

My Reason is my Friend, yours is a Cheat,
 Hunger Calls out, my Reason bids me eat;
 Perverfly yours your Appetite does mock,
 This asks for Food, that answers what's a Clock;
 This plain distinction, Sir your doubt secures,
 'Tis not true reason I despise, but yours.
 Thus I think Reason righted, but for *Man*,
 Ple ne're recant, defend him if you can.
 For all his Pride and his Philosophy,
 'Tis evident, *Beasts* are in their degree,
 As wise at least, and better far than he. }
 Those *Creatures* are the wisest, who attain
 By surest means, the ends at which they aim.
 If therefore *Fowler* finds, and Kills his *Hares*,
 Better than *M--* supplies Committee Chairs;
 Though one's a *States man*, th' other but a *Hound*,
Fowler in Justice wou'd be wiser found.
 You see, how far *Man's* wisdom here extends;
 Look next, if human Nature makes amends;
 Whose Principles most gen'rous are, and just,
 And to whose *Morals* you would sooner trust.
 Be judge your self, Ple bring it to the test,
 Which is the basest *Creature* *Man*, or *Beast*?
Birds feed on *Birds*, *Beasts* on each other prey;
 But *Savage Man* alone, does *Man* betray:
 Prest by necessity, they Kill for Food,
Man undoes *Man*, to do himself no good.
 With Teeth, and Claws by nature arm'd, they hunt,
 Natur's allowance to supply their want,
 But *Man* with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships, Praise,
 Unhumanely his Fellow's life betrays;

With

With voluntary pains, works his distrels,
 Not through necessity, but wantonness.
 For hunger or for Love, they fight, or rear,
 Whilst wretched *Man* is still in arms for fear;
 For fear he armes, and is of Armes afraid,
 By fear, to fear successively betray'd.
 Base fear, the source whence his best passion came,
 His boasted Honour, and his dear bought Fame.
 That lust of Pow'r, to which he's such a *Slave*,
 And for the which alone he dares be brave:
 To which his various Projects are design'd,
 Which makes him gen'rous, affable, and kind.
 For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,
 And screws his actions in a forc'd disguise:
 Leading a tedious life in Misery,
 Under laborious, mean *Hypocrisie*.
 Look to the bottom of his vast design,
 Wherein *Man's* Wisdom, Pow'r, and Glory joyn:
 The good he acts, the ill he does endure,
 'Tis all for fear, to make himself secure.
 Meerly for safety after Fame we thirst,
 For all Men wou'd be *Commanders*, if they durst.
 And honesty's against all common sense,
Men must be *Knaves*, 'tis in their own defence.
Mankind's dishonest, If you think it fair,
 Amongst known *Cheats*, to play upon the square,
 You'll be undone -----
 Nor can weak truth, your reputation save,
 The *Knaves* will all agree to call you *Knave*.
 Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o're, oppress'd,
 Who dares be less a villain, than the rest.

Thus