

Non Specific Humans Varlets His Taylor Other Men that believe him Hostlers in the University A Jesuit His Superior Those that can neither do him good nor hurt Those that may do him good Those that would not hurt him if they could A Lord his Acquaintance His faithful historiographers great practicer a Lady One, that stalks in long grass a Friend Women A Coward the Ladies His Cook Valet de Chambre The Beggars

Mythological Figures Spectrum Atlas Monster Indian Creature

Animals A Butterfly Hunting-nag Well-managed Horse Peacocks Ostridges

[double rule]

A

HUFFING COURTIER

I²S a Cypher, that has no Value himself, but from the Place he ftands in. All his Hap-pinefs confits in the Opinion he believes others have of it. This is his Faith, but as it is he-retical and erroneus, though he fuffer much Tribulation for it, he continues obftinate, and not to be convinced. He flutters up and down like a Butterfly in a Garden ; and while he is pruning of his Peruque takes Occafion to con-temple his Legs, and the Symmetry of his Britches. He is part of the Furniture of the Rooms, and ferves for a walking Picture, a moving Piece of Arras. His Bufinefs is only to be feen, and he performs it with admirable Industry, placing himself always in the beft Light, looking wonderfully Politic, and cau-tious whom he mixes withal. His Occupation is to fhow his Cloaths, and if they could but walk themselves, they would fave him the

Labour, and do his Work as well as himself. His Immunity from Varlets is his Freehold, and he were a loft Man without it. His

Cloaths are but his Taylor's Livery, which he gives him, for 'tis ten to one he never pays for them. He is very careful to discover the Lining of his Coat, that you may not suspect any Want of Integrity or Flaw in him from the Skin outwards. His Taylor is his Creator, and makes him of nothing ; and though he lives by Faith in him, he is perpetually committing Iniquities against him. His Soul dwells in the Outside of him, like that of a hollow Tree ; and if you do but pill the Bark off him he deceases immediately. His Carriage of himself is the wearing of his Cloaths, and, like the Cinamon Tree, his Bark is better than his Body. His looking big is rather a Tumor, than Greatness. He is an Idol, that has just so much Value, as other Men give him that believe in him, but none of his own. He makes his Ignorance pass for Reserve, and, like a Hunting-nag, leaps over what he cannot get through. He has just so much of Politics, as Hoflers in the University have Latin. He is as humble as a Jesuit to his Superior ; but re-

pays himself again in Insolence over those, that are below him ; and with a generous Scorn despises those, that can neither do him good, nor hurt. He adores those, that may do him good, though he knows they never will ; and despises those, that would not hurt him, if they could. The Court is his Church, and he believes as that believes, and cries up and down every Thing, as he finds it pass there. It is a great Comfort to him to think, that some who do not know him may perhaps take him for a Lord ; and while that Thought lasts he looks bigger than usual, and forgets his Acquaintance ; and that's the Reason why he will sometimes know you, and sometimes not. Nothing

but want of Money or Credit puts him in mind that he is mortal ; but then he trusts Providence that somebody will trust him ; and in Expectation of that hopes for a better Life, and that his Debts will never rise up in Judgment against him. To get in debt is to labour in his Vocation ; but to pay is to forfeit his Protection ; for what's that worth to one that owes Nothing ? His Employment being only to wear his Cloaths, the whole Account of his Life and Actions is recorded in Shopkeepers Books, that are his faithful Historiographers to

their own Posterity ; and he believes he loses so much Reputation, as he pays off his Debts ; and that no Man wears his Cloaths in Fashion, that pays for them, for nothing is further from the Mode. He believes that he that runs in Debt is beforehand with those that trust him, and only those, that pay, are behind. His Brains are turned giddy, like one that walks on the Top of a House ; and that's the Reason it is so troublesome to him to look downwards. He is a Kind of Spectrum, and his Cloaths are the Shape he takes to appear and walk in ; and when he puts them off he vanishes. He runs as busily out of one Room into another, as a great Practiser does in Westminster-Hall from one Court to another. When he accosts a Lady he puts both Ends of his Microcosm in Motion, by making Legs at one End, and combing his Peruke at the other. His Garniture is the Sauce to his Cloaths, and he walks in his Portcannons like one, that stalks in long Gowns. Every Motion of him cries Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity, quoth the Preacher. He rides himself like a well-managed Horse, reins in his Neck, and walks Terra Terra. He

carries his elbows backward, as if he were

pinioned like a truft-up Fowl, and moves as ftiff as if he was upon the Spit. His Legs are ftuck in his great voluminous Britches, like the Whiftles in a Bagpipe, thofe abundant Britches, in which his nether Parts are not cloathed, but packt up. His Hat has been long in a Confumption of the Fafhion, and is now almoft worn to Nothing ; if it do not recover quickly it will grown too little for a Head of Garlick. He wears Garniture on the Toes of his Shoes to juftify his Prentenfions to the Gout, or fuch other Malady, that for the Time being is moft in Fashion or Requeft. When he falutes a Friend he pulls off his Hat, as Women do their Vizard-Mafques. His Ribbons are of the true Complexion of his Mind, a Kind of painted Cloud or gawdy Rainbow, that has no Colour of it felf, but what is borrows from Reflection. He is as tender of his Cloaths, as a Coward is of his Flefh, and as loth to have them difordered. His Bravery is all his Happinefs ; and like Atlas he carries his Heaven on his Back. He is like the golden Fleece, a fine Outfide on a Sheep's Back. He is a Monfter or an Indian Creature, that is good for nothing in the World but to be feen. He puts himfelf up into a Sedan, like a Fiddle

in a Cafe, and is taken out again for the Ladies to play upon, who when they have done with him, let down his treble-String, till they are in the Humour again. His Cook and Valet de Chambre confpire to drefs Dinner and him fo punctually together, that the one may not be ready before the other. As Peacocks and Oftridges have the gaudieft and fineft Feathers,

yet cannot fly ; fo all his Bravery is to flutter only. The Beggars call him my Lord, and he takes them at their Words, and pays them for it. If you praife him, he is fo true and faithful to the Mode, that he never fails to make you a Prefent of himfelf, and will not be refufed, tho' you know not what to do with him when you have him.
