

NUMB. 51. SATURDAY, *April 7, 1759.*

IT has been commonly remarked, that eminent men are least eminent at home, that bright characters lose much of their splendor at a nearer view, and many who fill the world with their fame excite very little reverence among those that surround them in their domestick privacies.

To blame or to suspect, is easy and natural. When the fact is evident, and the cause doubtful, some accusation is always engendered between idleness and malignity. This disparity of general and familiar esteem is therefore imputed to hidden vices, and to practices indulged in secret, but carefully covered from the publick eye.

Vice will indeed always produce contempt. The dignity of *Alexander*, though nations fell prostrate before him, was certainly held in little veneration by the partakers of his midnight revels, who had seen him, in the madness of wine, murder his friend, or set fire to the *Persian* palace at the instigation of a harlot. And it is well remembered among us, that the Avarice of *Marlborough* kept him in subjection to his wife, while he was dreaded by *France* as her Conqueror, and honoured by the Emperor as his Deliverer.

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