

Pleasure allures, and when the *Fopps* escape,
 Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate,
 And therefore what they fear, at least they hate;
 But now methinks some formal Band, and Beard,
 Takes me to task, come on Sir, I'm prepar'd.

*Then by your favour, any thing that's writ
 Against this gibbing Jingling knack call'd wit
 Likes me abundantly, but you take care,
 Upon this point, not to be too severe.
 Perhaps my Muse, were fitter for this part
 For I profess, I can be very smart
 On wit, which I abhor with all my heart;
 I long to lash it in some sharp Essay,
 But your grand indiscretion bids me stay,
 And turns my Tide of Ink another way,
 What rage ferments in your degen'rate mind
 To make you rail at Reason and Mankind;
 Blest glorious Man! to whom alone kind Heaven
 An everlasting Soul has freely given;
 Whom his great Maker had such care to make,
 That from himself he did the Image take;
 And this fair frame in shining Reason drest,
 To dignifie his Nature above Beast:
 Reason by whose aspiring influence,
 We take a flight beyond material sense.
 Dive into mysteries, then soaring pierce
 The flaming limits of the Universe.
 Search Heaven, and Hell, find out what's acted there,
 And give the world true grounds of hope, and fear.*

Hold mighty Man, I cry, all this we know
 From the Pathetique pen of *Ingels*;

From

From *P---s Pilgrim, Sibb's Soliloquies,*
 And 'tis this very reason I despise.
 This supernatural gift that makes a *Mite*
 Think he's the Image of the infinite:
 Comparing his short life, void of all rest,
 To the *Eternal* and the ever blest.
 This busie, puzzling stirrer up of doubt,
 That frames deep *Mysteries*, then finds 'em out;
 Filling with Frantick Crowds of thinking *Fools*,
 Those Reverend *Bedlams Colleges*, and *Schools*
 Born on whose Wings, each heavy *Sot* can pierce
 The limits of the boundless Universe.
 So charming Oyntments make an old *Witch* flye,
 And bear a crippled Carcase through the Skie.
 'Tis this exalted Pow'r, whose bus'nels lies
 In *Nonsense*, and impossibilities.
 This made a *Whimsical Philosopher*
 Before the spacious *World* his, *Tub* prefer,
 And we have modern *Cloister'd Coxcombs*, who
 Retire to think, 'cause they have naught to do.
 But thoughts are given for Actions government;
 Where action ceases, thoughts impertinent:
 Our *Sphere* of action is *Lifes* happiness,
 And he who thinks beyond, thinks like an *Ass*.
 Thus whilst against false reasoning I inveigh,
 I own right *Reason* which I would obey:
 That *Reason*, that distinguishes by sense,
 And gives us *Rules* of good, and ill from thence:
 That bounds desires with a reforming will,
 To keep 'em more in vigour, not to kill.
 Your *Reason* hinders, mine helps to enjoy,
 Renewing Appetites, yours would destroy.

My