

Anatomy Of Melancholy

by
Robert Burton

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Anatomy Of Melancholy Pdf

By

Robert Burton



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THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

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Bibliographic and Editorial Note.

The text of this version is taken from a reprint of the sixth (1652) edition, by Chatto and Windus, London, 1883.

Translations from the Latin -- Those in round brackets (. .) were footnotes in the original; those in square brackets [. .] are the work of the ex-classics project.

Footnotes in Latin (of which there were a great many) have been omitted.

Accents have been removed from Latin, in accordance with modern practice.

Greek has been transliterated according to the following scheme:

Α , α	alpha	a
Β, β	beta	b
Γ , γ	Gamma	g
Δ , δ	Delta	d
Ε , ε	Epsilon	e
Ζ , ζ	Zeta	z
Η, η	Eta	e
Θ, θ	Theta	th
Ι , ι	Iota	i
Κ, κ	Kappa	k
Λ, λ	Lambda	l
Μ, μ	Mu	m
Ν, ν	Nu	n
Ξ, ξ	Xi	x
Ο, ο	Omicron	o
Π, π	Pi	p
Ρ, ρ	Rho	r
Σ, ς σ	Sigma	s
Τ, τ	Tau	t
Υ, υ	Upsilon	y
Φ, φ	Phi	ph
Χ, χ	Chi	ch
Ψ, ψ	Psi	ps
Ω, ω	Omega	o

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

Dedication

HONORATISSIMO DOMINO,
NON MINVS VIRTUTE SUA, QUAM GENERIS SPLENDORE,
ILLVSTRISSIMO,
GEORGIO BERKLEIO,
MILITI DE BALNEO, BARONI DE BERKLEY, MOUBREY, SEGRAVE,
D. DE BRUSE,
DOMINO SUO MULTIS NOMINIBUS OBSERVANDO,
HANC SUAM
MELANCHOLIÆ ANATOMEN,
JAM SEXTO REVISAM, D. D.
DEMOCRITUS JUNIOR.

[To the most honourable Lord, illustrious not less for his virtue than for his splendid ancestry, George Berkely, Knight of the Bath, Baron of Berkley, Moubrey, Seagrave, Lord of Bruse, with respect for his many titles, is dedicated this ANATOMY of MELANCHOLY, sixth edition. Democritus Junior]

ADVERTISEMENT.

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

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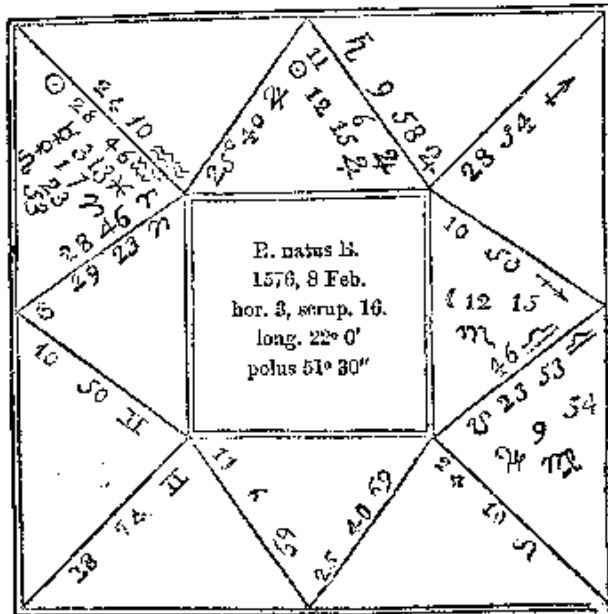
MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

ROBERT BURTON was the son of Ralph Burton, of an ancient and genteel family at Lindley, in Leicestershire, and was born there on the 8th of February, 1576. [1] He received the first rudiments of learning at the free school of Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire, [2] from whence he was, at the age of seventeen, in the long vacation, 1593, sent to Brazen Nose College, in the condition of a commoner, where he made a considerable progress in logic and philosophy. In 1599 he was elected student of Christ Church, and, for form sake, was put under the tuition of Dr. John Bancroft, afterwards Bishop of Oxford. In 1614 he was admitted to the reading of the Sentences, and on the 29th of November, 1616, had the vicarage of St. Thomas, in the west suburb of Oxford, conferred on him by the dean and canons of Christ Church, which, with the rectory of Segrave, in Leicestershire, given to him in the year 1636, by George, Lord Berkeley, he kept, to use the words of the Oxford antiquary, with much ado to his dying day. He seems to have been first beneficed at Walsby, in Lincolnshire, through the munificence of his noble patroness, Frances, Countess Dowager of Exeter, but resigned the same, as he tells us, for some special reasons. At his vicarage he is remarked to have always given the sacrament in wafers. Wood's character of him is, that "he was an exact mathematician, a curious calculator of nativities, a general read scholar, a thorough-paced philologist, and one that understood the surveying of lands well. As he was by many accounted a severe student, a devourer of authors, a melancholy and humorous person; so by others, who knew him well, a person of great honesty, plain dealing and charity. I have heard some of the ancients of Christ Church often say, that his company was very merry, facetious, and juvenile; and no man in his time did surpass him for his ready and dexterous interlarding his common discourses among them with verses from the poets, or sentences from classic authors; which being then all the fashion in the University, made his company the more acceptable." He appears to have been a universal reader of all kinds of books, and availed himself of his multifarious studies in a very extraordinary manner. From the information of Hearne, we learn that John Rouse, the Bodleian librarian, furnished him with choice books for the prosecution of his work. The subject of his labour and amusement, seems to have been adopted from the infirmities of his own habit and constitution. Mr. Granger says, "He composed this book with a view of relieving his own melancholy, but increased it to such a degree, that nothing could make him laugh, but going to the bridge-foot and hearing the ribaldry of the barge-men, which rarely failed to throw him into a violent fit of laughter. Before he was overcome with this horrid disorder, he, in the intervals of his vapours, was esteemed one of the most facetious companions in the University."

His residence was chiefly at Oxford; where, in his chamber in Christ Church College, he departed this life, at or very near the time which he had some years before foretold, from the calculation of his own nativity, and which, says Wood, "being exact, several of the students did not forbear to whisper among themselves, that rather than there should be a mistake in the calculation, he sent up his soul to heaven through

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a slip about his neck." Whether this suggestion is founded in truth, we have no other evidence than an obscure hint in the epitaph hereafter inserted, which was written by the author himself; a short time before his death. His body, with due solemnity, was buried near that of Dr. Robert Weston, in the north aisle which joins next to the choir of the Cathedral of Christ Church, on the 27th of January, 1639-40. Over his grave was soon after erected a comely monument, on the upper pillar of the said aisle, with his bust, painted to the life. On the right hand is the following calculation of his nativity:



and under the bust, this inscription of his own composition:--

Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus,
Hic jacet Democritus junior
Cui vitam dedit et mortem
Melancholia.
Ob. 8 Id. Jan. A. C. MDCXXXIX.

[Little known, and even less forgiven, here lies Democritus Junior, who gave his life and death to Melancholy. Died 9th January, 1639. (1640 by modern reckoning)]

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

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

EXTRACTED FROM THE REGISTRY OF THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY.

In Nomine Dei Amen. August 15th One thousand six hundred thirty nine because there be so many casualties to which our life is subject besides quarrelling and contention which happen to our Successors after our Death by reason of unsettled Estates I Robert Burton Student of Christchurch Oxon. though my means be but small have thought good by this my last Will and Testament to dispose of that little which I have and being at this present I thank God in perfect health of Bodie and Mind and if this Testament be not so formal according to the nice and strict terms of Law and other Circumstances peradventure required of which I am ignorant I desire howsoever this my Will may be accepted and stand good according to my true Intent and meaning First I bequeath Animam Deo Corpus Terrae [my soul to God my body to the earth] whensoever it shall please God to call me I give my Land in Higham which my good Father Ralphe Burton of Lindly in the County of Leicester Esquire gave me by Deed of Gift and that which I have annexed to that Farm by purchase since, now leased for thirty eight pounds per Ann. to mine Elder Brother William Burton of Lindly Esquire during his life and after him to his heirs I make my said Brother William likewise mine Executor as well as paying such Annuities and Legacies out of my Lands and Goods as are hereafter specified I give to my nephew Cassibilan Burton twenty pounds Annuity per Ann. out of my Land in Higham during his life to be paid at two equall payments at our Lady Day in Lent and Michaelmas or if he be not paid within fourteen Days after the said Feasts to distrain on any part of the Ground on or any of my Lands of Inheritance Item I give to my sister Katherine Jackson during her life eight pounds per Ann. Annuity to be paid at the two Feasts equally as above said or else to distrain on the Ground if she be not paid after fourteen days at Lindly as the other *some* is out of the said Land Item I give to my Servant John Upton the Annuity of Forty Shillings out of my said Farme during his life (if till then my Servant) to be paid on Michaelmas day in Lindley each year or else after fourteen days to distrain Now for my goods I thus dispose them First I give an Cth pounds to Christ Church in Oxford where I have so long lived to buy five pounds Lands per Ann. to be Yearly bestowed on Books for the Library Item I give an hundredth pound to the University Library of Oxford to be bestowed to purchase five pound Land per Ann. to be paid out Yearly on Books as Mrs. Brooks formerly gave an hundred pounds to buy Land to the same purpose and the Rent to the same use I give to my Brother George Burton twenty pounds and my watch I give to my Brother Ralph Burton five pounds Item I give to the Parish of Seagrave in Leicestershire where I am now Rector ten pounds to be given to certain Feoffees to the perpetual good of the said *Parish Oxon* item I give to my Niece Eugenia Burton One hundredth pounds Item I give to my Nephew Richard Burton now Prisoner in London an hundredth pound to redeem him Item I give to the Poor of Higham Forty Shillings where my Land is to the Poor of Nuneaton where I was once a Grammar Scholar three pound to my Cousin Purfey of Wadlake [Wadley] my Cousin Purfey of Calcott my Cousin Hales of Coventry my Nephew Bradshaw of Orton twenty shillings a piece for

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a small remembrance to Mr. Whitehall Rector of Cherkby myne own Chamber Fellow twenty shillings I desire my Brother George and my Cosen Purfey of Calcott to be the Overseers of this part of my Will I give moreover five pounds to make a small Monument for my Mother where she is buried in London to my Brother Jackson forty shillings to my servant John Upton forty shillings besides his former Annuity if he be my Servant till I die if he be till then my Servant -- ROBERT BURTON -- Charles Russell Witness -- John Pepper Witness.

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

I Give to Mr. Doctor Fell Dean of Christ Church Forty Shillings to the Eight Canons twenty Shillings a piece as a small remembrance to the poor of St. Thomas parish Twenty Shillings to Brasenose Library five pounds to Mr. Rowse of Oriell Colledge twenty Shillings to Mr. Heywood xxs. to Dr. Metcalfe xxs. to Mr. Sherley xxs. If I have any Books the University Library hath not, let them take them If I have any Books our own Library hath not, let them take them I give to Mrs. Fell all my English Books of Husbandry one excepted to her Daughter Mrs. Katherine Fell my Six Pieces of Silver Plate and six Silver Spoons to Mrs Iles my Gerards Herball to Mrs. Morris my Country Farme Translated out of French 4. and all my English Physick Books to Mr. Whistler the Recorder of Oxford I give twenty shillings to all my fellow Students M^{rs} of Arts a Book in fol. or two a piece as Master Morris Treasurer or Mr Dean shall appoint whom I request to be the Overseer of this Appendix and give him for his pains Atlas Geografer and Ortelius Theatrum Mond' I give to John Fell the Dean's Son Student my Mathematical Instruments except my two Crosse Staves which I give to my Lord of Donnol if he be then of the House To Thomas Iles Doctor Iles his Son Student Saluntch on Paurrhelia and Lucian's Works in 4 Tomes If any books be left let my Executors dispose of them with all such Books as are written with my own hands and half my Melancholy Copy for Crips hath the other half To Mr. Jones Chaplin and Chanter my Surveying Books and Instruments To the Servants of the House Forty Shillings ROB. BURTON -- Charles Russell Witness -- John Pepper Witness -- This Will was shewed to me by the Testator and acknowledged by him some few days before his death to be his last Will Ita Testor John Morris S Th D. Prebendari' Ecc'i Chri' Oxon Feb. 3, 1639.

Probatum fuit Testamentum suprascriptum, &c. 11^o 1640 Juramento Willmi Burton Fris' et Executoris cui &c. de bene et fideliter administrand. &c. coram Mag'ris Nathanaele Stephens Rectore Eccl. de Drayton, et Edwardo Farmer, Clericis, vigore commissionis, &c.

The only work our author executed was that now reprinted, which probably was the principal employment of his life. Dr. Ferriar says, it was originally published in the year 1617; but this is evidently a mistake; [3] the first edition was that printed in 4to, 1621, a copy of which is at present in the collection of John Nichols, Esq., the indefatigable illustrator of the History of Leicestershire; to whom, and to Isaac Reed, Esq., of Staple Inn, this account is greatly indebted for its accuracy. The other

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impressions of it were in 1624, 1628, 1632, 1638, 1651-2, 1660, and 1676, which last, in the title-page, is called the eighth edition.

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

"TO THE READER.

"Be pleased to know (Courteous Reader) that since the last Impression of this Book, the ingenious Author of it is deceased, leaving a Copy of it exactly corrected, with several considerable Additions by his own hand; this Copy he committed to my care and custody, with directions to have those Additions inserted in the next Edition; which in order to his command, and the Publicke Good, is faithfully performed in this last Impression."

H.C. (i. e. HEN. CRIPPS.)

The following testimonies of various authors will serve to show the estimation in which this work has been held:--

"The ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY, wherein the author hath piled up variety of much excellent learning. Scarce any book of philology in our land hath, in so short a time, passed so many editions." -- *Fuller's Worthies*, fol. 16.

"'Tis a book so full of variety of reading, that gentlemen who have lost their time, and are put to a push for invention, may furnish themselves with matter for common or scholastical discourse and writing." -- *Wood's Athenæ Oxoniensis*, vol. i. p. 628. 2d edit.

"If you never saw BURTON UPON MELANCHOLY, printed 1676, I pray look into it, and read the ninth page of his Preface, 'Democritus to the Reader.' There is something there which touches the point we are upon; but I mention the author to you, as the pleasantest, the most learned, and the most full of sterling sense. The wits of Queen Anne's reign, and the beginning of George the First, were not a little beholden to him;" -- *Archbishop Herring's Letters*, 12mo, 1777. p. 149.

"BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY, he (Dr. Johnson) said, was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise." -- *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, vol. i. p. 580, 8vo. edit.

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"BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY is a valuable book," said Dr. Johnson. "It is, perhaps, overloaded with quotation. But there is great spirit and great power in what Burton says when he writes from his own mind." ---*Ibid. vol. ii. p. 325.*

"It will be no detraction from the powers of Milton's original genius and invention, to remark, that he seems to have borrowed the subject of L'Allegro and Il Penseroso together with some particular thoughts, expressions, and rhymes, more especially the idea of a contrast between these two dispositions, from a forgotten poem prefixed to the first edition of BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY, entitled, 'The Author's Abstract of Melancholy; or A Dialogue between Pleasure and Pain.' Here pain is melancholy. It was written, as I conjecture, about the year 1600. I will make no apology for abstracting and citing as much of this poem as will be sufficient to prove, to a discerning reader, how far it had taken possession of Milton's mind. The measure will appear to be the same; and that our author was at least an attentive reader of Burton's book, may be already concluded from the traces of resemblance which I have incidentally noticed in passing through the L'Allegro and Il Penseroso." -- After extracting the lines, Mr. Warton adds, "as to the very elaborate work to which these visionary verses are no unsuitable introduction, the writer's variety of learning, his quotations from scarce and curious books, his pedantry sparkling with rude wit and shapeless elegance, miscellaneous matter, intermixture of agreeable tales and illustrations, and, perhaps, above all, the singularities of his feelings, clothed in an uncommon quaintness of style, have contributed to render it, even to modern readers, a valuable repository of amusement and information."--*Warton's Milton. 2d. edit. p. 94*

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

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

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discipline, from inland navigation to the morality of dancing-schools, every thing is discussed and determined." -- *Ferriar's Illustrations of Sterne*, p. 58.

"The archness which BURTON displays occasionally, and his indulgence of playful digressions from the most serious discussions, often give his style an air of familiar conversation, notwithstanding the laborious collections which supply his text. He was capable of writing excellent poetry, but he seems to have cultivated this talent too little. The English verses prefixed to his book, which possess beautiful imagery, and great sweetness of versification, have been frequently published. His Latin elegiac verses addressed to his book, shew a very agreeable turn for raillery." -- *Ibid.* p. 58.

"When the force of the subject opens his own vein of prose, we discover valuable sense and brilliant expression. Such is his account of the first feelings of melancholy persons, written, probably, from his own experience." --- *ibid.* p. 60.

"During a pedantic age, like that in which BURTON'S production appeared, it must have been eminently serviceable to writers of many descriptions. Hence the unlearned might furnish themselves with appropriate scraps of Greek and Latin, whilst men of letters would find their inquiries shortened, by knowing where they might look for what both ancients and moderns have advanced on the subject of human passions. I confess my inability to point out any other English author who has so largely dealt in apt and original quotation." --- *Manuscript note of the late George Steevens, Esq., in his copy of THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.*

NOTES:

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

2: This is Wood's account. His will says, Nuneaton; but a passage in this work mentions Sutton Coldfield; probably he may have been at both schools.

3: Originating, perhaps, in a note, p. 448, 6th edit., in which a book is quoted as having been "printed at Paris 1624, seven years after Burton's first edition." As,

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however, the editions after that of 1621, are regularly marked in succession to the eighth, printed in 1676, there seems very little reason to doubt that, in the note above alluded to, either 1624 has been a misprint for 1628, or seven years for three years. The numerous typographical errata in other parts of the work strongly aid this latter supposition.

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

DEMOCRITUS JUNIOR TO HIS BOOK

PARAPHRASTIC METRICAL TRANSLATION.

Go forth my book into the open day;
Happy, if made so by its garish eye.
O'er earth's wide surface take thy vagrant way.
To imitate thy master's genius try.
The graces three, the Muses nine salute,
Should those who love them try to con thy lore.
The country, city seek, grand thrones to boot,
With gentle courtesy humbly bow before.
Should nobles gallant, soldiers frank and brave
Seek thy acquaintance, hail their first advance:
From twitch of care thy pleasant vein may save,
May laughter cause or wisdom give perchance.
Some surly Cato, Senator austere,
Haply may wish to peep into thy book:
Seem very nothing -- tremble and revere:
No forceful eagles, butterflies e'er look.
They love not thee: of them then little seek,
And wish for readers triflers like thyself.
Of ludeful matron watchful catch the beck,
Or gorgeous countess full of pride and pelf.
They may say "pish!" and frown, and yet read on:
Cry odd, and silly, coarse, and yet amusing.
Should dainty damsels seek thy page to con,
Spread thy best stores: to them be ne'er refusing:
Say, fair one, master loves thee dear as life;
Would he were here to gaze on thy sweet look.
Should known or unknown student, free'd from strife
Of logic and the schools, explore my book:
Cry mercy critic, and thy book withhold:
Be some few errors pardon'd though observ'd:
An humble author to implore makes bold.
Thy kind indulgence, even undeserv'd,
Should melancholy wight or pensive lover,
Courtier, snug cit, or carpet knight so trim
Our blossoms cull, he'll find himself in clover,
Gain sense from precept, laughter from our whim.
Should learned leech with solemn air unfold
Thy leaves, beware, be civil, and be wise:

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Thy volume many precepts sage may hold,
His well fraught head may find no trifling prize.
Should crafty lawyer trespass on our ground,
Caitiffs avaunt! disturbing tribe away!
Unless (white crow) an honest one be found;
He'll better, wiser go for what we say.
Should some ripe scholar, gentle and benign,
With candour, care, and judgment thee peruse;
Thy faults to kind oblivion he'll consign;
Nor to thy merit will his praise refuse.
Thou may'st be searched for polish'd words and verse;
By flippant spouter, emptiest of praters:
Tell him to seek them in some mawkish verse:
My periods all are rough as nutmeg graters.
The doggrel poet, wishing thee to read,
Reject not; let him glean thy jests and stories.
His brother I, of lowly sembling breed:
Apollo grants to few Parnassian glories.
Menac'd by critic with sour furrowed brow,
Momus or Troilus or Scotch reviewer:
Ruffle your heckle, grin and growl and vow:
Ill-natured foes you thus will find the fewer.
When foul-mouth'd senseless railers cry thee down,
Reply not; fly, and show the rogues thy stern:
They are not worthy even of a frown:
Good taste or breeding they can never learn;
Or let them clamour, turn a callous ear,
As though in dread of some harsh donkey's bray,
If chid by censor, friendly though severe,
To such explain and turn thee not away.
Thy vein, says he perchance, is all too free;
Thy smutty language suits not learned pen:
Reply, Good Sir, throughout, the context see;
Thought chastens thought; so prithee judge again.
Besides, although my master's pen may wander
Through devious paths, by which it ought not stray;
His life is pure, beyond the breath of slander:
So pardon grant; 'tis merely but his way.
Some rugged ruffian makes a hideous rout --
Brandish thy cudgel, threaten him to baste;
The filthy fungus far from thee cast out;
Such noxious banquets never suit my taste.
Yet, calm and cautious moderate thy ire,
Be ever courteous should the case allow --
Sweet malt is ever made by gentle fire:
Warm to thy friends, give all a civil bow.
Even censure sometimes teaches to improve,
Slight frosts have often cured too rank a crop,
So, candid blame my spleen shall never move,
For skilful gard'ners wayward branches lop.

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

Go then, my book, and bear my words in mind;
Guides safe at once, and pleasant them you'll find.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FRONTISPIECE.

These verses refer to the Frontispiece, which is divided into ten compartments that are here severally explained.

Ten distinct Squares here seen apart,
Are joined in one by Cutter's art.

I.



Democritus Abderites.

Old Democritus under a tree,
Sits on a stone with book on knee;
About him hang there many features,
Of Cats, Dogs and such like creatures,
Of which he makes anatomy,
The seat of black choler to see,
Over his head appears the sky,
And Saturn Lord of melancholy.

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

II.



To the left a landscape of Jealousy,
Presents itself unto thine eye.
A Kingfisher, a Swan, an Hern,
Two fighting-cocks you may discern,
Two roaring Bulls each other hie,
To assault concerning venery.
Symbols are these; I say no more,
Conceive the rest by that's afore.

III.



The next of solitariness,
A Portraiture doth well express,
By sleeping dog, cat: Buck and Doe,
Hares, Conies in the desert go:
Bats, Owls the shady bowers over,
In melancholy darkness hover.
Mark well: If't be not as it should be,
Blame the bad Cutter, and not me.

IV.



I'th' under column there doth stand
Inamorato with folded hand;
Down hangs his head, terse and polite,
Some ditty sure he doth indite.
His lute and books about him lie,
As symptoms of his vanity.
If this do not enough disclose,
To paint him, take thyself by th' nose.

V.



Hypocondriacus leans on his arm,
Wind in his side doth him much harm,
And troubles him full sore, God knows,
Much pain he hath and many woes.
About him pots and glasses lie,
Newly brought from's Apothecary.
This Saturn's aspects signify,
You see them portray'd in the sky.

VI.



Beneath them kneeling on his knee,
A superstitious man you see:
He fasts, prays, on his idol fixt,
Tormented hope and fear betwixt:
For hell perhaps he takes more pain,
Than thou dost heaven itself to gain.
Alas poor soul, I pity thee,
What stars incline thee so to be?

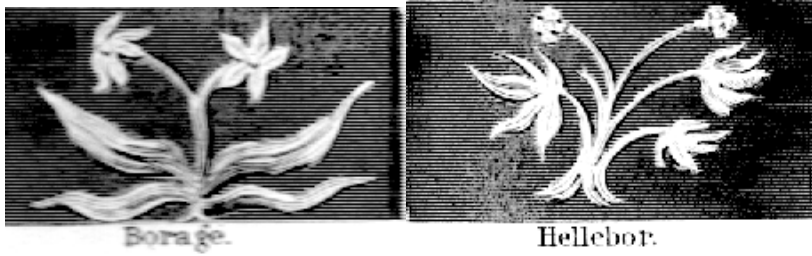
VII.



But see the madman rage downright
With furious looks, a ghastly sight.
Naked in chains bound doth he lie,
And roars amain he knows not why!
Observe him; for as in a glass,
Thine angry portraiture it was.
His picture keeps still in thy presence;
'Twixt him and thee, there's no difference.

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

VIII, IX.



Borage and *Hellebor* fill two scenes,
Sovereign plants to purge the veins
Of melancholy, and cheer the heart,
Of those black fumes which make it smart;
To clear the brain of misty fogs,
Which dull our senses, and Soul clogs.
The best medicine that e'er God made
For this malady, if well assay'd.

X.



Now last of all to fill a place,
Presented is the Author's face;
And in that habit which he wears,
His image to the world appears.
His mind no art can well express,
That by his writings you may guess.
It was not pride, nor yet vain glory,
(Though others do it commonly,)
Made him do this: if you must know,
The Printer would needs have it so.
Then do not frown or scoff at it,
Deride not, or detract a whit.
For surely as thou dost by him,
He will do the same again.
Then look upon't, behold and see,
As thou like'st it, so it likes thee.
And I for it will stand in view,
Thine to command, Reader, adieu.

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

THE AUTHOR'S ABSTRACT OF MELANCHOLY, Διαλογωζ. [Dialogos]

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow and void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as melancholy.

When I lie waking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannise,
Fear and sorrow me surprise,
Whether I tarry still or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile.
By a brook side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great mone,
In a dark grove, or irksome den,
With discontents and Furies then,
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensonce,
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as melancholy.

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Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine;
Here now, then there; the world is mine,
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine.
All other joys to this are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends; my fantasy
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men, and apes,
Doleful outcries, and fearful sights,
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so damn'd as melancholy.

Methinks I court, methinks I kiss,
Methinks I now embrace my mistress
O blessed days, O sweet content,
In Paradise my time is spent.
Such thoughts may still my fancy move,
So may I ever be in love.
All my joys to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as melancholy.

When I recount love's many frights,
My sighs and tears, my waking nights,
My jealous fits; O mine hard fate
I now repent, but 'tis too late.
No torment is so bad as love,
So bitter to my soul can prove.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so harsh as melancholy.

Friends and companions get you gone
'Tis my desire to be alone;
Ne'er well but when my thoughts and I
Do domineer in privacy.
No Gem, no treasure like to this,
'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

All my joys to this are folly,
Naught so sweet as melancholy.

'Tis my sole plague to be alone,
I am a beast, a monster grown,
I will no light nor company,
I find it now my misery.
The scene is turn'd, my joys are gone,
Fear, discontent, and sorrows come.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so fierce as melancholy.

I'll not change life with any King,
I ravisht am: can the world bring
More joy, than still to laugh and smile,
In pleasant toys time to beguile?
Do not, O do not trouble me,
So sweet content I feel and see.
All my joys to this are folly,
None so divine as melancholy.

I'll change my state with any wretch,
Thou canst from gaol or dunghill fetch;
My pain past cure, another hell,
I may not in this torment dwell!
Now desperate I hate my life,
Lend me a halter or a knife;
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Naught so damn'd as melancholy.

DEMOCRITUS JUNIOR TO THE READER.

GENTLE Reader, I presume thou wilt be very inquisitive to know what antic or personate actor this is, that so insolently intrudes upon this common theatre, to the world's view, arrogating another man's name; whence he is, why he doth it, and what he hath to say; although, as he said, *Primum si noluerō, non respondebo, quis coacturus est?* I am a free man born, and may choose whether I will tell; who can compel me? If I be urged, 'twill as readily reply as that Egyptian in Plutarch when a curious fellow would needs know what he had in his basket, *Quum vides velatam, quid inquiris in rem absconditam?* It was therefore covered, because he should not know what was in it. Seek not after that which is hid; if the contents please thee, "and be for thy use, suppose the Man in the Moon, or whom thou wilt to be the Author;" I would not willingly be known. Yet in some sort to give thee satisfaction, which is more than I need, I will show a reason, both of this usurped name, title, and subject. And first of the name of Democritus; lest any man, by reason of it, should be deceived, expecting a pasquil, a satire, some ridiculous treatise (as I myself should have done): some prodigious tenet, or paradox of the earth's motion, of infinite worlds, *in infinito vacuo, ex fortuita atomorum collisione*, in an infinite waste, so caused by an accidental collision of motes in the sun, all which Democritus held, Epicurus and their master Lucippus of old maintained, and are lately revived by Copernicus, Brunus, and some others. Besides, it hath been always an ordinary custom, as Gellius observes, "for later writers and impostors, to broach many absurd and insolent fictions, under the name of so noble a philosopher as Democritus, to get themselves credit, and by that means the more to be respected," as artificers usually do, *Novo qui marmori ascribunt Praxitilum suo*. 'Tis not so with me.

*Non hic Centauros, non Gorgona, Harpyasquæ
Invenies, hominem pagina nostra sapit.*

No Centaurs here, or Gorgons look to find,
My subject is of man and human kind.

Thou thyself art the subject of my discourse.

*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, volaptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli.*

Whate'er men do, vows, fears, in ire, in sport,
Joys, wand'rings, are the sum of my report.

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

My intent is no otherwise to use his name, than Mercurius Gallobelgicus, Mercurius Britannicus, use the name of Mercury, Democritus Christianus, &c.; although there be some other circumstances for which I have masked myself under this vizard, and some peculiar respect which I cannot so well express, until I have set down a brief character of this our Democritus, what he was, with an Epitome of his life.

Democritus, as he is described by Hippocrates and Laertius, was little wearish old man, very melancholy by nature, averse from company in his latter days, and much given to solitariness, a famous philosopher in his age, *coævus* with Socrates, wholly addicted to his studies at the last, and to a private life wrote many excellent works, a great divine, according to the divinity of those times, an expert physician, a politician, an excellent mathematician, as Diacosmus and the rest of his works do witness, he was much delighted with the studies of husbandry, saith Columella, and often I find him cited by Constantinus and others treating of that subject. He knew the natures, differences of all beasts, plants, fishes, birds; and, as some say, could understand the tunes and voices of them. In a word he was *omnifariam doctus*, a general scholar, a great student; and to the intent he might better contemplate, I find it related by some, that he put out his eyes, and was in his old age voluntarily blind, yet saw more than all Greece besides, and writ of every subject, *Nihil in toto optificio naturæ de quo non scripsit*. A man of an excellent wit, profound conceit; and to attain knowledge the better in his younger years he travelled to Egypt and Athens, to confer with learned men, "admired of some, despised of others." After a wandering life, he settled at Abdera, a town in Thrace, and was sent for thither to be their law-maker, Recorder, or town-clerk as some will; or as others, he was there bred and born. Howsoever it was, there he lived at last in a garden in the suburbs, wholly betaking himself to his studies and a private life, "saving that sometimes he would walk down to the haven, and laugh heartily at such variety of ridiculous objects, which there he saw." Such a one was Democritus.

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

out of him Lipsius approves and furthers, "as fit to be imprinted in all curious wits, not to be a slave of one science, or dwell together in one subject, as most do, but to rove abroad, *centum puer artium*, to have an oar in every man's boat, to taste of every dish, and sip of every cup," which, saith Montaigne, was well performed by Aristotle, and his learned countryman Adrian Turnebus. This roving humour (though not with like success) I have ever had, and like a ranging spaniel, that barks at every bird he sees, leaving his game, I have followed all, saving that which I should, and may justly complain, and truly, *qui ubique est, nusquam est*, (he that is everywhere is nowhere) which Gesner did in modesty, that I have read many books, but to little purpose, for want of good method; I have confusedly tumbled over divers authors in our libraries, with small profit for want of art, order, memory, judgment. I never travelled but in map or card, in which my unconfined thoughts have freely expatiated, as having ever been especially delighted with the study of Cosmography. Saturn was lord of my geniture, culminating, &c., and Mars principal significator of manners, in partile conjunction with my ascendant; both fortunate in their houses, &c. I am not poor, I am not rich; *nihil est, nihil deest*, I have little, I want nothing: all my treasure is in Minerva's tower. Greater preferment as I could never get, so am I not in debt for it, I have a competence (*laus Deo*) from my noble and munificent patrons, though I live still a collegiate student, as Democritus in his garden, and lead a monastic life, *ipse mihi theatrum*, sequestered from those tumults and troubles of the world, *Et tanquam in specula positus*, (as he said) in some high place above you all, like Stoicus Sapiens, *omnia sæcula, præterita presentiaque videns, uno velut intuitu*, I hear and see what is done abroad, how others run, ride, turmoil, and macerate themselves in court and country, far from those wrangling lawsuits, *aulæ vanitatem, fori ambitionem, ridere mecum soleo*: I laugh at all, only secure lest my suit go amiss, my ships perish, corn and cattle miscarry, trade decay, I have no wife nor children good or bad to provide for. A mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they act their parts, which methinks are diversely presented unto me as from a common theatre or scene. I hear new news every day, and those ordinary rumours of war, plagues, fires, inundations, thefts, murders, massacres, meteors, comets, spectrums, prodigies, apparitions, of towns taken, cities besieged in France, Germany, Turkey, Persia, Poland, &c., daily musters and preparations, and such like, which these tempestuous times afford, battles fought, so many men slain, monomachies, shipwrecks, piracies, and sea-fights; peace, leagues, stratagems, and fresh alarms. A vast confusion of vows, wishes, actions, edicts, petitions, lawsuits, pleas, laws, proclamations, complaints, grievances, are daily brought to our ears. New books every day, pamphlets, currantoes, stories, whole catalogues of volumes of all sorts, new paradoxes, opinions, schisms, heresies, controversies in philosophy, religion, &c. Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, jubilees, embassies, tilts and tournaments, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, plays: then again, as in a new shifted scene, treasons, cheating tricks, robberies, enormous villainies in all kinds, funerals, burials, deaths of princes, new discoveries, expeditions, now comical, then tragical matters. To-day we hear of new lords and officers created, tomorrow of some great men deposed, and then again of fresh honours conferred; one is let loose, another imprisoned; one purchaseth, another breaketh: he thrives, his neighbour turns bankrupt: now plenty, then again dearth and famine; one runs, another rides, wrangles, laughs, weeps, &c. Thus I daily hear, and such like, both private and public news, amidst the gallantry and misery of the world; jollity, pride, perplexities and cares, simplicity and villainy; subtlety, knavery, candour and integrity, mutually mixed and offering themselves; I rub on *privus privatus*; as I have

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

still lived, so I now continue, *statu quo prius*, left to a solitary life, and mine own domestic discontents: saving that sometimes, *ne quid mentiar*, as Diogenes went into the city, and Democritus to the haven to see fashions, I did for my recreation now and then walk abroad, look into the world, and could not choose but make some little observation, *non tam sagax observator, ac simplex recitator*, (not so sagacious an observer as simple a narrator), not as they did, to scoff or laugh at all, but with a mixed passion.

"Bilem saepe, jocum vestri movere tumultus."

Ye wretched mimics, whose fond heats have been,
How oft! the objects of my mirth and spleen.

I did sometime laugh and scoff with Lucian, and satirically tax with Menippus, lament with Heraclitus, sometimes again I was *petulanti splene chachinno*, (Per. a laughter with a petulant spleen) and then again, *urere bilis jecur*, I was much moved to see that abuse which I could not mend. In which passion howsoever I may sympathize with him or them, 'tis for no such respect I shroud myself under his name; but either in an unknown habit to assume a little more liberty and freedom of speech, or if you will needs know, for that reason and only respect which Hippocrates relates at large in his Epistle to Damegetus, wherein he doth express, how coming to visit him one day, he found Democritus in his garden at Abdera, in the suburb; under a shady bower, with a book on his knees, busy at his study, sometimes writing, sometimes walking. The subject of his book was melancholy and madness; about him lay the carcasses of many several beasts, newly by him cut up and anatomised; not that he did condemn God's creatures, as he told Hippocrates, but to find out the seat of this *atra bilis*, or melancholy, whence it proceeds, and how it was engendered in men's bodies, to the intent he might better cure it in himself, and by his writings and observations teach others how to prevent and avoid it. Which good intent of his, Hippocrates highly commended: Democritus Junior is therefore bold to imitate, and because he left it imperfect, and it is now lost, *quasi succenturiator Democriti*, to revive again, prosecute, and finish in this treatise.

You have had a reason of the name. If the title and inscription offend your gravity, were it a sufficient justification to accuse others, I could produce many sober treatises, even sermons themselves, which in their fronts carry more fantastical names. Howsoever, it is a kind of policy in these days, to prefix a fantastical title to a book which is to be sold; for, as larks come down to a day-net, many vain readers will tarry and stand gazing like silly passengers at an antic picture in a painter's shop, that will not look at a judicious piece. And, indeed, as Scaliger observes, "nothing more invites a reader than an argument unlooked for, unthought of, and sells better than a scurrile pamphlet," *tum maxime cum novitas excitat palatum*. "Many men," saith Gellius, "are very conceited in their inscriptions," "and able (as Pliny quotes out of Seneca) to make him loiter by the way that went in haste to fetch a midwife for his daughter, now ready to lie down." For my part, I have honourable precedents for this which I have done: I will cite one for all, Anthony Zara, Pap. Episc., his Anatomy of Wit, in four sections, members, subsections, &c., to be read in our libraries.

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

Simul et jucunda est idonea dicere vitae,
Lectorem delectando simul atque monendo.

Poets would profit or delight mankind,
And with the pleasing have th' instructive join'd.
Profit and pleasure, then to mix with art,
T'inform the judgment, nor offend the heart,
Shall gain all votes.

To this end I write, like them, saith Lucian, that "recite to trees, and declaim to pillars for want of auditors:" as Paulus Ægineta ingenuously confesseth, "not that anything was unknown or omitted, but to exercise myself," which course if some took, I think it would be good for their bodies, and much better for their souls; or peradventure as others do, for fame; to show myself (*Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter*). I might be of Thucydides' opinion, "to know a thing and not to express it, is all one as if he knew it not." When I first took this task in hand, *et quod ait ille, impellente genio negotium suscepi*, this I aimed at; *vel ut lenirem animum scribendo*, to ease my mind by writing; for I had *gravidum cor, fætum caput*, a kind of imposthume in my head, which I was very desirous to be unladen of, and could imagine no fitter evacuation than this. Besides, I might not well refrain, for *ubi dolor, ibi digitus*, one must needs scratch where it itches. I was not a little offended with this malady, shall I say my Mistress "melancholy," my Ægeria, or my *malus genius*? and for that cause, as he that is stung with a scorpion, I would expel *clavum clavo*, comfort one sorrow with another, idleness with idleness, *ut ex vipera Theriacum*, make an antidote out of that which was the prime cause of my disease. Or as he did, of whom Felix Plater speaks, that thought he had some of Aristophanes' frogs in his belly, still crying *Brecc ckex, coax, coax, oop, oop*, and for that cause studied physic seven years, and travelled over most part of Europe to ease himself. To do myself good I turned over such physicians as our libraries would afford, or my private friends impart, and have taken this pains. And why not? Carden professeth he wrote his book, "De Consolatione" after his son's death, to comfort himself; so did Tully write of the same subject with like intent after his daughter's departure, if it be his at least, or some impostor's put out in his name, which Lipsius probably suspects. Concerning myself, I can peradventure affirm with Marius in Sallust, "that which others hear or read of, I felt and practised myself; they get their knowledge by books, I mine by melancholising." *Experto crede Roberto*. Something I can speak out of experience, *ærumnabilis experientia me docuit*; and with her in the poet, *Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco*(ido. Virg. "Taught by that Power that pities me, I learn to

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pity them"); I would help others out of a fellow-feeling; and, as that virtuous lady did of old, "being a leper herself, bestow all her portion to build an hospital for lepers," I will spend my time and knowledge, which are my greatest fortunes, for the common good of all.

Yea, but you will infer that this is *actum agere*, an unnecessary work, *cramben bis coctam apponere* [to serve up reheated cabbage], the same again and again in other words. To what purpose? "Nothing is omitted that may well be said," so thought Lucian in the like theme. How many excellent physicians have written just volumes and elaborate tracts of this subject? No news here; that which I have is stolen from others, *Dicitque mihi mea pagina, fur es*. If that severe doom of Synesius be true, "it is a greater offence to steal dead men's labours, than their clothes," what shall become of most writers? I hold up my hand at the bar among other; and am guilty of felony in this kind, *habes confitentem reum*, I am content to be pressed with the rest. 'Tis most true, *tenet insanabile multos scribendi cacæthes*, and "there is no end of writing of books," as the Wise-man found of old, in this scribbling age, especially wherein "the number of books is without number, (as a worthy man saith) presses be oppressed," and out of an itching humour that every man hath to show himself desirous of fame and honour (*scribimus indocti doctique --*), he will write no matter what, and scrape together it boots not whence. "Bewitched with this desire of fame, *etiam mediis in morbis*, to the disparagement of their health, and scarce able to hold a pen, they must say something, "and get themselves a name," saith Scaliger, "though it be to the downfall and ruin of many others." To be counted writers, *scriptores ut saluentur*, to be thought and held Polumathes and Polyhistor, *apud imperitum vulgus ob ventosæ nomem artis*, to get a paper-kingdom: *nulla spe quæstus sed ampla famæ*, in this precipitate, ambitious age, *nunc ut est sæculum, inter immaturam eruditionem, ambitiosum et præceps* ('tis Scaliger's censure); and they that are scarce auditors, *vix auditores*, must be masters and teachers, before they be capable and fit hearers. They will rush into all learning, *togatam armatam*, divine, human authors, rake over all indexes and pamphlets for notes, as our merchants do strange havens for traffic, write great tomes, *Cum non sint re vera doctiores, sed loquaciores*, whereas they are not thereby better scholars, but greater praters. They commonly pretend public good, but as a Gesner observes, 'tis pride and vanity that eggs them on; no news or aught worthy of note, but the same in other terms. *Ne feriarentur fortasse typographi, vel ideo scribendum est aliquid ut se vixisse testentur*. As apothecaries we make new mixtures every day, pour out of one vessel into another; and as those old Romans robbed all the cities of the world, to set out their bad-sited Rome, we skim off the cream of other men's wits, pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens to set out our own sterile plots. *Castrant alios ut libros suos per se graciles alieno adipe suffarciant* (so Jovius inveighs). They lard their lean books with the fat of others' works. *Ineruditi fures, &c.* A fault that every writer finds, as I do now, and yet faulty themselves, *Trium literarum homines*, all thieves; they pilfer out of old writers to stuff up their new comments, scrape Ennius dung-hills, and out of Democritus' pit, as I have done. By which means it comes to pass, "that not only libraries and shops are full of our putid papers, but every close-stool and jakes, *Scribunt carmina quæ legunt cacantes* [they write poems which are read while shitting]; they serve to put under pies, to lap spice in, and keep roast-meat from burning. "With us in France," saith Scaliger, "every man hath liberty to write, but few ability. Heretofore learning was graced by judicious scholars, but now noble sciences are vilified by base and illiterate scribblers," that either write for vain-glory, need, to get money, or as parasites to flatter and colloque

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with some great men, they put out *burras, quisquillasque ineptiasque*. Amongst so many thousand authors you shall scarce find one, by reading of whom you shall be any whit better, but rather much worse, *quibus inficitur potius quam perficitur*, by which he is rather infected than any way perfected.

----- Qui taila legit,
Quid didicit tandem, quid scit nisi somnia, nugas?

(What does anyone, who reads such works, learn or know but dreams and trifling things?)

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

Et quodcumque semel chartis illeverit, omnes
Gestiet a furno redeunt scire lacuque,
Et pueros et anus --.

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

"What a company of poets hath this year brought out," as Pliny complains to Sossius Sinesius. "This April every day some or other have recited." What a catalogue of new books all this year, all this age (I say), have our Frankfort Marts, our domestic Marts brought out? Twice a year, "*Proferunt se nova ingena et ostentant*," we stretch our wits out, and set them to sale, *magno conatu nihil agimus*. So that which Gesner much desires, if a speedy reformation be not had, by some Prince's Edicts and grave Supervisors, to restrain this liberty, it will run on *ad infinitum*. *Quis tam avidus librorum helluo*, who can read them? As already, we shall have a vast Chaos and confusion of books, we are oppressed with them, dour eyes ache with reading, our fingers with turning. For my part I am one of the number *nos numerus sumus*, (we are mere ciphers): I do not deny it, I have only this of Macrobius to say for myself, *Omne meum, nihil meum*, 'tis all mine, and none mine. As a good housewife out of divers fleeces weaves one piece of cloth, a bee gathers wax and honey out of many flowers, and makes a new bundle of all, *Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant*, I have laboriously collected this Cento out of divers writers, and that *sine injuria*, I have wronged no authors, but given every man his own; which Hierom so much commends in Nepotian; he stole not whole verses, pages, tracts, as some do now-a-days,

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concealing their author's names, but still said this was Cyprian's, that Lactantius, that Hillarius, so said Minutius Felix, so Victorinus, thus far Arnobius: I cite and quote mine authors (which, howsoever some illiterate scribblers account pedantical, as a cloak of ignorance, and opposite to their affected fine style, I must and wilt use) *sumpsi, non surripui*; and what Varro, lib. 6. de re rust. speaks of bees, *minime maleficiæ nullius opus vellicantes faciunt deterius*, I can say of myself, Whom have I injured? The matter is theirs most part, and yet mine, *apparet unde sumptum sit* (which Seneca approves), *aliud tamen quam unde sumptum sit apparet*, which nature doth with the aliment of our bodies incorporate, digest, assimilate, I do *concoquere quod hausit*, dispose of what I take. I make them pay tribute, to set out this my Maceronicon, the method only is mine own, I must usurp that of *Wecker e Ter. nihil dictum quod non dictum prius, methodus sola artificem ostendit*, we can say nothing but what hath been said, the composition and method is ours only, and shows a scholar. Oribasius, Aesius, Avicenna, have all out of Galen, but to their own method, *diverso stilo, non diversa fide*. Our poets steal from Homer; he spews, saith Aelian, they lick it up. Divines use Austin's words *verbatim* still, and our story-dressers, do as much; he that comes last is commonly best.

-- donec quid grandius aetas
Postera sorsque ferat melior. --

(-- until a later age and a happier lot produce something more truly grand --)

Though there were many giants of old in Physic and Philosophy, yet I say with Didacus Stella, "A dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant may see farther than a giant himself;" I may likely add, alter, and see farther than my predecessors; and it is no greater prejudice for me to indite after others, than for Aelianus Montaltus, that famous physician, to write *de morbis capitis* after Jason Pratensis, Heurnius, Hildesheim, &c., many horses to run in a race, one logician, one rhetorician, after another. Oppose then what thou wilt,

Allatres licet usque nos et usque,
Et Gannitibus improbis laccessas.

[You may rail at everything of ours
and snarling scourge our inferior stuff]

I solve it thus. And for those other faults of barbarism, Doric dialect, extemporanean style, tautologies, apish imitation, a rhapsody of rags gathered together from several dung-hills, excrements of authors, toys and fopperies confusedly tumbled out, without art, invention, judgment, wit, learning, harsh, raw, rude, fantastical, absurd, insolent, indiscreet, ill-composed, indigested, vain, scurrile, idle, dull, and dry; I confess all ('tis partly affected), thou canst not think worse of me than I do of myself. 'Tis not worth the reading, I yield it, I desire thee not to lose time in perusing so vain a subject, I should be peradventure loth myself to read him or thee so writing; 'tis not *operæ pretium*. All I say is this, that I have precedents for it, which Isocrates calls, *perfugium iis qui peccant*, others as absurd, vain, idle, illiterate, &c. *Nonnulli alii idem fecerunt*; others have done as much, it may be more, and perhaps thou thyself; *Novimus et qui te*, &c. We have all our faults; *scimus, et hanc veniam*,

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&c.; thou censurest me, so have I done others, and may do thee, *Cedimus inque vicem* &c., 'tis *lex talionis, quid pro quo*. Go now, censure, criticise, scoff, and rail.

Nasus sis usquelicet, sis denique nasus:
Non potes in nugas dicere plura meas,
Ipse ego quam dixi, &c.

Wert thou all scoffs and flouts, a very Momus,
Than we ourselves, thou canst not say worse of us.

Thus, as when women scold, have I cried whore first, and in some men's censures I am afraid I have overshot myself; *Laudare se vani, vituperare stulti*, as I do not arrogate, I will not derogate. *Primus vestrum non sum, nec imus*, I am none of the best, I am none of the meanest of you. As I am an inch, or so many feet, so many parasangs, after him or him, I may be peradventure an ace before thee. Be it therefore as it is, well or ill, I have essayed, put myself upon the stage; I must abide the censure, I may not escape it. It is most true, *stylus virum arguit*, our style bewrays us, and as hunters find their game by the trace, so is a man's genius descried by his works, *Multa melius ex sermone quam lineamentis, de moribus hominum judicamus*; it was old Cato's rule. I have laid myself open (I know it) in this treatise, turned mine inside outward: I shall be censured, I doubt not; for, to say truth with Erasmus, *nihil morosius hominum judiciis*, there is naught so peevish as men's judgments; yet this is some comfort, *ut palata, sic judicia*, our censures are as various as our palates.

Tres mihi convivae prope dissentere videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato, &c.

Three guests I have, dissenting at my feast,
Requiring each to gratify his taste
With different food.

Our writings are as so many dishes, our readers guests, our books like beauty, that which one admires another rejects; so are we approved as men's fancies are inclined. *Pro captu lectoris habent sua fata libelli*. That which is most pleasing to one is *amaracum sui*, most harsh to another. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*, so many men, so many minds: that which thou condemnest he commends. *Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus*. He respects matter, thou art wholly for words; he loves a loose and free style, thou art all for neat composition, strong lines, hyperboles, allegories; he desires a fine frontispiece, enticing pictures, such as Hieron. Natali the jesuit hath cut to the Dominicals, to draw on the reader's attention, which thou rejectest; that which one admires, another explodes as most absurd and ridiculous. If it be not pointblank to his humour, his method, his conceit, *si quid forsitan omissum, quod is animo conceperit, si quæ dicito*, &c. If aught be omitted, or added, which he likes, or dislikes, thou art *mancipium paucae lectionis*, an idiot, an ass, *nullus es*, or

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plagiarius, a trifler, a triviant, thou art an idle fellow; or else it is a thing of mere industry, a collection without wit or invention, a very toy. *Facilia sic putant omnes quæ jam facta, nec de salebris cogitant ubi via strata*; so men are valued, their labours vilified by fellows of no worth themselves, as things of nought, who could not have done so much. Unusquisque abundat sensa suo, every man abounds in his own sense; and whilst each particular party is so affected, how should one please all?

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

-- What courses must I chase?

What not? What both would order you refuse.

How shall I hope to express myself to each man's humour and conceit, or to give satisfaction to all? Some understand too little, some too much, *qui similiter in legendos libros, atque in salutandos homines irruunt, non cogitantes quales, sed quibus vestibus induti sint*, [who read books in the same way as they salute men, not thinking of their qualities, but of the clothes they are dressed in] as Austin observes, not regarding what, but who write, *orexin habet auctoris celebritas* [he has an appetite for famous authors], not valuing the metal, but stamp that is upon it, *Cantharum aspiciunt, non quid in eo* [He looks at the goblet, not at what is in it]. If he be not rich, in great place, polite and brave, a great doctor, or full fraught with grand titles, though never so well qualified, he is a dunce; but, as Baronius hath it of Cardinal Caraffa's works, he is a mere hog that rejects any man for his poverty. Some are too partial, as friends to overween, others come with a prejudice to carp, vilify, detract, and scoff; (*qui de me forsân, quicquid est, omni contemptu contemptius judicant*) some as bees for honey, some as spiders to gather poison. What shall I do in this case? As a Dutch host, if you come to an inn in Germany, and dislike your fare, diet, lodging, &c., replies in a surly tone, "*aliud tibi quæras diversorium*," if you like not this, get you to another inn: I resolve, if you like not my writing, go read something else. I do not much esteem thy censure, take thy course, it is not as thou wilt, nor as will, but when we have both done, that of Plinius Secundus to Trajan will prove true, "Every man's witty labour takes not, except the matter, subject, occasion, and some commending favourite happen to it." If I be taxed, exploded by thee and some such, I shall haply be approved and commended by others, and so have been (*Expertus loquor*), and may truly say with Jovius in like case, (*absit verbo jactantia*) *heroum quorundam, pontificum, et virorum nobilium familiaritatem a amicitiam, gratasque gratias, et multorum bene laudatorum laudes sum in promeritis*, as I have been honoured by some worthy men, so have I been vilified by others, and shall be. At the first publishing of this book, (which Probus of Persius' satires), *editum librum continuo mirari homines, atque avide deripere cæperunt*, I may in some sort apply to this my work. The first, second, and third editions were suddenly gone, eagerly read, and, as I have said, not much approved by some, as scornfully rejected by others. But it was Democritus his fortune, *Idem admirationi et irrisioni habitus*. 'Twas Seneca's fate, that superintendent of wit, learning, judgment, *ad stuporem doctus* [of astonishing learning], the best of Greek and Latin writers, in Plutarch's opinion; "that renowned corrector of vice," as Fabius terms him, "and painful omniscious philosopher, that writ so excellently and admirably well," could not please all parties, or escape censure. How is he vilified by Caligula, Agellius, Fabius, and Lipsius himself, his chief propugner? *In eo pleraque perniosa*, saith the same Fabius, many childish tracts and

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sentences he hath, *sermo illaboratus*, too negligent often and remiss, as Agellius observes, *oratio vulgaris et protrita, dicaces a ineptæ senentiæ, erudito plebeia*, an homely shallow writer as he is. *In partibus spinas et fastidia habet*, saith Lipsius; and, as in all his other works, so especially in his epistles, *aliæ in argutiis et ineptiis occupantur, intricatus alicubi, et parum compositus, sine copia rerum hoc fecit*, he ambles up many things together immethodically, after the Stoics' fashion, *parum ordinavit, multa accumulavit, &c.* If Seneca be thus lashed, and many famous men that I could name, what shall I expect? How shall I that am *vix umbra tanti philosophi*, hope to please? "No man so absolute (Erasmus holds) to satisfy all, except antiquity, prescription, &c., set a bar." But as I have proved in Seneca, this will not always take place, how shall I evade? 'Tis the common doom of all writers, I must (I say) abide it; I seek not applause; *Non ego ventosæ venor suffragia plebis*; again, *non sum adeo informis*, I would not be vilified.

-- laudatus abunde.

Non fastiditus si tibi, lector, ero.

I fear good men's censures, and to their favourable acceptance I submit my labours,

-- et linguas mancipiorum

Contemno.

[and I despise the tongues of huxters]

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

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

-- euduntque libellos

In quorum foliis vix simia nuda cacaret;

But in Latin they will not deal; which is one of the reasons Nicholas Car, in his oration of the paucity of English writers, gives, that so many flourishing wits are smothered in oblivion, lie dead and buried in this our nation. Another main fault is, that I have not revised the copy, and amended the style, which now flows remissly, as it was first conceived; but my leisure would not permit; *Feci nec quod potui, nec quod volui*, I confess it is neither as I would, nor as it should be.

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Cum relego scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno
Me quoque quae fuerant iudice digna lini.

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

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

I might indeed, (had I wisely done) observed that precept of the poet, -- *nonumque prematur in annum*, and have taken more care: or, as Alexander the physician would have done by lapis lazuli, fifty times washed before it be used, I should have revised, corrected and amended this tract; but I had not (as I said) that happy leisure, no amanuenses or assistants. Pancrates in wanting a servant as he went from Memphis to Coptus in Egypt, took a door bar, and after some superstitious words pronounced (Eucrates the relator was then present) made it stand up like a serving-man, fetch him water, turn the spit, serve in supper, and what work he would besides; and when he had done that service he desired, turned his man to a stick again. I have no such skill to make new men at my pleasure, or means to hire them; no whistle to call like the master of a ship, and bid them run, &c. I have no such authority, no such benefactors, as that noble Ambrosius was to Origen, allowing him six or seven amanuenses to write out his dictates; I must for that cause do my business myself and was therefore enforced, as a bear doth her whelps, to bring forth this confused lump; I had not time to lick it into form, as she doth her young ones, but even so to publish it, as it was first written *quicquid in buccam venit*, [as it came into the mouth] in an extemporean style, as I do commonly all other exercises, *effudi quicquid dictavit genius meus*, out of a confused company of notes, and writ with as small deliberation as I do ordinarily speak, without all affectation of big words, fustian phrases, jingling terms, tropes, strong lines, that like Acesta's arrows caught fire as they flew, strains of wit, brave heats, eulogies, hyperbolical exornations, elegancies, &c., which many so much affect. I am *auquæ potor*, [a water drinker] drink no wine at all, which so much improves our modern wits, a loose, plain, rude writer, *ficum voco ficum, et ligonem ligonem*, and as free, as loose, *idem calamo quod in mente*, I call a spade a spade, *animis hæc scribo, non auribus*, I respect matter not words; remembering that of Cardan, *verba propter res, non res propter verba* [the word is for the thing, not the thing for the word]: and seeking with Seneca, *quid scribam, non quemadmodum*, rather what than how to write: for as Philo thinks, "He that is conversant about matter, neglects words, and those that excel in this art of speaking, have no profound learning,

Verba nitent phaleris, at nullas verba medullas
Intus habent --

(Words may be resplendent with ornament, but they contain no marrow within)

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Besides, it was the observation of that wise Seneca, "when you see a fellow careful about his worth, and neat in his speech, know this for a certainty that man's mind is busied about toys, there's no solidity in him." *Non est ornamentum virile concinnitas*: [elegance is not a manly distinction] as he said of a nightingale, *vox es, præterea nihil*, &c. [you are a voice, and nothing beyond that], I am therefore in this point a professed disciple of Apollonius, a scholar of Socrates, I neglect phrases, and labour wholly to inform my reader's understanding, not to please his ear; 'tis not my study or intent to compose neatly, which an orator requires, but to express myself readily and plainly as it happens. So that as a river runs sometimes precipitate and swift, then dull and slow; now direct, then *per ambages*; [windingly] now deep, then shallow; now muddy, then clear; now broad, then narrow; doth my style flow: now serious, then light; now comical, then satirical; now more elaborate, then remiss, as the present subject required, or as at that time I was affected. And if thou vouchsafe to read this treatise, it shall seem no otherwise to thee, than the way to an ordinary traveller, sometimes fair, sometimes foul; here champaign, there inclosed; barren in one place, better soil in another: by woods, groves, hills, dales, plains, &c. I shall lead thee *per ardua montium, et lubrica vallium, et roscida cespitum, et glebosa camporum*, [through high mountains, and smooth valleys, and dewy pastures, and earthy fields] and through variety of objects that which thou shalt like and surely dislike.

For the matter itself or method, if it be faulty, consider I pray you that of *Columella, Nihil perfectum, aut a singulari consummatum industria*, no man can observe all, much is defective no doubt, may be justly taxed, altered, and avoided in Galen, Aristotle, those great masters. *Boni venatoris* (one holds) *plures feras capere, non omnes*; he is a good huntsman, can catch some, not all; I have done my endeavour. Besides, I dwelt not in this study, *Non hic sulcos ducimus, non hoc pulvere desudamus*, I am but a smatterer, I confess, a stranger, here and there I pull a flower; I do easily grant, if a rigid censor should criticise on this which I have writ, he should not find three sole faults, as Scaliger in Terence, but three hundred. So many as he hath done in Cardan's subtleties, as many notable errors as Gul. Laurembergius, a late professor of Rostocke, discovers in that anatomy of Laurentius, or Barocius the Venetian in *Sacro boscus* [the sacred grove]. And although this be a sixth edition, in which I should have been more accurate, corrected all those former escapes, yet it was *magni laboris opus*, so difficult and tedious, that as carpenters do find out of experience, 'tis much better build anew sometime; than repair an old house; I could as soon write as much more, as alter that which is written. If aught therefore be amiss (as I grant there is), I require a friendly admonition, no bitter invective, *Sint musis socii Charites, Furia omnis abesto* [let Charity be the ally of the muses, and all the Furies go far away], otherwise, as in ordinary controversies, *furem contentionis nectamus, sed cui bono?* We may contend, and likely misuse each other, but to what purpose? We are both scholars, say,

-- Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati

Both young Arcadians, both alike inspir'd
To sing and answer as the song requir'd.

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

Nunquam ita quicquam bene subducta ratione ad vitam fuit,
Quin res, aetas, usus, semper aliquid apponent novi
Aliquid moneant, ut illa quæ scire te credas, nescias,
Et quae tibi putaris prima, in exercendo ut repudias.

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

But I am now resolved never to put this treatise out again, *Ne quid nimis*, I will not hereafter add, alter, or retract; I have done. The last and greatest exception is, that I, being a divine, have meddled with physic,

-- Tantumne est ab re tua otii tibi,
Aliena ut cures, eaque nihil qua ad te attinent?

Which Menedemus objected to Chremes; have I so much leisure, or little business of mine own, as to look after other men's matters which concern me not? What have I to do with physic? *Quod medicorum est promittant medici.* The Lacedemonians were once in counsel about state matters, a debauched fellow spake excellent well, and to the purpose, his speech was generally approved: a grave senator steps up, and by all means would have it repealed, though good, because *dehonestabatur pessimo auctore*, it had no better an author; let some good man relate the same, and then it should pass. This counsel was embraced, *factum est*, and it was registered forthwith. *Et sic bona sententia mansit, malus auctor mutatus est.* Thou

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sayest as much of me, stomachosus as thou art, and grantest, peradventure, this which I have written in physic, not to be amiss, had another done it, a professed physician, or so; but why should I meddle with this tract? Hear me speak. There be many other subjects, I do easily grant, both in humanity and divinity, fit to be treated of, of which had I written *ad ostentationem* only, to show myself I should have rather chosen, and in which I have been more conversant, I could have more willingly luxuriated, and better satisfied myself and others; but that at this time I was fatally driven upon this rock of melancholy, and carried away by this by-stream, which, as a rillet, is deducted from the main channel of my studies, in which I have pleased and busied myself at idle hours, as a subject most necessary and commodious. Not that I prefer it before divinity, which I do acknowledge to be the queen of professions, and to which all the rest are as handmaids, but that in divinity I saw no such great need. For had I written positively, there be so many books in that kind, so many commentators, treatises, pamphlets, expositions, sermons, that whole teams of oxen cannot draw them; and had I been as forward and ambitious as some others, I might have haply printed a sermon at Paul's Cross, a sermon in St. Marie's Oxon, a sermon in Christ-Church, or a sermon before the right honourable, right reverend, a sermon before the right worshipful, a sermon in Latin, in English, a sermon with a name, a sermon without, a sermon, a sermon, &c. But I have been ever as desirous to suppress my labours in this kind, as others have been to press and publish theirs. To have written in controversy had been to cut off an hydra's head, *lis litem generat*, one begets another, so many duplications, triplications, and swarms of questions. *In sacro bello hoc quod stili mucrone agitur*, that having once begun, I should never make an end. One had much better, as Alexander, the sixth pope, long since observed, provoke a great prince than a begging friar, a Jesuit, or a seminary priest, I will add, for *inexpugnabile genus hoc hominum*, they are an irrefragable society, they must and will have the last word; and that with such eagerness, impudence, abominable lying, falsifying, and bitterness in their questions they proceed, that as he said, *furorne cæcus, an rapit vis acrior, an culpa, responsum date?* Blind fury, or error, or rashness, or what it is that eggs them, I know not, I am sure many times, which Austin perceived long since, *tempestate contentionis serenitas charitatis obnubilatur*, with this tempest of contention, the serenity of charity is overclouded, and there be too many spirits conjured up already in this kind in all sciences, and more than we can tell how to lay, which do so furiously rage, and keep such a racket, that as Fabius said, "It had been much better for some of then to have been born dumb, and altogether illiterate, than so far to dote to their own destruction."

At melius fuerat non scribere, namque tacere
Tutum semper erit,--

'Tis a general fault, so Severinus the Dane complains in physic, "unhappy men as we are, we spend our days in unprofitable questions and disputations," intricate subtleties, *de lana caprina*[about goats' wool], about moonshine in the water, "leaving in the meantime those chiefest treasures of nature untouched, wherein the best medicines for all manner of diseases are to be found, and do not only neglect them ourselves, but hinder, condemn; forbid, and scoff at other; that are willing to inquire

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after them." These motives at this present have induced me to make choice of this medicinal subject.

If any physician in the mean time shall infer, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, and find himself grieved that I have intruded into his profession, I will tell him in brief, I do not otherwise by them, than they do by us. If it be for their advantage, I know many of their sect which have taken orders, in hope of a benefice, 'tis a common transition, and why may not a melancholy divine, that can get nothing but by simony, profess physic? Drusianus an Italian (Crusianus, but corruptly, Trithemius calls him) "because he was not fortunate in his practice, forsook his profession, and writ afterwards in divinity." Marcilius Ficinus was *semel et simul*; a priest and a physician at once, and T. Linacer in his old age took orders. The Jesuits profess both at this time, divers of them *permissu superiorum*, surgeons, panders, bawds, and midwives, &c. Many poor country-vicars, for want of other means, are driven to their shifts; to turn mountebank; quacksalvers, empirics, and if our greedy patrons hold us to such hard conditions, as commonly they do, they will make most of us work at some trade, as Paul did, at last turn taskers, maltsters, costermongers, graziers, sell ale as some have done, or worse. Howsoever in undertaking this task, I hope I shall commit no great error or indecorum, if all be considered aright, I can vindicate myself with Georgius, Braunus, and Hieronymus Hemingius, those two learned divines; who (to borrow a line or two of mine elder brother) drawn by a "natural love, the one of pictures and maps, prospectives and corographical delights, writ that ample theatre of cities; the other to the study of genealogies, penned *theatrum genealogicum*." Or else I can excuse my studies with Lessius the Jesuit in like case. It is a disease of the soul on which I am to treat, and as much appertaining to a divine as to a physician, and who knows not what an agreement there is betwixt these two professions? A good divine either is or ought to be a good physician, a spiritual physician at least, as our Saviour calls himself and was indeed, Mat. iv. 23; Luke, v. 18; Luke, vii. 8. They differ but in object, the one of the body, the other of the soul, and use divers medicines to cure: one amends *animam per corpus*, the other *corpus per animam*, as our Regius Professor of physic well informed us in a learned lecture of his not long since. One helps the vices and passions of the soul, anger, lust, desperation, pride, presumption, &c., by applying that spiritual physic; as the other uses proper remedies in bodily diseases. Now this being a common infirmity of body and soul, and such a one that hath as much need of spiritual as a corporal cure, I could not find a fitter task to busy myself about, a more apposite theme, so necessary, so commodious, and generally concerning all sorts of men, that should so equally participate of both, and require a whole physician. A divine in this compound mixed malady can do little alone, a physician in some kinds of melancholy much less, both make an absolute cure.

Alterius sic altera poscit opem

-- when in friendship join'd
A mutual succour in each other find.

And 'tis proper to them both, and I hope not unbeseeming me, who am by my profession a divine, and by mine inclination a physician. I had Jupiter in my sixth

house; I say with Beroaldus, *non sum medicus, nec medicine prorsus expers*, in the theory of physic I have taken some pains, not with an intent to practice, but to satisfy myself, which was a cause likewise of the first undertaking of this subject.

If these reasons do not satisfy thee, good reader, as Alexander Munificus that bountiful prelate, sometimes bishop of Lincoln, when he had built six castles, *ad invidiam operis eluendam*, saith Mr. Cambden, to take away the envy of his work (which very words Nubrigensis hath of Roger the rich bishop of Salisbury, who in king Stephen's time built Shirburn castle, and that of Devizes), to divert the scandal or imputation, which might be thence inferred, built so many religious houses. If this my discourse be overmedicinal, or savour too much of humanity, I promise thee that I will here after make thee amends in some treatise of divinity. But this I hope shall suffice, when you have more fully considered of the matter of this my subject, *rem substratam*, melancholy, madness, and of the reasons following, which were my chief motives: the generality of the disease, the necessity of the cure, and the commodity or common good that will arise to all men by the knowledge of it, as shall at large appear in the ensuing preface. And I doubt not but that in the end you will say with me, that to anatomise this humour aright, through all the members of this our Microcosmus, is as great a task, as to reconcile those chronological errors in the Assyrian monarchy, find out the quadrature of a circle, the creeks and sounds of the north-east, or north-west passages, and all but as good a discovery as that hungry Spaniard's of Terra Australis Incognita, as great trouble as to perfect the motion of Mars and Mercury, which so crucifies our astronomers, or to rectify the Gregorian *Kalender*. I am so affected for my part, and hope as Theophrastus did by his characters, "That our posterity, O friend Policles, shall be the better for this which we have written, by correcting and rectifying what is amiss in themselves by our example; and applying our precepts and cautions to their own use." And as that great captain Zisca would have a drum made of his skin when he was dead, because he thought the very noise of it would put his enemies to flight, I doubt not but that these following lines, when they shall be recited, or hereafter read, will drive away melancholy, (though I be gone) as much as Zisca's drum could terrify his foes. Yet one caution let me give by the way to my present, or my future reader, who is actually melancholy, that he read not the symptoms or prognostics in this following tract, lest by applying that which he reads to himself, aggravating, appropriating things generally spoken, to his own person (as melancholy men for the most part do), he trouble or hurt himself and get in conclusion more harm than good. I advise them therefore warily to peruse that tract, *Lapides loquitur* (so said Agrippa de occ. Phil.) *et caveant lectores ne cerebrum iis excutiat*. The rest I doubt not they may securely read, and to their benefit. But I am overtedious, I proceed.

Of the necessity and generality of this which I have said, if any man doubt, I shall desire him to make a brief survey of the world, as Cyprian adviseth Donat, "supposing himself to be transported to the top of some high mountain, and thence to behold the tumults and chances of this wavering world, he cannot chuse but either laugh at, or pity it." S. Hierom out of a strong imagination, being in the wilderness, conceived with himself that he then saw them dancing in Rome; and if thou shalt either conceive, or climb to see, thou shalt soon perceive that all the world is mad, that it is melancholy, dotes; that it is (which Epichthonius Cosmopolites expressed not many years since in a map) made like a fool's head (with that motto, *Caput helleboro dignum*) a crazed head, *cavea stultorum*, a fool's paradise, or as Apollonius, a

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common prison of gulls, cheaters, flatterers, &c., and needs to be reformed. Strabo in the ninth book of his geography, compares Greece to the picture of a man, which comparison of his, Nic. Gerbelius in his exposition of Sophianus' map, approves; the breast lies open from those Acroceraunian hills in Epirus, to the Sunian promontory in Attica; Pagæ and Magæra are the two shoulders; that Isthmus of Corinth the neck; and Peloponnesus the head. If this allusion holds 'tis sure a mad head; Morea may be Moria, and to speak what I think, the inhabitants of modern Greece swerve as much from reason and true religion at this day, as that Morea doth from the picture of a man. Examine the rest in like sort, and you shall find that kingdoms and provinces are melancholy, cities and families, all creatures, vegetal, sensible, and rational, that all sorts, sects, ages, conditions, are out of tune, as in Cebes' table, *omnes errorem bibunt*, before they come into the world, they are intoxicated by error's cup, from the highest to the lowest have need of physic, and those particular actions in Seneca, where father and son prove one another mad, may be general; Porcius Latro shall plead against us all. For indeed who is not a fool, melancholy, mad? -- *Qui nil molitur inepte*, who is not brain-sick? Folly, melancholy, madness, are but one disease, *Delirium* is a common name to all. Alexander, Gordonius, Jason Pratensis, Savanarola, Guianerius, Montaltus, confound them as differing *secundum magis et minus*; so doth David, Psal. xxxvii. 5. "I said unto the fools, deal not so madly," and 'twas an old Stoical paradox, *omnes stultos insanire*, all fools are mad, though some madder than others. And who is not a fool, who is free from melancholy? Who is not touched more or less in habit or disposition? If in disposition, "ill dispositions beget habits, if they persevere," saith Plutarch, habits either are, or turn to diseases. 'Tis the same which Tully maintains in the second of his Tusculans, *omnium insipientum animi in morbo sunt, et perturbatorum*, fools are sick, and all that are troubled in mind: for what is sickness, but as a Gregory Tholosanus defines it, "A dissolution or perturbation of the bodily league, which health combines:" and who is not sick, or ill-disposed? in whom doth not passion, anger envy, discontent, fear and sorrow reign? Who labours not of this disease? Give me but a little leave, and you shall see by what testimonies, confessions, arguments, I will evince it, that most men are mad, that they had as much need to go a pilgrimage to the Anticyrae (as in Strabo's time they did) as in our days they run to Compostella, our Lady of Sichem, or Lauretta, to seek for help; that it is like to be as prosperous a voyage as that of Guiana, and that there is much more need of hellebore than of tobacco.

That men are so misaffected, melancholy, mad, giddy-headed, hear the testimony of Solomon, Eccl. ii. 12. "And I turned to behold wisdom, madness and folly," &c. And ver. 23: "All his days are sorrow, his travel grief, and his heart taketh no rest in the night." So that take melancholy in what sense you will, properly or improperly, in disposition or habit, for pleasure or for pain, dotage, discontent, fear, sorrow, madness, for part, or all, truly, or metaphorically, 'tis all one. Laughter itself is madness according to Solomon, and as St. Paul hath it, "Worldly sorrow brings death." "The hearts of the sons of men are evil, and madness is in their hearts while they live," Eccl. ix. 3. "Wise men themselves are no better," Eccl. i. 18. "In the multitude of wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth wisdom increaseth sorrow," chap. ii. 17. He hated life itself; nothing pleased him: he hated his labour, all, as he concludes is "sorrow, grief, vanity, vexation of spirit." And though he were the wisest man in the world, *sanctuarium sapientiæ*, and had wisdom in abundance, he will not vindicate himself; or justify his own actions. "Surely I am more foolish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man in me," Prov. xxx. 2. Be they Solomon's

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words, or the words of Agur, the son of Jakeh, they are canonical. David, a man after God's own heart, confesseth as much of himself; Psal. xxxvii. 21, 22. "So foolish was I and ignorant, I was even as a beast before thee." And condemns all for fools, Psal. liii.; xxxii. 9; xlix. 20. He compares them to "beasts, horses, and mules, in which there is no understanding." The Apostle Paul accuseth himself in like sort. 2 Cor. xi. 21. "I would you would suffer a little my foolishness, I speak foolishly." "The whole head is sick," saith Esay, "and the heart is heavy," cap. i. 5. And makes lighter of them than of oxen and asses, "the ox knows his owner," &c.: read Deut. xxxii. 6; Jer. iv.; Amos, iii. 1; Ephes. v. 6. "Be not mad, be not deceived, foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?" How often are they branded with this epithet of madness and folly? No word so frequent amongst the fathers of the Church and divines; you may see what an opinion they had of the world, and how they valued men's action.

I know that we think far otherwise, and hold them most part wise men that are in authority, princes, magistrates, rich men, they are wise men born, all politicians and statesmen must needs be so, for who dare speak against them? And on the other, so corrupt is our judgment, we esteem wise and honest men fools. Which Democritus well signified in an epistle of his to Hippocrates: "the Abderites account virtue madness," and so do most men living. Shall I tell you the reason of it? Fortune and Virtue, Wisdom and Folly, their seconds, upon a time contended in the Olympics; every man thought that Fortune and Folly would have the worst, and pitied their cases; but it fell out otherwise. Fortune was blind and cared not where she stroke, nor whom, without laws, *Andabatarum instar*, &c. Folly, rash and inconsiderate, esteemed as little what she said or did. Virtue and Wisdom gave place, were hissed out, and exploded by the common people; Folly and Fortune admired, and so are all their followers ever since: knaves and fools commonly fare and deserve best in worldlings' eyes and opinions. Many good men have no better fate in their ages: Achish, 1 Sam. xxi. 14, held David for a mad man. Elisha and the rest were no otherwise esteemed. David was derided of the common people, Ps. ix. 7, "I am become a monster to many." And generally we are accounted fools for Christ, 1 Cor. xiv. "We fools thought his life madness, and his end without honour," Wisd. v. 4. Christ and his Apostles were censured in like sort, John x.; Mark iii.; Acts xxvi. And so were all Christians in Pliny's time, *fuerunt et alii similis dementiæ*, &c. And called not long after, *Vesaniæ sectatores, eversores hominum, polluti novatores, fanatici, canes, malefici, venefici, Galilæi homunciones*, &c. 'Tis an ordinary thing with us, to account honest, devout, orthodox, divine, religious, plain dealing men, idiots, asses, that cannot, or will not lie and dissemble, shift, flatter, *accommodare se ad eum locum ubi nati sunt*, make good bargains, supplant, thrive, *patronis inservire; solennes ascendendi modos apprehendere, leges, mores, consuetudines recte observare, candide laudare, fortiter defendere, sententias amplecti, dubitare de nullis, credere omnia, accipere omnia, nihil reprehendere, cæteraque qua promotionem ferunt et securitatem, qua sine ambage fœlicem reddunt hominem et vere sapientem apud nos*; that cannot temporise as other men do, hand and take bribes, &c. but fear God, and make a conscience of their doings. But the Holy Ghost that knows better how to judge, he calls them fools "The fool hath said in his heart," Psal. liii. 1. "And their ways utter their folly," Psal. xlix. 14. "For what can be more mad, than for a little worldly pleasure to procure unto themselves eternal punishment?" As Gregory and others inculcate unto us.

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Yea even all those great philosophers the world hath ever had in admiration, whose works we do so much esteem, that gave precepts of wisdom to others, inventors of Arts and Sciences, Socrates the wisest man of his time by the Oracle of Apollo, whom his two scholars, Plato and Xenophon, so much extol and magnify with those honourable titles, "best and wisest of all mortal men, the happiest, and most just;" and as Alcibiades incomparably commends him; Achilles was a worthy man, but Bracides and others were as worthy as himself; Anterior and Nestor were as good as Pericles, and so of the rest; but none present, before, or after Socrates, *nemo veterum neque eorum qui nunc sunt*, were ever such, will match, or come near him. Those seven wise men of Greece, those Britain Druids, Indian Brachmanni, Aethiopian Gymnosophists, Magi of the Persians, Apollonius, of whom Philostratus, *Non doctus, sed natus sapiens*, wise from his cradle, Epicurus so much admired by his scholar Lucretius:

Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes
Perstrinxit stellas exortus ut aetherius sol.

Whose wit excell'd the wits of men as far,
As the sun rising doth obscure a star,
Or that so much renowned Empedocles.

Ut vix humana videatur stirpe creatus.

All those of whom we read such hyperbolical eulogiums, as of Aristotle, that he was wisdom itself in the abstract, a miracle of nature, breathing libraries, as Eunapius of Longinus, lights of nature, giants for wit, quintessence of wit, divine spirits, eagles in the clouds, fallen from heaven, gods, spirits, lamps of the world, dictators, *Nulla ferant talem secla futura virum*: monarchs, miracles, superintendents of wit and learning, *oceanus, phoenix, atlas, monstrum, portentum hominis, orbis universi musæum, ultimus humanæ naturæ conatus, naturæ maritus*.

-- merito cui doctior orbis
Submissis defert fascibus imperium.

As Ælian writ of Protagoras and Gorgias, we may say of them all, *tantum a sapientibus abfuerunt, quantum a viris pueri*, they were children in respect, infants, not eagles, but kites; novices, illiterate, *Eunuchi sapientiæ*. And although they were the wisest, and most admired in their age, as he censured Alexander, I do them, there were 10,000 in his army as worthy captains (had they been in place of command), as valiant as himself; there were myriads of men wiser in those days, and yet all short of what they ought to be. Lactantius, in his book of wisdom, proves them to be dizzards, fools, asses, mad men, so full of absurd and ridiculous tenets, and brain-sick positions, that to his thinking never any old woman or sick person doted worse. Democritus took all from Leucippus, and left saith he, "the inheritance of his folly to Epicurus," *insanienti dum sapientiæ*, &c. The like he holds of Plato, Aristippus, and the rest, making no difference, "betwixt them and beasts, saving that they could speak."

Theodoret in his tract, *De cur. grec. affect.* manifestly evinces as much of Socrates, whom though that Oracle of Apollo confirmed to be the wisest man then living, and saved him from plague, whom 2000 years have admired, of whom some will as soon speak evil as of Christ, yet *revera*, he was an illiterate idiot, as Aristophanes calls him, *irrisor et ambitiosus*, as his master Aristotle terms him, *scurra Atticus*, as Zeno, an enemy to all arts and sciences, as Athaeneus, to philosophers and travellers, an opinionative ass, a caviller, a kind of pedant; for his manners, as Theod. Cyrensis describes him, a sodomite, an atheist, (so convict by Anytus) *iracundus et ebrius, dicax*, &c. a pot-companion, by Plato's own confession, a sturdy drinker; and that of all others he was most sottish, a very madman in his actions and opinions. Pythagoras was part philosopher, part magician, or part witch. If you desire to hear more of Apollonius, a great wise man, sometime paralleled by Julian the apostate to Christ, I refer you to that learned tract of Eusebias against Hierocles, and for them all to Lucian's *Piscator, Icaromenippus, Necyomantia*: their actions, opinions in general were so prodigious, absurd, ridiculous, which they broached and maintained, their books and elaborate treatises were full of dotage, which Tully ad Atticum long since observed, *delirant plerumque scriptores in libris suis*, their lives being opposite to their words, they commended poverty to others, and were most covetous themselves, extolled love and peace, and yet persecuted one another with virulent hate and malice. They could give precepts for verse and prose, but not a man of them (as Seneca tells then home) could moderate his affections. Their music did show us *flebiles modos*, &c. how to rise and fall, but they could not so contain themselves as in adversity not to make a lamentable tone. They will measure ground by geometry, set down limits, divide and subdivide, but cannot yet prescribe *quantum homini satis*, or keep within compass of reason and discretion. They can square circles, but understand not the state of their own souls, describe right lines and crooked, &c. but know not what is right in this life, *quid in vita rectum sit, ignorant*; so that as he said, *nescio an Anticyram ratio illis destinet omnem*, I think all the Anticyrae will not restore them to their wits, if these men now, that held Xenodotus' heart, Crates' liver, Epictetus' lantern, were so sottish, and had no more brains than so many beetles, what shall we think of the commonalty? what of the rest?

Yea, but will you infer, that is true of heathens, if they be conferred with christians, 1 Cor. iii. 19. "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God, earthly and devilish," as James calls it, iii. 15. "They were vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was full of darkness," Rom. i. 21, 22. "When they professed themselves wise, became fools." Their witty works are admired here on earth, whilst their souls are tormented in hell fire. In some sense, *Christiani Crassiani*, Christians are Crassians, and if compared to that wisdom, no better than fools. *Quis est sapiens? Solus Deus*, Pythagoras replies, "God is only wise," Rom. xvi. Paul determines "only good," as Austin well contends, "and no man living can be justified in his sight." "God looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if any did understand," Psalm liii 2,3. but all are corrupt, err. Rom. iii. 12, "None doth good, no not one." Job aggravates this, iv. 18, "Behold he found no steadfastness in his servants, and laid folly upon his angel;" 19. "How much more on them that dwell in houses of clay?" In this sense we are all fools, and the Scripture alone is *arx Minervæ*, we and our writings are shallow and imperfect. But I do not so mean; even in our ordinary dealings we are no better than fools. "All our actions," as Pliny, told Trajan, "upbraid us of folly," our whole course of life is but matter of laughter: we are not soberly wise; and the world itself which ought at least to be wise by reason of his antiquity, as

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Hugo de Prato Florido will have it, *semper stultizat*, is every day more foolish than other; the more it is whipped, the worse it is, and as a child will still be crowned with roses and flowers. "We are apish in it, *asini bipedes*, and every place is full *inversorum Apuleiorum*, of metamorphosed and two-legged asses, *inversorum Silenorum*, childish, *pueri instar bimuli*, *tremula patris dormientis in ulna*. Jovianus Pontanus, Antonio Dial, brings in some laughing at an old man, that by reason of his age was a little fond, but as he admonisheth there, *Ne mireris mi hospes de hoc sene*, marvel not at him only, for *tota hæc civitas delirat*, all our town dotes in like sort, we are a company of fools. Ask not with him in the poet, *Larvæ hunc intemperia insanisæque agitant senem*? What madness ghosts this old man, but what madness ghosts us all? For we are *ad unum omnes*, all mad, *semel insanivimus omnes*, not once, but always so, *et semel, et simul, et semper*, ever and altogether as bad as he; and not *senex bis puer, delira anus*, but say it of us all, *semper pueri*, young and old, all dote, as Lactantius proves out of Seneca; and no difference betwixt us and children, saving that, *majora ludimus, et grandioribus pupis*, they play with babies of clouts and such toys, we sport with greater baubles. We cannot accuse or condemn one another, being faulty ourselves, *deliramenta loqueris*, you talk idly, or as Mitio upbraided Demea, *insanis, auferte*, for we are as mad our own selves, and it is hard to say which is the worst. Nay, 'tis universally so, *Vitam regit fortuna, non sapientia*. (Fortune, not wisdom, governs our lives.)

When Socrates had taken great pains to find out a wise man, and to that purpose had consulted with philosophers, poets, artificers, he concludes all men were fools; and though it procured him both anger and much envy, yet in all companies he would openly profess it. When Supputius in Pontanus had travelled all over Europe to confer with a wise man, he returned at last without his errand, and could find none. Cardan concurs with him, "Few there are (for aught I can perceive) well in their wits." So doth Tully, "I see every thing to be done foolishly and unadvisedly."

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

One reels to this, another to that wall;
'Tis the same error that deludes them all.

They dote all, but not alike, *Μανία γαρ πατιν ομοα* (*mania gar patis omoa*), not in the same kind, "One is covetous, a second lascivious, a third ambitious, a fourth envious," &c. as Damasippus the Stoic hath well illustrated in the poet,

Desipiunt omnes aequæ ac tu.

And they who call you fool, with equal claim
May plead an ample title to the name.

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'Tis an inbred malady in every one of us, there is *seminarium stultitæ*, a seminary of folly, "which if it be stirred up, or get ahead, will run *in infinitum*, and infinitely varies, as we ourselves are severally addicted," saith Balthazar Castilio: and cannot so easily be rooted out, it takes such fast hold, as Tully holds, *alte radices stultitiæ*, we are bred, and so we continue. Some say there be two main defects of wit, error, and ignorance, to which all others are reduced; by ignorance we know not things necessary, by error we know them falsely. Ignorance is a privation, error a positive act. From ignorance comes vice, from error, heresy, &c. But make how many kinds you will, divide and subdivide, few men are free, or that do not impinge on some one kind or other. *Sic plerumque agitat stultos inscitia*, (their wits are a wool-gathering. So fools commonly dote,) as he that examines his own and other men's actions shall find.

Charon in Lucian, as he wittily feigns, was conducted by Mercury to such a place, where he might see all the world at once; after he had sufficiently viewed, and looked about, Mercury would needs know of him what he had observed: He told him that he saw a vast multitude and a promiscuous, their habitations like molehills, the men as emmets, "he could discern cities like so many hives of bees, wherein every bee had a sting, and they did nought else but sting one another, some domineering like hornets bigger than the rest, some like filching wasps, others as drones." Over their heads were hovering a confused company of perturbations, hope, fear, anger, avarice, ignorance, &c., and a multitude of diseases hanging, which they still pulled on their pates. Some were brawling, some fighting, riding, running, *sollicite ambientes, callide litigantes*, for toys and trifles, and such momentary things. Their towns and provinces mere factions, rich against poor, poor against rich, nobles against artificers, they against nobles, and so the rest. In conclusion, he condemned them all for madmen, fools, idiots, asses, *O stulti, quænam hæc est amentia?* O fools, O madmen, he exclaims, *insana studia, insani labores*, &c. Mad endeavours, mad actions, mad, mad, mad, *O seclum insipiens & infacetum*, a giddy-headed age. Heraclitus the philosopher, out of a serious meditation of men's lives, fell a weeping, and with continual tears bewailed their misery, madness, and folly. Democritus on the other side, burst out a laughing, their whole life seemed to him so ridiculous, and he was so far carried with this ironical passion, that the citizens of Abdera took him to be mad, and sent therefore ambassadors to Hippocrates, the physician, that he would exercise his skill upon him. But the story is set down at large by Hippocrates, in his epistle to Damoetus, which because it is not impertinent to this discourse, I will insert verbatim almost as it is delivered by Hippocrates himself, with all the circumstances belonging unto it.

When Hippocrates was now come to Abdera, the people of the city came flocking about him, some weeping, some entreating of him, that he would do his best. After some little repast, he went to see Democritus, the people following him, whom he found (as before) in his garden in the suburbs all alone, "sitting upon a stone under a plane tree, without hose or shoe; with a book on his knees, cutting up several beasts, and busy at his study." The multitude stood gazing round about to see the congress. Hippocrates, after a little pause, saluted him by his name, whom he resaluted, ashamed almost that he could not call him likewise by his, or that he had forgot it. Hippocrates demanded of him what he was doing: he told him that he was "busy in cutting up several beasts, to find out the cause of madness and melancholy." Hippocrates commended his work, admiring his happiness and leisure. And why,

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quoth Democritus, have not you that leisure? Because, replied Hippocrates, domestic affairs hinder, necessary to be done for ourselves, neighbours, friends; expenses, disease, frailties and mortalities which happen; wife, children, servants, and such businesses which deprive us of our time. At this speech Democritus profusely laughed (his friends and the people standing by, weeping in the meantime, and lamenting his madness). Hippocrates asked the reason why he laughed. He told him, at the vanities and the fopperies of the time, to see men so empty of all virtuous actions, to hunt so far after gold, having no end of ambition; to take such infinite pains for a little glory, and to be favoured of men; to make such deep mines into the earth for gold, and many times to find nothing, with loss of their lives and fortunes. Some to love dogs, others horses, some to desire to be obeyed in many provinces, and yet themselves will know no obedience. Some to love their wives dearly at first, and after a while to forsake and hate them; begetting children, with much care and cost for their education, yet when they grow to man's estate, to despise, neglect, and leave them naked to the world's mercy. Do not these behaviours express their intolerable folly? When men live in peace, they covet war, detesting quietness, deposing kings, and advancing others in their stead, murdering some men to beget children of their wives. How many strange humours are in men! When they are poor and needy, they seek riches, and when they have them, they do not enjoy them, but hide them underground, or else wastefully spend them. O wise Hippocrates, I laugh at such things being done, but much more when no good comes of them, and when they are done to so ill purpose. There is no truth or justice found amongst them, for they daily plead one against another, the son against the father and the mother, brother against brother, kindred and friends of the same quality; and all this for riches, whereof after death they cannot be possessors. And yet notwithstanding they will defame and kill one another, commit all unlawful actions, contemning God and men, friends and country. They make great account of many senseless things, esteeming them as a great part of their treasure, statues, pictures, and such like movables, dear bought, and so cunningly wrought, as nothing but speech wanteth in them, and yet they hate living persons speaking to them. Others affect difficult things; if they dwell on firm land they will remove to an island, and thence to land again, being no way constant to their desires. They commend courage and strength in wars, and let themselves be conquered by lust and avarice; they are, in brief, as disordered in their minds, as Thersites was in his body. And now, methinks, O most worthy Hippocrates, you should not reprehend my laughing, perceiving so many fooleries in men; for no man will mock his own folly, but that which he seeth in a second, and so they justly mock one another. The drunkard calls him a glutton whom he knows to be sober. Many men love the sea, others husbandry; briefly, they cannot agree in their own trades and professions, much less in their lives and actions.

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

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Democritus hearing this poor excuse, laughed again aloud, perceiving he wholly mistook him, and did not well understand what he had said concerning perturbations and tranquillity of the mind. Insomuch, that if men would govern their actions by discretion and providence, they would not declare themselves fools as now they do, and he should have no cause of laughter; but (quoth he) they swell in this life as if they were immortal, and demigods, for want of understanding. It were enough to make them wise, if they would but consider the mutability of this world, and how it wheels about, nothing being firm and sure. He that is now above, to-morrow is beneath; he that sate on this side to-day, to-morrow is hurled on the other: and not considering these matters, they fall into many inconveniences and troubles, coveting things of no profit, and thirsting after them, tumbling headlong into many calamities. So that if men would attempt no more than what they can bear, they should lead contented lives, and learning to know themselves, would limit their ambition, they would perceive then that nature hath enough without seeking such superfluities, and unprofitable things, which bring nothing with them but grief and molestation. As a fat body is more subject to diseases, so are rich men to absurdities and fooleries, to many casualties and cross inconveniences. There are many that take no heed what happeneth to others by bad conversation, and therefore overthrow themselves in the same manner through their own fault, not foreseeing dangers manifest. These are things (O more than mad, quoth he) that give me matter of laughter, by suffering the pains of your impieties, as your avarice, envy, malice, enormous villainies, mutinies, unsatiable desires, conspiracies, and other incurable vices; besides your dissimulation and hypocrisy, bearing deadly hatred one to the other, and yet shadowing it with a good face, flying out into all filthy lusts, and transgressions of all laws, both of nature and civility. Many things which they have left off, after a while they fall to again, husbandry, navigation; and leave again, fickle and inconstant as they are. When they are young, they would be old; and old, young. Princes commend a private life; private men itch after honour: a magistrate commends a quiet life; a quiet man would be in his office, and obeyed as he is: and what is the cause of all this, but that they know not themselves? Some delight to destroy, one to build, another to spoil one country to enrich another and himself. In all these things they are like children, in whom is no judgment or counsel and resemble beasts, saving that beasts are better than they, as being contented with nature. When shall you see a lion hide gold in the ground, or a bull contend for better pasture? When a boar is thirsty, he drinks what will serve him, and no more; and when his belly is full, ceaseth to eat: but men are immoderate in both, as in lust -- they covet carnal copulation at set times; men always, ruining thereby the health of their bodies. And doth it not deserve laughter to see an amorous fool torment himself for a wench; weep, howl for a mis-shapen slut, a dowdy sometime; that might have his choice of the finest beauties? Is there any remedy for this in physic? I do anatomise and cut up these poor beasts, to see these distempers, vanities, and follies, yet such proof were better made on man's body, if my kind nature would endure it: who from the hour of his birth is most miserable, weak, and sickly; when he sucks he is guided by others, when he is grown great practiseth unhappiness and is sturdy, and when old, a child again, and repenteth him of his life past. And here being interrupted by one that brought books, he fell to it again, that all were mad, careless, stupid. To prove my former speeches, look into courts, or private houses. Judges give judgment according to their own advantage, doing manifest wrong to poor innocents to please others. Notaries alter sentence; and for money lose their deeds. Some make false monies; others counterfeit false weights. Some abuse their parents, yea corrupt their own sisters; others make long libels and pasquils, defaming

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men of good life, and extol such as are lewd and vicious. Some rob one, some another: magistrates make laws against thieves, and are the veriest thieves themselves. Some kill themselves, others despair, not obtaining their desires. Some dance, sing, laugh, feast and banquet, whilst others sigh, languish, mourn and lament, having neither meat, drink, nor clothes. Some prank up their bodies, and have their minds full of execrable vices. Some trot about to bear false witness, and say anything for money; and though judges know of it, yet for a bribe they wink at it, and suffer false contracts to prevail against equity. Women are all day a dressing, to pleasure other men abroad, and go like sluts at home, not caring to please their own husbands whom they should. Seeing men are so fickle, so sottish, so intemperate, why should not I laugh at those to whom folly seems wisdom, will not be cured, and perceive it not?

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

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

Olim jure quidem, nunc plus Democrite ride;
Quin rides? vita haec nunc mage ridicula est.

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

Never so much cause of laughter as now, never so many fools and madmen. 'Tis not one Democritus will serve turn to laugh in these days; we have now need of a "Democritus to laugh at Democritus;" one jester to flout at another, one fool to flare at another: a great stentorian Democritus, as big as that Rhodian Colossus. For now, as said in his time, *totus mundus histrionem agit*, the whole world plays the fool; we have a new theatre, a new scene, a new comedy of errors, a new company of personate actors, *volupiae sacra* (as Calcagninus willingly feigns in his Apologues) are celebrated all the world over, where all the actors were madmen and fools, and every hour changed habits, or took that which came next. He that was a mariner to-day, is an apothecary to-morrow; a smith one while, a philosopher another, in his *volupiae ludis*; a king now with his crown, robes, sceptre, attendants, by and by drove a loaded ass before him like a carter, &c. If Democritus were alive now, he should see strange alterations, a new company of counterfeit vizards, whifflers, Cumane asses, maskers, mummers, painted puppets, outsides, fantastic shadows, gulls, monsters, giddy-heads, butterflies. And so many of them are indeed (if all be true that I have read). For when Jupiter and Juno's wedding was solemnized of old the gods were all invited to the feast, and many noble men besides: Amongst the rest came Crysalus, a Persian prince, bravely attended, rich in golden attires, in gay robes, with a majestical presence, but

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otherwise an ass. The gods seeing him come in such pomp and state, rose up to give him place, *ex habitus hominem metientes*; but Jupiter perceiving what he was, a light, fantastic, idle fellow, turned him and his proud followers into butterflies: and so they continue still (for aught I know to the contrary) roving about in pied coats, and are called chrysalides by the wiser sort of men: that is, golden outsides, drones, flies, and things of no worth. Multitudes of such, &c.

"-- ubique invenies
Stultos avaros, sycophantes prodigos."

(You will meet covetous fools and prodigal sycophants everywhere)

Many additions, much increase of madness, folly, vanity, should Democritus observe, were he now to travel, or could get leave of Pluto to come see fashions, as Charon did in Lucian to visit our cities of Moronia Pia, and Moronia Fœlix: sure I think he would break the rim of his belly with laughing. *Si foret in terris rideret Democritus, seu. &c.*

A satirical Roman in his time, thought all vice, folly, and madness were all at full sea, *Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit.*

Josephus the historian taxeth his countrymen Jews for bragging of their vices, publishing their follies, and that they did contend amongst themselves who should be most notorious in villanies; but we flow higher in madness, far beyond them,

"Mox daturi progeniem vitiosiore"

And yet with crimes to us unknown,
Our sons shall mark the coming age their own,

and the latter end (you know whose oracle it is) is like to be worse. 'Tis not to be denied, the world alters every day, *Ruunt urbes, regna transferuntur, &c. variantur habitus, leges innovantur*, as Petrarch observes, we change language, habit; laws, customs, manners, but not vice; not diseases, not the symptoms of folly and madness, they are still the same. And as a river, we see, keeps the like name and place, but not water, and yet ever runs, *Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum*; our times and persons alter, vices are the same, and ever will be; look how nightingales sang of old, cocks crowed, kine lowed, sheep bleated, sparrows chirped, dogs barked, so they do still: we keep our madness still, play the fools still, *nec dum finitus Orestes*; we are of the same humours and inclinations as our predecessors were; you shall find us all alike, much at one, we and our sons, *et nati natorum, et qui nascuntur ab illis*. And so shall our posterity continue to the last. But to speak of times present.

If Democritus were alive now, and. should but see the superstition of our age, our religious madness, as Meteran calls it, *Religiosam insaniam*, so many professed

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Christians, yet so few imitators of Christ; so much talk of religion, so much science, so little conscience; so much knowledge, so many preachers, so little practice; such variety of sects, such have and hold of all sides, -- *obvia signis Sigma*, &c., such absurd and ridiculous traditions and ceremonies: If he should meet Father Angelo, the Duke of Joyeux, going barefoot over the Alps to Rome, &c., a Capuchin, a Franciscan, a Pharisaical Jesuit, a man-serpent, a shave-crowned Monk in his robe, a begging Friar, or see their three-crowned Sovereign Lord the Pope, poor Peter's successor, *servus servorum Dei*, to depose kings with his foot, to tread on emperors' neck; make them stand barefoot and bare-legged at his gate; hold his bridle and stirrup, &c. (O that Peter and Paul were alive to see this!) If he should observe a Prince creep so devoutly to kiss his toe, and those Red-cap Cardinals, poor parish priests of old, now Princes' companions; what would he say? *Cælum ipsum petitur stultitia*. Had he met some of our devout pilgrims going barefoot to Jerusalem, our lady of Lauretto, Rome, S. Iago, S. Thomas' Shrine, to creep to those counterfeit and maggot-eaten reliques; had he been present at a mass, and seen such kissing of Paxes, crucifixes, cringes, duckings, their several attires and ceremonies, pictures of saints, indulgences, pardon; vigils, fasting, feasts, crossing, knocking, kneeling at Ave-Marias, bells, with many such; *jucunda rudi spectacula plebis* (pleasing spectacles to the ignorant poor), praying in gibberish, and mumbling of beads. Had he heard an old woman say her prayers in Latin, their sprinkling of holy water, and going a procession,

"-- incedunt monachorum agmina mille;
Quid memorem vexilla, cruces, idolaque culta, &c."

Their breviaries, bulls, hallowed beans, exorcisms, pictures, curious crosses, fables, and baubles. Had he read the Golden Legend, the Turks' Alcoran, or Jews' Talmud, the Rabbins' Comments, what would he have thought? How dost thou think he might have been affected? Had he more particularly examined a Jesuit's life amongst the rest, he should have seen an hypocrite profess poverty, and yet possess more goods and lands than many princes, to have infinite treasures and revenues; teach others to fast, and play the gluttons themselves; like the watermen that row one way and look another. Vow virginity, talk of holiness, and yet indeed a notorious bawd, and famous fornicator, *lascivum pecus*, a very goat. Monks by profession, such as give over the world and the vanities of it, and yet a *Machiavelian* rout interested in all manner of state: holy men, peace makers, and yet composed of envy, lust, ambition, hatred, and malice; fire-brands, *adulta patriæ pestis*, traitors, assassins, *hæc itur ad astra*, and this is to supererogate, and merit heaven for themselves and others. Had he seen on the adverse side, some of our nice and curious schismatics in another extreme, abhor all ceremonies, and rather lose their lives and livings, than do or admit anything Papists have formerly used, though in things indifferent, (they alone are the true Church, *sal terræ, cum sint omnium insulsissimi*). Formalists, out of fear and base flattery, like so many weather-cocks turn round, a rout of temporisers, ready to embrace and maintain all that is or shall be proposed in hope of preferment: another Epicurean company, lying at lurch like so many vultures, watching for a prey of Church goods, and ready to rise by the downfall of any: as Lucian said in like case, what dost thou think Democritus would have done, had he been spectator of these things?

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Or had he but observed the common people follow like so many sheep one of their fellows drawn by the horns over the gap, some for zeal, some for fear, *quo se cunque rapit tempestas*, to credit all, examine nothing, and yet ready to die before they will adjure any of those ceremonies to which they have been accustomed? others out of hypocrisy frequent sermons, knock their breasts, turn up their eyes, pretend zeal, desire reformation, and yet professed usurers, gripers, monsters of men, harpies, devils in their lives, to express nothing less.

What would he have said to see, hear, and read so many bloody battles, so many thousands slain at once, such streams of blood able to turn mills: *unius ob noxam furiasque*, or to make sport for princes, without any just cause, "for vain titles (saith Austin), precedency, some wench, or such like toy, or out of desire of domineering, vain glory, malice, revenge, folly, madness," (goodly causes all, *ob quas universus orbis bellis et cædibus misceatur*.) whilst statesmen themselves in the mean time are secure at home, pampered with all delights and pleasures, take their ease, and follow their lust; not considering what intolerable misery poor soldiers endure, their often wounds, hunger, thirst, &c., the lamentable cares, torments, calamities, and oppressions that accompany such proceedings, they feel not, take no notice of it. So wars are begun, by the persuasion of a few debauched, hair-brain, poor, dissolute, hungry captains, parasitical fawners, unquiet Hotspurs, restless innovators, green heads, to satisfy one man's private spleen, lust, ambition, avarice, &c.; *tales rapiunt scelerata in prælia causæ. Flos hominum*, proper men, well proportioned, carefully brought up, able both in body and mind, sound, led like so many beasts to the slaughter in the flower of their years, pride, and full strength, without all remorse and pity, sacrificed to Pluto, killed up as so many sheep, for devils' food, 40,000 at once. At once, said I, that were tolerable, but these wars last always, and for many ages; nothing so familiar as this backing and hewing, massacres, murders, desolations -- *ignoto cælum clangore remugit*, they care not what mischief they procure, so that they may enrich themselves for the present; they will so long blow the coals of contention, till all the world be consumed with fire. The siege of Troy lasted ten years, eight months, there died 870,000 Grecians, 670,000 Trojans, at the taking of the city, and after were slain 276,000 men, women, and children of all sorts. Caesar killed a million, Mahomet the second Turk, 300,000 persons; Sicinius Dentatus fought in a hundred battles, eight times in single combat he overcame, had forty wounds before, was rewarded with 140 crowns, triumphed nine times for his good service. M. Sergius had 32 wounds; Scaeva, the Centurion, I know not how many; every nation had their Hector, Scipios, Caesars, and Alexanders! Our Edward the Fourth was in 26 battles afoot: and as they do all, he glories in it, 'tis related to his honour. At the siege of Hierusalem, 1,100,000 died with sword and famine. At the battle of Cannæ, 70,000 men were slain, as Polybius records, and as many at Battle Abbey with us; and 'tis no news to fight from sun to sun, as they did, as Constantine and Licinius, &c. At the siege of Ostend (the devil's academy) a poor town in respect, a small fort, but a great grave, 120,000 men lost their lives, besides whole towns, dorpes, and hospitals full of maimed soldiers; there were engines, fire-works, and whatsoever the devil could invent to do mischief with 2,500,000 iron bullets shot of 40 pounds weight, three or four millions of gold consumed. "Who (saith mine author) can be sufficiently amazed at their flinty hearts, obstinacy, fury, blindness, who without any likelihood of good success, hazard poor soldiers, and lead them without pity to the slaughter, which may justly be called the rage of furious beasts, that run without reason upon their own deaths: "*quis malus genius, quæ furia, quæ pestis*," &c.; what plague, what fury

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brought so devilish, so brutish a thing as war first into men's minds? Who made so soft and peaceable a creature, born to love, mercy, meekness, so to rave, rage like beasts, and run on to their own destruction? how may nature expostulate with mankind, *Ego te divinum animal finxi, &c.*? I made thee an harmless, quiet, a divine creature: how may God expostulate, and all good men? yet, *horum facta* (as one condoles) *tantum admirantur, et heroum numero habent*: these are the brave spirits, the gallants of the world, these admired alone, triumph alone, have statues, crowns, pyramids, obelisks to their eternal fame, that immortal genius attends on them, *hac itur ad astra*. When Rhodes was besieged, *fossæ urbis cadaveribus repletæ sunt*, the ditches were full of dead carcasses: and as when the said Solymán, the great Turk, beleaguered Vienna, they lay level with the top of the walls. This they make a sport of; and will do it to their friends and confederates, against oaths, vows, promises, by treachery or otherwise; -- *dolus an virtus? quis in hoste requirat?* leagues and laws of arms, (*silent leges inter arma*;) for their advantage, *omnia jura, divina, humana, proculcata plerumque sunt*; God's and men's laws are trampled under foot, the sword alone determines all; to satisfy their lust and spleen, they care not what they attempt, say, or do, *Rara fides, probitas quo viris qui rastra sequuntur*. Nothing so common as to have "father fight against the son, brother against brother, kinsman against kinsman, kingdom against kingdom, province against province, christians against christians:" *a quibus nec unquam cogitatione fuerunt læsi*, of whom they never had offence in thought, word or deed. Infinite treasures consumed, towns burned, flourishing cities sacked and ruined, *quodque animus meminisse horret*, goodly countries depopulated and left desolate, old inhabitants expelled, trade and traffic decayed, maids deflowered, *Virgines nondum thalamis jugatæ, et comis nondum positis ephæbi*; chaste matrons cry out with Andromache, *Concubitum mox ægar pati ejus, qui interemit Hectorem*, they shall be compelled peradventure to lie with them that erst killed their husbands: to see rich, poor, sick, sound, lords, servants, *eodem omnes incommodo macti*, consumed all or maimed, &c. *Et quicquid gaudens scelere animus audet, a perversa mens*, saith Cyprian, and whatsoever torment, misery, mischief; hell itself; the devil, fury and rage can invent to their own ruin and destruction; so abominable a thing is war, as Gerbelius concludes, *adeo fæda et abominanda res est bellum, ex quo hominum cædes, vastationes. &c.*, the scourge of God, cause, effect, fruit and punishment of sin, and not *tonsura humani generis*, as Tertullian calls it, but *ruina*. Had Democritus been present at the late civil wars in France, those abominable wars -- *bellaque matribus detestata*, "where, in less than ten years, ten thousand men were consumed, saith Cullignias, 20 thousand churches overthrown; nay, the whole kingdom subverted (as Richard Dinoth adds). So many myriads of the commons were butchered up, with sword, famine, war, *tanto odio utrinque ut barbari ad abhorrendum lanienam obstupescerent*, with such feral hatred, the world was amazed at it: or at our late Pharsalian fields in the time of Henry the Sixth, betwixt the houses of Lancaster and York, a hundred thousand men slain, one writes; another, ten thousand families were rooted out, "That no man can but marvel, saith Comineus, at that barbarous immanity, feral madness, committed between men of the same nation, language, and religion." *Quis furor, O cives?* "Why do the Gentiles so furiously rage," saith the Prophet David, Psal. ii. 1. But we may ask, why do the Christians so furiously rage? *"Arma volunt, quare poscunt, rapiuntque juventus?"* Unfit for Gentiles, much less for us so to tyrannize, as the Spaniard in the West Indies, that killed up in 42 years (if we may believe Bartholomeus a Casa, their own bishop) 12 millions of men, with stupend and exquisite torments; neither should I lie (said he) if I said 50 millions. I omit those French massacres, Sicilian evensongs,

the Duke of Alva's tyrannies, our gunpowder machinations, and that fourth fury, as one calls it, the Spanish inquisition, which quite obscures those ten persecutions, -- *sæviti toto Mars impius orbe*. Is not this *mundus furiosus* a mad world, as he terms it, *insanum bellum*? are not these mad men, as Scaliger concludes, *qui in prælio acerba morte, insanici suæ memoriam perpetuo teste relinquunt posteritati*; which leave so frequent battles, as perpetual memorials of their madness to all succeeding ages? Would this, think you, have enforced our Democritus to laughter, or rather make him turn his tune, alter his tone, and weep with Heraclitus, or rather howl, roar, and tear his hair in commiseration, stand amazed; or as the poets feign, that Niobe was for grief quite stupefied, and turned to a stone? I have not yet said the worst, that which is more absurd and mad, in their tumults, seditions, civil and unjust wars, *quod stulte suscipitur, impie geritur, misere finitur*. Such wars I mean; for all are not to be condemned, as those fantastical anabaptists vainly conceive. Our Christian tactics are all out as necessary as the Roman acies, or Grecian phalanx; to be a soldier is a most noble and honourable profession (as the world is), not to be spared, they are our best walls and bulwarks, and I do therefore acknowledge that of Tully to be most true, "All our civil affairs, all our studies, all our pleading, industry, and commendation lies under the protection of warlike virtues, and whensoever there is any suspicion of tumult, all our arts cease;" wars are most behoveful, *et bellatores agricolis civitati sunt utiliores*, as Tyrius defends: and valour is much to be commended in a wise man; but they mistake most part, *auferre, trucidare, rapere, falsis nominibus virtutem vocant*, &c. ('Twas Gaius' observation in Tacitus) they term theft, murder, and rapine, virtue, by a wrong name, rapes, slaughters, massacres, &c. *jocus et ludus*, are pretty pastimes, as *Ludovicus Vives* notes. "They commonly call the most hair-brain blood-suckers, strongest thieves, the most desperate villains, treacherous rogues, inhuman murderers, rash, cruel and dissolute caitiffs, courageous and generous spirits, heroic and worthy captains, brave men at arms, valiant and renowned soldiers, possessed with a brute persuasion of false honour," as Pontus Huter in his Burgundian history complains. By means of which it comes to pass that daily so many voluntaries offer themselves, leaving their sweet wives, children, friends, for sixpence (if they can get it) a day, prostitute their lives and limb; desire to enter upon breaches, lie sentinel, perdue, give the first onset, stand in the fore front of the battle, marching bravely on, with a cheerful noise of drums and trumpets, such vigour and alacrity, so many banners streaming in the air, glittering armours, motions of plumes, woods of pikes, and swords, variety of colour; cost and magnificence, as if they went in triumph, now victors to the Capitol, and with such pomp, as when Darius' army marched to meet Alexander at Issus. Void of all fear they run into imminent dangers, cannon's mouth, &c., *ut vulneribus suis ferrum hostium hebetent*, saith Barletius, to get a name of valour, honour and applause, which lasts not neither, for it is but a mere flash this fame, and, like a rose, *intra diem unum extinguitur*, 'tis gone in an instant. Of 15,000 proletaries slain in a battle, scarce fifteen are recorded in history, or one alone, the General perhaps, and after a while his and their names are likewise blotted out, the whole battle itself is forgotten. Those Grecian orators, *summa vi ingenii et eloquentiæ*, set out the renowned overthrows at *Thermopylæ*, *Salamis*, *Marathon*, *Micale*, *Mantineia*, *Cheronæa*, *Platæa*. The Romans record their battle at Cannas, and Pharsalian fields, but they do but record, and we scarce hear of them. And yet this supposed honour, popular applause, desired of immortality by this means, pride and vain-glory spur them on many times rashly and unadvisedly, to make away themselves and multitudes of others. Alexander was sorry, because there were no more worlds for him to conquer; he is admired by some for it, *animosa vox videtur, et*

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regia, 'twas spoken like a Prince; but as wise Seneca censures him, 'twas *vox iniquissima et stultissima*, 'twas spoken like a Bedlam fool; and that sentence which the same Seneca appropriates to his father Philip and him, I apply to them all, *Non minores fuere pestes mortalium quam inundatio, quam conflagratio, quibus, &c.* they did as much mischief to mortal men as fire and water, those merciless elements when they rage. Which is yet more to be lamented, they persuade them this hellish course of life is holy, they promise heaven to such as venture their lives *bello sacro*, and that by these bloody wars, as Persians, Greeks, and Romans of old, as modern Turks do now their commons, to encourage them to fight, *ut cadant infelicitur*. "If they die in the field, they go directly to heaven, and shall be canonized for saints." (O diabolical invention!) put in the Chronicles, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, to their eternal memory: when as in truth, as some hold, it were much better (since wars are the scourge of God for sin, by which he punisheth mortal men's peevishness and folly) such brutish stories were suppressed, because *ad morum institutionem nihil habent*, they conduce not at all to manners, or good life. But they will have it thus nevertheless, and so they put note of "divinity upon the most cruel and pernicious plague of human kind," adore such men with grand titles, degrees, statues, images, honour, applaud, and highly reward them for their good service, no greater glory than to die in the field. So Africanus is extolled by Ennius: Mars, and Hercules, and I know not how many besides of old, were deified; went this way to heaven, that were indeed bloody butchers, wicked destroyers, and troublers of the world, prodigious monsters, hell-hounds, feral plagues, devourers, common executioners of human kind, as Lactantius truly proves, and Cyprian to Donat, such as were desperate in wars, and precipitately made away themselves, (like those Celtes in Damascen, with ridiculous valour, *ut dedecorosum putarent muro ruenti se subducere*, a disgrace to run away for a rotten wall, now ready to fall on their heads,) such as will not rush on a sword's point, or seek to shun a cannon's shot, are base cowards, and no valiant men. By which means, *Madet orbis mutuo sanguine*, the earth wallows in her own blood, *Sævit amor ferri scelerati insania belli*; and for that, which if it be done in private, a man shall be rigorously executed, "and which is no less than murder itself; if the same fact be done in public in wars, it is called manhood, and the party is honoured for it." -- *Prosperum et fœlix scelus, virtute vocatur*.

