your knees to a publike Confession, and then delivering you into the Hands of the Tormentor, who puts  
you

you into a little Hole like a Tub, and feeds you with nothing but dry musty Crufts, and puddle water, the very smell whereof puts you into *Symptomaticall* sweats. There hee'l sinoak you like a Bacon hog: and for forty dayes you must expect twice a day to be stewed in your own grease. Believe me every bone will have a feeling of his Torments, and though at last he relieve you, yet you shall never be your own man again.

If you incounter with *Bacchus* (as he is never from *Venus* Court) be sure that your first Cup be a parting Cup. And for *Mars* come not near him, lest you grow Cholerick, and so be inflamed, to your great loss of Bloud.

This *Hepatick* Land is so delicious, and bewitching, that few young men return from hence without a Calenture.

Considering therefore how many strong and well-fleshed bodies are brought low in the *Torrid-Zone* of this *Hepatick* land, I have altogether laboured in this third Course to feed you as *Venus* fed me, onely with Restoratives, that you may travell more cheerfully with me unto the *Cardiacall* Court.

But first that you may examine the honesty of our *Spenditore*, I shall desire you here to over-see what *Hepaticall* Ingredients he hath brought



brought out of Galens Market, before he deliver them to the Cook and his Lardery: that so if the Cook and he should afterwards play false, you may find it in your Dishes.

*Hepaticall* Ingredients which Heat and Corroborate a colde weak Liver.

<i>Agrimon.</i>	<i>Helenicum.</i>
<i>Absinth.</i>	<i>Flos Tunicis.</i>
<i>Capill. ♀.</i>	<i>Vve pas.</i>
<i>Salvia.</i>	<i>Pistachia.</i>
<i>Cuscuta.</i>	<i>Sem. calida.</i>
<i>Asarum.</i>	<i>Cal. aroneat.</i>
<i>Schenant.</i>	<i>Cassia lig.</i>
<i>Spica.</i>	<i>Cinamon.</i>
<i>Agerat.</i>	<i>Aromata omnia.</i>
<i>Fenicul.</i>	<i>Nucl. Per sic.</i>
<i>Apium.</i>	<i>Lig. Indic.</i>
<i>Asparag.</i>	<i>Sassafras.</i>
<i>Eupator. A-</i>	<i>Rad. China.</i>
<i>vicen.</i>	<i>Sassaparill.</i>

Such as Cool and strengthen a hot Liver.

<i>Endivia.</i>	<i>Scariota.</i>
<i>Cichoria.</i>	<i>Dens Leon.</i>
	<i>Portulal.</i>

<i>Portulac.</i>	<i>Camphor.</i>
<i>Rose.</i>	<i>Pom. gran.</i>
<i>Viola.</i>	<i>Ribes.</i>
<i>Nimphaa.</i>	<i>Berberis.</i>
<i>Acetosa.</i>	<i>Melones.</i>
<i>Fragaria.</i>	<i>Cerasa.</i>
<i>Sem. frig.</i>	<i>Acetum.</i>
<i>Hordeum.</i>	<i>Serum Capr.</i>
<i>Santal.</i>	

Now that our liquid Restoratives may run down with a better relish, we will first fall to our Biscuit.

And for this purpose our Cook here presents you with a French Biscuit, which he hath borrow'd from a French Cook; and to make it the more *Sympaticall* with your Diet, he gives it here another heat.

℞. Of the purest flower, ℥. ℞.  
Of the whitest Sugar, ℥. iij.

Cream of  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Pinioli.} \\ \text{Pistacks} \\ \text{Almonds. an. } \bar{\zeta} \text{ j.} \end{array} \right.$

Oil of  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Annise.} \\ \text{Cinamon.} \end{array} \right.$  an. g. x.

With four or five fresh Eggs beaten together in Almond milk made



*A Hermeticall*

made with Rosewater, mix all together, *s. a.* Of which make your Biscuit in what shape you please, and then recommend it to the Oven.

Next comes in play a Martiall bread, *Panis Martius*, which the French Character stamps into Maquaron; whose composition, is thus,

*℞.* Sweet Almonds blanched, *℥. j.* beat them exquisitely in a mortar, moisten them with Rosewater, then incorporate therewith of the best white Sugar *℥. j.* Gum Dragant dissolved in Rosewater, with three or four whites of Egges, beat all to a perfect mixture, and make your Maquarons, and dry them only with a temperate heat.

These give a speedy nourishment, and are therefore necessary in all Consumptions of the Liver and Lungs.

From Biscuit we will fall to our diet drink: presuming every man to wax dry after a Crust.

That we may remember therefore our merry Dayes past, lets drink our own Healths  
in

*Banquet.*

in this *Hepaticall* Cup: and if the last Man quarrell because theres no body to pledge him; let him call his *Mistris Sanitas* in play, and then all will go well.

The first *Hepaticall* Diet drink,

*℞.* Agrimon.  
Fol. Salvia.  
Cochlear.  
Eupator. Avic. an. M. j.  
Flor. Rosmarin.  
Spice. an. P. j.  
Sem. Fenic.  
Anis. an.  $\frac{3}{4}$  ℔.  
Rad. Asparag.  
Petrosel.  
Fenicul. an.  $\frac{3}{4}$  j.  
Cinamom.  
Zinzib.  
Calam. arom. an.  $\frac{3}{4}$  j.  
Sassafras.  $\frac{3}{4}$  vj.  
Passularum. ℔. ℔.

All prepared according to art, and put up in a Canvas Bag, Cast it into a little Barrell of White Wine, or new Wort. Then have you a diet drink both *Therapeutick* and *Prophylactick* in all cold Distempers of the Liver,  
pre-



preserving likewise every Part from Obstructions the Originall of most Diseases.

The Second *Hepat.* Diet drink,

℞. *Rad. Chinae.*  
*Santalor. om.* an. ℥vj.  
*Rad. Cichor.*  
*Endiv.*  
*Nymph.*  
*Liquirit.* an. ℥j.  
*Flor. Rosar. rub.*  
*Violar.*  
*Nymphae.* an. P. j.  
*Sem. Portulac.*  
*Lact.*  
*Papav. alb.* an. ℥iij.

With these proceed as with the former, but taking small Wort, and you shall finde it a Singular Cooler after your Travells in the *Hepatick Torrid Zone.*

And who ever loves Coursing. and is at the charge of a Runing Nag, he shall find this his best watering.

The

The third *Hepat.* Diet drink.

℞. *Lig. Guaiac.*  
*Sassaparil.*  
*Sassafras.*  
*Rad. Chinae* an. ℥ij.  
*Sem. Anisi.*  
*Fenic.* an. ℥j.  
*Rad. Glycyrrhys.*  
*Cichoria.*  
*Endivia.* an. ℥β.  
*Cinamom.*  
*Nuc. mosch.*  
*Galange.* an. ℥ij.

Inclose all in a Barrell of White wine, and reserve it to your use, which is an Excellent dryer of all superfluous humidities of this *Hepatick* soil; corroborates and califies a cold distempered Liver, Evacuates all maligne Vapours *per Diaphorisin*, and restores it to his Naturall temper. Therefore I recommend it to all *Philogynists.*

Before you drink any more Healths give your Palate a little dry Gust, and tast of these *Regall Pastes*, which in all Consumptions, exhaustion of Spirits, lost forces, bring you in the Field again and make you Combatant.

The



## The first Regall Paste.

℞. Amygdal. dulc. decort.  
 Nucleor. Pineor.  
 Pistachior. an. ℥ iij.  
 Sem. Cucum.  
 Cucurb.  
 Melon. an. ℥ j. ℞.

All beaten in a Mortar, irrigate them with Rosewater, then adde Sacch. alb. ℥ xij. Penidii. ℥ ij. Gum. Arab. ℥ ij. Amyli. ℥ j. Fiat. past. Regal. s. a. The which is an excellent restoring cooler.

## The Second Regall Paste.

℞. Pulp. Capon. assi.  
 Perdic. assatar.  
 Carnium Testud.  
 Cancror. fluviat. in Vin.  
 alb. lot. Et in aq. hord.  
 decoctar. an. ℥ iij.  
 Pinearum recent. mund. in aq. rosar.  
 tepid. per 4. horas infusar. ℥ iij.  
 4. sem. frig. major. mund.  
 Amygdal. dulc. decort. an. ℥ ij.  
 Penidiorum. ℥ j. ℞.

