

# 2. The Walkington  
also attributed to Tho. Wilkie  
and T. Wombell  
The former in his Essay on the Learners  
of Shakespeares says

20f



Joseph Fasker,  
Middleton Hall, Essex.

London.

M. 4.

27

SJ. 2

5563

In the Merchant of Venice The Jew is an  
advantage for his country whereas the  
and is punished for which no reason can be rendered  
The Jew is an advantage in the play of the Merchant  
see London

W[ALKINGTON] (T[HOMAS]) -1621.

5563. The Optick Glasse of Humors. Or  
The Touchstone of a Golden Temperature :  
Or the Philosophers Stone to make a golden  
Temper. Wherein the foure Complexions,  
Sangume [*sic*], Cholericke, Phligmaticke,  
Melancholicke, are succinctly painted forth,  
and their externall Intimates laid open to  
the purblind eye of ignorance it self . . . By  
T. W. Master of Arts . . . sm. 8°. *Lond., pr.*  
*for G. Dawson, 1664.*

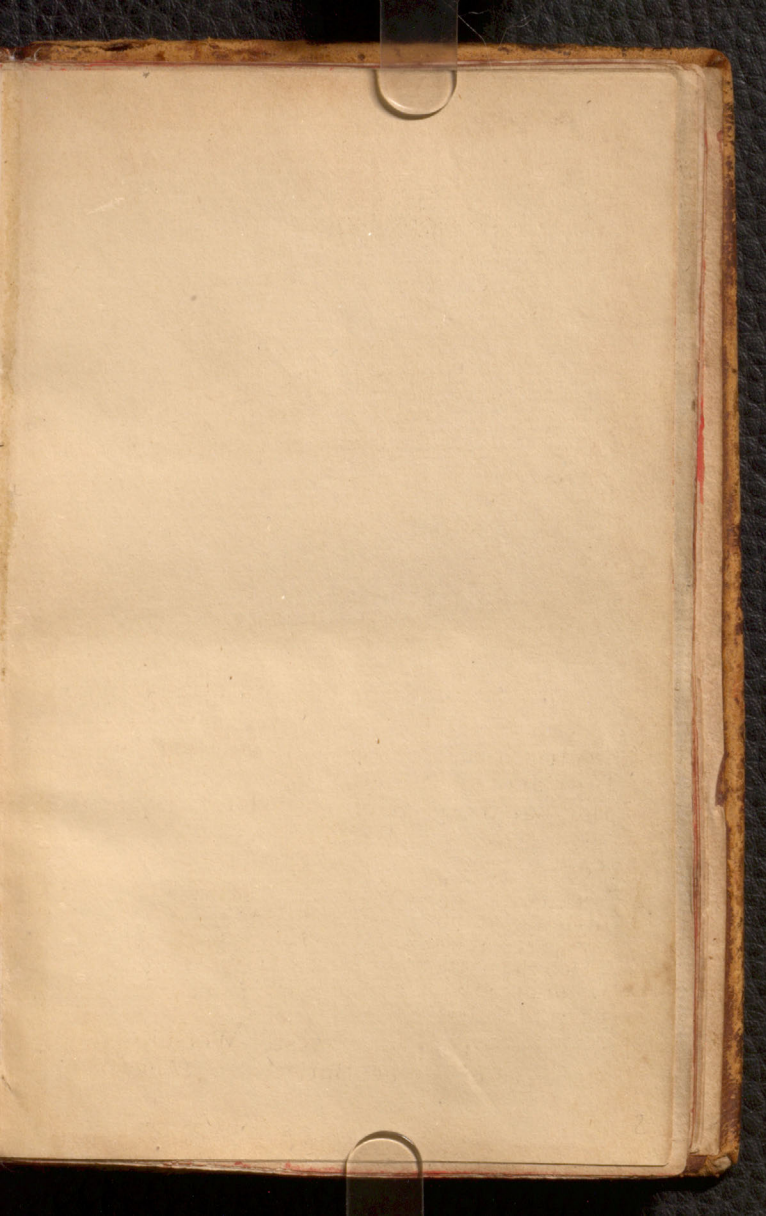
With additional engr. title-page (' pr. for I. D.  
. . . 1663 ') and a frontispiece (an astrological  
diagram, &c.). Bk.-plate of Jos. Tasker.

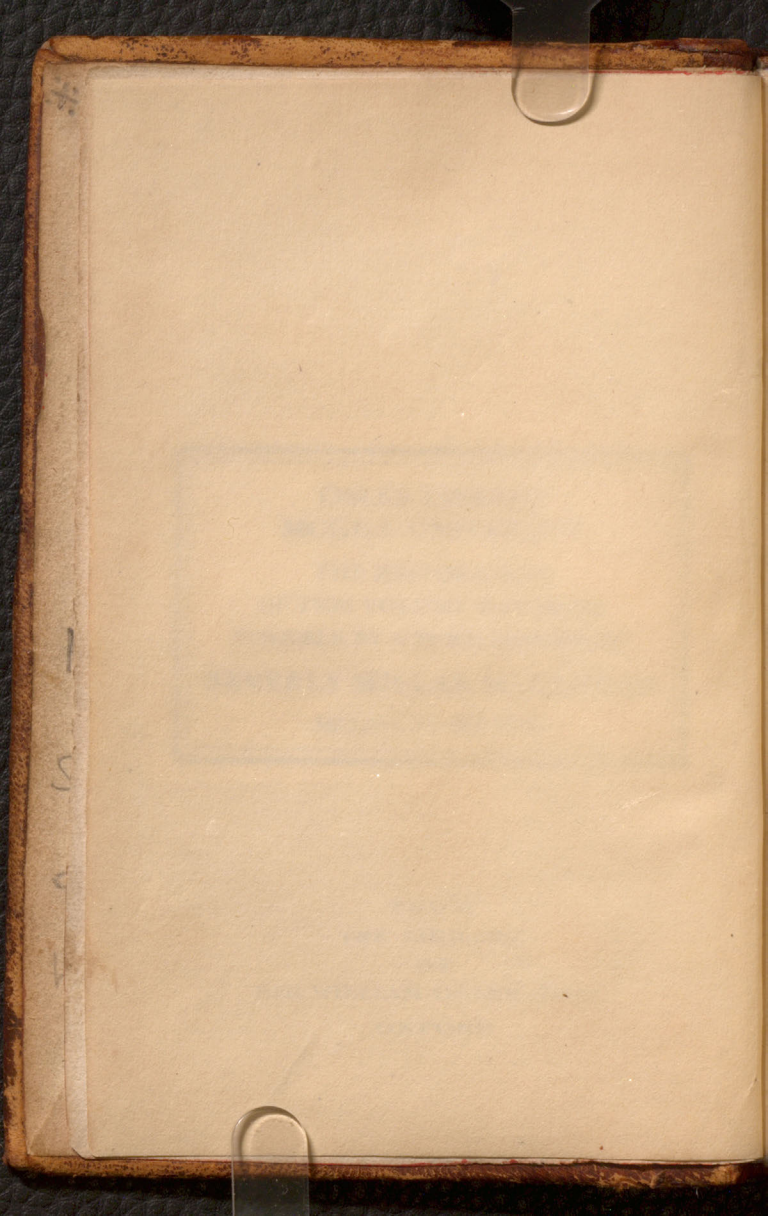
First published in London, 1607, also in 1639,  
and at Oxford, n.d. (1631?), the work may be  
regarded as a forerunner of Burton's 'Anatomy  
of Melancholy' (D. N. B.).

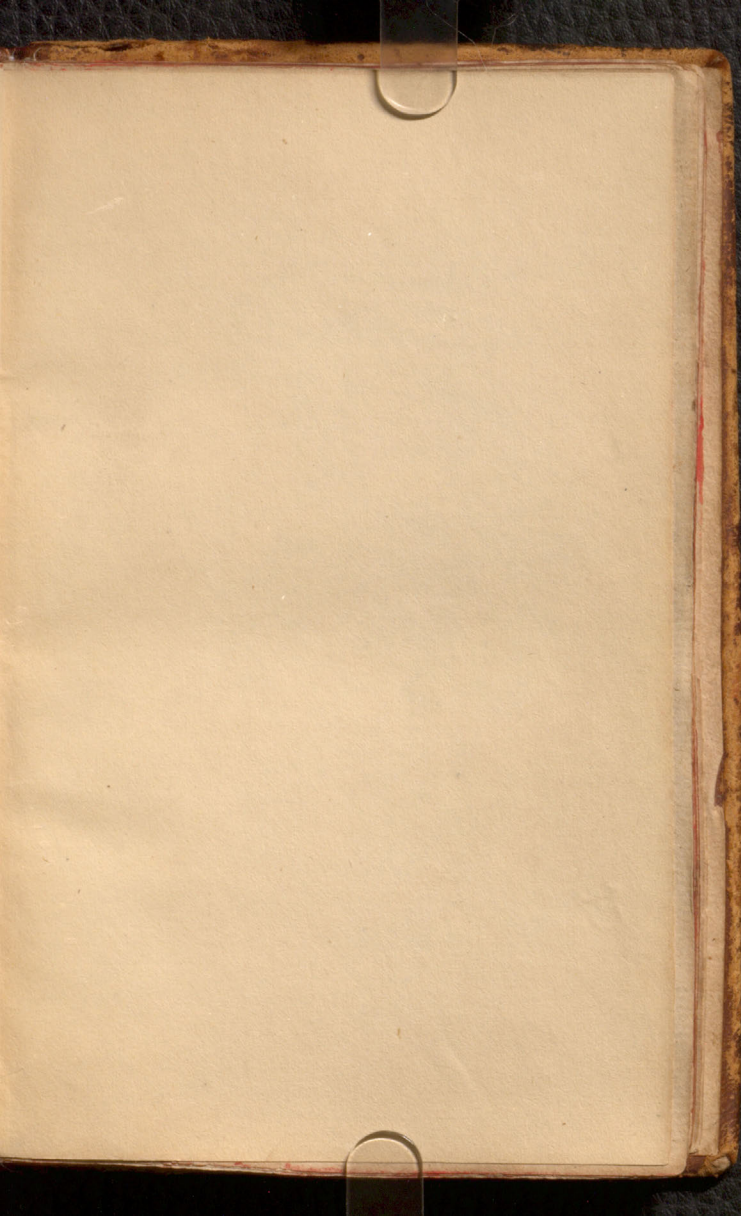
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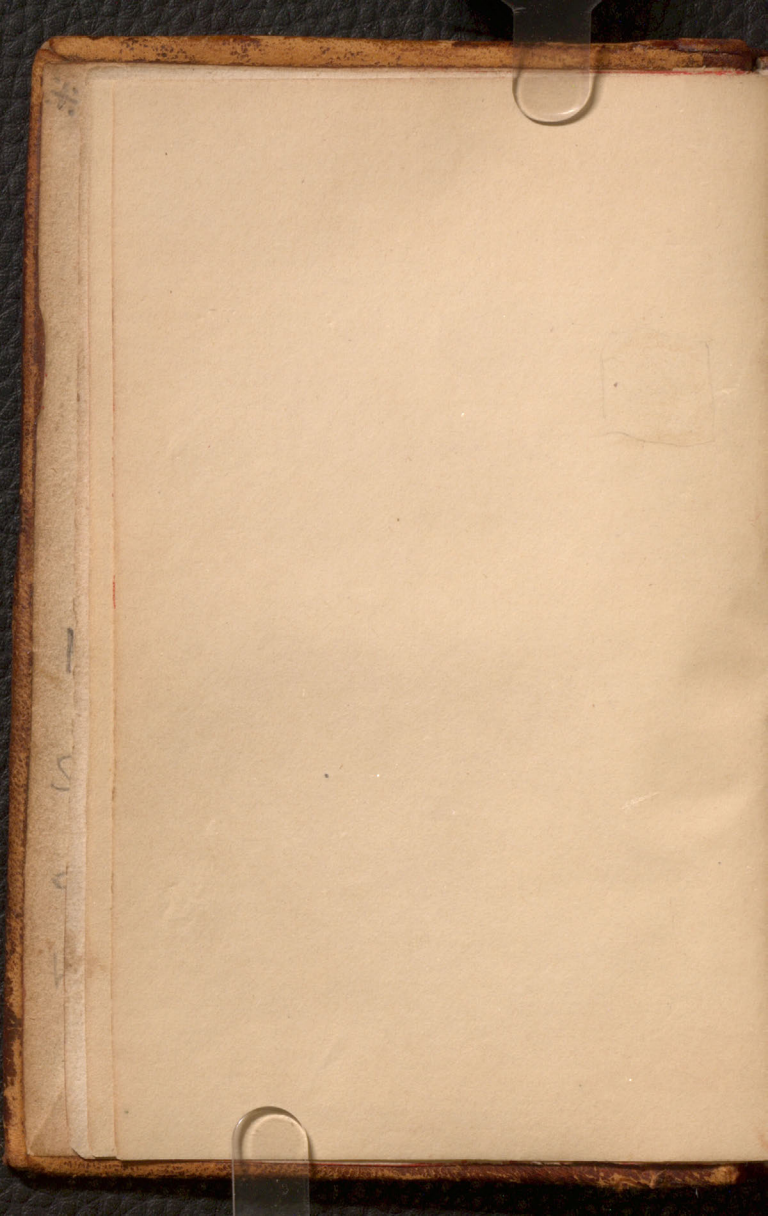
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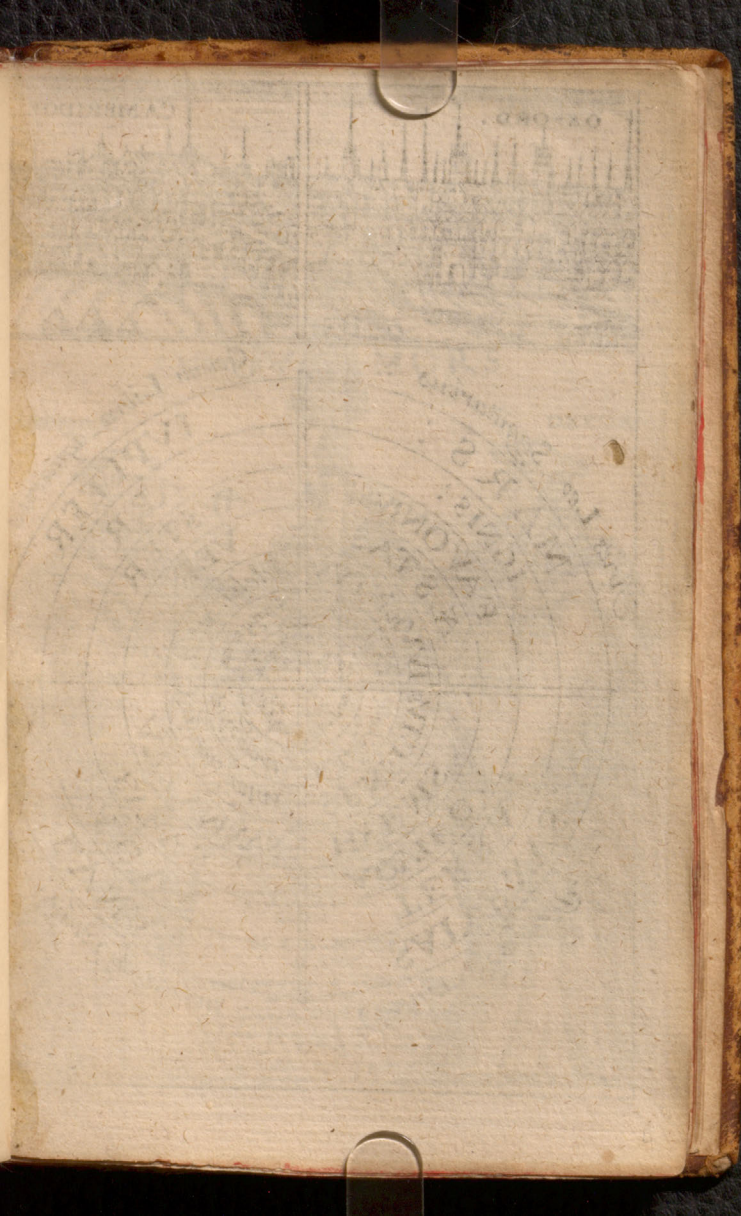












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# THE OPTICK GLASSE OF HUMORS

CAMBRIDGE.

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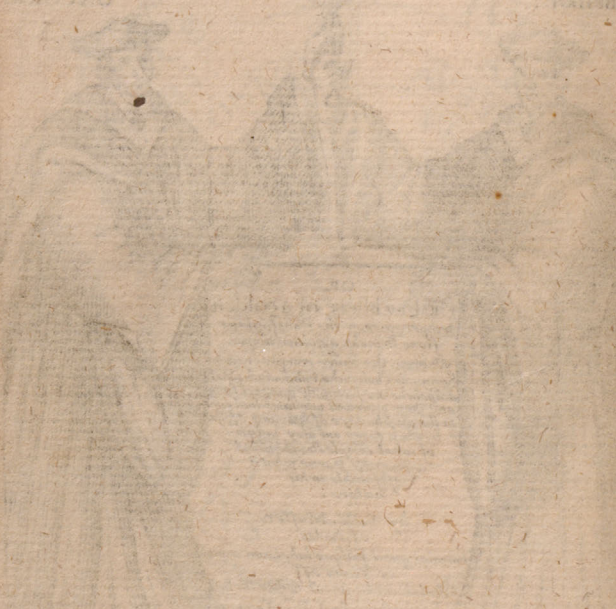
OR

The touchstone of a golden  
 temperature, or the Philosophers  
 stone to make a golden temper.  
 Wherein the sourse complections  
 Sanguine, Cholericke, Phlegmaticke, Melancholick  
 and their exteriour influences laid open  
 to the purblind eye of ignorance is set  
 by which every one may iudge  
 of what complexion he is, and  
 answerably learne what is  
 most suitable to his  
 nature.

by T. W. Master  
 of Artes

*Inueniat quod quisque lubet, non omnia  
 ut Vivum est  
 Quod placet hic spiritus colligit ille Ros  
 London Printed for I. D. and are to  
 be sold by E. Mialt the Signer  
 of the Swan in S. Pauls  
 Churchyard. 1663*

THE  
OFFICE OF  
OF HAVEN



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29  
THE  
OPTICK GLASSE  
OF  
HUMORS.

OR  
The Touchstone of a Golden  
Temperature : Or the Philosophers  
Stone to make a golden Temper.

Wherein the foure Complexions,  
Sangume, Cholericke, Phligmaticke,  
Melancholicke, are succindly painted  
forth, and their externall Intimates laid open to  
the purblind eye of ignorance it self, by which  
every one may judge of what Complexion  
he is, and answerably learne what is  
most suitable to his Nature,

---

By T. W. Master of Arts.

---

*Inveniat quod quisque lubet, non omnibus Vnum est.*

*Quod placet hic spinas Colligit ille Rosa.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for G. Dawson, and are to be sold by Edward Matt,  
at the signe of the White Swanne in St. Pauls  
Church-Yard. 1664.

THE  
OPTICK GLASSE  
OF  
HUMORS

OR  
The Touchstone of a Golden  
Temperance: Or the Philosophers  
Stone to make a Golden Temper

Wherein the four Complexions  
Sanguine, Cholericke, Phlegmaticke,  
Melanchollicke, are exactly painted  
forth, and their excellencies laid open to  
the publick eye of ignorance is felt, by what  
every one may judge of what Complexion  
he is, and accordingly learn what is  
most suitable to his Nature.

By T. W. Maister of Arts.

Printed and sold by J. Sturges, at the Signe of the  
Three Kings in the Strand.

LONDON

Printed for G. Weyden, and are to be sold by Edward Blount  
at the Signe of the White Swan in St. Dunstons Church-yard, 1664.



To the right Worshipfull,  
wise, and learned Knight, Sir  
JUSTINIAN LEWIN,  
T. W. wisheth event of  
all Felicity.

**P**Rivate study, we may not un-  
fitly say, replenisheth the  
vessel; wise parly and com-  
munication gives the vent,  
and easie flow; and Secretaryship the  
sale: the one loads the memory, the  
other lends the smooth delivery, the  
last perfects the judgment, and wins  
chiefest glory. So that studious dili-  
gence, without writing, and confe-  
rence, is the dull picture of *Harpocrates*,  
the God of Silence, who is feigned to  
weare

The Epistle

Pierius.

wear a Wolf's skin full of ears & eyes, but sealing up his lips with his forefinger, as mute as marble *Niobe*: and so writing, without both, is the Picture of jangling *Thersites*, whose words (as the Poet saith) were without measure, and wit without weight, as lavish in tongue as *Battus*. The Hieroglyphick of a true Scholar is the Hare, that sleeps waking with her eyes open, and wakes sleeping with her eyes shut: that is, who seems to meditate when he is in action, and to practise when he is in meditation. Or, as other emblemists have lim'nd forth a right student, ever to have one eye shut, and another open; having in his right hand *Phosphorus*, with his Motto in one word, *Vigilo*; and *Hesperus* in the other hand, with this word, *Dormio*: to intimate, that he should divide the day and night for practise & speculation, to equalize the times of both at his fitter opportunity, neither to act *Democritus*,



## Dedicatory.

*mocrētus*, (who so might worthily have laugh'd at his own folly) that put out his own eyes, to become a continual Contemplator: nor to be like *Nicias*, who, as *Ælian* records, forgot his meat, by being too intent on his painting. As swift Torrents oft run themselves dry by too much motion: so standing Pools do putrifie by no motion. There is a fair tract between *Scylla* & *Charybdis* for Wisdom to traverse in: an happy Orb betwixt *Saturn* and *Luna*, for *Phaeton* to guide his Coach in: so between all Action and altogether Contemplation, for a Student to converse in. For conferring, I do pass it over, as that, whereto I seldome have been beholden, yet much affecting it, and knowing, that it brings a great accrument unto Wisdom, and Learning: as concerning my Study, and Reading, it hath been but mean, I must needs confess, and my Writing very

*Ælianus*;  
3. cap. 13.

## The Epistle

penurious in regard of theirs, who have enriched whole reams of Paper with the *Indian* Mine, and golden chaffer of their invention: yet for that module of these habiliments in me, I have ever bent my judgment, so far as in it lay, to limit all these unto their peculiar time, objects, and places, and have tendred my endeavor to have especially two, the one correspondent unto the other: neither to act *Democritus*, nor *Nicias*; but by intercourse to mix my sweeter Meditation with bitter, yet profitable, & better Action. And, as in other things of greater or less moment, so in this also, the abortive issue of my Wit, begot of that abundance of love I owe unto your self, whose manifold kindneses if I should bury in oblivion, I might worthily seem ingrateful; if remembering, I should not in some sort requite, I might seem odious, & respectless both  
of

## Dedictory.

of mine own good name, and your better desert: the latter whereof is much, yet the first much more, a delicious fruit, that grows from the tree of Gratitude. The *Eleans* therefore, saith *Pausanias*, did paint forth the three Pausanias  
in *Elia* *Graces*, holding these three things in their hands, — *Rosam*, *Myrrham*, *Talum*: to intimate, that from thankfulness proceed 3 fruits. First, the sweetness of a good name, shadowed out by the sweet-smelling Rose. 2. The profit redounding from it, insinuated by the *Myrrh*-branch. And lastly, chief comfort and hilarity, signified by the *Coccal*-bone, which especially is competent to young age: which three comprise all *Aristotles* three Goods. Howsoever I may seem to aim at the first, as may be infer'd by my precedent speech, alway highly prizing a good name, as a pretious oynrment, vapouring forth a fragrant smell, and delicious odour

The Epistle

odour in all mens nostrils : and at the last, as desirous of mine own delightsome contentment, and comfort, issuing from my thankfulness ; yet for the other, more agreeing to Sycophants, and crumb-catching *Parasites*, it moves not once within the Zodiack of my expectation, I only satisfying my self with the former. Neither did I in the wain of my judgment attempt this, as desirous to draw in the perfuming breath of vain-glory, to puff up my self with self-conceit, like the *Chamaleon*, which is --- *nil præter pulmones*, nothing but Lungs : but only thinking to break the Ice, happily to wade farther, and to imploy my self in greater tasks, as fitter opportunity shall object her self unto me, if the prefin'd term & limit of my life permit; and withall, in lieu of gratitude, to present your self with this little, which seems much in regard of my wants, and labour; as much seems little in

*Dedictory.*

in respect of your ever kind favor. For this, as also your other endowments, my Pen might worthily fill whole Pages: but your splendent Virtues can easily be their own Heralds, to lian forth their own Armory, and to extoll in presence, is more glavering, and Poetical, then true loving, and pathological. This only my affection cannot conceal, your gracious demeanour, generous carriage, courteous nature, studious endeavour, and wisdom for managing your self each where ( when you happily were a flourishing branch, engrafted into the fruitful Olive-tree of this our *Athens*, that thrice famous University of *Cambridge* ) were first the sympathizing Adamants of my affection: your continuance after in all studious actions, constancy in your favours and kind disposition (for I must needs say, as he of *Augustus*, --- *Ra-*

*rus tu quidem ad recipiendas amicitias* Relius Vlt

## The Epistle

*ad retinendas verò constantissimus*)  
these incited me to cause that, which, as  
a Spark, lay shrouded in embers in my  
breast, to exhibit it self more apparant-  
ly in this little flame.

Take this my endeavour, I pray you,  
in worth, cherish and foster this de-  
formed brood of my brain in the lap  
(if I may so term it) of your good li-  
king, and in love esteem it fair, though  
badly pensil'd over, to wit, as *Daphnis*  
said to *Dam*.

— Τα μικρά καὶ καλὰ πύφανται:

*Qui minimè sunt pulchra, en pulchra  
videntur amanti!*

If the happy *Dæmon* of *Vlysses* di-  
rect not the wandering Planet of my  
Wit within the decent Orb of wisdom,  
my stammering Pen seeming far over-  
gon with superfluity of Phrase; yet,  
wanting

Dedicatory.

wanting matter, I answer with the Poet,  
one only word inverted,

*Qui non est hodiè, cras magis aptus  
erit.*

He, that is *Homer's Irus* for faculty to day, may be a rich *Cræsus* for invention to morrow. As it is with cogitations so with Actions: the second relish more of Wisdom. Perfection requires tract of time. *Rome's Capitol* was not built the first day: nor was *Zeuxis* his *Helena* suddenly limn'd forth with one Pencil. Look not on these Rhapsodized lines, I pray you, with a pitying eye, I had rather far be envied, then pitied.

κρείσσων γὰρ ὀκνημῶν ἐδόνθ' εἰ

Pindar.  
Pych. od. 8.

*Melior est invidentia commiseratione:*

Better by much is a caschateful, then  
woful.

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

woful. Now will I humbly take my  
leave, committing you to the tuition  
of that heavenly Tutor, whose Pupils  
we are all.

*Camb.*

From my Study in St. John's, X. Calend.  
March.

*Ever most devoted unto you  
in all faithfulness,*

T. W.

---





To the Reader.

**K**nowledge concealed, and not broached for a publick use, is like to a peerless Gem interred in the centre of the earth, whereof no man knows, but he, that hid it: yet is there a due regard to be had, lest at any time it prove abortive. For the golden tongue of Wisdome, that relisheth all, not by Imagination, but true Judgment (whose taste never can be sophisticated) says, It is better not to be divulged at all, then preproperously before the time. Thou mayest say peradventure, that in this I have imitated the Amygdala or Almond-tree, in Phiny, that so hastily buds, and brings forth her fruit; or, like the Lapwing, being lately hatched, I do run (as it were) with the shell on my head; that I have soared also above my pitch, attempting an Eagle's flight with the wings of a Wren; in the high spring-tide of an over-weening opinion, shewing unto the Critick's eye, the dead low ebb of my shallow

*Phil. n<sup>o</sup> 2  
Hist. lib. 16  
cap. 25.*

## To the Reader.

shallow judgment. Thou mayst term me an  
Homer's Therfites, ἀμεξοπῆς, or, as it was  
said of Trajan the Emperour, when he vaunt-  
ed of his Parthian Trophy before the Gods, to  
Julian. in  
his Cæsares be φθγγόμεν & μάλλον, ἢ λέγων, more respecting  
a sound of words, then a sounder matter it self  
thou mayst condemn me for many an error, &  
escape, in these my ruder lines. I know right  
well, thou usest not to gape after gudgeons.—

Maigialis. Præda canum lepus est, vastos non implet hi-  
atus.

The Hare's repast for Hounds, the vaster  
jaws  
It doeth not satiate.—

Gentle Reader, call this to mind, — Πᾶν  
μυῖσθαι ἢ μὴ σθαι, It is far easier not to  
like, then to do the like. But howsoever  
thou dost either unevilly prejudicate my la-  
bour with a sinister conceit, misconstruing  
my meaning; or uncourteously censure of my  
inability, impeaching my good name for some  
things, that do distaste thy delicate palate,  
Jacta nobis est alea, I have set all at six and  
Seven, and I intend by the Muses favour  
happily to go on, though unhappily I have be-  
gun.

## To the Reader.

gun. Notwithstanding, I will assoil my self,  
and make answer unto thy former, either se-  
cret *sumises*, or open cavils. For the first, if  
I have imitated the Almond-tree, it is to keep  
in store a bitter Almond for the prating Par-  
rat, that licentiously thus speaketh of me; who  
is alwaies, like the Fooll, a Consonant, when he  
should be a Mute; and a Mute, when he should  
be a Consonant. In that I seem to soar aloft  
too high, give me leave to use Ausonius his  
words unto Pauline, yet a little inverted;  
--- *Dicis me Icarum esse, haud bellé; nam  
summa sic appetam (spero) ut non decidam.*  
I hope, I shall not prove an aspiring Icarus,  
nor another Thales in Diogenes Laertius,  
who, whilst he look'd high, and was contem-  
plating on the Stars, fell grovelling into a  
deep ditch. For the third, much appertaining  
to every brain-sick Narcissus, I do altogether  
disclaim that, since it never so much as insi-  
nuated it self into the bosome of my Imagina-  
tion, my Genius not desiring to be perfumed  
with smokie praise, or soon-vanishing & vul-  
gar glory, chiefly ushered by self-conceit. For  
my taint with Thersites & Trajan's fault, I  
will only use for my defence that Speech of Jo-  
caste to Eteocles,

Ausonius  
Paulino  
epist. 19.

To the Reader.

Euripides  
in his  
Phoenissæ

ἀλλ' ἡ μπειρία  
ἔχει τι λέξαι πρὸ νέων σοφώτερον,

Old age (in whose breast long Experience hath treasured up great store of wisdom) can speak far more wisely, & exactly, than younger years. For the last of all, any error committed: I answer, it may be an error of ignorance seen to thee, yet it is an ignorance of the error unscen to me; whereof if privately thou demandest a reason, I can, I doubt not, & will make it good for thy satisfaction, if reason will satisfie thee. Yet if not, give leave unto thy harsh and torn invention, if for nought else, but this, in that I derogate from no man's due desert, nor seek to traduce any unto their least disparagement;

( bud :

(2) *plaint* Blast not with a Critick breath my tender  
My vulgar Muse respects a common good:  
For thee my pen strouts on this paper Stage,  
Though it do act without an Equipage.  
To quench thy learned thirst, I mean to drain  
The Hippocrenian Fountain of my brain.  
My wish is good, my act, I know, is ill;  
The first's a mountain, this a lowly bill.  
With carping fingers let me not be scan'd:  
Poise not the gift, but weigh the giver's hand.

