1300’s – Late 1500’s

Sir John Harington’s New Ajax

(The True Roots of the Modern Day Flush Toilet)

With Impetus Provided to John Harington
by
Queen Elizabeth, “The Schoole of Salerne,” and “The Englishmans Doctor”
The first non-mechanized flush toilet recognized by historians has its roots in the Royal Palace of Knossos – Minoan Empire, on the Isle of Crete at/about 1700 BCE. However, the roots of the present day mechanized flush toilet are now acknowledged by many to rest with Sir John Harington (Godson of Queen Elizabeth) in the mid-1590’s. What he started, others including Thomas Crapper polished off in the late 1800’s, when better industrial knowhow and infrastructure were available.

One of the driving forces of John Harington’s invention (as documented in Harington’s treatise *A New Discourse of a Stale Subject, Called The Metamorphosis of Ajax,* written in the late 1500’s/early 1600’s) was a document entitled *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum* (or *The School of Salerne*) … a document initially written as a poem and finalized in the 1300’s by learned monks/physicians at a monastery/town (Salerne) in northern Italy – a stopping point along one of the main roads leading from western Europe to the Middle East during the years of the Crusades (1096 – 1396). Soldiers would often stop and stay in this town on their way back from the Crusades to receive aid in getting their wounds to heal. The noted document eventually became the accepted basis of health/sanitation for hundreds of years. (Note: the modern-day words “sanitary” and “sanitation” may very well owe their derivation to the name of the town Salerne.) It was translated from Latin (the language in which it was first written) to English by Sir John Harington in the late 1500’s. Later (in 1608), it was republished as *The Englishmans Doctor,* and, thereafter, served as a guide to the basic practice of health/medicine for the next 2-300 years in western Europe and England. It is the best known surviving literary example of medieval domestic medical practices.

The *Regimen Santatis Salernitanum* was one of the reasons for Harington’s pursuit of the invention of a flush toilet (called an “ajax” in the early days by the English), along with the fact that he wanted to get in the better “graces” of his Godmother, Queen Elizabeth – who was tired of the smelly garderobes (privies) in her castles. (It must be noted that during the late Dark Ages/Early Middles Ages, many believed that bad odors carried and caused the spread of disease. This included the odors from cesspools, etc. Queen Elizabeth and many others believed such to be true … thus, the desire to somehow minimize bad odors.) The following rhyme from an unknown author of the 1500’s demonstrates their concerns re odors:

To breake a little wind, sometime ones life doth save,  
For want of vent behind, some folke their ruine have:  
A power it hath therefore, of life, and death expresse:  
A king can cause no more, a cracke doth do no lesse.

Harington’s “better ajax” worked well, and it had many of the most important features of a modern-day flush toilet; however, it still had serious problems with achieving an effective sealing-off of the obnoxious odors from the huge cesspools (often positioned underneath the castle floors) into which human wastes were deposited from the ajax’s and/or garderobes (privies) in the castle.

The mechanized flushing toilet idea was not really pursued further until approx. 2-300 years later; i.e., by Thomas Crapper and others.

A 1595 drawing of Harington’s new “flushing” ajax is shown next in this handout. His English translation of the original/Latin text of the *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum* is also included in this handout, along with some of the notes which help to explain certain of the involved/translated words/phrases.

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Enclosures:
Sources:  


* NOTE: In Queen Elizabeth’s time (late 1500’s, early 1600’s), the common term for a privy was “the jakes.” Harrington transformed that into “ajax” in the title of his book.
A 1595 drawing of Harington’s new “flushing” ajax

A privie in perfection

A. the Cesterne.
B. the little washer.
C. the wast pipe.
D. the seate boord.
E. the pipe that comes from the Cesterne.
F. the Screw.
G. the Scallop shell to couer it when it is shut downe.
H. the stoole pot.
I. the stopple.
K. the current.
L. the sluce.
M.N. the vault into which it fallles: always remember that ( ) at noone and at night, emptie it, and leave it halfe a foote deepe in fayre water. And this being well done, and orderly kept, your worst privie may be as sweet as your best chamber. But to conclude all this in a few wordees, it is but a standing close stoole easilie emptied.

And by the like reason (other formes and proportions observd) all other places of your house may be kept sweet.
THE ENGLISHMANS DOCTOR.