All

All beat in a Marble Mortar; pass them through a Scive with Rosewater: to which you shall adde Sacchar. alb. in aq. rosar. dissolut. ℥ j. Sacchar. cand. ℥ ij. gum. Tragacant. ℥ iij. Boil them all with a gentle fire unto a convenient conglutination, which when it cools, you shall adorn with these Jewells,

Salis Perlar.

Salis Coral. an. ℥ ij.

Then make it up into little Cakes of what form your Fancy falls into, and dry them in a tepid Oven.

This for Restoring exceeds all and is able to incarnate a *συνάστου* repairing Nature so fully her losses, that she will run Mad to be gaming again.

## The third Regall Paste.

℞. Rad. Satyr. in jure Capon. ebullit.  
 Et postea cum aq. ros. cribat. ℥ iij.  
 Amygdal. dulc. decort.  
 Pistach. mund.  
 Pinear. mund. an. ℥ ij.  
 Pulp. rad. fring. per crib. passat.  
 Pulp. rad. Pastinac. cribat. an. ℥ ij.  
 Penidiorum. ℥ j. ℞.

All



## A Hermeticall

Farin. Cicoram. ℥ij. ℞.

Scinci marini. ℥ ℞.

Galanga.

Zinzib. condit. an. ℥iij.

Vitell. ovor. recent. num. x.

Sacchar. alb. ℔. j. ℞.

Fiat Past. Reg. s. a.

I did very Ill I did not reserve this third Regall Past untill the end of my Banquet: for I fear 'twill make some of you rise before the last Course enter.

You hotter Livers shall use for a Cooler this insuing Amygdaline Milk: which in Summer heats, and after other calefying exercises, you shall find inflam'd Nature repay your Charity in cooler terms.

## Lac Amygdalinum.

℞. Amygdal. decort. ℥ iij.

Sem. Cucum.

Papav. alb.

Lactuc.

Melon. an. ℥ i.

Macerate all four hours in Rosewater, then with Sugar. q. s. fiat lac. Amygd.

Here is an Italian Dish for you Gentlemen, very substantiall and pleasant: and I doubt

## Banquet.

doubt not but when you have tasted of it, you will gladly enrich your Cooks with the ℞.  
I will not bid you fall to whil't 'tis hot: for 'tis to be eaten cold.

## Bianco mangiare.

℞. Of the flower of Rice, ℔. ℞.  
dissolve it in Milk, q. s.

Then take the Pulpe of a young Capon tender boyld, sweet Almonds numb. xxiij. beat these well in a Mortar then mix them with the Milk, and Rice: pass all through a Course Cloath, adding thereto what quantity of Sugar you please: Then boile it on a soft fire, still stirring it untill it coagulate into the consistence of a strong Gelly: when it begins to cool adde thereto of Amber, and musk dissolv'd in Rose water as much as shall render it a gratefull odour.

But for those which are brought so low, that Nature is almost desperate of ever giving another flesh Livery, to such I present this insuing Restorative or Consummada, which above all other, manifests his effects in a most momentary Operation, replenishing the Veins faster with bloud, than assimilation can dispence of it.



The Prime way for *Consummadoes*.

℞. An old Capon exenterated, his neck, wings, and feet cast away, and the rest cut into small pieces. Then take one or two Partridges, the flesh of a leg of Veal all cut small then mace- rate all 24. hours in white Wine. Then put the Wine and flesh into a great glass Phialam with ℥ss. of Cinamon, and two nut-megs grossly beaten, prepared Pearls and Corall of each ℥iij. Flowers of Borage, Bug- lols, an. P. j. All being well mixt to- gether, and the Orifice of your Glass exactly stopt, set it in *Balneo bulliente* where let it boil well for eight or nine hours without Intermission. Then strain all through a Coarse Canvas, separating the fat which swims on the superficies, and if there yet appear any signe of Crudity, reboil it again between two dishes untill it's white- ness manifest a perfect decoction. Of which you are to take but three or four spoonfulls warm, reiterating the same every three hours, and thus in little time you may promise your bones a Winter Coat.

Here

Here is *Don Consummadoes* Cofin Ger- man *Signior Geladino*, who petitionates as a well-wisher to your State, and desires to en- ter into pay: pray Sirs judge him not at first sight to be a Coward, because he trem- bles when any Man toucheth him: for upon my Word he is hearty enough, and deserves to be your Corporall.

*Geladina.*

℞. A Capon of two years old,  
the flesh of a leg of Veal,  
four Calves feet,  
White Wine,  
Fair water. an. ℔vj.

Boil all in a new earthen vessell, scum- ing of all the fat: when 'tis well boild, strain it, separating all the fat. Then put this broth into a new vessell with ℔j. of Sugar. Cinamon unbeaten ℥ss. Cloves num. 12. boil it again a little, then adde thereto the whites of two eggs; then reboil it again, and pass it *per manic. Hip. s. a.* before it cool mix a little Musk, and Amber dissolv'd in Rosewater with it.

K 3

These



## A Hermeticall

These *Hepaticall* Dishes which you have hitherto fed upon, do onely restore: here I will close up your Stomacks with a *Therapeutick* Dish.

An *Hepaticall* Antidote.

℞. *Agrimon.*  
*Fol. Eupat. Avis.*  
*Absint.*  
*Salvia. an. M. j.*  
*Fenic.*  
*Rad. Petrosel.*  
*Aspar.*  
*Heleni. an. ℥ j.*  
*Spica.*  
*Flor. Salvia.*  
*Tunicis. an. P. j.*  
*Feniculi.*  
*Sem. Anisi.*  
*Carui. an. ℥ ℞.*  
*Calam. arom.*  
*Cinamom.*  
*Cassia lig.*  
*Sassafras.*  
*Rad. Chine. an. ℥ ij.*

With

## Banquet.

With the rectified Spirits of Wine draw their Tincture: to which Tincture you shall add,

Extract. *santal.*

Extract. *Chelid. an. ℥ ℞.*

□ *ri Glaci. ℥ ij.*

Tinctur. *croci ℥ cum*

•• *Δ ris prep. ℥ ij.*

*Salis Corallor. ℥ ℞.*

*Essentia ℥ ℥ j.*

Circulate them all in *Balneo* the space of twenty four hours, then in *B. Vaporoso* separate the Spirits from the Tincture untill it coagulate to an Extract which you shall reserve a part.

The Spirits you shall animate with the Soul of his Vegetables.

## The Vertues.

'Tis a Universall Antidote against all *Hepaticall* debilitations proceeding from a cold Distemper. It corroborates the Liver, and all the Naturall Facultyes, returning them their proper strength and temper.

K 4

So



So that for all such Persons as by reason of a weak Liver are proclive to Dropsies, Cachexies Jaundice &c. Art never lent us a more absolute Preservative.

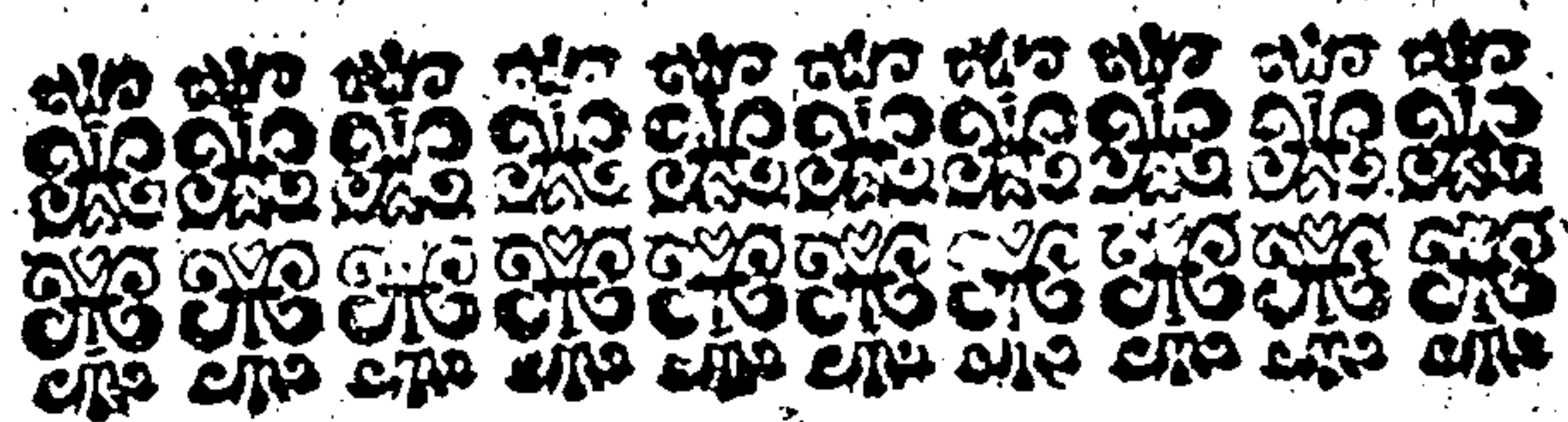
Dosis.

