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*BURTON'S*  
ANATOMY  
OF  
MELANCHOLY.

---



Thomas Tate

Ch. Brown del.

..... forgotten quite  
All former scenes of dear delight,  
Commutual love—parental joy—  
No sympathies like these his soul employ;  
But all is dark within? .....

Keats

156. 156  
THE  
ANATOMY 156  
OF  
MELANCHOLY,

WHAT IT IS, WITH ALL THE  
KINDS, CAUSES, SYMPTOMES, PROGNOSTICKS,

AND  
SEVERALL CURES OF IT.

In Three Partitions.

WITH THEIR SEVERALL  
SECTIONS, MEMBERS, AND SUBSECTIONS,

Philosophically, Medicinally, Historically opened and cut up.

BY  
*DEMOCRITUS JUNIOR.*

WITH  
A SATYRICAL PREFACE CONDUCTING TO THE FOLLOWING DISCOURSE.

*The Eleventh Edition corrected.*

To which is prefixed,  
AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR MESSRS. VERNOR, HOOD AND SHARPE; CUTHELL AND MARTIN; J. WALKER; LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO. OGILVY AND SON; OTRIDGE AND SON; R. LEA; J. NUNN; LONGMAN, HURST, REES AND ORME; J. HARDING; W. MILLAR, AND J. ASPERNE.

By J. and E. Hodson, Cross-Street, Hatton-Garden.

178  
1806.

HONORATISSIMO DOMINO,

NON MINVS VIRTUTE SVA,

QUAM GENERIS

SPLENDORE,

ILLVSTRISSIMO,

GEORGIO BERKLEIO

MILITI DE BALNEO,

BARONI DE BERKLEY,

MOUBREY, SEGRAVE,

D. DE BRUSE

*DOMINO SVO*

*Multis Nominibus Observando,*

HANC SUAM

MELANCHOLIÆ

ANATOMEN,

JAM SEXTO

REVISAM,

D. P.

DEMOCRITUS Junior.

*The Author's Abstract of Melancholy, Διαλογὸς.*

**W**HEN I go musing all alone,  
Thinking of divers things  
fore-known,

When I build castles in the ayr,  
Void of sorrow and void of feare,  
Pleasing myself with phantasms  
sweet,

Methinks the time runs very fleet.  
All my joyes to this are folly,  
Naught so sweet as melancholy.

When I lye waking all alone,  
Recounting what I have ill done,  
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,  
Feare and sorrow me surprize,  
Whether I tarry still or go,

Methinks the time moves very slow.  
All my griefes to this are jolly,  
Naught so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,  
With pleasing thoughts the time  
beguile,

By a brook side or wood so green,  
Unheard, unsought for, or unseene,  
A thousand pleasures do me bless,  
And crown my soule with happiness.

All my joyes besides are folly,  
None so sweet as melancholy.  
When I lye, sit, or walk alone,  
I sigh, I grieve, making great  
mone.

In a dark grove, or irksome den,  
With discontents and Furies then,  
A thousand miseries at once  
Mine heavy heart and soule en-  
sconce.

All my griefes to this are jolly,  
None so sowe as melancholy.  
Me thinks I hear, me thinks I see,  
Sweet musick, wondrous melodie,  
Towrs, palaces, and cities fine;  
Here now, then there; the world is  
mine.

Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,  
What e'er is lovely or divine.

All other joyes to this are folly,  
None so sweet as melancholy.  
Methinks I hear, methinks I see  
Ghosts, goblins, fiends; my phan-  
tasie

Presents a thousand ugly shapes,  
Headless bears, black men, and apes,  
Doleful outcries, and fearful sights,  
My sad and dismall soule affrights.

All my griefes to this are jolly,  
None so damn'd as melancholy.

Me thinks I court, me thinks I kiss,  
Me thinks I now embrace my  
mistriss.

O blessed dayes, O sweet content,  
In Paradise my time is spent.  
Such thoughts may still my fancy  
move,

So may I ever be in love.  
All my joyes to this are folly,  
Naught so sweet as melancholy.

When I recount love's many frights,  
My sighs and tears, my waking  
nights,

My jealous fits; O mine hard fate  
I now repent, but 'tis too late.  
No torment is so bad as love,  
So bitter to my soule can prove.

All my griefes to this are jolly,  
Naught so harsh as melancholy.  
Friends and companions get you  
gone,

'Tis my desire to be alone;  
Ne'er well but when my thoughts  
and I

Do domineer in privacie.  
No gemm, no treasure like to this,  
'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss.

All my joyes to this are folly,  
Naught so sweet as melancholy.  
'Tis my sole plague to be alone,

I am a beast, a monster grown,  
I will no light nor company,  
I finde it now my miserie.  
The scene is turn'd, my joyes are gone,  
Feare, discontent, and sorrows come.

All my griefes to this are jolly,  
Naught so fierce as melancholy.

I'll not change life with any King,  
I ravisht am: can the world bring  
More joy, than still to laugh and smile,  
In pleasant toyes time to beguile?  
Do not, O do not trouble me,  
So sweet content I feel and see.

All my joyes to this are folly,  
None so divine as melancholy.  
I'll change my state with any  
wretch;

Thou cast from gaole or dunghill  
fetch:

My pain's past cure, another hell,  
I may not in this torment dwell,  
Now desperate I hate my life,  
Lend me a halter or a knife;

All my griefes to this are jolly,  
Naught so damn'd as melancholy.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE work now restored to public notice has had an extraordinary fate. At the time of its original publication it obtained a great celebrity, which continued more than half a century. During that period few books were more read, or more deservedly applauded. It was the delight of the learned, the solace of the indolent, and the refuge of the uninformed. It past through at least eight editions, by which the bookseller, as WOOD records, got an estate; and, notwithstanding the objections sometimes opposed against it, of a quaint style, and too great an accumulation of authorities, the fascination of its wit, fancy, and sterling sense, have borne down all censures, and extorted praise from the first writers in the English language. The great JOHNSON has praised it in the warmest terms, and the ludicrous STERNE has interwoven many parts of it into his own popular performance. MILTON did not disdain to build two of his finest poems on it; and a host of inferior writers have embellished their works with beauties not their own, culled from a performance which they had not the justice even to mention. Change of times, and the frivolity of fashion, suspended, in some degree, that fame which had lasted near a century; and the succeeding generation affected indifference towards an author, who at length was only looked into by the plunderers of literature, the poachers in obscure volumes. The plagiarisms of Tristram Shandy, so successfully brought to light by DR. FERRIAR, at length drew the attention of the public towards a writer, who, though then little known, might, without impeachment of modesty, lay claim to every mark of respect; and enquiry proved, beyond a doubt, that the calls of justice had been little attended to by others, as well as the facetious Yorick. WOOD observed, more than a century ago, that several authors had unmercifully stolen matter from BURTON without any acknowledgement. The time, however, at length arrived, when the merits of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" were to receive their due praise. The book was again sought for and read, and again it became an applauded performance. Its excellencies once more stood confessed, in the increased price which every copy offered for sale produced; and the increased demand pointed out the necessity of a new edition. This is now presented to the public in a manner not disgraceful to the memory of the author; and the undertakers of it rely with confidence, that so valuable a repository of amusement and information will continue to hold the rank it has been restored to, firmly supported by its own merit, and safe from the influence and blight of any future caprices of fashion.

The Argument of the Frontispiece\*.

TEN distinct Squares here seen  
 apart,  
 Are joynd in one by Cutter's art.

1. Old Democritus under a tree,  
 Sits on a stone with book on knee;  
 About him hang these many fea-  
 tures,

Of cats, dogs and such like crea-  
 tures,  
 Of which he makes anatomy,  
 The seat of black cholera to see.  
 Over his head appears the skie,  
 And Saturn Lord of melancholy.

2. To the left a landscape of Jeal-  
 ousie,  
 Presents itself unto thine eye.  
 A kingfisher, a swan, an hern,  
 Two fighting-cocks you may dis-  
 cern,

Two roving bulfs each other hie,  
 To assault concerning venery.  
 Symboles are these; I say no more,  
 Conceive the rest by that's afore.

3. The next of solitariness,  
 A portraiture doth well express,  
 By sleeping dog, cat; buck and doe,  
 Hares, conies in the desert go:  
 Bats, owls the shady bowers over,  
 In melancholy darkness hover.  
 Mark well: If't be not as't should be,  
 Blame the bad Cutter, and not me.

4. It'h' under column there doth  
 stand  
 Inamorato with folded hand;  
 Down hangs his head, terse and po-  
 lite,

Some dittie sure he doth indite.  
 His lute and bookes about him lye,  
 As symptomes of his vanity.  
 If this do not enough disclose,  
 To paint him, take thyself by th'  
 nose.

5. Hypochondriacus leans on his arm,  
 Winde in his side doth him much  
 harm,  
 And troubles him full sore, God  
 knows,  
 Much pain he hath and many woes.  
 About him pots and glasses lie,  
 Newly brought from's Apothecary.  
 This Saturn's aspects signifie,  
 You see them portraid in the skie.

6. Beneath them kneeling on his  
 knee,

A superstitious man you see:  
 He fasts, prays, on his idol fixt,  
 Tormented hope and feare betwixt;  
 For hell perhaps he takes more pain,  
 Than, thou dost Heaven itself to  
 gain.

Alas poor soule, I pittie thee,  
 What stars incline thee so to be?

7. But see the madman rage  
 downright

With furious looks, a ghastly sight!  
 Naked in chains bound doth he lye  
 And rores amain he knows not why!  
 Observe him; for as in a glass,  
 Thine angry portraiture it was.  
 His picture keep still in thy pre-  
 sence;

Twixt him and thee, there's no dif-  
 ference.

8. 9. Borage and hellebor fill two  
 scenes,

Soveraign plants to purge the veins  
 Of melancholy, and cheer the heart,  
 Of those black fumes which make  
 it smart;

To clear the brain of misty fogs,  
 Which dull our senses, and soule  
 clogs.

The best medicine that ere God  
 made  
 For this malady, if well assaid.

10. Now last of all to fill a place,  
 Presented is the Author's face;  
 And in that habit which he wears,  
 His image to the world appears,  
 His minde no art can well express,  
 That by his writings you may guess.  
 It was not pride, nor yet vain glory,  
 (Though others do it commonly)  
 Made him do this: if you must  
 know,

The Printer would needs have it so.  
 Then do not frown or scoffe at it,  
 Deride not, or detract a whit,  
 For surely as thou dost by him,  
 He will do the same again.  
 Then look upon't, behold and see,  
 As thou lik'st it, so it likes thee.  
 And I for it will stand in view,  
 Thine to command, Reader, adiew.

\* These verses refer to the old folio Frontispiece, which was divided into ten compart-  
 ments, that are here severally explained. Though it was impossible to reduce that Frontis-  
 piece to an octavo size for this edition, the lines are too curious to be lost.\* The author's  
 portrait mentioned in the 10th stanza is copied in our xvth page.

*Democritus Junior ad Librum suum,*

**V**ADE liber, qualis, non ausum dicere, felix,  
Te nisi felicem fecerit Alma dies.  
Vade tamen quocunque lubet, quascunque per oras,  
Et Genium Domini fac imitere tui.  
I blandas inter Charites, mystamque saluta  
Musarum quemvis, si tibi lector erit.  
Rura colas, urbem, subeasve palatia regum,  
Submisce, placide, te sine dente geras.  
Nobilis, aut si quis te forte inspexerit heros,  
Da te morigerum perlegat usque lubet.  
Est quod Nobilitas, est quod desideret heros,  
Gratior hæc forsán charta placere potest,  
Si quis morosus Cato, tetricusque Senator,  
Hunc etiam librum forte videre velit,  
Sive magistratus, tum te reverenter habeto;  
Sed nullus; muscas non capiunt Aquilæ.  
Non vacat his tempus fugitivum impendere nugis,  
Nec tales cupio; par mihi lector erit.  
Si matrona gravis casu diverterit istuc,  
Illustris domina, aut te Comitissa legat:  
Est quod displiceat, placeat quod forsitan illis,  
Ingerere his noli te modo, pande tamen.  
At si virgo tuas dignabitur inclyta chartas  
Tangere, sive schedis hæreat illa tuis:  
Da modo te facilem, et quædam folia esse memento  
Convenient oculis quæ magis apta suis.  
Si generosa ancilla tuos aut alma puella  
Visura est ludos, annue, pande lubens.  
Dic utinam nunc ipse meus \* (nam diligit istas)  
In præsens esset conspiciendus herus.  
Ignotus notusve mihi de gente togatâ  
Sive aget in ludis, palpita sive colet,  
Sive in Lycæo, et nugas evolverit istas,  
Si quasdam mendas viderit inspiciens,  
Da veniam Authori, dices; nam plurima vellet  
Expungi, quæ jam displicuisse sciat.  
Sive Melancholicus quisquam, seu blandus Amator,  
Aulicus aut Civis, seu bene comptus Eques  
Huc appellat, age et tuos te crede legenti,  
Multa istic forsán non male nata leget.  
Quod fugiat, caveat, quodque amplexabitur, ista  
Pagina fortassis promere multa potest.

\* Hæc comicæ dicta, cave ne male capias.



*Democritus Junior ad Librum suum.*

At si quis Medicus coram te sistet, amice  
Fac circumspicere, et te sine labe geras:  
Inveniet namque ipse meis quoque plurima scriptis,  
Non leve subsidium quæ sibi fors an erunt.  
Si quis Causidicus chartas impingat in istas,  
Nil mihi vobiscum, pessima turba vale;  
Sit nisi vir bonus, et juris sine fraude peritus,  
Tum legat, et fors an doctior inde siet.  
Si quis cordatus, facilis, lectorque benignus  
Huc oculos vertat, quæ velit ipse legat;  
Candidus ignoscet, metuas nil, pande libenter,  
Offensus mendis non erit ille tuis,  
Laudabit nonnulla. Venit si Rhetor ineptus,  
Limata et tersa, et qui bene cocta petit,  
Claude citus librum; nulla hic nisi ferrea verba,  
Offendent stomachum quæ minus apta suum.  
At si quis non eximus de plebe poeta,  
Annue; namque istis plurima ficta leget.  
Nos sumus e numero, nullus mihi spirat Apollo,  
Grandiloquus Vates quilibet esse nequit.  
Si Criticus Lector, tumidus Censorque molestus,  
Zoilus et Momus, si rabiosa cohors:  
Ringe, fremere, et noli tunc pavidere, turba malignis  
Si occurrat sannis invidiosa suis:  
Fac fugias; si nulla tibi sit copia eundi,  
Contempnes tacite scommata quæque feres.  
Frendeat, allatret, vacuas gannitibus auras  
Impleat, haud cures; his placuisse nefas.  
Verum age si fors an divertat purior hospes,  
Cuique sales, ludi, displiceantque joci,  
Objiciatque tibi sordes, lascivaque: dices,  
Lasciva est Domino et Musa jocosa tuo,  
Nec lasciva tamen, si pensitet omne; sed esto;  
Sit lasciva licet pagina, vita proba est.  
Barbarus, indoctusque rudis spectator in istam  
Si messem intrudat, fuste fugabis eum,  
Fungum pelle procul (jubeo) nam quid mihi fungo?  
Conveniunt stomacho non minus ista suo.  
Sed nec pelle tamen; lato omnes accipe vultu,  
Quos, quas, vel quales, inde vel unde viros.  
Gratas erit quicumque venit, gratissimus hospes  
Quisquis erit, facilis difficilisque mihi.  
Nam si culpârit quædam culpasse juvabit,  
Culpando faciet me meliora sequi.  
Sed si laudârit, neque laudibus efferar ullis,  
Sit satis hisce malis opposuisse bonum.  
Hæc sunt quæ nostro placuit mandare libello,  
Et quæ dimittens discrevit Herus.



## ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

---

**R**OBERT Burton was the son of Ralph Burton, of an ancient and genteel family at Lindley, in Leicestershire, and was born there 8 February, 1576\*. He received the first rudiments of learning at the free school of Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire †, from

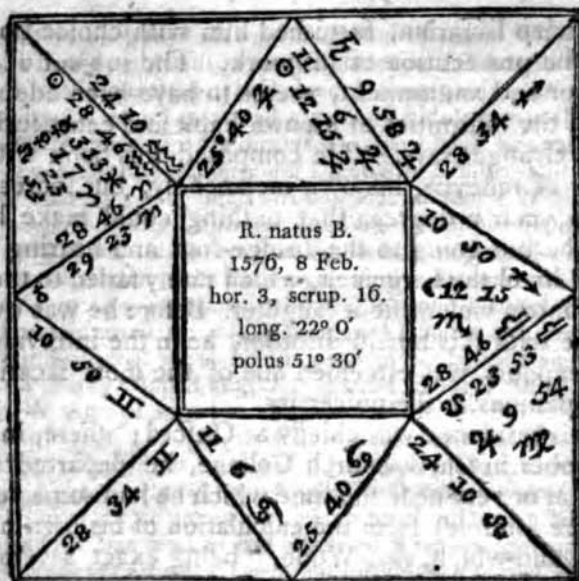
\* His elder brother was William Burton, the Leicestershire antiquary, born August 24, 1575, educated at Sutton Coldfield, admitted commoner, or gentleman commoner, of Brazen Nose college, 1591; at the Inner Temple, May 20, 1593; B. A. June 22, 1594; and afterwards a barrister and reporter in the court of Common Pleas. "But his natural genius," says Wood, "leading him to the studies of heraldry, genealogies, and antiquities, he became excellent in those obscure and intricate matters; and look upon him as a gentleman, was accounted, by all that knew him, to be the best of his time for those studies, as may appear by his description of Leicestershire." His weak constitution not permitting him to follow business, he retired into the country, and his greatest work, *The Description of Leicestershire*, was published in folio, 1622. He died at Falde, after suffering much in the civil war, April 6, 1645, and was buried in the parish church belonging thereto, called Hanbury.

† This is Wood's account. His will says, Nuneaton; but a passage in this work [vol. i. p. 395.] mentions Sutton Coldfield; probably, he may have been at both schools.

whence he was, at the age of seventeen, in the long vacation, 1593, sent to Brazen Nose College, in the condition of a commoner, where he made a considerable progress in logic and philosophy. In 1599 he was elected student of Christ-church, and, for form sake, was put under the tuition of Dr. John Bancroft, afterwards Bishop of Oxford. In 1614 he was admitted to the reading of the Sentences, and, on the 29th of November, 1616, had the vicarage of St. Thomas, in the west suburb of Oxford, conferred on him by the dean and canons of Christ-church, which, with the rectory of Segrave, in Leicestershire, given to him in the year 1636, by George, Lord Berkeley, he kept, to use the words of the Oxford antiquary, with much ado to his dying day. He seems to have been first beneficed at Walsby, in Lincolnshire, through the munificence of his noble patroness, Frances, countess dowager of Exeter, but resigned the same, as he tells us, for some special reasons. At his vicarage he is remarked to have always given the sacrament in wafers. Wood's character of him is, that—"he was an exact mathematician, a curious calculator of nativities, a general read scholar, a thorough-paced philologist, and one that understood the surveying of lands well. As he was by many accounted a severe student, a devourer of authors, a melancholy and humorous person; so by others, who knew him well, a person of great honesty, plain dealing, and charity. I have heard some of the ancients of Christ-church often say, that his company was very merry, facete, and juvenile; and no man in his time did surpass him for his ready and dextrous interlarding his common discourses among them with verses from the poets, or sentences from classic authors; which being then all the fashion in the university, made his company the more acceptable." He appears to have been a universal reader of all kinds of books, and availed himself of his multifarious studies in a very extraordinary manner. From the information of Hearne, we learn, that John Rouse, the

Bodleian librarian, furnished him with choice books for the prosecution of his work. The subject of his labour and amusement, seems to have been adopted from the infirmities of his own habit and constitution. Mr. Granger says, "He composed this book with a view of relieving his own melancholy, but increased it to such a degree, that nothing could make him laugh, but going to the bridge-foot and hearing the ribaldry of the bargemen, which rarely failed to throw him into a violent fit of laughter. Before he was overcome with this horrid disorder, he in the intervals of his vapours was esteemed one of the most facetious companions in the university."

His residence was chiefly at Oxford; where, in his chamber in Christ-church College, he departed this life, at or very near the time which he had some years before foretold, from the calculation of his own nativity, and which, says Wood, "being exact, several of the students did not forbear to whisper among themselves, that rather than there should be a mistake in the calculation, he sent up his soul to heaven through a slip about his neck." Whether this suggestion is founded in truth, we have no other evidence than an obscure hint in the epitaph hereafter inserted, which was written by the author himself, a short time before his death. His body, with due solemnity, was buried near that of Dr. Robert Weston, in the north aisle which joins next to the choir of the cathedral of Christ-church, on the 27th of January 1639-40. Over his grave was soon after erected a comely monument, on the upper pillar of the said aisle, with his bust, painted to the life. On the right hand is the following calculation of his nativity:



and under the bust, this inscription of his own composition.

Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus,  
Hic jacet *Democritus* junior  
Cui vitam dedit et mortem  
Melancholia.

Ob. 8 Id. Jan. A. C. MDCXXXIX.

Arms:—Azure on a bend O. between three dogs heads O. a crescent G.