OR,

The Schoole of Salerne.

OR,

Physicall observations for the perfect Preserving of the body of Man in Continuall health.

London
Printed for Iohn Helme, and Iohn Busby Junior and are to be solde at the little shop next Cliffsords Inne-gate, in Fleet-streete, 1605.

Note: A facsimile of the original antique English text was scanned in order to prepare the “Salernitanum” document for this handout. As a result of computer interpretation, the old English letter “s” generally appears as the letter “f” in the scanned version. In addition, the letter “v” sometimes appears as a “u,” and a “u” as a “v”. Inconsistencies in these usages appear in the original “Salernitanum” document as well as in the scanned version. Also, throughout the years, different writers have chosen to spell certain words in different ways … and, which spelling is correct may forever be a subject of discussion!
THE SALERNE Schoole

THE Salerne Schoole doth by these lines impart
All health to Englands King, and doth advice
From care his head to keepe, from wrath his heart,
Drinke not much wine, sup light, and soon arise,
When meate is gone, long sitting breedeth smart:
And after-noone (till waking keepe your eyes.
When you'd find your felfe to Natures Needs,
Forbeare them not, for that much danger breeds,
Vfe three Physicians still; first Doctor Quiet,
Next Doctor Merry-man, and Doctor Dyet.

RISE early in the morn, and straight remember,
With water cold to wash your hands and eyes,
In gentle fashion retching every member,
And to refresh your braine when you rife,
In heat, in cold, in July and December.
Both comb your head, and rub your teeth likewise:
If bled you haue, keep coole, if bath keep warme:
If din'd, to stand or walke will do no harme.
Three things preferue the fight, Graffe, Glasse, & fountains,
At Eue'n springs, at morning vifit mountains.

IF R. be in the month, their judgements erre,
That thinke that sleepe in after-none is good:
If R. be not therein, some men there are
That thinke a little nap breeds no ill bloud:
But if you shall herein exceed too farre,
It hurts your health, it cannot be with flood
Long sleepe at after-noones by stirring fumes,
Breeds Slouth, and Agues, Aking heads and Rheumes:
The moyfure bred in Brest, in lawes and Nofe,
Are cal'd Catars, or Tyfique, or the Pofe.

GREAT harmes have growne, & maladies exceeding,
By keeping in a little blast of wind:
So Cramps & Dropfies, Collickes have their breeding,
And Mazed Braines for want of vent behind:
Befides we finde in stories worth the reading,
A certaine Roman Emperor was fo kind,
Claudius' by name, he made a Proclamation,
A Scape to be no loffe of reputation.
Great fuppers do the stomacke much offend,
Sup light if quiet you to sleepe intend.

* According to Suetonius in his life of the Emperor Claudius, the latter had in contemplation the issuance of a proclamation justifying the emission of flatus wherever and whenever the need might exist. Montaigne in his Essay on the Force of the Imagination expresses the wish that the Emperor might at the same time have granted also the power to do so.

TO keepe good dyet, you shoulde neuer feed
Vntill you finde your stomacke clean and void
Of former eate meate, for they do breed Repletion, and will caufe you foone be coold;
None other rule but appetite should need,
When from your mouth a moyfure cleare doth void.
All Pears and Apples, Peaches, Milke and Cheefe,
Salt meates, red Deere, Hare, Beefe and Goat: all thefe
Are meates that breed ill bloud, and Melancholy,
If fieke you be, to eate on them were folly.

EGGES newly laid, are nutritive to eate,
And rosted Reare are easie to digest.
Freh Gafcoigne wine is good to drinke with meat,
Broth strengthens nature aboue all the rest.
But broth prepar'd with floure of finest wheat,
Well boild, and full of fat for such are best.
The Priests rule is (a Priests rule shoulde be true)
Thofe Egges are beft, are long, and white and new.
Remember eating new laid Egges and soft,
For euery Egge you eate you drinke as oft.

