

1852.19.

THE
Bull-Baiting:

OR,
SACH—LL

Dress'd up in *Fire-Works*.

Lately brought over from the

BEAR-GARDEN

IN

SOUTHWARK;

AND

Expos'd for the *DIVERSION* of the
Citizens of London, at Six Pence a-piece.

By *JOHN DUNTON*, Author of the Answer to Dr. *K—net*, Entitl'd *the Hazard of a Death-bed Repentance*.

Being Remarks on a Scandalous Sermon *Bellon's* out at *St. Paul's* on on the Fifth of *November* last, before the Right Honourable the **LORD MAYOR**, and Court of **ALDERMEN**, by Dr. *Sach—ll*.

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T O T H E
R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E
Sir Samuel Garrard, Bar.

Lord Mayor of the City of London.

My LORD,

TIS with all humble Submission to the High Character your Lordship justly sustains, that I make bold to approach your Lordship with a Dedication, without your Lordship's License first obtain'd, having so settled an Opinion of your Lordship's great Candour and Condescension, that your Lordship having permitted my Adversary Dr. Sach——ll to Print a Sermon Preach'd at St. Paul's, on the Fifth of November last; and not only so, but to accept of a Dedication to your self; I cannot in the least doubt but your Lordship will easily pardon the Presumption of this, and take in good part my Poor Endeavours for Answering those Passages in that Discourse, which appear most liable to Censure.

'Tis true (my Lord) 'twas some time before I could perswade my self, your Lordship had commanded the Dr. to Publish his Performace, (which he boldly asserts in his Dedication) contrary to the Advice of the Honourable COURT of Aldermen; but a little Thought quickly set me to Rights, and reconcil'd me to the Consistency of the thing it self, tho' differing Judgments may yet apprehend some Mystery in it.—— Your Lordship rightly judg'd that the Sermon had given just Offence to the most Thinking Part of that Auditory, and was likely to make a great Noise in the City, and therefore 'twas the best way for it to be made Publick, that it might speak for it self, and the Spirit that works in the Children of Disobedience, might appear in its Native Colours; that so we might be ready to stand upon our Guard, against the most Malicious Incendiaries, who make it their chief Business to disturb that Peace and Union her Sacred Majesty (like a true Nursing Mother) has so frequently and earnestly recommended to all her Subjects from the Throne.

But (my Lord) there is One Part of the Doctor's Discourse (if I am not misinform'd by those that heard it) that is wholly left out in the Printed Copies, which consists in some keen Reflections against the Societies for Reformation of Manners. I believe the Man wanted nothing of (what he calls) Courage, to have Publish'd that Piece of Scandal, amongst the rest, and therefore I must conclude, that as your Lordship's most consummate Wisdom order'd the Publication of the Sermon (if we believe the Dr.) so none can doubt, but 'twas your Lordship's Remarkable Piety took care, that those Impious Passages in it, should be intirely omitted: Your Lordship being apprehensive, how agreeable such a notorious Encouragement to Vice must be to a lewd Age; And this Caution appears to be

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of the last Importance, in that the Book could not but fall into the Hands of Thousands that came infinitely short of your Lordship's deep Penetration and Judgment, who would have but too great a Propensity to make a Scandalous Application of such a Licentious Doctrine, which is utterly inconsistent with your Lordship's Pious Zeal for the Reformation, express'd in the strict Orders your Lordship (in Conjunction with the Honourable Court of Aldermen) has lately issued out, for putting in Execution the Laws, for punishing Vice and Immorality.

And now (my Lord) I must beg leave to make an Apology, for Dedicating a Book to your Lordship, which (perhaps) has too much of Comedy in it to suit with that Exemplary Gravity for which your Lordship is so conspicuous, and too much of Satyr to be agreeable to that admirable Moderation of your Lordship, which adds a Brightness to all your Lordship's Actions; But for the Comical Part, I hope, (my Lord) you'll excuse me upon this Consideration; That what is ridiculously spoke must be Answer'd according to its Folly: And for the other, I must confess to your Lordship, 'tis a perfect Force put upon my Temper, which is naturally peaceable; but when the most bitter Invektives are utter'd, without either Sense, or Honesty, against Persons of the most Catholick and Healing Spirit, and Peace and Unity (which are dearer to me than Life) are Branded with the most Infamous Names imaginable. Your Lordship will not blame me, if I say (pardon the Expression) the Nature of the BEAST, requires, that he should be treated, as a common Enemy to Humane Society. And now upon the whole, I hope your Lordship may (for the short time of the Entertainment) a little unbend your thoughtful Mind from the serious and weighty Cares that necessarily attend your Exalted Station, and condescend to accept of the Diversion of **Bull-Baiting**: A Diversion very Ancient, and of such Royal and Princely Institution, that Emperors, Kings and Princes, have Honour'd it with their Company.—— And for the safety of your Lordship's Person, I dare engage, your Lordship will be much more out of Harm's Way, than when the Doctor threw **Fire-Brands, Arrows, Death and Damnation** so plentifully about, in your Lordship's Presence.

May your Lordship long continue a shining Ornament in Church and State, and your zealous Endeavours for their real Strength and Glory, meet with all desirable Success: May the Time of your Lordship's Mayoralty, be fill'd with such eminent Service for both, as that the latter End may infinitely exceed the Beginning; and may your Lordship have a bright Name of Glory in the Annals of Time, transmitted down to the lowest Posterity, So prays,—— My LORD,

Your most Humble Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

THE

THE
Bull = baiting,

OR,

SACH--LL Dress'd up in
FIRE-WORKS.

TH O' my Answer to the D--n of P—t—rb—b's Sermon, at the Fuueral of the late D — of D — might seem to some to be a Piece of Arrogance, not to be tolerated in a *meer Lay-man*, much less in such a *mean obscure Fellow* as DUNTON, who cannot be thought to have arrived at any greater Degree of Knowledge in that important Subject, than is precisely necessary for his own Use: Yet (*upon a Review*) I can't think my Pains altogether lost in writing that Book; upon these Two Accounts.

First, Because of the general Acceptance it has met with in the World; having been *six Times Printed in London*, *several Times at *Oxford, Dublin Holland and Edinburgh*; so that cou'd I have secured the Propriety of the Copy from the Hands of **Pirates**, I had not only had the *Satisfaction of pleasing the Age*, but might have reaped a much larger proportion of the Fruit of my Labours.

But the other Reason (which is infinitely more taking with us Authors) is this——that I think (and I hope without Vanity) the World has been *so just to Truth, and so kind to Me*, as to give up the Argument in my favour, Yea, the *Reverend D——n* himself, seems altogether to have quitted his Hold, since he has not, in the least, attempted *his own Vindication*; nor so much as endeavour'd to explain those Notions in his Discourse, which being intirely New,

*With the Three Editions the **Pyratical Printers** robb'd me of.

and peculiar to himself, gave Occasion to the Controversy; and which he might easily pretend, were not so clearly expressed, by reason of that *Brevity* he was under a Necessity to make use of, being confin'd within the *narrow Limits of a Sermon*.

And therefore, if I have been able (under all Disadvantages) to cope with a Person of *so great and shining a Character* in the Church, as Dr. A———; one that has so justly obtain'd so established a Reputation in the Learned World, is so truly admir'd for his many Excellent and Useful Traits upon several Subjects; a Man whose Conduct (*even in my own Opinion*) has been altogether unexceptionable (excepting those Peculiarities of his, which I pretend to have answer'd in my Book) sure I need not be afraid to enter the Lists with such an *inconsiderable Adversary* as Dr. Sach——.

But before I proceed, (give me leave, Gentlemen) in a few Words to tell you what I am, and what I take my Adversary to be — And for my self,

I profess my self to be a *Member of the Church of England*, as by Law Establish'd, being Son and Grandson of two *Reverend, Pious and Moderate Clergy-men* of that Communion.

I do heartily assent to *all the Doctrines of that Church*, as contained in its *Articles*, am a sincere Lover of the Order and Decency of its Worship, and have an unfeigned Deference for all those *Ceremonies* which are necessary for the Advancement of its real Strength and Beauty.

I have a profound Respect for all *my good Lords the Bishops*, who have all along express'd a true Apostolick Zeal for the Safety of the Church, in the times of its *real Danger*: And for its *Discipline and Government*, I leave them, with Submission, (as being above my Sphere) to the Management of those who are properly concern'd in them,

For my *Adversary*, I shall take the Description from what he subscribes in his Title Page, and what may be gather'd from some of his Works. His Title Page speaks Him to be *D. D. Fellow of Magdalen College*, and Chaplain of *St. Saviours in Southwark*.

Fellow of Magdalene College! Sure the Age is sunk into the lowest Dregs of Corruption, when such an *unaccountable Wretch*, should ever find Admission into that Venerable Society. Cou'd such a *Fury* ever be Elected Fellow, upon those truly Noble and Generous Principles, that once appeared in Vindication of *English Liberty and Property*, in opposing an Illegal Imposition of a President, under the Influence of an Arbitrary Reign? Had infamous Charnock (I had almost said) the D—— himself, presid'd in the Election, and Men of Religion and Conscience, of the same Dimensions with his own, been his Associates, they cou'd
not

not possibly have pitch'd upon a greater *Incendiary*, or a more proper Tool than *Sach——ll*, to have serv'd their most daring and malicious Designs against our establish'd Church; but that they shou'd make him *D. D.* after he has (not obscurely) proclaim'd himself *an Enemy to Church and State* is a Crime of such a Nature, that I must call it an Original, and leave it to the Gentlemen, that were guilty, seriously to reflect upon, *if ever they come to themselves.*

The other Part of his Title is *Chaplain of St. Saviour's in Southwark.* Good God! That such a flagrant Piece of Malice, shou'd ever have been suffer'd to *Ramp* into a Pulpit! But above all Places in the World, *What Business had the Wretch at St. Saviours?* Since the Peace and Salvation of Mankind seems to be his greatest Aversion, and his Hatred almost to the whole Race so inveterate, (that like a true Factor for the Prince of Darkness) he wou'd send 'em to Hell by Shoals. 'Twou'd be a Mystery, which Ages cou'd not unriddle, to think how he came, *deliberately to be chosen* to that Post, but that 'tis pretty well known, *that by the Help of a LAD and an old Man, and the Use of some uncommon Methods, he surreptitiously crept in at the back Door.*

*From his Works, (and a Tree is known by its Fruit) his Character appears to be this—— He's one that, for his incomparable Talent at Railing in fluent and resin'd Billingsgate, is justly advanc'd to the very Top of Scandal **, and has so far wriggled himself into the good Graces of those of his own Kidney, as to be pitch'd upon for one Sort of *Champion of the Forlorn Cause of Master Perkin; i. e. To be Bully-Er-rant* to the whole Tribe of those poor, sorry, despis'd, scandalous Few, of Narrow-soul'd stingy *Bigotted Wretches*, that (rather than not obtain their damnable Purposes) wou'd enflame and embroil the Nation, and run us into the utmost Confusion. I call him *Bully-Er-rant*, from the remarkable Qualifications he is accomplish'd with; A *Bully* (you know) is a great Pretender to Courage, and can huff and bounce

* *A Friend of mine, that heard the Doctors Sermon, told me, he did not know of any that was so much edify'd by it, as an old Woman, suppos'd to live near Billingsgate, that with a Sort of Extasie made a reverend Curcthey, and ask'd whether the Doctor preach'd in the Forenoon or Afternoon at St. Saviours. Now 'tis plain this venerable Matron did not understand much of the Doctor's Drift, but must be so mightily taken with the Language, wherein he express'd himself. No doubt of it but she may now die with Satisfaction, having an Opportunity to tell her Neighbours of one, by whose Means they may become a thousand Times more considerable in the Faculty; and were the Professor's Place vacant, wou'd engage (if possible) that he may be unanimously voted to the Chair.*

4 The Bull-Baiting: Or,

more than ten Thousand Men of true Mettle; and yet when he comes to be try'd, is as *true an Animal as Nature affords*: He's one too of a finish'd Impudence, which I dare maintain, is in more Perfection in the Doctor, than the most brazen'd Str——t that plies about the Streets; the smallest Skill in Physiognomy, may see it in his Face; and what but a Whores Forehead can bear him out, without Blushing, to utter the most *malicious Slanders* in the Face of Authority, against known Matter of Fact? I call him *Errant*, because he wanders about, like the Crack-brain'd *Don of Mancha*, in *Quest of imaginary Giants*, and Monsters that wou'd ravish, or eat up his *Dulcinea*, his Ideal Mistress (what he calls) the CHURCH, and runs raving mad about he knows not what; and yet after all, 'tis very plain, that all the mighty Advancement he has got, or is ever likely to get, even amongst his own Gang, does but amount to this, That he's a *Tool*, a *meer Cat's-foot*, a *Jacobite Pulpit Drummer*, to raise Sedition in a quiet united Kingdom; to disturb and trouble the Waters, that Knaves of a more refin'd Craft, than ever his *senseless rattle Scull* ever encompass'd, may make their accursed Use of it. Now had the *thoughtless Wretch*, but half the Stock of Apprehension, that he has of Impudence, he might see himself abus'd into the scandalous Employment, and not be so haughty and supercilious, as if he had got to be Head of that *black Confederacy*: But he knows his Friend of *Bavaria*, had rather be a Dragoon in the *French Service*, than a General in that of the High Allies. To compleat the Character of this mighty Man, he's inspir'd, and you may easily guess by whom, for what, but a *Heart set on Fire from Hell*, a *Tongue dip'd in that infernal Lake*, and the Impudence of the *Father of Lies*, cou'd invent, preach and publish such a virulent Piece of Scandal, as his Sermon on the *Fifth of November*; which before I can come to, I must wade thro' a *fulsome Dedication* to my Lord Mayor.

