

[*two rules*]

A PROUD MAN

IS a Fool in Fermentation, that swells and boils over like a Porridge-Pot. He fets out his Feathers like an Owl, to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with a Tumour and Inflammation of Self-Conceit, that renders every Part of him stiff and uneasy. He has given himself Sympathetic Love-Powder, that works upon him to Dotage, and has transformed him into his own Miftrefs. He is his own Gallant, and makes most passionate Addresses to his own dear Perfections. He commits Idolatry to himself, and worships his own Image ; though there is no Soul living of his Church but himself, yet he believes as the Church believes, and maintains his Faith with the Obstinacy of a *Fanatic*. He is his own Favourite, and advance himself not only above his Merit, but all Mankind ; is both *Damon* and *Pythias* to his own dear self, and values his

Crony above his Soul. He gives Place to no Man but himself, and that with very great Distance to all others, whom he esteems not worthy to approach him. He believes whatsoever he has receives a Value in being his ; as a Horse in a Nobleman's Stable will bear a greater Price than in a common Market. He is so proud, that he is as hard to be acquainted with himself as with others ; for he is very apt to forget who he is, and knows himself only superficially ; therefore he treats himself civilly as a stranger with Ceremony and Compliment, but admits of no Privacy. He strives to look bigger than himself, as well as others,

and is no better than his own Parasite and Flatterer. A little Flood will make a shallow Torrent swell above its Banks, and rage, and foam, and yield a roaring Noise, while a deep silent Stream glides quietly on. So a vain-glorious insolent proud Man swells with a little frail Prosperity, grows big and loud, and overflows his Bounds, and when he sinks, leaves Mud and Dirt behind him. His Carriage is as glorious and haughty, as if he were advanced upon Men's Shoulders, or tumbled over their Heads like Knipperrolling. He fancies

himself a Colosse, and so he is, for his Head holds no Proportion to his Body, and his foundation is less than his upper Stories. We can naturally take no view of our selves, unless we look downwards, to teach us how humble Admirers we ought to be of our own Values. The lighter and less solid his Materials are, the more Room they take up, and make him swell the bigger ; as Feathers and Cotton will stuff Cushions better than Things of more close and solid Parts.