FINE Manchet feeds too fat, Milke fils the veines,
New cheefe doth nourish, fo doth fleeth of Swine:
The Dowcets of some beafts, the marrow, braines,
And all sweete tafting fleath, and pleasaunt wine,
Soff Egges (a cleanlye dish in houfe of Swaines)
Ripe Figs and Rayfins, late come from the Vine:
Chufe wine you meane shal serve you all the yeere
Well-fauor'd tastinge well, and coloured cleere.
Fiue qualities there are, wines praife aduancing,
Strong, Beautifull, and Fragrant, coole and dancing.

WHITE Muskadell, and Candie wine, and Greeke,
Do make men's wits and bodies groove and fat;
Red wine doth make the voyce oft-time to feeke,
And hath a binding qualitie to that;
Canarie, and Madera, both are like
To make one leane indeed: (but wot you what)
Who say they make one leane, would make one laffe
They meane, they make one leane vpon a flaffe.

Wine, women, Baths, by Art or Nature warme,
Vs’d or abus’d do men much good or harme.

SIXE things, that here in order shal enflue,
Againft all poyfons hauie a secrect power,
Peare, Garlick, Reddlith-roots, Nuts, Rape, and Rue,
But Garlick chiefe; for they that it deoure,
May drinke, & care not who their drinke do brewe:
May walke in aires infected euery houre.

In each a feuerall order keepe you shal.
Nor drinke too much nor let it be too stale:
Well boyled, of harty graine and old and cleare,
We will it be not fowre, and yet be stale:

THE like aduice we giue you for your Beere,
But cleere and well alaid, and frefh and quicke.
In meafure drinke, let wine be ripe, not thicke,
The worfe, are caufes of vnwholefome tumors.
The better wines do breed the better humors,
To make the gift of temperance a shield:

But gainft all furfets, vertues schoole hath taught
And that a kind of remedie shal yeeld,
A thing we wifh to you shoule happen feld:
IF wine haue ouer night a furfet brought,
That come of fecret paffages and vaults.

Let aire be cleere and light, and free from faults,
Of puddle-waters, or of excrements,
That neere the fame there be no euill fents
In houfes where you mind to make your dwelling,
Yet for your lodging roomes giue this direction,
Is not perfum'd by Poet
Who smelleth ftill perfumed, his complexion
Yet Pure infection commeth moft by fmelling,
It onely makes men winke, and drinke, and ftinke.

To wape, Batter, Rags, and Cashmeres,
 tho fome faie it brede the vfe.
Waxke, the Hill, and the Limne,
Yet is not perfum’d by Poet
That makes the fense in oone be quicke,
And the other in a more flowing fpeed.

THE choyfe of meate to health doth much availe,
THE choyfe of meate to health doth much availe,
Firt Veale is wholefom meat, & breeds good blond
So Capon, Hen, and Chicken, Partridge, Quaile,
The Phefant, Woodcock, Larke, & Thrufh be good,
The Heath-cocke wholesome is, the doue, the raile,
So Capon, Hen, and Chicken, Partridge, Quaile,
Firft Veale is wholefom meat, & breeds good blond
THE choyfe of meate to health doth much availe,
In great confumptions learn’d Phyficions thinke,
They windie be, but good without their hide.
To take them with the skinne that growes aloft,
IF in your drinke you mingle Rew with Sage,
All poyfon is expeld by power of thofe,
And if you would withall Lufts heat affwage,
Adde to them two the gentle flowre of Rofe:
Would not be fea-ficke when feas do rage,
Sage-water drinke with wine before he goes.
Salt, Garlick, Parfly, Pepper, Sage, and Wine,
Make fawces for all meates both courfe and fine.
Of wafting of your hands much good doth rife,
Tis wholesome, cleanly, and relieveys your eyes.

EATE not your bread too flale, nor eate it hot,
A little Leaund, hollow bak’t and light:
Not frefh.of pureft graine that can be got,
The cruft breeds choller both of brown & white,
Yet let it be well bak’t or eate it not,
How e’er your tafte therein may take delight.

SOME loue to drinke new wine not fully fin’d,
But for your health we wish that you drinke none,
For fuch to dangerous fluxes are inclin’d,
Befides, the Lees of wine doe breed the gone,
Some to drinke onely water are affign’d,
But fuch by our consent shal drinke alone.