You are to take the Quantity of a scruple, either alone or in Wine, Broth, or some Specificall Water.

*[Faint, illegible text]*

*[Faint, illegible text]*

THE



THE  
FOURTH AND LAST  
COURSE CAR-  
DIACALL.

Being well recover'd from my great weakness brought by Disorders in my late *Hepatick* travells: that I may finish my discovery of this *Microcosmicall* Globe; and from my observations compose an *Anthropographicall Map*, for a light to such young Travellers as hereafter the devotion of Curiosity shall fall into this Pilgrimage, I am now resolved to set on towards the *Cardiacall* Territoryes.

My Mistris *Sanitas* dares not undertake this Voyage: for she tells me we must Imbark again in the Red-Sea from whence we shall  
fail



*Vena cava* sail into a bloody gulf which hurries us down into a hollow vein of that Earth, where we uncomfortably go many Leagues underground before we can arrive to the Viceroyes Court *Spiritus Vitalis*. Besides quoth she, 'tis to passionate a Land for our weaker Sex to abide in: there abounding so many Discontents, Treacheries, Rebellions, Dissimulations, Flatteries, Inconstancies, Vain desires, Desperations, Arrogancies mixt with Envy, Hatred, Avarice, Pride, Ambition, Vain glory, with a thousand such like Fanatick Spirits in the Hearts of those Inhabitants, that 'tis too difficult a Task either for young or Old to live there without infection; especially for her to whom they were all professed Enemies.

Asking of her why she called those *παιδα*, Fanatick Spirits? She answered, because the Princess *Phantasia*, of the *Cephalick Peninsula* first, in a depraved humor gave them their entertainment: Where they grew to such a head, that *Spiritus Animalis* began to be jealous of his Princess *Phantasia*, fearing they might corrupt her: Therefore he commanded *Intellectus* his Favorite (whom it did likewise much concern) to banish them his *Peninsula*, and to confine them to the Center of the *Microcosme*. Where said she they have now incroached into the *Cardiacall* Court, and so blinded

blinded the Viceroy *Spiritus Vitalis*, that they now command and rule his Court.

I could not but laugh here at *Saritas* to here how like a Woman she talked: and then turning to her, I asked if she thought those motives sufficient to divert the resolutions of a Traveller. Or if she took me for one of those *Milk-sops* which durst not pass the Sea because it roard, and would defer his Voyage into France untill the French-men had learn'd the English tongue. I told her I feared no Bug-Bears; My Nature was better pleas'd with horrid and forrain Monsters, than with the yealping Beauties of Domestick Puppy dogs.

And though she were my Mistris; she had not yet drawn me into the Predicament of slavery to oblige me never to row out of her Gally. I assured her I was free born, and her Eyes were yet too dul to fire me out of my Liberty. Besides, I bad her Remember in what a case she left me in the *Hepatick* Land: where when I return'd sickly to *Venus* Court, expecting a Cobby of my first Well-come, *Venus* then not knowing me (I being before *Animus adipe & sanguine suffocatus*) shut her Dore against me crying *tuus inter nos non volat Cupido*. The Kitchen maids also anatomized my *Skelton* with Yeasts, one asking me if I would drink a Caudle? and then singing

*Ora*



*Ova non meruit qui non Galinam nutrit.*

Another took up a lean *Gridiron*, and with a rib of an old Servant of hers, she scrapes out this Motto. *Quam bene conveniunt.*

A third stood knocking of an empty Marrow bone against a broken Pipkin crying, *Jupiter non mella plus pluit*, then threw it into the Fire, and sung this *Epidicticon*.

Lean bones which yeeld no fat at all,  
The Fire is their best Funerall.

Sweet Sir, if you'll renew Desire?

Go pass our *Therapeutick Fire*.

Then without knocking you may enter in,  
As *Prophylactick* of our Magazin.

The remembrance of this was such a cooling card to *Sanitas*, that she let fall all persuasive Arguments, and leaves me to my wandering Discretion: telling me wherever I went I had her Heart. And since she was unfit for such a Journey; she prayed me to accept of her Sister *Convalescentia*, who was very well acquainted with my Humor and Diet, and therefore might be serviceable in so long a Voyage. I thank'd her with acceptance, and giving her a parting kiss, presently Imbark'd on the Red-Sea, where a fair Gale brought me presently upon the *Cardiacall Gulf*; where  
(as

(as *Health* said) we fell desperately under Ground in a hollow Vein of the Earth, which brought our Bark in few hours directly upon the Viceroyes Court, where had not the Sluces hindred us, we had landed at the Court Dore; the Court Swimming in a Lake of *Cristaline* water.

There expecting the opening of those Floud gates, I was received by one of the Court Boats, the Ferry-man whereof was attir'd more like a Gentleman Usher, than a water-man. His good Clothes made me take better notice of him, and examin his profession. Therefore I knew no better way to put my self upon his Discourse, than by hitting him in the Teeth with that empty headed Complement, Pray what may I call your name Sir? The Gentleman (as I after found him to be so) answer'd in an affected Phrase, that he was *Signior Curioso*, and Son to the *Signiora Curiosa* Lady of Honour to the *Duchessa Superbia*, Wife to his Lord and Prince *Don Ambitio*, whom quoth he, I serve; my place and charge being as you see, to Ferry Stangers over into his Court.

Here I interrupted his Geneologies and desir'd him to row me back again, craving him pardon, for I was mistaken: my Travells tending to the *Cardiacall Court* of *Spiritus Vitalis*,



*talus*, which it seemed was not there. Sir, quoth he, have Patience; You shall not need to return; for you are entering the place which you seek: though it now be call'd the Court of *Don Ambitio*, who being at first a Favorite to this *Cardiacall* Prince, in few years gain'd so far upon the Hearts of the Subjects, that they all neglected their legitimate *Viceroy Spiritus Vitalis* and wholly doted upon him, who now rules and commands all: the other being only Titular.

Finding him so open in his Relations; I resolv'd to make him Dictator to my Table-books, knowing that his Curiosity would omit nothing. First therefore I brought him on, with superficial Questions; asking him (a Dutch Curiosity) how many Paces that *Cardiacall* Lake might eat up in Latitude?

Sir, quoth he, It seems you have not yet seen the new *Anthropogeographical* Map lately Extant; where this *Cardiacall* Part is call'd *Italia Microcosmi* (as containing the Center of the World) and this Lake is there baptiz'd by the name *Il Lago passionato*, where the hearts of Desperate Lovers hourly float in Passion.

His mouth had scarce clos'd up this relation; but lo! appear'd the Heart of *Dido* swimming after our Boat, and calling for her

*Aeneas*,

*Aeneas*. This brought his Theory into Practick, and made me the more credulous, and prompt to exercise his Historical tongue, with other propositions of my Ignorance. Turning my face therefore towards the *Cardiacall* Court, and seeing so Princely a Fabrick Iye bounding with a perpetuall motion upon so still a water! so soon as Amazement return'd my Tongue her Liberty, I ask'd *Signior Curioso* if it were not a Vanity to demand the cause of that Magick Motion, which there appear'd dancing from *Dyastole* to *Systole* in the circle of Inchantments.

