

(6)

But Men *will* censure you; 'tis two to one,
 When e're they censure, they'll be in the wrong.
 There's not a thing on Earth, that I can name,
 So foolish, and so false as common fame.
 It calls the *Courtier Knave*, the plain *Man* rude,
 Haughty the grave, and the delightful lewd.
 Impertinent the brisk, morose the sad,
 Mean the familiar, the reserv'd one mad.
 Poor helpless *Woman* is not favour'd more,
 She's a sly *Hypocrite*, or publick *Whore*.
 Then who the Devil would give this---, to be free
 From th' innocent reproach of infamy.
 These things consider'd, make me (in delphight
 Of idle Rumor) keep at home, and write.

S A T I R.

W^{ere} I (who to my cost already am
 One of those strange prodigious Crea-
 tures, *Man*)
 A Spirit free, to choose for my own share,
 What Case of Flesh, and Bloud I pleas'd to wear,
 I'd be a *Dog*, a *Monkey*, or a *Bear*,
 Or any thing, but that vain *Animal*
 Who is so proud of being rational.
 The Senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
 A sixth to contradict the other five;
 And before certain instinct will prefer
Reason, which fifty times for one does err.

Reason,

(7)

Reason, an *Ignis fatuus* in the *Mind*,
 Which leaving light of *Nature*, sense behind;
 Pathless and dang'rous wandring ways it takes;
 Through error's, Fenny *Bogs*, and Thorny *Brakes*;
 While the misguided follower climbs with pain,
Mountains of Whimseys, heap'd in his own *Brain*;
 Stumbling from thought to thought, falls head-
 long down,

Into doubts boundless Sea, where like to drown,
 Books bear him up awhile, and make him try,
 To swim with Bladders of *Philosophy*;
 In hopes still to oretake th' escaping light,
 The *Vapour* dances in his dazzling sight,
 Till spent, it leaves him to eternal Night. }
 Then old Age, and experience hand in hand
 Lead him to death, and make him understand
 After a search so painful, and so long,
 That all his Life he has been in the wrong,
 Hudled in dirt, the reas'ning *Engine* lyes,
 Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise.
Pride drew him in, as *Cheats* their *Bubbles* catch,
 And made him venture to be made a *Wretch*.
 His wisdom did his happiness destroy,
 Aiming to know what *Worlds* he should enjoy:
 And *Wit* was his vain frivolous pretence
 Of pleasing others at his own expence.
 For *Wits* are treated just like common *Whores*,
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kickt out of *Dores*:
 The pleasure past, a threatening doubt remains,
 That frights th' enjoyer with succeeding pains:
Women, and *Men* of *Wit* are dang'rous Tools,
 And ever fatal to admiring *Fools*.

A 4

Pleasure