

[two rules]/ / #A/ #PROUD MAN/ / I²S a Fool in Fermentation, that fwells and/ boils over like a Porridge-Pot. He fets out/ his Feathers like an Owl, to fwell and feem/ bigger than he is. He is troubled with a Tu-/ mour and Inflammation of Self-Conceit, that/ renders every Part of him ftiff and uneasy./ He has given himself Sympathetic Love-Pow-/ der, that works upon him to Dotage, and has/ transformed him into his own Miftrefs. He/ is his own Gallant, and makes moft paffionate/ Addreffes 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 Obftinacy 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 felf, and values his/

Crony above his Soul. He gives Place to no/ Man but himself, and that with very great/ Diftnce to all others, whom he efteems not/ worthy to approach him. He believes what-/ foever he has receives a Value in being his ;/ as a Horfe in a Nobleman's Stable will bear a/ greater Price than in a common Market. He/ is fo 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 fuperficially ; therefore he treats himself/ civilly as a ftranger with Ceremony and Com-/ pliment, but admist of no Privacy. He ftrives/ to look bigger than himself, as well as others,/ and is no better than his own Parafite and/ Flatterer. A little Flood will make a fhallow/ Torrent fwell above its Banks, and rage, and/ foam, and yield a roaring Noife, while a deep/ filent Stream glides quietly on. So a vain-/ glorious infolent proud Man fells with a little/ frail Profperity, grows big and loud, and over-/ flows his Bounds, and when he finks, leaves/ Mud and Dirt behind him. His Carriage is/ as glorious and haughty, as if he were advan-/ ced upon Men's Shoulders, or tumbled over/ their Heads like Knipperdolling. He fancies/

himself a Coloffe, and fo he is, for his Head/ holds no Proportion to his Body, and his foun-/ dation is leffer than his upper Stories. We/ can naturally take no view of our felves, un-/ lefs we look downwards, to teach us how/ humble Admirers we ought to be of our own/ Values. The flighter and lefs folid his Mate-/ rials are, the more Room they take up, and/ make him fwell the bigger ; as Feathers and/ Cotton will ftuff Cufhions better than Things/ of more clofe and folid Parts./
