

Thus, Sir, you see what human Nature craves,
Most men are *Cowards*, all men shou'd be *Knaves* :
The difference lyes (as far as I can see)
Not in the thing it self, but the degree ;
And all the subject matter of debate,
Is only who's a *Knave* of the first *Rate*.

All this with indignation have I hurl'd
At the pretending part of the proud world,
Who swoln with selfish vanity, devise,
False freedoms, holy Cheats, and formal Lyes, }
Over their fellow Slaves to tyrannize.

But if in *Court*, so just a Man there be,
(In *Court*, a just Man, yet unknown to me,)
Who does his needfull flattery direct,
Not to oppress, and ruine, but protect ;
Since flattery, which way so ever laid,
Is still a Tax on that unhappy Trade.
If so upright a *States Man* you can find,
Whole passions bend to his unbiass'd Mind ;
Who does his Arts, and *pollicies* apply,
To raise his *Country*, not his *Family* ;
Nor While his pride, own'd Avarice withstands,
Receives sly Bribes from *Friends* corrupted hands.
Is there a *Church Man*, who on *God* relies ;
Whose Life his Faith, and Doctrine Justifies ;
Not one blown up with vain Prelatique pride,
Who for reproof of Sins does *Man* deride.
Whose envious heart with sawcy Eloquence
Dares chide at *Kings*, and rail at Men of sense.
Who from his Pulpit vents more peevish Lyes,
More bitter railings, scandals, calumnies,

Than

Than at a Gossiping, are thrown about,
When the good *Wives* get drunk, and then fall out.
None of that sensual *Tribe*, whose Tallents lye
In *Avarice*, *Pride*, *Sloth*, and *Gluttony*.
Who hunt good Livings, but abhor good Lives,
Whose Lust exalted to that height arrives,
They act Adultery with their own *Wives*.
And ere a score of Years compleated be, }
Can from the lofty *Pulpit* proudly see }
Half a large *Parish* their own *Progeny*.

Nor doating B--- who would be ador'd,
For domineering at the *Council Board* ;
A greater *Fop* in business at *Fourscore*,

Fonder of serious *Toyes*, affected more
Than the gay glittering *Fool* at twenty proves,
With all his noise, his tawdry Cloaths and Loves.

But a meek, humble Man of modest sense,
Who preaching Peace does practise Continence ;
Whose pious Life's a proof he does believe,
Mysterious Truths, which no man can conceive.
If upon *Earth* there dwell such *God-like Men*,
Ple here recant my *Paradox* to them.

Adore those *Shrines* of *Virtue*, *Homage* pay,
And with the *Rabble-World* their *Laws* obey :
If such there are ; yet grant me this at least,
Man differs more from *Man* than *Man* from *Beast*.

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