*I am*

## To the Reader.

I am well sure, that thou wilt here expect with  
Angel. Politian, Τὰ μὲν κοινὰ κοινῶς, τὰ δὲ κραιπνὰ  
κοινῶς, that is, *Vulgar things uttered after a  
sort, and novelty after a Vulgar sort, with-  
out affectation; that I should be a rich elo-  
quent Merchant of Exotick and new-found  
Phrases; that I should intraverse, and in-  
terlard my speeches with lively conceits; en-  
rich thy learned Ears with right Athenian  
jewels; illuminate the Eye of thy understand-  
ing with the lustre of Rhetorical Colours;*  
that the whole work should be mixt with an  
— *Omne tulit punctum.* And surely, so  
far, as each thing is consonant, and harmoni-  
call to judgment, I will tender my endeavor, to  
be suitable to thy Scholar-like expectation:  
for, if so be wisdom do not manage, & temper  
all, the muses, which are pure, chaste, & unspot-  
ted Virgins, Will turn to mere Courtesans,

If Judgment tread not on the heels of Wit,  
And curb Invention with his golden bit,  
'Twill ne'r look back unto his proper want,  
But still his steps will be exorbitant,

I dare not presume, nor will I rashly engage  
my credit to thee (courteous Censurer) to pro-  
mise thee Amphoram, ne urceus excat, a  
Adonis.

To the Reader:

Εκδύσα-  
σα μὲν ὄλη  
πρόσωπον  
φαίνεται

Mountain, lest it bring forth that ridiculous  
issue in the Fable: to promise thee Aristæne-  
tus his Lais, whom he terms ὄλον πρόσωπον,  
all face, for her supereminent beauty, & pour-  
traiture, admirable symmetry of parts, most  
decent and eye-pleasing lineaments of her  
whole body; lest that I beget an Echiopian,  
or a Labulla, who was termed all nose, like  
Martial's Tongilian, of whom he thus speaketh

Tongilianus habet nasum; scio, non nego:  
sed jam

Nil præter nasum Tongilianus habet.

Tongilian ha's a goodly nose, I wis,  
But nought besides a nose Tongilian is.

And no doubt, it will be liker the latter, then  
the former: Venus had her Mole, Helena  
her Stain, Cynthia her Spots, the Swan her  
jeaty Feet, the clearest day some cloud: nay,  
there is nothing, but if we once eye it over, so  
absolutely perfect, not the smoothest Writer  
of all, (at least a Critick perusing of him)  
for some blemish and imperfection, merits not  
either Aristarchus his black pile, or Molus  
his sponge. If in the fairest things be such de-  
formity, how many more stains may then be  
found

## To the Reader.

ound in this off-spring of my Brain, which  
are not scarcely make compare with the fon-  
est? look for better and more generous wine  
the old vine tree, for as Pliny saith, Vetur-  
oribus semper vitibus vinum melius, no-  
ellis copiosius: would I could either arro-  
ate the former, or challenge the latter unto  
y self. But howsoever I could not possibly  
eas all; for as the Poet speaks to one Ledotus,

Qui possis rogo te placere cunctis,  
Cum jam displiceas tibi vel uni?

'is sure, that at least I should not please my  
lf. I might better fit a many humors, in sif-  
ng out some more pleasing Poetical subject,  
ore correspondent to their fancy and my fa-  
lty; as intreating merrily of some new dis-  
vered Isle with Lucian; to invent with him  
me such hyperbolicall lies as that of Hercu-  
s and Bacchus, whose foot steps were found  
be the bigness of an acre of ground: To ven-  
Flies & Pismires as big as 12 Elephants,  
fraight some Pamphlet de lapsu Vulcani,  
ho as Homer writes, was falling out of Hea-  
en into the Isle Lemnos τῶν δ' ἤμαρ, a whole  
ay; to make some merry Prognostication of  
range wonders that are to ensue, as them of

A

Joachimus

## To the Reader.

Joachimus Fortius Ringelbergius, capitulated in that Chapter whose title is, — *Ridicula quædam & jucunda.* Not to plunge myself in these grand Physical matters, I know these are appertinent to the *Muses* also —

Ovid in his *Nux*, the *Culex* *Maro* writ,  
Erasmus did in *Folly* dye his Wit, (Mouſe:  
The Frog-fight *Homer* made, and of *Dame*  
And *Janus* *Donsa* prais'd *Pediculus*,  
In lib. de *Hubaldus* on bald-men did verſifie,  
Antiquit. Each of whose numbers words began with *C*  
Cant & *Beza* prais'd *Nihil*, *Apuleius* th' *Aſs*. (was,  
Oxon. *Plutarch* *Grilius*, who by *Ciree* changed  
In Epigr. *A* quartan *Ague* *Favourine* did commend,  
Aul. Gel. 17. 12. His darling *Sparrow* ſo *Catullus* pend,  
Auſonius,

To which the Poet.

*Sunt etiam Musis sua ludicra, mista Ca-*  
*Otta, &c.* (manis

*Tragical Melpomene* her self will now  
and then put on the *Comical* start-up. *Sage*  
*Apollo* laughs once yearly at his own bearded  
naked face. The modest *Muses* have their  
maddest *Revels*, the darkeſomſt *Water* has  
his gliding *ſtreames*: wise men will some-  
times



## To the Reader.

times play with Childrens Rattles.

But I have already employ'd some embezzled hours taken from the treasury of the Muses golden time; to the gilding over of the like rotten subjects, as they that have been intimate with me, are not ignorant, as in my *Tettigomurmomachia*, a century of *Latine Epigrams*, an *Echo*, and some other trifles, which I durst not let come abroad in the chill critical Air, lest haply they might have been frettish for want of learning's true clothing. Now have I chosen to mingle my delight with more utility, aiming not only at *Wit*, but *Wisdom*. I know the *Paracelsian* will utterly condemn my endeavour for bringing the *Four Humors* on the stage again, they having hist them off so long ago, and the rather, because I once treat not of their *Three Minerals*, — *Sal*, *Sulphur*, and *Mercurius*, the *Triumonia* of their *Quick-silver Wits*, which they say have chief dominion in the *Body* (it consisting of them) and are the *Causes* of each *Disease*, and *Cure* all again by their *Arcana* extracted out of them. But I weigh it not, seeing the tongue of an *Adversary* cannot detract from verity: If any the like *Carpfish* whatsoever chance to nibble at my *Credit*, he may perhaps swallow down the sharp hook

## To the Reader.

of reproach and infamy ere he be aware;  
\* Matth.in (which he cannot like the \* Scolopendra cast  
Diosc. up again at his pleasure) I doubt not but to  
Plin.9.43. have him in a string.

Reader, Thine Eyes are to take their turn  
in a Garden, wherein are growing many  
Weeds, yet some Flowers: pass by the former  
with kind silence, Cull, Cut, and Gather the  
later for thine own Science: and perhaps  
thou mayest distil the sweetest Water from the  
bitterest Wormwood, as Maro built his Walls  
by Ennius his rubbish. If thou thy self hast  
better, —————

Candidus imperti, si non, his utere mecum.

*Idem qui pridem.* Thine if mine.

T. W.



The



The Titles and Contents of the several  
Chapters, as they are handled in  
this present Book.

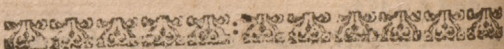
Cap.

- 1 **O**F Self-knowledge.
- 2 **T**hat the Soul sympathizeth  
with the Body, and followeth her crasis  
and temper.
- 3 **W**hether the internal Faculty may be  
known by the external Physiognomy  
and Visage.
- 4 **T**hat a Diet is to be observed of every  
one.
- 5 **H**ow many derogates from his excel-  
lency by Surfeit, and of his untimely  
Death.
- 6 **O**f Temperaments.
- 7 **O**f diversity of Wits, according to the  
diverse temperature of the Body.
- 8 **O**f the Spirits.

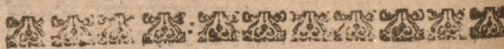
## The Table.

Cap.

- 9 Of a Choleric Complexion.
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  - 12 Of a Melancholy Complexion.
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  - 14 Of the Dreams which accompany each  
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  - 15 Of the exactest Temperature of all,  
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- The Close to the whole Work, in Verse.



CAP.





CAP. I.

Of Self-know'edge.



Hesiod in his *Theogonie* saith, That the ugly Night

τέκιδ' ὕπνου, ἔγκτε

ὃ φῦλον ὀνείρων,

begat two foul Monsters,  
*Somnum & Somnium*: So

we may not unſtly say,

That the enveloped and deformed night of Ignorance ( for the want of that celestial *Nosce teipsum* ) begets two miſ-ſhapen Monsters ( which as the *Sepia's* inky Humour, do make turbulent the chryſtallineſt fountain in man ) *Somatalgia* and *Psychalgia*, the one the diſcraſie of the Body, the other the mala- dy and diſtemperature of the Soul. For he that is incanoped & intrenched in this dark- ſome miſty cloud of Ignorance, ( being like the one-footed Indian people *Sciopodes*, <sup>Μονοποδοί</sup> whose foot is ſo big, that it ſhades them from <sup>κοσμο</sup> the

the rayes of the Sun; or rather like the *Cyclops*, when *Ulysses* had bereft him of his one eye) he hath no true lamp of discretion, as a pole-star to direct the ship of his life by, either in respect of his mortal or immortal part, from being hurried upon the shelves & massy rocks of infelicity. Of what high esteem & priceless value this rare self-knowledge is, and ever was, it is very conspicuous & apparent unto the dimmest apprehension of all, if it do but justly ballance in the scale of common reason, Wisdom, who hath ever affectionately embraced it, and to whom it is still indeared, the heavenly source or Spring-head from whence it was derived, as also the happy effects it alway hath ingendred.

Ælian.

Divine *Pythagoras*, whom worthily the Flood *Nessus* saluted and called by his name, as one admired of it for his flood of Eloquence, and torrent of Wisdom; his Mind being the enriched Exchequer and Treasury of rarest Qualities, not only had this golden Poësie ever on his tongues end, as the daintiest Deliccy he could present unto a listning eare; but also had it emblem'd forth by *Minerva*, giving breath unto the silver flute, (by which is intimated *Philautia*) which because with blasting it swold her cheeks, she  
cast

cast away from her. Yea, he had his celestial sentence, γῶδι σεαυτὸν, which descended from the Heavens, engraven on the frontispece of his Heart, evermore in an applicative practise, especially for himself: which he termed, *The wise Physitian's medicinary Prescript, for the double Health and wellfare of man.*

*E celo descendit,  
γῶδι σεαυτὸν  
Iuven.  
Meuand. in  
Thrasyl.*

Yet sententious *Meuander*, that rich vein'd Poet, seems at least to contradict this Heavenly sawe: for pondring with himself the depraved demeanor of worthy men, the trothless inconstancy and perfidiousness of our hair-brain'd *Jason's*: the inveigling and adamantizing society of some, who being polluted and infected with the rank Leprosie of ill, would intangle others: The vaporous and *Vatinian* deadly hate, which is usually masqued and lies lurking under the specious and fair habit of entire Amity: weighing with himself many things fashioned out of the same mould, he thus spoke, ἢ κακῶς εἰρημένον τὸ γῶδι σεαυτὸν, ἀλλὰ γῶδι τῆς ἄλλης: Me thinks, saith he, that is not so well spoken, *Know thy self*, as this, *Know others.*

Howsoever he meant, we must not imagine that he did it to impeach, any wise, this sage

sage and grave sentence which (as that also of his) is an Oracle in its proper object, and highly concerns the good both of the Active and Passive part of man. Though *Socrates* in *Plato* would have it only to be referred unto the Soul, to have no relation at all unto the Body, though falsely. For if the Soul, by reason of sympathizing with the Body, is either made an ἄκίπτος Ἀχιλλεύς, or a βραδύπους Ὀιδίπυς, either a nimble swift-footed *Achilles*, or a limping slow-paced *Oedipus*, as hereafter we intend to declare; good reason the Body (as the edifice and hand-maid of the Soul) should be known as a part of *Teipsum*, for the good of the Soul. Therefore *Julian* the Apostata, who had a flood of Invention, although that whole flood could not wash or rinse away that one spot of his Atheisme, he (though not knowing him aright) could say the Body was the chariot of the Soul, which while it was well manag'd by Discretion, the cunning coachman, the drawing Steeds, that in our head-strong and untamed Appetites, being check'd in by the golden bit of Temperance, so long the Soul should not be tossed in craggy Wayes, by unequal and tottering Motion, much less be in danger to be hurled down the steepy Hills



Hills of Perdition. If we do but try the words at the Lydian or Touch-stone of true Wisdom, which dijudicates not according to external semblances, but internal existences, they will sure go for current, whether you respect the Soul as principal, or the Body as secondary. For the first, we may single out that Speech of *Agapus*: *But we, O men* (saith he) *let us so disciple our selves, that each one may throughly know himself; for he that perfectly knows himself, knows God; and he that knows him, shall be made like unto him; and he that is this, shall be made worthy of him: Moreover, he that is made worthy of him, shall do nothing unworthy of God,* Ἄλλὰ φερον τὰ ἰσο αὐτῶ, λαλῶν ἢ ἀφρονῶν πρὸς αὐτῶν ἢ ἀλαλῶν, but shall meditate upon things pleasant unto him, speaking what he meditates, and practising what he speaketh. For the last, that only of *Tully*, *valetudo sustentatur noticia sui corp. &c.* the perfect and sound estate of the Body (as we may constantly aver of the Soul) is maintained by the knowledge of a man's own Body, and that chiefly by the due observation of such things as may either be obnoxious, or an adjunct to Nature, may be either the Cordial and pretious Balsam thereof,

*Climax A-*  
*gaperi ad*  
*justitiarum*  
*Imperat.*  
*atque sic*  
*Clemens*  
*Alexand.*  
*Pad. lib. 3.*  
*cap. 1.*

*Cio Offic. 2.*

of, or else its baleful and deadly *Aconitum*. For he that, in the infancy of his knowledge, thinks that *Hyofciamus* and *Cicuta*, Hemlock and Henbane are fit Aliament for his Body, because they be nutriment to Birds, may haply at length Cure the Dog-star of his own indiscretion, for inflaming his lesſe diſtempered Brain with his unhappy diſaſtrous influence. For it is vulgarly ſaid, that *Hyofciamus & Cicuta homines perimunt, Avibus alimentum prebent*; they two are poyſon to men, though fouſon to Birds: as

*Scal. exerc.* *Scaliger* relates alſo.

142.

I grant that the moſt direct aim of Wiſedom in this *Noſce teipſum*, looks chiefly on the Mind, as the faireſt mark; yet often eyes and aims at this other neceſſary Object, which cunningly to hit, is counted equal ſkil, though the one far ſurmout the other, eſpecial care is to be had as well of the Chriſtal Glasſe, to ſave it from cracking, as of the *Aqua cœleſtis* infuſ'd from putrifying.

But primarily it concerns the Soul, as for them who are tainted with the *Protoplaſts* ſelf-love and love of glory, who being liſted up with the hand of Fortune, to the top of Natures preheminance, as petty gods do direct their imaginations far beyond the level

of

## Humors.

of Humility, being swoln with tympanizing  
Pride too much; admiring themselves with  
*Narcissus*, who was inamored with his own  
beauty, of whom the Poet thus speaks,

*Dumq; fitim sedare cupis suis altera crevit.*

Ovid.

Whiles at the Fountain he his Thirst 'gan  
flake,  
An Ocean of Self-love did him or-  
take.

Proud *Arachne*, who will needs contend  
with more cunning *Minerva* for spinning,  
like *Marsyas* and *Thamiras*, who strove the  
one with *Apollo* for Musicks skill, the other  
with the *Muses* for melodious Singing. Too  
common a use among all Self-forgetters;  
for as *Julian* saith, *Each man is wont to ad-  
mire his own actions, but to abate the value,  
and derogate from the esteem of others.* For  
those again who, with *Glaucus*, prefer  
*χάλλειν χρυσέων*, the regard of the Body, be-  
fore the welfare of the super-elementary  
Soul, which chiefly should be in request: for  
as the *Stoick* saith, "It is a sign of an abject  
Mind to beat our brains about necessaries  
for our vile corps, a special care should ra-  
ther

*Epiq. ca.  
63.*

“ther be had over the Soul, as Mistris over  
 “her Hand-maid, these want that γνῶσις αὐτῶν  
 “αὐτῶν.

Now for the Body, it as well levels at it: for those who distemper and misdiet themselves with untimely and unvented sarfetting, who make their Bodies the noysome Sepulchers of their Souls, not considering the state of their enfeebled Body, what will be accordant to it, nor weighing their Complexion, contrary perchance far to the Dish they feed upon: nor fore-seeing by true knowledge of themselves, what will endamage and impair their Healths, infect the Conduit-pipes of their limpid Spirits, what will dull and stupifie their quicker Intelligence, nay, disable all the Faculties both of Soul and Body, as instance might be given of many, to them that have had but a meer glimpse into the Histories, and antient Records of many Dish-mongers, who running into excess of Riot, have like fatal *Parcas*, cut in two the lines of their own Lives, as *Philoxenus* the *Dythirambick* Poet (of whom *Athenaeus* speaks, *Deipnos.* 8.) who devoured at *Syracusa* a whole *Polypus* of two cubits long (save only the head of the Fish) at one meale, whom (being deadly sick

noysome  
 Sepulchre  
 when  
 overfed

*Mach on. de,*  
*Deip athen*  
 8.

of the Crudity) the Physician told that he could not possibly live above 7 hours: whose wolfish Appetite notwithstanding would not stint it self even in that extremity, but he uttered these words, (the more to intimate his vulture-like and insatiate paunch) "Since that *Charon* and *Atropos* are com'd to call me away from my delicies, I think it best to leave nothing behind me, wherefore let me eat the residue of the *Polypus*: who having eaten it, expir'd. Who had the name of  $\delta\psi\phi\alpha\gamma\omicron\varsigma$  by *Chrysippus*, as *Athenaeus* records: and of others he was called  $\phi\iota\lambda\acute{\iota}\chi\theta\upsilon\varsigma$ , and  $\phi\iota\lambda\acute{o}\delta\epsilon\iota\pi\omicron\varsigma$  of *Aristotle*. And what of others? who although they did not so speedily, by ignorance of their estate, curtail their own days by untimely Death, yet notwithstanding they have liv'd as dead unto the World, and their Souls dead unto themselves. *Dionysius Heracleota*, that ravenous gourmandizing *Harpy*, and insatiable drain of all pleasant Liquors, was grown so purse, that his fatness would not suffer him to fetch his breath, being in continual fear to be stifled: although others affirm, That he easily could with the strong blast of his breath have turned about the sayls of a Wind-Mill: whose Soul by his self-

deu  
 Colirafe  
 au moust  
 ne mange  
 pas ca  
 moust  
 Philopemus

*Athen.*

Self-ignorance, not knowing what repast was most convenient for his Body, was pent up, and as it were fettered in these his corps, as in her dungeon. So *Alexander*, King of *Egypt*, was so gross and fat, that he was fain to be upheld by two men. And a many more by their πολυφαγία & πολυποσία, by excessive eating and drinking, more upon meer ignorance, then rebellion against Nature, physical diet, and discretion; did make their Souls like the fatted Sheep, whereof *Johannes Leo* relates, which he saw in *Egypt*, some of whose tails weighed eighty pounds, and some an hundred and fifty pounds, by which weight their Bodies were immovable, unless their tails, like trains, were carried in Wheel-barrows. Or like the fatted Hogs, *Scaliger* mentions, that could not move for fat, and were so senseless, that Mice made Nests in their buttocks, they not once feeling them.

*Scal. ex.*  
199.*Sen. in cont.*

*Seneca* saith, They know not that they live by deaths, and are ignorant what receipt of Food into the Body (whose Constitution they are as ignorant of also) will bring en-

dammage.

dammagement both to it, & to the heavenly-  
infused soul.

For the body, that *ἰσχυρὸν σῶμα* is re-  
quisite; that as the meager one is to be fed  
with spare Diet, so the massier and more gi-  
antly body must be maintained with more  
large and lavish Diet. For it is not conso-  
nant to reason, that *Alexander Macedo*, and  
*Augustus Caesar*, who were but little men, Ex Petrar  
as *Petrarch* saith, and so low-statur'd *Vlysses*,  
should have equal Diet in quantity with  
*Milo*, *Hercules*, *Ajax*, and such as *Athenæus* Athenæus  
lib. 20.  
makes mention of, as *Astydamas*, and *Hero-*  
*dorus*, the first of them being so capacious  
stomached, that he eat as much alone, as was  
prepared for nine men: and the later *Her-*  
*dorus*, a strong-sided Trumpeter, who was  
three ells and an half long, and could blow in  
two Trumpets at once, of whom *Athenæus*  
speaks. These might well farce, and cram  
their maws with far more aliment, be-  
cause their ventricles, cels, veins, and other  
organs of their bodies were far more am-  
ple and spacious.

And again, it is soveraign in this regard,  
because in the full stream, of appetites or bra-  
very, many will take, upon ignorance, rather  
the sumptuous dish prepared for *Vitellius* by Sueto mirā  
his

Plin. lib.  
22. n. ar.  
hist. c. 22.

his brother, which one dish amounted to above seven thousand, eight hundred and twelve pounds, perchance a rank poyson to their natures; then *Estur*, and *Sonchus* (two savoury & wholesome herbs, which poor *Hecale* set on the Table as a Sallet before hungry *Theseus*, the best dish of meat she could present unto him) a great deal peradventure more conducive unto their healths. But they are as ignorant what they take, as *Cambles* was, who being given to *Gastrimargism*, as *Athenarus* relates in the fore-mentioned book, in the night did eat up his own wife, and in the morning, finding her hands in his devouring jaws, slew himself, the fact being so heinous, and noteworthy: as also they are pilgrims, and strangers in the knowledge of their bodily estate, which ever or often is an occasion of over-cloying their ventricles with such meats, as are an utter ruine and downfall to their healths, as ill, or worse, then *Toxicum*: for although they do not estsoons enforce the fatal end, yet in a short progress of time they are as sure Pullies to draw on their unexpected destinies.

Without this knowledge of our bodily nature we are like to crasie Barks, yet bal-  
last



last with prizeless Merchandise, which are tossed to and fro upon the main of Ignorance so long, till at length we be shattered against the huge rock of Intemperance, and so lose our richest freight, which is our soul. This ought ever to controul, and curb in our unruly Appetites: it ought to be like the Poet's *Antomedon*; to rein our fond desires in, which reign in us: for, as, *Seneca* saith, *sunt quaedam nocitura impetrantibus, &c.* sowe may say, *Sunt quaedam nocitura appetentibus*, as there be many things which are obnoxious to the asker, if it chance he obtain them, so are there many nutriments as dangerous to him, that babishly covets them: for, if he square not his Diet according to the temper of his body, in choice of such fare, as may banish and expel contagion and violencie from nature, or be a special preservative in her spotless and untainted perfection; meats are so far from holding on the race of his life, as that they will rather hasten it down far sooner unto the hemisphere of death, then he expected. A Cholerick man therefore (by this *Ἰνώδι σεαυτὸν*) knowing himself to be overpoiz'd with its predominancie, nay, but even foreseeing his corporal nature to have

a propension or inclination to this humor, he must wisely defeat, and wean his Appetite off all such dainty Morsels, (though the most delicious, and roothsom) and delude his longing thirst of all such honey-flowing Meats, and hot Wines, as are Poyson to his Distemperature, and which in tract of time will aggravate his Humour so much, till it generate and breed either an Hectick Fever, mortal Consumption, yellow Jaundice, or any the like Disease incident to this Complexion; & so concerning all the rest. For a bare *Nosce* is not sufficiently Competent for the avoiding of death, and to maintain an happy *Crasis*, but the living answerably according to knowledg: for we see many exquisite Physicians, and learned men of special note (whose Exhibitories to themselves do not parallel their Prescripts and advice to others, who are good Physicians, but no pliable Patients:) to make a diligent search and scrutiny into their own natures, yet not fitting them with correspondency of diet; like *Lucian's* Apothecary, who gave Physick unto others for Coughing, and yet he himself did never leave Coughing. *Cunctis qui cavet, non cavet ille sibi.*

While he cured others he neglected him-

himself. We may rightly say, τροφή is their τροφή, and βίματα their πηματα.

*Crapula fit esca, delicia eorum damna:*  
that is, Their Diet is Luxury, & each Delicacy made their Malady. And yet none do more inveigh against surfeit, & misdiet, then they, but they are like the *Musipula*, of whom it is said in the *Hieroglyphicks*, that she used to bring forth her issue out of her mouth, and swimming with them about her when she is hungry, she swallows them up again: so they in external shew spit out the name of surfeit, banishing it far from them, but by their accustomable deadly luxury again they imbrace it, and hug it in their arms so long, till some enervating disease, or other, having had long dominion and residence in them, be past cure of Physick. For we know

Orus Apol-  
lo in Hieroglyphob.

*Non est in Medico semper releuetur us ager,  
Interdum doctâ plus valet arte malum.*

“ No earthly Art can cure deep-rooted ill,  
“ Not *Esculapius* with his Heavenly skill.

So then the most exact self-knower of all, if he do not contain himself within

the territories, and precincts of reasonable Appetite, the *Cynosura* of the wiser Dietist, if consorting with misdieters he bath himself in the muddy streams of their luxury, and riot, he is in the very next suburbs of death it self: yet for all this, I confess, that the silver breast of *Nilus* is not vitiated, and polluted by others kennel-muddy thoughts, and turbulent actions, or affections, no more then the river *Alpheus*, that runs through the Salt-sea, is tainted with the brackish quality of the sea, no more then the *Salamander* is scorched, though dayly conversing in the fire; or chaste *Zenocrates* lying with *Lais* is defiled, since he may well do it without impeachment to his chastity: so may the heroical and generous Spirits converse with unstaide appetites, and yet not have the least taint of their excess, but by their diviner *Nosce teipsum* may be their own Guardians, both for their celestial and also earthly part. Yet we know *Aliquid mali propter vicinum malum*, the taint of ill comes by consorting with ill, & the best natures, and wisest self-knowers of all may be ticed on, or constrained to captivate, and inthral their freedom of happy spirit, and to rebel against their own knowledg.

I wish therefore in conclusion the meanest, if possible, to have an insight into their bodily estate ( as chiefly they ought of the soul, whereby they may shun such things, as any waies may be offensive to the good of that estate, and may so consequently (being vexed with none, no not the least maladie ) be more fit not onely to live, but to live well. For as the Poet said of death,

τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν ἐκ αἰσθητῶν, ἀλλ' αἰσθητῶς θανεῖν,  
 to die is not ill, but to die ill: so contrariwise of life we may say, It is no such excellent thing to live, as well to live, which no doubt may easily be effected, if they do abridg themselves of all vain alluring lusts, and teather their appetites within the narrow-round plot of Diet, lest they run at random, and break into the spacious fields of deadly Luxury.

## CAP. II.

*That the Soul sympathizeth with the Body,  
and followeth her Crasis, and Temperature.*

**I***nfcitur terra sordibus unda fluens,* saith  
the Poet: If a water-current have any vi-  
cinity with a putrified and infected Soyl,  
it is tainted with its corrupte Quality. The  
heavenly Soul of man, as the Artists usual-  
ly averr, semblablewise, doth feel, as it  
were, by a certain deficiency the ill-affect-  
ed crasis of the Body; so that, if this be an-  
noyed, or infected with any feculent Hu-  
mors, it fares not well with the Soul: the  
Soul her self, as Maladious, feels some want  
of her excellency, and yet impatible in re-  
gard of her substance, through the bad Dis-  
position of the Organs, the Malignancy of  
Receits, the unrefinedness of the Spirits do  
seem to affect the Soul: for the second, which  
causeth the third, mark what *Horace* speak-  
eth.

*Horat.*

--- quin corpus onustum  
Hesternis vitijs animum quoque prægravat unda,  
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

*The*

The Maw, surcharg'd with former crudities,  
 Weighs down our Spirit's nimble Faculties;  
 Our laden Soul, as plunged in the Mire,  
 Lies nigh extinct, though part of Havens fire.

To this effect is that speech of Democritus, who saith, that the Bodily Habit being out of temper, the Mind hath no lively willirgness to the Contemplation of Virtue: that being enfeebled, & overshadowed, the light of the Soul is altogether darkened; Heavenly wisdom as it were Sympathizing with this earthy Mass: as in any surfeit of the best and choicest Delicates, and also of Wines, is easily apparent. *Vinum* of its own nature is (if we may so term it) *Divinum*, because it recreates the tired Spirits, makes the mind far more nimble, and actual, and aspiring to an higher strain of wit; τὰς μὲν φιλοφροσύνας, ὡσπερ ἔλατον φλόγα, ἐγείρει, saith Xenophon; It stirs up Mirth, and Chearfulness, as Oil makes the blasing flame, yet by accident, the unmanag'd Appetite desiring more then reason, it doth dull the quicker Spirits, stop the pores of the Brain with too many Vapours, and gross Fumes, makes the Head Totty, Lullabees the Senses, yea, Intoxicates the very Soul with a pleasing Poyson: as  
 the

Democry.

De Natura  
 bum. ad sic  
 aem Hip  
 pocrytis.

Xenophon  
in his *Con-  
vivium*,  
which so  
*Athenæus*  
records in  
his 11  
book  
*Deipnos.*  
out of *Xe-  
nophon.*

the same *Xenophon* saies, It happens unto men, as to tender plants, & lately engrafted Imps, which have their growth from the earth *ὅταν μὲν ὁ Θεὸς αὐτὰ ἄγαν ἀθρόως ποτίῃ*, &c. when God doth water and drench them with an immoderate showr, they neither shoot out right, nor hardly have any blown Blossomes; but when the earth doth drink so much, as is competent for their increase, then they spring upright, and flourishing do yield their fruit in their accustomed time: so fareth it with the Bodies, and by sequele with the Souls of men, if we pour in with the undiscrete hand of Appetite, they will both reel to and fro, and scarce can we breathe, at least, we cannot utter the least thing, that rellisheth of wisdom; our minds must needs follow the tempers, or rather the distemperatures, of our earthly bodies.