We measure all as Turks do, by the event, and most part, as Cyprian notes, in all ages, countries, places, *sævitiæ magnitudo impunitatem sceleris acquirit*, the foulness of the fact vindicates the offender. One is crowned for that for which another is tormented: *Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema*; made a knight, a lord, an earl, a great duke, (as Agrippa notes) for which another should have hung in gibbets, as a terror to the rest,

-- "et tamen alter,
Si fecisset idem, caderet sub iudice morum."

A poor sheep-stealer is hanged for stealing of victuals, compelled peradventure by necessity of that intolerable cold, hunger, and thirst, to save himself from starving: but a great man in office may securely rob whole provinces, undo thousands, pill and poll, oppress *ad libitum*, flea, grind, tyrannise, enrich himself by spoils of the commons, be

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uncontrollable in his actions, and after all, be recompensed with turgent titles, honoured for his good service, and no man dare find fault, or mutter at it.

How would our Democritus have been affected to see a wicked caitiff, or "fool, a very idiot, a funge, a golden ass, a monster of men, to have many good men, wise men, learned men to attend upon him with all submission, as an appendix to his riches, for that respect alone, because he hath more wealth and money, and to honour him with divine titles, and bombast epithets," to smother him with fumes and eulogies, whom they know to be a dizzard, a fool, a covetous wretch, a beast, &c., "because he is rich?" To see *sub exuviis leonis onagrū*, a filthy loathsome carcase, a Gorgon's head puffed up by parasites, assume this unto himself, glorious titles, in worth an infant, a Cuman ass, a painted sepulchre, an Egyptian temple? To see a withered face, a diseased, deformed, cankered complexion, a rotten carcass, a viperous mind, and Epicurean soul set out with orient pearls, jewels, diadems, perfumes, curious elaborate works, as proud of his clothes as a child of his new coats; and a goodly person, of an angel-like divine countenance, a saint, an humble mind, a meek spirit clothed in rags, beg, and now ready to be starved? To see a silly contemptible sloven in apparel, ragged in his coat, polite in speech, of a divine spirit, wise? another neat in clothes, spruce, full of courtesy, empty of grace, wit, talk nonsense?

To see so many lawyers, advocates, so many tribunals, so little justice; so many magistrates, so little care of common good; so many laws, yet never more disorders; *Tribunal litium segetem*, the Tribunal a labyrinth, so many thousand suits in one court sometimes, so violently followed? To see *injustissimum sæpe juri præidentem, impium religioni, imperitissimum eruditioni, otiosissimum labori, monstrosum humanitati?* to see a lamb executed, a wolf pronounce sentence, *latro* arraigned, and *fur* sit on the bench, the judge severely punish others, and do worse himself, *eundem furtum facere et punire, rapinam plectere, quum sit ipse captor?* Laws altered, misconstrued, interpreted pro and con, as the Judge is made by friend; bribed, or otherwise affected as a nose of wax, good to-day, none to-morrow; or firm in his opinion, cast in his? Sentence prolonged, changed, *ad arbitrium judicis*, still the same case, "one thrust out of his inheritance, another falsely put in by favour, false forged deeds or wills." *Incisæ leges negliguntur*, laws are made and not kept; or if put in execution, they be some silly ones that are punished. As put case it be fornication, the father will disinherit or abdicate his child, quite cashier him (out, villain, begone, come no more in my sight); a poor man is miserably tormented with loss of his estate perhaps, goods, fortunes, good name, for ever disgraced, forsaken, and must do penance to the utmost; a mortal sin, and yet make the worst of it, *nunquid aliud fecit*, saith Tranio in the poet, *nisi quod faciunt summis nati generibus?* he hath done no more than what gentlemen usually do. *Neque novum, neque mirum, neque secus quam alii solent*. For in a great person, right worshipful Sir, a right honourable Grandy, 'tis not a venial sin, no, not a *peccadillo*, 'tis no offence at all, a common and ordinary thing, no man takes notice of it; he justifies it in public, and peradventure brags of it,

"Nam quod turpe bonis, Titio, Seioque, decebat
Crispinum " --

For what would be base in good men, Titius, and Seius, became Crispinus.

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Many poor men, younger brothers, &c., by reason of bad policy and idle education (for they are likely brought up in no calling), are compelled to beg or steal, and then hanged for theft; than which, what can be more ignominious, *non minus enim turpe principi multa supplicia, quam medico multa funera*, 'tis the governor's fault. *Libentius verberant quam docent*, as schoolmasters do rather correct their pupils, than teach them when they do amiss. "They had more need provide there should be no more thieves and beggars, as they ought with good policy, and take away the occasions, than let them run on, as they do to their own destruction: root out likewise those causes of wrangling, a multitude of lawyers, and compose controversies, *lites lustrales et seculares*, by some more compendious means." Whereas now for every toy and trifle they go to law, *mugit litibus insanum forum, et sævit invicem discordantium rabies*, they are ready to pull out one another's throats; and for commodity "to squeeze blood," saith Hierom, "out of their brother's heart," defame, lie, disgrace, backbite, rail, bear false witness, swear, forswear, fight and wrangle, spend their goods, lives, fortunes, friends, undo one another, to enrich an harpy advocate, that preys upon them both, and cries Eia Socrates, Eia Xantippe; or some corrupt Judge, that like the Kite in Æsop, while the mouse and frog fought, carried both away. Generally they prey one upon another as so many ravenous birds, brute beasts, devouring fishes, no medium, *omnes hic aut captantur aut captant; aut cadavera qua lacerantur, aut corvi qui lacerant*, either deceive or be deceived; tear others or be torn in pieces themselves; like so many buckets in a well, as one riseth another falleth, one's empty, another's full; his ruin is a ladder to the third; such are our ordinary proceedings. What's the market? A place, according to Anacharsis, wherein they cozen one another, a trap; nay, what's the world itself? A vast chaos, a confusion of manners, as fickle as the air, *domicilium insanorum* [a mad house], a turbulent troop full of impurities, a mart of walking spirits, goblins, the theatre of hypocrisy, a shop of knavery, flattery, a nursery of villany, the scene of babbling, the school of giddiness, the academy of vice; a warfare, *ubi velis nolis pugnandum, aut vincas aut succumbas*, in which kill or be killed; wherein every man is for himself, his private ends, and stands upon his own guard. No charity, love, friendship, fear of God, alliance, affinity, consanguinity, christianity, can contain them, but if they be any ways offended, or that string of commodity be touched, they fall foul. Old friends become bitter enemies on a sudden for toys and small offences, and they that erst were willing to do all mutual offices of love and kindness, now revile and persecute one another to death, with more than Vatinian hatred, and will not be reconciled. So long as they are behoveful, they love, or may bestead each other. but when there is no more good to be expected, as they do by an old dog, hang him up or cashier him: which Cato counts a great indecorum, to use men like old shoes or broken glasses, which are flung to the dunghill; he could not find in his heart to sell an old ox, much less to turn away an old servant: but they instead of recompense, revile him, and when they have made him an instrument of their villiany, as Bajazet the second Emperor of the Turks did by Acomethes Bassa, make him away, or instead of reward, hate him to death, as Silius was served by Tiberius. In a word every man for his own ends. Our *summum bonum* is commodity, and the goddess we adore *Dea moneta*, Queen money, to whom we daily offer sacrifice, which steers our hearts, hands, affections, all: that most powerful goddess, by whom we are reared, depressed, elevated, esteemed the sole commandress of our actions, for which we pray, run, ride, go, come, labour, and contend as fishes do for a crumb that falleth into the water. It's not worth, virtue,

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(that's *bonum theatrale*;) wisdom, valour, learning, honesty, religion, or any sufficiency for which we are respected, but money, greatness, office, honour, authority; honesty is accounted folly; knavery, policy; men admired out of opinion, not as they are, but as they seem to be: such shifting, lying, cogging, plotting, counterplotting, temporizing, flattering, cozening, dissembling, "that of necessity one must highly offend God if he be conformable to the world," *Cretizare cum Crete*, "or else live in contempt, disgrace and misery." One takes upon him temperance, holiness, another austerity, a third an affected kind of simplicity, when as indeed he, and he, and he, and the rest are "hypocrites, ambidexters," out-sides, so many turning pictures, a lion on the one side, a lamb on the other. How would Democritus have been affected to see these things!

To see a man turn himself into all shapes like a camelion, or as Proteus, *omnia transformans sese in miracula rerum*, to act twenty parts and persons at once, for his advantage, to temporize and vary like Mercury the Planet, good with good; bad with bad; having a several face, garb, and character for every one he meets; of all religions, humours, inclinations; to fawn like a spaniel, *mentitis et mimicis obsequiis*, rage like a lion, bark like a cur, fight like a dragon, sting like a serpent, as meek as a lamb, and yet again grin like a tiger, weep like a crocodile, insult over some, and yet others domineer over him, here command, there crouch, tyrannize in one place, be baffled in another, a wise man at home, a fool abroad to make others merry.

To see so much difference betwixt words and deeds, so many parasangs betwixt tongue and heart, men like stage-players act variety of parts, give good precepts to others, soar aloft, whilst they themselves grovel on the ground.

To see a man protest friendship, kiss his hand, *quem mallet truncatum videre*, smile with an intent to do mischief, or cozen him whom he salutes, magnify his friend unworthy with hyperbolical eulogiums; his enemy albeit a good man, to vilify and disgrace him, yea all his actions, with the utmost that livor and malice can intent.

To see a servant able to buy out his master, him that carries the mace more worth than the magistrate, which Plato, lib. 11, de leg., absolutely forbids, Epictetus abhors. A horse that tills the land fed with chaff, an idle jade have provender in abundance; him that makes shoes go barefoot himself, him that sells meat almost pined; a toiling drudge starve, a drone flourish.

To see men buy smoke for wares, castles built with fools' heads, men like apes follow the fashions in tires, gestures, actions: if the king laugh, all laugh;

"Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur, flet si lachrymas conspexit amici."

(Juvenal: Do you laugh? He is shaken with much greater laughter: he weeps also when he has beheld the tears of his friend)

Alexander stooped, so did his courtiers; Alphonsus turned his head, and so did his parasites. Sabina Poppea, Nero's wife, wore amber-coloured hair, so did all the Roman ladies in an instant, her fashion was theirs.

To see men wholly led by affection, admired and censured out of opinion without judgment: an inconsiderate multitude, like so many dogs in a village, if one

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bark all bark without a cause: as fortune's fan turns, if a man be in favour, or commanded by some great one, all the world applauds him; if in disgrace, in an instant all hate him, and as at the sun when he is eclipsed, that erst took no notice, now gaze and stare upon him.

To see a man wear his brains in his belly, his guts in his head, an hundred oaks on his back, to devour a hundred oxen at a meal, nay more, to devour houses and towns, or as those anthropophagi, to eat another.

To see a man roll himself up like a snowball, from base beggary to right worshipful and right honourable titles, unjustly to screw himself into honours and offices; another to starve his genius, damn his soul to gather wealth, which he shall not enjoy, which his prodigal son melts and consumes in an instant.

To see the χαχοζηλιαν [chachozelian] of our times, a man bend all his forces, means, time, fortunes, to be a favourite's favourite's favourite, &c., a parasite's parasite's parasite, that may scorn the servile world as having enough already.

To see an hirsute beggar's brat, that lately fed on scraps, crept and whined, crying to all, and for an old jerkin ran of errands, now ruffle in silk and satin, bravely mounted, jovial and polite, now scorn his old friends and familiars, neglect his kindred, insult over his betters, domineer over all.

To see a scholar crouch and creep to an illiterate peasant for a meal's meat; a scrivener better paid for an obligation; a falconer receive greater wages than a student; a lawyer get more in a day than a philosopher in a year, better reward for an hour, than a scholar for a twelvemonth's study; him that can paint Thais, play on a fiddle, curl hair, &c, sooner get preferment than a philologer or a poet.

To see a fond mother, like Æsop's ape, hug her child to death, a witol wink at his wife's honesty, and too perspicuous in all other affairs; one stumble at a straw, and leap over a block; rob Peter, and pay Paul; scrape unjust sums with one hand, purchase great manors by corruption, fraud and cozenage, and liberally to distribute to the poor with the other, give a remnant to pious uses, &c. Penny wise, pound foolish; blind men judge of colours; wise men silent, fools talk; find fault with others, and do worse themselves; denounce that in public which he doth in secret; and which Aurelius Victor gives out of Augustus, severely censure that in a third, of which he is most guilty himself.

To see a poor fellow, or an hired servant venture his life for his new master that will scarce give him his wages at year's end; A country colone toil and moil, till and drudge for a prodigal idle drone, that devours all the gain, or lasciviously consumes with phantastical expences; A noble man in a bravado to encounter death. and for a small flash of honor to cast away himself; A worldling tremble at an executor, and yet not fear hell-fire; To wish and hope for immortality, desire to be happy, and yet by all means avoid death, a necessary passage to bring him to it.

To see a fool-hardy fellow like those old Danes, *qui decollari malunt quam verberari*, die rather than be punished, in a sottish humour embrace death with alacrity, yet scorn to lament his own sins and miseries, or his dearest friends' departures.

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To see wise men degraded, fools preferred, one govern towns and cities, and yet a silly woman overrides him at home; Command a province, and yet his own servants or children prescribe laws to him, as Themistocles' son did in Greece; "What I will (said he) my mother will, and what my mother will, my father doth." To see horses ride in a coach, men draw it; dogs devour their masters; towers build masons; children rule; old men go to school; women wear the breeches; sheep demolish towns, devour men, &c. And in a word, the world turned upside downward. *O viveret Democritus!*

To insist in every particular were one of Hercules' labours, there's so many ridiculous instances, as motes in the sun. *Quantum est in rebus inane!* (How much vanity there is in things!) And who can speak of all? *Crimine ab uno disce omnes*, take this for a taste.

But these are obvious to sense, trivial and well known, easy to be discerned. How would Democritus have been moved, had he seen the secrets of their hearts? If every man had a window in his breast, which Momus would have had in Vulcan's man, or that which Tully so much wished it were written in every man's forehead, *Quid quisque de republica sentiret*, what he thought; or that it could be effected in an instant, which Mercury did by Charon in Lucian, by touching of his eyes, to make him discern *semel et simul rumores et sussuros*.

Spes hominum cæcas, morbos, votumque labores,
Et passim toto volitantes æthere curas."

"Blind hopes and wishes, their thoughts and affairs,
Whispers and rumours, and those flying cares."

That he could *cubiculorum obductus foras recludere et secreta cordium penetrare*, which Cyprian desired, open doors and locks, shoot bolts, as Lucian's Gallus did with a feather of his tail: or Gyges' invisible ring, or some rare perspective glass, or *Otacousticon*, which would so multiply species, that a man might hear and see all at once (as Martianus Capella's Jupiter did in a spear which he held in his hand, which did present unto him all that was daily done upon the face of the earth), observe cuckolds' horns, forgeries of alchemists, the philosopher's stone, new projectors, &c., and all those works of darkness, foolish vows, hopes, fears and wishes, what a deal of laughter would it have afforded? He should have seen windmills in one man's head, an hornet's nest in another. Or had he been present with Icaromenippus in Lucian at Jupiter's whispering place, and heard one pray for rain, another for fair weather; one for his wife's, another for his father's death, &c.; "to ask that at God's hand which they are abashed any man should hear:" How would he have been confounded? Would he, think you, or any man else, say that these men were well in their wits? *Hæc sani esse hominis quis sanus juret Orestes?* Can all the hellebore in the Anticuræ cure these men? No sure, "an acre of hellebore will not do it."

That which is more to be lamented, they are mad like Seneca's blind woman, and will not acknowledge, or seek for any cure of it, for *pauci vident morbum suum, omnes amant*. If our leg or arm offend us, we covet by all means possible to redress it; and if we labour of a bodily disease, we send for a physician; but for the diseases of

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the mind we take no notice of them: Lust harrows us on the one side; envy, anger, ambition on the other. We are torn in pieces by our passions, as so many wild horses, one in disposition, another in habit; one is melancholy, another mad; and which of us all seeks for help, doth acknowledge his error, or knows he is sick? As that stupid fellow put out the candle because the biting fleas should not find him; he shrouds himself in an unknown habit, borrowed titles, because nobody should discern him. Every man thinks with himself, *Egom et videor mihi sanus*, I am well, I am wise, and laughs at others. And 'tis a general fault amongst them all, that which our forefathers have approved, diet, apparel, opinions, humours, customs, manners, we deride and reject in our time as absurd. Old men account juniors all fools, when they are mere dizzards; and as to sailors, -- *terræque urbesque recedunt* -- they move, the land stands still, the world hath much more wit, they dote themselves. Turks deride us, we them; Italians, Frenchmen, accounting them light headed fellows; the French scoff again at Italians, and at their several customs; Greeks have condemned all the world but themselves of barbarism, the world as much vilifies them now; we account Germans heavy, dull fellows, explode many of their fashions; they as contemptibly think of us; Spaniards laugh at all, and all again at them. So are we fools and ridiculous, absurd in our actions, carriage; diet, apparel, customs, and consultations; we scoff and point one at another, when as in conclusion all are fools, "and they the veriest asses that hide their ears most." A private man if he be resolved with himself, or set on an opinion, accounts all idiots and asses that are not affected as he is, -- *nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducit*, that are not so minded, (*quodque volunt homines se bene velle putant*,) all fools that think not as he doth: he will not say with Atticus, *Suam quisque sponsam, mihi meam*, let every man enjoy his own spouse; but his alone is fair, *suus amor*, &c., and scorns all in respect of himself, will imitate none, hear none but himself as Pliny said, a law and example to himself. And that which Hippocrates, in his epistle to Dionysius, reprehended of old, is verified in our times, *Quisque in alio superfluum esse censet, ipse quod non habet nec curat*, that which he hath not himself; or doth not esteem he accounts superfluity, an idle quality, a mere foppery in another: like Æsop's fox, when he had lost his tail, would have all his fellow foxes cut off theirs. The Chinese say, that we Europeans have one eye, they themselves two, all the world else is blind: (though Scaliger accounts them brutes too, *merum pecus*,) so thou and thy sectaries are only wise, others indifferent, the rest beside themselves, mere idiots and asses. Thus not acknowledging our own errors and imperfections, we securely deride others, as if we alone were free, and spectators of the rest, accounting it an excellent thing, as indeed it is, *Aliena optimum frui insania*, to make ourselves merry with other men's obliquities, when as he himself is more faulty than the rest, *mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur*, he may take himself by the nose for a fool; and which one calls *maximum stultitiæ specimen*, to be ridiculous to others, and not to perceive or take notice of it, as Marsyas was when he contended with Apollo, *non intelligens se deridiculo haberi*, saith Apuleius; 'tis his own cause, he is a convicted madman, as Austin well infers "in the eyes of wise men and angels he seems like one, that to our thinking walks with his heels upwards." So thou laughest at me, and I at thee, both at a third; and he returns that of the poet upon us again, *Hei mihi, insanire me aiunt, quum ipsi ultro insaniant*. We accuse others of madness, of folly, and are the veriest dizzards ourselves. For it is a great sign and property of a fool (which Eccl. x. 3, points at) out of pride and self-conceit to insult, vilify, condemn, censure, and call other men fools (*Non videmus manticæ quod a tergo est*) to tax that in others of which we are most faulty; teach that which we follow not ourselves: For an inconstant man to write of constancy; a profane liver prescribe

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rules of sanctity and piety; a dizzard himself make a treatise of wisdom; or with Sallust to rail downright at spoilers of countries, and yet in office to be a most grievous poler himself. This argues weakness, and is an evident sign of such parties' indiscretion. *Peccat uter nostrum cruce dignius?* "Who is the fool now?" Or else peradventure in some places we are all mad for company, and so 'tis not seen, *Satietas erroris et dementia, pariter absurditatem st admirationem tollit*. 'Tis with us, as it was of old (in Tully's censure at least) with C. Pimbria in Rome, a bold, hair-brain, mad fellow, and so esteemed of all, such only excepted, that were as mad as himself: now in such a case there is no notice taken of it.

"Nimirum insanus paucus videatur; eo quod
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem."

"When all are mad, where all are like opprest
Who can discern one mad man from the rest?"

But put case they do perceive it, and some one be manifestly convicted of madness, he now takes notice of his folly, be it in action, gesture, speech, a vain humour he hath in building, bragging, jangling, spending, gaming, courting, scribbling, prating, for which he is ridiculous to others, on which he dotes, he doth acknowledge as much: yet with all the rhetoric thou hast, thou canst not so recall him, but to the contrary notwithstanding, he will persevere in his dotage. 'Tis *amabilis insania, et mentis gratissimus error*, so pleasing, so delicious, that he cannot leave it. He knows his error, but will not seek to decline it, tell him what the event will be, beggary, sorrow, sickness, disgrace, shame, loss, madness, yet "an angry man will prefer vengeance, a lascivious his whore, a thief his booty, a glutton his belly, before his welfare." Tell an epicure, a covetous man, an ambitious man, of his irregular course, wean him from it a little, *pol me occidistis amici*, he cries anon, you have undone him, and as the "dog to his vomit," he returns to it again; no persuasion will take place, no counsel, say what thou canst,

"Clames licet et mare coelo
--- Confundas, surdo narras,"

(Although you call out, and confound the sea and sky, you still address a deaf man)

demonstrate as Ulysses did to Elpenor and Gryllus, and the rest of his companions, "those swinish men," he is irrefragable in his humour, he will be a hog still; bray him in a mortar, he will be the same. If he be in an heresy, or some perverse opinion, settled as some of our ignorant Papists are, convince his understanding, show him the several follies and absurd fopperies of that sect, force him to say, *veris vincor*, make it as clear as the sun, he will err still, peevish and obstinate as he is; and as he said *si in hoc erro, libenter erro, nec hunc errorem auferri mihi volo*; I will do as I have done, as my predecessors have done, and as my friends now do: I will dote for company.

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Say now, are these men mad or no, *Heus age responde?* are they ridiculous? *cedo quemvis arbitrum*, are they *sanæ mentis*, sober, wise, and discreet? have they common sense? -- *uter est insanius horum?* (Hor. 2 ser. Which of these is the more mad?) I am of Democritus' opinion for my part, I hold them worthy to be laughed at; a company of brain-sick dizzards, as mad as Orestes and Athamas, that they may go "ride the ass," and all sail along to the Anticyrae, in the "ship of fools" for company together. I need not much labour to prove this which I say otherwise than thus, make any solemn protestation, or swear, I think you will believe me without an oath; say at a word, are they fools? I refer it to you, though you be likewise fools and madmen yourselves, and I as mad to ask the question; for what said our comical Mercury?

"Justum ab injustis petere insipientis est.

I'll stand to your censure yet, what think you?"

But forasmuch as I undertook at first, that kingdoms, provinces, families, were melancholy as well as private men, I will examine them in particular, and that which I have hitherto dilated at random, in more general terms, I will particularly insist in, prove with more special and evident arguments, testimonies, illustrations, and that in brief. *Nunc accipe quare desipiant omnes æque ac tu.* My first argument is borrowed from Solomon, an arrow drawn out of his sententious quiver, Pro. iii. 7, "Be not wise in thine own eyes." And xxvi. 12, "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? more hope is of a fool than of him." Isaiah pronounceth a woe against such men, chap. v. 21, "that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight." For hence we may gather, that it is a great offence, and men are much deceived that think too well of themselves, an especial argument to convince them of folly. Many men (saith Seneca) "had been without question wise, had they not had an opinion that they had attained to perfection of knowledge already, even before they had gone half way," too forward, too ripe, *præproperi*, too quick and ready, *cito prudentes, cito pii, cito mariti, cito patres, cito sacerdotes, cito omnes officii capaces et curiosi*, they had too good a conceit of themselves, and that marred all; of their worth, valour, skill, art, learning, judgment, eloquence, their good parts; all their geese are swans, and that manifestly proves them to be no better than fools. In former times they had but seven wise men, now you can scarce find so many fools. Thales sent the golden Tripod, which the fishermen found, and the oracle commanded to be "given to the wisest, to Bias, Bias to Solon," &c. If such a thing were now found, we should all fight for it, as the three goddesses did for the golden apple, we are so wise: we have women politicians, children metaphysicians; every silly fellow can square a circle, make perpetual motions, find the philosopher's stone, interpret Apocalypses, make new Theories, a new system of the world, new logic, new Philosophy, &c. *Nostra utique regio*, saith Petronius, "our country is so full of deified spirits, divine souls, that you may sooner find a god than a man amongst us," we think so well of ourselves, and that is an ample testimony of much folly.

My second argument is grounded upon the like place of Scripture, which though before mentioned in effect, yet for some reasons is to be repeated (and by Plato's good leave, I may do it, *δὲς το χαλον ρηθεν ουδεν βλαπτει* [dis to chalon rethen oyden blaptei]. "Fools (saith David) by reason of their transgressions," &c. Psal. cvii. 17. Hence Musculus infers all transgressors must needs be fools. So we read Rom. ii. "Tribulation and anguish on the soul of every man that doeth evil;" but all do evil. And Isaiah, lxxv. 14, "My servants shall sing for joy, and ye shall cry for

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sorrow of heart, and vexation of mind." 'Tis ratified by the common consent of all philosophers. "Dishonesty (saith Cardan) is nothing else but folly and madness." *Probus quis nobiscum vivit?* Shew me an honest man, *Nemo malus qui non stultus*," 'tis Fabius' aphorism to the same end. If none honest, none wise, then all fools. And well may they be so accounted: for who will account him otherwise, *Qui iter adornat in occidentem, quum properaret in orientem?* that goes backward all his life, westward, when he is bound to the east? or hold him a wise man (saith Musculus) "that prefers momentary pleasures to eternity, that spends his master's goods in his absence, forthwith to be condemned for it?" *Nequiquam sapit qui sibi non sapit*, who will say that a sick man is wise, that eats and drinks to overthrow the temperature of his body? Can you account him wise or discreet that would willingly have his health, and yet will do nothing that should procure or continue it? Theodoret, out of Plotinus the Platonist, "holds it a ridiculous thing for a man to live after his own laws, to do that which is offensive to God,, and yet to hope that he should save him: and when he voluntarily neglects his own safety, and contemns the means, to think to be delivered by another:" who will say these men are wise?

A third argument may be derived from the precedent, all men are carried away with passion, discontent, lust, pleasures, &c.; they generally hate those virtues they should love, and love such vices they should hate. Therefore more than melancholy, quite mad, brute beasts, and void of reason, so Chrysostom contends; "or rather dead and buried alive," as Philo Judeus concludes it for a certainty, "of all such that are carried away with passions, or labour of any disease of the mind." "Where is fear and sorrow," there Lactantius stiffly maintains, "wisdom cannot dwell

-- qui cupiet, metuet quoque porro,
Qui metuens vivit, liber mihi non erit unquam"

(He who is desirous, is also fearful, and he who lives in fear can never be free.)

Seneca and the rest of the stoics are of opinion, that where is any the least perturbation, wisdom may not be found. "What more ridiculous," as Lactantius urges, "than to hear how Xerxes whipped the Hellespont," threatened the Mountain Athos, and the like? To speak *ad rem*, who is free from passion? *Mortalis nemo est quem non attingat dolor, morbusve*, as Tully determines out of an old poem, no mortal men can avoid sorrow and sickness, and sorrow is an inseparable companion from melancholy. Chrysostom pleads farther yet, that they are more than mad, very beasts, stupified, and void of common sense: "For how (saith he) shall I know thee to be a man, when thou kickest like an ass, neighest like a horse after women, ravest in lust like a bull, ravenest like a bear, stingest like a scorpion, rakest like a wolf, as subtle as a fox, as impudent as a dog? Shall I say thou art a man, that hast all the symptoms of a beast? how shall I know thee to be a man? by thy shape? That affrights me more, when I see a beast in likeness of a man."

Seneca calls that of Epicurus, *magnificam vocem*, an heroical speech, "A fool still begins to live," and accounts it a filthy lightness in men, every day to lay new foundations of their life, but who doth otherwise? One travels, another builds; one for

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this, another for that business, and old folks are as far out as the rest; *O dementem senectutem*, Tully exclaims. Therefore young, old, middle age, all are stupid, and dote.

Æneas Sylvius, amongst many other, sets down three special ways to find a fool by. He is a fool that seeks that he cannot find: he is a fool that seeks that, which being found will do him more harm than good: he is a fool, that having variety of ways to bring him to his journey's end, takes that which is worst. If so, methinks most men are fools; examine their courses, and you shall soon perceive what dizzards and mad men the major part are.

Beroaldus will have drunkards, afternoon men, and such as more than ordinarily delight in drink, to be mad. The first pot quencheth thirst, so Panyasis the poet determines in Atheneaus, *secunda gratiis, horis et Dyonisio*: the second makes merry, the third for pleasure, *quarta ad insaniam*, the fourth makes them mad. If this position be true, what a catalogue of mad men shall we have? what shall they be that drink four times four? *Nonne supra omnem furorem, supra omnem insaniam reddunt insanissimos*? I am of his opinion, they are more than mad! much worse than mad.

The Abderites condemned Democritus for a mad man, because he was sometimes sad, and sometimes again profusely merry. *Hac Patria* (saith Hippocrates) *ob risum furere et insanire dicunt*, his countrymen hold him mad because he laughs; and therefore "he desires him to advise all his friends at Rhodes, that they do not laugh too much, or be over sad." Had those Abderites been conversant with us, and but seen what fleering and grinning there is in this age, they would certainly have concluded, we had been all out of our wits.

Aristotle in his ethics holds *felix idemque sapiens*, to be wise and happy, are reciprocal terms, *bonus idemque sapiens honestus*. 'Tis Tully's paradox, "wise men are free, but fools are slaves," liberty is a power to live according to his own laws, as we will ourselves: who hath this liberty? who is free?

-- "sapiens sibi imperiosus,
Quem neque pauperis, neque mors, neque vincula terrent,
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, et in seipso totus teres atque rotandus."

He is wise that can command his own will,
Valiant and constant to himself still,
Whom poverty nor death, nor bands can fright,
Checks his desires, scorns honours, just and right."

But where shall such a man be found? if no where, then *e diametro*, we are all slaves, senseless, or worse. *Nemo malus felix*. But no man is happy in this life, none good, therefore no man wise. *Rari quippe boni* -- For one virtue you shall find ten vices in the same party; *pauci Promethei, multi Epimethei*. We may peradventure usurp the name, or attribute it to others for favour, as Carolus Sapiens, Philippus Bonus, Lodovicus Pius, &c., and describe the properties of a wise man, as Tully doth an

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orator, Xenophon Cyrus, Castilo a courtier, Galen temperament, an aristocracy is described by politicians. But where shall such a man be found?

"Vir bonus et sapiens, qualem vix repperit unum
Millibus e multis hominum consultus Apollo."

"A wise, a good man in a million,
Apollo consulted could scarce find one."

A man is a miracle of himself, but Trismegistus adds, *Maximum miraculum homo sapiens*, a wise man is a wonder: *multi Thirsigeri, pauci Bacchi*.

Alexander when he was presented with that rich and costly casket of king Darius, and every man advised him what to put in it, he reserved it to keep Homer's works, as the most precious jewel of human wit, and yet Scaliger upbraids Homer's muse, *Nutricem insanæ sapientiæ*, a nursery of madness, impudent as a court lady, that blushes at nothing. Jacobus Mycillus, Gilbertus Cognatus, Erasmus, and almost all posterity admire Lucian's luxuriant wit, yet Scaliger rejects him in his censure, and calls him the Cerberus of the muses. Socrates, whom all the world so much magnified, is by Lactantius and Theodoret condemned for a fool. Plutarch extols Seneca's wit beyond all the Greeks, *nulli secundus*, yet saith of himself "when I would solace myself with a fool, I reflect upon myself and there I have him." Cardan, in his Sixteenth Book of Subtilties, reckons up twelve super-eminent, acute philosophers, for worth, subtlety, and wisdom: Archimedes, Galen, Vitruvius, Architas Tarentinus, Euclid, Geber, that first inventor of Algebra, Alkindus the Mathematician, both Arabians, with others. But his *triumviri terrarum* far beyond the rest, are Ptolomaeus, Plotinus, Hippocrates. Scaliger *exercitat.* 224, scoffs at this censure of his, calls some of them carpenters and mechanics, he makes *Galen fimbriam Hippocratis*, a skirt of Hippocrates: and the said Cardan himself elsewhere condemns both Galen and Hippocrates for tediousness, obscurity, confusion. Paracelsus will have them both mere idiots, infants in physic and philosophy. Scaliger and Cardan admire Suisset the Calculator, *qui pene modum excessit humani ingenii*, and yet Lod. Vives calls them *nugas Suisseticas*: and Cardan, opposite to himself in another place, contemns those ancients in respect of times present, *Majoresque nostros ad presentes collatos juste pueros appellari*. In conclusion, the said Cardan and Saint Bernard will admit none into this catalogue of wise men, but only prophets and apostles; how they esteem themselves, you have heard before. We are worldly-wise, admire ourselves, and seek for applause: but hear Saint Bernard, *quanto magis foras es sapiens, tanto magis intus stultus efficeris, &c. in omni es prudens, circa teipsum insipiens*: the more wise thou art to others, the more fool to thyself. I may not deny but that there is some folly approved, a divine fury, a holy madness, even a spiritual drunkenness in the saints of God themselves; *sanctam insaniam* Bernard calls it (though not as blaspheming Vorstius, would infer it as a passion incident to God himself, but), familiar to good men, as that of Paul, 2 Cor. "he was a fool," &c. and Rom. ix. he wisheth himself to be anathematized for them. Such is that drunkenness which Ficinus speaks of; when the soul is elevated and ravished with a divine taste of that heavenly nectar, which poets deciphered by the sacrifice of Dionysius, and in this sense with the poet,

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insanire lubet, as Austin exhorts us, *ad ebrietatem se quisque paret*, let's all be mad and drunk. But we commonly mistake, and go beyond our commission, we reel to the opposite part, we are not capable of it, and as he said of the Greeks, *Vos Græci semper pueri, vos Britanni, Galli, Germani, Itali &c.*, you are a company of fools.

Proceed now *a partibus ad totum*, or from the whole to parts, and you shall find no other issue, the parts shall be sufficiently dilated in this following Preface. The whole must needs follow by a sorites or induction. Every multitude is mad, *bellua multorum capitum*, (a many-headed beast,) precipitate and rash without judgment, *stultum animal*, a roaring rout. Roger Bacon proves it out of Aristotle, *Vulgus dividi in oppositum contra sapientes, quod vulgo videtur verum, falsum est*; that which the commonalty accounts true, is most part false, they are still opposite to wise men, but all the world is of this humour (*vulgus*), and thou thyself art *de vulgo*, one of the commonalty; and he, and he, and so are all the rest; and therefore, as Phocion concludes, to be approved in nought you say or do, mere idiots and asses. Begin then where you will, go backward or forward, choose out of the whole pack, wink and choose, you shall find them all alike, "never a barrel better herring."

Copernicus, Atlas his successor, is of opinion, the earth is a planet, moves and shines to others, as the moon doth to us. Digges, Gilbert, Keplerus, Origanus, and others, defend this hypothesis of his in sober sadness, and that the moon is inhabited; if it be so that the earth is a moon, then are we also giddy, vertiginous and lunatic within this sublunary maze.

I could produce such arguments till dark night: if you should hear the rest,

"Ante diem clauso component vesper Olympo:"

"Through such a train of words if I should run,
The day would sooner than the tale be done:"

but according to my promise, I will descend to particulars. This melancholy extends itself not to men only, but even to vegetals and sensibles. I speak not of those creatures which are saturnine, melancholy by nature, as lead, and such like minerals, or those plants, rue, cypress, &c. and hellebore itself; of which Agrippa treats, fishes, bird, and beasts, hares, conies, dormice, &c., owls, bats, nightbirds, but that artificial, which is perceived in them all. Remove a plant, it will pine away, which is especially perceived in date trees, as you may read at large in Constantine's husbandry, that antipathy betwixt the vine and the cabbage, vine and oil. Put a bird in a cage, he will die for sullenness, or a beast in a pen, or take his young ones or companions from him, and see what effect it will cause. But who perceives not these common passions of sensible creatures, fear, sorrow, &c. Of all other, dogs are most subject to this malady, insomuch some hold they dream as men do, and through violence of melancholy run mad; I could relate many stories of dogs that have died for grief, and pined away for loss of their masters, but they are common in every author.

Kingdoms, provinces, and politic bodies are likewise sensible and subject to this disease, as Boterus in his politics hath proved at large. "As in human bodies (saith

he) there be divers alterations proceeding from humours, so there be many diseases in a commonwealth, which do as diversely happen from several distempers," as you may easily perceive by their particular symptoms. For where you shall see the people civil, obedient to God and princes, judicious, peaceable and quiet, rich, fortunate, and flourish, to live in peace, in unity and concord, a country well tilled, many fair built and populous cities, *ubi incolæ nitent*, as old Cato said, the people are neat, polite and terse, *ubi bene, beateque vivunt*, which our politicians make the chief end of a commonwealth; and which Aristotle *Polit. lib. 3, cap. 4*, calls *Commune bonum*, Polybius *lib. 6, optabilem et selectum statum*, that country is free from melancholy; as it was in Italy in the time of Augustus, now in China, now in many other flourishing kingdoms of Europe. But whereas you shall see many discontents, common grievances, complaints, poverty, barbarism, beggary, plagues, wars, rebellions, seditions, mutinies, contentions, idleness, riot, epicurism, the land lie untilled, waste, full of bogs, fens, deserts, &c., cities decayed, base and poor towns, villages depopulated, the people squalid, ugly, uncivil; that kingdom, that country, must needs be discontent, melancholy, hath a sick body, and had need to be reformed.

Now that cannot well be effected, till the causes of these maladies be first removed, which commonly proceed from their own default, or some accidental inconvenience: as to be situated in a bad clime, too far north, sterile, in a barren place, as the desert of Lybia, deserts of Arabia, places void of waters, as those of Lop and Belgian in Asia, or in a bad air, as at *Alexandretta, Bantam, Pisa, Durazzo, S. John de Ulloa*, &c., or in danger of the sea's continual inundations, as in many places of the Low Countries and elsewhere, or near some bad neighbours, as Hungarians to Turks, Podolians to Tartars, or almost any bordering countries, they live in fear still and by reason of hostile incursions are oftentimes left desolate. So are cities, by reason of wars, fires, plagues, inundations, wild beasts, decay of trades, barred havens, the sea's violence, as Antwerp may witness of late. Syracuse of old, Brundisium in Italy, Rye and Dover with us, and many that at this day suspect the sea's fury and rage, and labour against it as the Venetians to their inestimable charge. But the most frequent maladies are such as proceed from themselves, as first when religion and God's service is neglected, innovated or altered, where they do not fear God, obey their prince, where atheism, epicurism, sacrilege, simony, &c., and all such impieties are freely committed, that country cannot prosper. When Abraham came to Gerar, and saw a bad land, he said, sure the fear of God was not in that place. Cyprian Echovius, a Spanish chorographer, above all other cities of Spain, commends "Borcino, in which there was no beggar, no man poor, &c., but all rich, and in good estate, and he gives the reason, because they were more religious than their neighbours:" why was Israel often spoiled by their enemies, led into captivity, &c., but for their idolatry, neglect of God's word, for sacrilege, even for one Achan's fault? And what shall we expect that have such multitudes of Achans, church robbers, simoniacal patrons, &c., how can they hope to flourish, that neglect divine duties, that live most part like Epicures?

Other common grievances are generally noxious to a body politic; alteration of laws and customs, breaking privileges, general oppressions, seditions, &c., observed by Aristotle, Bodin, Boterus, Junius, Arniscus, &c. I will only point at some of the chiefest. *Impotentia gubernandi, ataxia*, confusion, ill-government, which proceeds from unskilful, slothful, griping, covetous, unjust, rash, or tyrannizing magistrates, when they are fools, idiots, children, proud, wilful, partial, indiscreet, oppressors, giddy heads, tyrants, not able or unfit to manage such offices: many noble cities and

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flourishing kingdoms by that means are desolate, the whole body groans under such heads, and all the members must needs be disaffected, as at this day those goodly provinces in Asia Minor, &c. groan under the burden of a Turkish government; and those vast kingdoms of Muscovia, Russia, under a tyrannizing duke. Who ever heard of more civil and rich populous countries than those of Greece, Asia Minor, abounding with all wealth, multitudes of inhabitants, force, power, splendour and magnificence? and that miracle of countries, the Holy Land, that in so small a compass of ground could maintain so many towns, cities, produce so many fighting men? Egypt another paradise, now barbarous and desert, are almost waste, by the despotical government of an imperious Turk, *intolerabili servitutis jugo premitur* (one saith) not only fire and water, goods or lands, *sed ipse spiritus ab insolentissimi victoris pendet nutu*, such is their slavery, their lives and souls depend upon his insolent will and command. A tyrant that spoils all wheresoever he comes, insomuch that an historian complains, "if an old inhabitant should now see them, he would not know them, if a traveller or stranger, it would grieve his heart to behold them." Whereas Aristotle notes, *Novæ exactiones, nova onera imposita*, new burdens and exactions daily come upon them, like those of which Zosimus, lib. 2, so grievous, *ut viri uxores, patres filios prostituerent ut exactoribus e questu, &c.*, they must needs be discontent, *hinc civitatum gemitus et ploratus*, as Tully holds, hence come those complaints and tears of cities, poor, miserable, rebellious, and desperate subjects, as Hippolitus adds; and as a judicious countryman of ours observed not long since, in a survey of that great Duchy of Tuscany, the people lived much grieved and discontent, as appeared by their manifold and manifest complainings in that kind. "That the state was like a sick body which had lately taken physic, whose humours are not yet well settled, and weakened so much by purging, that nothing was left but melancholy."

Whereas the princes and potentates are immoderate in lust, hypocrites, epicures, of no religion, but in shew: *Quid hypocrisi fragilius?* what so brittle and unsure? what sooner subverts their estates than wandering and raging lusts, on their subjects' wives, daughters? to say no worse. That they should *facem præferre*, lead the way to all virtuous actions, are the ringleaders often times of all mischief and dissolute courses, and by that means their countries are plagued, "and they themselves often ruined, banished, or murdered by conspiracy of their subjects, as Sardanapalus was, Dionysius, junior, Heliogabalus, Periander, Pisistratus, Tarquinius, Timocrates, Childericus, Appius Claudius, Andronicus, Galeacius Sforsia, Alexander Medices," &c.

Whereas the princes or great men are malicious, envious, factious, ambitious, emulators, they tear a commonwealth asunder, as so many *Guelfs* and *Gibelines* disturb the quietness of it, and with mutual murders let it bleed to death; our histories are too full of such barbarous inhumanities, and the miseries that issue from them.

Whereas they be like so many horse-leeches, hungry, griping, corrupt, covetous, *avaritiæ mancipia*, ravenous as wolves, for as Tully writes: *qui præest prodest, et qui pecudibus præest, debet eorum utilitati inservire*: or such as prefer their private before the public good. For as he said long since, *res privatae publicis semper officere*. Or whereas they be illiterate, ignorant, empirics in policy, *ubi deest facultas virtus* (Aristot. pol. 5, cap. 8,) *et scientia*, wise only by inheritance, and in authority by birth-right, favour, or for their wealth and titles; there must needs be a fault, a great defect: because as an old philosopher affirms, such men are not always

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fit. "Of an infinite number, few noble are senators, and of those few, fewer good, and of that small number of honest, good, and noble men, few that are learned, wise, discreet, and sufficient, able to discharge such places, it must needs turn to the confusion of a state."

For as the Princes are, so are the people; *Qualis Rex, talis grex*: and which Antigonus right well said of old, *qui Macedoniæ regent erudit, omnea etiam subditos erudit*, he that teaches the king of Macedon, teaches all his subjects, is a true saying still.

"For Princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do lean, do read, do look."

--- "Velocius et citius nos
Corrumpunt vitiorum exempla domestica, magnis
Cum subeant animos auctoribus." ---

(Vicious domestic examples operate more quickly on us when suggested to our minds by high authorities)

Their examples are soonest followed, vices entertained, if they be profane, irreligious, lascivious, riotous, epicures, factious, covetous, ambitious, illiterate, so will the commons most part be, idle, unthrifths, prone to lust, drunkards, and therefore poor and needy (η πενια στασιν εμποiei και χαχουργιαν [e penia stasin empoiei chai chachoyrgian] , for poverty begets sedition and villany) upon all occasions ready to mutiny and rebel, discontent still, complaining, murmuring, grudging, apt to all outrages, thefts, treason; murders, innovations, in debt, shifters, cozeners, outlaws, *Profligatæ famæ ac vitæ*. It was an old politician's aphorism, "They that are poor and bad envy rich, hate good men, abhor the present government, wish for a new, and would have all turned topsy turvy." When Catiline rebelled in Rome, he got a company of such debauched rogues together, they were his familiars and coadjutors, and such have been your rebels most part in all ages, Jack Cade, Tom Straw, Kette, and his companions.

Where they be generally riotous and contentious, where there be many discords, many laws, many lawsuits, many lawyers and many physicians, it is a manifest sign of a distempered, melancholy state, as Plato long since maintained: for where such kind of men swarm, they will make more work for themselves, and that body politic diseased, which was otherwise sound. A general mischief in these our times, an insensible plague, and never so many of them: "which are now multiplied (saith Mat. Geraldus, a lawyer himself,) as so many locusts, not the parents, but the plagues of the country, and for the most part a supercilious, bad, covetous, litigious generation of men. *Crumenimulga natio*, &c. a purse-milking nation, a clamorous company, gowned vultures, *qui ex injuria vivent a sanguine civium*, thieves and seminaries of discord; worse than any polers by the highway side, *auri accipitres*, *auri exterebronides*, *pecuniarum hamiolæ*, *quadruplatores*, *curice harpagones*, *fori tintinabula*, *monstra hominum*, *mangones*, &c., that take upon them to make peace, but are indeed the very disturbers of our peace, a company of irreligious harpies,

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scraping, griping catchpoles, (I mean our common hungry pettifoggers, *rabulas forenses*, love and honour in the meantime all good laws, and worthy lawyers, that are so many oracles and pilots of a well-governed commonwealth.) Without art, without judgment, that do more harm, as Livy said, *quam bella externa, fames, morbive*, than sickness, war; hunger, diseases; "and cause a most incredible destruction of a commonwealth," saith Sesellius, a famous civilian sometimes in Paris, as ivy doth by an oak, embrace it so long, until it hath got the heart out of it, so do they by such places they inhabit; no counsel at all, no justice, no speech to be had, *nisi eum premulseris*, he must be fed still, or else he is as mute as a fish, better open an oyster without a knife. *Experto crede* (saith Salisburiensis) *in manus eorum millies incidi, et Charon immitis, qui nulli pepercit unquam, his longe clementior est*; "I speak out of experience, I have been a thousand times amongst them, and Charon himself is more gentle than they; he is contented with his single pay, but they multiply still, they are never satisfied," besides they have *damnificas linguas*, as he terms it, *nisi funibus argenteis vincias*, they must be fed to say nothing, and get more to hold their peace than we can to say our best. They will speak their clients fair, and invite them to their tables, but as he follows it, "of all injustice there is none so pernicious as that of theirs, which when they deceive most, will seem to be honest men." They take upon them to be peacemakers, *et fovere causas humilium*, to help them to their right, *patrocinantur afflictis*, but all is for their own good, *ut loculos pleniorum exhauriant*, they plead for poor men gratis, but they are but as a snare to catch others. If there be no jar, they can make a jar, out of the law itself find still some quirk or other, to set them at odds, and continue causes so long, *lustra aliquot*, I know not how many years before the cause is heard, and when 'tis judged and determined by reason of some tricks and errors, it is as fresh to begin, after twice seven years some times, as it was at first; and so they prolong time, delay suits till they have enriched themselves, and beggared their clients. And, as Cato inveighed against Isocrates' scholars, we may justly tax our wrangling lawyers, they do *consensescere in litibus*, are so litigious and busy here on earth, that I think they will plead their client's causes hereafter, some of them in hell. Simlerus complains amongst the Suissers of the advocates in his time, that when they should make an end, they began controversies, and "protract their causes many years, persuading them their title is good, till their patrimonies be consumed, and that they have spent more in seeking than the thing is worth, or they shall get by the recovery." So that he that goes to law, as the proverb is, holds a wolf by the ears, or as a sheep in a storm runs for shelter to a brier, if he prosecute his cause he is consumed, if he surcease his suit he loseth all; what difference? They had wont heretofore, saith Austin, to end matters, *per communes arbitros*; and so in Switzerland (we are informed by Simlerus), "they had some common arbitrators or daysmen in every town, that made a friendly composition betwixt man and man, and he much wonders at their honest simplicity, that could keep peace so well, and end such great causes by that means. At Fez in Africa, they have neither lawyers nor advocates; but if there be any controversies amongst them, both parties plaintiff and defendant come to their Alfakins or chief judge, "and at once without any farther appeals or pitiful delays, the cause is heard and ended." Our forefathers, as a worthy chorographer of ours observes, had wont *pauculis cruculis aureis*, with a few golden crosses, and lines in verse, make all conveyances, assurances. And such was the candour and integrity of succeeding ages, that a deed (as I have often seen) to convey a whole manor, was *implicite* contained in some twenty lines or thereabouts; like that scede or *Sytala Laconica*, so much renowned of old in all contracts, which Tully so earnestly commends to Atticus, Plutarch in his Lysander, Aristotle *polit.*: Thucydides, *lib.* 1.

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Diodorus and Suidas approve and magnify, for that laconic brevity in this kind; and well they might, for, according to Tertullian, *certa sunt paucis*, there is much more certainty in fewer words. And so was it of old throughout: but now many skins of parchment will scarce serve turn; he that buys and sells a house, must have a house full of writings, there be so many circumstances, so many words, such tautological repetitions of all particulars, (to avoid cavillation they say;) but we find by our woful experience, that to subtle wits it is a cause of much more contention and variance, and scarce any conveyance so accurately penned by one, which another will not find a crack in, or cavil at; if any one word be misplaced, any little error, all is disannulled. That which is a law to-day, is none to-morrow; that which is sound in one man's opinion, is most faulty to another; that in conclusion, here is nothing amongst us but contention and confusion, we bandy one against another. And that which long since Plutarch complained of them in Asia, may be verified in our times. "These men here assembled, come not to sacrifice to their gods, to offer Jupiter their first-fruits, or merriments to Bacchus; but an yearly disease, exasperating Asia, hath brought them hither, to make an end of their controversies and lawsuits." 'Tis *multitudo perdentium et pereuntium*, a destructive rout that seek one another's ruin. Such most part are our ordinary suitors, termers, clients, new stirrs every day, mistakes, error; cavils, and at this present, as I have heard in some one court, I know not how many thousand causes: no person free, no title almost good, with such bitterness in following, so many slights, procrastinations, delays, forgery, such cost (for infinite sums are inconsiderately spent), violence and malice, I know not by whose fault, lawyers, clients, laws, both or all: but as Paul reprehended the Corinthians long since, I may more positively infer now: "There is a fault amongst you, and I speak it to your shame, Is there not a wise man amongst you, to judge between his brethren? but that a brother goes to law with a brother." And Christ's counsel concerning lawsuits, was never so fit to be inculcated as in this age: "Agree with thine adversary quickly," &c. Matth. v. 25.

I could repeat many such particular grievances, which must disturb a body politic. To shut up all in brief, where good government is, prudent and wise princes, there all things thrive and prosper, peace and happiness is in that land: where it is otherwise, all things are ugly to behold, incult, barbarous, uncivil, a paradise is turned to a wilderness. This island amongst the rest, our next neighbours the French and Germans, may be a sufficient witness, that in a short time by that prudent policy of the Romans, was brought from barbarism; see but what Caesar reports of us, and Tacitus of those old Germans, they were once as uncivil as they in Virginia, yet by planting of colonies and good laws, they became from barbarous outlaws, to be full of rich and populous cities, as now they are, and most flourishing kingdoms. Even so might Virginia, and those wild Irish have been civilized long since, if that order had been heretofore taken, which now begins, of planting colonies, &c. I have read a discourse, printed anno 1612. "Discovering the true causes why Ireland was never entirely subdued, or brought under obedience to the crown of England, until the beginning of his Majesty's happy reign." Yet if his reasons were thoroughly scanned by a judicious politician, I am afraid he would not altogether be approved, but that it would turn to the dishonour of our nation, to suffer it to lie so long waste. Yea, and if some travellers should see (to come nearer home) those rich, united provinces of Holland, Zealand &c., over against us; those neat cities and populous towns, full of most industrious artificers, so much land recovered from the sea, and so painfully preserved by those artificial inventions, so wonderfully approved, as that of Bemster in Holland,

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ut nihil huic par aut simile inveniat in toto orbe, saith Bertius the geographer, all the world cannot match it, many navigable channels from place to place, made by men's hands, etc. and on the other side so many thousand acres of our fens lie drowned, our cities thin, and those vile, poor, and ugly to behold in respect of theirs, our trades decayed, our still running rivers stopped, and that beneficial use of transportation, wholly neglected, so many havens void of ships and towns, so many parks and forests for pleasure, barren heaths, so many villages depopulated, &c. I think sure he would find some fault.

I may not deny but that this nation of ours, doth *bene audire apud exteros*, is a most noble, a most flourishing kingdom, by common consent of all geographers, historians, politicians, 'tis *unica velut arx*, (The citadel par excellence) and which Quintius in Livy said of the inhabitants of Peloponnesus, may be well applied to us, we are *testudines testa sua inclusi*, like so many tortoises in our shells safely defended by an angry sea, as a wall on all sides. Our island hath many such honourable eulogiums; and as a learned countryman of ours right well hath it, "Ever since the Normans first coming into England, this country both for military matters, and all other of civility, hath been paralleled with the most flourishing kingdoms of Europe and our Christian world," a blessed, a rich country, and one of the fortunate isles: and for some things preferred before other countries, for expert seamen, our laborious discoveries, art of navigation, true merchants, they carry the bell away from all other nations, even the Portugals and Hollanders themselves; "without all fear," saith Boterus, "furrowing the ocean winter and summer, and two of their captains, with no less valour than fortune, have sailed round about the world? We have besides many particular blessings, which our neighbours want, the Gospel truly preached, church discipline established, long peace and quietness free from exactions, foreign fears, invasions, domestical seditions, well manured, fortified by art, and nature, and now most happy in that fortunate union of England and Scotland, which our forefathers have laboured to effect, and desired to see. But in which we excel all others, a wise, learned, religious king, another Numa, a second Augustus, a true Josiah; most worthy senators, a learned clergy, an obedient commonalty, &c. Yet amongst many roses, some thistles grow, some bad weeds and enormities, which much disturb the peace of this body politic, eclipse the honour and glory of it, fit to be rooted out, and with all speed to be reformed.

The first is idleness, by reason of which we have many swarms of rogues, and beggars, thieves, drunkards, and discontented persons (whom Lycurgus in Plutarch calls *morbos reipublicæ*, the boils of the commonwealth), many poor people in all our towns. *Civitates ignobiles* as Polydore calls them, base built cities, inglorious, poor, small, rare in sight, ruinous, and thin of inhabitants. Our land is fertile we may not deny, full of all good things, and why doth it not then abound with cities, as well as Italy, France, Germany, the Low-countries? because their policy hath been otherwise, and we are not so thrifty, circumspect, industrious. Idleness is the *malus genius* of our nation. For as Boterus justly argues, fertility of a country is not enough, except art and industry be joined unto it, according to Aristotle, riches are either natural or artificial; natural, are good land, fair mines, &c. artificial, are manufactures, coins, &c. Many kingdoms are fertile, but thin of inhabitants, as that Duchy of Piedmont in Italy, which Leander Albertus so much magnifies for corn, wine, fruits, &c., yet nothing near so populous as those which are more barren. "England," saith he, "London only excepted, hath never a populous city, and yet a fruitful country." I find 46 cities and

walled towns in Alsatia, a small province in Germany, 50 castles, an infinite number of villages, no ground idle, no not rocky places, or tops of hills are untilled, as Munster informeth us. In Greichgea, a small territory on the Necker, 24 Italian miles over, I read of 20 walled towns, innumerable villages, each one containing 150 houses most part, besides castles and noblemen's palaces. I observe in Turinge, in Dutchland (twelve miles over by their scale) 12 counties, and in them 144 cities, 2000 villages, 144 towns, 250 castles. In Bavaria, 34 cities, 46 towns, &c. *Portugallia interamnensis*, a small plot of ground, hath 1460 parishes, 130 monasteries, 200 bridges. Malta, a barren island, yields 20,000 inhabitants. But of all the rest, I admire Lues Guicciardine's relations of the Low-countries. Holland hath 26 cities, 400 great villages. Zeland, 10 cities, 102 parishes. Brabant, 26 cities, 102 parishes. Flanders, 28 cities, 90 towns, 1154 villages, besides abbeys, castles, &c. The Low-countries generally have three cities at least for one of ours, and those far more populous and rich: and what is the cause, but their industry and excellency in all manner of trades? Their commerce, which is maintained by a multitude of tradesmen, so many excellent channels made by art and opportune havens, to which they build their cities; all which we have in like measure, at at least may have. But their chiefest loadstone which draws all manner of commerce and merchandise, which maintains their present estate, is not fertility of soil, but industry that enricheth them, the gold mines of Peru, or Nova Hispania may not compare with them. They have neither gold nor silver of their own, wine nor oil, or scarce any corn growing in those united provinces, little or no wood, tin, lead, iron, silk, wool, any stuff almost, or metal; and yet Hungary, Transylvania, that brag of their mines, fertile England cannot compare with them. I dare boldly say, that neither France, Tarentum, Apulia, Lombardy, or any part of Italy, Valentia in Spain, or that pleasant Andalusia, with their excellent fruits, wine and oil, two harvests, no not any part of Europe is so flourishing, so rich, so populous, so full of good ships, of well-built cities, so abounding with all things necessary for the use of man. 'Tis our Indies, an epitome of China, and all by reason of their industry, good policy, and commerce. Industry is a loadstone to draw all good things; that alone makes countries flourish, cities populous, and will enforce by reason of much manure, which necessarily follows, a barren soil to be fertile and good, as sheep, saith Dion, mend a bad pasture.

Tell me, politicians, why is that fruitful Palestina, noble Greece, Egypt, Asia Minor, so much decayed, and (mere carcasses now) fallen from that they were? The ground is the same, but the government is altered, the people are grown slothful, idle, their good husbandry, policy, and industry is decayed. *Non fatigata aut effœta humus*, as Columella well informs Sylvinus, *sed nostra fit inertia*, &c. (the soil is not tired or exhausted, but has become barren through our sloth). May a man believe that which Aristotle in his politics, Pausanias, Stephanus, Sophianus, Gerbelius relate of old Greece? I find heretofore 70 cities in Epirus overthrown by Paulus Æmilius, a goodly province in times past, now left desolate of good towns and almost inhabitants. 62 cities in Macedonia in Strabo's time. I find 30 in Laconia, but now scarce so many villages, saith Gerbelius. If any man from Mount Taygetus should view the country round about, and see *tot delicias, tot urbes per Peloponnesum dispersas*, so many delicate and brave built cities with such cost and exquisite cunning, so neatly set out in Peloponnesus, he should perceive them now ruinous and overthrown, burnt, waste, desolate, and laid level with the ground. *Incredibile dictu*, &c. And as he laments, *Quis talia fando Temperet a lachrymis? Quis tam durus aut ferreus?* (Not even the hardest of our foes could hear / Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear), so he

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prosecutes it. Who is he that can sufficiently condole and commiserate these ruins? Where are those 4000 cities of Egypt, those 100 cities in Crete? Are they now come to two? What saith Pliny and ~~Ælian~~ of old Italy? There were in former ages 1166 cities: Blondus and Machiavel, both grant them now nothing near so populous, and full of good towns as in the time of Augustus (for now Leander Albertus can find but 300 at most), and if we may give credit to Livy, not then so strong and puissant as of old: "They mustered 70 Legions in former time; which now the known world will scarce yield." Alexander built 70 cities in a short space for his part, our Sultans and Turks demolish twice as many, and leave all desolate. Many will not believe but that our island of Great Britain is now more populous than ever it was; yet let them read Bale, Leland and others, they shall find it most flourished in the Saxon Heptarchy, and in the Conqueror's time was far better inhabited than at this present. See that Domesday Book, and show me those thousands of parishes, which are now decayed, cities ruined, villages depopulated, &c. The lesser the territory is, commonly, the richer it is. *Parvus sed bene cultus ager*. [a small but well cultivated field] As those Athenian, Lacedæmonian, Arcadian, Aelian, Sycionian, Messenian, &c., commonwealths of Greece make ample proof; as those imperial cities and free states of Germany may witness, those Cantons of Switzers, Rheti, Grisons, Walloons, Territories of Tuscany, Luke and Senes of old, Piedmont, Mantua, Venice in Italy, Ragusa, &c.

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That prince therefore, as Boterus adviseth, that will have a rich country, and fair cities, let him get good trades, privileges, painful inhabitants, artificers, and suffer no rude matter unwrought, as tin, iron, wool, lead, &c., to be transported out of his country, -- a thing in part seriously attempted amongst us, but not effected. And because industry of men, and multitude of trade so much avails to the ornament and enriching of a kingdom; those ancient Massilians would admit no man into their city that had not some trade. Selym the first Turkish emperor procured a thousand good artificers to be brought from Taurus to Constantinople. The Polanders indented with Henry Duke of Anjou, their new chosen king, to bring with him an hundred families of artificers into Poland. James the First, in Scotland (as Buchanan writes), sent for the best artificers he could get in Europe, and gave them great rewards to teach his subjects their several trades. Edward the Third, our most renowned king, to his eternal memory, brought clothing first into this island, transporting some families of artificers from Gaunt hither. How many goodly cities could I reckon up, that thrive wholly by trade, where thousands of inhabitants live singular well by their fingers' ends! As Florence in Italy by making cloth of gold; great Milan by silk, and all curious works; Arras in Artois by those fair hangings; many cities in Spain, many in France, Germany, have none other maintenance, especially those within the land. Mecca in Arabia Petræa, stands in a most unfruitful country, that wants water, amongst the rocks (as Vertomanus describes it), and yet it is a most elegant and pleasant city, by reason of the traffic of the east and west. Ormus in Persia is a most famous mart-town, hath nought else but the opportunity of the haven to make it flourish. Corinth, a noble city (Lumen Graeciae, Tully calls it) the Eye of Greece, by reason of Oenochreas and Lecheus those excellent ports, drew all that traffic of the Ionian and Ægean seas to it; and yet the country about it was *curva et superciliosa*, as Strabo terms it, rugged and harsh. We may say the same of Athens, Actium, Thebes, Sparta, and most of those towns in Greece. Nuremberg in Germany is sited in a most barren soil, yet a noble imperial city, by the sole industry of artificers, and cunning trades, they draw the riches of most countries to them, so expert in manufactures, that as Sallust long since gave out of the like, *Sedem animæ in extremis digitis habent*, their soul, or *intellectus*

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agens, was placed in their fingers' end; and so we may say of Basil, Spire, Cambray, Frankfort, &c. It is almost incredible to speak what some write of Mexico and the cities adjoining to it, no place in the world at their first discovery more populous, Mat. Riccius, the Jesuit, and some others, relate of the industry of the Chinese most populous countries, not a beggar or an idle person to be seen, and how by that means they prosper and flourish. We bate the same means, able bodies, pliant wits, matter of all sorts, wool, flax, iron, tin, lead, wood, &c., many excellent subjects to work upon, only industry is wanting. We send our best commodities beyond the seas, which they make good use of to their necessities, set themselves a work about, and severally improve, sending the same to us back at dear rates, or else make toys and baubles of the tails of them, which they sell to us again, at as great a reckoning as the whole. In most of our cities, some few excepted, like Spanish loiterers, we live wholly by tipling-inns and ale-houses. Malting are their best ploughs, their greatest traffic to sell ale. Meteran and some others object to us, that we are no whit so industrious as the Hollanders: "Manual trades (saith he) which are more curious or troublesome, are wholly exercised by strangers: they dwell in a sea full of fish, but they are so idle, they will not catch so much as shall serve their own turns, but buy it of their neighbours." Tush *Mare liberum*, they fish under our noses, and sell it to us when they have done, at their own prices.

--- "Pudet haec opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli."

I am ashamed to hear this objected by strangers, and know not how to answer it.

Amongst our towns, there is only London that bears the face of a city, *Epitome Britanniae*, a famous *emporium*, second to none beyond seas, a noble mart: but *sola crescit, decrescitibus aliis*; and yet in my slender judgment, defective in many things. The rest (some few excepted) are in mean estate, ruinous most part, poor, and full of beggars, by reason of their decayed trades, neglected or bad policy, idleness of their inhabitants, riot, which had rather beg or loiter, and be ready to starve, than work.

I cannot deny but that something may be said in defence of our cities, that they are not so fair built, (for the sole magnificence of this kingdom, concerning buildings, hath been of old in those Norman castles and religious houses,) so rich, thick sited, populous, as in some other countries; besides the reasons Cardan gives, *Subtil. Lib.* 11. we want wine and oil, their two harvests, we dwell in a colder air, and for that cause must a little more liberally feed of flesh, as all northern countries do: our provisions will not therefore extend to the maintenance of so many; yet notwithstanding we have matter of all sorts, an open sea for traffic, as well as the rest, goodly havens. And how can we excuse our negligence, our riot, drunkenness, &c., and such enormities that follow it? We have excellent laws enacted, you will say, severe statutes, houses of correction, &c., to small purpose it seems; it is not houses will serve, but cities of correction; our trades generally ought to be reformed, wants supplied. In other countries they have the same grievances, I confess, but that doth not excuse us, wants, defects, enormities, idle drones, tumults, discords, contention, law-suits, many laws made against them to repress those innumerable brawls and law-suits, excess in apparel, diet, decay of tillage, depopulations, especially against rogues, beggars, Egyptian vagabonds (so termed at least) which have swarmed all

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over Germany, France, Italy, Poland, as you may read in Munster, Cranzius. and Aventinus; as those Tartars and Arabians at this day do in the eastern countries: yet such has been the iniquity of all ages, as it seems to small purpose. *Nemo in nostra civitate mendicus esto*, (let no-one in our city be a beggar) saith Plato: he will have them purged from a commonwealth, "as a bad humour from the body," that are like so many ulcers and boils, and must be cured before the melancholy body can be eased.

What Carolus Magnus, the Chinese, the Spaniards, the Duke of Saxony, and many other states have decreed in this case, read Arniseus, *cap.* 19; Boterus, *libro* 8, *cap.* 2; Osorius *de Rebus gest. Eman.* lib. 11. When a country is overstocked with people, as a pasture is oft overlaid with cattle, they had wont in former times to disburden themselves, by sending out colonies, or by wars, as those old Romans; or by employing them at home about some public buildings, as bridges, road-ways, for which those Romans were famous in this island; as Augustus Cæsar did in Rome, the Spaniards in their Indian mines, as at Potosi in Peru, where some 30,000 men are still at work, 6000 furnaces ever boiling, &c. aqueducts, bridges, havens, those stupend works of Trajan, Claudius, at Ostium, Diociesiani Therma, Fucinus Lacus, that Piræum in Athens, made by Themistocles, amphitheatrums of curious marble, as at Verona, Civitas Philippi, and Heraclea in Thrace, those Appian and Flaminian ways, prodigious works all may witness; and rather than they should be idle, as those Egyptian Pharaohs, Maris, and Sesostris did, to task their subjects to build unnecessary pyramids, obelisks, labyrinths, channels, lakes, gigantic works all, to divert them from rebellion, riot, drunkenness, *Quo scilicet alantur, et ne vagando laborare desuescant.* (Buscoldus discursu polit. cap. 2 "whereby they are supported, and do not become vagrants by being less accustomed to labour.")

Another eye-sore is that want of conduct and navigible rivers, a great blemish as Boterus, Hippolitus a Collibus, and other politicians hold, if it be neglected in a commonwealth. Admirable cost and charge is bestowed in the Low-countries on this behalf in the duchy of Milan, territory of Padua, in a France, Italy, China, and so likewise about corrivations of water to moisten and refresh barren grounds, to drain fens, bogs, and moors. Massinissa made many inward parts of Barbary and Numidia in Africa, before his time incult and horrid, fruitful and bartable by this means. Great industry is generally used all over the eastern countries in this kind, especially in Egypt, about Babylon and Damascus, as Vertomannus and Gotardus Arthus relate; about Barcelona, Segovia, Murcia, and many other places of Spain, Milan in Italy; by reason of which their soil is much impoverished, and infinite commodities arise to the inhabitants.

The Turks of late attempted to cut that Isthmus betwixt Africa and Asia, which Sesostris and Darius, and some Pharaohs of Egypt had formerly undertaken, but with ill success, as Diodonis Siculus records, and Pliny, for that Red-sea being three cubits higher than Egypt, would have drowned all the country, *cæpto destiterant*, they left off; yet as the same Diodorus writes, Ptolemy renewed the work many years after, and absolved it in a more opportune place.

That Isthmus of Corinth was likewise undertaken to be made navigable by Demetrius, by Julius Caesar, Nero, Domitian, Herodes Atticus, to make a speedy passage, and less dangerous, from the Ionian and Ægean seas; but because it could not be so well affected, the Peloponnesians built a wall like our Picts' wall about Schænute, where Neptune's temple stood, and in the shortest cut over the Isthmus, of

which Diodorus, lib. 11. Herodotus, lib. 8. Vran. Our latter writers call it Hexamilium, which Aniurath the Turk demolished, the Venetians, anno 1453, repaired in 15 days with 30,000 men. Some, saith Acosta, would have a passage cut from Panama to Nombre de Dios in America; but Thuanus and Serres the French historians speak of a famous aqueduct in France, intended in Henry the Fourth's time, from the Loire to the Seine, and from Rhodanus to the Loire. The like to which was formerly assayed by Domitian the emperor, from Arar to Moselle, which Cornelius Tacitus speaks of in the 13th of his annals, after by Charles the Great and others. Much cost hath in former times been bestowed in either new making or mending channels of rivers, and their passages, (as Aurelianus did by Tiber to make it navigable to Rome, to convey corn from Egypt to the city, *vadum alvei tumentis effodit* saith Vopiscus, *et Tiberis ripas extruxit*, he cut fords, made banks, &c.) decayed havens, which Claudius the emperor, with infinite pains and charges, attempted at Ostia, as I have said, the Venetians at this day to preserve their city; many excellent means to enrich their territories, have been fostered, invented in most provinces of Europe, as planting some Indian plants amongst us, silk-worms, the very mulberry leaves in the plains of Granada yield 30,000 crowns per annum to the king of Spain's coffers, besides those many trades and artificers that are busied about them in the kingdom of Granada, Murcia, and all over Spain. In France a great benefit is raised by salt, &c., whether these things might not be as happily attempted with us, and with like success, it may be controverted, silk-worms (I mean), vines, fir trees, &c. Cardan exhorts Edward the Sixth to plant olives, and is fully persuaded they would prosper in this island. With us, navigable rivers are most part neglected; our streams are not great, I confess, by reason of the narrowness of the island, yet they run smoothly and even, not headlong, swift, or amongst rocks and shelves, as foaming Rhodanus and Loire in France, Tigris in Mesopotamia, violent Durius in Spain, with cataracts and whirlpools, as the Rhine, and Danubius, about Shaffausen, Lausenburgh, Linz, and Cremmes, to endanger navigators; or broad shallow, as Neckar in the Palatinate, Tiberis in Italy; but calm and fair as Arar in France, Hebrus in Macedonia, Eurotas in Laconia, they gently glide along, and might as well be repaired many of them (I mean Wye, Trent, Ouse, Thamisis at Oxford, the defect of which we feel in the mean time) as the River of Lee from Ware to London. B. Atwater of old, or as some will Henry I., made a channel from Trent to Lincoln, navigable; which now, saith Mr. Camden, is decayed, and much mention is made of anchors, and such like monuments found about old Verulamium, good ships have formerly come to Exeter, and many such places, whose channels, havens, ports, are now barred and rejected. We condemn this benefit of carriage by waters, and are therefore compelled in the inner parts of this island, because portage is so dear, to eat up our commodities ourselves, and live like so many boars in a sty, for want of vent and utterance.

We have many excellent havens, royal havens, Falmouth, Portsmouth, Milford, &c. equivalent if not to be preferred to that Indian Havanna, old Brindusium in Italy, Aulis in Greece, Ambracia in Acarnia, Suda in Crete, which have few ships in them, little or no traffic or trade, which have scarce a village on them, able to bear great cities, *sed viderint politici*. I could here justly tax many other neglects, abuses, errors, defects among us, and in other countries, depopulations, riot, drunkenness, &c. and many such, *quæ nunc in aurem susurrare non tibet*. But I must take heed, *ne quid gravius dicam*, that I do not overshoot myself, *Sus Minervam*, I am forth of my element, as you peradventure suppose; and sometimes *veritas odium parit*, as he said, "verjuice and oatmeal is good for a parrot." For as Lucian said of an historian, I say of

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a politician. He that will freely speak and write, must be for ever no subject, under no prince or law, but lay out the matter truly as it is, not caring what any can, will, like or dislike.

We have good laws, I deny not, to rectify such enormities, and so in all other countries, but it seems not always to good purpose. We had need of some general visitor in our age, that should reform what is amiss; a just army of Rosie-crosse men, for they will amend all matters (they say), religion, policy, manners, with arts; sciences, &c. Another Attila, Tamerlane, Hercules, to strive with Achelous, *Augeæ stabulum purgare*, to subdue tyrants, as he did Diomedes and Busris: to expel thieves, as he did Cacus and Lacinius: to vindicate poor captives, as he did Hesione: to pass the torrid zone, the deserts of Lybia, and purge the world of monsters and Centaurs: or another Theban Crates to reform our manners, to compose quarrels and controversies, as in his time he did, and was therefore adored for a god in Athens. "As Hercules purged the world of monsters, and subdued them, so did he fight against envy, lust, anger, avarice, &c. and all those feral vices and monsters of the mind? it were to be wished we had some such visitor, or if wishing would serve, one had such a ring or rings, as Timolaus desired in Lucian, by virtue of which he should be as strong as 10,000 men, or an army of giants, go invisible, open gates and castle doors, have what treasure he would, transport himself in an instant to what place he desired, alter affections, cure all manner of diseases, that he might range over the world, and reform all distressed states and persons, as he would himself. He might reduce those wandering Tartars in order, that infest China on the one side, Muscovy, Poland, on the other; and tame the vagabond Arabians that rob and spoil those eastern countries, that they should never use more caravans, or janizaries to conduct them. He might root out barbarism out of America, and fully discover Terra Australis Incognita, find out the north-east and north-west passages, drain those mighty Mæotian fens, cut down those vast Hircinian woods, irrigate those barren Arabian deserts, &c. cure us of our epidemical diseases, *scorbutum*, *plica*, *morbis Neapolitanus*, &c., end all our idle controversies, cut off our tumultuous desires, inordinate lusts, root out atheism, impiety, heresy, schism, and superstition, which now so crucify the world, catechise gross ignorance, purge Italy of luxury and riot, Spain of superstition and jealousy, Germany of drunkenness, all our northern country of gluttony and intemperance, castigate our hard-hearted parents, masters, tutors; lash disobedient children, negligent servants, correct these spendthrifts and prodigal sons, enforce idle persons to work, drive drunkards off the alehouse, repress thieves, visit corrupt and tyrannizing magistrates, &c. But as L. Licinius taxed Timolaus, you may us. These are vain, absurd and ridiculous wishes not to be hoped: and must be as it is, Bocchalinus may cite commonwealths to come before Apollo, and seek to reform the world itself by commissioners, but there is no remedy, it may not be redressed, *desinent homines tum demum stultescere quando esse destinet*, so long as they can wag their beards, they will play the knaves and fools.

Because, therefore, it is a thing so difficult, impossible, and far beyond Hercules' labours to be performed; let them be rude, stupid, ignorant, incult, *lapis super lapidem sedeat*, and as the apologist will, *resp. tussi, et graveolentia labore*, *mundus vitio*, let them be barbarous as they are, let them tyrannize, epicurize, oppress, luxuriate, consume themselves with factions, superstitions, lawsuits, wars and contentions, live in riot, poverty, want, misery; rebel, wallow as so many swine in their own dung, with Ulysses' companions, *stultos jubeo esse libenter*. I will yet, to

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satisfy and please myself, make an Utopia of mine own a new Atlantis, a poetical commonwealth of mine own, in which I will freely domineer, build cities, make laws, statutes, as I list myself. And why may I not? -- *Pictoribus atque pœtis, &c.* You know what liberty poets ever had, and besides, my predecessor Democritus was a politician, a recorder of Abdera, a law maker as some say; and why may not I presume so much as he did? Howsoever I will adventure. For the site, if you will needs urge me to it, I am not fully resolved, it may be in Terra Australis Incognita, there is room enough (for of my knowledge neither that hungry Spaniard, nor Mercurius Britannicus, have yet discovered half of it) or else one of those floating islands in Mare del Zur, which like the Cyanian isles in the Euxine sea, alter their place, and are accessible only at set times, and to some few persons; or one of the Fortunate isles, for who knows yet where, or which they are? there is room enough in the inner parts of America, and northern coasts of Asia. But I will choose a site, whose latitude shall be 45 degrees (I respect not minutes) in the midst of the temperate zone, or perhaps under the equator, that paradise of the world, *ubi semper virens laurus, &c.* where is a perpetual spring: the longitude for some reasons I will conceal. Yet "be it known to all men by these presents," that if any honest gentle man will send in so much money, as Cardan allows an astrologer for casting a nativity, he shall be a share; I will acquaint him with my project, or if any worthy man will stand for any temporal or spiritual office or dignity, (for as he said of his archbishops of Utopia, 'tis *sanctus ambitus*, and not amiss to be sought after,) it shall be freely given without all intercessions, bribes, letters, &c. his own worth shall be the best spokesman; and because we shall admit of no deputies or advowsons, if he be sufficiently qualified, and as able as willing to execute the place himself, he shall have present possession. It shall be divided into 12 or 13 provinces, and those by hills, rivers, road-ways, or some more eminent limits exactly bounded. Each province shall have a metropolis, which shall be so placed as a centre almost in a circumference, and the rest at equal distances, some Italian miles asunder, or thereabout, and in them shall be sold all things necessary for the use of man; *statis horis et diebus*, no market towns, markets or fairs, for they do but beggar cities (no village shall stand above 6, 7, or 8 miles from a city) except those emporiums which are by the sea side, general staples, marts, as Antwerp, Venice, Bergen of old, London, &c. cities most part shall be situated upon navigable rivers or lakes, creeks, havens; and for their form, regular, round, square, or long square, with fair, broad, and straight streets, houses uniform, built of brick and stone, like Bruges, Brussels, Rhegium Lepidi, Berne in Switzerland, Milan, Mantua, Crema, Cambalu in Tartary, described by M. Polus, or that Venetian palma. I will admit very few or no suburbs, and those of baser building, walls only to keep out man and horse, except it be in some frontier towns, or by the sea side, and those to be fortified after the latest manner of fortification, and situated upon convenient havens, or opportune places. In every so built city, I will have convenient churches, and separate places to bury the dead in, not in churchyards; a citadella (in some, not all) to command it, prisons for offenders, opportune market-places of all sorts, for corn, meat, cattle, fuel, fish, commodious courts of justice, public halls for all societies, bourses, meeting places, armouries, in which shall be kept engines for quenching of fire, artillery gardens, public walks, theatres, and spacious fields allotted for all gymnastic sports, and honest recreations, hospitals of all kinds, for children, orphans, old folks, sick men, mad men, soldiers, pest houses, &c. not built *precario*, or by gouty benefactors, who, when by fraud and rapine they have extorted all their lives, oppressed whole provinces, societies, &c. give something to pious uses, build a satisfactory alms-house, school or bridge, &c. at their last end or before perhaps,

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which is no otherwise than to steal a goose, and stick down a feather, rob a thousand to relieve ten; and those hospitals so built and maintained, not by collections, benevolences, donaries, for a set number, (as in ours,) just so many and no more at such a rate, but for all those who stand in need, be they more or less, and that *ex publico aerario*, and so still maintained, *non nobis solum nati sumus*, &c. I will have conduits of sweet and good water, aptly disposed in each town, common granaries, as at Dresden in Misnia, Stetein in Pomerland, Noremberg, &c. Colleges of mathematicians, musicians, and actors, as of old at Labedum in Ionia, alchymists, physicians, artists, and philosophers: that all arts and sciences may sooner be perfected and better learned; and public historiographers, as amongst those ancient Persians, *qui in commentarios referebant quæ memoratu digna gerebantur*, informed and appointed by the state to register all famous acts, and not by each insufficient scribbler, partial or parasitical pedant, as in our times. I will provide public schools of all kinds, singing, dancing, fencing, &c. especially of grammar and language; not to be taught by those tedious precepts ordinarily used, but by use, example, conversation, as travellers learn abroad, and nurses teach their children: as I will have all such places, so will I ordain public governors, fit officers to each place, treasurers, aediles, questors, overseers of pupils, widows' goods, and all public houses, &c. and those once a year to make strict accounts of all receipts, expenses, to avoid confusion, *et sic fiet ut non absumant* (as Pliny to Trajan,) *quod pudeat dicere*. They shall be subordinate to those higher officers and governors of each city, which shall not be poor tradesmen, and mean artificers, but noblemen and gentlemen, which shall be tied to residence in those towns they dwell next, at such set times and seasons: for I see no reason (which Hippolitus complains of) "that it should be more dishonourable for noblemen to govern the city than the country, or unseemly to dwell there now, than of old." I will have no bogs, fens, marshes, vast woods, deserts, heaths, commons, but all inclosed; (yet not depopulated, and therefore take heed you mistake me not) for that which is common, and every man's, is no man's; the richest countries are still inclosed, as Essex, Kent, with us, &c. Spain, Italy; and where inclosures are least in quantity, they are best husbanded, as about Florence in Italy, Damascus in Syria, &c. which are liker gardens than fields. I will not have a barren acre in all my territories, not so much as the tops of mountains: where nature fails, it shall be supplied by art: lakes and rivers shall not be left desolate. All common highways, bridges, banks, corrivations of waters, aqueducts, channels, public works, building, &c. out of a stock, curiously maintained and kept in repair; no depopulations, engrossings, alterations of wood, arable, but by the consent of some supervisors that shall be appointed for that purpose, to see what reformation ought to be had in all places, what is amiss, how to help it, *et quid quaqueferat regio, et quid quaque recuset*, what ground is aptest for wood, what for corn, what for cattle, gardens, orchards, fishponds, &c. with a charitable division in every village, (not one domineering house greedily to swallow up all, which is too common with us) what for lords, what for tenants; and because they shall be better encouraged to improve such lands they hold, manure, plant trees, drain, fence. &c., they shall have long leases, a known rent, and known fine to free them from those intolerable exactions of tyrannizing landlords. These supervisors shall likewise appoint what quantity of land in each manor is fit for the lord's demesnes, what for holding of tenants, how it ought to be husbanded, *ut magnetis equis, Minyæ gens cognita remis*, how to be manured, tilled, rectified, *hic segetes veniunt, illic felicius uvæ, arborei fœtus alibi, atque injussa virescunt Gramina*, and what proportion is fit for all callings, because private professors are many times idiots,

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ill husbands, oppressors, covetous, and know not how to improve their own, or else wholly respect their own, and not public good.

Utopian parity is a kind of government, to be wished for, rather than effected, *Respub. Christianopolitana*, Campanella's city of the Sun, and that new Atlantis, witty fictions, but mere chimeras and Plato's community in many things is impious, absurd and ridiculous, it takes away all splendour and magnificence. I will have several orders, degrees of nobility, and those hereditary, not rejecting younger brothers in the mean time, for they shall be sufficiently provided for by pensions, or so qualified, brought up in some honest calling, they shall be able to live of themselves. I will have such a proportion of ground belonging to every barony, he that buys the land shall buy the barony, he that by riot consumes his patrimony, and ancient demesnes, shall forfeit his. As some dignities shall be hereditary, so some again by election, or by gift (besides free offices, pensions, annuities,) like our bishoprics, prebends, the Basso's palaces in Turkey, the procurators houses and offices in Venice, which, like the golden apple, shall be given to the worthiest, and best deserving both in war and peace, as a reward of their worth and good service, as so many goals for all to aim at, (*honos alit artes*) and encouragements to others. For I hate these severe, unnatural, harsh, German, French, and Venetian decrees, which exclude plebeians from honours, be they never so wise, rich, virtuous, valiant, and well qualified, they must not be patricians, but keep their own rank, this is *naturæ bellum inferre*, odious to God and men, I abhor it. My form of government shall be monarchical.

--- "nunquam libertas gratior extat,
Quam sub Rege pio," &c.

(Liberty is never more gratifying than under a pious king)

Few laws, but those severely kept, plainly put down, and in the mother tongue, that every man may understand. Every city shall have a peculiar trade or privilege, by which it shall be chiefly maintained: and parents shall teach their children one of three at least, bring up and instruct them in the mysteries of their own trade. In each town these several tradesmen shall be so aptly disposed, as they shall free the rest from danger or offence: fire-trades, as smiths, forge-men, brewers, bakers, metal-men, &c., shall dwell apart by themselves: dyers, tanners, felmongers, and such as use water in convenient places by themselves: noisome or fulsome for bad smells, as butchers' slaughter houses, chandlers, curriers, in remote places, and some back lanes. Fraternities and companies, I approve of as merchants' bourses, colleges of druggists, physicians, musicians, &c., but all trades to be rated in the sale of wares, as our clerks of the market do bakers and brewers; corn itself what scarcity soever shall come, not to exceed such a price. Of such wares as are transported or brought in, if they be necessary, commodious, and such as nearly concern man's life, as corn, wood, coal, &c., and such provision we cannot want, I will have little or no custom paid, no taxes; but for such things as are for pleasure, delight, or ornament, as wine, spice, tobacco, silk, velvet, cloth of gold, lace, jewels, &c., a greater impost. I will have certain ships sent out for new discoveries every year, and some discreet men appointed to travel into all neighbouring kingdoms by land, which shall observe what artificial inventions

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and good laws are in other countries, customs, alterations, or aught else, concerning war or peace, which may tend to the common good. Ecclesiastical discipline, *penes Episcopos*, subordinate as the other. No impropriations, no lay patrons of church livings, or one private man, but common societies, corporations, &c., and those rectors of benefices to be chosen out of the Universities, examined and approved, as the *literati* in China. No parish to contain above a thousand auditors. If it were possible, I would have such priests as should imitate Christ, charitable lawyers should love their neighbours as themselves, temperate and modest physicians, politicians condemn the world, philosophers should know themselves, noblemen live honestly, tradesmen leave lying and cozening, magistrates, corruption, &c., but this is impossible, I must get such as I may. I will therefore have of lawyers, judges, advocates, physicians, chirurgeons, &c., a set number, and every man, if it be possible, to plead his own cause, to tell that tale to the judge which he doth to his advocate, as at Fez in Africa, Bantam, Aleppo, Ragusa, *suam quisque causam dicere tenetur*. Those advocates, chirurgeons, and physicians, which are allowed to be maintained out of the common treasury, no fees to be given or taken upon pain of losing their places; or if they do, very small fees, and when the cause is fully ended. He that sues any man shall put in a pledge, which if it be proved he hath wrongfully sued his adversary, rashly or maliciously, he shall forfeit, and lose. Or else before any suit begin, the plaintiff shall have his complaint approved by a set delegacy to that purpose; if it be of moment he shall be suffered as before, to proceed, if otherwise they shall determine it. All causes shall be pleaded *suppresso nomine*, the parties' names concealed, if some circumstances do not otherwise require. Judges and other officers shall be aptly disposed in each province, villages, cities, as common arbitrators to hear causes, and end all controversies, and those not single, but three at least on the bench at once, to determine or give sentence, and those again to sit by turns or lots, and not to continue still in the same office. No controversy to depend above a year, but without all delays and further appeals to be speedily dispatched, and finally concluded in that time allotted. These and all other inferior magistrates to be chosen as the *literati* in China or by those exact suffrages of the Venetians, and such again not to be eligible, or capable of magistracies, honours, offices, except they be sufficiently qualified for learning, manners, and that by the strict approbation of reputed examiners: first scholars to take place, then soldiers; for I am of Vigetius his opinion, a scholar deserves better than a soldier, because *Unius ætatis sunt quæ fortiter fiunt, quæ vero pro utilitate Reipub. scribuntur, æterna*: a soldier's work lasts for an age, a scholar's for ever. If they misbehave themselves, they shall be deposed, and accordingly punished, and whether their offices be annual or otherwise, once a year they shall be called in question, and give an account; for men are partial and passionate, merciless, covetous, corrupt, subject to love, hate, fear, favour, &c., *omne sub regno graviore regnum*: like Solon's Areopagites, or those Roman Censors, some shall visit others, and the visited *invicem* themselves, shall oversee that no prowling officer, under colour of authority, shall insult over his inferiors, as so many wild beasts, oppress, domineer, flea, grind, or trample on, be partial or corrupt, but that there be *æquabile jus*, justice equally done, live as friends and brethren together; and which Sesellius would have and so much desires in his kingdom of France, "a diapason and sweet harmony of kings, princes, nobles, and plebeians so mutually tied and involved in love, as well as laws and authority, as that they never disagree, insult or encroach one upon another." If any man deserves well in his office he shall be rewarded.

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--- "quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,
Præmia si tollas?" ---

"For who would cultivate virtue itself, if you were to take away the reward?"

He that invents anything for public good in any art or science, writes a treatise, or performs any noble exploit, at home or abroad, he shall be accordingly enriched, honoured, and preferred. I say with Hannibal in Ennius, *Hostem qui feriet erit mihi Carthaginensis*, let him be of what condition he will, in all offices, actions, he that deserves best shall have best.

Tilianus in Philonius, out of a charitable mind no doubt, wished all his books were gold and silver, jewels and precious stones, to redeem captives, set free prisoners, and relieve all poor distressed souls that wanted means; religiously done, I deny not, but to what purpose? Suppose this were so well done, within a little after, though a man had Orcesus' wealth to bestow, there would be as many more. Wherefore I will suffer no beggars, rogues, vagabonds, or idle persons at all, that cannot give an account of their lives how they maintain themselves. If they be impotent, lame, blind, and single, they shall be sufficiently maintained in several hospitals, built for that purpose; if married and infirm, past work, or by inevitable loss, or some such like misfortune cast behind, by distribution of corn, house-rent free, annual pensions or money, they shall be relieved, and highly rewarded for their good service they have formerly done; if able, they shall be enforced to work. "For I see no reason (as he said) why an epicure or idle drone, a rich glutton, a usurer, should live at ease and do nothing, live in honour, in all manner of pleasure; and oppress others, when as in the meantime a poor labourer, a smith, a carpenter, an husbandman that hath spent his time in continual labour, as an ass to carry burdens to do the commonwealth good, and without whom we cannot live, shall be left in his old age to beg or starve, and lead a miserable life worse than a jument." As all conditions shall be tied to their task, so none shall be overtired, but have their set times of recreations and holidays, *indulgere genio*, feasts and merry meetings, even to the meanest artificer, or basest servant, once a week to sing or dance, (though not all at once) or do whatsoever he shall please; like that *Saccarum festum* amongst the Persians, those Saturnals in Rome, as well as his master. If any be drunk, he shall drink no more wine or strong drink in a twelvemonth after. A bankrupt shall be *Catademiat* in *Amphitheatro*, publicly shamed, and he that cannot pay his debts, if by riot or negligence, he have been impoverished, shall be for a twelvemonth imprisoned, if in that space his creditors be not satisfied, he shall be hanged. He that commits sacrilege shall lose his hands; he that bears false witness, or is of perjury convicted, shall have his tongue cut out, except he redeem it with his head. Murder, adultery, shall be punished by death, but not theft, except it be some more grievous offence, or notorious offenders: otherwise they shall be condemned to the galleys, mines, be his slaves whom they have offended, during their lives. I hate all hereditary slaves, and that *duram Persarum legem* as Brisonius calls it; or as *Ammianus*, *impendio formidatas et abominandas leges, per quas ob noxeim unius, omnis propinquitas perit*, hard law that wife and children, friends and allies, should suffer for the father's offence.

No man shall marry until he be 25, no woman till she be 20, *nisi aliter dispensatum fuerit*. If one die, the other party shall not marry till six months after; and because many families are compelled to live niggardly, exhaust and undone by great

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dowers, none shall be given at all, or very little, and that by supervisors rated, they that are foul shall have a greater portion; if fair, none at all, or very little: howsoever not to exceed such a rate as those supervisors shall think fit. And when once they come to those years, poverty shall hinder no man from marriage, or any other respect, but all shall be rather enforced than hindered, except they be dismembered, or grievously deformed, infirm, or visited with some enormous hereditary disease, in body or mind; in such cases upon a great pain, or mulct, man or woman shall not marry, other order shall be taken for them to their content. If people overabound, they shall be eased by colonies.

No man shall wear weapons in any city. The same attire shall be kept, and that proper to several callings, by which, they shall be distinguished. *Luxus funerum* shall be taken away, that intempestive expense moderated, and many others. Brokers, takers of pawns, biting usurers, I will not admit; yet because *hic cum hominibus non cum diis agitur*, we converse here with men, not with gods, and for the hardness of men's hearts, I will tolerate some kind of usury. If we were honest, I confess, *si probi essemus*, we should have no use of it, but being as it is, we must necessarily admit it. Howsoever most divines contradict it, *dicimus inficias, sed vox ea sola reperta est*, it must be winked at by politicians. And yet some great doctors approve of it, Calvin, Bucer, Zanchius, P. Martyr, because by so many grand lawyers, decrees of emperors, princes' statutes, customs of commonwealths, churches' approbations, it is permitted, &c. I will therefore allow it. But to no private persons, nor to every man that will, to orphans only, maids, widows, or such as by reason of their age, sex, education, ignorance of trading, know not otherwise how to employ it; and those so approved, not to let it out apart, but to bring their money to a common bank which shall be allowed in every city, as in Genoa, Geneva, Nuremberg, Venice, at 5, 6, 7, not above 8 per centum, as the supervisors, or *aerarii praefecti* shall think fit. And as it shall not be lawful for each man to be an usurer that will, so shall it not be lawful for all to take up money at use, not to prodigals and spendthrifts, but to merchants, young tradesmen, such as stand in need, or know honestly how to employ it, whose necessity, cause and condition the said supervisors shall approve of.

I will have no private monopolies, to enrich one man, and beggar a multitude, multiplicity of offices, of supplying by deputies, weights and measures, the same throughout, and those rectified by the Primum mobile, and sun's motion, threescore miles to a degree according to observation, 1000 geometrical paces to a mile, five foot to a pace, twelve inches to a foot, &c. and from measures known it is an easy matter to rectify weights, &c. to cast up all, and resolve bodies by algebra, stereometry. I hate wars if they be not *ad populi salutem*, upon urgent occasion, "*odimus accipitrem, quia semper vivit in armis*," (we hate the hawk, because he always lives in battle) offensive wars, except the cause be very just, I will not allow of. For I do highly magnify that saying of Hannibal to Scipio, in Livy, "It had been a blessed thing for you and us, if God had given that mind to our predecessors, that you had been content with Italy, we with Africa. For neither Sicily nor Sardinia are worth such cost and pains, so many fleets and armies, or so many famous Captains' lives." *Omnia prius tentanda*, fair means shall first be tried. *Peragit tranquilla potestas, Quod violenta nequit*. I will have then proceed with all moderation: but hear you, Fabius my general, not Minutius, *nam qui Consilio nititur plus hostibus nocet, quam qui sine animi ratione viribus*: And in such wars to abstain as much as is possible from depopulation; burning of towns, massacring of infants, &c. For defensive wars, I will have forces

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still ready at a small warning, by land and sea, a prepared navy, soldiers *in procinctu*, *et quam Bonfinius apud Hungaros suos vult, virgam ferream*, and money, which is *nervus belli*, still in a readiness, and a sufficient revenue, a third part as in old Rome and Egypt, reserved for the commonwealth; to avoid those heavy taxes and impositions, as well to defray this charge of wars, as also all other public defalcations, expenses, fees, pensions, reparations, chaste sports, feasts, donaries, rewards, and entertainments. All things in this nature especially I will have maturely done, and with great deliberation: *ne quid temere, ne quid remisse at timide fiat; sed quo feror hospes?* To prosecute the rest would require a volume. *Manum de tabella*, I have been over tedious in this subject; I could have here willingly ranged, but these straits wherein I am included will not permit.

From commonwealths and cities, I will descend to families, which have as many corsives and molestations, as frequent discontents as the rest. Great affinity there is betwixt a political and economical body; they differ only in magnitude and proportion of business (so Scaliger writes) as they have both likely the same period, as a Bodin and Peucer hold, out of Plato, six or seven hundred years, so many times they have the same means of their vexation and overthrows; as namely, riot, a common ruin of both, riot in building, riot in profuse spending, riot in apparel, &c. be it in what kind soever, it produceth the same effects. A corographer of ours speaking *obiter* of ancient families, why they are so frequent in the north, continue so long, are so soon extinguished in the south, and so few, gives no other reason but this, *luxus omnia dissipavit*, riot hath consumed all, fine clothes and curious buildings came into this island, as he notes in his annals, not so many years since; *non sine dispendio hospitalitatis*, to the decay of hospitality. Howbeit many times that word is mistaken, and under the name of bounty and hospitality, is shrouded riot and prodigality, and that which is commendable in itself well used, hath been mistaken heretofore, is become by his abuse, the bane and utter ruin of many a noble family. For some men live like the rich glutton, consuming themselves and their substance by continual feasting and invitations, with Axilon in Homer, keep open house for all comers, giving entertainment to such as visit them, keeping a table beyond their means, and a company of idle servants (though not so frequent as of old) are blown up on a sudden; and as Actæon was by his hounds, devoured by their kinsmen, friends, and multitude of followers. It is a wonder that Paulus Jovius relates of our northern countries, what an infinite deal of meat we consume on our tables; that I may truly say, 'tis not bounty, not hospitality, as it is often abused, but riot and excess, gluttony and prodigality; a mere vice; it brings in debt, want, and beggary, hereditary diseases, consumes their fortunes, and overthrows the good temperature of their bodies. To this I might here well add their inordinate expense in building, those fantastical houses, turrets, walks, parks, &c., gaming, excess of pleasure, and that prodigious riot in apparel, by which means they are compelled to break up house, and creep into holes. Sesellius in his commonwealth of France, gives three reasons why the French nobility were so frequently bankrupts: "First, because they had so many law-suits and contentions one upon another, which were tedious and costly; by which means it came to pass, that commnnly lawyers bought them out of their possessions. A second cause was their riot, they lived beyond their means, and were therefore swallowed up by merchants." (La Nove, a French writer, yields five reasons of his countrymens' poverty, to the same effect almost, and thinks verily if the gentry of France were divided into ten parts, eight of them would be found much impaired, by sales, mortgages, and debts, or wholly sunk in their estates.) "The last was immoderate

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excess in apparel, which consumed their revenues." How this concerns and agrees with our present state, look you. But of this elsewhere. As it is in a man's body, if either head, heart, stomach, liver, spleen, or any one part be misaffected, all the rest suffer with it: so is it with this economical body. If the head be naught, a spendthrift, a drunkard, a whoremaster, a gamester, how shall the family live at ease? *Ipsa si cupiat salus serrate prorsus, non potest, hanc familiam*, as Demea said in the comedy, Safety herself cannot save it. A good, honest, painful man many times hath a shrew to his wife, a sickly, dishonest, slothful, foolish, careless woman to his mate, a proud, peevish flirt, a liquorish, prodigal quean, and by that means all goes to ruin: or if they differ in nature, he is thrifty, she spends all, he wise, she sottish and soft; what agreement can there be? what friendship? Like that of the thrush and swallow in Æsop, instead of mutual love, kind compellations, whore and thief is heard, they fling stools at one another's heads. *Quæ intemperies vexat hanc familiam?* All enforced marriages commonly produce such effects, or if on their behalfs it be well, as to live and agree lovingly together, they may have disobedient and unruly children, that take ill courses to disquiet them, "their son is a thief, a spendthrift, their daughter a whore;" a step-mother, or a daughter-in-law, distempers all; or else for want of means, many torturers arise, debts, dues, fees, dowries, jointures, legacies to be paid, annuities issuing out, by means of which, they have not wherewithal to maintain themselves in that pomp as their predecessors have done, bring up or bestow their children to their callings, to their birth and quality, and will not descend to their present fortunes. Oftentimes, too, to aggravate the rest, concur many other inconveniences, unthankful friends, decayed friends, bad neighbours, negligent servants, *servi furaces, versipelles, callidi, occlusa sibi mille clavibus reserant, furtimque; raptant, consumunt, liguriunt*; casualties, taxes, mulcts, chargeable offices, vain expenses, entertainments, loss of stock, enmities, emulations, frequent invitations, losses, suretyship, sickness, death of friends, and that which is the gulf of all, improvidence, ill husbandry, disorder and confusion, by which means they are drenched on a sudden in their estates, and at unawares precipitated insensibly into an inextricable labyrinth of debts, cares, woes, want, grief, discontent and melancholy itself.

I have done with families, and will now briefly run over some few sorts and conditions of men. The most secure, happy, jovial, and merry in the world's esteem are princes and great men, free from melancholy: but for their cares, miseries, suspicions, jealousies, discontents, folly and madness, I refer you to Xenophon's Tyrannus, where king Hieron discourseth at large with Simonides the poet, of this subject. Of all others they are most troubled with perpetual fears, anxieties, insomuch that, as he said in Valerius, if thou knewest with what cares and miseries this robe were stuffed, thou wouldst not stoop to take it up. Or put case they be secure and free from fears and discontents, yet they are void of reason too oft, and precipitate in their actions, read all our histories, *quos de stultis prodidere stulti*, Iliades, Æneides, Annales, and what is the subject?

"Stultorum regum, et populorum continet æstus,"

The giddy tumults and the foolish rage
Of kings and people.

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How mad they are, how furious, and upon small occasions, rash and inconsiderate in their proceedings, how they doat, every page almost will witness,

"--- delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi."

When doating monarchs urge
Unsound resolves, their subjects feel the scourge.

Next in place, next in miseries and discontents, in all manner of hair-brain actions, are great men, *procul a Jove, procul a fulmine*, the nearer the worse. If they live in court, they are up and down, ebb and flow with their princes' favours, *Ingenium vultu statque caditque suo*, now aloft, to-morrow down, as Polybius describes them, "like so many casting counters, now of gold, to-morrow of silver, that vary in worth as the computant will; now they stand for units, to-morrow for thousands; now before all, and anon behind." Beside, they torment one another with mutual factions, emulations: one is ambitious, another enamoured, a third in debt, a prodigal, overruns his fortunes, a fourth solicitous with cares, gets nothing, &c. But for these men's discontents, anxieties, I refer you to Lucian's Tract, *de mercede conductis*, Æneas Sylvius (*libidinis et stultitiæ servos*, he calls them), Agrippa, and many others.

Of philosophers and scholars *priscae sapientiæ dictatores*, I have already spoken in general term; those superintendents of wit and learning, men above men, those refined men, minions of the muses,

--- "mentemque habere queis bonam
Et esse corculis datum est." ---

These acute and subtle sophisters, so much honoured, have as much need of hellebore as others. -- *O medici mediam pertundite venam*. Read Lucian's *Piscator*, and tell how he esteemed them; Agrippa's Tract of the vanity of Sciences; nay, read their own works, their absurd tenets, prodigious paradoxes, *et risum teneatis amici*? You shall find that of Aristotle true, *nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementia*, they have a worm as well as others; you shall find a fantastical strain, a fustian, a bombast, a vainglorious humour, an affected style, &c., like a prominent thread in an uneven woven cloth, run parallel throughout their works. And they that teach wisdom, patience, meekness, are the veriest dizzards, hairbrains, and most discontent. "In the multitude of wisdom is grief; and he that increaseth wisdom, increaseth sorrow." I need not quote mine author; they that laugh and condemn others, condemn the world of folly, deserve to be mocked, are as giddyheaded, and lie as open as any other. Democritus, that common flouter of folly, was ridiculous himself; barking Menippus, scoffing Lucian, satirical Lucilius Petronius, Varro, Persius. &c., may be censured with the rest, *Loripedem rectus derideat, Æthiopem albus*. Bale, Erasmus, Hospinian,

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Vives, Kemnisius, explode as a vast ocean of obs and sols, school divinity. A labyrinth of intricate questions, unprofitable contentions, *incredibilem delirationem*, one calls it, if school divinity be so censured, *subtilis Scotus lima veritatis*, *Occam irrefragabiliis*, *cujus ingenium vetera omnia ingenia subvertit*, &c. Baconthroe, Dr. Resolutus, and *Corculum Theologia*, Thomas himself, Doctor Seraphicus, *cui dictavit Angelus*, &c. What shall become of humanity? *Ars stulta*, what can she plead? What can her followers say for themselves? Much learning, *cere-diminuit-brum*, hath cracked their sconce, and taken such root, that *tribus Anticyris caput insanabile*, hellebore itself can do no good, nor that renowned lanthorn of Epictetus, by which if any man studied, he should be as wise as he was. But all will not serve; rhetoricians, *in ostentationem loquacitatis multa agitant*, out of their volubility of tongue, will talk much to no purpose, orators can persuade other men what they will, *quo volunt, unde volunt*, move, pacify, &c., but cannot settle their own brains, what saith Tully? *Malo indesertam prudentiam, quam loquacem stultitiam*; and as Seneca seconds him, a wise man's oration should not be polite or solicitous. Fabius esteems no better of most of them, either in speech, action, gesture, than as men beside themselves, *insanos declamatores*; so doth Gregory, *Non mihi sapit qui sermone, sed qui factis sapit*. Make the best of him, a good orator is a turncoat, an evil man, *bonus orator pessimus vir*, his tongue is set to sale, he is a mere voice, as he said of a nightingale, *dat sine mente sonum*, an hyperbolical liar, a flatterer, a parasite and as Ammianus Marcellinus will, a corrupting cozenor, one that doth more mischief by his fair speeches, than he that bribes by money; for a man may with more facility avoid him that circumvents by money, than him that deceives with glozing terms; which made Socrates so much abhor and explode them. Fracastorius, a famous poet, freely grants all poets to be mad; so doth Scaliger; and who doth not? *Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit* (He's mad or making verses), Hor. Sat. vii. 1. 2. *Insanire lubet, i.e. versus componere*. Virg. 3 Ecl.; So Servius interprets it, all poets are mad, a company of bitter satirists, detractors, or else parasitical applauders: and what is poetry itself but as Austin holds, *Vinum erroris ab ebriis doctoribus propinatum*? You may give that censure of them in general, which Sir Thomas More once did of Germanus Brixius' poems in particular.

--- "vehuntur

In rate stultitiæ, sylvam habitant Furiæ."

("They are borne in the bark of folly, and dwell in the grove of madness")

Budæus, in an epistle of his to Lupsetus, will have civil law to be the tower of wisdom; another honours physic, the quintessence of nature; a third tumbles them both down, and sets up the flag of his own peculiar science. Your supercilious critics, grammatical triflers, note-makers, curious antiquaries, find out all the ruins of wit, *ineptiarum delicias*, amongst the rubbish of old writers; *Pro stultis habent nisi aliquid sufficient invenire, quod in aliorum scriptis vertant vitio*, all fools with them that cannot find fault; they correct others, and are hot in a cold cause, puzzle themselves to find out how many streets in Rome, houses, gates, towers, Homer's country, Æneas's mother, Niobe's daughters, *an Sappho publica fuerit? ovum prius extiterit an gallina!* &c. *et alia quæ dediscenda essent scire, si scires*, as Seneca holds. What clothes the

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senators did wear in Rome, what shoes, how they sat, where they went to the closetool, how many dishes in a mess, what sauce, which for the present for an historian to relate, according to Lodovic. Vives, is very ridiculous, is to them most precious elaborate stuff, they admired for it, and as proud, as triumphant in the meantime for this discovery, as if they had won a city, or conquered a province; as rich as if they had found a mine of gold ore. *Quosvis auctores absurdis commentis suis percacant et stercorant*, one saith, they bewray and daub a company of books and good authors, with their absurd comments, *correctorum sterquilinia* Scaliger calls them, and show their wit in censuring others, a company of foolish note-makers, humble-bees, dors, or beetles, *inter stercora ut plurimum versantur*, they rake over all those rubbish and dunghills, and prefer a manuscript many times before the Gospel itself; *thesaurum criticum*, before any treasure, and with their *deleatur*, *alii legunt sic, meus codex sic habet*, with their *postremæ editiones*, annotations, castigations, &c., make books dear, themselves ridiculous, and do nobody good, yet if any man dare oppose or contradict, they are mad, up in arms on a sudden, how many sheets are written in defence, how bitter invective; what apologies? *Epiphillides hæ sunt ut meræ nugæ*. But I dare say no more of, for, with, or against them, because I am liable to their lash as well as others. Of these and the rest of our artists and philosophers, I will generally conclude they are a kind of madmen, as Seneca esteems of them, to make doubts and scruples, how to read them truly, to mend old authors, but will not mend their own lives, or teach us *ingenia sanare, memoriam officiorum ingerere, ac fidem in rebus humanis retinere*, to keep our wits in order, or rectify our manners. *Numquid tibi clemens videtur, si istus operam impenderit?* Is not he mad that draws lines with Archimedes, whilst his house is ransacked, and his city besieged, when the whole world is in combustion, or we whilst our souls are in danger, (*mors sequitur, vita fugit*) to spend our time in toys, idle questions, and things of no worth?

That lovers are mad, I think no man will deny, *Amare simul et sapetur ispi Jovi non datur*; Jupiter himself cannot intend both at once.

"Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur
Majestas et amor."

("Majesty and Love do not agree well, nor dwell together.")

Tully, when he was invited to a second marriage, replied, he could not *simul amare et sapere*, be wise and love both together. *Est orcus ille, vis est immedicabilis, et rabies insana*, love is madness, a hell, an incurable disease; *impotentem et insanam libidinem* Seneca calls it, an impotent and raging lust. I shall dilate this subject apart; in the meantime let lovers sigh out the rest.

Nevisanus the lawyer holds it for an axiom, "most women are fools," *consilium fæminis invalidum*; Seneca, men, be they young or old; who doubts it, youth is mad as Elius in Tully, *Stulti adolescentuli*, old age little better, *deliri senes*, &c. Theophrastus, in the 107th year of his age, said he then began to be wise, *tum sapere cæpit*, and therefore lamented his departure. If wisdom come so late, where shall we find a wise man? Our old ones doat at threescore-and-ten. I would cite more proofs,

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and a better author, but for the present, let one fool point at another. Nevisanus hath as hard an opinion of rich men, "wealth and wisdom cannot dwell together," *stultitiam patiuntur opes*, and they do commonly *infatuare cor hominis*, besot men; and as we see it, "fools have fortune:" *Sapientia non invenitur in terra suaviter viventium*. For beside a natural contempt of learning, which accompanies such kind of men, innate idleness (for they will take no pains), and which Aristotle observes, *ubi mens plurima, ibi minima fortuna, ubi plurima fortuna, ibi mens perexigua*, great wealth and little wit go commonly together: they have as much brains some of them in their heads as in their heels; besides this inbred neglect of liberal sciences, and all arts, which should *excolere mentem*, polish the mind, they have most part some gullish humour or other, by which they are led; one is an Epicure, an Atheist, a second a gamester, a third a whore-master (fit subjects all for a satirist to work upon);

"Hic nuptarum insanit amoribus, hic puerorum."

One burns to madness for the wedded dame;
Unnatural lusts anothers heart inflame.

One is mad of hawking, hunting, cocking; another of carousing, horse-riding, spending; a fourth of building, fighting, &c., *Insanit veteres statuam Damasippus emendo*, Damasippus hath an humour of his own, to be talked of: Heliodorus the Carthaginian, another. In a word, as Scaliger concludes of them all, they are *Statuae erectae stultitiae*, the very statues or pillars of folly. Choose out of all stories him that hath been most admired, you shall still find, *multa ad laudem, multa ad vituperationem magnifica*, as Berosus of Semiramis; *omnes mortales militia triumphis divitiis, &c., tum et luxu, caede, caeterisque vitiis antecessit*, as she had some good, so had she many bad parts.

Alexander, a worthy man, but furious in his anger, overtaken in drink: Cæsar and Scipio valiant and wise, but vain-glorious, ambitious: Vespasian a worthy prince, but covetous: Hannibal, as he had mighty virtues, so had he many vices; *unam virtutem mille vitia comitantur*, as Machiavel of Cosmo de Medici, he had two distinct persons in him. I will determine of them all, they are like these double or turning pictures; stand before which you see a fair maid, on the one side an ape, on the other an owl; look upon them at the first sight, all is well, but further examine, you shall find them wise on the one side, and fools on the other; in some few things praiseworthy, in the rest incomparably faulty. I will say nothing of their diseases, emulations, discontents, wants, and such miseries: let poverty plead the rest in Aristophanes' Plutus.

Covetous men, amongst others, are most mad. They have all the symptoms of melancholy, fear, sadness, suspicion, &c., as shall be proved in its proper place.

"Danda est hellebori multo pars maxima avaris."

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Misers make Anticyra their own;
Its hellebore reserv'd for them alone.

