[*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 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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