*Plato*, in whose mouth the Bees, as in their Hives, did make their Honey-combs, as fore-intimating his sweet-flowing Eloquence, he weighing with himself that thraldom the soul was in being in the body, and how it was affected, and (as it were) infected with the contagion thereof, in his *Phædrus*, as I remember, disputing of the *Ideas* of the mind,



mind, said, that our Bodies were the prisons  
 and Bride-wels of our Souls, wherein they  
 lay as manacled and fettered in Givens. Yea  
 further he could avouch in his *Cratylus*,  
 and also in his *Gorgias*, *Socrates* having  
 brought forth a speech to *Callides*, out of  
*Euripides*, Ζῆν ἐστὶ κατὰ δαίμων, τὸ κατὰ δαίμων δὲς Ζῆν.  
 To live is to die, and to die is to live: he  
 saith there, that our Body is the very Grave  
 of the Soul, καὶ τὸ μὲν σῶμα (saith he) ἐστὶν  
 ὑμῶν σῆμα. And sure it is, whiles that,  
 this mind of ours hath his abode in this dark-  
 som dungeon, this vile mansion of our bo-  
 dy, it can never act his part well, till it step  
 upon the heavenly stage. It will be like *Io*  
 in *Ovid*, who, being turned into a Hetsfier,  
 when she could not express her minde to  
*Inachus* her father in words,

So Iulian  
 in an Epi-  
 stle to Eu-  
 genius  
 bath such  
 a saying,  
 Σώματος  
 δέσμιος, &c.  
*Gorgias.*

Soul

*Ovid. Me-  
 tamorph.  
 I.*

*Littera pro verbis, quam pes in pulvere duxit,  
 Corporis indicium mutari triste peregit.*

“ Her foot did speak, as on the sand she ranged,  
 “ How she, poor soul, was from herself estranged.

Our soul in the body, though it be not  
 so blind as a Bat, yet is it like an Owl, or  
 Bat before the rays of *Phœbus*, all dim-  
 med, and dazled: it sees as through a lattice-  
 window

window. Being freed from this prison, and  
 once having flitted from this ruinous Ten-  
 ment, this mud-walled Cottage, it is a *Lyn-*  
*ceus*: within a *Mole-warp*, without it is an  
 all-ey'd *Argus*: within an one-ey'd *Cyclops*,  
 without a beautiful *Nireus*: within an  
*Aethiopian Thersites*, without an high-  
 soaring *Eagle*: within an heavy *Struthio-cami-*  
*lus*, an *Ostrich*, who hath wings, as he in  
 the *Hieroglyphicks* witnesseth, *non propter*  
*volatum, sed cursum*; not for flying, but to  
 help her running: yea, as sparkles hid in em-  
 bers do not cast forth their radiant light;  
 and the Sun, enveloped in a thick misty  
 cloud, doth not illuminate the center with  
 his golden Tresses: so this celestial fire,  
 our Soul, whiles it remains in the lap of  
 our earthly *Prometheus*, this Mass of ours,  
 it must needs be curtained, and over-sha-  
 dowed with a Palpable darkness, which  
 doth over-cast a sable night over our Un-  
 derstanding, especially when in the Body  
 there is a Current of infectious Humors,  
 which do flow over the Veins, and in-  
 gross the limpid Spirits in their Arteries,  
 the Mind must needs be (as it were) over-  
 flown with a *Dencalion's* flood, and be  
 quickened as a silly toying *Leander* in the  
*Hellespont.*

*Hellepont.* What made the mind of *Orestes* so out of temper, that he killed his own Mother, but the bodily *Crafsis*? What made *Heracleitus* die of a Dropsie, having rowled himself in Beast's ordure? What made *Socrates*, having drunk the *Cicuta* at *Athens*, to give his *Ultimum vale* to the world, but that? What caus'd that redoubted famous Captain *Themistocles*, having drunk Bull's blood, to take (as we see) his long journey to the *Elysian fields*? and many others to have came unto their long home (as may be seen in the antient Registers of time) and many to have been Distracted, and Frantick? the distemperature, no doubt, and the evil Habit of the Body; wherewith the Soul hath Copulation. *Plotin*, the great *Platonist*, blushed often, that his Soul did harbour in so base an Inn, as his Body was, so *Porphyry* affirms in his life: because (as he said in another place) his Soul must needs be affected with the Contagious Qualities incident unto his Body. The cunning'st Swimmer that ever was, *Delius* himself, could not shew his Art, nor his equal stroke in the Mud: a Candle in the Lantern can yield but a glimmering light through an impure and darksom Horn:

the

*Plotin*  
*MS.*

Horse  
in  
middle  
This is  
Soul

the war-like *Steed* cannot fetch his frisks, take his carriers, and shew his Curvets, being pent up in a narrow room: so it is with the princely Soul, while the Body is her mansion, said he; but this belongs to another *Thesis*, and some thing before, concerning the soul's excellency, having taken her flight from this darksome cage; more near unto the scope, at which we must aim. Hear what the Poet saith in his fifteenth of the *Metamorphosis*.

*Quodque magis mirum, sunt, qui non corpora tantum,  
Verum animos etiam valeant mutare liquores:  
Cui quæ so ignota est obscæna Salmacis unda,  
Æthiopes que lacus? quos si quis faucibus hausit,  
Aut furit, aut patitur mirum gravitate soporem.*

Salmac is  
where the  
Nymph &  
Hermaphroditus  
were bound  
together.

“ It is a wonderment, that Waters can  
“ Transform the members and the mind of man:  
“ Who kenneth not the unclean *Salmacian* Well,  
“ The Fen, where sun-burnt *Mauritanians* dwell?  
“ Which cause a frensie, being gulped down,  
“ Or strike the senses with a sleeping swoon.

We must not imagine the Mind to be passible, being altogether immaterial, that it self is affected with any of these corporal things, but onely in respect of the Instruments, which are the hand-maids  
of

of the Soul: as, if the Spirits be inflamed, the passages of the humors dammed up, the brain stuffed with smoakie fumes, or any Phlegmatick matter, the blood too hot, and too thick, as is usual in the *Scythians*, and those in the Septentrional parts, who are of all men endowed with the least portion of wit, and policie: and because these kinde of people do, as it were, cross the high-way of my invention, I will treat a little of them, neither beside that, which we have in hand: because it will confirm the fore-written words of *Xenophon* concerning wine. Whom do we ever read of more to quaff, and carouse, more to use strong drink, then the *Scythians*, and who more blockish, and devoid of wit, and reason? Nay, there was never any learned man, but onely *Ancharsis*, who was inured there; which want no doubt is caused by their great intemperance. For all Writers well-nigh agree in this, that they will, as the Poet saith, *ad diurnam stellam*, or *trènuè pro Ilio potare*: drink till their eyes stare like two blazing, stars as we say in our Proverb. *Athenæus*, that singular Scholar of so manifold reading, after he had rehearsed *Herod* his History of *Cleome-*

*Athenæus*  
in the  
tenth  
book of his  
*Deipnos.*  
p<sup>ag.</sup> 427.  
nes,

nes saith, Καὶ αὐτὸ δ' οἱ Λάκωνες, &c. The *Lacedemonians*, when they would drink in the cups extraordinary, they did use this word, Ἐπισκῦδιον, to imitate the *Scythians*, which also he notes out of *Chameleon Heracleotes* in his book Περὶ μέδους. When also they should have said to the *Pincerna* Ἐπυχοῖον Poured in, they used the word Ἐπισκῦδιον.

Howsoever we read of some particulars, it is manifest, if we peruse the Histories, that the most of them are the greatest Brouzers, and Buffards in the world: they had rather drink out their Eyes, then that the Worms should eat them out after their Death, as Sir *Thomas More* jests upon *Fuscus* in his *Epigrams*: & of all men they have most leaden conceits, and drossie Wits, caused especially by their excessive intemperance, which thickeneth their blood, and corrupteth their Spirits, and other Organs, wherein the Soul should chiefly shew her Operation. Give me leave to speak a little of the Air: how it, received into the Body, doth either greatly advantage, or little avail the mind. It is certain, that the excellency of the Soul follows the purity of the Heavens, the temperature of the Air: therefore, because *Bœotia*

*Fuscus*  
speaks thus,  
Perdere  
dulcius est  
potando,  
quàm ut mea  
servem E-  
rodenda  
pigris lu-  
mina ve-  
miculis.

had a very \* fennish soyl, a gross and un-  
 refined Air; the ancient Writers, to deci-  
 pher, and shadow out a dull Wit in any  
 one, were wont to say, *Bœoticum hic habet*  
*ingenium*, this man is as wise as a Woodcock,  
 his Wit's in a Consumption, his Conceit is as  
 lank as a shotten Herring. I do not con-  
 cord with the Poet in that trivial Verse,  
 but I do carry the *Comma* a little further,  
 and say,

And yet it  
 may be ga-  
 thered by  
 the much  
 eating.  
 "And spes  
 decessor è-  
 diet.  
 Athen. l. 2.

*Cœlum non, animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*

At least, if I must needs take *Cœlum* for  
 Air, I will say,

*The Air to vary is not only found,  
 But Wit's a foreiner in a foreinground.*

The Air hath his Etymologie from the  
 Greek word *ἀω* to breath; it consists of  
*ἀλφα* and *ωμέγα*, because the Learned say,  
 that it is the beginning and ending of man's  
 Life. For, when we begin to live, we are  
 said to *inspire*; when we die, to *expire*:  
 as the privation of the Air deprives us of  
 our Being, and the Air, being purged, and  
 cleansed from his pestilent qualities, causeth

our well-being ; so the Infection of the Air, as in the extinguishing of some blazing Comet, the eructation of noysom Vapours from the bosom of the Earth, the disastrous constellation, or bad aspect of some malevolent Planet, the damping fumes, that the Sun elevates from bogs, and fennish grounds, the inflammation of the Air by the intense heat of the Sun, (as when in *Homer's Iliads* *Phœbus* is feigned to send forth his direful Arrows among the *Grecians*, and to bring in the Pestilence upon them ) this infection causeth our Bodies first to be badly qualified, and tainted with a spice of Corruption, and so by Consequent our very Souls to be ill-affected. *Aeneas Sylvius* in his *Cosmography*, writing of the *lesser Asia*, records a strange thing concerning the Air being putrified ; He sayes, that hard by the City *Hierapolis* there is a place termed *OS PLUTONIUM*, in the valley of a certain Mountain, where *Strabo* witnesseth, that he sent Sparrows in, which forth-with, as soon as they drew in the venomous noysome Air, they fell down Dead. No doubt, but the corrupted Air would have had his operation upon other more excellent Creatures then were those little Birds, if they durst

*Aeneas  
sylv. cap.  
92 de Asia  
minore.*



durst have attempted the entrance in. But to a Question; What Reason can be alleag'd, that those, who dwell under the Pole, near the frozen Zone, and in the Septentrional Climate, should have such Giantly Bodies, and yet dwarfish Wits, as many Authors do report of them? And we see, by experience in Travail, the rudeness, and simplicity of the People, that are seated far North, which (no doubt) is intimated by a vulgar Speech, when we say such a man hath a *borel wit*, as if we said *Boreale ingenium*: whereof that old English Prophet of famous memory (whom one fondly term'd *Albion's Ballad-maker*, the Cunny-catcher of time, and the second Dish for Fools to feed their Splenes upon) *G. Chaucer* took notice, when, in his *Prologue* to the *Franklin's Tale*, he sayes;

*But Sirs, because I am a Borel man,  
At my beginning first I you beseech,  
Have me excus'd of my rude speech.*

*Borel's*

The Philosophers to this Question have excogitated this Reason: to wit, The exceeding chilness of the Air, which doth possess the Animal Spirits, (the chief attendents

dents of the Soul to execute the function of the Agent Understanding) with contrary Qualities, the first being Cold and Dry, the last Hot and Moist; though this Reason most avail for our purpose, speaking how the Mind can be affected with the Air; yet I must needs say, I think they are beside the Cushion. Others affirm, and with more reason, that they are dull-witted, especially by the vehement Heat, which is included in their Bodies, which doth inflame their Spirits, thicken their Blood, and thereby is a cause of a new gross, more then airy substance, conjoynd with the Spirits. For extreme Heat doth generate a gross, adust Choler, which comes to be mixed with the Blood in the veins, and that brings a condensation, and a coagulation to the Blood. For their extraordinary Heat, it is apparent by their speedy Concoction, and by the external frigidity of the Air, that dams up the Pores of the Bodies so greatly, that hardly any heat can evaporate. This also, by deep Wells, which in Winter-time be luke-warm, and in Summer-season exceeding cold. Now to prove, that where the Blood is thickened, and the Spirits inflamed, there usually is a want of Wit; the great

*Peripatetian* himself affirmeth it to be a Truth, where he saith, That Bulls, and such Creatures, as have this Humor thick, are commonly devoid of Wit, yet have great Strength; and such Living things, as have attenuated blood, and very fluid, do excel in Wit, and Policy: as instance is given in *Aristotle* of Bees. We must note here, That this is spoken of the remoter parts near unto the Pole, lest we derogate any thing from the praise of this our happy *Island* (another blisful *Eden* for pleasure;) all which, by a true division of the Climes, is situated in the Septentrional part of the World, wherein there are, and ever have been as pregnant Wits, as surpassing Politicians, as judicious Understandings, as any Clime ever yet afforded under the Cope of Heaven.

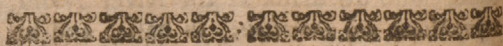
But I do here pass the limits of *Lacconism*, whereas I should in wisdom imitate the *Egyptian* Dogs in this whole Tractate, who do drink at the River *Nilus*, *καρπαλίμως, καὶ κλοπιμως*, in haste, and by stealth, lest the Crocodile should prey on them, and who doth fitly carry the name, and conditions of the Crocodile, no Writer is ignorant of, I will end therefore with the

## The Glass of

iteration of the *Thesis*, that The Soul follows the temper of the Body, and that, whilest it is inherent in the Body, it can never partake so pure a light of Understanding, as when it is segregated, and made a free Denizen in the Heavenly City, and Free-hold of the Saints.

*Corporis in gremio dum spiritus, &c.*

When our imprison'd Soul once more being free,  
 Gins scale the Turret of Eternitie,  
 Frō whence it once was brought & captive ta'en  
 By this usurping tyrant Corps, her bane,  
 Which subjngates her unto sottish Will,  
 And schools her under Passion's want of skill:  
 Then shall our soul, now choak'd with fēny care  
 With Angels frolick in a purer air:  
 This low NADIR of darkness must it bend,  
 Till it aloft to th' radiant ZENITH wend.



## CAP. III.

*Whether the Internal Faculty may be known  
by the External Physiognomie.*

**S**ocrates, that was termed the *Athenian Eagle*, because he could look stedfastly upon the Sun, or the rather for his quick insight of Understanding, when a certain Youth, being highly commended unto him for his rare Parts, and admirable Endowments, (though he had the piercing Eyes of *Lyncæus*, and could have more then conjectured his Qualities,) was presented unto him, he did not look unto his outward Feature, and external Hew, so demurring to have rendred his Approbation of him, but he accosted him with these words, *Loquere puer, ut te videam*; Let's hear thee reason, youth, that I may see what's in thee: (to which *Lipsius* alluded in a certain *Epistle* of his, *Videre & non eloqui, nec videre est*: to see one, and not confer with him, is not to see.) *Socrates* insinuated thus much unto us, that a man may be a *Nireus* in outward semblance, and yet a *Thersites* in his inward  
C 4
essence,

Petron.  
Arbiter.

Diog.  
Laërtius.

essence, like the Emperors Table, whose curtain was drawn-over with Lions, and Eagles, but on the Table were pourtrayed Apes, Owls, and Wrens: or, like the golden Box, that kept *Nero's* beard, perchance the eye of his Understanding was dazeled, as when *Euripides* gave him *Heraclitus* his Works, called *Ξύβρις*, demanding of him his Censure, who answer'd, "That which I conceive  
" is rare; and so I think of that which I do  
" not conceive: having that deep in-sight, and singular Wisdom, which *Apollo's* Oracle did manifest to be in him, he might both have perceiv'd the former, and conceiv'd the latter. But was not cunning *Zopyrus* his Judgment also tainted concerning *Socrates* himself? Who, seeing his deformed Countenance, called him an Idiot, and a Dissard, and an effeminate person, and was laugh'd to scorn of them that stood by for his pains: but *Socrates* said, Laugh not, *Zopyrus* is not in a wrong Box; for such a Natural was I framed by Nature, though I have, by the Study of Wisdom, and Philosophy, corrected that which was a defect in Nature. The Philosopher saith, *Vultus est index animi*, The Eye is the Casement of the Soul; through which we may plainly see it,  
better

better then he that saw *Antisthenes* his Pride  
through the chinks of his Cloak: but our  
usual Saying is, That the Tongue is the He-  
rauld of the Mind, the Touchstone of the  
Heart; Could a man discern wise *Ulysses*  
only by his Countenance? Hear what *Ho-*  
*mer* sayes of him, *Iliad.* 3.

Ἄλλ', ὅτε δὲ πολίμυτος ἀναΐξειεν Ὀδυσσεύς,  
στάσκειν, ὡαὶ ὃ ἴδεσκε, κατὰ χθονὸς ὄμματα πῆξας.  
Σκῆπτρον δ' ἔτ' ὀπίσω, ἔτε παρ' ἑπιπέδες ἐνάμα,  
Ἄλλ' ἀσεμὸς ἔχεσκεν, αἰδρεῖ φωτὶ εἰοικώς.  
Φαίης κιν Ζάκοτον πνα ἔμμεναι, ἀφρονά θ' αὐτός.  
Ἄλλ', ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ὄπα τε μέγαλιν ἐκ σήδεσσι,  
καὶ ἔπα μοάδεσιν εἰκότα χειμαρίσιν,  
Ὅν ἂν ἔπειτ' Ὀδυσσεὺς ἔρισε βροτῶς ἄλλῳ.

Homer in  
his 3 Book  
of the *Iliads*

When that discrete *Ulysses* up did stand,  
And swaid the golden Scepter in his hand,  
Immoveable both hit, and he were found,  
Fixing a bashful visage on the ground;  
Most like an Idiot rose he from his stool,  
Thou mot' st have deem'd him angry, or a fool:  
But, wh. ἔ he speke, his plenteous words did flow  
Like to thick-falling flakes of Winter snow.  
Ne any coult his wits so highly strain,  
As wise *Ulysses* in his flowing vein.

Which

Which also *Tryphiodorus* the *Egyptian* Poet, that wrote of the Sacking of *Troy*, sets down elegantly to the same effect of *Ulysses*.

Tryphiodo-  
rus the  
Egyptian  
Poet.

— Ὀδυσῆϊ παράτατο θεῆες Ἀθήνη,  
 Ἄνδρῶς ὀπιχρίσσεια μελίχρῳὶ νέκταρ φωνῆν.  
 Πρῶτα μὲν ἐσήκει κενέφρονι ἀνδρὶ ἰοικῶς,  
 Ὀμματὸν ἀσρέπλοιο βολὴν ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἑρείσας.  
 Ἄφνω δ' αἰετῶν ἐπέων ἀδίνας ἀνοίξας,  
 Δεινὸν αὖ ἐβεβήτισε, καὶ ἱερὸς ἀπὸ πηγῆς  
 Ἐξέχεεν μέγα κύμα μελισσῶν νιφετῶν.

*By him impetuous Minerva stood,  
 And drēch'd his throat with honeyctar flood:  
 A mope-ei'd fool he, rising, first was deem'd,  
 Because with Tellus to consult he seem'd:  
 A rattling murmur oft his voice affords,  
 Op'ning th' ore-flowing springhead of his words  
 Like torrents of mellifluous snow afore th' Sun  
 His sacred Hippocrene' gins to run.*

So *Æsop*, the witty Fabulist, as we may read in his Life, what Deformity wanted he Externally? And what Beauty had he not Internally? Likewise *Galba*, on whom *Tully* (seeing his ill-shap'd Limbs, and his excellent Wit) had this conceit, *Ingeniū Galbæ malè habitat*: *Galba's Wit lodges in a base Inn:*

and



and *Sappho*, that learned Poetress, who had the same natural default in her outward Lineaments, yet had more rare gifts of Mind, thus spoke of her self:

*Ingenio forma damnata rependo mea.*

*Th' ill favour, and deformity of Face,  
With Virtue's inward Beauty I do grace.*

Again, All is not Gold, that glistereth; every *Persian Nose* argues not a valiant *Cyrus*. We often see *plumbum macharam in aurea vagina*, as the *Cynick* said in *Diog. Laertius*, concerning a young man, that was well-proportioned, and spoke ill; a leaden Rapier in a golden Sheath: wrinckled Faces, and rugged Brows lurk under smooth Paint. The fair-branch'd *Cypress-tree* fruitless, and barren: a putrified *Nutmeg* gilded over: *Dionedes* his brazen Armour shone like Gold: *Aesop's Larva*, (*O quale caput, at cerebrum non habet!*) a rare Head, but no Brains: many a gaudy outside, & a bawdy deformed inside; a wooden Leg in a silken Stocking: so a fair and beautiful Corps, but a foul ugly Mind. We see a beautiful *Paris*, of whom *Coluthus* the *Thebane* sayes, when *Helena* carried him to her Chamber;

*In Pario tumulo putridum cadaver: mancus carcer, impius fur.* Julius Scal. *Epidorpidum* L. 10. Look *Hippolytus de Confilis & Confilariibus*, p. 101.

— ἄβυσσος δὲ ἔχει ἑῶν ὀφθαλμῶν.

Pays de  
Herbe

Her Eyes could never be glutted with gazing on him: and yet his Judgement was in the wain, in giving the golden Ball to fading Beauty, which is but a pleasant Poyson, only a Letter of Commendation, as *Seneca* calls it, a dumbe praise, yea, a very Something of Nothing. But howsoever it come to pass, that in some particulars it holdeth thus, it is not true in general: for as a Fox is known by his Bush, a Lion by his Paw, an Ass by his Ears, a Goat by his Beard; so easily may a man be discerned, I mean the excellency of his Soul, by the beauty of his Body, the Endowments of the former by the Complements of the latter. When I do gaze with a longing look on the comeliness of the feature without, I am more then half perswaded of the admirable decency within: as when I see the splendent Rays of the Sun, it bewrays the Sun hath a complete light within. The clearer and fairer the Fountain is to the Eye, the sweeter it will prove unto the Taste: the purest Waters are distilled from the choicest Flowers. Foul Vices are not the off-spring of

fair Faces; a vulgar Weed issues not from  
 the Silk-worms smoother thred: the *Hy-*  
*blean* Bee sucks no sweet Hony out of the  
 poysonous Hemlock; when we see a body  
 as framed, and wrought out of the purest  
 virgin-Wax, as tempered with the cunning  
 hands of Beauty, and Favour, enriched with  
 the very prodigality of Nature, w<sup>ch</sup> Nature,  
 and Beauty it self would be abashed, and  
 even blush to behold, shall we say this gol-  
 den Mine affords leaden Metal? *Raram facit*  
*misturam cum sapientiâ forma*, saith *Petre-*  
*ninus Arbitr*, & the other, *Gratior est pulchro*  
*veniens è corpore virtus*: do they speak as  
 though it were a wonder, a rare thing, to see  
 Wit, Wisdom, and Virtue jump in one  
 with Beauty? Let him speak, that daily sees  
 not the contrary. I think (though not ever)  
 Wise men will judge ever according to the  
 proportion of Members, not laugh fondly  
 as they did at the Embassador's, that were  
 deck'd, and adorn'd with precious Pearls,  
 foolishly adoring their Pages for them-  
 selves, whom they deem'd to have been  
 the Embassadors for their plainness.  
 There's none so blind, but *Apollo's* Spectacles  
 will make him see, if a man be endowed  
 with Wisdom, and have *Tiresias* his bright  
 lamp

*Sir Thomas*  
*Moor* in his  
 2. Book  
 of his  
*Euiopia.*

lamp of Understanding, the true Candle of *Epictetus*, which is to be held at a far greater prize; but he may easily see by them what a man is at the first Glance, his inward Virtues by his outward Gifts. And *Socrates*, no doubt, could eath have yielded well-nigh as sincere a judgment concerning him, of whom we whilome spake, by nearly beholding of his beautiful Lineaments, as by hearing of his Speeches Ornaments: but he did it perchance to be a Patern of true Knowledge to Ignorance, who hath not a judicious Eye; and which is prone to Censure too far by the outward Resemblance; or else to instruct Knowledge it self in this, That alway to see is not to know.

Who cannot see also the Deformity of the Soul by the blemishes of the Body? though it be not a truth in every particular, as not in the former. Hear what the Poet affirms in an *Epigram* upon a slow-pac'd *Lurdain*,

*Tardus es ingenio ut pedibus, natura etenim dat  
Exterius specimen, quod latet interius.*

*Thy leaden Heels no golden Wit doth show,  
For in-bred Gifts by outward Limbs we*

(know.  
Who

Who could not have cast *Thersites* his Water with but once looking upon the Urinal, as we say, seeing in his Body so great Deformity, he sure would have averred, that in his Soul there was no great Conformity: he had one Note especially, which is a bad sign in Physiognomy, which *Homer* reckons as one of his mishaps, *Iliad. 2.*

Φοξὸς ἐν κεφαλῇ—

*Acuminato erat capite*, his Head was made like a brooch steeple, sharp, & high-crown'd, which amongst all Physiognomers imports an ill-affected Mind. Who is ignorant, that men of greater size are seldom in the right Qu, in the witty vein? Who knows not, that little Eyes denotate a large Cheveril Conscience? A great head a little portion of Wit? Goggle Eyes a stark-staring Fool? Great Ears to be a kin to *Midas*, to be metamorphos'd *Apuleius*? Spacious-breasted long-liv'd? A plain Brow without furrows, to be liberal? A beautiful Face most commonly to note the best Complexion? Who knows not, that μαλακότεροι σαρκί, &c. They that be soft-flesh'd are more wise, and more apt to conceive? And *Albertus* sayes, that these

these are the signs of a Wit as dull as a Pig of Lead; to wit, thick Nails, harsh Hair, and a gross hard Skin; the last whereof was verified in *Polydorus* a Fool, of whom *Ælian* makes mention, who had such a hard thick Skin, that it could not be pierced through with pricking. Who is not acquainted with this of the *Philosopher*, That *Παχέια γαστήρ λεπτότατον ἐτίχτει νόον*, a fat Belly hath a lean Ingente; because much meat affects the subtile Spirits with gross and turbulēt fumes, which do darken the Understanding. And this is set down, by a modern *English* Poet of good Note, pithily in two Verses;

*Fat Panches make lean Pates, & grosser bits  
Enrich th' Ribs, but bankrupt quite th' Wits.*

Wherefore the *Ephori* among the *Lacedemonians* were wont (not as *Artaxerxes* did lash the Coats of his Captains, when they had offended) to whip their fat Fools naked, that they might become lean; saying unto them, that They were neither fit for Action, nor Contemplation, until they were disburdened of their fog.

C.A.P.

*foggie as applied to horses  
horses foggie*

## CHAP. IV.

*That a Diet is to be observed of every one.*

THE Antient Aphorismis, *Qui Medicè vivit, miserè vivit*, he, that observes a strict Diet, is seldom at ease; which sinister Exposition is not to be approved. Rather thus, He, that lives under the hand of the unskilful *Empirick*, is ever in fear, and peril of Death. For unless the Physician wisely observe the Disease of the Patient, how he is affected, the Time when, the Climate where, the Quantity how much, his Age, and strength, his Complexion, with every Circumstance, he may Prescribe a Potion of Poyson for an *Antidotum*, or Preservative.

Therefore as *Dionysius* the Tyrant would never have his Beard shaved, because he feared the Raizor might cut his Throat, so using hot burning Coals, wherewith he often singed his Hairs: so were it good for every Patient not to be too venturous, but fear to fall into the hands of the inexperienced  
 D Physician,

Marzial, l. 6  
Epig. 53.

Physician, I mean Empirical, as also the Methodist, or Dogmatist, if they be chiefly noted to give usual *Probatums* to try Conclusions, that will in a trice be as *Æsculapius* his Drugs, either *ad sanitatem*, or *mortem*, to health, or death: (such as *Hermocrates* was in the Poet, of whom *Andragoras* but dreaming in his sleep died ere morning, he stood in such fear of him: ) whereas in true Physick there is a time with Diet for Preparation, a time for Operation, another for Evacuation, and a time for Restauration; these cannot on a sudden be all performed without great hazard of the Patient's life, and the Agent's credit. But as it is a point of Wisdom not to approve of some, so it is a fondling's part to disallow all; chiefly so to stand in fear of all, as he did in *Agrippa*, who never saw the Physician, but he purged. And it is meer folly at an exigent, either not to crave the help of the Artist, or not to use a Physical Diet, if it be prescribed by Wisdom. We must not imagine, that any man in an extremity if he live *medicè*, that he lives *miserè*: For Physick in time of need, and a golden Diet, is the only means under Heaven to prolong the days of man, which otherwise would



would be abbreviated; I do not speak against the divine limitation. What saith the Schole of Diet,

*Pone gula metas, ut sit tibi longior aetas.*

*Esse cupis sanus? Sit tibi parca manus.*

Let meager Appetite be reason's Page,  
Let hunger act on Diet's golden stage:  
Let sparing bits go down with merriment,  
Long live thou then in th' Eden of content.

Thus the Verses are to be understood, though the covetous *Incuboes* of the World, who live, like *Tantalus*, *inter undas siticulosi*, have appropriated the sense to their own use, after a jesting manner, saying, it should not be *gula* but *auro*, referring also *parca manus* to *avaritia*.

*Pone auro metas, ut sit, &c.*

With iron lashes scourge thy gadding Gold,  
The sight of it revives thee being old;  
And wilt thou live in health, & merry cheer,  
Then live in wealth, & give not a deniere.

The allusion  
to *Martial*,  
where he  
says, *Cu-  
jus laxas  
area flagel-  
lat opes.*

So they will understand *parca manus*;

But this by the way: Temperance, and a Diet should be used in all things, lest that we leaving the golden mean, and with corrupted judgments imbracing the leaden extremity (kissing with *Ixion* a shadow for the substance, a meer Cloud for *Juno*) swimming, as it were, with the eddy, and current of our base humors, we do perish on the sea of voluptuousness, long before we come to our wished Port. But *Julian* the Apostate sayes in his *Misop.* "Ὀνομα σωφροσύνης ἀκρόμεν μόνον, ἔργον ἔχ' ὀρθῶμιλω, τί ποτ' ἔστιν ἐκ ἴσμων." We all are such Dullards, that we only hear of the Name of Temperance, but what value it is of, what happy effect it hath, we are altogether ignorant; at least we never use it. We be like to the *Athenians*, of whom *Anaximander* said, that they had good Laws, but used ill: we nurse Serpents in our own bosom, our vile affections, following their swing so long, till they sting us to death.

A Diet consists properly in a temperate use of Meats, and Drinks; secondarily of Sleep, *Venus*, Vesture, Mirth, and Exercise. First, we must observe a Diet in our Feeding, to eat no more then will suffice Nature, though at one time more then another,

ther, as the Proverb runs; A little in the Morning is enough; enough at Dinner is but little; a little at Night is too much: we must not at any time, or occasion, cram our Maws with *Persians* delicates, and glut our selves, like *Epicures*, with delicious Viands, not eat like the *Agrigentines*, of whom *Plato* says, 'Οι Ἀγραγιάντινοι οἰκοδομοῦσι μὲν ὡς αἰεὶ βιωσόμενοι, διαπνῶσι δὲ ὡς αἰεὶ τεθνήσκοντες. So *Alian* also testifies of them, *Agrigentini adificant quidem quasi semper vituri, convivantur quasi semper morituri*: They build as if they might ever live, and banquet as if they were always about to die. We must call to mind *Epietetus* his Saying, Τὰ ἐπὶ τὸ σῶμα, &c. we must use such things as serve our Bodies unto the use of our Souls, as Meat, Drink, Array, and the like: not to satisfy our bestial Appetite. Herein is our default in this, when we make our τροφή τρυφή, that is, *Diet* our *Surfeit*, as we spoke of some before. For Drinks, we must not like *Bowzers* carouse Bowl after Bowl to *Bacchus* his Deity, like the *Greacians*, not use smaller Cups in the beginning of our Banquet, more large and capacious Bowls at the later end. We must not, like *Lapithes*, drink our selves horn-mad. We must

not so highly account Wine as *Brito* did, who made his Stomach the Cask, or Wine-vessel, of whom *Vulcius* thus speaks ;

*So. Vulci-*  
*us in his 1.*  
*Hendecaf.* Brito tam pretiosa vina credit,  
Ut ventrem faciat cadum, à amphoramque.