He tells his Lordship, That by *his Lordship's Command*, his *Discourse ventures into the World*, in Contempt of *Misrepresentations*, and *random Censures*. Truly, I am of Opinion, it wou'd have been publish'd without that Command; yea, in Contempt of his Lordship's Prohibition; for the Doctor's own native Courage has fill'd him with so much Contempt of every Body but his *own Masters*, that he dare say or do any thing, provided his Neck be safe. He's very apprehensive, his charitable Hand, that wou'd hold out a Light to this blinded Generation, will be treated with nothing but ungrateful Reproach; he has little hopes his Advice will be comply'd with: Well, we thank him for his Charity, but beg his Excuse as to following the Light, lest it shou'd prove as fatal to us, as those do to our distressed Marriners in dark and stormy Nights, that are hung out by the Beasts of Prey upon
our

our Coasts, to decoy our Ships upon the Rocks, that they may become a Wreck, to enrich the barbarous Miscreants. Now it's evident the Doctor's Design is but something of this Nature, and he has been so plain to the World, in that generous Freedom of his, that I hope hereafter none will trust him. But I can't tell what he means by those *seasonable and necessary Truths* in his Sermon; I fancy few will believe them seasonable, either with Respect to the Day, or our present Circumstances; as for the Day, had the Doctor study'd *Impertinence*, he could not possibly have met with a more lucky Hit; I mean a Subject more foreign from the Purpose of that Occasion, than *Perils of False Brethren*: And for our Circumstances, he need not applaud himself for nicking them, unless it were for the eminent Service he hop'd to do for the *French Interest*; for we are a Kingdom newly United, and that Union scarcely yet well cemented, have been long, and still are, engaged in a bloody and expensive War, that requires extraordinary Efforts of Blood and Treasure, to carry it on, in order to bring the proud and haughty Enemy to such Terms of Peace, as may be safe for the several Branches of the Grand Alliance to trust to: Now let any unprejudic'd Man judge, whether 'twas seasonable for the Doctor, to blow a Trumpet of Sedition, to create Fears and Jealousies amongst us, and embitter our Spirits one against another, at a Time when 'tis highly necessary we shou'd Unite in Int'rest and Affection. Ay, but says the Doctor, *they were necessary Truths*, and this must needs warrant him: Now if I shou'd say, they are neither *Truths*, nor *necessary*, I shou'd be even with him, for all he has said to the contrary; but I have more Evidence than my own Thoughts to help me out; for *Her sacred Majesty*, and both the Houses of Parliament are of Opinion, the Church is not in Danger, and all his vile Reflections, shall never invalidate that Evidence with me, and I'm sure can never do it with any *true Englishmen*—— After he has given my Lord some scurvy Hints of our Danger; he tells him, *he thought it his Duty, to stop the encroaching Mischiefs, and that by endeavouring (if possible) to open the Eyes of this great Metropolis*. Alas! the Malady of the City was grown to such a Height, by the Infection of damnable Doctrines, 'twas hardly curable, but if a Cure was possible, he had Compassion and Skill sufficient to Effect it. 'Tis the common way of Quacks and Empericks thus to boast; but I hope my Fellow Citizens will not believe, either that he has the least Kindness for our City, or that he can do such Feats he speaks of: I'm afraid all the Illumination he wishes, is no other than *A-la-mode de Sixty Six*, for he knows London was never a Friend to his detested Cause, but always appear'd for Liberty, Property and Religion, against all the noisy Cant of *Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance*, as manag'd in the Hands

of a wretched Pack of mercenary Incendiaries; and can he hope to palm the Sham upon us, by putting it in his Dress? Well, but right or wrong, *The Trumpet must be blown* to bring the Company together, that the Doctor may teach us the Meaning of the *Fifth Commandment*, since all the *Cous* and *Abbeys* about us can't do it, for he has got the *only Key to open it*. Good Luck a Day! That we shou'd be in the Dark all this while, for want of a glaring Light from Oxon: Yet (if a Lay-man may give his Advice) I think we had best keep to *Dod and Cleaver*, *Homilies* or any thing, rather than trust to the Doctor, for he's so wretchedly out in most Texts he meddles with, and so mis-recites and falsifies both sacred and profane History, that he is greatly to be suspected, to want either *Sense* or *Honesty* for the Performance.

The Doctor tells his Lordship, in the Close of the Dedication, *That if our Constitution apprehends no Hazard, yet he does, with Regard to his own Person*. Well, who can help it? If he will lay himself open to publick Censure, and Rebuke, he must Answer to the Government; and if the *Ammanenses* of *the Mob* (as he calls them) condescend to take Notice of his flagrant Scandals, (he's at Age) let him answer for himself, or otherwise stand by the Charge.

Now 'tis Time we should come to the Sermon; and I shall not here insist upon the Suitableness of the Doctor's Subject, (having in Part prevented my self) to the Solemnity of the Day, further than to observe, that tho' the Text will afford Matter sufficient for Edification, yet for the *Fifth of November*, the noted Story of *Tobit and his Dog*, wou'd have been as much to the Doctor's Purpose as—— *Perils of false Brethren*. But every Day and every Subject are alike to him, for whatever be the Doctrine (in Season or out of Season) *Railing and Slander must be the Application*. He (poor Soul) has been so frighted in his Infancy with *Bull-Beggars*, that the Influence remains to this very Day, and is so far improv'd, (that like one *Species of Lunaticks*) he takes all Mankind for his Enemies, and without any Manner of Occasion, starts up in a Frenzy, and cries out, *Murder, Treason, Rebellion, Rogues, Thieves and Pick-Pockets*—— But the Doctor had some Wit in his Anger, to foresee that the Occasion of that Day would afford him little that was a kin to his Text, and therefore he dispatches that with a *fork*, in Part of a Page; and tho' he speaks something to the Purpose, yet 'twas as little as possibly cou'd be; whether he was afraid of *disobliging his Brethren of Rome, and his Master the Pretender*, or no, he knows best; for as he was invited to the Work, he must say something, and had he said more, he need not fear a Dispensation (if he had it not then in his Pocket) since the Rest of his Performance, was so admirably fitted to their Designs.

But I can't leave this Paragraph, without taking Notice that the Doctor very justly ascribes, that *Great Deliverance to the Mercy of God*; and as very observable in it, that *our Hierarchy and Nobility were not finally extirpated and cut off*; but has taken particular Care not to Mention the Gentlemen of the *Lower House*: It seems he and his Party had no Reason to rejoyce at the Preservation of the worthy Representatives of the Commons of *England*; no, these noble Patriots have always been a Thorn in the Sides of that wretched Faction to which the Doctor belongs, and given a seasonable Check to their Fury, which if let alone wou'd have unhing'd our excellent Constitution, and reduc'd us to the most abject Condition. The Doctor can never forget the handling of *Sibthorp and Manning*—but must now and then (as far as he dares) discover the same evil Spirit that reign'd in his Predecessors in former Reigns, who all along endeavour'd the laying aside the Use of Parliaments, being aware that their Hellish Projects for enslaving the Nation cou'd never succeed, as long as the Commons had Men of Sense and Integrity to represent them. Hence proceeded those pernicious Counsels given to our Princes, and scandalous Libels, pretending to prove that *the House of Commons first sprang out of the Rebellion in the Reign of Richard the Third*, with Abundance of that Sort of Ribaldry, the very mention of which is offensive to every true *Englishman*.

From the *Fifth of November*, the Doctor makes a Transition (wild as Imagination) to the *Thirtieth of January*, and gives ye a Specimen of his Abilities upon that Subject, that by the Sample he might let his Readers see what Feats he cou'd do, shou'd *my Lord bespeak him for the next Solemnity of that Day*; but this is not all, for he had another End to serve: And truly I don't know how he cou'd (without some such sorry Shift) have fairly come at his Text, and after all he does it but in a very aukward Manner——When he has told you that *Christ left Persecution and Affliction as a Legacy to his Church*, he comes to the Instance of *St. Paul*, and after he has clear'd him from the Imputation of Vanity in Roasting, reconcil'd the Orator to the Apostle, he tells ye the Occasion of the Epistle.

Says he, *Several false Apostles and Sadduces were, in his Absence crept into the Church, to vitiate and corrupt his new Profelites, under Pretence of more Purity and Holiness, like our modern Sectaries, &c.* Now wou'd I give a Pot and a Cake, for some of that glaring Evidence the Doctor speaks of, that wou'd reconcile this Account to Truth; for I have always taken the Thing quite otherwise; as that some of the *Corinthians* were a Sort of proud, insolent, conceited Libertines, insatiably given to the worst of Vices, and disputing for the Lawfulness of their flagrant Impieties, and were encourag'd, in this Hu-

mour by their *Gentile Teachers*, to withstand the Apostle's Reproof: Others, I took to be a *Sort of Ceremonymongers*, that were for retaining the Rites of the *Mosaick Dispensation*, and therefore endeavour'd to represent the Apostle as a *great Boaster*, but of little worth, and an *Apostate from the Law*, the Observance of which had been warmly recommended to them by some *Judaizing false Apostle*. But this it is to be a *Schollard*, and to have a *Glaring Pair of Spectacles!* Well! The Doctor is such a *Man* he'd make one admire, how cleverly he can reconcile any thing, and make it fadge to the *Purpose of Railing*. This Passage wou'd ha' been extreamly dull, cou'd he not ha' given himself the *Opportunity to toss these sanctify'd Curs*, that make such a *Pretence of Purity and Holiness*. Now the worst on't is, *the Jest is lost*, for the Doctor has wretchedly and (I am apt to believe) willfully mistaken the Thing, on purpose to vent some of the *malicious Fire that burns within him*. He next presents ye with an Account of the Apostle's Behaviour in these Circumstances. P. 1. *'Twas the lowest Act of Humility, and good Nature to condescend to dispute with such as ought to be answer'd not with Arguments but Anathemas's, yet behold the singular Modesty of this great Apostle!* Had the Doctor liv'd in the Days of *St. Paul*, he wou'd certainly ha' blam'd this Conduct of his, and as arrogantly and impertinently (*as he has done my Lords the Bishops of our Church*) instructed him that 'twas his Duty to thunder out his *Apostolical Curses* against those factious *Self-conceited Pretenders*, and never to have try'd the Use of one Argument to reclaim them: *Yet behold the singular Modesty of this great Apostle!* Yes, I say, behold too! But this Modesty is a thing only to be look'd at, and not to be imitated, a *Matter fit for Meditation, not for Action*: And it seems by what comes after, the Doctor never intended to follow the Example, but proceeds to a Remark, more agreeable to his own Temper, and that may some Time or other help him out at a *dead list*. He tells ye, That *when the Apostle reckon'd up his Sufferings, 'twas the last, viz. Perils amongst false Brethren, that made the deepest Impressions upon his Passion, and what he bore with the greatest Resentment and Difficulty*. So that when the Doctor is reprov'd for *Railing and Slander*, he may shelter himself from the just Censures of the World, under the Pretence that *St. Paul* was in a Passion. *Hinc ille furor*— From hence (I suppose) the Doctor takes his Example, and truly had the Apostle given him an Inch, he'll be sure to take an Ell, for he resolves not to confine himself to the Design of the Place, but measures out a large Field that he may give himself the Liberty to lay about him with a most outrageous Violence; and now stand clear, for

*Here comes the Bull, his bellowing fills the Skies,
Fire in his Face, and Fury in his Eyes.*

Sach—It dress'd up in fire-works. 9

I say, stand clear, for I give this Warning for all, That if any of her Majesty's liege Subjects, whether Men, Women or Children, of what Rank or Quality soever, shou'd receive any Manner of Damage in Life, Limb or Reputation; I may not be answerable for the same.

Before the Doctor enters upon his Discourse, 'tis necessary he shou'd tell us (in general) what he means by *false Brethren*, whose general Character, as the Doctor has drawn it up, is as full of Words, and as empty of Sense, as his Countryman-in-law Hobb's Definitions commonly are; but if we take a View of it, 'twill afford us a little Diversion. Says he—*Wherein they are found deviating wilfully from either their inward Principles or outward Professions, by an unreasonable Alteration of Judgment, they are to be deem'd false Brethren.* Now the Business will stand pretty much thus— We'll suppose the Doctor to love a *Bottle* and a *Jacobite Conventicle*, a little with the most; and (in Charity) we'll suppose farther, that some time or other he'll reform, and drop the Company and Scandal together: His former Associates come and tell him, he's a *false Brother*, by wilfully deviating from his former Principles and Profession, by an unreasonable Alteration of Judgment. "Ay, but Gentlemen (says the Doctor) I have Reason for this Alteration, which tho' it be none to you, yet appears very strong to me, and I must follow it as such. Besides (Gentlemen) 'tis hardly Sense to call it a wilful Deviation, since no Man can possibly alter his Judgment at Pleasure; but is obliged to judge according to the prevailing Evidence of his present Measure of Light; and let me tell you farther, I have made a nice Search, into the great Argument of *Topping and Scandal* and find them erroneous. They will reply, All this is nothing to the Purpose, nor will excuse his Separation. Now (for all the Doctor's Principles can bear him out to say to the Contrary) he must e'en *Tope and Rail on to the End of the Chapter, or otherwise lie under the odious Name of a false Brother*: But the Doctor rejoyns, and tells them, *This Alteration is for the Better*: Why just so will every Alterer say; and (tho' the Doctor shou'd swear to the contrary) will think themselves obliged to follow whatever shall appear to them to be the most glaring Evidence, and the nearest to a moral Certainty. The Doctor having thus taken sanctuary in a Thicket of Words; *The Bull having scrap'd a Hole wherein he may secure his Nose from the Dogs*; he begins to brandish; and the next that comes in his Way (look to it) He'll toss him over his Head, and leave him never a whole Bone in his Skin, be he Bishop or Presbyter; for you must know (Gentlemen) that he smells Hereticks, Traytors and false Brethren, either dead or alive, at any Distance, and has got Horns of such a Length, that he'll reach them, whether on the

Side the Moon or beyond it; and therefore stand clear, all ye, both in the State of the Dead and of the Living, that have ever preach'd or publish'd any Doctrine that is not neat French Red, without any Manner of Sophistication, or have given up any small Pins-Point of the Ancient Discipline of the Church; that have deny'd the Jure Divino of Episcopacy, and told us a sneaking ill-contriv'd Story of the Scripture, Equality of Bishops and Presbyters; that have undamn'd Schism, and strip'd Occasional Conformity of Hypocrisy, have comply'd with Dissenters, and vindicated Toleration, that halt betwixt the Church and the Conventicle, and talk of Comprehension and Moderation, which is nothing but getting of Money; that stand up for a greater Perfection of Holiness than others, and justify Murder, Sacrilege and Rebellion by Texts of Scripture. I say, stand clear (for my Bull is mad) or he'll toss ye all to the D——— and farther.

And now for the Safety of her Majesty and her Liege People, let loose Moderation, to try if we can (that Way) tame the raging Fury of the ungovernable Creature. I know the *BEAST* hates the Cur, and cou'd never endure the sight of him; see how his Eyes sparkle, Fire, and Flame, and Smoke come out at his Nose, at the very mention of the Name; but on he must (tho' the Doctor should split with Vengeance) to vindicate the Reputation of those worthy Gentlemen, that the furious Beast has been pushing at.

