[*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 admist 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 ſells 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./