So the Comedy, *Quasi tu lagenam dicas,*  
*Curcul. act. ubi vinum solet esse Chium.* *Palinurus* calls  
*3. scen. 1.* the old Wife a Flagon, or stone Bottle for Wine. We will, having so good an occasion to speak of so good a subject, incidently treat a little of Wine, of the virtues thereof, whether it be also good, and Diet-drink for all complexions. Suffer me a little *tam joco, quàm serio.* *Ὀινος*, Wine, saith *Plato* in his *Cratylus*, it comes of *ὀινήσις*, because it fills the mind with variety of opinion, and conceit, &c. *Fœcundi calices, quem, &c.* Or it is derived, *ἀπὸ τῆς ὀνήσεως*, of help, which *Homer* proves ----- *ὀνήσεαι αἶκε πίνεσαι.* It will help if thou drinkest it. That *Cyprian* Poet saith,

*Ὀινόγ τοι Μετέλαε, θεοὶ ποίησαν ἄριστον,*  
*Θητοῖς ἀνδρώποισιν ἀποσκεδάσαι μελεδῶνας.*

The Gods, O *Menelaus*, have given strong  
Wines

Wines unto mortal men to dispel cloudy cares. *Henry Stephane*, in the imitation of that old Verse in the Poet, thus speaks ;

*Nulla salus lymphis, vinum te poscimus omnes* *Henrycus*  
*A fig for Thales watery Element,* *Stephanus*  
*Lyæus Wine we crave, Wits adjument.* *in Parodiis*  
*luis.*

And for Wine, especially for larger draughts, *Clemens* says, a young man in the hot Meridian of his age ought to be abstemious: & he wills such an one to Diet sometimes with only dry things, and no moisture, much lesse distemperately hot, that so the superfluous humidity of his stomach may be vacuated. He shews also, that it is better (if a man do drink) to take Wine at Supper, then at Dinner, yet a little modicum *ἐμὲναι τῶν ὑπερῶν νεκρῶν, non ad contrarietate crateras.* And for old men they may use it more lavishly, by reason of their discrete reason, and age, wherewith as he speaks with a double Anchor cast into the quiet haven, they can more easily abide the brunt of the tempest of desires, which is raised by the floods of their ebriety.

Of all Complexions, the mean of Wine

is soveraign for the Phlegmatick, and helps the Melancholick; for the other two hotter, it little rather serves for Inflammation then Conservation. In both the first it helps Concoction, infuses a lively heat into the benumbed Faculties, cheers up the dull and drooping Spirits, puts to flight the sable night of fond Fancies, purges out the secular lees of Melancholy, refines, and purifies the inward parts, opens the obstructions of the veins, like *Medea's* drugs, makes one young again. It will make of a puling *Heraclitus* a laughing *Democritus*; and it will make of *Democritus* an *Heraclitus*.

On, weeping Heraclite, thou'rt dost frown,  
 Thou saist thy pattern's laughing Democrite,  
 But whilst thou laughst, th' tears fall trickling  
 Thou'rt then beholden unto Heraclite. (down,  
 God Baechus saist, tears he hath lent to thee,  
 More to set out thy mirth, and jollity.

*Papaver,*  
*vinū. man-*  
*dragoras*  
*sonnum*  
*provocant.*  
*Arist. De*  
*somn. & vi-*  
*gilia.*

ὄννος, &c. (saith *Zenophon*, in the place above mentioned) Wine lulls asleep the minds of men, and, like *Mandragoras*, mitigates sorrow, and anguish, and calms the roughest tempest of whatsoever more vehement Imagination sourgeth in any

man;

man; making him void of all perturbati-  
on, as *Creta* is free from infecting Poy-  
son. It is like the *Lapis Alchemicus*, the  
*Philosopher's Stone*, which can convert a  
leaden Passion into any golden sweet Con-  
tent: which Passion goeth chiefly hand in  
hand with Melancholy; they being com-  
bin'd, and linck'd together, like the *Gemelli*  
of *Hippocrates*, who never but by violence  
were disjoyned the one from the other.  
Wine is diversly tearmed of the *Poets*;  
The Wit's pure *Hippocrene*, the very  
*Heliconian* stream, or *Muses Fount*, where-  
in they bath their beautious Limbs, as in  
the trans-parene and limpid streams of *Para-  
dise*, or the *Galaxie*, or milky way it self,  
of them celestial Swimmers: It is an ex-  
tracted *Elixir*, a Balsame, a Quintessence,  
the *Ros-Solis* to recal the duller Spirits, that  
are fallen, as it were, into a swoon. In-  
vention, and smooth Utterance do follow  
*Bacchus*, as the *Heliotropium*, or *Caltha* is  
wont to move with the Sun: for, if the  
Wit be manacled in the Brain, as pent up  
in some closer Prison, or the Tongue have a  
Snail-like Delivery, her Speech seeming  
as afraid to encounter with the Hearer's  
Apprehension, Wine will make the one

as nimble-footed as *Heraclitus* was, who could run upon the tops of Ears of Corn without bending their Blades; and the other as swift as winged *Pegasus*, words flowing with so Extemporary a stream, that they will even astound the Hearer. Wine is another *Mercurius Caduceus*, to cause a sweet Concert, and Harmony in the Actions of the Soul, if it chance there be a mutiny, to charm ( being of the nature of the *Torpedo* ) and cast all molestation, and disunion into a dead sleep: as the Fife is wont to physick the Viper's sting; or as *Orpheus* his Hymn did once allay the *Argonauticks* storm: It is called of the Hebrews, יד ימינ, *Jaiin*, sayes one, quasi יד ימינ, *Jand-nephesh*, the hand of the Soul, or ימינ, *Jamin*, the right hand of the Mind, because it makes any conceit dexterical, one of the two things, for which a pregnant *Poet* (as imagine of *Homer*, *Naso*, or any other) especially is to be admired: as *Aristophanes* saith, who brings in *Aeschylus* asking of *Euripides*, Why a *Poet* ought to be had in so high esteem? who answered, ----- Δεξιότητος [ἔνεκα] καὶ ὑδασίας, That is, for his Dexterity of Wit, & his taxing, and disciplining the World with his all-daring Satyirical Pen: it makes

*Cornellus Agrip.*

*Aristoph.*  
*Rina. Act.*  
*4. Scen. 2.*



makes him right Eloquent, and speak with a  
ively grace,

*Quantum debes dulci facundia Baccho ?  
Ipse vel epoto Nectare Nestor ero.*

Fredericus  
Mille-ma-  
nus.

How much doth wit to Dithyrambus ow,  
Since after wine the ebbing<sup>s</sup> wit doth flow ?

It makes the Poet have an high strain  
of Invention in his Works, far beyond the  
vulgar vein of *Aqua potores*, Water-drink-  
ers. This invested Homer with a --- *Laudi-*  
*bus arguitur*, &c. The Muses are commen-  
ded for a --- *Vina oluerunt*, &c. Cato had  
his --- *Sape vero incaluit virtus*. This made  
the *Castalianist*, or Poet of yore, to be e-  
steemed, and termed --- the *A per se A* of all  
Artists, the *summa totalis* of Wit, the se-  
cond Dish, the Marmalade, and Sucket of  
the Muses, the God's *Nepenthe* of a Soul  
half-dead with Melancholy, the seven-  
mouth'd *Nilus*, or seven flowing *Euripus*  
of Faculty, the Load-stone of lively Con-  
ceit, the Paragon, Darling, and one Eye  
of *Minerva*, as *Lipsius* terms him. Yet  
Moderation is presupposed, for there is no  
thing, whose Eminence may not have an  
Incon-

Horat. Ep.  
lib. 1.

Car. lib. 5.

Od 21.

of a Poet's  
praise look

*Aeneas*  
*Sylvius*.

Inconvenience; as the *Lynx* hath a quick Eye, but a dull Memory; so the *Polypus* is *suavis ad gustum*, but *difficilis ad somnum*; and much more in things is their Inconvenience, whose Eminence is made Inconvenience. So much Wine ravisheth the taste, but bewitches, and stupifies all th' other senses, and the Soul it self. Take it sparingly, and it raps one up into an *Elysium* of diviner Contemplation, not intralling the Mind (as excess is wont) but endenizing it into an happy Freedom, and ample Liberty.

An *Apostrophe* to the Poet translated.

Then quēch thy thirst in th' Heliconian Spring  
 Unloose the Fetters of thy Prisoned Brain;  
 To let *Invention* caper once aloft,  
 In a *Lavoltoc's* imitation,  
 With *Ariosto's* nimble Genius,  
 Beyond a vulgar expectation.  
 Then mount to th' highest region of conceit,  
 And there appear to th' gazing multitude  
 A fiery Meteor, or a blazing Star,  
 Which hap may cause a penury of Wit  
 To those, that happily do gaze on it.

Nothing doth elaborate our Concoction  
 more

more then Sleep, Exercise, and Wine, say the Philosophers: but the Wine must be generosum, not vappa, it must not have lost his head. Three things note the goodness of Wine,

} Color, }  
 } Odor, }  
 } Sapor, }

*Si hæc tria habeat, tum COS dicitur ex prioribus literis harum præcedentium vocum;* Heidelbergus in his  
 hen is it pure, and the whetstone of a man's *Sphinx Philosophi-*  
 wit, when it hath a fresh Colour, a sweet ca.  
 uming Odour, and a good relishing Taste. *Vel Hebr. ׀ׁׂ׃*  
 hat there is a great help in it against Melan- *reiffa caliss non adul-*  
 holy, it may appear by Zeno the Crab-tree- *terat.*  
 ac'd Stoick, who was *ἄδὸν ἀπαδύς*, moved  
 with no Affection almost, but as soon as he  
 had tasted a Cup of Canary, he became of a  
 howling Stoick, a merry Greek. *Merum mæ-*  
 rorem adimit. Bacchus is a wise Collegian,  
 who admits merriment, and expels drieri-  
 ment: Sorrow carries too pale a visage, to  
 consort with his Claret Deity. But howso-  
 ever I have spoken largely of the praise of it,  
 and somewhat more merrily than perhaps  
 Gravity requireth; I wish all, as in all  
 Drinks, so in Wine especially, to observe a  
 Diet, for the Age, Complexion, Time of the  
 Year, Quantity, and every Circumstance.

There

There is also a Diet in Sleep; we must not reack our selves upon our Beds of Down, and snort so long,

*Indomitum quod desparare Falernum  
Sufficit, & quintâ dum linea tangitur umbra,*

Perfius.

De glire  
Tota mihi  
dormitur  
Hyems, &  
pinguis  
illo  
Tempore  
sum, quo me  
nil nisi so-  
mnus alit.

as would suffice us to sleep out our Surfeit, till high-noon. We must not imitate *Cornelius Agrippa's* Dormouse, of whom he reports, That she could not be awoke, till being boyled in a Lead, the Heat caused her to wake out of her sleep, having slept a whole Winter. We must not sleep with *Solomon's Fool*, who will never have enough, till he come to his long sleep: rather must we take the *Dolphin*, to be our pattern, who doth in sleeping alwayes move from the upper-brim of the Waters, to the bottom: or be like the *Lion*, which always moves his tayl in sleeping. *Aristotle*, as *Marsus* affirms, as others, both *Alexander the Great*, and also *Julian the Apostate*, were wont to sleep with a brazen Ball in their Fists, their Arms stretch'd out of Bed, under which there was plac'd a brazen Vessel, to the end that when through drowziness they began to fal asleep, the Ball of brass falling out of their hands on the same met-

al, the noise might keep them from sleep immoderately taken, which men of Renown, and Fame, do so greatly detest, as being an utter Enemy to all good exploits, and to the Soul it self. The Poet, *Julius Scaliger*, thus speaks of sleep, in the dispraise of it,

*Promptas hebetat somniculosa vita mentes,*  
*Vivū sepelit namq; hominē hac mortis imago*

Jul. Scal.  
lib. prima  
Epidorpidum.

Sleep dulls the sharpest Conceit; this image of Death buries a man quick. How we ought to demean our selves for sleep, what Beds are most fit to repose our Limbs upon, what quantity of Repast we must receive, as also the inconvenience, that redounds unto our Bodies by immoderate sleep; Excellent is that Chapter of *Clemens* in the second of his *Pedagog*. First, he adviseth us to shun *ἄνὰς ὑπνε μαλακότερες*, *Clemens, 2. pedagog. cap. 9.* Beds softer then sleep it self, affirming, 9. that it is dangerous and hurtful to lie on Beds of Down; our Bodies, for the softness thereof, *κατάμπει εἰς τὸ ἀχανὲς καταπλήκτων,* falling as it were, & sinking down into them, as into a vaste, gaping, and hollow pit: these Beds are so far from helping Concoction, that they enflame the Natiye Heat, and putrifie

putrifie the nourishment. Again, for sleep it must not be a resolution of the Body, but a remission; and, as he saith, --ἐπιεργιστῶν, ἀπονοσαστρέον, we must so sleep, that we may easily be awaked, which may easily be effected, if we do not over-ballast our Stomachs with superfluity, and too delicious viands.

The manner also of sleep must be duly regarded; to sleep rather open mouth'd than shut, which is a great help against internal Obstructions, which more ensweeteneth the Breath, recreateth the Spirits, comforteth the Brain, and more cooleth the vehement Heat of the Heart. Sleeping on our Back is very dangerous, and unwholesome, as all Physicians affirm, because it begetteth a superabundance of bad Humors, generates the Stone, is the cause of a Lethargy in the back-part of the Head, procureth the running of the Reins, especially if a man lie hot, as upon Feathers, which greatly impairs man's strength, and affects him with a vicious kind of soaking heat; it is also the means to bring the *Ephialtes*, which the Vulgar sort term the *Night-mare*, or the *riding of the Witch*; which is nothing else but a Disease proceeding

Of the  
*Ephialtes*,  
or the  
*Night-*  
*mare*.

ding of gross Phlegme in the Orifice of the Stomach, by long surfeit, which sends up cold vapours to the hinder Cells of the moistened Brain, and there by his grossness hinders the passage of the Spirits descending, which also causes him, that is affected, to imagine he sees something oppress him, and ly heavily upon him, when indeed the fault is in his brain, in the hinder part only; for if it were in, and had possession of the middle part, the Fancy should be hindred from imagining: which also seems to be tainted with darksome fumes, because it forms, and feigns to it self divers visions of things, which have no existence in verity, yet it is not altogether obscured: and it may be proved especially to lodge in that part, I mean in the head, because of the want of motion in that part chiefly. This Disease never takes any, but while they lie upon their backs. There is another Diet for *Venus*: we must not spend our selves upon common Curtizans; we must not be like Sparrows, which, as the Philosopher sayes, go to it eight times in an hour; nor like Pigeons, which twain are feigned of the Poets to draw the chariot of *Cytheraa* for their salacity; but rather like the stock-Dove, who is called *palumbes, quoniam parcit*  
 E *lumbis,*

*lumbis*, as contrary wise *columba*, quippe *colit lumbos*, because she is a venereous Bird. It were good to tread in *Carneades* steps for Chastity, and follow *Xenocrates* example, who, as *Frid. Millemanus* reports, was caused to lie with a Curtezan all night, for the tryal of his Chastity; whom the Curtezan affirmed in the morning, *Non ut hominem, sed ut stipitem propè dormisse*; not to have laid by her as a man, but as a stock.

Valer.

Max. and

Frid. Millemanus.

For our Exercise, wherein a Diet also is to be respected, it must neither be too vehement nor too remiss: *ad ruborem, non ad sudorem*, to heat, not sweat. There be two other, the one of Nutriment, the other of Attire, which are in Phylick to be had in account; which for brevity I pass over, *mallem enim*, as he saith, *in minimo peccare, quam non peccare in maximo*. But note here, that the first Diet is not only in avoiding superfluity of Meats, and surfeit of Drinks, but also in eschewing such, as are most obnoxious, and least agreeable with our happy temperate state: as for a Cholerick man to abstain from all salt, scorched dry Meats, from Mustard, and such like things, as will aggravate his malignant Humor, all hot Drinks, & enflaming Wines: For a Sanguine to refrain from all Wines,

Exercise

Food

Be cautious



because they engender superfluous blood, which without evacuation will breed either the Frenzy, the Hemorrhoids, *sputum sanguinis*, dulness of the Brain, or any such disease. For Phlegmatick men to avoid all thin Rheumatick Liquors, cold Meats, and slimy, as Fish, and the like, which may beget Crudities in the Ventricle, the Lethargy, Dropsies, Cathars, Rheumes, and such like. For a Melancholick man in like manner, to abandon from himself all dry and heavy Meats, which may bring an accrement unto his sad humor; so a man may in time change, and alter his bad Complexion into a better. We will therefore conclude, that it is excellent for every complexion to observe a diet, that thereby the Soul, this Heavenly created form, seeing it hath a Sympathy with the body, may execute her Functions freely, being not molested by this terrestrial Mass, which otherwise will be a burthen ready to suppress the Soul.



MS.  
 2  
 mgot  
 .  
 colly V  
 quibus  
 1 23 17 18  
 18 q 23  
 . 18 23 17

## CAP. V.

How man derogates from his Excellency by  
Surfeit, and of his untimely Death.

SEE  
Faint  
Religio

**A**S Nature's workmanship is not little in the greatest, so it may be great in the least things: there is not the abjectest, nor smallest Creature under the Firmament, but would astonish, and amaze the beholder, if he duly consider in it the divine Finger of the universal Nature. Admirable are the Works of Art even in lesser things. Ἐστὶ γὰρ ἐν ὀλίγῳ πολλαὶ δεξιότητες, *Little Works show forth great Artificers.* The image of Alexander mounted upon his Courser was so wonderfully portrayed out, that being no bigger then might well be covered with the nail of a Finger, he seemed both to jerk the Steed, and to strike a terrour and amazement into the beholder. The whole *Iliades* of Homer were comprized into a compendious Nut-shell, as the Oratour mentions; and *Martial*, in the second of his *Distichs*. The *Rhodes* did carve out a Ship, in every point absolute, and yet so little, that the wings of a Fly might easily hide the whole ship.

*Mart. Ilias  
& Priami  
regnis,  
twinicis  
Vlyfles  
Multiplici  
pariter con-  
dita pelle  
jacens.*

*Phydias*

*Phidias* merited great praise for his Scarabee, his Grasshoper, his Bee; of which saith *Julian*, every one, though it were fra-<sup>Julian in an</sup> med of Brass by nature, yet his Art did add <sup>Epistle to</sup> a life, and soul unto it. None of all these <sup>Georgius,</sup> Works, though admirable in the eye of eun-<sup>the Bishop</sup> of <sup>Alexan-</sup> dria. ning it self, may enter into the lists of com-  
 pare with the least living thing, much less with that heavenly work of Works, nature's surquedry, and pride, that little World, the true pattern of the divine Image, Man, who, if he could hold himself in that perfection of Soul, and temperature of Body, in which he was framed, and should by right preserve himself, excels all Creatures of the inferiour Orbs, from the highest unto the lowest: yet by distempering his Soul, and mis-dieting his Body inordinately by surfeit, and luxury, he comes far behind many of the greatest, which are more abstinent, and some of the less Creatures, that are less continent. Who doth more excel in Wisdom then he? Who is more beautified with the Ornaments of Nature? more adorn'd with the adjuncts of Art? endowed with a greater sum of Wit? Who can better presage of things to come by Natural Causes? Who hath a more filed Judgement? A Soul more active,  
 so

so furnish'd with all the Gifts of Contem-  
 plation? Who hath a deeper insight of  
 knowledge both for the Creator, and Crea-  
 ture? Who hath a Body more sound, and  
 perfect? Who can use so special means to  
 prolong his days in this our earthly Para-  
 dise? And yet we see that for all this excel-  
 lency, and super-eminence, through a dis-  
 temperate life, want of good advice, and  
 circumspection, by embracing such things as  
 prove his bane (yea sometimes in a bravery)  
 he abridges his own days, pulling down un-  
 timely death upon his own head: he never  
 bends his study and endeavour to keep his  
 body in the same model, and temper, that it  
 should be in. Man's life, saith *Aristotle*, is  
 upheld by two Staffs; the one is θερμότης, na-  
 tive heat; the other is, ὑγρότης, radical moi-  
 sture. Now, if a man do not with all care  
 seek to observe an equal portion, and mix-  
 ture of them both, so to manage them, that  
 the one overcome not the other: the body  
 is like an instrument of Musick, that, when  
 it hath a discordancy in the strings, is wont  
 to jar, and yields no melodious and sweet  
 Harmony: to go unto the Philosopher's  
 own Simile. Our heat is like the flame of a  
 burning Lamp; the moisture like the foison,

*Aristotle* in  
 his book  
*De Longi-  
 tudine &  
 Brevitate  
 vitæ.*

or Oyl of the Lamp, wherewith it continues burning. As in the Lamp if there be not a symmetrie, and a just measure of the one with the other, they will in a short time, the one of them destroy the other. For if the heat be too vehement, and the Oyl too little, the latter is speedily exhausted; and if the Oyl be too abundant, and the heat too remis, the fire is quickly suffocated. Even so it fares with these two in the body of man, man must strive against his Appetite with reason to shun such things as do not stand with reason; whatsoever will not keep these in their equality of dominion, must be avoided; unless we will basely subject our selves to fond desire, which is (as we say) ever with Child. To what end is Reason placed in the Head as in her Tower, but that she may Rule over the Affections, which are scituated far under her? Like *Aeolus*, whom *Virgil* feigneth to sit in an high Turret, holding the Scepter, and appeasing the turbulent Winds, which are subject unto him. Thus *Maro* describes him,

-----celsâ sedet *Aeolus* arce, (iras.  
Sceptra tenens, mollâtq; animos, & temperat

*Advice*  
 We must especially bridle our untamed Appetite in all luxury, and surfeit, which will suddenly extinguish our Natural flame, and suck-up the Native Oyl of our lively Lamp e're we be aware, and die long before the compleat Age of man, as many most excellent men we read of have brought a violent death upon themselves, long before the leaf of their life was expired, though not by that means; for Death is of two sorts, either natural, or violent. Violent, as when by surfeit, by mis-diet, by sword, by any sudden accident, a man either dies by his own hand, or by the hand of another; this is that death, whereof *Homer* speaks,

Ἐπεὶ δὲ πορφύρεα θάνατος ἢ μοῖρα κερταίμ.

*Cepit illum purpurea mors & violenta Parca.*

He died suddenly by one forcible stroke. So purple Death is to be understood, of *Purpurea*, or *Murex*, the purple Fish, who yields her purple-dying humor, being but once struck, as they that be learned know; for this accidentary Death instance might be given of many.

*Anacreon* died, being choak'd with a kernel

*Anacreon*  
 to the  
 lock

nel of a Raifon: *Empedocles* threw him-  
 self into *Aetna's* flakes to eternize his Me-  
 mory: *Euripides* was devour'd by *Thracian*  
 Curs: *Aeschylus* was kill'd with a Tortoise-  
 shell, or ( as some write ) with a Desk, that  
 fell upon his head whilst he was Writing :  
*Anaximander* was famish'd to death by the  
*Athenians*: *Heraclitus* died of a dropfie be-  
 ing wrap'd in Oxen dung before the Sun :  
*Diogenes* died by eating raw *Polypus*: *Lucre-  
 tia* sheathed her Knife in her own bowels,  
 to renown her Chastity : *Regulus*, that wor-  
 thy Roman mirrour, rather then he would  
 ansome his own life by the death of many,  
 suffered himself to be rowled to death in a  
 hogshed full of sharp nails : *Menander* was  
 drown'd in the *Pyraean* Haven, as *Ovid* in  
 his *Ibis* witnesseth : *Socrates* was poysoned  
 with Chill *Cicuta* : *Homer* starv'd himself  
 for anger, that he could not expound the  
 Riddle, which the Fishers did propound un-  
 to him. When he demanded what they had  
 got, they answered,

Ὅσα ἔλομεν λιπόμεθα, ἅσ' ἔχ' ἔλοιμεν φερόμεθα.

Plutarch.

What we have taken, we have left behind,  
 What's not taken, about us thou maist find.

Eupolis

*Eupolis* the Poet was drown'd, &c.

For a Natural death, every man knows, it is when by the course of Nature a man is come to the full period of his Age, so that with almost a miracle a man can possibly live no longer: as all those *decrepits*, whom *Plautus* calls *sibicornii*, *capularii*, *senes Acheruntici*, all old men, that dying are likned to Apples, that being mellow fall of their own accord from the trees. Such an one as *Numa Pompilius* was, the Predecessour of *Tullus*

*Dionysius*  
*Halicarnas-*  
*sus*, lib. 2.  
*Antiq. Ro-*  
*man.* So  
*Abraham*  
*experavit*  
*in canitie*  
*bona, senio*  
*faturo; Ge-*  
*nes. xxv. 8.*

*Hostilius* in his Kingdom, whom *Dionysius Halicarnassens* highly praised for his Virtues; at length coming to speak of his death, sayes, "But first, he lived long with perfect sense, never Unfortunate; & he ended his days with an easie Death, being withered away with Age: which end happens more late unto the Sanguine, then to any other Complexion; and the soonest comes upon a Melancholick Constitution.

Few die Naturally, but wise men, who know their tempers well. Many die violently by themselves, like fools, who have no insight into themselves; especially by this great fault of Surfeit, partly by the ignorance of their own state of Complexion, and partly the eyes of their Reason being blind-folded

by



by their lascivious wantonness, and luxury, amidst their greatest jollity.

For variety of Meats, and dainty dishes, are the Nurses of great Surfeits, and many dangerous Diseases. To the which that Speech of *Lucian* is suitable; where he saith, that Gouts, Tificks, Exulcerations of the Lungs, Dropsies, and such like, which in rich men usually are resident, are, Πολυτέλων δαίπνων ἀπόγονα, the off-spring of sumptuous Banquets: so also did *Antiphanes* the Physician say, as we read in *Clemens*.

Surfeit is an over-cloying of the Stomach with Meats, and Drinks properly, which hinder the second Concoction, and there fester, and putrefie, corrupting the Spirits, infecting the blood, and other internal parts, to the great weakning, and infeebling of the body, and often to the separation of the soul: improperly of Anger, *Venus*, and the like. All which in a Parode, imitating *Virgil*, we may set down, but chiefly touching Surfeit;

à sedibus imis

Vnà ardor, luxūsque; flunnt, & crebra procellis,  
Dira Venus, mæstos generat in corpore luctus:  
Corporis insequitur tabes funesta, vaporum  
Nubes

*Arvid*  
*Sacely*

*Lucian, in*  
*his Somniis*

or *Gallus,*

*Clemens,*

*Pædag. 2.*

*cap. 1.*

In hoc alu-  
sum est ad

verbe,

Acist.

αι κλον

αι αιδους

αυτην

[νασερα]

δρακαυου-

γισον.

νεγαπιαν.

Clemens, v.

Paalag. cap.

2.

Isocrate to

Demonicus.

clever

at a

Drunk

stiff

Nubes obtenebrant subito sensuq; animu<sup>m</sup>q;  
Fumantis crapulae cerebro nox incubas atra:

\* In tonuere exta, & crebris angoribus algens,

Infans tamque gulosa intectant ilia mortem.

Of all Sins, this Gluttony, and Gorman-  
dizing putrifieth, and rottech the body, and  
greatly disableth the Soul; it is termed

crapula of κτρα, and πάλω, of shaking the  
Head; because it begets a Resolution of the

Sinews by Cold, bringing a Palsie. Or for  
this, when Nature is overcharged, and the

Stomach too full (as he saith in his *Theatre*  
*du monde*) all the Brains are troubled in such

fort, that they cannot execute their functi-  
ons as they ought. For as *Isocrates* writes,

The Mind of man being corrupted with ex-  
cess, and Surfeit of Wine, he is like unto a

Chariot running without a Coach-man. This  
fault of Luxury was in *Sardanapalus*, whose

belly was his God, and God his Enemy: in  
*Vitellius*, who had served unto him at one

Feast 2000 Fishes, and 7000 Birds: in *He-*  
*liogabalus*, that Centre of all dainties, who

at one Supper was served with 600 Ostrich-  
es: in *Maximianus*, who did eat every

day 40 pound of flesh, and drink 5 gallons  
of Wine. Concerning ravenous eaters lear-

ned

ned *Athenus* is abundant, and copious. This no doubt was in the Priests of *Babylon*, who worshipped God *Bell* only for God belly. Great was the abstinence of *Aurelianus* the Emperour, who when he was sick of any malady (as *Fl. Vopiscus* records) never called for any Phyfician, but alwayes cured, and recovered himself by a sparing thin Diet. Such temperance is to be used of all them, that have judgement to expel, and put to flight all dyscrasies, and diseases whatsoever, lest by not preventing that in time, which will ensue, we be so far spent, that it is too late to seek for help.

But all too late comes th' Eleſuary,  
When men the corse unto the grave do carry. *Chaucer*  
of *Troilus*.

*Ecquid opus Cratere magnos promittere montes*, if thou would'st give whole mountains for the Phyfician's help, all's too late, Echin. look  
sithence thou art past cure. Let Judgment, *Oppian,*  
and discretion therefore stay thy fond affecti- *Plin. Fra-*  
ons, and lusts; let them be like the little Fish *castor. AE-*  
*lian, &c.*  
*Echinis*, or *Remora*, which will cause the It hath his  
mightiest *Atalantado*, or highest ship to name  
stand still upon the surging waves: so thou *ἀπό τῆ*  
must stay the great Ship of thy desire in the *ἔχει τὸς*  
*ῥαῦς.*  
Ocean

Ocean of worldly pleasures, lest, it going on, thou make shipwrack of thy Life, and good Name.

Whosoever prophesieth thus, fore-tel-  
leth truth; yet he is accounted vain and too  
sharp unto the *Epicures* of our age, as who-  
soever in any Prophesie. So *Euripides*, or  
rather *Tiresias* in *Euripides* his *Phœnissæ*  
saith,

Ὅσις δ' ἐμπύρω χράται τέχνη,  
Μάταια. ἢν γὰρ ἔχθρα σκῆνας τύχη.  
Πικρὸς καθέσκη, οἷς ἀν' ὑπνοσκοπή.

