



# PARABLE OF THE FOUNTAIN

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When Heaven had so much blessed me to impart  
To me ye wondrous Miracle of Art  
Command was given me to converse with none  
But ye clear co-partners of ye Stone.

For men possessed of Sciences Divine  
Should, like ye radiant Galaxy, combine  
And mix their Lights to make ye Paths of Heaven shine  
So I, obedient to ye great command,

Resolved to search and travel every Land  
The Globe had ever shown, At length I came  
To golden Ganges in ye Land of fame,  
And Appelleia is ye Citys name

Where dwelt a man, alas that he's no more  
Rendered immortal than he was before.  
A man I say whom Fate had chosen forth  
To Crown him King of all ye Mysteries, ye Earth

With all her wise Inhabitants can see  
On this side Heaven and Eternity.  
This King had made his proclamation, he  
Of all the Hermetical Fraternity,

Can best explain that deep philosophy  
In disputation, his Reward shall be  
This Book, whose leaves are pure and precious gold  
And Gold's ye Cover does ye Leaves enfold.

My courage here began to fail, but I  
Soon resumed it and resolved to try  
The powers of Fortune, knowing well that they  
Can never bear bright Victory away,

That shun ye mighty contest of ye day  
So he advised, and his advise I took  
Who had proposed ye Premium of ye Book.  
And I disputed till I won ye Prize,

The fatal Gold so dazzling martial eyes  
Almost as much as he that centers in ye skys  
Then I retired endeavouring to find  
Some recreation to relieve my mind

Fatigued with study, walking in ye Fields  
To see ye product lovely Nature yields  
I chanced upon a Fountain did abound  
With limpid Water, T'was environed round

With curious Stone, and on ye top I found  
T'was covered with an Oaken Trunk for fear  
Beasts should defile it, or ye Fowls o'th air  
Should bath themselves or wash their Feathers there.

Upon ye bank I sat contemplating  
The admirable Beauty of ye Spring  
And found it closed above when lo there came  
A man whom I saluted by the name

Of Venerable Priest-Pray tell me why  
The little Fountain, which I here espy  
Is so shut up and strongly fortified  
Over and under and on every side

He answered thus, T'is terrible said he  
And strange ye Virtue of ye Spring you see  
Of all that burst from underneath ye ground  
Its parallel is never to be found.

So it belongeth to ye King alone  
Who knows it well, and's by ye Fountain known.  
In passing by, it always draws the King  
Who notwithstanding never draws ye Spring.

Two hundred eighty and two days he hath  
To spend in ye inclosure of ye Bath  
Which makes him young again, and stronger than  
the stoutest Hero of ye Race of Man.

Therefore he caused it carefully to be  
With a White Stone surrounded, as you see  
Wherein ye Water of ye Spring does shine  
Like Silver bright, or th' heaven Crystalline

And that it might be stronger to defy  
The force of an invading Enemy,  
Around ye top he placed an aged Oak  
Which had been with an artificial stroke

Cleft in ye middle, and thereby he made  
Fenced from ye Sun, a most delightful shade  
Then as you see it is inclosed all  
First with hard Stone and a transparant wall

Then with a hollow Oak, because its nature's such  
When t'is excited and inflamed too much  
It is most terrible and penetrates  
Even ye hardest Adamantine Gates,

And so would vanish quite away, Alas  
We were undone if it should come to pass,  
I asked him whether he had seen ye King  
Within ye said inclosure of ye Spring,

He answered, he had seen him entering, where  
He from his entrance did no more appear  
After his keepers had enclosed him there,  
Until ye hundredth and ye thirtieth day

When he arose in a refulgent Ray  
He at ye Gate, that is his keeper-hath  
A solemn charge to daily warm ye Bath  
With such a heat and in proportion so

As fire is hidden in ye source below,  
And day and night no intermission know.  
I asked ye colour of ye King-Behold  
Said he, at first you'll see him cloathed in gold

His second garment is of silk, but black  
And a black doublet on his mourining back  
The next he wears are White triumphant cloathes  
A shirt as White as are ye Mountain Snows

His blood was red, his flesh, not so before  
Was as vermillion or ye crimson gore.  
I further asked him whether he had seen  
The King have servants when he entered in.