And yet methinks prodigals are much madder than they, be of what condition they will, that bear a public or private purse; as Dutch writer censured Richard the rich duke of Cornwall, suing to be emperor, for his profuse spending, *qui effudet pecuniam ante pedes principum Electorum sicut aquam*, that scattered money like water; I do censure them, *Stulta Anglia* (saith he) *quæ tot denariis sponte est privata, stulti principes Alemanniæ, qui nobiles jus suum pro pecunia vendiderunt*; spendthrifts, bribers, and bribetakers are fools, and so are all they that cannot keep, disburse, or spend their moneys well.

I might say the like of angry, peevish, envious, ambitious; *Anticyræ melior sorbere meracas*; Epicures, Atheists, Schismatics, Heretics; *hi omnes habent imaginationem læsam* (saith Nymannus) "and their madness shall be evident." 2 Tim. iii. 9. Fabatus, an Italian, holds seafaring men all mad; "the ship is mad, for it never stands still; the mariners are mad, to expose themselves to such imminent dangers: the waters are raging mad, in perpetual motion: the winds are as mad as the rest, they know not whence they come, whither they would go: and those men are maddest of all that go to sea; for one fool at home, they find forty abroad." He was a madman that said it, and thou peradventure as mad to read it. Fœlix Platerus is of opinion all alchemists are mad, out of their wits; Atheneus saith as much of fiddlers, *et musarum lusciniæ*, Musicians, *omnia tibicines insaniunt; ubi semel efflant, avolat illico mens*, in comes music at one ear, out goes wit at another. Proud and vain-glorious persons are certainly mad; and so are lascivious; I can feel their pulses beat hither; horn-mad some of them, to let others lie with their wives, and wink at it.

To insist in all particulars, were an Herculean task, to reckon up *insanas substructiones, insanos labores, insanum luxum*, mad labours, mad books, endeavours, carriages, gross ignorance, ridiculous actions, absurd gestures; *insanum gulam, insaniam villarum, insana jurgia*, as Tullyterins them, madness of villages, stupend structures; as those Ægyptian Pyramids, Labyrinths and Sphinxes, which a company of crowned asses, *ad ostentationem opum*, vainly built, when neither the architect nor king that made them, or to what use and purpose, are yet known: to insist in their hypocrisy, inconstancy, blindness, rashness, *dementam temeritatem*, fraud, cozenage, malice, anger, impudence, ingratitude, ambition, gross superstition, *tempora infecta et adulatione sordida*, as in Tiberius' times, such base flattery, stupend, parasitic fawning and colloquing, &c., brawls, conflicts, desires, contentions, it would ask an expert Vesalius to anatomize every member.

Shall I say? Jupiter himself, Apollo, Mars, &c., doated; and monster-conquering Hercules that subdued the world, and helped others, could not relieve himself in this, but mad he was at last. And where shall a man walk, converse with whom, in what province, city, and not meet with Signiur Deliro, or Hercules Furens, Mænades, and Corybantes? Their speeches say no less. *E fungis nati homines*, or else they fetched their pedigree from those that were struck by Samson with the jaw-bone of an ass. Or from Deucalion and Pyrrha's stones, for *durum genus sumus, marmorei sumus*, we are stony-hearted, and savour too much of the stock, as if they had all heard that enchanted horn of Astolpho, that English duke in Ariosto, which never

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sounded but all his auditors were mad, and for fear ready to make away with themselves; or landed in the mad haven in the Euxine sea of *Daphnis insana*, which had a secret quality to dementate; they are a company of giddyheads, afternoon men, it is Midsummer moon still, and the dog-days last all the year long, they are all mad. Whom shall I then except? Ulricus Huttenus *Nemo, nam nemo omnibus horis sapit, Nemo nascitur sine vitiis, Crimine Nemo caret, Nemo sorte sua vivit contentus, Nemo in amore sapit, Nemo bonus, Nemo sapiens, Nemo est ex omne parte insanus, &c.* (No one is wise at all hours -- no one one born without faults -- no one free from crime -- no one content with his lot -- no one in love wise -- no good, or wise man perfectly happy) and therefore: Nicholas Nemo, or Monsieur No-body, shall go free, *Quid valeat nemo, Nemo referre potest?* But whom shall I except in the second place? such as are silent, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*; no better way to avoid folly and madness, than by taciturnity. Whom in a third? all senators, magistrates; for all fortunate men are wise, and conquerors valiant, and so are all great men, *non est bonum ludere cum diis*, they are wise by authority, good by their office and place, *his licet impune pessimos esse* (some say) we must not speak of them, neither is it fit; *per me sint omnia protinus alba*, I will not think amiss of them. Whom next? Stoics? Sapiens Stoicus, and he alone is subject to no perturbations, as Plutarch scoffs at him, "he is not vexed with torments, or burnt with fire, foiled by his adversary, sold of his enemy: though he be wrinkled, sand-blind, toothless, and deformed; yet he is most beautiful, and like a god, a king in conceit, though not worth a groat." "He never doats, never mad, never sad, drunk, because virtue cannot be taken away," as Zeno holds, "by reason of strong apprehension," but he was mad to say so. *Anticyræ cælo huic est opus aut dolabra*, he had need to be bored, and so had all his fellows, as wise as they would seem to be. Chrysippus himself liberally grants them to be fools as well as others, at certain times, upon some occasions, *amitti virtutem ait per ebrietatem, aut atrabilarium morbum*, it may be lost by drunkenness or melancholy, he may be sometimes crazed as well as the rest: *ad summum sapiens nisi quum pituita molesta*. I should here except some Cynics, Menippus, Diogenes, that Theban Crates; or to descend to these times, that omniscious, only wise fraternity of the Rosicrucians, those great theologues, politicians, philosophers, physicians, philologers, artists, &c. of whom S. Bridget, Albas Joacchimus, Leicenbergius, and such divine spirits have prophesied, and made promise to the world, if at least there be any such (Hen. Neuhausius makes a doubt of it, Valentinus Ancireas and others) or an Elias artifex their Theophrastian master; whom though Libavius and many deride and carp at, yet some will have to be "the renewer of all arts and sciences," reformer of the world, and now living, for so Johannes Montanus Strigoniensis, that great patron of Paracelsus, contends, and certainly avers "a most divine man," and the quintessence of wisdom wheresoever he is; for he, his fraternity, friends, &c. are all "betrothed to wisdom," if we may believe their disciples and followers. I must needs except Lipsius and the Pope, and expunge their name out of the catalogue of fools. For besides that parasitical testimony of Dousa,

"A Sole exoriente Mæotidas usque paludes,
Nemo est qui justo se æquiparare queat."

"From the rising sun to the Mæotid Lake, there was not one that could fairly be put in comparison with them."

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Lipsius saith of himself, that he was *humani generis quidem pedagogus voce et stylo*, a grand signior, a master, a tutor of us all, and for thirteen years he brags how he sowed wisdom in the Low Countries, as Ammonius the philosopher sometimes did in Alexandria, *cum humanitate literas et sapientiam cum prudentia: antistes sapientiae*, he shall be *Sapientum Octavus*. The Pope is more than a man, as his parats often make him, a demi-god, and besides his holiness cannot err, *in Cathedra* belike: and yet some of them have been magicians, Heretics, Atheists, children, and as Platina saith of John 22. *Etsi vir literatus, multa stoliditatem et lævitatem præ se ferentia egit, stolidi et socordis vir ingenii*, a scholar sufficient, yet many things he did foolishly, lightly. I can say no more than in particular, but in general terms to the rest, they are all mad, their wits are evaporated, and as Ariosto feigns l. 34. kept in jars above the moon.

"Some lose their wits with love, some with ambition,
Some following Lords and men of high condition.
Some in fair jewels rich and costly set,
Others in Poetry their wits forget,
Another thinks to be an Alchemist,
Till all be spent, and that his number's mist."

Convicted fools they are, madmen upon record; and I am afraid past cure many of them, *crepunt inguina*, the symptoms are manifest, they are all of Gotam parish:

"Quum furor haud dubius, quum sit manifesta phrenesis,"
(Since madness is indisputable, since frenzy is obvious.)

what remains then but to send for Lorarios, those officers to carry them all together for company to Bedlam, and set Rabelais to be their physician.

If any man shall ask in the meantime, who I am that so boldly censure others, *tu nullane habes vitia?* have I no faults? Yes, more than thou hast, whatsoever thou art. *Nos numerus sumus*, I confess it again, I am as foolish, as mad as any one.

"Insanus vobis video; non deprecor ipse,
Quo minus insanus," --

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I do not deny it, *demens do populo dematur*. My comfort is, I have more fellows, and those of excellent note. And though I be not so right or so discreet as I should be, yet not so mad, so bad neither, as thou perhaps takest me to be.

To conclude, this being granted, that all the world is melancholy, or mad, doats, and every member of it, I have ended my task, and sufficiently illustrated that which I took upon me to demonstrate at first. At this present I have no more to say; *His sanam mentem Democritus*, I can but wish myself and them a good physician, and all of us a better mind.

And although for the abovenamed reasons, I had a just cause to undertake this subject, to point at these particular species of dotage, that so men might acknowledge their imperfections, and seek to reform what is amiss; yet I have a mere serious intent at this time; and to omit all impertinent digressions, to say no more of such as are improperly melancholy, or metaphorically mad, lightly mad, or in disposition, as stupid, angry, drunken, silly, sottish, sullen, proud, vain-glorious, ridiculous, beastly, peevish, obstinate, impudent, extravagant, dry, doting, dull, desperate, harebrain, &c., mad, frantic, foolish, heteroclites, which no new hospital can hold, no physic help; my purpose and endeavour is, in the following discourse to anatomize this humour of melancholy, through all its parts and species, as it is an habit, or an ordinary disease, and that philosophically, medicinally, to show the causes, symptoms, and several cures of it, that it may be the better avoided. Moved thereunto for the generality of it, and to do good, it being a disease so frequent, as Mercurialis observes, "in these our days; so often happening," saith Laurentius; "in our miserable times," as few there are that feel not the smart of it. Of the same mind is Ælian Montalius, Melancthon, and others; Julius Caesar Claudinus calls it the "fountain of all other diseases, and so common in this crazed age of ours, that scarce one in a thousand is free from it, and that splenetic hypochondriacal wind especially, which proceeds from the spleen and short ribs. Being then a disease so grievous, so common, I know not wherein to do a more general service, and spend my time better, than to prescribe means how to prevent and cure so universal a malady, an epidemical disease, that so often, so much crucifies the body and mind.

If I have overshot myself in this which hath been hitherto said, or that it is, which I am sure some will object, too fantastical, "too light and comical for a Divine, too satirical for one of my profession;" I will presume to answer with Erasmus, in like case, 'tis not I, but Democritus, Democritus *dixit*: you must consider what it is to speak in one's own or another's person, an assumed habit and name; a difference betwixt him that affects or acts a prince's, a philosopher's, a magistrate's, a fool's part, and him that is so indeed; and what liberty those old satirists have had; it is a cento collected from others; not I, but they that say it.

"Dixero si quid forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis."--

Yet some indulgence I may justly claim,
If too familiar with another's fame.

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Take heed, you mistake me not. If I do a little forget myself, I hope you will pardon it. And to say truth, why should any man be offended, or take exceptions at it?

"Licuit, semperque licebit,
Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis."

It lawful was of old, and still will be,
To speak of vice, but let the name go free.

I hate their vices, not their persons. If any be displeased, or take aught unto himself, let him not expostulate or cavil with him that said it (so did Erasmus excuse himself to Dorpius, *si parva licet componere magnis*) and so do I; "but let him be angry with himself that so betrayed and opened his own faults in applying it to himself." if he be guilty and deserve it, let him amend, whoever he is and not be angry. "he that hateth correction is a fool," Prov. xii. 1. If he be not guilty, it concerns him not; it is not my freeness of speech, but a guilty conscience, a galled back of his own that makes him wince.

"Suspicionem si quis errabit suo,
Et rapiet ad se, quod erit commune omnium,
Stulte nudabit animi conscientiam."

("If any one shall err through his own suspicion, and shall apply to himself what is common to all, he will foolishly betray a consciousness of guilt")

I deny not this which I have said savours a little of Democritus; *Quamvis ridentem dicere verum quid vetat*; one may speak in jest, and yet speak truth. It is somewhat tart, I grant it; *acriora orexim excitant embammata*, as he said, sharp sauces increase appetite, *nec cibus ipse juvat morsu frandatus aceti*. Object then and cavil what thou wilt, I ward all with Democritus's buckler, his medicine shall salve it; strike where thou wilt, and when: *Democritus dixit*, Democritus will answer it. It was written by an idle fellow, at idle times, about our Saturnalian or Dionysian feasts, when as he said, *nullum libertati periculum est*, servants in old Rome had liberty to say and do what them list. When our countrymen sacrificed to their goddess Vacuna, and sat tippling by their Vacunal fires, I writ this, and published this οὐτις ελεγεν [oytis elegen], it is *neminis nihil*. The time, places persons, and all circumstances apologise for me, and why may I not then be idle with others? speak my mind freely? If you deny me this liberty, upon these presumptions I will take it: I say again, I will take it.

"Si quis est qui dictum in se inclementius
Existimavit esse, sic existimet."

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If any man take exceptions, let him turn the buckle of his girdle, I care not. I owe thee nothing (Reader), I look for no favour at thy hands, I am independent, I fear not.

No, I recant, I will not, I care, I fear, I confess my fault, acknowledge a great offence,

"--- motos praestat componere fluctus."

(--- let's first assuage the troubled waves.)

I have overshot myself; I have spoken foolishly, rashly, unadvisedly, absurdly, I have anatomized mine own folly. And now methinks upon a sudden I am awaked as it were out of a dream; I have had a raving fit, a fantastical fit, ranged up and down, in and out, I have insulted over the most kind of men, abused some, offended others, wronged myself; and now being recovered, and perceiving mine error, cry with Orlando, *Solvite me*, pardon (*o boni*) that which is past, and I will make you amends in that which is to come; I promise you a more sober discourse in my following treatise.

If through weakness, folly, passion, discontent, ignorance, I have said amiss, let it be forgotten and forgiven. I acknowledge that oft Tacitus to be true, *Asperæ facetiæ ubi nimis ex vero traxere, acrem sui memoriam relinquunt*, a bitter jest leaves a sting behind it: and as an honourable man observes, "They fear a satirist's wit, he their memories." I may justly suspect the worst; and though I hope I have wronged no man, yet in Medea's words I will crave pardon.

--- Illud jam voce extrema peto,
Ne si qua noster dubius effudit dolor,
Maneant in animo verba, sed melior tibi
Memoria nostri subeat, hac irae data
Obliterentur --- "

And in my last words this I do desire,
That what in passion I have said, or ire,
May be forgotten, and a better mind
Be had of us, hereafter as you find.

I earnestly request every private man, as Scaliger did Cardan not to take offence. I will conclude in his lines, *Si me cognitum haberes, non solum donares nobis has facetias nostras, sed etiam indignum duceres, tam humanum animum, lene ingenium, vel minimam suspicionem deprecari oportere*. If thou knewest my modesty and simplicity, thou wouldst easily pardon and forgive what is here amiss, or by thee misconceived. If hereafter anatomizing this surly humour, my hand slip, as an unskilful prentice I lance too deep, and cut through skin and all at unawares, make it smart, or cut awry, pardon a rude hand, an unskilful knife, 'tis a most difficult thing to

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keep an even tone, a perpetual tenor, and not sometimes to lash out; *difficile est Satyram non scribere*, there be so many objects to divert, inward perturbations to molest, and the very best may sometimes err; *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus* (sometimes that excellent Homer takes a nap), it is impossible not in so much to overshoot; -- *opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum*. But what needs all this? I hope there will no such cause of offence be given; if there be, "*Nemo aliquid recognoscit, nos mentimur omnia*" ("Let not anyone take all these to himself, they are all fictions"). I'll deny all (my last refuge), recant all, renounce all I have said, if any man except, and with as much facility excuse, as he can accuse; but I presume of thy good favour, and gracious acceptance (gentle reader). Out of an assured hope and confidence thereof, I will begin.

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TO THE READER AT LEISURE

WHOEVER you may be, I caution you against rashly defaming the author of this work, or cavilling in jest against him. Nay, do not silently reproach him in consequence of others' censure, nor employ your wit in foolish disapproval, or false accusation. For, should Democritus Junior prove to be what he professes, even a kinsman of his older namesake, or be ever so little of the same kidney, it is all over with you: he will become both accuser and judge of you in your spleen, will dissipate you in jests, pulverise you into salt, and sacrifice you, I can promise you, to the god of Mirth.

I further advise you, not to asperse, or calumniate, or slander, Democritus Junior, who possibly does not think ill of you, lest you may hear from some discreet friend, the same remark the people of Abdera did from Hippocrates, of their meritorious and popular fellow-citizen, whom they had looked on as a madman; "It is not that you, Democritus, that art wise, but that the people of Abdera are fools and madmen? "You have yourself an Abderitian soul;" and having just given you, gentle reader, these few words of admonition, farewell.

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PROEM

HERACLITE fleas, misero sic convenit sævo,
Nil nisi turpe vides, nil nisi triste vides.
Ride etiam, quantumque lubet, Democrite ride,
Non nisi vana vides, non nisi stulta vides.
Is fletu, hic risu modo gaudeat, unus utrique
Sit licet usque labor, sit licet usque dolor.
Nunc opus est (nam totus eheu jam desipit orbis)
Mille Heraclitis, milleque Democritis.
Nunc opus est (tanta est insania) transeat omnis
Mundus in Anticyras, gramen in Helleborum.

Weep, O Heraclitus, it suits the age,
Unless you see nothing base, nothing sad.
Laugh, O Democritus, as much as you please,
Unless you see nothing either vain or foolish.
Let one rejoice in smiles, the other in tears;
Let the same labour or pain be the office of both.
Now (for alas! how foolish the world has become),
A thousand Heraclitus', a thousand Democritus' are required,
Now (so much does madness prevail), all the world must be
Sent to Anticyra, to graze on Hellebore.

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THE SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST PARTITION

In diseases consider Sect. I Memb. I

- * Their Causes Subs. I

- * Impulsive;

- * Sin, Concupiscence, &c

- * Instrumental;

- * Intemperance, all second causes, &c.

- * Definition, Member, Division. Subs. 2

- * Of the body 300, which are

- * Epidemical, as Plague, Plica, &c.

- * Particular, as gout, dropsy, etc.

- * Of the head or mind. Subs. 3

- * In disposition; as all perturbations, evil affection, &c

- * Habits, as Subs. 4

- * Dotage

- * Frenzy

- * Madness

- * Ecstasy

- * Lycanthropia

- * Choreus sancti Viti

- * Hydrophobia

- * Possession or obsession of devils

- * Melancholy. See W

W: Melancholy: in which consider

- * Its Equivocations, in Disposition, Improper, &c. Subsect. 5

- * Memb. 2. To its explication, a digression of anatomy, in which observe parts of

- Subs. 1

- * Body hath parts Subs. 2

- * contained, as

- * Humours, 4. Blood, phlegm, &c.

- * Spirits; vital, natural, animal.

- * containing

- * Similar; spermatical, or flesh, bones, nerves, &c. Subs. 3

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- * Dissimilar; brain, heart, liver, &c. Subs. 4
 - * Soul and its faculties, as
 - * Vegetal. Subs. 5
 - * Sensible. Subs. 6, 7, 8
 - * Rational. Subs. 9, 10, 11
 - * Memb 3.
 - * Its definition, name, difference, Subs. 1
 - * The part and parties affected, affectation, &c. Subs. 2
 - * The matter of melancholy, natural, unnatural, &c. Subs. 3
 - * Species, or kinds, Subs. 4, which are
 - * Proper to parts, as
 - * Of the head alone, Hypochondriacal, or windy melancholy.
 - * Of the whole body;
 - * with their several causes, symptoms, prognostics,
 - * Indefinite, as love-melancholy, the subject of the third Partition.
 - * Its Causes in general. Sect 2. A.
 - * Its Symptoms or signs Sect. 3 B.
 - * Its Prognostics or indications Sect 4. C
 - * Its Cures; the subject of the second Partition
- A: Sect. 2 Causes of melancholy are either
- * General, as Memb. 1
 - * Supernatural
 - * As from God immediately, or by second causes. Subs. 1
 - * Or from the devil immediately, with a digression on the nature of spirits and devils. Subs. 2
 - * Or mediately, by magicians, witches. Subs. 3
 - * Natural
 - * Primary, as stars, proved by aphorisms, signs from physiognomy, metoposcopy, chiromancy Subs. 4
 - * Secondary, as
 - * Congenite, Inward from
 - * Old age, temperament, Subs. 5
 - * Parents, it being an hereditary disease, Subs. 6
 - * Outward, or adventitious, which are
 - * Evident, outward, remote, adventitious, as
 - * Necessary, see Y
 - * Not Necessary, as Memb. 4 Sect. 2
 - * Nurses, Subs. 1
 - * Education, Subs. 2
 - * Terrors, affrights, Subs. 3

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- * Scoffs, calumnies, bitter jests, Subs. 4
 - * Loss of liberty, servitude, imprisonment, Subs. 5
 - * Poverty and want, Subs. 6
 - * A heap of other accidents, death of friends, loss &c. Subs. 7
 - * Contingent, inward, antecedent, nearest. Memb. 5 Sect. 2
 - * In which the body works on the mind, and this malady is caused by precedent diseases; as agues, pox, &c. or temperature innate, Subs. 1
 - * Or by particular parts distempered, as brain, heart, spleen, liver, mesentery, pylorus, stomach, &c. Subs. 2
 - * Particular to the three species. See X.
- X: Particular Causes. Sect. 2 Memb. 5
- * Of head melancholy are, Subs. 3
 - * Inward
 - * Innate humour, or from distemperature adust.
 - * A hot brain, corrupted blood in the brain.
 - * Excess of venery, or defect.
 - * Agues, or some precedent disease.
 - * Fumes arising from the stomach, &c.
 - * Outward
 - * Heat of the sun immoderate.
 - * A blow on the head.
 - * Overmuch use of hot wines, garlic, onions, hot baths, overmuch walking, &c.
 - * Idleness, solitariness, or overmuch study, vehement labour, &c.
 - * Passions, perturbations, &c.
 - * Of hypochondriacal, or windy melancholy, are Sect. 4
 - * Inward
 - * Default of spleen, belly, bowels, stomach, mesentery, miseraic veins, liver, &c.
 - * Months or hemorrhoids stopped, or any other ordinary evacuation
 - * Outward
 - * Those six non-natural things abused.
 - * Over all the body are, Sect. 5
 - * Inward
 - * Liver distempered, over-hot, apt to engender melancholy, temperature innate.
 - * Outward
 - * Bad diet, suppression of hemorrhoids, &c., and such evacuations, passions, cares, &c., those six non-natural things abused.

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Y: Necessary causes, as those six non-natural things, which are Sect. 2

Memb. 2

- * Diet offending in
 - * Substance Subs. 1
 - * Bread; coarse and black, &c.
 - * Drink; thick, thin, sour, &c.
 - * Water unclean, milk, oil, vinegar, wine, spices, &c.
 - * Flesh
 - * Parts; heads, feet, entrails, fat, bacon, blood, &c.
 - * Kinds
 - * Beef, pork, venison, hares, goats, pigeons, peacocks, fen-fowl, &c.
 - * Herbs, Fish, &c.
 - * Of fish; all shell-fish, hard and slimy fish, &c.
 - * Of herbs; pulse, cabbage, melons, garlick, onions, &c.
 - * All roots, raw fruits, hard and windy meats.
- * Quality, as in
 - * Preparing, dressing, sharp sauces, salt meats, indurate, soused, fried, broiled or made dishes, &c.
- * Quantity
 - * Disorder in eating, immoderate eating, or at unseasonable times, &c. Subs. 2
 - * Custom; delight, appetite, altered, &c. Subs. 3
- * Retention and evacuation, Subs. 4
 - * Costiveness, hot baths, sweating, issues stopped, Venus in excess, or in defect, phlebotomy, purging, &c.
- * Air, hot, cold, tempestuous, dark, thick, foggy, moorish, &c Subs. 5
- * Exercise, Subs. 6
 - * Unseasonable, excessive, or defective, of body or mind, solitariness, idleness, a life out of action, &c.
- * Sleep and waking, unseasonable, inordinate, overmuch, overlittle, &c. Subs. 7
- * Memb. 3 Sect 2.
 - * Passions and perturbations of the mind. Subs. 1.
With a digression of the force of the imagination, Subs. 2,
And division of the passions into, Subs. 3
 - * Irascible
 - * Sorrow, cause and symptom, Subs. 4
 - * Fear, cause and symptom, Subs. 5
 - * Shame, repulse, disgrace, &c. Subs. 6
 - * Envy and malice, Subs. 7
 - * Emulation, hatred, faction, desire of revenge, Subs. 8
 - * Anger a cause, Subs. 9

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- * Discontents, cares, miseries, &c. Subs. 10
- * Concupiscible
 - * Vehement desire, ambition, Subs. 11
 - * Covetousness, φιλαργυριαν [philargyrian], Subs. 12
 - * Love of pleasures, gaming in excess, &c. Subs. 13
 - * Desire of praise, pride, vainglory, &c. Subs. 14
 - * Love of learning, study in excess, with a digression on the misery of scholars, and why the muses are melancholy, Subs. 15
- B. Symptoms of melancholy are either Sect. 3
 - * General, as of Memb. 1
 - * Body, as ill digestion, crudity, wind, dry brains, hard belly, thick blood, much waking, heaviness and palpitation of heart, leaping to many places, &c., Subs. 1
 - * Mind
 - * Common to all or most
 - * Fear and sorrow without a just cause, suspicion, jealousy, discontent, solitariness, irksomeness, continual cogitation, restless thoughts, vain imaginations, &c. Subs. 2
 - * Particular to private persons, according to Subs. 3, 4
 - * Celestial influences, as Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, &c., parts of the body, heart, brain, liver, spleen, stomach, &c.
 - * Humours
 - * Sanguine are merry still laughing, pleasant, meditating on plays, women, music, &c.
 - * Phlegmatic, slothful, dull, heavy, &c.
 - * Choleric, furious, impatient, subject to see and hear strange apparitions, &c.
 - * Black, solitary, sad; they think they are bewitched, dead,
 - * Or mixed of these four humours adust, or not adust, infinitely varied, &c.
 - * Their several customs, conditions, inclinations, discipline,
 - * Ambitious, thinks himself a king, a lord
 - * Covetous, runs on his money.
 - * Lascivious, on his mistress
 - * Religious, hath revelations, visions, is a prophet, or troubled in mind
 - * A scholar, on his book, &c.
 - * Continuance in time as the humour is intended or remitted,
 - * Pleasant at first, hardly discerned; afterwards harsh and intolerable, if inveterate.
 - * Hence some make three degrees
 - * 1. *Falsa Cogitato*
 - * 2. *Cogitata loqui*

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* 3. *Exequi loquutum*

* By fits, or continue, as the object varies, pleasing or displeasing

* Simple, as it is mixed with other diseases, apoplexies, gout, *caninus appetitus*, &c. so the symptoms are various.

Z: Particular symptoms to the three distinct species Sect. 3 Memb. 2

* Head melancholy Subs. 1

* In body

* Headache, binding and heaviness, vertigo, lightness, ringing of the ears, much waking, fixed eyes, high colour, red eyes, hard belly, dry body; no great sign of melancholy in the other parts.

* In mind

* Continual fear, sorrow, suspicion, discontent, superfluous cares, solicitude, anxiety, perpetual cogitation of such toys, they are possessed with, thoughts like dreams, &c.

* Hypochondriacal, or windy melancholy, Subs. 2

* In body

* Wind, rumbling in the guts, belly-ache, heat in the bowels, convulsions, crudities, short wind, sour and sharp belchings, cold sweat, pain in the left side, suffocation, palpitation, heaviness of the heart, ringing in the ears, much spittle, and moist, &c.

* In mind

* Fearful, sad, suspicious, discontent, anxiety, &c., Lascivious by reason of much wind, troublesome dreams, affected by fits, &c.

* Over all the body Subs. 3

* In body

* Black, most parts lean, broad veins, gross, thick blood, their hemorrhoids commonly stopped, &c.

* In mind

* Fearful, sad, solitary, hate light, averse from company, fearful dreams, &c.

* Symptoms of nuns', maids' and widows' melancholy, in body and mind,

* A reason of these symptoms Memb. 3

* Why they are so fearful, sad, suspicious without a cause, why solitary, why melancholy men are witty, why they suppose they hear and see strange voices, visions, apparitions.

* Why they prophesy, and speak strange languages, whence comes their crudity, rambling, convulsion, cold sweat, heaviness of heart, palpitation, cardiaca, fearful dreams, much waking, prodigious fantasies

C. Prognostics of melancholy Sect. 4

* Tending to good, as

* Morpew, scabs, itch, breaking out, &c.

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- * Black jaundice
- * If the hemorrhoids voluntarily open
- * If varices appear
- * Tending to evil, as
 - * Leanness, dryness, hollow-eyed, &c.
 - * Inveterate melancholy is incurable
 - * If cold, it degenerates often into epilepsy, apoplexy, dotage, or into blindness.
 - * If hot, into madness, despair and violent death.
- * Corollaries and questions.
 - * The grievousness of this above all other diseases
 - * The diseases of the mind are more grievous than those of the body
 - * Whether it be lawful, in this case of melancholy, for a man to offer violence to himself. *Neg.*
 - * How a melancholy or mad man offering violence to himself, is to be censured

THE FIRST PARTITION.

THE FIRST SECTION, MEMBER, SUBSECTION.

Man's Excellency, Fall, Miseries, Infirmities; The causes of them.

Man's Excellency.] MAN, the most excellent and noble creature of the world, "the principal and mighty work of God, wonder of nature," as Zoroaster calls him; *audacis naturæ miraculum*, "the marvel of marvels," as Plato; the "abridgment and epitome of the world," as Pliny; Microcosmus, a little world, a model of the world, sovereign lord of the earth, viceroy of the world, sole commander and governor of all the creatures in it; to whose empire they are subject in particular, and yield obedience; far surpassing all the rest, not in body only, but in soul; *Imaginis Imago*, created to God's own image, to that immortal and incorporeal substance, with all the faculties and powers belonging unto it; was at first pure, divine, perfect, happy, "created after God in true holiness and righteousness;" *Deo congruens*, free from all manner of infirmities, and put in Paradise to know God, to praise and glorify him, to do his will, *Ut diis consimiles parturiant deos* (as an old poet saith) to propagate the church.

Man's Fall and Misery.] But this most noble creature, *Heu tristis, et lachrymosa commutatio* (one exclaims) O pitiful change! is fallen from that he was, and forfeited his estate, become *miserabilis homuncio*, a cast-away, a caitiff, one of the most miserable creatures of the world, if he be considered in his own nature, an unregenerate man, and so much obscured by his fall that (some few reliques excepted) he is inferior to a beast, "Man in honour that uunderstandeth not, is like unto beasts that perish," so David esteems him: a monster by stupend metamorphosis, a fox, a dog, a hog, what not? *Quantum mutatus ab illo?* How much altered from that he was; before blessed and happy, now miserable and accursed; "He must eat his meat in sorrow," subject to death and all manner of infirmities, all kind of calamities.

A Description of Melancholy.] "Great travail is created for all men, and an heavy yoke on the sons of Adam, from the day that they go out of their mother's womb, unto that day they return to the mother of all things. Namely, their thoughts, and fear of their hearts, and their imagination of things they wait for, and the day of death. From him that sitteth in the glorious throne, to him that sitteth beneath in the earth and ashes; from him that is clothed in blue silk and weareth a crown, to him that is clothed in simple linen. Wrath, envy, trouble, and unquietness, and fear of death, and rigour, and strife, and such things come to both man and beast, but sevenfold to the ungodly." All this befalls him in this life, and peradventure eternal misery in the life to come.

Impulsive Cause of Man's Misery and Infirmities.] The impulsive cause of these miseries in Man, this privation of destruction of God's image, the cause of death and diseases, of all temporal and eternal punishments, was the sin of our first parent Adam, eating of the forbidden fruit, by the devil's instigation and allurements. His

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disobedience, pride, ambition, intemperance, incredulity, curiosity; from whence proceeded original sin, and that general corruption of mankind, as from a fountain flowed all bad inclinations and actual transgressions which cause our several calamities inflicted upon us for our sins. And this belike is that which our fabulous poets have shadowed unto us in the tale of Pandora's box, which being opened through her curiosity, filled the world full of all manner of diseases. It is not curiosity alone, but those other crying sins of ours, which pull these several plagues and miseries upon our heads. For *Ubi peccatum, ibi procella*, as Chrysostom well observes. "Fools by reason of their transgression, and because of their iniquities, are afflicted. Fear cometh like sudden desolation, and destruction like a whirlwind, affliction and anguish, "because they did not fear God, "Are you shaken with wars?" as Cyprian well urgeth to Demetrius, "are you molested with dearth and famine? is your health crushed with raging diseases? is mankind generally tormented with epidemical maladies? 'tis all for your sins," Hag. i. 9, 10; Amos i.; Jer. vii. God is angry, punisheth and threateneth, because of their obstinacy and stubbornness, they will not turn unto him. "If the earth be barren then for want of rain, if dry and squalid, it yield no fruit, if your fountains be dried up, your wine, corn, and oil blasted, if the air be corrupted, and men troubled with diseases, 'tis by reason of their sins:" which like the blood of Abel cry loud to heaven for vengeance, Lam. v. 15. "That we have sinned, therefore our hearts are heavy," Isa. lix. 11, 12. "We roar like bears, and mourn like doves, and want health, &c. for our sins and trespasses." But this we cannot endure to hear or to take notice of; Jer. ii. 30. "We are smitten in vain and receive no correction;" and cap. v. 3. "Thou hast stricken them, but they have not sorrowed; they have refused to receive correction; they have not returned. Pestilence he hath sent, but they have not turned to him," Amos iv. Herod could not abide John Baptist, nor Domitian endure Apollonius to tell the causes of the plague at Ephesus, his injustice, incest, adultery, and the like.

To punish therefore this blindness and obstinacy of ours as a concomitant cause and principal agent, is God's just judgment in bringing these calamities upon us, to chastise us, I say, for our sins, and to satisfy God's wrath. For the law requires obedience or punishment, as you may read at large, Deut. xxviii. 15. "If they will not obey the Lord, and keep his commandments and ordinances, then all these curses shall come upon them. Cursed in the town and in the field. &c. Cursed in the fruit of the body, &c. The Lord shall send thee trouble and shame, because of thy wickedness." And a little after, "The Lord shall smite thee with the botch of Egypt, and with emrods, and scab, and itch, and thou canst not be healed. With madness, blindness, and astonishing of heart." This Paul seconds, Rom. ii. 9, "Tribulation and anguish on the soul of every man that doth evil." Or else these chastisements are inflicted upon us for our humiliation, to exercise and try our patience here in this life, to bring us home, to make us to know God ourselves, to inform and teach us wisdom. "Therefore is my people gone into captivity, because they had no knowledge; therefore is the wrath of the Lord kindled against his people, and he hath stretched out his hand upon them." He is desirous of our salvation. *Nostræ salutis avidus*, saith Lemnius, and for that cause pulls us by the ear many times, to put us in mind of our duties: "That they which erred might have understanding, (as Isaiah speaks xxix. 24) and so to be reformed. I am afflicted, and at the point of death," so David confesseth of himself; Psalm lxxxviii. v. 15, v. 9. "Mine eyes are sorrowful through mine affliction:" and that made him turn unto God. Great Alexander in the midst of all his prosperity, by a company of parasites deified, and now made a god, when he saw one of his wounds bleed, remembered that he was but a man, and remitted of his pride. *In morbo*

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recolligit se animus, as Pliny well perceived; "In sickness the mind reflects upon itself; with judgment surveys itself; and abhors its former courses;" insomuch that he concludes to his friend Marius, "that it were the period of all philosophy, if we could so continue, sound, or perform but a part of that which we promised to do, being sick." Whoso is wise then, will consider these things, as David did (Psal. cxliv., verse last); and whatsoever fortune befall him, make use of it. If he be in sorrow, need, sickness, or any other adversity, seriously to recount with himself; why this or that malady, misery, this or that incurable disease is inflicted upon him; it may be for his good, *sic expedit*, as Peter said of his daughter's ague. Bodily sickness is for his soul's health, *periisset nisi periisset*, had he not been visited, he had utterly perished; for "the Lord correcteth him whom he loveth, even as a father doth his child in whom he delighteth." If he be safe and sound on the other side, and free from all manner of infirmity; *et cui*

"Gratia, forma, valetudo contingat abunde
Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumena."

"And that he have grace, beauty, favour, health,
A cleanly diet, and abound in wealth."

Yet in the midst of his prosperity, let him remember that caveat of Moses, "Beware that he do not forget the Lord his God;" that he be not puffed up, but acknowledge them to be his good gifts and benefits, and "the more he hath, to be more thankful," (as Agapetianus adviseth) and use them aright.

Instrumental Causes of our Infirmities.] Now the instrumental causes of these our infirmities, are as diverse as the infirmities themselves; stars, heavens, elements, &c. And all those creatures which God hath made, are armed against sinners. They were indeed once good in themselves, and that they are now many of them pernicious unto us, is not in their nature, but our corruption, which hath caused it. For from the fall of our first parent Adam, they have been changed, the earth accursed, the influence of stars altered, the four elements, beasts, birds, plants, are now ready to offend us. "The principal things for the use of man, are water, fire, iron, salt, meal, wheat, honey, milk, oil, wine, clothing, good to the godly, to the sinners turned to evil," Eccclus. xxxix. 26. "Fire, and hail, and famine, and dearth, all these are created for vengeance," Eccclus. xxxix. 29. The heavens threaten us with their comets, stars, planets, with their great conjunctions, eclipses, oppositions, quartiles, and such unfriendly aspects. The air with his meteors, thunder and lightning, intemperate heat and cold, mighty winds, tempests, unseasonable weather; from which proceed dearth, famine, plague, and all sorts of epidemical diseases, consuming infinite myriads of men. At Cairo in Egypt, every third year, (as it is related by Boterus, and others) 300,000 die of the plague; and 200,000, in Constantinople, every fifth or seventh at the utmost. How doth the earth terrify and oppress us with terrible earthquakes, which are most frequent in China, Japan, and those eastern climes, swallowing up sometimes six cities at once? How doth the water rage with his inundations, irruptions, flinging down towns, cities, villages, bridges, &c, besides shipwrecks; whole islands are sometimes suddenly overwhelmed with all their inhabitants in Holland, and many parts of the continent drowned, as the lake Erne in Ireland? *Nihilque præter arcium cadavera patenti cernimus freto*. In the fens of Friesland, 1230, by reason of tempests, the sea drowned *multa hominum millia, et jumenta sine numero*, (and we percieve nothing, except the dead bodies of cities in the open sea) all the country almost, men

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aud cattle in it. How doth the fire rage, that merciless element, consuming in an instant whole cities? What town of any antiquity or note hath not been once, again and again, by the fury of this merciless element, defaced, ruinated, and left desolate? In a word,

"Ignis pepercit, unda mergit, aeris
Vis pestilentis æquori ereptum neeat,
Bello superstes, tabidus morbo perit"

"Whom fire spares, sea doth drown; whom sea,
Pestilent air doth send to clay;
Whom war 'scapes, sickness takes away."

To descend to more particulars, how many creatures are at deadly feud with men? Lions, wolves, bears, &c., Some with hoofs, horns, tusks, teeth, nails: How many noxious serpents and venomous creatures, ready to offend us with stings, breath, sight, or quite kill us? How many pernicious fishes, plants, gums, fruits, seeds, flowers, &c., could I reckon up on a sudden, which by their very smell many of them, touch, taste, cause some grievous malady, if not death itself? Some make mention of a thousand several poisons: but these are but trifles in respect. The greatest enemy to man, is man, who by the devil's instigation is still ready to do mischief; his own executioner, a wolf, a devil to himself, and others. We are all brethren in Christ, or at least should be, members of one body, servants of one Lord, and yet no fiend can so torment, insult over, tyrannize, vex, as one man doth another. Let me not fall therefore (saith David, when wars, plague, famine were offered) into the hands of men, merciless and wicked men:

Vix sunt homines hoc nomine digni,
Quamque lupi, sævæ plus feritatis habent."

We can most part foresee these epidemical diseases, and likely avoid them; Dearths, tempests, plagues, our astrologers foretel us; Earthquakes, inundations, ruins of houses, consuming fires, come by little and little, or make some noise beforehand; but the knaveries, impostures, injuries and villanies of men no art can avoid. We can keep our professed enemies from our cities, by gates, walls, and towers, defend ourselves from thieves and robbers by watchfulness and weapons; but this malice of men, and their pernicious endeavours, no caution can divert, no vigilancy foresee, we have so many secret plots and devices to mischief one another.

Sometimes by the devil's help as magicians, witches: sometimes by impostures, mixtures, poisons, stratagems, single combats, wars, we hack and hew as if we were *ad internecionem nati*, like Cadmus' soldiers born to consume one another. 'Tis an ordinary thing to read of a hundred and two hundred thousand men slain in a battle. Besides all manner of tortures, brazen bulls, racks, wheels, strapadoes, guns, engines, &c. *Ad unum corpus humanum supplicia plura, quam membra*: We have invented more torturing instruments, than there be several members in a man's body, as Cyprian well observes. To come nearer yet, our own parents by their offences, indiscretion and intemperance, are our mortal enemies. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." They cause our grief many times, and

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put upon us hereditary diseases, inevitable infirmities: they torment us, and we are ready to injure our posterity;

-- "mox daturi progeniem vitiosiore."

"And yet with crimes to us unknown,
Our sons shall mark the coming age their own."

and the latter end of the world, as Paul foretold, is still like to be the worst. We are thus bad by nature, bad by kind, but far worse by art, every man the greatest enemy unto himself. We study many times to undo ourselves, abusing those good gifts which God hath bestowed upon us, health, wealth, strength, wit, learning, art, memory to our own destruction, *Perditio tua ex te*. As Judas Maccabeus killed Apollonius with his own weapons, we arm ourselves to our own overthrows; and use reason, art, judgment, all that should help us, as so many instruments to undo us. Hector gave Ajax a sword, which so long as he fought against enemies, served for his help and defence; but after he began to hurt harmless creatures with it, turned to his own hurtless bowels. Those excellent means God hath bestowed on us, well employed, cannot but much avail us; but if otherwise perverted, they ruin and confound us: and so by reason of our indiscretion and weakness they commonly do, we have too many instances. This St. Austin acknowledgeth of himself in his humble confessions, "promptness of wit, memory, eloquence, they were God's good gifts, but he did not use them to his glory." If you will particularly know how, and by what means, consult physicians, and they will tell you, that it is in offending in some of those six non-natural things, of which I shall dilate more at large; they are the causes of our infirmities, our surfeiting, and drunkenness, our immoderate insatiable lust, and prodigious riot. *Plures crapula, quam gladius*, is a true saying, the board consumes more than the sword. Our intemperance it is, that pulls so many several incurable diseases upon our heads, that hastens old age, perverts our temperature, and brings upon us sudden death. And last of all, that which crucifies us most, is our own folly, madness, (*quos Jupiter perdit, dementat*; by subtraction of his assisting grace God permits it) weakness, want of government, our facility and proneness in yielding to several lusts, in giving way to every passion and perturbation of the mind: by which means we metamorphose ourselves and degenerate into beasts. All which that prince of poets observed of Agamemnon, that when he was well pleased, and could moderate his passion, he was -- *os oculosque Jove par*: like Jupiter in feature, Mars in valour. Pallas in wisdom, another god; but when he became angry, he was a lion, a tiger, a dog, &c., there appeared no sign or likeness of Jupiter in him; so we, as long as we are ruled by reason, correct our inordinate appetite, and conform ourselves to God's word, are as so many saints: but if we give reins to lust, anger, ambition, pride, and follow our own way; we degenerate into beasts, transform ourselves, overthrow our constitutions, provoke God to anger, and heap upon us this of melancholy, and all kinds of incurable diseases, as a just and deserved punishment of our sins.

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SUBSECT. II. -- *The Definition, Number, Division of Diseases.*

WHAT a disease is, almost every physician defines. Fernelius calleth it an "Affection of the body contrary to nature." Fuschius and Crato, "an hinderance, hurt, or alteration of any action of the body, or part of it." Tholosanus, "a dissolution of that league which is between body and soul, and perturbation of it; as health the perfection, and makes to the preservation of it." Labeo in Agellius, "an ill habit of the body, opposite to nature hindering the use of, it." Others otherwise, all to this effect.

Number of Diseases.] How many diseases there are, is a question not yet determined; Pliny reckons up 300 from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot: elsewhere he saith, *morborum infinita multitudo*, their number is infinite. Howsoever it was in those times, it boots not; in our days I am sure the number is much augmented:

-- "macies, et nova febrium
Terris incubat cohors."

-- "Emaciation, and a new cohort of fevers
Broods over the earth."

For besides many epidemical diseases unheard of, and altogether unknown to Galen and Hippocrates, as scorbutum, small-pox, plica, sweating sickness, morbus Gallicus, &c., we have many proper and peculiar almost to every part.

No man free from some Disease or other.] No man amongst us so sound, of so good a constitution, that hath not some impediment of body or mind. *Quisque suos patimur manes*, we have all our infirmities, first or last, more or less. There will be peradventure in an age, or one of a thousand, like Zenophilus the musician in Pliny, that may happily live 105 years without any manner of impediment; a Pollio Romulus, that can preserve himself "with wine and oil;" a man as fortunate as Q. Metellus, of whom Valerius so much brags; a man as healthy as Otto Herwardus, a senator of Augsburg in Germany, whom Leovitius the astrologer brings in for an example and instance and certainty in his art; who because he had the significators in his geniture fortunate, and free from the hostile aspects of Saturn and Mars, being a very cold man, "could not remember that ever he was sick." Paracelsus may brag that he could make a man live 400 years or more, if he might bring him up from his infancy, and diet him as he list; and some physicians hold, that there is no certain period of man's life; but it may still by temperance and physic be prolonged. We find in the meantime, by common experience, that no man can escape, but that of Hesiod is true;

"Th'earth's full of maladies, and full the sea,
Which set upon us both by night and day."

Division of Diseases.] If you require a more exact division of these ordinary diseases which are incident to men, I refer you to physicians; they will tell you of acute and chronic, first and secondary, lethales, salutare, errant, fixed, simple, compound, connexed, or consequent, belonging to parts or the whole, in habit, or in disposition, &c. My division at this time (as most befitting my purpose) shall be into

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those of the body and mind. For them of the body, a brief catalogue of which Fuschius hath made, Institut. lib. 3, sect. 1, cap. 11. I refer you to the voluminous tomes of Galen, Areteus, Rhasis, Avicenna, Alexander, Paulus Ætius, Gordonerius: and these exact Neoterics, Savanarola, Capivaccius, Donatus Altomarus, Hercules de Saxonia, Mercurialis, Victorius Faventinus, Wecker, Piso, &c., that have methodically and elaborately written of them all. Those of the mind and head I will briefly handle, and apart.

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SUBSECT. III. -- *Division of the Diseases of the Head.*

THESE diseases of the mind, forasmuch as they have their chief seat and organs in the head, which are commonly repeated amongst the diseases of the head which are divers, and vary much according to their site. For in the head, as there be several parts, so there be divers grievances, which according to that division of Heurnius (which he takes out of Arculanus,) are inward or outward (to omit all others which pertain to eyes and ears, nostrils, gums, teeth, mouth, palate, tongue, wesel, chops, face, &c.) belonging properly to the brain, as baldness, falling of hair, furfaire, lice. &c. Inward belonging to the skins next to the brain, called *dura* and *pia mater*, as all head-aches, &c., or to the ventricles. caules, kels, tunicles, creeks, and parts of it, and their passions, as caro, vertigo, incubus, apoplexy, falling sickness. The diseases of the nerves, cramps, stupor, convulsions, tremor, palsy: or belonging to the excrements of the brain. catarrhs, sneezing, rheums, distillations: or else those that pertain to the substance of the brain itself, in which are conceived frenzy, lethargy, melancholy, madness, weak memory, sopor, or *Coma Vigilia et vigil Coma*. Out of these again I will single such as properly belong to the phantasy, or imagination, or reason itself, which Laurentius calls the diseases of the mind; and Hildesheim, *morbos imaginationis, aut rationis læsæ*, (diseases of the imagination, or of injured reason,) which are three or four in number, phrensy, madness, melancholy, dotage, and their kinds: as hydrophobia, lycanthropia, *Chorus sancti viti, morbi dæmoniaci*, (St. Vitus's dance, possession of devils,) which I will briefly touch and point at, insisting especially in this of melancholy, as more eminent than the rest, and that through all his kinds, causes, symptoms, prognostics, cures: as Lonicerus hath done *de apoplexia*, and many other of such particular diseases. Not that I find fault with those which have written of this subject before; as Jason Pratensis, Laurentius, Montaltus, T. Bright. &c., they have done very well in their several kinds and methods; yet that which one omits, another may haply see; that which one contracts, another may enlarge. To conclude with Scribanus, "that which they had neglected, or profunctorily handled, we may more thoroughly examine; that which is obscurely delivered in them, may be perspicuously dilated and amplified by us:" and so made more familiar and easy for every man's capacity, and the common good, which is the chief end of my discourse.

SUBSECT. IV. -- *Dotage, Phrensy, Madness, Hydrophobia, Lycanthropia, Chorus sancti Viti, Extasis.*

Delirium, Dotage.] DOTAGE, fatuity, or folly, is a common name to all the following species, as some will have it. Laurentius and Altomarus comprehended madness, melancholy, and the rest under this name, and call it the *summum genus* of them all. If it be distinguished from them, it is natural or ingenite, which comes by some defect of the organs, and over-much brain, as we see in our common fools; and is for the most part intended or remitted in particular men, and thereupon some are wiser than others: or else it is acquisite, an appendix or symptom of some other disease, which comes or goes; or if it continue, a sign of melancholy itself.

Phrensy.] *Phrenitis*, which the Greeks derive from the word φρην [phren], is a disease of the mind, with a continual madness or dotage, which hath an acute fever annexed, or else an inflammation of the brain, or the membranes or kels of it, with an acute fever, which causeth madness and dotage. It differs from melancholy and madness, because their dotage is without an ague: this continual, with waking, or memory decayed, &c. Melancholy is most part silent, this clamorous; and many such like differences are assigned by physicians.

Madness.] Madness, phrensy, and melancholy are confounded by Celsus and many writers; others leave out phrensy, and make madness and melancholy but one disease, which Jason Pratensis especially labours, and that they differ only *secundum majus* or *minus*, in quantity alone; the one being a degree to the other, and both proceeding from one cause. They differ *intenso et remisso gradu*, saith Gordonius, as the humour is intended or remitted. Of the same mind is Areteus Alexander Tertullianus, Guianerius, Savanarola, Heurnius; and Galen himself writes promiscuously of them both by reason of their affinity: but most of our neoterics do handle them apart, whom I will follow in this treatise. Madness is therefore defined to be a vehement dotage; or raving without a fever, far more violent than melancholy, full of anger and clamour, horrible looks, actions, gestures, troubling the patients with far greater vehemency both of body and mind, without all fear and sorrow, with such impetuous force and boldness, that sometimes three or four men cannot hold them. Differing only in this from phrensy, that it is without a fever, and their memory is most part better. It hath the same causes as the other, as choler adust, and blood incensed, brains inflamed, &c. Fracastrius adds, "a due time, and full age to this definition, to distinguish it from children, and will have it confirmed impotency, to separate it from such as accidentally come and go again, as by taking henbane, nightshade, wine," &c. Of this fury there be divers kinds; ecstasy, which is familiar with some persons, as Cardan saith of himself, he could be in one when he list; in which the Indian priests deliver their oracles, and the witches in Lapland, as Olaus Magnus writeth, 1. 3. cap. 18. *Extasi omnia prædicere*, answer all questions in an extasis you will ask; what your friends do, where they are, how they fare, &c. The other species of this fury are enthusiasms, revelations, and visions, so often mentioned by Gregory and Bede in their works; obsession or possession of devils, sibylline prophets, and poetical furies; such as come by eating noxious herbs, tarantulas stinging, &c., which some reduce to this. The most known are these, lycanthropia, hydrophobia, chorus sancti viti.

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Lycanthropia.] Lycanthropia, which Avicenna calls Cucubuth, others *Lupinam insaniam*, or Wolf-madness, when men run howling about graves and fields in the night, and will not be persuaded but that they are wolves, or some such beasts. Ætius and Paulus call it a kind of melancholy; but I should rather refer it to madness, as most do. Some make a doubt of it whether there be any such disease. Donat ab Altomari saith, that he saw two of them in his time: Wierus tells a story of such a one at Padua 1541, that would not believe to the contrary, but that he was a wolf. He hath another instance of a Spaniard, who thought himself a bear; Forrestus confirms as much by many examples; one amongst the rest of which he was an eye-witness, at Alemaer in Holland, a poor husbandman that still hunted about graves, and kept in churchyards, of a pale, black, ugly, and fearful look. Such belike, or little better, were King Prætus' daughters, that thought themselves kine. And Nebuchadnezzar in Daniel, as some interpreters hold, was only troubled with this kind of madness. This disease perhaps gave occasion to that bold assertion of Pliny, "some men were turned into wolves in his time, and from wolves to men again:" and to that fable of Pausanias, of a man that was ten years a wolf, and afterwards turned to his former shape: to Ovid's tale of Lycaon, &c. He that is desirous to hear of this disease, or more examples, let him read Austin in his 18th book *de Civitate Dei*, cap. 5. Mizaldus, cent. 5. 77. Sckenkius, lib. 1. Hildesheim, *spicel.* 2. *de Mania*. Forrestus. lib. 10. *de morbis cerebri*. Olaus Magnus, Vicentius' *Bellavicensis*, spec. met. lib. 31. c. 122. Pierius, Bodine, Zuinger, Zeilger, Peucer, Wierus, Spranger, &c. This malady, saith Avicenna, troubleth men most in February, and is now-a-days frequent in Bohemia and Hungary, according to Heurnius. Schernitzius will have it common in Livonia. They lie hid most part all day, and go abroad in the night, barking, howling, at graves and deserts; "they have usually hollow eyes, scabbed legs and thighs, very dry and pale," saith Altomarus; he gives a reason there of all the symptoms, and sets down a brief cure of them.

Hydrophobia is a kind of madness, well known in every village, which comes by the biting of a mad dog, or scratching, saith Aurelianus; touching, or smelling alone sometimes as Sckenkius proves, and is incident to many other creatures as well as men: so called because the parties affected cannot endure the sight of water, or any liquor, supposing still they see a mad dog in it. And which is more wonderful; though they be very dry, (as in this malady they are) they will rather die than drink: Cælius Aurelianus, an ancient writer, makes a doubt whether this Hydrophobia be a passion of the body or the mind. The part affected is the brain: the cause, poison that comes from the mad dog, which is so hot and dry, that it consumes all the moisture in the body. Hildesheim relates of some that died so mad; and being cut up, had no water, scarce blood, or any moisture left in them. To such as are so affected, the fear of water begins at fourteen days after they are bitten, to some again not till forty or sixty days after: commonly saith Heurnius, they begin to rave, fly water and glasses, to look red, and swell in the face, about twenty days after (if some remedy be not taken in the meantime) to lie awake, to be pensive, sad, to see strange visions, to bark and howl, to fall into a swoon, and oftentimes fits of the falling sickness. Some say, little things like whelps will be seen in their urine. If any of these signs appear, they are past recovery. Many times these symptoms will not appear till six or seven months after, saith Codronchus; and sometimes not till seven or eight years, as Guianerius; twelve as Albertus; six or eight months after, as Galen holds. Baldus the great lawyer died of it: an Augustine friar, and a woman in Delft, that were Forrestus' patients, were miserably consumed with it. The common cure in the country (for such at least as dwell near the sea-side) is to duck them over head and ears in sea water; some use

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charms: every good wife can prescribe medicines. But the best cure to be had in such cases, is from the most approved physicians; they that will read of them, may consult with Dioscorides, lib. 6. c. 37, Heurnius, Hildesheim, Capivaccius, Forrestus, Sckenkius, and before all others Codronchus an Italian, who hath lately written two exquisite books on the subject.

Chorus sancti Viti, or *S. Vitus'* dance; the lascivious dance, Paracelsus calls it, because they that are taken from it, can do nothing but dance till they be dead or cured. It is so called, for that the parties so troubled were wont to go to S. Vitus for help, and after they had danced there awhile, they were certainly freed. 'Tis strange to hear how long they will dance, and in what manner, over stools, forms, tables; even great bellied women sometimes (and yet never hurt their children) will dance so long that they can stir neither hand nor foot, but seem to be quite dead. One in red clothes they cannot abide. Music above all things they love, and therefore magistrates in Germany will hire musicians to play to them, and some lusty sturdy companions to dance with them. This disease hath been very common in Germany, as appears by those relations of Sckenkius, and Paracelsus in his book of madness, who brags how many several persons he hath cured of it. Felix Platerus *de mentis alienat. cap. 3.* reports of a woman in Basil whom he saw, that danced a whole month together. The Arabians call it a kind of palsy. Bodine in his 5th book *de Repub. cap. 1*, speaks of this infirmity; Monavius in his last epistle to Scoltizius, and in another to Dudithus, where you may read more of it.

The last kind of madness or melancholy, is that demoniacal (if I may so call it) obsession or possession of devils, which Platerus and others would have to be preternatural: stupend things are said of them, their actions, gestures, contortions, fasting, prophesying, speaking languages they were never taught, &c. Many strange stories are related of them, which because some will not allow, (for Deacon and Darrel have written large volumes on this subject pro and con.) I voluntarily omit.

*Fuschi*us, *institut. lib. 3. sec. 1. cap. 11*, Felix Plater, Laurentius, add to these another fury that proceeds from love, and another from study, another divine or religious fury; but these more properly belong to melancholy; of all which I will speak apart, intending to write a whole book of them.

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SUBSECT. V.-- *Melancholy in Disposition, improperly so called, Equivocations.*

MELANCHOLY, the subject of our present discourse, is either in disposition or habit. In disposition, is that transitory melancholy which goes and comes upon every small occasion of sorrow, need, sickness, trouble, fear, grief; passion, or perturbation of the mind, any manner of care, discontent, or thought, which causeth anguish, dulness, heaviness and vexation of spirit, any ways opposite to pleasure, mirth, joy, delight, causing frowardness in us, or a dislike. In which equivocal and improper sense, we call him melancholy that is dull, sad, sour, lumpish, ill-disposed, solitary, any way moved, or displeased. And from these melancholy dispositions, no man living is free, no stoic, none so wise, none so happy, none so patient, so generous, so godly, so divine, that can vindicate himself; so well composed, but more or less, some time or other he feels the smart of it. Melancholy in this sense is the character of mortality. "Man that is born of a woman, is of short continuance, and full of trouble." Zeno, Cato, Socrates himself, whom Ælian so highly commends for a moderate temper, that "nothing could disturb him, but going out, and coming in, still Socrates kept the same serenity of countenance, what misery soever befel him," (if we may believe Plato his disciple) was much tormented with it. Q. Metellus, in whom Valerius gives instance of all happiness, "the most fortunate man then living, born in that most flourishing city of Rome, of noble parentage, a proper man of person, well qualified, healthful, rich, honourable, a senator, a consul, happy in his wife, happy in his children," &c., yet this man was not void of melancholy, he had his share of sorrow. Polycrates Samius, that flung his ring into the sea, because he would participate of discontent with others, and had it miraculously restored to him again shortly after, by a fish taken as he angled, was not free from melancholy dispositions. No man can cure himself; the very gods had bitter pangs, and frequent passions, as their own poets put upon them. In general, "as the heaven, so is our life, sometimes fair, sometimes overcast, tempestuous, and serene; as in a rose, flowers and prickles; in the year itself, a temperate summer sometimes, a hard winter, a drought, and then again pleasant showers: so is our life intermixed with joys, hopes, fears, sorrows, calumnies;" *Invicem cedunt dolor et voluptas*, there is a succession of pleasure and pain.

--"medio de fonte leporum,
Surgit amari aliquid in ipsis floribus angat."

"Even in the midst of laughing there is sorrow" (as Solomon holds): even in the midst of all our feasting and jollity, as, Austin infers in his Com. on the 41st Psalm, there is grief and discontent. *Inter delicias semper aliquid sævi nos strangulat*, for a pint of honey thou shalt here likely find a gallon of gall, for a dram of pleasure a pound of pain, for an inch of mirth an ell of moan; as ivy doth an oak, these miseries encompass our life. And it is most absurd and ridiculous for any mortal man to look for a perpetual tenure of happiness in this life. Nothing so prosperous and pleasant. but it hath some bitterness in it, some complaining, some grudging; it is all γλυχυπιχρον

[glychopichron], a mixed passion, and like a chequer table, black and white men, families, cities, have their falls and wanes; now trines, sextiles, then quartiles and oppositions. We are not here as those angels, celestial powers and bodies, sun and moon, to finish our course without all offence, with such constancy, to continue for so many ages: but subject to infirmities, miseries, interrupted, tossed and tumbled up and down, carried about with every small blast, often molested and disquieted upon each slender occasion, uncertain, brittle, and so is all that we trust unto. "And he that knows not this is not armed to endure it, is not fit to live in this world (as one condoles our time), he knows not the condition of it, where with a reciprocalty, pleasure and pain are still united, and succeed one another in a ring." *Exi e mundo*, get thee gone hence if thou canst not brook it; there is no way to avoid it, but to arm thyself with patience, with magnanimity, to oppose thyself unto it, to suffer affliction as a good soldier of Christ; as Paul adviseth constantly to bear it. But forasmuch as so few can embrace this good counsel of his, or use it aright, but rather as so many brute beasts give a way to their passion, voluntary subject and precipitate themselves into a labyrinth of cares, woes, miseries, and suffer their souls to be overcome by them, cannot arm themselves with that patience as they ought to do, it falleth out oftentimes that these dispositions become habits, and "many affects contemned (as Seneca notes) make a disease. Even as one distillation, not yet grown to custom, makes a cough; but continual and inveterate causeth a consumption of the lungs;" so do these our melancholy provocations: and according as the humour itself is intended, or remitted in men, as their temperature of body, or rational soul is better able to make resistance; so are they more or less affected. For that which is but a flea-biting to one, causeth insufferable torment to another; and which one by his singular moderation, and well-composed carriage can happily overcome, a second is no whit able to sustain, but upon every small occasion of misconceived abuse, injury, grief; disgrace, loss, cross, humour, &c. (if solitary, or idle) yields so far to passion, that his complexion is altered, his digestion hindered, his sleep gone, his spirits obscured, and his heart heavy, his hypochondries misaffected; wind, crudity, on a sudden overtake him, and he himself overcome with melancholy. As it is with a man imprisoned for debt, if once in the gaol, every creditor will bring his action against him, and there likely hold him. If any discontent seize upon a patient, in an instant all other perturbations (for -- *qua data porta ruunt*) will set upon him, and then like a lame dog or broken-winged goose he droops and pines away, and is brought at last to that ill habit or malady of melancholy itself. So that as the philosophers make eight degrees of heat and cold, we may make eighty-eight of melancholy, as the parts affected are diversely seized with it, or have been plunged more or less into this infernal gulph, or waded deeper into it. But all these melancholy fits, howsoever pleasing at first, or displeasing, violent and tyrannizing over those whom they seize on for the time; yet these fits I say, or men affected, are but improperly so called, because they continue not, but come and go, as by some objects they are moved. This melancholy of which, we are to treat, is a habit, *morbus santicus*, or *chronicus*, a chronic or continue disease, a settled humour, as Aurelianus and others call it, not errant, but fixed; and as it was long increasing, so now being (pleasant, or painful) grown to an habit, it will hardly be removed.

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SECT. I. MEMB. II.

SUBSECT. I.-- *Digression of Anatomy.*

BEFORE I proceed to define the disease of melancholy, what it is, or to discourse farther of it, I hold it not impertinent to make a brief digression of the anatomy of the body and faculties of the soul, for the better understanding of that which is to follow; because many hard words will often occur, as myrache, hypochondries, emrods, &c., imagination, reason, humours, spirits, vital, natural, animal, nerves, veins, arteries, chylus, pituita; which by the vulgar will not so easily be perceived, what they are, how cited, and to what end they serve, And besides, it may peradventure give occasion to some men to examine more accurately, search further into this most excellent subject, and thereupon with that royal prophet to praise God, ("for a man is fearfully and wonderfully made, and curiously wrought") that have time and leisure enough, and are sufficiently informed in all other worldly businesses, as to make a good bargain, buy and sell, to keep and make choice of a fair hawk, hound, horse, &c. But for such matters as concern the knowledge of themselves, they are wholly ignorant and careless; they know not what this body and soul are, how combined, of what parts and faculties they consist, or how a man differs from a dog. And what can be more ignominious and filthy (as Melancthon well inveighs) "than for a man not to know the structure and composition of his own body, especially since the knowledge of it tends so much to the preservation of his health, and information of his manners?" To stir them up therefore to this study, to peruse those elaborate works of Galen, Bauhines, Plater, Vesalius, Falopius, Laurentius, Remelinus, &c., which have written copiously in Latin; or that which some of our industrious countrymen have done in our mother tongue, not long since, as that translation of Columbus and Microcosmographia, in thirteen books, I have made this brief digression. Also because Wecker, Melancthon, Fernelius, Fuschius, and those tedious Tracts *de Anima* (which have more compendiously handled and written of this matter) are not at all times ready to be had, to give them some small taste, or notice of the rest, let this epitome suffice.

SUBSECT. II.-- *Division of the Body, Humours, Spirits.*

OF the parts of the body there may be many divisions: the most approved is that of Laurentius, out of Hippocrates: which is, into parts contained, or containing. Contained, are either humours or spirits.

Humours.] A humour is a liquid or fluent part of the body, comprehended in it, for the preservation of it; and is either innate or born with us, or adventitious and acquisite. The radical or innate, is daily supplied by nourishment, which some call cambium, and make those secondary humours of ros and gluten to maintain it: or acquisite, to maintain these four first primary humours, coming and proceeding from the first concoction in the liver, by which means chylus is excluded. Some divide them into profitable and excrementitious. But Crato out of Hippocrates will have all four to be juice, and not excrement; without which no living creature can be sustained: which four, though they be comprehended in the mass of blood, yet they have their several affections, by which they are distinguished from one another, and from those adventitious, peccant, or diseased humours, as Melancthon calls them.

Blood.] Blood is a hot, sweet, temperate, red humour, prepared in the meseraic veins, and made of the most temperate parts of the chylus in the liver, whose office is to nourish the whole body, to give it strength and colour, being dispersed by the veins through every part of it. And from it spirits are first begotten in the heart, which afterwards by the arteries are communicated to the other parts.

Pituita, or phlegm, is a cold and moist humour, begotten of the colder part of the chylus (or white juice coming out of the meat digested in the stomach), in the liver; his office is to nourish and moisten the members of the body, which as the tongue are moved, that they be not over dry.

Choler is hot and dry, bitter, begotten of the hotter parts of the chylus, and gathered to the gall: it helps the natural heat and senses, and serves to the expelling of excrements.

Melancholy.] Melancholy, cold and dry, thick, black, and sour, begotten of the more feculent part of nourishment, and purged from the Spleen, is a bridle to the other two hot humours, blood and choler, preserving them in the blood, and nourishing the bones. These four humours have some analogy with the four elements, and to the four ages in man.

Serum, Sweat, Tears.] To these humours you may add serum, which is the matter of urine, and those excrementitious humours of the third concoction, sweat and tears.

Spirits.] Spirit is a most subtile vapour, which is expressed from the blood, and the instrument of the soul, to perform all his actions; a common tie or medium between the body and the soul, as some will have it; or as in Paracelsus, a fourth soul of itself. Melancthon holds the fountain of these spirits to be the heart, begotten there; and afterward conveyed to the brain, they take another nature to them. Of these spirits there be three kinds, according to the three principal parts, brain, heart, liver; natural, vital, animal. The natural are begotten in the liver, and thence dispersed through the

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veins, to perform those natural actions. The vital spirits are made in the heart of the natural, which by the arteries are transported to all the other parts: if the spirits cease, then life ceaseth, as in a syncope or swooning. The animal spirits formed of the vital, brought up to the brain, and diffused by the nerves, to the subordinate members, give sense and motion to them all.

SUBJECT. III.-- *Similar Parts.*

Similar Parts.] CONTAINING parts, by reason of their more solid substance, are either homogeneous or heterogeneous, similar or dissimilar; so Aristotle divides them, lib. 1, cap. 1, *de Hist. Animal.*; Laurentius, cap. 20, lib. 1. Similar, or homogeneous, are such as, if they be divided, are still severed into parts of the same nature, as water into water. Of these some be spermatical, some fleshy or carnal. Spermatical are such as are immediately begotten of the seed, which are bones, gristles, ligaments, membranes, nerves, arteries, veins, skins, fibres or strings, fat.

Bones.] The bones are dry and hard, begotten of the thickest of the seed, to strengthen and sustain other parts: some say there be 304, some 307, or 313 in man's body. They have no nerves in them, and are therefore without sense.

A gristle is a substance softer than bone, and harder than the rest, flexible, and serves to maintain the parts of motion.

Ligaments are they that tie the bones together, and other parts to the bones, with their subserving tendons: membranes' office is to cover the rest.

Nerves, or sinews, are membranes without, and full of marrow within; they proceed from the brain, and carry the animal spirits for sense and motion. Of these some be harder, some softer; the softer serve the senses, and there be seven pair of them. The first be the optic nerves, by which we see; the second move the eyes; the third pair serve for the tongue to taste; the fourth pair for the taste in the palate; the fifth belong to the ears; the sixth pair is most ample, and runs almost over all the bowels; the seventh pair moves the tongue. The harder sinews serve for the motion of the inner parts, proceeding from the marrow in the back, of whom there be thirty combinations, seven of the neck, twelve of the breast, &c.

Arteries.] Arteries are long and hollow, with a double skin to convey the vital spirits; to discern which the better, they say that Vesalius the anatomist was wont to cut up men alive. They arise in the left side of the heart, and are principally two, from which the rest are derived, aorta and venosa: aorta is the root of all the other, which serve the whole body; the other goes to the lungs, to fetch air to refrigerate the heart.

Veins.] Veins are hollow and round, like pipes, arising from the liver, carrying blood and natural spirits; they feed all the parts. Of these there be two chief; *Vena porta* and *Vena cava*, from which the rest are corrivated. That *Vena porta* is a vein coming from the concave of the liver, and receiving those meseraical veins, by whom he takes the chylus from the stomach and guts, and conveys it to the liver. The other derives blood from the liver to nourish all the other dispersed members. The branches of that *Vena porta* are the meseraical and hæmorrhoides. The branches of the *Cava* are inward or outward. Inward, seminal or emulgent. Outward, in the head, arms, feet, &c., and have several names.

Fibræ, Fat, Flesh.] Fibræ are strings, white and solid, dispersed through the whole member, and right, oblique, transverse, all which have their several uses. Fat is a similar part, moist, without blood, composed of the most thick and unctuous matter

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of the blood. The skin covers the rest, and hath *Cuticulum* or a little skin under it. Flesh is soft and ruddy, composed of the congealing of blood, &c.

SUBSECT. IV.-- *Dissimilar Parts.*

DISSIMILAR parts are those which we call organical, or instrumental, and they be inward or outward. The chiefest outward parts are situate forward or backward:--forward, the crown and foretop of the head, skull, face, forehead, temples, chin, eyes, ears, nose, &c., neck, breast, chest, upper and lower part of the belly, hypochondries, navel, groin, flank, &c.; backward, the hinder part of the head, back, shoulders, sides, loins, hipbones, os sacrum, buttocks, &c. Or joints, arms, hands, feet, legs, thighs, knees, &c. Or common to both, which, because they are obvious and well known, I have carelessly repeated, *eaque præcipua et grandiora tantum; quod reliquum ex libris de anima qui volet, accipiat.*

Inward organical parts, which cannot be seen, are divers in number, and have several names, functions, and divisions; but that of Laurentius is most notable, into noble or ignoble parts. Of the noble there be three principal parts, to which all the rest belong, and whom they serve -- brain, heart, liver; according to whose site, three regions, or a threefold division, is made of the whole body. As first of the head, in which the animal organs are contained, and brain itself, which by his nerves give sense and motion to the rest, and is, as it were, a privy counsellor and chancellor to the heart. The second region is the chest, or middle belly, in which the heart as king keeps his court, and by his arteries communicates life to the whole body. The third region is the lower belly, in which the liver resides as a *Legat a latere*, with the rest of those natural organs, serving for concoction, nourishment, expelling of excrements. This lower region is distinguished from the upper by the midriff, or diaphragma, and is subdivided again by some into three concavities or regions, upper, middle, and lower. The upper of the hypochondries, in whose right side is the liver, the left the spleen; from which is denominated hypochondriacal melancholy. The second of the navel and flanks, divided from the first by the rim. The last of the water course, which is again subdivided into three other parts. The Arabians make two parts of this region, Epigastrium and Hypogastrium, upper or lower. Epigastrium they call *Mirach*, from whence comes *Mirachialis Melancholia*, sometimes mentioned of them. Of these several regions I will treat in brief apart; and, first of the third region, in which the natural organs are contained.

De Anima.-- The Lower Region, Natural Organs.] But you that are readers in the meantime, "Suppose you were now brought into some sacred temple, or majestical palace (as Melancthon saith), to behold not the matter only, but the singular art, workmanship, and counsel of this our great Creator. And it is a pleasant and profitable speculation, if it be considered aright." The parts of this region, which present themselves to your consideration and view, are such as serve to nutrition or generation. Those of nutrition serve to the first or second concoction; as the œsophagus or gullet, which brings meat and drink into the stomach. The ventricle or stomach, which is seated in the midst of that part of the belly beneath the midriff, the kitchen, as it were, of the first concoction, and which turns our meat into chylus. It hath two mouths, one above, another beneath. The upper is sometimes taken for the stomach itself; the lower and nether door (as Wecker calls it) is named Pylorus. This stomach is sustained by a large kell or kaull, called omentum; which some will have

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the same with peritoneum, or rim of the belly. From the stomach to the very fundament are produced the guts, or intestina, which serve a little to alter and distribute the chylus, and convey away the excrements. They are divided into small and great, by reason of their site and substance, slender or thicker: the slender is duodenum, or whole gut, which is next to the stomach, some twelve inches long, saith Fuschius. Jejunum, or empty gut, continue to the other, which hath many meseraic veins annexed to it, which take part of the chylus to the liver from it. Ilion the third, which consists of many crinkles, which serves with the rest to receive, keep, and distribute the chylus from the stomach. The thick guts are three, the blind gut, colon, and right gut. The blind is a thick and short gut, having one mouth, in which the ilion and colon meet: it receives the excrements, and conveys them to the colon. This colon hath many windings, that the excrements pass not away too fast: the right gut is strait, and conveys the excrements to the fundament, whose lower part is bound up with certain muscles called sphincters, that the excrements may be the better contained, until such time as a man be willing to go to the stool. In the midst of these guts is situated the mesenterium or midriff composed of many veins, arteries, and much fat, serving chiefly to sustain the guts. All these parts serve the first concoction. To the second, which is busied either in refining the good nourishment or expelling the bad, is chiefly belonging the liver, like in colour to congealed blood, the shop of blood, situate in the right hypercondry, in figure like to a half-moon -- *Generosum membrum* Melancthon styles it, a generous part; it serves to turn the chylus to blood, for the nourishment of the body. The excrements of it are either choleric or watery, which the other subordinate parts convey. The gall placed in the concave of the liver, extracts choler to it: the spleen, melancholy; which is situate on the left side, over against the liver, a spongy matter that draws this black choler to it by a secret virtue, and feeds upon it, conveying the rest to the bottom of the stomach, to stir up appetite, or else to the guts as an excrement. That watery matter the two kidneys expurgate by those emulgent veins and ureters. The emulgent draw this superfluous moisture from the blood; the two ureters convey it to the bladder, which by reason of his site in the lower belly, is apt to receive it, having two parts, neck and bottom: the bottom holds the water, the neck is constringed with a muscle, which, as a porter, keeps the water from running out against our will.

Members of generation are common to both sexes, or peculiar to one; which, because they are impertinent to my purpose, I do voluntarily omit.

Middle Region.] Next in order is the middle region, or chest, which comprehends the vital faculties and parts; which (as I have said) is separated from the lower belly by the diaphragma or midriff, which is a skin consisting of many nerves, membranes; and amongst other uses it hath, is the instrument of laughing. There is also a certain thin membrane, full of sinews, which covereth the whole chest within, and is called pleura, the seat of the disease called pleurisy, when it is inflamed; some add a third skin, which is termed Mediastinus, which divides the chest into two parts, right and left; of this region the principal part is the heart, which is the seat and fountain of life, of heat, of spirit; of pulse and respiration -- the sun of our body, the king and sole commander of it -- the seat and organ of all passions and affections. *Primum vivens, ultimum moriens*, it lives first, and dies last in all creatures. Of a pyramidical form, and not much unlike to a pine-apple; a part worthy of admiration, that can yield such variety of affections, by whose motion it is dilated or contracted, to stir and command the humours in the body. As in sorrow, melancholy; in anger, choler; in joy, to send the blood outwardly; in sorrow, to call it in; moving the

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humours, as horses do a chariot. This heart, though it be one sole member, yet it may be divided into two creeks right and left. The right is like the moon increasing, bigger than the other part, and receives blood from *Vena cava* distributing some of it to the lungs to nourish them; the rest to the left side, to engender spirits. The left creek hath the form of a cone, and is the seat of life, which, as a torch doth oil, draws blood unto it, begetting of it spirits and fire; and as fire in a torch, so are spirits in the blood; and by that great artery called aorta, it sends vital spirits over the body, and takes air from the lungs by that artery which is called venosa; so that both creeks have their vessels, the right two veins, the left two arteries, besides those two common anfractuons ears, which serve them both; the one to hold blood, the other air, for several uses. The lungs is a thin spongy part, like an ox hoof (saith Fernelius), the town-clerk or crier (one terms it), the instrument of voice, as an orator to a king; annexed to the heart, to express their thoughts by voice. That it is the instrument of voice, is manifest, in that no creature can speak, or utter any voice, which wanteth these lights. It is besides the instrument of respiration, or breathing; and its office is to cool the heart, by sending air unto it, by the venosal artery, which vein comes to the lungs by that *asperi arteria*, which consists of many gristles, membranes, nerves, taking in air at the nose and mouth, and by it likewise exhales the fumes of the heart.

In the upper region serving the animal faculties, the chief organ is the brain, which is a soft, marrowish, and white substance, engendered of the purest part of seed and spirits, included by many skins, and seated within the skull or brain pan; and it is the most noble organ under heaven, the dwellinghouse and seat of the soul, the habitation of wisdom, memory, judgment, reason, and in which man is most like unto God; and therefore nature hath covered it with a skull of hard bone, and two skins or membranes, whereof the one is called *dura mater*, or meninx, the other *pia mater*. The *dura mater* is next to the skull, above the other, which includes and protects the brain. When this is taken away, the *pia mater* is to be seen, a thin membrane, the next and immediate cover of the brain, and not covering only, but entering into it. The brain itself is divided into two parts, the fore and hinder part; the fore part is much bigger than the other, which is called the little brain in respect of it. This fore part hath many concavities distinguished by certain ventricles: which are the receptacles of the spirits, brought hither by the arteries from the heart, and are there refined to a more heavenly nature, to perform the actions of the soul. Of these ventricles there are three -- right, left, and middle. The right and left answer to their sight, and beget animal spirits; if they be any way hurt, sense and motion ceaseth. These ventricles, moreover, are held to be the seat of the common sense. The middle ventricle is a common concourse and concavity of them both, and hath two passages -- the one to receive pituita, and the other extends itself to the fourth creek; in this they place imagination and cogitation, and so the three ventricles of the fore part of the brain are used. The fourth creek behind the head is common to the cerebel or little brain, and marrow of the back-bone, the last and most solid of all the rest, which receives the animal spirits from the other ventricles, and conveys them to the marrow in the back, and is the place where they say the memory is seated.

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SUBSECT. V.-- *Of the Soul and her Faculties.*

ACCORDING to Aristotle, the soul is defined to be *εντελεχεια* (entelecheia), *perfectio et actus primus corporis organici, vitam habentis in potentia*: the perfection or first act of an organical body, having power of life, which most philosophers approve. But many doubts arise about the essence, subject, seat, distinction. and subordinate faculties of it. For the essence and particular knowledge, of all other things it is most hard (be it of man or beast) to discern, as Aristotle himself; Tully, Picus Mirandula, Tolet, and other Neoteric philosophers confess:--"We can understand all things by her, but what she is we cannot apprehend." Some therefore make one soul, divided into three principal faculties; others, three distinct souls Which question of late hath been much controverted by Picolomineus and Zabarel. Paracelsus will have four souls, adding to the three grand faculties a spiritual soul: which opinion of his, Campanella, in his book *de sensu rerum*, much labours to demonstrate and prove, because carcasses bleed at the sight of the murderer; with many such arguments: And some again, one soul of all creatures whatsoever, differing only in organs; and that beasts have reason as well as men, though, for some defect of organs, not in such measure. Others make a doubt whether it be all in all, and all in every part; which is amply discussed in Zabarel amongst the rest. The common division of the soul is into three principal faculties -- vegetal, sensitive, and rational, which make three distinct kinds of living creatures -- vegetal plants, sensible beasts, rational men. How these three principal faculties are distinguished and connected, *Humano ingenio inaccessum videtur*, is beyond human capacity, as Taurellus, Philip, Flavius, and others suppose. The inferior may be alone, but the superior cannot subsist without the other; so sensible includes vegetal, rational both; which are contained in it (saith Aristotle) *ut trigonus in tetragono*, as a triangle in a quadrangle.

Vegetal Soul.] Vegetal, the first of the three distinct faculties, is defined to be "a substantial act of an organical body, by which it is nourished, augmented, and begets another like unto itself" In which definition, three several operations are specified --altrix, auctrix, procreatrix; the first is nutrition, whose object is nourishment, meat, drink, and the like; his organ the liver in sensible creatures; in plants, the root or sap. His office is to turn the nutriment into the substance of the body nourished, which he performs by natural heat. This nutritive operation hath four other subordinate functions or powers belonging to it -- attraction, retention, digestion, expulsion.

Attraction.] Attraction is a ministering faculty, which, as a loadstone doth iron, draws meat into the stomach, or as a lamp doth oil; and this attractive power is very necessary in plants, which suck up moisture by the root, as another mouth, into the sap, as a like stomach.

Retention.] Retention keeps it, being attracted into the stomach, until such time it be concocted; for if it should pass away straight, the body could not be nourished.

Digestion.] Digestion is performed by natural heat; for as the flame of a torch consumes oil, wax, tallow, so doth it alter and digest the nutritive matter. Indigestion

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is opposite unto it, for want of natural heat, Of this digestion there be three differences
-- maturation, elixation, assation.

Maturation.] Maturation is especially observed in the fruits of trees; which are then said to be ripe, when the seeds are fit to be sown again. Crudity is opposed to it, which gluttons, epicures, and idle persons are most subject unto, that use no exercise to stir natural heat, or else choke it, as too much wood puts out a fire.

Elixation.] Elixation is the seething of meat in the stomach, by the said natural heat, as meat is boiled in a pot; to which corruption or putrefaction is opposite.

Assation.] Assation is a concoction, of the inward moisture by heat; his opposite is a semiustulation.

Order of Concoction four-fold.] Besides these three several operations of digestion, there is a four-fold order of concoction:-- mastication, or chewing in the mouth; chilification of this so chewed meat in the stomach; the third is in the liver, to turn this chylus into blood, called sanguification; the last is assimilation, which is in every part.

Expulsion.] Expulsion is a power of nutrition, by which it expels all superfluous excrements, and reliques of meat and drink, by the guts, bladder, pores; as by purging, vomiting, spitting, sweating, urine, hairs, nails, &c.

Augmentation.] As this nutritive faculty serves to nourish the body, so doth the augmenting faculty (the second operation or power of the vegetal faculty) to the increasing of it in quantity, according to all dimensions, long, broad, thick, and to make it grow till it come to his due proportion and perfect shape; which hath his period of augmentation, as of consumption; and that most certain, as the poet observes:--

"Stat sua cuique dies, breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ"--

"A term of life is set to every man,
Which is but short, and pass it no one can."

Generation.] The last of these vegetal faculties is generation, which begets another by means of seed, like unto itself to the perpetual preservation of the species. To this faculty they ascribe three subordinate operations:-- the first to turn nourishment into seed, &c.

Life and Death concomitants of the Vegetal Faculties.] Necessary concomitants or affections of this vegetal faculty are life and his privation, death. To the preservation of life the natural heat is most requisite, though siccidity and humidity, and those first qualities, be not excluded. This heat is likewise in plants, as appears by their increasing, fructifying, &c., though not so easily perceived. In all bodies it must have radical moisture to preserve it, that it be not consumed; to which preservation our clime, country, temperature, and the good or bad use of those six non-natural things avail much. For as this natural heat and moisture decays, so doth our life itself; and if not prevented before by some violent accident, or interrupted through our own default, is in the end dried up by old age, and extinguished by death for want of matter, as a lamp for defect of oil to maintain it.

SUBSECT. VI -- *Of the sensible Soul.*

NEXT in order is the sensible faculty, which is as far beyond the other in dignity as a beast is preferred to a plant, having those vegetal powers included in it. 'Tis defined an "Act of an organical body by which it lives, hath sense, appetite, judgment, breath, and motion." His object in general is a sensible or passible quality, because the sense is affected with it. The general organ is the brain, from which principally the sensible operations are derived. This sensible soul is divided into two parts, apprehending or moving. By the apprehensive power we perceive the species of sensible things present, or absent, and retain them as wax doth the print of a seal. By the moving, the body is outwardly carried from one place to another; or inwardly moved by spirits and pulse. The apprehensive faculty is subdivided into two parts, inward or outward. Outward, as the five senses, of touching, hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, to which you may add Scaliger's sixth sense of titillation, if you please; or that of speech, which is the sixth external sense, according to Lullius. Inward are three -- common sense, phantasy, memory. Those five outward senses have their object in outward things only and such as are present, as the eye sees no colour except it be at hand, the ear sound. Three of these senses are of commodity, hearing, sight, and smell; two of necessity, touch, and taste, without which we cannot live. Besides, the sensitive power is active or passive. Active in sight, the eye sees the colour; passive when it is hurt by his object, as the eye by the sun-beams. According to that axiom, *Visibile forte destruit sensum* (Too bright an object destroys the organ.) Or if the object be not pleasing, as a bad sound to the ear, a stinking smell to the nose, &c..

Sight.] Of these five senses, sight is held to be most precious, and the best, and that by reason of his object, it sees the whole body at once. By it we learn, and discern all things, a sense most excellent for use: to the sight three things are required; the object, the organ, and the medium. The object in general is visible, or that which is to be seen, as colour; and all shining bodies. The medium is the illumination of the air, which comes from light, commonly called diaphanum; for in dark we cannot see. The organ is the eye, and chiefly the apple of it, which by those optic nerves, concurring both in one, conveys the sight to the common sense. Between the organ and object a true distance is required, that it be not too near, nor too far off. Many excellent questions appertain to this sense, discussed by philosophers: as whether this sight be caused *intra mittendo, vel extra mittendo, &c.*, by receiving in the visible species, or sending of them out, which Plato, Plutarch, Macrobius, Lactantius, and others dispute. And besides it is the subject of the perspectives, of which Alhazen the Arabian, Vitellio, Roger Bacon, Baptista Porta, Guidus Ubaldus, Aquilonius, &c., have written whole volumes.

Hearing.] Hearing, a most excellent outward sense, "by which we learn and get knowledge." His object is sound, or that which is heard; the medium, air; organ the ear. To the sound, which is a collision of the air, three things are required; a body to strike, as the hand of a musician; the body struck, which must be solid and able to resist; as a bell, lute-string, not wool, or sponge; the medium, the air; which is inward, or outward; the outward being struck or collided by a solid body, still strikes the next air, until it come to that inward natural air, which as an exquisite organ is contained in

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a little skin formed like a drum-head, and struck upon by certain small instruments like drum-sticks, conveys the sound by a pair of nerves, appropriated to that use, to the common sense, as to a judge of sounds. There is great variety and much delight in them; for the knowledge of which, consult with Boethius and other musicians.

Smelling.] Smelling is an "outward sense, which apprehends by the nostrils drawing in air;" and of all the rest it is the weakest sense in men. The organ in the nose, or two small hollow pieces of flesh a little above it: the medium the air to men, as water to fish: the object, smell, arising from a mixed body resolved, which, whether it be a quality, fume, vapour, or exhalation, I will not now dispute, or of their differences, and how they are caused. This sense is an organ of health, as sight and hearing, saith Agellius, are of discipline; and that by avoiding bad smells, as by choosing good, which do as much alter and affect the body many times, as diet itself.

Taste.] Taste, a necessary sense, "which perceives all savours by the tongue and palate, and that by means of a thin spittle, or watery juice." His organ is the tongue with his tasting nerves; the medium, a watery juice; the object, taste, or savour, which is a quality in the juice, arising from the mixture of things tasted. Some make eight species or kinds of savour, bitter, sweet, sharp, salt, &c., all which sick men (as in an ague) cannot discern, by reason of their organs misaffected.

Touching.] Touch, the last of the senses, and most ignoble, yet of as great necessity as the other) and of as much pleasure. This sense is exquisite in men, and by his nerves dispersed all over the body, perceives any tactile quality. His organ the nerves; his object those first qualities, hot, dry, moist, cold; and those that follow them, hard, soft, thick, thin, &c. Many delightful questions are moved by philosophers about these five senses; their organs, objects, mediums, which for brevity I omit.

SUBSECT. VII.-- *Of the Inward Senses.*

Common Sense.] INNER senses are three in number, so called, because they be within the brain-pan, as common sense, phantasy, memory. Their objects are not only things present, but they perceive the sensible species of things to come, past, absent, such as were before in the sense. This common sense is the judge or moderator of the rest, by whom we discern all differences of objects; for by mine eye I do not know that I see, or by mine ear that I hear, but by my common sense, who judgeth of sounds and colours: they are but the organs to bring the species to be censured; so that all their objects are his, and all their offices are his. The forepart of the brain is his organ or seat.

Phantasy.] Phantasy, or imagination, which some call estimative, or cogitative (confirmed, saith Fernelius, by frequent meditation), is an inner sense which doth more fully examine the species perceived by common sense, of things present or absent, and keeps them longer, recalling them to mind again, or making new of his own. In time of sleep this faculty is free, and many times conceives strange, stupend, absurd shapes, as in sick men we commonly observe. His organ is the middle cell of the brain; his objects all the species communicated to him by the common sense, by comparison of which he feigns infinite other unto himself. In melancholy men this faculty is most powerful and strong, and often hurt; producing many monstrous and prodigious things, especially if it be stirred up by some terrible object, presented to it from common sense or memory. In poets and painters imagination forcibly works, as appears by their several fictions, antics, images: as Ovid's house of sleep, Psyche's palace in Apuleius, &c. In men it is subject and governed by reason, or at least should be; but in brutes it hath no superior, and is *ratio brutorum*, all the reason they have.

Memory.] Memory lays up all the species which the senses have brought in, and records then as a good register, that they may be forthcoming when they are called for by phantasy and reason. His object is the same with phantasy, his seat and organ the back part of the brain.

Affection of the senses, sleep and waking.] The affections of these senses are sleep and waking, common to all sensible creatures. "Sleep is a rest or binding of the outward senses. and of the common sense, for the preservation of body and soul" (as Scaliger defines it); for when the common sense resteth, the outward senses rest also. The phantasy alone is free, and his commander reason: as appears by those imaginary dreams, which are of divers kinds, natural, divine, demoniacal, &c., which vary according to humours, diet, actions, objects, &c., of which Artemidorus, Cardanus, and Sambucus, with their several interpretators, have written great volumes. This ligation of senses proceeds from an inhibition of spirits, the way being stopped by which they should come; this stopping is caused of vapours arising out of the stomach, filling the nerves, by which the spirits should be conveyed. When these vapours are spent, the passage is open, and the spirits perform their accustomed duties: so that "waking is the action and motion of the senses, which the spirits dispersed over all parts cause."

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SUBSECT. VIII.-- Of the Moving Faculty.

Appetite.] This moving faculty is the other power of the sensitive soul, which causeth all those inward and outward animal motions in the body. It is divided into two faculties, the power of appetite, and of moving from place to place. This of appetite is threefold, so some will have it; natural, as it signifies any such inclination, as of a stone to fall downward, and such actions as retention, expulsion, which depend not on sense, but are vegetal, as the appetite of meat and drink; hunger and thirst. Sensitive is common to men and brutes. Voluntary, the third, or intellective, which commands the other two in men, and is a curb unto them, or at least should be, but for the most part is captivated and overruled by them; and men are led like beasts by sense, giving reins to their concupiscence and several lusts. For by this appetite the soul is led or inclined to follow that good which the senses shall approve, or avoid that which they hold evil: his object being good or evil, the one he embraceth, the other he rejecteth; according to that aphorism, *Omnia appetunt bonum*, all things seek their own good, or at least seeming good. This power is inseparable from sense, for where sense is, there are likewise pleasure and pain. His organ is the same with the common sense and is divided into two powers, or inclinations, concupiscible or irascible: or (as one translates it) coveting, anger invading, or impugning. Concupiscible covets always pleasant and delightful things, and abhors that which is distasteful, harsh, and unpleasant. Irascible, *quasi aversans per iram et odium*, as avoiding it with anger and indignation. All affections and perturbations arise out of these two fountains, which, although the Stoics make light of, we hold natural, and not to be resisted. The good affections are caused by some object of the same nature; and if present, they procure joy, which dilates the heart, and preserves the body: if absent, they cause hope, love, desire, and concupiscence. The bad are simple or mixed: simple for some bad object present, as sorrow, which contracts the heart, macerates the soul, subverts the good estate of the body, hindering all the operations of it, causing melancholy, and many times death itself; or future, as fear. Out of these two arise those mixed affections and passions of anger, which is a desire of revenge; hatred, which is inveterate anger; zeal, which is offended with him who hurts that he loves; and *ἐπιχαίρεχᾶχια* (*epichairechachia*), a compound affection of joy and hate, when we rejoice at other men's mischief, and are grieved at their prosperity; pride, self-love, emulation, envy, shame, &c., of which elsewhere.

Moving from place to place, is a faculty necessarily following the other. For in vain were it otherwise to desire and to abhor, if we had not likewise power to prosecute or eschew, by moving the body from place to place: by this faculty therefore we locally move the body, or any part of it, and go from one place to another. To the better performance of which, three things are requisite: that which moves; by what it moves; that which is moved. That which moves, is either the efficient cause, or end. The end is the object, which is desired or eschewed; as in a dog to catch a hare. &c. The efficient cause in man is reason, or his subordinate phantasy, which apprehends good or bad objects: in brutes imagination alone, which moves the appetite, the appetite this faculty, which, by an admirable league of nature, and by mediation of the spirit, commands the organ by which it moves; and that consists of nerves, muscles, cords, dispersed through the whole body, contracted and relaxed as the spirits will, which move the muscles, or nerves in the midst of them, and draw the cord, and so *per consequens*, the joint, to the place intended. That which

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is moved, is the body or some member apt to move. The motion of the body is divers, as going, running, leaping, dancing, sitting, and such like, referred to the predicament of *situs*. Worms creep, birds fly, fishes swim; and so of parts, the chief of which is respiration or breathing, and is thus performed. The outward air is drawn in by the vocal artery, and sent by mediation of the midriff to the lungs, which, dilating themselves as a pair of bellows, reciprocally fetch it in, and send it out to the heart to cool it; and from thence now being hot, convey it again, still taking in fresh. Such a like motion is that of the pulse, of which, because many have written whole books, I will say nothing.

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SUBSECT. IX.-- *Of the Rational Soul.*

IN the precedent subsections I have anatomized those inferior faculties of the soul; the rational remaineth, "a pleasant but a doubtful subject" (as one terms it), and with the like brevity to be discussed. Many erroneous opinions are about the essence and original of it; whether it be fire, as Zeno held; harmony, as Aristoxenus; number, as Xenocrates; whether it be organical, or inorganical; seated in the brain, heart or blood; mortal or immortal; how it comes into the body. Some hold that it is *ex traduce*, as Phil. *1. de Anima*, Tertullian, Lactantius *de opific. Dei, cap. 19.* Hugo, *lib. de Spiritu et Anima*, Vincentius Bellavic. *spec. natural. lib. 23. cap. 2. et 11.* Hippocrates, Avicenna, and many late writers; that one man begets another, body and soul; or as a candle from a candle, to be produced from the seed: otherwise, say they, a man begets but half a man, and is worse than a beast that begets both matter and form; and besides the three faculties of the soul must be together infused, which is most absurd as they hold, because in beasts they are begot, the two inferior I mean, and may not be well separated in men. Galen supposeth the soul *crasin esse*, to be the temperature itself; Trismegistus, Museus, Orpheus, Homer, Pindarus, Phærecides Syrus, Epicetetus, with the Chaldees and Ægyptians, affirmed the soul to be immortal, as did those British Druids of old. The Pythagoreans defend Metempsychosis; and Palingenesia, that souls go from one body to another, *epota prius Lethes unda*, as men into wolves, bears, dogs, hogs, as they were inclined in their lives, or participated in conditions.

--- "inque ferinas
Possumus ire domus, pecudumque in corpora condi."

(Ovid. Met. 15. "We, who may take up our abode in wild beasts, or be lodged in the breasts of cattle")

Lucian's cock was first Euphorbus a captain:

"Ille ego (nam memini) Trojani tempore belli
Panthoides Euphorbus eram."

A horse, a man, a sponge. Julian the Apostate thought Alexander's soul was descended into his body: Plato in Timæo, and in his Phaëdon (for aught I can perceive), differs not much from this opinion, that it was from God at first, and knew all, but being inclosed in the body, it forgets, and learns anew, which he calls *reminiscentia*, or recalling, and that it was put into the body for a punishment; and thence it goes into a beast's, or man's, as appears by his pleasant fiction *de sortitione animarum, Lib. 10. de rep.* and after ten thousand years is to return into the former body again.

--- "Post Varios annos, per mille figuras,
Rursus ad humanæ fertur primordia vitæ,"

Others deny the immortality of it, which Pomponatus of Padua decided out of Aristotle not long since, Plinius Avunculus, *cap. 1. lib. 2. et lib. 7. cap. 55;* Seneca, *lib. 7. epist. ad Lucilium epist 55;* Dicearchus in *Tull. Tusc.* Epicurus, Aratus, Hippocrates, Galen, Lucretius, *lib. 1.*

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"(Præterea gigni pariter cum corpore, et una
Crescere sentimus, pariterque senescere mentem)"

("Besides, we observe that the mind is born with the body, grows with it, and decays with it.")

Averroes, and I know not how many Neoterics. "This question of the immortality of the soul, is diversely and wonderfully impugned and disputed, especially among the Italians of late," saith Jab. Colerus, *lib. de immort. animæ, cap. 1*. The popes themselves have doubted of it: Leo Decimus, that Epicurean pope, as some record of him, caused this question to be dis cussed *pro* and *con* before him, and concluded at last, as a prophane and atheistical moderator, with that verse of Cornelius Gallus, *Et redit in nihilum, quod fuit ante nihil*. It began of nothing, and in nothing it ends. Zeno and his Stoics, as Austin quotes him, supposed the soul so long to continue, till the body was fully putrefied, and resolved into *materia prima*: but after that, *in fumos evanescere*, to be extinguished and vanished; and in the mean time, whilst the body was consuming, it wandered all abroad, *et e longinquo multa annunciare*, and (as that Clazomenian Hermodotus averred) saw pretty visions, and suffered I know not what. *Errant exangues sine corpore et ossibus umbræ*. (Ovid. 4 Met. The bloodless shades without either body or bones wander.) Others grant the immortality thereof but they make many fabulous fictions in the meantime of it, after the departure from the body: like Plato's Elysian fields, and that Turkey paradise. The souls of good men they deified; the bad (saith Austin) became devils as they supposed; with many such absurd tenets, which he hath confuted. Hierome, Austin, and other Fathers of the church, hold that the soul is immortal, created of nothing, and so infused into the child or embryo in his mother's womb, six months after the conception; not as those of brutes, which are *ex traduce*, and dying with them vanish into nothing. To whose divine treatises, and to the Scriptures themselves, I rejoin all such atheistical spirits, as Tully did Atticus, doubting of this point, to Plato's Phaëdon. Or if they desire philosophical proofs and demonstrations, I refer them to Niphus, Nic. Faventinus' tracts of this subject. To Fran. and John Picus in digress: sup. 3. de Anima, Tholosanus, Eugubinus, to Soto, Canas, Thomas, Peresius, Dandinus, Colerus, to that elaborate tract in Zanchius, to Tolet's Sixty Reasons, and Lessius' Twenty-two Arguments, to prove the immortality of the soul. *Campanella lib. de sensu rerum*, is large in the same discourse, Albertinus the Schoolman, Jacob. Nactantus, tom. 2. op. handleth it in four questions. Antony Brunus, Aonius Palearius, Marinus Marcennus, with many others. This reasonable soul, which Austin calls a spiritual substance moving itself is defined by philosophers to be "the first substantial act of a natural, humane, organical body, by which a man lives, perceives, and understands, freely doing all things, and with election." Out of which definition we may gather, that this rational soul includes the powers, and performs the duties of the two other, which are contained in it, and all three faculties make one soul, which is inorganical of itself although it be in all parts, and incorporeal, using their organs, and working by them. It is divided into two chief parts, differing in office only, not in essence. The understanding, which is the rational power apprehending; the will, which is the rational power moving: to which two, all the other rational powers are subject and reduced.

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

SUBJECT. X.-- *Of the Understanding.*

"UNDERSTANDING is a power of the soul, by which we perceive, know, remember, and judge as well singulars, as universals, having certain innate notices or beginnings of arts, a reflecting action, by which it judgeth of his own doings. and examines them." Out of this definition (besides his chief office, which is to apprehend, judge all that he performs, without the help of any instruments or organs) three differences appear betwixt a man and a beast. As first, the sense only comprehends singularities, the understanding universalities. Secondly, the sense hath no innate notions. Thirdly, brutes cannot reflect upon themselves. Bees indeed make neat and curious works, and many other creatures besides; but when they have done, they cannot judge of them. His object is God, *Ens*, all nature, and whatsoever is to be understood: which successively it apprehends. The object first moving the understanding, is some sensible thing; after by discoursing, the mind finds out the corporeal substance, and from thence the spiritual. His actions (some say) are apprehension, composition, division, discoursing, reasoning, memory, which some include in invention, and judgment. The common divisions are of the understanding, agent, and patient; speculative, and practical; in habit, or in act; simple, or compound. The agent is that which is called the wit of man, acumen or subtilty, sharpness of invention, when he doth invent of himself without a teacher, or learns anew, which abstracts those intelligible species from the phantasy, and transfers them to the passive understanding, "because there is nothing in the understanding, which was not first in the sense." That which the imagination hath taken from the sense, this agent judgeth of whether it be true or false; and being so judged he commits it to the passible to be kept. The agent is a doctor or teacher, the passive a scholar; and his office is to keep and further judge of such things as are committed to his charge; as a bare and rased table at first, capable of all forms and notions. Now these notions are two-fold, actions or habits: actions, by which we take notions of, and perceive things; habits, which are durable lights and notions, which we may use when we will. Some reckon up eight kinds of them, sense, experience, intelligence, faith, suspicion, error, opinion, science; to which are added art, prudence, wisdom: as also *synteresis*, *dictamen rationis*, conscience; so that in all there be fourteen species of the understanding, of which some are innate, as the three last mentioned: the other are gotten by doctrine, learning, and use. Plato will have all to be innate: Aristotle reckons up but five inteiectional habits; two practical, as prudence, whose end is to practise; to fabricate; wisdom to comprehend the use and experiments of all notions, and habits whatsoever. Which division of Aristotle (if it be considered aright) is all one with the precedent; for three being innate, and five acquise, the rest are improper, imperfect, and in a more strict examination excluded. Of all these I should more amply dilate, but my subject will not permit. Three of them I will only point at, as more necessary to my following discourse.

Synteresis, or the purer part of the conscience, is an innate habit, and doth signify "a conversation of the knowledge of the law of God and Nature, to know good or evil." And (as our divines hold) it is rather in the understanding than in the will. This makes the major proposition in a practical syllogism. The *dictamen rationis* is

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that which doth admonish us to do good or evil, and is the minor in the syllogism. The conscience is that which approves good or evil, justifying or condemning our actions, and is the conclusion of the syllogism: as in that familiar example of Regulus the Roman, taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, and suffered to go to Rome, on that condition he should return again, or pay so much for his ransom. The synteresis proposeth the question; his word, oath, promise, is to be religiously kept, although to his enemy, and that by the law of nature. "Do not that to another which thou wouldst not have done to thyself." Dictamen applies it to him, and dictates this or the like: Regulus, thou wouldst not another man should falsify his oath, or break promise with thee: conscience concludes, therefore, Regulus, thou dost well to perform thy promise, and oughtest to keep thine oath. More of this in Religious Melancholy.

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SUBSECT. XI.-- *Of the Will.*

WILL is the other power of the rational soul, "which covets or avoids such things as have been before judged and apprehended by the understanding." If good, it approves; if evil, it abhors it: so that his object is either good or evil. Aristotle calls this our rational appetite; for as, in the sensitive, we are moved to good or bad by our appetite, ruled and directed by sense; so in this we are carried by reason. Besides, the sensitive appetite hath a particular object, good or bad; this an universal, immaterial: that respects only things delectable and pleasant; this honest. Again, they differ in liberty. The sensual appetite seeing an object, if it be a convenient good, cannot but desire it; if evil, avoid it: but this is free in his essence, "much now depraved, obscured, and fallen from his first perfection; yet in some of his operations still free," as to go, walk, move at his pleasure, and to choose whether it will do, or not do, steal or not steal. Otherwise, in vain were laws, deliberations, exhortations, counsels, precepts, rewards, promises, threats and punishments: and God should be the author of sin. But in spiritual things we will no good, prone to evil (except we be regenerate, and led by the Spirit), we are egged on by our natural concupiscence, and there is *αταξία* (*ataxia*), a confusion in our powers, "Our whole will is averse from God and his law," not in natural things only, as to eat and drink, lust, to which we are led headlong by our temperance and inordinate appetite,

"Nec nos obniti contra, nec tendere tantum
Sufficimus,---

(Virg. "We are neither able to contend against them, nor only to make way.")

we cannot resist, our concupiscence is originally bad, our heart evil, the seat of our affections captivates and enforceth our will. So that in voluntary things we are averse from God and goodness, bad by nature, by ignorance worse, by art, discipline, custom, we get many bad habits: suffering them to domineer and tyrannize over us; and the devil is still ready at hand with his evil suggestions, to tempt our depraved will to some ill-disposed action, to precipitate us to destruction, except our will be swayed and counterpoised again with some divine precepts, and good motions of the spirit, which many times restrain, hinder and check us, when we are in the full career of our dissolute courses. So David corrected himself when he had Saul at a vantage. Revenge and malice were as two violent oppugners on the one side; but honesty, religion, fear of God, withheld him on the other.

The actions of the will are *velle* and *nolle*, to will and nill: which two words comprehend all, and they are good or bad, accordingly as they are directed, and some of them freely performed by himself; although the Stoics absolutely deny it, and will have all things inevitably done by destiny, imposing a fatal necessity upon us, which we may not resist; yet we say that our will is free in respect of us, and things contingent, howsoever in respect of God's determinate counsel, they are inevitable and necessary. Some other actions of the will are performed by the inferior powers, which obey him, as the sensitive and moving appetite; as to open our eyes, to go hither and thither, not to touch a book, to speak fair or foul: but this appetite is many times rebellious in us, and will not be contained within the lists of sobriety and temperance. It was (as I said) once well agreeing with reason, and there was an

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excellent consent and harmony between them, but that is now dissolved, they often jar, reason is overborne by passion: *Fertur equis auriga, nec audit currus habenas*, as so many wild horses run away with a chariot, and will not be curbed. We know many times what is good, but will not do it, as she said,

"Trahit invitum nova vis, aliudque cupido,
Mens aliud suadet,---"

Lust counsels one thing, reason another, there is a new reluctance in men. *Odi, nec possum, cupiens, non esse quod odi*. We cannot resist, but as Phædra confessed to her nurse, *quæ loqueris, vera sunt, sed furor suggerit sequi pejora*: she said well and true, she did acknowledge it, but headstrong passion and fury made her to do that which was opposite. So David knew the filthiness of his fact, what a loathsome, foul, crying sin adultery was, yet notwithstanding, he would commit murder, and take away another man's wife, enforced against reason, religion, to follow his appetite. Those natural and vegetal powers are not commanded by will at all; for "who can add one cubit to his stature?" These other may, but are not: and thence come all those headstrong passions, violent perturbations of the mind; and many times vicious habits, customs, feral diseases; because we give so much way to our appetite, and follow our inclination, like so many beasts. The principal habits are two in number, virtue and vice, whose peculiar definition; descriptions, differences, and kinds, are handled at large in the ethics, and are, indeed, the subject of moral philosophy.

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

MEMB. III.

SUBSECT. I.-- *Definition of Melancholy, Name, Difference.*

HAVING thus briefly anatomized the body and soul of man, as a preparative to the rest; I may now freely proceed to treat of my intended object, to most men's capacity; and after many ambages, perspicuously define what this melancholy is, show his name and differences. The name is imposed from the matter, and disease denominated from the material cause: as Bruel observes, Μελαγχολια (Melancholia) *quasi* Μελαινα χολη (melaina chole) from black choler. And whether it be a cause or an effect, a disease or symptom, let Donatus Altomarus and Salvianus decide; I will not contend about it. It hath several descriptions, notations, and definitions. Fracastorius, in his second book of intellect, calls those melancholy, "whom abundance of that same depraved humour of black choler hath so misaffected, that they become mad thence, and dote in most things, or in all, belonging to election, will, or other manifest operations of the understanding." Melanelius out of Galen, Ruffus, Ætius, describe it to be "a bad and peevish disease, which makes men degenerate into beasts:" Galen, "a privation or infection of the middle cell of the head," &c. defining it from the part affected, which Hercules de Saxonia approves, *lib. 1. cap. 16.* calling it "a depravation of the principal function:" Fuschius, *lib. 1. cap. 23.* Arnoldus Breviar. *lib. 1. cap. 18.* Guianerius, and others: "By reason of black choler," Paulus adds. Halyabbas simply calls it a "commotion of the mind." Aretæus, "a perpetual anguish of the soul, fastened on one thing, without an ague;" which definition of his, *Mercurialis de affect. cap. lib. 1. cap. 10.* taxeth: but Ælianus Montaltus defends, *lib. de morb. cap. 1. de Melan.* for sufficient and good. The common sort define it to be "a kind of dotage without a fever, having for his ordinary companions, fear and sadness, without any apparent occasion". So doth Laurentius, *cap. 4.* Piso, *lib. 1. cap. 43.* Donatus Altomarus, *cap. 7. art. medic.* Jacchinus, *in com. in lib. 9. Rhasis ad Almansor, cap. 15.* Valesius *exerc. 17.* Fuschius, *institut. 3. sec. 1. c. 11.* &c., which common definition, howsoever approved by most, Hercules de Saxonia will not allow of, nor David Crucius, *Theat. morb. Herm. lib. 2. cap. 6.* he holds it insufficient: "as rather showing what it is not, than what it is:" as omitting the specific difference, the phantasy and brain: but I descend to particulars. The *summum genus* is "dotage, or anguish of the mind," saith Aretæus; "of the principal parts," Hercules de Saxonia adds, to distinguish it from cramp and palsy, and such diseases as belong to the outward sense and motions [depraved] to distinguish it from folly and madness (which Montaltus makes *angor animi*, to separate) in which those functions are not depraved, but rather abolished; [without an ague] is added by all, to separate it from phrensy, and that melancholy which is in a pestilent fever. (Fear and sorrow) make it differ from madness: [without a cause] is lastly inserted, to specify it from all other ordinary passions of [fear and sorrow]. We properly call that dotage, as Laurentius interprets it, "when some one principal faculty of the mind, as imagination, or reason, is corrupted, as all melancholy persons have." It is without a fever, because the humour is most part cold and dry, contrary to putrefaction. Fear and sorrow are the

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true characters and inseparable companions of most melancholy, not all, as Her. de Saxonia, *Tract. de posthumo de Melancholia, cap. 2.* well excepts; for to some it is most pleasant, as to such as laugh most part; some are bold again, and free from all manner of fear and grief; as hereafter shall be declared.

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SUBSECT. II.-- *Of the Part affected. Affection. Parties affected.*

SOME difference I find amongst writers, about the principal part affected in this disease, whether it be the brain, or heart, or some other member. Most are of opinion that it is the brain: for being a kind of dotage, it cannot otherwise be but that the brain must be affected, as a similar part, be it by consent or essence, not in his ventricles, or any obstructions in them, for then it would be an apoplexy, or epilepsy, as Laurentius well observes, but in a cold, dry distemperature of it in his substance. which is corrupt and become too cold, or too dry, or else too hot, as in madmen, and such as are inclined to it: and this Hippocrates confirms, Galen, the Arabians, and most of our new writers. Marcus de Oddis (in a consultation of his, quoted by Hildesheim) and five others there cited are of the contrary part; because fear and sorrow, which are passions, be seated in the heart. But this objection is sufficiently answered by Montaltus, who doth not deny that the heart is affected (as Melanelius proves out of Galen) by reason of his vicinity, and so is the midriff and many other parts. They do *compati*, and have a fellow feeling by the law of nature: but forasmuch as this malady is caused by precedent imagination, with the appetite, to whom spirits obey, and are subject to those principal parts, the brain must needs primarily be misaffected, as the seat of reason; and then the heart, as the seat of affection. Cappivaccius and Mercurialis have copiously discussed this question, and both conclude the subject is the inner brain, and from thence it is communicated to the heart and other inferior parts, which sympathize and are much troubled, especially when it comes by consent, and is caused by reason of the stomach, or myrach, as the Arabians term it, whole body, liver, or spleen, which are seldom free, pylorus, meseraic veins, &c. For our body is like a clock, if one wheel be amiss, all the rest are disordered; the whole fabric suffers: with such admirable art and harmony is a man composed, such excellent proportion, as Ludovicus Vives in his Fable of Man hath elegantly declared.

