

THE

Pulpit-Fool.

A

SATYR.

Upon Mr. Higgins, Dean Thorpe, Baguley, Ferguson
&c.

Tell me, Ambition! Prithee tell me why,
So many **Dunces** Doctors, and not I?
A Scarlet Gown I must and will obtain;
I cannot else commence **A Priest in Grain.**

Dr. Wild.

L O N D O N :

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THE

P R E F A C E

THE Veneration, and Seriouſness with which **The Pulpit** ought to be treated, make it necessary that I give some brief Account of the Title, Rise, and Design of the following Satyr.

By **Pulpit-fool**, I don't mean a Clergy-man without Wit and Learning, (for no such can be admitted to Holy Orders); but by **Pulpit-fool**, I mean a **Levite**, that Rails in the Pulpit, and **Plots** out of it; that reviles Dissenters for not coming to Church; and yet *speaks false Divinity with his Conversation*; as if he thought to go to Heaven some other way than what he Teaches the People—— He is one that's Stupid and Cenforious, a meer **Hypocrite** (that's a **Meer Incendiary**) a Wolf in Sheeps Cloathing, a profest Enemy to Church and State, *hid under Canonical Vestments*, that with more ease, and less Suspicion, he might seduce her Majesties Subjects from their Duty and Obedience, and encrease the Number of a peevish, affected and ungovernable Faction.—— So much for the Title [**The Pulpit-fool**]

As to the **Rise** of the following **Satyr**, I think I have no occasion to Apologize, as 'tis wholly owing to those false and Seditious *Suggestions deliver'd by Mr. H——ns in Sermon preach'd at Whitehall, Febr. 26. 1706-7.* for which he was taken into the Custody of one of her Majesties Messengers in ordinary, by virtue of a Warrant from the Principal Secretary of State: And since this, *the Grand Jury of Middlesex*, have found a Bill of Indictment against him for saying (in the open Pulpit) *Those that brought the Royal Martyr to the Scaffold and to the Block, such as those are now prefer'd to the greatest Places of Trust in the Kingdom.*

To these false and Seditious Expressions, this **Satyr** owes its **Rise**, and for this all the **Tacking-Clergy** in GREAT BRITAIN and *Ireland*, will find themselves severely (because truly) exp'd in the Characters I have given of them, and if any **GUILTY LEVITE** thinks good to wince, he shall find I am able to prove in Words at length, what (with Respect to his Gown) I have but yet advanc'd under **Initial Letters**. It must be own'd, the Characters of Clergy-men are the most difficult to write, but when even in **Whining**, I don't use a *Poetick License*, I need not fear the severest Critick, for where I write the most bitter *Invectives*, if I assert nothing but *Truth*, *Truth alone will protect me.*

Then Gentlemen, never *Rail in Pulpits*, unless you mean to be **Satyriz'd** for it, and to be run down in all Places of Resort, nine Days alter, as **Hypocrite** was for his *Railing and Seditious Sermon*, which he preach'd at *Whitehall*, *St. Anns*, *Cripple-Gate*, and other Places.

That our Native Countrey is divided within it self, is so well known, that few are Ignorant of it; but that which doth occasion these Separations and Dividings, too many are Ignorant of: *One is for this way, and another is for that way*; and how much time is there spent, that might be better employ'd for the Glory of God, than it is for *Party and Party* to quarrel with one another, about who is in the Right Way? And these Heats and Animosities have often had their very Rise from the *Pulpit*, and that tho' the *Preachers of the Gospel are the Ambassadors of Peace*, and shou'd do all they can to heal our Differences; but when instead of that, they do (with **Hypocrites**) all they can to foment our Differences, and create *Misunderstandings*; they ought to Answer for it in a *Court of Justice* (as **Hypocrite** must do in a few Days) and be proceeded against as *Disturbers of the Publick Peace, and Enemies to their Native Country.*

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I am sure Railing is against the Majesty of Preaching, as being a Practice much more becoming a *Sermo in Cathedra* (if I may so call her Chair of State, the *Ducking-Stool*) than a Minister in the Face of a Congregation. Modesty is a very great Vertue in all Men, but in Clergy-men especially: It is good to be Civil every where, but in the Pulpit especially. That Clergy-man that Rails in the Church where he shou'd Preach the Gospel of Peace, disgraces his sacred Function, and (*were he a Priest, Deacon, or Dissenting Parson*) is but a **Pulpit-Fool.**

'Tis true, the Number of these is few, not Three in *Ireland* (of which *Higgins* is one) not Six in *London*, but Two in *Oxford*, and scarce Twenty in the Queens Dominions; burtho' their Number is few, *some few there are that by their Railing Sermons, and Scandalous Lives*, give the Ignorant an occasion to use it as a Proverb, to say, *That the Parson is but as another Man when he is out of the Pulpit; which is too NOTORIOUS to be denied.*

I need only instance in the *Coffee-House Preachers* (Characteriz'd in the following **Satyr**) to shew how short some of them come in doing of their own Duty, whose Duty it is to instruct others by their Lives and Doctrine.

'Tis strange that the Ministers of the Gospel, shou'd thus, to the Scandal of Religion, and Reproach of the Gown, turn **INCELDIARIES**; 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*, should now be the Authors and Promoters of Scandal, Sedition, and Discord.—— Bold Age we live in! when every Tacking Priest (such as *H—ns*) 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 *H—ns*, even to commend and justify, because above him to meddle or make with: Where I see any Man Rail in this scandalous manner, I shan't scruple to call him **Fool**, and if a Clergy-man, a **Pulpit-Fool**.

Are we not on all sides agreed, that we are Mortals posting to the Grave? Dab any Man think he shall not die? And is striving, or mutual Love and Quietness, a fitter Passage to the Dust? Do not all Men, constrained by Natural Conscience, at a dying Hour Repent of hurting others, and ask forgiveness of all the World? But such is the common Fate of *Pulpit-Railers*, that whilst they would reach a Knock at the *Dissenters* (their Enemies, as they through Mistake think them) they lose their Blow, and wound themselves; so easie it is while they are Railing, to forget that they are dying, and that their Sand runs faster than their Tongues.

It can't be amiss therefore to expose such blind Guides in their proper Colours, for 'tis full Time that such that will not Join in healing our Breaches, shou'd all **UNITE** in a Satyr. Besides, shou'd the **Pulpit-Fools** escape better than the **Lay Blackheads**, the World wou'd say (and that Justly too) that *Justice is not fairly lod-wink*, but makes a shift to get a glance of the Parties concern'd, and spares one more than another.

The **DESIGN** therefore of this Satyr, is to Reform even the *Pulpit*; and in that, as well to do Justice to the **WISE** and serious Preacher, as to expose such as are *Vain and Foolish*: 'tis true, even the *Pulpit-Fools* do come into that sacred Place with the Certificate of the God of Heaven, that is, they have a Call to Preach, but none to Rail, and therefore—— A **Satyr on the Pulpit-Fools** was a Work both necessary and reasonable (*as H—n's Tryal is coming on*) nor can they (in Reason) think they have hard Treatment; for he that will plead the Privilege of the Sanctuary, must keep within the Verge of it. I have heard of a Gentleman that being prosecuted in the High Commission for striking a Reverend Clergy man, pleaded that Mr. Parson was not in his Canonical Habilliments, and therefore ought not to insist upon his Character; and Archbishop *Laud* voted for the poor Man's Discharge, because it was but *Lay-Battery* to cudgel a Coat, which
wou'd

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would have been *Theomachy* upon a Cassock: I must borrow the same Plea; that the Reverend Mr. *H—ns* ought not to stand up in the Priviledge of a Preacher, unless he had kept closer to his Commission, and Preach'd nothing for GOSPEL, but what really was the *Word of God*: I own, 'tis exceeding hard for *Pulpit-Fools* (I mean Men of a Persecuting Principle) when they mount the Pulpit, to leave their *Pride, and Passion, and Bigotry* behind them in their Studies, or in the Desk, for such as these think that a Sermon, except a little larded with a *Line or two of Bitterness*, (I mean some Downright, or at least Squinting Reflections upon the *Dissenters*) will not please their beloved Brethren the *Tackers*; whereas every Orthodox and *Wise 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; and for that Reason he 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; such (and only such) is the *Wise Preacher*, and if Providence raises him to be a BISHOP (or Governour in the Church) he is so much the more humble, the higher he is exalted; for he then sees his Account to be greater, and requires the Exercise of his greatest Care and Industry to discharge it uprightly. His Authority in his Diocese, does not make him forget that the *Inferiour Clergy* are his Brethren, and he treats them accordingly; and the Augmentation to his Estate, reminds him that he is only a *Trustee for the Poor*, and must be given to Hospitality. Such a *Wise and Reverend Person* as this, [whether Bishop or Interiour Priest] always lives belov'd, and dies lamented.