Why? Can't the late Archbishop of Canterbury rest quietly in his Grave, but all that ever look'd like an Error in his Works, must be rak'd up? I'll freely acknowledge, the Notion is very unsafe to trust to; yet I verily believe, it was not a wilful Error in his GRACE, nor do I think he was deny'd Happiness, for that Excess of his Charity. But the Business is this. His GRACE was a Man for Comprehension, and 'twas that for which the Dr. writes his *Mittimus*. Had but his GRACE been of Laud's Faction, he might have writ Ten Thousand Blasphemies, and the Dr. would have Absolv'd him, had he been at the Gallows. His Pique against my LORD of SARUM is only because of his Lordship's true Greatness of Soul express'd in a most admirable Moderation towards those that dissent from him: For what has his Lordship done, in that excellent Performance of his upon the ARTICLES, but represented Things fairly between the contending Parties, and shewn the Folly of mutually charging, Absurd and Damnable Consequences upon the several Opinions laid down there, according as the Party-Men are in the Mind, and exhorted to Charity and mutual Forbearance? And can this (with any Sense or Modesty) be call'd a bringing Legions of Devils into the House of God? And why must Dr. Ken——t feel the sharpness of the Dr's. Resentment, for flattering the Living, and the Dead? And advancing a Notion, that if Men have Wit and Money enough, they need no Repentance, and

none but Fools and Beggars can be damn'd. I am truly sorry, that a Wretch of such a Character, that seems *harden'd*, almost, *beyond a Possibility of Repentance*, should have occasion to take notice of that *FALSE STEP* of such a *truly valuable Person*, who (I hope) has long since repented of his Error; I'm sure it was not that Passage, that put the D——n of Pet——r——gh out of the Dr's Favour; but he ow'd him a Grudge for his incomparable *Sermon on the Thirtieth of January*, and his Prudent and Moderate Behaviour in the Church: Had the Rev——nd D——n but heartily espoused the *Doctor's Hellish Principles and Faction*, he might have writ a Panegyrick upon the D——l himself, and the Doctor would ha' set his Hand to it.

And what if some of our Moderate Clergy (for peace sake,) have been willing to part with, *some small exceptionable Circumstantials, of our Discipline and Worship*, where's the false Brotherhood of all this? I am not in the least apprehensive, that all the whole Frame would fall down upon it: Methinks meer Ceremonies are but a thin Sort of *exterior Fence*, to guard the *Intervals of Religion*, and especially when they are made Terms of *Communion*. But I can tell the Dr. what I believe, would tend more to the Strength and Credit of the Church, than *the Tything of Mint and Annise*: And 'tis *CHARITY, MODERATION*, and (which is more available still, to make Religion amiable) *more exemplary Lives of the Clergy of all Sorts*: For let a parcel of Lewd Jackish Priests make ever such a Noise about *Decency, Order*, and the *Rites of the Church*, we shall not be a whit the better, 'till we see a thorough Reformation amongst those that have *debauched* the Morals of both our Gentry and Commonalty, with *Vile and Scandalous Examples*; and then, I doubt not (were all Perswasions of Protestants tolerated) but we should have more of *real Religion among us*, much more of *Unity*, and (perhaps) not much less of *UNIFORMITY* than any serious Christian could wish for.

I believe those Persons were not *Ignorant of the Essential Constitution of the Catholick Church*, who have, with abundance of Judgment, told us, that Episcopacy (as 'tis now managed) has no Foundation in Scripture, but is a *meer Creature of the Civil Power*, and that 'tis Indifferent, according to Christ's Institution, whether *Bishops or Presbyters* are the Men appointed to govern the Church: If the Reader will be at the Pains to peruse Dr *Stillingsfleet's Irenicum*, or an Answer to part of the Doctor's *Sermon, Entitl'd, the Peril of being Zealously Affected and not well*. Or a Pamphlet whose Title is *NAKED TRUTH*, writ, as 'tis suppos'd, by *Herbert, Lord Bishop of Hereford*, he may see, what the Doctor Cavils at, prov'd beyond all reasonable Contradiction, from the best
Antiquity,

Antiquity, and the Judgment of those *Blessed Martyrs*, that began the Reformation in this Kingdom.

Occasions: Conformity merely for a *Piece*, I hold strictly Unlawful: But *Occasional Communion* with either Church or Dissenters, that are agreed in the same Fundamental Doctrine, out of a *Principle of Moderation*, I look upon, to be so far from either Hypocrisy in it self, or dangerous in its Consequences, that it appears to me to be *the greatest Expression of a sincere Charity*, and the only way to a nearer Union amongst all Protestants. And what the Doctor Censures as an Intollerable Piece of False-Brotherhood, *to join with the Herd, and frequent the Publick Communion, and yet to slide into a Conventicle, &c.* I think has less of Scandal in it, than to slide privately into a *Bawdy-House*, or a *Boozing-Ken*, as some Body does, (that shall be nameless, if he don't farther provoke me *) and has some *Face of Religion*, which the other can never pretend to.

I am of Opinion, that 'tis not a *sneaking Compliance* in any to defend *Toleration* and *Liberty of Conscience*. And why the Dr. should not be pleas'd with it, I am able to give no other Reason, but that he has a mind to shew his *Notorious Disaffection* to the present Government; and as he can never be Reconcil'd to those who first granted *that Liberty*, which the Dissenters so happily Enjoy, so he's resolved to Lam-poon her *Sacred Majesty*, for Assuring us from the *Throne*, she will *inviolably maintain it*; and tho' he, *pag. 19.* would fain persuade us, *he's not against granting an Indulgence to truly Tender Consciences*; yet 'tis plain, he does not intend one Syllable of that kind Expression, should, in the least, belong to the Dissenters of this part of the United Kingdom; no, he can never reasonably grant that which cannot be Defended without *False Brotherhood*. Nay, and 'tis as plain as the Nose of a Man's Face, that those *who were begotten in Rebellion, born in Sedition, and nursed up in Faction*, can never be proper Subjects of the Doctor's *Indulgence*; for a *truly tender Conscience* will but make a very awkward Figure on such Wretched Scoundrels, as the Doctor has represented the Dissenters to be. Now I'm sure you may guess at twice, who those are, the Doctor has laid up this *Plumb-Pudding* for: Why? 'Tis ev'n for the *truly tender Consciences* in *North-Britain*, that can't take an Oath to the present Government, nor pray for Her Majesty, but Publickly pray for the *Pretender*. And now, *Holloo Ironsides! Collar him there Justice! Make the Bull roar, for Bellowing out Scandal against our Queen and Parliament! 'Tis for the Queen, Sirrah! Tear out that Tongue! And let the furious Beast never scatter his*

* To do Doctor Sa——ll Justice, he is neither meant, nor aim'd at in this Reflection.

Poyson any more amongst us. But I hope I need not bait him much more upon this Head, since the *Honourable House of Commons* have the Doctor and his Two Scandalous Libels under Consideration, and, I doubt not, will take such Care of him as his Case deserves.

But pray, Gentlemen, take Notice of another Sort of *False-Brethren*, which the Doctor has such a Kindness for, that he won't put them out of Countenance; and truly he has curry'd them over so briefly, that I had almost overlook'd the Passage. 'Tis in a *private Place of Page 11*. the Sins of these are such Peccadillo's, that they are scarce worth the Naming. They are those *who out of Fear or Complaisance, can tamely, and without Vindication, bear their God and Religion Blasphemed and Abused*. No, These are the Gentlemen that stand by the Doctor upon all Occasions, that encourage his Talent, and are mightily pleas'd with his Admirable Productions, and with whom (for that Reason) *he is oblig'd to herd*. And why should we expect the Doctor should expose these in the *usual keenness of his Style*? For suppose that one of his Hearers, on the Fifth of *November* (when the Doctor had reasonably recover'd his Breath after so long a Course) shou'd have address'd him thus; By swearing G—— D—— him, 'twas the best Sermon he ever heard in his Life. Wou'd it not ha' been Impertinent, and Uncivil, rudely to break in upon the Gentleman's *Christian Liberty*, and reprove such a solemn Expression of his wonderful Satisfaction? But besides, there is another Reason of Honour, which will intirely put a stop to any thing of that Nature, and 'tis this, *a Man must always be complaisant to his Benefactors*. But for the next Sort of False Brethren, those *Pharisaical Pretenders to greater Perfection in Holiness*. O! these are the Scoundrel Curs that must (without Mercy) be *push'd, gor'd, toss'd, and torn to Death*. And now, I remember, I was inform'd, the Doctor had a touch upon the *Societies for Reformation of Manners*, in his Sermon, but left out that Passage in the Publication; whether 'twas under this Head or no, I can't learn, but I'll supply it here, out of his *Deity Sermon*, p. 8. The Doctor had been proving the Necessity of Reproof, that we might not be Partakers of other Mens Sins: "But tells us, " that at the same time, Charity, Religion and Justice strictly command us not to meddle with those Concerns, that " don't belong to us, or under the sanctity'd Pretence of " Reformation of Manners, to turn Informers, assume an " Odious and Factious Office, arrogantly intrench upon others Christian Liberty and Innocence, and under the " shew of more Zeal, and Purity (the most infallible Token, " of a dextrous and refin'd Hypocrite and Knave) turn the " World upside down, and set all Mankind into Quarrels: " A little more of the Second Part to the same Time, read " in

in p. 12. *Ditto*. "He tells us, whatever fallacious Glosses,
 " such troublesome Wasps, that erect into illegal Inqui-
 " tions, may cast upon their Actions, they are, doubtless,
 " the unwarrantable Effects, of an impertinent, meddling
 " Curiosity; a Vice as contrary, to the Spirit of Christia-
 " nity as is to good Manners, and Justice: It is in short,
 " the base Product of Ill-nature, Spiritual-pride, Censori-
 " ousness, and fancify'd Spleen, pretending to carry on the
 " Blessed Work of Reformation, by Lying, Slandering,
 " Whispering, Back-biting, and Tale-bearing; the most
 " express Character of the Devil, who is emphatically styl'd
 " the Grand Accuser of the Brethren. *Well! this is a swin-
 go!* Did I not tell ye Gentlemen, that the Doctor could
 not endure these *sanctify'd Villains*. Alas! Can't Gentle-
 men enjoy themselves in their Innocent Diversions, but they
 must be interrupted by SAUCY MEDLING INTRUDERS?
 For a Doctor of Divinity, and Fellow of Magdalen College in
 Oxon, has (in effect) told us, That a little Drunkenness,
 Swearing, Whoring, and Sabbath-breaking, is but *Christian
 Liberty and Innocence*, especially if they are us'd with Mode-
 ration, and but now and then: That the Societies for Refor-
 mation of Manners, are an *Illegal Inquisition*, unwarrantably
 set up, and bear the express Image of the Devil, &c. *Here's
 a Church and State Mender with a Vengeance!* Courage, my
 Hearts! says the Doctor to his Boozing and other Friends;
 You may now take your *Christian Liberty*, in all its Branch-
 es; for I have now entirely Dissolv'd the *Damnable Inqui-
 sition*; and have BULLY'D all the saucy and troublesome
 Crew of *Informers, Constables, Headboroughs and Watch-men*
 to that degree, that forever hereafter, they shall not dare (so
 much as) to *peep into your Innocent Societies and Clubs*——
 Now if this be not a Commission (as far as the Doctor's Au-
 thority will reach) for the Encouragement of *all the Debauch-
 ed and Wicked Generation could wish for, let the World Judge*.
 Besides, what an unreasonable Charge is this upon a whole
 Body of Men, (who never did the Doctor any Harm, un-
 less in now and then disturbing his Pleasures) should we
 suppose that some *Persons (under the Pretence of Reformation)*
 have committed Intolerable Villanies, must this Warrant
 the Doctor to lay the Blame upon *the whole Society*? And
 must REFORMATION it self for this be run down, by
 a *desperate FELLOW*? 'Tis just, as if I should say there is a
 certain *D. D. of Magdalen College in Oxon, that is one of the
 vilest Wretches* Humane Nature ever produc'd, therefore the
 College it self is a Nest of Kn——es, F——ls and Ja--
 b——tes: I fancy my Consequence would be deny'd by
 some of that Society—— Well! But *Informers* have the
 Image of the Accuser of the Brethren. These Brethren, I'll
 warrant ye, must be *true Blue*, and not such as *shrink from*
 the

the Bottle, or sneak from the Cause, tho' I'm very apt to think the Doctor will find but few of them to stand by him at this Juncture, when he'll want some (more than ordinary) Cordials to support that COURAGE, he so often boasts of. The Brethren did he call them! In the Sense the Text (he has wretchedly abus'd) means! What? Shall those, that are the very'st Monsters, both in Church and State; and whose *flagrant Crimes*, have render'd them Odious to God and Man, be term'd *Innocent Brethren*? And shall those that would use their pious Endeavours to put a Stop to the standing Shame and *Reproach* of a *Reformed Christian Nation*, be call'd by the Name of *Devils*? It had better ha' become a *Doctor of Divinity*, to have encourag'd such a Necessary Work as Reformation, all that I did in his Power, than to have spent his Time, in such an Employment, that the D——l himself would, almost, be oblig'd to Patronize it. But for all the Doctor's Railing against the Office of Informer, he's not an Enemy to it in the main: No, could he but see the *Blessed Work of Persecuting Dissenters* (which I'm confident he never will) reviv'd once more in this Kingdom: He would be glad with all his Heart to be *Informer, Hang-man, or any thing*, so he could but be revenged on the whole Body; for the *Intolerable Crimes of Preaching and Praying*; and (which the Doctor hates them most for) being *steady in the Principles of the Revolution*, and true and faithful to her Sacred Majesty, and a most excellent Government, and cheerfully Contributing to the vast and necessary Charge of a *Bloody and Expensive War*, against a Tyrant who would impose a *SHAM PRINCE* upon us, and reduce us to Slavery and Wooden Shoes. But these Re-forming Villains can never be endur'd.