The Poet *Persius* is this Prophet, that  
fore-tells of death, & a sudden end to them,  
that are given to Luxury, and Surfeit;

*Turgidus his epulis atque albo ventre lavatur*  
*Gutturè sulphureas lentè exhalante mephites*  
*Sed rremor inter vina subit, calidumq; triental*  
*Excutit è manibus, de mes crepuère retecti,*  
*Uncta cadunt laxis tunc pulmentaria labris:*  
*Hinc tuba, candela, tandèmq; beatulus alto*  
*Compòstus lecto, crassiq; litatus amomis, &c.*

With Surfeit's tympany he ginning swell,  
All wan est lavers in Saint Buxton's well:

He

He breathing belketh out such sulphare airs  
 As Sun exhales from those Egyptian mares.  
 deth's shudring fit, while quaffing he doth stād  
 With chilness smites the bowl out of his hand:  
 Grinning with all discovered teeth he dies,  
 And vomits up his Oyly Crudities.

Hence is't the solemn doleful Cornet calls,  
 And dimmer Tapers burn at Funerals:  
 At length his vehement malady being calmed,  
 In's hollow tomb with spice he lies embalmed.

But Cassandra may Prophecie of the  
 sacking of the City, and bid the Trojans be  
 warned of the wooden horse, as Tryphiodorus  
 speaks, *τέξεται ἄβριμος ἵππος*, and some will  
 step out as Priam did, too fond in that, yea  
 not a few, & will cry with him, *Frustrā no-  
 bis vaticināris*, Tut, thou art a false Prophet,

οὐπω σοι κέρμυκε νόσος λυσιώδει νόσῳ.

Wil't never be tyred, nor cured of this  
 Phrenetical disease. But was not (thou *Epi-  
 cure*) the Cyclops his eye put out, as *Telemus  
 Eurymid*, prophesied unto him, yet the Cy-  
 clops (as the Poet witnesseth) laugh'd him  
 to scorn.

Risit,

*Risit, & O vatum stolidissime, falleris, inquit.*

He laugh'd in's sleeve, and said to Telemus,  
Fondling, thou erreſt, thus in telling us.

Thou, that art Wise, *Telemus* ſpeaks to thee, that, being fore-warned, thou maiſt be fore-arm'd. By Phyſicking thy ſelf thou mayeſt live with the feweſt, and out-live the moſt. Be not addicted to this foul Vice of Gaſtrimargiſm, and belly-chear, like *Smyndyrides*, who when he rid a ſuiter to *Clyſthenes* his Daughter, carried with him a thouſand Cooks, as many Fowlers, and ſo many Fiſhers, ſaith *Ælian*, although *Athenaus* ſay he carried wth him but an hundred of all. This *Smyndyrides* was ſo given to Meat, Wine, and Sleep, that he brag'd he had not ſeen the Sun either Riſing, or Setting, in twenty years, (as the ſame Author reports) when it is to be marvelled how he in that diſtemper could live out twenty. We muſt not, like the Paraſite, make our Stomachs *cœmeterium ciborum*, leſt we make our Bodies *ſepulchra animarum*. *Dum os delectatur condimentis, anima necatur comedentis*: Gregory out of *Ludolphus*.

*Athenaus  
in Deipno-  
ſophiſt.*

Too much doth blunt the edge of the  
 sharpest Wit, dazle, yea, wholly extinguish  
 the bright and clear beams of the Under-  
 standing, as *Theopompus*, in the Fifth of his  
*Phil.* reports: yea, it doth so fetter, and cap-  
 tivate the Soul in the darksome prison of  
 discontentedness, that it never can enjoy  
 any pure Air to refresh it self, till it by con-  
 straint be enforced to break out of this rui-  
 nous Gaol, the distempered and ill-affected  
 body: which will in a moment come to pass,  
 if a man be inclined to Luxury, the sudden  
 shortner of the days. I would wish, that  
 every one, that hath wisdom, could use absti-  
 nence as well as they know it; but it is to  
 be feared, that they, that never have attain-  
 ed to that pitch of Wisdom, use abstinence  
 more, though they know it less.

*Athenæus*  
 in the 4 of  
 his *Deip-*  
*nosophist.*

## CAP. VI.

## Of Temperaments.

WE must know, that all Natural Bodies have their Composition of the mixture of the Elements, Fire, Air, Water, Earth. Now they are either equally poys'd according to their weight, in their Combination, as just so much of one Element, as there is of another, throughout the *quaternio*, or whole number; as imagine a *Duplum*, *Quadruplum*, or *Decuplum* of Earth, so much just of Fire, as much of Air, and the like quantity of Water, and no more: then they be truly balanceed one against another in our understanding; when there are as many degrees of heat, as of cold; of driness, as of moisture. Or they be distemperate, or unequal, yet measured by worthiness, where one hath dominion over another; as in Beasts, that live upon the center, Earth and Water do domineer: in Fowls commonly Air and Fire are predominant. Or thus, where the true Qualities are inherent, and rightly given unto their proper Subjects:



Subjects: as in the Heart well-tempered Heat consists: Moisture rules in the Brain, having his true temper: Cold in the Fat: Driness in the Bones. The first is termed *Euxaolia*, or *Temperamentum ad pondus*, which is found in none, though they have never so excellent & surpassing a temperature; and is only imaginary, yet in some sort held to be extant by *Fernelius*. The other is called *Temperamentum ad justitiam*, which distributes every thing its own, according to the equity of parts. Of the predominion of any Element, or rather the qualities of the Element, the Complexion hath his peculiar Denomination: as if the Element of Fire be Chieftrain, the Body is said to be Choleric: if Air bear rule, to be Sanguine: if Water be in his vigour, the Body is said to be Phlegmatick: if Earth have his dominion, to be Melancholick. For Choler is hot and dry; Blood, hot and moist; Water, cold and moist: Earth, cold and dry. These four Complexions are compared to the four Elements; secondly, to the four Planets, *Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Luna*; then to the four Winds; then to the four Seasons of the year; fifthly unto the 12 Zodiacal Signs, in whose are four Triplicities; lastly, to the four

Ages of man : all which are here deciphered,  
and limned out in their proper Orbs.

But, to square my words according to the vulgar eye, there be nine Temperatures, that are blazond out among the Physicians; four Simple, according to the four first Qualities, Heat, Drincis, Moisture, Coldness; the other four be Compounded, as hot and dry, hot and moist, cold and moist, &c. The contrarieties be in no body according to their eminence & valour, but only comparatively: as hot and cold is agreeable to no nature, according to their predominances, dry and moist competent to none, not in the height of their degrees: for as, in Political affairs, one Kingdom, or State cannot brook two Monarchs, or Compeers, as *Lucan* saith, *Omnis que potest as Impatiens consortis erit, &c.* No Potentate admits an equal: yea, through civil garboils, and mutinies, their eager contention ruinate, and often dissolves the sinewes of the Common-weal: so happens it in the natural body; where the Qualities are equaliz'd in strength, there must needs be action and re-action, a buffling and struggling together so long, till there be a conquest of the one, which no doubt will soon dissever the parts, and rend in sunder the whole

whole Compound: yet these twain may, (I mean driness and moisture, or cold and hot) be competent to the same Subject by comparing them with others in other Subjects; as man is both hot and cold, but in regard of such bodies, as are of a cold Constitution, as in regard of the Femal sex, which abounds with moisture: Hot in compare with an Ass, which is reported, among the Philosophers, to be of an exceeding cold Constitution, which may evidently appear by his slow pace, by shoes made of his skin, by that chill Water of the *Arcadian Monachris*, which for the extream coldness cannot be contained in any vessel, save the Hoof of an Ass. Man is hot, in comparing him with the *Salamander*, the *Torpedo*, and the *Pirauta*; Cold, in respect of the *Lion*, the *Struthio-camel* or *Ostridge*, which will concoct Iron, or Leather; the *Cock Sparrow*, *Pigeon*, and *Dog*: and these are rather to be termed Distemperaments.

The ninth and the last is called *temperamentum ad pondus*, of which we spake erst, & is not in any, but only in Conceit. But how every Temperature is good, or bad, and how their mixtures imply an excellent and healthful, or diseased estate: as if in man's

body the chief valour of Fire concur with the tenuity of Water ; or the grossest substance of Water with the purest tenuity of Fire be conjoynded, or the strength and quintessence of Fire with the thickest part of humour ruling in one ; or the purest and rarest parts of fire, with the thinnest and clearest substance of Water : what temperature all these import, look *Hipocrates* in his Book *De victus ratione. lib. 1. sect. 4.* A temper also as it is usually taken, may be referred to the equal proportion of radical heat, to inbred moisture, when they are like powerful, to the excellency, and purity of the blood, to the subtilty of the spirits, to a supple, soft, and tender skin, to mollified and smooth hairs, to the amiable and beautiful feature, to affability, and gracious delivery of Speech, to a buxom, pliable, and refined Wit, to a wise moderation of anger, to the vassalizing of the rebellious affections ; all which when we see to jump together in one, or the most of them, we say that man, or that body hath a most happy temper, a rare composition, a sweet complexion.

## CAP. VII.

Of diversities of Wit: and most according  
to Tempers.

**P**liny makes mention of King *Pyrrhus*,  
that he had a little precious Pearl of  
diverse resplendent Colours, commonly  
termed the *Achates* of our skilful *Lapida-*  
*ries*. Wherein were admirably coaduna-  
ted the nine *Heliconian Ladies*, and *A-*  
*pollo* holding his golden Harp. Our Soul,  
that Princely *Pyrrhus*, or *πυρὸς ῥόμη*, that  
*igneus vigor*, the quintessence, or virtue of  
Heaven's fire, as the Poets call it, hath this  
rare gem, as an *Achates*, daily to consort with  
it; wherein is not only a Bower for the *Ma-*  
*ses* to disport themselves in, but also an Har-  
bour for wise *Apollo* to lodge in, to wit, our  
acute, pleasant, and active wit, which can  
apparel it self with more variable Colours,  
and suit it self with more Resemblances,  
then either the *Chamæleon*, or *Polypus*; and  
like an industrious Bee, taking her flight in-  
to the fragrant fields of *Minerva*, can ga-  
ther such Hony-suckle from the sweetest  
flowers

flowers, as may feast with delicious dainties the hungry ears of the attentive Auditors, if they deign but to let their ears (as once divine *Plato's* mouth was) be the Hives or Cells, wherein to store up their Honey-combs; if they will suffer them to be as vessels, ready to receive, and entertain the *Nectar-flowing* words of Wit. It is called among the Grecians *Ἐπιφύα*, and he that's possessed of it, is termed *Ἐπιφύος*, excelling in active nature, acute, having a quick insight into a thing, a lively conceit of a thing: that can invent with ease such witty Policies, quirks, and stratagems, as he, that is not of so sharp a wit, would even admire, never can compass. It hath his seat in *intellectu agente*, in the Active Understanding, which doth offer the *species* and *ideas* of Objects to the Passive, thereto be discerned, and judged of according to their real essence.

As divers, and the most are endowed with wits, so most wits are divers in nature. There is a *Simian*, or apish wit; an *Arcadian* wit; a *Roscian* wit; a *scurril* wit; an *Enigmatical* wit, an *obscene* wit; an *Antolycan*, or embezel'd wit; a *Chance-medley* wit; and lastly, there is a *smirk*, quick, and *dexterical* wit. They, that have the first, do only imitate,

Nine kind  
of Wits usual  
at this  
day.

I.

rate, and do apishly counterfeit, and resemble a Poet, or an Oratour, or any man of excellency in any thing: yet can they never climb up to the top of Poetry, whither his wit aspired, whom they do imitate; and as it was once said, That it is impossible to get to the top of *Pythagoras* his Letter, without *Craesus* his golden ladder; intimating, that

*Haud facile emergunt*

*Quorum virtutibus obstat res angusta domi:*

*No Eagle proves he, but a silly Wren,*

*That soars without an Angel's golden pen.*

That Learning cannot climb without golden steps; so they can never attain to his high strain with their base leaden invention, but are constrained either foolishly to go on unto the *Catastrophe*, or with disgrace, and infamy (being tired in the race of their own fancies) to make a full period, long before the *Catastrophe*. Thus *Accius Labeo* was an apish imitator of *Homer*. An *Arcadian* wit is meant of him, *cum sono intempestivo rudit asellus*, when a man imagins he sings harmoniously, or the *Nightingals* sugared Notes, or like one of *Cham's* Swans, when indeed he proves no Swan, but rather a silly Swain.

*Ledæos strepit anser ut inter olores.*

He is like a loud Sack-but, intermedled with

Plut. De  
solert, au-  
mat.

with still Musick; he braves like an *Arca-  
dian* Ass, he is conceited without reason, as  
he was, who among the devout Offerings to  
the Egyptian *Ox*, *Apis*, or *Scrapis*, offered up  
a great bottle of Hay. Or when a man is wic-  
ty like *Plutarch's* Ass, not considering the  
infortunate event his wit will have. *Plu-  
tarch* tells of a pretty Jest; An Ass chanc'd  
to pass through a fresh River laden with Salt,  
which being deep, the Water melted much  
of the Salt in the sacks; which the Ass per-  
ceiving, that he was much lightned of his  
burden; the next time he came that way,  
the Water not being so high, the Ass wittily  
couch'd down to ease himself of his weight:  
whose Policy the Master espying; after-  
ward revenged on this manner, lading the  
Ass with Wool, and Sponges; who, accord-  
ing to his wont, did dip the Sacks as before  
in the Water; but when he came out, he  
felt his load far more aggravated, in so  
much it made him groan again: wherefore  
ever after he was wary, lest his Pack might  
touch the Water never so little. This is also  
called *Mother-wit*, or *foolish-wit*, or *no wit*;  
like that, which was in a certain Country-  
Gentleman, whom the Queen of *Arabia*  
meeting, and knowing him to be a man of



no great Wisdom, demanded of him when his Wife should be brought a bed? who answered, Even when your Highness shall command. Such a Wit was in the Rustick, of whom we read in *The Courtier*, That he meeting a herd of Goats by the way, and espying one of them amongst the rest to have a longer Beard than any of the rest, he wondring at the gravity of the Goat, as presently amazed, he stood stock still, & cried, Lo Sirs, me thinks this Goat is as wonderful like Saint Paul, as ever I saw. A *Roscian* wit is only in Gesture; when one can far more wittily express a thing by dumb external action, then by a lively internal invention; more by gestures, then jests. This was in that *Pantomimical Roscius*, who could vary a thing more by gesture, then either *Tully* could by Phrase, or he by his witty Speeches.

Cler. De  
Aulico.

3.

The fourth Wit belongs to *Pantalabus*: a *scurrile* wit, that jests upon any, howsoever, when, and wheresoever, contrary to all Urbanity; as he that jested illiberally upon the *Chorus* of Goddesses in *Aristophanes*. It was in *Sextus Nevius*, whom *Tully* mentions; it was also in *Philippus* the Jester, who said in *Zenophon*, Because laughter is out of request,

4.

Sirepsiad.  
in Aristop.  
his Nubes.

Xenophon  
in his Con-  
vivium.

5.

request, my Art goes a begging: ἕτε δ' ἐγὼ γὰρ  
σπεύδωσαν ἀνδραϊμνημᾶλλον, ἢ περ εἰθάναι θ' γνώσει.  
I can be as soon immortal, as speak in earnest.

An *Enigmatical Wit* is when one strives to speak obscurely, and yet all the light of his own Reason, or others, cannot illuminate the dark sense; yet oftentimes by a witty apprehension it may relish a filed, and smooth wit. This was in *Tertius Caballus*, who coming into *Cicero's* Schole, *Seneca* being then also present, he on a sudden brake out into these speeches, *Si Thrax ego essem, Fusius essem; si Pantomimus, Barbillus; si equus, Menafon*: to which *Seneca* answered the Fool according to his folly, in these words, *Si cloaca esses, magnus esses.*

6.

The *Obscene Wit* is when a man uses too broad a Jest, when his Conceit relishes not in a chaste ear; as oftentimes *Martial*, who said, *Nolo castrari meos libellos*; as *Ansonius*, *Petronius*, *Catullus*, and *Persius* in one place especially, though wisely interpreted of the learned. It is in them, who think their Wit, & Poetry never sound well till that, *cum v-  
mina lumbum intrant*, &c. which is to be accounted the Canker-worm of true Wit, and altogether reprovèable in any Poet, though his Jest be never so witty.

Yet

Yet *Catullus* speaks in the Apologie of  
his fault,

*Nam castum esse decet*

*Pium Poëtam ipsum,*

*Versiculos ejus nil necesse est, &c.*

For it behooves a Poet himself to be vir-  
tuous and chaste; for his verses it is not so  
greatly matterial. So in another place,

*Lasciva est nobis pagina, vita proba.*

What if my Page be lascivious, so that  
my Life be not scandalous? Yet *Scaliger*  
wisely replies against this fonder speech, say-  
ing,

*Audens in honestis numeris fundere versus,* Jul. Scal.  
*Ausiq; pudicis quasi maculas dare impudi-* lib. 5. Epi-  
*asciva quasi pagina sit, vita probata: (cas,* dorpidum.  
*impurus erit, quod habet vas, fundere suevit.*

Which is, He, that presumes with his  
daring Quill to put forth lewd Pam-  
phlets, amorous Love-songs, and Wanton  
legies, to set up a venerous Schole; blur-  
ring and staining the pure unspotted Name  
of the *Muses*, with his impure blemishes of  
art: let him sing a Fool a Mass, and tell me  
that his Life is untainted, though his Lines  
be lecherous: he is a mere Pander, a Bawd  
of all villany. The Vessel being veated,  
and broach'd, tells the taste what Liquor  
issueth

issueth from it. But notwithstanding I confess, a pure, chaste, and undefiled Mind is not allured to sin by these pleasing Poetical baits: they are no incentives unto him; any-wise to make him be entangled in the nets of inveigling Venerly; a stable mind can not be moved, or shaken with these blasts of vanity; it may say with *Lipsius* concerning *Petronius Arbitr*, *foci ejus me delectant, urbanitas capit, cetera nec in animo, nec in moribus meis majorem relinquunt labem, quam solet in flamine vestigium cymba*. His lively Conceit revives my drooping heart, his pleasant fair speech ravishes, and enchants me; for his Ribaldry, it leaves no more impression in my memory, than a floating bark is wont to leave behind in the stream. These are the words so near as I can call them to mind; but for most Natures they are prone to vice, and like the *Chameleon*, ready to take a colour of every subject they are resident on.

An *Antolycan* Wit, is in our thred-bare humorous Cavalieroes, who, like chap-fallen Hackneys, feed at others rack, and manger never once glutting their minds with the heavenly Ambrosia of Speculation, whose Brains are the very Brokers-shops of all

ragged

*Petronius  
Arbitr*

*given to  
Lipsius  
in words  
exception*

ragged inventions; or rather their Heads be the Block-houses of all cast and out-cast pieces of Poetry. These be your *Pick-hatch* Curtezan wits, that merit (as one jests upon them) after their Decease, to be carted in *Charles-wain*. They be termed not *laureat*, but Poets *loreat*, that are worthy to be jerk'd with the lannes of the wittiest *Epigrammatists*. These are they, that, like to roving *Dunkirks*, or robbing Pirates, sally up and down in the Printer's Ocean, wasted to and fro with the inconstant wind of an idle light brain; who (if any new Work, that is lately come out of Press, as a Bark under sayl, fraught with any rich Merchandize, appear unto them) do play upon it oft with their silver pieces, board it incontinently, ransack it of every rich Sentence, cull out all the witty Speeches they can find, appropriating them to their own use; to whom for their wit we will give such an applause, as once *Homer* did unto *Autolycus*, who praised him highly,

— κλεπτοσύνη θ' ὄρατε.

*Homer* in  
his 8. *Iliad*.

For cunning Theevery, and for setting a jolly acute accent upon an Oath.

The next is a *Chance-medly* Wit, which is in him, that utters a Conceit now and then,

8.

at

ut *Elephantés pariunt*, and when he is delivered of it, as of a fair youngling, or rather a foul fondling, that broke out of the *Meninges* of his Brain, and snarled in pieces his *Pia Mater*, like a Viperous brood; he laughs, and kinckes like *Chrysiptus*, when he saw an *As* eat figs; and sits upon hot Cockles till it be blaz'd abroad, and withal entreates his Neighbours to make Bonafires for his good hap, and causes all the Bells of the Parish to ring forth the peal of his own Fame, while their ears do chime, and tingle, for very anger, that hear him, and them.

9. The last kind of Wit is in the purest tempered body of all, that rich vein, that is mixed with true learning; whereof *Horace* speaks,

— *Ego nec studium sine divite vena,  
Nec rude quid profit video ingenium, alterius  
Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amicé.* (sic)

It is that Wit, wherein the nine Sisters of *Parnassus* do inhabit; the pure Quintessence of Wit indeed, that keeps a comely decorum in observing the Time, the Place, the Matter, the Subject, the Object, and every singular Circumstance; it is like *Aristotle's*

ἀγχινοια, which he defines to be *λυσοιχία ἐν τῷ ἀσκέπτῳ χρόνῳ*, sudden as a flash of lightning to dazel the eyes of a wished object, and yet premeditating in matters of moment, wherein gravity and sageness is to be respected, This is a true wit, ever pistol-proof, having a privy coat of Policy, and subtilty to shend it from all the intended stabba-does of any acute Objectiſt, it never wants variety in canvasing any subject: yea, the more it utters, the more by far is sup-peditated unto it: it's like the Vine, which the oſter it is pruned, the more clusters of sweet Grapes it will ever afford: it's like the seven-mouthed *Nilus*, which, the faster it flowes in the chanel, the faster still it springs from the Head: I confess this Wit may be glutted too much with too much of any Object, and sooner with an irksome Object. As the Philosopher saith, any surpassing Object depraves the sense; so it may be spoken of Wit: the Nose may be over-cloy'd with the fragranſt flower in *Alcinous* his Garden, though it smell never so exactly; and more with smells hard by *Port Esquiline*: the sight may surfeit on fair *Nireus*, and quicklier with foul *Thersites*: the Appetite may be cloyed

G

with

with beautiful *Lais*, who was all Face; and more with *Mopsa*, who was all Lips: this pure Wit may suffice on *Ambrosia* it self, and sooner on Cats-meat, and Dogs meat: and though it be like unto *Nilus* as the mouths of *Nilus*, so it also may be dam'd up, especially with some gross terrestrial matter; and though it do much resemble the Vine, as the Vine may be pruned too oft, so it also may be dull'd with too much Contemplation. This Wit disdain, being so great, that any the greatest things should Empire over it: flowing *Naso's* Wit, no doubt, was more than *cosin-German* to this; who said,

*Ingenio namque ipse meo valeo vigedoque,  
Cæsar in h. e potuit juris habere nihil.*

*A demi-God's my Heavens-aspiring Wit:  
Cæsar, only Man, could not banish it.*

The like high strain of Wit was in *Lucian* and *Julian*, whose very Images are to be had in high repute for their ingeniosity, but to be spurn'd at for their grand impiety. And in many more, whose Works are without compare, and who do worthily  
merit



merit for this, if for nothing else, to be canoniz'd in the Registers of succeeding times; yea, to be characteriz'd, and engraven in the Gold n Tablets of our Memories: *Pericles* (who was called the Spring-head of Wit, the torrent of Eloquence, the *Syrene* of Greece) was endowed with this special Gift: he had a copious and an abundant faculty, by reason of this, in his delivery. Of whom *Julian* (whom I cannot too often mention) in a certain Epistle to *Proaristus*, speaking to him, thus sayes, I do salute thee, O *Proaristus*, a man I must needs confess so plentiful in speech, ὡσπερ οἱ ποταμοὶ ἐν τοῖς πεδίοις, like to the *Egyptian* fields, *Pericli omnino similem eloquentiâ, nisi quod Graciam non permisceas*; altogether to be compared unto *Pericles* for thy admirable Eloquence, only this excepted, That thou canst not with thy flowing tongue set all Greece on an uproar. So *Angelus Politianus* in his *Miscellanies*: hath an excellent speech of *Pericles* in his praise, out of *Eupolis* his Comedy, which is entituled, Δῆμος, or *Tribus*,

Πειδῶ τις ἐκείνην ἐπὶ τοῖς  
 χαίλει, καὶ ῥη τῶν μὲν ὁ κέντρον, &c.

The Goddess of Eloquence and Perswasion, was the Portress of his Mouth, or fate in all pomp upon his Lips, as on her Royal Throne; he, among all the rout of cunning Rhetoricians, did let the Auditors bloud in the right vein, his words did move an after passion (saith he) in them. Many besides had these excellent surpassing veins: of whom we may read, if we peruse the Histories, and other Writings of famous men: This Wit is ever a consort with Judgment; yet often I confels the Judgment is depraved in Wit. For we must know, though *verum* and *falsum* be the objects of Understanding, every thing is not discerned, or understood according to these two, as they are properly either *verum*, or *falsum*; for the agent Understanding, conveying the *species* of any thing (as imagine of any subtile stratagem) unto the Passive, the Passive doth not alway judge of it accordingly; for, if they seem good, and true at first view, yet after we have demur'd upon them any space of time, they are found neither true, nor good, but altogether crude, and imperfect. For my censure of Wit without Judgment, it is like a flowing eddy, or high spring-tide without banks to limit the water. These Wits are

such

such as *Lipſus* ſaith in his Politicks (as I remember) are the down fall and utter ruine of a well-ordered Common-wealth. He ſaith, that theſe, who are *ſpadēs*, ſlow, and of a dull wit, do adminiſter a Common-wealth far more wiſely, than they, which are of a ſharper conceit: his reaſon is in a gradation, Theſe great wits are *igneæ*, of a fiery nature, fiery things are ever active in motion: Motion brings in Innovation, and Innovation is the ruine of a Kingdom. This is the ſenſe, though I cannot exactly remember the very words: but that, which I firſt aimed at, will I now ſpeak, By the excellency of the wit is commonly ſhadowed out the pureneſs of the temperature; for where there is a good wit, there is uſually *ἀπὸ ἀκριβεστάτη*, the ſenſe of Feeling moſt exact; a ſoft temperate fleſh, which indicate alſo an abundance of ſpirits, not ~~tr~~bulent and droſſy, but pure & refined, which alſo do ever inſinuate no leaden, but a golden temperature; theſe two are ordinarily inſeparable Complexions, And becauſe the ſpirits, both in regard of their copiouſneſs and ſubtilty, do make a ſweet harmony of the ſoul and body, and are the notes of a rare wit, and a good *crāſis*: we mean now, to treat of them ſuccinctly.

## CAP. VIII.

## Of the Spirits.

THE Poets *Arachne* doth never weave her entangling Web near the Cypres. tree. The Emblem is well known of the *Scarabee*, that lives in noysome Excrements, but dies in the middle of *Venus* Rose: so the Owl shuns the splendent raies of *Phœbus*, delighting more in the darksome night: the worst we see do ever affect the worst: our groveling base affections, our dull conceits, blindfolded ignorance, our aguish judgements, timorous cowardize, slowness and dulness in contemplation, our inability of invention, and whatsoever grand capital fomen to reason there be, do never take up their lodgings in any beautiful Inn, I mean in a body happily attempered, where the Spirits are subtle, and of a pure constitution: but have their Mansion in a smoky Tenement, or some baser Cottage, that is, in a polluted, sickly, and corrupted body, which is both *Plethoricum*, *Pneumaphthiricum*, and *Cacoehymicum*, where there is a fulness and repletion of infected and malignant humors, where the  
subtile

subtile Spirits be not only tainted, but even corrupted with puddle humors, with grosser fuming vapours, whose pitchy company, the clear Crystalline and rarified Spirits can in no wise brook, as being disturbers of their noblest actions. These Spirits the more attenuated and purified they be, the more that celestial particle of heavens, flame, our reason, that immoveable Pole-star, by the which we ought to direct the wandring course of all our affections, yea, far more, it doth bear dominion, and shew forth her noble and surmounting excellency in this mass of ours. The more abundant they are, all our internal Gifts are more enhanced, and flourish the more: where the Spirits are appareled with their own nature, and not attired, or rather tired by any extraordinary ill means, which will never be accordant to their seemly decency; the Soul of man is, as it were, in a *Thessalian Temple* of delight, which Grove for fair flourishing Meads, for the pleasant shade of bushy Pines, for purling Brooks, and gliding Streams of wholsom Water, for a sweet odoriferous Air, for the melodious Harmony and chirping of vocal Birds, for the fragraney of Medicinable Flowers, and Herbs, for all Pleasures that might Feast, and

Ellan.

Delight the Senses, and draw the very Soul into an admiration of the place, of all other did surpass, as the *Topographer* makes mention. But now we mean to relate of the diversity of Spirits, both in general, and special acceptation:

I. A Spirit is taken for our Breath in respiration, as *Galen* sayes, in his first Prognostic. *Ludovicus* If (saith he) far from treatable, it implies a pain, and an inflammation about the *diaphragma*. *Cel. 2. lib. 3. cap. 3. Antiq. lecti.* Tis often among the Poets taken for Wind, among the Philosophers for an abstract form, *pro Demone vel bono, vel malo*: it is used for a favour, and for lofty courage. In none of these senses we are to take it in this place; but for a subtile pure aëry substance in the body of man: and thus it may be defined, *Spiritus est subtilissima, aëria, dilucidaque substantia ex tenuissima parte sanguinis producta, cujus adiniculo proprio valeat anima producere actus.* A Spirit is a most subtile, aëry, and lightsome substance, generated of the purest part of bloud, whereby the Soul can easily perform her functions in the Natural body. They have their Original and Off-spring from the Heart, not from the Brain as some hold. For they being so pure, and elaborate into the nature

of

of air, cannot be generated in the brain, being by Nature cold, where nothing is product but that which is very vaporous. Again, *Cerebrum est exanguis*: the Brain is bloodless, as it is evident by Anatomy, neither hath it any veins to make a conveyance for that humour: therefore it is most probable, that there where there is the intensest heat to extract these Spirits from the blood, and to rarifie them, converting them into an aery substance, that from thence they should have their efficient cause. For the Spirits in special, they be of three sorts; Vital, Natural, and Animal: vital in the Heart, natural in the Liver, animal in the Brain. 1. Vital, because they give power of motion and pulsion unto the Arteries; which motion any living Creature hath, so long as it hath a Being; and that being extinct, the life is also extinct. 2. Natural in the Liver, in that they yield bability of executing such actions, as chiefly concern, not ζωα, but ζωόφωτα, as Nutriment, and the generation of the like. 3. Animal in the Brain, and though the Spiritus proceed from the Heart, yet are they diffused through the whole body in the Arteries, and Veins, and there in the Brain they are termed Animal, because

because they impart a faculty to the Nerves of sense, and real motion, which are peculiar to every living Creature. The Conduits of the Spirits, are the Arteries and Veins: the Arteries carry much Spirit, and little Blood, and Veins much Blood, and little Spirit, yee are each of them the receptacle of both. For the cherishing and stirring up of the Spirits, these things ensuing are greatly available. First, An illuminated pure Air, purged from all grosser qualities. Secondly, A choice of fragrant Smells. Thirdly, Musical Harmony, and Merriment, as *Ludovicus Cal. Rhodig.* doth write. A necessary Fourth may be annexed, that is Nutriment; for it rouzes up and lightens the Spirits: therefore the Philosopher in his *Problems* saith, that *homo pransus multò levior est, & agilior jejuno*: after meat a man is far more light and nimble then whilst he is fasting. So a merry pleasant man is more light than one that is sad, and a man that is dead is far heavier than one alive. There be other things also very commodious, as intermission of Meditation, a due regard of motion, that it be neither too yehement, and so consume; or too slack, and so corrupt the Spirits. Now mean we to speak in order of the Complexions.



