

A
S A T Y R
AGAINST
M A N K I N D.

1079

Written by a Person of Honour.

Were I, who to my cost, already am,
 One of those strange, prodigious creatures Man;
 A Spirit free, to choose for my own share,
 What sort of Flesh and Blood 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.
 His 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, an *Ignis fatuus* of the mind,
 Which leaves the Light of mature Sense behind.
 Pathless, and dangerous, wand'ring wayes, it takes,
 Through errors fenny Bogs, and Thorny Brakes:
 Whil'st the mis-guided follower thinks, with pain,
 Mountains of Whimseys, heap't in his own brain;
 Stumbling from thought, to thought, falls headlong down
 Into doubts boundless Sea, where like to drown,
 Books bear him up a while, and make him try
 To swim with Bladders of Philosophy:
 In hopes still to o'rtake the skipping Light,
 The Vapour dances, in his Dazeling sight,
 Till spent, it leaves him to Eternal night.
 Then Old Age, and Experience, hand in hand,
 Leads him to Death, makes him to understand,
 After a search so painful, and so long,
 That all his Life, he has been in the wrong.

A

Hudled

Huddled in Dirt, the reas'ning Engine lies,
 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 World he should enjoy.
 And Wit was all his 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 doors.
 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.
 Pleasure allures, and when the sopps escape,
 'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate;
 And therefore what they fear, at heart 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 gibing, gingling knack, call'd Wit,
 Likes me abundantly, but you'll take care
 Upon this point, not to be too severe,
 Perhaps my Mule 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 Tyde of Ink, another way.
 What rage foment, in your degen'rate mind,
 To make you rail at reason, and mankind?
 Blest Glorious man, to whom alone kind Heav'n
 An Everlasting Soul hath freely given:
 Whom his great Maker took such care to make,
 That from himself he did the Image take,
 And this fair frame in shining reason dress'd,
 To dignifie his Nature above Beast.
 Reason, (by whose aspiring influence,
 We take a flight beyond material sense,)
 Dives into Mysteries, then soaring pierce
 The flaming limits of the Univerle,
 Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there,
 And give the World true ground of hope and fear.

Hold mighty man I cry; all this we know,
 From the pathetick pen of *Incelo*,
 From *Patricks* Pilgrim, *Sibbs* 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 pushing stirrer up of doubt,
 That frames deep mysteries, then finds them out,

Filling with *Frank* Fools; of thinking Fools,
 The Reverend Bedlams, Colledges and Schools,
 Born on whose wings, each heavy Sor can pierce
 The Limits of the boundless Univerſe:
 So Charming Oyntments make an old Witch flye,
 And bear a crippled Carcaff through the Skie.
 'Tis the exalted poor, whose buffets lies
 In Nonſence and Impoſſibilities:
 This made a Whimſical Philoſopher,
 Before the ſpacious World his Tubb prefer:
 And we have many modern Coxcombs, who
 Retire to think, 'cauſe they have nought to do.
 But thoughts were given for actions Government;
 Where action ceaſes, thought's impertinent
 Our Sphere of action is lifes happineſs,
 And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an aſs.
 Thus whilſt againſt falſe reaſoning I inveigh,
 I own right reaſon, which I would obey;
 That reaſon, which diſtinguiſhes by ſenſe,
 And gives us rules of good and ill from thence:
 That bounds deſires, with a reſorming will,
 To keep them more in vogue, and not to kill:
 Your Reaſon hinders; mine helps to enjoy,
 Renewing Appetites, yours would deſtroy.
 My Reaſon is my friend, yours is a Cheat:
 Hunger calls out, my Reaſon bids me eat;
 Perverſly 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 Philoſophie,
 'Tis evident Beaſts are; in their own 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 *Jowler* finds, and kills, the Hares
 Better than man ſupplies Committee Chairs;
 Though one's a Stateſman, th' other but a Hound;
Jowler in Juſtice will be wiſer found.
 You ſee how far man's Wiſdom here extends:
 Look next if Human Nature makes amends;
 Whoſe principles are moſt Generous and Juſt;
 And to whoſe morals, you would ſooner truſt:
 Be Judge your ſelf, Ple bring it to the Teſt.
 Which is the beſteſt Creature, Man, or Beaſt:
 Birds feed on Birds, Beaſts on each other prey;
 But ſalvage 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.
 Nature's allowance, to ſupply their want:

But

But man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships, Praise,
 Inhumanly, his fellows life betrayes,
 With voluntary pains, works his distress;
 Nor through Necessity, but Wantonness.
 For hunger, or for love they bite or tear,
 Whilst wretched man is still in arms for fear.
 For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid:
 From fear, to fear, successively betray'd.
 Base fear, the source, whence his best passions came,
 His boasted Honor, and his dear bought Fame:
 The 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 Generous, Affable and Kind:
 For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,
 And serves his actions, in a fore'r disguise:
 Leads a most 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 from fear, to make himself secure.
 Meerly for safety, after fame they thirst,
 For all men would be Cowards if they durst:
 And honesty's against all common sense,
 Must men 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 lesser Villain, than the rest.
 Thus here you see, what Human Nature craves,
 Most men are Cowards, all men should 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.