As many doubts almost arise about the affection, whether it be imagination or reason alone, or both, Hercules de Saxonia proves it out of Galen, Ætius and Altomarus, that the sole fault is in imagination. Bruel is of the same mind: Montaltus in his 2 *cap.* of Melancholy confutes this tenet of theirs, and illustrates the contrary by many examples: as of him that thought himself a shell-fish, of a nun, and of a desperate monk that would not be persuaded but that he was damned; reason was in fault as well as imagination, which did not correct this error: they make away themselves oftentimes, and suppose many absurd and ridiculous things. Why doth not reason detect the fallacy, settle and persuade, if she be free? Avicenna therefore holds both corrupt, to whom most Arabians subscribe. The same is maintained by Areteus, Gorgonius, Guianerius. &c. To end the controversy, no man doubts of imagination, but that it is hurt and misaffected here; for the other, I determine with Albertinus Bottonus, a doctor of Padua, that it is first in "imagination, and afterwards in reason; if the disease be inveterate, or as it is more or less of continuance; but by accident" as Herc. de Saxonia adds; "faith, opinion, discourse, ratiocination, are all accidentally depraved by the default of imagination."

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Parties affected.] To the part affected, I may here add the parties, which shall be more opportunely spoken of elsewhere, now only signifieth. Such as have the moon, Saturn, Mercury misaffected in their genitures, such as live in over cold, or over hot climes: such as are born of melancholy parents; as offend in those six non-natural things, are black, or of a high sanguine complexion, that have little heads, that have a hot heart, moist brain, hot liver and cold stomach, have been long sick: such as are solitary by nature, great students, given to much contemplation, lead a life out of action, are most subject to melancholy. Of sexes both, but men more often; yet women misaffected are far more violent, and grievously troubled. Of seasons of the year, the autumn is most melancholy. Of peculiar times: old age, from which natural melancholy is almost an inseparable accident; but this artificial malady is more frequent in such as are of a middle age. Some assign 40 years, Gariopontus 30. Jubertus excepts neither young nor old from this adventitious. Daniel Sennertus involves all of all sorts, out of common experience, *in omnibus omnino corporibus cujuscunque constionis dominatur*. Ætius and Aretius ascribe into the number "not only discontented, passionate, and miserable persons, swarthy, black; but such as are most merry and pleasant, scoffers, and high coloured." "Generally," saith Rhasis, "the finest wits and most generous spirits, are before other obnoxious to it;" I cannot except any complexion, any condition, sex, or age, but fools and Stoics, which, according to Synesius, are never troubled with any manner of passion, but as Anacreon's *cicada, sine sanguine et dolore; similes fere diis sunt*. Erasmus vindicates fools from this melancholy catalogue, because they have most part moist brains and light hearts; they are free from ambition, envy, shame and fear; they are neither troubled in conscience, nor macerated with cares, to which our whole life is most subject.

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SUBSECT. III.-- *Of the Matter of Melancholy.*

OF the matter of melancholy, there is much question betwixt Avicen and Galen, as you may read in Cardan's Contradictious, Valesius' Controversies, Montanus, Prosper Calenus, Cappivaccius, Bright, Ficinus, that have written either whole tracts, or copiously of it, in their several treatises of this subject. "What this humour is, or whence it proceeds, how it is engendered in the body, neither Galen, nor any old writer, hath sufficiently discussed, as Jacchius thinks: the Neoterics cannot agree. Montanus, in his Consultations, holds melancholy to be material or immaterial: and so doth Arculanus: the material is one of the four humours before mentioned, and natural. The immaterial or adventitious, acquiste, redundant, unnatural, artificial; which Hercules de Saxonia will have reside in the spirits alone, and to proceed from a "hot, cold, dry, moist distemperature, which, without matter, alter the brain and functions of it." Paracelsus wholly rejects and derides this division of four humours and complexions, but our Galenists generally approve of it, subscribing to this opinion of Montanus.

This material melancholy is either simple or mixed; offending in quantity or quality, varying according to his place, where it settleth, as brain, spleen, meseraic veins, heart, womb, and stomach; or differing according to the mixture of those natural humours amongst themselves, or four unnatural adust humours, as they are diversely tempered and mingled. If natural melancholy abound in the body, which is cold and dry, "so that it be more than the body is well able to bear, it must needs be distempered," saith Faventinus, "and diseased;" and so the other, if it be depraved, whether it arise from that other melancholy of choler adust, or from blood, produceth the like effects, and is, as Montaltus contends, if it come by adustion of humours, most part hot and dry. Some difference I find, whether this melancholy matter may be engendered of all four humours, about the colour and temper of it. Galen holds it may be engendered of three alone, excluding phlegm, or pituita, whose true assertion Valesius and Menardus stiffly maintain, and so doth Fuschius, Montaltus, Montanus. How (say they) can white become black? But Hercules de Saxonia, *lib. post. de mela.* c. 8, and Cardan are of the opposite part (it may be engendered of phlegm, *etsi raro contingat*, though it seldom come to pass), so is Guianerius and Laurentius, c.1. with Melanct. in his Book de Anima, and Chap. of Humours; he calls it Asininam, dull, swinish melancholy, and saith that he was an eye-witness of it: so is Wecker. From melancholy adust ariseth one kind; from choler another, which is most brutish; another from phlegm, which is dull; and the last from blood, which is best. Of these some are cold and dry, others hot and dry, varying according to their mixtures, as they are intended, and remitted. And indeed as Rodericus a Fons. cons. 12. 1. determines, ichors, and those serous matters being thickened become phlegm, and phlegm degenerates into choler, choler adust becomes *æruiginosa melancholia*, as vinegar out of purest wine putrefied or by exhalation of purer spirits is so made, and becomes sour and sharp; and from the sharpness of this humour proceeds much waking, troublesome thoughts and dreams, &c. so that I conclude as before. If the humour be cold, it is, saith Faventinus, "a cause of dotage, and produceth milder symptoms: if hot, they are rash, raving mad, or inclining to it." If the brain be hot, the animal spirits

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are hot; much madness follows, with violent actions: if cold, fatuity and sottishness, Cappivaccius. The colour of this mixture varies likewise according to the mixture, be it hot or cold; 'tis sometimes black, sometimes not, Altomarus. The same Melanelius proves out of Galen; and Hippocrates in his Book of Melancholy (if at least it be his), giving instance in a burning coal, "which when it is hot, shines; when it is cold, looks black; and so doth the humour." This diversity of melancholy matter produceth diversity of effects. If it be within the body, and not putrefied, it causeth black jaundice; if putrefied, a quartan ague; if it break out to the skin, leprosy; if to parts, several maladies, as scurvy, &c. If it trouble the mind; as it is diversely mixed, it produceth several kinds of madness and dotage: of which in their place.

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SUBJECT. IV.-- *Of the species or kinds of Melancholy.*

WHEN the matter is divers and confused, how should it otherwise be, but that the species should be divers and confused? Many new and old writers have spoken confusedly of it, confounding melancholy and madness, as Heurthus, Guianerius, Gordonius, Salustius, Salvianus, Jason Pratensis, Savanarola, that will have madness no other than melancholy in extent, differing (as I have said) in degrees. Some make two distinct species, as Ruffus Ephesius, an old writer, Constantinus Africanus, Aretæus, Aurelianus, Paulus Ægineta: others acknowledge a multitude of kinds, and leave them indefinite, as Ætius in his *Tetrabiblos*, Avicenna, *lib. 3 Fen. 1 Tract. 4 cap. 18.* Arculanus, *cap. 16. in 9.* Rasis, Montanus, *med. part. 1.* "If natural melancholy be adust, it maketh one kind; if blood, another; if choler, a third, differing from the first; and so many several opinions there are about the kinds, as there be men themselves." Hercules de Saxonia sets down two kinds, "material and immaterial; one from spirits alone, the other from humours and spirits." Savanarola, *Rub. 11. Tract. 6. cap. 1. de ægritud. capitis*, will have the kinds to be infinite; one from the myrach, called myrachialis of the Arabians; another stomachalis, from the stomach; another from the liver, heart, womb, hemroids: "one beginning, another consummate." Melancthon seconds him, "as the humour is diversely adust and mixed, so are the species divers;" but what these men speak of species I think ought to be understood of symptoms, and so doth Arculanus interpret himself: infinite species, *id est*, symptoms; and in that sense, as Jo. Gorrheus acknowledgeth in his medicinal definitions, the species are infinite, but they may be reduced to three kinds by reason of their seat; head, body, and hypochondries. This threefold division is approved by Hippocrates in his Book of Melancholy (if it be his, which some suspect), by Galen, *lib. 3. de loc. affectis, cap. 6.*, by Alexander, *lib. 1. cap. 16.*, Rasis, *lib. 1. Continent. Tract. 9. lib. 1. cap. 16.*, Avicenna, and most of our new writers. Th. Erastus makes two kinds; one perpetual, which is head melancholy; the other interrupt, which comes and goes by fits, which he subdivides into the other two kinds, so that all comes to the same pass. Some again make four or five kinds, with Rodericus a Castro, *de morbis mulier. lib. 2. cap. 3.*, and Lod. Mercatus, who, in his second book *de mulier. affect. cap. 4.*, will have that melancholy of nuns, widows, and more ancient maids, to be a peculiar species of melancholy differing from the rest: some will reduce enthusiasts, extatical and demoniacal persons to this rank, adding love melancholy to the first, and lycanthropia. The most received division is into three kinds. The first proceeds from the sole fault of the brain, and is called head melancholy; the second sympathetically proceeds from the whole body when the whole temperature is melancholy: the third ariseth from the bowels, liver, spleen, or membrane, called mesenterium, named hypochondriacal or windy melancholy, which Laurentius subdivides into three parts, from those three members, hepatic, splenic, meseraic. Love melancholy, which Avicenna calls *Ilisha*: and Lycanthropia, which he calls *cucubuthe*, are commonly included in head melancholy; but of this last, which Gerardus de Solo calls *amoreus*, and most knight melancholy, with that of religious melancholy, *virginum et viduarum*, maintained by Rod. a Castro and Mercatus, and the other kinds of love melancholy, I will speak of apart by themselves in my third partition. The three precedent species are the subject of my present discourse, which I will anatomize and treat of through

all their causes, symptoms, cures, together and apart; that every man that is in any measure affected with this malady, may know how to examine it in himself; and apply remedies unto it.

It is a hard matter, I confess, to distinguish these three species one from the other, to express their several causes, symptoms, cures, being that they are so often confounded amongst themselves, having such affinity, that they can scarce be discerned by the most accurate physicians; and so often intermixed with other diseases that the best experienced have been plunged. Montanus *consil.* 26, names a patient that had this disease of melancholy and caninus appetitus both together; and *consil.* 23, with vertigo, Julius Cæsar Claudinus, with stone, gout, jaundice. Trincarellius with an ague, jaundice, caninus appetitus, &c. Paulus Regoline, a great doctor in his time, consulted in this case, was so confounded with a confusion of symptoms, that he knew not to what kind of melancholy to refer it. Trincavellius, Fallopius, and Francanzanus, famous doctors in Italy, all three conferred with about one party, at the same time, gave three different opinions. And in another place, Trincavellius being demanded what he thought of a melancholy young man to whom he was sent for, ingenuously confessed that he was indeed melancholy, but he knew not to what kind to reduce it. In his seventeenth consultation there is the like disagreement about a melancholy monk. Those symptoms, which others ascribe to misaffected parts and humours, Herc. de Saxonia attributes wholly to distempered spirits, and those immaterial, as I have said. Sometimes they cannot well discern this disease from others. In Reinerus Solinander's counsels, (*Sect. consil.* 5.) he and Dr. Brande both agreed, that the patient's disease was hypochondriacal melancholy. Dr. Matholdus said it was asthma, and nothing else. Solinander and Guarionius, lately sent for to the melancholy Duke of Cleve, with others, could not define what species it was, or agree amongst themselves. The species are so confounded, as in Cæsar Claudinus his forty-fourth consultation for a Polonian Count, in his judgment "he laboured of head melancholy, and that which proceeds from the whole temperature both at once." I could give instance of some that have had all three kinds *semel et simul*, and some successively. So that I conclude of our melancholy species as many politicians do of their pure forms of commonwealths, monarchies, aristocracies, democracies, are most famous in contemplation, but in practice they are temperate and usually mixed, (so Polybius informeth us) as the Lacedæmonian, the Roman of old, German now, and many others. What physicians say of distinct species in their books it much matters not, since that in their patients' bodies they are commonly mixed. In such obscurity, therefore, variety and confused mixture of symptoms, causes, how difficult a thing is it to treat of several kinds apart; to make any certainty or distinction among so many casualties, distractions, when seldom two men shall be like affected *per omnia*? 'Tis hard, I confess, yet nevertheless I will adventure through the midst of these perplexities, and, led by the clue or thread of the best writers, extricate myself out of a labyrinth of doubts and errors, and so proceed to the causes.

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SECT. II. MEMB. I.

SUBSECT. I.-- *Causes of Melancholy. God a cause.*

"IT is in vain to speak of cures, or think of remedies, until such time as we have considered of the causes," so Galen prescribes Glauco: and the common experience of others confirms that those cures must be imperfect, lame, and to no purpose, wherein the causes have not first been searched, as Prosper Calenius well observes in his tract *de atra bile* to Cardinal Caisius. Insomuch that "Fernelius puts a kind of necessity in the knowledge of the causes, and without which it is impossible to cure or prevent any manner of disease." Empirics may ease, and sometimes help, but not thoroughly root out; *sublata causa tollitur effectus*, as the saying is, if the cause be removed, the effect is likewise vanquished. It is a most difficult thing (I confess) to be able to discern these causes, whence they are, and in such variety to say what the beginning was. He is happy that can perform it aright. I will adventure to guess as near as I can, and rip them all up, from the first to the last, general and particular, to every species, that so they may the better be descried.

General causes, are either supernatural, or natural. "Supernatural are from God and his angels, or by God's permission from the devil" and his ministers. That God himself is a cause for the punishment of sin, and satisfaction of his justice, many examples and testimonies of holy Scriptures make evident unto us, Ps. cvii. 17. "Foolish men are plagued for their offence, and by reason of their wickedness." Gehazi was stricken with leprosy, 2 Reg. v. 27. Jehoram with dysentery and flux, and great diseases of the bowels, 2 Chron. xxi. 15. David plagued for numbering his people, 1 Par. 21. Sodom and Gomorrah swallowed up. And this disease is peculiarly specified, Psalm cxxvii. 12. "He brought down their heart through heaviness." Deut. xxviii 23. "He struck them with madness, blindness, and astonishment of heart." "An evil spirit was sent by the Lord upon Saul, to vex him." Nebuchadnezzar did eat grass like an ox, and "his heart was made like the beasts of the field." Heathen stories are full of such punishments. Lycurgus, because he cut down the vines in the country, was by Bacchus driven into madness: so was Pentheus and his mother Agave for neglecting their sacrifice. Censor Fulvius ran mad for untiling Juno's temple, to cover a new one of his own, which he had dedicated to Fortune, "and was confounded to death, with grief and sorrow of heart." When Xerxes would have spoiled Apollo's temple at Delphos of those infinite riches it possessed, a terrible thunder came from heaven and struck four thousand men dead, the rest ran mad. A little after, the like happened to Brennus, lightning, thunder, earthquakes, upon such a sacrilegious occasion. If we may believe our pontifical writers, they will relate unto us many strange and prodigious punishments in this kind, inflicted by their saints. How Clodoveus, sometime King of France, the son of Dagobert, lost his wits for uncovering the body of St. Denis: and how a sacrilegious Frenchman, that would have stolen a silver image of St. John, at Birgburge, became frantic on a sudden, raging, and tyrannising over his own flesh: of a Lord of Rhadnor, that coming from hunting late at night, put his dogs into St. Avan's church, (Llan Avan they called it) and rising betimes next morning, as hunters use to do, found all his dogs mad, himself being

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suddenly stricken blind. Of Tyridates an Armenian king, for violating some holy nuns, that was punished in like sort, with loss of his wits. But poets and papists may go together for fabulous tales; let them free their own credits: howsoever they feign of their Nemesis, and of their saints, or by the devil's means may be deluded; we find it true, that *ultor a tergo Deus*, "He is God the avenger," as David styles him; and that it is our crying sins that pull this and many other maladies on our own heads. That he can by his angels, which are his ministers, strike and heal (saith Dionysius) whom he will; that he can plague us by his creatures, sun, moon, and stars, which he useth as his instruments, as a husbandman (saith Zanchius) doth a hatchet: hail, snow, winds, &c. "*Et conjurati veniunt in classica venti*:" as in Joshua's time, as in Pharaoh's reign in Egypt; they are but as so many executioners of his justice. He can make the proudest spirits stoop, and cry out with Julian the apostate, *Vicisti, Galilæ*: or with Apollo's priest in Chrysostom, *O cælum! O terra! unde hostis hic?* What an enemy is this? And pray with David, acknowledging his power, "I am weakened and sore broken, I roar for the grief of mine heart, mine heart panteth," &c. Psalm xxxviii. 8. "O Lord rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chastise me in thy wrath," Psalm xxxviii. 1. "Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken, may rejoice," Psalm ii. 8; and verse 12, "Restore to me the joy of thy salvation, and stablish me with thy free spirit." For these causes belike Hippocrates would have a physician take special notice whether the disease come not from a divine supernatural cause, or whether it follow the course of nature. But this is farther discussed by Fran. Valerius de sacr. philos: cap. 8. Fernelius, and J. Cæsar Claudinus, to whom I refer you, how this place of Hippocrates is to be understood. Paracelsus is of opinion, that such spiritual diseases (for so he calls them) are spiritually to be cured, and not otherwise. Ordinary means in such cases will not avail: *Non est reluctandum cum Deo* (we must not struggle with God). When that monster-taming Hercules overcame all in the Olympics, Jupiter at last in an unknown shape wrestled with him; the victory was uncertain, till at length Jupiter descried himself; and Hercules yielded. No striving with supreme powers. *Nil juvat immensos Cratero promittere montes*, physicians and physic can do no good, "we must submit ourselves unto the mighty hand of God," acknowledge our offences, call to him for mercy. If he strike us, *una eademque manus vulnus opemque feret*, as it is with them that are wounded with the spear of Achilles, he alone must help; otherwise our diseases are incurable, and we not to be relieved.

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SUBJECT. II.-- *A Digression of the nature of Spirits, bad Angels, or Devils, and how they cause Melancholy.*

How far the power of spirits and devils doth extend, and whether they can cause this, or any other disease, is a serious question, and worthy to be considered: for the better understanding of which, I will make a brief digression of the nature of spirits. And although the question be very obscure, according to Postellus, "full of controversy and ambiguity," beyond the reach of human capacity, *fateor excedere vires intentionis meæ*, saith Austin, I confess I am not able to understand it, *finitum de infinito non potest statuere*, we can sooner determine with Tully *de nat. deorum, quid non sint quam quid sint*, our subtle schoolmen, Cardans, Scaligers, profound Thomists, Fracastoriana and Ferneliana *acies*, are weak, dry, obscure, defective in these mysteries, and all our quickest wits, as an owl's eyes at the sun's light, wax dull, and are not sufficient to apprehend them; yet, as in the rest, I will adventure to say something to this point. In former times, as we read Acts xxiii, the Sadducees denied that there were any such spirits, devils, or angels. So did Galen the physician, the Peripatetics, even Aristotle himself as Pomponatius stoutly maintains, and Scaliger in some sort grants. Though Dandinus the Jesuit, *com. in lib. 2. de anima*, stiffly denies it; *substantiæ separatae* and intelligences, are the same which Christians call angels, and Platonists devils, for they name all the spirits, *dæmones*, be they good or bad angels, as Julius Pollux *Onomasticon*, lib. 1. cap. 1. observes. Epicures and atheists are of the same mind in general, because they never saw them. Plato, Plotinus, Porphyrius, Jamblichus, Proclus, insisting in the steps of Trismegistus, Pythagoras and Socrates, make no doubt of it: nor Stoics, but that there are such spirits, though much erring from the truth. Concerning the first beginning of them, the Talmudists say that Adam had a wife called Lilis, before he married Eve, and of her he begat nothing but devils. The Turks' Alcoran is altogether as absurd and ridiculous in this point: but the Scripture informs us Christians, how Lucifer, the chief of them, with his associates, fell from heaven for his pride and ambition; created of God, placed in heaven, and sometimes an angel of light, now cast down into the lower aerial sublunary parts, or into hell, "and delivered into chains of darkness (2 Pet. ii. 4.), to be kept unto damnation."

Nature of Devils.] There is a foolish opinion which some hold, that they are the souls of men departed, good and more noble were deified, the baser grovelled on the ground, or in the lower parts, and were devils, the which with Tertullian, Porphyrius the philosopher, M. Tyrius ser. 27 maintains. "These spirits," he saith, "which we call angels and devils, are nought but souls of men departed, which either through love and pity of their friends yet living, help and assist them, or else persecute their enemies, whom they hated," as Dido threatened to persecute Æneas:

Omnibus umbra locis adebo: dabis, improbe, pœnas."

"My angry ghost arising from the deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep;

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At least my shade thy punishment shall know,
And Fame shall spread the pleasing news below."

They are (as others suppose) appointed by those higher powers to keep men from their nativity, and to protect or punish them as they see cause: and are called *boni et mali Genii* by the Romans. Heroes, lares, if good, lemures or larvæ if bad, by the Stoics, governors of countries, men, cities, saith Apuleius, *Deos appellant qui ex hominum numero justa ac prudenter vitæ curriculo gubernato, pro numine, postea ab hominibus praediti fanis et ceremoniis vulgo admittuntur, ut in Ægypto Osiris, &c.* (All those mortals are called gods, who, the course of life being prudently guided and governed, are honoured by men with temples and sacrifices, as Osiris in Ægypt, &c.) *Præstites*, Capella calls them, "which protected particular men as well as princes," Socrates had his *Dæmonium Saturninum et ignium*, which of all spirits is best, *ad sublimes cogitationes animum erigentem*, as the Platonists supposed; Plotinus his, and we Christians our assisting angel, as Andreas Victorellus, a copious writer of this subject, Lodovicus de La-Cerda, the Jesuit, in his voluminous tract *de Angelo Custode*, Zanchius, and some divines think. But this absurd tenet of Tyreus, Proclus confutes at large in his book *de Anima et dæmone*.

Psellus, a Christian, and sometimes tutor (saith Cuspinian) to Michael Parapinatus, Emperor of Greece, a great observer of the nature of devils, holds they are corporeal, and have "aerial bodies, that they are mortal, live and die," (which Martianus Capella likewise maintains, but our christian philosophers explode) "that they are nourished and have excrements, they feel pain if they be hurt (which Cardan confirms, and Scaliger justly laughs him to scorn for; *Si pascantur ære, cur non pugnant ob puriorem æra? &c.*) or stricken:" and if their bodies be cut, with admirable celerity they come together again. Austin, in Gen. lib. iii. lib. arbit, approves as much, *mutata casu corpora in deteriore qualitate æris spissioris*, so doth Hierome. *Comment. in epist. ad Ephes. cap. 3*, Origen, Tertullian, Lactantius, and many ancient fathers of the Church: that in their fall their bodies were changed into a more aerial and gross substance. Bodine, lib. 4, *Theatri Naturæ*, and David Crusius, *Hermetica Philosophæ*, lib. 1. cap. 4, by several arguments proves angels and spirits to be corporeal: *quicquid continetur in loco Corporeus est; At spiritus continetur in loco, ergo. Si spiritus sunt quanti, erunt Corporei: At sunt quanti, ergo. Sunt finiti, ergo quanti, &c.* (Whatever occupies space is corporeal:-- spirit occupies space, therefore, &c. &c.) Bodine goes farther yet, and will have these, *Animæ separatæ genii*, spirits, angels, devils, and so likewise souls of men departed, if corporeal (which he most eagerly contends) to be of some shape, and that absolutely round, like Sun and Moon, because that is the most perfect form, *quæ nihil habet asperitatis, nihil angulis incisum, nihil anfractibus involutum, nihil eminens, sed inter corpora perfecta est perfectissimum*; (Which has no roughness, angles, fractures, prominences, but is the most perfect amongst perfect bodies.) Therefore all spirits are corporeal he concludes, and in their proper shapes round. That they can assume other aerial bodies, all manner of shapes at their pleasures, appear in what likeness they will themselves, that they are most swift in motion, can pass many miles in an instant, and so likewise transform bodies of others into what shape they please, and with admirable celerity remove them from place to place (as the Angel did Habakkuk to Daniel, and as Philip the deacon was carried away by the Spirit, when he had baptised the eunuch; so did Pythagoras and Apollonius remove themselves and others with many such feats); that they can represent castles in the air, palaces, armies, spectrums, prodigies, and such strange

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objects to mortal men's eyes, cause smells, savours, &c., deceive all the senses; most writers of this subject credibly believe; and that they can foretel future events, and do many strange miracles. Juno's image spake to Camillus, and Fortune's statue to the Roman matrons, with many such. Zanchius, Bodine, Spondanus, and others, are of opinion that they cause a true metamorphosis, as Nebuchadnezzar was really translated into a beast, Lot's wife into a pillar of salt; Ulysses' companions into hogs and dogs, by Circe's charms; turn themselves and others, as they do witches into cats, dogs, hares, crows, &c. Strozzius Cicogna hath many examples, *lib. iii. omnif. mag. cap. 4 and 5*, which he there confutes, as Austin likewise doth, *de civ. Dei lib. xviii*. That they can be seen when and in what shape, and to whom they will, saith Psellus, *Taletsi nil tale viderim, nec optem videre*, though he himself never saw them nor desired it; and use sometimes carnal copulation (as elsewhere I shall prove more at large) with women and men. Many will not believe they can be seen, and if any man shall say, swear, and stiffly maintain, though he be discreet and wise, judicious and learned, that he hath seen them, they account him a timorous fool, a melancholy dizzard, a weak fellow, a dreamer, a sick or a mad man, they contemn him, laugh him to scorn, and yet Marcus of his credit told Psellus that he had often seen them. And Leo Suavius, a Frenchman, c. 8, in *Commentar. l. 1. Paracelsus de vita longa*, out of some Platonists, will have the air to be as full of them as snow falling in the skies, and that they may be seen, and withal sets down the means how men may see them; *Si irreverberatis oculis sole splendente versus cælum continuaverint obtutus, &c.* (By gazing steadfastly on the sun illuminated with his brightest rays.), and saith moreover he tried it, *præmissorum feci experimentum*, and it was true, that the Platonists said. Paracelsus confesseth that he saw them divers times, and conferred with them, and so doth Alexander ab Alexandro, "that he so found it by experience, when as before he doubted of it." Many deny it, saith Lavater *de spectris, part i. c. 2*, and *part ii. c. 11*, "because they never saw them themselves;" but as he reports at large all over his book, especially *c. 19, part l.* they are often seen and heard, and familiarly converse with men, as Lod. Vives assureth us, innumerable records, histories, and testimonies evince in all ages, times, places, and all travellers besides; in the West Indies and our northern climes, *Nihil familiaris quam in agris et urbibus spiritus videre, audire qui vetent, jubeant, &c.* Hieronymus vita Pauli, Basil ser. 40, Nidephorus, Eusebius, Socrates, Sozomenus, Jacobus Boissardus in his tract *de spirituum apparitionibus*, Petrus Loyerus *l. de spectris*, Wierus *l. 1.* have infinite variety of such examples of apparitions of spirits, for him to read that farther doubts, to his ample satisfaction. One alone I will briefly insert. A nobleman in Germany was sent ambassador to the King of Sweden (for his name, the time, and such circumstances, I refer you to Boissardus, mine author). After he had done his business, he sailed to Livonia, on set purpose to see those familiar spirits, which are there said to be conversant with men, and do their drudgery works. Amongst other matters, one of them told him where his wife was, in what room, in what clothes, what doing, and brought him a ring from her, which, at his return, *non sine omnium admiratione*, he found to be true; and so believed that ever after, which before he doubted of. Cardan *l. 19. de subtil.* relates of his father, Facius Cardan, that after the accustomed solemnities, An. 1491, 13 August, he conjured up seven devils, in Greek apparel, about forty years of age, some ruddy of complexion, and some pale, as he thought; he asked them many questions, and they made ready answer, that they were aerial devils, that they lived and died as men did, save that they were far longer lived (700 or 800 years); they did as much excel men in dignity as we do juments, and were as far excelled again of those that were above them; our governors and keepers they are moreover, which Plato in Critias delivered

of old, and subordinate to one another, *Ut enim homo homini, sic daemon daemonei dominatur*, they rule themselves as well as us, and the spirits of the meaner sort had commonly such offices, as we make horse-keepers, neat-herds, and the basest of us, overseers of our cattle; and that we can no more apprehend their natures and functions, than a horse a man's. They knew all things, but might not reveal them to man; and ruled and domineered over us, as we do over our horses; the best kings among us, and the most generous spirits, were not comparable to the basest of them. Sometimes they did instruct men, and communicate their skill, reward and cherish, and sometimes, again, terrify and punish, to keep them in awe, as they thought fit, *Nihil magis cupientes* (saith Lysius, Phis. Stoicorum) *quam adorationem hominum* (coveting nothing more than the admiration of mankind.) The same Author, Cardan, in his *Hyperchen*, out of the doctrine of Stoics, will have some of these Genii (for so he calls them) to be desirous of men's company, very affable and familiar with them, as dogs are; others, again, to abhor as serpents, and care not for them. The same belike Tritemius calls *Ignios et sublunares, qui nunquam demergunt ad inferiora, aut vix ullum habent in terris commercium*: Generally they far excel men in worth, as a man the meanest worm; though some of them are inferior to those of their own rank in worth, as the blackguard in a prince's court, and to men again, as some degenerate, base, rational creatures, are excelled of brute beasts."

That they are mortal, besides these testimonies of Cardan, Martianus, &c., many other divines and philosophers hold, *post prolixum tempus moriuntur omnes*; The Platonists, and some Rabbins, Porphyrius and Plutarch, as appears by that relation of Thamus: "The great god Pan is dead;" Apollo Pythius ceased; and so the rest. St. Hierome, in the life of Paul the Hermit, tells a story how one of them appeared to St. Anthony in the wilderness, and told him as much. Paracelsus of our late writers stiffly maintains that they are mortal, live and die as other creatures do. Zozimus, 1.2, further adds, that religion and policy dies and alters with them. The Gentiles' gods, he saith, were expelled by Constantine, and together with them, *Imperii Romani majestas, et fortuna interiit, et profligata est*; The fortune and majesty of the Roman Empire decayed and vanished, as that heathen in Minutius formerly bragged when the Jews were overcome by the Romans, the Jews' God was likewise captivated by that of Rome; and Rabsakeh to the Israelite; no God should deliver them out of the hands of the Assyrians. But these paradoxes of their power, corporeity, mortality, taking of shapes, transposing bodies, and carnal copulations, are sufficiently confuted by Zanch. c. 10, l. 4. Pererius in his comment, and Tostatus questions on the 6th of *Gen.* Th. Aquin., St. Austin, Wierus, Th. Erastus, Delrio, tom. 2, l. 2, *quæst.* 29; Sebastian Michaelis, c. 2, *de spiritibus*, D. Reinolds *Lect.* 47. They may deceive the eyes of men, yet not take true bodies, or make a real metamorphosis; but as Cicogna proves at large, they are *Illusoriæ et præstigiatrices transformationes, omnif. mag. lib. 4, cap. 4*, mere illusions and cozenings, like that tale of *Pasetis obulus* in Suidas, or that of Autolicus, Mercury's son, that dwelt in Parnassus, who got so much treasure by cozenage and stealth. His father Mercury, because he could leave him no wealth, taught him many fine tricks to get means, for he could drive away men's cattle, and if any pursued him, turn them into what shapes he would, and so did mightily enrich himself, *hoc astu maximam prædam est adsecutus*. This, no doubt, is as true as the rest; yet thus much in general. Thomas, Durand, and others, grant that they have understanding far beyond men, can probably conjecture and foretel many things; they can cause and cure most diseases, deceive our senses; they have excellent skill in all Arts and Sciences; and that the most illiterate devil is *Quovis homine scientior* (more knowing than any man), as Cicogna maintains out of others. They know the virtues of

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herbs, plants, stones, minerals, &c.; of all creatures, birds, beasts, the four elements, stars, planets, can aptly apply and make use of them as they see good; perceiving the causes of all meteors, ad the like: *Dant se coloribus* (as Austin hath it) *accommodant se figuris, adhærent sonis, subjiciunt se odoribus, infundunt se saporibus, omnes sensus etiam ipsam intelligentiam dæmones fallunt*, they deceive all our senses, even our understanding itself at once. They can produce miraculous alterations in the air, and most wonderful effects, conquer armies, give victories, help, further, hurt, cross and alter human attempts and projects (*Dei permissu*) as they see good themselves. When Charles the Great intended to make a channel betwixt the Rhine and the Danube, look what his workmen did in the day, these spirits flung down in the night, *Ut conatu Rex desisteret, pervicere*. Such feats can they do. But that which Bodine, 1.4, *Theat. nat.* thinks (following Tyrius belike, and the Platonists,) they can tell the secrets of a man's heart, *aut cogitationes hominum*, is most false; his reasons are weak, and sufficiently confuted by Zanch. *lib. 4, cap. 9*. Hierom. *lib. 2, com. in Mat. ad cap. 15*, Athanasius *quæst. 27*, and Antiochum Principem, and others.

Orders.] As for those orders of good and bad Devils, which the Platonists hold, is altogether erroneous, and those Ethnics *boni et mali Genii*, are to be exploded: these heathen writers agree not in this point among themselves, as Dandinus notes, *An sint mali non conveniunt*, some will have all spirits good or bad to us by a mistake, as if an Ox or Horse could discourse, he would say the Butcher was his enemy because he killed him, the Grazier his friend because he fed him; a Hunter preserves and yet kills his game, and is hated nevertheless of his game; *nec piscatorem piscis amare potest, &c.* But Jamblichus, Psellus, Plutarch, and most Platonists acknowledge bad, *et ab eorum malificiis cavendum*, and we should beware of their wickedness, for they are enemies of mankind, and this Plato learned in Egypt, that they quarrelled with Jupiter, and were driven by him down to hell. That which Apuleius, Xenophon, and Plato contend of Socrates' Dæmonium, is most absurd: That which Plotinus of his, that he had likewise *Deum pro Dæmonio*; and that which Porphyry concludes of them all in general, if they be neglected in their sacrifice they are angry; nay more, as Cardan in his Hyperchen will, they feed on men's souls, *Elementa sunt plantis elementum, animalibus plantæ, hominibus animalia, erunt et homines aliis, non autem diis, nimis enim remota est eorum natura a nostris, quapropter dæmonibus*: and so belike that we have so many battles fought in all ages, countries, is to make them a feast, and their sole delight: but to return to that I said before, if displeased they fret and chafe (for they feed belike on the souls of beasts, as we do on their bodies), and send many plagues amongst us; but if pleased, then they do much good; is as vain as the rest and confuted by Austin, *l. 9. c. 8. de Civ. Dei*. Euseb. *l.4. præpar. Evang. c. 6.* and others. Yet thus much I find, that our school-men and other Divines make nine kinds of bad spirits, as Dionysius hath done of Angels. In the first rank are those false gods of the Gentiles, which were adored heretofore in several Idols, and gave Oracles at Delphos, and elsewhere; whose Prince is Beelzebub. The second rank is of Liars and Æquivocators, as Apollo Pythius, and the like. The third are those vessels of anger, inventors of all mischief; as that Theutus in Plato; Esay calls them vessels of fury; their Prince is Belial. The fourth are malicious revenging Devils; and their Prince is Asmodæus. The fifth kind are cozeners, such as belong to Magicians and Witches; their Prince is Satan. The sixth are those aerial devils that corrupt the air and cause plagues, thunders, fires, &c.; spoken of in the Apocalypse, and Paul to the Ephesians names them the Princes of the air; Meresin is their Prince. The seventh is a destroyer, Captain of the Furies, causing wars, tumults, combustions, uproars, mentioned in the Apocalypse; and called Abaddon. The eighth is that accusing or

calumniating Devil, whom the Greeks call Διαβολος [Diabolos], that drives men to despair. The ninth are those tempters in several kinds, and their Prince is Mammon. Psellus makes six kinds, yet none above the Moon: Wierus in his *Pseudomonarchia Dæmonis*, out of an old book, makes many more divisions and subordinations, with their several names, numbers, offices, &c., but Gazæus cited by Lipsius will have all places full of Angels, Spirits, and Devils, above and beneath the Moon, ætherial and aerial, which Austin cites out of Varro *l. vii. de Civ. Dei, c. 6.* "The celestial Devils above, and aerial beneath," or, as some will, gods above, Semidei or half gods beneath, Lares, Heroes, Genii, which climb higher, if they lived well, as the Stoics held; but grovel on the ground as they were baser in their lives, nearer to the earth: and are Manes, Lemures, Lamiæ, &c. They will have no place but all full of Spirits, Devils, or some other inhabitants; *Plenum Cælum, aer, aqua, terra, et omnia sub terra*, saith Gazæus; though Anthony Rusca in his book *de Inferno, lib. v. cap. 7.* would confine them to the middle Region, yet they will have them everywhere. "Not so much as a hair-breadth empty in heaven, earth, or waters, above or under the earth." The air is not so full of flies in summer, as it is at all times of invisible devils: this Paracelsus stiffly maintains, and that they have every one their several Chaos, others will have infinite worlds, and each world his peculiar Spirits, Gods, Angels, and Devils to govern and punish it.

"Singula nonnulli credunt quoque sidera posse
Dici orbes, terramque appellant sidus opacum,
Cui minimus divum præsit."--

"Some persons believe each star to be a world, and this earth an opaque star, on which the least of the gods presides."

Gregorius Tholsanus makes seven kinds of ætherial Spirits or Angels, according to the number of the seven Planets, Saturnine, Jovial, Martial, of which Cardan discourseth *lib. xx. de subtil.* he calls them *substantias primas, Olympicos dæmones Tritemius, qui præsunt Zodiaco, &c.*, and will have them to be good Angels above, Devils beneath the Moon, their several names and offices he there sets down, and which Dionysius of Angels, will have several spirits for several countries, men, offices, &c., which live about them, and as so many assisting powers cause their operations, will have in a word, innumerable, as many of them as there be Stars in the Skies. Marcilius Ficinus seems to second this opinion, out of Plato, or from himself I know not, (still ruling their inferiors, as they do those under them again, all subordinate, and the nearest to the earth rule us, whom we subdivide into good and bad angels, call gods or devils, as they help or hurt us, and so adore, love or hate) but it is most likely from Plato, for he relying wholly on Socrates, *quem mori potius quam mentiri voluisse scribit*, whom he says would rather die than tell a falsehood out of Socrates' authority alone, made nine kinds of them: which opinion belike Socrates took from Pythagoras, and he from Trismegistus, he from Zoroastes, first God, second idea, 3. Intelligences, 4. Arch-Angels, 5. Angels, 6. Devils, 7. Heroes, 8. Principalities, 9. Princes: of which some were absolutely good, as gods, some bad, some indifferent *inter deos et homines*, as heroes and demons, which ruled men, and were called genii, or as Proclus and Jamblichus will, the middle betwixt God and men. Principalities and Princes, which commanded and swayed Kings and countries; and had several places in the Spheres perhaps, for as every sphere is higher, so hath it more excellent inhabitants: which belike is that Galilæus a Galileo and Kepler aims at in his *Nuncio Syderio*, when he will have Saturnine and Jovial inhabitants: and which

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Tycho Brahe doth in some sort touch or insinuate in one of his Epistles: but these things Zanchius justly explodes, *cap. 3. lib. 4. P. Martyr. in 4. Sam. 28.*

So that according to these men the number of ætherial spirits must needs be infinite: for if that be true that some of our mathematicians say: if a stone could fall from the starry heaven, or eighth sphere, and should pass every hour an hundred miles, it would be 65 years, or more, before it would come to ground, by reason of the great distance of heaven from earth, which contains as some say 110 millions 803 miles, besides those other heavens, whether they be crystalline or watery which Maginus adds, which peradventure holds as much more, how many such spirits may it contain? And yet for all this Thomas Albertus, and most hold that there be far more angels than devils.

Sublunary devils, and their kinds.] But be they more or less, *Quod supra nos nihil ad nos* (what is beyond our comprehension does not concern us). Howsoever as Martianus foolishly supposeth, *Ætherii daemones non curant res humanas*, they care not for us, do not attend our actions, or look for us, those ætherial spirits have other worlds to reign in belike or business to follow. We are only now to speak in brief of these sublunary spirits or devils: for the rest, our divines determine that the Devil had no power over stars, or heavens; *Carminibus cælo possunt deducere lunam, &c.* (by their charms (verses) they can seduce the moon from the heavens). Those are poetical fictions, and that they can *sistere aquam fluviis, et vertere sidera retro, &c.*, (stop rivers and turn the stars backwards in their courses) as Canadia in Horace, 'tis all false. They are confined until the day of judgment to this sublunary world, and can work no farther than the four elements, and as God permits them. Wherefore of these sublunary devils, though others divide them otherwise according to their several places and offices, Psellus makes six kinds, fiery, aerial, terrestrial, watery, and subterranean devils, besides those fairies, satyrs, nymphs, &c.

Fiery spirits or devils are such as commonly work by blazing stars, fire-drakes, or *ignes fatui*; which lead men often *in flumina aut præcipitia*, saith Bodine, *lib. 2. Theat. naturæ, fol. 221. Quos inquit arcere si volunt viatores, clara voce Deum appellare, aut pronam facie terram contingente adorare oportet, et hoc amuletum majoribus nostris acceptum ferre debemus, &c.*, (whom if travellers wish to keep off they must pronounce the name of God with a clear voice, or adore him with their faces in contact with the ground, &c.); likewise they counterfeit suns and moons, stars oftentimes, and sit on ship masts: *In navigiorum summitatibus visuntur*; and are called dioscuroi, as Eusebius 1. *contra Philosophos, c. xlviii.* informeth us, out of the authority of Zenophanes; or little clouds, *ad motum nescio quem volantes*; which never appear, saith Cardan, but they signify some mischief or other to come unto men, though some again will have them to pretend good, and victory to that side they come towards in sea fights, St. Elmo's fires they commonly call them, and they do likely appear after a sea storm; Radzivillius, the Polonian duke, calls this apparition, *Sancti Germani sidus*; and saith moreover that he saw the same after a storm as he was sailing, 1582, from Alexandria to Rhodes. Our stories are full of such apparitions in all kinds. Some think they keep their residence in that Hecla, a mountain in Iceland, Ætna in Sicily, Lipari, Vesuvius, &c. These devils were worshipped heretofore by that superstitious Πυρομαντεία (Pyromanteia)(fire-worship, or divination by fire) and the like.

Aerial spirits or devils, are such as keep quarter most part in the air, cause many tempests, thunder, and lightnings, tear oaks, fire steeples, houses, strike men

and beasts, make it rain stones, as in Livy's time, wool, frogs, &c. Counterfeit armies in the air, strange noises, swords, &c., as at Vienna before the coming of the Turks, and many times in Rome, as Scheretzius *l. de spect. c. 1. part. 1.* Lavater *de spect. part. 1. c. 17.* Julius Obsequens, an old Roman; in his book of prodigies, *ab urb. cond. 505.* Machiavel hath illustrated by many examples, and Josephus, in his book *de bello Judaico*, before the destruction of Jerusalem. All which Guil. Postellus, in his first book, *c. 7, de orbis concordia*, useth as an effectual argument (as indeed it is) to persuade them that will not believe there be spirits or devils. They cause whirlwinds on a sudden, and tempestuous storms; which though our meteorologists generally refer to natural causes, yet I am of Bodine's mind, *Theat. Nat. 1.2.* they are more often caused by those aerial devils, in their several quarters; for *Tempestatibus se ingerunt*, saith Rich. Argentine; as when a desperate man makes away with himself; which by hanging or drowning they frequently do, as Kornmannus observes, *de mirac. mort. part. 1, c. 76. tripudium agentes*, dancing and rejoicing at the death of a sinner. These can corrupt the air, and cause plagues, sickness, storms, shipwrecks, fires, inundations. At Mons Draconis in Italy, there is a most memorable example in Jovianus Pontanus: and nothing so familiar (if we may believe those relations of Saxo Grammaticus, Olaus Magnus, Damianus A. Goes) as for witches and sorcerers, in Lapland, Lithuania, and all over Scandia, to sell winds to mariners, and cause tempests, which Marcus Paulus the Venetian relates likewise of the Tartars. These kind of devils are much delighted in sacrifices (saith Porphiry), held all the world in awe, and had several names, idols, sacrifices, in Rome, Greece, Egypt, and at this day tyrannise over, and deceive those Ethnics and Indians, being adored and worshipped for gods. For the Gentiles' gods were devils (as Trismegistus confesseth in his Asclepius), and he himself could make them come to their images by magic spells: and are now as much "respected by our papists (saith Pictorius) under the name of saints." These are they which Cardan thinks desire so much carnal copulation with witches (*Incubi* and *Succubi*), transform bodies, and are so very cold if they be touched; and that serve magicians. His father had one of them (as he is not ashamed to relate), an aerial devil, bound to him for twenty and eight years. As Agrippa's dog had a devil tied to his collar; some think that Paracelsus (or else Erastus belies him) had one confined to his sword pommel; others wear them in rings, &c. Jannes and Jambres did many things of old by their help; Simon Magus, Cinops, Apollothus Tianeus, Jamblichus, and Tritemius of late, that showed Maximilian the emperor his wife, after she was dead; *Et verrucam in collo ejus* (saith Godolman) so much as the wart in her neck. Delrio, *lib. ii.* hath divers examples of their feats: Cicogna, *lib. iii. cap. 3.* and Wierus in his book *de præstig. daemonum*. Boissardus *de magis et veneficis*.

Water-devils are those Naiads or water nymphs which have been heretofore conversant about waters and rivers. The water (as Paracelsus thinks) is their chaos, wherein they live; some call them fairies, and say that Habundia is their queen; these cause inundations, many times shipwrecks, and deceive men divers ways, as Succuba, or otherwise, appearing most part (saith Tritemius) in women's shapes. Paracelsus hath several stories of them that have lived and been married to mortal men, and so continued for certain years with them, and after, upon some dislike, have forsaken them. Such a one was Ægeria, with whom Numa was so familiar, Diana, Ceres, &c. Olaus Magnus hath a long narration of one Hotherus, a king of Sweden, that having lost his company, as he was hunting one day, met with these water nymphs or fairies, and was feasted by them; and Hector Boethius, of Macbeth, and Banquo, two Scottish lords, that as they were wandering in the woods, had their fortunes told them by three

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strange women. To these, heretofore, they did use to sacrifice, by that ὑδρομαντεία (hydromanteia) or divination by waters.

Terrestrial devils are those lares, Genii, Fauns, Satyrs, Wood-nymphs, Foliots, Fairies, Robin Goodfellows, Trulli, &c., which as they are most conversant with men, so they do them most harm. Some think it was they alone that kept the heathen people in awe of old, and had so many idols and temples erected to them. Of this range was Dagon amongst the Philistines, Bel amongst the Babylonians, Astartea amongst the Sidonians, Baal amongst the Samaritans, Isis and Osiris amongst the Egyptians, &c.; some put our fairies into this rank, which have been in former times adored with much superstition, with sweeping their houses, and setting of a pail of clean water, good victuals, and the like, and then they should not be pinched, but find money in their shoes, and be fortunate in their enterprises. These are they that dance on heaths and greens, as Lavater thinks with Tritemius, and as Olaus Magnus adds, leave that green circle, which we commonly find in plain fields, which others hold to proceed from a meteor falling, or some accidental rankness of the ground, so nature sports herself; they are sometimes seen by old women and children. Hierom. Pauli, in his description of the city of Bercino in Spain, relates how they have been familiarly seen near that town, about fountains and hills; *Nonnunquam* (saith Tritemius) *in sua latibula montium simpliciores homines ducant, stupenda mirantibus ostendentes miracula, nolarum sonitus, spectacula, &c.* (Sometimes they seduce too simple men into their mountain retreats, where they exhibit wonderful sights to their marvelling eyes, and astonish their ears by the sound of bells, &c.) Giraldus Cambrensis gives instance in a monk of Wales that was so deluded. Paracelsus reckons up many places in Germany, where they do usually walk in little coats, some two feet long. A bigger kind there is of them called with us hobgoblins, and Robin Goodfellows, that would in those superstitious times grind corn for a mess of milk, cut wood, or do any manner of drudgery work. They would mend old irons in those Æolian isles of Lipari, in former ages, and have been often seen and heard. Tholosanus calls them Trullos and Getulos, and saith, that in his days they were common in many places of France. Dithmarus Bleskenius, in his description of Iceland, reports for a certainty, that almost in every family they have yet some such familiar spirits; and Fœlix Malleolus, in his book *de crudel. daemon.* affirms as much, that these Trolli or Telchines are very common in Norway, "and seen to do drudgery work;" to draw water, saith Wierus, *lib. i. cap. 22.* dress meat, or any such thing. Another sort of these there are, which frequent forlorn houses, which the Italians call foliots, most part innoxious, Cardan holds; "They will make strange noises in the night, howl sometimes pitifully, and then laugh again, cause great flame and sudden lights, fling stones, rattle chains, shave men, open doors and shut them, fling down platters, stools, chests, sometimes appear in the likeness of hares, crows, black dogs, &c." of which read Pet. Thyraëis the Jesuit, in his *Tract. de locis infestis, part. 1. et cap. 4.* who will have them to be devils or the souls of damned men that seek revenge, or else souls out of purgatory that seek ease; for such examples peruses Sigismundus Scheretzius, *lib. de spectris, part 1. c. 1.* which he saith he took out of Luther most part; there be many instances. Plinius Secundus remembers such a house at Athens, which Athenodorus the philosopher hired, which no man durst inhabit for fear of devils. Austin, *de Civ. Dei, lib. 22, cap. 1.* relates as much of Hesperius the Tribune's house, at Zubeda, near their city of Hippos, vexed with evil spirits, to his great hindrance, *Cum afflictione animalium et servorum suorum.* Many such instances are to be read in Niderius Formicar, *lib. 5. cap. xii. 3.* &c. Whether I may call these Zim and Ochim, which Isaiah, *cap. xiii. 21.* speaks of, I make a doubt. See more of these in the said Scheretz. *lib. 1. de spect. cap. 4.* he is full

of examples. These kinds of devils many times appear to men, and affright them out of their wits, sometimes walking at noon-day, sometimes at nights, counterfeiting dead men's ghosts, as that of Caligula, which (saith Suetonius) was seen to walk in Lavinia's garden, where his body was buried, spirits hanuted, and the house where he died, *Nulla nox sine terrore transacti, donec incendio consumpta*; every night this happened, there was no quietness, till the house was burned. About Hecla, in Iceland, ghosts commonly walk, *animas mortuorum simulantes*, saith Joh. Anan. *lib. 3. de nat. dæm.* Olaus, *lib. 2. cap. 2.* Natal. Tallopid. *lib. de apparit. spir.* Kornmannus *de mirac. mort. part. 1. cap. 44.* such sights are frequently seen *circa sepulchra et monasteria*, saith Lavat. *lib. 1. cap. 19.* in monasteries and about churchyards, *loca paludinea, ampla ædificata, solitari, et cæde hominum notata, &c.* (marshes, great buildings, solitary places, or remarkable as the scene of some murder). Thyreus adds, *ubi gravius peccatum est commissum, impii pauperum oppressores et nequiter insignes habitat* (where some very heinous crime was committed, there the impious and infamous generally dwell). These spirits often foretel men's deaths by several signs, as knockings, groanings, &c., though Rich. Argentine, *c. 18. præstigiis dæmonum*, will ascribe these predictions to good angels, out of the authority of Ficinus and others; *prodigia in obitu principum sæpius contingunt, &c.* (prodigies frequently occur at the deaths of illustrious men), as in the Lateran church in Rome, the popes' deaths are foretold by Sylvester's tomb. Near Rupes Nova in Finland, in the kingdom of Sweden, there is a lake, in which, before the governor of the castle dies, a spectrum, in the habit of Arion with his harp, appears, and makes excellent music, like those blocks in Cheshire, which (they say) presage death to the master of the family; or that oak in Lanthadran park in Cornwall, which foreshows as much. Many families in Europe are so put in mind of their last by such predictions, and many men are forewarned (if we may believe Paracelsus) by familiar spirits in divers shapes, as cocks, crows, owls, which often hover about sick men's chambers, *vel quia morientium fœditatem sentiunt*, as Baracellus conjectures, *et ideo super tectum infirmorum crocitant*, because they smell a corse; or for that (as Bernardinus de Bustis thinketh) God permits the devil to appear in the form of crows, and such like creatures, to scare such as live wickedly here on earth. A little before Tully's death (saith Plutarch) the crows made a mighty noise about him, *tumultuose perstreptentes*, they pulled the pillow from under his head. Rob. Gaguinus *hist. Franc. lib. 8*, telleth such another wonderful story at the death of Johannes de Monteforti, a French lord, anno 1345, *tanta corvorum multitudo ædibus morientis insedit, quantam esse in Gallia nemo judicasset* (a multitude of crows alighted on the house of the dying man, such as no one imagined existed in France). Such prodigies are very frequent in authors. See more of these in the said Lavater, Thyreus *de locii infestis, part 3, cap. 58.* Pictorius, Delrio, Cicogna, *lib. 3, cap. 9.* Necromancers take upon them to raise and lay them at their pleasures: and so likewise those which Mizaldus calls Ambulones, that walk about midnight on great heaths and desert places, which (saith Lavater) "draw men out of the way, and lead them all night a bye-way, or quite bar them of their way;" these have several names in several places; we commonly call them Pucks. In the deserts of Lop, in Asia, such illusions of walking spirits are often perceived, as you may read in M. Paulus, the Venetian his travels; if one lose his company by chance, these devils will call him by his name, and counterfeit voices of his companions to seduce him. Hieronym. Pauli, in his book of the hills of Spain, relates of a great mount in Cantabria, where such spectrums are to be seen; Lavater and Cicogna have variety of examples of spirits and walking devils in this kind. Sometimes they sit by the highway side, to give men falls, and make their horses

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stumble and start as they ride (if you will believe the relation of that holy man Ketellus in Nubrigensis, that had an especial grace to see devils, *Gratiam divinitus collatam*, and talk with them, *Et impavidus cum spiritibus sermonem miscere*, without offence, and if a man curse or spur his horse for stumbling, they do heartily rejoice at it; with many such pretty feats.

Subterranean devils are as common as the rest, and do as much harm. Olaus Magnus, *lib. 6, cap. 19*, makes six kinds of them; some bigger, some less. These (saith Munster) are commonly seen about mines of metals, and are some of them noxious; some again do no harm. The metal-men in many places account it good luck, a sign of treasure and rich ore when they see them. Georgius Agricola in his book *de subterraneis animantibus, cap. 31*, reckons two more notable kinds of them, which he calls Getuli and Cobali, both "are clothed after the manner of metal-men, and will many times imitate their works." Their office, as Pictorius and Paracelsus think, is to keep treasure in the earth, that it be not all at once revealed; and besides, Cicogna avers that they are the frequent causes of those horrible earthquakes "which often swallow up, not only houses, but whole islands and cities;" in his third book, *cap. 11*, he gives many instances.

The last are conversant about the centre of the earth to torture the souls of damned men to the day of judgment; their egress and regress some suppose to be about Ætna, Lipari, Mons Hecla in Iceland, Vesuvius, Terra del Fuego, &c., because many shrieks and fearful cries are continually heard thereabouts, and familiar apparitions of dead men, ghosts and goblins.

Their Offices, Operations, Study.] Thus the devil reigns, and in a thousand several shapes, "as a roaring lion still seeks whom he may devour," 1 Pet. v., by earth, sea, land, air, as yet unconfined, though some will have his proper place the air; all that space between us and the moon for them that transgressed least, and hell for the wickedest of them, *Hic velut in carcere ad finem mundi, tunc in locum funestiorum trudendi*, as Austin holds *de Civit. Dei, c. 22, lib. 14, cap. 3 et 23*; but be where he will, he rageth while he may to comfort himself, as Lactantius thinks, with other men's falls, he labours all he can to bring them into the same pit of perdition with him. "For men's miseries, calamities, and ruins are the devil's banqueting dishes." By many temptations and several engines, he seeks to captivate our souls. The Lord of Lies, saith Austin, "As he was deceived himself, he seeks to deceive others, the ringleader to all naughtiness, as he did by Eve and Cain, Sodom and Gomorrah, so would he do by all the world. Sometimes he tempts by covetousness, drunkenness, pleasure, pride, &c., errs, dejects, saves, kills, protects, and rides some men, as they do their horses. He studies our overthrow, and generally seeks our destruction;" and although he pretend many times human good, and vindicate himself for a god by curing of several diseases, *ægris sanitatem, et cæcis luminis usum restituendo*, as Austin declares, *lib. 10, de Civit. Dei, cap. 6*, as Apollo, Æsculapius, Isis, of old have done; divert plagues, assist them in wars, pretend their happiness, yet *nihil his impurius, scelestius, nihil humano geberi infestius*, nothing so impure, nothing so pernicious, as may well appear by their tyrannical and bloody sacrifices of men to Saturn and Moloch, which are still in use among those barbarous Indians, their several deceits and cozenings to keep men in obedience, their false oracles, sacrifices, their superstitious impositions of fasts, penury, &c. Heresies, superstitions observations of meats, times, &c., by which they crucify the souls of mortal men, as shall be showed in our Treatise of Religious Melancholy. *Modico adhuc tempore sinitur malignari*, as Bernard

expresseth it, by God's permission he rageth a while, hereafter to be confined to hell and darkness, "which is prepared for him and his angels," Mat. xxv.

How far their power doth extend it is hard to determine; what the ancients held of their effects, force and operations, I will briefly show you: Plato in Critias, and after him his followers, gave out that these spirits or devils, "were men's governors and keepers, our lords and masters, as we are of our cattle." "They govern provinces and kingdoms by oracles, auguries, dreams, rewards" and punishments, prophecies, inspirations, sacrifices, and religious superstitions, varied in as many forms as there be diversity of spirits; they send wars, plagues, peace, sickness, health, dearth, plenty, *Adstantes hic jam nobis, spectantes, et arbitantes, &c.* as appears by those histories of Thucydides, Livius, Dionysius Halicarnassus, with many others that are full of their wonderful stratagems, and were therefore by those Roman and Greek commonwealths adored and worshipped for gods with prayers and sacrifices, &c. In a word, *Nihil magis quærunt quam metum et admirationem hominum* (They seek nothing more earnestly than the fear and admiration of men); and as another hath it, *Dici non potest, quam impotenti ardore in homines dominium, et Divinos cultis maligni spiritus affectent* (It is scarcely possible to describe the impotent ardour with which these malignant spirits aspire to the honour of being divinely worshipped). Tritemius in his book *de septem secundis*, assigns names to such angels as are governors of particular provinces, by what authority I know not, and gives them several jurisdictions. Asclepiades a Grecian, Rabbi Achiba the Jew, Abraham Avenezra, and Rabbi Azariel, Arabians, (as I find them cited by Cicogna) farther add, that they are not our governors only, *sed ex eorum concordia et discordia, boni et mali affectus promanant*, but as they agree, so do we and our prince; or disagree; stand or fall. Juno was a bitter enemy to Troy, Apollo a good friend, Jupiter indifferent, *Æqua Venus Teucris, Pallas iniqua fuit*; some are for us still, some against us, *Premente Deo, fert Deus alter opem*. Religion, policy, public and private quarrels, wars are procured by them, and they are delighted perhaps to see men fight, as men are with cocks, bulls, and dogs, bears, &c., plagues, dearths depend on them, our *bene* and *male esse*, and almost all our other peculiar actions, for (as Anthony Rusca contends *lib. 5, cap. 18*, every man hath a good and a bad angel attending on him in particular, all his life long, which Jamblichus calls *dæmonem*,) preferments, losses, weddings, deaths, rewards and punishments, and as Proclus will, all offices whatsoever, *alii genetricem, alii opificem potestatem habent, &c.*, and several names they give them according to their offices, as Lares Indegites, Præstites, &c. When the Arcades in that battle at Cheronæ, which was fought against King Philip for the liberty of Greece, had deceitfully carried themselves, long after, in the very same place, *Diis Græciæ ultoribus* (saith mine author) they were miserably slain by Metellus the Roman: so likewise, in smaller matters, they will have things fall out, as these *boni* and *mali genii* favour or dislike us: *Saturni non conveniunt Jovialibus, &c.* He that is Saturninus shall never likely be preferred. That base fellows are often advanced, undeserving Gnathoes, and vicious parasites, whereas discreet, wise, virtuous and worthy men are neglected and unrewarded; they refer to those domineering spirits, or subordinate Genii; as they are inclined, or favour men, so they thrive, are ruled and overcome; for as Libanius supposeth in our ordinary conflicts and contentions, *Genius Genio cedit et obtemperat*, one genius yields and is overcome by another. All particular events almost they refer to these private spirits; and (as Paracelsus adds) they direct, teach, inspire, and instruct men. Never was any man extraordinary famous in any art, action, or great commander, that had not *familiarem dæmonem* to inform him, as Numa, Socrates, and many such, as Cardan illustrates, *cap. 128, Arcanis prudentiæ civilis*,

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Speciali siquidem gratia, si a Deo donari asserunt magi, a Geniis cœlestibus instrui, ab iis doceri. But these are most erroneous paradoxes, *ineptæ et fabulosæ nugæ*, rejected by our divines and Christian churches. 'Tis true they have, by God's permission, power over us, and we find by experience, that they can hurt not our fields only, cattle, goods, but our bodies and minds. At Hammel in Saxony, *An.* 1484, 20 Junii, the devil, in likeness of a pied piper, carried away 130 children that were never after seen. Many times men are affrighted out of their wits, carried away quite, as Scheretzius illustrates, *lib.* i. c. iv., and severally molested by his means, Plotinus the Platonist, *lib.* 14, *advers. Gnos.* laughs them to scorn, that hold the devil or spirits can cause any such diseases. Many think he can work upon the body, but not upon the mind. But experience pronounceth otherwise, that he can work both upon body and mind. Tertullian is of this opinion, c. 22. "That he can cause both sickness and health," and that secretly. Taurellus adds "by clancular poisons he can infect the bodies, and hinder the operations of the bowels, though we perceive it not, closely creeping into them," saith Lipsius, and so crucify our souls: *Et nociva melancholia furiosos efficit.* For being a spiritual body, he struggles with our spirits, saith Rogers, and suggests (according to Cardan, *verba sine voce, species sine visu*, envy, lust, anger, &c.) as he sees men inclined.

The manner how he performs it, Biarmannus in his Oration against Bodine, sufficiently declares. He begins first with the phantasy, and moves that so strongly, that no reason is able to resist. Now the phantasy he moves by mediation of humours; although many physicians are of opinion, that the devil can alter the mind, and produce this disease of himself: *Quibusdam medicorum visum*, saith Avicenna, *quod Melancholia contingat a dæmonio.* Of the same mind is Psellus and Rhasis the Arab. *lib.* 1. *Tract.* 9. *Cont.* "That this disease proceeds especially from the devil, and from him alone." Arculanus *cap.* 6. in 9. *Rhasis*, Ælianus Montaltus in his 9. *cap.* Daniel Sennertus *lib.* 1. *part.* 2. *cap.* 11. confirm as much, that the devil can cause this disease; by reason many times that the parties affected prophesy, speak strange language, but *non sine interventu humoris*, not without the humour, as he interprets himself; no more doth Avicenna, *si contingat a dæmonio, sufficit nobis ut convertat complexionem ad choleram nigram, et sit causa ejus propinqua cholera nigra*; the immediate cause is choler adust, which Pomponatius likewise labours to make good: Galgerandus of Mantua, a famous Physician, so cured a dæmoniacal woman in his time, that spake all languages, by purging black choler, and thereupon belike this humour of Melancholy is called *Balneum Diaboli*, the Devil's Bath; the devil spying his opportunity of such humours drives them many times to despair, fury, rage, &c., mingling himself amongst these humours. This is that which Tertullian avers, *Corporibus inflingunt acerbos casus, animæque repentinos, numbra distortent, occulte repentes*, &c. and which Lemnius goes about to prove, *Immiscent se mali Genii pravis humoribus, atque atræ bili*, &c. And Jason Pratensis, "that the devil, being a slender incomprehensible spirit, can easily insinuate and wind himself into human bodies, and cunningly couched in our bowels vitiate our healths, terrify our souls with fearful dreams, and shake our mind with furies." And in another place, "These unclean spirits settled in our bodies, and now mixed with our melancholy humours, do triumph as it were, and sport themselves as in another heaven." Thus he argues, and that they go in and out of our bodies, as bees do in a hive, and so provoke and tempt us as they perceive our temperature inclined of itself; and most apt to be deluded. Agrippa and Lavater are persuaded, that this humour invites the devil to it, wheresoever it is in extremity, and of all other, melancholy persons are most subject to diabolical temptations and illusion; and most apt to entertain them, and the Devil

best able to work upon them. But whether by obsession, or possession, or otherwise, I will not determine; 'tis a difficult question. Delrio the Jesuit, *Tom. 3. lib. 6.* Springer und his colleague, *mall. malef.* Pet. Thyreus the Jesuit, *lib. de dæmoniacis, de locis infestis, de Terrificationibus nocturnis*, Hieronimus Mengus Flagel. *dæm.* and others of that rank of pontifical writers, it seems, by their exorcisms and conjurations approve of it, having forged many stories to that purpose. A nun did eat a lettuce without grace, or signing it with the sign of the cross, and was instantly possessed. Durand. *lib. 6. Rationall. c. 86. numb. 8.* relates that he saw a wench possessed in Bononia with two devils, by eating an unhallowed pomegranate, as she did afterwards confess, when she was cured by exorcisms. And therefore our Papists do sign themselves so often with the sign of the cross, *ne dæmon ingredi ausit*, and exorcise all manner of meats, as being unclean or accursed otherwise, as Bellarmine defends. Many such stories I find amongst pontifical writers, to prove their assertions, let them free their own credits; some few will recite in this kind out of most approved physicians. Cornelius Gemma *lib. 2. de nat. mirac. c.4.* relates of a young maid, called Katherine Gualter, a cooper's daughter, *An. 1571*, that had such strange passions and convulsions, three men could not sometimes hold her; she purged a live eel, which he saw a foot and a half long, and touched it himself; but the eel afterwards vanished; she vomited some twenty-four pounds of fulsome stuff of all colours, twice a day for fourteen days; and after that she voided great balls of hair, pieces of wood, pigeons' dung, parchment, goose dung, coals; and after them two pounds of pure blood, and then again coals and stones, of which some had inscriptions bigger than a walnut, some of them pieces of glass, brass, &c. besides paroxysms of laughing, weeping and ecstasies, &c. *Et hoc (inquit) cum horrore videret*, this I saw with horror. They could do no good on her by physic but left her to the clergy. Marcellus Donatus *lib. 2 i. 1 de med. mirab.* hath such another story of a country fellow, that had four knives in his belly, *Instar serræ dentatos*, indented like a saw, every one a span long, and a wreath of hair like a globe, with much baggage of like sort, wonderful to behold: how it should come into his guts, he concludes, *Certe non alio quam dæmonis astutia et dolo* (could assuredly only have been through the artifice of the devil). Langius *Epist. med.lib. 1. Epist. 38* hath many relations to this effect, and so hath Christopherus a Vega: Wierus, Skenkius, Sribonius, all agree that they are done by the subtilty and illusion of the devil. If you shall ask a reason of this, 'tis to exercise our patience; for as Tertullian holds, *Virtus non est virtus, nisi comparet habet aliquem, in quo superando vim suam ostendat*, 'tis to try us and our faith, 'tis for our offences, and for the punishment of our sins, by God's permission they do it, *Carnifices vindictæ justæ Dei*, as Tolosanus styles them, Executioners of his will; or rather as David, Ps. 78. ver 49. "He cast upon them the fierceness of his anger, indignation, wrath, and vexation, by sending out of evil angels:" so did he afflict Job, Saul, the Lunatics and dæmoniack persons whom Christ cured, Mat. iv. 8. Luke iv. 11. Luke xiii. Mark ix. Tobit viii. 3. &c. This, I say, happeneth for a punishment of sin, for their want of faith, incredulity, weakness, distrust, &c.

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SUBSECT. III.-- *Of Witches and Magicians, how they cause Melancholy.*

You have heard what the devil can do of himself, now you shall hear what he can perform by his instruments, who are many times worse (if it be possible) than he himself, and to satisfy their revenge and lust cause more mischief, *Multa enim mala non egisset dæmon, nisi provocatus a sagis*, as Erastus thinks; much harm had never been done, had he not been provoked by witches to it. He had not appeared in Samuel's shape, if the Witch of Endor had let him alone; or represented those serpents in Pharo's presence, had not the magicians urged him unto it; *Nec morbus vel hominibus, vel brutus infligeret* (Erastus maintains) *si sagæ quiescerent*; men and cattle might go free, if the witches would let him alone. Many deny witches at all, or if there be any they can do no harm; of this opinion is Wierus, *lib. 3. cap. 53. de præstig. dæm.* Austin Lerchemer a Dutch writer, Biarmannus, Ewichius, Euwaldus, our countryman Scot; with him in Horace,

"Somnia, terrores Magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos Lemures, portentaque Thessala risu
Excipiunt --"

Say, can you laugh indignant at the schemes
Of magic terrors, visionary dreams,
Portentous wonders, witching imps of hell,
The nightly goblin, and enchanting spell?

They laugh at all such stories; but on the contrary are most lawyers, divines, physicians, philosophers, Austin, Hemingius, Danæus, Chytræus, Zanchius, Aretius, &c. Delrio, Springer, Niderus *lib. 5. Fornicar.* Cuiatius, Bartolus, *consil. 6. tom. 1. Bodine dæmoniant. lib. 2. cap. 8.* Godelman, Damhoderius, &c. Paracelsus, Erastus, Scribanus, Camerarius, &c. The parties by whom the devil deals, may be reduced to these two, such as command him in show at least, as conjurors, and magicians, whose detestable and horrid mysteries are contained in their book called Arbatell; *dæmones enim advocati præsto sunt, seque exorcismis et conjurationibus quasi cogi patiuntur, ut miserum magorum genus, in impietate detineant.* Or such as are commanded, as witches, that deal *ex parte implicite*, or *explicite*, as the tking hath well defined; many subdivisions there are, and many several species of sorcerers, witches, enchanters, charmers, &c. They have been tolerated heretofore some of them; and magic hath been publicly professed in former times, in Salamanca, Cracow, and other places, though after censured by several Universities, and now generally contradicted, though practised by some still, maintained and excused, *Tanquam res secreta quæ non nisi viris magnis et peculiari beneficio de Cælo instructis communicatur* (I use Boesartus his words) and so far approved by some princes, *Ut nihil ausi aggredi in politicis, in sacris, in consiliis, sine eorum arbitrio*; they consult still with them, and dare indeed do nothing without their advice. Nero and Heliogabalus, Maxentius, and Julianus Apostata, were never so much addicted to magic of old, as some of our modern princes and popes themselves are now-a-days. Erricus King of Sweden had an

enchanted cap, by virtue of which, and some magical murmur or whispering terms, he could command spirits, trouble the air, and make the wind stand which way he would, insomuch that when there was any great wind or storm, the common people were wont to say, the king now had on his conjuring cap. But such examples are infinite. That which they can do, is as much almost as the devil himself, who is still ready to satisfy their desires, to oblige them the more unto him. They can cause tempests, storms, which is familiarly practised by witches in Norway, Iceland, as I have proved. They can make friends enemies, and enemies friends by philters; *Turpes amores conciliare*, enforce love, tell any man where his friends are, about what employed though in the most remote places; and if they will, "bring their sweethearts to them by night, upon a goat's back flying in the air." Sigismund Scheretzzius, *part. 1. cap. 9. de spect.*, reports confidently, that he conferred with sundry such, that had been so carried many miles, and that he heard witches themselves confess as much; hurt and infect men and beasts, vines, corn, cattle, plants, make women abortive, not to conceive, barren, men and women unapt and unable, married and unmarried, fifty several ways, saith Bodine, *lib. 2, c. 2*, fly in the air, meet when and where they will, as Cicogna proves, and Lavat. *de spec. part. 2, c. 17*, "steal young children out of their cradles, *ministerium dæmonum*, and put deformed in their rooms, which we call changelings, saith Scheretzzius, *part. 1, c. 6*, make men victorious, fortunate, eloquent; and therefore in those ancient monomachies and combats they were searched of old, they had no magical charms; they can make stick frees, such as shall endure a rapier's point, musket shot, and never be wounded: of which read more in Boissardus, *cap. 6, de Magia*, the manner of the adjuration, and by whom 'tis made, where and how to be used in *expeditonibus bellicis, præliis, duellis*, &c., with many peculiar instances and examples; they can walk in fiery furnaces, make men feel no pain on the wrack, *aut alias torturas sentire*; they can stanch blood, represent dead men's shapes, alter and turn themselves and others into several forms, at their pleasures. Agaberta, a famous witch in Lapland, would do as much publicly to all spectators, *Modo Pusilla, modo anus, modo procera ut quercus, modo vacca, avis, coluber*, &c. Now young, now old, high, low, like a cow, like a bird, a snake, and what not? she could represent to others what forms they most desired to see, show them friends absent, reveal secrets, *maxima omnium admiratione*, &c. And yet for all this subtilty of theirs, as Lypsius well observes, *Physiolog. Stoicor. lib. 1, cap. 17*, neither these magicians nor devils themselves can take away gold or letters out of mine or Crassus' chest, *et Clientelis suis largiri*, for they are base, poor, contemptible fellows most part; as Bodin notes they can do nothing in *Judicum decreta aut pœnas, in regum conclia vel arcana, nihil in rem nummariam aut thesauros*, they cannot give money to their clients, alter judges' decrees, or councils of kings, these *minuti Genii* cannot do it, *altiores Genii hoc sibi adservarunt*, the higher powers reserve these things to themselves. Now and then peradventure there may be some more famous magicians like Simon Magus, Apollonius Tyaneus, Pasetes, Jamblicus, Odo de Stellis, that for a time can build castles in the air, represent armies, &c., as they are said to have done, command wealth and treasure, feed thousands with all variety of meats upon a sudden, protect themselves and their followers from all princes' persecutions, by removing from place to place in an instant, reveal secrets, future events, tell what is done in far countries, make them appear that died long since, and do many such miracles, to the world's terror, admiration and opinion of deity to themselves, yet the devil forsakes them at last, they come to wicked ends, and *raro aut nunquam* such imposters are to be found. The vulgar sort of them can work no such feats. But to my purpose, they can, last of all, cure and cause most diseases to such as they love or hate, and this of melancholy

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amongst the rest. Paracelsus, *Tom. 4, de morbis amentium. Tract. 1*, in express words affirms; *Multi fascinantur in melancholiam*, many are bewitched into melancholy, out of his experience. The same saith Danæus *lib. 3, de sortiariis. Vidi, inquit, qui melancholicos morbos gravissimos induxerunt*: I have seen those that have caused melancholy in the most grievous manner, dried up women's paps, cured gout, palsy; this and apoplexy, falling sickness, which no physic could help, *solo tactu*, by touch alone. Ruland in his *3 Cent. Cura 91*, gives an instance of one David Helde, a young man, who by eating cakes which a witch gave him, *mox delirare cæpit*, began to dote on a sudden, and was instantly mad: F. H. D. in Hildesheim, consulted about a melancholy man, thought his disease was partly magical, and partly natural, because he vomited pieces of iron and lead, and spake such languages as he had never been taught; but such examples are common in Scribanus, Hercules de Saxonia, and others. The means by which they work are usually charms, images, as that in Hector Boethius of King Duffe; characters stamped of sundry metals, and at such and such constellations, knots, amulets, words, philters, &c., which generally make the parties affected, melancholy; as Monavius discourseth at large in an epistle of his to Acolsius, giving instance in a Bohemian baron that was so troubled by a philter taken. Not that there is any power at all in those spells, charms, characters, and barbarous words; but that the devil doth use such means to delude them. *Ut fideles inde magos* (saith Libanius) *in officio retineat, tum in consortium malefactorum vocet*.

SUBJECT. IV.-- *Stars a cause. Signs from Physiognomy, Metoposcopy, Chiromancy.*

NATURAL causes are either primary and universal, or secondary and more particular. Primary causes are the heavens, planets, stars, &c., by their influence (as our astrologers hold) producing this and such like effects. I will not here stand to discuss *obiter*, whether stars be causes, or signs; or to apologise for judicial astrology. If either Sextus Empiricus, Picus Mirandula, Sextus ab Heminga, Pererius, Erastus, Chambers, &c., have so far prevailed with any man, that he will attribute no virtue at all to the heavens, or to sun, or moon, more than he doth to their signs at an innkeeper's post, or tradesman's shop, or generally condemn all such astrological aphorisms approved by experience: I refer him to Bellantius, Pirovanus, Marascallerus, Goclenius, Sir Christopher Heidon, &c. If thou shalt ask me what I think, I must answer, *nam et doctis hisce erroribus versatus sum* (for I am conversant with these learned errors), they do incline, but not compel; no necessity at all: *agunt non cogunt*: and so gently incline, that a wise man may resist them; *sapiens dominabitur astris*: they rule us, but God rules them. All this (methinks) Joh. de Indagine hath comprised in brief, *Quæris a me quantum in nobis operantur astra?* &c. "Wilt thou know how far the stars work upon us? I say they do but incline, and that so gently, that if we will be ruled by reason, they have no power over us; but if we follow our own nature, and be led by sense, they do as much in us as in brute beasts, and we are no better." So that, I hope, I may justly conclude with Cajetan, *Cælum est vehiculum divinæ virtutis*, &c., that the heaven is God's instrument, by mediation of which he governs and disposeth these elementary bodies; or a great book, whose letters are the stars (as one calls it), wherein are written many strange things for such as can read, "or an excellent harp, made by an eminent workman, on which, he that can but play, will make most admirable music." But to the purpose.

Paracelsus is of opinion, "that a physician without the knowledge of stars can neither understand the cause or cure of any disease, either of this or gout, not so much as toothache; except he see the peculiar geniture and scheme of the party affected." And for this proper malady, he will have the principal and primary cause of it proceed from the heaven, ascribing more to stars than humours, "and that the constellation alone many times produceth melancholy, all other causes set apart." He gives instance in lunatic persons, that are deprived of their wits by the moon's motion; and in another place refers all to the ascendant, and will have the true and chief cause of it to be sought from the stars. Neither is it his opinion only, but of many Galenists and philosophers, though they do not so peremptorily maintain as much. "This variety of melancholy symptoms proceeds from the stars," saith Melancthon: the most generous melancholy, as that of Augustus, comes from the conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter in Libra: the bad, as that of Catiline's, from the meeting of Saturn and the moon in Scorpio. Jovianus Pontanus, in his tenth book, and thirteenth chapter *de rebus cælestibus*, discourseth to this purpose at large, *Ex atrabile varii generantur morbi*, &c., "many diseases proceed from black choler, as it shall be hot or cold; and though it be cold in its own nature, yet it is apt to be heated, as water may be made to boil, and burn as bad as fire; or made cold as ice: and thence proceed such variety of

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symptoms, some mad, some solitary, some laugh, some rage," &c. The cause of all which intemperance he will have chiefly and primarily proceed from the heavens, "from the position of Mars, Saturn, and Mercury." His aphorisms be these, "Mercury in any geniture, if he shall be found in Virgo, or Pisces his opposite sign, and that in the horoscope, irradiated by those quartile aspects of Saturn or Mars, the child shall be mad or melancholy." Again, "He that shall have Saturn and Mars, the one culminating, the other in the fourth house, when he shall be born, shall be melancholy, of which he shall be cured in time: if Mercury behold them." "If the moon be in conjunction or opposition at the birth time with the sun, Saturn or Mars, or in a quartile aspect with them (*e malo cæli loco*, Leovitius adds), many diseases are signified, especially the head and brain is like to be misaffected with pernicious humours, to be melancholy, lunatic, or mad," Cardan adds, *quarta luna natos*, eclipses, earthquakes. Garceus and Leovitius will have the chief judgment to be taken from the lord of the geniture, or where there is an aspect between the moon and Mercury, and neither behold the horoscope, or Saturn and Mars shall be lord of the present conjunction or opposition in Sagittarius or Pisces, of the sun or moon, such persons are commonly epileptic, dote, dæmoniacal, melancholy: but see more of these aphorisms in the above-named Pontanus. Garcæus, *cap. 23. de Jud. genitur.* Schoner *lib. 1. cap. 8.* which he hath gathered out of Ptolemy, Alubater, and some other Arabians, Junctine, Ranzovius, Lindhout, Origen, &c. But these men you will reject peradventure, as astrologers, and therefore partial judges; then hear the testimony of physicians, Galenists themselves. Carto confesseth the influence of stars to have a great hand to this peculiar disease, so doth Jason Pratensis, Lonicerius *præfat. de Apoplexia*, Ficinus, Fernelius, &c. P. Cnemander acknowledgeth the stars an universal cause, the particular from parents, and the use of the six non-natural things. Baptista Port. *mag. l. 1, c. 10, 12, 15*, will have them causes to every particular *individuum*. Instances and examples, to evince the truth of these aphorisms, are common amongst those astrologian treatises. Cardan, in his thirty-seventh geniture, gives instance in Math. Bologuius. *Camerar. hor. natalit. centur. 7. genit. 6. et 7.* of Daniel Gare, and others; but see Garcæus, *cap. 33.* Luc. Gauricus. *Tract. 6. de Azemenis*, &c. The time of this melancholy is, when the signifiers of any geniture are directed according to art, as the horned moon, hylech, &c. to the hostile beams or terms of Saturn and Mars especially, or any fixed star of their nature, or if Saturn by his revolution, or transitus, shall offend any of those radical promissors in the geniture.

Other signs there are taken from physiognomy, metoposcopy, chiromancy, which because Joh. de Indagine, and Rotman, the landgrave of Hesse his mathematician, not long since in his Chiromancy; Baptista Porta, in his celestial Physiognomy, have proved to hold great amity with astrology to satisfy the curious, I am the more willing to insert.

The general notions physiognomers give, be these; "black colour argues natural melancholy; so doth leanness, hirsuteness, broad veins, much hair on the brows," saith Gratanarolus, *cap. 7*, and a little head, out of Aristotle, high sanguine, red colour, shows head melancholy; they that stutter and are bald, will be soonest melancholy (as Avicenna supposeth), by reason of the dryness of their brains; but he that will know more of the several signs of humour and wits out of physiognomy, let him consult with old Adamantus and Polemus, that comment, or rather paraphrase upon Aristotle's Physiognomy, Baptista Porta's four pleasant books, Michael Scot de secretis naturæ, John de Indagine, Montaltus, Antony Zara. *anat. ingeniorum, sect. 1, memb. 13, lib. 4.*

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Chiromancy hath these aphorisms to foretel melancholy. Tasneir. *lib. 5, cap. 2*, who hath comprehended the sum of John de Indagine: Tricassus, Corvinus, and others in his book, thus hath it; "The Saturnine line going from the rascetta through the hand, to Saturn's mount, and there intersected by certain little lines, argues melancholy; so if the vital and natural make an acute angle, Aphorism 100. The saturnine, epatic, and natural lines, making a gross triangle in the hand, argue as much;" which Goclenius, *cap. 5. Chiros.* repeats verbatim out of him. In general they conclude all, that if Saturn's mount be full of many small lines and intersections, "such men are most part melancholy, miserable, and full of disquietness, care and trouble, continually vexed with anxious and bitter thoughts, always sorrowful, fearful, suspicious; they delight in husbandry, buildings, pools, marshes, springs, woods, walks, &c." Thaddæus Haggiesius, in his *Metoposcopia*, hath certain aphorisms derived from Saturn's lines in the forehead, by which he collects a melancholy disposition; and Baptista Porta makes observations from those other parts of the body, as if a spot be over the spleen; "or in the nails; if it appear black, it signifieth much care, grief, contention, and melancholy;" the reason he refers to the humours, and gives instance in himself, that for seven years' space he had such black spots in his nails, and all that while was in perpetual law-suits, controversies for his inheritance, fear, loss of honour, banishment, grief, care, and when his miseries ended, the black spots vanished. Cardan, in his book *de libris propriis*, tells such a story of his own person, that a little before his son's death, he had a black spot, which appeared in one of his nails; and dilated itself as he came nearer to his end. But I am over tedious in these toys, which howsoever, in some men's too severe censures, they may be held absurd and ridiculous, I am the bolder to insert, as not borrowed from circumforanean rogues and gipsies, but out of the writings of worthy philosophers and physicians, yet living some of them, and religious professors in famous universities, who are able to patronize that which they have said, and vindicate themselves from all cavilers and ignorant persons.

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SUBSECT. V.-- *Old Age a Cause*

SECONDARY peculiar causes efficient, so called in respect of the other precedent, are either *congenitæ*, *internæ*, *innatæ*, as they term them, inward, innate, inbred; or else outward and adventitious, which happen to us after we are born: congenite or born with us, are either natural, as old age, or *præter naturam* (as Fernelius calls it) that distemperature, which we have from our parents' seed, it being an hereditary disease. The first of these, which is natural to all, and which no man living can avoid, is old age, which being cold and dry, and of the same quality as melancholy is, must needs cause it, by diminution of spirits and substance, and increasing of adust humours; therefore Melancthon avers out of Aristotle, as an undoubted truth, *Senes plerunque delirasse in senecta*, that old men familiarly dote, *ob atram bilam*, for black choler, which is then superabundant in them: and Rhasis, that Arabian physician, in his *Cont. lib. 1, cap. 9*, calls it "a necessary and inseparable accident," to all old and decrepit persons. After seventy years (as the Psalmist saith) "all is trouble and sorrow;" and common experience confirms the truth of it in weak and old persons, especially such as have lived in action all their lives, had great employment, much business, much command, and many servants to oversee, and leave off *ex abrupto*; as Charles the Fifth did to King Philip, resign up all on a sudden; they are overcome with melancholy in an instant: or if they do continue in such courses, they dote at last (*senex bis puer*), and are not able to manage their estates through common infirmities incident in their age; full of ache, sorrow and grief; children again, dizzards, they carle many times as they sit, and talk to themselves, they are angry, waspish, displeased with everything, "suspicious of all, wayward, covetous, hard (saith Tully), self-willed, superstitious, self-conceited, braggers and admirers of themselves," as Balthasar Castalio hath truly noted of them. This natural infirmity is most eminent in old women, and such as are poor, solitary, live in most base esteem and beggary, or such as are witches; insomuch that Wierus, Baptista Porta, Ulricus Molitor, Edwicus, do refer all that witches are said to do, to imagination alone, and this humour of melancholy. And whereas it is controverted, whether they can bewitch cattle to death, ride in the air upon a coulstaff out of a chimney-top, transform themselves into cats, dogs, &c., translate bodies from place to place, meet in companies, and dance, as they do, or have carnal copulation with the devil, they ascribe all to this redundant melancholy, which domineers in them, to somniferous potions, and natural causes, the devil's policy. *Non lædunt omnino* (saith Wierus) *aut quid mirum faciunt (de Lamiis, lib. 3, cap. 36), ut putatur, solam vitiatam habent phantasiam*; they do no such wonders at all, only their brains are crazed. "They think they are witches, and can do hurt, but do not." But this opinion Bodine, Erastus, Danæus, Scribanus, Sebastian Michaelis, *Campanella de sensu rerum, lib. 4, cap. 9*, Dandinus the Jesuit, *lib. 2, de Anima*, explode; Cicogna confutes at large. That witches are melancholy, they deny not, but not out of corrupt phantasy alone, so to delude themselves and others, or to produce such effects.

SUBJECT. VI.-- *Parents a cause by Propagation.*

That other inward inbred cause of Melancholy is our temperature, in whole or part, which we receive from our parents, which Fernelius calls *Præter naturam*, or unnatural, it being an hereditary disease; for as he justifies *Quale parentum, maxime patris semen obtigerit, tales evadunt similes spermaticæque partes, quocunque etiam morbo Pater quum generat tenetur, cum semine transfert in Prolem*; such as the temperature of the father is, such is the son's, and look what disease the father had when he begot him, his son will have after him; "and is as well inheritor of his infirmities, as of his lands." And where the complexion and constitution of the father is corrupt, there (saith Roger Bacon) the complexion and constitution of the son must needs be corrupt, and so the corruption is derived from the father to the son. Now this doth not so much appear in the composition of the body, according to that of Hippocrates, "in habit, proportion, scars, and other lineaments; but in manners and conditions of the mind, *Et patrum in natos abeunt cum semine mores*."

Seleucus had an anchor on his thigh, so had his posterity, as Trogius records, *l. 15*. Lepidus in Pliny *l. 7, c. 17*, was purblind, so was his son. That famous family of Ænobarbi were known of old, and so surnamed from their red beards; the Austrian lip, and those Indian flat noses are propagated, the Bavarian chin, and goggle eyes amongst the Jews, as Buxtorfius observes; their voice, pace, gesture, looks, are likewise derived with all the rest of their conditions and infirmities; such a mother, such a daughter; the very affections Lemnius contends "to follow their seed, and the malice and bad conditions of children are many times wholly to be imputed to their parents;" I need not therefore make any doubt of Melancholy, but that it is an hereditary disease. Paracelsus in express words affirms it, *lib. de morb. amentium, to. 4, tr. 1*; so doth Crato in an Epistle of his to Monavius. So doth Bruno Seidelius in his book *de morbo encurab.* Montaltus proves, *cap. 11*, out of Hippocrates and Plutarch, that such hereditary dispositions are frequent, *et hanc (inquit) fieri reor ob participatam melancholicam intemperantiam* (speaking of a patient) I think he became so by participation of Melancholy. Daniel Sennertus, *lib. 1, part 2, cap. 9*, will have his melancholy constitution derived not only from the father to the son, but to the whole family sometimes; *Quandoque totis familiis hereditivam*, Forestus, in his medicinal observations, illustrates this point, with an example of a merchant, his patient, that had this infirmity by inheritance; so doth Rodericus a Fonseca, *tom. 1, consul. 69*, by an instance of a young man that was so affected *ex matre melancholica*, had a melancholy mother, *et victu melancholico*, and bad diet together. Lodovicus Mercatus, a Spanish physician, in that excellent Tract which he hath lately written of hereditary diseases, *tom. 2, oper. lib. 5*, reckons up leprosy, as those Galbots in Gascony, hereditary lepers, pox, stone, gout, epilepsy, &c. Amongst the rest, this and madness after a set time comes to many, which he calls a miraculous thing in nature, and sticks for ever to them as an incurable habit. And that which is more to be wondered at, it skips in some families the father, and goes to the son, "or takes every other, and sometimes every third in a lineal descent, and doth not always produce the same, but some like, and a symbolizing disease." These secondary causes hence derived, are *sæpe mutant decreta siderum*, commonly so powerful, that (as Wolphius

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holds) they do often alter the primary causes, and decrees of the heavens. For these reasons, belike, the Church and commonwealth, human and Divine laws, have conspired to avoid hereditary diseases, forbidding such marriages as are any whit allied; and as Mercatus adviseth all families to take such, *si fieri possit quæ maxima distant natura*, and to make choice of those that are most differing in complexion from them; if they love their own, and respect the common good. And sure, I think, it hath been ordered by God's especial providence, that in all ages there should be (as usually there is) once in 600 years, a transmigration of nations, to amend and purify their blood, as we alter seed upon our land, and that there should be as it were an inundation of those northern Goths and Vandals, and many such like people which came out of that continent of Scandia and Sarmatia (as some suppose) and over-ran, as a deluge, most part of Europe and Afric, to alter for our good, our complexions, which were much defaced with hereditary infirmities, which by our lust and intemperance we had contracted. A sound generation of strong and able men were sent amongst us, as those northern men usually are, innocuous, free from riot, and free from diseases; to qualify and make us as those poor naked Indians are generally at this day; and those about Brazil (as a late writer observes), in the Isle of Maragnan, free from all hereditary diseases, or other contagion, whereas without help of physic they live commonly 120 years or more, as in the Orcades and many other places. Such are the common effects of temperance and intemperance, but I will descend to particular, and show by what means, and by whom especially, this infirmity is derived unto us.

Filii ex senibus nati, raro sunt firmi temperamentis, old men's children are seldom of a good temperament, as Scoltzius supposeth, *consult.* 177, and therefore most apt to this disease; and as Levinus Lemnius farther adds, old men beget most part wayward, peevish, sad, melancholy sons, and seldom merry. He that begets a child on a full stomach, will either have a sick child, or a crazed son (as Cardan thinks), *contradict. med. lib. 1, contradict.* 18, or if the parents be sick, or have any great pain of the head, or megrim, headach, (Hieronimus Wolthis doth instance in a child of Sebastian Castalio's); if a drunken man get a child, it will never likely have a good brain, as Gellius argues, *lib. 12, cap. 1. Ebrii gignunt Ebrios*, one drunkard begets another, saith Plutarch. *symp. lib. 1, quest. 5*, whose sentence Lemnius approves, *l. 1, c. 4. Alsarius Crutius Gen. de qui sit med. cent. 3, fol. 182. Macrobius, lib. 1. Avicenna, lib. 3. Fen. 21. Tract 1, cap. 8*, and Aristotle himself, *sect. 2, prov. 4*, foolish, drunken, or hair-brain women, most part bring forth children like unto themselves, *morosos et languidos*, and so likewise he that lies with a menstruous woman. (Good Master Schoolmaster do not English this:) *Intemperentia veneris, quam in nautis præsertim insectatur* Lemnius, *qui uxores ineunt, nulla menstrui decursus ratione habita, nec observato interlunio, præcipua causa est, noxia, pernitiola, concubitus hunc exitialem ideo, et pestiferum vocat.* Rodoricus a Castro Lusitanus, *detestantur ad unum omnes medici, tum et quarta luna concepti, infelices plerumque et amentes, deliri, stolidi, morbosi, impuri, invalidi, tetra lue sordidi, minima vitales, omnibus bonis corporis atque animi destituti: ad laborem nati, si seniores, inquit Eustathius, ut Hercules, et alii. Judæi maximi insectantur fœdum hunc, et immundum apud Christianos Concubitus, ut illicitum abhorrent, et apud suos prohibent; et quod Christiani toties leprosi, amentes, tot morbili, impetigines, alphi, psoræ, cutis et faciei decolorationes, tam multi morbi epidemici, acerbi, et venenosi sint, in hunc immundum concubitus rejiciunt, et crudeles in pignora vocant, qui quarta luna profluente hac mensium illuvie concubitus hunc non perhorrescunt. Damnavit olim divina Lex et morte mulctavit hujusmodi homines, Lev. 18, 20, et inde nati, siqui deformes aut mutili, pater dilapidatus, quod non contineret ab immunda*

muliere. Gregorius Magnus, *petenti* Augustino *nunquid apud Britannos hujusmodi concubitum toleraret severe prohibuit viris suis tum misceri fœminas in consuetis suis menstruis, &c.* I spare to English this which I have said. Another cause some give, inordinate diet, as if a man eat garlic, onions, fast overmuch, study too hard, be over-sorrowful, dull, heavy, dejected in mind, perplexed in his thoughts, fearful, &c., "their children (saith Cardan *subtil. lib.* 18) will be much subject to madness and melancholy; for if the spirits of the brain be fusled, or misaffected by such means, at such a time, their children will be fouled in the brain: they will be dull, heavy, timorous, discontented all their lives." Some are of opinion, and maintain that paradox or problem, that wise men beget commonly fools; Suidas gives instance in Aristarchus the Grammerian, *duos reliquit filios Aristarchum et Aristachorum, ambos stultos*; and which Erasmus urgeth in his *Moria*, fools beget wise men. Card. *subt. l.* 12, gives this cause, *Quoniam spiritus sapientum ob studium resolvuntur, et in cerebrum feruntur a corde*: because their natural spirits are resolved by study, and turned into animal; drawn from the heart, and those other parts to the brain. Lemnius subscribes to that of Cardan, and assigns this reason, *Quod persolvant debitum languide, et obscitanter, unde fœtus a parentum generositate desciscit*: they pay their debt (as Paul calls it) to their wives remissly, by which means their children are weaklings, and many times idiots and fools.

Some other causes are given, which properly pertain, and do proceed from the mother: if she be over-dull, heavy, angry, peevish, discontented, and melancholy, not only at the time of conception, but even all the while she carries the child in her womb (saith Fernelius, *path. l.* 1, 11) her son will be so likewise affected, and worse, as Lemnius adds, *l.* 4, *c.* 7, if she grieve over much, be disquieted, or by any casualty be affrighted and terrified by some fearful object heard or seen, she endangers her child, and spoils the temperature of it; for the strange imagination of a woman works effectually upon her infant, that as Baptista Porta proves, *Physiog. cœlestis l.* 5. *c.* 2, she leaves a mark upon it, which is most especially seen in such as prodigiously long for such and such meats, the child will love those meats, saith Fernelius, and be addicted to like humours: "if a great-bellied woman see a hare, her child will often have a hare-lip," as we call it. Garcæus *de Judiciis geniturarum, cap.* 33, hath a memorable example of one Thomas Nickell, born in the city of Brandeburg, 1551, "that went reeling and staggering all the days of his life, as if he would fall to the ground, because his mother being great with child saw a drunken man reeling in the street." Such another I find in Martin Wenrichius *com. de ortu monstrorum, c.* 17. I saw (saith he) at Wittenberg, in Germany, a citizen that looked like a carcass; I asked him the cause, he replied, "His mother, when she bore him in her womb, saw a carcass by chance, and was so sore affrighted with it, that *ex eo fœtus ei assimilatus*, from a ghastly impression the child was like it."

So many several ways are we plagued and punished for our father's defaults; insomuch that as Fernelius truly saith, "it is the greatest part of our felicity to be well born, and it were happy for human kind, if only such parents as are sound of body and mind should be suffered to marry." An husbandman will sow none but the best and choicest seed upon his land, he will not rear a bull or a horse, except he be right shapen in all parts, or permit him to cover a mare, except he be well assured of his breed; we make choice of the best rams for our sheep, rear the neatest kine, and keep the best dogs, *Quanto id diigentius in procreandis liberis observandum?* And how careful then should we be in begetting of our children? In former times some countries have been so chary in this behalf, so stern, that if a child were crooked or

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deformed in body or mind, they made him away; so did the Indians of old by the relation of Curtius, and many other well-governed commonwealths, according to the discipline of those times. Heretofore in Scotland, saith Hect. Boethius, "if any were visited with the falling sickness, madness, gout, leprosy, or any such dangerous disease, which was likely to be propagated from the father to the son, he was instantly gelded; a woman kept from all company of men; and if by chance having some such disease, she were found to be with child, she with her brood were buried alive:" and this was done for the common good, lest the whole nation should be injured or corrupted. A severe doom you will say, and not to be used amongst Christians, yet more to be looked into than it is. For now by our too much facility in this kind, in giving way for all to marry that will, too much liberty and indulgence in tolerating all sorts, there is a vast confusion of hereditary diseases, no family secure, no man almost free from some grievous infirmity or other, when no choice is had, but still the eldest must marry, as so many stallions of the race; or if rich, be they fools or dizzards, lame or maimed, unable, intemperate, dissolute, exhaust through riot, as he said, *jure hæreditario sapere jubentur*; they must be wise and able by inheritance: it comes to pass that our generation is corrupt, we have many weak persons, both in body and mind, many feral diseases raging amongst us, crazed families, *parentes peremptores*; our fathers bad, and we are like to be worse.

MEMB. II

SUBSECT. I.-- *Bad Diet a cause. Substance. Quality of Meats.*

ACCORDING to my proposed method, having opened hitherto these secondary causes, which are inbred with us, I must now proceed to the outward and adventitious, which happen unto us after we are born. And those are either evident, remote, or inward, antecedent, and the nearest: continent causes some call them. These outward, remote, precedent causes are subdivided again into necessary and not necessary. Necessary (because we cannot avoid them, but they will alter us, as they are used, or abused) are those six non-natural things, so much spoken of amongst physicians, which are principal causes of this disease. For almost in every consultation, whereas they shall come to speak of the causes, the fault is found, and this most part objected to the patient; *Peccavit circa res sex non naturales*: he hath still offended in one of those six. Montanus, *consil.* 22, consulted about a melancholy Jew, gives that sentence, so did Frisemelica in the same place; and in his 244 *counsel.*, censuring a melancholy soldier, assigns that reason of his malady, "he offended in all those six non-natural things, which were the outward causes, from which came those inward obstructions; and so in the rest."

These six non-natural things are diet, retention and evacuation, which are more material than the other because they make new matter, or else are conversant in keeping or expelling of it. The other four are air, exercise, sleeping, waking, and perturbations of the mind, which only alter the matter. The first of these is diet, which consists in meat and drink, and causeth melancholy, as it offends in substance, or accidents, that is quantity, quality, or the like. And well it may be called a material cause, since that, as Ferneius holds, "it hath such a power in begetting of diseases, and yields the matter and sustenance of them; for neither air, nor perturbations, nor any of those other evident causes take place, or work this effect, except the constitution of body, and preparation of humour, do concur. That a man may say, this diet is the mother of diseases, let the father be what he will, and from this alone, melancholy and frequent other maladies arise." Many physicians, I confess, have written copious volumes of this one subject, of the nature and qualities of all manner of meats; as namely, Galen, Isaac the Jew, Halyabbas, Avicenna, Mesue, also four Arabians, Gordonius, Villanovanus, Wecker, Johannes Bruerinus, *Sitologia de Esculentis et Poculentis*, Michael Savanarola, *Tract.* 2, c. 8, Anthony Fumanellus, *lib. de regimine senum*, Curio in his Comment on Schola Salerna, Godefridus Stekius *arte med.*, Marsilius cognatus, Ficinus, Ranzovius, Fonseca, Lessius, Magninus, *regim. sanitatis*, Frietagus, Hugo Fridevallius, &c., besides many other in English, and almost every peculiar physician, discourseth at large of all peculiar meats in his chapter of melancholy: yet because these books are not at hand to every man, I will briefly touch what kind of meats engender this humour, through their several species, and which are to be avoided. How they alter and change the matter, spirits first, and after humours,

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by which we are preserved, and the constitution of our body, Fernelius and others will show you. I hasten to the thing itself: and first of such diet as offends in substance.

Beef] Beef, a strong and hearty meat (cold in the first degree, dry in the second, saith Galen *l. 3, c. 1., de alim. fac.*) is condemned by him and all succeeding authors, to breed gross melancholy blood: good for such as are sound, and of a strong constitution, for labouring men if ordered aright, corned, young, of an ox (for all gelded meats in every species are held best), or if old, such as have been tired out with labour, are preferred. Aubanus and Sabellicus commend Portugal beef to be the most savoury, best and easiest of digestion; we commend ours: but all is rejected, and unfit for such as lead a resty life, any ways inclined to Melancholy, or dry of complexion: *Tales* (Galen thinks) *de facile melancholicis ægritudinibus capiuntur*.

Pork.] Pork, of all meats, is most nutritive in his own nature, but altogether unfit for such as live at ease, are any ways unsound of body or mind: too moist, full of humours, and therefore *noxia delicatis*, saith Savanarola, *ex earum usu ut dubitetur an febris quartana generetur*: naught for queasy stomachs, insomuch that frequent use of it may breed a quartan ague.

Goat.] Savanarola discommends goat's flesh, and so doth Bruerinus, *l. 13, c. 19*, calling it a filthy beast, and rammish: and therefore supposeth it will breed rank and filthy substance; yet kid, such as are young and tender, Isaac accepts, Bruerinus and Galen, *l. 1, c. 1, de alimentorum facultatibus*.

Hart.] Hart and red deer hath an evil name: it yields gross nutriment: a strong and great grained meat, next unto a horse. Which although some countries eat, as Tartars, and they of China; yet Galen condemns. Young foals are as commonly eaten in Spain as red deer, and to furnish their navies, about Malaga especially, often used; but such meats ask long baking, or seething, to qualify them, and yet all will not serve.

Venison, Fallow Deer.] All venison is melancholy, and begets bad blood; a pleasant meat: in great esteem with us (for we have more parks in England. than there are in all Europe besides) in our solemn feasts. 'Tis somewhat better hunted than otherwise, and well prepared by cookery; but generally bad, and seldom to be used.

Hare.] Hare, a black meat, melancholy, and hard of digestion, it breeds *incubus*, often eaten, and causeth fearful dreams, so doth all venison, and is condemned by a jury of physicians. Mizaldus and some others say, that hare is a merry meat, and that it will make one fair, as Martial's Epigram testifies to Gellia; but this is *per accidens*, because of the good sport it makes, merry company and good discourse that is commonly at the eating of it, and not otherwise to be understood.

Conies.] Conies are of the nature of hares. Magninus compares them to beef, pig, and goat, *Reg. sanit. part. 3, c. 11*; yet young rabbits by all men are approved to be good.

Generally, all such meats as are hard of digestion breed melancholy. Aretus, *lib. 7 cap. 5*, reckons up heads and feet, bowels, brains, entrails, marrow, fat, blood, skins, and those inward parts, as hearts, lungs, liver, spleen, &c. They are rejected by Isaac, *lib. 2 part. 3*, Magninus, *part. 3. cap. 17*, Bruerinus, *lib. 12*, Savanarola, *Rub. 32, Tract. 2*.

Milk.] Milk, and all that comes of milk, as butter and cheese, curds, &c., increase melancholy (whey only excepted, which is most wholesome): some except

asses' milk. The rest, to such as are sound, is nutritive and good, especially for young children, but because soon turned to corruption, not good for those that have unclean stomachs, are subject to headache, or have green wounds, stone, &c. Of all cheeses, I take that kind which we call Banbury cheese to be the best, *ex vetustis pessimus*, the older, stronger, and harder, the worst, as Langius discourseth in his Epistle to Melancthon, cited by Mizaldus, Isaac, *p. 5, Gal. 3, de cibis boni succi*, &c.

Fowl.] Amongst fowl, "peacocks and pigeons, all feuny fowl are forbidden, as ducks, geese, swans, herons, cranes, coots, didappers, waterhens, with all those teals, curs, sheldrakes, and peckled fowls, that come hither in winter out of Scandia, Muscovy, Greenland, Friezland, which half the year are covered all over with snow, and frozen up. Though these be fair in feathers, pleasant in taste, and have a good outside, like hypocrites, white in plumes, and soft, their flesh is hard, black, unwholesome, dangerous, melancholy meat; *Gravant et putrefaciunt stomachum*, saith Isaac, *part. 5, de vol.*, their young ones are more tolerable, but young pigeons he quite disapproves.

Fishes.] Rhasis and Magninus discommend all fish, and say, they breed *viscosities*, slimy nutriment, little and humourous nourishment. Savanarola adds, cold, moist: and phlegmatic, Isaac; and therefore unwholesome for all cold and melancholy complexions: others make a difference, rejecting only amongst fresh-water fish, eel, tench, lamprey, crawfish (which Bright approves, *cap. 6*), and such as are bred in muddy and standing waters, and have a taste of mud, as Franciscus Bonsuetus poetically defines, *Lib. de aquatilibus*:

"Nam pisces omnes, qui stagna, lacusque frequentant,
Semper plus succi deterioris habent."

"All fish, that standing pools, and lakes frequent,
Do ever yield bad juice and nourishment."

Lampreys, Paulus Jovius, *c. 34, de piscibus fluvial.* highly magnifies, and saith, None speak against them, but *inepti et scrupulosi*, some scrupulous persons; but eels, *c. 33*, "he abhorreth in all places, at all time; all physicians detest them, especially about the solstice." Gomesius, *lib. 1. c. 22, de sale*, doth immoderately extol sea-fish, which others as much vilify, and above the rest, dried, soused, indurate fish, as ling, fumados, red-herrings, sprats, stock-fish, haberdine, poor-john, all shell-fish. Tim. Bright excepts lobster and crab. Mesarius commends salmon, which Bruerinus contradicts, *lib. 22, c. 17*. Magninus rejects conger, sturgeon, turbot, mackerel, skate.

Carp is a fish of which I know not what to determine. Franciscus Bonsuetus accounts it a muddy fish. Hippolitus Salvianus, in his *Book de Piscium natura et præparatione*, which was printed at Rome in folio, 1554, with most elegant pictures, esteems carp no better than a slimy watery meat. Paulus Jovius on the other side, disallowing tench, approves of it; so doth Dupravius in his Books of Fish-ponds. Frietagus extols it for an excellent wholesome meat, and puts it amongst the fishes of the best rank; and so do most of our country gentlemen, that store their ponds almost with no other fish. But this controversy is easily decided, in my judgment, by Bruerinus, *l. 22, c. 13*. The difference riseth from the site and nature of pools, sometimes muddy, sometimes sweet; they are in taste as the place is from whence they be taken. In like manner almost we may conclude of other fresh fish. But see

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more in Rondoletius, Bellonius, Oribasius, *lib.* 7, I. 22, Isaac, *l.* 1, especially Hippolitus Salvianus, who is *instar omnium solus*, &c. Howsoever they may be wholesome and approved, much use of them is not good; P. Forestus, in his medicinal observations, relates, that Carthusian friars, whose living is most part fish, are more subject to melancholy than any other order, and that he found by experience, being sometimes their physician ordinary at Deift, in Holland. He exemplifies it with an instance of one Buscodnese, a Carthusian of a ruddy colour, and well liking, that by solitary living, and fish-eating, became so misaffected.

Herbs.] Amongst herbs to be eaten I find gourds, cucumbers, coleworts, melons, disallowed, but especially cabbage. It causeth troublesome dreams, and sends up black vapours to the brain. Galen, *loc. affect. l.* 3, *c.* 6, of all herbs condemns cabbage; and Isaac, *lib.* 2, *c.* 1, *Animæ gravitatem facit*, it brings heaviness to the soul. Some are of opinion that all raw herbs and salads breed melancholy blood, except bugloss and lettuce. Crato, *consil.* 21 *lib.* 2, speaks against all herbs and worts, except borage, bugloss, fennel, parsley, dill, balm, succory. Magninus, *regim. sanitatis, part.* 3, *cap.* 31. *Omnes herbæ simpliciter malæ, via cibi*; all herbs are simply evil to feed on (as he thinks). So did that scoffing cook in Plautus hold:

"Non ego cœnam condio ut alii coqui solent,
Qui mihi condita prata in patinis proferunt,
Boves qui convivas faciunt, herbasque aggerunt."

"Like other cooks I do not supper dress,
That put whole meadows into a platter,
And make no better of their guests than beeves,
With herbs and grass to feed them fatter."

Our Italians and Spaniards do make a whole dinner of herbs and salads (which our said Plautus calls *cœnas terrestres*, Horace, *cœnas sine sanguine*), by which means, as he follows it,

"Hic homines tam brevem vitam colunt --
Qui herbas hujusmodi in alvum suum congerunt,
Formidolosum dictu, non esu modo
Quas herbas pecudes non edunt, homines edunt."

"Their lives, that eat such herbs, must needs be short,
And 'tis a fearful thing for to report,
That men should feed on such a kind of meat,
Which very juments would refuse to eat:"

They are windy, and not fit therefore to be eaten of all men raw, though qualified with oil, but in broths, or otherwise. See more of these in every husbandman and herbalist.

Roots.] Roots, *Etsi quorundamn gentiuam opes sint*, saith Bruerinus, the wealth of some countries, and sole food, are windy and bad, or troublesome to the head: as onions, garlic, scallions, turnips, carrots, radishes, parsnips: Crato, *lib.* 2. *consil.* 11, disallows all roots, though some approve of parsnips and potatoes. Magninus is of Crato's opinion, "They trouble the mind, sending gross fumes to the brain, make men mad, especially garlic, onions, if a man liberally feed on them a year

together." Guianerius, *tract.* 15, *cap.* 2, complains of all manner of roots, and so doth Bruerinus, even parsnips themselves, which are the best, *Lib.* 9. *cap.* 14.

Fruits.] *Pastinacarum usus succos gignit improbos.* Crato, *consil.* 21, *lib.* 1, utterly forbids all manner of fruits, as pears, apples, plums, cherries, strawberries, nuts, medlars, serves, &c. *Sanguinem inficiunt*, saith Villanovanus, they infect the blood, and putrefy it, Magninus holds, and must not therefore be taken *via cibi, aut quantitate magni*, not to make a meal of, or in any great quantity. Cardan makes that a cause of their continual sickness at Fessa in Africa, "because they live so much on fruits, eating them thrice a day." Laurentius approves of many fruits, in his Tract of Melancholy, which others disallow, and amongst the rest apples, which some likewise commend, sweetings, pairmains, pippins, as good against melancholy; but to him that is any way inclined to, or touched with this malady, Nicholas Piso in his Practics, forbids all fruits, as windy, or to be sparingly eaten at least, and not raw. Amongst other fruits, Bruerinus, out of Galen, excepts grapes and figs, but I find them likewise rejected.

Pulse.] All pulse are naught, beans, peas, vetches, &c., they fill the brain (saith Isaac) with gross fumes, breed black thick blood, and cause troublesome dreams. And therefore, that which Pythagoras said to his scholars of old, may be for ever applied to melancholy men, *A fabis abstinete*, eat no peas, nor beans; yet to such as will needs eat them, I would give this counsel, to prepare them according to those rules that Arnoldus Villanovanus, and Frietagus prescribe, for eating and dressing, fruits, herbs, roots, pulse, &c.

Spices.] Spices cause hot and head melancholy, and are for that cause forbidden by our physicians to such men as are inclined to this malady, as pepper, ginger, cinnamon, cloves, mace, dates, &c., honey and sugar. Some except honey; to those that are cold, it may be tolerable, but *Dulca se in bilum vertunt* (sweets turn into bile), they are obstructive. Crato therefore forbids all spice, in a consultation of his, for a melancholy schoolmaster, *Omnia aromatica, et quicquid sanguinem adurit*: so doth Fernelius, *consil.* 45. Guianerius, *tract.* 15, *cap.* 2. Mercurialis, *cons.* 189. To these I may add all sharp and sour things, luscious, and over-sweet, or fat, as oil, vinegar, verjuice, mustard, salt; as sweet things are obstructive, so these are corrosive. Gomesius, in his books, *de sale*, *l.* 1, *c.* 21, highly commends salt; so doth Codronchus in his tract, *de sale Absynthii*, Lemn. *l.* 3, *c.* 9. *de occult. nat. mir.*, yet common experience finds salt, and salt-meats, to be great procurers of this disease. And for that cause belike those Egyptian priests abstained from salt, even so much, as in their bread, *ut sine perturbatione anima esset*, saith mine author, that their souls might be free from perturbations.