Now this *Satyr* does not so much as once *squint* a Reflexion at any Divine (whether *Con, or Non-Con*) that is thus *Wise and Pious*; no: such a Clergy-man is a faithful and true Minister of Christ, and we find his Character exemplified in all those *Bishops* (I'll not except one) that now fill our *English Sees*, 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*, &c. — They are all *Talbots* for healing our Divisions; and Preaching the pure Gospel of Christ: *Divinity* is the exercise and glory of their Studies; this makes 'em *Wise* both in the Pulpit and out of it; nay this makes every place where they vouchsafe to Discourse, to be a *Pulpit*, for such is the Bounty of their Religious Conversation, that howsoever the Place may be chang'd, the Sermon is perpetual.

But for the *Miser, TurnCoat, Railer, &c.* (for 'tis only such are expos'd in the following *Satyr*) he is a *Scandal both to Religion and his Gown*, and as such is a just subject for *Satyr*; I know the *Pulpit-Fools* and *Tackers* (such as *H—ns*) will be of another Opinion, and perhaps bestow a *Railing Sermon* (as their Talent lies that way) upon the Author of this *Satyr*; but I write nothing but what I'll prove; and therefore the strict Truth I have kept to has set me above their Malice. It is not out of any *Secret Grudge* that I bear unto any particular Clergy-man, that has engag'd me in this *Satyr*: If therefore any one is angry with me for speaking the Truth, I shall rather pity his Weakness, than ask his Pardon; for if I have discover'd the *Pulpit-Fools*, that is, if I have crossed any ones corrupted and Depraved Nature, I have but wounded that which he ought to crucifie.

Thus have I given a brief account of the *Title, Rise, and Design of the Pulpit-Fool*. I know some will argue from the Title of this *Satyr*, that the Author has *No Religion* at all, or at least (*as he exposes the Pulpit-Fool in ev'ry Sect*) but a *Trimming one*.

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To this I answer, I am or would be a *True* (not High or Low) *Churchman*; and therefore call me *Timmer*, *Phanatick*, or what you please, for 'tis of small moment with me, whether a malignant World will allow me that excellent Character; my right to the Covenant of Grace, and my eternal Interest, have no Dependence upon Ill-nature and Envy: However, that the serious Reader, may be no longer confounded with the Distinction of *High and Low-Church*, but be what he ought — a *True Church-man*; — I shall here give the Character of a *True Church-man*, that we may the better judge to-whom this excellent Name belongs, and who they are that unjustly usurp it.

A *True Church-Man* (whether of the Clergy or Laity) is one who lives in Communion with the Church of England, that is, who Communicates in Religious Offices, in the Prayers and Sacraments of the Church. Some think it Title enough to the Name of Church-man, that they Communicate with no Dissenters, as if to dissent from all Religion, were the Character of a *True Church-man*. Certainly a Man of any Religion is nearer the Church of England, than he that hath none, for they agree in worshipping God, tho' they differ in the Modes of Worship. And there is too great a Party of these Church-men, who seldom see the inside of a Church, and as seldom show any signs of Devotion, when they are there.—God deliver us from such Church-men, and the Church from the Scandal of such Pretenders.

This, in short, is the Character of a *True Church-Man*; wherein I han't liv'd answerably to it (for I must cry with the Publican — *Lord be merciful to me a Sinner*) I heartily ask Pardon from God, and Forgiveness (where 'tis necessary) from Men: Then shou'd any call me *Phanatick*, *Trimmer*, (that is, in the Sense of the High-Flyers, a Person of no Religion) yet I shall ever declare my self — a *True Church-man*; that is (in three Words) A *Protestant Christian*, a *Son of the Church of England*, as now Establish'd by Law; and (as Eternity depends upon it) I think no Man can blame me for chusing (what I count) the *Best Way* to Heaven. Not that I think the *Anabaptists*, *Independents*, *Presbyterians* (who come the nearest the Church of England, of any that Dissent from it) of a different Religion from mine, and shall be ever ready, as opportunity offers, to hear (and encourage, as my Estate shall enable me) a *Serious Preacher* (or poor Christian) of any of those Perswasions; for we all hold *One Faith*, *One Lord*, *One Baptism*, &c. and it betrays great Ignorance, as well as Uncharitableness, to call my self of another Religion from those Three I have Named, when we all agree in the *Fundamental Points of the Christian Faith*.

I shall make no farther Apology for the Publishing of this *Satyr*, 'tis enough to acquaint the World I have perform'd the whole *without Partiality* either to Persons or Parties: The *Pulpit Fools* of my own Perswasion (I mean those who unjustly usurp the Name of *Church-Man*) are as severely lash't as the *Pulpit-Fools* amongst the Dissenters. I'm thus impartial to all Parties, as believing all Denominations of *Protestants* (holding the Fundamental Articles of the Christian Faith) of the same Church: I own, 'tis a great Paradox to call Church-men, and such as Dissent from it, Members of the same Church; but 'tis clear they are so; for 'tis not (to use Bishop Hall's Expression) *A Title, or a Retinue, or a Ceremony, a Garment, or a Colour, or an Organ Pipe, that can make us a different Church* — as I prove at large in my Second Part of the *Pulpit-Fool*, which I shall publish in few Days, if this first meets with a *Civil Treatment*.

But Reader, least I tire thy Patience with a Tedious Preface, like the *Pulpit-Fools* of the Age, which breathe their Auditors at every accent, either asleep, or out of the Church, I will no longer detain thee in the Porch: If my *Whining Minutes*, shall either please or profit thee, I have my End; if not, I have my Desire, may I be ever accounted *Thy Friend and Servant*.

T H E
Pulpit Fool.

A
S A T Y R.

HOW stupid, *Jackish*, and how vile, at best,
Are *Pulpit Fools*, who rail at all the rest?
Philosophers and Poets vainly strove,
In every Age, the lumpish Mass to move;
But *Honest Fools* are Wits, compar'd with these,
Who neither do instruct the Soul, nor please;
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Mysterious Morals gently to convey
In charming Numbers; so that as Men grew
Pleas'd with their Poems, they grew wiser too:
S A T Y R has always shin'd among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell Men freely of their blackest Faults:
Then *Pulpit Fools*, come here and purge your Thoughts.

The Pulpit Fool.