AS choyfe you make of Fowle, fo make of Fish,
AS choyfe you make of Fowle, fo make of Fish,
In great confumptions learn’d Phyficions thinke,
They windie be, but good without their hide.
To take them with the skinne that growes aloft,
IF in your drinke you mingle Rew with Sage,
All poyfon is expeld by power of thofe,
And if you would withall Lufts heat affwage,
Adde to them two the gentle flowre of Rofe:
Would not be fea-ficke when feas do rage,
Sage-water drinke with wine before he goes.
Salt, Garlick, Parfly, Pepper, Sage, and Wine,
Make fawces for all meates both courfe and fine.
Of wafting of your hands much good doth rife,
Tis wholesome, cleanly, and relieveys your eyes.

THE like aduice we giue you for your Beere,
We will it be not foure, and yet be flale:
Well bold, of harty graine and old and cleare,
Nor drinke too much nor let it be too flale:
And as there be foure feaftons in the yeere,
In each a feuerall order keepe you flall:
In Spring your dinner muft not much exceed,
In Summer heathe but little meate shal need:
In Autumn ware you eate not too much fruite:

IF in your drinke you mingle Rew with Sage,
All poyfon is expeld by power of thofe,
And if you would withall Lufts heat affwage,
Adde to them two the gentle flowre of Rofe:
Would not be fea-ficke when feas do rage,
Sage-water drinke with wine before he goes.
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In each a feuerall order keepe you flall:
In Spring your dinner muft not much exceed,
In Summer heathe but little meate shal need:
In Autumn ware you eate not too much fruite:

AS choyfe you make of Fowle, fo make of Fish,
AS choyfe you make of Fowle, fo make of Fish,
MILK is for Agues and for Head-ach naught,
Yet if from Agues fit you feele you free,
Sweete-butter wholesome is, as fome haue taught,
To cleane and purge fome paines that inward be.
Whay, though it be contenm’d, yet it is thought
To fcore and cleanefte, and purge in due degree:
For healtie men may Cheefe be wholesome food,
But for the weake and fickly ’tis not good,
Cheefe is an heauie meate, both groffe and cold
And breethed Cofineffe both new and old.

CHEESE makes complaint that men on wrong fuftions
Do flander it, and fay it doth fuch harme,
That they conceale his many good conditions,
How oft it helps a flomack cold to warme,
How fafting’tis prefcrib’d by fome Phyficians,
To thofe to whom the flux doth giue alarme:
How oft it helpes a ftomack cold to warme,
That they conceale his many good conditions,
Do flander it, and fay it doth fuch harme,
CHEESE makes complaint that men on wrong fuftions
And breedeth Coftineffe both new and old.

But for the weake and fickly ’tis not good,
Cheefe on wrong fufpitions
And breedeth Coftineffe both new and old.

But rather loofe the Belly breeding winde,
But for the weake and fickly ‘tis not good,
Cheefe doth good, two hurt, the third doth kill.

Coole Damfens are, and good for health, by reafon
They make your intraires soluble and flacke,
Let Peaches flpeepe in wine of neweft feafon,
Yet things too falt are ne’re commendable:
Salt makes unfauourie vyands manducable,
For hunger eate it to releeue their want.

COOLE Damfens are, and good for health, by reafon
They make your intraires soluble and flacke,
Let Peaches flpeepe in wine of neweft feafon,
Nuts hurt the teeth, that with their teeth they crack,
With every Nut ’tis good to eate a Raifon.

For though they hurt the fypleen, they help the back,
A plaifter made of Figges, by fome mens telling,
Is good againft all kernels, boyles and fwelling,
With Poppy loyn’d, it drawes out bones are broken,
By Figges are lice ingendred, Luft provoken.

FATE Medlers, if you haue a loofeneffe gotten,
They bind, and yet your vrine they augment,
The Lance is beft and lighteft of digeftion:
If any braines be good, (which is a queftion)
With Medlers feed, a plaister made of Figges,
We feele effects the caufes oft vnknowne,
We feele effects the caufes oft vnknowne,
Spodium is good againft all kernels, boyles and fwelling,
We feathe those, for medicine thofe are fitter.

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They bind, and yet your vrine they augment,
The Lance is beft and lighteft of digeftion:
If any braines be good, (which is a queftion)
With Medlers feed, a plaister made of Figges,
We feele effects the caufes oft vnknowne,
We feele effects the caufes oft vnknowne,
Spodium is good againft all kernels, boyles and fwelling,
We feathe those, for medicine thofe are fitter.