## CAP. IX.

*Of a Cholerick Complexion.*

**C**Holer is termed of the Greck word *χολή*, of the Latines *bilis*; it is not only taken for the Humour, but sometimes for anger, as in *Theocritus*,

*ἢ δριμύτια χολῆ ἐπὶ ρινὶ κείθηνε,*

Bitter anger appeared in his face, or in his nostrils. So the Latine word is as much as anger. *Plaut. Fames & mora bilem in nasum conciuunt*: For anger first appears in the face, or nose; therefore the *Hebrews* have the same word for *ira* and *nasus*, that is *aph* **EN** which is agreeable to that of *Theocritus*, aforementioned, and that of *Persius*,

*Ira cadit naso, rugosâque sanna.*

*Persius*  
*Sat. 5.*

So we say in our English Proverb, when a man is teisty and anger, wrisckles his Nose, *Such a man takes Pepper in the Nose*; but yellow choler is an humour, contained in the hollow inferiour part of the Liver, which place

place is called *χοληδόχος κύστις* of *Galen*, whose form is long and somewhat round, ending with a *cornis*, hard by the stem of the *vena cava*, which strikes through the Liver from whence all the veins are derived through the whole body: it takes two slender veins from that stem, which makes this probable that the choler may infect the blood, and cause the *morbis ictericus*, or jaundice to disperse it self over all the parts of the body. There is a double procession, or way of choler, into the *duodenum*, and intrals downward, or into the ventricle upward, the evacuation is easie in the former, but difficult in the latter. If the lower passage be dam'd up with the thick sediments of gross choler, as oftentimes it cometh to pass, then it ascends into the ventricle, and there procures excretion, hinders the concoction, ever corrupts some part of the Nutriment (withour a long Fast) and takes away the stomach; yet others think that choler is generated in the ventricle also, that it is also a vessel apt to receive it. This humour infects the veins, stirs up sudden anger, generates a consumption with his heat, shortens the Life by drying up the radical moisture. *Aristotle*, and after him *Pliny*, with many more, do as-

Vesalius  
lib. 4. ca. 8.  
de corporis  
humani fa-  
brica.

firm,

firm, that those men which want the vesicle of cholour, are both strong, and courageous, and live long. Yet *Vesalius* saith (although he imagins that there may be some conveyance of cholour from the liver into the *duodenum*, so that it do not before gather into a vesicle) he could find by experience none such hitherto. Many things there be, which cause this maladious humour to accrue to such a measure, that it will be *ἀνίατόν τι*, an incurable thing, among which we will note some. All fat of meats, saith *Galen*, and such as are burnt, are both hard to concoct, having no sweet juyce, and do greatly increase the cholerick humour, for the acrimony which is in them. All kind of *Olera*, or salt meats, are not only ill for this complexion, but almost for all, as all the Physicians do affirm. And *Athenaeus* to this purpose saith, *λαχάνων χῆ*, &c. All kind of Pot-herbs, and brinish-natur'd meats are obnoxious to the Stomach, being of a gnawing, nipping, and pinceing quality. Again, *dulce vinum non est idoneum picrocholis*, sweet Wine is not wholesome for cholerick Complexions, as *Hippocrates* witnesses. They are called *picrocholi*, who have a redundance of yellow bitter cholour. *Antinoms* no doubt did partly for

*Galen is lib. Hippos de vict. rat. in morb. acuris, com. 4 lect. 102.*

*Athen. 3. Deipnos.*

FOR HIS JOURNAGE *Ulysses* from drinking  
sweet Wine:

Ulyss. 5.

Ὀίνῳ σὲ τρώει μελιπιδίῳ

But howsoever, this sweet Wine doth not only ἐκλύει τὴν σκὸν and ἀπο γριῶν, as the same *Homer* speaks *Iliad. E.* as also *Athenaus* notes *lib. I. Deipnos.* but also is a great generator of choler: (yea, all sweet meats are nurses of this humour, honey especially is cholerick) For sweet Wines, this is *Galen's* reason, First that much calidity doth make bitter these sweet humours; and again because such Wines be usually thick, neither can they speedily pass by the *Uretères* into the bladder: whereby it comes to pass that they do not cleanse Choler in their passage, but rather increase the power of it; such Wines be

*Galen in Theriaum, Scybelites*: much sweet, thick, and  
*lib. Book 4-* black, as *Galen* calls them. Again, too vio-  
*fore mention-* lent and much motion is not good for this  
*ed, com. 24* Complexion. As *Galen* also saith, Much  
*lect. 2.* eating is also dangerous for this Humour:  
*Gal lib. 2.* Then all things, that do dry up the moi-  
*de sanitato* sture in the body, as Watching, and Care &c.  
*tuenda.* *Gal. lib. 7. 6* *Vigilantia maximè exiccac corpus*, saith  
*therapeut.* *Galen.* So doth Care even consume and  
*method.* burn

burn the body: *Cura* therefore is called  
*quasi cor urens.*

To these I may associate & joyn our adulterate *Nicotian*, or *Tobacco*, so called of the Knight *Sr Nicot* that first brought it over; which is the spirit's *Incubus*, that begets many ugly & deformed phantasies in the brain, which being also hot and dry in the second, extenuates and makes meager the body extraordinarily, whereof it may be expected, that I at this instant so well-occasioned should write something, and sure not impertinent to the subject we have now in hand. This then in brief I will relate concerning it. Of its own nature, not sophisticated, it cannot be but a sovereign Leaf, as *Monardus* saith, especially for external Maladious Ulcers: and so in his Simple it is for *cacochymical* bodies, and for the Consumption of the Lungs & Phisick, if it be mixed with Colts-foot dried, as it hath been often experienced. But as it is intoxicated and tainted with bad admixture, I must answer, as our learned *Paracelsian* did, of whom my self did demand, Whether a man might take it without impeachment to his health? who replied, As it is used, it must needs be very pernicious

Tobacco

nicious in regard of the immoderate and too ordinary whiff, especially in respect of the taint it receives by Composition, For, saith he, I grant it will evacuate the stomach, and purge the head for the present of many feculent and noisome humours; but after by his attractive vertue it proveth *Cacis humorum*, leaving two ponds of water (as he termed them) behind it, which are converted into Choler, one in the ventricle, another in the brain; which accords with that of Gerard their Herbalist, in his second Book of Plants, cap. 63. of Tobacco, or Henbane, of Peru and Trinidada, for he affirmeth that it doth indeed evacuate and ease one day, but the next it doth generate a greater flow of humours: even as a Well (saith he) yields not such store of water as when it is most drawn and emptied.

Ger. lib. 2.  
of Plants,  
cap. 63.

Again, it is most obnoxious of all to a spare and extenuated body, by reason of setting open the pores, into which cold doth enter: and we know, as Tully sayes, lib. 16. ep. 403. citing the Poet, *Cujus singuli versus sunt illi singula testimonia*, every of whose particular Verses is to him *Axiomatical*, as he sayes,  $\Psi\chi\theta\ \delta\ \lambda\epsilon\pi\tau\omega\ \chi\epsilon\sigma\tau\iota\ \pi\omicron\lambda\epsilon\mu\alpha\tau\iota\tau\omicron\upsilon$ , that is, Cold is a bane and deadly enemy to

as this

a thin and spare body. And since that Physick is not to be used as a continual aliement, but as an adjunct of drooping nature at an extremity; and beside, that seeing every nasty and base *Tygellus* use the pipe, as infants their Corals, ever in their mouths; and many besides of more note, and esteem, take it more for wantonness, than want, as *Gerard* speaks, I could wish that our generous Spirits could pretermitt the too usual, not omitting the Physical drinking of it. I would treat more copiously of it, but that many others, chiefly *Gerard* and *Monardus* in his Book entituled, the *Joyful News out of the new-found World, or West-Indies*, which *Frampton* translated, have eased me of that labour, so that I may abridge my speech.

Choler is two fold; either Natural, or not Natural. The natural choler is twofold, either that, which is apt for Nutrition, as of those parts, which be proportionable unto it in qualities hot and dry, and this is dispersed into the veins, and flows throughout the whole body mixed with blood: the other is excremental, unfit to nourish, which, purged as a superfluous humour from the blood, is received into the vesicle, or vessel, and bladder, that is the receptacle of Choler.

H

enterned

entered the Gall. And this usually, when the vessel is surcharged, distils from thence into the *duodenum* first, then into the other intrals, &c. that which is not natural of four sorts, λεμβώδης, πορραειδής, υδρατώδης, ιώδης.

The first is *vitellinabilis*, of the colour of an egg-yolk, generated of paler choler, overheated with the acrimony of unnatural calidity. The second is *porracea*, of a leeky nature, or green colour. The third *cœrulea*, of a blewish, or azure colour. The last *aruginosa*, of a rusty colour. And all these be generated in the ventricle, by sharp, tart, and sweet Nutriment, as Leeks, Mustard, burnt Meats, Honey; so fat Meats, and all such as engender noysomness upon the Stomach. Whereupon comes our common Disease, called καρδιαλγία. for sorrow, and vehement exercise, cause the yellow choler to flow in the ventricle, by which men being griped, and pinched with pain within, do labour of this evil, which indeed hath a wrong name given it; for it is only an affection or passion of the orifice of the ventricle, the mouth of the stomach, not of the heart, as Galen witnesseth. Now to discern a man of a cholerick Complexion, he is always either orange, or yellow-visag'd, because he is most inclined

Per. calls it  
Vitrealis

Ga. de Hip.  
& Pla. de-  
creis lib. 2.  
cap. 8.



inclined to the yellow jaundice: or a little swarthy, re-dhair'd, or of a brownish colour; very meager and thin, soon provok'd to anger, and soon appeas'd; not like the stone *Asbestos*, which once being hot, cannot be quenched: he is lean-fac'd, and slender bodied, like *Brutus* and *Cassius*. He is according to his predominate element of fire, which is most full of levity, most inconstant, and variable in his determinations, easily disliking that which he before approved: and, of all Natures, in that this Complexion is counted to surpass, is the Choleric man, for changeableness is reputed among the wise to be most undiscreet and unwise. And indeed mutableness and inconstancy are the intimates & badges, whereby fools are known.

Εὐθερέων τετραγώνῳ, ἀρετὴ ὡς κύβητος ἰσάσχει

*Wise men be like unto quadrangled stones,  
But fools (like turning Globes) are fickle ones.*

And, if at any time he prove constant and stedfast, it is as Fortune is——*Constans in levitate sua*, stable in his instability. Let us now descend from *Fire*, to *Air*,

*Of a Sanguine Temperature.*

**T**He purple Rose, whose high Encomiums that witty Poëtreſs *Sappho* in a sweet *Ode* once ſang, did not merit to be adorn'd with ſuch beautiful titles of words, to be limn'd out in ſo lively colours of Rhetorick, nor to be inveſted with ſuch a gorgeous and gallant ſuit of Poetry, as this golden *craft*, this happy Temperature, and choice Complexion, this Sanguine humour, is worthy of a *Panegyric* tongue, to be limn'd out with the hand of Art it ſelf. *Sappho* thus ſpeaketh of the *Rose*,

Εἰ ποῖς ἀνθεσιν ἠθέλειν ὁ Ζεὺς  
 Ε' πθεῖναι βασιλέα, τὸ ρόδον  
 Ἀ' ὑπὸ ἀνθέων ἐβασίλευε:  
 Τῆς γὰρ κόσμου, φῦτον ἀγλαΐσμα,  
 Ὀφθαλμὸς ἀνθέων, &c.

Which we may turn, and change for our uſe on this manner; If there were a Monarch, or Prince to be Conſtituted over all Temperatures, this purple ſanguine Complexion

plexion should, no doubt, aspire to that high preheminance of bearing Rule. For this is the Ornament of the Body, the Pride of Humours, the paragon of Complexions, the Prince of all Temperatures; for blood is the Oyl of the Lamp of our Life. If we do but view the Princely Scarlet Robes he usually is invested with, his Kingly Throne seated in the midst of our Earthly City, like the Sun amidst the wandring Planets: his Officers ( I mean the Veins, and Arteries ) which are spread throughout this whole *Politeia*; yea, dispers'd in every Angle to execute his Commands, and carry the lively influence of his Goodness, reviving those Remote parts, which without his influence would otherwise be frettish'd with a chilness, and in a short time be mortified: If we do but cast our eyes upon these glorious Mansions, the sumptuous Palaces, wherein he doth inhabit, the *Dadalian* costly Labyrinths, wherein he takes his turns: If we consider his wise subtile Counsellours, which daily consort with him for the good estate of his whole Kingdom, the *limpid* Spirits, the very Seat of divine Reason it self, the Fountains of Policy: If we mark this, that his departing is the procurer of a Civil Muti-

ny and Dissention between our Soul and Body; and that his meer Absence brings in a Dissolution of our Temperate Political State: If we weigh his excellent Qualities he is endowed with, wherein consists the Union of the parts of the whole, I mean heat, and moisture: If we note his delicate viand, his delicious fare he feeds upon in his purity; his Majesty in aspiring so high, his Humility in, as it were, debasing himself so low, as to take notice of his lowest Subjects, the most inferiour part, to kiss even our Toe (as it is in the rPoverb) to do us good: If we note the mighty Potentates, that Rebel and wage War against him, to ruinate his Kingdom: as *Acraha, Angor, Inedia*: all incontinence, and intemperance of *Bacchus, Ceres, and Venus, Care, Famine*, and the like: If we poize all these together, & many more, we cannot but imagine that the blood is either a coelestial Majesty, or a terrestrial Deity, that among all the Humours it doth far excel all; and that he, who is possessed with a Sanguine pure Complexion, is graced with the princeliest and best of all. For the external Habit of the Body, for rare feature they go beyond all, that have this temper, being most deck'd with Beauty, which

consists

consists in a sweet mixture of these two colours, white and red; and for the gifts of the Mind, it is apparent likewise to our understanding, that they do surpass all, having such pure tempered and refined spirits: neither do I think, that either Melancholick men, according to *Aristotle*, or Cholerick men, according to the opinion of *Petrus Crinitus*, are enriched with a greater treasury of wit; for if the Soul do follow the temperature of the Body, as certainly it doth, they then must needs excel for invention, who have this best Complexion. Their spirits sure have the most exact temper of all, wherewith the soul, as being in a paradise, is chiefly delighted. Among all the Humours, the Sanguine is to be prefer'd, saith the *Antiquary*:

*Calvus  
Rhodiginus*

First, Because it comes nearest unto the Principles and Ground-works of our life, which stands in an attempered heat and moisture.

Secondly, Because it is the matter of the spirits, whereon chiefly depends our life, the operation of our vegetative and animal vertue, yea, it is the chief Instrument, wherewith our reasonable soul doth operate: for this is the Philosopher's *Climax*. In the Ele-

ments consists the Body; in the Body the Blood; in the Blood the Spirits; in the Spirits the Soul.

Thirdly, Because it is a Nutriment for all and singular parts of what Qualities soever. It is termed in *Hebrew* ☞ *Sanguis* for his Nutrition; and sure it is, as it were, the Dam, or Nurse, from whose Teats the whole Body doth suck out, and draw Life.

Fourthly, in that, this Humour being spent, our Life also must needs vanish away: therefore some Philosophers, as it is well known to the Learned, did not only surmise, but constantly aver that the Soul was Blood; because, it being effused, the Soul also doth flit from the Body: but that was a mad Dream; and no doubt if the sound of Judgment had awoke them, they would have confessed themselves to have been enwrapped in a cloudy Error. They also, that affirm men of this Constitution to be Dullards, and Fools, to have a pound of Folly to an ounce of Policy; they themselves do seem not to have so much as a dram of Discretion, and do err the whole Heavens. I confess a Sanguine Complexion may be so, as any other in their Dyscrasie; yet not as it is a pure Sanguine Complexion, but as there is mixed  
with

With the Blood either the gross sediments of Melancholy, or the *tena materies pituita*, tough Phlegm, when the Blood is overheated by reason of hot Choler, or any other accidentary Cause, that generates a surplussage of Blood, or endues the Spirits with a grossness, and too hot a Quality, more then their Nature can well sustain with keeping their Perfection, and Purity.

From whence the Blood hath his original, it is apparently known, especially to them, which are skild in the Autopsie of Anatomy. The Seat, or Fountain head of it is *venacava*, a great hollow Vein, which strikes through the Liver, from whence it is conveyed by many Cisterns, Passages, and Conduit Pipes, throughout the whole Body: like Spraires and Branches from the Stem of a Tree. It hath his Essence from the *chymus*, or juyce of our Aliment concocted: his Redness is caused by the vertue of the Liver, assimilating it unto his own colour.

To speak more of the External Habit, and demeanour of man, that hath this Complexion. He ever hath an Amiable look, a flourishing fresh Visage, a beautiful Colour; which, as the Poet saith, doth greatly commend one, if all other things be wanting.

Nec

*Nec minor his aderat sublimis gratia formæ,  
Quæ vel, si desint cætera cuncta, placet.*

*Cornelia* With Vertues grac'd full debonair was I,  
*Gallus of* Which (all defac'd) more highly dignifie.  
*himself.*

They, that are of this Complexion, are very affable in Speech, and have a gracious faculty in their Delivery; much addicted to witty Conceits, to a Scholer-like *εὐτραπέλια*, being *Facetosi*, not *Acetosi*: Quipping without bitter Taunting: hardly taking any thing in Dodgeon, except they be greatly moved, with Disgrace especially: wisely seeming either to take a thing sometimes more offensively, or less grievously then they do, cloaking their true Passion. They be liberally Minded; they carry a constant loving Affection to them chiefly, unto whom they be endeared, and with whom they are intimate, and chained in the links of true Amity, never giving over, till Death, such a convertt Friend, except on a capital Discontent: They are very Hairy: their Head is commonly Aborn, or Amber-coloured, to their Beards: they are much delighted with a Musical Consent, and Harmony, having so sweet a Sympathy themselves of Soul and Body.

good



Body. And, but for one fault they are tainted with, they might well be termed *Heroes hominum*, and that is (by reason of that lively abounding Humour) they are somewhat prone to Venerie, which greatly alters their blessed state of Constitution, drinks up their *humidum radicale*, enfeebleth the divinest Power, consumes their Pith, and spends the Substance of the Brain; for *Sperma* is  $\rho\sigma\theta$   $\epsilon\gamma\kappa\epsilon\phi\acute{\alpha}\lambda\epsilon$ , as many Philosophers, not without great Reason, assevere: not *ter concoctus sanguis*; therefore, as *Macrobius* saith, *Hippocrates* calls  $\tau\acute{\eta}\nu\ \sigma\mu\upsilon\sigma\iota\alpha\nu,\ \mu\epsilon\gamma\acute{\alpha}\lambda\eta\ \epsilon\pi\lambda\eta\theta\acute{\epsilon}\sigma\alpha\iota$ , that *coitus est parvus morbus comitialis*. And but for this they were supereminent above all men; but their rare Qualities, and admirable Vertues, do more then counterpoize this Natural fault. For his Resolution, he is like the Center, immoveable, never carried away with the heady stream of any base Affection, but lies at the Anchor of Confidence, and Boldness. He is never lightly variable; but, being proudly harness'd with a steely Heart, he will run upon the push of great Danger: yea, hazard his Life against all the affronts of Death it self: if it stand either with the Honour of his Sovereign, the Welfare and Quiet of his own Country, the after Fame and

*Stillicid.  
cerebri.*

*Macrobius.  
lib.*

*Saturat.  
at the end.*

and Renown of himself; else is he chary and wary to lay himself open to any Danger, if the Final end of his Endeavour and Toyl be not plausible in his demurring Judgement.

## CAP. XI.

*Of the Phlegmatick Humour.*

**T**HIS Humour is called of the *Gracians* φλέγμα, & of the *Latines* usually *Pituita*, which, as *Aetius* noteth, is so termed *quasi petens vitam*, by reason of the extreme cold moisture it hath, being correspondent to the Warry Element, whereby it doth extinguish the Natural Heat in man: and, being carried with the Blood, by his gross substance doth thicken it, and stop the Currents and Passages of the Blood, at least doth taint it with a contrary passive and destructive Quality. Yet of all the Humours the Physicians say, and it is not improbable, this cometh nearest unto the best; for it is a dulcid Humour, which being concocted, is changed into the Essence of Blood, and serves especially for the Nutriment of the Phleg-

phlegmatick parts, as the Brain, the *Nucha*, or soft Pap & Marrow of the Cheints Bone; but this is Natural: which of all these Humors doth soonest digress into another gross cold Nature, which will in process of time prove that pernicious Humoer, whereof *Aetius* speaks; there is then to be noted, *Phlegma Naturale*, whereof we spoke even now, and *non Naturale*, of which these proceed, *Phlegma*. 1 *Crassum*, 2 *Gypseum*, 3 *Salsum*, 4 *Acetosum*, 5 *Tenne*, and some others. For the first; that, which is thick, is a crude substance by multiplication in the Ventricle, the Bowels, or the Brain, or the Blood; whereof *Hippocrates* adviseth men to evacuate themselves by Vomit every Month, in his Book, *De victus Ratione Privatorum*. But for the Bowels, it needs not so much as for the Brain and Ventricle; for Nature hath so ordained, that the yellow Choler, that flows from the Gall into the *duodenum*, should purge the Entrails, and wash away these Phlegmatick superfluities; and this in time will turn to the nature of *Gypseum phlegma*, which is of a slimier, and in time of a more obdurate Nature, insomuch that it will grow as hard as a Plaster with long remaining in one place, like Fen-water, that

turns

turns into the nature of Mud : and this is it  
 that stays in the Joynts, and causeth the in-  
 curable knotty Gout ; whereof the Poet  
 speaks,

*Solvere nodosamnescit medicina podagram,  
 Nec formidatis auxiliatur aquis.*

Ovid.

Pomo

lib. 1.

Celius

Rhodigi-

vus.

cap. 12.

This was also in a Woman, whereof *Celsi*.  
*Rhodiginus* makes mention : I read (saith he)  
 among the Learned of a certain kind of  
 Phlegm, like unto Plaister, bruised into Wa-  
 ter, which in a short space (abiding in the  
 Joynts of the Members) grows as hard as  
 Plaister-stone it self. We have (saith he)  
 an Example of a Woman, which was griev-  
 ously vexed with an Itch, in the Spondles or  
 Joynts of the Back-bone, and Reins ; which  
 she rubbing very vehemently, and racing the  
 skin, small mammocks of Stone fell from  
 her, to the number of eighteen, of the big-  
 ness of Dice, and the colour of Plaister.

3

There is *Salsum*, of a Saltish Nature by the  
 admixtion of brackish Humors, and of Cho-  
 ler, which being in the Ventricle, causeth an  
 Hydropical thirst, and somewhat excoriates  
 the Entrals. *Plato*, in his *Timæus*, speaketh  
 of this *φλέγμα δέ*, &c. For Phlegm being by  
 Nature

Nature sharp, and of a brinish Nature, is the off-spring of all Diseases, which consists of a fluxile Humour, and, according to the diversity of Places, whither this brackish Humour doth insinuate it self, the Body is teen'd and accloi'd with divers and manifold Maladies. So Hippocrates speaks of this, τὸ φλέγμα δριμεσι χυμοῖσι μεμίγμενον ὅποι ἀν' ὡροσπίεσιν ἐς ἀνδρίας τόπους, ἔλκοι. Bitter and Salt Phlegm, wheresoever it falls, into unwonted places, it doth exulcerate. There is also *Acetosum Phlegma*, sharp, and tart, which almost is of the same Nature with the former, caused chiefly of the mixture of Melancholy, endued with the same quality. The last is called *Tenne*, which is very Waterish, and thin of Substance, which we ordinarily term Rheum; which comes of the word *ῥέω*, to flow. There be Three kinds of it; the First is called *Branchus*, which hath his current from the Head into the Jaws. The Second is called *Coriza*, or βλέννα, which runs from the Nostrils; we call it the *Pose*, thereupon *blennus* is used for a Fool, *Homo obese naris*: as contrariwise, *Homo munctæ naris*, for a Wise man. The last is called *Catarrhus*, of *κάτω* and *ῥίτ*, whose matter hath the passage downward into the *Aspera arteria*,

Hippocra.  
lib. de flatibus.

4]

5

ria,

ria, the Breast, and the rooms, that are contiguous, which usually is a cause of the Cough. For the Humors make Oppilation in the Lungs, and stop the Pores, whence our breathing Air doth evaporate, and whether it being drawn in doth pierce, and betake it self, thereupon there is made a resulation and a struggling with the Humor, and the Air, which causeth the Cough: though it may happen also, the cause being in the *Aspera Arteria*, as it is well known to them, that are but Initiated in PHYSICK:

Hippoc. in  
his book de  
flatibus  
Sect. 3.

Though Hippocrates seems to say, All Cough breeds in the mid-way of the Artery, not in the Lungs. These are his words; "For the Spirit, which we attract (saith he) is carried to the Lungs, and is sent back by an *ἐκτροπή*, or *regurgitation*; and when the Rheum distilling down doth meet the Spirit ascending in the Artery, the Cough is caused, and the Phlegmatick matter cast up, which causeth an Exasperation in the Artery by the Humor, which lies in the Internal hollownes of the extuberances of our Artery; which causeth a great Heat to be ingendered there by the Coughing motion, which Heat draws a succedent Phlegm, from the Brain, still more producing curing

curing an extream Cough. All Phlegm is generated of Crudity, though it do attract some bad accidentary Quality, whereof it hath the Denomination: and the Physicians are of that opinion, that natural Phlegm concocted will turn to Blood. *Suidas* saith of it,

φλέγμα οὐ γίνεταί πορρότον ἀπὸ τῆ τροφῆς: πορρότον γὰρ ἀπὸ τροφῆς τὸ αἷμα, τὸ δὲ φλέγμα πορρότον ἢ ἀπέπιον

Phlegm is not engendered the first after Meat, but the first after our Aliment is Blood; Phlegm is the first after incoction:

*Suidas*

For the place, or receptacle of Phlegm, it is not determinate; but it is evident that it hath his mansion in the Brain, and the Ventricle, and the Blood. Where, in the first, if it be not evacuated in time, but still be suffered to accrue, and clung together, it will breed a *Dysodia*, and will endanger the whole Nature, by damming up the Pores of the Brain, and there generating an *Epilepsie*,

*Apoplexie*, *Lethargie*, *Vertigo*, or any such Disease, that proceeds from such cold Qualities and bad Humors, which *Fucsbins* speaks

*Leon. Fucsbins de sam and mat.*

of at large; As also for the latter in the Ventricle and Blood, if it be not Purged forth,

*hum. corp. 19. 21. 26. 28. 29.*

it will grow to such a pass, that most of our Nourishment will be converted into Phlegm, our Veins will be possessed with a clammy

I

Humor

Humor, which may hinder the course of the Bloud, corrupting the Spirits, and bringing a mortifying Cold over all the Body: or it will grow in the Ventricle to such a mass, that it will at the receipt of any hot Moisture send up such an ascending Foam, that it will be ready to quirken, and stifle us. Instance might be given of many that have been troubled with the matter of it above measure. One lately was so cloyed with this Humor, that as he sat in his Chair he was suddenly surpris'd of the surging Foam, who swooned as he sat; and having Oyl of Cinnamon (which is a sovereign Help for it) ministr'd unto him, at the length came to himself by the Heat of the Oyl, which revived him, and voided great abundance of roped Phlegm by the loosening virtue of the same. For the intimates of this Complexion, they by Nature are always pale Coloured; slow Pac'd; drowsie Headed; of a weak Constitution, for the debility of Natural Heat; they be alwayes dull of Conceit, of no quick Apprehension, faint-Hearted, most subject to Impossumes; milde of Nature, seldom incensed with Anger; vexed much with wrinching and griping in the Bowels, sore tormented with the grievous pain of the Wind-Cholick.



## CAP. XII.

*Of a Melancholick Complexion.*

**T**He Melancholick man is said of the Wise to be *aut Dem, aut Dæmon*; either an Angel of Heaven, or a Fiend of Hell. For in whom soever this Humor hath dominion, the Soul is either wrap'd up into an *Elyſium*, and Paradise of bliss, by an Heavenly Contemplation; or into a direful hellish Purgatory, by a Cynical Meditation: like unto an huge Vessel on the rowling Sea, that is either hois'd up to the Ridge of a main Billow, or est hurried down to the Bottom of the Sea valley. A man is ever lightly cast into a Trance, or dead slumber of Cogitations, by reason of this sad heavy Humor, always *S*oically visaged, like Grout-headed *Arceſilau*, and them of whom the Poet speaks,

— *Ærumnoſique Solones*

*Perſius*

*Obſtupo capite, & figentes lumine terram,  
Murmura cum ſecū & rabioſa ſilentia rodūt;  
Atque exporreſto trutinantur verba labello:  
Ægroti veteris meditantès ſomnia, gigni  
De nihilo nihil, in nihilum nil poſſe reverti.*

*Æ 2*

*Like*

Like pumpon-headed Solonists they look,  
 The dull Earth is their Contemplation-Book:  
 They madly murmur in themselves for routh,  
 They heave their words with leavers from their  
 They musing drea on th' antick Axiom, (mouth:  
 Nought's fram'd of nought, to nought ne ought  
 (may come.

Of all the Four this Humor is the most unfortunate, and greatest enemy to Life, because his Qualities, being Cold and Dry, do most of all disagree from the lively Qualities, Heat and Moisture: either with his Coldness extinguishing Natural inherent Heat, or with his Driness sucking up the Native Moisture. The Melancholick man therefore is said to be Born under leaden *Saturn*, the most Disastrous and Malignant *Planet* of all; who in his Copulation and Conjunction with the best, doth dull and obscure the best Influence, and happiest Constellation. Whose Qualities the Melancholick man is endowed with, being himself Leaden, Lumpish, of an extream Cold and Dry Nature, which cuts in twain the Thred of his Life, long before it be Spun: Infomuch that he may rightly say with *Hecuba*, though she spoke of a living Death,

*Euripid. in  
 his Hecuba.*

Τέθυξ?

Ἰσθμῶν ἔργα πρὶν θανάτῳ :

I am Dead before the appointed time of Death. For this Humor if it be not oft help- ed with Mirth, or Wine, or some other occi- dental Cause, which is repugnant to his Ef- fect, it will cause Nature to droop, and the Flower of our Life to fade in the budding prime; these means to cherish, foster and prolong our Life, are like the Rayes of the Sun, to raise and lift up the *Hyacinth*, or *Violet* being patted down to the Earth with suddain drops of Rain, whereof the Poet speaks,

*Qualis Flos Viola seu purpurei Hyacinthi  
Demittit pressas rore vel imbre genas,  
Moxque idem radiis Solis tepesfactus amici  
Attollit multo letus honore caput, &c.*

*Like as the Hyacinth with purple hew (dem,  
Hangs down his head, o're-drench'd with silver  
And est whē Sol has drunk up th' drizzling rain,  
With smiling chear' gins look full pert again.*

Even so the Soul being pressed down with the ponderous weight of Melancholy, & as it

were a thrall unto this dumpish Humor, is rouzed up with Wine and Meriment especially, and infranchiz'd again into a more ample and heavenly Freedom of Contemplation. This Humor is termed of many, *νέβη* & *ἰπώδης*,

*Aul. Gellii*  
*lib. 18.*

cap. 7.