We *Lay-men* too, shou'd all Reform, 'tis true;
 But lead the way, for we Reform by you:
Alas, your Pulpits want Reforming too!
 You'd pass for Wits, but *SATYR* do thy best
 To prove those Fools that only preach in Jest,
 For Railers are *Jack-puddings* in the Desk!
 Here *Pulpit-Fools*, know, I by *SATYR* mean
 No coarse *Lampoon*, *Uncivil* or *Obscene*,
 Where a vile Wit shall nauseous Railing use,
 Or to his Passion prostitute his Muse.
 A *LIBELLER* might then pretend to Sense,
Whose only Property is Impudence,
 The common Whores for Scolding we shou'd praise,
 And *Carmen* have a title to the Bays.
 No — *SATYR* will in brighter colours shine;
Her Form is Dreadful, but 'tis all Divine:
 In her true shape she always will appear
 Just, and impartial, as she is severe:
 The *Church* and *State* to her Remarks belong,
 She will but seldom touch a private Wrong;
 And now — the *Pulpit Fool* — will be her Song;
 Unless the Example shou'd be understood,
 Or private Errors threaten publick Good:
 But where of late, in *England* can we find,
 A Bard of such a vast extended Mind,
 Who scorning loss of Fortune and of Blood,
 Dares venture boldly for the common Good:
 No Pens rise up i'th' injur'd Pulpit's Cause,
 For *Levy's* work is only making Flaws:
Then Behn Courage! my Pen's the first that draws.

Yes,

The Pulpit Fool.

3

Yes, *Pulpit Fools*, I dare to make a Pass,
At you that shame the Gown, and Preach up Wars,
At you that prate of *Dangers*, din our Heads with Fears,
And in the Pulpit beat for Volunteers,
To storm a *Bugbear Castle* in the Air.
In SATYR, Wise Men take their different ways,
But each does merit its peculiar Praise:
Some do all Folly with just sharpness blame,
Whilst others laugh and scorn Men into Shame;
But of these Two, the last succeeded best,
(As Men aim rightest when they shoot in Jest)
Yet if I may presume to blame our Guides,
And censure such who rail at all besides,
In ev'ry road my Pegasus shall ride.

And first I'll say, Those *Fools* have strangely err'd,
Who (tho' the Queen has Peace so much admir'd,)
Do Rail as if they fear'd to be preferr'd.
Against the Nations Welfare these declaim;
Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble Game;
But let these Whore and Rail, for who wou'd Preach
Morals to *Oxford*, or Lewd *Cowper* teach,
But with sharp Eyes, those nicer Faults to find,
Which lie obscurely in the wisest Mind,
That little Speck, which all the rest does spoil,
To wash off that, wou'd be a noble Toil;
Beyond the *true-born Libells* of this Age,
Or the forc'd Scenes of our declining Stage.
I love to call each *Levite* by his Name,
Land a great Knave, and *Knaggs* an honest Man.

This is the SATYR that's intended here ;
In such a SATYR all will seek a share,
 And every Fool will fancy he is there.
Old Hackney Criticks now must pine and die,
 To see their Antiquated Wit laid by ;
 Like her who miss'd her Name in a Lampoon,
And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.
 No *Temporal Coxcomb* shall be mention'd here,
 Nor shall the Train of dancing Beaus appear ;
 No fluttering Officers, who never Fight ;
Of such a wretched Rabble who wou'd write ?
 Much less the Wits ; that's more against our Rules ;
 For they are *Knaves*, the other are but *Fools* :
 Nor shall the *wanton Mistresse* be nam'd,
 Too ugly, or too easie to be blam'd ;
 With whom each *Rhiming Fool* keeps such a Pother,
They are as common that way as the other.
 In short, 'tis none but *Pulpit Fools* I'll name,
 Their Rise, their *Follies*, *Madness* and their *Shame*,
 For 'tis from these, our *Fends* and *Tacking* came :
 Then, *Reverend Fools*, may I your leaves implore,
To kiss your Hands, that I may lash the more ?
 May I draw near, and with a rough bew'd Pen
 Give a small Draught of you, the worst of Men,
 Tell of your Merits and your mighty Skill,
In hatching first, then boding future Ill ?
 What *Rome* does ask, you must not her deny ;
 If *Hell* commands you too, you must comply ;
 There's none but you with *Tackers* wou'd combine,
 (Things made like Men, but act like *Brutes* and *Swine*).

The Pulpit Fool.

5

Your Lives are Vain, and all your Sermons Trask,
You Rail at Whigs, but squint your selves at Mass;
You're Pulpit Fools, degrading is your due;
All that compleats a Traytor, dwells in you.
Thus you, like *Hectors*, to the Pulpit get,
And in defiance to the Gospel fret,
For Railing was never counted Preaching yet.
You toil for Rome, and in the Pulpit try,
Your Tacking Strength, and Cobweb-Policy,
(Experiments which all good Men despise)
Compleat your Crimes, and then you're fit to die.
True Pulpit Fools! Pimps to the Church of Rome,
Meer *Higginites*, (a) Heirs to his Sense and Doom;
Was e'er the Gown disgrac'd with such a Brood,
All dipt in Tacking, which is next to Blood?
Worse than *Fanatick Fools* (b) for they being Prest
By a wise Prince, preach'd to repeal the Test;
Then here's the difference 'twixt you Popish Tools,
You're downright Rogues, they only Knaves and Fools.

Having thus address'd in Love and pure Respect,
I'll next your Rise and Practices detect.
Your Birth and Life the Learned thus explain,
Natural Religion, easie first, and plain;
Tales made it Mystery, Offerings made it Gain:
Sacrifices and Feasts were at length prepar'd,
The PRIESTS eat Roast-meat, and the People star'd;
And from that time the Pulpit Fool appear'd.

(a) *The* the Clergy-man here named, is describ'd in the following Poem.

(b) *L—b* and *N—b* are all the Dissenting Parsons that are here meant; those two being all that were for Repealing the Test, &c.

But

But since no Limner ever drew your Race,
 (On Reverence he durst not stare and gaze,)
 I'll try for once how I can paint your Face;
 The *Pulpit Fools* have not the least pretence,
 To Wit or Parts, besides bare Confidence;
 They only have the Gift of being frank,
 And please the World just like a Mountebank,
 These Figures without any meaning take,
 And do a FARCE of Vice and Vertue make.
 Forbear all Drolling in the Pulpit, Fool;
 Ne'er for a Top-knot damn a harmless Soul;
 Macbrel and Paint, let B—— talk about,
 Be wise ith' Pulpit, tho' stark Fool when out;
 Let Vices Image be so neatly wrought,
 It may disturb the Heart, not wound the Thought.
 Now of these *Pulpit Fools*, we often find
 As many sorts as are to Whims inclin'd.

As first, He that *Extempore* will Preach,
 Is a bold Fool — And what can Block-heads teach?
 All serious Preaching must come from the Heart,
 Then they are *Fools* that think not, yet exhort:
 Words spoke at random, have not half the grace
 As a word ranked in its proper place.
 But Plain Discourse, of Order Void, and Art,
 Is better than a starcht one got by Heart;
 Yet what by Study, moves and pleases you,
 By the same Reason must please others too:
 Hence the Designs of all your Sermons lay:
 On diff'rent Themes, choose still a diff'rent way;

Here

The Pulpit Fool;

7

Here an Encomium, there a Myſterie ;
Here Vertue to the Life, muſt painted be ;
Here Sinners muſt by ſharp inveſtives ſmart,
All *diff'rently* muſt be toucht — yet all with Art:
If to the purpoſe Morals you'd exhort,
Then *Study* well the City and the Court ;
Do not a Merchant, like a Lord diſguiſe,
Nor ſet on Subjects, *Royal Qualities* ;
Make Miſers ſcrape, let Sluggards ſtretch and yawn ;
Paint Lords Fantaiſtick, and make Courtiers fawn :
But Parſon, have a care while you correct,
That we do not *Extempore* Whims detect,
Where we do *pure Chriſtianity* expect ;
Pulpits from Heatheniſh Vertues are exempt ;
And none but *Fools* will their great Praise attempt,
Unless with true Religion burniſh'd o'er,
And Chriſtian turn what Pagan was before :
In all your Drafts, let Nature copied be,
That we the Heart may through the Picture ſee ;
No Preaching's Real that's *Extempore* :
But *too plain Colours*, prudently forbear,
Name not the Sinner in the Character,
Who'd tell his Faults to a Fame-murderer ?
But yet *Extempore Fools* do often ſteer,
To this or that Diſſenter, tho' 'tis clear,
They call that *Schiſm*, which is *Godly Fear*.
Poor ſqueamiſh *Fools*, your Throats are ſtrait and nice,
But tho' you keek at *Schiſm*, you'll ſwallow Lyes,
But Mercy Lord! 'Tis Extempore Vice.

