# Center [134]

# Double Rule

# Center A Center MELANCHOLY MAN

# [double line initial cap]Is one, that keeps the wors*t Company in the* *World, that is, his own; and tho' he be al-* *ways falling out and quarrelling with hims*elf, yet he has not power to endure any other Con- vers*ation. His Head is haunted, like a Hous*e, with evil Spirits and Apparitions, that terrify and fright him out of hims*elf, till he s*tands empty and fors*aken. His Sleeps and his Wa-* *kings are s*o much the s*ame, that he knows not* *how to dis*tinguis*h them, and many times* *when he dreams, he believes he is broad awake* *and s*ees Vis*ions. The Fumes and Vapours* *that ris*e from his Spleen and Hypocondries have s*o s*mutched and s*ullied his Brain (like a* *Room that s*moaks) that his Unders*tanding 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 cas*ts up Doubts and Scruples of his own

# Center A MELANCHOLY MEN. 135 Imagination, to make that rugged and uneas*y,* *that was plain and open before. His Brain is* *s*o cracked, that he fancies hims*elf to be Glas*s, and is afraid that every Thing he comes near s*hould break him in Pieces. Whats*oever makes an Impres*s*ion in his Imagination works it s*elf* *in like a Screw, and the more he turns and* *winds it, the deeper it s*ticks, 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 s*ink s*o 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 almos*t hanged, as he has it often under* *Cons*ideration to treat hims*elf in convenient* *Time and Place, if he can but catch hims*elf 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 s*inks out fo the Way, and makes his* *Es*cape into s*ome foreign World, from whence* *is it never after heard of. He convers*es with nothing s*o much as his own Imagination,* *which being apt to mis*repres\*ent Things to him, #Center K 4

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makes him believe, that it is s*omething els*e  
than it is, and that he holds Intelligence with  
Spirits, that reveal whats*oever he fancies to*  
*him, as the antient rude People, that firs*t heard  
their own Voices repeated by Echoes in the  
Woods, concluded it mus*t proceed from s*ome  
invisible Inhabitants of thos*e s*olitary Places,  
which they after believed to be Gods, and  
called them [i] Sylvans, Fauns, [i] and [i] Dryads. [i] He  
makes the Infirmity of his Temper pas*s for*  
*Revelations, as [i] Mahomet [i] did by his falling*  
*Sicknes*s, and ins*pires hims*elf with the Wind  
of his own Hypocondries. He laments, like  
[i] Heraclitus [i] the Maudlin Philos*opher, at other*  
*Men's Mirth, and take Pleas*ures in nothing  
but his own un-s*ober Sadnes*s. His Mind is  
full of Thoughts, but they are all empty, like  
a Nes*t of Boxes. He s*leeps little, but dreams  
much, and s*oundes*t when he is waking. He  
s*ees Vis*ions further off than a s*econd-s*ighted  
Man in [i] Scotland, [i] and dreams upon a hard  
Point with admirable Judgement. He is jus*t*  
*s*o much wors*e than a Madman, as he is below*  
*him in Degree of Frenzy; for among Madmen*  
*the mos*t mad govern all the res\*t, and receive  
a natural Obedience from their Inferiors.