[*double rule*]

# AMELANCHOLY 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.