# 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/

136 #Center A MELANCHOLY MAN./ 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./