

You said no more, but that your selves must be
 The judges of the Scripture Sense, not we.
 Against our Church-Tradition you declare,
 And yet your Clerks wou'd sit in *Moses'* Chair :
 At least 'tis prov'd against your Argument,
 The Rule is far from plain, where all dissent.

If not by Scriptures, how can we be sure
 (Reply'd the *Panther*) what Tradition's pure?
 For you may palm upon us new for old :
 All, as they say, that glitters is not Gold.

How but by following her, reply'd the Dame,
 To whom deriv'd from Sire to Son they came ;
 Where ev'ry Age does on another move,
 And trusts no farther than the next above ;
 Where all the Rounds like *Jacob's* Ladder rise,
 The lowest hid in Earth, the topmost in the Skies.

Sternly the Savage did her Answer mark,
 Her glowing Eye-balls glitt'ring in the dark,
 And said but this : Since Lucre was your Trade,
 Succeeding times such dreadful Gaps have made,
 'Tis dangerous Climbing : To your Sons and you
 I leave the Ladder, and its Omen too.

(*Hind.*) The *Panther's* Breath was ever fam'd for sweet;
 But from the *Wolf* such wishes oft I meet :
 You learn'd this Language from the * blatant Beast,
 Or rather did not speak, but were possess'd.
 As for your Answer 'tis but barely urg'd :
 You must evince Tradition to be forg'd ;
 Produce plain Proofs ; unblemish'd Authors use
 As ancient as those Ages they accuse ;
 'Till when 'tis not sufficient to defame :
 An old Possession stands, 'till Elder quits the claim.

* A word used by *Spenser*.