Come hither SPY, tell me what is the Reason of the Doctor's violent Passion? Come, Sirrah, I know ye're a *licking Cur*: Ye've been setting the Doctor and *Wasp*, and you have broken in upon his *Christian Liberty*. Tell me, ye little *sly Dog*, did you never catch the Doctor with his comfortable Importance at *Oxford*? Nor boozing at *M——gb*, nor swearing and hectoring against the Government in *S——rk*? Well, I see ye're a little Modest in the Matter, in hopes of a *Reformation*. But if he should persist in his Immoralities, (I mean in satyrizing our present Reformers): I charge ye to *FERRÉ* him out of all his Haunts, and let *WASP* take care of him, without respect to his *Gown and Tippet*, that he may be legally rank'd amongst the *Sort he properly belongs to*. But, as it falls out, the Doctor has given sufficient *INFORMATION AGAINST HIMSELF*, and who knows but he may do the business with his own Hand, and save *SPY* a Labour. What the Doctor says in Pag. 10, and 11. of some profess'd Church-men.

Hearing with Patience, if not Approbation, the Fanaticks, rail at, and Blaspheme the Church, and upon occasion, justify the King's Murder, with Sacrilege and Rebellion by Texts of Scripture, and Page 15. of these Fanaticks being permitted to combine into Bodies and Seminaries, wherein Atheism, Deism, Tritheism, and Socinianism, with all the Hellish Principles of Fanaticism, Regicide, and Anarchy are openly profess'd and taught, to corrupt and debauch the Youth of the Nation, &c. I look upon to be one continued Sacerdotalism, Lyism and Devilism, from one end to the other: which the Doctor (I believe,) had not the least Foundation for, no not so much as a Report from any Person of Credit or Reputation: If the Doctor had heard any such Report, it had been his Duty, Personally to have examined it before he had taken it up against his Neighbour, or otherwise (without a very great Degree of Repentance) he'll have a very DARK WAY to go, if what the Psalmist says, Psal. 15. 3. be true. As to the latter part of the Charge, I refer the Doctor to a Book writ by the Reverend Mr. PALMER (now a bright Ornament of our Church) which is so full of incontestable Proofs, from Matter of Fact, against the virulent Slanders the Doctor has advanced, that he never yet thought fit to reply to it. Yet, for all this, if the Doctor or any Gentleman, that either Publickly or Privately stand up in his Vindication, can fairly make out the heavy Charge, I would be the first that should expose such vile Wretches according to their Deserts, and fly from any manner of Converse with them, as from the most dangerous Contagion. But (at present) I'm satisfy'd to the contrary, and have not the least Apprehension, that either Church or State is in any Danger from that Quarter.

The next thing I shall present you with, is the Doctor's Account of False Brethren, with relation to the State; where Page 11. after having (according to his wonted manner) multiply'd Words without Sense, to give us a confus'd Notion of Government, that we might not know where to find him. He comes, Page 12, to prove what he says, some will be ready to call an high-fown Paradox; now the Proof is full out as much Paradox, as any thing he had advanc'd; says he, The grand Security of our Government, and the very Pill upon which it stands, is founded upon the steady Belief of the Subjects Obligation to an absolute and unconditional Obedience to the Supreme Power in all Things lawful: And the utter Illegality of Resistance upon any Pretence whatsoever. And this is the distinguishing Characteristick of the Doctor's Church. Stand clear therefore, Gentlemen, both Clergy and Laity, that heretofore have, or hereafter dare Explode or Ridicule this high-fown Position, as unfashionable, superannuated, or dangerous to the Right, Liberty and Property of the People; and make Court to her Majesty by advancing Antimonarchical Schemes, that

that have the *Impudence* to stile yourselves *Sons and Presbyters of the Church of England*, and yet manifestly defend the Resistance of the *Supream Power*, under a *new-fangled Notion of Self-defence*. I say, stand clear; or (if ever *Master Perkin* brings in a *French Government*, which Heavens forbid) you shall be *toss'd upon the Horns of Tyranny and Arbitrary Power*, and *push'd to the D——l* by the flaming *Censures of an Ecclesiastical Synod of Romish Priests*; Nor shall the *Supream Subjects* (as the Doctor has it) the *Commons of England*, be ever able to relieve ye.

And now he concludes that he has done our Business for us effectually: Now (according to this Doctrine) we must entirely submit, to let any that are commission'd from a crown'd Head, our *SUPREAM POWER* (let it lodge where it will) *live at Discretion, eat up all our Substance, ravish our Wives and Daughters, and cut our Throats too into the Bargain, and never offer to resist upon any Pretence whatsoever*. Well, 'tis a sad Case, but where's the Remedy? *All is Cæsar's*, and our very Souls are scarcely our own. But if the Doctor's Pillar should fail him, there's some Hopes yet; and truly 'tis a Pillar so very insignificant to any thinking Man, that I don't know of what Use it can be to *Britain*, unless it be left standing *for the Dogs to piss upon*. I know it has been often urg'd, and with Abundance of Warmth and Fury, but the Authors themselves have been forc'd to abandon it, and fall into *Measures of Resistance*; for whenever *Absolute Power touch'd their Copy-holds*, they always took care to leave the *Speculative Phantom* to shift for it self: Ay, and (with the Doctor's leave) even at the *Revolution* under his late Majesty of *Glorious Memory*, the Weakness of this Pillar was sufficiently try'd, and yet (God be thanked) both Church and State are alive, and alive like to be. But the Doctor (with his usual *Impudence and Folly*) has endeavour'd to give another Turn to that Transaction, and tells us, *the King solemnly disclaim'd the least Imputation of Resistance*. Resistance! No, he only came with a Fleet, and an Army sufficient to defend himself against King James's evil Counsellors, and there was but a Skirmish at *Wincaunton*, another at *Reading*, and a little Brush at the *Boyne*; and can this be Resistance? Now wou'd not the Doctor make one believe he's *old dab at Cups and Balls*? He holds up the Revolution manag'd by Arms, between his Finger and his Thumb; Gentlemen, don't ye see Resistance? Why this is but a meer *deceptio visus*, there's no such Thing, for with a Snap of his Fingers, and a flourish with his conjuring Stick, *Pass!* 'Tis gone, and we are left in Amusement and Admiration.

His impotent Malice against Mr. *Hoadly's* Notion of Self-Preservation, is as full of Sense and Honesty, as is consistent with his Way of Arguing: He tells us, P. 13. That *the*
silly

fiſy Pretence will equally ſerve to juſtify all Rebellions, &c. We'll ſuppoſe the Aſſaſſination Plots had ſucceeded, and a Rebellion had follow'd, I won't ſay, but the Dr. might have juſtiſy'd it; but I'm utterly at a Loſs, how he cou'd have done it from the *Principle of Self-Defence*; For the wretched Miſcreants concern'd in it, had no Manner of Pretence, that either their Liberty, Property or Religion (if they had any) were invaded in an Arbitrary Way, or any imaginable Violence offer'd to their Perſons. Well! But the Notion is damn'd, as *Villanous*, and the *Authors* are left, p. 14. to the *ſtrict Juſtice and undeſerv'd Mercy* of the Civil Power, and the *Thunder of Eccleſiaſtical Cenſures*, i. e. to *Destruction in this, and Damnation in the other World*—— Poor Ben. Hoadly! I pity thy hard Fate, that thou ſhould'ſt fall under the Dr's Diſpleaſure; thy certain Ruin is fully reſolv'd upon: Yet *courage Ben!* There's ſome Hope left ſtill that thou may'ſt eſcape, and that *the Gallows of fifty Cubits high*, may be embellish'd with a flaming Ornament of the Church of St. Germain's. Pray (good Mr. *Fury*) why muſt all the *Poſſe* be rais'd againſt the Gentlemen that have eſpous'd the Revolution Principles? And why do ye impertinently excite our Superior Paſtors, to enter into your ſenſleſs Quarrels? Her ſacred Majeſty don't deſire either a *Star-Chamber, or High-Commiſſion Court*. She is entirely pleas'd with the Free-will Offerings of the Blood and Treasure of her Loyal Subjects, and wou'd rather govern a Nation of Princes wholly in her Intereſt, than Ten Thouſand Provinces of *meer Beaſts of Burthen*. She is not in the leaſt Apprehenſive that the Crown totters on her Head, or that thoſe you have *miſrepreſented*, ſhould curſe her to her Face. The two Houſes of Parliament are unanimoſly agreed, that *Reſiſtance is juſtifiable*, and don't want ſuch *State Coſlers* as you, to direct the Helm of Government: They know the *Well-built Frame* ſtands upon the firmeſt Ground, when fix'd upon the *ſteady Baſis of Moderation*. The *Right Reverend Fathers of our Church*, know how, and upon what Occaſions, to exert their prudent Zeal for the Security of our Church, without your *Wild-fire* to aſſiſt in the mighty Work. In a Word, *Britannia's Loyal Sons* (for all your noyſy Cant) are all to a Man, fully ſatiſfy'd with the preſent Adminiſtration of our grand Affairs, in the Hands of a *moſt wiſe and faithful Miniſtry*; and are apprehenſive of no Danger, but from the too great Indulgence of ſuch *Railers and Slanderers as your ſelf*, who can never be at Eaſe but when you are ſowing Sedition, and by Forgeries and Lies, endeavouring to excite Jealouſies and Animofities among Men of mean Capacities and eaſie Belief.

What the Doctor means, P. 15. by *the ſworn Adverſaries to Juſtice Obedience, and the Royal Family*, I proteſs I can't imagine, unleſs it be thoſe that have declar'd againſt *Arbitrary Government,*

Government, and abjur'd the Pretender. But shou'd he mean either these in general, or any particular Species, he has a more than ordinary Pique against, the Charge will be equally false; for the steady Loyalty of *both Moderate Churchmen and Dissenters*, is so well known to her sacred Majesty, that she's perfectly at ease about them. These are the Persons, that have been all along so ready to *sacrifice their Lives and Fortunes, for the Support of Her Majesty's Crown and Dignity*, against all Opposition; and even in those Times when they had not that Encouragement they now enjoy, of the Honours and Profits under the Government; have been the *forwardest to advance Money upon Parliamentary Securities*, for carrying on the War with Vigour. These were never concern'd in making the *Tacking Experiment*, which (in the Opinion of all that wish well to *Britain*) wou'd unavoidably have ruin'd us. These never made it their Business (as some of the Doctor's Friends have done) to buz it into the Ears of the Country People, that (to use the Doctor's nonsensical ill-apply'd Expression) *our Loins were touch'd, and Taxes were exorbitant*; with I don't know how much more of such scandalous Stuff, to raise Jealousies, and foment Divisions amongst us, to the End (for I can't imagine any other they cou'd have in View) they might make Way for the bringing about another Revolution, according to their own Hearts; And shall we suffer such an heavy Charge, such Lies and Calumnies without Remark?

'Tis now Time we should loose *B R I N D L E*, to vindicate the Honour of the Subjects of *Britain*. *B R I N D L E*, I'll assure you, Gentlemen, is no *mongrel Cur*, but a true *British Mastiff*; and tho' he has a Diversity of Colours on his Skin, yet these are so intermix'd and firmly united, that it makes the whole appear more agreeable to the Eye. *He's a Dog of true Courage*, sufficient to tame the Rage of the most furious Bull. *Collar him there, Sirrah!* Down with his lofty Head! Down, Down with it even to the very Ground! —

But (to give another Turn to the Doctor's Expression, p. 12.) God be thanked, neither the Constitution of our Church or State is so far alter'd; but by the Laws of both (still in force) the Dr's damnable Principles, Lies and Slanders, let them come from *Rome or Versailles*, from the Pulpit or the the Press, are condemn'd for *High Crimes and Misdemeanours*; and (which I hope will be a lasting Mortification to all *Jacks and Tackers*) the modest Defences of Revolution Principles, by the Reverend Mr. *Hoadly*, have been so far taken Notice of, as that the worthy Gentleman has thereby merited the Favour and Recommendation of the Commons of *Great Britain*.

Go on Brave Patriots, as you have begun,
 You speak the Sense of every Loyal Son
 Of our United Isle: Hybernia too
 Shall joyn the Just Applause of what you do:
 The joyful Sound shall reach the Gallick Shore,
 And make the Tyrant fret, that now no more,
 His Servile Tools, our Pulpits shall profane,
 Nor in Rehearsals spread their direful Bane.

The third Sort of *false Brethren*, are an inferior Species, which, as the Doctor has describ'd, has so much of his *Now* dear *PHIZ* in it, especially towards the latter End of P. 15. that I leave him to admire it; only with this Remark, That one Branch of this Brotherhood, the Doctor has really some Reason to be angry with, and 'tis *Those that desert their Friends in their Misfortunes*. I'm sure 'tis a Shame for *SOME-BODY* thus to drop the Doctor now in his Adversity; and that those that care's'd him so violently upon the Birth of his Sermon, shou'd refuse publickly to stand Godfathers; nay, and almost to swear they know not the Man: Well, 'twas scurvily done, and beneath the Spirit of true Blue, thus cowardly to sneak from the Cause. But thus it will be, *false Brethren* will be such in every Faction, and the Doctor must endeavour to take it patiently, tho' it may be one of the greatest Aggravations of his Misery, to suffer without a Companion.

And now, Gentlemen, a little Touch of the *FIREWORKS*, and we shall conclude the Diversion for this Time, for I have in a great Measure prevented my self in the former Part, and upon that Account, there will be less need of enlarging in my Remarks upon the Remainder of the Doctor's Sermon.

He comes, P. 16. to lay before us, the *Peril of False Brethren*, both in Church and State, by proving that they undermine in themselves, and put it into the Power of profess'd Enemies to blow up, and overturn the Constitution and Establishment of both.

I shall not here entertain the Company with a Discourse of the Nature and Use of *Fireworks* in general; or let them into the Mystery of Compounding the several whizzing and Louncing Parts of a *Serpent, Squib or Cracker*; for as one wou'd be an unnecessary detaining them from the *SPORT*, so the other may be prejudicial to those who make it their Employment: But I think it requisite to take Notice, that some of these *FIREWORKS* are only imaginary, the other real; the imaginary are something the *Bull* fancies are levell'd at the utter Destruction of the whole Race of *Bashan*; and whenever they occur to his Imagination, they make him Horn-mad, and put him into a *Paroxysm of the most raging Fury*;

Fury; infomuch, that he tosses his Head, and kicks up his Heels, and raves and tears to that Degree, that there's no Manner of Safety for those that are out of the Galleries, if he ben't fast bound to the Stake; therefore I promise that he shall be made fast to the Premises, and give this solemn Warning to all you that stand within the Rails, that you keep without the Compass of the Circle, which the Length of the Rope describes round about the Centre; otherwise, I won't be answerable for any Damage you shall sustain in Body or Cloaths; and tho' he may stand quiet for a Time, don't trust him; for as the Working of Imagination is uncertain, so 'tis sudden, and therefore I charge you stand off, lest he come upon ye unawares, and toss, and maul ye, to your own Hurt, and the Detriment of your Wives and Children. Now, if any out of Curiosity, will be trying Experiments (in a lucid Interval) to scratch and curry Favour with him, let it be at their own Peril.

