

[two rules]

A
PROUD MAN

IS 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 Tumour and Inflammation of Self-Conceit, that renders every Part of him ftiff and uneafy. He has given himfelf Sympathetic Love-Powder, that works upon him to Dotage, and has transformed him into his own Miftrefs. He is his own Gallant, and makes moft paffionate Adreffes to his own dear Perfections. He commits Idolatry to himfelf, and worfhips his own Image ; though there is no Soul living of his Church but himfelf, yet he believes as the Church believes, and maintains his Faith with the Obftinacy of a Fanatic. He is his own Favourite, and advance himfelf 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 himfelf, and that with very great Diftance to all others, whom he efteems not worthy to approach him. He believes whatsoever 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 himfelf as with others ; for he is very apt to forget who he is, and knows himfelf only fuperficially ; therefore he treats himfelf civilly as a ftranger with Ceremony and Compliment, but admits of no Privacy. He ftrives

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 Knipperdolling. He fancies

himself a Colosse, and so he is, for his Head holds no Proportion to his Body, and his foundation is lesser 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.