DAME Natures reafon, far furmounts our reading,
We feele effects the caufes oft vnknowne,
Who knows the caufe why Spondium flancheet bleeding?
(Spondium but afhes of an Oxes bone)
We finde herein to praife his power exceeding,
That vertue gaue to wood, to hearbs, to ftone;
We feele effects the caufes oft vnknowne,
Spodium is good againft all kernels, boyles and fwelling,
We feathe those, for medicine thofe are fitter.

Sauce would be fet with meate upon the table,
Salt is good fauce, and had with great facilite:
Salt makes vnfaouiroues vyands manducable,
To drue fome poyfons out, Salt hath abilitie,
Yet things too falt are ne’re commendable:
They hurt the fight, in nature caufe debilitie,
The scab and itch on them are ever breeding.
The which on meats too fast are often feeding:
Salt should be first remou’d, and first fell down
At table of the Knight, and of the Clowne.

Scurvy disorders of the skin were terribly prevalent
among those who went on long sea voyages in times when
their chief article of food was salted meat.

AS tastes are diuers, so Physicians hold
They haue as fundry qualities and powre,
Some burning are, some temperate, some cold,
Cold are thefe three, the Tart, the Sharpe, the fowre,
Salt, bitter, byting, burned as hath beene told,
Sweet, fat and freth, are temperate every houre.
Foure speciall vertues hath a fop in wine,
It maketh the teeth white, it clears the eyne,
It addes vnto an emptie stomack fulneffe,
And from a stomack fill’d, it takes the dulneffe.

IF to an vfe you have your selfe betaken,
Of any dyet, make no sudden change,
A cutome is not easilly forfaken,
Yea though it better were, yet feemes it frrange,
Long vfe is as a fecond naturle taken.

THEY that in Phyfick will prefiere you food,
Six things must note we heere in order touch,
First what it is, and then for what ’tis good,
And when and where, how offen, and how much:
Who note not this, it cannot be with-flood,
They hurt, not heale, yet are too many fuch.

SAGE Men be much inclin’d,
Tis thought that Onyons are not good for thofe,
But if a man be flegmatique (by kind)
It does his stomack good, as fome suppose:
For Oyntment iuyce of Onyons is affign’d,
To heads whose haire fals faster than it growes:
If Onyons cannot helpe in fuch mishap,
A man muft get him a Gregorian cap.
And if your hound by hap shoulde bite his mafter,
With Hony, Rew, and Onyons make a plaftier.

THE feed of Mustard is the smalllest graine,
And yet the force thereof is very great,
It hath a preuent power to purge the braine,
It adds vnto the stomack force and heat:
All poifon it expells, and it is plaine,
With fuger ’tis a paffing fauce for meate.
She that hath hap a husband bad to bury,
Is Phyfick: better none is had for money.
Onyons and Mustard-feed will make her weepe.

THOUGH Violets smell fweete, Nettles offensfue,
Yet each in feuèrall kind much good procures,
The firft doth purge the heavy head and penfue,
Recouers surfels, falling fickeneffe cures:
The Nettles finke, yet make they recompense,
If your belly by the Collicke paine endures,
Againft the Collicke Nettle-feed and hony
Is Phyfick: better none is had for money.

CLEANE Hyfop is an hearbe to purge and clenfe
Raw fleumes, and hurtfull humors from the bref,
The fame vnto the lungs great comfort lends,
With hony boy’d: but farre above the ref,
It giues good colour, and complexion mends,
And is therefore with women in requeft:
With Hony mixt, Cinquefoyle cures the Canker,
That eates out inward parts with cruell ranker.
But mixt with wine, it helps a griewed fide,
And flaes the vomit, and the laske befide.
ELLECOMPANE ftrengthes each inward part,  
A little loofeneffe is thereby prouoked,  
It fwayne the griefe of minde, it cheere the heart,  
Allaieth wrath, and makes a man faire spoken:  
And drunken with Rew in wine, it doth impart  
Great help to thofe that haue their bellies broken,  
Let them that vnto choller much incline,  
Drinke Penny-rayall steeped in their wine.  
And fome affirm that they haue found by tryall,  
The paine of Gowt is cur’d by Penny-rayall.