He answering smiled, but answered as a Friend.  
No Courtiers haer upon the King attend.  
He leaves his Followers as his servants all,  
They must not enter ye diaphanous wall;

And none approach ye Fountain-head but he  
Who does ye Heat continual supply  
And office that may easily be done,  
Even by a simple and most simple one.

Then I demanded of him, if ye King  
Had any great affection for ye Spring  
And that for him? Again he answered me  
They love and are beloved mutually.

The Fountain does attract ye King, but he  
Draws not ye Fountain. Yet he loves no other,  
For to ye King ye Fountain's a Mother.  
My question then was; If ye Monarch was

Descended of some Ancient Royal Race?  
He said, he was descended of ye Spring,  
Which without adding any other thing  
Had made him as he was, an honourable King.

Next I enquired, what Nobles did resort  
To the other Presence-chambers of ye Court?  
He told me there were only six who had  
Great expectations if ye King were dead.

When that should happen they would serve no more,  
But have ye Kingdom as he had before.  
They now are but assistants of his Throne,  
In hopes of the Reversion of ye Crown.

Then I desired to be informed, how old  
The Monarch was? And I by him was told  
That he was older than ye Spring, and far  
Maturer than his other subjects are.

How comes it then to pass, said I, that they  
Kill not ye King to bear ye Crown away  
Since he's so much in years? Tho' he's so old  
Says he, he can endure both Heat and Cold

And Wind and Rain and Labour, None of them  
Can violently seize ye Diadem.  
Nor could they all should they combine in one  
Murder ye Monarch to possess his Throne.

Then what succession can they hope, when he  
Cannot be murdered, and shall never die?  
But you, my Friend, said he, must know that those  
Six of his subjects from ye Fountain rose

And such existence as they have they took  
Out of ye Emanations of ye Brook,  
As did ye King, So they're attracted all  
By it, as things by their original.

The Fountain kills ye King and them, but then  
The Fountain brings ye King to life again.  
He so revived, a distribution makes,  
And whosoever of ye gift partakes

Tho' n'ere so little is ye portion, he  
Is in possession of ye Royalty  
Equal to Kings in power and riches-then  
I asked my kind informant once again,

If there were any time allotted they  
Should in ye doubtfull expectation stay.  
He smiled again, and told me how ye King  
Without his train descends into ye Spring

Altho' it loves them too, but that it must not be,  
They have not yet deserved ye dignity.  
When ye King enters he is stripped of those  
Which he brought in, his coronation cloathes

That were as rich as eyes did ere behold  
With golden leaves and wefts of purest gold  
This he bestows on his first Chamberlain,  
We call him Saturn, which he does retain

Entirely forty days, sometimes two more  
Augment ye number of the account before.  
The black silk doublet is ye proper fee  
Of Jove, ye Second Chamberlain, and he

Keeps ye possession twenty days, which done  
He by command resigns it to ye Moon  
Lune ye third Person, has ye fairest face  
Of any daughter of ye heavenly Race,

And she enjoys ye garment twenty days.  
Then comes ye King clad in a shirt as white  
As is ye Snow, or flour of Salt, and bright  
As Ariadne in a frosty night.

The King puts off this shirt which is ye share  
Of stern Gradivus, ye fierce God of War  
Who after forty days sometimes disdains  
A Resignation, and by Force remains

Two other days to sway th' Imperial Rains  
Then Mars retiring, to ye Sun gives place  
Who wears a yellow vizor on his face,  
But is not clear as ye Celestial Lights.

Till after 40 days and 40 nights,  
And then ye Sun sanguineous appears  
Seizing ye shirt that crimsons all ye spheres  
So flaming Hercules on Oeta stood,

Fired with ye shirt dyed in ye Centaurs Blood.  
I asked th<sup>o</sup> event of all these things, says he,  
The fountain Gates you then shall open-and see  
To all of them, and as before they sought

And had his shirt, his doublet and his cloak.  
So now his red and bloody Flesh they got  
To eat among themselves ye precious Heir  
Of all, their Work, and Crown of their desire.

I asked again, must they so long remain  
And can no sooner some reward obtain  
For service done, unless they all attend  
Till ye whole Circle of their Labours end?

The answer to my question was, that when  
The Glorious White, ye snowy shirt was seen,  
Of ye six Courtiers, four might then possess  
Themselves of Powers and Riches numberless.