The

The *Tacking Fool* in Pulpits too, did Rave ;
Perkin his King, and he his humble Slave.
 The Churches *Danger* he can plainly see ;
 For all its *Danger* is from such as he ;
He's a meer Higgin for *Pride and Bigotry*.
 These are the *Fools* that live at Wrack and Manger,
 And now reduc'd, weep for the *Churches Danger*,
 Lament her Ruine, and deplore her Doom,
 But wou'd you know what Church? 'tis *that of Rome* ;
 'Tis that's the Church they mean, 'tis that they fear,
 For there's no other Church in *Danger* here.
 The Church of *England*, and of *Scotish Hue*,
 To each of which they equal kindness shew,
 Are safe from *Danger*, and *UNITED* too.
 But *Pulpit Fools*, that *Tack* with *Popish Strings*,
 Are still agog for *Transubstantiate Things*
Chimera Reigns, and Metaphysick Kings.
 Sublim'd to School Divinity Extreams,
 Their Brains do crow with *Patriarchal Dreams*,
 So high from solid honest Wisdom blown,
 They'd have some *Hippo-Centaur* on the Throne ;
 No King by Law, but by some God appointed ;
 Not Lay elected, but by Priest Anointed.
 Away this *Tacking, Levite, Priest-Craft, Prince* ;
 Give us a *Queen Divine*, by Law and Sense ;
 Just such a *Queen* as is our present Fence.
 But *Tacking Fools* do in *Dragoons* delight,
 They stretch their King unto the highest Flight,
 For thus did *Tackers preach*, and *M—n* write.

The Pulpit Fool.

9

*That Kings in a compendious Method teach,
Where Force is Law (for that the Tackers preach)
That Laws are nothing, where great Armies come;
For who'd talk Gospel to a Kettle-Drum?
They act as if they thought t' a glorious Cause
Both to destroy our Liberty and Laws,
They Preach a Prince o'th' Blood can ne'er do ill,
'That 'tis their Birth-right to have power to kill.
'They think a Monarch has too great a Mind,
To be by Justice or by Law confin'd;
And this lasts just so long as he is kind.
Try but their Passive Grace, but hang their Friend,
Their Non-resisting Cant is at an end;
Mad Tacking Fools! what is't, cou'd you provoke,
To stoop again unto the Romish Yoke?
May you be curst, and all your hopes demolish,
And perish by those Laws you wou'd abolish.
But why do I the Tackers thus arraign,
For truly Jacks have reason to complain,
As they have rail'd so long, and rail'd in vain.
How did they go and come, and run and ride,
They knew our Ruin lay in this — Divide:
This made them beat Alarms, and Pray and Preach,
'Twas to forbid the Scotch and English Match,
But now Great Britain is above their reach;
For Scotch and English, as United Loons,
Do now defie the Dev'l and all his Sons.
Thus Tacking Preachers, all Uniting hate,
Love Strife and War, Contention and Debate:
These wrong the Queen, and then to make amends,
With Oaths declare they are her only Friends.*

C

But

But why is all this Contest and this Strife,
This struggling in the State, as 'twere for Life?
 The *Tacking Fool* does common Roads forsake,
 O'er Hedges, and thro' standing Corn they break;
 They own'd no Plot, when Popery was design'd,
 The *Churches Danger* then ne'er seiz'd their Mind;
But now make Plots, where Plots they cannot find:
 Yet their Designs, they do so idly Frame,
 That now, a *Tacker* is a publick Shame;
 But tho' he finds his evil Projects curs'd,
He keeps the Impudence he had at first;
 For still 'gainst Truth and Loyalty he'll fight,
 And falsely cry, *The Church can have no Right:*
 Rebels and Traytors they will still create,
 And are *Men-catchers* of the highest rate:
 Whate'er the *Fools* pretend, the juggling Feat
 Is plainly seen, 'tis to grow Rich and Great;
 To Rule and *Persecute*, just as they please,
The People's Grievance, and the Land's Disease.
 May such live still, but live in fear and Pain,
 And ne'er dare make *Experiments* again,
For Tacking Priests are Pulpit Fools in Grain.
 Degenerate *England*, slave to mighty Pelf:
 Degenerate *England*, stranger to thy self:
 Are these thy *Tacking Guides*, thy *Pulpit Sage*?
Sure if they are, they Doat with Gold and Age.
 There was, alas! there was a Time when we
 Esteem'd our *Lives* below our *Liberty*;
 When if our *dying Country* we cou'd save,
 We'd sung on Tombs, and Triumph'd on the Grave.

Those

The Pulpit Fool.

11

Those noble Actions long ago were done ;
The Slaves are living, and the Heroes gone :
By these blind Guides, the Tackers are misled,
They so believe, because they so were bred.
The Priest continues what the Nurse began,
And thus the Child imposes on the Man ;
Who Tacks and Re-tacks to his former span.

Having told how *Pulpit Fools* do Tack the State,
I'll shew how in the Church they Tack of late :
I'll instance here in the *Occasional Man*,
The other *Tacking Fools*, I'll lash anon.
This *Tacking Fool*, preach'd in a Loyal Mood,
But not his Cant, or Railing's understood ;
For all his Matter's spread so very thin,
That scarce a *Proof*, or *Reason* can be seen ;
His *Inference* is always running o'er
With too much *Light*, which blinds our Eyes the more ;
He oft confines his Sermon to a few,
And the poor *Whiggs* does *Jehu*-like pursue ;
(Yes, *Foe*, he takes the *Shortest Way* with you :)
His Work is Peace and Love — But, *Tacking* Sir,
On ev'ry Text you hunt Jack *Presbyter* ;
Scarce *Bates* can scape your Foolish, Antick Leer.
To o'ercome *Ev'l* (a) in Fanatick Breast,
With making Faces, is a perfect Jest ;
Such *Pulpit Fooling*, all *Wise Men* detest.
To say the *Whigs*, in Holes and Corners Preach,
When 'tis by publick Laws *Dissenters* Teach ;

(a) Rom. xii. 21.

Is a bold Lyē; yet worse did he invent,
Who said Dissenters slight the Sacrament:
 The timorous *Pulpit* has been very nice,
 And mighty *shy* in reprehending Vice;
 All but the *Whiggs* (the *Tackers* say) are *Wise*.
 Such Lyes as these wou'd please *Hells Theater*, (a)
 • But prove *J— T—* a *Foolish Pulpiteer*;
T— stick to Truth, as Heav'n does advise,
Truth only in a Sermon Edifies.
 The *Railing Fool*, may some high *Jacks* content,
 But he so *Tacks* the *Church* to what he meant,
 • *That they return no wiser than they went.*

There's other *Pulpit Fools*, I might detect,
 Who think they *Preach*, if they can but *Collect*;
 Ev'n in *Collections* too, they're at a *Loss*;
 Where Gold is plenty, they present you *Dross*:
All this is Fool; 'tis not a *Preacher's* part
 To please the *Mind*, unless he strike the *Heart*.

To this *Collecting Fool*, I'll add another,
 A *Pulpit Fool*, and this *Collector's* Brother:
 'Tis him, who when some *Novel-Thoughts* arose,
 Wou'd his wild *Fancies*, for sound *Faith* impose;
 These *Pulpit Fools* so very head-strong are,
 As to make *Faith*, a *Castle in the Air*:
 And if you doubt such *Mysteries* as these,
 He'll try to prove the *Moon* a *Groaning Cheese*;
 Or any thing, if you'll but give him *Fees*:

(a) *The Play-House,*

His daring Thoughts in such *New Channels* run,
 He'll almost find, a *second Rising-Sun*;
 Whores he'll prove Chast, and Theft a pious Thing,
 If they leave Gold to sanctifie the Sin.