He answer'd, that I had here brought him upon a great Antiquity: the Relation of which would be a Present very gratefull to Memory. Know therefore quoth he that this *Lago Passionato*, is properly and anciently call'd the Lake of *Icarus* (and by corruption *Ichor*) as *Ovid* sings,

*Icarus Icarias nomine fecit aquas.*

For herein fell that Ambitious Son of *Daedalus*, whose presumption was the Originall of this *Cardiacal* motion. For when *Daedalus* by his winged Art did emulate those Angelicall Deities, as one day, he and his Son were exercising their Ambitious Plumes; flying beyond the Region of Mortall Liberty, *Phebus* was call'd forth from his *Helion's* Sphere



to view those presumptuous *Cretensi*, *Dadalus* had no sooner Spi'd him draw back the Curtain of his Clouds, but, wisely he retir'd. *Icarus*, hot in Ambition, and, neglecting his Fathers more aged precepts, follows the sublimity of his Fansy, and soars up so high, that *Phœbus* in choller with his aspiring vanity, call'd him up to the Element of Fire, where his Wings being burn'd, his Ambition fell with his Body into this Lake. Then, to make him and his Father Secular Examples; he caus'd *Dadalus* to build a floating Temple in this Lake, and to fill it with Penitentiall Fires. Then *Phœbus* chain'd the winged Soul of drown'd *Icarus*, upon the top of this Temple, there to labour in a perpetuall motion; striving by the strength of his Wings to elevate his Ambitious Soul, which was as fall pull'd down again by its overburdened Terrestriety. Which constant Motion likewise did ventilate the Inclosed Fires, whereby the Soul of *Icarus* was hourly refresh'd in the violence of his exercise, to the end his Torments might be eternall. And for *Dadalus* he commanded him to wander perpetually in this Lake (wearing his Ambitious Plumes in his Head) that the hourly sight of his Sons Torments, might feed the Memory of his Presumption.

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Hence said he proceeds the cause of this constant motion of our *Cardiacall* Palace: Those *Penitentiall* Fires remaining to this hour in some Chambers of our Court: though now few or none make use of them in their Sacrifice; the whole Court applying themselves wholly to the flattering of *Dan Ambitio*, every one labouring to be his *ἀρχιμυρ*, and because he dares not perfume his greatness with the mortifying smoke of these *Penitentiall* fires, (lest it should choak the Torrent of his Pride, and bring him to a *Miserere*) they all, not to alienate from his humor, rake them up in the embers of Vanity.

But after some few hundred years said he, *Phœbus* being mov'd to Pitty by the tears of *Dadalus*, and *Penitentiall* Offerings brought to this Temple by his Parentage, at last gave Liberty unto their pining Souls, by turning the Soul of *Dadalus* into an *Eagle*, whereof he made a Present to *Jupiter*. And of *Icarus* he made the *Phoenix*, thereby to express the singularity of his Pride: and lest Time might blot out the Memory of his great Presumption, once in an Age he Inioyn'd him build an Altar of *Arabian Aromaticks* and thereon to Sacrifice his Body with the Fires of his Solar Rayes. In reward of which he promis'd that his Youth should be as often renewed.

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In those Dayes likewise, quoth he, this *Cardiacall* Palace, upon that Occasion was call'd the Temple of *Sol p̄vnta*, whither many Ambitious Sinners came in Devotion to kiss those *Penitentiall* Fires: so that no part of the World was so famous for Devotion. But *Phœbus* had no sooner relieved those tormented Souls of *Dædalus* and his Son; but streight Religion here ceas'd: and it was presently Inhabited by those *Fanatick* Spirits which *Intellectus* had banish'd from the *Cephalick Peninsula* for bewitching of the Princess *Fantasia*, and threatning his Ruin.

Here the Viceroy, *Spiritus Vitalis*, one Day in his Progress, taking notice of these fair Buildings, and seeing them lye buried in their Ruines: falling in love with the situation of the Place, presently sent for his Magicians, whom he commanded to conjure all those Spirits to retire into a little chamber in the left partition of this Palace (where lay the *Penitentiall* Fires) and there to chain them up. Then he caus'd his *Architects* to renew the lost Beauty of those demolish'd Ruines: And to revive the dead Fame of that Former Temple he made his Magicians inchant it with a perpetuall and Propheticall Motion: on whose Top, (to make it more miraculous) he rais'd a vast *Pyramis*, hewen out of one Intire *Ruby*: and then

then proclaim'd it the Oracle of *Æsculapius*; causing the Fame thereof to be publish'd through out the whole Vniverse; and that all Diseas'd, of what Infirmity so ever, let them repair to this Oracle in Devotion, and but touching the Motion thereof only, the Oracle should infallibly assure them whether their Disease were Mortall or not. Here our Boat arriving at the Palace Gate, his Relation (which I found more Poetical than Rational) was silenc'd by the approach of his Mother the Lady *Curiosita*: who came thither ready with all her followers to attend my landing. Where the Earth had scarce kiss'd my Feet, but she commanded her Gentlemen Ushers *Signior Polito* and *Signior Ceremonioso*, together with her waiting Gentlewomen *Signiora Impudentia*, and *Signiora Confidentia*, to bring me forward. Then presently she her self seiz'd upon me, leading me into the Court, and telling me that her Curiosity had impos'd that duty upon her, to give entertainment to strangers, her Genius being most proper for such employments.

Following that Lady up a pair of high Stairs (whose Altitude made our Hearts nimbler than our heels) and being with a quick Sublimity, by the *Mercuriall* Complements of *Signior Ceremonioso*, brought to the highest



step: there I was taken by the *Duchessa Superbia*. Who ere she would deign to let her tongue move towards me, she comanded her *Major Domo*, *Signior Prodigio*, to clap one of her Loids (*Don Ambitio*) gawdy suites on my back, and to put me in Fashion. Here, me thought I look'd, like a candle in the Sun: or like a wooden spoon in a Sack-Poffet. I was just like a new rigg'd ship, govern'd by a Sculler: who labouring with a Contrary Wind to leave my Common Road, and shew my self in the Ocean; I made my rich Apparell my Compass: from which I never durst draw mine Eyes, lest I should forget my Course, and so be blown back again into my old Harbour.

I wish'd that she had lent my Face a new Cover to: for I was very suspitious lest that (though Impudent enough) should have betray'd my outside, there remaining still a Rusticall character, which rich Imbroaderies could not Eclips,

In fine, she had put me so far out of Fashion with my Naturall Gate, Annuities, and obicure breeding; that I was more troubled in Practising how to be taken a man of my Cloath, than ever *Jerelictum* was when he first Tutor'd his *Apes*.

For Courtly Phrases and Complements, I wanted

wanted none: For, Sir *Philip Sidney*, and *Ben Johnson* can testifie, that I have so overburthened my Memory out of their Granaries, that it being too weak to retain them, lets them often drop here, and there to no purpose.

For exteriour gestures, and Ocular Ceremonies, my private Chamber Practice had so inur'd me, that I mistook every man I met in the street for my Looking-glass.

To say the truth, nothing blank'd me, but a scurvy durty Opinion, which like an evill Angell hourly persecuted me: telling me that my cloaths would subscribe to antiquity, before my Fortunes could renew their thred-bare Titles, by some better Calling. Looking downward upon the ugly Foot of this Opinion, I was letting all my Bravery (with the Peacock) fall to the Ground, and sneaking again into my posture.

But here *Signiora Confidentia* prevented me: who cock'd up my Beaver, gave me a resolute kiss, and assur'd me that her Lady *Mistris Superbia* was in love with me: for whose sake, she said, she had settled a good Opinion of me; bad me be bold, and Confident of my well-come, and to proceed; for she would warrant me preferment.

At this, I began to make a noise with my spurs: call for my Lackquies (though they



all knew poverty preserv'd me from that Vanity) and then desir'd this resolute young Lass *Confidentia*, to carry me into the chief Lodgings of the Court, that I might be taken notice of by some of the Nobility, whom I was then Confident would cast a Fortune upon me.

The desperate Witch, without farther Ceremonies brings me presently into the Chamber of Presence, where sate *Don Ambitio* on a high Throne swelling in the pride of his Humane Deity. Where he gave entertainment to himself (esteeming his conversation too great an Honor for that poor worm Man) by viewing the Retraicts of those proud *Egyptian Pyramides*, with that *Rhodian Colossus*; and promising himself, that his Name should feed Posterity with greater Memorials. And sometimes reading the lives of *Caligula*, *Domitian*, and *Heliogabalus* (*qui sibi divinos honores deferri, simulacra sua ubique erecta adorari, seque in Deorum numerum referri, iussit*) whereupon he falls in love with that Romish Pride, and would fain second it; but that his Ambition will not admit of Imitation.

Seeing him as it were lost in those serious meditations; I ask'd *Signior Confidentia*, whether we were not fallen into Presumption

by

by daring to enter a Place which seem'd prohibited. Sir, quoth she, you can not do me a greater wrong than by nursing such vain suspicions.