TO tell of Creffjes vertues long it were,  
But diuers patients vnto that are debter:  
It helpt the teeth, it giues to bald men haire,  
With Hony mixt, it Ring-worms kils and Tetter:  
But let not women that would children beare  
Feed much thereof, for they to faft were better.  
An hearbe there is takes of the Swallowes name,  
And by the Swallowes gets no little fame,  
An hearbe there is takes of the Swallowes name,  
Feed much thereof, for they to faft were better.

GREENE Willow though in fcorne it oft is vf’d,  
Yet fome are there in it not fcornefull parts,  
It killeth wormes, the juice in eares infuf’d,  
With Vineger: the barke deftroeth warts-  
But at one quality I much haue muft’d,  
That addes and bates much of his good deferts.  
For writers old and new, both ours and forren,  
Affirme the feed make women chaft and barren.  
Take Saffron if your heat make glad you will  
But not too much for that the heart may kill.

GREENE Leekes are good, as fome Physicinans fay,  
Yet would I choofe how er’e I them beleuee,  
To weare Leekes rather on Saint Davids day,  
Then eate the Leewe vpon Saint Davids Eue,  
The bleeding at the nofe Leekes juice will fay,  
And women bearing children much releuee.  
Blacke Pepper beaten groffe you good thall finde,  
If cold your fomacke be, or full of winde:  
White Pepper helps the cough, and fleanne it riddeth  
And Agues fit to come it oft forbiddeth.

OUR hearing is a choyce and dainty fenfe,  
And hard to men, yet foonie it may be mard,  
Thefe are the things that breed it moft offence,  
To fleece on fomacke full and drinking hard,  
Blowes, fals, and noyfe, and fafting violence,  
Great heat and foidaine cooling afterwards;  
All thefe, as is by fundry proofs appeareing,  
Breed tingling in our eares, and hurt our hearing:  
Then thinke it good aduice, not idle talke,  
That after Supper bids vs ftand or walke.

YOU heard before what is for hearing naught,  
Now fhall you fee what hurtfull is for fight:  
Wine, women, Bathes, by art to nature wrought,  
Leekes, Onyons, Garlick, Muftard-feed, fire and light,  
Smoake, brufes, duft, Pepper to powder brought,  
Beans, Lentilles, friains, Wind, Tears, & Phoebus bright,  
And all theharpe thongs our eye-fight do moleft:  
Yet watching hurts them more then all the reft.  
Of Fennells, Veruit, Kellidon, Rojes, Rew:  
Is water made, that will the fight renew.

IF in your teeth you hap to be tormented,  
By meane fome little wormes therein do breed  
Which paine (if heed be tane) may be preuentued,  
By keeping cleane your teeth when as you feed,  
Burne Frankincenfe (a gum not euill fented)  
Put Henbane vnto this, and Onyon feed,  
And in a Tunnel to the Tooth that’s hollow,  
Conuey the fmoake thereof, and cafe shall follow.  
By Nuts, Oyle, Eeles, and cold in head,  
By Apples and raw frufts is hoarfenefle bred.

TO fhw you how to fhun raw running Rheumes,  
Exceed not much in meate, in drinke, and fleeppe,  
For all exceffe is caufe of hurtfull fumes,  
Exceed not much in meate, in drinke, and fleeppe,  
TO fhew you how to fhun raw running Rheumes,  
Exceed not much in meate, in drinke, and fleeppe,  
For all exceffe is caufe of hurtfull fumes,  
Exceed not much in meate, in drinke, and fleeppe,  
Exceed not much in meate, in drinke, and fleeppe.
FOURE humors raigne within our bodies wholly,
And thefe compared to foure Elements,
The Sanguine, Choller, Flegme, and Melancholy,
The latter two are heauie, dull of fence,
Th’ other two are more Louiall, quicke and lolly,
And may be likened thus without offence,
Like ayre both warme and moift, is Sanguine cleare,
Like fire Both Choler hot and drie appeare.
Like water cold and moift is Flegmatique,
The Melancholy cold, drie earth is like.