Speak well of *Balch*! (a) ne'er let your Malice reak,
 He'll make him Saint, let but his Angels speak; (b)
 Nay, he's so witty, daring, kind, and civil,
 Pay for the Speech, and he shall praise the Devil;

(a) This *Balch*, liv'd in *Spittle Fields*, and died that Minute he was signing a Warrant for that truly Charitable and Famous Divine, *Dr. Samuel Annesly*.

(b) The Reverend *Mr. Stubbs*, in the Sermon which he preach'd at *Mr. Thomas Right's* Funeral, has these Expressions: *If any here expect I should have said more of him, I must plainly tell them I have said enough; I don't say too much, because 'tis no more than what I am persuaded is true; but as short account of him as this may be thought, I am sure 'tis far larger, and much fitter for this Place, than a tedious heap of foolish fulsom, false daubings; (the too common Entertainment in many such Discourses as this) which, whilst they are made for every body, do indeed fit no body; and what a Reputation it is for a Man to have a multitude of very fine Things said over him, and not one word true, it may be; let any one judge.*

The Detriment he by accrewing to our most holy Profession, is scandalously notorious: As first an Atheist or Deist, for Instance, who seldom looks into a Place of Worship, but in compliance to Custom and Civility on such Emergencies as these, bearing the Man in the Pulpit, who should speak as the Oracles of God, canonizing a known Debauchee, one of his Lewd Companions possibly for a Saint, dubbing a Rebel a Martyr, extolling a grand Hypocrite as a Penitent of Night, or describing a wretched Miser, as the most liberal Person, or the like, is confirm'd in his Obstinacy, damns all Religion as Craft and Cheat, and Priests of all Perswasions for a mercenary Tribe.

Thus the Reverend *Mr. Stubbs* having observ'd the Abuse of Funeral Sermons, was resolv'd not to prostitute the Pulpit to the basest Flattery; but he tells us there are Clergy-men that like Heralds from Heaven (or from Hell rather) for a small Reward of Iniquity, will praise such men who deserv'd to have been thrust out of the World with the most signal marks of Ignominy and Dishonour. If men who have liv'd a vicious Life can (when the corrupting Angels appear, as hinted in the Poem) be Sainted at their Death, 'tis clear, whenever our Reformation is general, it must take in even the Pulpit as well as the Stage; for as the Stage is the place where Vice is acted, so when Libertines (such as *Balch*) are canoniz'd, the Pulpit is the Place where Iniquity is prais'd, and often does more hurt to the Hearers, than all the Divinity in it cou'd do good. 'Tis certain (as *Mr. Stubbs* observes), *this modish way of finishing Funeral Discourses, does not tend less to the promotion of Vice, than to the discouragement of Vertue.* But since Covetousness has crept under the Cloak and Circingle (where it shou'd blush to appear) how common is it for men to be prais'd, according as it best suits with the Reputation or Humour of the rich Widow, or the young Heir; but blessed be God, there be many Clergy-men (both Church-men and Dissenters) of such a just Principle, that even money can't tempt 'em to say or do a dishonourable thing; and in particular, I take the Author of *Mr. Right's Funeral Sermon* to be such a Person, and therefore do heartily recommend my Reader to the perusal of it, as the most likely means to Reform the Abuse of Funeral Sermons, and to banish that Flattering Devil that has dar'd to enter into the Pulpit.

Such *Fools* as these do all their Credit kill,
By *Preaching very well, and living ill* :

With a Grimace, these Truths do over act,
But shew *the Fool*, in being thus exact.

' I'd in the middle Path of Christians fall

' Twixt doubting nothing, and suspecting all ;
But this Wise Fool can praise a very *Saul*.

These are the Rocks on which those *Levites* split,
Who stain the Pulpit with Romantick Wit :

Oh Parson! Who do you design to please,
With such deceitful witty Pains as these !

Thus far of *Pulpit Fools* in general :

But, *Boon Courage*, for now the Muse does fall,

To name the *Fools, and lash both great and small* :

And here the *Magpye-Fool* shou'd lead the way,

He only chatters, is a Bird of Prey ;

But the *Wise Bishop*, all good Men obey.

Episcopacy is ordain'd by Heav'n,

And all *Wise Bishops* are in Mercy given ;

I mean such who now fill the *English Sees*,

Who are truly Pious, Learned, Grave and Wise,

Fathers in God ; and none can higher rise.

These all do Christ in Life and Heart profess ;

So feed their *Flocks*, and guard each *Diocess*,

That shou'd the *Romish Wolves* again pursue,

They wou'd (*with London*) put on *Jack Boots* too ;

These Pulpit Champions, wou'd the Church maintain,

Against the Guns of *Rome, of France and Spain* ;

Then

Then never fear the Churches Danger here,
"When Reverend Fathers can in Arms appear,
"And Men of God become the Men of War.
No, I assert (what no Man can deny)
Jack Boots (in Lawn) gain double Victory. (a)
By Magpy-Fool, I therefore only mean,
Such who are Idle, Popish, and Unclean;
Who stain their Lawn with Actions that are black,
Who were the Dev'l King, wou'd cringe and Tack;
Paradoxick-Mags, whose very white is Dark:
These Fools (like simple Land) so nicely launch,
They'd lose a Church, before a useless Branch:
Such Mags as these will ever pass for Fools,
They are not Bishops, but devouring Wolves; (b)
They're a Dead Weight, and break all Sacred Rules.
These Angels of the Church did soar so high,
Like Lucifer they lost their Hierarchy,
For Cartwright fled, and Laud did plot and die;
To all new Fashions, these their Zeal translate,
And Discipline the Church by Rules of State.
Their Popish Whimishes, did the Truth invade,
And Laud's Inventions, Grounds of Faith were made;
One Ceremony did another fend,
Nor did Will Worship know a bound, or end:
Their Canons were as various as the Winds;
Nay, (which is more) unconstant as their Minds;

(a) Viz. O'er Soul and Body.

(b) The Bloody Bishops (during the Marian Persecution) were Spiritual Devils in Flesh and Blood, Pastors without Care, and Fathers without Bowels, whose Religion was Blood and Destruction, their Devotion Cruelty and Murder. Smithie's Coffee-House Preachers, p. 4.

These Foolish Maggs did both at last become,
(Choak'd with their great Revenues) blind and Dumb.

The Fools did hold it an extream Disgrace,
 To execute the Office of their Place,

Then en't such Maggyes in a hellish Case?

Well said a Fool (a) who does a Bishop fear,
May fly t' a Pulpit, for he'll not come there,

For when did Land or Cartwright there appear?

These Maggy-Fools in Closets wou'd receive
 Any Impression, the Court-Seal wou'd give;

They fill'd a See, but were unfit to Rule;

Made only Great, to be made more a Tool;

Like Weather-cocks, on Churches tops they stood,
To over-see them, not to do them good.

Yet being Lords, they fain wou'd higher be,
And gild their Lordships with a Deity;

But being Fools, pray where's their Dignity?

These Maggy-Fools at last, had got a Trick,
(As if their Sermons had been Lunatick).

To Preach by th' Moon, some but at Quarter-day,
And then their Texts were Summons to their Pay:

Some were so costive, they requir'd a Year,

And when the Lawn appear'd, perhaps you'd hear
 To the amazement o'th' expecting House,

The groaning Hill deliver'd of a Mouse;

While these great Fools did wallow in their Store,

Those Reverend Souls that all the Hardship bore

Cou'd hardly get, by their continu'd Pain,

Enough to keep a Dog, a Cat, or Man:

(a) Arbee, a Jester to King Charles the First.

