

pects precedence in company, nor declines a place of honour when offered; his knowledge of the world has been attained without endangering his virtue, and he is too well grounded in his principles to be seduced by example, and too modest to partake in licentiousness. See him surrounded by a circle of the wild and gay, and he is ever unconcerned and free; he will not indeed roar out indecent jokes to oblige the company; or good-naturedly drink every health at the expense of his constitution. Yet, though he is an enemy to vice, he is a friend to mirth; and will join in every laugh that is consistent with propriety: when that is impossible he is silent, and neither obtrudes remonstrance, nor disgusts by cynic reproof. How different from this is the character of Timanthes. When he addresses you, it is in a manner so uncouth and forbidding that you are in pain, and pity his rusticity. He will sit for hours without speaking and entertain himself and the company with biting his nails, or drawing figures with the wine spilt upon the table. If he is obliged to give an answer to an indifferent question, he does it with such diffidence and stupid hesitation, as would induce you to take him almost for an idiot. With all these blemishes Timanthes is accounted a modest, sensible, good-natured fellow; and why? He never contradicts, but assents to whatever is said, though at the expense of truth, and perhaps his better judgment. Ask any of his friends why Timanthes was drunk last night? and he will tell you the man was so *modest* he could not refuse his glass. Why he was seen going into a brothel? why really he was so pressed and rallied that he was *ashamed* not to go. Why he is pale and sick from the effects of smoking tobacco, which his constitution never could bear? truly he is too good.