[*double rule*]

# AHUFFING 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.