A few months before his death, he made his will, of which the following is a copy:

*Extracted from the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.*

*In Nomine Dei Amen.* August 15<sup>th</sup> One thousand six hundred thirty nine because there be so many casualties to which our life is subject besides quarrelling and contention which happen to our Successors after our Death by reason of unsettled Estates I Robert Burton Student of Christ-church Oxon.

though my means be but small have thought good by this my last Will and Testament to dispose of that little which I have and being at this present I thank God in perfect health of Bodie and Mind and if this Testament be not so formal according to the nice and strict terms of Law and other Circumstances peradventure required of which I am ignorant I desire howsoever this my Will may be accepted and stand good according to my true Intent and meaning First I bequeath Animam Deo Corpus Terræ whensoever it shall please God to call me I give my Land in Higham which my good Father Ralph Burton of Lindly in the County of Leicester Esquire gave me by Deed of Gift and that which I have annexed to that Farm by purchase since, now leased for thirty eight pounds per Ann. to mine Elder Brother William Burton of Lindly Esquire during his life and after him to his Heirs I make my said Brother William likewise mine Executor as well as paying such Annuities and Legacies out of my Lands and Goods as are hereafter specified I give to my nephew Cassiblan Burton twenty pounds Annuity per Ann. out of my Land in Higham during his life to be paid at two equall payments at our Lady Day in Lent and Michaelmas or if he be not paid within fourteen Days after the said Feasts to distrain on any part of the Ground on or any of my Lands of Inheritance Item I give to my Sister Katharine Jackson during her life eight pounds per Ann. Annuity to be paid at the two Feasts equally as above said or else to distrain on the Ground if she be not paid after fourteen days at Lindly as the other *some* is out of the said Land Item I give to my Servant John Upton the Annuity of Fortv Shillings out of my said Farme during his life (if till then my Servant) to be paid on Michaelmas day in Lindley each year or else after fourteen days to distrain Now for my goods I thus dispose them First I give an C<sup>th</sup> pounds to Christ-Church in Oxford where I have so long lived to buy five pounds Lands per Ann. to be Yearly bestowed on Books for the Library Item I give an hundredth pound to the University Library of Oxford to be bestowed to purchase five pound Land per Ann. to be paid out Yearly on Books as Mrs. Brooks formerly gave an hundred pounds to buy Land to the same purpose and the Rent to the same use I give to my Brother George Burton twenty pounds and my watch I give to my Brother Ralph Burton five pounds Item I give to the Parish of Seagrave in Leicestershire where I am now Rector ten pounds to be given to certain Feoffees to the perpetual good of the said Parish Oxon\* Item I give to my Niece Eugenia Burton One hundredth pounds Item I give to my Nephew Richard Burton now prisoner in London an hundredth pound

\*So in the Register.

to redeem him Item I give to the Poor of Higham Forty Shillings where my Land is to the poor of Nuncaton where I was once a Grammar Scholar three pound to my Cousin Purfey of Wadlake [Wadley] my Cousin Purfey of Calcott my Cousin Hales of Coventry my Nephew Bradshaw of Orton twenty shillings a piece for a small remembrance to Mr. Whitehall Rector of Cherkby myne own Chamber Fellow twenty shillings I desire my Brother George and my Cosen Purfey of Calcott to be the Overseers of this part of my Will I give moreover five pounds to make a small Monument for my Mother where she is buried in London to my Brother Jackson forty shillings to my Servant John Upton forty shillings besides his former Annuity if he be my servant till I dye if he be till then my Servant\*—ROBERT BURTON—Charles Russell Witness—John Pepper Witness.

An Appendix to this my Will if I die in Oxford or whilst I am of Christ-Church and with good Mr. Paynes August the Fifteenth 1639.

I give to Mr. Doctor Fell Dean of Christ-Church Forty Shillings to the Eight Canons twenty Shillings a piece as a small remembrance to the poor of St. Thomas Parish Twenty Shillings to Brasenose Library five pounds to Mr. Rowse of Oriell Colledge twenty shillings to Mr. Heywood xrs. to Doctor Metcalfe xrs. to Mr. Sherley xrs. If I have any Books the University Library hath not, let them take them If I have any Books our own Library hath not, let them take them I give to Mrs. Fell all my English Books of Husbandry one excepted to her Daughter Mrs. Katharine Fell my Six Pieces of Silver Plate and six Silver spoons to Mrs. Hles my Gerards Harball To Mrs. Morris my Country Farme Translated out of French 4. and all my English Physick Books to Mr. Whistler the Recorder of Oxford I give twenty shillings to all my fellow Students M<sup>rs</sup> of Arts a Book in fol. or two a piece as Master Morris Treasurer or Mr. Dean shall appoint whom I request to be the Overseer of this Appendix and give him for his pains Atlas Geografer and Ortelius Theatrum Mond' I give to John Fell the Dean's Son Student my Mathematical Instruments except my two Crosse Staves which I give to my Lord of Donnoil if he be then of the House To Thomas Hles Doctor Hles his Son Student Salantch on Parrhelia and Lucian's Works in 4 Tomes If any books be left let my Executors dispose of them with all such Books as are written with my own hands and half my Melancholy Copy for Crips hath the other half To Mr. Jones Chaplain and Chanter my Surveying Books

\* So in the Register.

and Instruments To the Servants of the House Forty Shillings  
**ROBERT BURTON**—Charles Russell Witness—John Pepper Witness—This will was shewn to me by the Testator and acknowledged by him some few days before his death to be his last Will Ita Testor John Morris S Th D Prebendari'.  
 Eccl Chri' Oxon Feb. 3. 1639.

Probatum fuit Testamentum suprascriptum, &c. 11<sup>o</sup>  
 1640 Juramento Willmi Burton Fris' et Executoris  
 cui &c. de bene et fideliter administrand, &c. coram  
 Mag'ris Nathanaele Stephens Rectore Eccl. de  
 Drayton, et Edwardo Farmer, Clericis, vigore com-  
 missionis, &c.

The only work our author executed, was that now reprinted, which probably was the principal employment of his life. Dr. Ferriar says, it was originally published in the year 1617; but this is evidently a mistake\*; the first edition was that printed in 4to. 1621; a copy of which is at present in the collection of JOHN NICHOLS, Esq. the indefatigable illustrator of the *History of Leicestershire*; to whom, and to ISAAC REED, Esq. of Staple Inn, this account is greatly indebted for its accuracy. The other impressions of it were, in 1624, 1628, 1632, 1638, 1651-2, 1660, and 1676, which last, in the title-page, is called the eighth edition.

The copy from which the present is re-printed, is that of 1651-2; at the conclusion of which is the following address.

#### “ TO THE READER.

“ BE pleased to know (Courteous Reader) that since the last Impression of this Book, the ingenuous Author of it is deceased, leaving a Copy of it exactly corrected, with several considerable Additions by his own hand; this Copy he committed to my care and custody, with directions to have those Additions inserted in the next Edition; which in order to his command, and the Publicke Good, is faithfully performed in this last Impression.” H. C. (*i. e.* HENRY CRIPPS.)

\* Originating, perhaps, in a note, p. 448, 6th edit. (vol. ii. p. 212 of the present), in which a book is quoted as having been “ printed at Paris 1621, seven years after Burton's First Edition.” As, however, the editions after that of 1621 are regularly ranked in succession, to the 8th, printed in 1676, there seems very little reason to doubt that, in the note above alluded to, either 1624 has been a misprint for 1628, or seven years for three years. The numerous typographical errata in other parts of the work strongly aid this latter supposition.



The following testimonies of various authors, will serve to shew the estimation in which this work has been held.

“The Anatomy of Melancholy, wherein the author hath piled up variety of much excellent learning. Scarce any book of philology in our land hath, in so short a time, passed so many editions.”  
*Fuller's Worthies*, fol. 16.

“’Tis a book so full of variety of reading, that gentlemen who have lost their time, and are put to a push for invention, may furnish themselves with matter for common or scholastical discourse and writing.”

*Wood's Athenæ Oxoniensis*, vol. i. p. 628. 2d edit.

“If you never saw BURTON UPON MELANCHOLY, printed 1676, I pray look into it, and read the ninth page of his Preface, “Democritus to the Reader.” There is something there which touches the point we are upon; but I mention the author to you, as the pleasantest, the most learned, and the most full of sterling sense. The wits of Queen Anne's reign, and the beginning of George the 1st. were not a little beholden to him.”

*Archbishop Herring's Letters*, 12mo. 1777. p. 149.

“BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY, he (Dr. Johnson) said, was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise.”

*Boswell's Life of Johnson*, vol. i. p. 580. 8vo. edit.

“BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY is a valuable book,” said Dr. Johnson. “It is, perhaps, overloaded with quotation. But there is great spirit and great power in what Burton says when he writes from his own mind.”

*Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 325.

“It will be no detraction from the powers of Milton's original genius and invention, to remark, that he seems to have borrowed the subject of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, together with some particular thoughts, expressions, and rhymes, more especially the idea of a contrast between these two dispositions, from a forgotten poem prefixed to the first edition of BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY, entitled, “The Author's Abstract of Melancholy; or, A Dialogue between Pleasure and Pain.” Here Pain is Melancholy. It was written, as I conjecture, about the year 1600. I will make no apology for abstracting and citing as much of this poem as will be sufficient

to prove to a discerning reader, how far it had taken possession of Milton's mind. The measure will appear to be the same; and that our author was at least an attentive reader of Burton's book, may be already concluded, from the traces of resemblance which I have incidentally noticed in passing through the *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*."

After extracting the lines, Mr. Warton adds, "as to the very elaborate work to which these visionary verses are no unsuitable introduction, the writer's variety of learning, his quotations from scarce and curious books, his pedantry sparkling with rude wit, and shapeless elegance, miscellaneous matter, intermixture of agreeable tales and illustrations, and, perhaps, above all, the singularities of his feelings, cloathed in an uncommon quaintness of style, have contributed to render it, even to modern readers, a valuable repository of amusement and information." *Warton's Milton*, 2d edit. p. 94.

"The ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY is a book which has been universally read and admired. This work is, for the most part, what the author himself styles it, "a cento;" but it is a very ingenious one. His quotations, which abound in every page, are pertinent; but, if he had made more use of his invention and less of his common-place book, his work would perhaps have been more valuable than it is. He is generally free from the affected language and ridiculous metaphors which disgrace most of the books of this time."

*Granger's Biographical History.*

"BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY, a book once the favourite of the learned and the witty, and a source of surreptitious learning, though written on a regular plan, consists chiefly of quotations: the author has honestly termed it a cento. He collects, under every division, the opinions of a multitude of writers, without regard to chronological order, and has too often the modesty to decline the interposition of his own sentiments. Indeed, the bulk of his materials generally overwhelms him. In the course of his folio he has contrived to treat a great variety of topics, that seem very loosely connected with the general subject, and, like *Bayle*, when he starts a favourite train of quotations, he does not scruple to let digression outrun the principal question. Thus, from the doctrines of religion to military discipline, from inland navigation to the morality of dancing schools, every thing is discussed and determined."

*Ferriar's Illustrations of Sterne.* p. 58.

"The archness which BURTON displays occasionally, and his indulgence of playful digressions from the most serious dis-

cussions, often give his style an air of familiar conversation, notwithstanding the laborious collections which supply his text. He was capable of writing excellent poetry, but he seems to have cultivated this talent too little. The English verses prefixed to his book, which possess beautiful imagery, and great sweetness of versification, have been frequently published. His latin elegiac verses addressed to his book, shew a very agreeable turn for raiillery." *Ibid.* p. 58.

"When the force of the subject opens his own vein of prose, we discover valuable sense and brilliant expression. Such is his account of the first feelings of melancholy persons, written, probably from his own experience. (See vol. i. 126, 127, of the present edition.) *Ibid.* p. 60.

"During a pedantic age, like that in which Burton's production appeared, it must have been eminently serviceable to writers of many descriptions. Hence the unlearned might furnish themselves with appropriate scraps of Greek and Latin, whilst men of letters would find their enquiries shortened, by knowing where they might look for what both ancients and moderns had advanced on the subject of human passions. I confess my inability to point out any other English author who has so largely dealt in apt and original quotations."

*Manuscript note of the late George Steevens, Esq. to his copy of THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.*



## DEMOCRITUS JUNIOR

TO THE READER.

THE PROPERTY OF THE

HOME DEPT.

OF THE GOVERNMENT OF ILLINOIS

**G**ENTLE reader, I presume thou wilt be very inquisitive to know what antick or personate actor this is, that so insolently intrudes upon this common theatre, to the worlds view, arrogating another mans name, whence he is, why he doth it, and what he hath to say. Although, as <sup>a</sup>he said, *Primum, si noluerō, non respondebo: quis coacturus est?* (I am a free man born, and may chuse whether I will tell: who can compel me?) if I be urged, I will as readily reply as that <sup>b</sup>Ægyptian in Plutarch, when a curious fellow would needs know what he had in his basket, *Quum vides velatam, quid inquiris in rem absconditam?* It was therefore covered, because he should not know what was in it. Seek not after that which is hid: if the contents please thee, *and be for thy use, suppose the man in the moon, or whom thou wilt, to be the author:* I would not willingly be known. Yet, in some sort to give thee satisfaction, which is more than I need, I will shew a reason, both of this usurped name, title, and subject. And first of the name of Democritus, lest any man, by reason of it, should be deceived, expecting a pasquil, a satyre, some ridiculous treatise (as I my self should have done), some prodigious tenent, or paradox of the earths motion, of infinite worlds *in infinito vacuo, ex fortuita atomorum collisione,* in an infinite waste, so caused by an accidentall collision of motes in the sun, all which Democritus held, Epicurus and their master Leucippus of old maintained, and are lately revived by Copernicus, Brunus, and some others. Besides, it

<sup>a</sup> Seneca, in Ludo in mortem Claudii Cæsaris.

<sup>b</sup> Lib. de Caritate.

<sup>c</sup> Modo hæc tibi usui sint, quemvis auctorem fingito. Wecker.

hath been alwayes an ordinary custome, as <sup>a</sup>Gellius observēs, for later writers and impostors, to brouch many absurd and insolent fictions, under the name of so noble a philosopher as Democritus, to get themselves credit, and by that meanes the more to be respected, as artificers usually do, *novo qui marmori ascribunt Praxitelem suo.* 'Tis not so with me.

<sup>b</sup>Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyiasque,  
Invenies: hominem pagina nostra sapit.

No Centaures here, or Gorgons, look to finde:  
My subject is of man and humane kinde.

Thou thy self art the subject of my discourse.

<sup>c</sup>Quidquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,  
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli.

Whate'er men do, vowes, feares, in ire, in sport,  
Joyes, wandrings, are the summ of my report.

My intent is no otherwise to use his name, than Mercurius Gallobelgicus, Mercurius Britannicus, use the name of Mercurie, <sup>d</sup>Democritus Christianus, &c. although there be some other circumstances for which I have masked my self under this visard, and some peculiar respects, which I cannot so well express, until I have set down a brieve character of this our Democritus, what he was, with an epitome of his life.

Democritus, as he is described by <sup>e</sup>Hippocrates, and <sup>f</sup>Laërtius, was a little wearish old man, very melancholy by nature, averse from company in his latter dayes, and much given to solitariness, a famous philosopher in his age, <sup>g</sup>coævous with Socrates, wholly addicted to his studies at the last, and to a private life; writ many excellent workes, a great divine, according to the divinity of those times, an expert physitian, a politician, an excellent mathematician, as <sup>h</sup>Diacosmus and the rest of his workes do witness. He was much delighted with the studies of husbandry, saith <sup>i</sup>Columella; and often I finde him cited by <sup>k</sup>Constantinus and others treating of that subject. He knew the natures, differences of all beasts, plants, fishes, birds; and, as some say, could <sup>l</sup>understand the tunes and voyces of them. In a word, he was *omnifariam doctus*, a generall schollar, a great student; and, to the intent he might better contemplate, <sup>m</sup>I find it related by some, that he put out

<sup>a</sup>Lib. 10. c. 12. Multa a male seriatis in Democriti nomine commenta data, nobilitatis, auctoritatisque ejus perfugio utentibus. <sup>b</sup>Martialis, lib. 10. epigr. 14. <sup>c</sup>Juv. Sat. 1. <sup>d</sup>Anth. Fet. Bessen, edit. Coloniae 1616.

<sup>e</sup>Hip. Epist. Demegor. <sup>f</sup>Laërt. lib. 9. <sup>g</sup>Hortensio sibi cellulosa religens, ibique seipsum includens, vixit solitarius. <sup>h</sup>Elibri Olympiad. 80; 700 annis post Trojam. <sup>i</sup>Diacos, quod cunctis operibus facile excellit. Laërt. <sup>k</sup>Col. lib. 1. c. 1. <sup>l</sup>Const. lib. de agric. passim. <sup>m</sup>Volucrum voces et linguas intelligere se dicit Abderitanus, Ep. Hip. <sup>n</sup>Sabellicus, exempli lib. 10. Oculis se privavit, ut melius contemplationi operam daret, sublimi vit ingenio, profundæ cogitationis, &c.

DEMOCRITUS TO THE READER.

his eyes, and was in his old age voluntarily blinde, yet saw more than all Greece besides, and <sup>a</sup> writ of every subject: *Nihil in toto officio naturæ, de quo non scripsit*: a man of an excellent wit, profound conceit; and, to attain knowledge the better in his younger yeares, he travelled to Egypt and <sup>b</sup> Athens, to confer with learned men, <sup>c</sup> *admired of some, despised of others*. After a wandring life, he settled at Abdera, a town in Thrace, and was sent for thither to be their law-maker, recorder, or town-clerk, as some will; or as others, he was there bred and born. Howsoever it was, there he lived at last in a garden in the suburbs, wholly betaking himself to his studies, and a private life, <sup>d</sup> *saving that sometimes he would walk down to the haven, <sup>e</sup> and laugh heartily at such variety of ridiculous objects, which there he saw*. Such a one was Democritus.

But, in the mean time, how doth this concern me, or upon what reference do I usurp his habit? I confess, indeed, that to compare myself unto him for ought I have yet said, were both impudency and arrogancy. I do not presume to make any parallel. *Antistat mihi millibus trecentis: <sup>f</sup> parvus sum; nullus sum; altum nec spiro, nec spero*. Yet thus much I will say of myself, and that I hope without all suspicion of pride, or self-conceit, I have lived a silent, sedentary, solitary, private life, *mihi et Musis*, in the university, as long almost as Xenocrates in Athens, *ad senectam fere*, to learn wisdom as he did, penned up most part in my study: for I have been brought up a student in the most flourishing college of Europe, *in augustissimo collegio*, and can brag with <sup>g</sup> Jovius, almost *in ed luce domicilii Vaticanæ, totius orbis celeberrimi per 37 annos multa opportunaque didici*; for thirty yeares I have continued (having the use of as good <sup>h</sup> libraries as ever he had) a scholar, and would be therefore loth, either, by living as a drone, to be an unprofitable or unworthy member of so learned and noble a society, or to write that which should be any way dishonourable to such a royal and ample foundation. Something I have done: though by my profession a divine, yet *turbine raptus ingenii*, as <sup>i</sup> he said, but of a running wit, an unconstant, unsetled minde, I had a great desire (not able to attain to a superficial skill in any) to have some smarting in all, to be *aliquis in omnibus, nullus in singulis*;

<sup>a</sup> Naturalia, moralia, mathematica, liberales disciplinas, artiumque omnium peritiam, callebat. <sup>b</sup> Veni Athenas; et nemo me novit. <sup>c</sup> Idem contemptui et admirationi habitus.

<sup>d</sup> Solebat ad portam ambulare, et inde. &c. Hipp. Ep. Dameg.

<sup>e</sup> Perpetuo risu pulmoem agitare solebat Democritus. Juv. Sat. 7.

<sup>f</sup> Non sum dignus præstare matellam. Mast. <sup>g</sup> Christ-Church in Oxford.

<sup>h</sup> Præfat. hist. <sup>i</sup> Keeper of our college library lately revived by Otho Nicolson, Esquire.

<sup>j</sup> Scaliger.

which <sup>a</sup> Plato commends, out of him <sup>b</sup> Lipsius approves and furthers, as fit to be imprinted in all curious wits, not to be a slave of one science, or dwell altogether in one subject, as most do, but to rove abroad, *centum puer artium, to have an oar in every mans boat, to <sup>c</sup> taste of every dish, and to sip of every cup*; which, saith <sup>d</sup> Montaigne, was well performed by Aristotle, and his learned countrey-man Adrian Turnebus. This roving humour (though not with like success) I have ever had, and, like a ranging spaniel, that barks at every bird he sees, leaving his game, I have followed all, saving that which I should, and may justly complain, and truly, *qui ubique est, nusquam est*, which <sup>e</sup> Gesner did in modesty; that I have read many bookes, but to little purpose, for want of good method, I have confusedly tumbled over divers authors in our libraries with small profit, for want of art, order, memory, judgement. I never travelled but in map or card, in which my unconfin'd thoughts have freely expatiated, as having ever been especially delighted with the study of cosmography. <sup>f</sup> Saturn was lord of my geniture, culminating, &c. and Mars principal significator of manners, in partile conjunction with mine ascendant; both fortunate in their houses, &c. I am not poor, I am not rich; *nihil est, nihil deest*; I have little, I want nothing: all my treasure is in Minerva's tower. Greater preferment as I could never get, so am I not in debt for it. I have a competency (*laus Deo*) from my noble and magnificent patrons. Though <sup>g</sup> I live still a collegiate student, as Democritus in his garden, and lead a monastique life, *ipse mihi theatrum, et tanquam in speculâ positus* (as he said), in some high place above you all, like *Stoicus sapiens, omnia sæcula præterita præsentiaque videns, uno velut intuitu*, I hear and see what is done abroad, how others <sup>h</sup> run, ride, turmoil, and macerate themselves in court and country. Far from those wrangling law-suits, *aulæ vanitatem, fori ambitionem, ridere mecum soleo*: I laugh at all, <sup>i</sup> only sure, lest my suit go amiss, *my ships perish, corn and cattle miscarry, trade decay, I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for*; a meer spectator of other mens fortunes and adventures and how they act their parts, which me thinks are diversely presented unto

<sup>a</sup> In Theæt. <sup>b</sup> Phil. Stoic. li. diff. 8. Dogma cupidis et curiosis ingenii imprimeudum, ut sit talis qui nulli rei serviat, aut exacte unum aliquid elaboret, alia negligens, ut artifices, &c.

<sup>c</sup> Delibare gratum de quocunque cibo, et pituisse de quocunque dolio jucundum.

<sup>d</sup> Essays, lib. 3.

<sup>e</sup> Præfat. bibliothecæ.

<sup>f</sup> Ambo forte et fortunati. Mars idem magisterii dominus juxta primam Leoviti regulam.

