[*two rules*]

# A PROUD MAN

I2S a Fool in Fermentation, that ſwells and  
boils over like a Porridge-Pot. He ſets out  
his Feathers like an Owl, to ſwell and ſeem  
bigger than he is. He is troubled with a Tu-  
mour and Inflammation of Self-Conceit, that  
renders every Part of him ſtiff and uneaſy.  
He has given himſelf Sympathetic Love-Pow-  
der, that works upon him to Dotage, and has  
transformed him into his own Miſtreſs. 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 what-  
ſoever 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 Com-  
pliment, 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 over-  
flows his Bounds, and when he ſinks, 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 Coloſſe, and ſo he is, for his Head  
holds no Proportion to his Body, and his foun-  
dation is leſſer than his upper Stories. We  
can naturally take no view of our ſelves, un-  
leſs we look downwards, to teach us how  
humble Admirers we ought to be of our own  
Values. The ſlighter and leſs ſolid his Mate-  
rials 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.