No place to me is prohibited. Were it in his most secret and private Counsels, I am confident he would embrace me. He dares not shut me out at any time, lest I make him ashamed for it. For he knows full well, 'twas I gave him his Titles in the Court, by putting him forward, and from a poor younger brother made him chief Favorit here in the *Cardiacall* Court, where he now wholly Commands.

And though I be but a poor waiting Gentlewoman, I can make him forsake all his negotiations, and hearken to any thing that I shall put into his Head.

With that she ran to him: strikes his Book out of his hand, and kist him. I expected still when he should have kick'd her Confidence. Whereas he quite Contrary payd her with interest in her own money, hugging of her, as if she had bin his Minion. And then taking notice of me (as being alone he must of necessity) he began to mix Anger with Pride, and so threw a scornfull look upon me; asking her in a low voice, what Fellow that was which had thus lost himself in presumption. I began

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to tremble fearing he might think I had stoln his suit of Apparell which I had then on my back: But *Confidentia* excus'd all, and told him I was a poor Gentleman, and a stranger that was betray'd by Fortune, and therefore came thither alone, to manifest his Innocency.

Ask him quoth he, his Name, his Country and Parentage.

Here that I might enter into the Geneologies of his Kindred, knowing him to have a Spanish Heart, I bad her tell him that I was a *Spaniard*: my name *Signior Emulatio*; base son to one *Signior Ambitio* a man of great blood in *Spain*, whose Estate being decay'd, left his tender Nursery to the blind Tuition of Fate: who had transplanted me out of that barren Soil, hither into his *Cardiacall* Garden, where I hop'd the Sun of his Favour would make me fruitfull.

She had no sooner deliver'd my answer, and name *Emulatio*; but he presently start up; began to look about him, and then calling three or four Oaths to witness, swore that I was his Cousin german, and the neerest in blood to him, that day extant.

Whereupon he made me large promises: bad me be alwayes at hand: and not to leave him, untill he should supplant me by some greater Fortunes. Then

Then he commanded *Signiora Confidentia* to wait upon me, cherish me, carry me into every corner of the Court, and to recommend me unto his Lady *Superbia* for a Favorite: Then bad us retire a while, for 'twas his hour of rest.

*Signiora Confidentia* was mad untill she had entred me into the practice of the Court: therefore bringing me speedily out of the Chamber of Presence, she lead me first into the Lodgings of the Lady *Avaritia*, *Tesoriera* to *Don Ambitio*, where we found her and her five Furies (*Diffidentia*, *Metus*, *Solicitudo*, *Spes vana*, and *Desperatio*) at Dinner, exercising their lean rigid Mandibles upon the hard, musty, and brown Chippings of sowre Barley bread; with *Onions*, *Garlick*, *Stockfish*, *Red-Sprats*, *Ship-Beefe* which had been seazon'd with an *Indian Voyage*: without either Table, Stooles, Napkins, Knives, or any such Stomack Instrument.

But all lay in a horrid Mixture upon a heap of straw, which after dinner they fir'd to encourage Naturall Heat to fall aboard on such indigestible Materialls.

Amazement here broke my Silence; calling therefore *Confidentia* aside, I told her how strangely I was lost in *Labyrinth* of Admiration, if she with the thread of Reason did not



not guide me out. I pray'd her therefore to set me at Liberty, in making me understand what new Policy *Don Ambitio* had found to make Shee-Treasurers in his Court: and besides to tell me what Vertues could subsist in that dry hydebound Hag and *Megara Avaritia*, to make his Ambitious Spirit cast such principle Honours upon her detested Ugliness.

*Confidentia* hearing me no better then rail in my demands, presently falls into my tune, and professing her self an open Enemy to that Witch *Philargiria*: satisfyes me with this impartiall description.

Quoth she, you must know that this now Lady, was first a Common Baw'd, but so cunning, and dexterous in her Calling; that she would undertake by Vertue of a Jewell to make Chastity her self a Whore. And this Profession brought her first into our Court: where she presently forc'd a Respect from the Necessity of her Calling.

Her beginning was in the Kitchen; from thence she rose to be a Chamber maid; and so to a Waiting Gentlewoman. Here, notice began to be taken of her by the great ones: so that if any of them were love-sick, she presently felt their Pulse, and with a small feeling from them, promis'd a speedy and pleasant Cure.

It happened that our Lord *Don Ambitio*, among his Infinity of Mistrisses, could not satisfie himself, but one day taking notice of three young Vertuous Virgin Ladies (*Signiora Castitade*, *Signiora Innocentia*, and *Signiora Constantia*, who abhorring his insatiate and lascivious Lust, and to avoide the malice of his Ambition, liv'd retir'd. and never appear'd publickly in the Court unless upon a *Christ-mass*, or *Easter Day*) their beauties gave such an Inflammation to his Lust, that without opening of a Vein there was no scaping of a Phrensy. Here, quoth *Confidentia*, I like a mad Girl, under hand plai'd the Baw'd, and put him upon this more Authentick Baw'd *Avaritia*, assuring him that she would corrupt them if Corruptible.

He, like an expert Gamster at Inn-and-Inn, would not hazzar'd those Golden heaps untill he had made the Dice run of his side. Sends therefore for, then but Mistris, *Avaritia*, and makes her Lady of Honour. Thus he first made her a companion for the Noblest: that young simplicity might not dream of corruption in such Greatness. Then he throwes the Dice freely; venters all at a Cast, opens his Desires, and shews the game which he gave Chase to: tells with what Innocent and Chast simplicity they avoided his snares, and how difficult it was to intrap them.

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*Avaritia* laugh at his Ignorance: and then bad him take no more Care, but go, and beat the bush for some new Game: as for those she would speedily bring them into his Golden Net.

To those Yong Ladyes she goes; enters into their Cabinets; there falls into Discourse & familiar Conversation: First fingring them, as Lutanists do their more Delicate and choise Trebbles, with ordinary Womanish Discourse of Husbands: lamenting the unfortunate and miserable estate of a single life:

If she perceiv'd no Shadows of falseness in that Motion! Then presently she admir'd their Continency, commended their Chastity, told them how happy they were in that State of Innocency & hereupon falls into an Encomium of their Beauties, their Vertues, their rare Qualities, and so by little and little puts them on upon the sweet Instrument of *Philautia*.

There she proves them again: scruing them up with an Ambitious pin, by swearing they are Companions for Emperours, and that she wonders not, why they let the flowre of their Beauties fade in the Mirrour of their own Suns reflection, since man is too rude a Mixture to Incorporate with such Delicacies.

Here she scrues them up within a degree of breaking; finding the higher they are scrud up,

the

the sweeter their answer was to the touch of her Triall.

Then she playes on, makes them sing and dance; In which merry Tune, she lets the hand of her discourse by degrees slide down unto the belly of her *Lenatick* Lute, where by a more shrill and penetrating sweetness she brings their Ears to such an itching Delight, that *Auditus* can no longer keep Council, but presently calls in her Neighbour *Sences* to participate. When she perceives that they have now a feeling of those sweet Aers, and that there is no time to be lost, but to keep them going whilst they were in tune, she windes them up yet a Note higher, with great promises, and assurances of Riches, Honours, Preferments, Principalities, and the like: at which pitch, she no sooner toucheth them but they break.

Thus did she make those unman'd Haggards, stoop to the rich Lure of *Don Ambitio*. And by this Practice she hath rais'd her Preferment to this Degree of *Tesoriera*: where she now may dispose of what Sums she please: for he knows, her Covetous Heart does so *Antipathize* with Prodigality, that she grows sick at the naming of a spend thrift. I thank'd my little Wagtail *Confidentia* for her Impartiall enucleation of this *Philochry-*  
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*fonticall* Lady : And my Patience being somewhat distemper'd with those *Alliatick* Savors, whose loathsome Violence being still augmented by the often recoiling of the Lady *Avaritias Stomaticall Artillery*, which was overcharg'd with Stock-fish, and Garlick . I desir'd that we might depart those famished Lodgings, and enter upon some more Restoring Objects.

'Tis true said *Confidentia*, we have lost too much time with this Purse-worm *Avaritia*; but our next Visit shall recover it with Interest. Follow me therefore said she unto the Lodgings of the Old Lady *Invidia*, who you must first know was born mad, and therefore may presume she Continues so, all Physitians concluding her Disease Incurable, it being *Morbus hereditarius*.

This Old Trot, runs Post Day and Night, from Chamber to Chamber, not suffering the poor Ladies to lie quietly in their Beds : therefore 'twill deserve admiration if we find her in her own Lodgings : Besides we must expect a Bastinado ere we depart, for she hates to see any thing that is hand-some : nay Malice wrings her into a showre of tears, if she see but a healthfull body, and well apparelled, open her Gates.