<sup>g</sup> Heinsius.

<sup>h</sup> Calide atabientes, sollicite litigantes, aut misere excedentes, voces, strepitum, contentiones, &c. <sup>i</sup> Cyp. ad. Donat. Unice securus, ne incidam in foro, aut in mari Indico bonis eluam, de dote filie, patrimonio filii non sum sollicitus.

me, as from a common theater or scene. I hear new news every day: and those ordinary rumours of war, plagues, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, apparitions, of towns taken, cities besieged in France, Germany, Turkey, Persia, Poland, &c. daily musters and preparations, and such like, which these tempestuous times afford, battles fought, so many men slain, monomachies, shipwracks, piracies, and sea-fights, peace, leagues, stratagems, and fresh alarms—a vast confusion of vows, wishes, actions, edicts, petitions, law-suits, pleas, lawes, proclamations, complaints, grievances—are dayly brought to our ears: new bookes every day, pamphlets, currantoes, stories, whole catalogues of volumes of all sorts, new paradoxes, opinions, schisms, heresies, controversies in philosophy, religion, &c. Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, jubiles, embassies, tilts, and tournaments, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, playes: then again, as in a new shifted scene, treasons, cheating trickes, robberies, enormous villanies in all kindes, funerals, burials, death of princes, new discoveries, expeditions; now comicall, then tragicall matters. To day we hear of new lords and officers created, to-morrow of some great men deposed, and then again of fresh honours conferred: one is let loose, another imprisoned: one purchaseth, another breaketh: he thrives, his neighbour turns bankrupt; now plenty, then again dearth and famine; one runs, another rides, wrangles, laughs, weeps, &c. Thus I dayly hear, and such like, both private and public like news. Amidst the gallantry and misery of the world, jollity, pride, perplexities and cares, simplicity and villany, subtlety, knavery, candour and integrity, mutually mixt and offering themselves, I rub on, *privus privatus*: as I have still lived, so I now continue *statu quo prius*, left to a solitary life, and mine own domestick discontents; saving that sometimes, *ne quid mentiar*, as Diogenes went into the city and Democritus to the haven, to see fashions, I did for my recreation now and then walk abroad, look into the world, and could not choose but make some little observation, *non tam sagax observator, ac simplex recitator*, not, as they did, to scoffe or laugh at all, but with a mixt passion.

<sup>a</sup> Bilem, sæpe jocum vestri movere tumultus.

I did sometime laugh and scoffe with Lucian, and satyrically tax with Menippus, lament with Heraclitus, sometimes again I was <sup>b</sup> *petulanti splene cachinno*, and then again, <sup>c</sup> *urere bilis jecur*, I was much moved to see that abuse which I could not amend: in which passion howsoever I may sympathize

<sup>a</sup> Hor.

<sup>b</sup> Per.

<sup>c</sup> Hor.



with him or them, 'tis for no such respect I shroud my self under his name, but either, in an unknown habit, to assume a little more liberty and freedom of speech, or if you will needs know, for that reason and only respect which Hippocrates relates at large in his epistle to Damegetus, wherein he doth express, how, coming to visit him one day, he found *Democritus* in his garden at Abdera, in the suburbs, <sup>a</sup> under a shady bowver, <sup>b</sup> with a book on his knees, busie at his study, sometime writing, sometime walking. The subject of his book was melancholy and madness: about him lay the carcases of many severall beasts, newly by him cut up and anatomized; not that he did contemn God's creatures, as he told Hippocrates, but to find out the seat of this *atra bilis*, or melancholy, whence it proceeds, and how it was engendred in mens bodies, to the intent he might better cure it in himself by his writings and observations <sup>c</sup> teach others how to prevent and avoid it. Which good intent of his Hippocrates highly commended; Democritus Junior is therefore bold to imitate, and, because he left it imperfect and it is now lost, *quasi succenturiator Democriti*, to revive again, prosecute, and finish in this treatise.

You have had a reason of the name. If the title and inscription offend your gravity, were it a sufficient justification to accuse others, I could produce many sober treatises, even sermons themselves, which in their fronts carry more phantastical names. Howsoever, it is a kinde of policy in these dayes, to prefix a phantastical title to a book which is to be sold: for as larks come down to a day-net, many vain readers will tarry and stand gazing, like silly passengers, at an antick picture in a painters shop, that will not look at a judicious piece. And indeed, as <sup>d</sup> Scaliger observes, *nothing more invites a reader than an argument unlooked for, unthought of, and sells better than a scurrile pamphlet, tum maxime cum novitas excitat palatum*. Many men, saith <sup>e</sup> Gellius, are very conceited in their inscriptions, and able, (as <sup>f</sup> Pliny quotes out of Seneca) to make him loyter by the way, *that went in haste to fetch a mid-wife for his daughter, now ready to lye down*. For my part, I have honourable <sup>g</sup> precedents for this I have done: I will cite one for all, Anthony Zara Pap. Episc. his

<sup>a</sup> Secundum moris locus erat frondosis populis opacus, vitibusque sponte natis: tenuis prope aqua delabebat, plucide murmurans, ubi sedile et domus Democriti conspicietur.

<sup>b</sup> Ipse composite considchat, super genus volumes hactos, et utriusque alla patentis parata, dissectaque animalia cumulatim strata, quorum viscera remolitur.

<sup>c</sup> Cum mundus extra se sit, et mente captus sit, et nesciat se languere, ut medelam adhibeat.

<sup>d</sup> Scaliger, Ep. ad Patibonem. Nihil magis lectorem invitat quam inopinatum argumentum; neque vendibilior merx est quam petulans liber.

<sup>e</sup> I. l. xx. c. II. Miræ sequuntur inscriptionum festivitates.

<sup>f</sup> Prefat. Nat. Hist. P. m. obscenitatem parturienti filia: accersenti moram injicere possunt.

<sup>g</sup> Anatomy of popery, Anatomy of immortality, Angelus Scalas, Anatomy of antimony, &c.

Anatomy of wit, in four sections, members, subsections, &c. to be read in our libraries.

If any man except against the matter or manner of treating of this my subject, and will demand a reason of it, I can allege more than one. I write of melancholy, by being busie, to avoid melancholy. There is no greater cause of melancholy than idleness, *no better cure than business*, as <sup>a</sup> Rhasis holds: and howbeit, *stultus labor est ineptiarum*, to be busied in toys is to small purpose, yet hear that divine Seneca, better *aliud agere quam nihil*, better do to no end, than nothing. I writ therefore, and busied myself in this playing labour, *otiosaque diligentia, ut vitam torporem feriandi*, with Vectius in Macrobius, *atque otium in utile verterem negotium*;

<sup>b</sup> — Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitae,  
Lectorem delectando simul atque monendo.

To this end I write, like them, saith Lucian, that *recite to trees, and declaim to pillars, for want of auditors*; as <sup>c</sup> Paulus Aegineta ingenuously confesseth, *not that any thing was unknown or omitted, but to exercise myself*, (which course if some took, I think it would be good for their bodies, and much better for their soules); or peradventure, as others do, for fame to shew myself (*Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter*). I might be of Thucydides opinion, <sup>d</sup> *to know a thing and not to express it, is all one as if he knew it not*. When I first took this task in hand, *et quod ait e ille, impellente genio negotium suscepi*, this I aimed at *vel ut lenirem animum scribendo*, to ease my minde by writing, for I had *gravidum cor, fetum caput*, a kinde of impostume in my head, which I was very desirous to be unladen of, and could imagine no fitter evacuation than this. Besides, I might not well refrain; for *ubi dolor, ibi digitus*, one must needs scratch where it itches. I was not a little offended with this malady, shall I say my mistris *melancholy*, my Egeria, or my *malus genius*; and for that cause, as he that is stung with a scorpion, I would expel *clavum clavo*, & comfort one sorrow with another, idleness with idleness, *ut ex viperâ theriacum*, make an antidote out of that which was the prime cause of my disease. Or as he did, of whom <sup>e</sup> Felix Plater speaks, that thought he had some of Aristophanes frogs in his belly, still crying *Brecc' ekex, coax, oop, oop*, and for that cause studied physick seven yeares, and travelled

<sup>a</sup> Cont. l. 4. c. 9. Non est cura melior quam labor. <sup>b</sup> Hor. <sup>c</sup> Non quod de novo quid addere, aut a veteribus prætermissum, sed propriæ exercitiosionis causâ. <sup>d</sup> Qui novit, neque id quod sentit exprimit, perinde est ac si nesciret. <sup>e</sup> Jovius, Præf. Hist. <sup>f</sup> Erasmus. <sup>g</sup> Otium otio, dolorem dolore, cum solatus. <sup>h</sup> Observat. l. 1.

over most part of Europe, to ease himself; to do my self good, I turned over such physitions as our libraries would afford, or my <sup>a</sup> private friends impart, and have taken this pains. And why not? Cardan professeth he writ his book *De consolatione* after his sons death, to comfort himself; so did Tully write of the same subject with like intent after his daughters departure, if it be his at least, or some impostors put off in his name, which Lipsius probably suspects. Concerning myself I can peradventure affirm with Marius in Sallust, <sup>b</sup> *that which others hear or read of, I felt and practised my self: they get their knowledge by bookes, I mine by melancholizing: experto crede Roberto.* Something I can speak out of experience, *ærumnabilis experientia me docuit*; and with her in the poet, <sup>c</sup> *Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.* I would help others out of a fellow-feeling, and as that vertuous lady did of old <sup>d</sup> *being a leper herself, bestow all her portion to build an hospital for lepers,* I will spend my time and knowledge, which are my greatest fortunes, for the common good of all.

Yea, but you will inferr that this is <sup>e</sup> *actum agere*, an unnecessary work, *cramben bis coctam apponere*, the same again and again in other words. To what purpose? <sup>f</sup> *Nothing is omitted that may well be said: so thought Lucian in the like theam.* How many excellent physitions have written just volumes and elaborate tracts of this subject? no news here: that which I have is stolen from others; <sup>g</sup> *dicitque mihi mea pagina, fur es.* If that severe doom of <sup>h</sup> Synesius be true, *it is a greater offence to steal dead mens labours than their cloaths,* what shall become of most writers? I hold up my hand at the bar amongst others, and am guilty of felony in this kinde, *habes confitentem reum,* I am content to be pressed with the rest. <sup>i</sup> *Tis most true, tenet insanabile multos scribendi cacœthes;* and <sup>j</sup> *there is no end of writing of bookes,* as the wise man found of old, in this <sup>k</sup> scribbling age especially, wherein <sup>l</sup> *the number of bookes is without number,* (as a worthy man saith) *presses be oppressed,* and out of an itching humour, that every man hath to shew himself <sup>m</sup> desirous of fame and honour, (*scribimus indocti doctique*—) he will write, no matter what, and scrape together, it boots not whence.

<sup>a</sup> M. J. b. Roux, our Protobib. Oxon. Mr. Hopper, M. Guthridge, &c. <sup>b</sup> Quæ illi audire et legere solent, eorum partim vidi egomet, alia gesti: quæ illi literis, ego militando didici. Nunc vos existimate, facta an dicta plura sint. <sup>c</sup> Dido Virg.

<sup>d</sup> Cambden, ipsa elephantiasis correpta elephantiasis hospitium construxit.

<sup>e</sup> Illuda post Homerum. <sup>f</sup> Nihil prætermisum quod a quovis dici possit.

<sup>g</sup> Martialis. <sup>h</sup> Magis impium mortuorum lucubraciones quam vestes furari.

<sup>i</sup> Eccl. ult. <sup>j</sup> Libros eunuchi gignunt, steriles pariant. <sup>k</sup> D. King, præfat. lect.

<sup>l</sup> Jonas, the late right reverend lord bishop of London. <sup>m</sup> Homines famelicij gloriæ ad summationem eruditionis undique congerunt. Buchannan.

<sup>a</sup> Bewitched with this desire of fame, etiam mediis in morbis, to the disparagement of their health, and scarce able to hold a pen, they must say something, <sup>b</sup> and get themselves a name," saith Scaliger, though it be to the down-fall and ruine of many others. To be counted writers, scriptores ut salutentur, to be thought and held Polymathes and Polyhistor, apud imperitum vulgus ob ventosæ nomen artis, to get a paper kingdome: nullâ spe quæstus, sed amplâ famæ, in this precipitate, ambitious age, nunc ut est sæculum, inter immaturam eruditionem, ambitiosum et præceps ('tis Scaliger's censure) and they that are scarce auditors, vix auditores, must be masters and teachers, before they be capable and fit hearers. They will rush into all learning, togatam, armatam, divine, humane authors, rake over all indexes and pamphlets for notes, as our merchants do strange havens for traf-fike, write great tomes, cum non sint reverâ doctiores, sed loquaciores, when as they are not thereby better schollars, but greater praters. They commonly pretend publike good: but, as <sup>d</sup> Gesner observes, 'tis pride and vanity that eggs them on; no news or ought worthy of note, but the same in other terms. Ne feriarentur fortasse typographi, vel ideo scribendum est aliquid ut se vixisse testentur. As apothecaries, we make new mixtures every day, pour out of one vessel into another; and as those old Romans rob'd all the cities of the world, to set out their bad sited Rome, we skim off the cream of other mens wits, pick the choice flowers of their till'd gardens to set out our own sterile plots. Castrant alios, ut libros suos, per se graciles, alieno adipe suffarciant (so <sup>e</sup> Jovius inveighs); they lard their lean bookies with the fat of others workes. Ineruditi fures, &c. (a fault that every writer finds, as I do now, and yet faulty themselves) <sup>f</sup> Trium literarum homines, all thieves; they pilfer out of old writers to stuff up their new comments, scrape Ennius dang-hills, and out of <sup>g</sup> Democritus pit, as I have done. By which meanes it comes to pass, <sup>h</sup> that not only libraries and shops are full of our putrid papers, but every close-stool and jakes: Scribunt carmina, quæ legunt cacantes; they serve to put under pies, to <sup>i</sup> lap spice in, and keep roast meat from burning. With us in France, saith <sup>k</sup> Scaliger, every man hath liberty to write, but few ability. <sup>l</sup> Heretofore learning was graced by judicious

<sup>a</sup> Effascinati etiam laudis amore, &c. Justus Bironius. <sup>b</sup> Ex ruinis alienæ estimationis sibi gradum ad famam struunt. <sup>c</sup> Exercit. 288. <sup>d</sup> Omnes sibi famam quærunt, et quovis modo in orbem sparsi contendunt, ut novæ alicujus rei habeantur auctores. Præf. biblioth. <sup>e</sup> Præf. hist. <sup>f</sup> Plantus. <sup>g</sup> E Democriti puteo. <sup>h</sup> Non tam referre bibliothecæ quam cloacæ. <sup>i</sup> Et quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis. <sup>k</sup> Epist. ad Petas. In regno Franciæ omnibus scribendi datur libertas, paucis facultas. <sup>l</sup> Olim literæ ob homines in pretio, nunc sardent eb homines.

*schollars, but now noble sciences are vilified by base and illiterate scriblers, that either write for vain-glory, need to get money, or as parasites to flatter and colloque with some great men: they put out <sup>a</sup> burras, quisquiliasque, ineptiasque. <sup>b</sup> Amongst so many thousand authors you shall scarce find one, by reading of whom you shall be any whit better, but rather much worse, quibus inficitur potius, quam perficitur, by which he is rather infected, than any way perfected.*

<sup>c</sup> Qui talia legit,

Quid didicit tandem, quid scit, nisi somnia, nugas?

So that oftentimes it falls out (which Callimachus taxed of old) a great book is a great mischief. <sup>d</sup> Cardan finds fault with Frenchmen and Germans, for their scribbling to no purpose: *non, inquit, ab edendo deterreo, modo novum aliquid inveniunt*: he doth not bar them to write, so that it be some new invention of their own; but we weave the same web still, twist the same rope again and again: or, if it be a new invention, 'tis but some bauble or toy which idle fellowes write, for as idle fellowes to read: and who so cannot invent? <sup>e</sup> *He must have a barren wit, that in this scribbling age can forge nothing.* <sup>f</sup> *Princes shew their armies, rich men vaunt their buildings, souldiers their manhood, and schollars vent their toys; they must read, they must hear, whether they will or no.*

<sup>g</sup> Et quodcumque semel chartis illeverit, omnes  
Gestiet a furno redeuntes scire lacuque,  
Et pueros et anus—.

What once is said and writ, all men must know,  
Old wives and children as they come and go.

*What a company of poets hath this year brought out! as Pliny complains to Sosius Senecio. <sup>h</sup> This April, every day some or other have recited. What a catalogue of new bookes all this year, all this age (I say), have our Frank-furt marts, our domestick marts, brought out! twice a year, <sup>i</sup> proferunt se nova ingenia et ostentant*: we stretch our wits out, and set them to sale: *magno conatu nihil agimus*. So that, which <sup>k</sup> Gesner much desires, if a speedy reformation be not had, by some princes edicts and grave supervisors, to restrain this liberty, it will run on *in infinitum*. *Quis tam avidus li-*

<sup>a</sup> Ana. pac. <sup>b</sup> Inter tot mille volumina vix unum a cujus lectione quis melior evadat, immo potius non pejor. <sup>c</sup> Palingenius. <sup>d</sup> Lib. 5. de sap. <sup>e</sup> Sterile oportet esse ingenium quod in hoc scripturicentis pruritu, &c. <sup>f</sup> Cardan. præf. ad consol. <sup>g</sup> Hor. ser. 1. Sat. 4. <sup>h</sup> Epist. lib. 1. Magnum poetarum proventum annus hic attulit: mense Aprilis nullus fere dies quo non aliquis recitavit. <sup>i</sup> Idem. <sup>k</sup> Principibus et doctoribus deliberandum relinquo, ut arguantur auctorum furz, et millies repetita tollantur, et tenere scribendi libido coercatur, aliter in infinitum progressura.

*errorum hœlluo*, who can read them? As already, we shall have a vast chaos and confusion of bookes: we are <sup>a</sup> oppressed with them; <sup>b</sup> our eyes ake with reading, our fingers with turning. For my part, I am one of the number; *nos numerus sumus*: I do not deny it. I have only this of Macrobius to say for my self, *Omne meum nihil meum*, 'tis all mine, and none mine. As a good house-wife out of divers fleeces weaves one peece of cloth, a bee gathers wax and honey out of many flowers, and makes a new bundle of all.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,

I have laboriously <sup>c</sup> collected this cento out of divers writers, and that *sine injuriâ*: I have wronged no authors, but given every man his own; which <sup>d</sup> Hieron so much commends in Nepotian; he stole not whole verses, pages, tracts, as some do now a dayes, concealing their authors names; but still said this was Cyprian's, that Lactantius, that Hilarius, so said Minutius Felix, so Victorinus, thus far Arnobius: I cite and quote mine authors (which, howsoever some illiterate scriblers account pedanticall, as a cloke of ignorance, and opposite to their affected fine style, I must and will use) *sumpsi, non surripui*; and what Varro, lib. 6. de re rust. speaks of bees, *minime maleficæ, nullius opus vellicantes faciunt deterius*, I can say of my self. Whom have I injured? The matter is theirs most part, and yet mine: *apparet unde sumptum sit* (which Seneca approves); *aliud tamen, quam unde sumptum sit, apparet*; which nature doth with the aliment of our bodies, incorporate, digest, assimilate, I do *concoquere quod hausi*, dispose of what I take: I make them pay tribute, to set out this my Macrobian: the method only is mine own: I must usurp that of <sup>e</sup> *Wecker e Ter. nihil dictum quod non dictum prius: methodus sola artificem ostendit*: we can say nothing but what hath been said, the composition and method is ours only, and shews a schollar. Oribasius, Aëtius, Avicenna, have all out of Galen, but in their own method, *diverso stylo, non diversa fide*. Our poets steal from Homer; he spews, saith Ælian, they lick it up. Divines use Austin's words *verbatim* still, and our story-dressers do as much; he that comes last is commonly best,

— donec quid grandius ætas  
Postera, sorsque ferat melior.—

<sup>a</sup> Onerabantur ingenis, nemo legendis sufficit. <sup>b</sup> Libris obruimur: oculi ledendo, manus volitando dolent. Fam. Strada, Momon. Lucretius. <sup>c</sup> Quidquid ubique bene dictum facio meum, & illud nunc meis, ad compendium, nunc ad fidem et auctoritatem alienis, exprimo verba: omnes auctores meos cunctos esse arbitror, &c. Sarrasbertensis ad Polyerat. prol. <sup>d</sup> In Epitaphi. Nep. illud Cyp. hoc Lact. illud Hilari. est. in Victorinus, in hunc modum loquutus est Arnobius. &c.

<sup>e</sup> Pref. ad Syntax. med.

Though there were many gyants of old in physick and philosophy, yet I say with <sup>a</sup>Didacus Stella, *A dwarf standing on the shoulders of a gyant, may see farther than a gyant himself*; I may likely add, alter, and see farther than my predecessours; and it is no greater prejudice for me to indite after others, than for *Ælianus Montaltus*, that famous physitian, to write *de morbis capitis* after *Jason Pratensis*, *Heurnius*, *Hildesheim*, &c. Many horses to run in a race, one logician, one rhetorician, after another. Oppose then what thou wilt,

Alatres licet usque nos et usque,  
Et gannitibus improbis lacessas;

I solve it thus. And for those other faults of barbarism, <sup>b</sup>Do-  
rick dialect, extemporanean style, <sup>c</sup>tautologies, apish imitation, a rhapsody of rags gathered together from several dung-hills, excrements of authors, toys and fopperies confusedly tumbled out, without art, invention, judgement, wit, learning, harsh, raw, rude, phantasticall, absurd, insolent, indiscreet, ill-composed, indigested, vain, scurrile, idle, dull and dry; I confess all ('tis partly affected): thou canst not think worse of me than I do of my self. 'Tis not worth the reading, I yeeld it: I desire thee not to lose time in perusing so vain a subject; I should be peradventure loth my self to read him or thee so writing: 'tis not *operæ pretium*. All I say, is this, that I have <sup>e</sup>precedents for it, which *Isocrates* calls *per fugium iis qui peccant*, others as absurd, vain, idle, illiterate, &c. *Nonnulli alii idem fecerunt*, others have done as much, it may be more, and perhaps thou thy self. *Novimus et quite, &c.* we have all our faults; *scimus, et hanc veniam, &c.* <sup>d</sup>thou censurest me, so have I done others, and may do thee: *Cœdimus, inque vicem, &c.* 'tis *lex talionis, quid pro qua*. Go now censure, criticise, scoffe and rail.