*Noe. Attic.*

*Cal. Rodig.*

cap. 5.

as of *Aulus Gellius*, so of *Calinus Rhodig* and others, who aver, That those that are born under *Saturn*, Melancholick men, as *Saturn* is the highest Planet of all, so they have the most aspiring Wits of all. Divine *Plato* affirms, That those have most dexterical Wits who are wont to be stir'd up with a Heavenly fury: he sayes, *Frustra poeticae fores*, &c. He that knocks not at the Portal of *Poets Inn*, as furious and beside himself, is never like to be admitted in. A man must not, with the Fool in the Fable, rap at the Wicket with the Six-penny Nail of Modesty, if he mean to have Entrance into the curious Rooms of Invention. *Seneca* saith, *Nullum fit magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementia*, Wit never relishes well, unless it taste of a mad Humor; or there is never any surpassing Wit, which is not incited with fury: Now of all Complexions, Melancholy is *Oestro percita, furore concitata*, most subject to furious Fits; whereby they conclude, That Melancholick men are endowed with the

rarest

rarest Wits of all: But how shallow this their reason is, he that hath waded into any depth of Reason may easily discern. They might prove an Ass also of all other Creatures most Melancholick, and which will bray as if he were horn-mad, to be exceeding witty, they might say this as well, That because *Saturn* is the slowest Planet of all, so their Wits are the slowest of all; I confess this, That oftentimes the Melancholick man, by his Contemplative Faculty, by his Assiduity of sad and serious Meditation, is a brocher of dangerous *Machiavellism*, an inventor of Stratagems, Quirks, and Policies, which were never put in Practise; and which may have a happy Success, in a Kingdom, in Military Affairs by Land, in Navigation upon the Sea, or in any other private peculiar Place; but for a nimble, dexterical, smirk, pregnant, extemporary Invention, for a sudden ἀγχινοια, a pleasant Conceit, a Comical Jest, a witty Bourd, for a smug neat Stile, for delightful Sentences, varnish'd Phrases, quaint and gorgeous Eloquution, for an astounding Rhetorical vein, for a lively Grace in Delivery, he can never be equivalent with a Sanguine Complexion, which is the Paragon of all, if it go not astray from his

own right temper, and happy *Craſis*; nay, the former muſt not ſo much as ſtand at the Bar, when the latter with great Applauſe can enter into the Liſts. He that wiſhes this Humor, whereby he might become more Wit-ty, is as fond as *Democritus*, who put out both his Eyes voluntarily, to be given more to Contemplation. Of all men, we count a Melancholick man the very Sponge of all ſad Humors, the *Aqua fortis* of merry Company, a Thumb under the Girdle, the Contemplative Slumberer, that ſleeps waking, &c. But according to Phyſick, there are Two kinds of Melancholy; the One ſequeſtered from all Admiſtion, the thickeſt and drieſt portion of Blood, not Aduſt, which is called Natural, and runs in the Veſſels of Blood to be an Aliment unto the Parts, which are Melancholickly Qualified, as the Bones, Griſles, Sinews, &c. The Other is *κατακεχαυμένη μελαγχολία*, which is a Combust black Choler, mixed with Saltiſh Phlegmatick Humor, or Cholerick, or the worſt Sanguine. If you deſire to know this Complexion by their Habit and Guiſe; they are of a black ſwarthy Viſage, dull Pac'd, ſad Countenanced, harbouring Hatred long in their Breasts, hardly incenſed with Anger; and if Angry, long

Gal. Rhod.  
lib. 57.  
παρ 50

long ere this passion be appeas'd and mitigated, crafty Headed, constant in their Determination, fixing their Eyes usually on the Earth, while a man recites a Tale unto them, they will pick their Face, bite their Thumbs, their Ears will be sojourners; like *Cleomenes* in *Plutarch*, *Animous est in Peloponneso*, their Wit is a Wool-gathering; for Laughing they be like almost to *Anaxagoras*, of whom *Ælian* says *πῶλ' ἔγλασεν*, he never laugh'd; they be much given to a solemn Monastick life, never wel-nigh delighted with Consort; very subject to passions, having a drop of Words, and a flood of Cogitations, using that of *Pythagoras*, *μη εἰ πολλοῖς ὀλίγα, ἀλλ' ἐν ὀλίγοις πολλὰ*: they are cold in their external parts, of a kind nature to them, with whom they have long convers'd; and though they seem for some dislike to alienate their minds from their Friend, yet are they constant in Affection.

But for the first kind of Melancholy, it is ever the worthier and better. This they call the Electuary and Cordial of the Mind, a restorative Conservice of the Memory, the Nurse of Contemplation, the precious balm of Wit and Policy; the enthusiastical breath  
of

## The Glass of

of Poetry, the foyson of our Phantastes, the sweet sleep of our Senses, the fountain of sage Advice and good Purveyance; and yet, for all this, it comes far behind the pure sanguine Complexion. Neither do I think it is to be adorned with these habiliments of Words, and pranck'd up with such glorious Titles as usually it is, of whom we do usually treat of it. For the latter, it causeth men to be aliened from the Nature of man, and wholly to discard themselves from all society, but rather like Hermits, and old Anchorits, to live in Grots, Caves, and other hidden Cels of the Earth. The first may be compared to an Eagle, *Que altissimè volat: sed tardissimè se elevat*; which soareth high, but is long ere she can raise up her self. To *Oedipus*, of whom *Euripides* saith,

"Θ' εἶπ' ἀναυδῶ, μετὰ φρονῶν.

So this Melancholy causeth one look to be on Earth creeping, yet their Minds soaring aloft in Heaven. The later to *Rufus* in *Ausonius*, (the fond Rhetorician) of whom the Poet speaks that there was no difference between himself and the stone statue, but that it was harder, and he softer.

Uuuu



*Unum hoc dissimile est, mollior ille fuit.*

*Aufon*

Or to *Niobe*, when she was converted into a Marble Image by *Latona*; for he that is possessed of this Melancholy, hath both Soul and Body as glued unto the earth. The chief place of this Humour is the Spleen, though it be in many other divers places. Now for all these Humours, it is good for a man first to make a wise scrutiny, whether he be inclining to the excess of any of them; then to use a Diet, and to reject such Nutriment, as will increase this Humour which is predominant in him. For the natures of all usual Meats, Fruits, Liquors, Spices, Herbs, and such like, it is easie for a man of Reading or Judgment, perfectly to be acquainted with, or at least to give a guess at their Properties and Qualities.

For this purpose Master *Cogan* hath made an Abstract of our ancient Authors, not unworthy to be perused, intituled, *The Haven of Health*, wherein is set down a *Criterion* of usual Qualities, and predominant Properties, inherent in the forenamed Subjects.

CHAP.

## CHAP. XIII.

Of the Conceits of Melancholy.

**F**ernelius defines this later kind of Melancholy, which is feculent and adust, to be *mentis alienatio, quâ laborantes vel cogitant, vel loquuntur, vel efficiunt absurda, longeq; à ratione, & consilio abhorrentia, eaque omnia cum metu & mœstitia*: a loss of Wit, wherewith one being affected, either imagines, speaks, or doth any foolish actions, such as are altogether exorbitant from Reason, and that with great timorousness and sorrow. They that be accloyed with it are not only out of temper for their Organs of Body, but their Minds also are so out of Frame, and Dictate, that they are in bondage to many ridiculous Passions, imagining that they see and feel such things as no man else can either perceive or touch: like to him in *Aristotle*, of whom the Philosopher says it happened unto him, *ὄρα δὲ βλεπόντι, &c.* who being pur-blind, thought he always saw the Image of one as he was walking abroad, to be an adverse object unto him. We will treat of some merry

*Anal. lib.*  
3. *metaph.*  
cap. 4.

merry Examples, whereof we read in *Galen*, lib. 3. *de locis affectis*, in *Laurentius Medicus* cap. 7. *de morbis Melanchol.* In *Ætius*, *Scaliger*, *Agrippa*, *Athenaus*, and others. There was one possess'd with this Humour, that took a strong Conceit, that he was changed into an earthen Vessel; who earnestly entreated his Friends in any case not to come near him, lest peradventure by their jostling of him, he might be shak'd or crush'd to pieces.

Another sadly fixing his Eyes on the Ground, and hurckling with his Head to his shoulders, foolishly imagin'd, that *Atlas*, being faint and weary of his burthen, would shortly let the Heavens fall upon his Head, and break his Crag.

There is mention made of one that persuaded himself he had no Head, but that it was cut off. The Physician, *Philotinus*, to cure him, caused a heavy steel Cap to be put on his Head, which weighed so heavy, & pinch'd him so grievously, that he cryed amain, His head ak'd: Thou hast then a Head belike, saith *Philotinus*.

*Julius Scaliger* relates a merry Tale of a certain man of good esteem, that sitting at the Table at Meat, if he chanced to hear the  
Lute

Lute played upon, took such a Conceit at the  
found, or something else, that he could not  
hold his Urine, but was constrained eſt to  
piſs amongst the Strangers legs under the  
Table. But this belongs to an *antipathy* more.

*Eul. Seal-  
lige.*

There was one ſo Melancholick, that he  
confidently did affirm his whole Body was  
made of Butter; wherefore he never durſt  
come near any fire, leſt the heat ſhould have  
melted him.

*Cippus*, an *Italian* King, beholding and  
wondring at in the day time the fight of two  
great Bulls on the Theatre, when he came  
home, took a Conceit he ſhould be Horned  
alſo: wherefore ſleeping upon that ſtrong  
conceit, in the morning he was perceived to  
have real Horns budding forth of his brow,  
only by a ſtrong imagination, which did e-  
levate ſuch groſs vegetative Humour thither,  
as did ſerve for the growth of Horns.

We read of one that did conſtantly be-  
lieve that he was the ſnuff of a Candle  
wherefore he entreated the Company about  
him to blow hard, leſt he ſhould chance to  
go out.

*Paſce  
Meſſ. and  
Corn. A.  
grippa.  
lib. 1. Oc-  
cult. Phil.  
cap. 64.*

Another upon his Death-bed greatly groa-  
ned, and was vexed within himſelf above  
measure with a Phantafie; who being de-  
manded

manded why he was so sorrowful; and bidden withal to cast his Mind upon Heaven? Answered, That he was well content to die, and would gladly be at Heaven, but he durst not travel that way, by reason of many theeves, which lay in wait and ambush for him in the middle Region, among the Clouds.

There was an Humorous Melancholick Scholar, who being close at his Study, as he was wiping his rheumatick Nose, presently imagined that his Nose was bigger then his whole Body, and that the weight of it weighed down his Head, so that he altogether was ashamed to come into Company. The Physicians, to cure him of this conceit, invented this means; they took a great quantity of flesh, having the proportion of a Nose, which they cunningly joyned to his Face whiles he was asleep: then being waked, they razed his Skin with a Razor till the Blood thrilled down, and while he cryed out vehemently for the pain, the Physician with a jerk twitch'd it from his face, and threw it away.

Of his conceit that thought himself Dead, it is related of many, who was Cured after this manner; They furnish'd a Table with variety of Dishes, and caused three or four

in white linnen-sheets to sit down and eat the Meat in his presence; who demanded what they were? they answered that they were Ghosts. Nay then, replied he, If Spirits eat, then I think I may eat too; and so he fell roundly to his victuals, having not eat any in a seven night before.

There was one that took a conceit he was a God; who was thus Cured of his Malady: he was pent up in an Iron Grate, and had no Meat given him at all, only they adored him, and offered to his deity the fumes of frankincense, and odours of delicate Dishes, which always past by him: whose deity grew at length so hungry, that he was fain to confess his Humanity, unless he meant to have been starved.

The like we read to be reported of *Menebrates*, who being a great Physician, and doing many wonderful Cures, had such a swelling Pride, and over-weening Opinion of himself, that he esteemed himself a god: wherefore he thus wrote to *Philip*, King of *Macedon*, *Μενεβράτης ζεὺς Φιλίππῳ ἰατροῦ*; Thou rulest in *Macedon*, I in *Medicine*: thou canst destroy those that are well, if it please thee, I can restore health to them that are ill: I can deliver the strong  
from

from sickness, if they will obey my Precepts, so that they may come to the pitch of old age. I *Jupiter* give life unto them.

But it is apparent by *Athenæus*, that he did this as besides himself with Melancholy,

for these be his words, Πρὸς ὃν μελαγχολῶν-  
τα ἐπέσειλεν ὁ Φίλιππος, Μενεκράτες υγιάνειν,

*Athen. li. 7.  
Pag. 289.*

that is, Unto whom, being possess'd with this mad humor of Melancholy,

Philip writ in an Epistle thus, Philip to Menecrates sanitatem mentis, his right wits.

There was one, that perswaded himself, he was so light, that he got him iron shoes, lest the

wind should have taken up his heels. Another ridiculous fool, of *Venice*, verily

thought his shoulders, and buttocks were made of brittle glass; wherefore he shunned

all occurrents, and never durst sit down to meat, lest he should have broken his

crackling hinderparts, nor ever durst walk abroad, lest the glazier should have caught

hold on him, & have used him for quarriels and panes. But of all conceited famous

fools, he is most worthy to be canoniz'd in the *Chronicles* of our memory,

that chose rather to die, then to let his Urine go: for he assuredly believed, that

with once making water he should drown

all the houses, and men in the Town, where he went: to the taking away of which conceit, & to make him vent his Bladder, which otherwise would in a short time have caused him to die: they invented this Quirk, to wit, to set an old ruinous House forthwith on fire, the Physicians caused the Bells to be rung backward, and entreated a many to run to the fire; presently one of the chief Inhabitants of the Town came running post-hast to the sick man, and let him understand the whole matter, shewing him the fire: and withal desiring him of all favour very earnestly, and with counterfeit tears, to let go his Urine, and extinguish this great flame, which otherwise would bring a great endamage to the whole Town, and that it would burn also the House up where he did dwell: who, presently not perceiving the guile, and moved by the man's pitiful lament, and outcry, sent forth an abundant stream of Urine, and so was recovered of his malady. Divers other pleasant Examples are recited by ancient Writers; but our short breathing pen hastens to the race's end.



## CAP. XIV.

*Of the Dreams of Complexions.*

**T**HE Poetical Writers make mention of two sorts of *Dreams*, the one proceeding *ex eburnea*, the other *ex porta cornea*: from the former Gate fabulous, and false events do issue, from the latter true and full of soothfastness: which *Coluthus* the *Theban* Poet in his *Helene's* rape thus describes.

Νύξ δὲ πόνον ἀμπαγμα μέτ' ἠελίοιο κελύθους  
 ὕπνον ἐλαφρίζουσα μητῆροσ' ὠπάσεν ἕως  
 Ἀρχομένη: δόξας δὲ πύλας αἰξενόνευρον:  
 Τὴν μὲν ἀλήθειας κεράων ἀπελάμπετο κόσμω,  
 Ἐνθεν ἀναδρώσκουσι θεῶν νεκερτέες ὄμοραι:  
 Τὴν δὲ δολοφροσύνης κενέων δρέπλειραν ἐνείρων.

*Coluthus in  
 Elenus.  
 ἀρπαγῆ:*

Which *Virgil*, in the 6 of the *Aeneid*, at the end thus also paints forth.

*Maro. 6.  
 Aeneid.*

*Sunt geminae somni portae, quarum altera fertur*

*Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris  
 Altera candenti perfecta nitens Elephanto;  
 Sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia manes.*

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Which

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Which two gates, maugre this my  
waiward and dumpish *Genius*, which hales  
me at this instant from my Poetical throne, I  
will thus describe in our tongue,

Where *slumbering Morpheus* wons there been  
two gates,

Twixt both dull *Somnium* in her cabbie lies,  
Who half asleep hard at the dawning waits,  
To answer our nocturnal phantasies:  
Of horn it is, whence she doth prophesie;  
Whence not, it is of burnish'd Ivory.

Of these *Homer*, *Od.* 19. a little after *Pe-  
nelope's Dream* of the goose; *Ansonius* in his  
*Ephem.* *Hor.* *Carm.* 3. 27. *Lucian*, *Plato*, and  
many others make mention. And true it is,  
that all Dreams be either true, or false, either  
Prognosticous of some event to fall out, or  
false illusions: as when we Dream we have  
store of gold with *Lucian*, and all our gold is  
turned into coals. But, to draw more near  
unto our purpose, Dreams be of three kinds,  
as *Joach.* *Fortius Ringelberg* notes, *Fatal*,  
*Vain*, *Natural*.

*Fatal*, or portentuous, which do fore-di-  
vine, and are as it were Prophets to presage  
& foretel events that shall happen unto us,  
whether

whether they be allegorical or not: such a Dream is called *ὄνειρον*, of *ὄν* and *εἶρω*, as the Schoolmen speak, because they foresaw an existent thing to come as we would say. It is termed *θεόπεμπτον*, and *θεῖν ὄμηρῶν*, especially if they be in a high measure, although *Aristotle* denies, that any Dream is sent of God, but prophanely.

For this is the difference between *ἐνύπνιον* & *ὄνειρον*, saith *Suidas*. that the first is *ἀσήμαντον* & *οὐδενὸς προαγορεύτικον*, the last foreprophecies. These *ὄνειρα* or fatal Dreams be prognosticous of either good, or bad success, as this; *Hecuba* Dreamed that she had brought forth a burning Torch, which was *Cicero's* an intimate of *Paris*, who was then in her Womb, and who should in after-times be the destruction and fire-brand of *Troy*. So *Casar* the Dictator Dreamed he had copulation with his Mother, which did uncloud as by a silent oracle, that the Earth, the Mother of all things, should be under his subjection.

*Penelope* Dreamed of twenty Geese, that came into her Hall, and did peck up all her Wheat: and that an Eagle came from an high Mountain, and seizing upon them did estsoon kill them. Which was a shadow of

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*Ulysses* ( by the Eagle ) who should put the suiters of *Penelope* to flight.

*Hierod. &  
Justin.*

*Astyages* saw in his sleep a vision of a Vine, which did spread it self from the Womb of his only Daughter, by whose flourishing branches all *Asia* was overshadowed. Which foretold by the Augurs was a shadow of *Cyrus*, by whose means *Astyages* should lose his Kingdome.

*Apuleius de  
dogm. Plat.  
l. 2. & La-  
ert.*

*Socrates* in *Diogenes Laertius* Dreamed, that he saw a young Cygnet wax fledge in his bosome, and est being winged, to flie aloft, and fill the Air with melodious Carols. Which did as it were predivine the admirable eloquence of *Plato* his Scholer.

The History is well known of *Cræsus* his Dreams; whereof *Pertelot* speaks to *Chaunticlere*, in the merry tale of the Nuns Priest.

*Lo Cræsus, which was of Lydia King,  
Dream'd he not that he sate upon a Tree;  
Which signified that he should hanged be.*

Many more be rehearsed in that place, which is worthy to be read, wherein the Poet shews himself both a Divine, an Historian, a Philosopher,

losopher, & Physician. Intreating of dreams, we will not intermeddle with these; the ominous and fatal Dreams we read of in the sacred wit. One portentous dream I will recite which comes to my memory, and which I my self heard related of the party that dreamed it.

There was one, that dreamed she was walking in a greenish mead, all fragrant with beautiful flours, and flourishing plants, who whilest she wondred and stood as amaz'd at the glory of the spring, an ancient fir, all wither'd, and lean-faced with oldness, the very emblem of death, made toward her with a green bough in his hand, sharpening it at the end; who as she fled away from his pursuit, darted it often at her, the branch three times coming very near her, yet did not touch her at all: who when he see he could not prevail with his aim, vanished est away, and left the bough behind, and she as astounded and affrighted with the dream, presently awoke. Now mark the sequel of it: within three days after she was for her recreation sake walking in a greenish inclosure hard by a pond side, and on a sudden her brain was so intoxicate & distempered, whether with a spice of a *Vertigo*, or what amazing disease soever, I

know not, but she was hurried into a deep with her head forward, being in a great peril of drowning, and if she had not caught fast hold by chance of a branch that hung over the water, she had been drowned indeed.

There also are fatal dreams: as when we dream of Eagles flying over our heads, it portends infortunateness. To dream of marriages, dancing, and banqueting, foretels some of our kinsfolks are departed: to dream of silver, sorrow, if thou hast it given thy self: of Gold, good fortune. To lose an axle-tooth, or an eye, the death of some special friend. To dream of bloody teeth, the death of the dreamer: to weep in sleep, joy: to contemplate ones face in the water, and to see the dead, long life. To handle lead, some melancholick disease. To see a hare, death. To dream of chickens, and birds, commonly ill luck. All which, and a thousand more, I will not aver to be true, yet because I have found them or many of them fatal, both by mine own and others experience, and to be set down of learned men; and partly to shew what an ominous dream is, I thought good to name them in this Chapter.

Vain dreams be, when a man imagines  
he

he doth such things in his sleep, which he did the day before, the species being strongly fixed in his phantasie, as if he having read of a *Chimera*, *Sphynx*, *Tragelaphus*, *Centaurus*, or any the like Poetical fiction, sees the like formed in his phantasie, according to their peculiar parts: and such as when we dream we are performing any bodily exercise, or laughing, or speaking, &c. These also may be fatal, as if we dream we do not any thing with the same alacrity, with the like cunning, and in the same excellency in our sleep, as we did them in the day time, they foreshew some perturbation of body, so saith the Physician in his treatise of Dreams: for he saith that those Dreams, which are not adverse to diurnal actions, and that appear in the purity of their subjects, and eminency of the conceived species, are intimates of a good state of health: as to see the Sun and Moon not eclipsed, but in their sheen glory: to journey without impediment in a plain soil; to see the trees shoot out, and laden with variety of fruits, brooks sliding in sweet meads with a soft murmur, clear waters, neither swelling too high, nor running

Hippoc. lib.  
of Dreams.

ning nigh the chanel, those sometimes are vain, and portend nothing at all: sometimes they signifie a sound temperature of Body.

The last kind, which is most appertinent to our treatise, is a Dream natural: this ariseth from our complexions, when humors be too abundant in a weight, as if one be Cholerick of complexion, to dream of fire-works, exhalations, comets, streaking and blazing meteors, skirmishing, stabbing, and the like. If Sanguine, to dream of beautiful women, if flowing streams of blood, of pure purple colours. If Phlegmatick, to dream of surrounding waters, of swimming in rivers, or torrents, and sudden showers, &c. If Melancholick, to dream of falling down from high Turrets, of travelling in dark solemn places, to lie in caves of the earth, to dream of the Devil, of black furious Beasts, to see any the like terrible aspects.

Cæl. Rhod.

*Albertus Magnus* Dreamed that he drunk black pitch, who in the morning when he awoke did avoid abundance of black Choler.

Concerning these forenamed complexionate Dreams look *Hippocrates de insom-*

*niis,*



*his*, *sect.* 4. But these may belong more unto a distemperature by a late misdict in any complexion confusedly, then to a natural complexion indeed: as when a man after a tedious wearisom journey doth inflame his body with too much wine, in his sleep he shall see fires, drawn swords, and strange phantasmas to affright him, of what complexion soever he be. So if we overdrink our selves we shall dream (our nature being well nigh overcome) that we are in great danger of drowning in the waves. so if we feed on any gross meats, that lie heavy upon our stomach, and have a dyspepsy, or difficult concoction, we shall dream of tumbling from the top of high hills, or walls, & awaken withal before we come to the bottome, as we know by experience in our own body, thogh not of a melancholick constitution; yet it should seem too, that this humor at that instant domineers especially, by reason of the great tickling of our spleen in falling from any high room, which we each perceive when we awake suddenly out of that dream. They that are desirous further to quench their thirst concerning this point, let them repair to the fountains, I mean to the plentiful writing of such learned authors, as write  
of

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of dreams more copiously, as of *Cardan* that writes a whole treatise *de insomniis*, and the Alphabet of dreams, and *Peter Martyr*, part. 1. *com. pla. cap. 5.* and many others.

## CAP. XV.

*Of the exaltest temperature of all, whereof Lemnius speaks.*

**T**hey that never have relished the verdure of dainty delicates, think homely fare is a second dish, saith the Poet: they that never have been ravished with the sense-be-reaving melody of *Apollo*, imagin *Pan's* pipe to be surpassing musick, they that never have heard the sweet-voic'd *Swan*, and the *Nightingal* sing their sagred notes, do perswade themselves that *Grashoppers* & *Frogs* with their *brekekekex coax* can sing smoothly, when they eroak harshly, as *Charon* in *Aristophan*. bidding *Bacchus*, as he past to hell in his boat over *Acheron*, to row hard, for then he should hear a melodious sound of frogs.

*Arist. in his Rena.*

— Βατράχων κίρκων θάυμασά, &c.

Singing like swans before their death, so they that

that have never seen in any, or at least never contemplated this heavenly harmonical crasis, this excellent and golden temperature, this temperament *ad pondus*, do surmise that there cannot be a more perfect crasis, and sweet complexion, then those that are vulgar to the common eye, when indeed there is no complexion, no temper that is perfect and pure to any eye, though the Sanguine do excel all the rest.

*Quantū lent a solent inter viburna Cupressi.*

As far as the high and beautiful Cypres-tree peers over the limber shrub, & lower Tamarisk. This golden temperature must be only understood, and seen with the internal eyes of reason, seeing it hath not a real existence. Which we may describe notwithstanding, to shew how near he that hath the best, cometh unto the best, & how far he that hath the worst doth wander & digress from the best. He, whom we are taking in hand to blazon out according to our meaner pensil, may be likened to *Cicero's* & *Quintilian's* orator, to *Xenophon's* *Cyrus*, to *Aristotle's* *felix*, to *Sir Thomas Moor's* *Eutopia*, to *Homer's* *Achilles* to the *Stoicks* perfect man, to *Æuripides* his happy

happy soul, in the end of his *Electra*, and in  
his *Hecuba*, where he saith,

Κείνος δ' ὀυβιάτατ' ὅ

*Hecuba her*  
*words in*  
*Euripides.* "Ὅτω κατ' ἡμᾶρ τυχεῖται μηδ' ἄκακόν.

He is in a most happy case, to whom never a  
day there happens any ill. There was never  
any of these in the same perfection they are  
described: who is so happy? nay, who on  
earth almost cannot say with the Sycophant  
in *Aristophanes*,

*Arist in his*  
*Plat. a. 7. 4.*  
*Scan. 3.*

Καὶ τρεῖς κακοὶ αἰμῶν καὶ τετρακίς, καὶ  
πεντάκις, καὶ δωδεκάκις, καὶ μυριάκις.

I am thrice unhappy, and four times and five  
times, and 12 times, and an hundred times.  
None of these (I say) are laid out, as if there  
were the like in eminency and dignity, but  
either for affection, or a fume of glory, by  
their applausive description, or else for a de-  
bere, to shew what they ought to be, so this  
temperature must be depainted forth of us,  
not according to his existency, as if there  
were the like extant, but according to a kind  
of exigency, as it should be inherent. The  
man then that hath this crasis is absolute in  
the

the equal poize of the elements, he is said to be perfect according to the perfect square of *Polycletus*, who (as *Fabian* reports) for his cunning did merit a name above all mortal men, for carving images, being called the *Archetypus* of all artificers: in this encrasy there is an absolute symmetry, a sweet consent, a harmony of the first qualities, in the whole subject a conspiracy of all faculties. He that is endowed with it, all his senses are vigorous and lively, all his innate powers do performe their duties, without endammagement each to other, and without impeachment to the whole. His material parts have *Hip. de. vit. li. 1. sect. 4.*  
*ἕδρα ὁ λεπτότατον, καὶ πύρρος ἀραιότερον* which implies that there is *σύγκρασις ὑγιεινότητη*: His brain is neither moist, nor dry, his mind acute, industrious, provident, his manners incorrupt, wit singular, dexterical, pregnant, admirable: his memory stable, like unto *Seneca's*, who witnesseth of himself, that he could easily have recited by heart many things, *usque ad miraculum*, to the admiration of all men. Like unto *Cesar's*, who could speak two and twenty Languages, write, invent, and understand a tale told, all at one time: his nature calm, not exposed to the blast of vitious perturbations,

*Sen. in pro-  
lig. ad De-  
clam.*

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bations, as he is not rash and heady in his attempts, so is he no procrastinator, but in all enterprizes making choice of wisdom and judgment, his Delegates, his disposition is so generous, that without all compulsion he will rein in his headstrong and untamed appetite with the bridle of reason. He is neither puffed up with prosperity, nor of an abject and drooping carriage by adversity, though he be tossed never so upon the surging waves of fortune: he holds fast the helm of confidence, never in the least danger to sink down to the gulfy bottom of despair. Being in a peck of troubles, he loses not a grain of courage, and true fortitude. For patience he is another *Atlas*, that will cage a whole world of injuries without fainting, in whom are affections, but they be all used in their proper objects, he follows not their stream, he is witty, not addicted to scurrility, all his conceits are seasoned with the salt of discretion, as they tast not of a scemical levity, so they relish not a cynical gravity and severity. In matters of moment he demeans himself as a grave umpire, with all wise deportment he balances all his words and deeds with gravity, and discretion, his  
 tongue

tongue is the Usher of his sage advice, repentance, which usually lies at the door of rash folly, never once comes so much as within the precinct of his Court: for his chastity he is an admirable president, and pattern; his crystal eyes, and sweet countenance, are the heralds, and characters of his gracious, and compenable, and vertuous mind; his very nod is vices scourge: in his whole habit, colour, lineaments, beauty, portraiture, there appears an heroical majesty, there shines an admirable decency, insomuch that he may easily allure the greedy spectator, not only to stand admiring of him, but withall entirely to embrace, and love him. His head is not oblique & angular, but right orbicular: his hair not harsh, but smooth and soft: his forehead not harbouring in the wrinkling pale envy, but like theirs rather,

*Qui Thymelem spectant, derisoremq; Cato-*  
*nem.*

His face is not overspred with the clouds of discontent at any time, but having a lovely amiable aspect full of all pleasance, wherein the snowy Lilly & the purple Rose do strive for preheminance, and dominion. In his life

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he

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he is neither a *Democritus*, who ever laugh'd  
nor an *Heracitus*, always blubbering, as the  
Poet speaks of them,

*Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat  
Democritus, quoties à limine moverat unum  
Prohibuitque pacem: flevit contrarius alter.*

The one each where with ever-kincking vain  
The bellows of his breath he tore in twain:  
The other with a double-suced eye  
Did sacrifice his tears to vanity.