Here in spite of her teeth we entered her Lodgings;

Lodgings ; where I thought it had been *Carnavall* time, there appearing none but *Masqueradi*. She had more Servants than all the Court besides : but those so horrid, and deformed, that it appeared the School of Ugliness.

All her Chambers were full of false Glasses to make People appear ill favour'd and dismember'd ; for she could not abide that any one should discover themselves to be handsome.

She had more than fourscore old decayed waiting Gentlewomen attending on her ; all which had been turned out of service : some for putting *Mercury* in their Lady Mistrisses *Pomade* to spoil their good Faces.

Others for eclipsing the lovely brown of their Ladyes Hair, with Cypress powders, under a colour of shadowing some false additions.

Others for wearing out every other Day a new ruff with often turning it in and out of fashion.

Those came all about us like so many Furies, some pissing on my Stockins to stain them; others under pretence of Courtesie to pick out the lace of my Cuffs & tear them; Others with an Envious Hug twine their Armes about my Neck to bring my band in the same wrinkled

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Predicament with their Faces; Others kissing me to make my lipps scabby.

*Signiora Confidentia* wanted not her share neither; for some presented her with a sweet powder for her Hairs, which brought them the falling sickness; Others gave her receipts for her Teeth, which made them all dance out in method; Others pretending to renew the lost curls of her hair, sets them afire; Others gave her waters to make her fair, which no sooner applide, but her face looked like a pick'd Goose.

Others, without farther Ceremonies call'd her Whore, scratch'd her face, telling she was the cause of their disgraces.

Whilest we were in this Purgatory, In came the Lady *Invidia*, with her brother *Il Conte Odio*, and her Sister *la Contessa Malitia*.

Never was man frighted with more delight, than I at the sight of that Monster *Invidia*.

Who ever saw the *Bears* Masque, may Conceive her entrance. She had eaten up all the flesh of her Face with her own scratches: so that she look'd as if her head had been dish'd out in a Grave, to a Mess of hungry Worms, who had pick'd all clean to the bones.

Her Eyes were so dry with often weeping,  
that

that for want of moisture they had lost their motion: they being but as two pieces of rotten shining Wood, stuck in a dead Horses Head.

Her Nose, as I guess by the *Promontorious* Gristle, had been Roman.

She hopp'd towards me with an Intent to rail: but her mouth was so stuff with bitter Languages that she could not speak: for with belching up too many hasty words at once into the little Portal of her Mouth, they wedg'd one another so fast in the Door, that she saluted me open mouth'd with a driveling Silence, just like a mad Dog, whose depraved Fancy could not resolve whether to bark or bite first.

Her brother *Count Odio* had the Mine of a Compleat Courtier, and his better Judgment, made him not dance into his Sisters Passionate rashness: but with a reserved Malice, he made Flattery the Engine of his Hatred. Where like an old *Ape* with his mimicall and fawning Gestures he forced a belief of Friendship, that so (no false suspition opposing the Operation of his lingring Venom) whilst you slept in security, he might with the better advantage bite you.

He entred upon me with a gracious smile;

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desiring me not to take notice of his Sisters distemper, a womans weakness being too poor an Object for Masculine Reason: but rather bid me seal up her Envy with his Friendship, which he protested was more at my Devotion than at his own.

*Confidentia* here Tutor'd my Eares with a soft whisper, and bad me loose no Trust upon that Old Fox, for I could never hope to recover it again.

He takes you quoth she for a green Goose presented as a Rarity unto some Noble mans Table; and fearing least from thence you might be preferred unto a more Princely Mess, he labors to undermine your Designes with his scraping Friendship that so without suspect, he may at his leasure blow you up.

I had been formerly Informed likewise of his double Heart and how his malicious subtilties run all upon such *Ænigmata*, that young Novices must maintain their *Oedipus* to understand him.

Very Jealous therefore of his proffered Courtesies (which to me did little better then stink) and finding his name a Traitor to his promises: I resolved to trust him no farther than his Lodgings. Yet that I might bring him on to his purpose, and better my Experi-  
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ence by making him a Copy of my future Practise, I desembled for Company, and began to reveal unto him as private Secrets, things, God he knows, but then born: to which he so seriously listned, that me thought I already saw his Malice promise him, that he had Theory enough to Practise my Ruine.

I think, as Cunning as he was, I had made some sport with him, had not prevention checked my Design by the entrance of *Signiora Justitia*, *Signiora Amicitia*, *Signiora Fidelitate*, and *Signiora Conscientia*, all sweet young Ladyes of honour in this *Cardinal* Court, who as *Confidentia* told me, had long before been corrupted (with the help of that Bawd *Avaritia*) by *Don Ambitio*: and now they were come in Visit to the young Lady *Contessa Malitia*.

The Lady *Amicitia* did so overflow with winning graces, that I fell desperately in Love with her, and desir'd *Signiora Confidentia*, (who by her former Confession I knew to be *Embassatrice de Amore*) to put me forward into her Friendship.

But she desired me by no means not to take notice of her in that place, for *Don Ambitio* had turn'd her off to *Count Odio*, whom she began now to affect: although he abus'd her,



and kept her only to make his detested projects the more advantagious.

This information, put Ice in my Mouth: for I knew too much of that crabbed count, to become his Rivall.

Yet being now a Courtier, I thought my humor must aswell wait upon the Fashion, as my Clothes.

Every one I saw, wore his Mistresses Favor, otherwise no Courtier.

Faith then a Mistresse I must upon too, and wear her Colours, though I had never yet spake to her.

Here I was in conceit that the Lady *Justitia* was ready to cast her self away for me: for me thought she never look'd toward me but her Heart laboured to steal to me in a sigh.

Knowing therefore how apt those tender-hearted Creatures were to precipitate in Passion, and fearing lest she might condemn me of Cruelty (though for my part I would have given her leave to have hang'd me for a Kisse) to answer her silent Oratory, I began to return her sighs, and as neer as Fantasie could imitate, I framed such looks withall, as she might call pityfull.

Then I call'd *Signiora Confidentia* apart, and told her what passages had hapned, and how

ow the Lady *Justitia* made love to me.

The Jeering slut burst into such a Laughter at my mistake, that all the Ladies took notice of it; and desired to be brought into Consort, by participating of the Jest. But *Confidentia* to save her Credit and mine, conceal'd it. And then told me that hereafter in the presence of Ladyes she would not stand so near me, lest too much Confidence might make me Ridiculous. And then said that those sighs and sorrowfull looks of the Lady *Justitia*, which I applied to my self, were for those injuries; Perjuries, Contempts, Neglects, Brybes, Partialities, and a thousand such like abuses which the world dayly cast into her teeth; which makes the poor Lady so slighted and low-priz'd of every Man, that growing Dull and Melancholy, she lives so retir'd, that we can hardly see her above once a quarter.

This mistake therefore made *Confidentia* retire farther from me: insomuch that I became so overwise ever after, that when a Woman look'd or simil'd upon me, I thought she jeer'd at some defect: which mistrust made many pretty passages happen between me and the Lady *Conscientia*, for she had a minde to me in good earnest: as it after appeared



by her fondness, and tenderness of me: who blushed not to cast her self into my Brest, prick me with her bodkin, to express her desires in *Hieraglyphicks*: rouse me, kiss me, and often put me to the stare with her secret motions. All which I regarded not, suspecting still that it was but a plot of hers to betray my weakness.

When ever she came neer me therefore, I told her plainly she troubled me, and that she made all the world take notice of her bad proceedings: bad her go and accompany the Lady *Justitia* who was Melancholly, and had the Green sickness for want of Exercise, for my part I would not be guilty of her looseness.

This Lady *Conscientia*, became so desperate upon my checking her: that stealing from us she ran out of the Court-Gate and threw her self into the Lake of Passion, where she perished.

It was a long time before any of us mist her: so that had not the Lady *Penitentia* came in laughing and crying both at a breath and told us that *Conscientia* had drowned her self, none had ever taken notice of it.

Here I observed what alteration this news would

would beget, and I found it almost impotent, producing no other issue but a few abortive Tears, which were delivered by a Womanish Consent who like so many *Ducks*, if one cry the whole brood answers.

