

## An Imitator

Non-Specific Humans A Man in Arras-Hangings Some Great Master Girl A Retainer the innocent Lady A Moor Child Other Men Bastards Prentice

Mythological Figures Spectrum Spirit Nature Muse

Animals Monkey Baboon Mungrel Breed

[two rules]

An  
Imitator

Is a counterfeit Stone, and the larger and fairer he appears the more apt he is to be discovered, whilst small ones, that pretend to no great Value, pass unsuspected. He is made like a Man in Arras-Hangings, after some great Master's Design, though far short of the Original. He is like a Spectrum or walking Spirit that assumes the Shape of some particular Person, and appears in the Likeness of something that he is not, because he has no Shape of his own to put on. He has a Kind of Monkey and Baboon Wit, that takes after some Man's Way, whom he endeavors to imitate, but does it worse than those Things that are naturally his own; for he does not learn but take his Pattern out, as a Girl does her Sampler. His whole Life is nothing but a Kind of Education, and he is always learning to be

something that he is not, nor ever will be: For Nature is free, and will not be forced out of her Way, nor compelled to do any Thing against her own Will and Inclination. He is but a Retainer to Wit, and a Follower of his

Maſter, whoſe Badge he wears every where, and therefore his Way is called fervile Imitation. His Fancy is like the innocent Lady's; who by looking on the Picture of a Moor that hung in her Chamber conceived a Child of the fame Complexion; for all his Conceptions are produced by the Pictures of other Men's Imaginations, and by their Features betray whoſe Baſtards they are. His Muſe is not inſpired but infected with another Man's Fancy; and he catches his Wit, like the Itch, of ſomebody elſe that had it before, and when he writes he does but ſcratch himſelf. His Head is, like his Hat, faſhioned upon a Block, and wrought in a Shape of another Man's Invention. He melts down his Wit, and caſts it in a Mold: and as metals melted and caſt are not ſo firm and ſolid, as thoſe that are wrought with the Hammer; ſo thoſe Compoſitions, that are founded and run in other Men's Molds, are always more brittle and looſe than thoſe, that are forged in a Man's own Brain. He binds

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himſelf Prentice to a Trade, which he has no Stock to ſet up with, if he ſhould ſerve out his Time, and live to be made free. He runs a whoring after another Man's Inventions (for he has none of his own to tempt him to an incontinent Thought) and begets a Kind of Mungrel Breed, that never comes to good.

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