

[two rules]

PREFACE.

T^{HE} writing of Characters was a Kind of Wit much in Fashion in the Beginning of the last Century, The two principal Authors in this Way were Sir Thomas Overbury, and Dr. John Earle Tutor to Prince Charles in 1643, and after the Restoration Dean of Westminster, and successively Bishop of Worcester and Salisbury. How agreeable these Sorts of Essays were to the public Taste may be judged from Sir Thomas's little Book having fourteen Editions before 1632, and the Bishop's six between 1628 and 1633. Whether Butler has equalled or excelled them, and what Place he is to hold in this Class of Writers must be left to the Decision of the Public, as the Interest and Prejudice of a Publisher may render me a suspected or an incompetent Judge. The Reader will have an Opportunity of determining for himself, as they have all attempted to draw the same Pictures.

As in such a Variety of Characters there must be some drawn from Originals in general the same, and only differenced by particular Circumstances, the same Observations are sometimes repeated. Whether the Author in this Case requires any Apology must be left to his Judges the Critics ; it is enough for me that I can say I have done him Justice in publishing them.

As most of these Characters are dated when they were composed, I can inform the curious, that they were chiefly drawn up from 1667 to 1669, at which time, as has been before observed, Butler resided in Wales under the Protection of Lord Carbery.

[*double rule*]

A HUFFING COURTIER

I²s a Cypher, that has no Value himself, but from the Place he ftands in. All his Hap-pinefs confifts in the Opinion he believes others have of it. This is his Faith, but as it is heretical and erroneous, 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 contemplate 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 cautious 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 himfelf. 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 difcover the Lining of his Coat, that you may not fufpect 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 againft him. His Soul dwells in the Outfide 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 him 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 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 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 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 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 clothed, but packed 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 grow too little for a Head of Garlick. He wears Garniture on the Toes of his Shoes to justify his Pretensions to the Gout, or such 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.

[*double rule*]

AN ANTIQUARY

I²s one that has his Being in this Age, but his Life and Conversation is in the Days of old. He despises the present Age as an Innovation, and flights the future ; but has a great Value for that, which is past and gone, like the Madman, that fell in Love with *Cleopatra*. He is an old frippery-Philosopher, that has so strange a natural Affection to worm-eaten Speculation, that it is apparent he has a Worm in his Skull. He honours his Forefathers and Fore-mothers, but condemns his Parents as too modern, and no better than Upstarts. He neglects himself, because he was born in his own Time, and so far off Antiquity, which he so much admires ; and repines, like a younger Brother, because he came so late into the World. He spends the one half of his Time in collecting old insignificant Trifles,

and the other in shewing them, which he takes singular Delight in ; because the oftener he does it, the further they are from being new to him. All his Curiousities take place of one another according to their Seniority, and he values them not by their Abilities, but their Standing. He has a great Veneration for Words that are stricken in Years, and are grown so aged, that they have out-lived their Employments—These he uses with a Respect agreeable to their Antiquity, and the good Services they have done. He throws away his Time in enquiring after that which is past and gone so many Ages since, like one that shoots away an Arrow, to find out another that was lost before. He fetches things out of Dust and Ruins, like the Fable of the chymical Plant raised out of its own

Afhes. He values one old Invention, that is
 loft and never to be recovered, before all the
 new ones in the World, tho' never so useful.
 The whole Buſineſs of his Life is the ſame with
 his, that flows the Tombs at *Westminster*, only
 the one does it for his Pleaſure, and the other
 for Money. As every Man has but one Fa-
 ther, but two Grand-Fathers and a World
 of Anceſtors ; ſo he has a proportional Value

for Things that are antient, and the further off
 the greater.