<sup>a</sup> Nasutus sis usque licet, sis denique nasus,  
Non potes in nugas dicere plura meas,  
Ipse ego quam dixi, &c.

Wer'st thou all scoffes and flouts, a very *Momus*,  
Than we our selves, thou canst not say worse of us.

Thus, as when women scold, have I cryed whore first; and in some mens censures, I am afraid I have overshot myself. *Laudare se vani, vituperare stulti*: as I do not arrogate, I will not derogate. *Primus vestrum non sum, nec imus*, I am none of the best, I am none of the meanest of you. As

<sup>a</sup> In Luc. 10. Tom. 2. Pygmæi gigantum humeris impositi plus quam ipsi gigantes vident. <sup>b</sup> Nec araneorum textus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignuntur, nec noster ideo vilior, quia ex alienis libamus, ut apes. Lipsius adversus dialogist.  
<sup>c</sup> Uno absurdo dato, mille sequuntur. <sup>d</sup> Non dubito multos lectores hic fore amicos. <sup>e</sup> Mæxial. 13. 2.

I am an inch, or so many feet, so many parasanges, after him or him, I may be peradventure an ace before thee. Be it therefore as it is, well or ill, I have assayed, put my self upon the stage: I must abide the censure; I may not escape it. It is most true, *stylus virum arguit*, our style bewrays us, and \* hunters find their game by the trace, so is a mans genius descried by his workes: *multo melius ex sermone quam lineamentis, de moribus hominum judicamus*; 'twas old Cato's rule. I have laid my self open (I know it) in this treatise, turned mine inside outward: I shall be censured, I doubt not; for, to say truth with Erasmus, *nihil morosius hominum judiciiis*, there's nought so peevish as mens judgements: yet this is some comfort—*ut palata, sic judicia*, our censures are as various as our palats.

\* Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,  
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato, &c.

Our writings are as so many dishes, our readers guests; our bookes like beauty; that which one admires, another rejects; so are we approved as mens fancies are inclined.

Pro captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli.

That which is most pleasing to one is *amaracum sui* most harsh to another. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*, so many men, so many mindes: that which thou condemnest, he commends.

\* Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque doobus.

He respects matter; thou art wholly for words: he loves a loose and free style; thou art all for neat composition, strong lines, hyperboles, allegories: he desires a fine frontispeece, canticing pictures, such as Hieron. Natali <sup>d</sup> the Jesuite hath cut to the Dominicals, to draw on the readers attention, which thou rejectest; that which one admires, another explodes as most absurd and ridiculous. If it be not point-blank to his humour, his method, his conceit, <sup>e</sup> *si quid forsitan omisum, quod is animo conceperit, si quæ dictio*, &c. if ought be omitted, or added, which he likes or dislikes, thou art *mancipium paucae lectionis*, an ideot, an asse, *nullus es*, or *plagiarius*, a trifler, a trivant, thou art an idle fellow; or else 'tis a thing of meer industry, a collection without wit or invention, a very toy. <sup>f</sup> *Facilia sic putant omnes quæ jam facta, nec de salebris cogitant, ubi via strata*; so men are valued, their labours vilified, by fellowes of no worth themselves, as things of nought: who could not have done as much? *unusquisque abundat sensu suo*, every man abounds in his own sense; and

\* Ut venatores feram e vestigio impresso, virum scripturancullâ, Lips. <sup>h</sup> Hor.  
<sup>g</sup> Hor. <sup>d</sup> Antwerp. fol. 1607. <sup>e</sup> Muretus, <sup>f</sup> Lipsius.



whilst each particular party is so affected, how should one please all?

Quid dem? quid non dem? Renuis tu, quod jubet ille.

How shall I hope to express my self to each mans humour and <sup>b</sup> conceit, or to give satisfaction to all? Some understand too little, some too much, *qui similiter in legendos libros, atque in salutandos homines irruunt, non cogitantes quales, sed quibus vestibus induti sint*, as <sup>c</sup> Austin observes, not regarding what, but who write, <sup>d</sup> *orexin habet auctoris celebritas*, not valuing the mettal, but the stamp that is upon it; *cantharum, aspiciunt, non quid in eo*. If he be not rich, in great place, polite and brave, a great doctor, or full fraught with grand titles, though never so well qualified, he is a dunce. But as <sup>e</sup> Baronius hath it of cardinal Caraffa's workes, he is a meer hog that rejects any man for his poverty. Some are too partial, as friends to overween; others come with a prejudice to carp, vilifie, detract and scoffe: (*qui de me forsam quidquid est, omni contemptu contemptius judicant*) some are bees for hony, some are spiders to gather poyson. What shall I do in this case? As a Dutch host, if you come to an inn in Germany, and dislike your fare, dyet, lodging, &c. replies in a surly tone, <sup>f</sup> *aliud tibi quæras diversorium*, if you like not this, get you to another inn: I resolve, if you like not my writing, go read something else. I do not much esteem thy censure: take thy course: 'tis not as thou wilt, nor as I will: but when we have both done, that of <sup>g</sup> Plinius Secundus to Trajan will prove true, *Every mans witty labour takes not, except the matter, subject, occasion, and some commending favourite happen to it*. If I be taxed, exploded by thee and some such, I shall haply be approved and commended by others, and so have been (*expertus loquor*); and may truly say with <sup>h</sup> Jovius in like case (*absit verbo jactantia*) *heroum quorundam, pontificum, et virorum nobilium familiaritatem et amicitiam, gratasque gratias, et multorum bene laudatorum laudes sum inde promeritus*: as I have been honoured by some worthy men, so have I been vilified by others, and shall be. At the first publishing of this book, (which <sup>i</sup> Probus of Persius satyrs) *editum librum continuo mirari homines, atque avidè deripere ceperunt*, I may in some sort apply to this work. The first, second, and third edition were suddenly gone, eagerly read, and,

<sup>a</sup> Hor.

<sup>b</sup> Fieri non potest, ut quod quisque cogitat, dicat unus. Muretus.

<sup>c</sup> Lib. 1. de ord. cap. 11.

<sup>d</sup> Erasmus.

<sup>e</sup> Annal. Tom. 3 ad annum 360.

Est porcus ille qui sacerdotem ex amplitudine reddituum sordide demeritur.

<sup>f</sup> Erasmus, dial.

<sup>g</sup> Epist. l. 6. Cujusque ingenium non statim emergit, nisi

matæria fautor, occasio, commendatorque contingat.

<sup>h</sup> Præf. Hist.

<sup>i</sup> Lau-

dari a laudato laus est.

<sup>j</sup> Vit. Persii.

as I have said, not so much approved by some, as scornfully rejected by others. But it was Democritus his fortune, *Idem admirationi et a irrisioni habitus*. 'Twas Seneca's fate: that superintendant of wit, learning, judgement, <sup>b</sup> *ad stuporem doctus*, the best of Greek and Latin writers, in Plutarch's opinion; that *renowned corrector of vice*, as <sup>c</sup> Fabius terms him, and *painful omniscious philosopher, that writ so excellently and admirably well*, could not please all parties, or escape censure. How is he vilified by <sup>d</sup> Caligula, Agellius, Fabius, and Lipsius himself, his chief propugner? *In eo pleraque pernicioso*, saith the same Fabius: many childish tracts and sentences he hath, *sermo illaboratus*, too negligent often and remiss, as Agellius observes, *oratio vulgaris et protrita, dicaces et ineptæ sententiæ, eruditio plebeia*, an homely shallow writer as he is. *In partibus spinas et fastidia, habet*, saith <sup>e</sup> Lipsius; and, as in all his other workes, so especially in his Epistles, *aliæ in argutiis et ineptiis occupantur: intricatus alicubi, et parum compositus, sine copiâ rerum hoc fecit*: he jumbles up many things together immethodically, after the Stoicks fashion: *parum ordinavit, multa accumulavit, &c.* If Seneca be thus lashed, and may famous men that I could name, what shall I expect? How shall I that am *vix umbra tanti philosophi*, hope to please? *No man so absolute*, <sup>f</sup> Erasmus holds, *to satisfie all, except antiquity, prescription, &c. set a bar*. But as I have proved in Seneca, this will not alwayes take place, how shall I evade? 'Tis the common doom of all writers: I must (I say) abide it: I seek not applause; <sup>g</sup> *Non ego ventosæ venor suffragia plebis*; again, *non sum adeo informis*: I would not be vilified<sup>h</sup>;

————— <sup>i</sup> laudatus abunde,  
Non fastiditus si tibi, lector, ero.

I fear good mens censures; and to their favourable acceptance  
I submit my labours,

————— <sup>k</sup> et linguas mancipiorum  
Contemne—————

As the barking of a dog, I securely contemn those malicious and scurrile obloquies, flouts, calumnies of railers and detractors; I scorn the rest. What therefore I have said, *pro tenuitate meâ* I have said.

<sup>a</sup> Minuit præsentia famam. <sup>b</sup> Lipsius, Judic. de Senecâ. <sup>c</sup> Lib. 10. Plurimum studii, multam rerum cognitionem, omnem studiorum materiam, &c. multa in eo probanda, multa admiranda. <sup>d</sup> Suet. Arena sine calce.

<sup>e</sup> Introduc. ad Sen. <sup>f</sup> Judic. de Sen. Vix aliquis tam absolutus, ut alteri per omnia satisfaciât, nisi longa temporis præscriptio, semotâ judicandi libertate, religione quâdam mimos occupârit. <sup>g</sup> Hor. Ep. 1. lib. 29. <sup>h</sup> A quo turpe frigide laudari ac insectanter vituperari. Phavorinus. A. Gel. lib. 19. c. 2.

<sup>i</sup> Ovid. Trist. 1. eleg. 6. <sup>k</sup> Juven. Sat. 5.

One or two things yet I was desirous to have amended, if I could, concerning the manner of handling this my subject, for which I must apologize, *deprecari*, and upon better advice give the friendly reader notice. It was not mine intent to prostitute my Muse in English, or to divulge *secreta Minervæ*, but to have exposed this more contract in Latin, if I could have got it printed. Any scurrile pamphlet is welcome to our mercenary stationers in English: they print all.

—cuduntque libellos,  
In quorum foliis vix simia nuda cacaret:

but in Latin they will not deal; which is one of the reasons <sup>a</sup>Nicholas Car, in his Oration of the paucity of English writers, gives, that so many flourishing wits are smothered in oblivion, lye dead and buried, in this our nation. Another main fault is, that I have not revised the copy, and amended the style, which now flows remissly, as it was first conceived: but my leasure would not permit: *Feci nec quod potui, nec quod volui*, I confess it is neither as I would, or as it should be.

<sup>b</sup> Cum relego, scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno,  
Me quoque quæ fuerant iudice digna lini.

When I peruse this tract which I have writ,  
I am abash'd, and much I hold unfit.

*Et quod gravissimum*, in the matter itself, many things I disallow at this present, which when I writ, *Non eadem est ætas, non mens*. I would willingly retract much, &c. but 'tis too late. I can only crave pardon now for what is amiss.

I might indeed (had I wisely done) observed that precept of the poet,

—nonumque prematur in annum,

and have taken more care: or as Alexander the physician would have done by lapis lazuli, fifty times washed before it be used, I should have revised, corrected, and amended this tract; but I had not (as I said) that happy leasure, no amanuenses or assistants. Pancrates in <sup>c</sup>Lucian, wanting a servant as he went from Memphis to Coptus in Egypt, took a door bar, and, after some superstitious words pronounced, (<sup>d</sup>Eucrates the relator was then present) made it stand up like a serving-man, fetch him water, turn the spit, serve in supper, and what work he would besides; and when he had done that service he desired, turn'd his man to a stick again. I have no

<sup>a</sup> Ant artis inscii, aut quæstui magis quam literis student. hab. Cantab. et Lond. excus. 1676. <sup>b</sup> Ovid. de Pont. eleg. l. 6. <sup>c</sup> Hor. <sup>d</sup> Tom. S. Philopseud. Accepto pessulo, quum carmen quoddam dixisset, effecit ut ambularet, aquam hauriret, cocenam pararet, &c.

such skill to make new men at my pleasure, or meanes to hire them, no whistle, to call, like the master of a ship, and bid them run, &c. I have no such authority, no such benefactors, as that noble <sup>a</sup>Ambrosius was to Origen, allowing him six or seven amanuenses to write out his dictates; I must, for that cause, do my business my self, and was therefore enforced, as a bear doth her whelps, to bring forth this confused lump: I had not time to lick it into form, as she doth her yong ones, but even so to publish it, as it was first written, *quidquid in buccam venit*: in an extemporean style, (as <sup>b</sup>I do commonly all other exercises) *effudi quidquid dictavit genius meus*: out of a confused company of notes, and writ with as small deliberation as I do ordinarily speak, without all affectation of big words, fustian phrases, jingling terms, tropes, strong lines, (that, like <sup>c</sup>Acestes arrows, caught fire as they flew) strains of wit, brave heats, elogies, hyperbolical exornations, elegancies, &c. which many so much affect. I am <sup>d</sup>*aque potor*, drink no wine at all, which so much improves our modern wits; a loose, plain, rude writer, *ficum voco ficum, et ligonem ligonem*, and as free, as loose: *idem calamo quod in mente*: <sup>e</sup>I call a spade a spade: *animis hæc scribo, non auribus*, I respect matter, not words; remembering that of Cardan, *verba propter res, non res propter verba*; and seeking with Seneca, *quid scribam, non quemadmodum*, rather what, than how to write. For, as Philo thinks, <sup>f</sup>*he that is conversant about matter, neglects words; and those that excell in this art of speaking, have no profound learning*:

<sup>g</sup>Verba nitent phaleris; at nullas verba medullas  
Intus habent——

Besides, it was the observation of that wise Seneca, <sup>h</sup>*when you see a fellow careful about his words, and neat in his speech, know this for a certainty, that mans mind is busied about toys, there's no solidity in him. Non est ornamentum virile concinnitas*: as he said of a nightingale,

— vox es, præterea nihil, &c.

I am therefore in this point a professed disciple of <sup>i</sup>Apollonius, a schollar of Socrates: I neglect phrases, and labour wholly to inform my readers understanding, not to please his ear; <sup>j</sup>'tis

<sup>a</sup>Eusebius, eccles. hist. lib. 6.

<sup>b</sup>Virg.

<sup>c</sup>Non eadem a summo expectes, minimoque poetâ.

<sup>d</sup>Stylus hic nullus præter parrhesiam.

<sup>e</sup>Qui rebus se exercet, verba negligit; et qui callet artem dicendi, nullam disciplinam habet recognitam.

<sup>f</sup>Palingenius.

<sup>g</sup>Cujuscunque orationem vides politam et sollicitam, scito animum in pusillis occupatum, in scriptis nil solidum, Epist. lib. 1. 21.

<sup>h</sup>Philostratus, lib. 8. vit. Apol.

<sup>i</sup>Negligebat oratoriam facultatem, et penitus aspernabatur ejus professores, quod linguam duntaxat, non autem mentem, redderet eruditorem;

not my study or intent to compose neatly, which an orator requires, but to express myself readily and plainly as it happens: so that, as a river runs, sometimes precipitate and swift, then dull and slow; now direct, then *per ambages*; now deep, then shallow; now muddy, then clear; now broad, then narrow; doth my style flow—now serious, then light; now comicall, then satyricall; now more elaborate, then remiss, as the present subject required, or as at that time I was affected. And if thou vouchsafe to read this treatise, it shall seem no otherwise to thee, than the way to an ordinary traveller, sometimes fair, sometimes fowl; here champian, there inclosed; barren in one place, better soyl in another. By woods, groves, hills, dales, plains, &c. I shall lead thee *per ardua montium, et lubrica vallium, et roscida cespitum, et a glebosa camporum*, through variety of objects, that which thou shalt like, and surely dislike.

For the matter it self or method, if it be faulty, consider, I pray you, that of Columella: *nihil perfectum, aut a singulari consummatum industriâ*: no man can observe all; much is defective no doubt, may be justly taxed, altered, and avoided in Galeu, Aristotle, those great masters. *Boni venatoris* (one holds) *plures feras capere, non omnes*. He is a good huntsman can catch some, not all: I have done my endeavour. Besides, I dwell not in this study: *non hic sulcos dueimus; non hoc pulvere desudamus*: I am but a smatterer, I confess, a stranger: here and there I pull a flower. I do easily grant, if a rigid censurer should criticize on this which I have writ, he should not find three sole faults, as Scaliger in Terence, but three hundred, so many as he hath done in Cardan's Subtleties, as many notable errors as Gul. Laurembergius, a late professor of Rustocke, discovers in that anatomy of Laurentius, or Barocius the Venetian in Sacroboscus. And, although this be a sixth edition, in which I should have been more accurate, corrected all those former escapes, yet it was *magni laboris opus*, so difficult and tedious, that (as carpenters do find out of experience, 'tis much better build a new sometimes, than repair an old house) I could as soon write as much more, as alter that which is written. If ought therefore be amiss, (as I grant there is) I require a friendly admonition, no bitter invective:

† Sint Musis sociæ Charites; Furia omnis abesto.

Otherwise, as in ordinary controversies, *funem contentionis*

\* Hic enim, quod Seneca de Ponto, bos herbam, ciconia laritam, canis leporem, virgo florem legat. † Pet. Maanhus, not. in Hor. ‡ Non hic colonis domicilium habeo; sed, topiarii in morem, hinc inde florem vellico, ut canis Nilum lanuens. † Supra his mille notabiles errores Laurentii demonstravi, &c. † Philo. de Con.

*nectamus: sed cui bono?* We may contend, and likely mis-use each other: but to what purpose? We are both schollars, say,

————— Arcades ambo,  
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.

If we do wrangle, what shall we get by it? Trouble and wrong our selves, inake sport to others. If I be convict of an error, I will yeeld, I will amend. *Si quid bonis moribus, si quid veritati dissentaneum, in sacris vel humanis literis a me dictum sit, id nec dictum esto.* In the mean time I require a favourable censure of all faults omitted, harsh compositions, pleonasmes of words, tautological repetitions, (though Seneca bear me out. *numquam nimis dicitur, quod nunquam satis dicitur*) perturbations of tenses, numbers, printers faults, &c. My translations are sometimes rather paraphrases, than interpretations; *non ad verbum*; but, as an author, I use more liberty, and that's only taken, which was to my purpose. Quotations are often inserted in the text, which makes the style more harsh, or in the margent, as it hapned. Greek authors, Plato, Plutarch, Athenæus, &c. I have cited out of their interpreters, because the original was not so ready. I have mingled *sacra profanis*, but I hope not prophaned, and, in repetition of authors names, ranked them *per accideus*, not according to chronology; sometimes neotericks before ancients, as my memory suggested. Some things are here altered, expunged in this sixth edition, others amended, much added, because many good authors in all kindes are come to my hands since; and tis no prejudice, no such *indecorum*, or oversight.

\* *Nunquam ita quidquam bene subductâ ratione ad vitam fuit, Quin res, ætas, usus, semper aliquid apportet novi. Aliquid moneat; ut illa, quæ scire te credas, nescias, Et, quæ tibi putâris prima, in experiundo ut repudies.*

Ne'er was aught yet at first contriv'd so fit,  
But use, age, or something, would alter it;  
Advise thee better, and, upon peruse,  
Make thee not say, and, what thou tak'st, refuse.

But I am now resolved never to put this treatise out again: *ne quid nimis*, I will not hereafter add, alter, or retract; I have done.

The last and greatest exception is, that I, being a divine, have meddled with physick:

—————<sup>d</sup> Tantumne est ab re tuâ otii tibi,  
Aliena ut cures, eaque nihil quæ ad te attinent?

<sup>a</sup> Virg.  
<sup>d</sup> Heaut. Act. I. scen. I.

<sup>b</sup> Frambesarius, Sennertus, Ferandus, &c.

<sup>c</sup> Ter. Adolph.

(which Menedemus objected to Chremes) have I so much leisure or little business of mine own, as to look after other mens matters, which concern me not? What have I to do with physick? *quod medicorum est, promittant medici*. The \*Lacedæmonians were once in counsell about state-matters: a debauched fellow spake excellent well, and to the purpose: his speech was generally approved: a grave senator steps up, and by all meanes would have it repealed, though good, because *dehonestabatur pessimo auctore*, it had no better an author; let some good man relate the same, and then it should pass. This counsell was embraced, *factum est*, and it was registred forthwith; *et sic bona sententia mansit, malus auctor mutatus est*. Thou sayest as much of me, stomachous as thou art, and grantest peradventure this which I have written in physick, not to be amiss, had another done it, a professed physitian, or so; but why should I meddle with this tract? Hear me speak: there be many other subjects, I do easily grant, both in humanity and divinity, fit to be treated of, which, had I written *ad ostentationem* only, to shew my self, I should have rather chosen, and in which I have been more conversant, I could have more willingly luxuriated, and better satisfied my self and others; but that at this time I was fatally driven upon this rock of melancholy, and carried away by this bye-stream, which, as a *rillet*, is deducted from the main chanel of my studies, in which I have pleased and busied my self at idle hours, as a subject most necessary and commodious: —not that I prefer it before divinity, which I do acknowledge to be the queen of professions, and to which all the rest are as handmaids, but that in divinity I saw no such great need: for, had I written positively, there be so many bookes in that kinde, so many commentators, treatises, pamphlets, expositions, sermons, that whole teams of oxen cannot draw them; and, had I been as forward and ambitious as some others, I might have haply printed a sermon at Paul's Cross, a sermon in St. Marie's Oxon, a sermon in Christ-Church, or a sermon before the right honourable, right reverend, a sermon before the right worshipful, a sermon in Latin, in English, a sermon with a name, a sermon without, a sermon, &c. But I have been ever as desirous to suppress my labours in this kinde, as others have been to press and publish theirs. To have written in controversie, had been to cut off an Hydra's head: *his litem generat*; one begets another; so many duplications, triplications, and swarms of questions, *in sacro bello hoc, quod styli mucrone agitur*, that, having once begun, I should

\* Gellius, lib. 18. c. 3.  
liga. Cardan. Helmsius.