The *Real Fire-works* that are standing out upon him, are a Sort of Missive Weapons, which he darts out (as a Porcupine does his Quills) against those he's displeas'd with: And therefore (that the *Diversion* may be without Damage to Her Majesty's Subjects) I give this Notice to all Gentlemen and Ladies (as you wou'd prevent the Demolishing of your Wigs and Head-dresses, or the disobliging of any other Part of your Habiliments) that you bring no Manner of combustibile Matter about ye; no red hot Zeal or Bigotry, no raving Sense of Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance, no secret Kindness for Master Perkin; for if you do, you take Fire like Gun-powder, and are blown up in an Instant. But be sure you come arm'd with Moderation, Charity and Loyalty to Her sacred Majesty, and the present Government; and (tho' Thousands of Serpents Squibs and Crackers, or any other the most pernicious spiritual *Fire-works* imaginable, shou'd whiz and bounce about ye) (*my Life for yours*) ye're perfectly safe, and are only concern'd in the Diversions at the Doctor's Expence.

The first Instance the Doctor gives of a disturb'd Imagination, is his bellowing out the Danger of our Church: By which he tells us, we must understand the true and genuine Notion of it, as it stands contra-distinguish'd in its Establishment, Doctrine, Discipline and Worship, from all other Churches and Schismatics, who wou'd obtrude a wild Negative Idea of a National Church, so as to incorporate themselves into the Body. Now for all the Light the Doctor has given by this Description, I confess I don't understand What Church he means, especially if he stands to it, that it is in actual Danger; but you know, Gentlemen, there were a Sort of Clergy, soon after the late happy Revolution (and they are not all gone yet) who took it upon their Consciences, That none of those who took the Oaths to his late Majesty (*of Glorious Memory*) were true

Sons of the Church of England, but perfect Schismatics as any Settaries whatever; and that for going against the Fundamental Doctrine of *Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance*: Nay, and these same Clergymen wou'd ha' made us believe, that the Revolution-Men, had Throats, such open Sepulchres, that they cou'd most of 'em, without kecking, have swallow'd a live Bull, Horns and all, and consequently were accursed by the Authority of that very Church they pretend to belong to. Now if the Doctor makes these *SCOUNDRELS*, the Genuine Church of England, I hope their Clubs (if I may so express it) are in Danger of being dissolv'd; and truly, a Body wou'd greatly suspect him, because he contends so earnestly for the great Point (as he calls it) of *Fundamental Doctrine*. Whether or no the Doctor took the Oaths to his late Majesty, I can't tell, and therefore shall say nothing (for *I wou'd not wrong the Devil if I knew it*) yet I have a shrew'd Suspicion, he keeps a Correspondence with the *CATTLE* I have been speaking of, and I leave it to impartial Judges, whether the *Sibboleth* of his Cant, don't a little bewray him. Shou'd the Doctor mean by the Church of England, *Men of Revolution-Principles, that believe her Faith, own her Mission, submit to her Discipline, and comply with her Liturgy*; I can't see how the Doctor, or any one else can pronounce Danger, unless under the Influence of a very much deprav'd *Imagination*. Does the Doctor think all the Kingdom mad but himself, and a poor despis'd few of fiery Zealots of his Standard? For my Part, *I thought we might sleep secure, since Her Majesty, and both Houses of Parliament, all the moderate, serious and thinking-Clergy, that I can meet with, and the wisest and best Part of the Nation, are of Opinion, the Church is out of Danger*; and what needs all this Noise? Why, the Doctor has discover'd *several Mines* ready charg'd, the Train's laid, and nothing wanting but our open Enemies to *give Fire* in order to spring them, and up we go as sure as a Gun: Nay, and he tells ye, these very Mines are wrought by *false Brethren, that pretend to be Sons of the Church, and the Powder, Bombs, and Trojan Horses* brought in, by these very Men, that have the Confidence to stile themselves, *Sons and Presbyters*: Yea, (and as if he had been in the Conspiracy) he tells ye, the very Way by which the *Dangerous Mines* were wrought, was this, Some have been attempting to suit the *Articles of our Church, to all Senses, Nations and Languages, to render her a Babel and Desolation*. Others have endeavour'd to compound with Schismatics, *by throwing up the Essentials of our Faith, and the Uniformity of our Worship, to make Room for an Heterogeneous Mixture of all Persons of what different Faith soever, by Comprehension and Toleration*. And this wild Idea of a National Church, which they have advanc'd, (says the Doctor) is the *Popular Engine* they have made use of to undermine the

very

very Essential Constitution of our Church, and was the pious Design of making our *House of Prayer a Den of Thieves*, well known to have been attempted several Times, and lately within our Memory, when all things seem'd to favour it.

Now 'tis very evident, that *this Part of the Churches Danger, from the corrupting our Articles, had its Existence purely in the depraved Fancy of the Doctor, and those of his Faction; for (in the Opinion of the most moderate and learned Men) The Bishop of Sarum's Exposition of the Thirty Nine Articles, (if he hints at that) is writ with that Judgment and Charity, that I never met with any that were capable of understanding it, that had the least reasonable Objection against it, nor do I think, that all the several Treatises extant upon that Subject, have so well answer'd the truly valuable Ends of such a Performance as that Admirable Piece; and therefore, when Dr. Sach--ll writes again, I desire he wou'd be very plain and particular upon those Passages which seem to be calculated for all Senses, Nations and Languages; for a general Charge (tho' it may influence such as neither read nor think) will never pass with Men of Sense, otherwise I shall pronounce him a malicious Slanderer. If he means any others, that have (as he says) corrupted the Essentials of our Faith; let him point us out the Books, that we may examine into the Danger, and not be scar'd with *Rav-head and Bloody-bones at every Turn, when he thinks fit to go Mad.* Ay, but there was a **COMPREHENSION** intended, to bring a Religious Trojan Horse big with Arms and Ruin, into our Holy City, to lay open her Walls, pull down her Inclosures, and make an high Road into her Communion. Here (before I shew the groundlessness of the Doctor's Fears) give me leave to tell ye, that I freely grant, there are some Notions advanced and publicly espous'd, that are scarcely tolerable in a Christian Nation, and I could wish that some abler Hand than the Doctor's, in the Spirit of Meekness and Charity, wou'd undertake to confute them; because 'tis plain, that senseless railing and ill Nature, can never effect that desirable Work: I mean such Notions as infer the denying Revealed Religion, the Divinity of our Saviour, and the Satisfaction he has made for Sinners; the Divine Personality and Operations of the Ever-blessed Spirit; and that imply an invalidating a Gospel Ministry, and those Ordinances of Christ committed to their Administration: For such Positions strike at the very Being of Christianity it self; and their Authors are so far from having any just Pretence to belong to the Church of England, that I don't know, upon what good grounds, they can style themselves Christians. But that those that don't differ from us, in any one Essential Point of our Faith, and only Dissent from the Rites and Ceremonies of our Worship, which we our selves account Indifferent in their own Nature, should be rank'd a-*

mongst *Deists, Socinians, and Erastians*, and doom'd to Eternal Destruction together with them, I think, is *as far from Reason as 'tis from common Justice and Charity*. The Doctor therefore ought to have made a Distinction between the *Doctrines and Authors* that agree with the Essentials of our Articles, and those that evidently thwart and contradict them; and not have advanc'd a *wild Heterogeneous Mixture of Dangers and Enemies*, which gives us no distinct Idea of any one sort of them. How can we (at this rate) possibly know who are to be kill'd, and who left alive, but the Innocent must be left to perish with the Guilty. I cou'd wish too, with all my Heart, *That an high Road might not be made into the Communion of our Church*, but that the Antient Discipline of the *Primitive Christians* (which every Year we vainly desire) might be reviv'd, for the keeping Hereticks Ignorant, and Scandalous Persons out of our Communion. But that Persons of *sound Knowledge and unblameable Lives*, should, for Matters purely indifferent in themselves, and meerly Circumstantial, be kept out, and those that *OCCASIONALLY CONFORM* to the enjoyn'd Ceremonies, shou'd be grudg'd the Privilege, is that, which I profess, I can see no Reason for.

Now to shew you, that all the *CHURCH'S DANGER* the Doctor dreams of, from *COMPREHENSION*, is Imaginary; let it be consider'd, That if we separate *moderate Churchmen, and Dissenters* from the Company into which the Doctor has put them, the Company (I'm confident) they abhor to the last Degree, the Doctor's Complaints will appear to have no manner of Foundation in Reason. *THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY* (whose Memory will be precious, as long as there is any Religion, Sense, or good Nature left in *England*) never intended to receive *Atheists, Deists, or Socinians*, into the Comprehension, by giving up the Essentials of our Faith, nor to Establish *Erastianism* upon the Ruin of our Discipline; nor is any Man of Thought apprehensive, that *Moderation and Occasional Conformity* (upon the Grounds mention'd before) can Undermine, or Contribute to blow up' the Constitution, but will rather tend to the Increase and Strength of the whole Frame. Nor will it follow, (*shou'd we suppose an Abatement made, to Consciences truly scrupulous, of some of those things we count Indifferent*) that the Constitution deliver'd down to us by Christ and his Apostles, would be Curtail'd and Mangled, Blasphem'd, as Weak and Inconstant; her Ordinances argu'd Illegal, *the Dissenters harden'd in their Separation*, the Reputation of our Priests Blasted, nor Truth, Honesty and Piety Eradicated out of the Minds of Men; neither wou'd it, from thence forward, be indifferent to Men, whether there were *any or no Religion*: Nor would the People
of

of this or any other Nation (upon this Account) be under any Necessity of turning *Atheists or Papists*; All which the Doctor asserts, and is resolved *severely to believe*, any thing heretofore, or hereafter contained in Reason or Conscience to the contrary thereof, in anywise notwithstanding. Now if the Doctor will fright himself at this rate, who can help it? I think 'tis but just I shou'd leave him to be tormented with the *Furies of his own Imagination*: Nor do I see it necessary, in the least, to go about to Confute these wild Assertions of his (which are so Naked and destitute of all Proof, that the *lowest Degree of Understanding*, may see thro' 'em) 'till he attempts to make 'em good by such Arguments as are worth a Man's while to reply to. Only this I'll say for the Present, That one of the * *Wiseest and Best of Parliaments we ever had* in England, (except that which is now sitting) were of Opinion, that the Uniting of all the Protestant Subjects in the Kingdom (the Dr. may call it *COMPREHENSION* if he pleases) was one of the best Expedients, that cou'd be thought of, for securing us against Popery, in that Time of Danger; and accordingly had Voted a Bill to be brought in for that purpose: How, and by whose means, that *NOBLE DESIGN* prov'd abortive, some now alive can very well remember.

Now (Gentlemen) look about ye! *the Fire-works are a going to play*: If there be any Foreigners here, especially those that belong to Geneva, stand upon your Guard! For the Doctor has put you into the same Predicament with very *Schismaticks, as Enemies to his Church*, and if you don't quit your selves of the Charge, ye're every Man and Mother's Son blown up without Remedy. *Whi—z! there goes a Squibb, Whi—z!* Well, Gentlemen! Now after the Smoke is clear'd up, I'm glad to see you come off unhurt, without so much as a *Smut from the Doctor's Powder*. Ye're all perfectly safe, being guarded with a *sincere Love to our Church*, and Charity towards those that (out of Conscience) dissent from her.

The next *FIRE-WORK* that presents it self, is that large double *ROCKET*, levell'd at the late Archbishop, and Men of healing Spirit and Temper, (whom he calls *Ecclesiastical Achitophel's, for having advanced a Villanous Scheme*) 'tis compounded of Malice and Virulent Slander, with a sufficient Mixture of hot Zeal-- *Gardez vous, Comprehension-Men, Whiz--z—z—z Bounce—Whiz—z—z—z* See, Gentlemen, how 'tis return'd in his own Face — *Bounce—* and makes him tear the Ground for very madness. Thus do all Slanders return upon their Authors Heads: That peaceful Prelate is far beyond the reach of his most Malicious Ene-

* The Parliament that pass'd the Bill of Exclusion.

mies, nor shall the Attempts of ungovernable Spirits, so much as blacken his Reputation, or tarnish, in the least, his *dear-lov'd Memory*. But 'tis no wonder that proud and fiery Zealots are Enemies to *Humility and Moderation*, and tear themselves with Madness, that they cannot banish those Manly Vertues (the truest Indication of great and noble Souls) from the Face of the Earth.