He is a great Time-ſerver, but it is of Time
 out of Mind, to which he conforms exactly,
 but is wholly retied from the preſent. His
 Days were ſpent and gone long before he came
 into the World, and ſince his only Buſineſs is
 to collect what he can out of the Ruins of
 them. He has ſo ſtrong a natural Affection to
 any Thing that is old, that he may truly *ſay to*
Duſt and Worms you are my Father, and to Rot-
tenneſs thou are my Mother. He has no Provi-
 dence nor Fore-ſight ; for all his Contempla-
 tions look backward upon the Days of old,
 and his Brains are turned with them, as if he
 walked backwards. He had rather interpret
 one obſcure Word in any old ſenſeleſs Dif-
 courſe, than be the Author of the moſt ingenious
 new one ; and with *Scaliger* would fell the
 Empire of *Germany*¹ (if it were in his Power)
 for an old Song. He devours an old Manu-
 ſcript with greater Reliſh than Worms and Moths
 do, and, though there be nothing in it, values

it above any Thing printed, which he accounts
 but a Novelty. When he happens to cure a

¹ *And with Scaliger would fell the Empire of Germany*] This al-
 ludes to a ranting Exclamation of *Scaliger's* upon an Ode in *Horace*,
 which he was particularly pleaſed with.

small Botch in an old Author, he is as proud of it, as if he had got the Philosophers Stone, and could cure all the Diseases of Mankind. He values things wrongfully upon their Antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all Things in the World, like those that reckon their Pounds before their Shillings and Pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no Customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of Use ; as the *Catholics* allow of no Saints, but such as are dead, and the *Fanatics*, Opposition, of none but the Living.

[*two rules*]

AN ALDERMAN

H²AS taken his Degree in Cheating, and the highest of his Faculty ; or paid for refusing his *MANDAMUS*. He is a Peer of the City, and a Member of their upper House, Who, as soon as he arrives at so many thousand Pounds, is bound by the Charter to serve the Public with so much Understanding, what shift soever he make to raise it, and wear a Chain about his Neck like a Reindeer, or in Default to commute, and make Satisfaction in ready Money, the best Reason of the Place; for which he has the Name only, like a titular Prince, and is an *Alderman extraordinary*. But if his Wife can prevail with him to stand, he becomes one of the City-supporters, and, like the Unicorn in the King's Arms, wears a Chain about his Neck very right-worshipfully. He wears Scarlet, as the Whore of *Babylon* does, not for her honesty, but the Rank and Quality

He is of among the Wicked, When he fits
 as a Judge in his Court he is absolute, and uses
 arbitrary Power ; for he is not bound to un-
 derstand what he does, nor render an Account
 why he gives Judgment on one Side rather
 than another ; but his Will is sufficient to stand
 for his Reason, to all Intents and Purposes.
 He does no public Business without eating and
 drinking, and never meets about Matters of Im-
 portance, but the cramming his Inside is the
 most weighty Part of the Work of the Day.
 He dispatches no public Affair until he has
 thoroughly dined upon it, and is fully satisfied
 with Quince-Pye and Custard : for Men are
 wiser, the *Italians* say, after their Bellies are
 full, than when they are fasting, and he is very
 cautious to omit no Occasion of improving his
 Parts that Way. He is so careful of the In-
 terest of his Belly, and manages it so indus-
 triously, that in a little Space it grows great
 and takes Place of all the rest of his Members,
 and becomes so powerful, that they will never
 be in a Condition to rebel against it any more.
 He is clothed in Scarlet the Livery of his Sins,
 like the rich Glutton, to put him in Mind of
 what Means he came to his Wealth and Pre-
 ferment by. He makes a Trade of his Eat-

ing, and, like a Cock, scrapes when he feeds ;
 for the Public pays for all and more, which he
 and his Brethren share among themselves ; for
 they never make a dry Reckoning. When he
 comes to be Lord-Mayor he does not keep a
 great House, but a very great House-warming
 for a whole Year ; for though he invites all the
Companies in the City he does not treat them,
 but they club to entertain him, and pay the
 Reckoning beforehand. His Fur-gown makes
 him look a great deal bigger than he is, like

the Feathers of an Owl, and when he pulls it off, he looks as if he were fallen away, or like a Rabbet, had his Skin pulled off.
