

in Excellence, perhaps, than thought by Man;
Why greater What can Fall, than What can Rise?

If still delirious, now, LORENZO! go;
and with thy full-blown Brothers of the *World*,
throw Scorn around thee; cast it on thy Slaves;
thy Slaves, and Equals: How Scorn cast on Them
rebounds on Thee! If Man is mean, as Man,
art thou a God? If *Fortune* makes him so,
beware the Consequence: A Maxim That,
which draws a monstrous Picture of Mankind,
where, in the Drapery, the *Man* is lost;
Externals flutt'ring, and the Soul forgot.
Thy greatest Glory, when dispos'd to boast,
boast *That* aloud, in which thy Servants share.

We wisely strip the Steed we mean to buy:
Judge we, in their Caparisons, of *Men*?
It nought avails thee, *Where*, but *What*, thou art;
All the Distinctions of this little Life
are quite Cutaneous, foreign to the Man.
When, thro' Death's Streights, *Earth's* subtle Serpents creep,
which wriggle into Wealth, or climb Renown,
as crooked *Satan* the Forbidden Tree,
they leave their party-colour'd Robe behind,