

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 al-/ ways falling out and quarrelling with himself,/ yet he has not power to endure any other Con-/ versation. 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 Wa-/ kings 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,/*

#Center K 4/

136 #Center A MELANCHOLY MAN./ 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./