If Sacrilege to steal from Churches be,
 What's he that steals a Church, nay Sixty Three, (a)
 Well did a Herald their base Nature note,
 That gave a Wolf's-head to them for a Coat,
Swallowing a Church, the Steeple stuck in's Throat.
 Will any say, that such e'n't *Magpy-Fools*,
Whose care of Bodies, choaks their care of Souls;
 Who more adore a *Coach* than holy Rules.
 The *Magpy-Fools* are all to ease inclin'd,
 They study to pamper their luxurious Mind;
 But starve their *Souls*, and slight their *Sunday-call*,
Their Golden Number en't Dominical;
 So that it is become a common Speech,
The way to spoil a Priest's to make him Rich.
 The *Magpy-Fools*, they are a fort of Devil,
 They *VISIT*, but 'tis to tempt to Evil,
 Like *Cartwright* and *Wren*, they're Leud, and most Uncivil:
 Their Lives confute their Doctrines, for they strove,
Which most shou'd act the Sins they did Reprove:
 That one wou'd think, that whatsoe'er they say,
Were to be done the clean contrary way.
 These are *right Magpy-Fools*, for if you Note,
 Their colour's *Black and White*, and all Men thought,
 Their Words and Deeds, differ just like their *Coat*:
Alas poor Mag! a Cup of Sack for Mag;
Mag, Mag's a Fool, then let no *Magpy* brag;
 A mitred Fool that's *double dy'd* ('tis said)
 And if he durst wou'd turn his *White and Black*, to *Red*, (b)
 Where

(a) A whole *Diocess* is here meant. (b) No Man can question this, (or doubt my giving *Land and Wren*, &c. The true Character those *Popish Magpyes* deserv'd) that reads
 D Sir,

Where such Preside, the Church does Danger see,
 But from such Maggs, Great Britain now is free;
 'Tis well it is, for 'tis the Tackers Blifs,
 To blaze their Spiritual Fathers Nakedness.

Sir Harbottle Grimston's Speech upon Arch-bishop Laud's Impeachment in 1641. which you will find Printed in the continuation of Rushworth's Collections.

We are (saith he) fallen upon the great man, the Arch-bishop of Canterbury; look upon him as he is in his Highness, and he is the Sty of all Pestilent Filth, that hath infected the State and Government of the Church and Common-wealth; look upon him in his Dependencies, and he is the man, the only man that hath raised and advanced all those that (together with himself) have been the Authars and Causers of all the Ruins, Miseries and Calamities we now groan under.

Who is it but he only, that brought in the Earl of Strafford, a fit Instrument and Spirit to act and execute all his wicked and bloody Designs in these Kingdoms?

Who is it but he only that brought in Secretary Windebank, the very Broker and Pandar to the Whore of Babylon?

Who is it but he only that hath advanced Bishop Manwaring, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Bishop of Oxford, and Bishop Wren, the least of all, but the most unclean one?

These are men that should have fed Christ's Flock, but they are the Wolves that devoured them: It was the happiness of our Church, when the Zeal of God's House did eat up the Bishops, glorious and brave Martyrs that went to the Stake, in the Defence of the Protestant Religion; but the Zeal of these Bishops hath been to eat up and persecute the Church. He hath been and is the common Enemy to all godness, and good men.

If any man shall yet doubt whether Arch-bishop Laud was a Papist in his Heart (that is, a Magpy-Fool) let him read the Story of Laud's sending the Scots Common-Prayer to be approved by the Pope and Cardinals, as he'll find it in a Book of good credit, intituled, *A new Survey of the West Indies*; wrote by a Reverend Divine of the Church of England, Mr. Thomas Gage; 'tis in Page 280, in the Folio Impression, he there tells you, That being a Fryar, he went to Rome with Letters of Recommendation to Cardinal Barbarini the Pope's Nephew, intituled, *The Protector of England*; that coming acquainted with Father Fitz-Herbert, Rector of the English Colledge of Jesuits, he highly prais'd Arch-bishop Laud, and said, That he not long since sent a Common-Prayer Book (which he had composed for the Church of Scotland) to be first viewed and approved by the Pope and Cardinals, and that they liked it very well for Protestants to be train'd up in a Form of Prayer and Service, yet the Cardinals (first giving him Thanks for his Respect) sent him word, that they thought it was not fitting for Scotland. That Father Fitz-Herbert told him he was witness of all this, being sent for by the Cardinal to give them his Opinion about it, and of the Temper of the Scots; and that Laud hearing of the censure of the Cardinals, concerning his Intention and Form of Prayer, to ingratiate himself the more in their Favour, corrected some things in it, and made it more harsh and unreasonable for that Nation.

This good man, Mr. Gage, after he had there related the Matter as above, expresses himself thus, *This most true Relation of Arch-bishop Laud, I have oft spoke of in private Discourse, and publicly in Preaching, and I could not in Conscience omit it here, both to vindicate the just censure of Death, which the Parliament gave against him, and to reprove the ungrounded Opinion and Error of some Ignorant Spirits, who have, since his Death, highly exalted and-cried him up for a Martyr.*

The *Magpy-Fools* being gaz'd at first, and checkt,
 (As 'twas their due) for *Titles* claim Respect;
 The *Pulpit-Fool* that next does want advice,
 Is *H*—— to whom this Poem owes its Rise;
 (Had he ne'er left poor *Teague*, he had been *Wise*.)
 But he with *Zeal* (but such as made him blind)
 Left the *Tripe-Club* and *Irish Church* behind, (a)
 That Church which they, when *Mundlin*, vow'd to serve,
 And in their Cups swore *D*——'em to preserve;
 To struggle vainly with enervate Spite,
 And by *Itinerary Sermon* (b) set us Right.
 A Sermon fill'd with nought but brooding Ills
 (For *Pulpit Fools* are teeming in their Vice)
 The Churches Danger he cou'd dwell upon't,
 Sworn to mislead, whatever harm comes on't;

(a) Mr. *Higgin* was no sooner arriv'd in this *Metropolis*, but he took care to distinguish himself, as a Person notoriously *Disaffected* to her Majesty's Government, by the Company he kept, the Places he frequented, and the Discourses he either raised, or kept up against the Government, for whatever began the *Chat*, that the Church was in Danger, concluded it. Insomuch, that he pass'd among the forward *Herd*, for a Man of a deep Reach, a penetrating Judgment, and a courageous *Champion* for the Church of *England*.

Having thus, for some time, exercis'd his Talent in private Cabals, and the *Tatling Houses* of the Town, and like a true self-designing *Sophister*, prostituted the Venerable Name of the Church to the Service of a Party; he took up a Resolution to affront the Government in a more publick manner; and, indeed, some are of Opinion, that next to enriching himself at his Wife's cost, and securing himself from the Storm that he saw hanging over his Head in *Ireland*, and ready to fall upon him; that setting up himself as an avowed Enemy to her Majesty's Government, in order to be the Head of a Faction, was his great, if not only business in *England*; and that which led them into this Periwasion, was, that Mr *H*—— was one of the Chiefs, or Leading Members of the *Tripe Club*, that frequently met at the *Swan Tavern* in *Dublin*, and entertain'd one another, (after the *Tripes* and *Maggets* were devour'd) with frightful Scenes of imaginary Dangers that were falling upon the Church, and bold *Invectives* against their Superiors in Church and State, that could not act or think as unreasonably and disloyally as themselves.—*Answer to his Sermon*, p. 4, 5.

(b) Mr. *H*—— being furnish'd with a large stock of Assurance, and an *Itinerary Sermon*, the next News we heard of him was from the Pulpit at *New-Chappel* in *Westminster*.—*Answer to his Sermon*, p. 5.