But they would then but half ye Kingdom gain  
Wherefore they are contented to remain  
A little longer in suspence to see  
The full Event and End of destiny,

Which in like manner should confer on them  
Their Kings bright Coronation diadem.  
I asked what doctors, or what Medicine  
Was sent ye King, while he remained within?



He made me answer-that they sent him none,  
No man came near him but that only one,  
His Keeper mindfull to perputuate  
A constant, vapourous, circulating Heat.

I asked him, Is ye Keepers labour great?  
More at ye first than in ye end, for then  
The Fountain is inflamed. I asked again  
Whether it had been seen by many men

The World, said he, has seen it, and it lies  
Self-evident to every Mortals eyes;  
Yet all of them that gaze thereon do know  
No more than what the outward Husk does show

Then more at large I asked, what may they do?  
Those Six, said he, may purge ye King again,  
Three days he in ye Fountain shall remain  
According to th' contents it does contain

In circling round ye place. On ye first day  
He gives his doublet, next his shirt away,  
And on ye third his bloody Flesh. Said I  
Tell me ye depth of ye whole Mystery.

To which he made no more than this reply;  
I now am tired so long with answering thee.  
Which I perceiving had no more to say,  
But, waiting on him as he went away

A thousand thanks I gave, a thousand more  
Were ready from my unexhausted store.  
He was a reverend man, so wise that even  
The Astral Orbs, and wheeling spheres of Heaven

Obeded him; all things before him shook  
And trembling bowed at his Majestic look.  
Now I with sudden drowsyness opprest  
Beside ye Fountain did intend to rest,

And sitting on it, I could not forbear  
But I must open all th' apartments there  
In ye mean time I did so often look  
On my reward, ye golden leaved Book,

Its Heaven-born splendour did so much surprise  
And overpower ye vigilence of my eyes,  
That, as brofe, it did my head oppress,  
It so augmented now that drowsyness

That my said Book by inadvertence fell  
Out of my hands into ye little Well,  
Which much afflicted me, because I thought  
To keep ye Prize my disputation got.

I looked into it, but alas, no more  
Could I see ye Book I had enjoyed before.  
Believing therefore that my Volumn fell  
Into ye very bottom of ye Well

I did attempt ye watery source to drain,  
So that then parts should with a tenth remain.  
And when I went to draw it all I saw  
It was so viscous that it scarce would draw.

While I was toiling thus industriously  
I spied a Tribe, whose coming hindered me  
From draining more, yet ere I left it, I  
Shut all ye Fountain round, for fear that they

Like wicked thieves should steal my Book away,  
But Fire was then enkindled round ye Spring  
To warm ye Bath wherein to wash ye King.  
I for my crime was hurried thence away

Full forty days I in a Prison lay,  
When they expired I was releast, and then  
Returned to see my Fountain once again;  
Where there appeared thick foggy clouds, as I

Have often seen hung round a Winter sky  
Which lasted long. But in ye end I found  
Without much labour all my wishes crowned.  
But t'is no labour, you will surely say,

If choosing right, you never turn astray  
In paths erroneous and ye crooked way.  
Let your endeavours always be to trace  
The steps of Nature in her wonted Race,

Then you ye lovely Queen shall in your arms embrace.  
Therefore concluding I pronounce that he  
Who in my Book ye secret cannot see  
Must never hope to compass his desire

By manifold Experiments of Fire.  
My Pity and Compassion move my heart  
For those that wander in ye precious Art.  
Therefore to them I have revealed it all,

And proved ye Operations natural.  
For this my Parable ye whole work contains  
In Practice, Colours, Days and Regimens,  
Ways, dispositions and continuance

Till Fate and Heaven conclude ye Mystic Dance.  
To end then this my Book, I pray that God  
Who in ye Heavens has fixed his grand aboad  
And who alone commanded me to write

Would thence impart an intellectual Light  
To searching Tyros, who have hearts upright  
And minds sincere, To them there shall remain  
Nothing too hard, provided they abstain

From dreaming Fancys and ye subtletys  
Of cheating Sophists, who by surprise  
Like Mountebanks impose on vulgar eyes.  
The Way is natural and but only one

Which I have in my speculation shown  
I bid you all farewell in Christ, and be  
Mindful of those that sink in poverty,  
While Treasures unexhausted you possess

Whom ye peculiar Hand of Heaven does bless  
With riches equally and happiness.  
Pray then to God to send you down a Ray  
Out of ye Fountain of Eternal Day.

FINIS.