

Center [134]

Double Rule

Center A

Center MELANCHOLY MAN

[double line initial cap]Is one, that keeps the worst *Company in the World, that is, his own; and tho' he be always falling out and quarrelling with himself,* yet he has not power to endure any other *Conversation. His Head is haunted, like a House,* with evil Spirits and Apparitions, that terrify and fright him out of himself, *till he stands empty and forsaken. His Sleeps and his Wakings are so much the same, that he knows not how to distinguish them, and many times when he dreams, he believes he is broad awake and sees Visions. The Fumes and Vapours that rise from his Spleen and Hypochondries have so smutched and sullied his Brain (like a Room that smoaks) that his Understanding is blear-ey'd, and has no right Perception of any Thing. His Soul lives in his Body, like a Mole in the Earth, that labours in the Dark, and casts up Doubts and Scruples of his own*

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Imagination, to make that rugged and uneasy, *that was plain and open before. His Brain is* so cracked, that he fancies himself *to be Glass,* and is afraid that every Thing he comes near *should break him in Pieces.* Whatsoever makes an Impression in his Imagination works it *self in like a Screw, and the more he turns and winds it, the deeper it sticks,* till it is never to be got out again. The Temper of his Brain being earthy, cold, and dry, is apt to breed Worms, that *sink* so deep into it, no Medicine in Art or Nature is able to reach them. He leads his Life, as one leads a Dog in a Slip that will not follow, but is dragged along until he is almost *hanged, as he has it often under Consideration* to treat himself *in convenient Time and Place, if he can but catch himself alone.* After a long and mortal Feud between his inward and his outward Man, they at length agree to meet without Seconds, and decide the

Quarrel, in which the one drops, and the other *sinks out fo the Way, and makes his Escape into some foreign World, from whence is it never after heard of.* He converses with nothing so much as his own *Imagination,* which being apt to misrepres\*ent Things to him,

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makes him believe, that it is *something else* than it is, and that he holds Intelligence with Spirits, that reveal whatsoever *he fancies to him, as the antient rude People, that first* heard their own Voices repeated by Echoes in the Woods, concluded it must *proceed from* some invisible Inhabitants of those solitary Places, which they after believed to be Gods, and called them [i] Sylvans, Fauns, [i] and [i] Dryads. [i] He makes the Infirmary of his Temper pass *for Revelations, as [i] Mahomet [i] did by his falling Sickness, and inspires himself* with the Wind of his own Hypochondries. He laments, like [i] Heraclitus [i] the Maudlin Philosopher, *at other Men's Mirth, and take Pleasures* in nothing but his own un-sober *Sadness*. His Mind is full of Thoughts, but they are all empty, like a *Nest of Boxes. He* sleeps little, but dreams much, and *soundest* when he is waking. He *sees Visions* further off than a *second-sighted* Man in [i] Scotland, [i] and dreams upon a hard Point with admirable Judgement. He is just so much worse *than a Madman, as he is below him in Degree of Frenzy; for among Madmen the most mad* govern all the res\*t, and receive a natural Obedience from their Inferiors.

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