† Et inde catena quedam fit, que heredes etiam

never make an end. One had much better, as <sup>a</sup> Alexander the Sixth, pope, long since observed, provoke a great prince than a begging fryer, a Jesuite, or a seminary priest: I will add, for *inexpugnabile genus hoc hominum*: they are an irrefragable society; they must and will have the last word, and that with such eagerness, impudence, abominable lying, falsifying, and bitterness in their questions they proceed, that, as <sup>b</sup> he said, *furoræ cæcus, an rapit vis acrior, an culpa? responsurum date*. Blind fury or error, or rashness, or what it is that eggs them, I know not, I am sure, many times; which <sup>c</sup> Austria perceived long since: *tempestate contentionis, serenitas charitatis obnubilatur*: with this tempest of contention, the serenity of charity is over-clouded; and there be too many spirits conjured up already in this kinde in all sciences, and more than we can tell how to lay, which do so furiously rage, and keep such a racket, that, as <sup>d</sup> Fabius said, *it had been much better for some of them to have been born dumb, and altogether illiterate, than so far to dote to their own destruction*.

At melius fuerat non scribere; namque tacere  
Tutum semper erit.

'Tis a generall fault—so Severinus the Dane complains <sup>e</sup> in physick—*unhappy men as we are, we spend our dayes in unprofitable questions and disputations, intricate subtilties, de land capriud*, about moonshine in the water, *leaving in the mean time those chiefest treasures of nature untouched, wherein the best medicines for all manner of diseases are to be found, and do not only neglect them our selves, but hinder, condemn, forbid, and scuffe at others, that are willing to enquire after them*. These motives at this present have induced me to make choyce of this medicinall subject.

If any physitian in the mean time shall infer, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, and find himself grieved that I have intruded into his profession, I will tell him in briefe, I do not otherwise by them, than they do by us, if it be for their advantage. I know many of their sect which have taken orders, in hope of a benefice: 'tis a common transition: and why

\* Malle se bellum cum magno principe gerere, quam cum uno ex fratribus mendicantium ordine. <sup>b</sup> Hor. epod. lib. od. 7. <sup>c</sup> Epist. 86. ad Casulam presb. <sup>d</sup> Lib. 12. cap. 1. Motos nasci, et omni scientiâ egere, artius fuisset, quam sic in propriam perniciem insanire. <sup>e</sup> Infelix mortalitas! Inutilibus questionibus ac disceptationibus vitam traducimus; naturæ principes thesauros, in quibus gravissimæ morborum medicinæ collocatæ sunt, interim intactos relinquimus; nec ipsi solum relinquimus, sed et alios prohibemus, impedimus, condemnamus, ludibriaque afficimus.



may not a melancholy divine, that can get nothing but by simony, profess physick? Drusianus, an Italian, (Crusianus, but corruptly, Trithemius calls him) <sup>a</sup> because he was not fortunate in his practice, forsook his profession, and writ afterwards in divinity. Marcilius Ficinus was, *semel et simul*, a priest and a physitian at once; and <sup>b</sup> T. Linacer, in his old age, took orders. The Jesuites profess both at this time; divers of them, *permissu superiorum*, surgeons, panders, bawds, and midwives, &c. Many poor countrey-vicars, for want of other meanes, are driven to their shifts; to turn moun-  
tebanks, quacksalvers, empiricks: and if our greedy patrons hold us to such hard conditions, as commonly they do, they will make most of us work at some trade, as Paul did—at last turn taskers, malsters, costermongers, grasiers, sell ale, as some have done, or worse. Howsoever, in undertaking this task, I hope I shall commit no great errour, or *indecorum*, if all be considered aright. I can vindicate my self with Georgius Braunus, and Hieronymus Hemingius, those two learned divines, who, (to borrow a line or two of mine <sup>c</sup> elder brother) drawn by a *naturall love*, the one of *pictures and maps, prospectives and chorographical delights*, writ that *ample Theater of Cities*; the other to the study of *genealogies*, penned *Theatrum Genealogicum*: or else I can excuse my studies with <sup>d</sup> Lessius the Jesuite in like case—It is a disease of the soule, on which I am to treat, and as much appertaining to a divine as to a physitian; and who knows not what an agreement there is betwixt these two professions? A good divine either is, or ought to be, a good physitian, a spiritual physitian at least, as our Saviour calls himself, and was indeed, *Mat. 4. 23. Luke 5. 18. Luke 7. 3.* They differ but in object, the one of the body, the other of the soule, and use divers medicines to cure; one amends *animam per corpus*, the other *corpus per animam*, as <sup>e</sup> our regius professor of physick well informed us in a learned lecture of his not long since. One helps the vices and passions of the soule, anger, lust, desperation, pride, presumption, &c. by applying that spirituall physick, as the other uses proper remedies in bodily diseases. Now, this being a common infirmity of body and soule, and such a one that hath as much need of a spirituall as a corporall cure, I could not find a fitter task to busie my self about—a more apposite theam, so necessary, so commodious, and generally concerning all

<sup>a</sup> Quod in praxi minime fortunatus esset, medicinam reliquit, et, ordinibus initiatus, in theologia postmodum scripsit. *Gener. Bibliotheca.* <sup>b</sup> P. Jovius. <sup>c</sup> M. W. Burton, Preface to his Description of Leicestershire, printed at London by W. Jaggard, for J. Whist, 1632. <sup>d</sup> In Hygiasticon; neque enim hæc tractatio aliena videri debet a theologo, &c. agitur de morbo anime. <sup>e</sup> D. Clayton, in comitis, ante 1621.

sorts of men, that should so equally participate of both, and require a whole physitian. A divine, in this compound mixt malady, can do little alone; a physitian, in some kindes of melancholy, much less: both make an absolute cure:

\*Alterius sic altera poscit opem:

and 'tis proper to them both, and, I hope, not unbesecming me, who am by my profession a divine, and by mine inclination a physitian. I had Jupiter in my sixth house; I say, with <sup>b</sup> Beroaldus, *non sum medicus, nec medicinæ prorsus expertus*; in the theorick of physick I have taken some pains, not with an intent to practise, but to satisfie my self; which was a cause likewise of the first undertaking of this subject.

If these reasons do not satisfie thee, good reader—as Alexander Munificus, that bountifull prelate, sometime bishop of Lincoln, when he had built six castles, *ad invidiam operis eluendam*, saith <sup>c</sup> Mr. Cambden, to take away the envy of his work, (which very words Nubrigensis bath of Roger the rich bishop of Salisbury, who, in king Stephen's time, built Shirburn castle, and that of Devises) to divert the scandall or imputation which might be thence inferred, built so many religious houses—If this my discourse be over medicinall, or savour too much of humanity, I promise thee that I will hereafter make thee amends in some treatise of divinity. But this, I hope, shall suffice, when you have more fully considered of the matter of this my subject, *rem substratam*, melancholy madness, and of the reasons following, which were my chiefe motives—the generality of the disease, the necessity of the cure, and the commodity or common good that will arise to all men by the knowledge of it, as shall at large appear in the ensuing preface. And I doubt not but that in the end you will say with me, that to anatomize this humour aright through all the members of this our *microcosmus*, is as great a task as to reconcile those chronological errours in the Assyrian monarchy, find out the quadrature of a circle, the creeks and sounds of the north-east or north-west passages, and, all out, as good a discovery as that hungry <sup>d</sup> Spaniards of Terra Australis Incognita—as great trouble as to perfect the motion of Mars and Mercurie, which so crucifies our astronomers, or to rectifie the Gregorian kalendar. I am so affected, for my part, and hope, as <sup>e</sup> Theophrastus did by his Characters, *that our posterity,*

\* Hor. <sup>b</sup> Lib. de pestil. <sup>c</sup> In Newark in Nottinghamshire. Cum duo ædificasset castella, ad tollendam structionis invidiam, et expiendam maculam, duo instituit cœnobia, et collegis religiosis implevit. <sup>d</sup> Ferdinando de Quir. anno 1612. Amsterdami impress. <sup>e</sup> Præfat. ad Characteres. Spero enim, O Polyces, liberos nostros meliores inde futuros, quod istiusmodi memoriz mandata reliquerimus, ex præceptis et exemplis nostris ad vitam accommodatis, ut se inde corrigant.

*friend Polycles, shall be better for this which we have written, by correcting and rectifying what is amiss in themselves by our examples, and applying our precepts and cautions to their own use.* And, as that great captain, Zisca, would have a drum made of his skin when he was dead, because he thought the very noise of it would put his enemies to flight, I doubt not but that these following lines, when they shall be recited, or hereafter read, will drive away melancholy (though I be gone), as much as Zisca's drum could terrifie his foes. Yet one caution let me give by the way to my present or future reader, who is actually melancholy—that he read not the \*symptomes or prognosticks in the following tract, lest, by applying that which he reads to himself, aggravating, appropriating things generally spoken, to his own person (as melancholy men for the most part do), he trouble or hurt himself, and get, in conclusion, more harm than good. I advise them therefore warily to peruse that tract. *Lapides loquitur*; (so said <sup>b</sup> Agrippa, de occ. Phil.) *et caveant lectores, ne cerebrum iis excutiat.* The rest, I doubt not, they may securely read, and to their benefit. But I am over-tedious: I proceed.

Of the necessity and generality of this which I have said, if any man doubt, I shall desire him to make a brief survey of the world, as <sup>c</sup> Cyprian adviseth Donate—*Supposing himself to be transported to the top of some high mountain, and thence to behold the tumults and chances of this wavering world, he cannot chuse but either laugh at, or pity it.* St. Hierom, out of a strong imagination, being in the wilderness, conceived with himself that he then saw them dancing in Rome; and if thou shalt either conceive, or climb to see, (thou shalt soon perceive that all the world is mad, that it is melancholy, dotes; that it is (which Epichthonius Cosmopolites expressed not many yeares since in a map) made like a fools head (with that motto, *caput helleboro dignum*) a crased head, *cavea stultorum*, a fools paradise, or (as Apollonius) a common prison of gulls, cheaters, flatterers, &c. and needs to be reformed. Strabo, in the ninth book of his Geography, compares Greece to the picture of a man; which comparison of his Nic. Gerbelius, in his exposition of Sophianus map, approves—The breast lies open from those Acroceraunian hills in Epirus, to the Sunian promontory in Attica; Pagæ and Megara are the two shoulders; that Isthmos of Corinth the neck; and Peloponnesus the head. If this allusion hold, 'tis, sure, a mad

\* Part 1. sect. 3.    <sup>b</sup> Pref. Lectori.    \* Ep. 2. 1. 2. ad Donatum. *Puillisper te crede subduci in ardui montis verticem celsiorum: speculari inde rerum jacentium facies; et, oculis in diversa porrectis, fluctuantis mundi turbines intueri: jam simul aut risibus aut misereberis, &c.*

head—*Morea* may be *Moria*; and, to speak what I think, the inhabitants of modern Greece swerve as much from reason and true religion at this day, as that *Morea* doth from the picture of a man. Examine the rest in like sort; and you shall find that kingdoms and provinces are melancholy, cities and families, all creatures, vegetall, sensible, and rationally—that all sorts, sects, ages, conditions, are out of tune: as in *Cebes* table, *omnes errorem bibunt*: before they come into the world, they are intoxicated by errors cup—from the highest to the lowest, have need of physick; and those particular actions in <sup>a</sup> *Seneca*, where father and son prove one another mad, may be generall: *Porcius Latro* shall plead against us all. For indeed who is not a fool, melancholy, mad?—<sup>b</sup> *Qui nil molitur inepte*; who is not brain-sick? Folly, melancholy, madness are but one disease: *delirium* is a common name to all. *Alexander Gordonius*, *Jason Pratensis*, *Savanarola*, *Guianerius*, *Montaltus*, confound them, as differing *secundum magis et minus*; so doth *David*, *Psal. 75. 4. I said unto the fools, deal not so madly*: and 'twas an old Stoicall paradox, *omnes stultos insanire*;—<sup>c</sup> all fools are mad, though some madder than others. And who is not a fool? who is free from melancholy? who is not touched more or less in habit or disposition? If in disposition, ill dispositions beget habits: if they persevere, saith <sup>d</sup> *Plutarch*, habits either are or turn to diseases. 'Tis the same which *Tully* maintains in the second of his *Tusculanes*, *omnium insipientum animi in morbo sunt, et perturbatorum*: fools are sick, and all that are troubled in minde, for what is sickness, but, as <sup>e</sup> *Gregory Tholosanus* defines it, *a dissolution or perturbation of the bodily league which health combines?* and who is not sick, or ill disposed? in whom doth not passion, anger, envy, discontent, feare, and sorrow, reign? who labours not of this disease? Give me but a little leave, and you shall see by what testimonies, confessions, arguments, I will evince it, that most men are mad, that they had as much need to go a pilgrimage to the *Anticyrae* (as it <sup>f</sup> *Strabo's* time they did), as in our dayes they run to *Compostella*, our *Lady of Sichem* or *Lauretta*, to seek for help—that it is like to be as prosperous a voyage as that of *Guiana*, and that there is much more need of *hellebore* than of *tobacco*.

<sup>a</sup> *Controv. 1. 2. cont. 7. et 1. 6. cont.*    <sup>b</sup> *Horatius.*    <sup>c</sup> *Idem Hor. 1. 2. Satira 3.* *Damasippus Stoicus* probat omnes stultos insanire.    <sup>d</sup> *Tom. 2. sympon. lib. 5. c. 6.* *Animi affectiones, si diutius inhaerent, praevo generant habitus.*    <sup>e</sup> *Lib. 28. cap. 1. Synt. art. mir.* *Morbus nihil est aliud quam dissolutio quaedam ac perturbatio foederis in corpore existentis, sicut et sanitas est consentientis bene corporis consummatio quaedam.*    <sup>f</sup> *Lib. 9. Geogr.* *Flures olim gentes navigabant illuc sanitatis causa.*

That men are so misaffected, melancholy, mad, giddy-headed, hear the testimony of Solomon, Eccles. 2. 12. *And I turned to behold wisdom, madness, and folly, &c.* And ver. 23. *All his dayes are sorrow, his travel griefe, and his heart taketh no rest in the night.* So that, take melancholy in what sense you will, properly or improperly, in disposition or habit, for pleasure or for pain, dotage, discontent, feare, sorrow, madness, for part, or all, truly, or metaphorically, 'tis all one. Laughter it self is madness, according to Solomon; and, as St. Paul hath it, *worldly sorrow brings death. The hearts of the sons of men are evil; and madness is in their hearts while they live,* Eccles. 9. 3. *Wise men themselves are no better,* Eccles. 1. 18. *In the multitude of wisdom is much griefe; and he that increaseth wisdom, increaseth sorrow.* Cap. 2. 17. *He hated life it self; nothing pleased him; he hated his labour; all, as he concludes, is sorrow, griefe, vanity, vexation of spirit.* And, though he were the wisest man in the world, *sanctuarium sapientiæ*, and had wisdom in abundance, he will not vindicate himself, or justify his own actions. *Surely I am more foolish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man in me,* Prov. 30. 2. Be they Solomon's words, or the words of Agur the son of Jakeh, they are canonical. David, a man after God's own heart, confesseth as much of himself, Psal. 73. 21. 22. *So foolish was I and ignorant, I was even as a beast before thee*—and condemns all for fools, Psal. 39. and 32. 9. and 49. 20. He compares them to *beasts, horses, and mules, in which there is no understanding.* The Apostle Paul accuseth himself in like sort, 2 Cor. 11. 21. *I would you would suffer a little my foolishness; I speak foolishly. The whole head is sick, saith Esay; and the heart is heavy,* cap. 1. 5, and makes lighter of them than of *oxen and asses; the ass knows his owner, &c.* read Deut. 32. 6. Jer. 4. Gal. 3. 1. Ephes. 5. 6. *Be not mad, be not deceived: foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?* How often are they branded with this epithet of madness and folly! No word so frequent amongst the fathers of the church and divines. You may see what an opinion they had of the world, and how they valued mens actions.

I know that we think far otherwise, and hold them, most part, wise men that are in authority—princes, magistrates, <sup>b</sup> rich men—they are wise men born: all politicians and states-men must needs be so; for who dare speak against them? And on the other, so corrupt is our judgement, we esteem wise and honest

<sup>a</sup> Eccles. 2. 17.

<sup>b</sup> Jure hæreditario sapere jubentur. Euphormio, Satyr.

men, fools; which Democritus well signified in an epistle of his to Hippocrates: *the Abderites account vertue madness; and so do most men living. Shall I tell you the reason of it?* <sup>b</sup> *Fortune and Vertue (Wisdom and Folly their seconds) upon a time contended in the Olympicks; every man thought that Fortune and Folly would have the worst, and pitied their cases. But it fell out otherwise. Fortune was blind, and cared not where she stroke, nor whom, without lawes, and abata-rum instar, &c. Folly, rash and inconsiderate, esteemed as little what she said or did. Vertue and Wisdom gave place, were hissed out, and exploded by the common people—Folly and Fortune admired; and so are all their followers ever since. Knaves and fools commonly fare and deserve best in worldlings eys and opinions. Many good men have no better fate in their ages. Achish, 1 Sam. 21. 14. held David for a madman. <sup>d</sup> Elisha and the rest were no otherwise esteemed. David was derided of the common people, Psal. 71. 7. *I am become a monster to many. And generally we are accounted fools for Christ, 1 Cor. 4. We thought his life madness, and his end without honour, Wisd. 5. 4. Christ and his Apostles were censured in like sort, John 10. Mark 3. Acts 26. And so were all Christians in Pliny's time: fuerunt et alii similis dementiæ, &c. and called not long after, <sup>e</sup> *vesaniae sectatores, eversores hominum, polluti novatores, fanatici, canes, malefici, venefici, Galilæi homunciones, &c.* <sup>f</sup> Tis an ordinary thing with us, to account honest, devout, orthodox, divine, religious, plain-dealing men, ideots, asses, that cannot or will not lye and dissemble, shift, flatter, *accommodare se ad eum locum ubi nati sunt*, make good bargains, supplant, thrive, *patronis inservire, solennes ascendendi modos apprehendere, leges, mores, consuetudines recte observare, candide laudare, fortiter defendere sententias amplecti, dubitare de nullis, credere omnia, accipere omnia, nihil reprehendere, cæteraque quæ promotionem ferunt et securitatem, quæ sine ambage felicem reddunt hominem, et vere sapientem apud nos*—that cannot temporize as other men do, <sup>g</sup> hand and take bribes, &c.—but fear God, and make a conscience of their doings. But the holy Ghost, that knows better how to judge—he calls them fools. *The fool hath said in his heart, Psal. 53. 1. And their wayes utter their folly, Psal. 49. 13. <sup>h</sup> For what can be more mad, than, for a little worldly pleasure,***

<sup>a</sup> Apud quos virtus, insania et furor esse dicitur. <sup>b</sup> Calcagninus, Apol. Omnes mirabantur, putantes illum iri Stultitiam. Sed præter expectationem res evenit. Audax Stultitia in eam irruit, &c. illa cedit irrita, et plures hinc habet sectatores Stultitia.

<sup>c</sup> Non est respondendum sulto secundum arbitrium. <sup>d</sup> 2 Reg. 7.

<sup>e</sup> Lib. 10. ep. 97.

<sup>f</sup> Aug. ep. 178.

<sup>g</sup> Quis, nisi mentis inops, &c.

<sup>h</sup> Quid inuisius quam pro momentanea felicitate æternis se maculare supplicii?

to procure unto themselves eternal punishment? as Gregory and others inculcate unto us.

Yea even all those great philosophers the world hath ever had in admiration, whose workes we do so much esteeme, that gave precepts of wisdom to others, inventors of arts and sciences—Socrates, the wisest man of his time by the oracle of Apollo, whom his two schollars <sup>a</sup> Plato and <sup>b</sup> Xenophon so much extol and magnifie with those honourable titles, *best and wisest of all mortall men, the happiest and most just*; and as <sup>c</sup> Alcibiades incomparably commends him; “Achilles was a worthy man, but Brasidas and others were as worthy as himself; Antenor and Nestor were as good as Pericles; and so of the rest: but none present, before, or after Socrates, *nemo veterum neque eorum qui nunc sunt*, were ever such, will match, or come near him”—those seven wise men of Greece, those Britain Druids, Indian Brachmanni, Æthiopian Gymnosophists, Magi of the Persians—Apollonius, of whom Philostratus, *non doctus, sed natus sapiens*, wise from his cradle—Epicturus, so much admired by his schollar Lucretius;

Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes  
Perstrinxit, stellas exortus ut aetherius Sol—

Whose wit excell'd the wit of men as far,  
As the Sun rising doth obscure a star—

or that so much renowned Empedocles,

<sup>d</sup> Ut vix humanâ videatur stirpe creatus—

all those, of whom we read such <sup>e</sup> hyperbolicall eulogiums; as of Aristotle, that he was wisdom itself in the abstract, <sup>f</sup> a miracle of nature, breathing libraries, (as Eunapius of Longinus) lights of nature, gyants for wit, quintessence of wit, divine spirits, eagles in the clouds, fallen from heaven, gods, spirits, lamps of the world, dictators,

(Nulla ferant talem secla futura virum)

monarchs, miracles, superintendents of wit and learning, *Oceanus, phoenix, Atlas, monstrum, portentum huminis, orbis universi, musæum, ultimus humanæ naturæ conatus, naturæ maritus,*

merito cui doctior orbis

Submissis defert fascibus imperium,

<sup>a</sup> In fine Phædonis. Hic finis fuit amici nostri, o Eucrates, nostro quidem iudicio, omnium quos experti sumus optimi et apprime sapientissimi, et justissimi.

