

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 Walkings 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.