And as I once a *Hieroglyphick* saw,
 Where the feign'd Artist did a Monarch draw
 Driving a Nail, the point towards him full,
 Into a Wainscoat with his naked Scull,
 The *Motto* being, *Tho' my Brain lies bare,*
And Pate be mass'd, yet still it shall go there.
 So *Hig*— tho' ne'er so difficult it seem,
 Resolves to drive the Tenter through the Beam,
And still the Churches Danger is the Theme :
 He'd Preach up Discord, and divide our Pow'rs,
 Were the *French* Army drumming at our Doors ;
 View but the *Rambles* of this Pulpiteer,
 From *Cripple-gate*, as far as *Westminster*,
 He beg'd a *Pulpit* to proclaim a *War*.
The Churches Danger— first at *Cripple-gate*,
 He nibbled at, just like a *Pulpit Rat* :
 A *Pulpit Droll*, his Speech was such a *Farce*,
That Dogget acts a better, never worse.
 Such Fools as these do always Preach and Pray,
 As if they had Commissions of *ARRAY*
 From Heaven to make Men Fight ; they cry *Arms, Arms* ;
 Whate'er's the Text, the *Uses* are *Alarms*.
 'Tho' they seem Pale, like Envy to our view,
Their very Prayers are of a Sanguine Hue ;
 And though they've *Jacob's* Voice, yet we do find,
 They've *Esau's* Hands, (nay more) they've *Esau's* Mind ;
 Their empty Heads are *Drums*, their Noses are
 In Sound and Fashion, *Trumpets* to the War ;
 These Fire-brands of Hell, and Curst Seditious,
 Are *Emissaries* to encrease Division ;

These

These make God's Word their Pander, to attain
The fond Devices of their Factious Brain;
Like Beacons being set themselves on Fire;
In other Men they Danger do inspire;
In this beyond the Devil himself they go,
He *sow'd* by Night, they in the Day-time *sow*;
He while the Servant slept, did *sow* his Tares,
They in the very Temple scatter Theirs;
They've Tongue-ty'd Truth, and Hig— they make the Glass,
Where every Pulpit Fool may see his Face.

H— (whose Picture this is) did scatter Tares,
(I wou'd not say't, but that I trust my Ears)
In Cripple-gate, where not one Tacker hears.

His Text exhorting Men to mortify,
And strengthen what remains, that else wou'd die; (a)
Was fit for *Leut*, and ev'ry Sinners station,
Had not the Devil been in's *Application*.

The Text being nam'd, the *Pulpit Fool* begins,
Whilst the *Good Pulpit* groans for H—'s Sins,
Sins— which in number many, tho' they be,
And crying ones, are yet less loud than he,
His thundering Voice *Sedition* spreads afar,
Nor does he only teach, but a't a War.

He Sweats against the Bishops, State and Sense,
As if he'd gain all Hell by Violence.

Next to the Court he comes, talks an *Alarm*,
And at the Royal Party flings his Arm;
Defies the Queen, and thinks the Pulpit full
As safe a place for't, as the Knight does *Hull*.

(a) Rev. iii. v. 1, 2.

What though no *Magazine* laid in there be;
 Scarce all their Guns can make more Noise than he;
 Dangers he talks of, Whiggish Plots and Fears,
 The Listening Saints shake their abused Ears,
 Till Time, long Time, (which doth consume and waste,
 All things) to an End this *Farce* did bring at last.

Is this Man Wise? No, he is but a Tool,
 And puts his Eyes out to be made a Fool:
 A *Pulpit Fool*, (that's Bigot, K——, and Clown)
 A *Scandal to Religion and his Gown*; (a)
 Here see the *Brass* of a right Tacking Priest,
 For tho' he's seiz'd, and for his Sermon his'd.;
 Yet being loos'd, he ask'd to Preach again,
 In the same *Pulpit* (b) where he beat for Men,
 For Hig—— is but the Tackers Kettle-Drum.

(a) When we seriously consider that the great Designs of her Sacred Majesty, ever since her happy Accession to the Crown of England, has been to render all her People *Easy, Safe, and Happy*, as well in their Religious as Temporal Concerns; it's no less amazing than horrible, to think there shou'd be any such vile and ungrateful Men found among us, as make it their whole Employment to foment Animosities and Divisions among her Majesties Subjects; by maliciously suggesting unreasonable and groundless Jealousies, *That the Church of England, as by Law Establish'd, is in Danger, under her Majesty's Wise and Just Administration*; when her celebrated Piety, steady Zeal for it, and unexemplary Bounty and Munificence to it, is known and admired by all the World. But that which raises our Admiration even to Astonishment, and renders it matter of Grief, as well as abhorrence, is, that these *false Fears* should be industriously divulged and spread, by any of the Sacred Function; and that the Ministers of the Gospel of Peace, should, to the Scandal of Religion, and Reproach of the Gown, turn *Incendiaries*, and instead of instilling into the People's Minds, the true Principles of Religion and Loyalty, which has always been the Glory and Character of the Church of England, should now be the Authors and Promoters of *Scandal, Sedition, and Discord*.

And yet, however strange and unaccountable it is, yet we see it's no new thing to find *Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing*, and profess'd Enemies to Church and State, hid under *Cannical 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 Peevish, Disaffected and Ungovernable Faction.

This has been very lately too notoriously exemplified, in the Person and Practice of Mr. H——, a Native of the Kingdom of Ireland, and a Priest in holy Orders.—*Answer to his Sermon*, p. 3, 4. Sold by J. Morphew, near Stationer's-Hall.

(b) *Viz. Cripple-gate.*

But

The Pulpit Fool.

23

But the Good Bishop wou'd not let him come
A second time into his Garrison, (a)
To prate of Dangers that were past and gone.
In every thing his Insolence appears (b)
But most in toſſing of his Head and Ears,
Which as he talks he Picks, else nothing comes,
From this Church-Hector, but some dang'rous Hums ;
His Memory being ne'er fit to diſcloſe,
His Senſe, till he has prob'd his Ears and Noſe ;
Then with *fag-ends* of News and Prodigies,
In State Affairs, which are indeed all *Lyes*,
He makes, then calls, his honeſt-hearers Spies. (c)
The Harangue begins, but, ere ten Words are ſaid,
The Motion varies, and with *Jerking Head*
Wou'd by a Stranger well believ'd to be,
A piece of Clock-work fram'd by Geometry ;
The Man does Preach, but 'tis ſo very Ill,
'Twou'd lay a Scandal on the Almighty Skill ;

(a) Pulpit is here meant.

(b) Mr. H—— appearing before his Grace the Lord Arch-biſhop of *Canterbury*, his Grace deſir'd to ſee Mr. H——'s Notes, which he peremptorily refus'd to produce : Whereupon his Grace modeſtly Reprimanded him, for the liberty he had taken, contrary to the expreſs Words of her Majesty's *Royal Proclamation*, and admoniſh'd him to behave himſelf more decently and dutifully to her Majesty, and his Superiors, for the future : But Mr. H—— ſo abounded in his own Senſe, that he grew Insolent; juſtify'd all he had deliver'd from the Pulpit, and utterly forgot the Duty, Reverence and Reſpect, that he ow'd to his Grace of *Canterbury*, as his *Metropolitan*.

But how is good Advice thrown away upon obſtinate Offenders. This mild Uſage was ſo far from Reclaiming him, that he reſolv'd, as he was pleas'd to expreſs himſelf in a Scripture Dialect, *to be yet more vile*, and accordingly Preach'd the ſame Sermon the Sunday following at *St. Clements Danes*, afterwards at *St. George's Chappel in Ormond-Street*, and after that, by Report, in *St. Anne's Church*, in the Precincts of *Westminster*, and at the *Parish Church of White-Chappel*. Growing ſtill more bold and hardy by *Impunity*, and being wonderfully fond of a *ſeditious* Diſcourſe, and the Vanity of being followed from place to place, by ſome that admir'd his Courage, and others his Confidence, he found a Nice way of affronting the Court to its very Face, by introducing himſelf, and the ſame Sermon, into the Pulpit at *White-Hall* on *Aſh-Wedneſday* laſt paſt, *Febr. 26. 1706-7. Answer to his Sermon. p. 5, 6.* (c) He told his Hearers at *Cripple-gate*, That many came to Church only as Spies, &c.