And now (Gentlemen) you that are for *Moderation and Occasional Conformity*; stand upon your Defence, for your Villanous Notions have proclaim'd you *fly and secret Enemies to the Doctor's Church*, (by endeavouring to undermine and blow her up) *Take care of your Wiggs and Gravats, and prevent the finging of your Eye-brows: Whiz— z— z— z— have among ye, Bounce—* The Doctor says ye've endeavour'd to prostitute his Church to more Adulterers than ever lay with the Scarlet Whore, *Whiz— z— z—* and you are bringing in Atheism and Popery by tricking and Spiritual Legerdemain, *Bounce—* Well, 'tis a little frightful, and might have made some timorous Constitutions to *h' crept under the Seats*; but now I see to my Satisfaction (Gentlemen) ye're all safe, and all the Charge and Noise is nothing but *Smoke and Vapour*. Thus, Gentlemen, you see these "Pulpit Incendiaries are a sort of *meer*
" *Divinity Meteors*, (or rather, *Mad Bulls*) that run bellowing
" up and down to misguide the wandering People, and vent
" their undigested Conceits, as the Wind of their airy Fan-
" cies agitates 'em: They are *Credulous Bigots* that never
" think; and tho' they pretend to be high for the Church,
" *they are Strangers to practical Godliness*; their Zeal is a
" little too hot, for 'tis not that Holy Fire which is kindled
" by a Coal from the Altar, but is that *Ignis Fatuus*, or
" *WILD-FIRE*, which is but a Meteor piec'd up of Malig-
" nant Vapours: Our gracious Queen desires perfect Peace and
" Union amongst all her Protestant Subjects; but these *Fie-*
" *ry Madcaps* do now fling about their Bombs and their Gra-
" nades against the Dissenters, as if they were storming a
" Conventicle; every *Word is a Snap-Dragon*, or a Flash of
" Lightning enough to finge all the Perriwigs in the Cou-
" gregation: *Strange!* That such Fiery Men should be for *Pa-*
" *sive Obedience!* But that's a Vertue which they only *Preach*
" *to others, never Practice themselves* *. But let the *Doctor and*
" *his Bellowing Friends Whiz and Bounce as long as they please, a-*
" *gainst Moderation and Occasional Conformity*: All the Notion I
" ever heard of *Spiritual Whoredom* is reduc'd to abominable Ido-
" latries, with which neither true Church-men, nor Dissenters
" can ever be charg'd in the least Degree; nor can I see any Ne-
" cessity of turning *Atheists or Papists by Occasional Conformity to ei-*

* See my *Satyr on the Tackers*, sold by J. Morphew.

ther the Church or Dissenters, that hold the same Fundamentals both in Doctrine and Worship, and I think, (tho' it may seem a Paradox) I can fully prove— *That a Dissenter may turn Church-man, and e contra, a Church-man Dissenter, without Change of Religion---* *. And here the Doctor cou'd not for shame, but give the Roman Catholics a little touch when his Hand was in, Pag. 18. *Tho' it were highly to be wish'd, that those Excellent Laws made for the Church's Safety, Defence and Security, were at present put in Execution, For the Roman Catholick Agents and Missionaries, that swarm about this great City, as it were in Defiance, &c.* Here is only a CRACKER or two, which are the most harmless sort of FIRE-WORKS, that cause only a little Laughter. The Paragraph is very short, and tho' there is something that seems to be against them, yet 'tis observable, he has treated them with more Manners than the Pillars of our own Church, forsooth, cou'd deserve from him; how the Matter had before been com-promised betwixt the Doctor and them, or what Fellow-feeling there was in the case, I can't tell, but the Papists (as I am credibly inform'd) rejoyc'd at the Sermon, and bought it up at a wonderful Rate, so that the Doctor need not be afraid of any great Disgust he has given them. I hope I shall never be thought an Advocate for Papists, but count them greater and more Dangerous Enemies to our Church, than the Doctor's Principles can allow him to do, and yet I can't baulk this evident Truth now when it lies in my way, that Men of high-flown Principles for these several Years, have appeared greater Incendiaries, and vented more contagious Poyson than the Papists themselves; (witness Hig———'s Sermon, and L———'s Rehearfals) and yet the Jest on't is, they wou'd be thought as the Doctor has it Pag. 16. *The only true Sons that must be in the Church's Bosom for her Guard. A hopeful company, and as necessary for the good of the Church as Fire-brands in a thatch'd House.*

The Second Instance of the Doctor's Madness, is his crying up the Danger of the State from false Brethren, which are the same as above, viz. Moderate Church-men and Dissenters. The main thing under this Head, that has frighted him out of his Wits, is a Republican Notion; and where this is kept up, he tells us, Pag. 18. it will follow, as fast as Hogs go to Rumford: *That, the same Causes must needs produce the same Effects; and the Latitudinarian Position must needs bring forth the same rebellious and pernicious Consequences; or, as he explains himself, a little below, The same seditious Thoughts will again exemplify themselves in the same bloody Actions: For,*

* See a larger Account of this Paradox in the Preface to Danton's Athenianism now in the Press.

says he a little above, tho' these sort of Persons do submit to the Government, their Obedience is forc'd and constrain'd, and therefore so treacherous and uncertain as never to be trusted, especially with the Guardianship of our Church or Crown, because proceeding from no Principle but meer Interest and Ambition. And he tells ye for a Certainty, that the Old Leaven is still working in this present Generation, the same Traditional Poyson still remains in the Brood of Vipers to sting us to Death. And therefore concludes, the State must be in eminent Danger: The Fore-Fathers of these False Brethren, he endeavours to prove, Page 19. were head-strong and incroaching Monsters, from the Tryal Q. Elizabeth had of them, thro' the Intercession of Bishop Grindall, and the disastrous Calamities suffer'd afterwards by the Royal Family. And that this sort of Men are now contriving our utter Ruin; he takes for granted, Page 20. and warns us not to be too secure from an Instance of the blindness of the Prophet's Servant. Thus I have endeavour'd fairly to represent the Matter and Grounds of the imaginary Danger the Doctor dreams of. Now (Gentlemen) before I come to Remark upon him, give me leave to tell you, that I apprehend, our Limited Monarchy to be the happiest Species of Government, that any Nation in the World ever enjoy'd, as being an exact Medium, between Arbitrary Power on the One Hand, and Anarchy and Confusion on the other, where there is all the Dignity of Prerogative any reasonable Prince can desire, and all the Security of Liberty, Property and Religion, that a dutiful People can wish for; and I am of Opinion that all the Loyal Subjects of Great Britain, are sensible, that this Government was never in better Hands since we were a Nation, than in those of her present Majesty, the best of Queens, and the tenderest of Mothers; the present Houses of Parliament, which will be memorable as long as Time shall continue, and the Ministers of State, to whom the Management of our Grand Affairs are committed; the best Set of Men we have ever seen, where the steadiness and Prudence of Councils, and the Secrecy and Faithfulness in Execution, has been all along so Admirable, and the Blessing and Success from Almighty Providence so Remarkable, that there seems nothing more wanting to make us compleatly Happy, than a more general Reformation of our Morals, that we might engage the continuance of the Divine Presence amongst us.

And now what need of all this Clamour? Why, the Doctor will have it, that our Ruine is a contriving by Fanatical Republicans, and p. 20. The False Brethren that fall in with their Measures, are basely contributing to it: Well! But if the Doctor be under one continu'd Mistake (to say no worse) from one End of his Charge to the other, I hope we may pronounce our selves in a perfect State of Security: Indeed, if the Doctor means a French Government, and the
Pie-

Protender, I must agree with him, that the wretched Faction, that wou'd bring them in amongst us, are in *Danger* (as he calls it) of being suppress'd, but for our most excellent Constitution (for all the Doctor BELLOWS to the contrary) I cannot see to be in any other than a safe and flourishing Condition. The *Republican Notion* is the main Engine of the Doctor's *False Brethren*, by which they would tear up his Constitution by the Roots, which puts him into such a Passion, that I'm afraid of the Rope. See how he flings and tears, look to your selves, Gentlemen, and keep your distance, and that he mayn't break in upon you, I'll loose Holdfast, Holloo, Holdfast!—— Maul him there Sirrab! He has him safe—— and now, Gentlemen, we'll tye him secure, by denying the whole Charge; for when the Doctor declares any thing flagrant and undeniably true in Fact; I have a grand suspicion of him, and 'tis common, when Evidence has been found tripping (and the Doctor and his two *Irish Ones* have been frequently detected) never to take their Oaths; for *tryal of a Dog*, much less in Matters of the highest Importance, and as for the *Republican Principle*, I believe all my Country-men are pretty clear of it; and I verily believe the *Airy Phantom* exists purely in the Doctor's own empty Brain, and that of his Party; for if there be any thing of that Nature yet remaining amongst us, I believe 'tis in very few Hands, and of such as never expose it to sale; all thinking Persons are now tolerably well convinced, that a *Republick*, (such as the Doctor hints at) is a *Weed* that will never be likely to thrive upon a British Soil, tho' it has been attempted, there has been a full Tryal made of it, and 't has been turn'd every way, to find out a right Situation for it, but it always miscarry'd, and the Stream of the Nation, naturally return'd to *Monarchy*. Well! But the Doctor, Pag. 19. tells us, He won't believe the *Fanaticks* have relinquish'd the Principles and Sins of their Fore-fathers, because they don't renounce their *Schism*, and come sincerely into the Church; why this is the Business! Who can please him? But a few Lines before, he was for granting an *Indulgence* to truly scrupulous Consciences, but now (such is the Variableness of Humane Minds) he tells ye, they must either come to Church, or they're all a parcel of *Traitors and Villains* by Principle. These Doctors take a strange Liberty. He makes the *Toleration* but only a sort of License for *Treason and Rebellion*: But look ye, Doctor, if ever you have read the most impartial Histories of the late unhappy Civil War, you will find, that *Republican Principles and Fanaticism*, were not the first Springs that gave Motion to those disastrous Calamities that beset the Royal Family; but *Liberty and Property* was the Pretence of the Subjects of England at that time; there were *Mannings and Sibthorps* had been sounding the Trumpet, to explain the

the Fifth Commandment in your Sense, and some of great Sway in the Church in those Days, had led the unhappy Prince into precipitate Counsels, such as would have been an *Alteration of the Fundamental Constitution of the State*, so that from one Misunderstanding to another, betwixt the King and his Parliament, by the violent Counsels of some, it came to an *open Rupture*; and when by the Fortune of War, the People had got more Power in their Hands than came to their share, they (as 'tis common in such Cases) *stretched it too far, and thereby laid themselves open to the Craft and Policy of violent Spirits in the other Extream*, that got the whole Management of the Army and Parliaments—into their Power, and garbled both—'till they had fitted them for the hated Design of *taking off that unhappy Monarch*, and 'twas executed in the View of the Nation, who had no Power left them, (but repeated *Remonstrances* which prov'd ineffectual) to prevent that *Horrid Price of Villany*. I cou'd wish (with all my Heart) that the Transactions of those Days were buried in Oblivion; but I have said this to vindicate some Gentlemen from the Unjust and Uncharitable Reproaches cast upon them; and to shew *there's no Fear now needs be apprehended from Republican Principles*.

As for any *Plots against us*, I wonder how the Doctor shou'd know of 'em, unless he has been in the Conspiracy? But I must declare them to be the *Doctor's own Fictions*, and leave them to be prov'd by him now in *his Vacancy from Business*, but utterly exclude his *Irish Evidence* from the whole Affair. The Warning the Doctor gives us against too much Security, from *the Blindness of the Prophet's Servant*, is an Instance that's something Comical, I won't say the Doctor was Drunk when he writ it, and so made that *Ecclesiastical Blunder*, because he stood to it when sober; but either he was over-run with Passion, or he begun to *read Politicks before his Bible*, otherwise he could hardly make such a Mistake that a Boy of Seven Years old, wou'd ha' been ashamed to be so Ignorant; and here I give a Lay-man's Advice to all Tutors, that for ever hereafter, they don't permit their Pupils, especially such as are design'd to dabble in Politicks, before they be well acquainted in Scripture Histories, for fear they put the *Church-Clergy in danger of Contempt*; for the Instance, when set in its true Light, will just turn against the Doctor's Argument: *The Servant saw all the real Danger his Master was in, but cou'd not see the Host of Heaven engaged for his Defence, but the Chariots of Fire must needs be Devils and False-Brethren*; tho' a Text shou'd be haul'd in, and tortur'd to be Evidence; but this 'tis to dream of *Gun-Powder, Bombs and Granado's*, the Doctor might have spar'd his Pains of endeavouring to convince us of our *DANGER*; we see thro' the Cheat, and are satisfy'd
that

fully to the support of the State upon all Occasions; nor, can I see how the Doctor can (with any Face of Reason) say, *their Submission to the Government is forc'd, when Love and Charity are the only Bonds of this Constraint*: The Doctor's Falsification of that part of the History of BISHOP GRINDALL, has been so fully taken notice of by other Hands, that I need not meddle with it; nor that invidious Reflection upon those *Worthy Sons of our Church*, as falling in with such Measures and Designs as basely contribute to our Ruin; because the Vindication of those Gentlemen is undertaken by the Parliament of Great Britain: In whose Hands I leave him to Answer for himself.

In the next place, he comes to set forth the heinous Malignity of what he calls *False Brotherhood*. And here he plentifully and powerfully holds forth in the same *Billingsgate* Strain of Raillery, that makes up the greatest part of his Sermon. These *False Brethren*, says he, Page 20. are the *most perfidious Apostates from God, and Reproach to Religion: Betray the most solemn Oaths, and are False to the most sacred Trust: Blaspheme the Holy Spirit by prevaricating with the Oracles of Truth: Forfake their Baptismal Covenant; nay, Christ himself, to join with his Aljur'd Enemies. Nay (continues he) for a little paultry Gain, or to satisfy their Lusts, wou'd renounce their Creed, read the Decalogue backwards, and fall down and worship the very Devil himself. 'Tis a sweet natur'd Creature, and mighty Mannerly! But where's the Justice of all this? Thus Hand over Head, without either Fear or Wit, to Charge at Random, a Company of Men, who wou'd scorn the Society of such a mean Wretch, and of whom he has no Knowledge, but by Misrepresentations, help'd out with his own fruitful Invention, which seems to be a Magazine stor'd with nothing but Lies and Forgeries: But 'tis the way of the WRETCHED FACTION, to drop Charity and good Manners, and to throw Dirt enough upon their Adversaries, in hopes that some may stick; but the Character of these Persons is so well known to be the Reverse of what he BELLOWS out against them; that what account he gives will never be accepted of, for this weighty Reason, viz. A LYAR HAS THIS MISFORTUNE ATTENDS HIM, THAT HE'S NEVER BELIEV'D —*

He tells ye, Pag. 21. That *False Brotherhood* (as he terms it) *destroys all common Honesty, Faith and Credit in Human Society, and sets up in its Place, an Universal Trade of Cosenage, Sharping Dissimulation, and down-right Knavery.* This Charge we may look upon as consisting of the same Materials with the rest; if it has any reference to the Persons he has been Lampooning all along; that there may be some found in all *Perswasions of Protestants, that may prevaricate with Religion, and make it stalk to their Gain*: I own, and am as ready as the Doctor himself, to Charge them with all the ill Name