<sup>b</sup> Xenop. l. 4. de dictis Socratis, ad finem. Talis fuit Socrates, quem omnium optimum, et felicissimum statuiam. <sup>c</sup> Lib. 25. Platonis Convivio. <sup>d</sup> Lucretius.

<sup>e</sup> Anaxagoras olim mens dictus ab antiquis. <sup>f</sup> Regula naturæ, naturæ miraculum, ipsa eruditio, dæmonium hominis, sol scientiarum, mare, sophia, antistes literarum et sapientiæ, ut Scioppius olim de Seal. et Heansius. Aquila in nubibus, imperator literarum, columna literarum, abyssus eruditionis, oculus Europeæ, Scaliger.

as *Ælian* writ of Protagoras and Gorgias—we may say of them all, *tantum a sapientibus abfuerunt, quantum a viris pueri*, they were children in respect, infants, not eagles but kites, novices, illiterate, *eunuchi sapientiæ*. And, although they were the wisest, and most admired in their age, as he censured Alexander, I do them: there were 10,000 in his army as worthy captains, 'had they been in place of command), as valiant as himself; there were myriades of men wiser in those dayes, and yet all short of what they ought to be. \**Lactantius*, in his booke of *Wisdom*, proves them to be dizards, fools, asses, mad-men, so full of absurd and ridiculous tenents and brain-sick positions, that, to his thinking, never any old woman or sick person doted worse. <sup>b</sup> Democritus took all from *Leucippus*, and left, saith he, *the inheritance of his folly to Epicurus*: *insanienti dum sapientiæ, &c.* The like he holds of *Plato*, *Aristippus*, and the rest, making no difference <sup>d</sup> *betwixt them and beasts, saving that they could speak.* \**Theodoret*, in his tract *De Cur. Græc. Affect.* manifestly evinces as much of *Socrates*, whom though that oracle of *Apollo* confirmed to be the wisest man then living, and saved him from the plague, whom 2000 yeares have admired, of whom some will as soon speak evil as of *Christ*, yet *re verâ*, he was an illiterate ideot, as <sup>f</sup> *Aristophanes* calls him—*irrisor et ambitiosus*, as his master *Aristotle* terms him, *scurra Atticus*, as *Zeno*, an <sup>g</sup> enemy to all arts and sciences, as *Athenæus* to philosophers and travellers, an opinionative asse, a caviller, a kind of pedant; for his manners, (as *Theod.* *Cyrensis* describes him) a <sup>h</sup> Sodomite, an atheist, (so convict by *Anytus*) *iracundus et ebrius, dicax, &c.* a pot-companion, by *Plato's* own confession, a sturdy drinker; and that of all others he was most sottish, a very madman in his actions and opinions. *Pythagoras* was part philosopher, part magician, or part witch. If you desire to hear more of *Apollonius*, a great wise man, sometime pallel'd, by *Julian the Apostate*, to *Christ*, I refer you to that learned tract of *Eusebius* against *Hierocles*—and, for them all, to *Lucian's Piscator, Icaromenippus, Necyomantia*. Their actions, opinions, in general were so prodigious, absurd, ridiculous, which they broached and maintained; their bookes and elaborate treatises were full of dotage; which *Tully* (*ad Atticum*) long since observed—*delirant plerumque scriptores in libris suis*—their lives being opposite to their words,

\* Lib. 3. de sep. c. 17. et 20. Omnes philosophi aut stulti aut insani: nulla aetas, nullus æger, ineptius deliravit. <sup>b</sup> Democritus, a Leucippo doctus, hereditatem stultitiæ reliquit Epicuro. <sup>c</sup> Hor. car. lib. 1. od. 54. <sup>d</sup> Nihil intererat inter hos et bestias, nisi quod loquantur. de sa. 1. 26. c. 8. <sup>e</sup> Cap. de virt.

<sup>f</sup> Neb. et Ranis. <sup>g</sup> Omnium disciplinarum ignarus, <sup>h</sup> Pulchrorum adolescentium causâ frequenter gymnasium obibat, &c.



they commended poverty to others, and were most covetous themselves, extolled love and peace, and yet persecuted one another with virulent hate and malice. They could give precepts for verse and prose; but not a man of them (as <sup>a</sup> Seneca tells them home) could moderate his affections. Their musick did shew us *flexiles modos*, &c. how to rise and fall; but they could not so contain themselves, as in adversity not to make a lamentable tone. They will measure ground by geometry, set down limits, divide and subdivide, but cannot yet prescribe *quantum homini satis*, or keep within compass of reason and discretion. They can square circles, but understand not the state of their own soules—describe right lines, and crooked, &c. but know not what is right in this life—*quid in vitâ rectum sit, ignorant*: so that, as he said,

Nescio, an Anticyram ratio illis destinet omnem.

I think all the Anticyræ will not restore them to their wits. <sup>b</sup>If these men now, that held <sup>c</sup>Zenodotus heart, Crates liver, Epictetus lanthorn, were so sottish, and had no more brains than so many beetles, what shall we think of the commonalty? what of the rest?

Yea, but (will you infer) that is true of heathens, if they be conferred with Christians, 1 Cor. 3. 19. *The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God, earthly and divelish*, as James calls it, 3. 15. *They were vain in their imaginations; and their foolish heart was full of darkness.* Rom. 1. 21, 22. *When they professed themselves wise, became fools.* Their witty workes are admired here on earth, whilst their soules are tormented in hell-fire. In some sense, *Christiani Crassiani*, Christians are Crassians, and, if compared to that wisdom, no better than fools. *Quis est sapiens? Salus Deus*, <sup>d</sup>Pythagoras replies; *God is only wise.*—Rom. 16. Paul determines, *only good*, as Austin well contends; *and no man living can be justified in his sight. God looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if any did understand,* Psalm 53. 2, 3. but all are corrupt, err. Rom. 3. 12. *None doth good, no not one.* Job aggravates this, 4. 18. *Behold, he found no stedfastness in his servants, and laid jolly upon his angels,* 19. *How much more on them that dwell in houses of clay?* In this sense, we are all as fools; and the Scripture alone is *ars Minervæ*; we and our writings are shallow and imperfect. But I do not so mean: even in our ordinary dealings, we are no better than fools. All our actions,

<sup>a</sup> Seneca. Scis rotunda metiri, sed non tuum animum. <sup>b</sup> Ab uberibus sapientia lactati, cœcutire non possunt. <sup>c</sup> Cor Zenodoti, et jecur Cratetis. <sup>d</sup> Lib. de nat. boni. <sup>e</sup> Hic profundissimæ Sophiæ fodinæ.

as <sup>a</sup> Pliny told Trajan, *upbraid us of folly*: our whole course of life is but matter of laughter: we are not soberly wise; and the world itself, which ought at least to be wise by reason of his antiquity, as <sup>b</sup> Hugo de Prato Florido will have it, *semper stultizat, is every day more foolish than other: the more it is whipped, the worse it is; and, as a child, will still be crowned with roses and flowers*. We are apish in it, *asini bipodos*; and every place is full *inversorum Apuleiorum*, of metamorphosed and two-legged asses, *inversorum Silenorum*, childish, *pueri instar bimuli, tremulâ patris dormientis in ulnâ*. Jovianus Pontanus (Antonio Dial.) brings in some laughing at an old man, that by reason of his age was a little fond; but, as he admonisheth there, *ne mireris, mi hospes, de hoc sene*, marvel not at him only; for *tota hæc civitas delirium*, all our town dotes in like sort; <sup>c</sup> we are a company of fools. Ask not, with him in the poet, <sup>d</sup> *Larvæ huic, intempericæ, insanicæque, agitant senem?* What madness ghosts this old man; but what madness ghosts us all? For we are, *ad unum omnes*, all mad; *semel insanivimus omnes*: not once, but alway so, *et semel, et simul, et semper*, ever and altogether as bad as he; and not *senex bis puer, delirans anus*; but say it of us all, *semper pueri*; yong and old, all dote, as Lactantius proves out of Seneca; and no difference betwixt us and children, saving that *majora ludimus, et grandioribus pupis*, they play with babies of clouts, and such toys, we sport with greater bables. We cannot accuse or condemn one another, being faulty ourselves, *deliramenta loqueris*, you talk idly, or, as <sup>e</sup> Micio upbraided Demeca, *insanis? aufer*; for we are as mad our own selves; and it is hard to say which is the worst. Nay, 'tis universally so,

<sup>f</sup> *Vitam regit fortuna, non sapientia.*

When <sup>g</sup> Soerates had taken great pains to find out a wise man, and, to that purpose, had consulted with philosophers, poets, artificers, he concludes all men were fools; and, though it procured him both anger, and much envy, yet in all companies he would openly profess it. When <sup>h</sup> Supputius in Pontanus had travelled all over Europe to conferr with a wise man, he returned at last without his errand, and could find none. <sup>i</sup> Cardan concurs with him: *Few there are (for ought*

<sup>a</sup> Panegy. Trajano. Omnes actiones explorare stultitiam videntur. <sup>b</sup> Ser. 4. in domi Pal. Mandus, qui ob antiquitatem deberet esse sapiens, semper stultizat, et nullis flagellis alteratur; sed, ut puer, vult rosas et floribus coronari. <sup>c</sup> Insomniæ et omnes pueri, clamantque puella. Hor. <sup>d</sup> Plautus, Anular. <sup>e</sup> Adelp. act. 5. scen. 8. <sup>f</sup> Tully, Tus. 5. <sup>g</sup> Plato, Apologia Socratis. <sup>h</sup> Ant. Dial. <sup>i</sup> Lib. 3. de resp. Pueri, ut video, sane mentis sunt.

*I can perceive) well in their wits. So doth Tully: I see every thing to be done foolishly and unadvisedly.*

Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit: unus utrique  
Error; sed variis illudit partibus omnes.

One reels to this, another to that wall;

'Tis the same error that deludes them all.

<sup>b</sup> They dote all, but not alike, (*Μακρὰ γ' οὐ παρὼν ὁμοία*) not in the same kinde. *One is covetous, a second lascivious, a third ambitious, a fourth envious, &c.* as Damasippus the Stoick hath well illustrated in the poet,

<sup>c</sup> Desipiunt omnes æque ac tu.

'Tis an inbred maladie: in every one of us, there is *seminarium stultitiæ*, a seminary of folly, which, if it be stirred up, or get a head, will run in infinitum, and infinitely varies, as we ourselves are severally addicted, (saith <sup>d</sup> Balthazar Castilio) and cannot so easily be rooted out; it takes such fast hold, as Tully holds, *altæ radices stultitiæ*; <sup>e</sup> so we are bred, and so we continue. Some say there be two main defects of wit—error and ignorance—to which allothers are reduced. By ignorance we know not things necessary; by error we know them falsly. Ignorance is a privation, error a positive act. From ignorance comes vice, from error heresie, &c. But make how many kindes you will, divide and subdivide; few men are free, or that do not impinge on some one kinde or other. <sup>f</sup> *Sic ple-rumque agit stultos inscitia*, as he that examines his own and other mens actions, shall find.

<sup>g</sup> Charon, in Lucian, (as he wittily faigns) was conducted by Mercurie to such a place, where he might see all the world at once. After he had sufficiently viewed, and looked about, Mercurie would needs know of him what he had observed. He told him, that he saw a vast multitude, and a promiscuous; their habitations like mole-hills; the men as emmets: *he could discern cities like so many hives of bees, wherein every bee had a sting; and they did nought else but sting one another; some domineering like hornets, bigger than the rest, some like fleching wasps, others as drones.* Over their heads were hovering a confused company of perturbations, hope, feare, anger, avarice, ignorance, &c. and a multitude of diseases hanging, which they still pulled on their pates. Some were

<sup>a</sup> Stulte et incaute omnia agi video. <sup>b</sup> Insania non omnibus eadem. Eras. chil. 3. cent. 10. Nemo mortalium qui non aliquâ in re desipit, licet alius alio morbo laboret, hic libidinis, ille avaritiæ, ambitionis, invidiæ. <sup>c</sup> Hor. l. 2. sat. 3. <sup>d</sup> Lib. 1. de aulico. Est in unoquoque nostrum seminarium aliquod stultitiæ, quod si quando exciditur, in infinitum facile excrescit. <sup>e</sup> Præmaque lux vitæ prima furoris erat.

<sup>f</sup> Tibullus. Stulti prætereunt dies, their wits are a wool-gathering. So fools commonly dote. <sup>g</sup> Dial. contemplantes, tom. 2.

brawling, some fighting, riding, running, *solicite ambientes, collide litigantes*, for toys, and trifles, and such momentary things—their towns and provinces meer factions, rich against poor, poor against rich, nobles against artificers, they against nobles, and so the rest. In conclusion, he condemned them all for mad-men, fools, ideots, asses—*O stulti! quænam hæc est amentia? O fools! O mad-men!* he exclaims, *insana studia, insani labores, &c.* Mad endeavours! mad actions! mad! mad! mad! *\* O seclum insipiens et inficetum!* a giddy-headed age. Heraclitus the philosopher, out of a serious meditation of mens lives, fell a weeping, and with continual tears bewailed their misery, madness, and folly. Democritus, on the other side, burst out a laughing; their whole life seemed to him so ridiculous: and he was so far carried with this ironical passion, that the citizens of Abdera took him to be mad, and sent therefore ambassadors to Hippocrates the physitian, that he would exercise his skill upon him. But the story is set down at large by Hippocrates, in his Epistle to Demegetus, which, because it is not impertinent to this discourse, I will insert *verbatim* almost, as it is delivered by Hippocrates himself, with all the circumstances belonging unto it.

When Hippocrates was come to Abdera, the people of the city came flocking about him, some weeping, some entreating of him that he would do his best. After some little repast, he went to see Democritus, the people following him, whom he found (as before) in his garden in the suburbs, all alone, <sup>b</sup>*sitting upon a stone under a plane tree, without hose or shoes, with a book on his knees, cutting up several beasts, and busy at his study.* The multitude stood gazing round about, to see the congress. Hippocrates, after a little pause, saluted him by his name, whom he re-saluted, ashamed almost that he could not call him likewise by his, or that he had forgot it. Hippocrates demanded of him what he was doing. He told him that he was <sup>c</sup>*busy in cutting up several beasts to find out the cause of madness and melancholy.* Hippocrates commended his work, admiring his happiness and leasure. And why, quoth Democritus, have not you that leasure? Because, replied Hippocrates, domesticall affairs hinder, necessary to be done, for our selves, neighbours, friends—expences, diseases, frailties and mortalities which happen—wife, children, servants, and such businesses, which deprive us of our time,

\* Catullus. <sup>b</sup>Sub ramosâ platano sedentem, solum, discalceatum, super lpidem, valde pallidum ac macilentum, promissâ barbâ, librum super genibus habentem. <sup>c</sup>De furore, mania, melancholiâ scribo, ut sciam quo pacto in hominibus gignatur, fiat, crescat, cumuletur, minuat. Hæc (inquit) animalia, quæ vides, propterea secò, non Dei opera perosus, sed fellis bilisque naturam disquirunt.

At this speech Democritus profusely laughed (his friends, and the people standing by, weeping in the mean time, and lamenting his madness). Hippocrates asked the reason why he laughed. He told him, at the vanities and fopperies of the time, to see men so empty of all virtuous actions, to hunt so far after gold, having no end of ambition—to take such infinite pains for a little glory, and to be favoured of men—to make such deep mines into the earth for gold, and many times to find nothing, with loss of their lives and fortunes—some to love dogs, others horses, some to desire to be obeyed in many provinces, and yet themselves will know no obedience—some to love their wives dearly at first, and, after a while, to forsake and hate them—begetting children, with much care and cost for their education, yet, when they grow to man's estate, to despise, neglect, and leave them naked to the worlds mercy. Do not these behaviours express their intolerable folly? When men live in peace, they covet war, detesting quietness, deposing kings, and advancing others in their stead, murdering some men, to beget children of their wives. How many strange humours are in men? When they are poor and needy, they seek riches; and, when they have them, they do not enjoy them, but hide them under ground, or else wastefully spend them. O wise Hippocrates! I laugh at such things being done, but much more when no good comes of them, and when they are done to so ill purpose. There is no truth or justice found amongst them; for they dayly plead one against another, the son against the father and the mother, brother against brother, kindred and friends of the same quality; and all this for riches, whereof, after death, they cannot be possessors. And yet—notwithstanding they will defame and kill one another, commit all unlawful actions, contemning God and men, friends and country—they make great account of many senseless things, esteeming them as a great part of their treasure, statues, pictures, and such like moveables, dear bought, and so cunningly wrought, as nothing but speech wanteth in them; and yet they hate living persons speaking to them. Others affect difficult things: if they dwell on firm land, they will remove to an island, and thence to land again, being no way constant to their desires. They commend courage and strength in wars, and let themselves be conquered by lust and avarice. They are, in briefe, as disordered in their mindes, as Thersites was in his

\* Aust. l. 1. in Gen. Jumentis et servi tui obsequium rigide postulas; et tu mulum præstas aliis, nec ipsi Deo. † Uxores ducunt, mox foras eijciunt. ‡ Pueros amant, mox fastidiunt. § Quid hoc ab insanis deat? ¶ Reges eligunt, deponunt. † Contra parentes, fratres, cives, perpetuo rixantur, et inimicitias agunt. † Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus. † Idola inanimata amant; animata odio habent; sic pontifici.

body. And now me thinks, O most worthy Hippocrates! you should not reprehend my laughing, perceiving so many fooleries in men; for no man will mock his own folly, but that which he seeth in a second; and so they justly mock one another. The drunkard calls him a glutton, whom he knows to be sober. Many men love the sea, others husbandry; briefly, they cannot agree in their own trades and professions, much less in their lives and actions.

When Hippocrates heard these words so readily uttered, without premeditation, to declare the worlds vanity, full of ridiculous contrariety, he made answer, that necessity compelled men to many such actions, and divers wills ensuing from divine permission, that we might not be idle, being nothing is so odious to them as sloth and negligence. Besides, men cannot foresee future events, in this uncertainty of humane affairs: they would not so marry, if they could foretell the causes of their dislike and separation; or parents, if they knew the hour of their childrens death, so tenderly provide for them; or an husbandman sow, if he thought there would be no increase; or a merchant adventure to sea, if he foresaw shipwreck; or be a magistrate, if presently to be deposed. Alas! worthy Democritus, every man hopes the best; and to that end he doth it; and therefore no such cause, or ridiculous occasion of laughter.

Democritus hearing this poor excuse, laughed again aloud, perceiving he wholly mistook him, and did not well understand what he had said concerning perturbations, and tranquillity of the minde—inso much, that, if men would govern their actions by discretion and providence, they would not declare themselves fools, as now they do; and he should have no cause of laughter: but (quoth he) they swell in this life, as if they were immortal, and demi-gods, for want of understanding. It were enough to make them wise, if they would but consider the mutability of this world, and how it wheels about, nothing being firm and sure. He that is now above, to-morrow is beneath; he that sate on this side to day, to-morrow is hurled on the other: and, not considering these matters, they fall into many inconveniences and troubles, coveting things of no profit, and thirsting after them, tumbling headlong into many calamities—so that, if men would attempt no more than what they can bear, they should lead contented lives—and, learning to know themselves, would limit their ambition, they would perceive then that nature hath enough, without seeking such

\* *Suam stultitiam perspicit nemo, sed alter alterum deridet.*    † *Denique sit finis querendi: cumque habcas plus, Paupericm metuas minus, et finire laborem Incipias, parto, quod avebas: utere.*    Hor.

superfluities, and unprofitable things, which bring nothing with them but griefe and molestation. As a fat body is more subject to diseases, so are rich men to absurdities and fooleries, to many casualties and cross inconveniencies. There are many that take no heed what happeneth to others by bad conversation, and therefore overthrow themselves in the same manner through their own fault, not foreseeing dangers manifest. These are things (O more than mad! quoth he) that give me matter of laughter, by suffering the pains of your impieties, as your avarice, envy, malice, enormous villanies, mutinies, unsatiable desires, conspiracies, and other incurable vices—besides your <sup>a</sup> dissimulation and hypocrisie, bearing deadly hatred one to the other, and yet shadowing it with a good face—flying out into all filthy lusts, and transgressions of all lawes, both of nature and civility. Many things, which they have left off, after a while they fall to again—husbandry, navigation—and leave again, fickle and unconstant as they are. When they are yong, they would be old, and old, yong. <sup>b</sup> Princes commend a private life; private men itch after honour: a magistrate commends a quiet life; a quiet man would be in his office, and obeyed as he is; and what is the cause of all this, both that they know not themselves? Some delight to destroy, <sup>c</sup> one to build, another to spoil one countrey to enrich another and himself. <sup>d</sup> In all these things they are like children, in whom is no judgement or counsell, and resemble beasts, saving that beasts are better than they, as being contented with nature. <sup>e</sup> When shall you see a lion hide gold in the ground, or a bull contend for a better pasture? When a boar is thirsty, he drinks what will serve him, and no more; and, when his belly is full, he ceaseth to eat: but men are immoderate in both, as in lust—they covet carnall copulation at set times; men always, ruinating thereby the health of their bodies. And doth it not deserve laughter, to see an amorous fool torment himself for a wench, weep, howl, for a mis-shapen slut, a dowdy sometimes, that might have his choyce of the finest beauties? Is there any remedy for this in physick? I do anatomize and cut up these poor beasts, <sup>f</sup> to see these distempers, vanities, and follies: yet such proof were better made on mans body, (if my

<sup>a</sup> Astutum vapidò servat sub pectore vulpem.—Et, cum vulpe positus, pariter vulpinariet.—Ceterizandum cum Crete. <sup>b</sup> Qui sit, Maccenas, ut nemo, quam sibi sortem Seno ratio dederit, seu sors objecerit, illà Contentus vivat? &c. Hor. <sup>c</sup> Diruit, œdificat, mutat quadrata rotundis.—Trajanus pontem struxit super Danubium, quem successor ejus Adrianus statim demolitus. <sup>d</sup> Quò quid in re ab infantibus differunt, quibus mens et sensus sine ratione inest? Quidquid setæ his offert, volupe est. <sup>e</sup> Idem Plut. <sup>f</sup> Ut insanix causas investigarem, bruta macto et secò, cum hoc potius in hominibus investigandum esset.

kind nature would indure it) \* who, from the hour of his birth, is most miserable, weak, and sickly: when he sucks, he is guided by others, when he is grown great, practiseth unhappiness, <sup>b</sup> and is sturdy, and, when old, a child again, and repenteth him of his life past. And here being interrupted by one that brought bookes, he fell to it again, that all were mad, careless, stupid. To prove my former speeches, look into courts, or private houses. <sup>c</sup> Judges give judgement according to their own advantage, doing manifest wrong to poor innocents to please others. Notaries alter sentences, and, for mony, lose their deeds. Some make false monys; others counterfeit false weights. Some abuse their parents, yea corrupt their own sisters; others make long libels and pasquils, defaming men of good life, and extol such as are lewd and vicious. Some rob one, some another; <sup>d</sup> magistrates make lawes against thieves, and are the veriest thieves themselves. Some kill themselves, others despair, not obtaining their desires. Some dance, sing, laugh, feast, and banquet, whilst others sigh, languish, mourn, and lament, having neither meat, drink, nor clothes. <sup>e</sup> Some prank up their bodies, and have their mindes full of execrable vices. Some trot about, <sup>f</sup> to bear false witness, and say any thing for mony: and, though judges know of it, yet for a bribe they wink at it, and suffer false contracts to prevail against equity. Women are all day a dressing, to please other men abroad, and go like sluts at home, not caring to please their own husbands, whom they should. Seeing men are so fickle, so sottish, so intemperate, why should not I laugh at those, to whom <sup>g</sup> folly seems wisdome, will not be cured, and perceive it not?