Bread.] Bread that is made of baser grain, as peas, beans, oats, rye, or over-hard baked, crusty, and black, is often spoken against, as causing melancholy juice and wind. Joh. Mayor, in the first book of his History of Scotland, contends much for the wholsomeness of oaten bread: it was objected to him then living at Paris in France, that his countrymen fed on oats, and base grain, as a disgrace; but he doth ingenuously confess, Scotland, Wales, and a third part of England, did most part use that kind of bread, that it was as wholesome as any grain, and yielded as good nourishment. And yet Wecker out of Galen calls it horse-meat, and fitter for juments than men to feed on. But read Galen himself, *lib.* 1. *De cibis boni et mali succi*, more largely discoursing of corn and bread.

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Wine.] All black wines, over-hot, compound, strong thick drinks, as Muscadine, Malmsey, Alicant, Rumney, Brownbastard, Metheglen, and the like, of which they have thirty several kinds in Muscovy, all such made drinks are hurtful in this case, to such as are hot, or of a sanguine choleric complexion, young, or inclined to head-melancholy. For many times the drinking of wine alone causeth it. Arculanus, *c.* 16. *in* 9. *Rhasis*, puts in wine for a great cause, especially if it be immoderately used. Guianerius, *tract.* 15. *c.* 2. tells a story of two Dutchmen, to whom he gave entertainment in his house, "that in one month's space were both melancholy by drinking of wine, one did nought but sing, the other sigh." Galen, *l. de causis morb.* *c.* 3. Matthiolus on Dioscorides, and above all other Andreas Bachius, *l.* 3. 18, 19, 20, have reckoned upon those inconveniences that come by wine: yet notwithstanding all this, to such as are cold, or sluggish melancholy, a cup of wine is good physic, and so doth Mercurialis grant, *consil.* 25, in that case, if the temperature be cold, as to most melancholy men it is, wine is much commended, if it be moderately used.

Cider, Perry.] Cider and perry are both cold and windy drinks, and for that cause to be neglected, and so are all those hot spiced strong drinks.

Beer.] Beer, if it be over-new or over-stale, over-strong, or not sodden, smell of the cask, sharp, or sour, is most unwholesome, frets, and galls, &c. Henricus Ayrerus, in a consultation of his, for one that laboured of hypochondriacal melancholy discommends beer. So doth Crato in that excellent, counsel of his, *Lib.* 2. *consil.* 21. as too windy, because of the hop. But he means belike that thick black Bohemian beer used in some other parts of Germany,

"-- nil spissius illa
Dum bibitur, nil clarius est dum mingitur, unde
Constat, quod multas fæces in corpore linquat."

"Nothing comes in so thick,
Nothing goes out so thin.
It must needs follow then
The dregs are left within."

As that old poet scoffed, calling it *Stygie mostrum conforme palludi*, a monstrous drink, like the river Styx. But let them say as they list, to such as are accustomed unto it, "'tis a most wholesome (so Polydor Virgil calleth it) and a pleasant drink," it is more subtile and better, for the hop that rarefies it, hath an especial virtue against melancholy, as our herbalists confess, Fuchsius approves, *Lib.* 2. *sec.* 2. *instit. cap.* 11. and many others.

Waters.] Standing waters, thick and ill-coloured; such as come forth of pools, and moats, where hemp hath been steeped, or slimy fishes live, are most unwholesome, putrefied, and full of mites, creepers, slimy, muddy, unclean, corrupt, impure, by reason of the sun's heat, and still-standing; they causs foul distemperatures in the body and mind of man, are unfit to make drink of, to dress meat with, or to be used about men inwardly or outwardly. They are good for many domestic uses, to wash horses, water cattle, &c., or in time of necessity, but not otherwise. Some are of opinion, that such fat standing waters make the best beer, and that seething doth defecate it, as Cardan holds, *Lib.* 13. *subtil.* "It mends the substance, and savour of it," but it is a paradox. Such beer may be stronger, but not so wholesome as the other, as

Jobertus truly justifieth out of Galen, *Paradox*, *dec.* 1. *Paradox* 5. that the seething of such impure waters doth not purge or purify them, Pliny, *lib.* 31. *c.* 3. is of the same tenet, and P. Crescentius, *agricult. lib.* 1. *et lib.* 4. *c.* 11. *et c.* 45. Pamphilus Herilachus, *l.* 4. *de nat. aquarum*, such waters are naught, not to be used, and by the testimony of Galen, "breed agues, dropsies, pleurisies, splenetic and melancholy passions, hurt the eyes, cause a bad temperature, and ill disposition of the whole body, with bad colour." This Jobertus stiffly maintains, *Paradox*, *lib.* 1. *part.* 5. that it causeth blear eyes, bad colour, and many loathsome diseases to such as use it: this which they say, stands with good reason; for as geographers relate, the water of Astracan breeds worms in such as drink it. Axius, or as now called Verduri, the fairest river in Macedonia, makes all cattle black that taste of it. Aleacman now Peleca, another stream in Thessaly, turns cattle most part white, *si potui ducas*. L. Aubanus Rohemus refers that struma or poke of the Bavarians and Styrians to the nature of their waters, as Munster doth that of the Valesians in the Alps, and Bodine supposeth the stuttering of some families in Aquitania, about Labden, to proceed from the same cause, "and that the filth is derived from the water to their bodies." So that they that use filthy, standing, ill-coloured, thick, muddy water, must needs have muddy, ill-coloured, impure, and infirm bodies. And because the body works upon the mind, they shall have grosser understandings, dull, foggy, melancholy spirits, and be really subject to all manner of infirmities.

To these noxious simples, we may reduce an infinite number of compound, artificial, made dishes, of which our cooks afford us a great variety, as tailors do fashions in our apparel. Such are puddings stuffed with blood, or otherwise composed; baked meats, soused indurate meats, fried and broiled buttered meats; condite, powdered, and over-dried, all cakes, simnels, buns, cracknels made with butter, spice, &c., fritters, pancakes, pies, sausages, and those several sauces, sharp, or over-sweet, of which *scientia popinæ*, as Seneca calls it, hath served those Apician tricks, and perfumed dishes, which Adrian the sixth Pope so much admired in the accounts of his predecessor *Leo decimus*; and which prodigious riot and prodigality have invented in this age. These do generally engender gross humours, fill the stomach with crudities, and all those inward parts with obstructions. Montanus, *consil.* 22, gives instance; in a melancholy Jew, that by eating such tart sauces, made dishes, and salt meats, with which he was overmuch delighted, became melancholy, and was evil affected. Such examples are familiar and common.

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SUBSECT. II.-- *Quantity of Diet a Cause.*

THERE is not so much harm proceeding from the substance itself of meat, and quality of it, in ill-dressing and preparing, as there is from the quantity, disorder of time and place, unseasonable use of it, inntemperance, overmuch, or overlittle taking of it. A true saying it is, *Plures crapula quam gladius*, This gluttony kills more than the sword, this *omnivorantia et homicida gula*, this all devouring and murdering gut. And that of Pliny is truer, "Simple diet is the best; heaping up of several meats is pernicious, and sauces worse; many dishes bring many diseases." Avicen cries out, "That nothing is worse than to feed on many dishes, or to protract the time of meats longer than ordinary; from thence proceed our infirmities, and 'tis the fountain of all diseases, which arise out of the repugnancy of gross humours." Thence, saith Fernelius, come crudities, wind, oppilations, cacochymia, plethora, cachexia, bradiopepsia, *Hinc subite mortes, atque intestata senectus*, sudden death, &c., and what not.

As a lamp is choked with a multitude of oil, or a little fire with overmuch wood quite extinguished, so is the natural heat with immoderate eating, strangled in the body. *Pernitiosa sentina est abdomen insaturabile*: one saith, An insatiable paunch is a pernicious sink, and the fountain of all diseases, both of body and mind. Mercurialis will have it a peculiar cause of this private disease; Solenander, *consil.* 5. *sect.* 3, illustrates this of Mercurialis, with an example of one so melancholy, *ab intempestivis commensationibus*, unseasonable feasting. Crato confirms as much, in that often cited *Counsel*, 21, *lib.* 2. putting superfluous eating for a main cause. But what need I seek farther for proofs? Hear Hippocrates himself; *Lib.* 2, *Aphor.* 10, "Impure bodies the more they are nourished, the more they are hurt, for the nourishment is putrefied with vicious humours."

And yet for all this harm, which apparently follows surfeiting and drunkenness, see how we luxuriate and rage in this kind; read what Johannes Stuckius hath written lately of this subject, in his great volume *De Antiquorum Conviviis*, and of our present age; *Quam portentosæ cœnæ*, prodigious suppers, *Qui dum invitant ad cœnam efferunt ad sepulchrum* (they who invite us to supper, only conduct us to our tomb), what Fagos, Epicures, Apetios, Heliogables, our times afford? Lucullus' ghost walks still and every man desires to sup in Apollo; Æsop's costly dish is ordinarily served up. *Magis illa juvant, quæ pluris emuntur* (The highest-priced dishes afford the most gratification). The dearest cates are best, and 'tis an ordinary thing to bestow twenty or thirty pounds upon a dish, some thousand crowns upon a dinner: Mully-Hamet, king of Fez and Morocco, spent three pounds on the sauce of a capon: it is nothing in our times, we scorn all that is cheap. "We loathe the very light (some of us, as Seneca notes) because it comes free, and we are offended with the sun's heat, and those cool blasts, because we buy them not." This air we breathe is so common, we care not for it; nothing pleaseth but what is dear. And if we be witty in anything, it is *ad gulam*: If we study at all, it is *erudite luxu*, to please the palate, and to satisfy the gut. "A cook of old was a base knave (as Livy complains), but now a great man in request; cookery is become an art, a noble science: cooks are gentlemen:" *Venter Deus*: They wear "their brains in their bellies, and their guts in their heads," as

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Agrippa taxed some parasites of his time, rushing on their own destruction, as if a man should run upon the point of a sword, *usque dum rumpantur comedunt*, "They eat till they burst." All day, all night, let the physician say what he will, imminent danger, and feral diseases are now ready to seize upon them, that will eat till they vomit, *Edunt ut vomant, vomunt ut edant*; saith Seneca; which Dion relates of Vitellius, *Solo transitu ciborum, nutiri judicatus*: His meat did pass through and away, or till they burst again. *Strage animantium ventrem onerant*, and rake over all the world, as so many slaves, belly-gods, and land-serpents, *Et totus orbis ventri nimis angustus*, the whole world cannot satisfy their appetite. "Sea, land, rivers, lakes, &c., may not give content to their raging guts." To make up the mess, what immoderate drinking in every place? *Senem potum pota trahebat anus*, how they flock to the tavern: as if they were *fruges consumere nati*, born to no other end but to eat and drink, like Offellius Bibulus, that famous Roman parasite, *Qui dum vixit, aut bibit aut mixit*; as so many casks to hold wine, yea worse than a cask, that mars wine, and itself is not marred by it, yet these are brave men, Silenus Ebrius was no braver. *Et quæ fuerunt vitia, mores sunt*: 'tis now the fashion of our times, an honour: *Nunc vero res ista eo rediit* (as Chrysost. *serm.* 30, in *v. Ephes.* comments) *Ut effeminatæ ridendæque ignaviæ loco habeatur, nolle inebriari*; 'tis now come to that pass that he is no gentleman, a very milk-sop, a clown of no bringing up, that will not drink; fit for no company; he is your only gallant that plays it off finest, no disparagement now to stagger in the streets, reel, rave, &c., but much to his fame and renown; as in like case Epidicus told Thesprio his fellow-servant, in the Poet. *Ædipol facinus improbum*, one urged, the other replied, *At jam alii fecere idem, erit illi illa res honori*, 'tis now no fault, there be so many brave examples to bear one out; 'tis a credit to have a strong brain, and carry his liquor well; the sole contention who can drink most, and fox his fellow the soonest. 'Tis the *summum bonum* of our tradesmen, their felicity, life, and soul, *Tanta dulcedine effectant*, saith Pliny, *lib.* 14. *cap.* 12. *ut magna pars non aliud vitæ præmium intelligat*, their chief comfort, to be merry together in an alehouse or tavern, as our modern Muscovites do in their mede-inns, and Turks in their coffee-houses which much resemble our taverns; they will labour hard all day, long to be drunk at night, and spend *totius anni labores*, as St. Ambrose adds, in a tippling feast; convert day into night, as Seneca taxes some in his times, *Pervertunt officia noctis et lucis*; when we rise, they commonly go to bed, like our antipodes,

"Nosque ubi primus equis oriens afflavit anhelis,
Illis sera rubens accendit lumina vesper."

So did Petronius in Tacitus, Heiogabalus in Lampridius.

-- Noctes vigilabat ad ipsem
Mane, diem totum stertebat.--

-- He drank the night away
Till rising dawn, then snored out all the day."

Snymdiris the Sybarite never saw the sun rise or set so much as once in twenty years. Verres, against whom Tully so much inveighs, in winter he never was *extra*

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tectum vix extra lectum, never almost out of bed, still wenching and drinking; so did he spend his time, and so do myriads in our days. They have *gymnasia bibonum*, schools and rendezvous; these centaurs and Lapithæ toss pots and bowls as so many balls; invent new tricks, as sausages, anchovies, tobacco, caviare, pickled oysters, herrings, fumadoes, &c.: innumerable salt meats to increase their appetite, and study how to hurt themselves by taking antidotes "to carry their drink the better; and when nought else serves, they will go forth, or be conveyed out, to empty their gorge, that they may return to drink afresh." They make laws, *insanas leges, contra bibendi fallacias*, and brag of it when they have done, crowning that man that is soonest gone, as their drunken predecessors have done,-- *quid ego video?* Ps. *Cum corona Pseudolum ebrium tuum* --. And when they are dead, will have a can of wine with Maron's old woman to be engraven on their tombs. So they triumph in villainy, and justify their wickedness; with Rabelais, that French Lucian, drunkenness is better for the body than physic, because there be more old drunkards than old physicians. Many such frothy arguments they have, inviting and encouraging others to do as they do, and love them dearly for it (no glue like to that of good fellowship). So did Alcibiades in Greece; Nero, Bonosus, Heliogabalus in Rome, or Alegabalus rather, as he was styled of old (as Ignatius proves out of some old Coins). So do many great men still, as Heresbachius observes. When a prince drinks till his eyes stare, like Bitias in the Poet,

-- "(ille impiger hausit
Spumantem vino pateram)."
-- "a thirsty soul;
He took challenge and embraced the bowl:
With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceased to draw
Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw."

and comes off clearly, sound trumpets, fife and drums, the spectators will applaud him, "the bishop himself (if he belie them not) with his chaplain, will stand by and do as much," *O dignum principe haustum*, 'twas done like a prince. "Our Dutchmen invite all comers with a pail and a dish," *Velut infundibula integras obbas exhauriunt, et in monstrosis poculis, ipsi monstrosi monstrosius epotant*, aking barrels of their bellies." *Incredibile dictu*, as one of their own countrymen complains: *Quantum liquoris immodestissima gens capiat, &c.* "How they love a man that will be drunk, crown him and honour him for it," hate him that will not pledge him, stab him, kill him; a most intolerable offence, and not to be forgiven. "He is a mortal enemy that will not drink with him," as Munster relates of the Saxons. So in Poland, he is the best servitor, and the honestest fellow, saith Alexander Gaguinus, "that drinketh most healths to the honour of his master, he shall be rewarded as a good servant, and held the bravest fellow that carries his liquor best," when a brewer's horse will bear much more than any sturdy drinker, yet for his noble exploits in this kind, he shall be accounted a most valiant man, for *Tam inter epulas fortis vir esse potest ac in bello*, as much valour is to be found in feasting as in fighting, and some of our city captains, and carpet knights will make this good, and prove it. Thus they many times wilfully pervert the good temperature of their bodies, stifle their wits, strangle nature, and degenerate into beasts.

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Some again are in the other extreme, and draw this mischief on their heads by too ceremonious and strict diet, being over-precise, cockney-like, and curious in their observation of meats, times, as that *Medicina statica* prescribes, just so many ounces at dinner, which Lessius enjoins, so much at supper, not a little more, nor a little less, of such meat, and at such hours, a diet-drink in the morning, cock-broth, China-broth, at dinner, plum-broth, a chicken, a rabbit, rib of a rack of mutton, wing of a capon, the merry-thought of a hen, &c.; to sounder bodies this is too nice and most absurd. Others offend in over-much fasting: pining adays, saith Guianerius, and waking anights, as many Moors and Turks in these our times do. "Anchorites, monks, and the rest of that superstitious rank (as the same Guianerius witnesseth, that he hath often seen to have happened in his time) through immoderate fasting, have been frequently mad." Of such men belike Hippocrates speaks, 1 Aphor. 5, when as he saith, "They more offend in too sparing diet, and are worse damnified than they that feed liberally, and are ready to surfeit."

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SUBSECT. III.-- *Custom of Diet, Delight, Appetite, Necessity, how they cause or hinder.*

NO rule is so general, which admits not some exception; to this, therefore, which hath been hitherto said (for I shall otherwise put most men out of commons), and those inconveniences which proceed from the substance of meats, an intemperate or unseasonable use of them, custom somewhat detracts and qualifies, according to that of Hippocrates 2, Aphorism. 50, "Such things as we have been long accustomed to, though they be evil in their own nature yet they are less offensive." Otherwise it might well be objected that it were a mere tyranny to live after those strict rules of physic; for custom doth alter nature itself, and to such as are used to them it makes bad meats wholesome, and unseasonable times to cause no disorder. Cider and perry are windy drinks, so are all fruits windy in themselves, cold most part, yet in some shires of England, Normandy in France, Guipuscoa in Spain, 'tis their common drink, and they are no whit offended with it. In Spain, Italy, and Africa, they live most on roots, raw herbs, camel's milk, and it agrees well with them: which to a stranger will cause much grievance. In Wales, *lacticiniis vescuntur*, as Humphrey Llwyd confesseth, a Cambro-Briton himself, in his elegant epistle to Abraham Ortelius, they live most on white meats: in Holland on fish, roots, butter, and so at this day in Greece, as Bellonius observes, they had much rather feed on fish than flesh. With us, *Maxima pars victus in carne consistit*, we feed on flesh most part, saith Polydore Virgil, as all northern countries do; and it would be very offensive to us to live after their diet, or they to live after ours. We drink beer, they wine; they use oil, we butter; we in the north are great eaters; they most sparing in those hotter countries; and yet they and we following our own customs are well pleased. An Ethiopian of old seeing an European eat bread, wondered, *quomodo stercoribus vescentes viverimus*, how we could eat such kind of meats: so much differed his countrymen from ours in diet, that as mine author infers, *si quis illorum victum apud nos æmulari vellet*; if any man should so feed with us, it would be all one to nourish, as Cicuta, Aconitum, or Hellebore itself. At this day in China, the common people live in a manner altogether on roots and herbs, and to the wealthiest, horse, ass, mule, dogs, cat-flesh, is as delightful as the rest, so Mat. Riccius the jesuit relates, who lived many years amongst them. The Tartars eat raw meat, and most commonly horse-flesh, drink milk and blood, as the Nomades of old. *Et lac concretum cum sanguine potat equino*. They scoff at our Europeans for eating bread, which they call tops of weeds, and horse meat, not fit for men; and yet Scaliger accounts them a sound and witty nation, living a hundred years; even in the civilest country of them they do thus, as Benedict the jesuit observed in his travels, from the great Mogul's Court by land to Pekin, which Riccius contends to be the same with Cambula in Cataia. In Scandia their bread is usually dried fish, and so likewise in the Shetland isles; and their other fare, as in Iceland, saith Dithmarus Bleskenius, butter, cheese, and fish; their drink water, their lodging on the ground. In America in many places their bread is roots, their meat palmitos, pinas, potatoes, &c., and such fruits. There be of them too that familiarly drink salt sea-water all their lives, eat raw meat, grass, and that with delight. With some, fish, serpents, spiders; and in divers places they eat man's flesh, raw and roasted, even the Emperor Montezuma himself. In some coasts, again, one tree yields

them cocoa-nuts, meat and drink, fire, fuel, apparel; with his leaves, oil, vinegar, cover for houses, &c., and yet these men going naked, feeding coarse, live commonly a hundred years, are seldom or never sick; all which diet our physicians forbid. In Westphalia they feed most part on fat meats and wourts, knuckle deep, and call it *cerebrum Iovis*: in the low countries with roots, in Italy frogs and snails are used. The Turks, saith Busbequius, delight most in fried meats. In Muscovy, garlic and onions are ordinary meat and sauce, which would be pernicious to such as are unaccustomed to them, delightful to others; and all is because they have been brought up unto it. Husbandmen, and such as labour, can eat fat bacon, salt gross meat, hard cheese, &c. (*O dura messorum ilia*), coarse bread at all times, go to bed and labour upon a full stomach, which to some idle persons would be present death, and is against the rules of physic, so that custom is all in all. Our travellers find this by common experience when they come in far countries and use their diet, they are suddenly offended, as our Hollanders and Englishmen when they touch upon the coasts of Africa, those Indian capes and islands are commonly molested with calentures, fluxes, and much distempered by reason of their fruits. *Peregrina, etsi suavia, solent vescentibus perturbationes insignes adferre*, strange meats, though pleasant, cause notable alterations and distempers. On the other side, use or custom mitigates or makes all good again. Mithridates by often use, which Pliny wonders at, was able to drink poison, and a maid, as Curtius records, sent to Alexander from K. Porus, was brought up with poison from her infancy. The Turks, saith Bellonius, *lib. 3, c. 15*, eat opium familiarly, a drachm at once, which we dare not take in grains. Garcius ab Horto writes of one whom he saw at Goa in the East Indies, that took ten drachms of opium in three days; and yet *consulto loquebatur*, spake understandingly, so much can custom do. Theophrastus speaks of a shepherd that could eat hellebore in substance. And therefore Carcian concludes out of Galen, *Consuetudinem utcunque ferendam, nisi valde malam*. Custom is howsoever to be kept, except it be extremely bad: he adviseth all men to keep their old customs, and that by the authority of Hippocrates himself, *Dandum aliquid temporis, ætati, regioni, consuetudini*, and therefore continue as they began, be it diet, bath, exercise, &c., or whatsoever else.

Another exception is delight, or appetite, to such and such meats; though they be hard of digestion, melancholy; yet as Fuchsius excepts *cap. 6. lib. 2. Institut. sect. 2*. "The stomach doth really digest, and willingly entertain such meats we love most, and are pleasing to us, abhors on the other side such as we distaste." Which Hippocrates confirms, Aphorism. 2, 38. Some cannot endure cheese out of a secret antipathy, or to see a roasted duck, which to others is a delightful meat.

The last exception is necessity, poverty, want, hunger, which drives men many times to do that which otherwise they are loth, cannot endure, and thankfully to accept of it: as beverage in ships, and in sieges of great cities, to feed on dogs, cats, rats, and men themselves. Three outlaws in Hector Boethius, being driven to their shifts, did eat raw flesh, and flesh of such fowl as they could catch, in one of the Hebrides for some few months. These things do mitigate or disannul that which hath been said of melancholy meats, and make it more tolerable; but to such as are wealthy, live plenteously, at ease, may take their choice, and refrain if they will, these viands are to be forborne, if they be inclined to, or suspect; melancholy, as they tender their healths: Otherwise if they be intemperate, or disordered in their diet, at their peril be it. *Qui monet amat, Ave et cave*.

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He who advises is your friend,
Farewell and to your health attend.

SUBJECT. IV.-- *Retention and Evacuation a cause, and how.*

OF retention and evacuation, there be divers kinds, which are either concomitant, assisting, or sole causes many times of melancholy. Galen reduceth defect and abundance to this head; others "All that is separated, or remains."

Costiveness.] In the first rank of these, I may well reckon up costiveness, and keeping in of our ordinary excrements, which as it often causeth other diseases, so this of melancholy in particular. Celsus, *lib. 1. cap. 3.* saith, "It produceth inflammation of the head, dulness, cloudiness, headache, &c." Prosper Calenus, *lib. de atra bile*, will have it distemper not the organ only, "but the mind itself by troubling of it:" and sometimes it is a sole cause of madness, as you may read in the first book of Skenkious's Medicinal Observations. A young merchant going to Nordeling fair in Germany, for ten days' space never went to stool; at his return he was grievously melancholy, thinking that he was robbed, and would not be persuaded but that all his money was gone; his friends thought he had some philtum given him, but Onelius, a physician, being sent for, found his costiveness alone to be the cause, and thereupon gave him a clyster, by which he was speedily recovered. Trincavelius, *consult. 35 lib. 1.* saith as much of a melancholy lawyer, to whom he administered physic, and Rodericus a Fonseca, *consult. 85. tom. 2.* of a patient of his, that for eight days was found, and therefore melancholy affected. Other retentions and evacuations there are, not simply necessary, but at some times; as Fernelius accounts them. *Path. lib. 1. cap. 15.* as suppression of hæmorrhoids, or monthly issues in women, bleeding at nose, immoderate or no use at all of Venus: or any other ordinary issues.

Detention of hæmorrhoids, or monthly issues, Villanovanus *Breviar. lib. 1. cap. 18.* Arculanus, *cap. 16. in 9. Rhasis*, Vittorius Faventinus, *pract. mag. Tract. 2. cap. 15.* Bruel, &c. put for ordinary causes. Fuchsius, *l. 2. sect. 5. c. 30.* goes farther, and saith, "That many men unseasonably cured of the hemorrhoids have been corrupted with melancholy, seeking to avoid Scylla, they fall into Charybdis. Galen, *l. de hum. commen. 3. ad text. 26.* illustrates this by an example of Lucius Martius, whom he cured of madness, contracted by this means: And Skenkious hath two other instances of two melancholy and mad women, so caused from the suppression of their months. The same may be said of bleeding at the nose, if it be suddenly stopped, and have been formerly used, as Villanovanus urgeth: And Fuchsius, *lib. 2. sect. 5. cap. 33.* stiffly maintains, "That without great danger, such an issue may not be stayed."

Venery omitted produceth like effects. Mathiolus, *epist. 5. 1. penult.* "avoucheth of his knowledge, that some through bashfulness abstained from venery, and thereupon became very heavy and dull; and some others that were very timorous, melancholy, and beyond all measure sad." Oribasius, *med. collect. l. 6. c. 37.* speaks of some, "That if they do not use carnal copulation, are continually troubled with heaviness and headache; and some in the same case by intermission of it." Not use of it hurts many, Arculanus, *c. 6. in 9. Rhasis, et Magninus, part. 3. cap. 5.* think, because it "sends up poisonous vapours to the brain and heart." And so doth Galen himself hold, "That if this natural seed be over-long kept (in some parties) it turns to poison." Hieronymus Mercurialis, in his chapter of Melancholy, cites it for an especial cause of this malady, Priapismus, Satyriasis, &c., Haliabbas, *5. Theor. c. 36.* reckons up this and many other diseases. Villanovanus *Breviar. l. 1. c. 18.* saith, "He knew

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monks and widows grievously troubled with melancholy, and that for this sole cause." Lodovicus Mercatus, *l. 2. de mulierum affect. cap. 4.* and Rodericus a Castro, *de morbis mulier. l. 2. c. 3* treat largely of this subject, and will have it produce a peculiar kind of melancholy in stale maids, nuns, and widows, *Ob suppressionem mensium et venerem omissam, timidæ, mæstæ, anxie, verecundæ, supiciosæ, languentes, consilii inopes, cum summa vitæ et rerum meliorum desperatione, &c.*, they are melancholy in the highest degree, and all for want of husbands. Ælianus Montaltus, *cap. 37. de melanchol.* confirms as much out of Galen; so doth Wierus, Christoferus a Vega *de art. med lib. 3. c. 14*, relates many such examples of men and women, that he had seen so melancholy. Fœlix Plater in the first book of his Observations, "tells a story of an ancient gentleman in Alsatia, that married a young wife, and was not able to pay his debts in that kind for a long time together, by reason of his several infirmities: but she, because of this inhibition of Venus, fell into a horrible fury, and desired every one that came to see her, by words, looks, and gestures, to have to do with her," &c. Bernardus Patarnus, a physician, saith, "He knew a good honest godly priest, that because he would neither willingly marry, nor make use of the stews, fell into grievous melancholy fits." Hildesheim, *spicel. 2.* hath such another example of an Italian melancholy priest, in a consultation had Anno 1580. Jason Pratensis gives instance in a married man, that from his wife's death abstaining, "after marriage, became exceedingly melancholy," Rodericus a Fonseca in a young man so misaffected, *Tom. 2. consult. 85.* To these you may add, if you please, that conceited tale of a Jew, so visited in like sort, and so cured, out of Poggius Florentinus.

Intemperate Venus is all but as bad in the other extreme. Galen. *1. 6. de morbis popular. sect. 5. text. 26*, reckons up melancholy amongst those diseases which are "exasperated by venery:" so doth Avicenna, *2, 3. c. 11.* Oribisius, *loc. citat.* Ficinus, *lib. 2. de sanitate tuenda.* Marsiius Cognatus, Montaltus, *cap. 27.* Guianerius, *Tract. 3. cap. 2.* Maguinus, *cap. 5, part. 3.* gives the reason, because "it infrigidates and dries up the body, consumes the spirits, and would therefore have all such as are cold and dry to take heed of and to avoid it as a mortal enemy." Jacchinus in *9. Rhasis, cap. 15*, ascribes the same cause, and instanceth in a patient of his, that married a young wife in a hot summer, "and so dried himself with chamber-work, that he became in short space from melancholy, mad:" he cured him by moistening remedies. The like example I find in Lælius a Fonte Eugubinus, *consult. 129.* of a gentleman of Venice, that upon the same occasion was first melancholy, afterwards mad. Read in him the story at large.

Any other evacuation stopped will cause it, as well as these above named, be it bile, ulcer, issue, &c. Hercules de Saxonia, *lib. 1. c. 16.* and Gordornius, verify this out of their experience. They saw one wounded in the head, who as long as the sore was open, *Lucida habuit mentis intervallia*, was well; but when it was stopped, *Rediit melancholia*, his melancholy fit seized on him again.

Artificial evacuations are much like in effect, as hot houses, baths, bloodletting, purging, unseasonably and immoderately used. Baths dry too much, if used in excess, be they natural or artificial, and offend extreme hot or cold; bone dries, the other refrigerates over much. Montanus, *consil. 137*, saith, they over-heat the liver. Joh. Struthius, *Stigmat. artis. l. 4. c. 9.* contends, "that if one stays longer than ordinary at the bath, go in too oft, or at unseasonable times, he putrefies the humours in his body." To this purpose writes Magnini, *l. 3. c. 5.* Guianerius, *Tract. 15. c. 21*, utterly disallows all hot baths in the melancholy adust. "I saw (saith he) a man that laboured of the gout, who to be freed of his malady came to the bath, and was

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instantly cured of his disease, but got another worse, and that was madness." But this judgment varies as the humour doth, in hot or cold: baths may be good for one melancholy man, bad for another; that which will cure it in this party, may cause it in a second.

Phlebotomy.] Phlebotomy, many times neglected, may do much harm to the body, when there is a manifest redundance of bad humour; and melancholy blood; and when these humours heat and boil, if this be not used in time, the parties affected, so inflamed, are in great danger to be mad; but if it be unadvisedly, importunely, immoderately used, it doth as much harm by refrigerating the body, dulling the spirits, and consuming them: as Job. Curio in his 10th Chapter well reprehends, such kind of letting blood doth more hurt than good: "The humours rage much more than they did before, and is so far from avoiding melancholy, that it increaseth it, and weakeneth the sight." Prosper Calenus observes as much of all phlebotomy, except they keep a very good diet after it; yea, and as Leonartus Jacchinus speaks out of his own experience, "The blood is much blacker to many men after their letting of blood than, it was at first." For this cause belike Salust. Salvinianus, *l. 2. c. 1.* will admit or hear of no blood-letting at all in this disease, except it be manifest it proceed from blood: he was (it appears) by his own words in that place, master of an hospital of mad men, "and found by long experience, that this kind of evacuation, either in head, arm, or any other part, did more harm than good." To this opinion of his, Felix Plater is quite opposite, "though some wink at, disallow and quite contradict all phlebotomy in melancholy, yet by long experience I have found innumerable so saved, after they had been twenty, nay, sixty times let blood, and to live happily after it. It was an ordinary thing of old, in Galen's time, to take at once from such men six pounds of blood, which now we dare scarce take in ounces; *sed viderint medici*;" great books are written of this subject.

Purging upward and downward, in abundance of bad humours omitted, may be for the worst; so likewise as in the precedent, if overmuch, too frequent or violent, it weakeneth their strength, saith Fuchsius, *l. 2. sect. 2. c. 17.* or if they be strong or able to endure physic, yet it brings them to an ill habit, they make their bodies no better than apothecaries' shops, this and such like infirmities must needs follow.

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SUBSECT. V.-- *Bad Air, a Cause of Melancholy.*

AIR is a cause of great moment, in producing this, or any other disease, being that it is still taken into our bodies by respiration, and our more inner parts. "If it be impure and foggy, it dejects the spirits, and causeth diseases by infection of the heart," as Paulus hath it, *lib. 1. c. 49.* Avicenna *lib. 1. Gal. de. san. tuenda.* Mercurialis, Montaltus, &c. Fernelius saith, "A thick air thickeneth the blood and humours." Lemnius reckons up two main things most profitable, and most pernicious to our bodies; air and diet: and this peculiar disease, nothing sooner causeth (Jobertus holds) "than the air wherein we breathe and live." Such as is the air, such be our spirits; and as our spirits, such are our humours. It offends commonly if it be too hot and dry. thick, fuliginous, cloudy, blustering, or a tempestuous air., Bodine in his fifth Book, *De repub. cap. 1,5.* of his Method of History, proves that hot countries are most troubled with melancholy, and that there are therefore in Spain, Africa, and Asia Minor, great numbers of mad men, insomuch that they are compelled in all cities of note, to build hospitals for them. Leo Afer, *lib. 3. de Fessa urbe*, Ortelius and Zuniger, confirm as much: they are ordinarily so choleric in their speeches, that scarce two words pass without railing or chiding in common talk, and often quarrelling in the streets. Gordonius will have every man take notice of it: "Note this (saith he) that in hot countries it is far more familiar than in cold." Although this we have now said be not continually so, for as Acosta truly saith, under the Equator itself, is a most temperate habitation, wholesome air, a paradise of pleasure: the leaves ever green, cooling showers. But it holds in such as are intemperately hot, as Johannes a Meggen found in Cyprus, others in Malta, Apulia, and the Holy Land, where at some seasons of the year is nothing but dust, their rivers dried up, the air scorching hot, and earth inflamed; insomuch that many pilgrims going barefoot for devotion sake, from Joppa to Jerusalem upon the hot sands, often run mad, or else quite overwhelmed with sand, *profundis arenis*, as in many parts of Africa, Arabia Deserta, Bactriana, now Charassan, when the west wind blows *Involuti arenis transeunta necantur* (They perish in clouds of sand). Hercules de Saxonia, a professor in Venice, gives this cause why so many Venetiaa women are melancholy, *Quod diu sub sole degant*, they tarry too long in the sun. Montanus, *consil. 21.* amongst other causes assigns this; Why that Jew his patient was mad, *Quod tam multum exposuit se calori et frigori*: he exposed himself so much to heat and cold, and for that reason in Venice, there is little stirring in those brick paved streets in summer about noon, they are most part then asleep: as they are likewise in the great Mogol's countries, and all over the East Indies. At Aden in Arabia, as Lodovicus Vertomannus relates in. his travels, they keep their markets in the night, to avoid extremity of heat; and in Ormus, like cattle in a pasture, people of all sorts lie up to the chin in water all day long. At Braga in Portugal; Burgos in Castile; Messina in Sicily, all over Spain and Italy, their streets are most part narrow, to avoid the sunbeams. The Turks wear great turbans *ad fugandos solis radios*, to refract the sunbeams; and much inconvenience that hot air of Bantam in Java yields to our men, that sojourn there for traffic; where it is so hot, "that they that are sick of the pox, lie commonly bleaching in the sun to dry up their sores." Such a complaint I read of those isles of Cape Verde, fourteen degrees from the Equator, they do *male audire*: One calls them the unhealthiest clime of the world, for fluxes, fevers, frenzies,

calentures, which commonly seize on seafaring men that touch at them, and all by reason of a hot distemperature of the air. The hardiest men are offended with this heat, and stiffest clowns cannot resist it, as Constantine affirms, *Agricult. l. 2. c. 45*. They that are naturally born in such air, may not endure it, as Niger records of some part of Mesopotamia, now called Diarbecha: *Quibusdam in locis sævienti æstui adeo subjecta est, ut pleraque animalia fervore solis et cæli extinguantur*, 'tis so hot there in some places, that men of the country and cattle are killed with it; and Adricomius of Arabia Felix, by reason of myrrh, frankincense, and hot spices there growing, the air is so obnoxious to their brains, that the very inhabitants at some times cannot avoid it, much less weaklings and strangers. Arnatus Lusitanus, *cent. 1. curat. 45*, reports of a young maid, that was one Vincent a currier's daughter, some thirteen years of age, that would wash her hair in the heat of the day (in July) and so let it dry in the sun, "to make it yellow, but by that means tarrying too long in the heat, she inflamed her head, and made herself mad."

Cold air in the other extreme is almost as bad as hot, and so doth Montaltus esteem of it, *c. 11*. if it be dry withal. In those northern countries, the people are therefore generally dull, heavy, and many witches, which (as I have before quoted) Saxo Grammaticus, Olaus, Baptista Porta ascribe to melancholy. But these cold climes are more subject to natural melancholy (not this artificial) which is cold and dry: for which cause Mercurius Britannicus belike puts melancholy men to inhabit just under the Pole. The worst of the three is a thick, cloudy, misty, foggy air, or such as come from fens, moorish grounds, lakes, muckhills, draughts, sinks, where any carcasses or carrion lies, or from whence any stinking fulsome smell comes: Galen, Avicenna, Mercurialis, new and old physicians, hold that such air is unwholesome, and engenders melancholy, plagues, and what not? Alexandretta an haven-town in the Mediterranean Sea, Saint John do Ulloa, an haven in Nova-Hispania, are much condemned for a bad air, so are Durazzo in Albania, Lithuania, Ditmarsh, Pomptinæ Paludes in Italy, the territories about Pisa, Ferrara, &c., Romney Marsh with us; the Hundreds in Essex, the fens in Lincolnshire. Cardan, *de rerum varietate, l. 17. c. 96*. finds fault with the sight of those rich, and most populous cities in the Low Countries, as Bruges, Ghent, Amsterdam, Leyden, Utrecht, &c., the air is bad; and so at Stockholm in Sweden; Rezum in Italy, Salisbury with us, Hull and Lynn: they may be commodious for navigation, this new kind of fortification, and many other good necessary uses; but are they so wholesome? Old Rome hath descended from the hills to the valley, 'tis the site of most of our new cities, and held best to build in plains, to take the opportunity of rivers. Leander Albertus pleads hard for the air and site of Venice, though the black Moorish lands appear at every low water: the sea, fire, and smoke (as he thinks) qualify the air; and some suppose, that a thick foggy air helps the memory, as in them of Pisa in Italy; and our Cambden, out of Plato, commends the site of Cambridge, because it is so near the fens. But let the site of such places be as it may, how can they be excused that have a delicious seat, a pleasant air, and all that nature can afford, and yet through their own nastiness, and sluttishness, immund and sordid manner of life, suffer their air to putrefy, and themselves to be choked up? Many cities in Turkey do *male audire* in this kind: Constantinople itself where commonly carrion lies in the street. Some find the same fault in Spain, even in Madrid, the king's seat, a most excellent air, a pleasant site; but the inhabitants are sloven; and the streets uncleanly kept.

A troublesome tempestuous air is as bad as impure, rough and foul weather, impetuous winds, cloudy dark days, as it is commonly with us, *Cælum visu fædum*,

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Polydore calls it a filthy sky, *et in quo facilæ generantur nubes*; as Tully's brother Quintus wrote to him in Rome, being then Quæstor in Britain. "In a thick and cloudy air (saith Lemaius) men are tetric, sad, and peevish: And if the western winds blow, and that there be a calm, or a fair sunshine day, there is a kind of alacrity in men's minds; it cheers up men and beasts: but if it be a turbulent, rough, cloudy, stormy weather, men are sad, lumpish, and much dejected, angry, waspish, dull, and melancholy." This was Virgil's experiment of old,

"Verum ubi tempestas, et cœli mobilis humor
Mutavere vices, et Jupiter humidus Astro,
Vertuntur species animorum, et pectore motus
Concipiunt alios"--

"But when the face of heaven changed is
To tempests, rain, from season fair:
Our minds are altered, and in our breasts
Fortwith some new conceits appear."

And who is not weather-wise against such and such conjunctions of planets, moved in foul weather, dull and heavy in such tempestuous seasons? *Gelidum contristat Aquarius annum*: the time requires, and the autumn breeds it; winter is like unto it, ugly, foul, squalid, the air works on all men, more or less, but especially on such as are melancholy, or inclined to it, as Lemnius holds, "They are most moved with it, and those which are already mad, rave downright, either in, or against a tempest. Besides, the devil many times takes his opportunity of such storms, and when the humours by the air be stirred, he goes in with them, exagitates our spirits, and vexeth our souls; as the sea waves, so are the spirits and humours in our bodies tossed with tempestuous winds and storms." To such as are melancholy therefore, Montanus, *consil.* 24, will have tempestuous and rough air to be avoided, and *consil.* 27, all night air, and would not have them to walk abroad, but in a pleasant day. Lemnius, *l.* 3. *c.* 3. discommends the south and eastern winds, commends the north. Montanus, *consil.* 31, "wills not any windows to be opened in the night." *Consil.* 229. *et consil.* 230, he discommends especially the south wind, and nocturnal air: So doth Plutarch. The night and darkness makes men sad, the like do all subterranean vaults, dark houses in caves and rocks, desert places cause melancholy in an instant, especially such as have not been used to it, or otherwise accustomed. Read more of air in Hippocrates *Ætius*, *l.* 3. *a c.* 171. *ad* 175. Oribasius, *a c.* 1. *ad* 21. Avicen. *l.* 1. *can.* *Fen.* 2, *doc.* 2, *Fen.* 1. *c.* 123. to the 12, &c.

SUBJECT. VI.-- *Immoderate Exercise a Cause, and how. Solitariness, Idleness.*

NOTHING so good but it may be abused: nothing better than exercise (if opportunely used) for the preservation of the body: nothing so bad if it be unseasonable, violent, or overmuch. Fernelius out of Galen, *Path. lib.* 1. c. 16.. saith, "That much exercise and weariness consumes the spirits and substance, refrigerates the body: and such humours which Nature would have otherwise concocted and expelled, it stirs up and makes them rage: which being so enraged, diversely affect and trouble the body and mind." So doth it, if it be unseasonably used, upon a full stomach, or when the body is full of crudities, which Fuchsius so much inveighs against, *lib.* 2. *instit. sect.* 2. c. 4. giving that for a cause why school-boys in Germany are so often scabbed, because they use exercise presently after meats. Bayerus puts in a caveat against such exercise, because "it corrupts the meat in the stomach, and carries the same juice raw, and as yet undigested, into the veins (saith Lemnius), which there putrefies and confounds the animal spirits." Crato, *consil.* 21. l. 2. protests against all such exercise after meat, as being the greatest enemy to concoction that may be, and cause of corruption of humours, which produce this and many other diseases. Not without good reason then doth Salust. Salvianus, l. 2. c. 1. and Leonartus Jacchinus, in 9, *Rhasis*. Mercurialis, Arcubanus, and many others set down immoderate exercise as a most forcible cause of melancholy.

Opposite to exercise is idleness (the badge of gentry) or want of exercise, the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, stepmother of discipline, the chief author of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, and a sole cause of this and many other maladies, the devil's cushion, as Gualter calls it, his pillow and chief reposal. "For the mind can never rest, but still meditates on one thing or other, except it be occupied about some honest business, of his own accord it rusheth into melancholy. As too much and violent exercise offends on the one side, so doth an idle life on the other (saith Crato), it fills the body full of phlegm, gross humours, and all manner of obstructions, rheums, catarrhs," &c. *Rhasis, cont. lib.* 1. *tract.* 9, accounts of it as the greatest cause of melancholy. "I have often seen (saith he) that idleness begets this humour more than anything else." Montaltus, c. 1, seconds him out of his experience, "They that are idle are far more subject to melancholy than such as are conversant or employed about any office or business." Plutarch reckons up idleness for a sole cause of the sickness of the soul: "There are they (saith he) troubled in mind, that have no other cause but this." Homer, *Iliad.* 1, brings in Achilles eating of his own heart in his idleness, because he might not fight. Mercurialis, *consil.* 86, for a melancholy young man urgeth it is a chief cause; why was he melancholy? because idle. Nothing begets it sooner, increaseth and continueth it oftener than idleness. A disease familiar to all idle persons, an inseparable companion to such as live at ease, *Pingui otio desidose agentes*, a life out of action, and have no calling or ordinary employment to busy themselves about, that have small occasions; and though they have such is their laziness, dulness, they will not compose themselves to do aught; they cannot abide work, though it be necessary; easy as to dress themselves, write a letter or the like; yet as he that is benumbed with cold sits still shaking, that might relieve himself with a little exercise or stirring do they complain, but will not use the facile and ready means

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to do themselves good; and so are still tormented with melancholy. Especially if they have been formerly brought up to business, or to keep much company, and upon a sudden come to lead a sedentary life; it crucifies their souls, and seizeth on them in an instant; for whilst they are any ways employed, in action, discourse, about any business, sport or recreation, or in company to their liking; they are very well: but it alone or idle, tormented instantly again; one day's solitariness, one hour's sometimes, doth them more harm, than a week's physic, labour, and company can do good. Melancholy seizeth on them forthwith being alone, and is such a torture, that as wise Seneca well saith, *Malo mihi male quam molliter esse*, I had rather be sick than idle. This idleness is either of body or mind. That of body is nothing but a kind of benumbing laziness, intermitting exercise, which if we may believe Fernelius; "causeth crudities, obstructions, excremental humours, quencheth the natural heat, dulls the spirits, and makes them unapt to do any thing whatsoever."

"Neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris"

--"for, a neglected field

Shall for the fire its thorns and thistles yield."

As fern grows in untilled grounds, and all manner of weeds, so do gross humours in an idle body, *Ignavum corrumpunt otia corpus*. A horse in a stable that never travels, a hawk in a mew that seldom flies, are both subject to diseases; which left unto themselves, are most free from any such incumbrances. An idle dog will be mangy, and how shall an idle person think to escape? Idleness of the mind is much worse than this of the body; wit without employment is a disease, *Ærugo animi, rubigo ingenii*: the rust of the soul, a plague, a hell itself; *Maximum animi nocumentum*, Galen calls it. "As in a standing pool, worms and filthy creepers increase (*et vitium capiunt ni moveantur aquæ*, the water itself putrefies, and air likewise, if it be not continually stirred by the wind), so do evil and corrupt thoughts in an idle person," the soul is contaminated. In a commonwealth, where is no public enemy, there is likely civil wars, and they rage upon themselves: this body of ours, when it is idle, and knows not how to bestow itself, macerates and vexeth itself with cares, griefs. These fears, discontents, and suspicions; it tortures and preys upon his own bowels, and is never at rest. Thus much I dare boldly say, "He or she that is idle, be they of what condition they will, never so rich, so well allied, fortunate, happy, let them have all things in abundance and felicity that heart can wish and desire, all contentment, so long as he or she or they are idle, they shall never be pleased, never well in body and mind, but weary still, sickly still, vexed still, loathing still, weeping, sighing, grieving, suspecting, offended with the world, with every object, wishing themselves gone or dead, or else carried away with some foolish phantasy or other. And this is the true cause that so many great men, ladies, and gentlewomen, labour of this disease in country and city; for idleness is an appendix to nobility; they count it a disgrace to work, and spend all their days in sports, recreations, and pastimes, and will therefore take no pains; be of no vocation; they feed liberally; fare well, want exercise, action, employment (for to work, I say, they may not abide), and company to their desires, and thence their bodies become full of gross humours, wind, crudities; their minds disquieted, dull, heavy, &c. care, jealousy, fear of some diseases, sullen fits, weeping fits seize too familiarly on them. For what will not fear and phantasy work in an idle body? what distempers will they not cause? when the children of Israel murmured

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against Pharaoh in Egypt, he commanded his officers to double their task, and let them get straw themselves, and yet make their full number of bricks; for the sole cause why they mutiny, and are evil at ease, is, "they are idle." When you shall hear and see so many discontented persons in all places where you come, so many several grievances, unnecessary complaints, fear, suspicions, the best means to redress it is to set them awork, so to busy their minds: for the truth is, they are idle. Well they may build castles in the air for a time, and soothe up themselves with phantastical and pleasant humours, but in the end they will prove as bitter as gall, they shall be still I say discontent, suspicious, fearful, jealous, sad, fretting and vexing of themselves; so long as they be idle, it is impossible to please them, *Otio qui nescit uti, plus habet negotii quam qui negotium in negotio*, as that Agellius could observe: He that knows not how to spend his time, hath more business, care, grief, anguish of mind, than he that is most busy in the midst of all his business, *Otiosus animus nescit quid volet*: An idle person (as he follows it) knows not when he is well, what he would have, or whither he would go, *Quum illuc ventum est illic lubet*, he is tired out with everything, displeased with all, weary of his life: *Nec bene domi, nec militiae* neither at home nor abroad, *errat, et præter vitam vivitur*, he wanders and lives besides himself. In a word, What the mischievous effects of laziness and idleness are, I do not find any where more accurately expressed, than in these verses of Philolaches in the Comical Poet, which for their elegancey I will in part insert.

"Novarum ædium esse arbitror similem ego hominem,
Quando hic natus est: Et rei argumenta dicam.
Ædes quando sunt ad amussim expolitæ,
Quisque laudat fabrum, atque exemplum, expetit, &c.
At ubi illi migrat nequam homo indiligensque, &c.
Tempestas venit, contingit tegulas, imbricesque,
Putrefacit aer operam fabri, &c.
Dicam ut homines similes esse ædium arbitremini,
Fabri parentas fundamentum substruunt liberorum,
Expoliunt, docent literas, nec parcunt sumptui,
Ego autem sub fabrorum potestate frugi fui,
Postquam autem migravi in ingenium meum,
Perdidi operam fabrorum illico, oppido,
Venit ignavia, et mihi tempestas fuit,
Adventuque suo grandinem et imbrem attulit,
Illa mihi virtutem deturbavit, &c."

("A young man is like a fair new house, the carpenter leaves it well built, in good repair of solid stuff; but a bad tenant lets it rain in, and for want of reparation, fall to decay, &c. Our parents, tutors, friends, spare no cost to bring us up in our youth, in all manner of virtuous education; but when we are left to ourselves, idleness as a tempest drives all virtuous motions out of our minds, *et nihili sumus*, on a sudden, by sloth and such bad ways, we come to nought.")

Cousin german to idleness, and a concomitant cause, which goes hand in hand with it, is *nimia solitudo*, too much solitariness, by the testimony of all physicians, cause and symptom both, but as it is here put for a cause it is either coact, enforced, or else voluntarily. Enforced solitariness is commonly seen in students, monks, friars, anchorites, that by their order and course of life must abandon all company, society of

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other men, and betake themselves to a private cell: *Otio supersticioso seclusi*, as Bale and Hospinian well term it, such as are the Carthusians of our time, that eat no flesh (by their order), keep perpetual silence, never go abroad. Such as live in prison, or some desert place, and cannot have company, as many of our country gentlemen do in solitary houses, they must either be alone without companions, or live beyond their means, and entertain all comers as so many hosts, or else converse with their servants and hinds, such as are unequal, inferior to them, and of a contrary disposition: or else as some do, to avoid solitariness, spend their time with lewd fellows in taverns, and in alehouses, and thence addict themselves to some unlawful disports, or dissolute courses. Divers again are cast upon this rock of solitariness for want of means, or out of a strong apprehension of some infirmity, disgrace, or through bashfulness, rudeness, simplicity, they cannot apply themselves to others' company. *Nullum solum infelici gratius solitudine, ubi nullus sit qui miseriam exprobet*; this enforced solitariness takes place, and produceth his effect soonest in such as have spent their time jovially, peradventure in all honest recreations, in good company, in some great family or populous city, and are upon a sudden confined to a desert country cottage far off, restrained of their liberty, and barred from their ordinary associates; solitariness is very irksome to such, most tedious, and a sudden cause of great inconvenience.

Voluntary solitariness is that which is familiar with melancholy, and gently brings on like a syren, a shoeing-horn, or some sphinx to this irrevocable gulf, a primary cause, Piso calls it; most pleasant it is at first, to such as are melancholy given, to lie in bed whole days, and keep their chambers, to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by a brook side, to meditate upon some delightful and pleasant subject, which shall affect them most; *amabilis insania, et mentus gratissimus error*: a most incomparable delight it is so to melancholize, and build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose and strongly imagine they represent, or that they see acted or done: *Blandæ quidem ab initio*, saith Lemnius, to conceive and meditate of such pleasant things, sometimes, "present, past, or to come," as Rhasis speaks. So delightful these toys are at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years alone in such contemplations, and fantastical meditations, which are like unto dreams, and they will hardly be drawn from them, or willingly interrupt, so pleasant their vain conceits are, that they hinder their ordinary tasks and necessary business, they cannot address themselves to them, or almost to any study or employment, these fantastical and bewitching thoughts so covertly, so feelingly; so urgently, so continually set upon, creep in, insinuate, possess, overcome, distract, and detain them, they cannot, I say, go about their more necessary business, stave off or extricate themselves, but are ever musing, melancholizing, and carried along, as he (they say) that is led round about a heath with a Puck in the night, they run earnestly on in this labyrinth of anxious and solicitous melancholy meditations, and cannot well or willingly refrain, or easily leave off; winding and unwinding themselves, as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humours, until at last the scene is turned upon a sudden, by some bad object, and they being now habituated to such vain meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can ruminate of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrusticus pudor*, discontent, cares, and weariness of life surprise them in a moment, and they can think of nothing else, continually suspecting no sooner are their eyes open, but this infernal plague of melancholy seizeth on them, and terrifies their so representing some dismal object to their minds, which now by no means, no labour, no persuasions they can avoid, *hæret*

lateri lethalis arundo (the arrow of death still remains in the side), they may not be rid of it, they cannot resist. I may not deny but that there is some profitable meditation, contemplation, and kind of solitariness to be embraced, which the fathers so highly commended, Hierom, Chrysostom, Cyprian, Austin, in whole tracts, which Petrarch, Erasmus, Stella, and others, so much magnify in their books; a paradise, a heaven on earth, if it be used aright, good for the body, and better for the soul: as many of those old monks used it, to divine contemplations, as Simulus a courtier in Adrian's time, Dioclesian the emperor, retired themselves, &c., in that sense, *Vatia solus scit vivere*, Vatia lives alone, which the Romans were wont to say, when they commended a country life. Or to the bettering of their knowledge, as Democritus, Cleanthus, and those excellent philosophers have ever done, to sequester themselves from the tumultuous world, or as in Pliny's villa Laurentana, Tully's Tusculan, Jovius' study, that they might better *vacare studiis et Deo*, serve God, and follow their studies. Methinks, therefore, our too zealous innovators were not so well advised in that general subversion of abbeys and religious houses, promiscuously to fling down all; they might have taken away those gross abuses crept in amongst them, rectified such inconveniences, and not so far to have raved and raged against these fair buildings, and everlasting monuments of our forefathers' devotion, consecrated to pious uses; some monasteries and collegiate cells might have been well spared, and their revenues otherwise employed, here and there one, in good towns or cities at least, for men and women of all sorts and conditions to live in, to sequester themselves from the cares and tumults of the world, that were not desirous, or fit to marry; or otherwise willing to be troubled with common affairs, and know not well where to bestow themselves, to live apart in, for more conveniency, good education, better company sake, to follow their studies (I say), to the perfection of arts and sciences, common good, and as some truly devoted monks of old had done, freely and truly to serve God. For these men are neither solitary, nor idle, as the poet made answer to the husbandman in Æsop, that objected idleness to him; he was never so idle as in his company; or that Scipio Africanus in Tully, *Nunquam minus solus, qum cum solus; nunquam minus otiosus, quam quum esset otiosus*; never less solitary, than when he was alone, never more busy, than when he seemed to be most idle. It is reported by Plato in his dialogue *de Amore*, in that prodigious commendation of Socrates, how a deep meditation coming into Socrates' mind by chance, he stood still musing, *eodem vestigio cogitabundus*, from morning to noon, and when as then he had not yet finished his meditation, *perstabat cogitans*, he so continued till the evening, the soldiers (for he then followed the camp) observed him with admiration, and on set purpose watched all night, but he persevered immoveable *ad exortum solis*, till the sun rose in the morning, and then saluting the sun, went his ways. In what humour constant Socrates did thus, I know not, or how he might be affected, but this would be pernicious to another man; what intricate business might so really possess him, I cannot easily guess but this is *otiosum otium*, it is far otherwise with these men, according to Seneca, *Omnia nobis mala solitudo persuadet*; this solitude undoeth us, *pugnat cum vita sociali*; 'tis a destructive solitariness. These men are devils alone, as the saying is, *Homo solus aut Deus, aut Dæmon*: a man alone, is either a saint or a devil, *mens ejus aut languescit, aut tumescit*; and *Væ soli* in this sense, woe be to him that is so alone. These wretches do frequently degenerate from men, and of sociable creatures become beasts, monsters, inhumane, ugly to behold, *Misanthropi*; they do even loathe themselves, and hate the company of men, as so many Timons, Nebuchadnezzars, by too much indulging to these pleasing humours, and through their own default. So that which Mercurialis, *consil.* 11. sometimes expostulated with his melancholy patient, may be justly applied

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to every solitary and idle person in particular. *Natura de te videtur conqueri posse, &c.* "Nature may justly complain of thee, that whereas she gave thee a good wholesome temperature, a sound body, and God hath given thee so divine and excellent a soul, so many good parts, and profitable gifts, thou hast not only contemned and rejected, but hast corrupted them, polluted them, overthrown their temperature, and perverted those gifts with riot, idleness, solitariness, and many other ways, thou art a traitor to God and nature, an enemy to thyself and to the world." *Perditio tua ex te*; thou hast lost thyself wilfully, cast away thyself; "thou thyself art the efficient cause of thine own misery, by not resisting such vain cogitations, but giving way unto them."

SUBSECT. VII.-- *Sleeping and Waking, Causes.*

WHAT I have formerly said of exercise, I may now repeat of sleep. Nothing better than moderate sleep, nothing worse than it, if it be in extremes, or unseasonably used. It is a received opinion, that a melancholy man cannot sleep overmuch; *Somnus supra modum prodest*, as an only antidote, and nothing offends them more, or causeth this malady sooner, than waking, yet in some cases sleep may do more harm than good, in that phlegmatic, swinish, cold, and sluggish melancholy which Melancthon speaks of, that thinks of waters, sighing most part, &c. It dulls the spirits, if overmuch, and senses; fills the head full of gross humours; causeth distillations, rheums, great store of excrements in the brain, and all the other parts, as Fuchsius speaks of them, that sleep like so many dormice. Or if it be used in the day-time, upon a full stomach, the body ill-composed to rest, or after hard meats, it increaseth fearful dreams, incubus, night walking, crying out, and much unquietness; such sleep prepares the body, as one observes, "to many perilous diseases." But, as I have said, waking overmuch, is both a symptom, and an ordinary cause. "It causeth dryness of the brain, frenzy, dotage, and makes the body dry, lean, hard, and ugly to behold," as Lemnius hath it. "The temperature of the brain is corrupted by it, the humours adust, the eyes made to sink into the head, choler increased, and the whole body inflamed:" and, as may be added out of Galen 3. *de sanitate tuenda*, Avicenna 3. 1. "It overthrows the natural heat, it causeth crudities, hurts concoction," and what not? Not without good cause therefore Crato *consil.* 21, *lib.* 2; Hildesheim, *spicel.* 2, *de Delir. et Mania*, Jacchinus, Arculanus on Rhasis, Guianerius and Mercurialis, reckon up this overmuch waking as a principal cause.

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MEMB. III

SUBSECT. I.-- *Passions and Perturbations of the Mind, how they cause Melancholy.*

As that gymnosophist in Plutarch made answer to Alexander (demanding which spake best), Every one of his fellows did speak better than the other: so I may say of these causes; to him that shall require which is the greatest, every one is more grievous than other, and this of passion the greatest of all. A most frequent and ordinary cause of melancholy, *fulmen perturbationum* (Piccolomineus calls it) this thunder and lightning of perturbation, which causeth such violent and speedy alterations in this our microcosm, and many times subverts the good estate and temperature of it. For as the body works upon the mind by his bad humours, troubling the spirits, sending gross fumes into the brain, and so *per consequens* disturbing the soul, and all the faculties of it,

"-- Corpus onustum,
Hesternis vitiis animum quoque prægravat una."

(Hor. "The body oppressed by yesterday's vices weighs down the spirit also.")

with fear, sorrow, &c., which are ordinary symptoms of this disease: so on the other side, the mind most effectually works upon the body, producing by his passions and perturbations miraculous alterations, as melancholy, despair, cruel diseases, and sometimes death itself. Insomuch that it is most true which Plato saith in his Charmides, *omnia corporis mala ab animo procedere*; all the mischiefs of the body proceed from the soul: and Democritus in Plutarch urgeth, *Damnatum iri animam a corpore*, if the body should in this behalf bring an action against the soul, surely the soul would be cast and convicted, that by her supine negligence had caused such inconveniences, having authority over the body, and using it for an instrument, as a smith does his hammer (saith Cyprian), imputing all those vices and maladies to the mind. Even so doth Philostratus; *non coinquinatur corpus, nisi consensu animæ*; the body is not corrupted, but by the soul. Lodovcus Vives will have such turbulent commotions proceed from ignorance and indiscretion. All philosophers impute the miseries of the body to the soul, that should have governed it better, by command of reason, and hath not done it. The Stoics are altogether of opinion (as Lipsius and Piccolomineus record), that a wise man should be ἀπαθής (apathe) without all manner of passions and perturbations whatsoever, as Seneca reports of Cato, the Greeks of Socrates and Io. Aubanus of a nation in Africa, so free from passion, or rather so stupid, that if they be wounded with a sword, they will only look back. Lactantius 2 *instit.* will exclude "fear from a wise man:" others except all, some the greatest passions. But let them dispute how they will, set down in Thesi, give precepts to the contrary; we find that of Lemnius true by common experience; "No mortal man is free from these perturbations: or if he be so, sure he is either a god, or a block." They are born and bred with us, we have them from our parents by inheritance. *A parentibus habemus malum hunc assens*, saith Pelezius, *Nascitur una nobiscum, aliturque*, 'tis propagated from Adam, Cain was melancholy, as Austin hath it, and who is not? Good discipline, education, philosophy, divinity (I cannot deny), may mitigate and restrain these passions in some few men at some times, but most part they domineer, and are so violent, that as a torrent (*torrens velut aggere rupto*) bears

down all before, and overflows his banks: *sternit agros, sternit sata*, (lays waste the fields, prostrates the crops), they overwhelm reason, judgment, and pervert the temperature of the body; *Fertur equis auriga, nec audit currus habenas*. Now such a man (saith Austin) "that is so led, in a wise man's eye, is no better than he that stands upon his head." It is doubted by some, *Gravioresne morbi a perturbationibus, an ab humoribus*, whether humours or perturbations cause the more grievous maladies. But we find that of our Saviour, Mat. xxvi, 41, most true, "The spirit is willing, the flesh is weak," we cannot resist; and this of Philo Judæus, "Perturbations often offend the body, and are most frequent causes of melancholy, turning it out of the hinges of his health." Vives compares them to "Winds upon the sea, some only move as those great gales, but others turbulent quite overturn the ship." Those which are light, easy, and more seldom, to our thinking, do us little harm, and are therefore contemned of us: yet if they be reiterated, "as the rain (saith Austin) doth a stone, so do these perturbations penetrate the mind:" and (as one observes) "produce a habit of melancholy at the last, which having gotten the mastery in our souls, may well be called diseases."

How these passions produce this effect, Agrippa hath handled at large, *Occult. Philos. l. 11. c. 63.* Cardan, *l. 14, subtil.* Lemnius, *l. 1, c. 12, de occult. nat. mir. et lib. 1. cap. 16.* Suarez, *Met. disput. 18. sect. 1, art. 25.* T. Bright, *cap. 12.* of his Melancholy Treatise. Wright the Jesuit in his book of the Passions of the Mind, &c. Thus in brief; to our imagination cometh by the outward sense or memory, some object to be known (residing in the foremost part of the brain), which he misconceiving or amplifying presently communicates to the heart, the seat of all affections. The pure spirits forthwith flock from the brain to the heart, by certain secret channels, and signify what good or bad object was presented; which immediately bends itself to prosecute, or avoid it; and withal, draweth with it other humours to help it: so in pleasure, concur great store of purer spirits; in sadness, much melancholy blood; in ire, choler. If the imagination be very apprehensive, intent, and violent, it sends great store of spirits to, or from the heart, and makes a deeper impression, and greater tumult, as the humours in the body be likewise prepared, and the temperature itself ill or well disposed, the passions are longer and stronger; so that the first step and fountain of all our grievances in this kind, is *læsa imaginatio*, which misinforming the heart, causeth all these distemperatures, alteration, and confusion of spirits and humours. By means of which, so disturbed, concoction is hindered, and the principal parts are much debilitated; as Dr. Navarra well declared, being consulted by Montanus about a melancholy Jew. The spirits so confounded, the nourishment must needs be abated, bad humours increased, crudities and thick spirits engendered with melancholy blood. The other parts cannot perform their functions, having the spirits drawn from them by vehement passion, but fail in sense and motion; so we look upon a thing, and see it not; hear, and observe not; which otherwise would much affect us, had we been free. I may therefore conclude with Arnoldus, *Maxima vis est phantasiæ, et huic uni fere, non autem corporis intemperiei, omnis melancholiæ causa est ascribenda*: "Great is the force of imagination, and much more ought the cause of melancholy to be ascribed to this alone, than to the distemperature of the body." Of which imagination, because it hath so great a stroke in producing this malady, and is so powerful of itself; it will not be improper to my discourse, to make a brief digression, and speak of the force of it, and how it causeth this alteration. Which manner of digression howsoever some dislike, as frivolous and impertinent, yet I am of Beroaldus's opinion, "Such digressions do mightily delight and refresh a weary reader, they are like sauce to a bad stomach, and I do therefore most willingly use them."

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SUBSECT. II.-- *Of the force of Imagination.*

WHAT imagination is, I have sufficiently declared in my digression of the anatomy of the soul. I will only now point at the wonderful effects and power of it; which, as it is eminent in all, so most especially it rageth in melancholy persons, in keeping the species of objects so long, mistaking, amplifying them by continual and strong meditation, until at length it produceth in some parties real effects, causeth this and many other maladies. And although this fantasy of ours be a subordinate faculty to reason, and should be ruled by it, yet in many men, through inward or outward distemperatures, defect of organs, which are unapt, or otherwise contaminated, it is likewise unapt, or hindered, and hurt. This we see verified in sleepers, which by reason of humours and concourse of vapours troubling the fantasy, imagine many times absurd and prodigious things, and in such as are troubled with incubus, or witch-ridden (as we call it), if they lie on their backs, they suppose an old woman rides, and sits so hard upon them, that they are almost stifled for want of breath; when there is nothing offends, but a concourse of bad humours, which trouble the fantasy. This is likewise evident in such as walk in the night in their sleep, and do strange feats: these vapours move the fantasy, the fantasy the appetite, which moving the animal spirits causeth the body to walk up and down as if they were awake. Fracast. *l.* 3. *de intellect.*, refers all ecstasies to this force of imagination such as lie whole days together in a trance: as that priest whom Celsus speaks of; that could separate himself from his senses when he list, and lie like a dead man, void of life and sense. Cardan brags of himself, that he could do as much, and that when he list. Many times such men when they come to themselves, tell strange things of heaven and hell, what visions they have seen; as that St. Owen, in Matthew Paris, that went into St. Patrick's purgatory, and the monk of Evesham in the same author. Those common apparitions in Bede and Gregory, Saint Bridget's revelations, Wier. *l.* 3. *de lamiis*, c. 11. Cæsar Vanninus, in his Dialogues, &c. reduceth (as I have formerly said), with all those tales of witches' progresses, dancing, riding, transformations, operations, &c. to the force of imagination, and the devil's illusions. The like effects almost are to be seen in such as are awake: how many chimeras, antics, golden mountains and castles in the air do they build unto themselves? I appeal to painters, mechanicians, mathematicians. Some ascribe all vices to a false and corrupt imagination, anger, revenge, lust, ambition, covetousness, which prefers falsehood before that which is right and good, deluding the soul with false shows and suppositions. Bernardus Penottus will have heresy and superstition to proceed from this fountain; as he falsely imagineth, so he believeth; and as he conceiveth of it, so it must be, and it shall be, *contra gentes*, he will have it so. But most especially in passions and affections, it shows strange and evident effects: what will not a fearful man conceive in the dark? What strange forms of bugbears, devils, witches, goblins? Livater imputes the greatest cause of spectrums, and the like apparitions, to fear, which above all other passions begets the strongest imagination (saith Wierus), and so likewise, love, sorrow, joy, &c. Some die suddenly, as she that saw her son come from the battle at Cannæ, &c. Jacob the patriarch, by force of imagination, made speckled lambs, laying speckled rods before his sheep. Persina that Æthiopian queen in Heliodorus, by seeing the picture of Perseus and Andromeda, instead of a blackamoor, was brought to bed of a fair white

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child. In imitation of whom belike, a hard-favoured fellow in Greece, because he and his wife were both deformed, to get a good brood of children, *Elegantissimas imagines in thalamo collocavit, &c.*, hung the fairest pictures he could buy for money in his chamber, "That his wife by frequent sight of them, might conceive and bear such children." And if we may believe Bale, one of Pope Nicholas the Third's concubines by seeing of a bear was brought to bed of a monster. "If a woman (saith Lemnius), at the time of her conception think of another man present or absent, the child will be like him." Great bellied women, when they long, yield us prodigious examples in this kind, as moles, warts, scars, harelips, monsters, especially caused in their children by force of a depraved fantasy in them: *Ipsam speciem quam animo effigiat, fœtui inducit*: She imprints that stamp upon her child which she conceives unto herself. And therefore Lodovicus Vives, *lib. 2. de Christ. fœm.* gives a special caution to great-bellied women, "That they do not admit such absurd conceits and cogitations, but by all means avoid those horrible objects, heard or seen, or filthy spectacles." Some will laugh, weep, sigh, groan; blush, tremble, sweat, at such things as are suggested unto them by their imagination. Avicenna speaks of one that could cast himself into a palsy when he list; and some can imitate the tunes of birds and beasts that they can hardly be discerned: Dagebertus' and Saint Francis' scars and wounds, like those of Christ's (if at the least any such were), Agrippa supposeth to have happened by force of imagination: that some are turned to wolves, from men to women, and women again to men (which is constantly believed) to the same imagination; or from men to asses, dogs, or any other shapes. Wierus ascribes all those famous transformations to imagination; that in hydrophobia they seem to see the picture of a dog, still in their water, that melancholy men and sick men conceive so many fantastical visions, apparitions to themselves, and have such absurd apparitions, as that they are kings, lords, cocks, bears, apes, owls; that they are heavy, light, transparent, great and little, senseless and dead (as shall be showed more at large, in our sections of symptoms), can be imputed to nought else, but to a corrupt, false, and violent imagination. It works not in sick and melancholy men only, but even most forcibly sometimes in such as are sound: it makes them suddenly sick, and alters their temperature in an instant. And sometimes a strong conceit or apprehension, as Valesius proves, will take away diseases: in both kinds it will produce real effects. Men, if they see but another man tremble, giddy or sick of some fearful disease, their apprehension and fear is so strong in this kind, that they will have the same disease. Or if by some soothsayer, wiseman, fortune-teller, or physician, they be told they shall have such a disease, they will so seriously apprehend it, that they will instantly labour of it. A thing familiar in China (saith Riccius the Jesuit), "If it be told them they shall be sick on such a day, when that day comes they will surely be sick, and will be so terribly afflicted, that sometimes they die upon it." Dr. Cotta in his discovery of ignorant practitioners of physic, *cap 8.* hath two strange stories to this purpose, what fancy is able to do. The one of a parson's wife in Northamptonshire, An. 1607, that coming to a physician, and told by him that she was troubled with the sciatica, as he conjectured (a disease she was free from), the same night after her return, upon his words, fell into a grievous fit of a sciatica: and such another example he hath of another good wife, that was so troubled with the cramp, after the same manner she came by it, because her physician did but name it. Sometimes death itself is caused by force of fantasy. I have heard of one that coming by chance in company of him that was thought to be sick of the plague (which was not so) fell down suddenly dead. Another was sick of the plague with conceit. One seeing his fellow let blood falls down in a swoon. Another (saith Cardan out of Aristotle), fell down dead (which is

familiar to women at any ghastly sight), seeing but a man hanged. A Jew in France (saith Lodovicus Vives), came by chance over a dangerous passage or plank, that lay over a brook in the dark, without harm, the next day perceiving what danger he was in, fell down dead. Many will not believe such stories to be true, but laugh commonly; and deride when they hear of them; but let these men consider with themselves, as Peter Byarus illustrates it, If they were set to walk upon a plank on high, they would be giddy, upon which they dare securely walk upon the ground. Many (saith Agrippa), "strong-hearted men otherwise, tremble at such sights, dazzle, and are sick, if they look but down from a high place, and what moves them but conceit?" As some are so molested by fantasy; so some again, by fancy alone, and a good conceit, are as easily recovered. We see commonly the tooth-ache, gout, falling-sickness, biting of a mad dog, and many such maladies, cured by spells, words, characters, and charms, and many green wounds by that now so much used *Unguentum Armarium*, magnetically cured, which Crollius and Goclenius in a book of late hath defended, Libavius in a just tract as stiffly contradicts, and most men controvert. All the world knows there is no virtue in such charms or cures, but a strong conceit and opinion alone, as Pomponatius holds, "which forceth a motion of the humours, spirits, and blood, which takes away the cause of the malady from the parts affected." The like we may say of our magical effects, superstitious cures, and such as are done by mountebanks and wizards. "As by wicked incredulity many men are hurt (so saith Wierus of charms, spells, &c.), we find in our experience, by the same means many are relieved." An empiric oftentimes, and a silly chirurgeon, doth more strange cures than a rational physician. Nymannus gives a reason, because the patient puts his confidence in him, which Avicenna "prefers before art, precepts, and all remedies whatsoever." 'Tis opinion alone (saith Cardan), that makes or mars physicians, and he doth the best cures, according to Hippocrates, in whom most trust. So diversely doth this fantasy of ours affect, turn, and wind, so imperiously command our bodies, which as another Proteus, or a chameleon, can take all shapes; and is of such force (as Ficinus adds), that it can work upon others, as well as ourselves." How can otherwise blear eyes in one man cause the like affection in another? Why doth one man's yawning make another yawn? One man's pissing provoke a second many times to do the like? Why doth scraping of trenchers offend a third, or hacking of flies? Why doth a carcass bleed when the murderer is brought before it, some weeks after the murder hath been done? Why do witches and old women fascinate and bewitch children: but as Wierus, Paracelsus, Cardan, Mizaldus, Valleriola, Cæsar Vanninus, Campanella, and many philosophers think, the forcible imagination of the one party moves and alters the spirits of the other. Nay more, they can cause and cure not only diseases, maladies and several infirmities, by this means, as Avicenna *de anim. l. 4. sect. 4.* supposeth in parties remote, but move bodies from their places, cause thunder, lightning, tempests, which opinion Alkindus, Paracelsus, and some others, approve of: So that I may certainly conclude this strong conceit or imagination is *astrum hominis*, and the rudder of this our ship, which reason should steer, but overborne by fantasy cannot manage, and so suffers itself and this whole vessel of ours to be overruled, and often overturned. Read more of this in Wierus, *l.3. de Lamiis, c. 8, 9, 10.* Franciscus, *Valesias med. contro. l. 5. cont. 6.* Marcellus Donatus, *l. 2. c. 1. de hist. med. mirabil.* Levinus Lemnius, *de occult. nat. mir. l. 1. c. 12.* Cardan, *l. 18. de rerum var.* Corn. Agrippa, *de occult. philos. cap. 64, 65.* Camerarius, *1 cent. cap. 54. horarum subcis.* Nymannus, *morat. de Imag.* Laurentius, and him that is *instar omnium*, Fienus, a famous physician of Antwerp that wrote three books *de viribus imaginationis*. I have thus far digressed, because this imagination is the *medium*

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deferens of passions, by whose means they work and produce many times prodigious effects: and as the fantasy is more or less intended or remitted, and their humours disposed, so do perturbations move, more or less, and take deeper impression.

SUBSECT. III.-- *Division of Perturbations.*

Perturbations and passions, which trouble the fantasy, though they dwell between the confines of sense and reason, yet they rather follow sense than reason because they are drowned in corporeal organs of sense. They are commonly reduced into two inclinations, irascible and concupiscible. The Thomists subdivide them into eleven, six in the coveting, and five in the invading. Aristotle reduceth all to pleasure and pain, Plato to love and hatred, Vives to good and bad. If good, it is present, and then we absolutely joy and love; or to come, and then we desire and hope for it. If evil, we absolutely hate it; if present, it is sorrow; if to come, fear. These four passions Bernard compares "to the wheels of a chariot, by which we are carried in this world." All other passions are subordinate unto these four, or six, as some will: love, joy, desire, hatred, sorrow, fear; the rest, as anger, envy, emulation, pride, jealousy, anxiety, mercy, shame, discontent, despair, ambition, avarice, &c., are reducible unto the first; and if they be immoderate, they consume the spirits, and melancholy is especially caused by them. Some few discreet men there are, that can govern themselves, and curb in these inordinate affections, by religion, philosophy, and such divine precepts, of meekness, patience, and the like; but most part for want of government, out of indiscretion, ignorance, they suffer themselves wholly to be led by sense, and are so far from repressing rebellious inclinations, that they give all encouragement unto them, leaving the reins, and using all provocations to further them: bad by nature, worse by art, discipline, custom, education, and a perverse will of their own, they follow on, wheresoever their unbridled affection will transport them, and do more out of custom, self-will, than out of reason. *Contumax voluntas*, as Melancthon calls it, *malum facit*: this stubborn will of ours perverts judgment, which sees and knows what should and ought to be done, and yet will not do it. *Mancipia gulæ*, slaves to their several lusts and appetite, they precipitate and plunge themselves into a labyrinth of cares blinded with lust, blinded with ambition; "They seek that at God's hands which they may give unto themselves, if they could but refrain from those cares and perturbations, wherewith they continually macerate their minds." But giving way to these violent passions of fear, grief, shame, revenge, hatred, malice, &c., they are torn in pieces. as Actæon was with his dogs, and crucify their own souls.

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SUBSECT. IV.-- *Sorrow a cause of Melancholy.*

Sorrow. *Insanus dolor.*] In this catalogue of passions, which so much torment the soul of man, and cause this malady (for I will briefly speak of them all, and in their order). the first place in this irascible appetite, may justly be challenged by sorrow. An inseparable companion, "The mother and daughter of melancholy, her epitome, symptom, and chief cause:" as Hippocrates hath it, they beget one another, and tread in a ring, for sorrow is both cause and symptom of this disease. How it is a symptom shall be shown in its place. That it is a cause all the world acknowledgeth, *Dolor nonnullus insaniae causa fuit, et aliorum morborum insanabilium*, saith Plutarch to Apollonius; a cause of madness, a cause of many other diseases, a sole cause of this mischief, Lemnius calls it. So doth Rhasis, *cont. l. 1. tract. 9*. Guianerius, *Tract. 15, c. 5*. And if it take root once, it ends in despair, as Felix Plater observes, and as in Cebes' table may well be coupled with it. Chrysostom in his seventeenth epistle to Olympia, describes it to be a cruel torture of the soul, a most inexplicable grief, poisoned worm, consuming body and soul, and gnawing the very heart, a perpetual executioner, continual night, profound darkness, a whirlwind, a tempest, an ague not appearing, heating worse than any fire, and a battle that hath no end. It crucifies worse than any tyrant; no torture, no strappado, no bodily punishment is like unto it. 'Tis the eagle without question which the poets feigned to gnaw Prometheus' heart, and "no heaviness is like unto the heaviness of the heart," Eccles. xxv. 15, 16. "Every perturbation is a misery, but grief a cruel torment," a domineering passion: as in old Rome, when the Dictator was created, all inferior magistracies ceased; when grief appears, all other passions vanish. "It dries up the bones," saith Solomon, ch. 17. Prov., "makes them hollow-eyed, pale, and lean, furrow-faced, to have dead looks, wrinkled brows, shrivelled cheeks, dry bodies, and quite perverts their temperature that are misaffected with it." As Eleonora, that exiled mournful duchess (in our English Ovid), laments to her noble husband Humphrey, duke of Gloucester

"Sawest thou those eyes in whose sweet cheerful look
Duke Humphry once such joy and pleasure took,
Sorrow hath so despoil'd me of all grace,
Thou could'st not say this was my Elnor's face.
Like a foul Gorgon," &c.

"it hinders concoction, refrigerates the heart, takes away stomach, colour, and sleep, thickens the blood (Fernelius *l. 1. cap. 18, de morb. causis*), contaminates the spirits." (Piso.) Overthrows the natural heat, perverts the good estate of body and mind, and makes them weary of their lives, cry out, howl and roar for very anguish of their souls. David confessed as much, Psalm xxxviii. 8, "I have roared for the very disquietness of my heart." And Psalm cxix. 4 part, 4 v. "My soul melteth away for very heaviness," v. 83, "I am like a bottle in the smoke." Antiochus complained that he could not sleep. and that his heart fainted for grief, Christ himself, *Vir dolorum*, out of an apprehension of grief; did sweat blood, Mark xiv. "His soul was heavy to the

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death. and no sorrow was like unto his." Crato *consil.* 21, l. 2, gives instance in one that was so melancholy by reason of grief; and Montanus *consil.* 30, in a noble matron, "that had no other cause of this mischief." I. S. D. in Hildesheim, fully cured a patient of his that was much troubled with melancholy, and for many years, "but afterwards, by a little occasion of sorrow, he fell into his former fits, and was tormented as before." Examples are common, how it causeth melancholy, desperation, and sometimes death itself; for (Eccles. xxxviii. 15), "Of heaviness comes death; worldly sorrow causeth death." 2 Cor. vii. 10, Psalm xxxi. 10. "My life is wasted with heaviness, and my years with mourning." Why was Hecuba said to be turned to a dog? Niobe into a stone? but that for grief she was senseless and stupid. Severus the Emperor died for grief; and how many myriads besides? *Tanta illi est feritas, tanta est insania luctus.* Melancthon gives a reason of it, "the gathering of much melancholy blood about the heart, which collection extinguisheth the good spirits, or at least dulleth them, sorrow strikes the heart, makes it tremble and pine away, with great pain; and the black blood drawn from the spleen, and diffused under the ribs, on the left side, makes those perilous hypochondriacal convulsions, which happen to them that are troubled with sorrow."

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SUBSECT. V.-- *Fear, a Cause.*

COUSIN-GERMAN to sorrow, is fear, or rather a sister, *fidus Achates*, and continual companion, an assistant and a principal agent in procuring of this mischief; a cause and symptom as the other. In a word, as Virgil of the Harpies, I may justly say of them both,

Tristius haud illis monstrum, nec sævior ulla
Pestis et Ira Deum stygiis sese extulit undis."

"A sadder monster, or more cruel plague so fell,
Or vengeance of the gods, ne'er came from Styx or Hell."

This foul fiend of fear was worshipped heretofore as a god by the Lacedæmonians, and most of those other torturing affections, and so was sorrow amongst the rest, under the name of Angerona Dea, they stood in such awe of them, as *Austin de Civitat. Dei, lib. 4. cap. 8.* noteth out of Varro, fear was commonly adored and painted in their temples with a lion's head; and as Macrobius records *l. 10. Saturnalium*; "in the calends of January, Angerona had her holy day, to whom in the temple of Volupia, or goddess of pleasure, their augurs and bishops did yearly sacrifice; that, being propitious to them, she might expel all cares, anguish, and vexation of the mind for that year following." Many lamentable effects this fear causeth in men, as to be red, pale, tremble, sweat, it makes sudden cold and heat to come over all the body, palpitation of the heart, syncope, &c. It amazeth many men that are to speak, or show themselves in public assemblies, or before some great personages, as Tully confessed of himself, that he trembled still at the beginning of his speech; and Demosthenes, that great orator of Greece, before Philippus. It confounds voice and memory, as Lucian wittingly brings in Jupiter Tragædus, so much afraid of his auditory, when he was to make a speech to the rest of the gods, that he could not utter a ready word, but was compelled to use Mercury's help in prompting. Many men are so amazed and astonished with fear, they know not where they are, what they say, what they do, and that which is worse, it tortures them many days before with continual affrights and suspicion. It hinders most honourable attempts, and makes their hearts ache, sad and heavy. They that live in fear are never free, resolute, secure, never merry, but in continual pain: that, as Vives truly said, *Nulla est miseria major quam metus*, no greater misery, no rack, nor torture like unto it, ever suspicious, anxious, solicitous, they are childishly drooping without reason, without judgment, "especially if some terrible object be offered," as Plutarch hath it. It causeth oftentimes sudden madness, and almost all manner of diseases, as I have sufficiently illustrated in my digression of the force of imagination, and shall do more at large in my section of terrors. Fear makes our imagination conceive what it list, invites the devil to come to us, as Agrippa and Cardan avouch, and tyrannizeth over our fantasy more than all other afflictions, especially in the dark. We see this verified in most men, as Lavater saith, *Quæ metuunt, fingunt*; what they fear they conceive, and feign unto themselves; they think they see goblins, hags, devils, and many times become melancholy thereby.

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Cardan *subtil. lib.* 18. hath an example of such an one, so caused to be melancholy (by sight of a bugbear) all his life after. Augustus Cæsar durst not sit in the dark, *nisi aliquo assidente*, saith Suetonius, *Nunquam tenebris evigilavit*. And 'tis strange what women and children will conceive unto themselves, if they go over a church-yard in the night, lie, or be alone in a dark room, how they sweat and tremble on a sudden. Many men are troubled with future events, foreknowledge of their fortunes, destinies, as Severus the emperor, Adrian and Domitian, *Quod sciret ultimum vitæ diem*, saith Suetonius, *valde sollicitus*, much tortured in mind because he foreknew his end; with many such, of which I shall speak more opportunely in another place. Anxiety, mercy, pity, indignation, &c., and such fearful branches derived from these two stems of fear and sorrow, I voluntarily omit; read more of them in Carolus Pascalius, Dandinus, &c.

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SUBSECT. VI.-- *Shame and Disgrace, Causes.*

SHAME and disgrace cause most violent passions and bitter pangs. *Ob pudorem et dedecus publicum, ob errorem coimmissum sæpe moventur generosi animi* (Felix Plater *lib. 3. de alienat. mentis*): Generous minds are often moved with shame, to despair for some public disgrace. And he, saith Philo *lib. 2. de provid. Dei*. "that subjects himself to fear, grief, ambition, shame, is not happy, but altogether miserable, tortured with continual labour, care, and misery." It is as forcible a batterer as any of the rest: Many men neglect the tumults of the world, and care not for glory, and yet they are afraid of infamy, repulse, disgrace, (*Tul. offic. l. 1.*) they can severely condemn pleasure, bear grief indifferently, but they are quite battered and broken with reproach and obloquy: (*siquidem vita et fama pari passu ambulant*) and are so dejected many times for some public injury, disgrace, as a box on the ear by their inferior, to be overcome of their adversary, foiled in the field, to be out in a speech, some foul fact committed or disclosed, &c. that they dare not come abroad all their lives after, but melancholize in corners, and keep in holes. The most generous spirits are most subject to it; *Spiritus altos frangit et generosos*: Hieronymus. Aristotle, because he could not understand the motion of Euripus, for grief and shame drowned himself: *Cælius Rodiginus antiquar. lec. lib. 29. cap. 8. Homerus pudore consumptus*, was swallowed up with this passion of shame "because he could not unfold the fisherman's riddle." Sophocles killed himself, for that a tragedy of his was hissed off the stage: *Valer. Max. lib. 9. cap. 12.* Lucretia stabbed herself, and so did Cleopatra, "when she saw that she was reserved for a triumph, to avoid the infamy." Antonius the Roman, "after he was overcome of his enemy, for three days' space sat solitary in the fore-part of the ship, abstaining from all company, even of Cleopatra herself; and afterwards for very shame butchered himself," Plutarch *vita ejus*. "Apollonius Rhodius wilfully banished himself forsaking his country, and all his dear friends, because he was out in reciting his poems," Plinius *lib. 7. cap. 23.* Ajax ran mad, because his arms were adjudged to Ulysses. In China 'tis an ordinary thing for such as are excluded in those famous trials of theirs, or should take degrees, for shame and grief to lose their wits, *Mat. Riccius expedit. ad Sinus, l. 3. c. 9.* Hostratus the friar took that book which Reuclin had writ against him, under the name of *Epist. obscurorum virorum*, so to heart, that for shame and grief he made away himself; *Jovius in elogiis*. A grave and learned minister, and an ordinary preacher at Alcmar in Holland, was (one day as he walked in the fields for his recreation) suddenly taken with a lax or looseness, and thereupon compelled to retire to the next ditch; but being surprised at unawares, by some gentlewomen of his parish wandering that way, was so abashed, that he did never after show his head in public, or come into the pulpit, but pined away with melancholy: (*Pet. Forestus med. observat. lib. 10. observat. 12.*) So shame amongst other passions can play his prize.

I know there be many base, impudent, brazen-faced rogues, that will *Nulla pallescere culpa*, be moved with nothing, take no infamy or disgrace to heart, laugh at all; let them be proved perjured, stigmatized, convict rogues, thieves, traitors, lose their ears, be whipped, branded, carted, pointed at, hissed, reviled, and derided with

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Baillo the Bawd in Plautus, they rejoyce at it, *Cantores probos*; "babæ and bombax," what care they? We have too many such in our times,

-- Exclamat Melicerta perisse

-- Frontem de rebus."

("Melicerta exclaims, all shame has vanished from human transactions")

Yet a modest man, one that hath grace, a generous spirit, tender of his reputation, will be deeply wounded, and so grievously affected with it, that he had rather give myriads of crowns, lose his life, than suffer the least defamation of honour, or blot in his good name. And if so be that he cannot avoid it, as a nightingale, *Quæ cantando victo moritur* (saith Mizaldus), dies for shame if another bird sing better, he languisheth and pineth away in the anguish of his spirit.

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SUBSECT. VII.-- *Envy, Malice, Hatred, Causes.*

Envy and malice are two links of this chain, and both, as Guianerius *Tract.* 15. *cap.* 2. proves out of Galen 3. *Aphorism. com.* 22. "cause this malady by themselves, especially if their bodies be otherwise disposed to melancholy". 'Tis Valescus de Taranta, and Fœlix Platerus' observation, "Envy so gnaws many men's come altogether melancholy" And therefore belike Solomon, Prov. xiv. 13. calls it, "the rotting of the bones," Cyprian, *vulnus occultum*;

"-- Siculi non invenire tyranni
Majus tormentum"

The Sicilian tyrants never invented the like torment. It crucifies their souls, withers their bodies, makes them hollow-eyed, pale, lean, and ghastly to behold, Cyprian *ser.* 2. *de zelo et livore*. "As a moth gnaws a garment, so," saith Chrysostom, "doth envy consume a man; to be a living anatomy: a skeleton, to be a lean and pale carcass, quickened with a fiend," Hall in *Charact.* for so often as an envious wretch sees another man prosper, to be enriched, to thrive, and be fortunate in the world, to get honours, offices, or the like, he repines and grieves.

"-- Intabescitque videndo
Successus hominum -- suppliciumque suum est"

(Ovid. He pines away at the sight of another's success -- It is his special torture.)

He tortures himself if his equal, friend, neighbour, be preferred, commended, do well; if he understand of it, it galls him afresh; and no greater pain can come to him than to hear of another man's well-doing; 'tis a dagger at his heart every such object. He looks at him as they that fell down in Lucian's rock of honour, with an envious eye, and will damage himself, to do another a mischief: *Atque cadet subito, dum super hoste cadat*. As he did in Æsop, lose one eye willingly, that his fellow might lose both, or that rich man in Quintilian that poisoned the flowers in his garden, because his neighbour's bees should get no more honey from them. His whole life is sorrow, and every word he speaks a satire: nothing fets him but other men's ruins. For to speak in a word, envy is nought else but *Tristitia de bonis alienis*, sorrow for other men's good, be it present, past, or to come: *et gaudium de adversis*, and joy at their harms, opposite to mercy, which grieves at other men's mischances, and misaffects the body in another kind; so Damascen defines it, *lib.* 2. *de orthod. fid.* Thomas 2. 2. *quæst.* 36. *art.* 1., Aristotle *l.* 2. *Rhet. c.* 4. *et* 10., Plato *Philebo.*, Tully 3. *Tusc. Greg. Nic. l. de virt. animæ, c.* 12., Basil. *de Invidia*, Pindarus *Od.* 1. *ser.* 5. and we find it true. 'Tis a common disease, and almost natural to us, as Tacitus holds, to envy another man's prosperity. And 'tis in most men an incurable disease. "I have read," saith Marcus Aurelius, "Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee authors; I have consulted with many wise men for a remedy for

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envy, I could find none, but to renounce all happiness, and to be a wretch, and miserable for ever." 'Tis the beginning of hell in this life, and a passion not to be excused. "Every other sin hath some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of an excuse; envy alone wants both. Other sins last but for awhile; the gut may be satisfied, anger remit, hatred hath an end, envy never ceaseth." Cardan *lib. 2. de sap.* Divine and human examples are very familiar; you may run and read them, as that of Saul and David, Cain and Abel, *angebatur illum non proprium peccatum, sed fratris prosperitas*, saith Theodoret, it was his brother's good fortune galled him. Rachel envied her sister, being barren, Gen. xxx. Joseph's brethren, him, Gen. xxxvii. David had a touch of this vice, as he confesseth, Ps. 37. Jeremy and Habakkuk, they repined at others' good, but in the end they corrected themselves. Ps. 75. "fret not thyself," &c. Domitian spited Agricola for his worth, "that a private man should be so much glorified." Cecinna was envied of his fellow-citizens, because he was more richly adorned. But of all others, women are most weak, *ob pulchritudinem invidæ sunt fæminæ (Musæus) aut amat, aut odit, nihil est tertium (Granaensis)*. They love or hate, no medium amongst them. *Implacabiles plerumque læsæ mulieres*, Agrippina like, "A woman if she see her neighbour more neat or elegant, richer, in tires, jewels, or apparel is enraged, and like a lioness sets upon her husband, rails at her, scoffs at her, and cannot abide her;" so the Roman ladies in Tacitus did at Solonina, Cecinna's wife, "because she had a better horse, and better furniture," as if she had hurt them with it; they were much offended. In like sort our gentlewomen do at their usual meetings, one repines or scoffs at another's bravery and happiness. Myrsine, an Attic wench, was murdered of her fellows, "because she did excel the rest in beauty," Constantine *Agricult. l. 11. c. 7*. Every village will yield such examples.

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SUBSECT. VIII.— *Emulation, Hatred, Faction, Desire of Revenge, Causes.*

OUT of this root of envy spring those feral branches of faction, hatred, livor, emulation, which cause the like grievances, and are, *serræ animæ*, the saws of the soul, *consternationes plenæ affectus*, affections full of desperate amazement; or as Cyprian describes emulation, it is "a moth of the soul, a consumption to make another man's happiness his misery, to torture, crucify, and execute himself, to eat his own heart. Meat and drink can do such men no good, they do always grieve, sigh, and groan, day and night without intermission, their breast is torn asunder:" and a little after, "Whomsoever he is whom thou dost emulate and envy, he may avoid thee, but thou canst neither avoid him, nor thyself; wheresoever thou art he is with thee, thine enemy is ever in thy breast, thy destruction is within thee, thou art a captive, bound hand and foot, as long as thou art malicious and envious, and canst not be comforted. It was the devil's overthrow;" and whensoever thou art thoroughly affected with this passion, it will be thine. Yet no perturbation so frequent, no passion so common.

Και κεραμολις κεραμει κοτεει και τεκτονι τεκτων,
Και πτωλυσ πτωχω φθονει και υοιδος υοιδω
[Kai keramolīs keramei kotēēi kai tektoni tekton
Kai ptolys ptocho phthoneēi kai yoidos yoidō]

A potter emulates a potter:
One smith envies another
A beggar emulates a beggar,
A singing man his brother.

Every society, corporation, and private family is full of it, it takes hold almost of all sorts of men, from the prince to the ploughman, even amongst gossips it is to be seen, scarce three in a company but there is siding, faction, emulation, between two of them, some *simultas*, jar, private grudge, heart-burning in the midst of them. Scarce two gentlemen dwell together in the country (if they be not near kin or linked in marriage), but there is emulation betwixt them and their servants, some quarrel or some grudge betwixt their wives or children, friends and followers, some contention about wealth, gentry, precedency, &c., by means of which, like the frog in Æsop, "that would swell till she was as big as an ox, burst herself at last;" they will stretch beyond their fortunes, callings, and strive so long that they consume their substance in law-suits, or otherwise in hospitality, feasting, fine clothes, to get a few bombast titles, for *ambitiosa paupertate laboramus omnes*, to outbrave one another, they will tire their bodies, macerate their souls, and through contentions or mutual invitations beggar themselves. Scarce two great scholars in an age, but with bitter invectives they fall foul one on the other, and their adherents; Scotists, Thomists, Reals, Nominals, Plato and Aristotle, Galenists and Paracelsians, &c., it holds in all professions.

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Honest emulation in studies, in all callings is not to be disliked, 'tis *ingeniorum cos*, as one calls it, the whetstone of wit, the nurse of wit and valour, and those noble Romans out of this spirit did brave exploits. There is a modest ambition, as Themistocles was roused up with the glory of Miltiades; Achilles' trophies moved Alexander,

"Ambire semper, stulta confidentia est,
Ambire nunquam, deses arrogantia est."

(Grotius. Epig. lib. 1. "Ambition always, is a foolish confidence, never, a slothful arrogance.")

'Tis a sluggish humour not to emulate or to sue at all, to withdraw himself neglect, refrain from such places, honours, offices, through sloth, niggardliness, fear, bashfulness, or otherwise, to which by his birth, place, fortunes, education, he is called, apt, fit, and well able to undergo; but when it is immoderate, it is a plague and a miserable pain. What a deal of money did Henry VII. and Francis I. king of France, spend at that famous interview? and how many vain courtiers, seeking each to outbrave other, spent themselves, their livelihood and fortunes, and died beggars? Adrian the emperor was so galled with it, that he killed all his equals; so did Nero. This passion made Dionysius the tyrant banish Plato and Philoxenus the poet, because they did excel and eclipse his glory, as he thought; the Romans exile Coriolanus, confine Camillus, murder Scipio; the Greeks by ostracism to expel Aristides, Nicias, Alcibiades, imprison Theseus, make away Phocion, &c. When Richard I. and Philip of France were fellow soldiers together, at the siege of Acon in the Holy Land, and Richard had approved himself to be the more valiant man, insomuch that all men's eyes were upon him, it so galled Philip, *Francum urebat Regis victoria*, saith mine author, *tam ægre ferebat Richardi gloriam, ut carpere dicta, calumniari facta*; that he cavilled at all his proceedings, and fell at length to open defiance; he could contain no longer, but hasting home, invaded his territories, and professed open war. "Hatred stirs up contention," Prov. x. 12., and they break out at last into immortal enmity, into virulency, and more than Vatinian hate and rage; they persecute each other, their friends, followers, and all their posterity, with bitter taunts, hostile wars, scurrile invectives, libels, calumnies, fire, sword, and the like, and will not be reconciled. Witness that Guelph and Ghibelline faction in Italy; that of the Adurni and Fregosi in Genoa; that of Cneius Papirius, and Quintus Fabius in Rome; Cæsar and Pompey; Orleans and Burgundy in France; York and Lancaster in England: yea, this passion so rageth many times, that it subverts not men only, and families, but even populous cities, Carthage and Corinth can witness as much, nay flourishing kingdoms are brought into a wilderness by it. This hatred, malice, faction, and desire of revenge, invented first all those racks and wheels, strapadoes, brazen bulls, feral engines, prisons, inquisitions, severe laws to macerate and torment one another. How happy might we be, and end our time with blessed days and sweet content, if we could contain ourselves, and, as we ought to do, put up injuries, learn humility, meekness, patience, forget and forgive, as in God's word we are enjoined, compose such final controversies amongst ourselves, moderate our passions in this kind, "and think better of others," as Paul would have us, "than of ourselves: be of like affection one towards another, and not avenge ourselves, but have peace with all men." But being that we are so peevish and perverse, insolent and proud, so factious and seditious, so

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malicious and envious; we do *invicem angariare*, maul and vex one another, torture, disquiet, and precipitate ourselves into that gulf of woes and cares, aggravate our misery and melancholy, heap upon us hell and eternal damnation.

SUBSECT. IX.-- *Anger, a Cause.*

ANGER, a perturbation, which carries the spirits outwards, preparing the body to melancholy, and madness itself: *Ira furor brevis est*, "anger is temporary madness;" and Piccolomineus accounts it, one of the three most violent passions. Areteus sets it down for an especial cause (so doth Seneca, *ep.* 18. *l.* 1.) of this malady. Magninus gives the reason, *Ex frequenti ira supra modum calefiunt*; it overheats their bodies, and if it be too frequent, it breaks out into manifest madness, saith St. Ambrose. 'Tis a known saying, *Furor fit læsa sæpius patientia*, the most patient spirit that is, if he be often provoked, will be incensed to madness; it will make a devil of a saint: and therefore Basil (belike) in his Homily *de Ira*, calls it *tenebras rationis, morbum animæ, et dæmonem pessimum*; the darkening of our understanding, and a bad angel. Lucian, in *Abdicato*, tom. 1. will have this passion to work this effect, especially in old men and women. "Anger and calumny (saith he) trouble them at first, and after a while break out into madness: many things cause fury in women, especially if they love or hate overmuch, or envy, be much grieved or angry; these things by little and little lead them on to this malady." From a disposition they proceed to an habit, for there is no difference between a mad man, and an angry man, in the time of his fit; anger, as Lactantius describes it. *L. de Ira Dei, ad Donatum, c.* 5. is *sæva animi tempestas &c.*, a cruel tempest of the mind; "making his eyes sparkle fire, and stare, teeth gnash in his head, his tongue stutter, his face pale, or red, and what more filthy imitation can be of a mad man?"

"Ora tument ira, fervereunt sanguine venæ,
Lumina Gorgonio sævius angue micant."

They are void of reason, inexorable, blind, like beasts and monsters for the time, say and do they know not what, curse, swear, rail, fight, and what not? How can a mad man do more? as he said in the comedy, *Iracundia non sum apud me*, I am not mine own man. If these fits be immoderate, continue long, or be frequent, without doubt they provoke madness. Montanus, *consil.* 21, had a melancholy Jew to his patient, he ascribes this for a principal cause: *Irascebatur levibus de caucis*, he was easily moved to anger. Ajax had no other beginning of his madness; and Charles the Sixth, that lunatic French king, fell into this misery, out of the extremity of his passion, desire of revenge and malice, "incensed against the duke of Britain, he could neither eat, drink, nor sleep for some days together, and in the end, about the calends of July, 1392, he became mad upon his horseback, drawing his sword, striking such as came near him promiscuously, and so continued all the days of his life," *Æmil. lib.* 10. *Gal. Hist. Ægesippus de excid. urbis Hieros. l.* 1. *c.* 37. hath such a story of Herod, that out of an angry fit, became mad, leaping out of his bed, he killed Josippus, and played many such bedlam pranks, the whole court could not rule him for a long time after: sometimes he was sorry and repented, much grieved for that he had done, *Postquam deferbuit ira*, by and by outrageous again. In hot choleric bodies, nothing so soon causeth madness, as this passion of anger, besides many other diseases, as Pelesius

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observes, *cap. 21. l. 1. de hum. affect. causis; Sanguinem imminuit, fel auget*: and as Valesius controverts, *Med. contro. lib. 5. contro. 8.* many times kills them quite out. If this were the worst of this passion, it were more tolerable, "but it ruins and subverts whole towns, cities, families and kingdoms;" *Nulla pestis humano generi pluris stetit*, saith Seneca, *de Ira, lib. 1.* No plague hath done mankind so much harm. Look into our histories, and you shall almost meet with no other subject, but what a company of hare-brains have done in their rage. We may do well therefore to put this in our procession amongst the rest; "From all blindness of heart, from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy, from envy, hatred and malice, anger, and all such pestiferous perturbations, good Lord deliver us."

SUBSECT. X.-- *Discontent, Cares, Miseries, &c. Causes.*

DISCONTENTS, cares, crosses, miseries, or whatsoever it is, that shall cause any molestation of spirits, grief, anguish, and perplexity, may well be reduced to this head (preposterously placed here in some men's judgments they may seem), yet in that Aristotle in his Rhetoric defines these cares, as he doth envy, emulation, still by grief I think I may well rank them in this irascible row; being that they are as the rest, both causes and symptoms of this disease, producing the like inconveniences, and are most part accompanied with anguish and pain. The common etymology will evince it, *Cura, quasi cor uro, Dementes curæ, insomnes curæ, damnosæ curæ, tristes, mordaces, carnifices, &c.*, biting, eating, gnawing, cruel, bitter, sick, sad, unquiet, pale, tetric, miserable, intolerable cares, as the poets call them, worldly cares, and are as many in number as the sea sands. Galen, Fernelius, Felix Plater, Valescus de Taranta, &c., reckon afflictions, miseries, even all these contentions, and vexations of the mind, as principal causes, in that they take away sleep, hinder concoction, dry up the body, and consume the substance of it. They are not so many in number, but their causes be as divers, and not one of a thousand free from them, or that can vindicate himself; whom that *Ate dea*,

"Per hominum capita molliter ambulans,
Plantas pedum teneras habens:"

"Over men's heads walking aloft,
With tender feet treading so soft,"

Homer's Goddess Ate hath not involved into this discontented rank, or plagued with some misery or other. Hyginus, *fab.* 220, to this purpose hath a pleasant tale. Dame Cura by chance went over a brook, and taking up some of the dirty slime, made an image of it; Jupiter eftsouns coming by, put life to it, but Cura and Jupiter could not agree what name to give him, or who should own him; the matter was referred to Saturn as judge, he gave this arbitrement: his name shall be *Homo ab humo, Cura eum possideat quamdiu vivrat*, Care shall have him whilst he lives, Jupiter his soul, and Tellus his body when he dies. But to leave tales. A general cause, a continue cause, an inseparable accident, to all men, is discontent, care, misery: were there no other particular affliction (which who is free from?) to molest a man in this life, the very cogitation of that common misery were enough to macerate, and make him weary of his life; to think that he can never be secure, but still in danger, sorrow, grief, and persecution. For to begin at the hour of his birth, as Pliny doth elegantly describe it, "he is born naked, and falls a whining at the very first, he is swaddled and bound up like a prisoner, cannot help himself; and so he continues to his life's end." *Cujusque feræ pabulum*, saith Seneca, impatient of heat and cold, impatient of labour, impatient of idleness, exposed to fortune's contumelies. To a naked mariner Lucretius compares him, cast on shore by shipwreck, cold and comfortless in an unknown land: no estate, age, sex, can secure himself from this common misery. "A man that is born of a

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woman is of short continuance, and full of trouble." Job xiv. 1, 22. "And while his flesh is upon him he shall be sorrowful, and while his soul is in him it shall mourn." "All his days are sorrow and his travels griefs; his heart also taketh not rest in the night," Eccles. ii. 23. and ii. 11. "All that is in it is sorrow and vexation of spirit." Ingress, progress, regress, egress, much alike: blindness seizeth on us in the beginning, labour in the middle, grief in the end, error in all. What day ariseth to us without some grief; care, or anguish? Or what so secure and pleasing a morning have we seen, that hath not been overcast before the evening? One is miserable, another ridiculous, a third odious. One complains of this grievance, another of that. *Aliquando nervi, aliquando pedes vexant*, (Seneca) *nunc distillatio, nunc hepatis morbus; nunc deest, nunc superest sanguis*: now the head aches, then the feet, now the lungs, then the liver, &c. *Huic sensus exuberat, sed est pudori degener sanguis*, &c. He is rich, but base born; he is noble, but poor; a third hath means, but he wants health peradventure, or wit to manage his estate; children vex one, wife a second, &c. *Nemo facile cum conditione sua concordat*, no man is pleased with his fortune, a pound of sorrow is familiarly mixed with a dram of content, little or no joy, little comfort, but everywhere danger, contention, anxiety, in all places: go where thou wilt, and thou shalt find discontents, cares, woes, complaints, sickness, diseases, incumbrances, exclamations: "If thou look into the market, there (saith Chrysostom) is brawling and contention; if to the court, there knavery and flattery, &c.; if to a private man's house, there's cark and care, heaviness," &c. As he said of old, *Nil homine in terra spirat miserum magis alma*? No creature so miserable as man, so generally molested, "in miseries of body, in miseries of mind, miseries of heart, in miseries asleep, in miseries awake, in miseries wheresoever he turns," as Bernard found, *Nunquid tentatio est vita humana super terram*? A mere temptation is our life (Austin, *confess. lib. 10, cap. 28*), *catena perpetuorum malorum, et quis potest molestias et difficultates pati*? Who can endure the miseries of it? "In prosperity we are insolent and intolerable, dejected in adversity, in all fortunes foolish and miserable." In adversity I wish for prosperity, and in prosperity I am afraid of adversity. What mediocrity may be found? Where is no temptation? What condition of life is free? Wisdom hath labour annexed to it, glory envy; riches and cares, children and incumbrances, pleasure and diseases, rest and beggary, go together: as if a man were therefore born (as the Platonists hold) to be punished in this life for some precedent sins. Or that, as Pliny complains, "Nature may be rather accounted a step-mother, than a mother unto us, all things considered: no creature's life so brittle, so full of fear, so mad, so furious; only man is plagued with envy, discontent, griefs, covetousness, ambition, superstition." Our whole life is an Irish sea, wherein there is nought to be expected but tempestuous storms and troublesome waves, and those infinite,

"Tantum malorum pelagus aspicio,
Ut non sit inde enatandi copia,"

(Euripides. "I perceive such an ocean of troubles before me, that no means of escape remain.")

no halcyonian times, wherein a man can hold himself secure, or agree with his present estate; but as Boethius infers, "There is something in every one of us which before trial we seek, and having tried abhor: we earnestly wish, and eagerly covet, and are

eftsoons weary of it." Thus between hope and fear, suspicions, angers, *Inter spemque metumque, timores inter et iras*, betwixt falling in, falling out, &c., we bangle away our best days, befool out our times, we lead a contentious, discontent, tumultuous, melancholy, miserable life; insomuch, that if we could foretell what was to come, and it put to our choice, we should rather refuse than accept of this painful life. In a word, the world itself is a maze, a labyrinth of errors, a desert, a wilderness, a den of thieves, cheaters, &c., full of filthy puddles, horrid rocks, precipitiums, an ocean of adversity, an heavy yoke, wherein infirmities and calamities overtake, and follow one another, as the sea waves; and if we scape Scylla, we fall foul on Charybdis, and so in perpetual fear, labour, anguish, we run from one plague, one mischief, one burden to another, *duram servientes servitute*, and you may as soon separate weight from lead, heat from fire, moistness from water, brightness from the sun, as misery, discontent, care, calamity, danger, from a man. Our towns and cities are but so many dwellings of human misery. "In which grief and sorrow (as he right well observes out of Solon) innumerable troubles, labours of mortal men, and all manner of vices, are included, as in so many pens." Our villages are like mole-hills, and men as so many emmets, busy, busy still, going to and fro, in and out, and crossing one another's projects, as the lines of several sea-cards cut each other in a globe or map. "Now light and merry, but (as one follows it) by-and-by sorrowful and heavy; now hoping, then distrusting; now patient, to-morrow crying out; now pale, then red; running, sitting, sweating, trembling, halting," &c. Some few amongst the rest, or perhaps one of a thousand, may be Pullus Jovis, in the world's esteem, *Gallinæ filius albæ*, an happy and fortunate man, *ad invidiam felix*, because rich, fair, well allied, in honour and office; yet peradventure ask himself, and he will say, that of all others, he is most miserable and unhappy. A fair shoe, *Hic soccus novus, elegans*, as he said, *sed nescis ubi urat*, but thou knowest not where it pincheth. It is not another man's opinion can make me happy: but as Seneca well hath it, "He is a miserable wretch that doth not account himself happy; though he be sovereign lord of a world, he is not happy, if he think himself not to be so; for what availeth it what thine estate is, or seem to others, if thou thyself dislike it?" A common humour it is of all men to think well of other men's fortunes, and dislike their own: *Cui placet alterius, sua nimirum est odio sors*; but *qui fit Mæcenas*, &c., how comes it to pass, what's the cause of it? Many men are of such a perverse nature, they are well pleased with nothing, (saith Theodoret) "neither with riches nor poverty, they complain when they are well and when they are sick, grumble at all fortunes, prosperity and adversity; they are troubled in a cheap year, in a barren, plenty or not plenty, nothing pleaseth them, war nor peace, with children, nor without." This for the most part is the humour of us all, to be discontent, miserable, and most unhappy, as we think at least; and show me him that is not so, or that ever was otherwise. Quintus Metellus his felicity is infinitely admired amongst the Romans, insomuch that as Paterculus mentioneth of him, you can scarce find of any nation, order, age, sex, one for happiness to be compared unto him: he had, in a word, *Bona animi, corporis et fortunæ*, goods of mind, body, and fortune, so had P. Mutianus, Crassus. Lampsaca, that Lacedemonian lady was such another in Pliny's conceit, a king's wife, a king's mother, a king's daughter: and all the world esteemed as much of Polycrates of Samos. The Greeks brag of their Socrates, Phocion, Aristides; the Psophidians in particular of their Aglaus, *Omni vita felix, ab omni periculo immunis* (which by the way Pausanias held impossible); the Romans of their Cato, Curius, Fabricius, for their composed fortunes, and retired estates, government of passions, and contempt of the world: yet none of all these were happy, or free from discontent, neither Metellus, Crassus, nor Polycrates, for he died a violent death, and

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so did Cato; and how much evil doth Lactantius and Theodoret speak of Socrates, a weak man, and so of the rest. There is no content in this life, but as he said, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit;" lame and imperfect. Hadst thou Sampson's hair, Milo's strength, Scanderbeg's arm, Solomon's wisdom, Absalom's beauty, Cræsus's wealth, *Pasetis obulum*, Cæsar's valour, Alexander's spirit, Tully's or Demosthenes' eloquence, Gyges' ring, Perseus' Pegasus, and Gorgon's head, Nestor's years to come, all this would not make thee absolute, give thee content and true happiness in this life, or so continue it. Even in the midst of all our mirth, jollity, and laughter, is sorrow and grief; or if there be true happiness amongst us, 'tis but for a time,

"Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne:"

"A handsome woman with a fish's tail."

a fair morning turns to a lowering afternoon. Brutus and Cassius, once renowned, both eminently happy, yet you shall scarce find two, (saith Paterculus) *Quos fortuna maturius destituerit*, whom fortune sooner forsook. Hannibal, a conqueror all his life, met with his match, and was subdued at last, *Occurrit forti, qui mage fortis erit*. One is brought in triumph, as Cæsar into Rome, Alcibiades into Athens, *coronis aureis donatus*, crowned, honoured, admired; by-and-by his statues demolished, he hissed out, massacred, &c. Magnus Gonsalva, that famous Spaniard, was of the prince and people at first honoured, approved; forthwith confined and banished. *Admirandas actiones, graves plerumque sequuntur invidiæ, et acres calumniæ*: 'tis Polybius his observation, grievous enmities, and bitter calumnies, commonly follow renowned actions. One is born rich, dies a beggar; sound to-day, sick tomorrow; now in most flourishing estate, fortunate and happy, by-and-by deprived of his goods by foreign enemies, robbed by thieves, spoiled, captivated, impoverished as they of "Rabbah, put under iron saws, and under iron harrows, and under axes of iron, and cast into the tile kiln,"

"Quid me felicem toties jactastis amici,
Qui cecidit, stabili non erat ille gradu."

