[*double rule*]

# A HUFFING COURTIER

I2S a Cypher, that has no Value himſelf, but  
from the Place he ſtands in. All his Hap-  
pineſs conſiſts in the Opinion he believes others  
have of it. This is his Faith, but as it is he-  
retical and erroneous, though he ſuffer much  
Tribulation for it, he continues obſtinate, 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 Occaſion to con-  
template his Legs, and the Symmetry of his  
Britches. He is part of the Furniture of the  
Rooms, and ſerves for a walking Picture, a  
moving Piece of Arras. His Buſineſs is only  
to be ſeen, and he performs it with admirable  
Industry, placing himself always in the beſt  
Light, looking wonderfully Politic, and cau-  
tious whom he mixes withal. His Occupation  
is to ſhow his Cloaths, and if they could but  
walk themselves, they would ſave him the

Labour, and do his Work as well as himſelf.  
His Immunity from Varlets is his Freehold,  
and he were a loſt 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 of 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 com\_  
mitting 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  
Hoſtlers 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 Acquain-  
tance ; and that's the Reaſon why he will ſome-  
times 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 Judg-  
ment 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 noting 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 Peruque at the other. His Gar-  
niture is the Sauce to his Cloaths, and he walks  
in his Portcannons like one, that ſtalks in long  
Graſs. Every Motion of him crys *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 truſt-up Fowl, and moves as  
ſtiff as if he was upon the Spit. His Legs are  
ſtuck in his great voluminous Britches, like  
the Whiſtles in a Bagpipe, thoſe abundant  
Britches, in which his nether Parts are not  
cloathed, but packt up. His Hat has been long  
in a Conſumption of the Faſhion, and is now  
almoſt 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 juſtify his Prentenſions to the Gout,  
or ſuch other Malady, that for the Time being  
is moſt in Fashion or Requeſt. When he  
ſalutes a Friend he pulls off his Hat, as Wo-  
men do their Vizard-Maſques. His Ribbons  
are of the true Complexion of his Mind, a  
Kind of painted Cloud or gawdy Rainbow,  
that has no Colour of it ſelf, but what is bor-  
rows from Reflection. He is as tender of his  
Cloaths, as a Coward is of his Fleſh, and as  
loth to have them diſordered. His Bravery  
is all his Happineſs ; and like *Atlas* he carries  
his Heaven on his Back. He is like the golden  
Fleece, a fine Outſide on a Sheep’s Back. He  
is a Monſter or an *Indian* Creature, that is  
good for nothing in the World but to be ſeen.  
He puts himſelf up into a Sedan, like a Fiddle

in a Caſe, and is taken out again for the La-  
dies 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 Va-  
let de Chambre conſpire to dreſs Dinner and  
him ſo punctually together, that the one may  
not be ready before the other. As Peacocks and  
Oſtridges have the gaudieſt and fineſt Feathers,  
yet cannot fly ; ſo 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 praiſe him, he is ſo true and faith-  
ful to the Mode, that he never fails to make  
you a Preſent of himſelf, and will not be re-  
fuſed, tho’ you know not what to do with him  
when you have him.