COMPLEXIONS cannot vertue breed or vice,
Yet may they vnto both giue inclination,
The Sanguine game-fome is, and nothing nice,
Loue Wine, and Women, and all recreation,
Likes pleafant tales, and news, playes, cards & dice,
Fit for all company, and euery fafhion:
Though bold, not apt to take offence, not irefull,
But bountifull, and kinde, and looking cheerefull:
Though bold, not apt to take offence, not irefull,
But bountifull, and kinde, and looking cheerefull:
Inclining to be fat, and prone to laughter,
Loues mirth, & Mufick, cares not what comes after.

SHARPE Choller is an humour moft pernitiuous,
All violent, and fierce, and full of fire,
Of quicke conceit, and therewithall ambitious,
Their thoughts to greater fortunes fill aspire,
Proud, bountifull enow, yet oft malicious
A right bold fpeaker, and as bold a lyar,
Their thoughts to greater fortunes ftill afpire,
Of quicke conceit, and therewithall ambitious,
All violent, and fierce, and full of fire,
With purging, vomiting, and letting bloud:
As diet, drinke, hot baths, whence fweat is growing,
As feuerall kinds of Phyficke may be good,
AGAINST thefe feuerall humors ouerflowing,
BUT if that dangerous humor ouer-raigne,
OF Bleeding many profits grow and great,
OF Sanguine humor doe too much abound,
Thefe fiynes will be thereof appearing cheefe,
The face will fwell, the cheekes grow red and round,
With flaring eyes, the pulfe beate foft and breefe,
The veines exceeed, the belly will be bound,
The temples and the fore-head full of griefe,
Vnquiet fleepes, that fo strange dreames will make,
Befides the moifture of the mouth and spittle,
Will taffe too fweet, and feme the throat to tickle.

IF Choler doe exceed, as may sometimes,
Your eares will ring, and make you to be wakefull,
Your tongue will feme all rough, and oftentimes -
Caufe voms, vnaccuftomed and hatefull.
Great thirtf, your excrements are full of flime,
The fmozack fqueamith, fufpicion vngratefull
Your appetite will feme in nought delighting,
Your heart fill grieued with cuuuiall byting,
The pulfe beate hard and twift, all hot extreme,
Your fpittle fowre, of fire-wore of you dreame.

IF Flegme abundance hauue due limits paft,
Thefe fiynes are heere fete downe will plainly fehew,
The mouth will feme to you quite out of taft,
And apt with moyfture fill to ouer-flow:
Your fides will feme all fore downe to the waft,
Your meate wax loathfome, your digeftion flow:
One feeming euier griping ’other aking:
With empty veines the pulfe beate flow and foft,
In fleepe, of Seas and riuers dreaming oft.

OF Melancholy, fometime making mad,
Thefe tokens then will be appearing plaine,
The pulfe beate hard, the colour darke and bad
The water thin, a weake fantafickke braine,
Falfe grounded ioy, or elfe perpetuall fad;
Affrighted oftentimes with dreames like viifions
Prefenting to the thoughts ill apparitions,
Of bitter belches from the fmozacke comming,
His eare (the left espeffiall) euier burning.

NOW though we giue thefe humors feuereall names;
Yet all men are of all participant,
But all haue not in quantitie the fame,
For fome (in fome) are more predominant,
The colour fhevews from whence it lightly came,
Or whether they have bloud too much or want.
The watrie Flegmatique are faire and white,
The Sanguine Rofes ioyn’d to Lillies bright,
The Chollerick more red; the Melancholly,
Alluding to their name, are fwart and colly.
THREE special Months (September, April, May)
There are, in which 'tis good to ope a vein;
In these 3 Months the Moone bears greatest sway,
Then old or young that store of blood containe,
May bleed now, though some elder wizards say
Some dayes are ill in these, I hold it vain:
September, April, May, have dayes a piece,
That bleeding do forbid, and eating Geefe,
And those are sooth of May the first,
Of other two, the last of each are worst.

BUT yet those days I grant, and all the rest,
Have in some cases just impediment:
As first, if nature be with cold oppressed,
Or if the Region, Isle, or Continent
Do scorch or freeze, if stomach meate detest;
If Baths or Venus late you did frequent,
Nor old, nor young, nor drinkers great are fit,
Not in long sickness, nor in raging fit,
Or in this case if you will venture bleeding,
The quantity must then be most exceeding.