He that erst marched like Xerxes with innumerable armies, as rich as Cræsus, now shifts for himself in a poor cock-boat, is bound in iron chains, with Bajazet the Turk, and a footstool with Aurelian, for a tyrannising conqueror to trample on. So many casualties there are, that as Seneca said of a city consumed with fire, *Una dies interest inter maximam civitatem et nullam*, one day betwixt a great city and none: so many grievances from outward accidents, and from ourselves, our own indiscretion, inordinate appetite, one day betwixt a man and no man, And which is worse, as if discontents and miseries would not come fast enough upon us: *homo homini daemon*, we maul, persecute, and study how to sting, gall, and vex one another with mutual hatred, abuses, injuries; preying upon and devouring as so many ravenous birds; and as jugglers, panders, bawds, cozening one another; or raging as wolves, tigers, and devils, we take a delight to torment one another; men are evil, wicked, malicious, treacherous, and naught, not loving one another, or loving themselves, not hospitable, charitable, nor sociable as they ought to be, but counterfeit, dissemblers, ambidexters,

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all for their own ends, hard-hearted, merciless, pitiless, and to benefit themselves, they care not what mischief they procure to others. Praxinoe and Gorgo in the poet, when they had got in to see those costly sights, they then cried *bene est*, and would thrust out all the rest: when they are rich themselves, in honour, preferred, full, and have even that they would, they debar others of those pleasures which youth requires, and they formerly have enjoyed. He sits at table in a soft chair at ease, but he doth not remember in the meantime that a tired waiter stands behind him, "an hungry fellow ministers to him full, he is athirst that gives him drink (saith Epictetus) and is silent whilst he speaks his pleasure: pensive, sad, when he laughs." *Pleno se proluit auro*: he feasts, revels, and profusely spends, hath variety of robes, sweet music, ease, and all the pleasures the world can afford, whilst many an hunger-starved poor creature pines in the street, wants clothes to cover him, labours hard all day long, runs, rides for a trifle, fights peradventure from sun to sun, sick and ill, weary, full of pain and grief; is in great distress and sorrow of heart. He loathes and scorns his inferior, hates or emulates his equal, envies his superior, insults over all such as are under him, as if he were of another species, a demi-god, not subject to any fall, or human infirmities. Generally they love not, are not beloved again: they tire out others' bodies with continual labour, they themselves living at ease, caring for none else, *sibi nati*; and are so far many times from putting to their helping hand, that they seek all means to depress, even most worthy and well deserving, better than themselves, those whom they are by the laws of nature bound to relieve and help, as much as in them lies, they will let them caterwaul, starve, beg, and hang, before they will any ways (though it be in their power) assist or ease: unnatural are they for the most part, so unregardful; so hard-hearted, so churlish, proud, insolent, so dogged, of so bad a disposition. And being so brutish, so devilishly bent one towards another, how is it possible but that we should be discontent of all sides, full of cares, woes, and miseries?

If this be not a sufficient proof of their discontent and misery, examine every condition and calling apart. Kings, princes, monarchs, and magistrates seem to be most happy, but look into their estate, you shall find them to be most encumbered with cares, in perpetual fear, agony, suspicion, jealousy that as he said of a crown, if they knew but the discontents that accompnay it, they would not stoop to take it up. *Quem mihi regem dabis*, (saith Chrysostom) *non curis plenum*? What king canst thou show me, not full of cares? "Look not on his crown, but consider his afflictions; attend not his number of servants, but multitude of crosses." *Nihil aliud potestas culminis, quam tempestas mentis*, as Gregory seconds him; sovereignty is a tempest of the soul: Sylla-like, they have brave titles but terrible fits: *splendorem titulo, cruciatum animo*, which made Demosthenes vow, *si vel ad tribunal, vel ad interitum duceretur*: if to be a judge, or to be condemned, were put to his choice, he would be condemned. Rich men are in the same predicament; what their pains are, *stulta nesciunt, ipsi sentiunt*: they feel, fools perceive not, as I shall prove elsewhere, and their wealth is brittle, like children's rattles: they come and go, there is no certainty in them: those whom they elevate, they do as suddenly depress, and leave in a vale of misery. The middle sort of men are as so many asses to bear burdens; or if they be free, and live at ease, they spend themselves, and consume their bodies and fortunes with luxury and riot, contention, emulation, &c. The poor I reserve for another place, and their discontents.

For particular professions, I hold as of the rest, there's no content or security in any; on what course will you pitch; how resolve? to be a divine, 'tis contemptible in the world's esteem; to be a lawyer, 'tis to be a wrangler; to be a physician, *pudet lotii*,

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'tis loathed; a philosopher, a madman; an alchymist, a beggar; a poet, *esurit*, an hungry jack; a musician, a player; a schoolmaster, a drudge; an husbandman, an emmet; a merchant, his gains are uncertain; a mechanician, base; a chirurgion, fulsome; a tradesman, a liar; a tailor, a thief; a serving-man, a slave; a soldier, a butcher; a smith, or a metalman, the pot's never from's nose; a courtier, a parasite, as he could find no tree in the wood to hang himself; I can show no state of life to give content. The like you may say of all ages; children live in a perpetual slavery, still under that tyrannical government of masters; young men, and of riper years, subject to labour, and a thousand cares of the world, to treachery, falsehood and cozenage,

"-- Incedit per ignes,
Suppositos cineri doloso,"

"-- you incautious tread
On fires, with faithless ashes overhead,"

old are full of aches in their bones, cramps and convulsions, *silicernia*, dull of hearing, weak sighted, hoary, wrinkled, harsh, so much altered as that they cannot know their own face in a glass, a burthen to themselves and others, after 70 years, "all is sorrow" (as David hath it), they do not live but linger. If they be sound, they fear diseases; if sick, weary of their lives: *Non est vivere sed valere, vita*. One complains of want, a second of servitude, another of a secret or incurable disease; of some deformity of body, of some loss, danger, death of friends, shipwreck, persecution, imprisonment, disgrace, repulse, contumely, calumny, abuse, injury, contempt, ingratitude, unkindness, scoffs, flouts, unfortunate marriage, single life, too many children, no children, false servants, unhappy children, barrenness, banishment, oppression, frustrate hopes and ill success, &c.

"Talia de genere hoc adeo sunt multa, loquacem ut
Delassare valent Fabium.--"

"But every various instance to repeat
Would tire even Fabius of incessant prate."

Talking Fabius will be tired before he can tell half of them; they are the subject of whole volumes, and shall (some of them) be more opportunely dilated elsewhere. In the meantime thus much I may say of them, that generally they crucify the soul of man, attenuate our bodies, dry them, wither them, shrivel them up like old apples, make them as so many anatomies (*ossa atque pellus est totus, ita curis macet*), they cause *tempus fœdum et squalidum*, cumbersome days, *ingrataque tempora*, slow, dull, and heavy times: make us howl, roar, and tear our hairs, as sorrow did in Cebes' table, and groan for the very anguish of our souls. Our hearts fail us as David's did, Psal. xl. 12, "for innumerable troubles that compassed him;" and we are ready to confess with Hezekiah, Isaiah lviii. 17, "behold, for felicity I had bitter grief;" to weep with Heraclitus, to curse the day of our birth with Jeremy, xx. 14, and our stars with Job: to hold that axiom of Silenus, "better never to have been born, and the best next of all, to die quickly:" or if we must live, to abandon the world, as Timon did; creep into caves and holes, as our anchorites; cast all into the sea, as Crates Thebanus; or as

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Theombrotus Ambrociato's 400 auditors, precipitate ourselves to be rid of these miseries.

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SUBJECT. XI.-- *Concupiscible Appetite, as Desires, Ambition, Causes.*

THESE concupiscible and irascible appetites are as the two twists of a rope, mutually mixed one with the other, and both twining about the heart: both good, as Austin holds, *l. 14, c. 9, de civ. Dei*, "if they be moderate; both pernicious if they be exorbitant." This concupiscible appetite, howsoever it may seem to carry with it a show of pleasure and delight, and our concupiscences most part affect us with content and a pleasing object, yet if they be in extremes, they rack and wring us on the other side. A true saying it is, "Desire hath no rest;" is infinite in itself endless; and as one calls it, a perpetual rack, or horse-mill, according to Austin, still going round as in a ring. They are not so continual, as divers, *felicius atomos denumerare possem*, saith Bernard, *quam motus cordis; nunc hæc, nunc illa cogito*, you may as well reckon up the motes in the sun as them. "It extends itself to every thing," as Guianerius will have it, "that is superfluously sought after:" or to any desire, as Fernelius interprets it; be it in what kind soever, it tortures if immoderate, and is (according to Plater and others) an especial cause of melancholy. *Multuosis concupiscenutiis dilaniantur cogitationes meæ*. Austin confessed, that he was torn a pieces with his manifold desires: and so doth Bernard complain, "that he could not rest for them a minute of an hour: this I would have, and that, and then I desire to be such and such." 'Tis a hard matter therefore so confine them, being they are so various and many, impossible to apprehend all. I will only insist upon some few of the chief; and most noxious in their kind, as that exorbitant appetite and desire of honour, which we commonly call ambition; love of money, which is covetousness, and that greedy desire of gain: self-love, pride, and inordinate desire of vain-glory or applause, love of study in excess; love of women (which will require a just volume of itself), of the other I will briefly speak, and in their order.

Ambition, a proud covetousness, or a dry thirst of honour, a great torture of the mind, composed of envy, pride, and covetousness, a gallant madness, one defines it a pleasant poison, Ambrose, "a canker of the soul, an hidden plague:" Bernard, "a secret poison, the father of livor, and mother of hypocrisy, the moth of holiness, and cause of madness, crucifying and disquieting all that it takes hold of." Seneca calls it, *rem sollicitam, timidam, vanam, ventosam*, a windy thing, a vain, solicitous, and fearful thing. For commonly they that, like Sysiphus, roll this restless stone of ambition, are in a perpetual agony, still perplexed, *semper taciti, tristesque recedunt* (Lucretius), doubtful, timorous, suspicious, loath to offend in word or deed, still cogging and colloquing, embracing, capping, cringing, applauding, flattering, flatering, visiting, waiting at men's doors, with all affability, counterfeit honesty and humility.

If that will not serve, if once this humour (as Cyprian describes it) possess his thirsty soul, *ambitionis salsugo ubi bibulam animam possidet*, by hook and by crook he will obtain it, "and from his hole he will climb to all honours and offices, if it be possible for him to get up, flattering one, bribing another, he will leave no means unessay'd to win all." It is a wonder to see how slavishly these kind of men subject themselves, when they are about a suit, to every inferior person; what pains they will take, run, ride, cast, plot, countermine, protest and swear, vow, promise, what labours undergo, early up, down late; how obsequious and affable they are, how popular and courteous, how they grin and fawn upon every man they meet; with what feasting and

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inviting, how they spend themselves and their fortunes, in seeking that many times, which they had much better be without; as Cyneas the orator told Pyrrhus: with what waking nights, painful hours, anxious thoughts, and bitterness of mind, *inter spemque metumque*, distracted and tired, they consume the interim of their time. There can be no greater plague for the present. If they do obtain their suit, which with such cost and solicitude they have sought, they are not so freed, their anxiety is anew to begin, for they are never satisfied, *nihil aliud nisi imperium spirunt*, their thoughts, actions, endeavours are all for sovereignty like Lues Sforsia that huffing duke of Milan, "a man of singular wisdom but profound ambition, born to his own, and to the destruction of Italy," though it be to their own ruin, and friends' undoing, they will contend, they may not cease, but as a dog in a wheel, a bird in a cage, or a squirrel in a chain, so Budæus compares them; they climb and climb still, with much labour, but never make an end, never at the top. A knight would be a baronet, and then a lord, and then a viscount, and then an earl, &c.; a doctor, a dean, and then a bishop; from tribune to prætor; from bailiff to major; first this office, and then that; as Pyrrhus in Plutarch, they will first have Greece, then Africa, and then Asia, and swell with Æsop's frog so long, till in the end they burst, or come down with Sejanus, *ad Gemonias scalas*, and break their own necks; or as Evangelus the piper in Lucian, that blew his pipe so long, till he fell down dead. If he chance to miss, and have a canvass, he is in a hell on the other side; so dejected, that he is ready to hang himself, turn heretic, Turk or traitor in an instant. Enraged against his enemies, he rails, swears, fight; slanders, detracts, envies, murders: and for his own part, *si appetitum explere non potest, furore corripitur*; if he cannot satisfy his desire (as Bodine writes) he runs mad. So that both ways, hit or miss, he is distracted so long as his ambition lasts, he can look for no other but anxiety and care, discontent and grief in the meantime, madness itself; or violent death in the end. The event of this is common to be seen in populous cities, or in princes' courts for a courtier's life (as Budæus describes it) "is a gallimaufry of ambition, lust, fraud, imposture, dissimulation, detraction, envy, pride; the court, a common conventicle of flatterers, time-servers, politicians," &c.; or as Anthony Perez will, "the suburbs of hell itself." If you will see such discontented persons, there you shall likely find them. And which he observed of the markets of old Rome,

Qui perjurum convenire vult hominum, mitto in Comitium;
Qui mendacem et gloriosum, apud Cluasinae sacrum;
Dites, damnosos marisos, sub basilica quærito," &c.

Perjured knaves, knights of the post, liars, crackers, bad husbands, &c. keep their several stations; they do still, and always did in every commonwealth.

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SUBSECT. XII.-- Φιλαργυρία [Philargyria], *Covetousness, a Cause.*

PLUTARCH, in his book whether the diseases of the body be more grievous than those of the soul, is of opinion, "if you will examine all the causes of our miseries in this life, you shall find them most part to have had their beginning from stubborn anger, that furious desire of contention, or some unjust or immoderate affection, as covetousness," &c. "From whence are wars and contentions amongst you?" St. James asks: I will add usury, fraud, rapine, simony, oppression, lying, swearing, bearing false witness, &c. are they not from this fountain of covetousness, that greediness in getting, tenacity in keeping, sordity in spending; that they are so wicked, "unjust against God, their neighbour, themselves;" all comes hence. "The desire of money is the root of all evil, and they that lust after it, pierce themselves through with many sorrows," 1 Tim. vi. 10. Hippocrates therefore in his Epistle to Crateva, an herbalist, gives him this good counsel, that if it were possible, "amongst other herbs, he should cut up that weed of covetousness by the roots, that there be no remainder left, and then know this for a certainty, that together with their bodies, thou mayst quickly cure all the diseases of their minds." For it is indeed the pattern, image, epitome of all melancholy, the fountain of many miseries, much discontented care and woe; this "inordinate or immoderate desire of gain, to get or keep money," as Bonaventure defines it: or, as Austin describes it, a madness of the soul, Gregory, a torture; Chrysostom, an insatiable drunkenness; Cyprian, blindness, *speciosum supplicium*, a plague subverting kingdoms, families, an incurable disease; Budæus, an ill habit, "yielding to no remedies:" neither, Æsculapius nor Plutus can cure them: a continual plague, saith Solomon, and vexation of spirit, another hell. I know there be some of opinion, that covetous men are happy, and worldly-wise, that there is more pleasure in getting of wealth than in spending, and no delight in the world like unto it. 'Twas Bias' problem of old, "With what art thou not weary I with getting money. What is more delectable? to gain." What is it, trow you, that makes a poor man labour all his lifetime, carry such great burdens, fare so hardly, macerate himself; and endure so much misery, undergo such base offices with so great patience, to rise up early, and lie down late, if there were not an extraordinary delight in getting and keeping of money? What makes a merchant that hath no need, *satis superque domi*, to range all over the world, through all those intemperate Zones of heat and cold; voluntarily to venture his life, and be content with such miserable famine, nasty usage, in a stinking ship; if there were not a pleasure and hope to get money, which doth season the rest, and mitigate his indefatigable pains? What makes them go into the bowels of the earth, an hundred fathom deep, endangering their dearest lives, enduring damps and filthy smells, when they have enough already, if they could be content, and no such cause to labour, but an extraordinary delight they take in riches. This may seem plausible at first show, a popular and strong argument; but let him that so thinks, consider better of it, and he shall soon perceive, that it is far otherwise than he supposeth; it may be haply pleasing at the first, as most part all melancholy is. For such men likely have some *lucida intervalla*, pleasant symptoms intermixed; but you must note that of Chrysostom, "Tis one thing to be rich, another to be covetous:" generally they are all fools, dizzards, mad-men, miserable wretches, living beside themselves, *sine arte fruendi*, in perpetual slavery, fear, suspicion, sorrow, and

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discontent, *plus alæ quam mellis habent*; and are indeed, "rather possessed by their money, than possessors:" as Cyprian hath it, *mancipati pecuniis*; bound prentice to their goods, as Pliny; or as Chrysostom, *servi divitiarum*, slaves and drudges to their substance; and we may conclude of them all, as Valerius doth of Ptolomæus king of Cyprus, "He was in title a king of that island, but in his mind, a miserable drudge of money."

-- potiore metallis
Libertate carens --"

wanting his liberty, which is better than gold. Damasippus the Stoic, in Horace, proves that all mortal men dote by fits, some one way, some another, but that covetous men "are madder than the rest; and he that shall truly look into their estates, and examine their symptoms, shall find no better of them, but that they are all fools, as Nabal was, *Re et nomine* (1. *Reg.* 25). For what greater folly can there be, or madness, than to macerate himself when he need not? and when, as Cyprian notes, "he may be freed from his burden, and eased of his pains, will go on still, his wealth increasing, when he hath enough, to get more, to live besides himself," to starve his genius, keep back from his wife and children, neither letting them nor other friends use or enjoy that which is theirs by right, and which they much need perhaps; like a hog, or dog in the manger, he doth only keep it, because it shall do nobody else good, hurting himself and others: and for a little momentary pelf damn his own soul! They are commonly sad and tetric by nature, as Ahab's spirit was, because he could not get Naboth's vineyard, (3. *Reg.* 21.) and if he lay out his money at any time, though it be to necessary uses, to his own children's good, he brawls and scolds, his heart is heavy, much disquieted he is, and loath to part from it: *Miser abstinet et timet uti*, Hor. He is of a wearish, dry, pale constitution, and cannot sleep for cares and worldly business; his riches, saith Solomon, will not let him sleep, and unnecessary business which he heapeth on himself; or if he do sleep, 'tis a very unquiet, interrupt, displeasing sleep: with his bags in his arms,

--- congestis undique saccis
Indormit inhians,---"

And though he be at a banquet, or at some merry feast, "he sighs for grief of heart (as Cyprian hath it) and cannot sleep though it be upon a down bed; his wearish body takes no rest, troubled in his abundance, and sorrowful plenty, unhappy for the present, and more unhappy in the life to come." Basil. He is a perpetual drudge, restless in his thoughts, and never satisfied, a slave, a wretch, a dust-worm, *semper quod idolo suo immolet, sedulus observat*, Cypr. *prolog. ad sermon.* still seeking what sacrifice he may offer to his golden god, *per fas et nefas*, he cares not how, his trouble is endless, *crescunt divinæ, tamen curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei*: his wealth increaseth, and the more he hath, the more he wants: like Pharaoh's lean kine, which devoured the fat, and were not satisfied. Austin therefore defines covetousness, *quarumlibet rerum inhonestam et insatiabilem cupiditatem*, a dishonest and insatiable desire of gain; and in one of his epistles compares it to hell; "which devours all, and yet never hath enough, a bottomless pit," an endless misery; in *quem scopulum*

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avaritiæ cadaverosi senes ut plurimum impingunt, and that which is their greatest corrosive, they are in continual suspicion, fear, and distrust. He thinks his own wife and children are so many thieves, and go about to cozen him, his servants are all false:

"Rem suam perlisce, seque eradicarier,
Et divium atque hominum clamat continuo fidem
De suo tigillo fumus si qua exit foras."

"If his doors creak, then out he cries anon,
His goods are gone, and he is quite undone."

Timidus Plutus, an old proverb, As fearful as Plutus; so doth Aristophanes and Lucian bring him in fearful still, pale, anxious, suspicious, and trusting no man, "They are afraid of tempests for their corn; they are afraid of their friends lest they should ask something of them, beg or borrow; they are afraid of their enemies lest they hurt them, thieves lest they rob them; they are afraid of war and afraid of peace, afraid of rich and afraid of poor; afraid of all." Last of all, they are afraid of want, that they shall die beggars, which makes them lay up still, and dare not use that they have: what if a dear year come, or dearth, or some loss? and were it not that they are loath to lay out money on a rope, they would be hanged forthwith, and sometimes die to save charges, and make away themselves, if their corn and cattle miscarry; though they have abundance left, as Agellius notes. Valerius makes mention of one that in a famine sold a mouse for 200 pence, and famished himself: such are their cares, griefs and perpetual fears. These symptoms are elegantly expressed by Theophrastus in his character of a covetous man; "lying in bed, he asked his wife whether she shut the trunks and chests fast, the carcase be sealed, and whether the hall door be bolted; and though she say all is well, he riseth out of his bed in his shirt, barefoot and barelegged, to see whether it be so, with a dark lantern searching every corner, scarce sleeping a wink all night." Lucian in that pleasant and witty dialogue called *Gallas*, brings in Mycillus the cobbler disputing with his cock, sometimes Pythagoras; where after much speech pro and con to prove the happiness of a mean estate, and discontents of a rich man, Pythagoras' cock in the end, to illustrate by examples that which he had said, brings him to Gryphon the usurer's house at midnight, and after that to Eucrates; whom they found both awake, casting up their accounts, and telling of their money, lean, dry, pale and anxious, still suspecting lest somebody should make a hole through the wall, and so get in; or if a rat or mouse did but stir, starting upon a sudden, and running to the door to see whether all were fast. Plautus, in his *Aulularia*, makes old Euclio commanding Staphyla his wife to shut the doors fast, and the fire to be put out, lest any body should make that an errand to come to his house: when he washed his hands, he was loath to fling away the foul water, complaining that he was undone, because the smoke got out of his roof. And as he went from home, seeing a crow scratch upon the muck-hill, returned in all haste, taking it for *malum omen*, an ill sign, his money was digged up; with many such. He that will but observe their actions, shall find these and many such passages not feigned for sport, but really performed, verified indeed by such covetous and miserable wretches, and that it is,

"-- manifesta phrenesis
Ut locuples moriaris egenti vivere fato."

A mere madness, to live like a wretch, and die rich.

SUBSECT. XIII.-- *Love of Gaming, &c., and pleasures immoderate, Causes.*

IT is a wonder to see, how many poor, distressed, miserable wretches, one shall meet almost in every path and street, begging for an alms, that have been well descended, and sometimes in flourishing estate, now ragged, tattered, and ready to be starved, lingering out a painful life, in discontent and grief of body and mind, and all through immoderate lust, gaming, pleasure and riot. 'Tis the common end of all sensual epicures and brutish prodigals, that are stupified and carried away headlong with their several pleasures and lusts. Cebes in his table, S. Ambrose in his second book of Abel and Cain, and amongst the rest Lucian in his tract *de Mercede conductis*, hath excellent well deciphered such men's proceedings in his picture of Opulentia, whom he feigns to dwell on the top of a high mount, much sought after by many suitors; at their first coming they are generally entertained by pleasure and dalliance, and have all the content that possibly may be given, so long as their money lasts: but when their means fail, they are contemptibly thrust out at a back door, headlong, and there left to shame, reproach, despair. And he at first that had so many attendants, parasites, and followers, young and lusty, richly arrayed, and all the dainty fare that might be had, with all kind of welcome and good respect, is now upon a sudden stript of all, pale, naked, old, diseased and forsaken, cursing his stars, and ready to strangle himself; having no other company but repentance, sorrow, grief, derision, beggary and contempt, which are his daily attendants to his life's end. As the prodigal son had exquisite music, merry company, dainty fare at first; but a sorrowful reckoning in the end; so have all such vain delights and their followers. *Tristes voluptatum exitus, et quisquis voluptatum suarum reminisci volet, intelliget*, as bitter as gall and wormwood is their last; grief of mind, madness itself. The ordinary rocks upon which such men do impinge and precipitate themselves, are cards, dice, hawks and hounds, *Insanum venandi studium*, one calls it, *insanæ subtractiones*: their mad structures, disports, plays &c., when they are unseasonably used, imprudently handled, and beyond their fortunes. Some men are consumed by mad fantastical buildings, by making galleries, cloisters, terraces, walks, orchards, gardens, pools, rilllets, bowers, and such like places of pleasure; *Inutiles domos*, Xenophon calls them, which howsoever they be delightsome things in themselves, and acceptable to all beholders, an ornament and befitting some great men; yet unprofitable to others, and the sole overthrow of their estates. Forestus in his observations hath an example of such a one that became melancholy upon the like occasion, having consumed his substance in an unprofitable building, which would afterward yield him no advantage. Others, I say, are overthrown by those mad sports of hawking and hunting; honest recreations, and fit for some great men, but not for every base interior person; whilst they will maintain their falconers, dogs, and hunting nags, their wealth, saith Salimutze, "runs away with hounds, and their fortunes fly away with hawks." They persecute beasts so long, till in the end they themselves degenerate into beasts, as Agrippa taxeth them, Actæon-like, for as he was eaten to death by his own dogs, so do they devour themselves and their patrimonies, in such idle and unnecessary disports, neglecting in the mean time their

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more necessary business, and to follow their vocations. Over-mad too sometimes are our great men in delighting, and doting too much on it. "When they drive poor husbandmen from their tillage," as Sarisburiensis objects, *Polycrat. l. 1. c. 4.* "fling down country farms, and whole towns, to make parks, and forests, starving men to feed beasts, and punishing in the mean time such a man that shall molest their game, more severely than him that is otherwise a common hacker, or a notorious thief." But great men are some ways to be excused, the meaner sort have no evasion why they should not be counted mad. Poggius the Florentine tells a merry story to this purpose, condemning the folly and impertinent business of such kind of persons. A physician of Milan, saith he, that cured mad men, had a pit of water in his house, in which he kept his patients, some up to their knees, some to the girdle, some to the chin, *pro mode insaniae*, as they were more or less affected. One of them by chance, that was well recovered, stood in the door, and seeing a gallant ride by with a hawk on his fist, well mounted, with his spaniels after him, would needs know to what use all this preparation served; he made answer to kill certain fowls; the patient demanded again, what his fowl might be worth which he killed in a year; he replied 5 or 10 crowns; and when he urged him farther what his dogs, horse, and hawks stood him in, he told him 400 crowns; with that the patient bade him be gone, as he loved his life and welfare, for if our master come and find thee here, he will put thee in the pit amongst mad men up to the chin: taxing the madness and folly of such vain men that spend themselves in those idle sports, neglecting their business and necessary affairs. *Leo decimus*, that hunting pope, is much discommended by Jovius in his life, for his immoderate desire of hawking and hunting, in so much that (as he saith) he would sometimes live about Ostia weeks and months together, leave suitors unrespected, bulls and pardons unsigned, to his own prejudice, and many private men's loss. "And if he had been by chance crossed in his sport, or his game not so good, he was so impatient, that he would revile and miscall many times men of great worth with most bitter taunts, look so sour, be so angry and waspish, so grieved and molested, that it is incredible to relate it." But if he had good sport, and been well pleased, on the other side, *incredibili munificentia*, with unspeakable bounty and munificence he would reward all his fellow hunters, and deny nothing to any suitor when he was in that mood. To say truth, 'tis the common humour of all gamesters, as Galatæus observes, if they win, no men living are so jovial and merry, but if they lose, though it be but a trifle, two or three games at tables, or a dealing at cards for twopence a game, they are so cholerick and testy that no man may speak with them, and break many times into violent passions, oaths, imprecations, and unbecoming speeches, little differing from mad men for the time. Generally of all gamesters and gaming, if it be excessive, thus much we may conclude, that whether they win or lose for the present, their winnings are not *Munera fortunæ, sed insidiæ*, as that wise Seneca determines, not fortune's gifts, but baits, the common catastrophe is beggary, *Ut pestis vitam, sic adimit alea pecuniam*, as the plague takes away life, doth gaming goods, for *omnes nudi, inopes et egeni*;

"Alea Scylla vorax, species certissima furti,
Non contenta bonis animum quoque perfida mergit,
Fœda, furax, infamis, iners, furiosa, ruina."

For a little pleasure they take, and some small gains and gettings now and then, their wives and children are wringed in the mean time, and they themselves with loss of body and soul rue it in the end. I will say nothing of those prodigious prodigals,

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perdendæ pecuniæ genitos, as he taxed Anthony, *Qui patrimonium sine ulla fori calumnia amittunt*, saith Cyprian, and mad Sybaritical spendthrifts, *Quique una comedunt patrimonia cœna*; that eat up all at a breakfast, at a supper, or amongst bawds, parasites, and players, consume themselves in an instant, as if they had flung it into the Tiber with great wagers, vain and idle expenses, &c., not themselves only, but even all their friends, as a man desperately swimming drowns him that comes to help him, by suretiship and borrowing they will willingly undo all their associates and allies. *Irati pecuniis*, as he saith, angry with their money: "what with a wanton eye, a liquorish tongue, and a gamesome hand, when they have indiscreetly impoverished themselves, mortgaged their wits together with their lands, and entombed their ancestors' fair possessions in their bowels, they may lead the rest of their days in prison, as many times they do; they repent at leisure; and when all is gone begin to be thrifty: but *Sera est in fundo parsimonia*, 'tis then too late to look about; their end is misery, sorrow, shame, and discontent. And well they deserve to be infamous and discontent. *Catamidiari in Amphitheatro*, as Adrian the emperor's edict they were of old, *decoctores bonorum suorum*, so he calls them, prodigal fools, to be publicly shamed, and hissed out of all societies, rather than to be pitied or relieved. The Tuscans and Boëtians brought their bankrupts into the market place in a bier with an empty purse carried before them, all the boys following, where they sat all day *circumstante plebe*, to be infamous and ridiculous. At Patina in Italy they have a stone called the stone of turpitude, near the senate house, where spendthrifts, and such as disclaim non-payment of debts, do sit with their hinder parts bare, that by that note of disgrace, others may be terrified from all such vain expense, or borrowing more than they can tell how to pay. The civilians of old set guardians over such brain-sick prodigals, as they did over madmen, to moderate their expenses, that they should not so loosely consume their fortunes, to the utter undoing of their families.

I may not here omit those two main plagues, and common dotages of human kind, wine and women, which have infatuated and besotted myriads of people: they go commonly together.

"Qui vino indulget, quemque alea decoquit, ille
In venerem putret --"

(Persius, Sat. 5. "One indulges in wine, another the die consumes, a third is decomposed by venery")

To whom is sorrow, saith Solomon Pro. xxiii. 29. to whom is woe, but to such a one as loves drink? it causeth torture (*vino tortus et ira*), and bitterness of mind, Sirac. 31. 21. *Vinum furoris*, Jeremy calls it, 15. *cap.* wine of madness, as well he may, for *insanire facit sanos*, it makes sound men sick and sad, and wise men mad, to say and do they know not what. *Accidit hodie terribilis casus* (saith Austin), hear a miserable accident; Cyrillus' son this day in his drink, *Matrem prægnantem nequiter oppressit, sororem violare voluit, patrem occidit fere, et duas alias sorores ad mortem vulneravit*, would have violated his sister, killed his father, &c. A true saying it was of him, *Vino dari lætitiā et dolorem*, drink causeth mirth, and drink causeth sorrow, drink "causeth poverty and want," (Prov. xxi.) shame and disgrace. *Multi ignobiles evasere ob vini potum, et* (Austin) *amissis honoribus profugi aberrarunt*: many men have made shipwreck of their fortunes, and go like rogues and beggars, having turned all their substance into *aurum potabile*, that otherwise might have lived in good worship and happy estate, and for a few hours' pleasure, for their Hilary term's but

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short, or free madness, as Seneca calls it, purchase unto themselves eternal tediousness and trouble.

That other madness is on women, *Apostatare facit cor*, saith the wise man, *Atque homini cerebrum minuit*. Pleasant at first she is, like Dioscorides' Rhododaphne, that fair plant to the eye, but poison to the taste, the rest as bitter as wormwood in the end (Prov. v. 4.) and sharp as a two-edged sword. (vii. 27.) "Her house is the way to hell, and goes down to the chambers of death." What more sorrowful can be said? they are miserable in this life, mad, beasts, led like "oxen to the slaughter:" and that which is worse, whoremasters and drunkards shall be judged, *amittunt gratiam*, saith Austin, *perdunt gloriam, incurrunt damnationem æternam*. They lose grace and glory;

-- brevis illa voluptas
Abrogat æternum cœli decus --"

they gain hell and eternal damnation.

SUBJECT. XIV.-- *Philautia, or Self-love, Vain-glory, Praise, Honour, Immoderate Applause, Pride, over-much Joy, &c., Causes.*

SELF-LOVE, pride, and vain-glory, *cæcus amor sui*, which Chrysostom calls one of the devil's three great nets; Bernard, "an arrow which pierceth the soul through, and slays it; a sly, insensible enemy, not perceived," are main causes. Where neither anger, lust, covetousness, fear, sorrow, &c., nor any other perturbation can lay hold; this will slyly and insensibly pervert us, *Quem non gula vincit, Philautia superavit*, (saith Cyprian) whom surfeiting could not overtake, self-love hath overcome. "He hath scorned all money, bribes, gifts, upright otherwise and sincere, hath inserted himself to no fond imagination, and sustained all those tyrannical concupiscences of the body, hath lost all his honour, captivated by vain-glory." Chrysostom. *sup. Io. Tu sola animum mentemque peruris, gloria*. A great assault and cause of our present malady, although we do most part neglect, take no notice of it, yet this is a violent batterer of our souls, causeth melancholy and dotage. This pleasing humour; this soft and whispering popular air, *Amabilis insania*; this delectable frenzy, most irrefragable passion, *Mentis gratissimus error*, this acceptable disease, which so sweetly sets upon us, ravisheth our senses, lulls our souls asleep, puffs up our hearts as so many bladders, and that without all feeling, insomuch as "those that are misaffected with it, never so much as once perceive it, or think of any cure." We commonly love him best in this malady, that doth us most harm, and are very willing to be hurt; *adulationibus nostris libenter favemus* (saith Jerome) we love him, we love him for it: *O Bonciari, suave suave fuit a te tali hæc tribui*; 'Twas sweet to hear it. And as Pliny doth ingenuously confess to his dear friend Augurinus, "all thy writings are most acceptable, but those especially that speak of us." Again, a little after to Maximus, "I cannot express how pleasing it is to me to hear myself commended." Though we smile to ourselves, at least ironically, when parasites bedaub us with false encomiums, as many princes cannot choose but do, *Quum tale quid nihil intra se repererint*, when they know they come as far short, as a mouse to an elephant, of any such virtues; yet it doth us good. Though we seem many times to be angry, "and blush at our own praises, yet our souls inwardly rejoice, it puffs us up;" 'tis *fallax suavitas, blandus daemon*, "makes us swell beyond our bounds, and forget ourselves." Her two daughters are lightness of mind, immoderate joy and pride, not excluding those other concomitant vices, which Iodocus Lorichius reckons up; bragging, hypocrisy, peevishness, and curiosity.

Now the common cause of this mischief, ariseth from ourselves or others, we are active and passive. It proceeds inwardly from ourselves, as we are active causes, from an overweening conceit we have of our good parts, own worth, (which indeed is no worth) our bounty, favour, grace, valour, strength, wealth, patience, meekness, hospitality, beauty, temperance, gentry, knowledge, wit, science, art, learning, our excellent gifts and fortunes, for which, Narcissus-like, we admire, flatter, and applaud ourselves, and think all the world esteems so of us; and as deformed women easily believe those that tell them they be fair, we are too credulous of our own good parts and praises, too well persuaded of ourselves. We brag and venditate our own works, and scorn all others in respect of us; *Inflati scientia* (saith Paul), our wisdom, our

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learning, all our geese are swans, and we as basely esteem and vilify other men's, as we do over-highly prize and value our own. We will not suffer them to be *in secundis*, no, not *in tertiis*; what, *Mecum confertur Ulysses*? they are *Mures*, *Muscae*, *culices præ se*, nits and flies compared to his inexorable and supercilious, eminent and arrogant worship: though indeed they be far before him. Only wise, only rich, only fortunate, valorous, and fair, puffed up with this tympany of self-conceit; as that proud Pharisee, they are not (as they suppose) "like other men," of a purer and more precious metal: *Soli rei gerendi sunt efficaces*, which that wise Periander held of such: *meditantur omne qui prius negotium &c. Novi quendam* (saith Erasmus) I knew one so arrogant that he thought himself inferior to no man living, like Callisthenes the philosopher, that neither held Alexander's acts, or any other subject worthy of his pen, such was his insolency; or Seleucus king of Syria, who thought none fit to contend with him but the Romans. *Eos solos dignos ratus quibuscum de imperio certaret*. That which Tully writ to Atticus long since, is still in force, "There was never yet true poet nor orator, that thought any other better than himself." And such for the most part are your princes, potentates, great philosophers, historiographers, authors of sects or heresies, and all our great scholars, as Hierom defines; "a natural philosopher is a glorious creature, and a very slave of rumour, fame, and popular opinion," and though they write *de contemptu gloriae*, yet as he observes, they will put their names to their books. *Vobis et famæ me semper dedi*, saith Trebellius Pollio, I have wholly consecrated myself to you and fame. "'Tis all my desire, night and day, 'tis all my study to raise my name." Proud Pliny seconds him; *Quamquam O! &c.* and that vain-glorious orator, is not ashamed to confess in an Epistle of his to Marcus Lecceius *Ardeo incredibili cupiditate, &c.* "I burn with an lucreclible desire to have my name registered in thy book." Out of this fountain proceed all those cracks and brags, -- *speramus carmina fingi Posse linenda cedro, et leni servanda cupresso -- Non usitata nec tenui ferar penna -- nec in terra morabor longius. Nil parvum aut humili modo, nil mortale loquor. Dicar qua violens obstrepit Ausidas.-- Exegi monumentum ære perennius. Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, &c., cum venit ille dies, &c., parte tamen meliore mei semper alta perennis astra ferar, nomenque erit indelebile nostrum.* (This of Ovid I have paraphrased in English.)

"And when I am dead and gone
My corpse laid under a stone
My fame shall yet survive
And I shall be alive
In these my works for ever,
My glory shall persevere," &c.

And that of Ennius,

"Nemo me lachrymis coret, neque funera fictu
Faxit, cur? voluto docta per ora virum."

"Let none shed tears over me, or adorn my bier with sorrow -- because I am eternally in the mouths of men." With many such proud strains, and foolish flashes too common with writers. Not so much as Democharis on the Topics, but he will be

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immortal. *Typotius de fama*, shall be famous, and well he deserves, because he writ of fame; and every trivial poet must be renowned, "-- *Plausuque petit clarescere vulgi*." "He seeks the applause of the public." This puffing humour it is, that hath produced so many great tomes, built such famous monuments, strong castles, and Mausolean tombs, to have their acts eternised, "*Digito monstrari, et dicier hic est*;" "to be pointed at with the finger, and to have it said, 'there he goes,'" to see their names inscribed, as Phryne on the walls of Thebes, Phryne *fecit*; this causeth so many bloody battles, "*et noctes cogit vigilare serenas*;" "and induces us to watch during calm nights." Long journeys, "*Magnum iter intendo, sed dat mihi gloria vires*," "I contemplate a monstrous journey, but the love of glory strengthens me for it," gaining honour, a little applause, pride, self-love, vain-glory. This is it which makes them take such pains, and break out into those ridiculous strains, this high conceit of themselves to scorn all others; *ridiculo fastu et intolerando contemptu*; as Palæmon the grammarian contemned Varro, *secum et natas et morituras literas jactans*, and brings them to that height of insolency, that they cannot endure to be contradicted, or "hear of any thing but their own commendation," which Hierom notes of such kind of men. And as Austin well seconds him, "'tis their sole study day and night to be commended and applauded." When as indeed, in all wise men's judgments, *quibus cor sapit*, they are "mad, empty vessels, fungus, beside themselves, derided, *et ut Camelus in proverbio quærens cornua, etiam quas habebat aures amisit*," ("As Camelus in the novel who lost his ears while he was looking for a pair of horns") their works are toys, as an almanac out of date, *authoris pereunt garrulitate sui*, they seek fame and immortality, but reap dishonour and infamy, they are a common obloquy, *insensati*, and come far short of that which they suppose or expect. *O puer ut sis vitalis metuo*.

"-- How much I dread
Thy days are short, some lord shall strike thee dead"

Of so many myriads of poets, rhetoricians, philosophers, sophisters, as Eusebius well observes, which have written in former ages, scarce one of a thousand's works remains, *nomina et libri simul cum corporibus interierunt*, their books and bodies are perished together. It is not as they vainly think, they shall surely be admired and immortal, as one told Philip of Macedon insultingly, after a victory, that his shadow was no longer than before, we may say to them,

"Nos demiramur, sed non cum deside vulgo,
Sed velut Harpyas, Gorgonas, et Furias."

"We marvel too, not as the vulgar we,
But as we Gorgons, Harpies, or Furies see."

Or if we do applaud, honour and admire, *quota pars*, how small a part, in respect of the whole world, never so much as hears our names, how few take notice of us, how slender a tract, as scant as Alcibiades's land in a map! And yet every man must and will be immortal, as he hopes, and extend his fame to our antipodes, when as half no not a quarter of his own province or city, neither knows nor hears of him: but say they did, what's a city to a kingdom, a kingdom to Europe, Europe to the world, the world itself that must have an end, if compared to the least visible star in the

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firmament, eighteen times bigger than it? and then if those stars be infinite, and every star there be a sun, as some will, and as this sun of ours hath his planets about him, all inhabited, what proportion bear we to them, and where's our glory? *Orbem terrarum victor Romanus habebat*, as he cracked in Petronius, all the world was under Augustus: and so in Constantine's time, Eusebius brags he governed all the world, *universum mundum præclare admodum administravit,-- et omnis orbis gentes Imperatori subjecti*: so of Alexander it is given out, the four monarchies, &c., when as neither Greeks nor Romans ever had the fifteenth part of the now known world, nor half of that which was then described. What braggadocioes are they and we then? *quam brevis hic de nobis sermo*, as he said, *pudebit aucti nominis*, how short a time, how little a while doth this fame of ours continue? Every private province, every small territory and city, when we have all done, will yield as generous spirits, as brave examples in all respects, as famous as ourselves, Cadwallader in Wales, Rollo in Normandy, Robin Hood and Little John, are as much renowned in Sherwood, as Cæsar in Rome, Alexander in Greece, or his Hephæstion, *Omnis ætas omnisque populus in exemplum et admirationem veniet*, every town, city, book, is full of brave soldiers, senators, scholars; and though Bracydas was a worthy captain, a good man, and as they thought, not to be matched in Lacedæmon, yet as his mother truly said, *plures habet Sparta Bracyda meliores*, Sparta had many better men than ever he was; and howsoever thou admirest thyself thy friend, many an obscure fellow the world never took notice of, had he been in place or action, would have done much better than he or he, or thou thyself.

Another kind of mad men there is opposite to these, that are insensibly mad, and know not of it, such as contemn all praise and glory, think themselves most free, when as indeed they are most mad: *calcant sed alio fastu*: a company of cynics, such as are monks, hermits, anchorites, that contemn the world, contemn themselves, contemn all titles, honours, offices: and yet in that contempt are more proud than any man living whatsoever. They are proud in humility, proud in that they are not proud, *sæpe homo de vanæ gloriæ contemptu, vanius gloriatur*, as Austin hath it, *confess. lib. 10. cap. 38*, like Diogenes, *intus gloriantur*, they brag inwardly, and feed themselves fat with a self-conceit of sanctity, which is no better than hypocrisy. They go in sheep's russet, many great men that might maintain themselves in cloth of gold, and seem to be dejected, humble by their outward carriage, when as inwardly they are swoln full of pride, arrogancy, and self-conceit. And therefore Seneca adviseth his friend Lucilius, "in his attire and gesture, outward actions, especially to avoid all such things as are more notable in themselves: as a rugged attire, hirsute head, horrid beard, contempt of money, coarse lodging, and whatsoever leads to fame that opposite way."

All this madness yet proceeds from ourselves, the main engine which batters us is from others, we are merely passive in this business: from a company of parasites and flatterers, that with immoderate praise, and bombast epithets, glozing titles, false eulogiums, so bedaub and applaud, gild over many a silly and undeserving man, that they clap him quite out of his wits. *Res imprimis violenta est*, as Hierom notes, this common applause is a most violent thing, *laudum placenta*, a drum, fife, and trumpet cannot so animate; that fattens men, erects and dejects them in an instant. *Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum*. It makes them fat and lean, as frost doth conies. "And who is that mortal man that can so contain himself, that if he be immoderately commended and applauded, will not be moved?" Let him be what he will, those parasites will overturn him: if he be a king, he is one of the nine worthies,

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more than a man, a god forthwith, -- *edictum Domini Deique nostri*: and they will sacrifice unto him,

"-- divinos si tu patiaris honores,
Ultero ipsi dabimus meritasque sacrabimus aras.

(Stroza. "If you will accept divine honours, we will willingly erect and consecrate altars to you.")

If he be a soldier, then Themistocles, Epaminondas, Hector, Achilles, *duo fulmina belli, triumviri terrarum, &c.*, and the valour of both Scipios is too little for him, he is *invictissimus, serenissimus, multis trophæis ornatissimus, naturæ dominus*, although he be *lepus galeatus*, indeed a very coward, a milksop, and as he said of Xerxes, *postremus in pugna, primus in fuga*, and such a one as never durst look his enemy in the face. If he be a big man, then is he a Samson, another Hercules; if he pronounce a speech, another Tully or Demosthenes: as of Herod in the Acts, "the voice of God and not of man;" if he can make a verse, Homer, Virgil, &c. And then my silly weak patient takes all these eulogiums to himself; if he be a scholar so commended for his much reading, excellent style, method, &c., he will eviscerate himself like a spider, study to death, *Laudatas ostendit avis Junonia pennas*, peacock-like he will display all his feathers. If he be a soldier, and so applauded, his valour extolled, though it be *impar congressus*, as that of Troilus, and Achilles, *Infelix puer*, he will combat with a giant, run first upon a breach, as another Philippos, he will ride into the thickest of his enemies. Commend his housekeeping, and he will beggar himself; commend his temperance, he will starve himself.

"-- Laudataque virtus
Crescit, et immensum gloria calcar habet."

("Applauded virtue grows apace, and glory includes within it an immense impulse.")

he is mad, mad, mad, no woe with him;-- *impatiens consortis erit*, he will over the Alps to be talked of; or to maintain his credit. Commend an ambitious man, some proud prince or potentate, *si plus æquo laudetur* (saith Erasmus) *cristas erigit, exiit hominem, Deum se putat*, he sets up his crest, and will be no longer a man but a god.

"-- nihil est quod credere de se
Non audet quum laudatur diis æqua potestas."

("There is nothing which over-lauded power will not presume to imagine of itself.")

How did this work with Alexander, that would needs be Jupiter's son, and go like Hercules in a lion's skin? Domitian a god (*Dominus Deus noster sic fieri jubet*), like the Persian kings, whose image was adored by all that came into the city of Babylon. Commodus the emperor was so gulled by his flattering parasites, that he must be called Hercules. Antonius the Roman would be crowned with ivy, carried in a chariot, and adored for Bacchus. Cotys, king of Thrace, was married to Minerva, and sent

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three several messengers one after another, to see if she were come to his bed-chamber. Such a one was Jupiter Menecrates, Maximinus Jovianus, Dioclesianus Herculeus, Sapor the Persian king, brother of the sun and moon, and our modern Turks, that will be gods on earth, kings of kings, God's shadow, commanders of all that may be commanded, our kings of China and Tartary in this present age. Such a one was Xerxes, that would whip the sea, fetter Neptune, *stulta jactantia*, and send a challenge to Mount Athos; and such are many sottish princes, brought into a fool's paradise by their parasites, 'tis a common humour, incident to all men, when they are in great places, or come to the solstice of honour, have done or deserved well, to applaud and flatter themselves. *Stultitiam suam produnt*, &c., (saith Platerus) your very tradesmen if they be excellent, will crack and brag, and show their folly in excess. They have good parts, and they know it, you need not tell them of it; out of a conceit of their worth, they go smiling to themselves, a perpetual meditation of their trophies and plaudits, they run at last quite mad, and lose their wits. Petrarch, *lib. 1. de contemptu mundi*, confessed as much of himself, and Cardan, in his fifth book of wisdom, gives an instance in a smith of Milan, a fellow-citizen of his, one Galeus de Rubeis, that being commended for refining of an instrument of Archimedes, for joy ran mad. Plutarch in the life of Artaxerxes, hath such a like story of one Chamus, a soldier, that wounded king Cyrus in battle, and "grew thereupon so arrogant, that in a short space after he lost his wits." So many men, if any new honour, office, preferment, booty, treasure, possession, or patrimony, *ex insperato* fall unto them, for immoderate joy, and continual meditation of it, cannot sleep or tell what they say or do, they are so ravished on a sudden; and with vain conceits transported, there is no rule with them. Epaminondas, therefore, the next day after his Leuctrian victory, "came abroad all squalid and submiss," and gave no other reason to his friends of so doing, than that he perceived himself the day before, by reason of his good fortune, to be too insolent, overmuch joyed. That wise and virtuous lady, queen Katherine, Dowager of England, in private talk, upon like occasion, said, "that she would not willingly endure the extremity of either fortune, but if it were so, that of necessity she must undergo the one, she would be in adversity, because comfort was never wanting in it, but still counsel and government were defective in the other:" they could not moderate themselves.

SUBJECT. XV.-- *Love of Learning, or overmuch study. With a Digression on the misery of Scholars, and why the Muses are Melancholy.*

LEONARTUS FUSCHIUS, *Instit. lib. iii. sect. 1. cap. 1*, Fœlix Plater, *lib. iii. de mentis alienat.*, Herc. de Saxonia, *Tract. post. de melanch. cap. 3*, speak of a peculiar fury, which comes by overmuch study. Fernelius, *lib. 1, cap. 18*, "puts study, contemplation, and continual meditation, as an especial cause of madness: and in his 86 *consul.* cites the same words. Jo. Arculanus, in *lib. 9, Rhasis ad Almansorem, cap. 16*, amongst other causes reckons up *studium vehemens*: so doth Levinus Lemnius, *lib. de occul. nat. mirac. lib. 1, cap. 16*. "Many men (saith he) come to this malady by continual study, and nightwaking, and of all other men, scholars are most subject to it:" and such Rhasis adds, "that have commonly the finest wits." Cont. *lib. 1, tract. 9*. Marsilius Ficinus, *de sanit. tuenda, lib. 1, cap. 7*, puts melancholy amongst one of those five principal plagues of students, 'tis a common Maul unto them all, and almost in some measure an inseparable companion. Varro belike for that cause calls *Tristes Philosophos et severos*, severe, sad, dry, tetric, are common epithets to scholars: and Patritius therefore, in the institution of princes, would not have them to be great students. For (as Machiavel holds) study weakens their bodies, dulls the spirits, abates their strength and courage; and good scholars are never good soldiers, which a certain Goth well perceived, for when his countrymen came into Greece, and would have burned all their books, he cried out against it, by no means they should do it, "leave them that plague, which in time will consume all their vigour, and martial spirits." The Turks abdicated Cornutus the next heir from the empire, because he was so much given to his book: and 'tis the common tenet of the world, that learning dulls and diminisheth the spirits, and so *per consequens* produceth melancholy.

Two main reasons may be given of it, why students should be more subject to this malady than others. The one is, they live a sedentary, solitary life, *sibi et musis*, free from bodily exercise, and those ordinary disports which other men use: and many times if discontent and idleness concur with it, which is too frequent, they are precipitated into this gulf on a sudden: but the common cause is overmuch study; too much learning (as Festus told Paul) hath made thee mad; 'tis that other extreme which effects it. So did Trincavellius, *lib. 1., consil. 12 and 13*, find by his experience, in two of his patients, a young baron, and another that contracted this malady by too vehement study. So Forestus, *observat. l. 10, observ. 13*, in a young divine in Louvaine, that was mad, and said "he had a bible in his head:" Marsilius Ficinus *de sanit. tuend. lib. 1, cap. 1, 3, 4, and lib. 2, cap. 16*, gives many reasons, "why students dote more often than others." The first is their negligence; "other men look to their tools, a painter will wash his pencils, a smith will look to his hammer, anvil, forge; a husbandman will mend his plough-irons, and grind his hatchet, if it be dull; a falconer or huntsman will have an especial care of his hawks, hounds, horses, dogs, &c., a musician will string and unstring his lute, &c.; only scholars neglect that instrument, their brain and spirits (I mean) which they daily use, and by which they range overall the world, which by much study is consumed." *Vide* (saith Lucian) *ne funiculum nimis intendendo, aliquando abrumpas*: "See thou twist not the rope so hard, till at length it break." Ficinus in his fourth chap. gives some other reasons; Saturn and Mercury, the

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patrons of learning, they are both dry planets: and Origanus assigns the same cause, why Mercurialists are so poor, and most part beggars; for that their president Mercury had no better fortune himself. The destinies of old put poverty upon him as a punishment; since when, poetry and beggary are Gemelli, twin-born brats, inseparable companions;

"And to this day is every scholar poor;
Gross gold from them runs headlong to the boor."

Mercury can help them to knowledge, but not to money. The second is contemplation, "which dries the brain and extinguisheth natural heat; for whilst the spirits are intent to meditation above in the head, the stomach and liver are left destitute, and thence come black blood and crudities by defect of concoction, and for want of exercise the superfluous vapours cannot exhale," &c. The same reasons are repeated by Gomesius, *lib. 4, cap. 1. de sale*, Nymannus *orat. de imag.* Jo. Voschius, *lib. 2, cap. 5, de peste*: and something more they add, that hard students are commonly troubled with gout, catarrhs, rheums, cachexia, bradiopepsia, bad eyes, stone and colic, crudities, oppilations, vertigo, winds, consumptions, and all such diseases as come by overmuch sitting; they are most part lean, dry, ill-coloured, spend their fortunes, lose their wits, and many times their lives, and all through immoderate pains, and extraordinary studies. If you will not believe the truth of this, look upon great Tostatus and Thomas Aquinas's works, and tell me whether those men took pains? Peruse Austin, Hierom, &c., and many thousands besides.

"Qui cupit optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit, fecitque puer, sudavit et alsit."

"He that desires this wished goal to gain,
Must sweat and freeze before he can attain,"

and labour hard for it. So did Seneca, by his own confession, *ep. 8*. "Not a day that I spend idle, part of the night I keep mine eyes open, tired with waking and now slumbering to their continual task." Hear Tully *pro Archia Pœta*: "whilst others loitered, and took their pleasures, he was continually at his book," so they do that will be scholars, and that to the hazard (I say) of their healths, fortunes, wits, and lives. How much did Aristotle and Ptolemy spend? *unius regni precium* they say, more than a king's ransom; how many crowns per annum, to perfect arts, the one about his History of Creatures, the other on his Almagest? How much time did Thebet Benchorat employ, to find out the motion of the eighth sphere? forty years and more, some write: how many poor scholars have lost their wits, or become dizzards, neglecting all worldly affairs and their own health, wealth, *esse* and *bene esse*, to gain knowledge, for which, after all their pains, in this world's esteem they are accounted ridiculous and silly fools, idiots, asses, and (as oft they are) rejected, contemned, derided, doting, and mad. Look for examples in Hildesheim, *spicel. 2, de mania et delirio*: read Trincavellius, *l. 3. consil. 36, et c. 17*. Montanus, *consil. 233*. Garceus *de Judic. genit. cap. 33*. Mercurialis *consil. 86, cap. 25*. Prosper Calculus in his Book *de atra bile*; Go to Bedlam and ask. Or if they keep their wits, yet they are esteemed scrubs and fools by reason of their carriage "after seven years' study"

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"-- statua taciturnius exit,
Plerumque et risu populum quatit."

"He becomes more silent than a statue, and generally excites people's laughter." Because they cannot ride a horse, which every clown can do; salute and court a gentlewoman, carve at table, cringe and make *congés*, which every common swasher can do, *hos populus ridet*, &&c., they are laughed to scorn, and accounted silly fools by our gallants. Yea, many times, such is their misery, they deserve it: a mere scholar, a mere ass.

"Obstipo capite, et figentes lumnine terram.
Murmura cum secum, et rabiosa silentia rodunt,
Atque experrecto trutinantur verbs labello,
Ægroti veteris meditantes somnia, gigni
De nihilo nihilum; in nihilum nil posse reverti."

"-- who lean awry
Their heads, piercing the earth with a fixt eye;
When by themselves, they gnaw their murmuring,
And furious silence, as 'twere balancing
Each word upon their outstretched lip, and when
They meditate the dreams of old sick men,
As, 'Out of nothing, nothing can be brought:
And that which is, can ne'er be turn'd to nought.'"

Thus they go commonly meditating unto themselves, thus they sit, such is their action and gesture. Fulgus, *l. 8, c. 7*, makes mention how Th. Aquinas, supping with king Lewis of France, upon a sudden knocked his fist upon the table, and cried, *conclusum est contra Manichæos*; his wits were a wool-gathering, as they say, and his head busied about other matters, when he perceived his error, he was much abashed. Such a story there is of Archimedes in Vitruvius, that having found out the means to know how much gold was mingled with the silver in king Hiero's crown, ran naked forth from the bath and cried *εὕρηκα*, [eureka] I have found: "and was commonly so intent to his studies, that he never perceived what was done about him: when the city was taken, and the soldiers now ready to rifle his house, he took no notice of it." St. Bernard rode all day long by the Lemnian lake, and asked at last where he was, Marullus, *lib. 2, cap. 4*. It was Democritus's carriage alone that made the Abderites suppose him to have been mad, and sent for Hippocrates to cure him: if he had been in any solemn company, he would upon all occasions fall a laughing. Theophrastus saith as much of Heraclitus, for that he continually wept, and Laertius of Menedemus Lampsacus, because he ran like a madman, saying, "he came from hell as a spy, to tell the devils what mortal men did." Your greatest students are commonly no better, silly, soft fellows in their outward behaviour, absurd, ridiculous to others, and no whit experienced in worldly business; they can measure the heavens, range over the world, teach others wisdom, and yet in bargains and contracts they are circumvented by every base tradesman. Are not these men fools? and how should they be otherwise, but as so many sots in schools, when (as he well observed) they neither hear nor see such things as are commonly practised abroad? how should they get experience, by

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what means? "I knew in my time many scholars," saith Æneas Sylvius (in an epistle of his to Gasper Scitick, chancellor to the emperor), "excellent well learned, but so rude, so silly, that they had no common civility, nor knew how to manage their domestic or public affairs." "Paglarensis was amazed, and said his farmer had surely cozened him, when he heard him tell that his sow had eleven pigs, and his ass had but one foal." To say the best of this profession, I can give no other testimony of them in general, than that of Pliny of Isæus; "He is yet a scholar, than which kind of men there is nothing so simple, so sincere, none better, they are most part harmless, honest, upright, innocent, plain-dealing men."

Now, because they are commonly subject to such hazards and inconveniences as dotage, madness, simplicity, &c., Jo. Voschius would have good scholars to be highly rewarded in some extraordinary respect above other men, "to have greater privileges than the rest, that adventure themselves and abbreviate their lives for the public good." But our patrons of learning are so far now-a-days from respecting the muses, and giving that honour to scholars, or reward which they deserve, and are allowed by those indulgent privileges of many noble princes, that after all their pains taken in the universities, cost and charge, expenses, irksome hours, laborious tasks, wearisome days, dangers, hazards (barred interim from all pleasures which other men have, mewed up like hawks all their lives), if they chance to wade through them, they shall in the end be rejected, contemned, and which is their greatest misery, driven to their shifts, exposed to want, poverty, and beggary. Their familiar attendants are,

"Pallentes morbi, luctus, curæque laborque
Et metu, et malesuada fames, et turpis egestas,
Terribiles visit formæ -- "

"Grief, labour, care, pale sickness, miseries,
Fear, filthy poverty, hunger that cries,
Terrible monsters to be seen with eyes."

if there were nothing else to trouble them, the conceit of this alone were enough to make them all melancholy. Most other trades and professions, after some seven years' apprenticeship, are enabled by their craft to live of themselves. A merchant adventures his goods at sea, and though his hazard be great, yet if one ship return of four, he likely makes a saving voyage. An husbandman's gains are almost certain; *quibus ipse Jupiter nocere non potest* (whom Jove himself can't harm), (tis Cato's hyperbole, a great husband himself); only scholars methinks are most uncertain, unrespected, subject to all casualties and hazards. For first, not one of a many proves to be a scholar, all are not capable and docile, *ex omni ligno non fit Mercurius*: we can make majors and officers every year, but not scholars: kings can invest knights and barons, as Sigismund the emperor confessed; universities can give degrees; and *Tu quod es, e populo quilibet esse potest*; but he nor they, nor all the world, can give learning, make philosophers, artists, orators, poets; we can soon say, as Seneca well notes, *O virum bonum, O divitem*, point at a rich man, a good, a happy man, a prosperous man, *sumptuose vestitum, Calamistratum, bene olentem, magno temporis impendio constat hæc laudatio, o virum literarum*, but 'tis not so easily performed to find out a learned man. Learning is not so quickly got, though they may be willing to take pains, to that end sufficiently informed, and liberally maintained by their patrons and parents, yet few can compass it. Or if they be docile, yet all men's wills are not

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answerable to their wits, they can apprehend, but will not take pains; they are either seduced by bad companions, *vel in puellani impingunt, vel in poculum* (they fall in with women or wine), and so spend their time to their friends' grief and their own undoings. Or put case they be studious, industrious, of ripe wits, and perhaps good capacities, then how many diseases of body and mind must they encounter? No labour in the world like unto study. It may be, their temperature will not endure it, but striving to be excellent to know all, they lose health, wealth, wit, life and all. Let him yet happily escape all these hazards, *æreis intestinis*, with a body of brass, and is now consummate and ripe, he hath profited in his studies, and proceeded with all applause: after many expenses, he is fit for preferment, where shall he have it? he is as far to seek it as he was (after twenty years' standing) at the first day of his coming to the University. For what course shall he take, being now capable and ready? The most parable and easy, and about which many are employed, is to teach a school, turn lecturer or curate, and for that he shall have falconer's wages, ten pound per annum, and his diet, or some small stipend, so long as he can please his patron or the parish; if they approve him not (for usually they do but a year or two), as inconstant as they that cried "Hosanna" one day, and "Crucify him" the other; serving-manlike, he must go look a new master; if they do, what is his reward?

"Hoc quoque te manet ut puero elementa docentum
Occupet extremis in vicris alba senectus.

"At last thy snow-white age in suburb schools,
Shall toil in teaching boys their grammar rules."

Like an ass, he wears out his time for provender, and can show a stum rod, *togam tritam et laceram*, saith Hædus, an old torn gown, an ensign of his infelicity, he hath his labour for his pain, a modicum to keep him till he be decrepit, and that is all. *Grammaticus non est fœlix, &c.* If he be a trencher chaplain in a gentleman's house, as it befel Euphormio, after some seven years' service, he may perchance have a living to the halves, or some small rectory with the mother of the maids at length, a poor kinswoman, or a cracked chambermaid, to have and to hold during the time of his life. But if he offend his good patron, or displease his lady mistress in the mean time,

"Ducetur Planta velut ictus ab Hereule Cacus,
Poneturque foras, si quid tentaverit nuquam
Hiscere --"

as Hercules did by Cacus, he shall be dragged forth of doors by the heels, away with him. If he bend his forces to some other studies, with an intent to be *a secretis* to some nobleman, or in such a place with an ambassador, he shall find that these persons like apprentices one under another, and in so many tradesmen's shops, when the master is dead, the foreman of the shop commonly steps in his place. Now for poets, rhetoricians, historians, philosophers, &c.; they are like grasshoppers, sing they must in summer, and pine in the winter, for there is no preferment for them. Even so they were at first, if you will believe that pleasant tale of Socrates, which he told fair Phædrus under a plane-tree, at the banks of the river Iseus; about noon when it was hot, and the grasshoppers made a noise, he took that sweet occasion to tell him a tale,

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how grasshoppers were once scholars, musicians, poets, &c, when the Muses were born, and lived without meat and drink, and for that cause were turned by Jupiter into grasshoppers. And may be turned again, *In Tythoni Cicadas, aut Liciorum ranas*, for any reward I see they are like to live: or else in the meantime, I would they could live as they did, without any viaticum, like so many manucodiatae, those Indian birds of paradise, we commonly call them, those I mean that live with the air and dew of heaven, and need no other food? for being as they are, their "rhetoric only serves them to curse their bad fortunes," and many of them for want of means are driven to hard shifts; from grasshoppers they turn humble-bees and wasps, plain parasites, and make the muses, mules, to satisfy their hunger-starved paunches, and get a meal's meat. To say truth, 'tis the common fortune of most scholars, to be servile and poor, to complain pitifully, and lay open their wants to their respectless patrons, as Cardan doth, as Xilander and many others: and which is too common in those dedicatory epistles, for hope of gain, to lie, flatter, and with hyperbolical eulogiums and commendations, to magnify and extol an illiterate unworthy idiot, for his excellent virtues, whom they should rather, as Machiavel observes, vilify and rail at downright for his most notorious villainies and vices. So they prostitute themselves as fiddlers, or mercenary tradesmen, to serve great men's turns for a small reward. They are like Indians, they have store of gold, but know not the worth of it: for I am of Synesius's opinion, "King Hiero got more by Simonides' acquaintance, than Simonides did by his;" they have their best education, good institution, sole qualification from us, and when they have done well, their honour and immortality from us: we are the living tombs, registers, and as so many trumpeters of their fames: what was Achilles without Homer? Alexander without Arrian and Curtius? who had known the Cæsars, but for Suetonius and Dion?

Vixerunt fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

"Before great Agamemnon reign'd,
Reign'd kings as great as he, and brave,
Whose huge ambition's now contain'd
In the small compass of a grave:
In endless night they sleep, unwept, unknown,
No bard they had to make all time their own."

they are more beholden to scholars, than scholars to them; but they undervalue themselves, and so by those great men are kept down. Let them have that encyclopædian, all the learning in the world; they must keep it to themselves, "live in base esteem, and starve, except they will submit," as Budaius well hath it, "so many good parts, so many ensigns of arts, virtues, be slavishly obnoxious to some illiterate potentate, and live under his insolent worship, or honour, like parasites," *Qui tanquam mures alienum panem comedunt*. For to say truth, *artes hæ non sunt lucrativæ*, as Guido Bonat that great astrologer could foresee, they be not gainful arts these, *sed esurientes et famelicæ*, but poor and hungry.

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"Dat Galenus opes, dat Justinianus honores,
Sed genus et species cogitur ire pedes;"

"The rich physician, honour'd lawyers ride,
While the poor scholar foots it by their side."

Poverty is the muses' patrimony, and as that poetical divinity teacheth us, when Jupiter's daughters were each of them married to the gods, the muses alone were left solitary, Helicon forsaken of all suitors, and I believe it was, because they had no portion.

"Calliope longum cælebs cur vixit in ævum?
Nempe nihil dotis, quad numeraret, erat."

"Why did Calliope live so long a maid?
Because she had no dowry to be paid."

Ever since all their followers are poor, forsaken and left unto themselves. Inasmuch, that as Petronius argues, you shall likely know them by their clothes. "There came," saith he, "by chance into my company, a fellow not very spruce to look on, that I could perceive by that note alone he was a scholar, whom commonly rich men hate: I asked him what he was, he answered, a poet: I demanded again why he was so ragged, he told me this kind of learning never made any man rich."

"Qui Pelago credit, magno se fœnore tollit.
Qui pugnæ et rostra petit, præcingitur auro:
Vilis adulator picto jacet ebrius ostro,
Sola pruinosis horret facandia pannis."

"A merchant's gain is great, that goes to sea
A soldier embossed all in gold;
A flatterer lies fox'd in brave array;
A scholar only ragged to behold."

All which our ordinary students, right well perceiving in the universities, how unprofitable these poetical, mathematical, and philosophical studies are, how little respected, how few patrons; apply themselves in all haste to those three commodious professions of law, physic, and divinity, sharing themselves between them, rejecting these arts in the meantime, history, philosophy, philology, or lightly passing them over, as pleasant toys fitting only table-talk, and to furnish them with discourse. They are not so behoveful: he that can tell his money hath arithmetic enough: he is a true geometrician, can measure out a good fortune to himself; a perfect astrologer that can cast the rise and fall of others, and mark their errant motions to his own use. The best optics are, to reflect the beams of some great men's favour and grace to shine upon him. He is a good engineer, that alone can make an instrument to get preferment. This was the common tenet and practice of Poland, as Cromerus observed not long since, in the first book of his history; their universities were generally base, not a philosopher, a mathematician, an antiquary, &c., to be found of any note amongst them, because they had no set reward or stipend, but every man betook himself to

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divinity, *hoc solum in votis habens, opimam sacerdotium*, a good personage was their aim. This was the practice of some of our near neighbours, as Lipsius inveighs, "they thrust their children to the study of law and divinity, before they be informed aright, or capable of such studies." *Scilicet omnibus artibus antistat spes lucri, et formosior et cumulus auri, quam quicquid Græci Latinique delirantes scripserunt. Ex hoc numero deinde veniunt ad gubernacula reipub. intersunt et præsunt consiliis regum, o pater o patria?* so he complained, and so may others. For even so we find, to serve a great man, to get an office in some bishop's court (to practise in some good town), or compass a benefice, is the mark we shoot at, as being so advantageous, the highway to preferment.

Although many times, for aught I can see, these men fail as often as the rest in their projects, and are as usually frustrate of their hopes. For let him be a doctor of the law, an excellent civilian of good worth, where shall he practise and expatiate? Their fields are so scant, the civil law with us so contracted with prohibitions, so few causes, by reason of those all-devouring municipal laws, *quibus Nihil illiteratius*, saith Erasmus, an illiterate and a barbarous study (for though they be never so well learned in it, I can hardly vouchsafe them the name of scholars, except they be otherwise qualified), and so few courts are left to that profession, such slender offices, and those commonly to be compassed at such dear rates, that I know not how an ingenious man should thrive amongst them. Now for physicians, there are in every village so many mountebanks, empirics, quacksalvers, paracelsians, as they call themselves, *Caucifici et sanicidæ*, so Clenard terms them, wizards, alchemists, poor vicars, cast apothecaries, physicians' men, barbers, and good wives, professing great skill, that I make great doubt how they shall be maintained, or who shall be their patients. Besides, there are so many of both sorts, and some of them such harpies, so covetous, so clamorous, so impudent; and as he said, litigious idiots,

"Quibus loquacis affatim arrogantiae est,
Peritæ parum aut nihil,
Nec ulla mica literarii salis,
Crumenimulga natio:
Loquuteleia turba, litium strophæ,
Maligna litigantium cohors, togati vultures,
Lavernæ alumni, Agyrtæ," &c.

"Which have no skill but prating arrogance,
No learning, such a purse-milking nation;
Gown'd vultures, thieves, and a litigious rout
Of cozeners, that haunt this occupation," &c.

that they cannot well tell how to live one by another, but as he jested in the Comedy of Clocks, they were so many, *major pars populi aridi reptant fame*, they are almost starved a great part of them, and ready to devour their fellows. *Et noxia callidite se corripere*, such a multitude of pettifoggers and empirics, such impostors, that an honest man knows not in what sort to compose and behave himself in their society, to carry himself with credit in so vile a rout, *scientiæ nomen, tot sumptibus partum et vigiliis, profiteri dispudeat, postquam, &c.*

Last of all come to our divines, the most noble profession and worthy of double honour, but of all others the most distressed and miserable. If you will not

believe me, hear a brief of it, as it was not many years since publicly preached at Paul's cross, by a grave minister then, and now a reverend bishop of this land: "We that are bred up in learning, and destinated by our parents to this end, we suffer our childhood in the grammar-school, which Austin calls *magnam tyrannidem, et grave malum*, and compares it to the torments of martyrdom; when we come to the university, if we live of the college allowance, as Phalaris objected to the Leontines, πανταν ενδεις πλην λιμου και φοβου [pantan endeis plen limoy kai phoboy], needy of all things but hunger and fear, or if we be maintained but partly by our parents' cost, do expend in unnecessary maintenance, books and degrees, before we come to any perfection, five hundred pounds, or a thousand marks. If by this price of the expense of time, our bodies and spirits, our substance and patrimonies, we cannot purchase those small rewards, which are ours by law, and the right of inheritance, a poor parsonage, or a vicarage of £50 per annum, but we must pay to the patron for the lease of a life (a spent and out-worn life) either in annual pension, or above the rate of a copyhold, and that with the hazard and loss of our souls, by simony and perjury, and the forfeiture of all our spiritual preferments, in *esse* and *posse*, both present and to come. What father after a while will be so improvident to bring up his son to his great charge, to this necessary beggary? What Christian will be so irreligious, to bring up his son in that course of life, which by all probability and necessity, *coget ad turpia*, enforcing to sin, will entangle him in simony and perjury, when as the poet said, *Invitatus ad hæc aliquis de ponte negabit*: "a beggar's brat taken from the bridge where he sits a begging, if he knew the inconvenience, had cause to refuse it." This being thus, have not we fished fair all this while, that are initiate divines, to find no better fruits of our labours, *hoc est cur palles, cur quis non prandeat hoc est?* do we macerate ourselves for this? Is it for this we rise so early all the year long? "leaping(as he saith) out of our beds, when we hear the bell ring as if we had heard a thunderclap." If this be all the respect, reward and honour we shall have, *frange leves calamos, et scinde Thalia libellos*; let us give over our books, and betake ourselves to some other course of life; to what end should we study? *Quid me litterulas stulti docuere parentes*, what did our parents mean to make us scholars, to be as far to seek of preferment after twenty years' study, as we were at first: why do we take such pains? *Quid tantum inanis Juvat impallescere chartis?* If there be no more hope of reward, no better encouragement, I say again, *Frange leves calamos, et scinde Thalia libellos*; let's turn soldiers, sell our books, and buy swords, guns, and pikes, or stop bottles with them, turn our philosopher's gowns, as Cleanthes once did, into millers' coats, leave all, and rather betake ourselves to any other course of life, than to continue longer in this misery. *Præstat dentiscalpia radere, quam literariis monumentis magnatum favorem emendicare*.

Yea, but methinks I hear some man except at these words, that though this be true which I have said of the estate of scholars, and especially of divines, that it is miserable and distressed at this time, that the church suffers shipwreck of her goods, and that they have just cause to complain; there is a fault, but whence proceeds it? If the cause were justly examined, it would be retorted upon ourselves, if we were cited at that tribunal of truth, we should be found guilty, and not able to excuse it. That there is a fault among us, I confess, and were there not a buyer, there would not be a seller: but to him that will consider better of it, it will more than manifestly appear that the fountain of these miseries proceeds from these griping patrons. In accusing them, I do not altogether excuse us; both are faulty, they and we: yet in my judgment, theirs is the greater fault, more apparent causes, and much to be condemned. For my part, if it be not with me as I would, or as it should, I do ascribe the cause, as Cardan

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did in the like case; *meo infortunio potius quam illorum sceleri*, to mine own infelicity rather than their naughtiness; although I have been baffled in my time by some of them, and have as just cause to complain as another: or rather indeed to mine own negligence; for I was ever like that Alexander in Plutarch, Crassus his tutor in philosophy, who, though he lived many years familiarly with rich Crassus, was even as poor when from, (which many wondered at) as when he came first to him; he never asked, the other never gave him any thing; when he travelled with Crassus he borrowed a hat of him, at his return restored it again. I have had some such noble friends acquaintance and scholars, but most part (common courtesies and ordinary respects excepted), they and I parted as we met, they gave me as much as I requested, and that was -- And as *Alexander ab Alexandro, Genial. dier. l. 6. c. 16.* made answer to Hieronimus Massainus, that wondered, *quum plures ignavos et ignobiles ad dignitates et sacerdotia promotos quotidie videret*, when other men rose, still he was in the same state, *eodem tenore et fortuna cui mercedem laborum studiorumque deberi putaret*, whom he thought to deserve as well as the rest. He made answer, that he was content with his present estate, was not ambitious, and although *objurgabundus suas segnitiam accusaret, cum obscuræ sortis homines ad sacerdotia et pontificatus evectos, &c.*, he chid him for his backwardness, yet he was still the same: and for my part (though I be not worthy perhaps to carry Alexander's books) yet by some overweening and well-wishing friends, the like speeches have been used to me; but I replied still with Alexander, that I had enough, and more peradventure than I deserved; and with Libanius Sophista, that rather chose (when honours and offices by the emperor were offered unto him) to be *talis Sophista, quam talis Magistratus*. I had as lief be still Democritus junior, and *privus privatus, si mihi jam daretur optio, quam talis fortasse Doctor, talis Dominus.*-- *Sed quorsum hæc?* For the rest 'tis on both sides *facinus detestandum*, to buy and sell livings, to detain from the church, that which God's and men's laws have bestowed on it; but in them most, and that from the covetousness and ignorance of such as are interested in this business; I name covetousness in the first place, as the root of all these mischiefs, which, Achan-like, compels them to commit sacrilege, and to make simoniacal compacts, (and what not) to their own ends, that kindles God's wrath, brings a plague, vengeance, and a heavy visitation upon themselves and others. Some out of that insatiable desire of filthy lucre, to be enriched, care not how they come by it *per fas et nefas*, hook or crook, so they have it. And others when they have with riot and prodigality embezzled their estates, to recover themselves, make a prey of the church, robbing it, as Julian the apostate did, spoil parsons of their revenues (in keeping half back as a great man amongst us observes): "and that maintenance on which they should live:" by means whereof, barbarism is increased, and a great decay of christian professors: for who will apply himself to these divine studies, his son, or friend, when after great pains taken, they shall have nothing whereupon to live? But with what event do they these things-

"Opesque totis viribus venamini
At inde messis accidit miserrima."

They toil and moil, but what reap they? They are commonly unfortunate families that use it, accursed in their progeny, and, as common experience evinceth, accursed themselves in all their proceedings. "With what face (as he quotes out of Aust.) can they expect a blessing or inheritance from Christ in heaven, that defraud Christ of his

inheritance here on earth?" I would all our simoniacal patrons, and such as detain tithes, would read those judicious tracts of Sir Henry Spelman, and Sir James Sempill, knights; those late elaborate and learned treatises of Dr. Tilflye, and Mr. Montague, which they have written of that subject. But though they should read, it would be to small purpose, *clames licet et mare cælo confundas*; thunder, lighten, preach hell and damnation, tell them 'tis a sin, they will not believe it; denounce and terrify, they have cauterised consciences, they do not attend, as the enchanted adder, they stop their ears. Call them base, irreligious, profane, barbarous, pagans, atheists, epicures, (as some of them surely are) with the bawd in Plautus, *Euge, optime*, they cry and applaud themselves with that miser, *simul ac nummos contemplor in arca*: say what you will, *quocunque modo rem*: as a dog barks at the moon, to no purpose are your sayings: Take your heaven, let them have money. A base, profane, epicurean, hypocritical rout: for my part, let them pretend what zeal they will, counterfeit religion, blear the world's eyes, bombast themselves, and stuff out their greatness with church spoils, shine like so many peacocks; so cold is my charity, so defective in this behalf, that I shall never think better of them, than that they are rotten at core, their bones are full of epicurean hypocrisy, and atheistical marrow, they are worse than heathens. For as Dionysius Halicarnasseus observes, *Antiq. Rom. lib. 7. Primum locum, &c.* "Greeks and Barbarians observe all religious rites, and dare not break them for fear of offending their gods; but our simoniacal contractors, our senseless Achans, our stupified patrons, fear neither God nor devil, they have evasions for it, it is no sin, or not due *jure divino*, or if a sin, no great sin, &c. And though they be daily punished for it, and they do manifestly perceive, that as he said, frost and fraud come to foul ends; yet as Chrysostom follows it, *Nulla ex pœna sit correctio, et quasi adversis malitia hominum provocetur, crescit quotidie quod puniatur*: they are rather worse than better,-- *iram atque animos a crimine sumunt*, and the more they are corrected, the more they offend: but let them take their course, *Rode, caper, vites*, go on still as they begin, 'tis no sin, let them rejoice secure, God's vengeance will overtake them in the end, and these ill-gotten goods, as an eagle's feathers, will consume the rest of their substance; it is *aurum Tholosanum*, and will produce no better effects. "Let them lay it up safe, and make their conveyances never so close, lock and shut door," saith Chrysostom, "yet fraud and covetousness, two most violent thieves, are still included, and a little gain evil gotten will subvert the rest of their goods." The eagle in Æsop, seeing a piece of flesh, now ready to be sacrificed, swept it away with her claws, and carried it to her nest; but there was a burning coal stuck to it by chance, which unawares consumed her young ones, nest, and all together. Let our simoniacal church-chopping patrons, and sacrilegious harpies, look for no better success.

A second cause is ignorance, and from thence contempt, *successit odium in literas ab ignorantia vulgi*; which Junius well perceived: this hatred and contempt of learning proceeds out of ignorance; as they are themselves barbarous, idiots, dull, illiterate, and proud, so they esteem of others. *Sint Mecænates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones*: Let there be bountiful patrons, and there will be painful scholars in all sciences. But when they condemn learning, and think themselves sufficiently qualified, if they can write and read, scramble at a piece of evidence, or have so much Latin as that emperor had, *qui nescit dissimulare, nescit virere*, (he that cannot dissemble, cannot live) they are unfit to do their country service, to perform or undertake any action or employment, which may tend to the good of a commonwealth, except it be to fight, or to do country justice, with common sense, which every yeoman can likewise do. And so they bring up their children, rude as

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they are themselves, unqualified, untaught, uncivil most part. *Quis e nostra juventute legitime instituitur literis? Quis oratores aut philosophos tangit? quis historium legit, illam rerum agendarum quasi animam? præcipitant parentes vota tua, &c.* 'twas Lipsius' complaint to his illiterate countrymen, it may be ours. Now shall these men judge of a scholar's worth, that have no worth, that know not what belongs to a student's labours, that cannot distinguish between a true scholar and a drone? or him that by reason of a voluble tongue, a strong voice, a pleasing tone, and some trivially polyanthean helps, steals and gleans a few notes from other men's harvests, and so makes a fairer show, than he that is truly learned indeed: that thinks it no more to preach, than to speak. "or to run away with an empty cart;" as a grave man said; and thereupon vilify us, and our pains; scorn us, and all learning. Because they are rich, and have other means to live, they think it concerns them not to know, or to trouble themselves with it; a fitter task for younger brothers, or poor men's sons, to be pen and inkhorn men, pedantical slaves, and no whit beseeming the calling of a gentleman, as Frenchmen and Germans commonly do, neglect therefore all human learning, what have they to do with it? Let mariners learn astronomy; merchants, factors study arithmetic; surveyors get them geometry; spectacle-makers optics; landleapers geography; town-clerks rhetoric, what should he do with a spade, that hath no ground to dig; or they with learning, that hath no use of it? thus they reason, and are not ashamed to let mariners, apprentices, and the basest servants, be better qualified than themselves. In former times, kings, princes, and emperors, were the only scholars, excellent in all faculties.

Julius Cæsar mended the year, and writ his own Commentaries,

"-- media inter prælia semper,
Stellarum cœlique plagis, superisque vacavit."

Antonius, Adrian, Nero, Seve. Jul &c. Michael the emperor, and Isacius, were so much given to their studies, that no base fellow would take so much pains: Orion, Perseus, Alphonsus, Ptolomeus, famous astronomers; Sabor, Mithridates, Lysimachus, admired physicians: Plato's kings all: Evax, that Arabian prince, a most expert jeweller, and an exquisite philosopher; the kings of Egypt were priests of old, chosen and from thence,-- *Idem rexi hominum, Phæbique sacerdos*: but those heroical times are past; the Muses are now banished in this bastard age, *ad sordida tuguriola*, to meaner persons, and confined alone almost to universities. In those days, scholars were highly beloved, honoured, esteemed; as old Ennius by Scipio Africanus, Virgil by Augustus; Horace by Mecænas: princes' companions; dear to them, as Anacreon to Polycrates; Philoxenus to Dionysius, and highly rewarded. Alexander sent Xenocrates the Philosopher fifty talents, because he was poor, *visu rerum, aut eruditione præstantes viri, mensis olim regum adhibiti*, as Philostratus relates of Adrian and Lampridius of Alexander Severus: famous clerks came to these princes' courts, *velut in Lycaëum*, as to a university, and were admitted to their tables, *quasi divum apulis accumbentes*; Archilaus, that Macedonian king, would not willingly sup without Euripides (amongst the rest he drank to him at supper one night and gave him a cup of gold for his pains), *delectatus pætæ suavi sermone*; and it was fit it should be so; because, as Plato in his Protagoras well saith, a good philosopher as much excels other men, as a great king doth the commons of his country; and again, *quoniam illis nihil deest, et minime egere solent, et disciplinas quas profitentur, soli a contemptu*

vindicare possunt, they needed not to beg so basely, as they compel scholars in our times to complain of poverty, or crouch to a rich chuff for a meal's meat, but could vindicate themselves, and those arts which they professed. Now they would and cannot: for it is held by some of them, as an axiom, that to keep them poor, will make them study; they must be dieted, as horses to a race, not pampered, *Alendos volunt, non saginandos, ne meloris mentis flammula extinguatur*; a fat bird will not sing, a fat dog cannot hunt, and so by this depression of theirs, some want means, others will, all want encouragement, as being forsaken almost; and generally contemned. 'Tis an old saying, *Sint Mecænates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones*: and 'tis a true saying still. Yet oftentimes, I may not deny it, the main fault is in ourselves. Our academics too frequently offend in neglecting patrons, as Erasmus well taxeth, or making ill choice of them; *negligimus oblatos aut amplectimur parum aptos*, or if we get a good one, *non studemus mutuis officiis favorem ejus alere*, we do not ply and follow him as we should. *Idem mihi accidit Adolescenti* (saith Erasmus) acknowledging his fault, *et gravissimi peccavi*, and so may I say myself; I have offended in this, and so peradventure have many others. We did not *spondere magnatum favoribus, qui cæperunt nos amplecti*, apply ourselves with that readiness we should: idleness, love of liberty, *immodicus amor libertatis effecit ut diu cum perfidis amicis*, as he confesseth, *et pertinaci paupertate colluctarer*, bashfulness, melancholy, timorousness, cause many of us to be too backward and remiss. So some offend in one extreme, but too many on the other, we are most part too forward, too solicitous, too ambitious, too impudent; we commonly complain *deesse Mæcenates*, of want of encouragement, want of means, when as the true defect is in our own want of work, our insufficiency: did Mæcenas take notice of Horace or Virgil till they had shown themselves first? or had Bavius and Mevius any patrons? *Egregium specimen dent*, saith Erasmus, let them approve themselves worthy first, sufficiently qualified for learning and manners, before they presume or impudently intrude and put themselves on great men as too many do, with such base flattery, parasitical, colloquing, such hyperbolical elogies they do usually insinuate, that it is a shame to hear and see. *Immodicæ laudes conciliant invidiam, potius quam laudem*, and vain commendations derogate from truth, and we think in conclusion, *non melius de laudato, pejus de laudante*, ill of both, the commender and commended. So we offend, but the main fault is in their harshness, defect of patrons. How beloved of old, and how much respected was Plato to Dionysius? How dear to Alexander was Aristotle, Demeratus to Philip, Solon to Cræsus, Anexarcus and Trebatius to Augustus, Cassius to Vespasian, Plutarch to Trajan, Seneca to Nero, Simonides to Hiero? how honoured?

"Sed hæc prius fuere, nunc recondita
Senent quiete,"

those days are gone; *Et spes, et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum*: (All our hopes and inducements to study are centred in Cæsar) as he said of old, we may truly say now, he is our amulet, our sun, our sole comfort and refuge, our Ptolemy, our common Mæcenas, *Jacobus munificus, Jacobus pacificus, mysta Musarum; Rex Platonicus: Grande decus, columenque nostrum*: a famous scholar himself; and the sole patron, pillar, and sustainer of learning: but his worth in this kind is so well known, that as Paterculus of Cato, *Jam ipsum laudare nefas sit*: and which Pliny to Trajan, *seria te carmina, honorque æternus annalium, non hæc brevis et pudenda prædicatio colet*. But he is now gone, the sun of ours set, and yet no night follows, *Sol occubit, nox*

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nulla sequuta est. We have such another in his room, *aureus alter, Avulsus, simili frondescit virga metallo*, and long may he reign and flourish amongst us.

Let me not be malicious, and lie against my genius, I may not deny, but that we have a sprinkling of our gentry, here and there one, excellently well learned, like those Fuggeri in Germany; Dubartus, Du Plessis, Sadael, in France; Picus Mirandula, Schottus, Barotius, in Italy; *Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. But they are but few in respect of the multitude, the major part (and some again excepted, that are indifferent) are wholly bent for hawks and hounds, and carried away many times with intemperate lust, gaming and drinking. If they read a book at any time (*si quod est interim otii a venatu, poculis, alea, scortis*) 'tis an English Chronicle, St. Huon of Bordeaux, Amadis de Gaul, &c., a play book, or some pamphlet of news, and that at such seasons only, when they cannot stir abroad, to drive away time, their sole discourse is dogs, hawks, horses, and what news? If some one have been a traveller in Italy, or as far as the emperor's court, wintered in Orleans, and can court his mistress in broken French, wear his clothes neatly in the newest fashion, sing some choice outlandish tunes, discourse of lords, ladies, towns, palaces, and cities, he is complete and to be admired: otherwise he and they are much at one; no difference between the master and the man, but worshipful titles: wink and choose betwixt him that sits down (clothes excepted) and him that holds the trencher behind him: yet these men must be our patrons, our governors too sometimes, statesmen, magistrates, noble, great, and wise by inheritance.

Mistake me not (I say again) *Vos, O Patritius sanguis*, you that are worthy senators, gentlemen, I honour your names and persons, and with all submissiveness, prostrate myself to your censure and service. There are amongst you, I do ingenuously confess, many well-deserving patrons, and true patriots, of my knowledge, besides many hundreds which I never saw, no doubt, or heard of; pillars of our commonwealth, whose worth, bounty, learning, forwardness, true zeal in religion, and good esteem of all scholars, ought to be consecrated to all posterity; but of your rank, there are a debauched, corrupt, covetous, illiterate crew again, no better than stocks, *merum pecus (testor Deum, non mihi videri dignos ingenui hominis appellatione)*, barbarous Thracians, *et quis ille thrax qui hoc neget?* a sordid, profane, pernicious company, irreligious, impudent and stupid, I know not what epithets to give them, enemies to learning, confounders of the church, and the ruin of a commonwealth; patrons they are by right of inheritance, and put in trust freely to dispose of such livings to the church's good; but (hard taskmasters they prove) they take away their straw and compel them to make their number of bricks, they commonly respect their own ends, commodity is the steer of all their actions, and him they present in conclusion, as a man of greatest gifts, that will give most; no penny, no pater-noster, as the saying is. *Nisi preces auro fulcias, amplius irritas: Ut Cerberus offa*, their attendants and officers must be bribed, feed, and made, as Cerberus is with a sop by him that goes to hell. It was an old saying, *Omnia Romæ venalia* (all things are venal at Rome), 'tis a rag of Popery, which will never be rooted out, there is no hope, no good to be done without money. A clerk may offer himself; approve his worth, learning, honesty, religion, zeal, they will commend him for it; but *probitas laudatur et alget*. If he be a man of extraordinary parts, they will flock afar off to hear him, as they did in Apuleius, to see Psyche: *multi mortales confluebant ad videndum sæculi decus, speculum gloriosum, laudatur ab omnibus, spectatur ab omnibus, nec quisquam non rex, non regius, cupidus eius nuptiarum petitor accedit; miratur quidem divinam formam omnes, sed ut simulacrum fabre politum mirantur*; many

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mortal men came to see fair Psyche the glory of her age, they did admire her, commend, desire her for her divine beauty, and gaze upon her; but as on a picture; none would marry her, *quod indotata*, fair Psyche had no money. So they do by learning;

"-- didicit jam dives avarus
Tantum admirari, tantum laudare disertos,
Ut pueri Junonis avem --"

"Your rich men have now learn'd of latter days
T'admire, commend, and come together
To hear and see a worthy scholar speak,
As children do a peacock's feather."

He shall have all the good words that may be given, a proper man, and 'tis pity he hath no preferment, all good wishes, but inexorable, indurate as he is, he will not prefer him, though it be in his power, because he is *indotatus*, he hath no money. Or if he do give him entertainment, let him be never so well qualified, plead affinity, consanguinity, sufficiency, he shall serve seven years, as Jacob did for Rachel, before he shall have it. If he will enter at first, he must get in at that Simoniacal gate, come off soundly and put in good security to perform all covenants, else he will not deal with, or admit him. But if some poor scholar, some parson chaff, will offer himself; some trencher chaplain, that will take it to the halves, thirds, or accept of what he will give, he is welcome; be conformable, preach as he will have him, he likes him before a million of others; for the best is always best cheap: and then as Hierom said to Cromatius, *patella dignum operculum*, such a patron, such a clerk; the care is well supplied, and all parties pleased. So that is still verified in our age, which Chrysostom complained of in his time, *Qui opulentiores sunt, in ordinem parasitorum cogunt eos, et ipsos tanquam canes ad mensas suas enutriunt, eorumque impudentes Ventres iniquarum cœnarum reliquiis differtiunt, iisdem pro arbitrio abutentes*: Rich men keep these lecturers, and fawning parasites, like so many dogs at their tables, and filling their hungry guts with the offals of their meat, they abuse them at their pleasure, and make them say what they propose. "As children do by a bird or a butterfly in a string, pull in and let him out as they list, do they by their trencher chaplains, prescribe, command their wits, let in and out as to them it seems best." If the patron be precise, so must his chaplain be; if he be papistical, his clerk must be so too, or else be turned out. These are those clerks which serve the turn, whom they commonly entertain, and present to church livings, whilst in the meantime we that are University men, like so many hide-bound calves in a pasture, tarry out our time, wither away as a flower ungathered in a garden, and are never used; or as so many candles, illuminate ourselves alone, obscuring one another's light, and are not discerned here at all the least of which, translated to a dark room, or to some country benefice, where it might shine apart, would give a fair light, and be seen over all. Whilst we lie waiting here as those sick men did at the Pool of Bethesda, till the Angel stirred the water, expecting a good hour, they step between, and beguile us of our preferment. I have not yet said, if after long expectation, much expense, travel, earnest suit of ourselves and friends, we obtain a small benefice at last; our misery begins afresh, we are suddenly encountered with the flesh, world, and devil, with a new onset; we change a quiet life for an ocean of troubles, we come to a ruinous

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house, which before it be habitable, must be necessarily to our great damage repaired; we are compelled to sue for dilapidations, or else sued ourselves, and scarce yet settled, we are called upon for our predecessor's arrearages; first-fruits, tenths, subsidies, are instantly to be paid, benevolence, procurations, &c., and which is most to be feared, we light upon a cracked title, as it befel Clenard, of Brabant, for his rectory and charge of his *Beginae*; he is no sooner inducted, but instantly sued, *cœpimusque* (saith he) *strenue litigare, et implacabili bello configere*: at length, after ten years' suit, as long as Troy's siege, when he had tired himself and spent his money, he was fain to leave all for quietness' sake, and give it up to his adversary. Or else we are insulted over, and trampled on by domineering officers, fleeced by those greedy harpies to get more fees; we stand in fear of some precedent lapse; We fall amongst refractory, seditious sectaries, peevish puritans, perverse papists, a lascivious rout of atheistical Epicures, that will not be reformed, or some litigious people (those wild beasts of Ephesus must be fought with) that will not pay their dues without much repining, or compelled by long suit; *Laici clericis oppido infesti*, an old axiom, all they think well gotten that is had from the church, and by such uncivil, harsh dealings, they make their poor minister weary of his place, if not his life; and put case they be quiet honest men, make the best of it, as often it falls out, from a polite and terse academic, he must turn rustic, rude, melancholise alone, learn to forget, or else, as many do, become maltsters, graziers, chapmen, &c. (now banished from the academy, all commerce of the muse; and confined to a country village, as Ovid was from Rome to Pontus), and daily converse with a company of idiots and clowns.

As for ourselves (for neither are we free from this fault) the same guilt, the same crime, may be objected against us: for it is through our fault, negligence, and avarice, that so many and such shameful corruptions occur in the church (both the temple and the Deity are offered for sale), that such sordidness is introduced, such impiety committed, such wickedness, such a mad gulf of wretchedness and irregularity -- these I say arise from all our faults, but more particularly from ours of the University. We are the nursery in which those ills are bred with which the state is afflicted; we voluntarily introduce them, and are deserving of every opprobrium and suffering, since we do not afterwards encounter them according to our strength. For what better can we expect when so many poor, beggarly fellows, men of every order, are readily and without election, admitted to degrees? Who, if they can only commit to memory a few definitions and divisions, and pass the customary period in the study of logics, no matter with what effect, whatever sort they prove to be, idiots, triflers, idlers, gamblers, sots, sensualists,

"-- mere ciphers in the book of life
Like those who boldly woo'd Ulysses' wife;
Born to consume the fruits of earth: in truth,
As vain and idle as Pheacia's youth;"

only let them have passed the stipulated period in the university, and professed themselves collegians: either for the sake of profit, or through the influence of their friends, they obtain a presentation; nay, sometimes even accompanied by brilliant eulogies upon their morals and acquirements; and when they are about to take leave, they are honoured with the most flattering literary testimonials in their favour, by those who undoubtedly sustain a loss of reputation in granting them. For doctors and

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professors (as an author says) are anxious about one thing only, viz., that out of their various callings they may promote their own advantage, and convert the public loss into their private gains. For our annual officers wish this only, that those who commence, whether they are taught or untaught is of no moment, shall be sleek, fat, pigeons, worth the plucking. The Philosophastic are admitted to a degree in Arts, because they have no acquaintance with them. And they are desired to be wise men, because they are endowed with no wisdom, and bring no qualification for a degree, except the wish to have it. The Theologastic (only let them pay) thrice learned, are promoted to every academic honour. Hence it is that so many vile buffoons, so many idiots everywhere, placed in the twilight of letters, the mere ghosts of scholars, wanderers in the market place, vagrants, barbels, mushrooms, dolts, asses, a growling herd, with unwashed feet, break into the sacred precincts of theology, bringing nothing along with them but an impudent front, some vulgar trifles and foolish scholastic technicalities, unworthy of respect even at the crossing of the highways. This is the unworthy, vagrant, voluptuous race, fitter for the hog-sty (*haram*) than the altar (*aram*), that basely prostitute divine literature; these are they who fill the pulpits, creep into the palaces of our nobility after all other prospects of existence fail them, owing to their imbecility of body and mind, and their being incapable of sustaining any other parts in the commonwealth; to this sacred refuge they fly, undertaking the office of the ministry, not from sincerity, but as St. Paul says, huckstering the word of God. Let not any one suppose that it is here intended to detract from those many exemplary men of which the Church of England may boast, learned, eminent, and of spotless fame, for they are more numerous in that than in any other church of Europe: not from those most learned universities which constantly send forth men endued with every form of virtue. And these seminaries would produce a still greater number of inestimable scholars hereafter if sordidness did not obscure the splendid light, corruption interrupt, and certain truckling harpies and beggars envy them their usefulness. Nor can any one be so blind as not to perceive this -- any so stolid as not to understand it -- any so perverse as not to acknowledge how sacred Theology has been contaminated by those notorious idiots, and the celestial Muse treated with profanity. Vile and shameless souls (says Luther) for the sake of gain, like flies to a milk-pail, crowd round the tables of the nobility in expectation of a church living, any office, or honour, and flock into any public hall or city ready to accept of any employment that may offer.

"A thing of wood and wires by others played."

Following the paste as the parrot, they stutter out any thing in hopes of reward: obsequious parasites, says Erasmus, teach, say, write, admire, approve, contrary to their conviction, anything you please, not to benefit the people but to improve their own fortunes. They subscribe to any opinions and decisions contrary to the word of God, that they may not offend their patron but retain the favour of the great, the applause of the multitude, and thereby acquire riches for themselves; for they approach Theology, not that they may perform a sacred duty, but make a fortune: not to promote the interest of the church, but to pillage it: seeking, as Paul says, not the things which are of Jesus Christ, but what may be their own: not the treasure of their Lord, but the enrichment of themselves and their followers. Nor does this evil belong

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to those of humbler birth and fortunes only, it possesses the middle and higher ranks, *bishops excepted*.

"O Pontiffs, tell the efficacy of gold in sacred matters!" Avarice often leads the highest men astray, and men, admirable in all other respects: these find a salvo for simony; and, striking against this rock of corruption, they do not shear but flay the flock; and, wherever they teem, plunder, exhaust, raze, making shipwreck of their reputation, if not of their souls also. Hence it appears that this malady did not flow from the humblest to the highest classes, but *vice versa*, so that the maxim is true although spoken in jest -- "he bought first, therefore has the best right to sell." For a Simoniac, (that I may use the phraseology of Leo) has not received a favour: since he has not received one he does not possess one; and since he does not possess one he cannot confer one. So far indeed are some of those who are placed at the helm from promoting others, that they completely obstruct them, from a consciousness of the means by which themselves obtained the honour. For he who imagines that they emerged from their obscurity through their learning, is deceived; indeed, whoever supposes promotion to be the reward of genius, erudition, experience, probity, piety, and poetry (which formerly was the case, but now-a-days is only premised) is evidently deranged. How or when this malady commenced, I shall not further inquire; but from these beginnings, this accumulation of vices, all her calamities and miseries have been brought upon the Church; hence such frequent acts of simony, complaints, fraud, impostures -- from this one fountain spring all its its conspicuous iniquities. I shall not press the question of ambition and courtly flattery, lest they may be chagrined about luxury, base examples of life, which offend the honest, wanton drinking parties, &c. Yet, hence is that academic squalor, the muses now look sad, since every low fellow ignorant of the arts, by those very arts rises, is promoted, and grows rich, distinguished by ambitious titles, and puffed up by his numerous honours: he just shows himself to the vulgar, and by his stately carriage displays a species of majesty, a remarkable solicitude, letting down a flowing beard, decked in a brilliant toga resplendent with purple, and respected also on account of the splendour of his household and number of his servants. There are certain statues placed in sacred edifices that seem to sink under their load, and almost to perspire, when in reality they are void of sensation, and do not contribute to the stony stability, so these men would wish to look like Atlases, when they are no better than statues of stone, insignificant scrubs, funguses, dolts, little different from stone statues. Meanwhile really learned men, endowed with all that can adorn a holy life, men who have endured the heat of mid-day, by some unjust lot obey these dizzards, content probably with a miserable salary, known by honest appellations, humble, obscure, although eminently worthy, needy, leading a private life without honour, buried alive in some poor benefice, or incarcerated for ever in their college chambers, lying hid ingloriously. But I am unwilling to stir this sink any longer or any deeper: hence those tears, this melancholy habit of the muses; hence (that I may speak with Secellius, is it that religion is brought into disrepute and contempt, and the priesthood abject: (and since this is so, I must speak out and use the filthy witticism of the filthy) a fœtid crowd, poor, sordid, melancholy, miserable, despicable, contemptible.

MEMB. IV

SUBSECT. I.-- *Non-necessary, remote, outward adventitious, or accidental causes: as first from the Nurse.*

OF those remote, outward, ambient, necessary causes, I have sufficiently discoursed in the precedent member, the non-necessary follow; of which, saith Fuchsius, no art can be made, by reason of their uncertainty, casualty, and multitude; so called "not necessary" because according to Fernelius, "they may be avoided, and used without necessity." Many of these accidental causes, which I shall entreat of here, might have well been reduced to the former, because they cannot be avoided, but fatally happen to us, though accidentally, and unawares, at some time or other: the rest are contingent and inevitable, and more properly inserted in this rank of causes. To reckon up all is a thing impossible; of some therefore most remarkable of these contingent causes which produce melancholy, I will briefly speak and in their order.

From a child's nativity, the first ill accident that can likely befall him in this kind is a bad nurse, by whose means alone he may be tainted with this malady from his cradle, Aulus Gellius *l. 12. c. 1.* brings in Phavorinus, that eloquent philosopher, proving this at large, "that there is the same virtue and property in the milk as in the seed, and not in men alone, but in all other creatures; he gives instance in a kid and lamb, if either of them suck of the other's milk, the lamb of the goat's, or the kid of the ewe's, the wool of the one will be hard, and the hair of the other soft." Giraldus Cambrensis *Itinerar. Cambriae, l. 1. c. 2.* confirms this by a notable example which happened in his time. A sow-pig by chance sucked a brach, and when he was grown, "would miraculously hunt all manner of deer, and that as well, or rather better, than any ordinary hound." His conclusion is, "that men and beasts participate of her nature and conditions by whose milk they are fed." Phavorinus urges it further, and demonstrates it more evidently, that if a nurse be "misshapen, unchaste, dishonest, impudent, cruel, or the like, the child that sucks upon her breast will be so too;" all other affections of the mind and diseases are almost ingrafted, as it were, and imprinted into the temperature of the infant, by the nurse's milk; as pox, leprosy, melancholy, &c. Cato for some such reason would make his servants' children suck upon his wife's breast, because by that means they would love him and his the better, and in all likelihood agree with them. A more evident example that the minds are altered by milk cannot be given, than that of Dion, which he relates of Caligula's cruelty; it could neither be imputed to father nor mother, but to his cruel nurse alone, that anointed her paps with blood still when he sucked, which made him such a murderer, and to express her cruelty to a hair: and that of Tiberius, who was a common drunkard, because his nurse was such a one. *Et si delira fuerit* (one observes) *infantulum delirum faciet*, if she be a fool or dolt, the child she nurseth will take after her, or otherwise be misaffected; which Franciscus Barbarus, *l. 2. c. ult. de re uxoria*, proves at full, and Ant. Guivarra. *lib. 2. de Marco Aurelio*: the child will surely participate. For bodily sickness there is no doubt to be made. Titus, Vespasian's son, was therefore sickly, because the nurse was so, Lampridius. And if we may believe

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physicians, many times children catch the pox from a bad nurse, Botaldus, *cap.* 61. *de lue vener.* Besides evil attendance, negligence, and many gross inconveniences, which are incident to nurses, much danger may so come to the child. For these causes Aristotle, *Polit. lib. 7. c. 17.* Phavorinus and Marcus Aurelius would not have a child put to nurse at all, but every mother to bring up her own, of what condition soever she be; for a sound and able mother to put out her child to nurse, is *naturæ intemperies*, so Guatso calls it, 'tis fit therefore she should be nurse herself; the mother will be more careful, loving, and attendant, than any servile woman, or such hired creatures; this all the world acknowledgeth, *convenientissimum est* (as Rod. a Castro *de nat. mulierum, lib. 4. c. 12.* in many words confesseth) *matrem ipsam lactare infantem*, "It is most fit that the mother should suckle her own infant"-- who denies that it should be so?-- and which some women most curiously observe; amongst the rest, that queen of France, a Spaniard by birth, that was so precise and zealous in this behalf, that when in her absence a strange nurse had suckled her child, she was never quiet till she had made the infant vomit it up again. But she was too jealous. If it be so, as many times it is, they must be put forth, the mother be not fit or well able to be a nurse, I would then advise such mothers, as Plutarch doth in his book *de liberis educandis*, and S. Hierom, *li. 2. epist. 27. Lætæ de institut. fil.* Magninus *part. 2. Reg. sanit. cap. 7.* and the said Rodericus, that they make choice of a sound woman, of a good complexion, honest, free from bodily diseases, if it be possible, all passions and perturbations of the mind, as sorrow, fear, grief, folly, melancholy. For such passions corrupt the milk, and alter the temperature of the child, which now being *Udum et molle lutum*, "a moist and soft clay" is easily seasoned and perverted. And if such a nurse may be found out, that will be diligent and careful withal, let Phavorinus and M. Aurelius plead how they can against it, I had rather accept of her in some cases than the mother herself and which Bonacialis the physician, Nic. Biesius the politician, *lib. 4. de repub. cap. 8.* approves, "Some nurses are much to be preferred to some mothers." For why may not the mother be naught, peevish drunken flirt, a waspish choleric slut, a crazed piece, a fool (as many mothers are), unsound, as soon as the nurse? There is more choice of nurses than mothers; and therefore except the mother be most virtuous, staid, a woman of excellent good parts, and of a sound complexion, I would have all children in such cases committed to discreet strangers. And 'tis the only way; as by marriage they are ingrafted to other families to alter the breed, or if anything be amiss in the mother, as Ludovicus Mercatus contends, *Tom. 2. lib. de morb. hæred.* to prevent diseases and future maladies, to correct and qualify the child's ill-disposed temperature, which he had from his parents. This is an excellent remedy, if good choice be made of such a nurse.

SUBSECT. II.-- *Education a Cause of Melancholy.*

EDUCATION, of these accidental causes of Melancholy, may justly challenge the next place, for if a man escape a bad nurse, he may be undone by evil bringing up. Jason Pratensis puts this of education for a principal cause; bad parents, step-mothers, tutors, masters, teachers, too rigorous, too severe, too remiss or indulgent on the other side, are often fountains and fartherers of this disease. Parents and such as have the tuition and oversight of children, offend many times in that they are too stern, always threatening, chiding, brawling, whipping, or striking; by means of which their poor children are so disheartened and cowed, that they never after have any courage, a merry hour in their lives, or take pleasure in any thing. There is a great moderation to be had in such things, as matters of so great moment to the making or marring of a child. Some fright their children with beggars, bugbears, and hobgoblins, if they cry, or be otherwise unruly: but they are much to blame in it, many times, saith Lavater, *de spectris*, part 1. *cap. 5. ex metu in morbos graves incidunt et noctu dormientes clamant*, for fear they fall into many diseases, and cry out in their sleep, and are much the worse for it all their lives: these things ought not at all, or to be sparingly done, and upon just occasion. Tyrannical, impatient, hare-brained schoolmasters, *aridi magistri*, so Fabius terms them *Ajaces flagelliferi*, are in this kind as bad as hangmen and executioners, they make many children endure a martyrdom all the while they are at school, with bad diet, if they board in their houses, too much severity and ill-usage, they quite pervert their temperature of body and mind: still chiding, railing, frowning, lashing, tasking, keeping, that they are *fracti animis*, moped many times weary of their lives, *nimia severitate deficiunt et desperant*, and think no slavery in the world (as once I did myself) like to that of a grammar scholar. *Præceptorum ineptiis discruciantur ingenia puerorum*, (The pupil's faculties are perverted by the indiscretion of the master) saith Erasmus, they tremble at his voice, looks, coming in. St. Austin, in the first book of his *confess. et 4. ca.* calls this schooling *meticulosam necessitatem*, and elsewhere a martyrdom, and confesseth of himself; how cruelly he was tortured in mind for learning Greek, *nulla verba noveram, et sævis terroribus et pænis, ut nossem, instabatur mihi vehementer*, I knew nothing, and with cruel terrors and punishment I was daily compelled. Beza complains in like case of a rigorous schoolmaster in Paris, that made him by his continual thunder and threats once in a mind to drown himself; had he not met by the way with an uncle of his that vindicated him from that misery for the time, by taking him to his house. Trincavellius, *lib. 1. consil. 16.* had a patient nineteen years of age, extremely melancholy, *ob nimium studium, Tarvitii et preceptoris minas*, by reason of overmuch study, and his tutor's threats. Many masters are hard-hearted, and bitter to their servants, and by means do so deject, with terrible speeches and hard usage so crucify them, that they become desperate, and can never be recalled.

Others again, in that opposite extreme, do as great harm by their too much remissness, they give them no bringing up, no calling to busy themselves about, or to live in, teach them no trade, or set them in any good course; by means of which their servants, children, scholars, are carried away with that stream of drunkenness, idleness, gaming, and many such irregular courses, that in the end they rue it, curse

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their parents, and mischief themselves. Too much indulgence causeth the like, *inepta patris lenitas et facilitas prava*, when as Mitio-like, with too much liberty and too great allowance, they feed their children's humours, let them revel, wench, riot, swagger, and do what they will themselves, and then punish them with noise of musicians;

"Obsonet, potet, oleat unguenta de meo:
Amat? dabitur a me argentum ubi erit commodum.
Fores effregit? restituentur: descendit
Vestem? rearsarcietur.-- Faciat quod lubet.
Sumat, consumat, perdat, decretum est pati."

(Let him feast, drink, perfume himself at my expense: If he be in love, I shall supply him with money. Has he broken in the gates? they shall be repaired. Has he torn his garments? they shall be replaced. Let him do what he pleases, take, spend, waste, I am resolved to submit.)

