[*double rule*]

# A MELANCHOLY MAN

I2s 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 Hypocondries  
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

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 miſrepreſent Things to him,

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 *Sylvans, Fauns,* and *Dryads.* He  
makes the Infirmity of his Temper paſs for  
Revelations, as *Mahomet* did by his falling  
Sickneſs, and inſpires himſelf with the Wind  
of his own Hypocondries. He laments, like  
*Heraclitus* 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 *Scotland,* 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 reſt, and receive  
a natural Obedience from their Inferiors.