It grew late: Hippocrates left him; and, no sooner was he come away, but all the citizens came about flocking, to know how he liked him. He told them in briefe, that, notwithstanding those small neglects of his attire, body, dyet, <sup>h</sup> the world had not a wiser, a more learned, a more honest man; and they were much deceived to say that he was mad.

Thus Democritus esteemed of the world in his time; and this was the cause of his laughter: and good cause he had.

\* Totus a natiuitate morbus est. <sup>b</sup> In vigore furibundus, quum decreuit, insanabilis. <sup>c</sup> Cyprian. ad Donatum. Qui sedet, crimina iudicaturus, &c. <sup>d</sup> Tu pessimus omnium latro es, as a thief told Alexander in Curtius.—Damnat foras iudex, quod intus operatur. Cyprian. <sup>e</sup> Vultus magna cura; magna summi incuria. Am. Marcel. <sup>f</sup> Horrenda res est! vix duo verba sine iuramento profertur: et, quamvis solenniter homines ad veritatem dicendam iurantur, peccare tamen non dubitant; ut ex decem testibus vix unum verum dicat. Calv. in 8. Job. Serm. 1. <sup>g</sup> Sapientiam insaniam esse dicunt. <sup>h</sup> Siquidem sapientie suae admiratione me complevit; offendi sapientissimum virum, qui saluus potest omnes homines reddere.



*‘Olim jure quidem, nunc plus, Democrite, ride,  
Quin rides? vita hæc nunc magè ridicula est.*

Democritus did well to laugh of old:  
Good cause he had, but now much more:  
This life of ours is more ridiculous  
Than that of his, or long before.

Never so much cause of laughter, as now; never so many fools and mad-men. *‘Tis not one<sup>b</sup> Democritus will serve turn to laugh in these dayes: we have now need of a Democritus to laugh at Democritus, one jester to flout at another, one fool to flout at another—a great Stentorian Democritus, as big as that Rhodian Colossus; for now, as<sup>c</sup> Salisburiensis said in his time, totus mundus histrionem agit—the whole world plays the fool: we have a new theater, a new scent, a new comedy of errors, a new company of personate actors: Volupiae sacra (as Calcagninus wittily fains in his Apologues) are celebrated all the world over, <sup>d</sup>where all the actors were mad men and fools, and every hour changed habits, or took that which came next. He that was a marriner to day, is an apothecary to morrow, a smith one while, a philosopher another, in his Volupiae ludis—a king now with his crown, robes, scepter, attendants, by and by drove a loaded asse before him like a carter, &c. If Democritus were alive now, he should see strange alterations, a new company of counterfeit vizards, whiffers, Cumane asses, maskers, mummers, painted puppets, outsides, phantastick shadows, guls, monsters, giddy-heads, butterflies: and so many of them are indeed (<sup>e</sup> if all be true that I have read); for, when Jupiter and Juno’s wedding was solemnized of old, the gods were all invited to the feast, and many noble men besides: amongst the rest came Chrysalus, a Persian prince, bravely-attended, rich in golden attires, in gay robes, with a majesticall presence, but otherwise an asse. The gods, seeing him come in such pomp and state, rose up to give him place, *ex habitu hominem metientes*; <sup>f</sup> but Jupiter, perceiving what he was—a light, phantastick, idle fellow, turned him and his proud followers into butterflies: and so they continue still (for ought I know to the contrary), roving about in*

<sup>a</sup> E. Græc. epig. <sup>b</sup> Plures Democriti nunc non sufficiunt. Opus Democrito, qui Democritum ridet. Eras. Meria. <sup>c</sup> Polycrat. lib. 3. cap. 8. e Petron.

<sup>d</sup> Ubi omnes delirabant, omnes insani, &c. hodie nauta, cras philosophus; hodie labor, cras pharmacopola; huc modo regem agebat multo satellitio, tiarâ, et sceptro ornatus, nunc vili amictus centiculo, asinum, clitellarium impellit. <sup>e</sup> Calcagninus, Apol. Chrysalus e cæteris, auro dives, manicato peplo et tiarâ conspicuus, levis alioquin et nullius consilii, &c. Magno fastu ingredienti assurgunt dii, &c. <sup>f</sup> Sed hominis levitatem Jupiter perspicens, a tu (inquit) esto bombilio, &c. protinusque vestis illa manicata in alas versa est; et mortales inde Chrysalides vocant hujusmodi homines.

piéd-coats, and are called Chrysalides] by the wiser sort of men—that is, golden outsides, drones, flies, and things of no worth. Multitudes of such, &c.

—————ubique invenies  
Stultos avaros, sycophantas prodigos.

Many additions, much increase of madness, folly, vanity, should Democritus observe, were he now to travel, or could get leave of Pluto to come see fashions, (as Charon did in Lucian) to visit our cities of Moronia Pia, and Moronia Felix—sure I think he would break the rim of his belly with laughing.

<sup>a</sup> Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus, seu, &c.

A satyricall Roman, in his time, thought all vice, folly, and madness, were ail at full sea,

<sup>b</sup> Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit. —

<sup>c</sup> Josephus the historian taxeth his countrey-men Jewes for bragging of their vices, publishing their follies, and that they did contend amongst themselves, who should be most notorious in villanies: but we flow higher in madness, far beyond them,

<sup>d</sup> Mox daturi progeniem vitiosiore;

and the latter end (you know, whose oracle it is) is like to be worst. 'Tis not to be denyed; the world alters every day. *Ruunt urbes, regna transferuntur, &c. variantur habitus, leges innovantur,* as <sup>e</sup> Petrarch observes—we change language, habits, lawes, customes, manners, but not vices, not diseases, not the symptomes of folly and madness; they are still the same. And, as a river, (we see) keeps the like name and place, but not water, and yet ever runs.

(<sup>f</sup> Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.)

our times and persons alter, vices are the same, and ever will be. Look how nightingals sang of old, cocks crowed, kine lowed, sheep bleated, sparrows chirped, dogs barked; so they do still: we keep our madness still, play the fools still, *mez dum finitus Orestes*—we are of the same humours and inclinations as our predecessors were; you shall find us all alike, much at one, we and our sons,

Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis;

and so shall our posterity continue to the last. But, to speak of times present—

<sup>a</sup> Juven. <sup>b</sup> Juven. <sup>c</sup> De bello Jud. l. 8. c. 11. Iniquitates vestre neminem latent; inque dies singulos certamen habetis, quis pejor sit. <sup>d</sup> Hor.  
<sup>e</sup> Lib. 5. Epist. 8. <sup>f</sup> Hor.

If Democritus were alive now, and should but see the superstition of our age, our <sup>a</sup>religious madness, as <sup>b</sup>Meferan calls it, *religiosam insaniam*—so many professed Christians, yet so few imitators of Christ, so much talk of religion, so much science, so little conscience, so much knowledge, so many preachers, so little practice—such variety of sects, such have and hold of all sides,

——— <sup>c</sup>obvia signis Signa, &c.—

such absurd and ridiculous traditions and ceremonies—if he should meet a <sup>d</sup>Capuchin, a Franciscan, a pharisaical Jesuite, a man-serpent, a shave-crowned monk in his robes, a begging frier, or see their three-crowned sovereign lord the pope, poor Peter's successour, *servus servorum Dei*, to depose kings with his foot, to tread on emperours necks, make them, bare-foot and bare-legg'd at his gates, hold his bridle and stirrup, &c. (O that Peter and Paul were alive to see this!)—if he should observe a <sup>e</sup>prince creep so devoutly to kiss his toe, and those red-cap cardinals, poor parish priests of old, now princes companions—what would he say? *Cælum ipsum petitur stultitiâ*. Had he met some of our devout pilgrims going bare-foot to Jerusalem, our lady of Laretta, Rome, St. Iago, St. Thomas shrine, to creep to those counterfeit and maggot-eaten reliques—had he been present at a masse, and seen such kissing of paxes, crucifixes, cringes, duckings, their several attires and ceremonies, pictures of saints, <sup>f</sup>indulgences, pardons, vigils, fasting, feasts, crossing, knocking, kneeling at *Ave-Maries*, bells, with many such

——— *jucunda rudi spectacula plebi,*

praying in gibberish, and rumberling of beads—had he heard an old woman say her prayers in Latin, their sprinkling of holy water, and going a procession,

(——— <sup>g</sup>monachorum incedunt agmina mille;

*Quid memorem vexilla, cruces, idolaque culta, &c.)*

their breviaries, bulls, hallowed beads, exorcisms, pictures, curious crosses, fables, and bables—had he read the Golden Legend, the Turkes Alcoran, or Jewes Talmud, the Rabbins

<sup>a</sup> Superstitio est insanus error.

<sup>b</sup> Lib. 8. hist. Belg.

<sup>c</sup> Lucan.

<sup>d</sup> Fa-

ther Angelo, the duke of Joyeuse going bare-foot over the Alps to Rome, &c.

<sup>e</sup> Si cui intueri vacet quæ patiuntur superstitiosi, invenies tam indecora honestis, tam indigna liberis, tam dissimilia sanis, ut nemo fuerit dubitaturus furere eos, si cum paucioribus furerent. Senec.

<sup>f</sup> Quid dicam de eorum indulgentiis, oblationibus, votis, solutionibus, jejuniis, cœnobiis, vigiliis, somniis, horis, organis, cantilenis, campanis, simulacris, missis, purgatoriis, mitris, breviariis, bullis, lustralibus aquis, ramuris, amercionibus, candelis, calicibus, crucibus, mappis, cereis, thuribulis, incantationibus, exorcismiis, sputis, legendis, &c. Balcan, de actis Rom. Pont.

<sup>g</sup> Th. Nauger.

*Quædam, ubi tenentur; ut in his, que sunt*

Comments, what would he have thought? How dost thou think he might have been affected? Had he more particularly examined a Jesuites life amongst the rest, he should have seen an hypocrite profess poverty, <sup>a</sup> and yet possess more goods and lands than many princes, to have infinite treasures and revenues—teach others to fast, and play the gluttons themselves; like watermen, that rowe one way and look another—<sup>b</sup> vow virginity, talk of holiness, and yet indeed a notorious bawd, and famous fornicator, *lascivum pecus*, a very goat—monkes by profession <sup>c</sup>, such as give over the world, and the vanities of it, and yet a *Machiavellian* rout <sup>d</sup> interested in all matters of state—holy men, peace-makers, and yet composed of envy, lust, ambition, hatred and malice, fire-brands, *adulta patriæ pestis*, traitours, assassins—*hac itur ad astra*; and this is to supererogate, and merit heaven for themselves and others | Had he seen, on the adverse side, some of our nice and curious schismatics, in another extream, abhor all ceremonies, and rather lose their lives and livings, than do or admit any thing papists have formerly used, though in things indifferent (they alone are the true church, *sal terræ, cum sint omnium insulsissimi*)—formalists, out of feare and base flattery, like so many weather-cocks, turn round—a rout of temporisers, ready to embrace and maintain all that is or shall be proposed, in hope of preferment—another Epicurean company, lying at lurch as so many vultures, watching for a prey of church goods, and ready to rise by the down-fall of any—as <sup>e</sup> Lucian said in like case, what dost thou think Democritus would have done, had he been spectatour of these things—or, had he but observed the common people follow like so many sheep one of their fellows drawn by the hornes over a gap, some for zeale, some for feare, *quo se cumque rapit tempestas*, to credit all, examine nothing, and yet ready to dye before they will abjure any of those ceremonies, to which they have been accustomed—others out of hypocrisie frequent sermons, knock their breasts, turn up their eys, pretend zeale, desire, reformation, and yet professed usurers, gripers, monsters of men, harpies, divels, in their lives to express nothing less?

What would he have said, to see, hear, and read so many bloody battels, so many thousands slain at once, such streams of blood able to turn mills, *unius ob noxam furiasque*, or to

<sup>a</sup> Dum simulant spemere, acquisiverunt sibi 80 annorum spatio bis centens millia librarum annua. Arnold.

<sup>b</sup> Et quum interdum de virtute loquuti sunt, vero in latibulis clunæ agitant labore nocturno. Agrippa. 2 Tim. 3. 13.—But they shall prevail no longer: their madness shall be evident to all men.

<sup>c</sup> Benignitatis sinus solebat esse, nunc litium officina, curia Romana. Budæus.

<sup>d</sup> Quid tibi videtur facturus Democritus, si horum spectator contigisset?

make sport for princes, without any just cause, <sup>a</sup> for vain titles, (saith Austin) *precedency, some wench, or such like toy, or out of desire of domineering, vain glory, malice, revenge, folly, madness,* (goodly causes all, *ob quas universus orbis bellis et cædibus misceatur*) whilst statesmen themselves in the mean time are secure at home, pampered with all delights and pleasures, take their ease, and follow their lusts, not considering what intolerable misery poor souldiers endure, their often wounds, hunger, thirst, &c. ? The lamentable cares, torments, calamities and oppressions, that accompany such proceedings, they feel not, take no notice of it. *So wars are begun, by the persuasion of debauched, hairbrained, poor, dissolute, hungry captains, parasitical fawners, unquiet hot-spurs, restless innovators, green heads, to satisfy one mans private spleen, lust, ambition, avarice, &c. tales rapiunt scelerata in prælia causæ. Flos hominum,* proper men, well proportioned, carefully brought up, able both in body and minde, sound, led like so many <sup>b</sup> beasts to the slaughter in the flower of their yeares, pride, and full strength, without all remorse and pitty, sacrificed to Pluto, killed up as so many sheep for divels food, 40000 at once. At once, said I ?—that were tolerable : but these wars last alwayes ; and, for many ages, nothing so familiar as this hacking and hewing, massacres, murders, desolations—

(———ignoto cælum clangore remugit)

they care not what mischief they procure, so that they may enrich themselves for the present: they will so long blow the coals of contention, till all the world be consumed with fire. The <sup>c</sup> siege of Troy lasted ten yeares, eight moneths; there died 870000 Grecians, 670000 Trojans: at the taking of the city, and after, were slain 276000 men, women, and children, of all sorts. Cæsar killed a million, Mahomet the <sup>d</sup> Secund Turk 300000 persons: Sicinius Dentatus fought in an hundred battels; eight times in single combat he overcame, had forty wounds before, was rewarded with 140 crowns, triumphed nine times for his good service. M. Sergius had 32 wounds; Scæva the centurion, I know not how many; every nation hath their Hector, Scipios, Cæsars, and Alexanders. Our <sup>e</sup> Edward the Fourth was in 26 battels afoot: and, as they do all, he glories in it; 'tis related to his honour. At the siege of Hierusalem, 1100000 died with sword and famine. At the battel of Cannas, 70000 men were

<sup>a</sup> Ob inanes ditiorum titulos, ob præceptum locum, ob interceptam mulierculam vel quod e stultitia natum, vel e malitia, quod cupido dommandi, libido nocendi, &c.

<sup>b</sup> Bellum rem plane belluinam vocat Morus, Utop. lib. 2.

<sup>c</sup> Munster. Cosmog. l. 6. c. 3. E. Dict. Creteus.

<sup>d</sup> Jovius vit. ejus.

<sup>e</sup> Comincius.

slain, \* as Polybius records, and as many at Battle Abbye with us; and 'tis no news to fight from sun to sun, as they did, as Constantine and Licinius, &c. At the siege of Ostend, (the divel's academy) a poor town in respect, a small fort, but a great grave, 120000 men lost their lives, besides whole towns, dorpes, and hospitals, full of maimed souldiers. There were engines, fire-works, and whatsoever the divel could invent to do mischief with 2500000 iron bullets shot of 40 pound weight, three or four millions of gold consumed. <sup>b</sup> *Who* (saith mine author) *can be sufficiently amazed at their flinty hearts, obstinacy, fury, blindness, who, without any likelyhood of good success, hazard poor souldiers, and lead them without pitty to the slaughter, which may justly be called the rage of furious beasts, that run without reason upon their own deaths?* <sup>c</sup> *quis malus genius, quæ Furia, quæ pestis, &c.* what plague, what Fury, brought so divellish, so brutish a thing as war first into mens mindes? Who made so soft and peaceable a creature, born to love, mercy, meekness, so to rave, rage like beasts, and run on to their own destruction? how may Nature expostulate with mankind, *Ego te divinum animal finxi, &c.* I made thee an harmless, quiet, a divine creature! how may God expostulate, and all good men! yet *horum facta* (as <sup>d</sup> one condoles) *tantum admirantur, et heroum numero habent:* these are the brave spirits, the gallants of the world, these admired alone, triumph alone, have statues, crowns, pyramids, obelisks to their eternall fame, that immortall genius attends on them: *hac itur ad astra.* When Rhodes was besieged, <sup>e</sup> *fossæ urbis cadaveribus repletæ sunt,* the ditches were full of dead carcases; and (as when the said Solyman great Turk beleagred Vienna) they lay level with the top of the walls. This they make a sport of, and will do it to their friends and confederates, against oaths, vowes, promises, by treachery or otherwise—

<sup>f</sup> *dolus an virtus, quis in hoste requirat?*

leagues and lawes of arms, (<sup>g</sup> *silent leges inter arma:* for their advantage, *omnia jura, divina, humana, proculcata plerumque sunt*) God's and mens lawes, are trampled under foot; the sword alone determines all; to satisfie their lust and spleen, they care not what they attempt, say, or do:

—<sup>h</sup> *Rara fides, probitasque, viris qui castra sequuntur.*

\* Lib. 3.

<sup>b</sup> Hist. of the Siege of Ostend. fol. 89.

<sup>c</sup> Erasmus

de bello. Ut placidum illud animal benevolentæ natum tam ferinâ vezordiâ in mutuan ructet perneciem.

<sup>d</sup> Rich. Dinoth. præfat. Belli civilis Gal.

<sup>e</sup> Jo-

vius.

<sup>f</sup> Dolus asperitas, injustitias, propria bellorum negotis. Terul.

<sup>g</sup> Tully.

<sup>h</sup> Lucan.

Nothing so common as to have <sup>a</sup> *father fight against the son, brother against brother, kinsman against kinsman, kingdome against kingdome, province against province, Christians against Christians, a quibus nec unquam cogitatione fuerunt læsi*, of whom they never had offence in thought, word or deed. Infinite treasures consumed, towns burned, flourishing cities sacked and ruined—*quodque animus meminisse horret*, goodly countreys depopulated and left desolate, old inhabitants expelled, trade and traffike decayed, maids defloured,

Virgines nondum thalamis jugatæ,  
Et comis nondum positis ephēbi;

chast matrons cry out with Andromache, <sup>b</sup> *Concubitus mox cogar pati ejus, qui interemit Hectorem*, they shall be compelled peradventure to lye with them that erst killed their husbands—to see rich, poor, sick, sound, lords, servants, *eodem omnes incommodo macti*, consumed all or maimed, &c. *et quidquid gaudens scelere animus audet, et perversa mens*, saith Cyprian, and whatsoever torment, misery, mischief, hell it self, the divel, <sup>c</sup> fury and rage can invent to their own ruine and destruction; so abominable a thing <sup>d</sup> is war, as Gerbelius concludes—*adeo fœda et abominanda res est bellum, ex quo hominum cædes, vastationes, &c.*—the scourge of God, cause, effect, fruit and punishment of sin, and not *tonsura humani generis*, as Tertullian calls it, but *ruina*. Had Democritus been present at the late civil wars in France, those abominable wars,

(——bellaque matribus detestata)

<sup>e</sup> *where, in less than ten yeares, ten hundred thousand men were consumed*, saith Collignius, 20 thousand churches overthrowen, nay, the whole kingdome subverted (as Richard Dinoth adds) so many myriades of the commons were butchered up, with sword, famine, war, *tanto odio utrinque ut barbari ad abhorrendam lanienam obstupescerent*, with such ferall hatred, the world was amazed at it—or at our late Pharsalian fields in the time of Henry the Sixth, betwixt the houses of Lancaster and York, an hundred thousand men slain, <sup>f</sup> one writes, <sup>g</sup> another, ten thousand families were rooted out, *that no man can but marvel*, (saith Comineus,) *at that barbarous immanity,*

<sup>a</sup> Pater in filium, affinis in affinem, amicus in amicum, &c. Regio cum regione, regnum regno colliditur, populus populo, in mutua perniciem, belluarum insar sanguinolente ruentium. <sup>b</sup> Libani declam. <sup>c</sup> Ira enim et furor Bellonæ consultores, &c. clementes sacerdotes sunt.