But as Demeo told him, *tu illum corrumpi sinis*, your lenity will be his undoing, *prævidere videor jam diem illum, quum hic egens profugiet aliquo militatum*, I foresee his ruin. So parents often err, many fond mothers especially, dote so much upon their children, like Æsop's ape, till in the end they crush them to death, *Corporum nutrices animarum novercæ*, pampering up their bodies to the undoing of their souls; they will not let them be corrected or controlled, but still soothed up in every thing they do, that in conclusion "they bring sorrow, shame, heaviness to their parents (Ecclus. *cap.* xxx. 8, 9.) become wanton, stubborn, wilful, and disobedient; rude, untaught, headstrong, incorrigible, and graceless;" "they love them so foolishly," saith Cardan, "that they rather seem to hate them, bringing them not up to virtue but injury, not to learning but to riot, not to sober life and conversation, but to all pleasure and licentious behaviour." Who is he of so little experience that knows not this of Fabius to be true! "Education is another nature, altering the mind and will, and I would to God (saith he) we ourselves did not spoil our children's manners, by our overmuch cockering and nice education, and weaken the strength of their bodies and minds, that causeth custom, custom nature," &c. For these causes Plutarch in his book *de lib. educ.* and Hierom, *epist. lib. 1. epist. 17. to Læta de institut. filiæ*, gives a most especial charge to all parents, and many good cautions about bringing up of children, that they be not committed to indiscreet, passionate, bedlam tutors, light, giddy-headed, or covetous persons, and spare for no cost, that they may be well nurtured and taught, it being a matter of so great consequence. For such parents as do otherwise, Plutarch esteems of them "that are more careful of their shoes than of their feet," that rate their wealth above their children. And he, saith Cardan, "that leaves his son to a covetous schoolmaster to be informed, or to a close Abbey to fast and learn wisdom together, doth no other, than that he be a learned fool, or a sickly wise man."

SUBSECT. III.-- *Terrors and Affrights, Causes of Melancholy.*

TULLY, in the fourth of his Tusculans, distinguishes these terrors which arise from the apprehension of some terrible object heard or seen, from other fears, and so doth Patritius, *lib. 5. Tit. 4. de regis institut.* Of all fears they are most pernicious and violent, and so suddenly alter the whole temperature of the body, move the soul and spirits, strike such a deep impression, that the parties can never be recovered, causing more grievous and fiercer melancholy, as Felix Plater, *c. 3. dementis alienat.* speaks out of his experience, than any inward cause whatsoever: and imprints itself so forcibly in the spirits, brain, humours, that if all the mass of blood were let out of the body, it could hardly be extracted. This horrible kind of melancholy (for so he terms it) had been often brought before him, "and troubles and affrights commonly men and women, young and old of all sorts." Hercules de Saxonia calls this kind of melancholy (*ab agitatione spirituum*) by a peculiar name, it comes from the agitation, motion, contraction, dilatation of spirits, not from any distemperature of humours, and produceth strong effects. This terror is most usually caused, as Plutarch will have, from some imminent danger, when a terrible object is at hand, heard, seen, or conceived, "truly appearing, or in a dream:" and many times the more sudden the accident, it is the more violent.

"Stat terror animis, et cor attonitum salit,
Pavidumque trepidis palpitat venis jecur."

"Their souls affright, their heart amazed quakes,
The trembling liver pants i' th' veins, and aches."

Arthemedorus the grammarian lost his wits by the unexpected sight of a crocodile, Laurentius, 7. *de melan.* The massacre at Lyons, 1572, in the reign of Charles IX., was so terrible and fearful, that many ran mad, some died, great-bellied women were brought to bed before their time, generally all affrighted aghast. Many lose their wits "by the sudden sight of some spectrum or devil, a thing very common in all ages," saith Lavater, *part 1. cap. 9.* as Orestes did at the sight of the Furies, which appeared to him in black (as Pausanias records). The Greeks call them μοζμολυχεια, [mozmolychēia] which so terrify their souls, or if they be but affrighted by some counterfeit devils in jest,

"-- ut pueri trepidant, atque omnia cæcis
In tenebris metuunt --"

as children in the dark conceive hobgoblins, and are so afraid, they are the worse for it all their lives. Some by sudden fires, earthquakes, inundations, or any such dismal objects: Themison the physician fell into a hydrophobia, by seeing one sick of that disease: (Dioscurides *l. 6. c. 33.*) or by the sight of a monster, a carcase, they are

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disquieted many months following, and cannot endure the room where a corpse hath been, for a world would not be alone with a dead man, or lie in that bed many years after in which a man hath died. At Basel many little children in the spring time went to gather flowers in a meadow at the town's end, where a malefactor hung in gibbets; all gazing at it, one by chance flung a stone, and made it stir, by which accident, the children affrighted ran away; one slower than the rest, looking back, and seeing the stirred carcase wag towards her, cried out it came after, and was so terribly affrighted, that for many days she could not rest, eat, or sleep, she could not be pacified, but melancholy, died. In the same town another child, beyond the Rhine, saw a grave opened, and upon the sight of a carcase, was so troubled in mind that she could not be comforted, but a little after departed, and was buried up. Platerus, *observat. l. 1*, a gentlewoman of the same city saw a fat hog cut up, when the entrails were opened, and a noisome savour offended her nose, she much misliked, and would not longer abide: a physician in presence told her, as that hog, so was she, full of filthy excrements, and aggravated the matter by some other loathsome instances, insomuch this nice gentlewoman apprehended it so deeply, that she fell forthwith a-vomiting, was so mightily distempered in mind and body, that with all his art and persuasions, for some months after, he could not restore her to herself again, she could not forget it, or remove the object out of her sight, *Idem*. Many cannot endure to see a wound opened, but they are offended: a man executed, or labour of any fearful disease, as possession, apoplexies, one bewitched; or if they read by chance of some terrible thing, the symptoms alone of such a disease, or that which they dislike, they are instantly troubled in mind, aghast, ready to apply it to themselves, they are as much disquieted as if they had seen it, or were so affected themselves. *Hecatas sibi videntur somniare*, they dream and continually think of it. As lamentable effects are caused by such terrible objects heard, read, or seen, *auditus maximos motus in corpora facit*, as Plutarch holds, no sense makes greater alteration of body and mind: sudden speech sometimes, unexpected news, be they good or bad, *prævisa minus oratio*, will move as much, *animum obruere, et de sede sua dejicere*, as a philosopher observes, will take away our sleep and appetite, disturb and quite overturn us. Let them bear witness that have heard those tragical alarms, outcries, hideous noises, which are many times suddenly heard in the dead of the night by irruption of enemies and accidental fires, &c., those panic fears, which often drive men out of their wits, bereave them of sense, understanding and all, some for a time, some for their whole lives, they never recover it. The Midianites were so affrighted by Gideon's soldiers, they breaking but every one a pitcher; and Hannibal's army by such a panic fear was discomfited at the walls of Rome. Augusta Livia hearing a few tragical verses recited out of Virgil, *Tu Marcellus eris, &c.*, fell down dead in a swoon. Edinus king of Denmark, by a sudden sound which he heard, "was turned into fury with all his men," Crauzius, *l. 5, Dan. hist. et Alexander ab Alexandro l. 3. c. 5*. Amatus Lusitanus had a patient, that by reason of bad tidings became epilepticus, *cen. 2. cura 90*, Cardan *subtil. l. 18*, saw one that lost his wits by mistaking of an echo. If one sense alone can cause such violent commotions of the mind, what may we think when hearing, sight, and those other senses are all troubled at once? as by some earthquakes, thunder, lightning, tempest; &c. At Bologna in Italy, Anno 1504, there was such a fearful earthquake about eleven o'clock in the night (as Beroaldus, in his book *de terræ motu*, hath commended to posterity) that all the city trembled, the people thought the world was at an end, *actum de mortalibus*, such a fearful noise, it made such a detestable smell, the inhabitants were infinitely affrighted, and some ran mad. *Audi rem atrocem, at annalibus memorandam* (mine author adds), hear a strange story, and worthy to be chronicled: I

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had a servant at the same time called Fulco Argelanus, a bold and proper man, so grievously terrified with it, that he was first melancholy, after doted, at last mad, and made away himself: At Fuscinum in Japona "there was such an earthquake, and darkness on a sudden, that many men were offended with headache, many overwhelmed with sorrow and melancholy. At Meacum whole streets and goodly palaces were overturned at the same time, and there was such a hideous noise withal, like thunder, and filthy smell, that their hair started for fear, and their hearts quaked, men and beasts were incredibly terrified. In Sacai, another city, the same earthquake was terrible unto them, that many were bereft of their senses; and others by that horrible spectacle so much amazed, that they knew not what they did." Blasius, a Christian, the reporter of the news, was so affrighted for his part, that though it were two months after, he was scarce his own man, neither could he drive the remembrance of it out of his mind. Many time, some years following, they will tremble afresh at the remembrance or conceit of such a terrible object, even all their lives long, if mention be made of it. Cornelius Agrippa relates out of Gulielmus Parisiensis, a story of one, that after a distasteful purge which a physician had prescribed unto him, was so much moved, "that at the very sight of physic he would be distempered," though he never so much as smelled to it, the box of physic long after would give him a purge; nay, the very remembrance of it did effect it; "like travellers and seamen," saith Plutarch, "that when they have been sanded, or dashed on a rock, for ever after fear not that mischance only, but all such dangers whatsoever."

SUBSECT. IV.-- Scoffs, Calumnies, bitter Jests, how they cause Melancholy

IT is an old saying, "A blow with a word strikes deeper than a blow with a sword" and many men are as much galled with a calumny, a scurrilous and bitter jest, a libel, a pasquil, satire, apologue, epigram, stage-play or the like, as with any misfortune whatsoever. Princes and potentates that are otherwise happy, and have all at command, secure and free, *quibus potentia sceleris impunitatem fecit*, are grievously vexed with these pasquilling libels, and satires: they fear a railing Aretine more than an enemy in the field, which made most princes of his time (as some relate) "allow him a liberal pension, that he should not tax them in his satires." The gods had their Momus, Homer his Zoilus, Achilles his Thersites, Philip his Demades: the Cæsars themselves in Rome were commonly taunted. There was never wanting a Petronius, a Lucian in those times, nor will be a Rabelais, an Euphormio, a Boccalinus in ours. Adran the sixth pope was so highly offended, and grievously vexed with Pasquillers at Rome, he gave command that his statue should be demolished and burned, the ashes flung into the river Tiber, and had done it forthwith, had not Lodovicus Suessanus, a facete companion, dissuaded him to the contrary, by telling him, that Pasquil's ashes would turn to frogs in the bottom of the river, and croak worse and louder than before, -- *genus irritabile vatum*, and therefore Socrates in Plato adviseth all his friends, "that respect their credits, to stand in awe of poets, for they are terrible fellows, can praise and dispraise as they see cause." *Hinc quam sit calamus sævior ense, patet*. The prophet David complains, Psalm cxxiii. 4. "that his soul was full of the mocking of the wealthy, and of the despitefulness of the proud," and Psalm lv. 4. "for the voice of the wicked, &c., and their hate: his heart trembled within him, and the terrors of death came upon him; fear and horrible fear," &c., and Psalm lxix. 20. "Rebuke hath broken my heart, and I am full of heaviness." Who hath not like cause to complain, and is not so troubled, that shall fall into the mouths of such men? for many are of so petulant a spleen; and have that figure Sarcasmus so often in their mouths, so bitter, so foolish, as Baltasar Castilio notes of them, that "they cannot speak, but they must bite;" they had rather lose a friend than a jest; and what company soever they come in, they will be scoffing, insulting over their inferiors, especially over such as any way depend upon them, humouring, misusing, or putting gulleries on some or other till they have made by their humouring or gulling *ex stulto insanum*, a mope or a noddie, and all to make themselves merry:

"-- dummodo risum

Excutiat sibi; non hic cuiquam pareit amico;"

(Hor. ser. lib. 2 sat. 4 "Provided he can only excite laughter, he spares not his best friend.")

Friends, neuters, enemies, all are as one, to make a fool a madman, is their sport, and they have no greater felicity than to scoff and deride others; they must sacrifice to the

god of laughter, with them in Apuleius, once a day, or else they shall be melancholy themselves; they care not how they grind and misuse others, so they may exhilarate their own persons. Their wits indeed serve them to that sole purpose, to make sport, to break a scurrile jest, which is *levissimus ingenii fructus*, the froth of wit, as Tully holds, and for this they are often applauded, in all other discourse, dry, barren, stramineous, dull and heavy, here lies their genius, in this they alone excel, please themselves and others. Leo Decimus, that scoffing pope, as Jovius hath registered in the Fourth book of his life, took an extraordinary delight in humouring of silly fellows, and to put gulleries upon them, by commending some, persuading others to this or that; he made *ex stolidis stultissimos, et maxime ridiculos, ex stultis insanos*; soft fellows, stark noddies; and such as were foolish, quite mad before he left them. One memorable example he recites there, of Tarascomus of Parma, a musician that was so humoured by Leo Decimus, and Bibiena his second in this business, that he thought himself to be a man of most excellent skill (who was indeed a ninny), they "made him set foolish songs, and invent new ridiculous precepts, which they did highly commend," as to tie his arm that played on the lute, to make him strike a sweeter stroke, "and to pull down the Arras hangings, because the voice would be clearer, by reason of the reverberation of the wall." In the like manner they persuaded one Baraballius of Caieta, that he was as good a poet as Petrarch; would have him to be made a laureate poet, and invite all his friends to his instalment; and had so possessed the poor man with a conceit of his excellent poetry, that when some of his more discreet friends told him of his folly, he was very angry with them, and said "they envied his honour, and prosperity:" it was strange (saith Jovius) to see an old man of 60 years, a venerable and grave old man, so gulled. But what cannot such scoffers do, especially if they find a soft creature, on whom they may work? nay, to say truth, who is so wise, or so discreet, that may not be humoured in this kind, especially if some excellent wits shall set upon him; he that made others, if he were so humoured, would be as mad himself as much grieved and tormented; he might cry with him in the comedy, *Proh Jupiter, tu homo me adigas ad insaniam*. For all is in these things as they are taken; if he be a silly soul, and do not perceive it, 'tis well, he may haply make others sport, and be no whit troubled himself; but if he be apprehensive of his folly, and take it to heart, then it torments him worse than any lash: a bitter jest, a slander, a calumny, pierceth deeper than any loss, danger, bodily pain, or injury whatsoever; *laviter enim volat* (it flies swiftly), as Bernard of an arrow, *sed graviter vulnerat* (but wounds deeply), especially if it shall proceed from a virulent tongue, "it cuts (saith David) like a two-edged sword. They shoot bitter words as arrows," Psalm lxiv. 3. "And they smote with their tongues", Jer. xviii. 18. and that so hard, that they leave an incurable wound behind them. Many men are undone by this means, moped, and so dejected, that they are never to be recovered; and of all other men living, those which are actually melancholy, or inclined to it, are most sensible (as being suspicious, choleric, apt to mistake) and impatient of an injury in that kind: they aggravate, and so meditate continually of it, that it is a perpetual corrosive, not to be removed till time wear it out. Although they peradventure that so scoff, do it alone in mirth and merriment, and hold it *optimum aliena frui insania*, an excellent thing to enjoy another man's madness; yet they must know, that it is a mortal sin (as Thomas holds), and as the prophet David denounceth, "they that use it, shall never dwell in God's tabernacle."

Such scurrilous jests, flouts, and sarcasms, therefore, ought not at all to be used; especially to our betters, to those that are in misery, or any way distressed: for to such, *ærumnarum incrementa sunt*, they multiply grief; and as he perceived, *in multis*

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pudor, in multis iracundia, &c., many are ashamed, many vexed, angered, and there is no greater cause or furtherer of melancholy. Martin Cromerus, in the Sixth book of his history, hath a pretty story to this purpose, of Uladislaus, the second king of Poland, and Peter Dunnius, earl of Shrine; they had been hunting late, and were enforced to lodge in a poor cottage. When they went to bed, Uladislaus told the earl in jest, that his wife lay softer with the abbot of Shrine; he not able to contain, replied, *Et tua cum Dabesso*, and yours with Dabessus, a gallant young gentleman in the court, whom Christina the queen loved. *Tetigit id dictum Principis animum*, these words of his so galled the prince, that he was long after *tristis et cogiabundus*, very sad and melancholy for many months; but they were the earl's utter undoing: for when Christina heard of it, she persecuted him to death. Sophia the empress, Justinian's wife, broke a bitter jest upon Narsetes the eunuch, a famous captain then disquieted for an overthrow which he lately had: that he was fitter for a distaff and to keep women company, than to wield a sword, or to be general of an army: but it cost her dear, for he so far distasted it, that he went forthwith to the adverse part, much troubled in his thoughts, caused the Lombards to rebel, and thence procured many miseries to the commonwealth. Tiberius the emperor withheld a legacy from the people of Rome, which his predecessor Augustus had lately given, and perceiving a fellow round a dead corse in the ear, would needs know wherefore he did so; the fellow replied, that he wished the departed soul to signify to Augustus, the commons of Rome were yet unpaid: for this bitter jest the emperor caused him forthwith to be slain, and carry the news himself. For this reason, all those that otherwise approve of jests in some cases, and facete companions, (as who doth not?) let them laugh and be merry, *rumpantur et ilia Codro*, 'tis laudable and fit, those yet will by no means admit them in their companies, that are any way inclined to this malady; *non jocandum cum iis qui miseri sunt, et ærumnosi*, no jesting with a discontented person, 'Tis Castilio's caveat, Jo. Pontanus, and Galateus, and every good man's.

Play with me, but hurt me not:
Jest with me, but shame me not.

Comitas is a virtue between rusticity and scurrility, two extremes, as affability is between flattery and contention, it must not exceed; but be still accompanied with that ἀβλῆα [ablabeia] or innocency, *quæ nemini nocet, omnem injuriæ oblationem abhorrens*, hurts no man, abhors all offer of injury. Though a man be liable to such a jest or obloquy, have been overseen, or committed a foul fact, yet it is no good manners or humanity to upbraid, to hit him in the teeth with his offence, or to scoff at such a one; 'tis an old axiom, *turpis in reum omnis exprobratio* (every reproach uttered against one already condemned, is mean-spirited). I speak not of such as generally tax vice, Barclay, Gentilis, Erasmus, Agrippa, Fishcartus, &c., the Varronists and Lucians of our time, satirists, epigrammatists, comedians, apologists, &c., but such as personate, rail, scoff, calumniate, perstringe by name, or in presence offend;

"Ludit qui stolidi procacitate,
Non est Sestius ille sed caballus;"

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'Tis horse-play this, and those jests (as he saith) "are no better than injuries," biting jests, *mordentes et aculeati*, they are poisoned jests, leave a sting behind them, and ought not to be used.

"Set not thy foot to make the blind to fall;
Nor wilfully offend thy weaker brother:
Nor wound the dead with thy tongues' bitter gall,
Neither rejoice thou in the fall of other."

If these rules could be kept, we should have much more ease and quietness then we have, less melancholy; whereas, on the contrary, we study to misuse each other, how to sting and gall, like two fighting boors, bending all our force and wit, friends, fortune, to crucify one another's souls; by means of which, there is little content and charity, much virulency, hatred, malice, and disquietness among us.

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SUBJECT. V.-- *Loss of Liberty, Servitude, Imprisonment, how they cause Melancholy.*

To this catalogue of causes, I may well annex loss of liberty, servitude, or imprisonment, which to some persons is as great a torture as any of the rest. Though they have all things convenient, sumptuous houses to their use, fair walks and gardens, delicious bowers, galleries, good fare and diet, and all things correspondent, yet they are not content, because they are confined, may not come and go at their pleasure, have and do what they will, but live *aliena quadra*, at another man's table and command. As it is in meats so it is in all other things, places, societies, sports; let them be never so pleasant, commodious, wholesome, so good; yet *omnium rerum est satietas*, there is a loathing satiety of all things. The children of Israel were tired with manna, it is irksome to them so to live, as to a bird in a cage, or a dog in his kennel, they are weary of it. They are happy, it is true, and have all things, to another man's judgment, that heart can wish, or that they themselves can desire, *bona si sua norint*: yet they loathe it, and are tired with the present: *Est natura hominum novitatis avida*; men's nature is still desirous of news, variety, delights; and our wandering affections are so irregular in this kind, that they must change, though it must be to the worst. Bachelors must be married, and married men would be bachelors; they do not love their own wives, though otherwise fair, wise, virtuous, and well qualified, because they are theirs; our present estate is still the worst, we cannot endure one course of life long, *et quod modo voverat, odit*, one calling long, *esse in honore juvat, mox displicet*; one place long, *Romæ Tybur amo, ventosus Tybure Romam*, that which we earnestly sought, we now contemn. *Hoc quosdam agit ad mortem* (saith Seneca) *quod proposita sæpe mutando in eadem revolvuntur, et non relinquunt novitati locum: Fastidio cepit esse vita, et ipse mundus, et subit illud rapidissimarum deliciarum, Quousque eadem?* this alone kills many a man, that they are tied to the same still, as a horse in a mill, a dog in a wheel, they run round, without alteration or news, their life groweth odious, the world loathsome, and that which crosseth their furious delights, what? still the same? Marcus Aurelius and Solomon, that had experience of all worldly delights and pleasure, confessed as much of themselves; what they most desired, was tedious at last, and that their lust could never be satisfied, all was vanity and affliction of mind.

Now if it be death itself another hell, to be gluttoned with one kind of sport, dieted with one dish, tied to one place; though they have all things otherwise as they can desire, and are in heaven to another man's opinion, what misery and discontent shall they have, that live in slavery, or in prison itself? *Quod tristius morte, in servitute vivendum*, as Hermolaus told Alexander in Curtius, worse than death is bondage: *hoc animo scito omnes fortes ut mortem servituti anteponant*, All brave men at arms (Tully holds) are so affected. *Equidem ego is sum qui servitutem extremum omnium malorum esse arbitror*: I am he (saith Boterus) that account servitude the extremity of misery. And what calamity do they endure, that live with those hard taskmasters, in gold mines (like those 30,000 Indian slaves at Potosi, in Peru), tin-mines, lead-mines, stone-quarries, coal-pits, like so many mouldwarps under ground, condemned to the galleys, to perpetual drudgery, hunger, thirst, and stripes, without

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all hope of delivery. How are those women in Turkey affected, that most part of the year come not abroad; those Italian and Spanish dames, that are mewed up like hawks, and locked up by their jealous husbands? how tedious is it to them that live in stoves and caves half a year together? as in Iceland, Muscovy, or under the pole itself where they have six months' perpetual night. Nay, what misery and discontent do they endure, that are in prison? They want all those six non-natural things at once, good air, good diet, exercise, company, sleep, rest, ease, &c., that are bound in chains all day long, suffer hunger, and (as Lucian describes it) "must abide that filthy stink, and rattling of chains, howlings, pitiful outcries, that prisoners usually make; these things are not only troublesome, but intolerable." They lie nastily among toads and frogs in a dark dungeon, in their own dung; in pain of body, in pain of soul, as Joseph did, Psalm cv. 18, "They hurt his feet in the stocks, the iron entered his soul." They live solitary, alone, sequestered from all company but heart-eating melancholy; and for want of meat, must eat that bread of affliction, prey upon themselves. Well might Arculanus put long imprisonment for a cause, especially to such as have lived jovially, in all sensuality and lust, upon a sudden are estranged and debarred from all manner of pleasures: as were Huniades, Edward, and Richard II., Valerian the Emperor, Bajazet the Turk. If it be irksome to miss our ordinary companions and repast for once a day, or an hour, what shall it be to lose them for ever? If it be so great a delight to live at liberty, and to enjoy that variety of objects the world affords; what misery and discontent must it needs bring to him, that shall now be cast headlong into that Spanish inquisition, to fall from heaven to hell, to be cubbed up upon a sudden, how shall he be perplexed, what shall become of him? Robert Duke of Normandy being imprisoned by his youngest brother Henry I., *ab illo die inconsolabili dolore in carcere contabuit*, saith Matthew Paris, from that day forward pined away with grief. Jugurtha that generous captain, "brought to Rome in triumph, and after imprisoned, through anguish of his soul, and melancholy, died." Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, the second man from King Stephen, (he that built that famous castle of Devizes in Wiltshire), was so tortured in prison with hunger, and all those calamities accompanying such men, *ut vivere noluerit, non nescierit*, he would not live, and could not die, between fear of death, and torments of life. Francis, King of France, was taken prisoner by Charles V., *ad mortem fere melancholicus*, saith Guicciardini, melancholy almost to death, and that in an instant. But this is as clear as the sun, and needs no further illustration.

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SUBSECT. VI.-- *Poverty and Want, Causes of Melancholy.*

POVERTY and want are so violent oppugners, so unwelcome guests, so much abhorred of all men, that I may not omit to speak of them apart. Poverty, although (if considered aught, to a wise, understanding, truly regenerate, and contented man) it be *donum Dei*, a blessed estate, the way to heaven, as Chrysostom calls it, God's gift, the mother of modesty, and much to be preferred before riches (as shall be shown in his place), yet as it is esteemed in the world's censure, it is a most odious calling, vile and base, a severe torture, *summum scelus*, a most intolerable burden; we shun it all, *cane pejus et angue* (worse than a dog or a snake), we abhor the name of it, *Paupertas fugitur, totoque arcessitur orbe*, as being the fountain of all other miseries, cares, woes, labours, and grievances whatsoever. To avoid which, we will take any pains,-- *extremos currit mercator ad Indos*, we will leave no haven, no coast, no creek of the world unsearched, though it be to the hazard of our lives; we will dive to the bottom of the sea, to the bowels of the earth, five, six, seven, eight, nine hundred fathom deep, through all five zones, and both extremes of heat and cold: we will turn parasites and slaves, prostitute ourselves, swear and lie, damn our bodies and souls, forsake God, abjure religion, steal, rob, murder, rather than endure this insufferable yoke of poverty, which doth so tyrannise, crucify, and generally depress us.

For look into the world, and you shall see men most part esteemed according to their means, and happy as they are rich: *Ubique tanti quisque quantum habuit fuit*. If he be likely to thrive, and in the way of preferment, who but he? In the vulgar opinion, if a man be wealthy, no matter how he gets it, of what parentage, how qualified, how virtuously endowed, or villainously inclined; let him be a bawd, a gripe, an usurer, a villain, a pagan, a barbarian, a wretch, Lucian's tyrant, "on whom you may look with less security than on the sun;" so that he be rich (and liberal withal) he shall be honoured, admired, adored, revered, and highly magnified. "The rich is had in reputation because of his goods," Eccl. x. 31. He shall be befriended: "for riches gather many friends," Prov. xix. 4.-- *multos numerabit amicos*, all happiness ebbs and flows with his money. He shall be accounted a gracious lord, a Mecænas, a benefactor, a wise, discreet, a proper, a valiant, a fortunate man, of a generous spirit, *Pullus Jovis, et gallinus filius albæ*: a hopeful, a good man, a virtuous, honest man. *Quando ego te Junonium puerum et matris partum vere aureum*, as Tully said of Octavianus, while he was adopted Cæsar, and an heir apparent of so great a monarchy, he was a golden child. All honour, offices, applause, grand titles, and turgent epithets are put upon him, *omnes omnia bona dicere*; all men's eyes are upon him, God bless his good worship, his honour; every man speaks well of him, every man presents him, seeks and sues to him for his love, favour and protection, to serve him, belong unto him, every man riseth to him, as to Themistocles in the Olympics, if he speak, as of Herod, *Vox Dei, non hominis*, the voice of God, not of man. All the graces, Veneres, pleasures, elegances attend him, golden fortune accompanies and lodgeth with him; and as to those Roman emperors, is placed in his chamber.

"-- Secura naviget aura
Fortunamque suo temperet arbitrio:"

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he may sail as he will himself; and temper his estate at his pleasure, jovial days, splendour and magnificence, sweet music, dainty fare, the good things, and fat of the land, fine clothes, rich attires, soft beds, down pillows are at his command, all the world labours for him, thousands of artificers are his slaves to drudge for him, run, ride, and post for him: Divines (for *Pythia Philippisat*), lawyers, physicians, philosophers, scholars are his, wholly devote to his service. Every man seeks his acquaintance, his kindred, to match with him, though he be an oaf; a ninny, a monster, a goosecap, *uxorem ducat Danaën* (He may have Danae to wife), when and whom he will, *hunc optant generum Rex et Regina* -- he is an excellent match for my son, my daughter, my niece, &c. *Quicquid calcaverit hic, Rosa fiet*, let him go whither he will, trumpets sound, bells ring, &c., all happiness attends him, every man is willing to entertain him, he sups in Apollo wheresoever he comes; what preparation is made for his entertainment, fish and fowl, spices and perfumes, all that sea and land affords. What cookery, masking, mirth to exhilarate his person!

"Da Trebio, pone ad Trebium, vis frater ab illis
Ilibus?--"

What dish will your good worship eat of?

-- dulcia poma,
Et quoscunque feret cultus tibi fundus honores,
Ante Larem, gustet venerabilior Lare dives."

"Sweet apples, and whate'er thy fields afford.
Before thy Gods be served, let serve thy Lord."

What sport will your honour have? hawking, hunting, fishing, fowling, bulls, bears, cards, dice, cocks, players, tumblers, fiddlers, jesters, &c., they are at your good worship's command. Fair houses, gardens, orchards, terraces, galleries, cabinets, pleasant walks, delightful places, they are at hand: *in aureis lac, vinum in argenteis, adolescentulæ ad nutum speciosæ*, wine, wenches, &c., a Turkish paradise, a heaven upon earth. Though he be a silly soft fellow, and scarce have common sense, yet if he be born to fortunes (as I have said), *jure hæreditario sapere jubetur*, he must have honour and office in his course: *Nemo nisi dives honore dignis* (Ambros. offic. 21.) none so worthy as himself: he shall have it, *atque esto quicquid Servius aut Labeo*. Get money enough and command kingdoms, provinces, armies, hearts, hands, and affections; thou shalt have popes, patriarchs to be thy chaplains and parasites: thou shalt have (Tamerlane-like) kings to draw thy coach, queens to be thy laundresses, emperors thy footstools, build more towns and cities than great Alexander, Babel towers, pyramids and mausolean tombs, &c., command heaven and earth, and tell the world it is thy vassal, *auro emitur diadema, argento cælum panditur, denarius philosophum conducit, nummus jus cogit, obolus literatum pascit, metallum sanitatem conciliat, æs amicos conglutinat* (a diadem is purchased with gold; silver opens the way to heaven; philosophy may be hired for a penny; money controls justice; one obolus satisfies a man of letters; precious metal procures health; wealth attaches

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friends.) And therefore not without good cause, John de Medicis, that rich Florentine, when he lay upon his death-bed, calling his sons, Cosmo and Laurence, before him, amongst other sober sayings, repeated this, *animo quieto digredior, quod vos sanos et divites post me relinquam*, "It doth me good to think yet, though I be dying, that I shall leave you, my children, sound and rich:" for wealth sways all. It is not with us, as amongst those Lacedemonian senators of Lyncurgus in Plutarch, "He preferred that deserved best, was most virtuous and worthy of the place, not swiftness, or strength, or wealth, or friends carried it in those days:" but *inter optimos optimus, inter temperantes temperantissimus*, the most temperate and best. We have no aristocracies but in contemplation, all oligarchies, wherein a few rich men domineer, do what they list, and are privileged by their greatness. They may freely trespass, and do as they please, no man dare accuse them, no not so much as mutter against them, there is no notice taken of it, they may securely do it, live after their own laws, and for their money get pardons, indulgences, redeem their souls from purgatory and hell itself, *clausum possidet arca Jovem*. Let them be epicures, or atheists, libertines, machiavelians (as they often are), *"Et quam vis perjurus erit, sine gente, cruentus,"* they may go to heaven through the eye of a needle, if they will themselves, they may be canonised for saints, they shall be honourably interred in mausolean tombs, commended by poets, registered in histories, have temples and statues erected to their names, -- *e manibus illis -- nascentur violæ*.-- If he be bountiful in his life, and liberal at his death, he shall have one to swear, as he did by Claudius the Emperor in Tacitus, he saw his soul go to heaven, and be miserably lamented at his funeral. *Ambubaiarum collegiæ, &c. Trimalcionis topanta* in Petronius *recta in cælum abiit*, went right to heaven: a base quean, "thou wouldst have scorned once in thy misery to have a penny from her;" and why? *modio nummos metiit*, she measured her money by the bushel. These prerogatives do not usually belong to rich men, but to such as are most part seeming rich, let him have but a good outside, he carries it, and shall be adored for a god, as Cyrus was amongst the Persians, *ob splendidum apparatus*, for his gay attires; now most men are esteemed according to their clothes. In our gullish times, whom you peradventure in modesty would give place to, as being deceived by his habit, and presuming him some great worshipful man, believe it, if you shall examine his estate, he will likely be proved a serving man of no great note, my lady's tailor, his lordship's barber, or some such gull, a Fastidius Brisk, Sir Petronel Flash, a mere outside. Only this respect is given him, that wheresoever he comes, he may call for what he will, and take place by reason of his outward habit.

But on the contrary, if he be poor, Prov. xv. 15. "all his days are miserable," he is under hatches, dejected, rejected and forsaken, poor in purse, poor in spirit; *prout res nobis fluit, ita et animus se habet*; money gives life and soul. Though he be honest, wise, learned, well deserving, noble by birth, and of excellent good parts; yet in that he is poor, unlikely to rise, come to honour, office or good means, he is contemned, neglected, *frustra sapit, inter literas esurit, amicus molestus*. "If he speak, what babbler is this?" Ecclus. his nobility without wealth, is *projecta vilior alga*, (Hor. "more worthless than rejected weeds.") and he not esteemed: *nos viles pulli nati infelicibus ovis*, if once poor, we are metamorphosed in an instant, base slaves, villains, and vile drudges: for to be poor, is to be a knave, a fool, a wretch, a wicked, an odious fellow, a common eye-sore, say poor and say all: they are born to labour, to misery, to carry burdens like juments, *piscum stercus comedere* with Ulysses' companions, and as Chremilus objected in Aristophanes, *salem lingere*, lick salt, to empty jakes, fay channels, carry out dirt and dunghills, sweep chimneys, rub horseheels, &c. I say nothing of Turks, galley-slaves, which are bought and sold like

juments, or those African negroes, or poor Indian drudges, *qui indies hinc inde deferendis oneribus occumbunt, nam quod apud nos boves et asini vehunt, trahunt, &c.* ("Who daily faint beneath the burdens they are compelled to carry from place to place: for they carry and draw the loads which oxen and asses formerly use, &c.") *Id omne misellis indis*, they are ugly to behold, and though erst spruce, now rusty and squalid, because poor, *immundas fortunas æquum est squalorum sequi*, it is ordinarily so. "Others eat to live, but they live to drudge," *Servilis et misera gens nihil recusare audit*, a servile generation, that dare refuse no task.--"*Heus tu, dromo, cape hoc flabellum, ventulum hinc facito dum lavamus*," sirrah, blow wind upon us while we wash, and bid your fellow get him up betimes in the morning, be it fair or foul, he shall run fifty miles afoot to-morrow, to carry me a letter to my mistress, *Socia ad pistrinum*, Socia shall tarry at home and grind malt all day long, Tristan thresh. Thus are they commanded, being indeed some of them as so many footstools for rich men to tread on, blocks for them to get on horseback, or as "walls for them to piss on." They are commonly such people, rude, silly, superstitious idiots, nasty, unclean, lousy, poor, dejected, slavishly humble: and as Leo Afer observes of the commonalty of Africa, *natura viliores sunt, nec apud suos duces majore in precio quam si canes assent*: base by nature, and no more esteemed than dogs, *miseram, laboriosam, calamitosam vitam agunt, et inopem, infelicem, rudiores asinis, ut e brutis plane natos dicas*: no learning, no knowledge, no civility, scarce common sense, naught but barbarism amongst them, *belluino more vivunt, neque calceos gestant, neque vestes*, like rogues and vagabonds, they go barefooted and barelegged, the soles of their feet being as hard as horsehoofs, as Radzivilus observed at Damietta in Egypt, leading a laborious, miserable, wretched, unhappy life, "like beasts and juments, if not worse:" (for a Spaniard in Incatan, sold three Indian boys for a cheese, and a hundred negro slaves for a horse) their discourse is scurrility, their *summum bonum* a pot of ale. There is not any slavery which these villains will not undergo, *interillos plerique latrinas evacuant, alii culinarum curant, alii stabularios agunt, urinatores, et id genus similia exercent, &c.* like those people that dwell in the Alps, chimney-sweepers, jakes-farmers, dirt-daubers, vagrant rogues, they labour hard some, and yet cannot get clothes to put on, or bread to eat. For what can filthy poverty give else, but beggary, fulsome nastiness, squalor, content, drudgery, labour, ugliness, hunger and thirst; *pediculorum, et pulicum numerum?* as he well followed it in Aristophanes, fleas and lice, *pro pallium vestem laceram, et pro pulvinari lapidem bene magnum ad caput*, rags for his raiment, and a stone for his pillow, *pro cathedra, ruptæ caput urnæ*, he sits in a broken pitcher, or on a block for a chair, *et malvæ ramos pro panibus comedit*, he drinks water, and lives on wort leaves, pulse, like a hog, or scraps like a dog, *ut nunc nobis vita afficitur, quis non putabit insaniam esse, infelicitatemque?* as Chremilus concludes his speech, as we poor men live now-a-days, who will not take our life to be infelicity, misery, and madness?

If they be of little better condition than those base villains, hunger-starved beggars, wandering rogues, those ordinary slaves and day-labouring drudges; yet they are commonly so preyed upon by polling officers for breaking the laws, by their tyrannizing landlords, so flayed and fleeced by perpetual exactions, that though they do drudge, fare hard, and starve their genius, they cannot live in some countries; but what they have is instantly taken from them, the very care they take to live, to be drudges, to maintain their poor families, their trouble and anxiety "takes away their sleep," Sirac. xxxi. 1. it makes them weary of their lives: when they have taken all pains, done their utmost and honest endeavours, if they be cast behind by sickness, or overtaken with years, no man pities them, hard-hearted and merciless, uncharitable as

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they are, they leave them so distressed, to beg, steal, murmur, and rebel, or else starve. The feeling and fear of this misery compelled those old Romans, whom Menenius Agrippa pacified, to resist their governors, outlaws, and rebels in most places, to take up seditious arms, and in all ages hath caused uproars, murmurings, seditions, rebellions, thefts, murders, mutinies, jars and contentions in every commonwealth: grudging, repining, complaining, discontent in each private family, because they want means to live according to their callings, bring up their children, it breaks their hearts, they cannot do as they would. No greater misery than for a lord to have a knight's living, a gentleman a yeoman's, not to be able to live as his birth and place require. Poverty and want are generally corrosives to all kind of men, especially to such as have been in good and flourishing estate, are suddenly distressed, nobly born, liberally brought up, and by some disaster and casualty miserably dejected. For the rest, as they have base fortunes, so have they base minds correspondent, like beetles, *e stercore orti, e stercore victus, in stercore delictum*, as they were obscurely born and bred, so they delight in obscenity; they are not so thoroughly touched with it. *Angustas animas angusto in pectore versant* ("A narrow breast conceals a narrow soul"). Yea, that which is no small cause of their torments, if once they come to be in distress, they are forsaken of their fellows, most part neglected, and left unto themselves; as poor Terence in Rome was by Scipio, Iselius, and Furius, his great and noble friends.

"Nil Publius Scipio profuit, nil ei Lælius, nil Furius,
Tres per idem tempus qui agitabant nobiles facillime,
Horum ille opera ne domum quidem habuit conductitiam."

("Publius Scipio, Lælius and Furius, three of the most distinguished noblemen at that day in Rome, were of so little service to him, that he could scarcely procure a lodging through their patronage.")

'Tis generally so, *Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris*, he is left cold and comfortless, *nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes*, all flee from him as from a rotten wall, now ready to fall on their heads. Prov. xix. 4. "Poverty separates them from their neighbours."

"Dum fortuna favet, vultum servatis, amici,
Cum cecidit, turpi vertitis ora fuga."

"Whilst fortune favour'd, friends, you smiled on me,
But when she fled, a friend I could not see."

Which is worse yet, if he be poor every man contemns him, insults over him, oppresseth him, scoffs at, aggravates his misery.

"Quum cœpit quassata dumus subsidere, partes
in proclinitas omne recumbit onus."

"When once the totteritg house begins to shrink,
Thither comes all the weight by an instinct."

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Nay, they are odious to their own brethren and dearest friends, Prov. xix. 7, "His brethren hate him if he be poor," *omnes vicini oderunt*, "his neighbours hate him," Prov. xiv. 20. *omnes me noti ac ignoti deserunt*, as he complained in the comedy, friends and strangers, all forsake me. Which is most grievous, poverty makes men ridiculous, *Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se, quam quod ridiculos homines facit*, they must endure jests, taunts, flouts, blows of their betters, and take all in good part to get a meal's meat: *magnum pauperies opprobrium, jubet quidvis et facere et pati*. He must turn parasite, jester, fool, *cum desipientibus desipere*; saith Euripides, slave, villain, drudge to get a poor living, apply himself to each man's humours, to win and please, &c., and be buffeted when he hath all done, as Ulysses was by Melanthius in Homer, be reviled, baffled, insulted over, for *potentiorum stultitia perferenda est*, and may not so much as mutter against it. He must turn rogue and villain; for as the saying is, *Necessitas cogit ad turpia*, poverty alone makes men thieves, rebels, murderers, traitors, assassins, "because of poverty we have sinned," Ecclus. xxvii. 1. swear and forswear, bear false witness, lie, dissemble, any thing, as I say, to advantage themselves, and to relieve their necessities: *Culpæ sclerisque magistra est*, when a man is driven to his shifts, what will he not do?

"-- sit miserium fortuna Sinonem
Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba finget"

("Since cruel fortune has made Sinon poor, she has made him vain and mendacious")

he will betray his father, prince, and country, turn Turk, forsake religion, abjure God and all, *nulla quam Horrenda proditio, quam illi lucri causa* (saith Leo Afer) *perpetrare nolint*. Plato, therefore, calls poverty, "thievish, sacrilegious, filthy, wicked and mischievous:" and well he might. For it makes many an upright man otherwise, had he not been in want, to take bribes, to be corrupt, to do against his conscience, to sell his tongue, heart, hand, &c., to be churlish, hard, unmerciful, uncivil, to use indirect means to help his present estate. It makes princes to exact upon their subjects, great men tyrannise, landlords oppress, justice mercenary, lawyers vultures, physicians harpies, friends importunate, tradesmen liars, honest men thieves, devout assassins, great men to prostitute their wives, daughters, and themselves, middle sort to repine, commons to mutiny, all to grudge, murmur, and complain. A great temptation to all mischief it compels some miserable wretches to counterfeit several diseases, to dismember, make themselves blind, lame, to have a more plausible cause to beg, and lose their limbs to recover their present wants. Jodocus Damhoderius, a lawyer of Bruges, *praxi rerum criminal. c. 112*, hath some notable examples of such counterfeit cranks, and every village almost will yield abundant testimonies amongst us; we have dummerers, Abraham men, &c. And that which is the extent of misery, it enforceth them, through anguish and wearisomeness of their lives, to make away themselves: they had rather be hanged, drowned, &c., than to live without means.

"In mare cœtiferum, ne te premet aspera egestas,
Desili, et a celsis corrue Cerne jugis."

"Much better 'tis to break thy neck,
Or drown thyself I' the sea,

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Than suffer irksome poverty;
Go make thyself away."

A Sybarite of old, as I find it registered in Athenæus, supping in Phiditiis in Sparta, and observing their bad fare, said it was no marvel if the Lacedæmonians were valiant men; "for his part he would rather run upon a sword point (and so would any man in his wits), than live with such base diet, or lead so wretched a life." In Japonia 'tis a common thing to stifle their children if they be poor, or to make an abortion, which Aristotle commends. In that civil commonwealth of China, the mother strangles her child if she be not able to bring it up, and had rather lose than sell it, or have it endure such misery as poor men do. Arnobius, *lib. 7. adversus gentes*, Lactantius, *lib. 5. cap. 9.* objects as much to those ancient Greeks and Romans, "they did expose their children to wild beasts, strangle or knock out their brains against a stone, in such cases." If we may give credit to Munster, amongst us Christians in Lithuania, they voluntarily mancipate and sell themselves, their wives and children to rich men, to avoid hunger and beggary; many make away themselves in this extremity. Apicius the Roman, when he cast up his accounts, and found but 100,000 crowns left, murdered himself for fear he should be famished to death. P. Forestus, in his medicinal observations, hath a memorable example of two brothers of Louvain that, being destitute of means, became both melancholy, and in a discontented humour massacred themselves. Another of a merchant, learned, wise otherwise and discreet, but out of a deep apprehension he had of a loss at seas, would not be persuaded but as Ventidius in the poet, he should die a beggar. In a word, thus much I may conclude of poor men, that though they have good parts they cannot show or make use of them: *ab inopia ad virtutem obsepta est via*, 'tis hard for a poor man to rise, *haud facie emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat rea angusta domi*. (They cannot easily rise in the world who are pinched by poverty at home.) "The wisdom of the poor is despised, and his words are not heard." Eccles. vi. 19. His works are rejected, contemned, for the baseness and obscurity of the author, though laudable and good in themselves, they will not likely take.

"Nulla placere diu, neque vivere carmine possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus"--

"No verses can please men or live long that are written by water-drinkers." Poor men cannot please, their actions, counsels, consultations, projects, are vilified in the world's esteem, *amittunt consilium in re*, which Gnatho long since observed. *Sapiens crepidas sibi nunquam nec soleas fecit*, a wise man never cobbled shoes; as he said of old, but how doth he prove it? I am sure we find it otherwise in our days, *pruinosis horret facundia pannis*. Homer himself must beg if he want means, and as by report sometimes he did "go from door to door, and sing ballads, with a company of boys about him." This common misery of theirs must needs distract, make them discontent and melancholy, as ordinarily they are, wayward, peevish, like a weary traveller, for *Fames et mora bilem in nares conciunt*, still murmuring and repining: *Ob inopiam morosi sunt, quibus est male*, as Plutarch quotes out of Euripides, and that comical poet well seconds,

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"Omnes quibus res sunt minus secundæ, nescio, quomodo
Suspitosi, ad contumeliam omnia accipiunt magis,
Propter suam impotentiam se credunt negligi."

"If they be in adversity, they are more suspicious and apt to mistake: they think themselves scorned by reason of their misery:" and therefore many generous spirits in such cases withdraw themselves from all company, as that comedian Terence is said to have done; when he perceived himself to be forsaken and poor, he voluntarily banished himself to Stymphalus, a base town in Arcadia, and there miserably died.

"-- ad summam inopiam redactus,
Itaque e conspectu omnium abiit Græciæ in terram ultimam."

("Reduced to the greatest necessity, he withdrew from the gaze of the public to the most remote village in Greece")

Neither is it without cause, for we see men commonly respected according to their means (*an dives sit omnes querunt, nemo an bonus*), and vilified if they be in bad clothes. Philophæmen the orator was set to cut wood, because he was so homely attired, Terentius was placed at the lower end of Cecilius' table, because of his homely outside. Dante, that famous Italian poet, by reason his clothes were but mean, could not be admitted to sit down at a feast. Gnatho scorned his old familiar friend because of his apparel, *Hominem video pannis, annisque obsitum, hinc ego ilium contempsi præ me*. King Persius overcome sent a letter to Paulus Æmilius, the Roman general; Persius P. Consuli, S. but he scorned him any answer, *tacite exprobrans fortunam suam* (saith mine author), upbraiding him with a present fortune. Carolus Pugnax, that great duke of Burgundy, made H. Holland, late duke of Exeter, exiled, run after his horse like a lackey, and would take no notice of him; 'tis the common fashion of the world. So that such men as are poor may justly be discontent, melancholy, and complain of their present misery, and all may pray with Solomon, "Give me, O Lord, neither riches nor poverty; feed me with food convenient for me."

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SUBJECT. VII.-- *A heap of other Accidents causing Melancholy, Death of Friends, Losses, &c.*

IN this labyrinth of accidental causes, the farther I wander, the more intricate I find the passage, *multæ ambages*, and new causes as so many by-paths offer themselves to be discussed: to search out all, were an Herculean work, and fitter for Theseus: I will follow mine intended thread; and point only at some few of the chiefest.

Death of Friends.] Amongst which, loss and death of friends may challenge a first place, *multi tristantur*, as Vives well observes, *post delicias, convivias, dies festos*, many are melancholy after a feast, holiday, merry meeting, or some pleasing sport, if they be solitary by chance, left alone to themselves, without employment, sport, or want their ordinary companions, some at the departure of friends only whom they shall shortly see again, weep and howl, and look after them as a cow lows after her calf, or a child takes on that goes to school after holidays. *Ut me levarat tuus adventus, sic discessus afflixit*, (which Tully writ to Atticus) thy coming was not so welcome to me, as thy departure was harsh. Montanus, *consil.* 132. makes mention of a country woman that parting with her friends and native place, became grievously melancholy for many years; and Trallianus of another, so caused for the absence of her husband: which is an ordinary passion amongst our good wives, if their husband tarry out a day longer than his appointed time, or break his hour, they take on presently with sighs and tears, he is either robbed, or dead, some mischance or other is surely befallen him, the cannot eat, drink, sleep, or be quiet in mind, till they see him again. If parting of friends, absence alone can work such violent effects, what shall death do, when they must eternally be separated, never in this world to meet again. This is so grievous a torment for the time, that it takes away their appetite, desire of life, extinguisheth all delights, it causeth deep sighs and groans, tears, exclamations,

("O dulce germen matris, o sanguis meus,
Eheu tepentes, &c. -- o flos tener.")

(Oh sweet offspring, oh my very blood: oh tender flower, &c.)

howling, roaring, many bitter pangs (*lamentis gemituque et fæmineo ululatu Tecta fremunt*), and by frequent meditation extends so far sometimes, "they think they see their dead friends continually in their eyes," *observantes imagines*, as Conciliator confesseth he saw his mother's ghost presenting herself still before him. *Quod nimis miseri volunt, hoc facile credunt*, still, still, still, that good father, that good son, that good wife, that dear friend runs in their minds: *Totus animus hac una cogitatione defixus est*, all the year long, as Pliny complains to Romanus, "methinks I see Virginius, I hear Virginius, I talk with Virginius," &c.

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Te sine, vae misero mihi, lilia nigra videntur,
Pallentesque rosae, nec dulce rubens hyacinthus,
Nullos nec myrtus, nec laurus spirat odores."

(Calphurnius Græcus. "Without thee, ah! wretched me, the lilies lose their whiteness, the roses become pallid, the hyacinths forget to blush; neither the myrtle nor the laurel retains its colours.")

They that are most staid and patient, are so furiously carried headlong by the passion of sorrow in this case, that brave discreet men otherwise, oftentimes forget themselves, and weep like children many months together, "as if that they to water would," and will not be comforted. They are gone, they are gone; what shall do?

"Abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo,
Quis dabit in lachrymas fontem mihi? qui satis altos
Accendet gemitus, et acerbo verba dolori?
Exhaurit pietas oculos, et hiantia frangit
Pectora, nec plenos avido sinit edere questus,
Magna adea jactura premit," &c.

"Fountains of tears who gives, who lends me groans,
Deep sighs sufficient to express my moans?
Mine eyes are dry, my breast in pieces torn,
My loss so great, I cannot enough mourn."

So Stroza Filius, that elegant Italian poet, in his Epicedium, bewails his father's death, he could moderate his passions in other matters (as he confesseth), but not in this, he yields wholly to sorrow,

"Nunc fateor do terra malis, mens illa fatiscit,
Indomitus quondam vigor et constantia mentis."

How doth Quintilian complain for the loss of his son, to despair almost: Cardan lament his only child in his book *de libris propriis*, and elsewhere in many other of his tracts, St. Ambrose his brother's death? *an ego possum non cogitare de te, aut sine lachrymis cogitare? O amari dies, o flebiles noctes, &c.* "Can I ever cease to think of thee, and to think with sorrow? O bitter days, O nights of sorrow," &c. Gregory Nazianzen, that noble Pulcheria! *O decorem, &c. flos recens, pullulans, &c.* Alexander, a man of most invincible courage, after Hephestion's death, as Curtius relates, *triduum jacuit ad moriendum obstinatus*, lay three days together upon the ground, obstinate, to die with him, and would neither eat, drink, nor sleep. The woman that communed with Esdras (*lib. 2. cap. 10.*) when her son fell down dead, "fled into the field, and would not return into the city, but there resolved to remain, neither to eat nor drink, but mourn and fast until she died." "Rachel wept for her children, and would not be comforted because they were not." Matt. ii. 18. So did Adrian the emperor bewail his Antinous; Hercules, Hylas; Orpheus, Eurydice; David, Absalom; (O my dear son Absalom;) Austin his mother Monica, Niobe her children, insomuch that the poets feigned her to be turned into a stone, as being stupified

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through the extremity of grief. *Ægeus, signo lugubri filii consternatus, in mare se prætipitem dedit*, impatient of sorrow for his son's death, drowned himself. Our late physicians are full of such examples. Montanus, *consil.* 242. had a patient troubled with this infirmity, by reason of her husband's death, many years together. Trincavellius, *l. 1. c. 14.* hath such another, almost in despair, after his mother's departure, *ut se ferme præcipitem daret*; and ready through distraction to make away himself: and in his Fifteenth counsel, tells a story of one fifty years of age, "that grew desperate upon his mother's death;" and cured by Fallopius, fell many years after into a relapse, by the sudden death of a daughter which he had, and could never after be recovered. The fury of this passion is so violent sometimes, that it daunts whole kingdoms and cities. Vespasian's death was pitifully lamented all over the Roman empire, *totus orbis lugebat*, saith Aurelius Victor. Alexander commanded the battlements of houses to be pulled down, mules and horses to have their manes shorn off and many common soldiers to be slain, to accompany his dear Hephestion's death; which is now practised amongst the Tartars, when a great Cham dieth, ten or twelve thousand must be slain, men and horses, all they meet; and among those the pagan Indians, their wives and servants voluntarily die with them. Leo Decimus was so much bewailed in Rome after his departure, that as Jovius gives out, *communis salus, publica hilaritas*, the common safety of all good fellowship, peace, mirth, and plenty died with him, *tanquam eodem sepulchro cum Leone condita lugebantur*; for it was a golden age whilst he lived, but after his decease, an iron season succeeded, *barbara vis et fæda vastitas, et dira malorum omnium incommoda*, wars, plagues, vastity, discontent. When Augustus Cæsar died, saith Paterculus, *orbis ruinam timueramus*, we were all afraid, as if heaven had fallen upon our heads. Budatus records, how that, at Lewis the Twelfth his death, *tam subita mutatio, ut qui prius digito cælum attingere videbantur, nunc humi derepente serpere, sideratos esse diceres*, they that were erst in heaven, upon a sudden, as if they had been planet-strucken, lay grovelling on the ground;

"Concussis cecidere animis, seu frondibus ingens
Sylva dolet lapsis"--

(Maph. "They became fallen in feelings, as the great forest laments its fallen leaves")

they looked like cropped trees. At Nancy in Lorraine, when Claudia Valesia, Henry the Second French king's sister, and the duke's wife deceased, the temples for forty days were all shut up, no prayers nor masses, but in that room where she was. The senators all seen in black, and for a twelvemonth's space throughout the city, they were forbid to sing or dance.

"Non ulli pastores illis egere diebus
Frigida (Daphne) boves ad flumina, nulla nec amnem
Libavit quadrupes nec graminis attigit herbam."

"The swains forget their sheep, nor near the brink
Of running waters brought their herds to drink;
The thirsty cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
From water, and their grassy fare disdain'd."

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How were we affected here in England for our Titus, *deliciæ humani generis*, Prince Henry's immature death, as if all our dearest friends' lives had exhaled with his? Scanderbeg's death was not so much lamented in Epirus. In a word, as he saith of Edward the First at the news of Edward of Caernarvon his son's birth, *immortaliter gavisus*, he was immortally glad, may we say on the contrary of friends' deaths, *immortaliter gementes*, we are diverse of us as so many turtles, eternally dejected with it.

Loss of goods] There is another sorrow, which arises from the loss of temporal goods and fortunes, which equally afflicts, and may go hand in hand with the preceding; loss of time, loss of honour, office, of good name, of labour, frustrate hopes, will much torment; but in my judgment, there is no torture like unto it, or that sooner procureth this malady and mischief:

"Ploratur lachrymis anima pecunia veris:"

"Lost money is bewailed with grief sincere:"

it wrings true tears from our eyes, many sighs, much sorrow from our hearts, and often causes habitual melancholy itself. Guianerius, *tract.* 15. 5. repeats this for an especial cause: "Loss of friends, and loss of goods, make many men melancholy, as I have often seen by continual meditation of such things." The same causes Arnoldus Villanovanus inculcates, *Breviar. l. 1. c. 18. ex rerum emissione, damno, amicorum morte, &c.* Want alone will make a man mad, to be *Sans argent* will cause a deep and grievous melancholy. Many are affected like Irishmen in this behalf, who if they have a good scimitar, had rather have a blow on their arm, than their weapon hurt: they will sooner lose their life, than their goods: and the grief that cometh hence, continueth long (saith Plater) "and out of many dispositions procureth an habit." Montanus and Frisemelica cured a young man of 22 years of age, that so became melancholy, *ob amissam pecuniam*, for a sum of money which he had unhappily lost. Skenckius hath such another story of one melancholy, because he overshot himself and spent his stock in unnecessary building. Roger, that rich bishop of Salisbury, *exutus opibus et castris a Rege Stephano*, spoiled of his goods by king Stephen, *vi doloris absorptus, atque in amentiam versus, indecentia fecit*, through grief ran mad, spoke and did he knew not what. Nothing so familiar, as for men in such cases, through anguish of mind to make away themselves. A poor fellow went to hang himself (which Ausonius hath elegantly expressed in a neat Epigram), but finding by chance a pot of money, flung away the rope, and went merrily home, but he that hid the gold, when he missed it, hanged himself with that rope which the other man had left, in a discontented humour.

"At qui condiderat postquam non reperit aurum,
Apavit collo, quem reperit, laqueum"

Such feral accidents can want and penury produce. Be it by suretyship, shipwreck, fire, spoil and pillage of soldiers, or what loss soever, it boots not, it will work the like effect, the same desolation in provinces and cities, as well as private persons. The Romans were miserably dejected after the battle of Cannæ, the men amazed for fear,

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the stupid women tore their hair and cried. The Hungarians, when their king Ladislaus and bravest soldiers were slain by the Turks, *Luctus publicus*, &c. The Venetians, when their forces were overcome by the French king Lewis, the French and Spanish kings, pope, emperor, all conspired against them at Cambray, the French herald denounced open war in the senate: *Lauredane Venetorum dux*, &c., and they had lost Padua, Brixia, Verona, Forum Julii, their territories in the continent, and had now nothing left but the city of Venice itself, *et urbi quoque ipsi*, (saith Bembus) *timendum putarent*, and the loss of that was likewise to be feared, *tantus repente dolor omnes tenuit, ut nunquam alias*, &c., they were pitifully plunged, never before in such lamentable distress. Anno 1527, when Rome was sacked by Burbonius, the common soldiers made such spoil, that fair churches were turned to stables, old monuments and books made horse-litter, or burned like straw; relics, costly pictures defaced; altars demolished, rich hangings, carpets, &c., trampled in the dirt. Their wives and loveliest daughters constuprated by every base cullion, as Sejanus' daughter was by the hangman in public, before their fathers' and husbands' faces. Noblemen's children, and of the wealthiest citizens, reserved for princes' beds, were prostitute to every common soldier, and kept for concubines; senators and cardinals themselves dragged along the streets, and put to exquisite torments, to confess where their money was hid; the rest murdered on heaps, lay stinking in the streets; infants' brains dashed out before their mothers' eyes. A lamentable sight it was to see so goodly a city so suddenly defaced, rich citizens sent a begging to Venice, Naples, Ancona, &c., that erst lived in all manner of delights. "Those proud palaces that even now vaunted their tops up to heaven, were dejected as low as hell in an instant." Whom will not such misery make discontent? Terence the poet drowned himself (some say) for the loss of his comedies, which suffered shipwreck. When a poor man hath made many hungry meals, got together a small sum, which he loseth in an instant; a scholar spent many an hour's study to no purpose, his labours lost, &c., how should it otherwise be? I may conclude with Gregory, *temporalium amor, quantum afficit cum hæret possessio, tantum quum subtrahitur, urit dolor*; riches do not so much exhilarate us with their possession, as they torment us with their loss.

Fear] Next to sorrow still I may annex such accidents as procure fear; for besides those terrors which I have before touched, and many other fears (which are infinite) there is a superstitious fear, one of the three great causes of fear in Aristotle, commonly caused by prodigies and dismal accidents, which much trouble many of us. (*Nescio quid animus mihi præsagit mali*.) As if a hare cross the way at our going forth, or a mouse gnaw our clothes: if they bleed three drops at nose, the salt fall towards them, a black spot appear in their nails, &c., with many such, which Delrio, *Tom. 2. l. 3. sect. 4*, Austin Niphus in his book *de Auguriis*, Polydore Virg., *l. 3. de Prodigiiis*, Sarisburiensis, *Polycrat. l. 1. c. 13.*, discuss at large. They are so much affected, that with the very strength of imagination, fear, and the devil's craft, "they pull those misfortunes they suspect upon own heads, and that which they fear shall come upon them," as Solomon foretellet, Prov. x. 24. and Isaiah denounceth, lxvi. 4. which if "they could neglect and contemn, would not come to pass, *Eorum vires nostra resident opinione, ut morbi gravitos ægrotantium cogitatione*, they are intended and remitted, as our opinion is fixed, more or less. N. N. *dat pœnas*, saith Crato of such a one, *utinam non attraheret*: he is punished, and is the cause of it himself: *Dum fata fugimus, fates stulti incurrimus*, the thing that I feared, saith Job, is fallen upon me.

As much we may say of them that are troubled with their fortunes; or ill destinies foreseen: *multos angit præscientia malorum*: The foreknowledge of what shall come to pass, crucifies many men: foretold by astrologers, or wizards, *iratum ob cælum*, be it ill accident, or death itself: which often falls out by God's permission; *quia dæmonem timent* (saith Chrysostom) *Deus ideo permittit accidere*. Severus, Adrian, Domitian, can testify as much, of whose fear and suspicion, Sueton, Herodian, and the rest of those writers, tell strange stories in this behalf. Montanus, *consil.* 31. hath one example of a young man, exceeding melancholy upon this occasion. Such fears have still tormented mortal men in all ages, by reason of those lying oracles, and juggling priests. There was a fountain in Greece, near Ceres' temple in Achaia, where the event of such diseases was to be known; "A glass let down by a thread," &c. Amongst those Cyanean rocks at the springs of Lycia, was the oracle of Thrixæus Apollo, "where all fortunes were foretold, sickness, health, or what they would besides:" so common people have been always deluded with future events. At this day, *Metus futurorum maxime torquet Sinas*, this foolish fear mightily crucifies them in China: as Matthew Riccius the Jesuit informeth in his commentaries of those countries, of all nations they are most superstitious, and much tormented in this kind, attributing so much to their diviners, *ut ipse metus fidem faciat*, that fear itself and conceit cause it to fall out: if he foretell sickness such a day, that very time they will be sick, *vi metus afflicti in ægritudinem cadunt*; and many times die as it is foretold. A true saying, *Timor mortis, morte peior*, the fear of death is worse than death itself and the memory of that sad hour, to some fortunate and rich men, "is as bitter as gall," *Ecclus.* xli. 1. *Inquietam nobis vitam facit mortis metus*, a worse plague cannot happen to a man, than to be so troubled in his mind; 'tis *triste divortium*, a heavy separation, to leave their goods, with so much labour got, pleasures of the world, which they have so deliciously enjoyed, friends and companions whom they so dearly loved, all at once. Axicchus the philosopher was bold and courageous all his life, and gave good precepts *de contemnenda morte*, and against the vanity of the world, to others; but being now ready to die himself, he was mightily dejected, *hac luce privabor? his orbabor bonis?* ("Must I be deprived of this life,-- of those possessions?") he lamented like a child, &c. And though Socrates himself was there to comfort him, *ubi pristina virtutum jactatio, O Axioche?* "where is all your boasted virtue now, my friend?" yet he was very timorous and impatient of death, much troubled in his mind, *imbellis pavor et impatientia*, &c. "O Clotho," Megapetus the tyrant in Lucian exclaims, now ready to depart, "let me live a while longer. I will give thee a thousand talents of gold, and two boles besides, which I took from Cleocritus, worth a hundred talents apiece." "Woe's me," saith another, "what goodly manors shall I leave! what fertile fields! what a fine house! what pretty children! how many servants! Who shall gather my grapes, my corn? Must I now die so well settled? Leave all, so richly and well provided? Woe's me, what shall I do?" *Animula vagula, blandula, quæ nunc abibis in loca?*

To these tortures of fear and sorrow, may well be annexed curiosity, that irksome, that tyrannising care, *nimia sollicitudo*, "superfluous industry about unprofitable things and their qualities," as Thomas defines it; an itching humour or a kind of longing to see that which is not to be seen, to do that which ought not to be done, to know that secret which should not be known, to eat of the forbidden fruit. We commonly molest and tire ourselves about things unfit and unnecessary, as Martha troubled herself to little purpose. Be it in religion, humanity, magic, philosophy, policy, any action or study, 'tis a needless trouble, a mere torment. For what else is school divinity, how many doth it puzzle? what fruitless questions about the Trinity,

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resurrection, election, predestination, reprobation, hell-fire, &c., how many shall be saved, damned? What else is all superstition, but an endless observation of idle ceremonies, traditions? What is most of our philosophy but a labyrinth of opinions, idle questions, propositions, metaphysical terms? Socrates, therefore, held all philosophers, cavillers, and mad men, *circa subtila Cavillatores pro insanis habuit, palam eos arguens*, saith Eusebius, because they commonly sought after such things, *quæ nec percipi a nobis neque comprehendere possent*, or put case they did understand, yet they were altogether unprofitable. For what matter is it for us to know how high the Pleiades are, how far distant Perseus and Cassiopea from us, how deep the sea. &c.? we are neither wiser, as he follows it, nor modester, nor better, nor richer, nor stronger for the knowledge of it. *Quod supra nos nihil ad nos*, I may say the same of those genethliacal studies, what is astrology but vain elections, predictions? all magic, but a troublesome error, a pernicious foppery? physic, but intricate rules and prescriptions? philology, but vain criticisms? logic, needless sophisms? metaphysics themselves, but intricate subtilties and fruitless abstractions? alchemy, but a bundle of errors? to what end are such great tomes? why do we spend so many years in their studies? Much better to know nothing at all, as those barbarous Indians are wholly ignorant, than as some of us, to be sore vexed about unprofitable toys: *stultus labor est ineptiarum*, to build a house without pins, make a rope of sand, to what end? *cui bono*? He studies on, but as the boy told St Austin, when I have laved the sea dry, thou shalt understand the mystery of the Trinity. He makes observations, keeps times and seasons; and as Conradus the emperor would not touch his new bride, till an astrologer had told him a masculine hour, but with what success? He travels into Europe, Africa, Asia, searcheth every creek, sea, city, mountain, gulf, to what end? See one promontory (said Socrates of old), one mountain, one sea, one river, and see all. An alchemist spends his fortunes to find out the philosopher's stone forsooth, cure all diseases, make men long-lived, victorious, fortunate, invisible, and beggars himself misled by those seducing impostors (which he shall never attain) to make gold; an antiquary consumes his treasure and time to scrape up a company of old coins, statues, rules, edicts, manuscripts, &c., he must know what was done of old in Athens, Rome, what lodging, diet, houses they had, and have all the present news at first, though never so remote, before all others, what projects, counsels, consultations, &c., *quid Juno in aurem insusurret Jovi*, what's now decreed in France, what in Italy: who was he, whence comes he, which way, whither goes he, &c., Aristotle must find out the motion of Euripus; Pliny must needs see Vesuvius, but how sped they? One loseth goods, another his life; Pyrrhus will conquer Africa first, and then Asia; he will be a sole monarch, a second immortal, a third rich, a fourth commands. *Turbine magno spes sollicitæ in urbibus errant*; we run, ride, take indefatigable pains, all up early, down late, striving to get that which we had better be without (Ardelion's busy-bodies as we are), it were much fitter for us to be quiet, sit still, and take our ease. His sole study is for words, that they be -- *Lepidæ lexeis compostæ ut tesserulæ omnes*, not a syllable misplaced, to set out a stramineous subject; as thine is about apparel, to follow the fashion, to be terse and polite, 'tis thy sole business: both with like profit. His only delight is building, he spends himself to get curious pictures, intricate models and plots, another is wholly ceremonious about titles, degrees, inscriptions: a third is over-solicitous about his diet, he must have such and such exquisite sauces, meat so dressed, so far fetched, *peregrini æris volucres*, so cooked, &c., something to provoke thirst, something anon to quench his thirst. Thus he redeems his appetite with extraordinary charge to his purse, is seldom pleased with any meal, whilst a trivial stomach useth all with delight, and is never offended. Another must have roses in

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winter, *alieni temperis flores*, snow-water in summer, fruits before they can be or are usually ripe, artificial gardens and fish-ponds on the tops of houses, all things opposite to the vulgar sort, intricate and rare, or else they are nothing worth. So busy, nice, curious wits, make that insupportable in all vocations, trades, actions, employments, which to duller apprehensions is not offensive, earnestly seeking that which others so scornfully neglect. Thus through our foolsh curiosity do we macerate ourselves, tire our souls, and run headlong, through our indiscretion, perverse will, and want of government, into many needless cares and troubles, vain expenses, tedious journeys, painful hours; and when all is done, *quorsum hæc? cui bono?* to what end?

Nescire velli quæ magister Maximus
Docere non vult, eriduta inscita est."

(Jos. Scaliger in Gnomit. "To profess a disinclination for that knowledge which is beyond our reach, is pedantic ignorance.")

Unfortunate marriage] Amongst these passions and irksome accidents, unfortunate marriage maybe ranked: a condition of life appointed by God himself in Paradise, an honourable and happy estate, and as great a felicity as can befall a man in this world, if the parties can agree as they ought, and live as Seneca lived with his Paulina; but if they be unequally matched, or at discord, a greater misery cannot be expected, to have a scold, a slut, a harlot, a fool, a fury or a fiend, there can be no such plague. Eccles. xxvi. 14. "He that hath her is as if he held a scorpion," &c. xxvi. 25, "a wicked wife makes a sorry countenance, a heavy heart, and he had rather dwell with a lion than keep house with such a wife." Her properties Jovianus Pontanus hath described at large, *Ant. dial. Tom. 2*, under the name of Euphorbia. Or if they be not equal in years, the like mischief happens. Cecilius in *Agellius lib. 2. cap. 23*, complains much of an old wife, *dum ejus morti inhio, egomet mortuus vivo inter vivos*, whilst I gape after her death, I live a dead man amongst the living, or if they dislike upon any occasion,

"Judge who that are unfortunately wed
What 'tis to come into a loathed bed."

The same inconvenience befalls women.

"At vos o dure miseram lugete parentes,
Si ferro aut laqueo læva hac me exolvere sorte
Sustineo:--"

"Hard hearted parents both lament my fate,
If self I kill or hang, to ease my state."

A young gentlewoman in Basil was married, saith Felix Plater, *observat. l. 1*, to an ancient man against her will, whom she could not affect; she was continually melancholy, and pined away for grief; and though her husband did all he could possibly to give her content, in a discontented humour at length she hanged herself.

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Many other stories he relates in this kind. Thus men are plagued with women; they again with men, when they are of divers humours and conditions; he a spendthrift, she sparing; one honest, the other dishonest, &c. Parents many times disquiet their children, and they their parents. "A foolish son is an heaviness to his mother." *Injusta noverca*: a stepmother often vexeth a whole family, is matter of repentance, exercise of patience, fuel of dissension, which made Cato's son expostulate with his father, why he should offer to marry his client Solinius' daughter, a young wench, *Cujus causa novercam induceret*; what offence had he done, that he should marry again?

Unkind, unnatural friends, evil neighbours, bad servants, debts, and debates &c.] 'Twas Chion's sentence, *comes æris alieni et litis est miseria*, misery and usury do commonly together; suretyship is the bane of many families, *Sponde, præsto noxa est*: "he shall be sore vexed that is surety for a stranger," Prov. xi, 15, "and he that hateth suretyship is sure." Contention, brawling, lawsuits, falling out of neighbours and friends.--*discordia demens* (*Virg. Æn.* 6,) are equal to the first, grieve many a man, and vex his soul. *Nihil sane miserabilius eorum mentibus* (as Boter holds), "nothing so miserable as such men, full of cares, griefs, anxieties, as if they were stabbed with a sharp sword, fear, suspicion, desperation, sorrow, are their ordinary companions." Our Welshmen are noted by some of their own writers, to consume one another in this kind; but whosoever they are that use it, these are their common symptoms, especially if they be convict or overcome, cast in a suit. Arius put out of a bishopric by Eustathias, turned heretic, and lived after discontented all his life. Every repulse is of like nature; *heu quanta de spe decidi!* Disgrace, infamy, detraction, will almost affect as much, and that a long time after. Hipponax, a satirical poet, so vilified and lashed two painters in his iambics, *ut ambo laqueo se suffocarent*, Pliny saith, both hanged themselves. All oppositions, dangers, perplexities, discontents, to live in any suspense, are of the same rank: *potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos?* Who can be secure in such cases? Ill-bestowed benefits, ingratitude, unthankful friends, and much disquiet molest some. Unkind speeches trouble as many: uncivil carriage or dogged answers, weak women above the rest, if they proceed from their sirly husbands, are as bitter as gall, and not to be digested. A glassman's wife in Basil became melancholy because her husband said he would marry again if she died. "No cut to unkindness," as the saying is, a frown and hard speech, ill respect, a brow-beating, or bad look, especially to courtiers, or such as attend upon great persons, is present death: *ingenium vultæ statque caditque suo*, they ebb and flow with their masters' favours. Some persons are at their wits' ends, if by chance they overshoot themselves, in their ordinary speeches, or actions, which may after turn to their disadvantage or disgrace, or have any secret disclosed. Ronseus, *epist. miscel.* 3, reports of a gentlewoman, 25 years old, that falling foul with one of her gossips, was upbraided with a secret infirmity (no matter what) in public, and so much grieved with it, that she did thereupon *solitudines quærere, omnes ab se ablegare, ac tandem ingravissimam inindens melancholiam, contabescere*, forsake all company, quite moped, and in a melancholy humour pine away. Others are as much tortured to see themselves rejected, condemned, scorned, disabled, defamed, detracted, undervalued, or "left behind their fellows." Lucian brings in Ætamacles, a philosopher in his *Lapith. convivio*, much discontented that he was not invited amongst the rest, expostulating the matter, in a long epistle, with Aristenetus their host. Prietextatus, a robed gentleman in Plutarch, would not sit down at a feast, because he might not sit highest, but went his ways all in a chafe. We see the common quarrellings that are ordinary with us, for taking of the wall, precedence, and the like, which though toys in themselves, and things of no moment, yet they cause many distempers, much heart-

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burning amongst us. Nothing pierceth deeper than a contempt or disgrace, especially if they be generous spirits, scarce any thing affects then more than to be despised or vilified. Crato, *consil.* 16, *l.* 2, exemplifies it, and common experience confirms it. Of the same nature is oppression, Eccles. vii. 7, "surely oppression makes a man mad," loss of liberty, which made Brutus venture his life, Cato kill himself and Tully complain, *Omnem hilaritem in perpetuum amisi*, mine heart's broken, I shall never look up, or be merry again, *hæc jactura intolerabilis*, to some parties 'tis a most intolerable loss. Banishment a great misery, as Tyrteus describes it in an epigram of his,

"Nam miserum est patria amissa, laribusque vagari
Mendicum, et timida voce rogare cibos:
Omnibus invisus, quocunque accesserit exul
Semper erit, semper spretus egensque jacet," &c.

"A miserable thing 'tis so to wander,
And like a beggar for to whine at door,
Contemn'd of all the world, an exile is,
Hated, rejected, needy still and poor."

Polynices in his conference with Jocasta in Euripides, reckons up five miseries of a banished man, the least of which alone were enough to deject some pusillanimous creatures. Oftentimes a too great feeling of our own infirmities or imperfections of body or mind, will shrivel us up; as if we be long sick:

"O beata sanitas, te presentæ, amœnum
Ver floret gratiis, absque te nemo beatus:"

O blessed health! "thou art above all gold and treasure," Eccles. xxx. 15, the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss, without thee there can be no hapiness: or visited with some loathsome disease, offensive to others, or troublesome to ourselves; as a stinking breath, deformity of our limbs, crookedness, loss of an eye, leg, hand, paleness, leanness, redness, baldness, loss or want of hair, &c., *hic ubi fluere cœpit, diros ictus cordi infert*, saith Synesius, he himself troubled not a little *ob comæ defectum*, the loss of hair alone, strikes a cruel stroke to the heart. Acco, an old woman, seeing by chance her face in a true glass (for she used false flattering glasses belike at other times, as most gentlewomen do), *animi dolore in insaniam delapsa est* (Cœlius Rhodiginus, *l.* 17, *c.* 2), ran mad. Brotheus, the son of Vulcan, because he was ridiculous for his imperfections, flung himself into the fire. Lais of Corinth, now grown old, gave up her glass to Venus, for she could not abide to look upon it. *Qualis sum nolo, qualis crum nequeo*. Generally to fair nice pieces, old age and foul linen are two most odious things, a torment of torments, they may not abide the thought of it,

"--- O deorum
Quisquis hæc audis, utinam intererrem
Nuda leones,
Antequam turpis macies decentes

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Occupat malas, teneræque succus
Defluat prædæ, speciosa quæro
Pascere tigres."

"Hear me, some gracious heavenly power,
Let lions dire this naked corse devour.
My cheeks ere hollow wrinkles seize,
Ere yet their rosy bloom decays;
While youth yet rolls its vital flood,
Let tigers friendly riot in my blood."

To be foul, ugly, and deformed, much better be buried alive. Some are fair but barren, and that galls them. "Hannah wept sore, did not eat, and was troubled in spirit, and all for her barrenness," 1 Sam. i. and Gen. xxx. Rachel said "in the anguish of her soul, give me a child, or I shall die:" another hath too many: one was never married, and that's his hell, another is, and that's his plague. Some are troubled in that they are obscure; others by being traduced, slandered, abused, disgraced, vilified, or any way injured: *minime miror eos* (as he said) *qui insanire occipiunt ex injuria*. I marvel not at all if offences make men mad. Seventeen particular causes of anger and offence Aristotle reckons them up, which for brevity's sake I must omit. No tidings troubles one; ill reports, rumours, bad tidings or news, hard hap, ill success, cast in a suit, vain hopes, or hope deferred, another: expectation, *adeo omnibus in rebus molesta semper est expectatio*, as Polybius observes; one is too eminent, another too base born, and that alone tortures him as much as the rest: one is out of action, company, employment; another overcome and tormented with worldly cares, and onerous business. But what tongue can suffice to speak of all?

Many men catch this malady by eating certain meats, herbs, roots, at unawares; as henbane, nightshade, cicuta, mandrakes, &c. A company of young men at Agrigentum in Sicily, came into a tavern; where after they had freely taken their liquor, whether it were the wine itself; or something mixed with it 'tis not yet known, but upon a sudden they began to be so troubled in their brains, and their phantasy so crazed, that they thought they were in a ship at sea, and now ready to be cast away by reason of a tempest. Wherefore to avoid shipwreck and present drowning, they flung all the goods in the house out at the windows into the street, or into the sea, as they supposed; thus they continued mad a pretty season, and being brought before the magistrate to give an account of this their fact, they told him (not yet recovered of their madness) that what was done they did for fear of death, and to avoid imminent danger: the spectators were all amazed at this their stupidity, and gazed on them still, whilst one of the ancientest of the company, in a grave tone, excused himself to the magistrate upon his knees, *O viri Tritones, ego in imo jacui*, I beseech your deities, &c., for I was in the bottom of the ship all the while: another besought them as so many sea gods to be good unto them, and if ever he and his fellows came to land again, he would build an altar to their service. The magistrate could not sufficiently laugh at this their madness, bid them sleep it out, and so went his ways. Many such accidents frequently happen, upon these unknown occasions. Some are so caused by philters, wandering in the sun, biting of a mad dog, a blow on the head, stinging with that kind of spider called tarantula, an ordinary thing if we may believe Skenck., *l. 6. de Venenis*, in Calabria and Apulia in Italy, Cardan., *subtil. l. 9. Scaliger, exercitat. 185*. Their symptoms are merrily described by Jovianus Pontanus, *Ant. dial.* how they

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dance altogether, and are cured by music. Cardan speaks of certain stones, if they be carried about one, which will cause melancholy and madness; he calls them unhappy, as an adamant, selenites, &c., "which dry up the body, increase cares, diminish sleep." Ctesias in Persicis, makes mention of a well in those parts, of which if any man drink, "he is mad for 24 hours?" Some lose their wits by terrible objects (as elsewhere I have more copiously dilated) and life itself many times, as Hippolitus affrighted by Neptune's sea-horses, Athemas by Juno's furies: but these relations are common in all writers.

"Hic alias poteram, et plures subnectere causas
Sed jumenta vocant, et Sol inclinat, Eundem est."

"Many such causes, much more could I say,
but that for provender my cattle stay:
The sun declines, and I must needs away."

These causes if they be considered, and come alone, I do easily yield, can do little of themselves, seldom, or apart (an old oak is not felled at a blow), though many times they are all sufficient every one: yet if they concur, as often they do, *vis unita fortior; et quæ non obsunt singula, multa nocent*, they may batter a strong constitution; as Austin said, "many grains and small sands sink a ship, many small drops make a flood," &c., often reiterated; many dispositions produce an habit.

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MEMB. V.

SUBJECT. 1.-- *Continent, inward, antecedent, next causes, and how the Body works on the Mind.*

As a purly hunter, I have hitherto beaten about the circuit of the forest of this microcosm, and followed only those outward adventitious causes. I will now break into the inner room, and rip up the antecedent immediate causes which are there to be found. For as the distraction of the mind, amongst other outward causes and perturbations, alters the temperature of the body, so the distraction and distemper of the body will cause a distemperature of the soul, and 'tis hard to decide which of these two do more harm to the other. Plato, Cyprian, and some others, as I have formerly said, lay the greatest fault upon the soul, excusing the body; others again accusing the body, excuse the soul, as a principal agent. Their reasons are, because "the manners do follow the temperature of the body," as Galen proves it in his book of that subject, Prosper Calenius *de Atra bile*, Jason Pratensis, *c. de Mania*. Lemnius, *l.4. c.16.* and many others. And that which Gualter hath commented, *hom. in. epist. Johannis*, is most true; concupiscence and original sin, inclinations, and bad humours, are radical in every one of us, causing these perturbations. affections, and several distempers offering many times violence unto the soul. "Every man is tempted by his own concupiscence" (James i. 14), the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak, and rebelleth against the spirit, as our apostle teacheth us: that methinks the soul hath the better plea against the body, which so forcibly inclines us, that we cannot resist, *Nec nos obniti contra, nec tendere tantum sufficimus*. How the body being material, worketh upon the immaterial soul, by mediation of humours and spirits, which participate of both, and ill-disposed organs, Cornelius Agrippa hath discoursed, *lib. 1. de occult. Philos. cap. 63, 64, 65.* Levinus Lemnius, *lib. 1. de occult. nat. mir. cap. 12. et 16. et 21. institut. ad opt. vit.* Perkins, *lib. 1. Cases of Cons. cap. 12.* T. Bright, *c. 10, 11, 12.* "in his treatise of melancholy," for as anger, fear, sorrow, obtrection, emulation, &c., *si mentis intimos recessus occuparint*, saith Lemnius, *corpori quoque infesta sunt, et illi teterrimos morbos inferunt*, cause grievous diseases in the body, so bodily diseases affect the soul by consent. Now the chieftest causes proceed from the heart, humours, spirits: as they are purer, or impurer, so is the mind, and equally suffers, as a lute out of tune, if one string or one organ be disteinpered, all the rest miscarry, *corpus onustum hesternis vitiis, animum quoque prægravat una*. The body is *domicilium animæ*, her house, abode, and stay; and as a torch gives a better light, a sweeter smell, according to the matter it is made of; so doth our soul perform all her actions, better or worse, as her organs are disposed; or as wine savours of the cask wherein it is kept; the soul receives a tincture from the body through which it works. We see this in old men, children, Europeans; Asians, hot and cold climes; sanguine are merry; melancholy, sad; phlegmatic, dull; by reason of abundance of those humours, and they cannot resist such passions which are inflicted by them. For in this infirmity of human nature, as Melancthon declares, the understanding is so tied to, and captivated by his inferior senses, that without their help he cannot exercise his functions, and the will

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being weakened, hath but a small power to restrain those outward parts, but suffers herself to be overruled by them; that I must needs conclude with Lemnius, *spiritus et humores maximum nocumentum obtinent*, spirits and humours do most harm in troubling the soul. How should a man choose but be choleric and angry, that hath his body so dogged with abundance of gross humours or melancholy, that is so inwardly disposed? That thence comes then this malady, madness, apoplexies, lethargies, &c., it may not be denied.

Now this body of ours is most part distempered by some precedent diseases, which molest his inward organs and instruments, and so *per consequens* cause melancholy, according to the consent of the most approved physicians. "This humour (as Avicenna, *l. 3. Fen. 1. Tract. 4. c. 18.* Arnoldus, *breviar. l. 1. 18.* Jacchinus, *comment. in 9 Rhasis, c. 15.* Montaltus, *c. 10.* Nicholas Piso, *c. de Melan. &c.*, suppose) is begotten by the distemperature of some inward part, innate, or left after some inflammation, or else included in the blood after an ague, or some other malignant disease." This opinion of theirs concurs with that of Galen, *l. 3. c. 6. de locis affect.* Guianerius gives an instance in one so caused by a quartan ague, and Montanus, *consil. 32.* in a young man of twenty eight years of age, so distempered after a quartan, which had molested him five years together: Hildesheim, *spicel. 2. de Mania*, relates of a Dutch baron, grievously tormented with melancholy after a long ague: Galen, *l. de atra bile, c. 4.* puts the plague a cause. Botaldus in his book *de lue vener. c. 2.* the French pox for a cause, others phrensy, epilepsy, apoplexy, because those diseases do often degenerate into this. Of suppression of hemorrhoids, hæmorrhagia, or bleeding at the nose, menstruous retentions (although they deserve a larger explication, as being the sole cause of a proper kind of melancholy, in more ancient maids, nuns and widows, handled apart by Rodericus a Castro, and Mercatus, as I have elsewhere signified), or any other evacuation stopped, I have already spoken. Only this I will add, that this melancholy which shall be caused by such infirmities, deserves to be pitied of all men, and to be respected with a more tender compassion, according to Laurentius, as coming from a more inevitable cause.

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

SUBSECT. II.-- *Distemperature of particular Parts, Causes.*

THERE is almost no part of the body, which being distempered, doth not cause this malady, as the brain and his parts, heart, liver, spleen, stomach, matrix or womb, pylorus, mirache, mesentery, hypochondries, meseraic veins; and in a word, saith Arculanus, "there is no part which causeth not melancholy, either because it is adust, or doth not expel the superfluity of the nutriment. Savonarola, *Pract. major. rubric.* 11. *Tract.* 6. *cap.* 1. is of the same opinion, that melancholy is engendered in each particular part, and Crato in *consil.* 17. *lib.* 2. Gordonius, who is *instar omnium*, *lib. med. partic.* 2. *cap.* 19. confirms as much, putting the matter of melancholy, sometimes in the stomach, liver, heart, brain, spleen, mirache, hypochondries, when as the melancholy humour resides there, or the liver is not well cleansed "from melancholy blood."

The brain is a familiar and frequent cause, too hot, or too cold, "through adust blood so caused," as Mercurialis will have it, "within or without the head," the brain itself being distempered. Those are most apt to this disease that have a hot heart and moist brain," which Montaltus, *cap.* 11. *de Melanch.* approves out of Halyabbas, Rhasis, and Avicenna. Mercurialis, *consil.* 11. assigns the coldness of the brain a cause, and Salustius Salvianus, *med. lect.* 1. 2. *c.* 1. will have it "arise from a cold and dry distemperature of the brain." Piso, Benedictus Victorius Faventinus, will have it proceed from a "hot distemperature of the brain;" and Montaltus, *cap.* 10. from the brain's heat, scorching the blood. The brain is still distempered by himself, or by consent: by himself or his proper affection, as Faventinus calls it, "or by vapours which arise from the other parts, and fume up into the head, altering the animal faculties."

Hildesheim, *spicel.* 2. *de Mania*, thinks it may be caused from a "distemperature of the heart; sometimes hot; sometimes cold." A hot liver, and a cold stomach, are put for usual causes of melancholy: Mercurialis, *consil.* 11. *et consil.* 6. *consil.* 86. assigns a hot liver and cold stomach for ordinary causes. Monavius, in an epistle of his to Crato in Scoltzius, is of opinion, that hypochondriacal melancholy may proceed from a cold liver; the question is there discussed. Most agree that a hot liver is in fault; "the liver is the shop of humors, and especially causeth melancholy by his hot and dry distemperature. The stomach and meseraic veins do often concur, by reason of their obstructions, and thence their heat cannot be avoided, and many times the matter is so adust and inflamed in those parts, that it degenerates into hypochondriacal melancholy." Guianerius, *c.* 2. *Tract.* 15. holds the meseraic veins to be a sufficient cause alone. The spleen concurs to this malady, by all their consents, and suppression of hemorrhoids, *dum non expurget altera causa lien*, saith Montaltus, if it be "too cold and dry, and do not purge the other parts as it ought," *consil.* 23. Montanus puts the "spleen stopped," for a great cause. Christopherus a Vega reports of his knowledge, that he hath known melancholy caused from putrefied blood in those seed-veins and womb; "Arculanus, from that menstruous blood turned into melancholy, and seed too long detained (as I have already declared) by putrefaction or adustion."

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The mesenterium, or midriff, diaphragma is a cause which the Greeks called φρεναί [phrenai] because by his inflammation the mind is much troubled with convulsions and dotage. All these, most part, offend by inflammation, corrupting humours and spirits, in this non-natural melancholy: for from these are engendered fuliginous and black spirits. And for that reason Montaltus *cap. 10. de causis melan.* will have "the efficient cause of melancholy to be hot and dry, not a cold and dry distemperature, as some hold, from the heat of the brain, roasting the blood, immoderate heat of the liver and bowels, sad inflammation of the pylorus. And so much the rather, because that," as Galen holds, "all spices inflame the blood, solitariness, waking, agues, study, meditation, all which heat: and therefore he concludes that this distemperature causing adventitious melancholy is not cold and dry, but hot and dry." But of this I have sufficiently treated in the matter of melancholy, and hold that this may be true in non-natural melancholy, which produceth madness, but not in that natural, which is more cold, and being immoderate, produceth a gentle dotage. Which opinion Geraldus de Solo maintains in his comment upon Rhasis.

SUBJECT. III.-- Causes of Head-Melancholy.

AFTER a tedious discourse of the general causes of melancholy, I am now returned at last to treat in brief of the three particular species, and such causes as properly appertain unto them. Although these causes promiscuously concur to each and every particular kind, and commonly produce their effects in that part which is most weak, ill-disposed, and least able to resist, and so cause all three species, yet many of them are proper to some one kind, and seldom found in the rest. As for example, head-melancholy is commonly caused by a cold or hot distemperature of the brain, according to Laurentius, *cap. 5 de melan.* but as Hercules de Saxonia contends, from that agitation or distemperature of the animal spirits alone. Salust. Salvianus, before mentioned, *lib. 2. cap. 3. de re med.* will have it proceed from cold: but that I take of natural melancholy, such as are fools and dote: for as Galen writes, *lib. 4. de puls.* 8. and Avicenna, "a cold and moist brain is an inseparable companion of folly." But this adventitious melancholy which is here meant, is caused of a hot and dry distemperature, as Damascen, the Arabian, *lib. 3. cap. 22.* thinks, and most writers: Altomarus and Piso call it "an innate burning intemperateness, turning blood and choler into melancholy." Both these opinions may stand good, as Bruel maintains, and Cappivaccius, *si cerebrum sit calidus*, "if the brain be hot, the animal spirits will be hot, and thence comes madness; if cold, folly." David Crusius, *Theat. morb. Hermet. lib. 2. cap. 6. de atrabilis*, grants melancholy to be a disease of an inflamed brain, but cold notwithstanding of itself: *calida per accidens, frigida per se*, hot by accident only; I am of Cappivaccius' mind for my part. Now this humour, according to Salvianus, is sometimes in the substance of the brain, sometimes contained in the membranes and tunics that cover the brain, sometimes in the passages of the ventricles of the brain, or veins of those ventricles. It follows many times "phrensy, long diseases, agues, long abode in hot places, or under the sun, a blow on the head," as Rhasis informeth us: Piso adds solitariness, waking, inflammations of the head, proceeding most part from much use of spices, hot wines, hot meats: all which Montanus reckons up, *consil. 22.* for a melancholy Jew; and Heurnius repeats, *cap. 12. de Mania*: hot baths, garlic, onions, saith Guianerius, bad air, corrupt, much waking, &c., retention of seed or abundance, stopping of hæmorrhagia, the midriff misaffected; and according to Trallianus, *l. 1. 16.* immoderate cares, troubles, griefs, discontent, study, meditation, and, in a word, the abuse of all those six non-natural things. Hercules de Saxonia, *cap. 16. lib. 1.* will have it caused from a cautery, or boil dried up, or an issue. Amatus Lusitanus, *cent. 2. cura. 67.* gives instance in a fellow that had a hole in his arm, "after that was healed, ran mad, and when the wound was open, he was cured again." Trincavellius, *consil. 13. lib. 1.* hath an example of a melancholy man so caused by overmuch continuance in the sun, frequent use of venery, and immoderate exercise: and in his *cons. 49. lib. 3.* from a headpiece overheated, which caused head-melancholy. Prosper Calenus brings in Cardinal Cæsius for a pattern of such as are so melancholy by long study; but examples are infinite.

SUBSECT. IV.-- *Causes of Hypochondriacal or Windy Melancholy.*

IN repeating of these causes, I must *crambem bis coctam apponere*, say that again which I have formerly said, in applying them to their proper species. Hypochondriacal or flatuous melancholy, is that which the Arabians call myrachial, and is in my judgment the most grievous and frequent, though Bruel and Laurentius make it least dangerous, and not so hard to be known or cured. His causes are inward or outward. Inward from divers parts or organs, as midriff, spleen, stomach, liver, pylorus, womb, diaphragma, meseraic veins, stopping of issues, etc. Montaltus, cap. 15. out of Galen recites, "heat and obstruction of those meseraic veins, as an immediate cause, by which means the passage of the chilus to the liver is detained, stopped or corrupted, and turned into rumbling and wind? Montanus, *consil.* 233, hath an evident demonstration, Trincavellius another, *lib.* 1, *cap.* 12, and Plater a third, *observat. lib.* 1, for a doctor of the law visited with this infirmity, from the said obstruction and heat of these meseraic veins, and bowels; *quoniam inter ventriculum et jecur venæ effervescunt*, the veins are inflamed about the liver and stomach. Sometimes those other parts are together misaffected; and concur to the production of this malady: a hot liver and cold stomach, or cold belly: look for instances in Hollerius, Victor Trincavellius, *consil.* 35, *l.* 3, Hildesheim, *Spicel.* 2, *fol.* 132, Solenander, *consil.* 9, *pro cive Lugdunensi*, Montanus, *consil.* 229, for the Earl of Montfort in Germany, 1549, and Frisimelica in the 233 consultation of the said Montanus. I. Cæsar Claudinus gives instance of a cold stomach and overhot liver, almost in every consultation, *con.* 89, for a certain count; and *con.* 106, for a Polonian baron, by reason of heat the blood is inflamed, and gross vapours sent to the heart and brain. Mercurialis subscribes to them, *cons.* 89, "the stomach being misaffected," which he calls the king of the belly, because if he be distempered, all the rest suffer with him, as being deprived of their nutriment, or fed with bad nourishment, by means of which come crudities, obstructions, wind, rumbling, griping, &c. Hercules de Saxonia, besides heat, will have the weakness of the liver and his obstruction a cause, *facultatem debilem jecinoris*, which he calls the mineral of melancholy. Laurentius assigns this reason, because the liver over hot draws the meat undigested out of the stomach, and burnish the humours. Montanus, *cons.* 244, proves that sometimes a cold liver may be a cause. Laurentius, *c.* 12, Trincavellius, *lib.* 12, *consil.*, and Gualter Bruel, seems to lay the greatest fault upon the spleen, that doth not his duty in purging the liver as he ought, being too great, or too little, in drawing too much blood sometimes to it, and not expelling it, as P. Cnemiandrus in a consultation of his noted *tumorem lienis*, he names it, and the fountain of melancholy. Diodes supposed the ground of this kind of melancholy to proceed from the inflammation of the pylorus, which is the nether mouth of the ventricle. Others assign the mesenterium or midriff distempered by heat, the womb misaffected, stopping of hæmorrhoids, with many such. All which Laurentius, *cap.* 12, reduceth to three, mesentery, liver, and spleen, from whence he denominates hepatic, splenetic, and meseraic melancholy. Outward causes, are bad diet, care, griefs, discontents, and in a word all those six non-natural things, as Montanus found by his experience, *consil.* 244, Solenander, *consil.* 9, for a citizen of Lyons, in France, gives his reader to understand that he knew this mischief procured by a medicine of cantharides, which an unskilful physician ministered his

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patient to drink *ad venerem excitandam*. But most commonly fear, grief and some sudden commotion, or perturbation of the mind, begin it, in such bodies especially as are ill-disposed. Melancthon, *tract.* 14, *cap.* 2. *de anima*, will have it as common to men, as the mother to women, upon some grievous trouble, dislike, passion, or discontent. For as Camerarius records in his life, Melancthon himself was much troubled with it, and therefore could speak out of experience. Montanus, *consil.* 22, *pro delirante Judæo* confirms it, grievous symptoms of the mind brought him to it. Randolotius relates of himself, that being one day very intent to write out a physician's notes, molested by an occasion, he fell into a hypochondriacal fit, to avoid which he drank the decoction of wormwood, and was freed. Melancthon ("seeing the disease is so troublesome and frequent) holds it a most necessary and profitable study, for every man to know the accidents of it, and a dangerous thing to be ignorant," and would therefore have all men in some sort to understand the causes, symptoms, and cures of it.

SUBJECT. V.-- *Causes of Melancholy from the whole Body.*

As before, the cause of this kind of melancholy is inward or outward. Inward, "when the liver is apt to engender such a humour, or the spleen weak by nature, and not able to discharge his office." A melancholy temperature, retention of hæmorrhoids, monthly issues, bleeding at nose, long diseases, agues, and all those six non-natural things increase it. But especially bad diet, as Piso thinks, pulse, salt meat, shell-fish, cheese, black wine, &c. Mercurialis out of Averroes and Avicenna condemns all herbs: Galen, *lib. 3. de loc. affect. cap. 7*, especially cabbage. So likewise fear, sorrow, discontents, &c., but of these before. And thus in brief you have had the general and particular causes of melancholy.

Now go and brag of thy present happiness, whosoever thou art, brag of thy temperature, of thy good parts, insult, triumph, and boast; thou seest in what a brittle state thou art, how soon thou mayest be dejected, how many several ways, by bad diet, bad air, a small loss, a little sorrow or discontent, an ague, &c.; how many sudden accidents may procure thy ruin, what a small tenure of happiness thou hast in this life, how weak and silly a creature thou art. "Humble thyself; therefore, under the mighty hand of God," 1 Peter, v. 6. know thyself; acknowledge thy present misery, and make right use of it. *Qui stat videat ne cadat*. Thou dost now flourish, and hast *bona animi, corporis, et fortunæ*, goods of body, mind, and fortune, *nescis quid serus secum vesper ferat*, thou knowest not what storms and tempests the late evening may bring with it. Be not secure then, "be sober and watch," *fortunam reverenter habe*, if fortunate and rich; if sick and poor, moderate thyself. I have said.

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SECT. III. MEMB. I.

SUBSECT. I.-- *Symptoms, or Signs of Melancholy in the Body.*

PARRHASIUS, a painter of Athens, amongst those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and when he had him at Athens, put him to extreme torture and torment, the better by his example to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint. I need not be so barbarous, inhuman, curious, or cruel, for this purpose to torture any poor melancholy man, their symptoms are plain, obvious and familiar, there needs no such accurate observation or far-fetched object, they delineate themselves, they voluntarily betray themselves, they are too frequent in all places, I meet them still as I go, they cannot conceal it, their grievances are too well known, I need not seek far to describe them.

Symptoms therefore are either universal or particular, saith Gordonius, *lib. med. cap. 19, part. 2*, to persons, to species: "some signs are secret, some manifest, some in the body, some in the mind, and diversely vary, according to the inward or outward causes," Cappivaccius: or from stars, according to Jovianus Pontanus, *de reb. cœlest. lib. 10. cap. 13*, and celestial influences, or from the humours diversely mixed, Ficinus, *lib. 1, cap. 4, de sanit. tuenda*: as they are hot, cold, natural, unnatural, intended or remitted, so will Ætius have *melancholica deliria multiformia*, diversity of melancholy signs. Laurentius ascribes them to their several temperatures, delights, natures, inclinations, continuance of time, as they are simple or mixed with other diseases, as the causes are divers, so must the signs be almost infinite, Altomarus, *cap. 7. art. med.* And as wine produceth divers effects, or that herb Tortocolla in Laurentius, "which makes some laugh, some weep, some sleep, some dance, some sing, some howl, some drink," &c., so doth this our melancholy humour work several signs in several parties.

But to confine them, these general symptoms may be reduced to those of the body or the mind. Those usual signs appearing in the bodies of such as are melancholy, be these cold and dry, or they are hot and dry, as the humour is more or less adust. From these first qualities arise many other second, as that of colour black, swarthy, pale, ruddy, &c., some are *impense rubri*, as Montaltus, *cap. 16*, observes out of Galen, *lib. 3, de locis affectis*, very red and high coloured. Hippocrates in his book *de insania et melan.* reckons up these signs, that they are "lean, withered, hollow-eyed, look old, wrinkled, harsh, much troubled with wind, and a griping in their bellies, or belly-ache, belch often, dry bellies and hard, dejected looks, flaggy beards, singing of the ears, vertigo, light-headed, little or no sleep, and that interrupt, terrible and fearful dreams," *Anna soror, quæ me suspensam insomnia terrent?* The same symptoms are repeated by Melanelius in his book of melancholy collected out of Galen, Buffus, Ætius, by Rhasis, Gordonius, and all the juniors, "continual, sharp, and stinking belchings, as if their meat in their stomachs were putrefied, or that they had eaten fish, dry bellies, absurd and interrupt dreams, and many phantastical visions

about their eyes, vertiginous, apt to tremble, and prone to venery." Some add palpitation of the heart, cold sweat, as usual symptoms, and a leaping in many parts of the body, *saltum in multis corporis partibus*, a kind of itching, saith Laurentius, on the superficies of the skin, like a flea-biting sometimes. Montaltus, *cap. 21.* puts fixed eyes and much twinkling of their eyes for a sign, and so doth Avicenna, *oculos habentes palpitantes, tremuli, vehementer rubicundi, &c., lib. 3. Fen. 1. Tract. 4. cap. 18.* They stut most part, which he took out of Hippocrates' aphorisms. Rhasis makes "head-ache and a binding heaviness for a principal token, much leaping of wind about the skin, as well as stutting, or tripping in speech, &c., hollow eyes, gross veins, and broad lips." To some too, if they be far gone, mimical gestures are too familiar, laughing, grinning, fleering, murmuring, talking to themselves, with strange mouths and faces, articulate voices, exclamations, &c. And although they be commonly lean, hirsute, uncheerful in countenance, withered, and not so pleasant to behold, by reason of those continual fears, griefs, and vexations, dull, heavy, lazy, restless, unapt to go about any business; yet their memories are most part good, they have happy wits, and excellent apprehensions. Their hot and dry brains make them they cannot sleep, *Ingentes habent et erebras vigilias* (Areteus), mighty and oft-watchings, sometimes waking for a month, a year together. Hercules de Saxonia faithfully averreth, that he hath heard his mother swear, she slept not for seven months together: Trincavellius, *Tom. 2. cons. 16.* speaks of one that waked 50 days, and Skenckius hath examples of two years, and all without offence. In natural actions their appetite is greater than their concoction, *multa appetunt, pauca digerunt*, as Rhasis hath it, they covet to eat, but cannot digest. And although they "do eat much, yet they are lean, ill-liking," saith Areteus, "withered and hard, much troubled with costiveness," crudities, oppilations, spitting, belching, &c. Their pulse is rare and slow, except it be of the Carotides, which is very strong; but that varies according to their intended passions or perturbations, as Struthius hath proved at large. *Spigmaticæ artis, l. 4. c. 13.* To say truth, in such chronic diseases the pulse is not much to be respected, there being so much superstition in it, as Crato notes, and so many differences in Galen, that he dares say they may not be observed, or understood of any man.

Their urine is most part pale, and low coloured, *urina pauca, acris, biliosa*, (Areteus), not much in quantity; but this, in my judgment, is all out as uncertain as the other, varying so often according to several persons, habits, and other occasions not to be respected in chronic diseases. "Their melancholy excrements in some very much, in others little, as the spleen plays his part," and thence proceeds wind, palpitation of the heart, short breath, plenty of humidity in the stomach, heaviness of heart and heartache, and intolerable stupidity and dulness of spirits. Their excrements or stool hard, black to some and little. If the heart, brain, liver, spleen, be misaffected, as usually they are, many inconveniences proceed from them, many diseases accompany, as incubus, apoplexy, epilepsy, vertigo, those frequent wakings and terrible dreams, intempestive laughing, weeping, sighing, sobbing, bashfulness, blushing, trembling, sweating, swooning, &c. All their senses are troubled, they think they see, hear, smell, and touch that which they do not, as shall be proved in the following discourse.

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY

SUBSECT. II.-- *Symptoms or Signs in the Mind.*

Fear.] ARCULANUS in 9 *Rhasis ad Almansor. cap.* 16. will have these symptoms to be infinite, as indeed they are, varying according to the parties, "for scarce is there one of a thousand that dotes alike," Laurentius, *c.* 16. Some few of greater note I will point at; and amongst the rest, fear and sorrow, which as they are frequent causes, so if they persevere long, according to Hippocrates and Galen's aphorisms, they are most assured signs, inseparable companions, and characters of melancholy; of present melancholy and habituated, saith Montaltus, *cap.* 11. and common to them all, as the said Hippocrates, Galen, Avicenna, and all Neoterics hold. But as hounds many times run away with a false cry, never perceiving themselves to be at a fault, so do they. For Diocles of old (whom Galen confutes), and amongst the juniors, Hercules de Saxonia, with Lod. Mercatus, *cap.* 17. *l.* 1. *de melan.* take just exceptions at this aphorism of Hippocrates, 'tis not always true, or so generally to be understood, "fear and sorrow are no common symptoms to all melancholy; upon more serious consideration, I find some (saith he) that are not so at all. Some indeed are sad, and not fearful; some fearful and not sad; some neither fearful nor sad; some both." Four kinds he excepts, fanatical persons, such as were Cassandra, Nanto, Nicostrata, Mopsus, Proteus, the Sybils, whom Aristotle confesseth to have been deeply melancholy. Baptista Porta seconds him, *Physiog. lib.* 1. *cap.* 8, they were *atra bile perciti*: dæmoniack persons, and such as speak strange languages, are of this rank: some poets, such as laugh always, and think themselves kings, cardinals, &c., sanguine they are, pleasantly disposed most part, and so continue. Baptista Porta confines fear and sorrow to them that are cold; but lovers, sybils, enthusiasts, he wholly excludes. So that I think I may truly conclude, they are not always sad and fearful, but usually so: and that "without a cause, *timent de non timendis* (Gordonius), *quæque momenti non sunt*, "although not all alike (saith Altomarus), yet all likely fear, some with an extraordinary and a mighty fear," Areteus. "Many fear death, and yet in a contrary humour, make away themselves," Galen, *lib.* 3. *de loc. affect. cap.* 7. Some are afraid that heaven will fall on their heads: some they are damned, or shall be. "They are troubled with scruples of consciences, distrusting God's mercies, think they shall go certainly to hell, the devil will have them, and make great lamentation," Jason Pratensis. Fear of devils, death, that they shall be so sick of some such or such disease, ready to tremble at every object, they shall die themselves forthwith, or that some of their dear friends or near allies are certainly dead; imminent danger, loss, disgrace, still torment others, &c.; that they are all glass, and therefore will suffer no man to come near them: that they are all cork, as light as feathers; others as heavy as lead; some are afraid their heads will fall off their shoulders, that they have frogs in their bellies, &c. Montanus, *Consil.* 23, speaks of one "that durst not walk alone from home, for fear he should swoon or die." A second "fears every man he meets will rob him, quarrel with him, or kill him." A third dares not venture to walk alone, for fear he should meet the devil, a thief, be sick; fears all old women as witches, and every black dog or cat he sees he suspecteth to be a devil, every person comes near him is malificiated, every creature, all intend to hurt him, seek his ruin; another dares not go over a bridge, come near a pool, rock, steep hill, lie in a chamber where cross beams are, for fear he be tempted to hang, drown, or precipitate himself. If he be in a silent

auditory, as at a sermon, he is afraid he shall speak aloud at unawares, something indecent, unfit to be said. If he be locked in a close room, he is afraid of being stifled for want of air, and still carries biscuit, aquavitæ, or some strong waters about him, for fear of deliquiums, or being sick; or if he be in a throng, middle of a church, multitude, where he may not well get out, though he sit at ease, he is so misaffected. He will freely promise, undertake any business beforehand, but when it comes to be performed, he dare not adventure, but fears an infinite number of dangers, disasters, &c. Some are "afraid to be burned, or that the ground will sink under them, or swallow them quick, or that the king will call them in question for some fact they never did (Rhasis *cont.*) and that they shall surely be executed." The terror of such a death troubles them, and they fear as much and are equally tormented in mind, "as they that have committed a murder, and are pensive without a cause, as if they were now presently to be put to death." Plater, *cap. 3. de mentis alienat.* They are afraid of some loss, danger, that they shall surely lose their lives, goods, and all they have, but why they know not. Trincavellius, *consil. 13. lib. 1.* had a patient that would needs make away himself; for fear of being hanged, and could not be persuaded for three years together, but that he had killed a man. Plater, *observat. lib. 1.* hath two other examples of such as feared to be executed without a cause. If they come in a place where a robbery, theft, or any such offence hath been done, they presently fear they are suspected, and many times betray themselves without a cause. Lewis XI., the French king, suspected every man a traitor that came about him, durst trust no officer. *Alii formidolosi omnium, alii quorundam* (Fracastorius, *lib. 2. de Intellect.*) "some fear all alike, some certain men, and cannot endure their companies, are sick in them, or if they be from home." Some suspect treason still, others "are afraid of their dearest and nearest friends." (Melanelius a Galeno, Ruff, *Ætio.*) and dare not be alone in the dark for fear of hobgoblins and devils: he suspects every thing he hears or sees to be a devil, or enchanted, and imagineth a thousand chimeras and visions, which to his thinking he certainly sees, bugbears, talks with black men, ghosts, goblins, &c., *Omnes se terrent auræ, sonus excitat omnis.* Another through bashfulness, suspicion, and timorousness, will not be seen abroad, "loves darkness as life, and cannot endure the light," or to sit in lightsome places, his hat still in his eyes, he will neither see nor be seen by his goodwill, Hippocrates, *lib. de Insania et Melancholia.* He dare not come in company for fear he should be misused, disgraced, overshoot himself in gesture or speeches, or be sick; he thinks every man observes him, aims at him, derides him, owes him malice. Most part "they are afraid they are bewitched, possessed, or poisoned by their enemies, and sometimes they suspect their nearest friends: he thinks something speaks or talks with him, or to him, and he belcheth of the poison." Christopherus a Vega, *lib. 2. cap. 1.* had a patient so troubled, that by no persuasion or physic he could be reclaimed. Some are afraid that they shall have every fearful disease they see others have, hear of, or read, and dare not therefore bear or read of any such subject, no not of melancholy itself; lest by applying to themselves that which they hear or read, they should aggravate and increase it. If they see one possessed, bewitched, an epileptic paroxysm, a man shaking with the palsy, or giddy-headed, reeling or standing in a dangerous place, &c., for many days after it runs in their minds, they are afraid they shall be so too, they are in like danger, as Perk. *c. 12. sc. 2.* well observes in his Cases of Consc., and many times by violence of imagination they produce it. They cannot endure to see any terrible object, as a monster, a man executed, a carcase, hear the devil named, or any tragical relation seen, but they quake for fear, *Hecatas somniare sibi videntur* (Lucian), they dream of hobgoblins, and may not get it out of their minds a long time after: they apply (as I

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have said) all they hear, see, read, to themselves; as Felix Plater notes of some young physicians, that study to cure diseases, catch them themselves, will be sick, and appropriate all symptoms they find related of others, to their own persons. And therefore (*quod iterum moneo, licet nauseam paret lectori, malo decem potius verba, decies repetita licet, abundare, quam unum desiderari*) I would advise him that is actually melancholy not to read this tract of Symptoms, lest he disquiet or make himself for a time worse, and more melancholy than he was before. Generally of them all take this, *de inanibus semper conqueruntur et timent*, saith Areteus: they complain of toys, and fear without a cause and still think their melancholy to be most grievous, none so bad as they are, though it be nothing in respect, yet never any man sure was so troubled, or in this sort. As really tormented and perplexed, in as great an agony for toys and trifles (such things as they will after laugh at themselves) as if they were most material and essential matters indeed, worthy to be feared, and will not be satisfied. Pacify them for one, they are instantly troubled with some other fear; always afraid of something which they foolishly imagine or conceive to themselves, which never peradventure was, never can be, never likely will be; troubled in mind upon every small occasion, unquiet, still complaining, grieving, vexing, suspecting, grudging, discontent, and cannot be freed so long as melancholy continues. Or if their minds be more quiet for the present, and they free from foreign fears, outward accidents, yet their bodies are out of tune, they suspect some part or other to be amiss, now their head aches, heart, stomach, spleen, &c. is misaffected, they shall surely have this or that disease; still troubled in body, mind, or both, and through wind, corrupt fantasy, some accidental distemper, continually molested. Yet for all this, as Jacchinus notes, "in all other things they are wise, staid, discreet and do nothing unbecoming their dignity, person, or place, this foolish, ridiculous, and childish fear excepted; which so much, so continually tortures and crucifies their souls, like a barking dog that always bawls, but seldom bites, this fear ever molesteth, and so long as melancholy lasteth, cannot be avoided."