And those showres were suddenly drunk up by the Sun of Gladness. For in came *Don Xaerá*, with the Lady *Latitia*, laughing so heartily that though at that instant, all were weeping; their tears dissolved into such a storm of Laughter, that the Aier grew chole- rick with his Violent Motions, and broke the Windoes to prevent combustion.

The Jest was to hear every one laugh, and non able to satisfie Reason with the Cause: only all confessed that they felt their Hearts of a sudden much lightned, and a free inclination invited them to any thing that might give them delight.

Well, the Laugh being ended, *Don Zara* with a cheerfull countenance, ruddy as the *Aurora*, step'd to the Ladyes and thank'd them for the honour they did him in entring into his Consort: then bad them proceed re-joyce, sing, dance, and make no more scruple of honest mirth, but to be free and open in all their delights, without suspect of any future repentance; for that *ΑΥΤΙΧΑΡΑ* *Consci-*



*entia* was dead. She that had caused so many showres of Tears was now drowned in her own Deluge.

I presently took my Advantage of this good news, and began to renew my Sure to the Lady *Justitia*, who before had deceived me with the Melancholy of her Conscious Jealousyes: Now I presumed she would make no scruple of playing false with any man; wherefore I made the les doubt in Corrupting her.

And see how happy I was in this Attempt; as if Fortune had vowed to chain all my desires together with the links of Opportunity, and then throw them into my Bosome. *Don Zara*, to celebrate the death of his Arch Enemy, Invited all the Ladyes to a Masque.

Where wanting Masquers, he desired me to succour his necessity, and make one.

It was the thing I gaped for; my Mouth therefore being ready opened to his hand, the first word that I could spit out, was a grant, with a willing acceptance.

Well for brevities sake Gentlemen, Imagine you saw the Ladies all placed; the Musick playing; and the Masquers entring, each of them having his hand enriched with a present,

to

to bestow at Discretion upon any of the Ladyes.

My Present was a rich *Quadra*, wherein was represented, the Heavens opening, and from thence a Wolf falling, with a Lambe in his Mouth. This Embleme was eclipsed with a faire Curtain of Tissu, emaculated with Golden letters, whose connexion made this Emblematicall Anagram,

*Lady this Embleme seems too rude  
For one professing Servitude.  
But be not rash in judging me  
Untill you finde I guilty be.  
You are my Heaven, to whom I sha  
Till I be heard, for Mercy call.  
If you deny me, then I must  
Needs say you'r Cruell, and unjust.  
But if your harsh sententious Eyes,  
Will rather here Embelmatize,  
Then ope your Heaven; let Wolf and Lamb  
Tumble toth' Earth from whence they came.  
Ile venture breaking back, yea Neck and all,  
So that we may but once together fall.*

Our Presents being delivered; before we dished out our Capers into a Dance, we made way for the Lady *Letitia*; who to express her

her



her joy in the los of her Enemy *Conscientia*.  
She welcom'd the Ladyes with this Sonnet.

### Sonnet.

**Y**ou pensive Souls why are you sad?  
*Conscience* is drown'd; Then lets be glad;  
Let not your pining Hearts from hence  
Stagger at future Penitence.  
She that quench'd our joviall Fires:  
Checking Natures sweet desires:  
Shall no longer curb us in  
With Horrid fears of Mortall sin!

*Conscience shall here  
No more appear.*

Come then sweet *Fansy* shew thy pow'r,  
Invent new Pleasures every hour.  
Teach *Don Ambitio* to betray,  
His Dearest Friend that stands in's way.  
Tell him that 'tis a Noble Feat,  
By supplantation to grow great.  
And bid him quarrell now withall,  
That interpose him and the Wall.

*Conscience shall here  
No more appear.*

Bid

Bid *Avaritia* wider gape;  
Tell her she now may freely scrape:  
And propagate a Minerall  
To renovate some Prodigall.  
Let her proceed and multiply  
In her extorting Usury,  
Without a thought of growing Wise;  
By a Church-building Sacrifice.  
*Conscience shall here  
No more appear.*

Let great *Superbia* Jeere, at those  
Which out of'th Fashion wear their Clothes.  
And bid her call her Taylors in  
To Massacre some new born sin.  
Teach her some sweet and secret way  
How to maintain her rich Array.  
Bid her first turn an Honor'd Whore,  
Rather then let her name grow Pore.  
*Conscience shall here  
No more appear.*

Bid *Penitentia* wipe her Eyes  
And check with Smiles her peevish Cryes,  
Tell her it sutes not with the Times,  
To lose her Mirth for petty Crymes.  
Make her be cheerfull! rowse her up!  
And drown Repentance in a Cup.

Let



Let her not fear the new-born Day  
Can now her Night-past Sins betray.

*Conscience shall here  
No more appear.*

Bid Wise *Justitia* here be free,  
And make a Present blind a Fee.  
Teach her to feed upon lost sheep,  
And pass her Sentence in her sleep.  
Let her not stick to play the Whore  
With any: so they be not Poore.  
Make her be Confident, and say,  
With her shall dye the Judgement Day.

*Conscience shall here  
No more appear.*

Bid *Castitade* blush no more  
Because shee's *Don Ambitio's* Whore.  
And let *Constantia* break with all,  
Since his Ambition made her fall.  
Bid sad *Mestitia* now awake  
And drown her Cares in Passions Lake.  
Let none forbear their Hearts Content,  
Till they grow Old, and Impotent.

*Conscience shall here  
No more appear.*

Let

Let now Religious *Pieta*  
Come wait upon *Superbia*.  
And bid her bring her Bible In  
To elevate her Passive Sin.  
Bid her upon a Holy Day  
Neglect a Sermon for a Play.  
And let her trouble God no more,  
With often knocking at his Dore.

*Conscience shall here  
No more appear.*

Kind *Charitade* now grow wise!  
Be no more gull'd with Poor mens Cryes.  
Keep Home, and learn to lock thy Dore;  
If any beg, tell them thou'rt Poore.  
Be not so fond to run in Debt,  
By building of a *Lazaret*.  
No, keep thine own; and only spend,  
To gain an Office, or a Friend.

*Conscience shall here  
No more appear.*

Come then *Don xax* lead your dance,  
Whilst Mirth layes sorrow in a Trance.  
Let your sweet Revells blow the Fires,  
Of these Fair Ladyes hot Desires.  
And when they burn, Tell them they may  
yet Reputation melt away.

The



The Golden Age is now come In  
 Where Pleasure drowns *Saghorin* Sin.  
 Conscience shall here  
 No more appear.

**W**Hilst the Lady *Latitia* exercised her  
 Voice: I prostrated my self (as the  
 Custom is at all Masques in their Parts) on  
 my Knees, at my Lady Mistris *Justitias* feet.  
 Where with a feeling Oratory I made my case  
 known unto her: told her, her Eyes were mur-  
 derers: and I desired Justice.

The richness of my Present made her take  
 the better notice of me; besides I found her  
 Disposition very corruptible. So that having  
 brought her Just upon the point of a Mer-  
 ciful Promise: the Sonnet being ended, we were  
 forced to break up our Session: every one fall-  
 ing into his Posture, and then by mutuall co-  
 pulsations we begat a *Ballo*.

How every Man governed his heels I com-  
 mit to your Fancies: since every Mans Heart  
 was freed from the heavy clog of *Consci-  
 ence*.

Well, our Masque ended I renewed my sute  
 again with that hard Hearted Mistris of mine  
*Justitia*: who in that little time, had dashed  
 me

me out of her Memory, acknowledging nei-  
 ther me nor Present.

Here I cal'd my old *Chamerada Confiden-  
 tia*: who presently assur'd me that there was  
 no trusting to that Lady above all the rest.  
 For said she; she is one of *Don Ambitio's* a-  
 ged Concubines, whom he first Corrupted,  
 and made her one Day by false Witnesses at-  
 tach that Noble Lord *Tyrus*, that he might U-  
 surpe his Place.

And now having served his turn, he hath  
 cast her off, leaving her to her self: who now  
 makes a Trade of her Necessity, and will lye  
 with any Man for his Mony.

When I heard this, I began to wish for my  
 Present again. Yet content to buy my Expe-  
 rience at that Rate; it growing late, *Confiden-  
 tia* and I departed; every one wondring that  
 I did not wait upon the Lady *Justitia* to her  
 Coach.