Names they deserve; so that here, for ONCE (for which the Tackers or False Brethren may the better excuse him) *We find Sach*——Il *telling a Truth in the Pulpit*, for in his Sermon, Page 10. he there says, "If to flatter both the Dead and the Living in their Vices, and to tell the World that if they have Wit and Money enough, they need no Repentance; and that only Fools and Beggars can be Damn'd: If these (says the Doctor) are the Modish and Fashionable Criterians of a True Church-man, God Deliver us all from such False Brethren--- Now Doctor. K---net, if the Prayer Sach——ll here uses, be Orthodox, I know not what you mean to make the *Way to Heaven* (Reveal'd sufficiently to all, and wherein all are so much concern'd) to be a *Matter of high abstruse Speculation*, as if none but Great Scholars (*Men of distinguish'd Judgment as you call 'em*) cou'd be able to find it out; and that tho' they had not repented 'till they came to lie on their *Death-Beds*, but whatever Encouragement Doctor K——net has given to *Men of distinguish'd Sense and Judgment*, to defer their Repentance to a dying Hour; such CULLIES OF QUALITY, who keep Misses in hopes to Repent at last, will find small Relief from such Doctrine, when they come to lie on a *Death-Bed*: The Earth may send up Clouds enough to darken the Noon-day-Sun, but this does not hinder that *Glorious Creature*, to be still both the Fountain and Light, and the most visible of Bodies: *The Fancies, Wits, Passions, and Interests* of Ingenious Men, may put strange Colours upon the Face of the clearest and most Important Truth, but when the *PAINT* is brought to the Fire, it melts off in a Moment, to the just Reproach of such who daub'd it on; but this Flattery is the only Error I know in that *great and good Man, Doctor K---ne*; and therefore as his not Answering *my Remarks on his Sermon*, gives me Reason to think, he has Repented of it; I shall leave DEAN K——NET with great Respect, to return again to Mad Sach——ll; for tho' (as the Doctor observes) *False Brotherhood destroys all common Honesty, and sets up in its Place an Universal Trade of Dissimulation, &c.* Yet 'tis not to be endur'd, that one of so indifferent a Reputation as the Doctor shou'd lay such an Imputation of Villany at the Doors of Moderate Church-men and Dissenters: He tells ye in Page 21. *'Tis hard to distinguish whether his False Brethren are guilty of more excessive Knavery, or Folly, because, adds he, there's no Sin so much disappoints its own Ends as this does*: The Doctor, after this, Hints at something, that he fancies (according to the true *COMPLEXION* of his Conscience) wou'd mightily conduce to the Redress of these Pernicious Evils, and 'tis this, Page 23. Says he; *Let the Superior Pastors of our Church, do their Duty in Thundering out their Ecclesiastical Anathema's*; when the Doctor can't at present

Present raise the POSSE of the Civil Power, he wou'd fright us with that of the Church. Our *Pious Prelates* don't find it necessary, to gratify the flaming Malice of such a *Revengeful Wretch as the Doctor*; nor need his Pragmatical Directions how to manage the Power which the Government has put into their Hands.

Sach——ll and Railing H——gins cry,
 The CHURCH is Hood-wink'd, there are DANGERS nigh;
 And so Preach L——ly, H——ks, and all the Tacking Fry: }
 In what they LOVE not, they can DANGER see,
 But were they H——gd, there wou'd no DANGER be:
 True Loyalists can have no cause for Fears,
 They dare believe their Senses, Queen, and Peers.
 " Then never fear the Church's Danger here,
 " When REVEREND FATHERS can in Arms appear, * }
 " And Men of God become the Men of War.
 No ENGLISH-MAN, if not o'th' Tacking Brood,
 But wou'd Defend his Queen through Seas of Blood?
 Then let Sach——ll of our DANGERS prate,
 (Such Pulpit-Drums but FALSE-ALARM the State, }
 No Church was e're in Danger, where good Bishops fate. }

Nor do I think the Doctor will obtain any great Preferment, for his Advice to the Fathers of our Church, to promote Men of Probity, Conscience and Courage; for half a Dozen or so, of the Doctor's Conscience and Courage, are enough to serve for a Sort; and for any other End, I profess I shou'd think 'em too many; but *the Doctor has utterly Precluded the Best Method of making us all of one Mind, by Hedging out Moderation and Occasional Conformity; nay, and total Conformity to the Establish'd Church.* As in Page 21, 22. Where the Doctor tells us, *That the Man that relinquishes his Old Friends and Principles, perhaps may obtain the Present Advantage. He has in Prospect.*—— For, as HUDIBRASS has it;

*What makes all Doctrines plain and clear,
 About two Hundred Pound a Year:
 And that which was prov'd true before,
 Prove false again, Two Hundred more.*

But, (says the Doctor) is ever such a Mercenary Convert receiv'd heartily into the Bosom of his former Enemies, &c. Now the Doctor, by these FALSE BRETHREN, must either

* Alluding to the Present Bishop of London's appearing so early at the Head of a Troop, in Defence of the Church of England, and the Late Revolution.

mean such as Change from the Church to the Dissenters; or such as turn from Jacobitism to Revolution-Principles, or such as from Dissenters become Church-men, and truly any one sort of these, (according to the Doctor's Principles, laid down, Page 8.) must be pronounced *False Brethren*; but to wave that, we may Conclude, It cannot be the *First Species* that he means, unless he can make us believe the Church and State, are both better dispos'd to the Dissenters than the Church, which I leave him to prove, otherwise I can't apprehend which way there can be a Prospect of Advantage for any that shou'd think good to make such an Alteration.

The *Second Sort* he can't mean, unless he'll be content with the Name of *Jacobite*, which he's so wonderfully affronted shou'd be given him; and therefore (for I can see no Medium) he must mean those that conform to our Church. Now 'tis evident (tho' the Doctor pronounces them Rebels and Traytors if they don't renounce their Schism) that he wou'd not have them conform, and lays down such a *Train of Consequences*, that naturally follow such a Change, as wou'd fright any conscientious Man from so much as thinking of it: You may see (Gentlemen that have lately come over to our Church) what (according to the Doctor's Notion of Things) you are to trust to, "You will never be heartily receiv'd, never believ'd Cordial, never thought fit to be trusted in any Matter of Weight, you shall be look'd upon as Traytors to your own Party, and ready to be retrogade whenever the Wind veers about; you are but Tools to serve a Turn, and tho' you may be caress'd whilst the Party you turn to, want such Fools, yet be assur'd you shall meet with Hipocrisy for Hipocrisy, and after you have acted your Part, shall be hiss'd off the Stage: You do but sell your selves Slaves to Enemies that shall treat you with Insolence, Disdain and Tyranny, unless you go the whole Length of their Party, and and stick at nothing, till you run on from one Extrem to a quite Contrary.

So have I seen the Dem of Pauls,

(Irenicum withdrawn)

Shifting about to blow the Coals,

Of Rome, against Dissenting Souls,

All for the Sleeves of Lawn.

You've made a fine Piece of Work on't indeed! But Courage, Gentlemen! For it may be 'twas the Doctor's Passion, that led him into all this rambling Discourse: I am apt to think, he owes somebody a *Sipte* *, that answer'd one of his

* The Reverend Mr. Samuel Palmer is here meant, who writ a Book entituled, A Vindication of the Learning, Loyalty and Morals of the Dissenters, in which Dr. Sach—ll's high flying Principles are fairly detected and answer'd.

virulent Pieces of Slander publish'd against the Dissenters, in such a Manner, as he cou'd never yet reply to, and can never forgive him, tho' he's now conform'd, upon which, *he here falls foul on him, and all the Rest that heretofore have, or hereafter shall see it REASONABLE to come over to us*; he'd rather you had continu'd steady Rebels and Traytors, like your Fore-fathers (as he expresses it) than that you shou'd alter your Judgments and become False Brethren.

'Tis true, 'twas the saying of a great Prelate, *That a Man of no Religion, might easily be of any*: But I have been fully satisfy'd for many Years of Mr. Palmer's sincere Piety and great Learning, and believe he conforms out of a Principle of pure Conscience. I must confess, considering Mr. Palmer had formerly written, *A Vindication of the Learning, Loyalty, Morals, and most Christian Behaviour of the Dissenters towards the Church of England*, I was much surpris'd at the News of his Conformity, and (till I had it from his own Mouth) did not thoroughly believe it; and perhaps (considering his excellent *Vindication of the Dissenters*) I was the last Man in England expected to see him in a Gown and Cassock; but I'm satisfy'd he has chosen the pure and orthodox Way of Worship; and I hear the Dissenters are so charitable, that they don't blame him for chasing what he counts *the best Way to Heaven*: I call it so, as Mr. Palmer had attained not only the full Years of Discretion, but to the old Age of Experience (which still is, or ever ought to be the Parent of Wisdom and Consideration) before he was re-ordin'd, and enter'd into Holy Orders, for which (since his present Conformity plainly owns his former Mistake) he is able to write a much better *Vindication*, than ever he writ for the Dissenters.

*Here, Palmer, I shou'd dwell upon thy Praise,
Admire thy Preaching, and delight to gaze
Upon thy Face—— cou'd but my lab'ring Eyes,
Preserve their Strength, and wise Faculties,
But all is SU M M'D in—— Palmer's truly wise.
He was so, ev'n in Dissenters Clutch,
Cou'd the ungrateful Whigs have seen as much.
He'd been ARCH-DOCTOR of Dissenting Church.
But he conforms; (I speak it to his Praise)
For now his Learning spreads the brighter Rays.
He honours his Gown, and now is so compleat,
He need not ask a Dean's, or Preben.'s Seat,
He merits L A W N, and every Thing that's Great.*

And now let the Company take Care, for there's another terrible Brunt you are to abide, and so we shall conclude the Sport for this Time, till we bait him in a Second Part. Expect

pest a severe Parting Blow, for the Bull's wonderful mad; all his imaginary Dangers haunt him together, and he'll discharge the whole Artillery of his Fire-works amongst ye at once, and intends no less than your *Eternal Damnation*, to leave ye with the Devil and his Angels: Stand clear, all that are *False Brethren*, Enemies to the Doctor's Church and State, as you wou'd avoid your utter Destruction. Whiz——rip-rap-rip-rap——Hifs—s—s—s—s pop-pop-pop-pop.—— Bounce—— There's such a confus'd Noise of Rockets, Serpents, Squibs, Crackers and Inkhorn-Guns, that you can scarce distinguish one from another. Take care below, Gentlemen, see how the Bull raves and tears, kicks, flings and bounces, that, if you be not aware, he'll be among ye—— Bring hither Nettle, one of the best that ever play'd at *Hockley in the Hole*, she'll no more matter all the furious Artillery than the cracking of a Bone. Collar him there, Nettle!—— She has him (just as I intended) fast by the very Nose, Whiz--- pop-pop-pop-pop-Bounce-Hifs--s--s--s—— rip-rap-rip-rap-Bounce—— See, Gentlemen, how she holds him, Whiz—— Hifs-s--s--s—— pop-pop-pop-pop Bounce—— Bounce and holds him yet, 'till (ye see) all his Fury is spent, and so let her lead him into the Stable till I shall have another Opportunity to divert you again.

If the Doctor's Madness shou'd return, and Baiting will not tame him; I have other Methods to use for his Mortification: I intend to try *Castration*: Nay, don't laugh, I'm in good Earnest, for—— I'm now preparing a GRAVE Answer to the Doctor's Sermon, I entitle—— *The G—ing Sach—— ll as necessary to follow the COMICK Bull-Baiting*; and if that shou'd not effect a Cure, I intend to show him for a *Spiritual Hedge-Hog*. He may depend upon't, that I'll stick to him as close as *NETTLE*, and fairly put my Name to every Thing I shall advance, as I have done to this; as often as he shall think fit to reply. But at present, he's hous'd and in safe Custody.

Thus have I seen with *Gad-Bee* stung,
 A furious Bull away he flung;
 And raising up his lofty Tail,
 Wou'd not be stop'd by *Hedge* or *Pale*;
 Streight thro' the neighb'ring Pastures swingeing,
 And all the quiet Herd unhingeing;
 Nor wou'd he be reduc'd from gadding,
 But runs a *Rambling* and a *Madding*;
 'Till by main Force at last he's caught,
 And Home by Horn and Ear is brought.

I desire ye to take Notice (Gentlemen) that I shall keep
Moderation, Iron-Sides, Spy, Wash, Brindle, Hold-fast and Nettle,
 * E in

in good Heart and Wind, if there shou'd be Occasion, But I have *Snap, Catch, Spite, Toss, Touzer, Sturdy, Tyger* and *Iyon*, all fresh Dogs that I hope will please ye in the next Entertainment.

It may be the Doctor and his Friends may think themselves ill treated in the foregoing Pages, and find Fault with both the *Language and Matter of my Reflections*; for the first, I am in no Manner of Pain about it, upon Account that my Subject was *Bull-baiting*; and had not the Language been something suitable to the *Bear-Garden Dialect*, the Diversion wou'd ha' been very dull, and lost the *Humour* of such an Entertainment: But if this Excuse won't take, I have another that I'm sure wou'd ha' born me out, had I given *worse Language* than I'm capable of, and 'tis this — *If a Doctor of Divinity, Fellow of Magdalen College in Oxford, and Chaplain of St. Saviours in Southwark, in a Sermon preach'd before such an Auditory, and upon such an Occasion, cou'd give himself that Liberty of Billingsgate, to treat Persons of the highest Rank and greatest Usefulness both in Church and State, in such a virulent Strain; I thought that I, who am but in meer lay Lay Circumstances, might use at least as great a Freedom, (tho' I come infinitely short of him) in such a Performance as this, without Offence to any unprejudic'd Reader; as for those that are otherwise, I can expect no Kindness from them, nor do I desire any more, than (to allude to the Advertisements from Hockley in the Hole) a clear Stage and no Favour.*

For the *Matter of my Reflections*, if any shou'd think it confus'd; I must acquaint them, 'twas the *Doctor's loose Way of Writing* that led me into that Error; for any Person that has been us'd to read Books, may easily perceive, that *the Doctor's Performance is nothing but a confus'd Heap of Words*; whether 'twas the Violence of his Passion that led him a rambling, (*for Passion observes no Rules*) or whether he us'd this Method on Purpose to hide his Sense, and plague his Adversaries to pass thro' *narrow Desiles, and wade thro' deep Morasses* before they cou'd attack him, I can't tell: But this I can say, I have endeavour'd, all that laid in my Power, to do him Justice, by comparing *Passages distant one from another*, to find out his Meaning.

I profess sincerely, I have not the least Prejudice against the Doctor's Person, but wou'd be heartily glad to hear of his *thorough Repentance*, and shall be thankful for his Abilities, whenever I shall see them better employ'd, so as to answer the *great Ends of his divine Function*, in true and faithful Endeavours to promote the Conversion, Edification, and Eternal Salvation of Precious and Immortal Souls: But the *Faction and Cause*, which the Doctor so earnestly contends for, is the greatest of my Aversion; nor cou'd I sit still and see,

see, all that shou'd be dear, to a sincere Protestant, and a True and Loyal Subject of Great Britain, run down, and abus'd in such a virulent and scandalous Manner, without Remark.