<sup>d</sup> Bellum quasi bellua, et ad omnia scelera feror immissus. <sup>e</sup> Gallorum decies centum millia occiderunt, ecclesiarum 20 millia fundamentis excisa. <sup>f</sup> Belli civilis Gal. l. 1. Hoc feraci bello et credibus omnia repleverunt, et regnum amplissimum a fundamentis pene everterunt; plebis tot myriades gladio, bello, fame miserabiliter perierunt.

<sup>g</sup> Pont. Huterus. <sup>h</sup> Comineus. Ut nullus non execretur et admiretur crudelitatem, et barbaram insaniam, quæ inter homines eodem sub cælo natos, ejusdem lingue, sanguinis, religionis, excercebatur.

ferall madness, committed betwixt men of the same nation, language, and religion. <sup>a</sup> *Quis furor, O cives? Why do the gentiles so furiously rage?* saith the prophet David, Psal. 2. 1. But we may ask, why do the Christians so furiously rage?

<sup>b</sup> *Arma volunt, quare, poscunt, rapiuntque juventus?*

Unfit for gentiles, much less for us, so to tyrannize, as the Spaniard in the West Indies, that killed up in 42 yeares (if we may believe <sup>c</sup> Bartholomæus a Casa their own bishop) 12 millions of men, with stupend and exquisite torments; neither should I lye, (said he) if I said 50 millions. I omit those French massacres, Sicilian evensongs, <sup>d</sup> the duke of Alva's tyrannies, our gun-powder machinations, and that fourth Fury (as <sup>e</sup> one calls it), the Spanish inquisition, which quite obscures those ten persecutions—

—<sup>f</sup> *sæviti toto Mars impius orbe.*

Is not this <sup>g</sup> *mundus furiosus*, a mad world, as he terms it, *insanum bellum?* are not these madmen, as <sup>h</sup> Scaliger concludes, *qui in prælio, acerbâ morte, insanix suæ memoriâ pro perpetuo teste relinquunt posteritati*—which leave so frequent battels, as perpetual memorials of their madness to all succeeding ages? Would this, think you, have enforced our Democritus to laughter, or rather made him turn his tune, alter his tone, and weep with <sup>i</sup> Heraclitus, or rather howl, <sup>k</sup> roar, and tear his hair, in commiseration—stand amazed; or as the poets feign, that Niobe was for griefe quite stupified, and turned to a stone? I have not yet said the worst. That which is more absurd and <sup>l</sup> mad—in their tumults, seditions, civil and unjust wars, <sup>m</sup> *quod stulte suscipitur, impie geritur, misere finitur*—such wars, I mean; for all are not to be condemned, as those phantasticall Anabaptists vainly conceive. Our Christian tacticks are, all out, as necessary as the Roman *acies*, or Grecian *phalanx*. To be a souldier is a most noble and honourable profession, (as the world is) not to be spared. They are our best walls and bulwarks; and I do therefore acknowledge that of <sup>n</sup> Tully to be most true, *All our civil affairs, all our studies, all our pleading, industry, and commendation, lies under the protection of warlike vertues; and, whensoever there is any suspicion of tu-*

<sup>a</sup> Lucan;

<sup>b</sup> Virg.

<sup>c</sup> Bishop of Casco an eye witness.

<sup>d</sup> Read Mete-

ran, of his stupend cruelties.

<sup>e</sup> Heinsius, Ausrisc.

<sup>f</sup> Virg. Georg.

<sup>g</sup> Jansenius Gallobelgicus, 1596, *Mundus furiosus, inscriptio libri.*

<sup>h</sup> Exercitat.

250. serm. 4.

<sup>i</sup> Fleat Heraclitus, an rideat Democritus?

<sup>k</sup> Curæ leves lo-

quuntur, ingentes stupent.

<sup>l</sup> *Arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis.*

<sup>m</sup> Erasmus.

<sup>n</sup> Pro Muræna. *Omnes urbanæ res, omnia studia, omnia forensis*

*leas et industria latet in tutelâ et, præsidio bellicæ virtutis; et, simul atque inceptis suspicio tumultus, artes illico nostræ conticescunt.*



*mult, all our arts cease*: wars are most behoveful; *et bellatores agricolis civitati sunt utiliores*, as <sup>a</sup> Tyrius defends: and valour is much to be commended in a wise man: but they mistake most part; *auferre, trucidare, rapere, falsis nominibus virtutem vocant*, &c. ('Twas Galgacus observation in Tacitus) they term theft, murder, and rapine, virtue, by a wrong name: rapes, slaughters, massacres, &c. *jocus et ludus*, are pretty pastimes, as Ludovicus Vives notes. <sup>b</sup> *They commonly call the most hair-brain blood-suckers, strongest thieves, the most desperate villains, treacherous rogues, inhumane murderers, rash, cruel and dissolute caitiffs, courageous and generous spirits, heroically and worthy captains,* <sup>c</sup> *brave men at arms, valiant and renowned souldiers*—possessed with a brute persuasion of false honour, as Pontus Huter in his Burgundian history complains: by meanes of which, it comes to pass that dayly so many voluntaries offer themselves, leaving their sweet wives, children, friends,—for sixpence (if they can get it) a day, prostitute their lives and limbs, desire to enter upon breaches, lye sentinel, perdue, give the first onset, stand in the fore-front of the battel, marching bravely on, with a cheerful noise of drums and trumpets, such vigour and alacrity, so many banners streaming in the ayr, glittering armours, motions of plumes, woods of pikes, and swords, variety of colours, cost and magnificence, as if they went in triumph, now victors, to the Capitol, and with such pomp, as when Darius army marched to meet Alexander at Issus. Void of all feare, they run into eminent dangers, canons mouth, &c. *ut vulneribus suis ferrum hostium hebetent*, saith <sup>d</sup> Barletius, to get a name of valour, honour and applause, which lasts not neither; for it is but a mere flash, this fame, and like a rose, *intra diem unum extinguitur*, 'tis gone in an instant. Of 15000 proletaries slain in a battel, scarce fifteen are recorded in history, or one alone, the general perhaps; and, after a while, his and their names are likewise blotted out; the whole battel it self is forgotten. Those Grecian oratours, *summâ vi ingenii et eloquentiæ*, set out the renowned overthrows at *Thermopylae, Salamine, Marathon, Mycale, Mantinea, Chæronea, Platea*: the Romans record their battel at Cannas, and Pharsalian fields; but they do but record; and we scarce hear of them. And yet this supposed honour, popular applause, desire of immortality by this meanes, pride and vain-glory, spurs them on many times

<sup>a</sup> *Sec. 13.*

<sup>b</sup> *Cruentissimos saevissimosque latrones, fortissimos propugnatores, fidelissimos duces, habent, brutâ persuasione donati.*

<sup>c</sup> *Eo-lapua Hesus. Quibus omnis in armis Vita placet, non ulla juvat, nisi morte; nec ullam Esse putant vitam, que non assueverit armis.*

<sup>d</sup> *Lib. 10. vit. Scam-derbeg.*

rashly and unadvisedly to make away themselves and multitudes of others. Alexander was sorry, because there were no more worlds for him to conquer: he is admired by some for it: *animosa vox videtur, et regia*: 'twas spoken like a prince: but (as wise <sup>a</sup> Seneca censures him) 'twas *vox iniquissima et stultissima*: it was spoken like a bedlam fool; and that sentence which the same <sup>b</sup> Seneca appropriates to his father Philip and him, I apply to them all—*Non minores fuere pestes mortalium quam inundatio, quam conflagratio, quibus, &c.* they did as much mischief to mortall men, as fire and water, those merciless elements when they rage. <sup>c</sup> Which is yet more to be lamented, they perswade them this hellish course of life is holy: they promise heaven to such as venture their lives *bello sacro*, and that, by these bloody wars, (as Persians, Greeks, and Romans of old, as modern Turkes do now their commons, to encourage them to fight, *ut cadant infelicitur*), *if they dye in the field, they go directly to heaven, and shall be canonized for saints*, (O diabolical invention!) put in the chronicles, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, to their eternal memory; when as in truth, as <sup>d</sup> some hold it, it were much better (since wars are the scourge of God for sin, by which he punisheth mortall mens pievishness and folly) such brutish stories were suppressed, because *ad morum institutionem nihil habent*, they conduce not at all to manners, or good life. But they will have it thus nevertheless; and so they put a Note of <sup>e</sup> *divinity upon the most cruel and pernicious plague of humane kinde*, adorn such men with grand titles, degrees, statues, images—<sup>f</sup> honour, applaude and highly reward them for their good service—no greater glory than to dye in the field! So Africanus is extolled by Ennius: and Mars, and <sup>g</sup> Hercules, and I know not how many besides, of old were deified, went this way to heaven, that were indeed bloody butchers, wicked destroyers, and troublers of the world, prodigious monsters, hell-hounds, ferall plagues, devourers, common executioners of humane kinde, (as Lactantius truly proves, and Cyprian to

<sup>a</sup> Nulli beatioris habitus, quam qui in præliis cecidissent. Brisonius, de rep. Persarum. l. 3. fol. 3. 44. Idem Lactantius de Romanis et Græcis. Idem Ammianus, lib. 23. de Parthis. Judicatur is solus beatus apud eos, qui in prælio fuerit animam. De Benef. lib. 2. c. 1. <sup>b</sup> Nat. quæst. lib. 3. <sup>c</sup> Boterus Amphitrion. Busbequius, Turc. hist. Per hædes et sanguinem patere hominibus ascensum in cælum putant. Lactant. de falsâ relig. l. 1. cap. 8. <sup>d</sup> Quoniam bella acerbissima Dei flagella sunt, quibus hominum pertinaciam punit, ea perpetuâ oblivione repelienda potius quam memoria mandanda plerique judicant. Rich. Dinoh. præfat. hist. Gall. <sup>e</sup> Cunctam humani generis pestem et perniciem divinitatis notâ insigunt. <sup>f</sup> Et (quod dolendum) applausum habent et occursum viri tales. <sup>g</sup> Herculi eadem porta ad cælum patuit, qui magnam generis humani partem perdidit.

Donat) such as were desperate in wars, and precipitately made away themselves, like those Celtes in Damascen; with ridiculous valour, *ut dedecorosum putarent muro ruenti se subducere*, a disgrace to run away from a rotten wall, now ready to fall on their heads. Such as will not rush on a sword's point, or seek to shun a canon's shot, are base cowards, and no valiant men. By which means, *Madet orbis mutuo sanguine*, the earth wallows in her own blood: \* *Sæviti amor ferri et scelerata insania belli*; and for that, which if it be done in private, a man shall be rigorously executed, <sup>b</sup> *and which is no less than murder it self, if the same fact be done in publick in wars, it is called manhood, and the party is honoured for it.*—<sup>c</sup> *prosperum et felix scelus virtus vocatur*—We measure all as Turkes do, by the event; and, most part, as Cyprian notes in all ages, countreys, places, *sævitiæ magnitudo impunitatem sceleris acquirit*—the fowlness of the fact vindicates the offender. <sup>d</sup> One is crowned for that which another is tormented,

(Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema)

made a knight, a lord, an earl, a great duke, (as <sup>e</sup> Agrippa notes) for which another should have hung in gibbets, as a terrour to the rest—

—————<sup>f</sup> et tamen alter  
Si fecisset idem, caderet sub iudice morum.

A poor sheep-stealer is hanged for stealing of victuals, compelled peradventure by necessity of that intolerable cold, hunger, and thirst, to save himself from starving: but a <sup>g</sup> great man in office may securely rob whole provinces, undo thousands, pill and pole, oppress *ad libitum*, fley, grind, tyrannize, enrich himself by spoils of the commons, be uncontrollable in his actions, and, after all, be recompensed with turgent titles, honoured for his good service; and no man dare finde fault, or <sup>h</sup> mutter at it.

How would our Democritus have been affected, to see a wicked caitiff, or <sup>i</sup> *fool, a very ideot, a funge, a golden asse, a monster of man, to have many good men, wise men,*

\* Virg. *Æneid.* 7.      † Homicidium quum committunt singuli, crimen est, quum publicè geritur, virtus vocatur. Cyprianus.      \* Seneca.      † Juven.      \* De vanit. scient. de princip. nobilitatis.      † Juven. Sat. 4.      \* Pansa rapit, quod Nana reliquit.—Tu pessimus omnium latro es, as Demetrius the pyrat told Alexander, in Curtius.      † Non ausi mutire, &c. *Æsop.*      † Improbum et stultum, si divitem multos bonos viros in servitute habentem, (ob id dantaxat quod ei contingat aureorum numismatum cumulus) ut appendices et additamenta numismatum. Morus, *Utopia.*

learned men to attend upon him with all submission, as an appendix to his riches, for that respect alone, because he hath more wealth and money, \* and to honour him with divine titles, and bombast epithets, to smother him with fumes and eulogies, whom they know to be a dizard, a fool, a covetous wretch, a beast, &c. because he is rich!—to see *sub exuviis Leonis onagram*, a filthy loathsome carcass, a Gorgons head puffed up by parasites, assume thus unto himself glorious titles, in worth an infant, a Cuman asse, a painted sepulchre, an Egyptian temple!—to see a withered face, a diseased, deformed, cankered complexion, a rotten carcass, a viperous minde, and Epicurean soule, set out with orient pearls, jewels, diadems, perfumes, curious, elaborate workes, as proud of his clothes as a child of his new coats—and a goodly person, of an angelick divine countenance, a saint, an humble minde, a meek spirit, clothed in rags, beg, and now ready to be starved!—to see a silly contemptible sloven in apparel, ragged in his coat, polite in speech, of a divine spirit, wise! another neat in clothes, spruce, full of courtesie, empty of grace, wit, talk non-sense!

To see so many lawyers, advocates, so many tribunals, so little justice; so many magistrates, so little care of common good; so many lawes, yet never more disorders—*tribunal litium segetem*, the tribunal a labyrinth—so many thousand suits in one court sometimes, so violently followed!—to see *injustissimum scepe juri præsidentem, impium religioni, imperitissimum eruditioni, otiosissimum labori, monstruosum humanitati!* To see a lamb <sup>b</sup> executed, a wooll pronounce sentence, *Latro* arraigned, and *Fur* sit on the bench, the judge severely punish others, and do worse himself, *eundem furtum facere et punire, rapinam plectere, quum sit ipse raptor!*—Lawes altered, misconstrued, interpreted *pro* and *con*, as the <sup>c</sup> judge is made by friends, bribed, or otherwise affected as a nose of wax, good to day, none to morrow; or firm in his opinion, cast in his! Sentence prolonged, changed, *ad arbitrium judicis*; still the same case, <sup>d</sup> one thrust out of his inheritance, another falsly put in by favour, false forged deeds or wills. *Incisæ leges negliguntur*, lawes are made and not kept; or, if put in execution, <sup>e</sup> they be some silly ones that are

\* Eorumque detestantur Utopienses insaniam, qui divinos honores iis impendunt, quos sordidos et avaros agnoscunt; non alio respectu honorantes, quam quod dices sint. Idem. lib. 2. <sup>b</sup> Cyp. 2. ad Donat. ep. Ut reus innocens pereat, sit nocens. Judex damnat foris, quod intus operator.

<sup>c</sup> Sidonius Apo. <sup>d</sup> Salvianus l. 3. de provid. <sup>e</sup> Ergo judicium nihil est nisi publica merces.

Petronius. Quid faciant leges, ubi sola pecunia regnat? Idem. <sup>f</sup> Hic accentur hereditatibus liberi; hic donatur bonis alienis; falsum consultit; alter testamentum, corrumpit, &c. Idem. <sup>g</sup> Vexat censura columbas.

punished. As, put case it be fornication, the father will disinheret or abdicate his child, quite cashier him (out, villain! be gone! come no more in my sight): a poor man is miserably tormented with loss of his estate perhaps, goods, fortunes, good name, for ever disgraced, forsaken, and must do penance to the utmost:—a mortall sin! and yet, make the worst of it, *numquid aliud fecit*, saith Tranio in the <sup>a</sup> poet, *nisi quod faciunt summis natū generibus*; he hath done no more than what gentlemen usually do—

(<sup>c</sup> *Neque novum, neque mirum, neques secus quam alii solent*)

for, in a great person, right worshipful sir, a right honourable grandee, 'tis not a venial sin, no not a *peccadillo*: 'tis no offence at all, a common and ordinary thing; no man takes notice of it; he justifies it in publike, and peradventure brags of it;

<sup>e</sup> *Nam quod turpe bonis, Titio, Seioque, decebat  
Crispinum*—

<sup>d</sup> many poor men, yonger brothers, &c. by reason of bad policy, and idle education (for they are, likely brought up in no calling) are compelled to beg or steal, and then hanged for theft; than which, what can be more ignominious? *non minus enim turpe principi multa supplicia, quam medico multa funera*: 'tis the governours fault. *Libentius verberant quam docent*, as school-masters do rather correct their pupils, than teach them when they do amiss. <sup>e</sup> *They had more need provide there should be no more theeves and beggers, as they ought with good policy, and take away the occasions, than let them run on, as they do, to their own destruction*—root out likewise those causes of wrangling, a multitude of lawyers, and compose controversies, *lites lustrales et seculares*, by some more compendious meanes; whereas now, for every toy and trifle, they go to law, (<sup>f</sup> *Mugit litibus insanum forum, et scivit invicem discordantium rabies*) they are ready to pull out one anothers throats; and, for commodity <sup>g</sup> *to squeeze blood* (saith Hierom) *out of their brothers hearts*, defame, lye, disgrace, backbite, rail, bear false witness, swear, forswear, fight and wrangle, spend their goods, lives, fortunes, friends, undo one another, to enrich an *harpy* advocate, that preys upon them both, and cries, *eia, Socrates! eia Xanthippe!* or some

<sup>a</sup> Plaut. *Mogel.*    <sup>b</sup> *Idem.*    <sup>c</sup> *Juven. Sat. 4.*    <sup>d</sup> *Quod tot sint fures et mendici, magistratum culpā fit, qui malos imitantur præceptores, qui discipulos libentius verberant quam docent. Morus, Utop. lib. 1.*    <sup>e</sup> *Decernuntur furi gravia et horrenda supplicia, quam potius providendum multo foret ne fures sint, ne cuiquam tam dira furandi aut pereundi sit necessitas. Idem.*    <sup>f</sup> *Boetius, de augmen. urb. lib. 3. cap. 3.*    <sup>g</sup> *E fraterno corde sanguinem eliciunt.*

corrupt judge, that, like the \*kite in Æsop, while the mouse and frog fought, carry'd both away. Generally they prey one upon another, as so many ravenous birds, brute beasts, devouring fishes: no *medium*; omnes <sup>b</sup> *hic aut captantur aut captant; aut cadavera quæ lacerantur, aut corvi qui lacerant*—either deceive or be deceived—tear others, or be torn in pieces themselves; like so many buckets in a well, as one riseth, another falleth; one's empty, another's full; his ruine is a ladder to the third; such are our ordinary proceedings. What's the market? a place (according to 'Anacharsis) wherein they cozen one another, a trap; nay, what's the world itself? <sup>a</sup> a vast *chaos*, a confusion of manners, as fickle as the ayr, *domicilium insanorum*, a turbulent troop full of impurities, a mart of walking spirits, goblins, the theater of hypocrisy, a shop of knavery, flattery, a nursery of villany, the scene of babling, the school of giddiness, the academy of vice; a warfare, *ubi (velis, nolis) pugnandum; aut vincas aut succumbas*; in which kill or be killed; wherein every man is for himself, his private ends, and stands upon his own guard. No charity, <sup>c</sup> love, friendship, feare of God, alliance, affinity, consanguinity, christianity, can contain them; but if they be any ways offended, <sup>d</sup> or that string of commodity be touched, they fall fowl. Old friends become bitter enemies on a suddain, for toys and small offences; and they that erst were willing to do all mutual offices of love and kindness, now revile and persecute one another to death, with more than Vatinian hatred, and will not be reconciled. So long as they are behoveful, they love, or may bestead each other; but, when there is no more good to be expected, as they do by an old dog, hang him up or casheer him; which <sup>e</sup> Cato counts a great *indecorum*, to use men like old shooes or broken glasses, which are flung to the dunghil: he could not find in his heart to sell an old ox, much less, to turn away an old servant: but they, in stead of recompence, revile him; and, when they have made him an instrument of their villany, (as <sup>f</sup> Bajazet the second, emperour of the Turkes, did by Acomethes Bassa) make him away, or, instead of <sup>g</sup> reward, hate him to death, as Silius was served by Tiberius. In a word, every man for his own ends. Our *summum bonum* is

<sup>a</sup> *Milvus rapit ac deglubit.* <sup>b</sup> *Petronius, de Crotone civit.* <sup>c</sup> *Quid forum? locus quo alius alium circumvenit.* <sup>d</sup> *Vastum chaos, larvarum emporium, theatrum hypocrisis, &c.* <sup>e</sup> *Nemo cælum, nemo jusjurandum, nemo Jovem, plurius facit; sed omnes apertis oculis bona sua computant.* <sup>f</sup> *Plutarch. vit. ejus.* <sup>g</sup> *Indecorum animatus ut calcis uti aut vitis, quæ, ubi fracta, abjicitur; nam, ut de meipso dicam, nec Jovem senem vendiderim, nedum hominem natu grandem, laboris socium.* <sup>h</sup> *Jovius. Cum innumera illius beneficia rependere non posset aliter, interfici jussit.* <sup>i</sup> *Beneficia eousque lata sunt, dum videntur solvi posse; ubi multum antevenero, pro gratiâ odium redditur. Tac.*