*Confidentia*, as we left the Lodgings of *Don  
 Tyrus* told me that there was never a Cham-  
 ber yet provided for me in the Court; there-  
 fore said, if I would accept of a part of her  
 Bed (which said she, runs upon Wheels under  
 my Lady *Superbia*) I should be very well-  
 come: for said she this cool Weather I  
 want a Coverlid: and where are two in



a Bed, there wants no Coverings.

I laughed to hear her so confident in her loosenesse. And to Bed we went without further ceremonies.

In the Morning I stole from her before she waked (lest I should be made pay for my Nights Rest) and going towards the Court-Gate, I met the *Spenditore* and the Master Cook going to the Market to buy provision for the *Cardiacall Prince Spiritus Vitalis*.

Having little other Imployment I accompanied them, partly to learn what Dyet people kept in that Countrey, and partly for a Breakfast out of the Cooks Fees.

There for the Younger and hotter Spirits they bought these cooling *Cardiaca*.

<i>Rosa.</i>	<i>Granat.</i>
<i>Viola.</i>	<i>Cerasa.</i>
<i>Acetosa.</i>	<i>Pom. odor.</i>
<i>Borago.</i>	<i>Rub. Idei.</i>
<i>Buglos.</i>	<i>Santal.</i>
<i>Nymphaea.</i>	<i>Corn. Cern.</i>
<i>Plantago.</i>	<i>Os de Cord. C.</i>
<i>Suc. Citri.</i>	<i>Vnicornu.</i>
<i>Limon.</i>	<i>Terra Sigil.</i>

*Bol.*

*Bol. Arimen. Hyacynth.*  
*Margarit. Saphyr.*  
*Corallium. Smaragd.*  
*Bezoar non fal-Chrystallus.*  
*sificat.*

Some Compounds (to mix among their ordinary sawces) they bought, which were these,

*Diarrhod. Abbat.*  
*Diarrhod. cornun.*  
*Diatrion. Santal.*  
*Diamarg. frig.*  
*Elect. ex Acetos, &c.*

For the more Aged, and colder bloods they took up these,

*Cardiaca Calida.*

*Melissa. Sem. Citri.*  
*Rosmar. Chermes.*  
*Ocymum. Charyop. hort.*  
*Card. Ben. Rad. Angel.*  
*Scordium. Helenii.*  
*Veronica. Flor. Calend.*  
*Cort. Citri. Xyloaloes.*

**N**

*Bal-*



## A Hermeticall

Balsamita.	Caryophill.
Aurum.	Cinamom.
Crocus.	Galanga.
Ambra.	Calam. arom.
Moschus.	Cubeba.
Zedoaria.	Spica Nard.
Macis.	Cyperus.
Nux Mosch.	Cassia lig.

For common sawce, likewise they put up these Compounds,

<i>Aromat. rosat.</i>	<i>Diaxyaloes.</i>
<i>Arom. Mosch.</i>	<i>Diamary. cal.</i>
<i>Arom. Nardin.</i>	<i>Elect. de gem.</i>
<i>Arom. Caryoph.</i>	<i>Elect. latif. Gal.</i>
<i>Dianthas.</i>	<i>Elect. Regium Mes.</i>

Their Provision being bought, and an hours Mirth eat up in a small collation: to Court they return and set the under Cooks a work: Where some fell to making of *Cordial Paste*.

Taking the rootes of *Angelica*, and boiling, then beating them in a Mortar, and passing them through a Coarse Scive: unto every two ounces of which they added,

<i>Confect. alkerm.</i>	<i>ʒij.</i>
<i>Confect. hyacynth.</i>	<i>ʒj.</i>

Salis

## Banquet.

<i>Salis Cor'allor.</i>	
<i>Salis perlar. an.</i>	<i>ʒß.</i>
<i>Pul. lapid. Bezoardici.</i>	<i>ʒ. j.</i>
<i>Ambra.</i>	
<i>Mischi. an. g.</i>	<i>vij.</i>

Mixing them according to art with Sugar dissolved in Cinamon water and perfectly boiled ʒ xij. and then made thereof good hearty cakes, whose smell make me Judge of their Vertues. I asked one of the Cooks, what those cakes had in them more than ordinary sweet meats. He told me freely, that they were singular Preservatives either against Poison or Pestilence: to which end our *Cardiacall Prince Spiritus Vitalis*, said he, every morning makes one of these cakes his breakfast.

Other were distilling Cordiall Elixirs, to which end they took Citron Pills separated from their white medulla, lb. j. Spi. of Wine lb. iiij. they let them infuse two dayes. After they distilled them in *Vesica*, receiving the Spirits onely, to which they added a little of the Tincture of Saffron, with a small quantity of the Spirit of Roses.

The contagion being then in these *Cardiacall* Dominions very Insolent, the Master Cook,



Cook, or Αεχιμαίγης, was retired into a little private Room, and there very close at Work, upon an *Antepidemicall Antidote*, wherein as I remember he put these preparations.

℞. *Confect. Alkerm.*  
*Confect. ex Hyacynth.*  
*Theriaca.*  
*Extract. bac. Junip. an. ʒj.*  
*Salis Perlar.*  
*Salis Corall. an. ʒij.*  
*Antimon. diaphor.*  
*Sulphuris, aurat. diaph.*  
*Balsam. lact. Sulp. an. ʒʒ.*  
*Essent. Croci ʒij.*  
*Essentia Camph. ʒj.*  
*Tinctur. Auri cum*  
*Spir. Sal. extract. ʒj.*  
*Lapid. Bezoar. ver. ʒj.*  
*Essent. Cinamon.*  
*Essent. Caryophyl. an. ʒj.*  
*Moschi.*  
*Ambra. an. g. viij.*

Those he mixt *s. artem*, and thereof made his Antidote. Which he told me was an admirable Preservative against the Plague every morning

morning the quantity of a small Pease being taken fasting, Likewise for those which were already stricken with that Infection, if they took, ʒ. ʒ. or ʒj. of it dissolved in ʒij. of some *Cardiacall Water*, it cured them by a Violent sweat: corroborating the Heart; and banishing all contagious or *Pestilentiall Spirits* to the remotest parts of the *Microcosme*.

Having seen that Antidote finished; I went into another fair large Room which seemed another *Muran of Glasses*.

There I found ready prepared.

*Aurum Potabile.*  
*Tinctura Auri.*  
*Aurum Diaphoret.*  
*Arcanum Auri.*  
*Bezoardic. minerale.*  
*Tartar. Vitriolatum.*  
*Spir. Tartari.*  
*Sal. Viperin.*  
*Essent. Unicorn.*  
*Flores Sulph.*  
*Lac. Sulphuris.*  
*Spir. Salis.*  
*Spir. Nitri.*  
*Margarit. Mineral.*

*Mer-*



*A Hermeticall*

*Mercur. diaphor.*  
*Sal. Christalli.*  
*Sal. Corallor.*  
*Sal. Perlar.*  
*Tinctur. Croci.*  
*Tinct. Rubinar.*  
*Tinct. Smarald.*  
*Tinct. Hyacynth.*  
*Tinct. Corallor.*  
*Tinct. Antimon.*  
*Balsam. Cinamom.*  
*Balsam. Caryoph.*  
*Bals. Nuc. Mosch.*  
*Essentia Ambræ.*  
*Essentia Moschi.*  
*Spir. Rosar.*  
*Essent. Corn. Cerv.*  
*Spir. Melissæ.*  
*Spir. Card. Ben.*  
*Spir. Rosmarin.*  
*Syr. corallor.*  
*Syr. Perlar.*  
*Essent. Flor. narant.*  
*Essent. Flor. Citri.*

With many other such like principal *Cardiacall* preparations.

I returned again to the Master Cook, and earnestly

desired him to give me the Receipts of those Cordiall Rarities which I had seen in his Operatory. He answered that they were all secrets reserved for the Preservation, and Renovation of his Prince *Spiritus Vitalis*, and were by him forbidden to be published to any but such who serve out their time in his Kitchen.

If any of you Gentlemen have a liking to any of these Dishes, (the worst of which may be served to a Princes Table) pray fall to whilst they are before you; and when those are digested, who ever desires to make use of them at Home for his Private Family, let him retire to any of our *Spagiricall* Kitchens, and you shall find our Cooks more open Hearted than those of the *Cardiacall* Princes; and freely present you all their Art in such *Hermeticall* Delicacies. In the mean time I am sorry my cheer is not answerable to your Merits. What you want In meat; I desire you to satisfie with Mirth: For so believe me you shall be Heartily Wellcome.

**F I N I S.**