[*two rules*]

# AnImitator

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 Ori
ginal. He is like a Spectrum or walking
Spirit that aſſumes the Shape of ſome particular
Peſson, and appears in the Likeneſs of ſome-
thing 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 worſse than thoſe Things that are na-
turally his own; for he does not learn but
take his Pattern out, as a Girl does her Sam-
pler. 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 *ſervile 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 ſame
Complexion; for all his Conceptions are pro-
duced by the Pictures of other Men’s Imagi-
nations, 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

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 incon-
tinent Thought) and begets a Kind of Mun-
grel Breed, that never comes to good.
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