His gate also is sage & grave, not affected &  
strouting like a Stage-player: his whole body  
(as *Marlo* saith of *Leander*) as straight as  
*Circes* wand: he is all gracious to behold:  
like *Achilles*, of whom *Maximus Tyrinus*  
says, he was not only to be extolled for his  
external and golden locks, (for *Euphorbus*  
in like manner had fair yellow hair) but be-  
cause he was adorned with all virtue: in  
whom, as *Musæus* saith of *Hero*, there was  
above the ordinary number among the Po-  
ets, to wit an hundred Graces: he is all favor,  
as *Amarantha* in the Poet was all *Venus*,

SANNAZAR.  
lib. 2

*Hic Amarantha jacet, quæ si fas verâ fateri,  
Aut*



*Aut Veneri similis, vel Venus ipsa fuit.*

*Here Amarantha lies, who was of right  
Like Venus fair, or certes Venus hght.*

*Like Ephesus Euthymicus, of whom Achil-  
les Tatius saith, that he was — καλὸς ὡς ἰσ. 8. p. 200  
μεραικίῳ ὅσον Ῥοδόπῃ ἐν παρθένοις, as fair among  
men, as Rhodope amongst the Virgins; like  
Pindar's Alcymedon, of whom he says,*

— ἦν δ' ἔσορ' ἄν καλὸς, ἔργω  
οὐ κακ' εἶδ' ὅ' ἐλέγχων.

*Pindar. O  
lymp. ed. 8*

He was comely, and fair-viſag'd, and did not  
shadow his beauty by any blemish of bad a-  
ction. In whom both for internal and exter-  
nal good ( as it was once spoke of that wor-  
thy Emperor *Mauritius* ) true piety and fe-  
licity linked themselves together, the for-  
mer forcing the later: who covered not only  
his head with the crown, and clad his limbs  
in purple, but embellish'd his mind also with  
precious ornaments: who of all other Em-  
perors empir'd over his own person, tyran-  
nizing as it were over the democracy of base  
affections. Yet more for his generous spirit,  
& singular wisdom, for that internal beauty

Xenophon  
in his Apo-  
logy for So-  
crates at  
the very  
end.

he is like to *Socrates*, of whom *Xenophon* in that pithy *Apology* saith, Ἐγὼ μὲν κατα-  
ροῶν, &c. When I do call to mind the man him-  
self, his wisdom, his generous mind, nei-  
ther can I not remember him, nor remem-  
bring of him not highly extol him: and this  
I will say, that if any of them, which have a  
zealous desire to obtain virtue, do converse  
with any, with whom he may more profit  
himself, him sure I judge most worthy of the  
fellowship of the Gods. To wind up our  
speech with a pathetical place of the Poet;  
For all absoluteness he is like unto that fa-  
mous *Stilichon*, of whom *Claudian* in his  
*Panegyris*, first inferring this (which a-  
grees with that speech of *Maximus Tyrius*,  
concerning the Goddesses, in the 24 Serm. in  
some sort) that all good hap is granted to no  
man, some is graced with this beauty on this  
part, some on that, none have all favor, saith  
highly in his praise, that others, having but  
the compendium of excellency, he alone had  
it in the greatest volumns.

Claudia-  
nus in the  
of his  
*Panegyris*

— — — sparguntur in omnes,  
In te mixta flunt, & qua divisa beatos  
Efficiunt, collecta tenes. — — —

All those gifts, which are dispers'd among all, are combined in thee, and whose several parcels, and, as we may say, very drops to taste on, were happiness, they all concur in thee, thou hast the course, and full stream, whereby thou maist even bath thy self in blifs.

Now my pen will needs take his leave of his fair Love, the paper, with blubbering as you see these ruder tears of ink: if there be any parergetical clauses, not suting true judgment, & as impertinent to this our Treatise, as surely some there be, I must needs ingeniously confess it as a default.

So Angelus Pol. saies of La. Medices in his 4. Epist. epist. 2 Jacobo Antiquarion. Quibus in singulis excellere alii magnum putant, ille universis pariter comminuet.

Τὸ μὲν πάρεργον ἔργον ποιεῖν,  
Ἐργὸν δὲ πάρεργον ἐκπονεῖν.

Athenæus'

That I may speak, though not with the very words, yet according to the sense of *Agathon* in *Athenæus*, to make a by work a work is to make our work a by-work: yet am I not plunged over head and ears in *Parergas*. They are (if it were so, that I made much use of them) but as our Poetical *Episodions*, as *Virgil* hath in his *Culex*, whereof *Joseph Scaliger*, in his book entituled *Maronis appendix*, & in his comment upon these words [*inter quas impia Losos impia*] in the

*Culex* saith, All these the Poet's descriptions, although they be nothing but *Parerga*, notwithstanding they fill up the greatest room of the pages of this Poem, so that there is the least portion of that, which is most competent, and requisit. So, in *Catullus* his description of his *Pulvinar*, he writes most of the complaint of *Ariane*, of the three fatal Ladies, but of god *Hymen*, & of Marriage scarce any whit at all. So in this *Culex*, saith he, are many words written in the praise of the rural life, the shepherd's happiness, the limning out of plants, &c. but of the Gnat he speaks least of all: for saith he, *in pictura tam tenui nisi parerga adbibueris, quid dignum oculis proponi potest?* in so little a toy, unless there were *Obiters*, what would be worthy viewing? Which saying may not much be unfitting our purpose: though the Poets have a great Prerogative to arrogate whatsoever: I account this *pictura tenuis* in regard of it self. And if not, I hope I may intermeddle now & then a thing incidently by the way, so it be not wholly out of the way. I know some self-conceited nazold, and some jaundice-fac'd ideot, that uses to deprave and detract from mens worthiness by their base obloquy ( the very lime-twig

of our flying fame) & that with *Aristarchus*,  
 read over, and over-read a book, only to  
 snarl at, like curious currs, and malign the  
 Author, not to cull out the choicest things to  
 their own special use: like venomous Spi-  
 ders, extracting a poysonous humor, where  
 the laborious Bees do sip out a sweet profi-  
 table juyce: some such, I say, may peradven-  
 ture be moved at these *Parergas*, & other  
 escapes, as though they alone were *Italian*  
*Magnific's* and great *Turks* for Secretari-  
 ship. But, if they be grieved, let their toad-  
 swoln gals burst in sunder for me with puff-  
 ing cholor; let them turn the buckle of their  
 dudgeon anger behind, lest the tongue of it  
 catch their own dottril skins, I weigh them  
 not a nifle. When they have spoke all they  
 can, silly souls, they can work themselves no  
 great advancement, and me no great dispa-  
 ragement. But here will we now cast our  
 happy anchor, being in the road, and haven  
 of our expectation, this little Bark of ours  
 being souc'd in cumbersome waves, which  
 never tryed the foaming main before, hath  
 toiled long enough upon the Ocean. *Phœ-*  
*bus* beginneth low to wast, yea now is gone  
 down to visit and call up the drowfie *Anti-*  
*podes*: if the radiant morn of favor do greet

*Theodor. in*  
*serm. 1. sic*  
*Isoy in de-*  
*monio. 1. in*  
*fine.*

us with serenity of countenance, we mean to attempt a further *Indian* voyage, & by the happy means of our helm-mistress *Minerva*, wee'll fraught and ballast our little Ship with a golden traffique, what unrefined metal soever she is now laden withall. In the mean time we will lay in morgage a piece of our fallowed invention, till our bankrupt faculty be able to repay that deeper debt we ow to Learning.

F I N I S.



The Close.

**A**s flaming *Phœbus* with his radiant face,  
 Enthroniz'd in a golden chair of state,  
 The watching candles of the night doth chase  
 To seek out hidden cells, all passionate:  
 So man, in richest robes of Nature dress'd,  
 Doth quite obscure the glory of the rest.  
 Whats'ever thing is seen, it hath its peer:  
 The City a Sovereign, the Heavens a Sun,  
 The Birds an Eagle, Beasts a Lyon fear:  
 The Flow'rs a Rose, in th'limbs an Heart doth wear:  
 The World a Centre: Centre hath a Man,  
 Her Lording, Primate, Metropolitan.  
 This man's a little world, the Artists say,  
 Wherein a wise Intelligence doth dwell,  
 That Reason hight, which ought to bear the sway,  
 The Spheres our limbs, in motion that excel.  
 The consort, which by moving hence doth fall,  
 Yields harmony to both Angelical.  
 Man's rarer gifts if we do duly scan,  
 Sage wisdom, peerless wit, and comely feature,  
 He seems a very Demi-God, no man,  
 Embellish'd with all the gifts of Nature:  
 His heavenly soul is, in his earthly mold,  
 An orient pearl within a ring of Gold.  
 His comely body is a beautiful Inn,  
 Built fairly to the owner's princely mind,  
 Where wand'ring virtues lodg oft lodg'd with sin:  
 Such pilgrims kindest entertainment find.  
 An Inn said I? O no, that name's unfit,  
 Sith they stay not a night, but dwell in it.

Man

Man is the Centre's rarest wonderment,  
 Who waxeth proud with this her carriage,  
 And decks her self with *Appas* ornament,  
 For him to tread, as on a lofty stage.

For him once yearly she her self does dight  
 With greenest *Smarald*, to refresh his sight.  
 The heavens are full of sadder anguishment,  
 That they enjoy not such a worthy wight:  
 The earth is full of dreary languishment,  
 That Heavens envy her that's hers by right.

The Sun, that strives all day with him for grace,  
 At night for shame is fain to shroud his face.  
 Fair *Cynthia's* often in the pinalg wain,  
 When she enjoys not his society:  
 And oft her glory is at fall again,  
 When he but dains to view her. *Deity*.

Whilom enveloped in misty cares,  
 She now displays her bright dishevel'd hairs,  
 True image of that high celestial power,  
 Equal to Angels in thy happy state,  
 Whose happy soul should be a pleasant bower  
 For Sanctity, her self to recreate,

By right *Pandora* hath enriched thee  
 With golden gifts of Immortality.  
 Thus man is made, though he himself doth mar  
 By that alluring sin of *Luxury*:  
 And from his excellency wendeth far,  
 By letting loose the reins to *Venery*:

His soul in lust, till death away it hent,  
 Like *Æsop's* pearl is in a dunghil pent.  
 Look as the sable night with jetty hew  
 In darkness muffles up the gladson day,  
 And *Cynthia* in her cloudy cell doth mew,  
 Lett she the night's foul visage should bewray:

So noysom riot, rising as a damp,  
 Doth quite extinguish Reason's burning lamp.



Chief se-man unto man is lavish Riot,  
 Which makes him be inferiour unto man:  
 For when the appetite o're-runs his dyes,  
 The soul-Infecbled powers full little can:  
 Of glorious creatures greater is the fall:  
 Corruption of the best is worst of all.  
 Reason's fair' & turret highly seated is,  
 ( Seat of the soul's pow'r, which doth most excel )  
 Within like turnings of Meander's is,  
 Or labyrinth, where Rosamond did dwell;  
 A triple wall th' Anatomike espie,  
 Before you come where Rosamond doth lie.  
 The first is made of Elephantine tooth,  
 Strongly compact, his figure circular,  
 The wall rough-cast, and yet the work is smooth.  
 The fairest things not ever object are:  
 So cloudy curtains drawn o'reth' azur'd skie,  
 ( As eye-lids ) oover Phobus slumb'ring eye,  
 The other twain are not so strongly pight,  
 They rather serve for somely decency,  
 And teach us, that a Prince within doth sit,  
 Enthron'd in pomp in highest Majesty.  
 That things more highly priz'd are more pent in,  
 Lest they might be entis'd with flatt'ring sin.  
 So th' horn-mad Bull must keep the golden fleece,  
 In bow'r of brass fair Danaë must be pent,  
 The Dragon watch your fruit Hesperides,  
 The all-eyd Argus must fair Io tent,  
 The labyrinth close peerless Rosamond,  
 The fragrant' & Rose must thorns environ round.  
 The wall, which framed is of Ivory,  
 A glorious double casement doth contain,  
 Each answering both in uniformity,  
 And both the fairest objects entertain:  
 The Optick nerves the Galleries, wherein  
 The soul doth walk, and these free objects win.

Within

Within this palace-wall a Goddess pure,  
Whom *Ratio* all the learned Scholemen call,  
Closely her self within doth here immure,  
A Goddess sober, wise, celestial:

Who, sitting though within her regal chair,  
Oft head-strong Appetites her overbear.

*Riot*, the Metropolitan of sins,  
Lays daily siege against this goodly tow'r,  
And first by pleasing baits *Riot* begins,  
Then by constraint the Virgin doth deflow'r.

The tow'r at length is raz'd by battery,  
Which could not be o'recome by flattery.

Ay me! so fair a Fort to be thrown down,  
That it so fair no longer time may last,  
That Lust should be impal'd with Reason's crown,  
That rav'nous *Riot* should this palace waste.

That she, the mistress of our lawless will,  
With unclean excess thus her self should spill!

Ay monster-sin of pleasing Luxury,  
The very hecstick fever of the soul,  
The harbinger of woful misery,  
Sweet poyson quaff'd out of a golden bowl,

Phrensie of appetite, blind *Cupid's* glim,  
To catch our brain-sick Amorettoes in!

The Lethe of a stable memory,  
The wild-fire of the wit, the mint of woes,  
A falling-sickness to our treasury,

A mate, that e're with Irreligion goes,  
An *Epicure*, that huggeth fading joy  
Before eterniky with least annoy.

*Riot's* a bark in th' mind's unconstant main,  
Toft too and fro with wafts of Appetite;  
Where Reason holds the helm with careful pain,  
But cannot steer this laden keel aright.

Here wisdom, as a gally-slave, is pent,  
Scourg'd with disgrace, and fed with discontent.

Now

Now eath it is to take the golden fleece,  
 The all ey'd *Argus* now asleep is cast,  
 The quick-ey'd *Dragon's* slain by *Hercules*,  
 Fair *Danae* is deflowr'd, though ne' re so chaste.

By clew of winding pleasures now is found  
 A tract to kill the leafest *Rosamond*.

Abandon, and shake hands with Riot them,  
 Once let him not in thy fair palace rest:  
 Happy's that soul, that well doth Riot ken,  
 That keeps not open house for such a guest:

Who loves to have his limbs with fatness illa'd,

There lives within his limbs a meager mind.

Defeat these dainty limbs of wonted fare.  
 Wean thou thy Appetite while it is young,  
 Lest that it surfeiting thy State impair,  
 With that two-fold Port-cullis of thy Tongue.

Stop thou the way, lest too much enter in,

The foe of virtue, but the friend of sin.

Who hunts nought else in th' *April* of his dales,  
 But *Persian* fare, too wanton merriment,  
 A winter storm, in *May*, his life shall craze,  
 His fatal end is pining dreariment.

The only meed, that comes by Luxury,

Is servile needful end, and obloquy.

Till fond desire be banish'd from within,  
 Against his leige a rebel he will rise,  
 Draw not the curtain o're this slumbering sin,  
 That light of Reason may him eke surprize.

For if in darkness thou dost let him lie,

He'll dream on nought but Hellish villany.

When *Morpheus* doth asleep thy senses lull,  
 Use sleep with sober moderation,

Too little weakens wit; too much doth dull,  
 And greatly hinders contemplation:

Who keeps a golden mean is sure to find

A healthful body, and a cheerful mind.

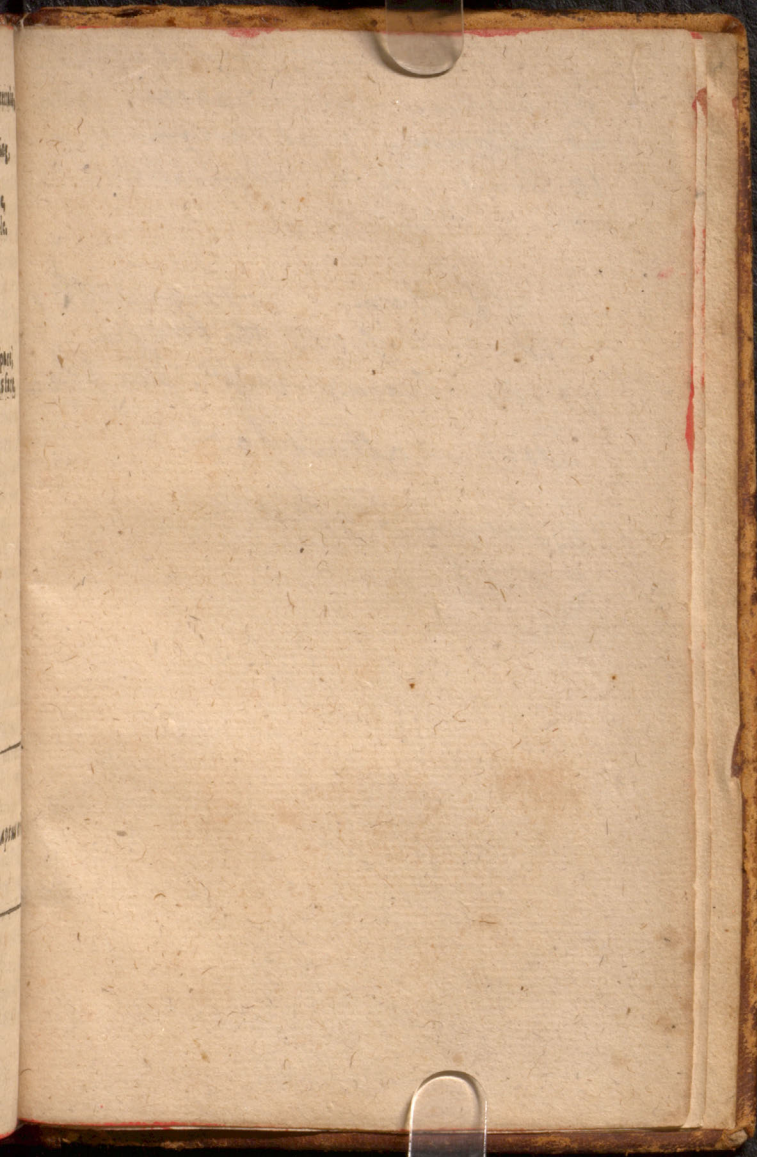
- Delga, *Granta's* Nymphs, our youth co entertain,  
 Until our wk can reach an *Ela* strain.
- Ovid.* Among *Chan's* silver swans, that sweetly sing,  
 We *Bauch* and *Philomon* present bring,  
 Great *Theſem*, though *Hecale* were not able,  
 Vouchsaf'd acceptance of her meaner table.
- Julian.* Renowned *Ataxerxes* humbly took  
 The present of *Cynetas* from the brook;  
 Our power is as a drop, and little can;  
 Let this suffice, our mind's an Ocean.  
 E're long our Muse, if now you deign to spare,  
 Shee'll feed your ears with more delicious fare.

FINIS.

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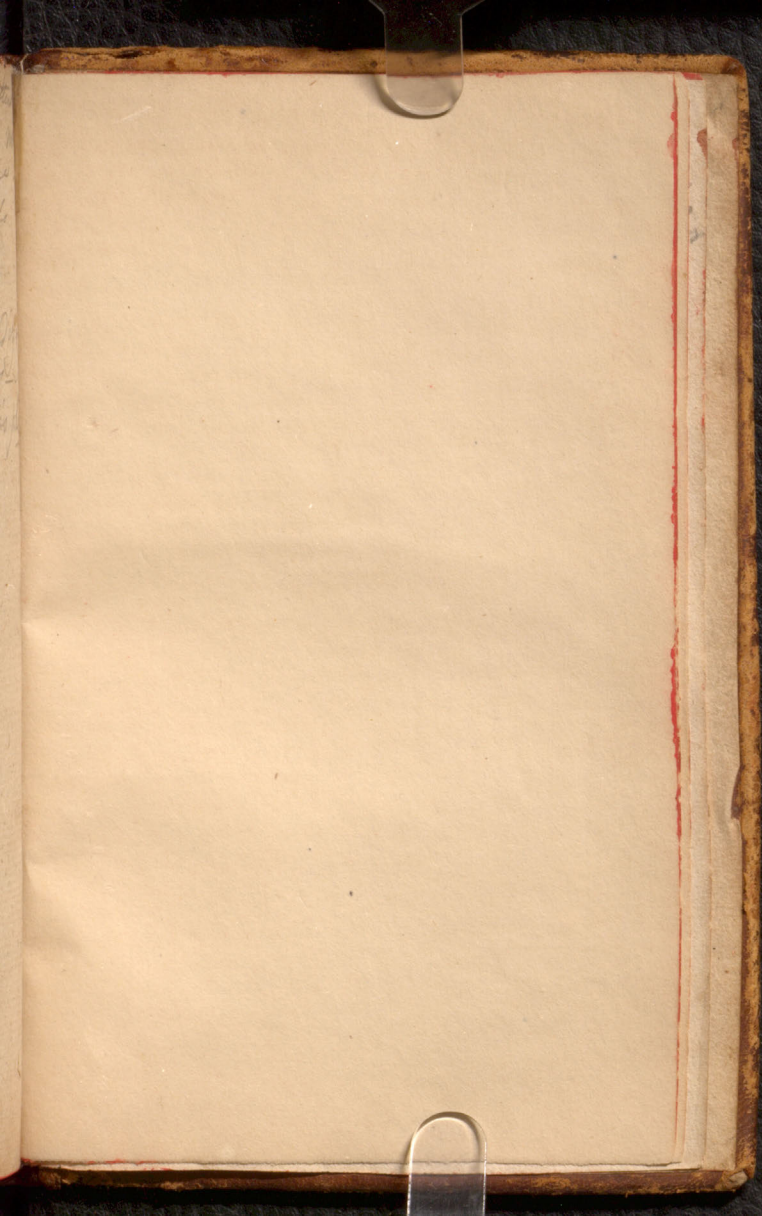
*Qui non est hodie, cras magis aptus erit.*

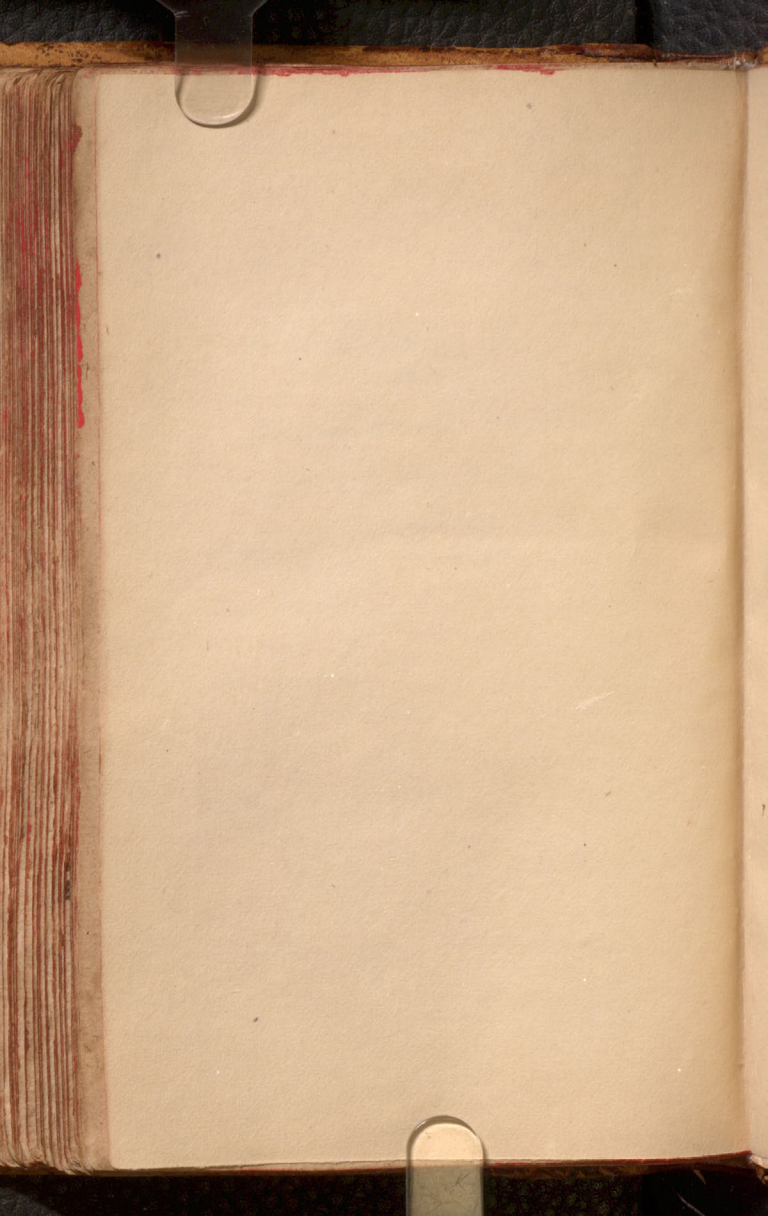
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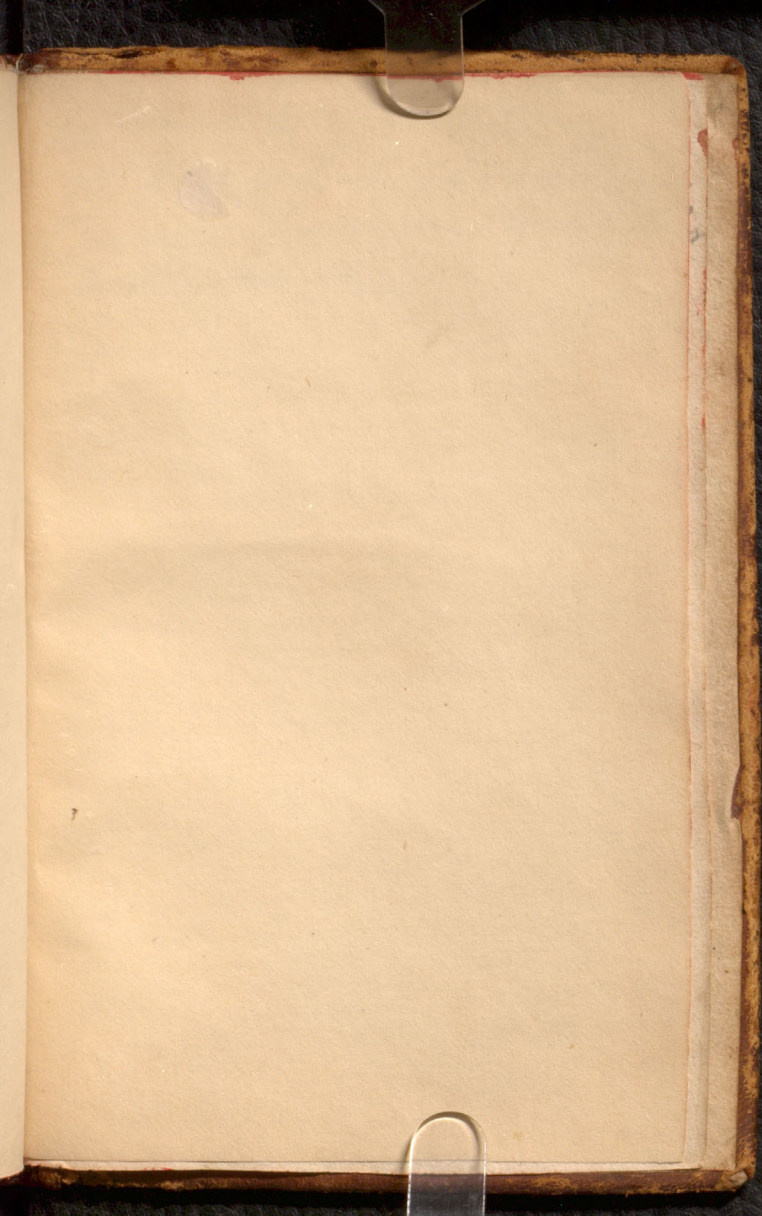
77. Sleep - rest - and attend  
to exercise - ad peritiam non  
ad sudorem - good advice -  
to food - L. S. 1. admirable  
advice.

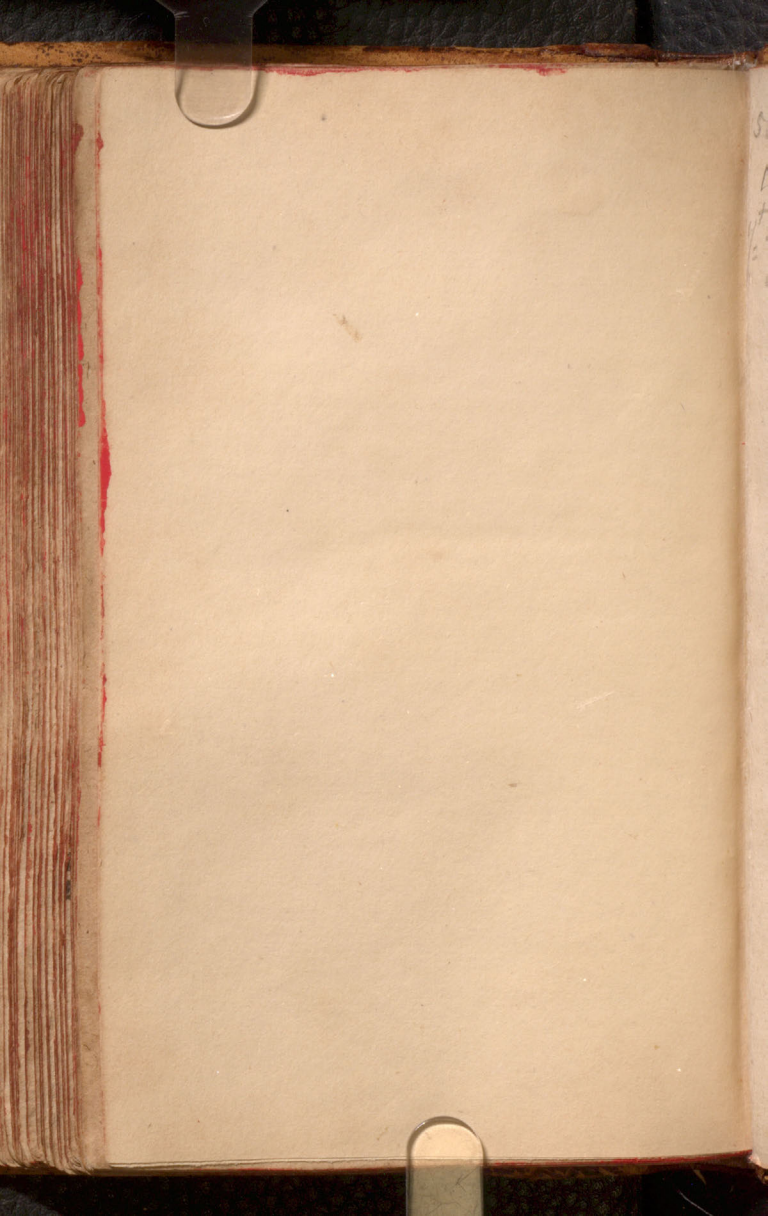
78. Chastity - governance  
79. Prudence - the body  
80. Amorous - Emp<sup>a</sup> his plan  
47. Diets - attend to  
136. Merry Tales











50 Wine - its effects

10. Hops so Lab, says Scaliger  
+ mice make nests in their  
= *brothaculo de*

105. Opera - The Cor Urens  
106. Tobacco  
24. Soul

116. Heart - Character described

62. Excellently well written, but  
Foster in his "Private Thoughts  
in Religion" says, "I.H."

120. God

133. Coogan's Heaven of Health quoted

138. Richard's story of the tent at  
its effect on a nervous subject  
making him go on his quintessence

150. Sense - Swearing - Melody a  
good & appropriate term, say  
as applied to Jenny Lind's  
wonderful silvery voice

59. Demus - Amicus

112. Intemperance

Litt  
W 1860  
1664