Sorrow is that other character, and inseparable companion, as individual as Saint Cosmus and Damian, *fidus Achates*, as all writers witness, a common symptom, a continual, and still without any evident cause, *mærent omnes, et si roges eos reddere causam, non possunt*: grieving still, but why they cannot tell: *Agelasti, mæsti, cogitabundi*, they look as if they had newly come forth of Trophonius' den. And though they laugh many times, and seem to be extraordinary merry (as they will by fits), yet extreme lumpish again in an instant, dull and heavy, *semel et simul*, merry and sad, but most part sad: *Si qua placent, abeunt; inimica tenacius hærent*: sorrow sticks by them still continually, gnawing as the vulture did Titius' bowels, and they cannot avoid it. No sooner are their eyes open, but after terrible and troublesome dreams their heavy hearts begin to sigh: they are still fretting, chafing, sighing, grieving, complaining, finding faults, repining, grudging, weeping, *Heautontimorumenoi*, vexing themselves, disquieted in mind, with restless, unquiet thoughts, discontent, either for their own, other men's or public affairs, such as concern them not; things past, present, or to come, the remembrance of some disgrace, loss, injury, abuses, &c. troubles them now being idle afresh, as if it were new done; they are afflicted otherwise for some danger, loss, want, shame, misery, that will certainly come, as they suspect and mistrust. Lugubris Ate frowns upon them, insomuch that Areteus well calls it *angorem animi*, a vexation of the mind, a perpetual agony. They can hardly be pleased or eased, though in other men's opinion most happy, go, tarry, run, ride, -- *post equitens sedet atra cura*: they cannot avoid this feral plague, let them come in what company they will, *hæret lateri lethalis arundo*,

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as to a deer that is struck, whether he run, go, rest with the herd, or alone, this grief remains: irresolution, inconstancy, vanity of mind, their fear, torture, care, jealousy, suspicion, &c., continues, and the cannot be relieved. So he complained in the poet,

"Domum revertur mætus, atque animo fere
Perturbato, atque incerto, præ ægritudine,
Assido, accurunt servi: soccos detrahunt,
Video alios festinare, lectos sternere,
Cœnam apparare, pro se quisque sedulo
Faciebant, quo illam mihi lenirent miseriam."

"He came home sorrowful, and troubled in his mind, his servants did all they possibly could to please him; one pulled off his socks, another made ready his bed, a third his supper, all did their utmost endeavours to ease his grief, and exhilarate his person, he was profoundly melancholy, he had lost his son, *illud angebat*, that was his Cordolium, his pain, his agony which could not be removed."

Tædium vitæ.] Hence it proceeds many times, that they are weary of their lives, and feral thoughts to offer violence to their own persons come into their minds, *tædium vitæ* is a common symptom, *tarda fluunt, ingrataque tempora*, they are soon tired with all things; they will now tarry, now be gone; now in bed they will rise, now up, then go to bed, now pleased, then again displeased; now they like, by and by dislike all, weary of all, *sequitur nunc vivendi, nunc moriendi cupido*, saith Aurelianus, *lib. 1. cap. 6*, but most part *vitam damnant*, discontent, disquieted, perplexed upon every light, or no occasion, object: often tempted, I say, to make away themselves: *Vivere nolunt, mori nesciunt*: they cannot die, they will not live: they complain, weep, lament, and think they lead a most miserable life, never was any man so bad, or so before, every poor man they see is most fortunate in respect of them, every beggar that comes to the door is happier than they are, they could be contented to change lives with them, especially if they be alone, idle, and parted from their ordinary company, molested, displeased, or provoked: grief, fear, agony, discontent, wearisomeness, laziness, suspicion, or some such; passion forcibly seizeth on them. Yet by and by when they come in company again, which they like, or be pleased, *suam sententiam rursus damnant, et vitæ solatio delectantur*, as Octavius Horatianus observes, *lib. 2. cap. 5*, they condemn their former dislike, and are well pleased to live. And so they continue, till with some fresh discontent they be molested again, and then they are weary of their lives, weary of all, they will die, and show rather a necessity to live, than a desire. Claudius the emperor, as Sueton describes him, had a spice of this disease, for when he was tormented with the pain of his stomach, he had a conceit to make away himself. Julius Cæsar Claudinus, *consil. 84*. had a Polonian to his patient, so affected, that through fear and sorrow, with which he was still disquieted, hated his own life, wished for death every moment, and to be freed of his misery. Mercurialis another, and another that was often minded to dispatch himself, and so continued for many years.

Suspicion, jealousy.] Suspicion, and jealousy, are general symptoms: they are commonly distrustful, apt to mistake, and amplify, *facile irascibiles*, testy, pettish, peevish, and ready to snarl upon every small occasion, *cum amicissimis*, and without a cause, *datum vel non datum*, it will be *scandalum acceptum*. If they speak in jest, he takes it in good earnest. If they be not saluted, invited, consulted with, called to

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counsel, &c., or that any respect, small compliment, or ceremony be omitted, they think themselves neglected, and contemned; for a time that tortures them. If two talk together, discourse, whisper, jest, or tell a tale in general, he thinks presently they mean him, applies all to himself *de se putat omnia dici*. Or if they talk with him, he is ready to misconstrue every word they speak, and interpret it to the worst; he cannot endure any man to look steadily on him, speak to him almost, laugh, jest, or be familiar, or hem, or point, cough, or spit, or make a noise sometimes, &c. He thinks they laugh or point at him, or do it in disgrace of him, circumvent him, condemn him, every man looks at him, he is pale, red, sweats for fear and anger lest somebody should observe him. He works upon it, and long after this false conceit of an abuse troubles him. Montanus, consil. 22. gives instance in a melancholy Jew, that was *Iracundior Adria*, so waspish and suspicious, *tam facile iratus*, that no man could tell how to carry himself in his company.

Inconstancy.] Inconstant they are in all their action; vertiginous, restless, unapt to resolve of any business, they will and will not, persuaded to and fro upon every small occasion, or word spoken: and yet if once they be resolved, obstinate, hard to be reconciled. If they abhor, dislike, or distaste, once settled, though to the better by odds, by no counsel, or persuasion to be removed. Yet in most things wavering, irresolute, unable to deliberate, through fear, *faciunt, et mox facti pœnitunt* (*Areteus*), *avari, et paulo post prodigi*. Now prodigal, and then covetous, they do, and by-and-by repent them of that which they have done, so that both ways they are troubled, whether they do or do not, want or have, hit or miss, disquieted of all hands, soon weary, and still seeking change, restless, I say, fickle, fugitive, they may not abide to tarry in one place long.

"Romæ rus optans, absentem rusticus urbem
Tollit ad astra --"

(Hor. "At Rome, wishing for the fields; in the country, extolling the city to the skies.")

no company long, or to persevere in any action or business.

"Et similis regum pueris, pappare minutum
Poscit, et iratus mammæ lallare recusat."

(Pers. Sat. 3. 18. "And like the children of nobility, require to eat pap, and, angry at the nurse, refuse her to sing lullaby.")

eftsoons pleased, and anon displeased, as a man that's bitten with fleas, or that cannot sleep turns to and fro in his bed, their restless minds are tossed and vary, they have no patience to read out a book, to play out a game or two, walk a mile, sit an hour, &c., erected and dejected in an instant; animated to undertake, and upon a word spoken again discouraged.

Passionate.] Extreme passionate, *Quicquid volunt valde volunt*; and what they desire, they do most furiously seek: anxious ever and very solicitous, distrustful, and timorous, envious, malicious, profuse one while, sparing another, but most part covetous, muttering, repining, discontent, and still complaining, grudging, peevish,

injuriarum tenaces, prone to revenge, soon troubled, and most violent in all their imaginations, not affable in speech, or apt to vulgar compliment, but surly, dull, sad, austere; *cogitabundi* still, very intent, and as Albertus Durer paints melancholy, like a sad woman leaning on her arm with fixed looks, neglected habit, &c., held therefore by some proud, soft, sottish, or half-mad, as the Abderites esteemed of Democritus: and yet of a deep reach, excellent apprehension, judicious, wise, and witty: for I am of that nobleman's mind, "Melancholy advanceth men's conceits, more than any humour whatsoever," improves their meditations more than any strong drink or sack. They are of profound judgment in some things, although in others *non recte judicant inquieti*, saith Fracastorius, *lib. 2. de Intell.* And as Arculanus, *c. 16. in 9. Rhasis* terms it, *Judicium plerumque perversum corrupti, cum judicant honesta inhonesta, at amicitiam habent pro inimicitia*: they count honesty dishonesty, friends as enemies, they will abuse their best friends, and dare not offend their enemies. Cowards most part *et ad inferendam injuriam timidissimi* saith Cardan, *lib. 8. cap. 4. de rerum varietate*: loth to offend, and if they chance to overshoot themselves in word or deed: or any small business or circumstance be omitted, forgotten, they are miserably tormented, and frame a thousand dangers and inconveniences to themselves, *ex musca elephantem*, if once they conceit it: overjoyed with every good rumour, tale, or prosperous event, transported beyond themselves: with every small cross again, bad news, misconceived injury, loss, danger, afflicted beyond measure, in great agony, perplexed, dejected, astonished, impatient, utterly undone: fearful, suspicious of all. Yet again, many of them desperate harebrains, rash, careless, fit to be assassins, as being void of all fear and sorrow, according to Hercules de Saxonia, "Most audacious, and such as dare walk alone in the night, through deserts and dangerous places, fearing none."

Amorous.] "They are prone to love," and easy to be taken; *Propensi ad amorem et excalescentiam* (Montaltus, *cap. 21*), quickly enamoured, and dote upon all, love one dearly, till they see another, and then dote on her, *Et hanc, et hanc, et illam, et omnes*, the present moves most, and the last commonly they love best. Yet some again *Anterotes*, cannot endure the sight of a woman, abhor the sex, as that same melancholy duke of Muscovy, that was instantly sick if he came but in sight of them; and that Anchorite, that fell into a cold palsy when a woman was brought before him.

Humorous.] Humorous they are beyond all measure, sometimes profusely laughing, extraordinarily merry, and then again weeping without a cause (which is familiar with many gentlewomen), groaning, sighing, pensive, sad, almost distracted, *multa absurda fingunt, et a ratione aliena* (saith Frambesarius), they feign many absurdities, vain, void of reason: one supposeth himself to be a dog, cock, bear, horse, glass, butter, &c. He is a giant, a dwarf; as strong as an hundred men, a lord, duke, prince, &c. And if he be told he hath a stinking breath, a great nose, that he is sick, or inclined to such or such a disease, he believes it eftsoons, and peradventure by force of imagination will work it out. Many of them are immovable, and fixed in their conceit; others vary upon every object, heard or seen. If they see a stage-play, they run upon that a week after; if they hear music, or see dancing, they have nought but bagpipes in their brain; if they see a combat, they are all for arms. "If abused, an abuse troubles them long after; if crossed, that cross, &c. Restless in their thoughts and actions, continually meditating, *Velet ægri somnia, vanæ finguntur species*; more like dreams, than men awake, they fain a company of antic, fantastical conceits, they have most frivolous thoughts, impossible to be effected; and sometimes think verily they hear and see present before their eyes such phantasms or goblins, they fear, suspect, or

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conceive, they still talk with, and follow them. In fine, *cogitationes somniantibus similes, id vigilant, quod alli somniant cogitabundi*: still, saith Avicenna, they wake, as others dream, and such for the most part are their imaginations and conceits, absurd, vain, foolish toys, yet they are most curious and solicitous, continual, *et supra modum*, Rhasis, *cont. lib. 1. cap. 9. præmeditantur de aliqua re*. As serious in a toy, as if it were a most necessary business, of great moment, importance, and still, still, still thinking of it: *sæviunt in se*, macerating themselves. Though they do talk with you, and seem to be otherwise employed, and to your thinking very intent and busy, still that toy runs in their mind, that fear, that suspicion, that abuse, that jealousy, that agony, that vexation, that cross, that castle in the air, that crotchet, that whimsy, that fiction, that pleasant waking dream, whatsoever it is. *Nec interrogant* (saith Fracastorius) *nec irrogatis recte respondent*. They do not much heed what you say, their mind is on another matter; ask what you will, they do not attend, or much intend that business they are about, but forget themselves what they are saying, doing, or should otherwise say or do, whither they are going, distracted with their own melancholy thoughts. One laughs upon a sudden, another smiles to himself, a third frowns, calls, his lips go still, he acts with his hand as he walks, &c. 'Tis proper to all melancholy men, saith Mercurialis, *con. 11*. "What conceit they have once entertained, to be most intent, violent, and continually about it." *Invitus occurrit*, do what they may they cannot be rid of it, against their wills they must think of it a thousand times over, *Perpetuo molestantur nec oblivisci possunt*, they are continually troubled with it, in company, out of company; at meat, at exercise, at all times and places, *non desinunt ea, quæ minime volunt, cogitare*, if it be offensive especially, they cannot forget it, they may not rest or sleep for it, but still tormenting themselves, *Sysiphi saxum volvunt sibi ipsis*, as Bruner observes, *Perpetua calamitas et miserabile flagellum*.

Bashfulness] Crato, Laurentius, and Fernelius, put bashfulness for an ordinary symptom, *subrusticus pudor*, or *vitiosus pudor*, is a thing which much haunts and torments them. If they have been misused, derided, disgraced, chidden, &c., or by any perturbation of mind misaffected, it so far troubles them, that they become quite moped many times and so disheartened, dejected, they dare not come abroad, into strange companies especially, or manage their ordinary affairs, so childish, timorous, and bashful, they can look no man in the face; some are more disquieted in this kind, some less, longer some, others shorter, by fits, &c., though some on the other side (according to Fracastorius) be *invirecundi et pertinaces*, impudent and peevish. But most part the are very shamefaced, and that makes them with Pet. Blesensis, Christopher Urswick, and many such, to refuse honours, offices and preferments, which sometimes fall into their mouths, they cannot speak, or put forth themselves as others can, *timor hos, pudor impedit illos*, timorousness and bashfulness hinder their proceedings, they are contented with their present estate, unwilling to undertake any office, and therefore never likely to rise. For that cause they seldom visit their friends, except some familiars: *pauciloqui*, of few words, and oftentimes wholly silent. Frambeserius, a Frenchman, had two such patients, *omnino taciturnos*, their friends could not get them to speak: Rodericus a Fonseca, *consult. tom. 2. 85. consil.* gives instance in a young man, of twenty-seven years of age, that was frequently silent, bashful, moped, solitary, that would not eat his meat, or sleep, and yet again by fits apt to be angry, &c.

Solitariness.] Most part they are, as Plater notes, *desides, taciturni, ægre impulsivi nec nisi coacti procedunt*, &c., they will scarce be compelled to do that which

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concerns them, though it be for their good, so diffident, so dull, of small or no compliment, unsociable, hard to be acquainted with, especially of strangers; they had rather write their minds than speak, and above all things love solitariness. *Ob voluptatem, an ob timorem soli sunt?* Are they so solitary for pleasure (one asks) or pain? for both; yet I rather think for fear and sorrow, &c.

"Hinc metuunt cupiuntque, dolent fugiuntque, nec auras
Respiciunt, clausi tenebris, et carcere cæco."

"Hence they they grieve and fear, avoiding light,
And shut themselves in prison dark from sight."

As Bellerophon in Homer,

"Qui miser in sylvis mœrens errabat opacis,
Ipse suum cor edens, hominum vestigia vitans."

"That wandered in the woods, sad, all alone,
Forsaking men's society, making great moan."

They delight in floods and waters, desert places, to walk alone in orchards, gardens, private walks, back lanes, averse from company, as Diogenes in his tub, or Timon Misanthropus, they abhor all companions at last, even their nearest acquaintances and most familiar friends, for they have a conceit (I say) every man observes them, will deride, laugh to scorn, or misuse them, confining themselves therefore wholly to their private houses or chambers *fugiunt homines sine causa* (saith Rhasis) *et odio habent, cont. l. 1. c. 9.* they will diet themselves, feed and live alone. It was one of the chiefest reasons why the citizens of Abdera suspected Democritus to be melancholy and mad, because that, as Hippocrates related in his epistle to Philopœmnes, "he forsook the city, lived in groves and hollow trees, upon a green bank by a brook side or confluence of waters all day long, and all night." *Quæ quidem* (saith he) *plurimum atra bile vexatis et melancholicis eveniunt, deserta frequentant, hominumque congressum aversantur*; which is an ordinary thing with melancholy men. The Egyptians therefore in their hieroglyphics expressed a melancholy man by a hare sitting in her form, as being a most timorous and solitary creature, Pierius, *Hieroglyph. l. 12.* But this, and all precedent symptoms, are more or less apparent, as the humour is intended or remitted, hardly perceived in some, or not at all, most manifest in others. Childish in some, terrible in others; to be derided in one, pitied or admired in another; to him by fits, to a second continue: and howsoever these symptoms be common and incident to all persons, yet they are the more remarkable, frequent, furious and violent in melancholy men. To speak in a word, there is nothing so vain, absurd, ridiculous, extravagant, impossible, incredible, so monstrous a chimera, so prodigious and strange, such as painters and poets durst not attempt, which they will not really fear, feign, suspect and imagine unto themselves: and that which Lod. Viv. said in a jest of a silly country fellow, that killed his ass for drinking up the moon, *ut lunam mundo redderet*, you may truly say of them in earnest; they will act, conceive all extremes, contrarieties, and contradictions, and that in infinite varieties. *Melancholici plane incredibilia sibi persuadent, ut vix omnibus sæculis duo*

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reperi sint, qui idem imaginati sint (Erastus de Landis), scarce two of two thousand that concur in the same symptoms. The tower of Babel never yielded such confusion of tongues, as the chaos of melancholy doth variety of symptoms. There is in all melancholy, *similitudo dissimilis*, like men's faces, a disagreeing likeness still; and as in a river we swim in the same place, though not in the same numerical water; as the same instrument affords several lessons, so the same disease yields diversity of symptoms. Which howsoever they be diverse, intricate, and hard to be confined, I will adventure yet in such a vast confusion and generality to bring them into some order; and so descend to particulars.

SUBJECT. III.-- *Particular Symptoms from the influence of Stars, parts of the Body, and Humours.*

Some men have peculiar symptoms, according to their temperament and crisis, which they had from the stars and those celestial influences, variety of wits and dispositions, as Anthony Zara contends, *Anat. ingen. sect. 1. memb. 11. 12, 13, 14, plurimum irritant influentiæ cælestes, unde cientur animi ægritudines et morbi corporum*. One saith, diverse diseases of the body and mind proceed from their influences, as I have already proved out of Ptolemy, Puntanus, Lemnius, Cardan, and others, as they are principal significators of manners, diseases, mutually irradiated, or lords of the geniture, &c. Ptolomeus in his centiloquy, Hermes, or whosoever else the author of that tract, attributes all these symptoms, which are in melancholy men, to celestial influences; which opinion, Mercurialis *de affect. lib. cap. 10.* rejects; but, as I say, Jovianus Pontanus and others stiffly defend. That some are solitary, dull, heavy, churlish; some again blithe, buxom, light, and merry, they ascribe wholly to the stars. As if Saturn be predominant in his nativity, and cause melancholy in his temperature, then he shall be very austere, sullen, churlish, black of colour, profound in his cogitations, full of cares, miseries, and discontents, sad and fearful, always silent, solitary, still delighting in husbandry, in woods, orchards, gardens, rivers, ponds, pools, dark walks and close: *Cogitationes sunt velle ædificare, velle arbores plantare, agros colere, &c.* To catch birds, fishes, &c., still contriving and musing of such matters. If Jupiter domineers, they are more ambitious, still meditating of kingdoms, magistracies, offices, honours, or that they are princes, potentates, and how they would carry themselves, &c. If Mars, they are all for wars, brave combats, monomachies, testy, choleric, harebrain, rash, furious, and violent in their actions. They will feign themselves victors, commanders, are passionate and satirical in their speeches, great braggers, ruddy of colour. And though they be poor in show, vile and base, yet like Telephus and Peleus in the poet, *Ampullas jactant et sesquipedalia verba*, "forget their swelling and gigantic words," their mouths are full of myriads, and tetrarchs at their tongues' end. If the sun, they will be lords, emperors, in conceit at least, and monarchs, give offices, honours, &c. If Venus, they are still courting of their mistresses, and most apt to love, amorously given, they seem to hear music, plays, see fine pictures, dancers, merriments, and the like. Ever in love, and dote on all they see. Mercurialists are solitary, much in contemplation, subtile, poets, philosophers, and musing most part about such matters. If the moon have a hand, they are all for peregrinations, sea voyages, much affected with travels, to discourse, read, meditate of such things; wandering in their thoughts, diverse, much delighting in waters, to fish, fowl, &c. But the most immediate symptoms proceed from the temperature itself; and the organical parts, as head, liver, spleen, meseraic veins, heart, womb, stomach, &c., and most especially from distemperature of spirits (which, as Hercules de Saxonia contends, are wholly immaterial), or from the four humours in those seats, whether they be hot or cold, natural, unnatural, innate or adventitious, intended or remitted, simple or mixed, their diverse mixtures, and several adustions, combinations, which may be as diversely varied, as those four first qualities in Clavius, and produce as many several symptoms and monstrous fictions as wine doth

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effect, which as Andreas Bachius observes, *lib. 3. de vino, cap. 20.* are infinite. Of greater note be these.

If it be natural melancholy, as Lod. Mercatus, *lib. 1. cap. 17. de melan.* T. Bright, *c. 16.* hath largely described, either of the spleen, or of the veins, faulty by excess of quantity, or thickness of substance, it is a cold and dry humour, as Montanus affirms, *consil. 26.* the parties are sad, timorous and fearful. Prosper Calenus, in his book *de atra bile*, will have them to be more stupid than ordinary, cold, heavy, dull, solitary, sluggish; *Si multam atram bilem et frigidam habent.* Hercules de Saxonia, *c. 19. l. 7.* "holds these that are naturally melancholy, to be of a leaden colour or black," and so doth Guianerius, *c. 3. tract. 15.* and such as think themselves dead many times, or that they see, talk with black men, dead men, spirits and goblins frequently, if it be in excess. These symptoms vary according to the mixture of those four humours adust, which is unnatural melancholy. For as Trallianus hath written, *cap. 16, l. 7.* "There is not one cause of this melancholy, nor one humour which begets, but diverse diversely intermixed, from whence proceeds this variety of symptoms:" and those varying again as they are hot or cold. "Cold melancholy (saith Benedic. Vittorius Faventinus *pract. mag.*) is a cause of dotage, and more mild symptoms; if hot or more adust, of more violent passions, and furies." Fracastorius, *l. 2. de intellect.* will have us to consider well of it, "with what kind of melancholy every one is troubled, for it much avails to know it; one is enraged by fervent heat, another is possessed by sad and cold; one is fearful, shamefaced; the other impudent and bold; as Ajax, *Arma rapit superosque furens in praelia poscit:* quite mad or tending to madness: *Nunc hos, nunc impetit illos.* Bellerophon on the other side, *solis errat male sanus in agris*, wanders alone in the woods; one despairs, weeps, and is weary of his life, another laughs, &c. All which variety is produced from the several degrees of heat and cold, which Hercules de Saxonia will have wholly proceed from the distemperature of spirits alone, animal especially, and those immaterial, the next and immediate causes of melancholy, as they are hot, cold, dry, moist, and from their agitation proceeds that diversity of symptoms, which he reckons up in the thirteenth chap. of his Tract of Melancholy, and that largely through every part. Others will have them come from the diverse adustion of the four humours, which in this unnatural melancholy, by corruption of blood, adust choler, or melancholy natural, "by excessive distemper of heat turned, in comparison of the natural, into a sharp lye by force of adustion, cause, according to the diversity of their matter, diverse and strange symptoms," which T. Bright reckons up in his following chapter. So doth Arculanus, according to the four principal humours adust, and many others.

For example, if it proceed from phlegm (which is seldom and not so frequently as the rest), it stirs up dull symptoms, and a kind of stupidity, or impassionate hurt: they are sleepy, saith Savanarola, dull, slow, cold, blockish, ass-like, *Asininam melancholicam*, Melancthon calls it, "they are much given to weeping and delight in waters, ponds, pools, rivers, fishing, fowling," &c. (Arnoldus, *breviar. 1. cap. 18.*) They are pale of colour, slothful, apt to sleep, heavy; much troubled with head-ache, continual meditation, and muttering to themselves; they dream of waters, that they are in danger of drowning, and fear such things, Rhasis. They are fatter than others that are melancholy, of a muddy complexion, apter to spit, sleep, more troubled with rheum than the rest, and have their eyes still fixed on the ground. Such a patient had Hercules de Saxonia, a widow in Venice, that was fat and very sleepy still; Christophorus a Vega another affected in the same sort. If it be inveterate or violent, the symptoms are more evident, they plainly denote and are ridiculous to others, in all

their gestures, actions, speeches; imagining impossibilities, as he in Christophorus a Vega, that thought he was a tun of wine, and that Siennois, that resolved within himself not to piss, for fear he should drown all the town.

If it proceed from blood adust, or that there be a mixture of blood in it, "such as are commonly ruddy of complexion, and high-coloured," according to Salust Salvianus, and Hercules de Saxonia. And as Savanarola, Vittorius Faventinus Emper. farther adds, "the veins of their eyes be red, as well as their faces." They are much inclined to laughter, witty and merry, conceited in discourse, pleasant, if they be not far gone, much given to music, dancing, and to be in women's company. They meditate wholly on such things, and think they see or hear plays, dancing, and such-like sports (free from all fear and sorrow, as Hercules de Saxonia supposeth). If they be more strongly possessed with this kind of melancholy, Arnoldus adds, *Breviar.*, lib. 1. cap. 18., like him of Argos in the Poet, that sate laughing all day long, as if he had been at a theatre. Such another is mentioned by Aristotle, living at Abydos, a town of Asia Minor, that would sit after the same fashion, as if he had been upon a stage, and sometimes act himself; now clap his hands, suck laugh, as if he had been well pleased with the sight. Woltius relates of a country fellow called Brunsellius, subject to this humour, "that being by chance at a sermon, saw a woman fall off from a form half asleep, at which object most of the company laughed, but he for his part was so much moved, that for three whole days after he did nothing but laugh, by which means he was much weakened, and worse a long time following." Such a one was old Sophocles, and Democritus himself had *hilare delirium*, much in this vein. Laurentius, cap. 3. *de melan.* thinks this kind of melancholy, which is a little adust with some mixture of blood, to be that which Aristotle meant, when he said melancholy men of all others are most witty, which causeth many times a divine ravishment, and a kind of *enthusiasmus*, which stirreth them up to be excellent philosophers, poets, prophets, &c. Mercurialis *consil.* 110. gives instance in a young man his patient, sanguine melancholy, "of a great wit, and excellently learned."

If it arise from choler adust, they are bold and impudent, and of a more harebrain disposition, apt to quarrel, and think of such things, battles, combats, and their manhood, furious; impatient in discourse, stiff, irrefragable and prodigious in their tenets; and if they be moved, most violent, outrageous, ready to disgrace, provoke any, to kill themselves and others; Arnoldus adds, stark mad by fits, "they sleep little, their urine is subtile and fiery. (Guianerius.) In their fits you shall hear them speak all manner of languages, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, that never were taught or knew them before." Apponensis *in com. in Pro. sec.* 30. speaks of a mad woman that spake excellent good Latin: and Rhasis knew another, that could prophesy in her fit, and foretel things truly to come. Guianerius had a patient could make Latin verses when the moon was combust, otherwise illiterate. Avicenna and some of his adherents will have these symptoms, when they happen, to proceed from the devil, and that they are rather *dæmoniacy*, possessed, than mad or melancholy, or both together, as Jason Pratensis thinks, *Immiscent se mali genii*, &c., but most ascribe it to the humour, which opinion Montaltus, cap. 21. stiffly maintains, confuting Avicenna and the rest, referring it wholly to the quality and disposition of the humour and subject. Cardan *de rerum var. lib.* 8. cap. 10. holds these men of all others fit to be assassins, bold, hardy, fierce, and adventurous, to undertake any thing by reason of their choler adust. "This humour, says he, prepares them to endure death itself and all manner of torments with invincible courage, and 'tis a wonder to see with what alacrity they will undergo such tortures," *ut supra naturam res videatur*: he ascribes

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this generosity, fury, or rather stupidity, to this adustion of choler and melancholy: but I take these rather to be mad or desperate, than properly melancholy: for commonly this humour so adust and hot, degenerates into madness.

If it come from melancholy itself adust, those men, saith Avicenna, "are usually sad and solitary, and that continually, and in excess, more than ordinarily suspicious, more fearful, and have long, sore, and most corrupt imaginations;" cold and black, bashful, and so solitary, that as Arnoldus writes, "they will endure no company, they dream of graves still, and dead men, and think themselves bewitched or dead:" if it be extreme, they think they hear hideous noises, see and talk "with black men, and converse familiarly with devils, and such strange chimeras and visions" (Gordonius), or that they are possessed by them, that somebody talks to them, or within them. *Tales melancholici plerumque daemoniaci*, Montaltus, *consil.* 26. *ex Avicennna*. Valescus de Taranta had such a woman in cure, "that thought she had to do with the devil:" and Gentilis Fulgosus *quaest* 55. writes that he had a melancholy friend, that "had a black man in the likeness of a soldier" still following him wheresoever he was. Laurentius, *cap.* 7., hath many stories of such as have thought themselves bewitched by their enemies; and some that would eat no meat as being dead. Anno 1550 an advocate of Paris fell into such a melancholy fit, that he believed verily he was dead, he could not be persuaded otherwise, or to eat or drink, till a kinsman of his, a scholar of Bourges, did eat before him dressed like a corse. The story, saith Serres, was acted in a comedy before Charles the Ninth. Some think they are beasts, wolves, hogs, and cry like dogs, foxes, bray like asses, and low like kine, as King Prætus' daughters. Hildesheim, *spicel.* 2. *de mania*, hath an example of a Dutch baron so affected, and Trincavellius, *lib.* 1. *consil.* 11., another of a nobleman in his country, "that thought he was certainly a beast, and would imitate most of their voices," with many such symptoms, which may properly be reduced to this kind.

If it proceed from the several combinations of these four humours, or spirits, Herc. de Saxon. adds hot, cold, dry, moist, dark, confused, settled, constricted, as it participates of matter, or is without matter, the symptoms are likewise mixed. One thinks himself a giant, another a dwarf; one is heavy as lead, another is as light as a feather. Marcellus Donatus, *l.* 2. *cap.* 41. makes mention out of Seneca, of one Senecchio, a rich man, "that thought himself and every thing else he had, great: great wife, great horses, could not abide little things, but would have great pots to drink in, great hose, and great shoes bigger than his feet." Like her in Trallianus, that supposed she "could shake all the world with her finger," and was afraid to clinch her hand together, lest she should crush the world like an apple in pieces: or him in Galen, that thought he was Atlas, and sustained heaven with his shoulders. Another thinks himself so little, that he can creep into a mouse-hole: one fears heaven will fall on his head: a second is a cock; and such a one, Guianerius saith he saw at Padua, that would clap his hands together and crow. Another thinks he is a nightingale, and therefore sings all the night long; another he is all glass, a pitcher, and will therefore let nobody come near him, and such a one Laurentius gives out upon his credit, that he knew in France. Christophorus a Vega, *cap.* 3., *l.* 14., Skenckius and Marcellus Donatus, *l.* 2. *cap.* 1. have many such examples, and one amongst the rest of a baker in Ferrara, that thought he was composed of butter, and durst not sit in the sun, or come near the fire for fear of being melted: of another that thought he was a case of leather, stuffed with wind. Some laugh, weep; some are mad, some dejected, moped, in much agony, some by fits, others continue, &c. Some have a corrupt ear, they think they hear music, or some hideous noise as their phantasy conceives, corrupt eyes, some smelling: some

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one sense, some another. Lewis the Eleventh had a conceit every thing did stink about him, all the odoriferous perfumes they could get, would not ease him, but still he smelled a filthy stink. A melancholy French poet in Laurentius being sick of a fever, and troubled with waking, by his physicians was appointed to use *ungentum populeum* to anoint his temples; but he so distasted the smell of it, that for many years after, all that came near him he imagined to scent of it, and would let no man talk with him but aloof off, or wear any new clothes, because he thought still they smelled of it; in all other things wise and discreet, he would talk sensibly, save only in this. A gentleman in Limousin, saith Anthony Verdeur, was persuaded he had but one leg, affrighted by a wild boar, that by chance struck him on the leg; he could not be satisfied his leg was sound (in all other things well) until two Franciscans by chance coming that way, fully removed him from the conceit. *Sed abunde fabularum audivimus*,-- enough of story-telling.

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SUBJECT. IV.-- *Symptoms from Education, Custom, Continuance of Time, our Condition, mixed with other Diseases, by Fits, Inclination, &c.*

ANOTHER great occasion of the variety of these symptoms proceeds from custom, discipline, education, and several inclinations, "this humour will imprint in melancholy men the objects most answerable to their condition of life, and ordinary actions, and dispose men according to their several studies and callings." If an ambitious man become melancholy, he forthwith thinks he is a king, an emperor, a monarch, and walks alone, pleasing himself with a vain hope of some future preferment, or present as he supposeth, and withal acts a lord's part, takes upon him to be some statesman or magnifico, makes congés, gives entertainment, looks big, &c. Francisco Sansovino records of a melancholy man in Cremona, that would not be induced to believe but that he was pope, gave pardons, made cardinals, &c. Christophorus a Vega makes mention of another of his acquaintance, that thought he was a king, driven from his kingdom, and was very anxious to recover his estate. A covetous person is still conversant about purchasing of lands and tenements, plotting in his mind how to compass such and such manors, as if he were already lord of, and able to go through with it; all he sees is his, *re* or *spe*, he hath devoured it in hope, or else in conceit esteems it his own: like him in Athenæus, that thought all the ships in the haven to be his own. A lascivious *inamorato* plots all the day long to please his mistress, acts and struts, and carries himself as if she were in presence, still dreaming of her, as Pamphilus of his Glycerium, or as some do in their morning sleep. Marcellus Donatus knew such a gentlewoman in Mantua, called Elionora Meliorina, that constantly believed she was married to a king, and "would kneel down and talk with him, as if he had been there present with his associates; and if she had found by chance a piece of glass in a muck-hill or in the street, she would say that it was a jewel sent from her lord and husband." If devout and religious, he is all for fasting, prayer, ceremonies, alms, interpretations, visions, prophecies, revelations, he is inspired by the Holy Ghost, full of the Spirit: one while he is saved, another while damned, or still troubled in mind for his sins, the devil will surely have him, &c. More of these in the third partition of love-melancholy. A scholar's mind is busied about his studies, he applauds himself for what he hath done, or hopes to do, one while fearing to be out in his next exercise, another while contemning all censures; envies one, emulates another; or else with indefatigable pains and meditation, consumes himself. So of the rest, all which vary according to the more remiss and violent impression of the object, or as the humour itself is intended or remitted. For some are so gently melancholy, that in all their carriage, and to the outward apprehension of others it can hardly be discerned, yet to them an intolerable burden, and not to be endured. *Quædam occulta quædam manifesta*, some signs are manifest and obvious to all at all times, some to few or seldom, or hardly perceived; let them keep their own counsel, none will take notice or suspect them. They do not express in outward show their depraved imaginations," as Hercules de Saxonia observes, "but conceal them wholly to themselves, and are very wise men, as I have often seen; some fear, some do not fear at all, as such as think themselves kings or dead, some have more signs, some fewer, some great, some less, some vex, fret, still fear, grieve, lament, suspect, laugh, sing, weep, chafe, &c. by fits (as I have said) or more during and permanent." Some

dote in one thing, are most childish, and ridiculous, and to be wondered at in that, and yet for all other matters most discreet and wise. To some it is in disposition, to another in habit; and as they write of heat and cold, we may say of this humour, one is *melancholicus ad octo*, a second two degrees less, a third half-way. 'Tis superparticular, *sesquialtera*, *sesquitertia*, and *superbipartiens tertias*, *quintas Melancholiæ*, &c., all those geometrical proportions are too little to express it. "It comes to many by fits, and goes; to others it is continue: many (saith Faventinus) in spring and fall only are molested, some once a year, as that Roman Galen speaks of: one, at the conjunction of the moon alone, or some unfortunate aspects, at such and such set hours and times, like the sea-tides, to some women when they be with child, as Plater notes, never otherwise: to others 'tis settled and fixed: to one led about and variable still by that *ignis fatuus* of phantasy, like an *arthritis* or running gout, 'tis here and there, and in every joint, always molesting some part or other; or if the body be free, in a myriad of forms exercising the mind. A second once peradventure in his life hath a most grievous fit, once in seven years, once in five years, even to the extremity of madness, death, or dotage, and that upon some feral accident or perturbation, terrible object, and that for a time, never perhaps so before, never after. A third is moved upon all such troublesome objects, cross fortune, disaster, and violent passions, otherwise free, once troubled in three or four years. A fourth, if things be to his mind, or he in action, well pleased, in good company, is most jocund, and of a good complexion: if idle, or alone, à la mort, or carried away wholly with pleasant dreams and phantasies, but if once crossed and displeased,

"Pectore concipiet nil nisi triste suo;"

"He will imagine naught save sadness in his heart;"

his countenance is altered on a sudden, his heart heavy, irksome thoughts crucify his soul, and in an instant he is moped or weary of his life, he will kill himself. A fifth complains in his youth, a sixth in his middle age, the last in his old age.

Generally thus much we may conclude of melancholy; that it is most pleasant at first, I say, *mentis gratissimus error*, (a most agreeable mental delusion) a most delightsome humour, to be alone, dwell alone, walk alone, meditate, lie in bed whole days, dreaming awake as it were, and frame a thousand fantastical imaginations unto themselves. They are never better pleased then when they are so doing, they are in paradise for the time, and cannot well endure to be interrupt; with him in the poet, *pol me occidistis, amici, non servastis, ait?* you have undone him, he complains if you trouble him: tell him what inconvenience will follow, what will be the event, all is one, *canis ad vomitum*, 'tis so pleasant he cannot refrain. He may thus continue peradventure many years by reason of a strong temperature, or some mixture of business, which may divert his cogitations: but at the last *læsa imaginatio*, his phantasy is crazed, and now habituated to such toys, cannot but work still like a fate, the scene alters upon a sudden, fear and sorrow supplant those pleasing thoughts, suspicion, discontent, and perpetual anxiety succeed in their places; so by little and little, by that shoeing-horn of idleness, and voluntary solitariness, melancholy this feral fiend is drawn on, *et quantum vertice ad auras Æthereas, tantum radice in Tartara tendit*, "extending up, by its branches, so far towards Heaven, as, by its roots it does down towards Tartarus;" it was not so delicious at first, as now it is bitter and harsh; a cankered soul macerated with cares and discuntents, *tædium vitæ*, impatience,

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agony, inconstancy, irresolution, precipitate them unto unspeakable miseries. They cannot endure company, light, or life itself, some unfit for action, and the like. Their bodies are lean and dried up, withered, ugly, their looks harsh, very dull, and their souls tormented, as they are more or less entangled, as the humour hath been intended, or according to the continuance of time they have been troubled.

To discern all which symptoms the better, Rhasis the Arabian makes three degrees of them. The first is, *falsa cogitatio*, false conceits and idle thoughts: to misconstrue and amplify, aggravating every thing they conceive or fear; the second is, *falso cogitata loqui*, to talk to themselves, or to use inarticulate incondite voices, speeches, obsolete gestures, and plainly to utter their minds and conceits of their hearts, by their words and actions, as to laugh, weep, to be silent, not to sleep, eat their meat, &c.: the third is to put in practice that which they think or speak. Savanarola, *Rub.* 11. *Tract.* 8. *cap.* 1. *de ægritudine*, confirms as much, "when he begins to express that in words, which he conceives in his heart, or talks idly, or goes from one thing to another," which Gordonius calls *nec caput habentia nec caudam* ("having neither head nor tail"), he is in the middle way: "but when he begins to act it likewise, and to put his fopperies in execution, he is then in the extent of melancholy, or madness itself." This progress of melancholy you shall easily observe in them that have been so affected, they go smiling to themselves at first, at length they laugh out; at first solitary, at last they can endure no company: or if they do, they are now dizzards, past sense and shame, quite moped, they care not what they say or do, all their actions, words, gestures, are furious or ridiculous. At first his mind is troubled, he doth not attend what is said, if you tell him a tale, he cries at last, what said you? but in the end he mutters to himself; as old women do many times, or old men when they sit alone, upon a sudden they laugh, whoop, halloo, or run away, and swear they see or hear players, devils, hobgoblins, ghosts, strike, or strut, &c., grow humorous in the end: like him in the poet, *sæpe ducentos, sæpe decem servos* ("at one time followed by two hundred servants, at another only by ten"), he will dress himself; and undress, careless at last, grows insensible, stupid, or mad. He howls like a wolf; barks like a dog, and raves like Ajax and Orestes, hears music and outcries, which no man else hears. As he did whom Amatus Lusitanus mentioneth *cent.* 3, *cura.* 55, or that woman in Springer, that spake many languages, and said she was possessed: that farmer in Prosper Calenus, that disputed and discoursed learnedly in philosophy and astromomy with Alexander Achilles his master, at Bologna, in Italy. But of these I have already spoken.

Who can sufficiently speak of these symptoms, or prescribe rules to comprehend them? as Echo to the painter in Ausonius, *vane, quid affectas, &c.*, foolish fellow; what wilt? if you must needs paint me, paint a voice, *et similem si vis pingere, pingere sonum*; if you will describe melancholy, describe a phantastical conceit, a corrupt imagination, vain thoughts and different, which who can do? The four and twenty letters make no more variety of words in diverse languages, than melancholy conceits produce diversity of symptoms in several persons. They are irregular, obscure, various, so infinite, Proteus himself is not so diverse, you may as well make the moon a new coat, as a true character of a melancholy man; as soon find the motion of a bird in the air, as the heart of man, a melancholy man. They are so confused, I say, diverse, intermixed with other diseases. As the species be confounded (which I have shewed) so are the symptoms: sometimes with headache, cachexia, dropsy, stone; as you may perceive by those several examples and illustrations, collected by Hildesheim, *spicel.* 2, Mercurialis, *consil.* 118. *cap.* 6 and 11, with headache,

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epilepsy, priapismus. Trincavellius, *consil.* 12. *lib.* 1. *consil.* 49. with gout: *caninus appetitus*. Montanus, *consil.* 26, &c. 23, 234, 249, with falling-sickness, headache, vertigo, lycanthropia, &c. I. Cæsar Claudinus, *consult.* 4. *consult.* 89 and 116, with gout, agues, hæmorrhoids, stone, &c., who can distinguish these melancholy symptoms so intermixed with others, or apply them to their several kinds, confine them into method? 'Tis hard I confess, yet I have disposed of them as I could, and will descend to particularise them according to their species. For hitherto I have expatiated in more general lists or terms, speaking promiscuously of such ordinary signs, which occur amongst writers. Not that they are all to be found in one man, for that were to paint a monster or chimera, not a man: but some in one, some in another, and that successively, or at several times.

Which I have been the more curious to express and report; not to upbraid any miserable man, or by way of derision (I rather pity them), but the better to discern, to apply remedies unto them; and to show that the best and soundest of us all is in great danger; how much we ought to fear our own fickle estates, remember our miseries and vanities, examine and humiliate ourselves, seek to God, and call to Him for mercy, that needs not look for any rods to scourge ourselves, since we carry them in our bowels, and that our souls are in a miserable captivity, if the light of grace and heavenly truth doth not shine continually upon us: and by our discretion to moderate ourselves, to be more circumspect and wary in the midst of these dangers.

MEMB. II.

SUBJECT. I.-- *Symptoms of Head-Melancholy.*

"IF no symptoms appear about the stomach, nor the blood be misaffected, and fear and sorrow continue, it is to be thought the brain itself is troubled, by reason of a melancholy juice bred in it, or otherwise conveyed into it, and that evil juice is from the distemperature of the part, or left after some inflammation," thus far Piso. But this is not always true, for blood and hypochondries both are often affected even in head-melancholy. Hercules de Saxonia differs here from the common current of writers, putting peculiar signs of head-melancholy, from the sole distemperature of spirits in the brain, as they are hot, cold, dry, moist, "all without matter from the motion alone, and tenebrosity of spirits;" of melancholy which proceeds from humours by adustion, he treats apart, with their several symptoms and cures. The common signs, if it be by essence in the head, "are ruddiness of face, high sanguine complexion, most part *rubore saturato*, one calls it a blush, and sometimes full of pimples," with red eyes. Avicenna, *l. 3, Fen. 2, Tract. 4, c. 18*. Duretus and others out of Galen, *de affect. l. 3, c. 6*. Hercules de Saxonia to this of redness of face, adds "heaviness of the head, fixed and hollow eyes. If it proceed from dryness of the brain, then their heads will be light, vertiginous, and they most apt to wake, and to continue whole months together without sleep. Few excrements in their eyes and nostrils, and often bald by reason of excess of dryness," Montaltus adds, *c. 17*. If it proceed from moisture: dulness, drowsiness, headache follows; and as Salust. Salvianus, *c. 1, l. 2*, out of his own experience found, epileptical, with a multitude of humours in the head. They are very bashful, if ruddy, apt to blush, and to be red upon all occasions, *præsertim si metus accesserit*. But the chiefest symptom to discern this species, as I have said, is this, that there be no notable signs in the stomach, hypochondries, or elsewhere, *digna*, as Montaltus terms them, or of greater note, because oftentimes the passions of the stomach concur with them. Wind is common to all three species, and is not excluded, only that of the hypochondries is more windy than the rest, saith Hollerius. Ætius, *tetrab. l. 2, sc. 2, c. 9*, and 10, maintains the same, if there be more signs, and more evident in the head than elsewhere, the brain is primarily affected and prescribes head-melancholy to be cured by meats amongst the rest, void of wind, and good juice, not excluding wind, or corrupt blood, even in head-melancholy itself: but these species are often confounded, and so are their symptoms, as I have already proved. The symptoms of the mind are superfluous and continual cogitations: "for when the head is heated, it scorseth the blood, and from thence proceed melancholy fumes, which trouble the mind," Avicenna. They are very choleric, and soon hot, solitary, sad, often silent, watchful, discontent, Montaltus, *cap. 24*. If any thing trouble them, they cannot sleep, but fret themselves still, till another object mitigate, or time wear it out. They have grievous passions, and immoderate perturbations of the mind, fear, sorrow, &c., yet not so continue, but that they are sometimes merry, apt to profuse laughter, which is more to be wondered at, and that by the authority of Galen himself, by reason of mixture of blood, *prærubri jocosus delectantur et irrisores plerumque sunt*, if they be ruddy, they are delighted in jests, and sometimes scoffers themselves, conceited: and as Rodericus a Vega comments on that place of Galen, merry, witty, of

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a pleasant disposition, and yet grievously melancholy anon after: *omnia discunt sine doctore*, saith Areteus, they learn without a teacher: and as Laurentius supposeth, those feral passions and symptoms of such as think themselves glass, pitchers, feathers, &c., speak strange languages, proceed *a calore cerebri* (if it be in excess), from the brain's distempered heat.

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SUBSECT. II.-- *Symptoms of windy Hypochondriacal Melancholy.*

"IN this hypochondriacal or fatuous melancholy, the Symptoms are so ambiguous," saith Crato in a counsel of his for a noblewoman, "that the most exquisite physicians cannot determine of the part affected." Matthew Flaccius, consulted about a noble matron, confessed as much, that in this malady he with Hollerius, Fracastorius, Fallopius, and others, being to give their sentence of a party labouring of hypochondriacal melancholy, could not find out by the symptoms which part was most especially affected; some said the womb, some heart, some stomach, &c., and therefore Crato, *consil.* 24. *lib.* 1. boldly avers, that in this diversity of symptoms, which commonly accompany this disease, "no physician can truly say what part is affected." Galen, *lib.* 3. *de loc. affect.* reckons up these ordinary symptoms, which all the Neoterics repeat of Diodes; only this fault he finds with him, that he puts not fear and sorrow amongst the other signs. Trincavellius excuseth Diocles, *lib.* 3. *consil.* 35. because that oftentimes in a strong head and constitution, a generous spirit, and a valiant, these symptoms appear not, by reason of his valour and courage. Hercules de Saxonia (to whom I subscribe) is of the same mind (which I have before touched) that fear and sorrow are not general symptoms; some fear and are not sad; some be sad and fear not; some neither fear nor grieve. The rest are these, beside fear and sorrow, "sharp belchings, fulsome crudities, heat in the bowels, wind and rumbling in the guts, vehement gripings, pain in the belly and stomach sometimes, after meat that is hard of concoction, much watering of the stomach, and moist spittle, cold sweat, *importunus sudor*, unseasonable sweat all over the body," as Octavius Horatianus, *lib.* 2. *cap.* 5. calls it; cold joints, indigestion, "they cannot endure their own fulsome belchings, continual wind about their hypochondries, heat and griping in their bowels, *præcordia sursum convelluntur*; midriff and bowels are pulled up, the veins about their eyes look red, and swell from vapours and wind." Their ears sing now and then, vertigo and giddiness come by fits, turbulent dreams, dryness, leanness, apt they are to sweat upon all occasions, of all colours and complexions. Many of them are high-coloured, especially after meals, which symptom Cardinal Cæcius was much troubled with, and of which he complained to Prosper Calenus his physician, he could not eat, or drink a cup of wine, but he was as red in the face as if he had been at a mayor's feast. That symptom alone vexeth many. Some again are black, pale, ruddy, sometimes their shoulders, and shoulder blades ache, there is a leaping all over their bodies, sudden trembling, a palpitation of the heart, and that *cardiaca passio*, grief in the mouth of the stomach, which maketh the patient think his heart itself acheth, and sometimes suffocation, *difficultas anhelitus*, short breath, hard wind, strong pulse, swooning. Montanus, *consil.* 55, Trincavellius, *lib.* 3. *consil.* 36, et 37. Fernelius, *cons.* 43. Frambesarius, *consult. lib.* 1. *consil.* 17. Hildesheim, Claudinus, &c., give instance of every particular. The peculiar symptoms, which properly belong to each part be these. If it proceed from the stomach saith Savanarola, 'tis full of pain and wind, Guianerius adds vertigo, nausea, much spitting, &c. if from the myrach, a swelling and wind in the hypochondries, a loathing, and appetite to vomit, pulling upward. If from the heart, aching and trembling of it, much heaviness. If from the liver, there is usually a pain in the right hypochondrie. If from the spleen, hardness and grief in the left hypochondrie, a

rumbling, much appetite and small digestion, Avicenna. If from the meseraic veins and liver on the other side, little or no appetite, Herc. de Saxonia. If from the hypochondries, a rumbling inflation, concoction is hindered, often belching, &c. And from these crudities, windy vapours ascend up to the brain which trouble the imagination, and cause fear, sorrow, dulness, heaviness, many terrible conceits and chimeras, as Lemnius well observes, *l. 1. c. 16.* "as a black and thick cloud covers the sun, and intercepts his beams and light, so doth this melancholy vapour obnubilate the mind, enforce it to many absurd thoughts and imaginations," and compel, good, wise, honest, discreet men (arising to the brain from the lower part; "as smoke out of a chimney") to dote, speak, and do that which becomes them not, their persons, callings, wisdoms. One by reason of those ascending vapours and gripings, rumbling beneath, will not be persuaded but that he hath a serpent in his guts, a viper, another frogs. Trallianus relates a story of a woman, that imagined she had swallowed an eel, or a serpent, and Felix Platerus, *observat. lib. 1.* hath a most memorable example of a countryman of his, that by chance falling into a pit where frogs and frogs' spawn was, and a little of that water swallowed, began to suspect that he had likewise swallowed frogs' spawn, and with that conceit and fear, his phantasy wrought so far, that he verily thought he had young live frogs in his belly, *qui vivebant ex alimento suo*, that lived by his nourishment, and was so certainly persuaded of it, that for many years following he could not be rectified in his conceit: He studied physic seven years together to cure himself, travelled into Italy, France and Germany to confer with the best physicians about it, and Anno 1609, asked his counsel amongst the rest; he told him it was wind, his conceit, &c., but *mordicus contradicere, et ore et scriptis probare nitebatur*: no saying would serve, it was no wind, but real frogs: "and do you not hear them croak?" Platerus would have deceived him, by putting live frogs into his excrements; but he, being a physician himself would not be deceived, *vir prudens alias, et doctus*, a wise and learned man otherwise, a doctor of physic, and after seven years' dotage in this kind, *a phantasia liberatus est*, he was cured. Laurentius and Goulart have many such examples, if you be desirous to read them. One commodity above the rest which are melancholy, these windy flatuous have, *lucida intervalla*, their symptoms and pains are not usually so continue as the rest, but come by fits, fear and sorrow, and the rest: yet in another they exceed all others; and that is, they are luxurious, incontinent, and prone to venery, by reason of wind, *et facile amant, et quam libet fere amant.* (Jason Pratensis.) Rhasis is of opinion, that Venus doth many of them much good; the other symptoms of the mind be common with the rest.

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SUBSECT. III.-- *Symptoms of Melancholy abounding in the whole body.*

THEIR bodies that are affected with this universal melancholy are most part black, "the melancholy juice is redundant all over," hirsute they are, and lean, they have broad veins, their blood is gross and thick. "Their spleen is weak," and a liver apt to engender the humour; they have kept bad diet, or have had some evacuation stopped, as hæmorrhoids, or months in women, which Trallianus, in the cure, would have carefully to be inquired, and withal to observe of what complexion the party is of; black or red. For as Forrestus and Hollerius contend, if they be black, it proceeds from abundance of natural melancholy; if it proceed from cares, agony, discontents, diet, exercise, &c., these may be as well of any other colour: red, yellow, pale, as black, and yet their whole blood corrupt: *prærubri colore sæpe sunt tales, sæpe flavi*, (saith Montaltus, cap. 22) The best way to discern this species, is to let them bleed, if the blood be corrupt, thick and black, and they withal free from those hypochondriacal symptoms, and not so grievously troubled with them, or those of the head, it argues they are melancholy, *a toto corpore*. The fumes which arise from this corrupt blood, disturb the mind, and make them fearful and sorrowful, heavy hearted as the rest, dejected, discontented, solitary, silent, weary of their lives, dull and heavy, or merry, &c., and if far gone, that which Apuleius wished to his enemy, by way of imprecation, is true in them; "Dead men's bones, hobgoblins, ghosts, are ever in their minds, and meet them still in every turn: all the bugbears of the night, and terrors, fairy-babes of tombs, and graves are before their eyes, and in their thoughts, as to women and children, if they be in the dark alone." If they hear, or read, or see any tragical object, it sticks by them, they are afraid of death, and yet weary of their lives, in their discontented humours they quarrel with all the world, bitterly inveigh, tax satirically, and because they cannot otherwise vent their passions or redress what is amiss, as they mean, they will by violent death at last be revenged on themselves.

SUBSECT. IV.-- *Symptoms of Maids, Nuns, and Widows' Melancholy.*

BECAUSE Lodovicus Mercatus in his second book *de mulier. affect. cap. 4.* and Rodericus a Castro *de morb. mulier. cap. 3. lib. 4.* two famous physicians in Spain, Daniel Sennertus of Wittenberg, *lib. 1. part. 2. cap. 13.* with others; have vouchsafed in their works, not long since published, to write two just treatises *de Melancholia Virginum, Monialium et Viduarum*, as a particular species of melancholy (which I have already specified) distinct from the rest; (for it much differs from that which commonly befalls men and other women, as having one only cause proper to women alone) I may not omit in this general survey of melancholy symptoms, to set down the particular signs of such parties so misaffected.

The causes are assigned out of Hippocrates, Cleopatra, Moschion, and those old *Gynæciorum Scriptores*, of this feral malady, in more ancient maids, widows, and barren women, *ob septum transversum violatum*, saith Mercatus, by reason of the midriff or Diaphragma, heart and brain offended with those vicious vapours which come from menstruous blood, *inflammationem arterias circa dorsum*, Rodericus adds, an inflammation of the back, which with the rest is offended by that fuliginous exhalation of corrupt seed, troubling the brain, heart and mind; the brain, I say, not in essence, but by consent, *Universa enim hujus affectus causa ab utero pendet, et a sanguinis menstrui malitia*, for in a word, the whole malady proceeds from that inflammation, putridity, black smoky vapours, &c., from thence comes care, sorrow, and anxiety, obfuscation of spirits, agony, desperation, and the like, which are intended or remitted; *si amatorius accesserit ardor*, or any other violent object or perturbation of mind. This melancholy may happen to widows, with much care and sorrow, as frequently it doth, by reason of a sudden alteration of their accustomed course of life, &c. To such as be in childbed *ob suppressam purgationem*; but to nuns and more ancient maids, and some barren women for the causes aforesaid, 'tis more familiar, *crebrius his quam reliquis accidit, inquit Rodericus*, the rest are not altogether excluded.

Out of these causes Rodericus defines it with Areteus, to be *angorem animi*, a vexation of the mind, a sudden sorrow from a small, light, or no occasion, with a kind of still dotage and grief of some part or other, head, heart, breasts, sides, back, belly, &c., with much solitariness, weeping, distraction, &c., from which they are sometimes suddenly delivered, because it comes and goes by fits, and is not so permanent as other melancholy.

But to leave this brief description, the most ordinary symptoms be these, *pulsatio juxta dorsum*, a beating about the back, which is almost perpetual, the skin is many times rough, squalid, especially, as Areteus observes, about the arms, knees, and knuckles. The midriff and heart-strings do burn and beat very fearfully, and when this vapour or fume is stirred, flieth upward, the heart itself beats, is sore grieved, and faints, *fauces siccitate præcluduntur, ut difficulter possit ab uteri strangulatione decerni*, like fits of the mother, *Alvus plerisque nil reddit, aliis exiguum, acre, biliosum, lotium flavum*. They complain many times, saith Mercatus, of a great pain in their heads, about their hearts, and hypochondries, and so likewise in their breasts,

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which are often sore, sometimes ready to swoon, their faces are inflamed, and red, they are dry, thirsty, suddenly hot, much troubled with wind, cannot sleep, &c. And from hence proceed *ferina deliramenta*, a brutish kind of dotage, troublesome sleep, terrible dreams in the night, *subrusticus pudor et verecundia ignava*, a foolish kind of bashfulness to some, perverse conceits and opinions, dejection of mind, much discontent, preposterous judgment. They are apt to loathe, dislike, disdain, to be weary of every object, &c., each thing almost is tedious to them, they pine away, void of counsel, apt to weep, and tremble, timorous, fearful, sad, and out of all hope of better fortunes. They take delight in nothing for the time, but love to be alone and solitary, though that do them more harm: and thus they are affected so long as this vapour lasteth; but by-and-by as pleasant and merry as ever they were in their lives, they sing, discourse, and laugh in any good company, upon all occasions, and so by fits it takes them now and then, except the malady be inveterate, and then 'tis more frequent, vehement, and continue. Many of them cannot tell how to express themselves in words, or how it holds them, what ails them, you cannot understand them, or well tell what to make of their sayings; so far gone sometimes, so stupified and distracted, they think themselves bewitched, they are in despair, *aptæ ad fletum, desperationem, dolores mammis et hypochondriis*. Mercatus therefore adds, now their breasts, now their hypochondries, belly and sides, then their heart and head aches, now heat, then wind, now this, now that offends, they are weary of all; and yet will not, cannot again tell how, where or what offends them, though they be in great pain, agony, and frequently complain, grieving, sighing, weeping, and discontented still, *sine causa manifesta*, most part, yet I say they will complain, grudge, lament, and not be persuaded, but that they are troubled with an evil spirit, which is frequent in Germany, saith Rodericus, amongst the common sort: and to such as are most grievously affected (for he makes three degrees of this disease in women), they are in despair, surely forespoken or bewitched, and in extremity of their dotage (weary of their lives), some of them will attempt to make away themselves. Some think they see visions, confer with spirits and devils, they shall surely be damned, are afraid of some treachery, imminent danger, and the like, they will not speak, make answer to any question, but are almost distracted, mad, or stupid for the time, and by fits: and thus it holds them, as they are more or less affected, and as the inner humour is intended or remitted, or by outward objects and perturbations aggravated, solitariness, idleness, &c.

Many other maladies there are incident to young women, out of that one and only causes above specified, many feral diseases. I will not so much as mention their names, melancholy alone is the subject of my present discourse, from which I will not swerve. The several cures of this infirmity, concerning diet, which must be very sparing, phlebotomy, physic, internal, external remedies are at large in great variety in Rodericus a Castro, Sennertus, and Mercatus, which whoso will, as occasion serves, may make use of. But the best and surest remedy of all, is to see them well placed, and married to good husbands in due time, *hinc illæ lachrymæ*, that is the primary cause, and this the ready cure, to give them content to their desires. I write not this to patronise any wanton, idle flirt, lascivious or light housewives, which are too forward many times, unruly, and apt to cast away themselves on him that comes next, without all care, counsel, circumspection, and judgment. If religion, good discipline, honest education, wholesome exhortation, fair promises, fame and loss of good name, cannot inhibit and deter such (which to chaste and sober maids cannot choose but avail much), labour and exercise, strict diet, rigour and threats, may more opportunely be used, and are able of themselves to qualify and divert an ill-disposed temperament.

For seldom should you see an hired servant, a poor handmaid, though ancient, that is kept hard to her work, and bodily labour, a coarse country wench troubled in this kind, but noble virgins, nice gentlewomen, such as are solitary and idle, live at ease, lead a life out of action and employment, that fare well, in great houses and jovial companies, ill disposed peradventure of themselves, and not willing to make any resistance, discontented otherwise, of weak judgment, able bodies, and subject to passions, (*grandiores virgines*, saith Mercatus, *steriles et viduæ plerumque melancholicæ*), such for the most part are misaffected, and prone to this disease. I do not so much pity them that may otherwise be eased, but those alone that out of a strong temperament, innate constitution, are violently carried away with this torrent of inward humours, and though very modest of themselves, sober, religious, virtuous, and well given (as many so distressed maids are), yet cannot make resistance, these grievances will appear, this malady will take place, and now manifestly show itself and may not otherwise be helped. But where am I? Into what subject have I rushed? What have I to do with nuns, maids, virgins, widows? I am a bachelor myself and lead a monastic life in a college, *næ ego sane ineptos qui hæc dixerim*, I confess 'tis an indecorum, and as Pallas a virgin blushed, when Jupiter by chance spoke of love matters in her presence, and turned away her face; *me reprimam*, though my subject necessarily require it, I will say no more.

And yet I must and will say something more, add a word or two *in gratiam Virginum et Viduarum*, in favour of all such distressed parties, in commiseration of their present estate. And as I cannot choose but condole their mishap that labour of this infirmity, and are destitute of help in this case, so must I needs inveigh against them that are in fault, more than manifest causes, and as bitterly tax those tyrannising pseudo-politicians superstitious orders, rash vows, hard-hearted parents, guardians, unnatural friends, allies (call them how you will), those careless and stupid overseers, that out of worldly respects, covetousness, supine negligence, their own private ends (*cum sibi sit interim bene*) can so severely reject, stubbornly neglect, and impiously condemn, without all remorse and pity, the tears, sighs, groans, and grievous miseries of such poor souls committed to their charge. How odious and abominable are those superstitious and rash vows of Popish monasteries! so to bind and enforce men and women to vow virginity, to lead a single life, against the laws of nature, opposite to religion, policy, and humanity, so to starve, to offer violence, to suppress the vigour of youth by rigorous statutes, severe laws, vain persuasions, to debar them of that to which by their innate temperature they are so furiously inclined, urgently carried, and sometimes precipitated, even irresistibly led, to the prejudice of their soul's health, and good estate of body and mind: and all for base and private respects, to maintain their gross superstition, to enrich themselves and their territories, as they falsely suppose, by hindering some marriages, that the world be not full of beggars, and their parishes pestered with orphans; stupid politicians, *hæccine fieri flagitia?* ought these things so to be carried? better marry than burn, saith the Apostle, but they are otherwise persuaded. They will by all means quench their neighbour's house if it be on fire, but that fire of lust which breaks out into such lamentable flames, they will not take notice of, their own bowels oftentimes, flesh and blood shall so rage and burn, and they will not see it: *miserum est*, saith Austin, *seipsum non miserescere*, and they are miserable in the mean time that cannot pity themselves, the common good of all, and *per consequens* their own estates. For let them but consider what fearful maladies, feral diseases, gross inconveniences, come to both sexes by this enforced temperance, it troubles me to think of, much more to relate those frequent abortions and murdering of infants in their nunneries (read Kemnitius and others), their

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notorious fornications, those Spintrias, Tribadas, Ambubeias, &c., those rapes, incests, adulteries, masturbations, sodomies, buggeries of monks and friars. See Bale's visitation of abbeys, Mercurialis, Rodericus a Castro, Peter Forestus, and divers physicians; I know their ordinary apologies and excuses for these things, *sed viderint Politici, Medici, Theologi*, I shall more opportunely meet with them elsewhere

"Illius viduæ, aut patronum Virginus hujus,
Ne me forte putes, verbum non amplius addam."

("Lest you may imagine that I patronise this widow or that virgin, I shall not add another word")

MEMB. III.

Immediate cause of these precedent Symptoms.

To give some satisfaction to melancholy men that are troubled with these symptoms, a better means in my judgment cannot be taken, than to show them the causes whence they proceed; not from devils as they suppose, or that they are bewitched or forsaken of God, hear or see, &c., as many of them think, but from natural and inward causes, that so knowing them, they may better avoid the effects, or at least endure them with more patience. The most grievous and common symptoms are fear and sorrow, and that without a cause to the wisest and discreetest men, in this malady not to be avoided. The reason why they are so Ætius discusseth at large, *Tetrabib.* 2.2. in his first problem out of Galen, *lib. 2 de causis sympt.* 1. For Galen imputeth all to the cold that is black, and thinks that the spirits being darkened, and the substance of the brain cloudy and dark, all the objects thereof appear terrible, and the mind itself; by those dark, obscure, gross fumes, ascending from black humours, is in continual darkness, fear, and sorrow; divers terrible monstrous fictions in a thousand shapes and apparitions occur, with violent passions, by which the brain and phantasy are troubled and eclipsed. Frascastorius, *lib. 2 de intellect.* "will have cold to be the cause of fear and sorrow; for such as are cold are ill-disposed to mirth, dull, and heavy, by nature solitary, silent; and not for any inward darkness (as physicians think) for many melancholy men dare boldly be, continue, and walk in the dark, and delight in it:" *solum frigidi timidi*: if they be hot, they are merry; and the more hot, the more furious, and void of fear, as we see in madmen; but this reason holds not, for then no melancholy, proceeding from choler adust, should fear. Averroes scoffs at Galen for his reasons, and brings five arguments to repel them: so doth Herc. de Saxonia, *Tract. de Melanch.* cap. 3. assigning other causes, which are copiously censured and confuted by Ælianus Montaltus, cap. 5 and 6, Lod. Mercatus *de Inter. morb. cur.* lib. 1. cap. 17, Altomarus, cap. 7. *de mel.*, Guianerius, *tract.* 15. cap. 1, Bright, cap. 37, Laurentius, cap. 5, Valesius, *med. cont. lib.* 5, con. 1. "Distemperature," they conclude, "makes black juice, blackness obscures the spirits, the spirits obscured, cause fear and sorrow." Laurentius, cap. 13. supposeth these black fumes offend specially the diaphragma or midriff; and so *per consequens* the mind, which is obscured as a the sun by a cloud. To this opinion of Galen, almost all the Greeks and Arabians subscribe, the Latins new and old, *internæ tenebræ obfuscant animum, ut externæ nocent pueris*, as children are affrighted in the dark, so are melancholy men at all times, as having the inward cause with them, and still carrying it about. Which black vapours, whether they proceed from the black blood about the heart, as T. W. Jes. thinks in his Treatise of the passions of the mind, or stomach, spleen, midriff; or all the misaffected parts together, it boots not, they keep the mind in a perpetual dungeon, and oppress it with continual fears, anxieties, sorrows, &c. It is an ordinary thing for such as are sound to laugh at this dejected pusillanimity, and those other symptoms of melancholy, to make themselves merry with them, and to wonder at such, as toys and trifles, which may be resisted and withstood, if they will themselves:

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but let him that so wonders, consider with himself; that if a man should tell him on a sudden, some of his especial friends were dead, could he choose but grieve? Or set him upon a steep rock, where he should be in danger to be precipitated, could he be secure? His heart would tremble for fear, and his head be giddy. P. Byarus, *Tract. depest.* gives instance (as I have said) "and put case (saith he) in one that walks upon a plank, if it lie on the ground, he can safely do it: but if the same plank be laid over some deep water, instead of a bridge, he is vehemently moved, and 'tis nothing but his imagination, *forma cadendi impressa*, to which his other members and faculties obey." Yea, but you infer, that such men have a just cause to fear, a true object of fear; so have melancholy men an inward cause, a perpetual fume and darkness, causing fear, grief, suspicion, which they carry with them, an object which cannot be removed; but sticks as close, and is as inseparable as a shadow to a body, and who can expel or overrun his shadow? Remove heat of the liver, a cold stomach, weak spleen: remove those adust humours and vapours arising from them, black blood from the heart, all outward perturbations, take away the cause, and then bid them not grieve nor fear, or be heavy, dull, lumpish, otherwise counsel can do little good; you may as well bid him that is sick of an ague not to be a-dry; or him that is wounded not to feel pain.

Suspicion follows fear and sorrow at heels, arising out of the same fountain, so thinks Frascatorius, "that fear is the cause of suspicion, and still they suspect some treachery, or some secret machination to be framed against them, still they distrust." Restlessness proceeds from the same spring, variety of fumes make them like and dislike. Solitariness, avoiding of light, that they are weary of their lives, hate the world, arise from the same causes, for their spirits and humours are opposite to light, fear makes them avoid company, and absent themselves, lest they should be misused, hissed at, or overshoot themselves, which still they suspect. They are prone to venery by reason of wind. Angry, waspish, and fretting still, out of abundance of choler, which causeth fearful dreams and violent perturbations to them, both sleeping and waking: That they suppose they have no heads, fly, sink, they are pots, glasses, &c., is wind in their heads. *Herc. de Saxonia* doth ascribe this to the several motions in the animal spirits, "their dilation, contraction, confusion, alteration, tenebrosity, hot or cold distemperature," excluding all material humours. Fracastorius "accounts it a thing worthy of inquisition, why they should entertain such false conceits, as that they have horns, great noses, that they are birds, beasts," &c., why they should think themselves kings, lords, cardinals. For the first, Fracastorius gives two reasons: "One is the disposition of the body; the other, the occasion of the phantasy," as if their eyes be purblind, their ears sing, by reason of some cold and rheum, &c. To the second, Laurentius answers, the imagination inwardly or outwardly moved, represents to the understanding, not enticements only, to favour the passion or dislike, but a very intensive pleasure follows the passion or displeasure, and the will and reason are captivated by delighting in it.

Why students and lovers are so often melancholy and mad, the philosopher of Conimbra assigns this reason, "because by a vehement and continual meditation of that wherewith they are affected, they fetch up the spirits into the brain, and with the heat brought with them, they incend it beyond measure: and the cells of the inner senses dissolve their temperature, which being dissolved, they cannot perform their offices as they ought."

Why melancholy men are witty, which Aristotle hath long since maintained in his problems; and that all learned men, famous philosophers, and lawgivers, *ad unum fere omnes melancholici*, have still been melancholy, is a problem much controverted.

Jason Pratensis will have it understood of natural melancholy, which opinion Melancthon inclines to, in his book *de Anima*, and Marcilius Ficinus, *de san. tuend. lib. 1. cap. 5.* but not simple, for that makes men stupid, heavy, dull, being cold and dry, fearful, fools, and solitary, but mixed with the other humours, phlegm only excepted; and they not adust, but so mixed as that blood be half, with little or no adustion, that they be neither too hot nor too cold. Apponensis, cited by Melancthon, thinks it proceeds from melancholy adust, excluding all natural melancholy as too cold. Laurentius condemns his tenet, because adustion of humours makes men mad, as lime burns when water is cast on it. It must be mixed with blood, and somewhat adust, and so that old aphorism of Aristotle may be verified, *Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ*, no excellent wit without a mixture of madness. Fracastorius shall decide the controversy, "phlegmatic are dull: sanguine lively, pleasant, acceptable, and merry, but not witty: choleric are too swift in motion, and furious, impatient of contemplation, deceitful wits: melancholy men have the most excellent wits, but not all; this humour may be hot or cold, thick or thin; if too hot, they are furious and mad: if too cold, dull, stupid, timorous, and sad: if temperate, excellent, rather inclining to that extreme of heat, than cold." This sentence of his will agree with that of Heraclitus, a dry light makes a wise mind, temperate heat and dryness are the chief causes of a good wit; therefore, saith Ælian, an elephant is the wisest of all brute beasts, because his brain is driest, *et ob atræ bilis copiam*: this reason Cardan approves, *subtil. l. 12.* Jo. Baptista Silvaticus, a physician of Milan, in his first controversy, hath copiously handled this question: Rulandus in his problems, Cælius Rhodiginus, *lib. 17.* Valleriola 6to *narrat. med.*, Herc. de Saxonia, *Tract. posth. de mel. cap. 3.* Lodovicus Mercatus, *de inter. morb. cur. lib. 1. cap. 17.* Baptista Porta, *Physiog. lib. 1. c. 13.* and many others.

Weeping, sighing, laughing, itching, trembling, sweating, blushing, hearing and seeing strange noises, vision; wind, crudity, are motions of the body, depending upon the precedent motions of the mind: neither are tears, affections, but actions (as Scaliger holds) "the voice of such as are afraid, trembles, because the heart is shaken," (*Conimb. prob. 6. sec. 3. de som.*) why they stutter or falter in their speech. Mercarialis and Montaltus, *cap. 17.* give like reasons out of Hippocrates, "dryness, which makes the nerves of the tongue torpid." Fast speaking (which is a symptom of some few) Ætius will have caused from "abundance of wind, and swiftness of imagination: baldness comes from excess of dryness," hirsuteness from a dry temperature. The cause of much waking in a dry brain, continual meditation, discontent, fears and cares, that suffer not the mind to be at rest, incontinency is from wind, and a hot liver, Montanus, *cons. 26.* Rambling in the guts is caused from wind, and wind from ill concoction, weakness of natural heat, or a distempered heat and cold. Palpitation of the heart from vapours, heaviness and aching from the same cause. That the belly is hard, wind is a cause, and of that leaping in many parts. Redness of the face, and itching, as if they were flea-bitten, or stung with pismires, from a sharp subtile wind. Cold sweat from vapours arising from the hypochondries, which pitch upon the skin; leanness for want of good nourishment. Why their appetite is so great, Ætius answers: *Os ventris frigescit*, cold in those inner parts, cold belly, and hot liver, causeth crudity, and intention proceeds from perturbations, our souls for want of spirits cannot attend exactly to so many intensitive operations, being exhaust, and overruled by passion, she cannot consider the reasons which may dissuade her from such affections.

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Bashfulness and blushing is a passion proper to men alone, and is not only caused for some shame and ignominy, or that they are guilty unto themselves of some foul fact committed, but as Fracastorius well determines, *ob defectum proprium, et timorem*, "from fear, and a conceit of our defects; the face labours and is troubled at his presence that sees our defects, and nature, willing to help, sends thither heat, heat draws the subtlest blood, and so we blush. They that are bold, arrogant, and careless, seldom or never blush, but such as are fearful." Anthonius Lodovicus, in his book *de pudore*, will have this subtle blood to arise in the face, not so much for the reverence of our betters in presence, "but for joy and pleasure, or if any thing at unawares shall pass from us, a sudden accident, occurse, or meeting;" (which Disarius in Macrobius confirms) any object heard or seen, for blind men never blush, as Dandinus observes, the night and darkness make men impudent. Or that we be staid before our betters, or in company we like not, or if any thing molest and offend us, *erubescencia* turns to *rubor*, blushing to a continue redness. Sometimes the extremity of the ears tingle, and are red, sometimes the whole face, *Etsi nihil vitiosum commiseris*, as Lodovicus holds: though Aristotle is of opinion, *omnis pudor ex vitio commisso*, all shame for some offence. But we find otherwise, it may as well proceed from fear, from force and inexperience (so Dandinus holds), as vice; a hot liver, saith Duretus (*notis in Hollerium*;) "from a hot brain, from wind, the lungs heated, or after drinking of wine, strong drink, perturbations," &c.

"Laughter, what it is," saith Tully, "how caused, where, and so suddenly breaks out, that desirous to stay it, we cannot, how it comes to possess and stir our face, veins, eyes, countenance, mouth, sides, let Democritus determine." The cause that it often affects melancholy men so much, is given by Gomesius, *lib. 3. de sale genial. cap. 18.* abundance of pleasant vapours, which, in sanguine melancholy especially, break from the heart, "and tickle the midriff, because it is transverse and full of nerves: by which titillation, the sense being moved, and arteries distended or pulled, the spirits from thence move and possess the sides, veins, countenance, eyes." See more in Jossius *de risu et fletu*, Vives *3 de Anima*. Tears, as Scaliger defines, proceed from grief and pity, "or from the heating of a moist brain, for a dry cannot weep."

That they see and hear so many phantasms, chimeras, noises, visions, &c. as Fienus hath discoursed at large in his book of imagination, and Lavater *de spectris, part. 1. cap. 2. 3. 4.* their corrupt phantasy makes them see and hear that which indeed is neither heard nor seen, *Qui multum jejulant, aut noctes ducunt insomnes*, they that much fast, or want sleep, as melancholy or sick men commonly do, see visions, or such as are weak-sighted, very timorous by nature, mad, distracted, or earnestly seek. *Sabini quod volunt somniant*, as the saying is, they dream of that they desire. Like Sarmiento the Spaniard, who when he was sent to discover the straits of Magellan, and confine places, by the Prorex of Peru, standing on the top of a hill, *Amænisissimam planitiem despicere sibi visus fuit, ædificia magnifica, quamplurimos Pagos, altas Turres, splendida Tempa*, and brave cities, built like ours in Europe, not, saith mine author, that there was any such thing, but that he was *vanissimus et nimis credulus*, and would fain have had it so. Or as Lod. Mercatus proves, by reason of inward vapours, and humours from blood, choler, &c., diversely mixed, they apprehend and see outwardly, as they suppose, divers images, which indeed are not. As they that drink wine think all runs round, when it is in their own brain; so is it with these men, the fault and cause is inward, as Galen affirms, mad men and such as are near death, *quas extra se videre putant Imagines, intra oculos habent*, 'tis in their brain, which

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seems to be before them; the brain as a concave glass reflects solid bodies. *Senes etiam decrepiti cerebrum habent concavum et aridum, ut imaginentur se videre* (saith Boissardus) *quæ non sunt*, old men are too frequently mistaken and dote in like case: or as he that looketh through a piece of red glass, judgeth everything he sees to be red; corrupt vapours mounting from the body to the head, and distilling again from thence to the eyes, when they have mingled themselves with the watery crystal which receiveth the shadows of things to be seen, make all things appear of the same colour, which remains in the humour that overspreads our sight, as to melancholy men all is black, to phlegmatic all white, &c. Or else as before the organs, corrupt by a corrupt phantasy, as Lemnius, *lib. 1. cap. 16.* well quotes, "cause a great agitation of spirits, and humours, which wander to and fro in all the creeks of the brain, and cause such apparitions before their eyes." One thinks he reads something written in the moon, as Pythagoras is said to have done of old, another smells brimstone, hears Cerberus bark: Orestes now mad supposed he saw the furies tormenting him, and his mother still ready to run upon him --

"O mater obsecro noli me persequi
His furiis, aspectu anguineis, horribilibus,
Ecce ecce me invadunt, in me jam ruunt"

("O mother! I beseech you not to persecute me with those horrible-looking furies.
See! see! they attack, they assault me!")

but Electra told him thus raving in his mad fit, he saw no such sights at all, it was but his crazed imagination.

"Quiesce, quiesce miser in linteis tuis,
Non cernis etiam quæ videre te putas."

"Peace! peace! unhappy being, for you do not see what you think you see."

So Pentheus (in Bacchis Euripidis) saw two suns, two Thebes, his brain alone was troubled. Sickness is an ordinary cause of such sights. Cardan, *subtil. 8. Mens ægra laboribus et jejunis fracta, facit eos videre, audire, &c.* And. Osiander beheld strange visions, and Alexander ab Alexandro both, in their sickness, which he relates *de rerum varietal. lib. 8. cap. 44.* Albategnius that noble Arabian, on his death-bed, saw a ship ascending and descending, which Fracastorius records of his friend Baptista Tirrianus. Weak sight and a vain persuasion withal, may effect as much, and second causes concurring, as an oar in water makes a refraction, and seems bigger, bended, double, &c. The thickness of the air may cause such effects, or any object not well discerned in the dark, fear and phantasy will suspect to be a ghost, a devil, &c. *Quod nimis miseri timent, hoc facile credunt*, we are apt to believe, and mistake in such cases. Marcellus Donatus, *lib. 2. cap. 1.* brings in a story out of Aristotle, of one Antepharon which likely saw, wheresoever he was, his own image in the air, as in a glass. Vitellio, *lib. 10. perspect.* hath such another instance of a familiar acquaintance of his, that after the want of three or four nights' sleep, as he was riding by a river side, saw another riding with him, and using all such gestures as he did, but when more light appeared, it vanished. Eremites and anchorites have frequently such absurd visions, revelations by reason of much fasting, and bad diet, many are deceived by legerdemain, as Scot hath well showed in his book of the discovery of witchcraft, and Cardan, *subtil. 18.* suffites, perfumes, suffumigations, mixed candles, perspective

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glasses, and such natural causes, make men look as if they were dead, or with horse-heads, bulls'-horns, and such like brutish shapes, the room full of snakes, adders, dark, light, green, red, of all colours, as you may perceive in Baptista Porta, Alexis, Albertus, and others, glow-worms, fire-drakes, meteors, *Ignis fatuus*, which Plinius, *lib. 2. cap. 3.* calls Castor and Pollux, with many such that appear in moorish grounds, about churchyards, moist valleys, or where battles have been fought, the causes of which read in Goclenius, Velourius, Finkius, &c., such fears are often done, to frighten children with squibs, rotten wood, &c., to make folks look as if they were dead, *solito majores*, bigger, lesser, fairer, fouler, *ut astantes sine capitibus videantur; aut toti igniti, aut forma dæmonum, accipe pilos canis nigri, &c.*, saith Albertus; and so 'tis ordinary to see strange uncouth sights by catoptrics; who knows not that if in a dark room, the light be admitted at one only little hole, and a paper or glass put upon it, the sun shining, will represent on the opposite wall all such objects as are illuminated by his rays? with concave and cylinder glasses, we may reflect any shape of men, devils, antics (as magicians most part do, to gull a silly spectator in a dark room), we will ourselves, and that hanging in the air, when 'tis nothing but such an horrible image as Agrippa demonstrates, placed in another room. Roger Bacon of old is said to have represented his own image walking in the air by this art, though no such thing appear in his perspectives. But most part it is in the brain that deceives them, although I may not deny, but that oftentimes the devil deludes them, takes his opportunity to suggest, and represent vain objects to melancholy men, and such as are ill-affected. To these you may add the knavish impostures of jugglers, exorcists, mass-priests, and mountebanks, of whom Roger Bacon speaks, &c., *de miraculis naturæ et artis, cap. 1.* they can counterfeit the voices of all birds and brute beasts almost, all tones and tunes of men, and speak within their throats, as if they spoke afar off that they make their auditors believe they hear spirits, and are thence much astonished and affrighted with it. Besides, those artificial devices to over-hear their confessions, like that whispering place of Gloucester with us, or like the duke's place at Mantua in Italy, where the sound is reverberated by a concave wall; a reason of which Blancanus in his Echometria gives, and mathematically demonstrates.

So that the hearing is as frequently deluded as the sight, from the same causes almost, as he that hears bells, will make them sound what he list. "As the fool thinketh, so the bell clinketh." Theophilus in Galen thought he heard music from vapours, which made his ears sound, &c. Some are deceived by echoes, some by roaring of waters, or concaves and reverberation of air in the ground, hollow places and walls. At Cadurcum, in Aquitaine, words and sentences are repeated by a strange echo to the full, or whatsoever you shall play upon a musical instrument, more distinctly and louder, than they are spoken at first. Some echoes repeat a thing spoken seven times, as at Olympus, in Macedonia, as Pliny relates, *lib. 36, cap. 15.* Some twelve times, as at Charenton, a village near Paris, in France. At Delphos, in Greece, heretofore was a miraculous echo, and so in many other places. Cardan, *subtil. l. 18,* hath wonderful stories of such as have been deluded by these echoes. Blancanus the Jesuit, in his Echometria, hath variety of examples, and gives his reader full satisfaction of all such sounds by way of demonstration. At Barrey, an isle in the Severn mouth, they seem to hear a smith's forge: so at Lipari, and those sulphureous isles, and many such like which Olaus speaks of in the continent of Scandia, and those northern countries. Cardan, *de rerum var. l. 15, c. 84,* mentioneth a woman, that still supposed she heard the devil call her, and speaking to her, she was a painter's wife in Milan: and many such illusions and voices, which proceed most part from a corrupt imagination.

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Whence it comes to pass, that they prophesy, speak several languages, talk of astronomy, and other unknown sciences to them (of which they have been ever ignorant): I have in brief touched, only this I will here add, that Arculanus, *Bodin. lib. 3. cap. 6, daemon.* and some others, hold as a manifest token that such persons are possessed with the devil; so doth Hercules de Saxonia, and Apponensis, and fit only to be cured by a priest. But Guianerius, Montaltus, Pomponatius of Padua, and Lemnius, *lib. 2, cap. 2*, refer it wholly to the ill-disposition of the humour, and that out of the authority of Aristotle, *prob. 30. 1*, because such symptoms are cured by purging; and as by the striking of a flint fire is enforced, so by the vehement motion of spirits, they do *elicere voces inauditas*, compel strange speeches to be spoken: another argument he hath from Plato's *reminiscentia*, which all out as likely as that which Marsilius Ficinus speaks of his friend Pierleonus; by a divine kind of infusion he understood the secrets of nature, and tenets of Grecian and barbarian philosophers, before ever he heard of, saw, or read their works: but in this I should rather hold with Avicenna and his associates, that such symptoms proceed from evil spirits, which take all opportunities of humours decayed, or otherwise to pervert the soul of man: and besides, the humour itself is *Balneum Diaboli*, the devil's bath; and as Agrippa proves, doth entice him to seize upon them.

SECT. IV. MEMB. I.

Prognostics of Melancholy.

PROGNOSTICS, or signs of things to come, are either good or bad. If this malady be not hereditary, and taken at the beginning, there is good hope of cure, *recens curationem non habet difficilem*, saith Avicenna, *l. 3, Fen. 1, Tract. 4, c. 18*. That which is with laughter, of all others is most secure, gentle, and remiss, Hercules de Saxonia. "If that evacuation of hæmorrhoids, or *varices*, which they call the water between the skin, shall happen to a melancholy man, his misery is ended," Hippocrates, *Aphor. 6. 11*. Galen, *l. 6, de morbis vulgar. com. 8*, confirms the same; and to this aphorism of Hippocrates, all the Arabians, new and old Latins subscribe; Montaltus, *c. 25*, Hercules de Saxonia, Mercurialis, Vittorius Faventinus, &c. Skenckius, *l. 1, observat. med. c. de Mania*, illustrates this aphorism, with an example of one Daniel Federer a coppersmith that was long melancholy, and in the end mad, about the 27th year of his age, these varices or water began to arise in his thighs, and he was freed from his madness. Marius the Roman was so cured, some say, though with great pain. Skenckius hath some other instances of women that have been helped by flowing of their months, which before were stopped. That the opening of the hæmorrhoids will do as much for men, all physicians jointly signify, so they be voluntary, some say, and not by compulsion. All melancholy are better after a quartan; Jobertus saith, scarce any man hath that ague twice; but whether it free him from this malady, 'tis a question; for many physicians ascribe all long agues for especial causes, and a quartan ague amongst the rest. Rhasis, *cont. lib. 1, tract. 9*. "When melancholy gets out at the superficies of the skin, or settles breaking out in scabs, leprosy, morpew, or is purged by stools, or by the urine, or that the spleen is enlarged, and those *varices* appear, the disease is dissolved." Guianerius, *cap. 5, tract. 15*, adds dropsy, jaundice, dysentery, leprosy, as good signs to these scabs, morpews, and breaking out, and proves it out of the 6th of Hippocrates Aphorisms.

Evil prognostics on the other part. *Inveterata melancholia incurabilis*, if it be inveterate, it is incurable, a common axiom, *aut difficulter curabilis* as they say that make the best, hardly cured. This Galen witnesseth, *l. 3, de loc. affect, cap. 6*, "be it in whom it will, or from what cause soever, it is ever long, wayward, tedious, and hard to be cured, if once it be habituated." As Lucian said of the gout, she was "the queen of diseases, and inexorable," may we say of melancholy. Yet Paracelsus will have all diseases whatsoever curable, and laughs at them which think otherwise, as T. Erastus, *par. 3*, objects to him; although in another place, hereditary diseases he accounts incurable, and by no art to be removed. Hildesheim, *spicel. 2, de mel.* holds it less dangerous if only "imagination be hurt, and not reason," the gentlest is from blood. Worse from choler adust, but the worst of all from melancholy putrefied." Bruel esteems hypochondriacal least dangerous, and the other two species (opposite to Galen) hardest to be cured. The cure is hard in men, but much more difficult in women. And both men and women must take notice of that saying of Montanus, *consil. 230, pro Abate Italo*, "This malady doth commonly accompany them to their grave; physicians may ease, and it may lie hid for a time, but they cannot quite cure it,

but it will return again more violent and sharp than at first, and that upon every small occasion or error:" as in Mercury's weather-beaten statue, that was once all over gilt, the open parts were clean, yet there was *in fimbriis aurum*, in the chinks a remnant of gold: there will be some relics of melancholy left in the purest bodies (if once tainted) not so easily to be rooted out. Oftentimes it degenerates into epilepsy, apoplexy, convulsions, and blindness: by the authority of Hippocrates and Galen, all aver, if once it possess the ventricles of the brain, Frambesarius, and Salust. Salvianus adds, if it get into the optic nerves, blindness. Mercurialis, *consil.* 20, had a woman to his patient, that from melancholy became epileptic and blind. If it come from a cold cause, or so continue cold, or increase, epilepsy; convulsions follow, and blindness, or else in the end they are moped, sottish, and in all their actions, speeches, and gestures, ridiculous. If it come from a hot cause, they are more furious, and boisterous, and in conclusion mad. *Calescentem melancholiam sæpius sequitur mania*. "If it heat and increase, that is the common event, *per circuitus, aut semper insanit*, he is mad by fits, or altogether. For as Sennertus contends out of Crato, there is *seminarius ignis* in this humour, the very seeds of fire. If it come from melancholy natural adust, and in excess, they are often demoniacal, Montanus.

Seldom this malady procures death, except (which is the greatest, most grievous calamity, and the misery of all miseries,) they make away themselves, which is a frequent thing, and familiar amongst them. 'Tis Hippocrates' observation, Galen's sentence: *Etsi mortem timent, tamen plerumque sibi ipsis mortem consciscunt, l. 3. de locis affect. cap. 7*. The doom of all physicians. 'Tis Rabbi Moses' Aphorism, the prognosticon of Avicenna, Rhasis, Ætius, Gordonius, Valescus, Altomarus, Salust. Salvianus, Capivaccius, Mercatus, Hercules de Saxonia, Piso, Bruel, Fuchsius, all, &c.

"Et sæpe usque adeo mortis formidinæ vitæ
Percipit infelix odium lucisque videndæ,
Ut sibi consciscat mærenti pectore lethum."

And so far forth death's, terror doth affright,
He makes away himself and hates the light:
To make an end of fear and grief of heart,
He voluntary dies to ease his smart."

In such sort doth the torture and extremity of his misery torment him, that he can take no pleasure in his life, but is in a manner enforced to offer violence unto himself, to be freed from his present insufferable pains. So some (saith Fracastorius) "in fury, but most in despair, sorrow, fear, and out of the anguish and vexation of their souls, offer violence to themselves: for their life is unhappy and miserable. They can take no rest in the night, nor sleep, or if they do slumber, fearful dreams astonish them." In the day-time they are affrighted still by some terrible object, and torn in pieces with suspicion, fear, sorrow, discontents, cares, shame, anguish, &c., as so many wild horses, that they cannot be quiet an hour, a minute of time, but even against their wills they are intent, and still thinking of it, they cannot forget it, it grinds their souls day and night, they are perpetually tormented, a burden to themselves, as Job was, they can neither eat, drink, or sleep. Psal. cvii. 18. "Their soul abhorreth all meat, and they are brought to death's door, being bound in misery and iron:" they curse their stars with Job, "and day of their birth, and wish for death:" for as Pineda

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and most interpreters hold, Job was even melancholy to despair, and almost madness itself; they murmur many times against the world, friends, allies, all mankind, even against God himself in the bitterness of their passion, *vivere nolunt, mori nesciunt*, live they will not, die they cannot. And in the midst of these squalid, ugly, and such irksome days, they seek at last, finding no comfort, no remedy in this wretched life, to be eased of all by death. *Omnia appetunt bonum*, all creatures seek the best, and for their good as they hope, *sub specie*, in show at least, *vel quia mori pulchrum putant* (saith Hippocrates) *vel quia putant inde se majoribus malis liberari*, to be freed as they wish. Though many times, as Æsop's fishes, they leap from the frying-pan into the fire itself; yet they hope to be eased by his means: and therefore (saith Felix Platerus) "after many tedious days at last, either by drowning, hanging, or some such fearful end," they precipitate or make away themselves: "many lamentable examples are daily seen amongst us:" *alius ante fores se laqueo suspendit* (as Seneca notes), *alius se præcipitant a tecto, ne dominum stomachantem audiret, alius ne reduceretur a fuga ferrum redegit in viscera*, "one hangs himself before his own door,-- another throws himself from the house-top, to avoid his master's anger,-- a third, to escape expulsion, plunges a dagger into his heart,"-- so many causes there are -- *His amor exitio est, furor his* -- love, grief; anger, madness, and shame, &c. 'Tis a common calamity, a fatal end to this disease, they are condemned to a violent death, by a jury of physicians, furiously disposed, carried headlong by their tyrannising wills, enforced by miseries, and there remains no more to such persons, if that heavenly Physician, by his assisting grace and mercy alone do not prevent (for no human persuasion or art can help), but to be their own butchers, and execute themselves. Socrates his *cicuta*, Lucretia's dagger, Timon's halter, are yet to be had; Cato's knife, and Nero's sword are less behind them, as so many fatal engines, bequeathed to posterity, and will be used to the world's end, by such distressed souls: so intolerable, insufferable, grievous, and violent is their pain, so unspeakable and continue. One day of grief is an hundred years, as Cardan observes: 'Tis *carnificina hominum, angor animi*, as well saith Areteus, a plague of the soul, the cramp and convulsion of the soul, an epitome of hell; and if there be a hell upon earth, it is to be found in a melancholy man's heart.

"For that deep torture may be call'd an hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell."

Yea, that which scoffing Lucian said of the gout in jest, I may truly affirm of melancholy in earnest.

"O triste nomen! o diis odibile
Melancholia lacrymosa. Cocyci filia,
Tu Tartari specubus opacis edita
Erinnys, utero quam Megara suo tulit
Et ab uberibus aluit, cuique parvalæ
Amarulentum in os lac Aleto dedit,
Omnes abominabilem te dæmones
Produxere in lucem, exitio mortalium.
Non Jupiter ferit tale telum fulminis
Non ulla sic procella sævit æquoris,
Non impetuosus tanta vis est turbinis
An asperos sustineo morsus Cerberi?"

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Num virus Echidnae membra mea despacitur?
Aut tunica sanie tincta Nessi sanguinis
Idacrymabile et immedicabile malum hoc."

"O sad and odious name! a name so fell,
Is this of melancholy, brat of hell,
There born in hellish darkness doth it dwell.
The Furies brought it up, Megara's teat,
Alecto gave it bitter milk to eat.
And all conspired a bane to mortal men,
To bring this devil out of that black den.
et paulo post.
Jupiter's thunderbolt, not storm at sea.
Nor whirl-wind doth our hearts so much dismay.
What? am I bit by that fierce Cerberus?
Or stung by serpent so pestiferous!
Or put on shirt that's dipt in Nessus' blood?
My pain's past cure; physic can do no good."

No torture of body like unto it, *Siculi non invenere tyranni majus tormentum*, no
strappadoes, hot irons, Phalaris' bulls,

"Nec ira deum tantum, nec tela, nec hostis,
Quantum sola noces animis illapsa."

"Jove's wrath, nor devils can
Do so much harm to th' soul of man."

All fears, griefs, suspicions, discontents, imbonities, insuavities are swallowed up, and
drowned in this Euripus, this Irish sea, this ocean of misery, as so many small brooks;
'tis *coagulum omnium ærumnarum*: which Ammianus applied to his distressed
Palladius. I say of our melancholy man, he is the cream of human adversity, the
quintessence, and upshot; all other diseases whatsoever, are but flea-bitings to
melancholy in extent: 'Tis the pith of them all, *Hospitium est calamitatis; quid veris
opus est?*

"Quaecumque malam rem quæris, illic reperies:"

"What need more words? 'tis calamities inn,
Where seek for any mischief, 'tis within;"

and a melancholy man is that true Prometheus, which is bound to Caucasus; the true
Titius, whose bowels are still by a vulture devoured (as poets feign) for so doth Lilius
Geraldus interpret it, of anxieties, and those griping cares, and so ought it to be
understood. In all other maladies, we seek for help, if a leg or an arm ache, through
any distemperature or wound, or that we have an ordinary disease, above all things
whatsoever, we desire help and health, a present recovery, if by any means possible it
may be procured; we will freely part with all our other fortunes, substance, endure any
misery, drink bitter potions, swallow those distasteful pills, suffer our joints to be
seared, to be cut off, any thing for future health: so sweet, so dear, so precious above

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all other things in this world is life: 'tis that we chiefly desire, long life and happy days, *multos da, Jupiter, annos*, increase of years all men wish; but to a melancholy man, nothing so tedious, nothing so odious; that which they so carefully seek to preserve he abhors, he alone; so intolerable are his pains; some make a question, *graviores morbi corporis an animi*, whether the diseases of the body or mind be more grievous, but there is no comparison, no doubt to be made of it, *multo enim sævior longeque est atrocior animi, quam corporis cruciatus* (*Lem. l. 1. c. 12.*) the diseases of the mind are far more grievous.-- *Totum hic pro vulnere corpus*, body and soul is misaffected here, but the soul especially. So Cardan testifies, *de rerum var. lib. 8. 40.* Maximus Tyrius a Platonist, and Plutarch, have made just volumes to prove it. *Dies adimit ægritudinem hominibus*, in other diseases there is some hope likely, but these unhappy men are born to misery, past all hope of recovery, incurably sick, the longer they live the worse they are, and death alone must ease them.

Another doubt is made by some philosophers, whether it be lawful for a man, in such extremity of pain and grief, to make away himself: and how these men that so do are to be censured. The Platonists approve of it, that it is lawful in such cases, and upon a necessity; Plotinus, *l. de beatitud. c. 7.* and Socrates himself defends it, in Plato's Phædon, "if any man labour of an incurable disease, he may despatch himself; if it be to his good." Epicurus and his followers, the cynics and stoics in general, affirm it, Epictetus and Seneca amongst the rest, *quamcunque veram esse viam ad libertatem*, any way is allowable that leads to liberty, "let us give God thanks, that no man is compelled to live against his will;" *quid ad hominem claustra, carcer, custodia? liberum ostium habet*, death is always ready and at hand. *Vides illum præcipitem locum, illud flumen*, dost thou see that steep place, that river, that pit, that tree, there's liberty at hand, *efugia servitutis et doloris sunt*, as that Laconian had cast himself headlong (*non serviam, aiebat puer*) to be freed of his misery: every pain in thy body, if these be *nimis operosi exitus*, will set thee free, *quid tua refert finem facias an accipias?* there's no necessity for a man to live in misery. *Malum est necessitati vivere; sed in necessitate vivere; necessitas nulla est. Ignavus qui sine causa moritur, et stultus qui cum dolore vivit, Idem epi. 58.* Wherefore hath our mother the earth brought out poisons, saith Pliny, in so great a quantity, but that men in distress might make away themselves? which kings of old had ever in a readiness, *ad incerta fortunæ venenum sub custode promptum*, Livy writes, and executioners always at hand. Speusippes being sick was met by Diogenes, and, carried on his slaves' shoulders, he made his moan to the philosopher; but I pity thee not, quoth Diogenes, *qui cum talis vivere sustines*, thou mayest be freed when thou wilt, meaning by death. Seneca therefore commends Cato, Dido, and Lucretia, for their generous courage in so doing, and others that voluntarily die, to avoid a greater mischief, to free themselves from misery, to save their honour, or vindicate their good name, as Cleopatra did, as Sophonisba, Syphax's wife did, Hannibal did, as Junius Brutus, as Vibius Virius, and those Campanian senators in Livy (*Dec. 3. lib. 6.*) to escape the Roman tyranny, that poisoned themselves. Themistocles drank bull's blood rather than he would fight against his country, and Demosthenes chose rather to drink poison, Publius Crassi *filius*, Censorius and Plancus, those heroical Romans to make away themselves, than to fall into their enemies' hands. How many myriads besides in all ages might I remember, *qui sibi lethum Insontes peperere manu?* &c. Rhasis in the Maccabees is magnified for it, Samson's death approved. So did Saul and Jonas sin, and many worthy men and women, *quorum memoria celebratur in Ecclesia*, saith Leminchus, for killing themselves to save their chastity and honour, when Rome was taken, as Austin instances, *l. 1. de Civit. Dei, cap. 16.* Jerom vindicateth the same in

Ionam; et Ambrose, *l. 3. de virginitate* commendeth Pelagia for so doing. Eusebius, *lib. 8. cap. 15.* admires a Roman matron for the same fact to save herself from the lust of Maxentius the Tyrant. Adelhelmus, abbot of Malmesbury, calls them *Beatas virgines quæ sic, &c.* Titus Pomponius Atticus, that wise, discreet, renowned Roman senator, Tully's dear friend, when he had been long sick, as he supposed of an incurable disease, *vitamque produceret ad augendos dolores, sine spe salutis*, was resolved voluntarily by famine to despatch himself to be rid of his pain; and when as Agrippa, and the rest of his weeping friends earnestly besought him, *osculantes obsecrarent ne id quod natura cogeret, ipse acceleraret*, not to offer violence to himself, "with a settled resolution he desired again they would approve of his good intent, and not seek to dehort him from it:" and so constantly died, *precesque eorum taciturna sua obstinatione depressit*. Even so did Corellius Rufus, another grave senator, by the relation of Plinius Secundus, *epist. lib. 1. epist. 12.* famish himself to death; *pedibus correptus cum incredibiles cruciatus et indignissima tormenta pateretur, a cibis omnino abstinuit*; ("Finding that he would be destined to endure excruciating pain of the feet, and additional tortures, he abstained from food altogether.") neither he nor Hispilla his wife could divert him, but *destinatus more obstinate magis, &c.*, die he would, and die he did. So did Lycurgus, Aristotle, Zeno, Chrysippus, Empedocles, with myriads, &c. In wars, for a man to run rashly upon imminent danger, and present death, is accounted valour and magnanimity, to be the cause of his own, and many a thousand's ruin besides, to commit wilful murder in a manner, of himself and others, is a glorious thing, and he shall be crowned for it. The Massagetæ in former times, Barbiccians, and I know not what nations besides, did stifle their old men after seventy years, to free them from those grievances incident to that age. So did the inhabitants of the island of Choa, because their air was pure and good, and the people generally long lived, *antevertabant fatum suum, priusquam manci forent aut imbecillitas accederet, papavere vel cicuta*, with poppy or hemlock they prevented death. Sir Thomas More in his Utopia commends voluntary death, if he be *sibi aut aliis molestus*, troublesome to himself or others "(especially if to live be a torment to him), let him free himself with his own hands from this tedious life, as from a prison, or suffer himself to be freed by others." And 'tis the same tenet which Laertius relates of Zeno of old, *Iuste sapiens sibi mortem consciscit, si in acerbis doloribus versetur, membrorum mutilatione aut morbis ægre curandis*, and which Plato 9. *de legibus* approves, if old age, poverty, ignominy, &c., oppress, and which Fabius expreseth in effect. (*Præfat. 7. Institut.*) *Nemo nisi sua culpa diu dolet*. It is an ordinary thing in China, (saith Mat. Riccius the jesuit,) "if they be in despair of better fortunes, or tired and tortured with misery, to bereave themselves of life, and many times, to spite their enemies the more, to hang at their door." Tacitus the historian, Plutarch the philosopher, much approve a voluntary departure, and Aust. *de civ. Dei., l. 1. c. 29.* defends a violent death, so that it be undertaken in a good cause, *nemo sic mortuus, qui non fuerat aliquando moriturus; quid autem interest quo mortis genere vita ista finiatur, quando ille cui finitur, iterum mori non cogitur? &c.*, (No one ever died in this way, who would not have died sometime or other; but what does it signify how life itself may be ended, since he who comes to the end is not obliged to die a second time?) no man so voluntarily dies, but *volens nolens*, he must die at last, and our life is subject to innumerable casualties, who knows when they may happen, *utrum satius est unam perpeti moniendo, an omnes timere vivendo*, rather suffer one, than fear all. "Death is better than a bitter life," Ecclus. xxx. 17. and a harder choice to live in fear, than, by once dying, to be freed from all. Theombrotus Ambraciotes persuaded I know not how many hundreds of his auditors, by a luculent oration he

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made of the miseries of this, and happiness of that other life, to precipitate themselves. And having read Plato's divine tract *de anima*, for example's sake led the way first. That neat epigram of Callimachus will tell you as much,

"Jamque vale Soli cum diceret Ambrociotes,
In Stygios fertur desiluisse lacus,
Morte nihil dignum passus: sed forte Platonis
Divini eximium de nece legit opus."

("And now when Ambrociotes was bidding farewell to the light of day, and about to cast himself into the Stygian pool, although he had not been guilty of any crime that merited death: but, perhaps, he had read that divine work of Plato upon Death.")

Calenus and his Indians hated of old to die a natural death: the Circumcellians and Donatists, loathing life, compelled others to make them away, with many such: but these are false and pagan positions, profane stoical paradoxes, wicked examples, it boots not what heathen philosophers determine in this kind, they are impious, abominable, and upon a wrong ground. "No evil is to be done that good may come of it;" *reclamat Christus, reclamat Scriptura*, God, and all good men are against it: He that stabs another can kill his body; but he that stabs himself; kills his own soul. *Male meretur qui dat mendico quod edat; nam et illud quod dat perit; et illi producit vitam ad miseriam*: he that gives a beggar an alms (as that comical poet saith) doth ill, because he doth but prolong his miseries. But Lactantius, *l. 6. c. 7. de vero cultu*, calls it a detestable opinion, and fully confutes it, *lib. 3. de sap. cap. 18.* and S. Austin. *ep. 2. ad Macedonium, cap. 61. ad Dulcitium Tribunum*: so doth Hierom to Marcella of Blesilla's death, *Non recipio tales animas*, &c., he calls such men *martyres stultæ Philosophiæ*: so doth Cyprian *de duplici martyrio*; *Si qui sic moriantur, aut infirmitis, aut ambitio, aut dementia cogit eos*; 'tis mere madness so to do, *furor est ne moriari mori*. To this effect writes Arist. 3. *Ethic. Lipsius Manuduc. ad Stoicam Philosophiam lib. 3. dissertat. 23.* but it needs no confutation. This only let me add, that in some cases, those hard censures of such as offer violence to their own persons, or in some desperate fit to others, which sometimes they do, by stabbing, slashing, &c., are to be mitigated, as in such as are mad, beside themselves for the time, or found to have been long melancholy, and that in extremity, they know not what they do, deprived of reason, judgment, all, as a ship that is void of a pilot, must needs impinge upon the next rock or sands, and suffer shipwreck.

P. Forestus hath a story of two melancholy brethren, that made away themselves, and for so foul a fact, were accordingly censured to be infamously buried, as in such cases they use: to terrify others, as it did the Milesian virgins of old, but upon farther examination of their misery and madness, the censure was revoked, and they were solemnly interred, as Saul was by David, 2 Sam. ii. 4. and Seneca well adviseth, *Irascere interfectori, sed miserere interfecti*; be justly offended with him as he was a murderer, but pity him now as a dead man. Thus of their goods and bodies we can dispose; but what shall become of their souls, God alone can tell; his mercy may come *inter pontem et fontem, inter gladium et jugulum*, betwixt the bridge and the brook, the knife and the throat. *Quod cuiquam contigit, cuivis potest*: Who knows how he may be tempted? It is his case, it may be thine: *Quæ sua sors hodie est, cras fore vestra potest*. We ought not to be so rash and rigorous in our censures, as some are; charity will judge and hope the best: God be merciful unto us all.

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GLOSSARY

Of obsolete words, or words used in an obsolete sense

Abraham Man	A wandering beggar, originally a crippled or insane person supported by a monastery who was turned out at the Dissolution.
Adust	Dried up or thicker than normal
Apologue	An allegorical fable
Bangle Away	Fritter away, squander
Brach	A hound
Bradiopepsia	Slowness of digestion
Brownbastard	A sweet Spanish wine
Cachexia	A disease in which all the bodily parts are corrupt or deprived of nourishment
Cacochymia	Corruption of bodily humours
Cantharides	Spanish fly
Carcase	The framework of a building
Cardiaca	Heartburn or angina
Cark (N.)	Anxiety, trouble
Carle (V.)	To snarl or growl
Carpet Knight	A knight whose accomplishments are more in the boudoir than the battle-field
Cates	Dainty foods
Catoptrics	The optical science of reflection
Choler	Bile
Chuff (N)	A boor
Chylus, Chilus	Digested food, as passed from the stomach to the gut
Cicuta	Hemlock
Circumforanean	Wandering, vagabond
Civilian	A lawyer specialising in civil cases
Clancular	Secret, underhand
Cock-Boat	A small rowing-boat
Cocker (V.)	To indulge or pamper
Combust	(Of the moon or a planet) Invisible because near the sun in the sky
Compellations	Words addressed to someone
Concoction	Digestion of food; generation and development of the humours(q.v)
Constringed	Compressed or condensed
Constuprate	To rape
Contemn	To despise
Corographer	An author of an account of a particular country or district
Coulstaff	A pole used to carry heavy objects, which were slung from it, and the coulstaff supported on the shoulders of two men

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Crudity	Imperfect concoction (q.v) of the humours (q.v.)
Cubbed Up	Cooped up
Cullion	A ballocks (in both senses)
Currier	A tanner or leather-dresser
Dehort	Dissuade
Deliquium	A fainting fit
Distemperature	A disordered condition or ailment of the body
Dummerer	A beggar who pretends to be dumb
Emmet	An ant
Empiric (N.)	A quack doctor
Emulgent (Blood Vessels)	The blood vessels of the kidneys
Flaggy	Flabby, limp
Fleer	To grimace
Fuliginous	Sooty
Fumados	Smoked pilchards
Funge	A soft-headed person
Fusled	Confused, muddled
Genethliacal	Astrological
Geniture	Horoscope
Gloze	To flatter, explain away, "spin"
Goosecap	A fool
Gripe (N.)	A miser
Haberdine	Salt cod
Humour	One of the four fluids of the body governing health etc: Blood, Bile, Phlegm, Black bile
Hypochondries	The upper abdomen, between the breast-bone and navel
Imbonity	Unkindness
Incondite	(of speech) Sudden cries without meaning, as "Oh!" "Ah!" "Grr!" etc.
Insuavity	Surliness
Intempestive	Inappropriate
Irrefragable	Undeniable
Jument	A beast of burden
Kell	A caul
Landleaper	A vagabond or fugitive
Lapithæ	A people of Thessaly
Livor	A bruise or similar discoloration of the skin; also, malice or spite
Luculent	Brilliant, shining
Malificated	Evil-intentioned
Mastupration	Masturbation
Mediately	Through an intermediary
Merry-Thought	A wishbone
Meseraical, Mesaraic	Of the mesentery, the membranes of the abdomen.
Metoposcopy	Telling a person's fortune or character by the appearance of his forehead, or face generally
Monomachy	Duel, single combat

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Morpheus	An ailment which causes scaling of the skin
Mouldwarp	A mole (the burrowing animal)
Myrache, Mirach	The abdomen, esp. the part around the stomach
Obnubilate	Cloud over
Oppilations	Obstructions
Oppugner	An adversary
Pairmain	A variety of apple
Parable (A.)	Accessible, Easily obtained,
Pasquil	A lampoon. It was the custom in Rome to affix lampoons to the statue of Pasquil St. Mark's Day.
Peckled	Spotted, speckled
Perstringe	To criticise or find fault.
Philosophastic	Of or relating to a philosophaster, a shallow or pseudo-philosopher
Pituita	Phlegm
Poke (Bavarian)	Goitre
Polyanthean	(a.) Relating to an anthology; (n.) the compiler or user of one
Precipitium	A precipice
Purley	Purlieu, land around the edges of a forest
Quean	A slut or prostitute
Rumney	A sweet wine believed to be from Romania (actually Greece)
Scrub (N.)	An insignificant or contemptible person
Semiustulation	Half-burning
Serves	The fruit of the service-tree (Sorbus)
Six Non-Natural Things	Diet; retention and evacuation; air; exercise; sleeping and waking; perturbations of the mind (See Part. 1 Sec. 2 Memb 1. Subsect 1.)
Spectrum	A ghost
Stick Free	(A person) immune to injury by a weapon
Stramineous	Made of straw, worthless
Struma	Scrofula or goitre
Stum Rod	?
Stupend	Extraordinary
Stut	Stutter
Suffite	A perfume burned or smoked as a medicinal remedy
Suffumigation	Perfuming a room with herbs etc. whose aroma is medicinal
Tetric	Bitter, morose
Theologastic	Of or relating to a theologaster, a shallow or pseudo-theologian
Trencher Chaplain	A chaplain who is one of a rich man's household servants
Tully	Cicero
Turgent	Swollen with pride
Typmany	A swelling or tumour
Vastity	Desolation
Venditate	To display for sale, or as if for sale
Venery	Sex or the pursuit of it; hunting in general
Wourts	Worts, i.e. plants, vegetables