If I have misrepresented any thing, with Respect either to Church or State, I solemnly profess it was never my Intention and as I have hitherto been open to Conviction, so shall ever be ready to submit to better Judgments. *Errara possim Hæreticus esse nolo.* Moderation is the Principle I have imbib'd in my Infancy; 'tis that which has hitherto supported me in the most variable and trying Times, and which, I hope, shall accompany me to the last—— And this puts me in mind of a Saying of a Learned and Pious Man, *Our Sand runs faster than our Ink.* We are posting to another World, where all Quarrels and Contentions will for ever cease: And if the Enjoyments of Heaven consist in perfect Harmony, and if Angels and Saints are entertain'd with an eternal Circulation of Joy, and Peace and Love; we must conclude, that Envy, Hatred and Malice, and all Uncharitableness (which our Church so frequently prays to be deliver'd from) shall be for ever excluded, those peaceful Mansions prepared for the Saints;

All we can know o' th' Bless'd Above,

Is that they Sing, and that they Love.—— Herbert.

And if this be true, How ought all those that call themselves Christians, especially those that represent meek and lowly Jesus, the Prince of Peace, in the sacred Office of the Ministry, take care to make it their chief Business to promote Peace and Holiness in the World, both by Doctrine and Example? When our dear Redeemer was just upon his Departure from this World, he left Peace as a particular Legacy to his Disciples and Followers; the meaning of which, in my humble Judgment, is not merely to be restrain'd to Peace within their own Minds, tho' that may be chiefly intended; but he left Peace to be recommended to the Practice of all that should call themselves by his Name. The Commandment which he calls sometimes *New*, sometimes *his own*, in a special Peculiarity, is that we shou'd love one another (and which he repeated to his Disciples but a little before his Death) methinks shou'd have such an Influence upon our Hearts, that we shou'd, if it be possible, and as much as in us lies, live peaceably with all Men. Words of dying Friends, do commonly sink deep into our Minds, much more the Counsels of expiring Parents; and shall the Words of a dying Saviour, who was about to die for us, be slighted and disregarded? How can we so much as bear the Name of Christians, if Love and Peace be exterminated from our Souls? 'Twas a peculiar Remark of the Heathens upon the Primitive Servants of Christ, [See how these Christians love one another.] But alas! Into what a State of Degeneracy are we fallen, that Railing and Bitterness, Slander

and Reproach, with Malice and Uncharitableness, shou'd have usurp'd the Throne, and the true Love to God and Man should seem to be banish'd from amongst us? But blessed be God, there are yet those left both in Church and State, that are living Instances of Primitive Charity and Moderation; otherwise I can't see, how the God of Peace cou'd vouchsafe us his Presence as hitherto he has done. What can more contribute to engage the Continuance of his Blessings to us, than that Love which bears the Divine Image upon it? Or more conduce to the Loss of Heavens Protection, both of Church and State, than the Total Want of it? I shall therefore conclude with that excellent Prayer of our Church,

*From Envy, Hatred, and Malice, and all Uncharitableness,
Good Lord deliver us.*

Thus I have finish'd my FIRST BULL-BAITING, have dress'd Sach——ll up in Fire-works, brought him over from the Bear-Garden in Southwark, and expos'd him for the Diversion of the Citizens of London, at Six Pence a Piece (the usual Price of a Bear-Garden Show) and have concluded with some serious Thoughts fit for Practice.

Now if any good Man is displeas'd that I brand Sach——ll with so many WRETCHES, that I call his Pulpit a Bear-Garden, his Preaching BELLOWING, and worry his REVERENCE with so many Dogs and Fire-works; my Answer is, If I seem at any Time to slight him too much, it has been his own most unsufferable Contempt, and unworthy villifying of others, that has given the Occasion, and for that Reason I cou'd not really Answer that scandalous Sermon he preach'd at St Paul's, November the Fifth, if I publish my Remarks in any other Method or Language; for a Bear-Garden Sermon must have a Bear-Garden Answer: I am sure Railing (or Bellowing, for they are Synonimous Terms) is against the Majesty of Preaching, as being a Practise much more becoming a SHROW in Cathedra (if I may so call her Chair of State, the Ducking-Stool) than a Minister in the Face of a Congregation; and take this for a general Rule; *They that will rail in the Pulpit, will plot out of it:* These Pulpit Incendiaries, tho' they revile Dissenters for not coming to Church, yet generally speak false Divinity with their Conversation, as if they thought to go to Heaven some other Way than what they teach the People, such as these, at best are but mad Bulls, or rather Wolves in Sheeps cloathing, profess'd Enemies to Church and State, hid under Canonical Vestments, that with more Ease and less Suspicion, they might seduce Her Majesty's Subjects from their Duty and Obedience, and encrease the Number of a peccish disaffected and ungovernable Faction. I cou'd enlarge in their Character, but I think it needless; for can you imagine otherwise, but that those Men shou'd do the Devil's Work that rebell against their Fathers in God, the best set of

Bishops

Bishops that *England* ever knew: But if *Jacobites* (and more especially *Clergy-men*) will foment our Differences, and create Misunderstandings, they ought to answer for it in a *Court of Justice* (as *Sach——ll* must do in a few Days) and be proceeded against as Disturbers of the Publick Peace, and Enemies to their Native Country.

'Tis strange that the Ministers of the Gospel, shou'd thus, to the Scandal of Religion, and Reproach of the Gown, turn **INCENDIARIES**, and instead of instilling into the Peoples Minds, the *true Principles of Religion, Peace and Loyalty*, which has always been the Glory and Character of the Church of *England*, shou'd now be the Authors and Promoters of Scandal, Seditious and Discord——— *Bold Age we live in!* —— when every *Tacking Priest* (such as *Sach——ll* and *H---gins*) thinks himself wiser than *the Fathers of the Church and Peers of the Realm*, and presumes (even in the Pulpit) to condemn their Persons and Actions, which I had almost said, are above *Sach——ll*, even to commend and justify, because above him to meddle or make with, which made *Dr. Williams* say *, " We Ministers are appointed by Christ to perswade " Sinners both, to yield Subjection to God Redeemer, and " then to walk in all due Loyalty towards him; all our Ad- " ministrations must be manag'd by those Laws which re- " spect our Office, otherwise we affront the Lord Jesus, in " whose Name we act, and become useless to Men, for " whose Good we are design'd: The Matter of our " Preaching ought to be the Gospel, even the Kingdom of " God, &c. The Manner ought to be such as most condu- " ceth to render it effectual to those Ends for which it is " published; therefore we ought not to make State Affairs, " Humane Conceits or Dictates of Men, the Matter of our " Preaching.

Now if Ministers of the Gospel shou'd not meddle with *State Matters*, where I see any Man rail (or bellow) against the Government in that scandalous Manner *Sach——ll* did, I shan't scruple to call him a *mad Bull*, or be afraid to bait him with *Moderation, Spy, Ironsides, Wasp, Nettle* and other *Dogs of Courage*; for 'tis full Time that such that will not joyn in healing our Breaches, shou'd all **UNITE** in a Satyr, or be **BAITED**, till they humble themselves in a Recantation: I own 'tis exceeding hard for **SACHEVERELS** (I mean Men of a persecuting Principle) when they mount the Pulpit, to leave their *Pride, and Passion, and Bigottry* behind them, in their Studies, or in the Desk; for such as these, think that a Sermon, except a little larded with a

* See *Dr. Williams's Sermon, preach'd before the Right Honourable Sir John Shorter, Knight, Lord Mayor of the City of London, November the 20th 1687.*

Line or two of *Bitterness* (I mean some down right, or at least squinting Reflections upon the Dissenters) will not please their beloved Brethren the *TACKERS*, whereas every Orthodox and serious Preacher, makes it his Business to *instruct*, and not to *amuse* or *please* his Hearers : The wise Preacher commands Attention, only by the *Seriousness* of his Discourses, which are always confin'd to what we ought to believe or practice, without wandering into unnecessary Disputes, or impertinent Digressions concerning State Affairs, which (as Dr. Williams observes) Ministers ought not to make the Matter of their Preaching ; and for that Reason, the truly serious Divine never rails in the Pulpit at such who only differ from him in a few Ceremonies which he calls *indifferent*, and when he reproves any (be it in the Pulpit, or out of it) 'tis always with sound Arguments and gentle Words ; and therefore in this *Bull-Baiting*, my Dogs don't so much as once bark, or SNAP at any Divine (whether Con or Noncon) that is thus serious and peaceable ; no, such a Clergyman is a *faithful and true Minister of Christ*, and we find his Character exemplify'd in all those Bishops (I'll not except one) that now fill our *English* Sees, in all those Reverend Worthies, *Sach---ll* rail'd at, and in most of the inferiour Clergy, who for that Reason, ought to be heard as the *Oracles of God*, for their Lives preach as well as their Doctrine ; like wise Preachers, they all promote a *Union of Hearts and Affections*, they are all *BURNETS* for healing our Divisions, and preaching the pure Gospel of Christ : But for the Railers, they are a Scandal both to Religion, and their Gown, a *Sort of Sach---lls, or Mad Bulls*, and ought to be tyed to the Stake and baited ; for Pulpits and Presses are a kind of sacred Things, and ought not to be profan'd by the *Passions, Interests, Weakness, or Extravagancies of Men*. In private and familiar Discourses, some greater Liberty may be allow'd, but he that speaks from the Pulpit, or to the whole World, in a printed Sermon, owes Reverence and Caution to it, without which every Book we publish is little better than a Libel against our Reader, and even when we court him, we do but entitle him to all the Impertinencies and Follies of our Pens. Had Dr. *Sach---ll* consider'd this, surely he wou'd not have vented so many *Falshoods* in the open Pulpit, or perverted the plain Sense of so many Texts of Scripture, by which he meerly trifles with Men of Learning, and hides himself from the Ignorant, in Mists and Clouds, and Impertinencies of Words ; for tho' he (charitably) intends something for our Satisfaction, 'tis all lost in his speaking nothing to the Purpose. The Doctor rifles the very *Oyster Boats, and Dust Carts* for the chief Flowers of his Rhetorick, yet I shou'd never have baited him in these Sheets, if he had not talk'd of the *Church's Danger,*

Danger, from such Loyal Prelates, who are its chief Ornament and Support.

Perhaps (Gentlemen) he may complain that I PLAY with him sometimes (for BULL-BAITING is a sort of Sport, tho' a Furious and unnatural one) and I acknowledge I do; and I cannot imagine, *when he Printed the Sermon he Preach'd at St. Paul's Nov. 5.* that he cou'd expect any thing else, but only to be laugh'd at; I know Dr. Sack——ll's Talent too well, ever to hope to compare with him at downright railing; if I cou'd have allow'd myself in it; and there is no way in the World to be serious with him: It was necessary that so much Scorn and Arrogance, and so many Slanders and Calumnies as this Man loads the Queen's best Subjects with, shou'd not be past over without a sort of BEAR-GARDEN ANSWER; and tho' I was never but at one BULL-BAITING in my whole Life (and that since I resolv'd to Answer the Doctor's Sermon) yet I hope I have fairly represented the DIVERSION of a BEAR-GARDEN; at least, I have said what came to my Mind, after *wasting an Afternoon* in viewing that Bloody Sport, that a BULL dress'd up in Fire-Works gives to the Spectators; and am glad that I have had the Honour of pleading the Cause of abused Innocence; tho' I cou'd have wish'd it a better Advocate, and more serious and peaceable Treatment than the Doctor's BELLOWING SERMON wou'd allow of: I confess it looks a little UNMANLY to strike a Man after he is down; but this is not the Case here, for *I had play'd all my Dogs at our MAD BULL*; i. e. declar'd I wou'd Publish a bold and spightful Answer to his Scandalous Sermon, and (long before I had heard of his being POUNDED) I promis'd this SPIGHTFUL ANSWER, as well knowing if I had attempted GRAVELY to Answer his Railing Sermon. I shou'd have made myself almost as ridiculous as he; it wou'd have given too much Reputation to his Slanders, as if it could be thought any sober Man did believe him when he Bellows, and Tosses, and Foams, like that MAD Bull I have here baited him for, and have prov'd him to be, or at least shall do so in the Second Baiting.

And now Reader, as Men that die, *ask forgiveness of all the World, so do I*, (but more especially of Doctor Sack——ll) it is true, it does not yet appear to me, that I have injur'd either him or any other Person: I would not do it for all the World; and therefore am even with it: But I wou'd be Modest at least: I have writ my Heart in the main, and with the same Sincerity as if this Answer to Dr. Sack——ll were to be my dying Farewell to this Life and World: I hate serving of Turns: I love Old ENGLAND as well as any Man, and I would fain see her Happy; I have long thought this the way, *Piety of Life, Loyalty to the Queen, and a hearty*

Love

Love to all that differ from us in Matters not essential to Salvation: And if our Hopes of IMMORTALITY were but half as strong as we care they should be thought, we cou'd not use one another with so much Jealousie and Bitterness: We carry not a true Estimate of the World with us, to be so easily, and so often disorder'd for it. Let us not then palliate our FURY or INTEREST with the Sacred Name of RELIGION: Let us Answer for our own Faults; we shall, we must: And therefore let us mend them, that we may have less to Answer for, when we come to Judgment.

God Almighty bless the QUEEN, and present Parliament, and send us Peace in our Days. Amen.

I shall only add, There will be publish'd in a few Days, *The Second Bull-Baiting: Or, Sach——ll dress'd up again in Five-works. By John Dunton, Author of the Answer to Dr. K——net, entitled, The Hazard of a Death-bed Repentance: Being further Remarks on the Scandalous Sermon below'd out at St. Paul's before the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, by Dr. Sach——ll: To which is added Dunton's Religion, or his Reason's for conforming to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England, with the Character of a True (not high or low) Church-man, as con-tradistinguish'd from Dr. Sach——ll, and his Tacking Brethren, the High-Flyers; also Dunton's Mite, or the Healing Project, being an Expedient for a General-Conformity; address'd to the Protestant Dissenters of all Perswasions. To be sold by John Morphew, near Stationers Hall. Price 6 d.*

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* I call this Sixth Project Dunton's Apollo: Or, a Continuation of the Athenian Oracle, for this Reason, the Old Athenian Volumes in Folio, being Twenty in Number, growing Hun-