[*two rules*]

# APROUD 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.