

“ *France* resemble so many Seraglios, where at
 “ any Time the Citizen may toss the Handker-
 “ chief to the favourite Sultana. Debauchery
 “ has debilitated us to such a Degree, that the
 “ Kingdom is full of old Men at the Age of
 “ twenty-five; and it seems as if the full Extent
 “ of human Life in *France* was limited to forty-
 “ five; so that it may be truly said, that our
 “ Time of Propagation ends when that of other
 “ Nations is in its highest Vigour. Take No-
 “ tice of the greatest Part of our Nobility, that
 “ is, such to whom Fortune has opened a full
 “ Career to their Desires, and you would take
 “ them for walking Skeletons.—They are only
 “ the Shadow of Bodies, and exist by Art: For
 “ there is nothing to support them. The Fami-
 “ lies of this Species extinguish daily: For by
 “ what Miracle can these patched-up Beings pro-
 “ create, when they themselves can hardly be
 “ counted in the Rank of Men? Every other
 “ Class of People, in Proportion to their Abili-
 “ ties, follow the Example of the Great; and,
 “ in short, the universal Depravation of Man-
 “ ners throughout the whole Kingdom, has a
 “ manifest Tendency towards Depopulation *.”

May those baneful Plants, Debauchery and
 Luxury, never flourish in these Realms, to ener-
 vate

* On *Populousness*, translated from the *French*. See *Dodley's*
Annual Register for 1760.