To have it thought the Work of Providence,
 Cou'd make a Tongue to speak so little Sense ;
 For as in Schools I oft have seen a wretch,
 Plagu'd with an Imperfection in his Speech,
 The more he strove to make his Notions good,
 The less he found his Jargons understood.
 So Hig— the more he chatters to his Friends,
 The less the Hearer knows what he intends ;
 For Pulpit-Fools will never have their Ends.
 He's a meer Bigot, without Wit or Art,
 He wou'd, but cannot Act the Plotting Part ;
 He, with his thick impenetrable Scull,
 (*The solid, hardened Armour of a Fool*)
 Well might himself to Pillories expose,
 Who (come what will, yet) has no Brains to lose :
 He was o'th' the *common Standard* (a) whilst at School,
 And now in ev'ry Sense a Pulpit Fool.
 But such as H— Men of little Sense,
 Think they to Wisdom have the sole Pretence ;
 And that those wretches who in *Bedlam* are,
 Deserve it less than those who put 'em there :
 A Poring Block-head, swoll'n with the Name,
 Of a Learn'd Man, big with his Classic Fame ;
 A thousand Books, read o'er and o'er again,
 Does word for word most perfectly retain,
 Heap'd in the *Lumber-Office* of his Brain.

(a) Some eminent Men, it's true, have gain'd fat Benefits for *Deserting* a Party, and silencing their Pens ; but that practice has been so long exploded and laid aside, that Mr. H— being at best, in respect of his Parts and Interest, but of the [*Common Standard*] had very little reason to expect Preferment by reviling and slandering the Government ; which makes it the greater wonder, seeing he wants *Preferment*, that he should make himself the Tool and Drudge of a disaffected scandalous Faction.—*Answer to his Sermon*, p. 7.

The Pulpit Fool.

25

Yet this cramm'd Scull, this indigested Mass,
Does very often prove an errant A———
(*Just such another Fool as H——— was*)
He thinks all Virtue to his side confin'd,
That Railing only can inform the Mind ;
That Church must err, and Parson ramble wide,
If Saint *L'estrage* be not his *Rule* and *Guide*,
For he was Tutor to the *Tory* Tribe.

While on the other Hand, a fluttering thing
With a long Wig, and three-pil'd Cravat String ;
Whose Life's a Visit — who alone takes care,
To say fine Things, write Songs, and Court the Fair ;
Laughs at the musty Precepts of the School,
Calls the Learn'd Writer an *Authentick Fool* ;
Swears that all Learning is a thing unfit,
A well-bred Person, or a Man of Wit ;
(Names proper to the empty Sparks o'th' Town)
And damns the Parson to his Colledge Gown.
These both are Fools, for both of them believe,
Their bantering Zeal can Heav'n itself deceive ;
These both resemble *Hig* — in their Mind,
For he like these does damn all Humane kind,
Except they are to *Jacks*, that's *H——* inclin'd :
But who's so wise to know his own Condition,
H—— for all this, is a Politician.
Ambitious to be thought a DON of Sense,
In spight of Nature, or of Providence.

Busie in Sects, in Self-opinion strong,
 And in with *Tackers*, whether right or wrong;
 Ready at Slander, diligent to do,
 Whate'er his *Dublin-Masters* prompt him too;
 Yet by his Party turn'd to Ridicule,
 They his Projectors are, and he their *Fool* :
 Yet Fate it seems brought H——— to the van,
 And made him proud to be the leading Man;
 In Preaching *Dangers*, and such Idle Fears,
 As are a perfect Jest to thinking Ears :
And thus poor Teague has lost his Dignity,
 To get himself the Name of *Raparee* ;
 And since the State has seiz'd this *Popish Tool* (a)
 May he be kept in Prison, or at School,
 'Till he does own he was a *Pulpit-Fool*.

The Pulpit Fool, that next does bear the Bell,
 You may be sure is M A D S———

(a) Her Majesty in her Royal Proclamation, is pleas'd to Notify, * ' That
 * Dec. 20. 1705 ' whereas of late several Persons endeavouring to foment Ani-
 Vid. the Procla- ' mosities, and to cover Designs which they dare not publickly
 mation at large. ' own, have Falsly, Seditiously, and Maliciously, suggested the
 ' Church of *England*, as by Law Establish'd, to be in Danger
 ' at this time, &c. And whereas the Lords Spiritual and Tem-
 ' poral, and Commons in Parliament Assembled, &c. have humbly besought Us
 ' to take effectual measures, for punishing the Authors and Spreaders of these
 ' Seditious and Scandalous Reports, to the end that all others may, for the fu-
 ' ture, be deterr'd from endeavouring to distract the Kingdom with such un-
 ' reasonable and groundless Distrusts and Jealousies. We therefore at their hum-
 ' ble Request, &c. And by the Advice of our Privy-Council, declare, That we
 ' will proceed with the utmost Severity the Law shall allow of, against the Authors
 ' and Spreaders of the said Seditious and Scandalous Reports: And do hereby
 ' strictly Charge and Command all our Judges, Justices of the Peace, &c. to
 ' take effectual Care for the speedy Apprehension, Prosecution and Punishment of
 ' all such Persons who have, or shall at any time hereafter, offend herein, &c.
 In Obedience to this Proclamation, and the Law in such Cases, provided, Mr. H——
 was taken into the Custody of one of her Majesty's Messengers in Ordinary, February
 28. 1706-7, by Virtue of a Warrant from her Majesty's Principle Secretary of State—
 Answer to his Sermon, p. 14, 15.

The Pulpit Fool.

27

He has a Popish Look, a burning Air,
And at Dissenters does so Grin and Lear
As if to Preach (with him) was but to stare.
This Fiery Mad cap, is the Oracle,
To awe the Tacking Sons of Rome and Hell.
Palmer has shewn this Man his foul Mistake, (a)
And he does gore the Whigs for Palmer's sake;
He thinks a Whig of Sense not fit to live,
For he'll as soon Repent, as he'll Forgive,
But Palmer's Charge he never can retrieve
The Queen UNITES, and still does Peace desire,
This makes him Rail, and set himself on fire,
For he's the Pulpit Fool the Jacks admire.
The Duty he pays unto our Royal Mother,
In his abusive Weather-cock (b) discover
For S—— (oh senseless, Traiterous, impudent Mock,
Fixt (*Semper Eadem*) on the Weathercock.
And for his Love to Popish Novelties,
We may believe him, for his Words are these,
' Ill here the Glories and the Praises sing,
' Of James that is, and James that shall be King. (c)
He Loves no Dissenter, nor Women, nor Wine,
But any Religion if in the Right Line.
Yet hold, my MUSE, draw thy Satyrick Rein,
For on my Conscience, honest in the Main,

(a) In his Book intituled, *A Vindication of the Religion, Loyalty and Morals of the Dissenters.*

(b) Erected at Oxford about two Years ago.

(c) In his Poem upon the Sham-Prince of Wales, are these two Lines, or Words to this effect, for I had the Poem by me.

S—— is, as any can appear,
Who does the Churches Danger Seek and Fear ;
 'Tho' there's a Maxim, by the Learn'd held good,
 That *Cowards* can't be honest if they wou'd.
 In short, S—— does not Preach by Rule,
For Peace and Love is the good Levites School,
 But he does Rail, that's, is a *Pulpit-Fool.*
A Whig, he hates the Name, and is so Civil,
 He'd sooner love and hug the very Devil:
 Such flaming Envy in each Feature was
As if his fiery Soul had burnt his Face,
 And given the World a Pattern to reveal
 The stigmatiz'd effects of *Scalding Zeal ;*
 Nay, cou'd that famous Matron that to *Saul*
 Appear'd of Old, to obey his impious Call,
 Plow'd with deep Wrinckles, and variety,
 Of o'er-worn Nature's worst Deformity ;
 With *Nose* extended, and with *Eyes* sunk in,
 Parch'd Cheeks and Lips, and a worm-eaten Chin ;
 Rise from her Tomb in all her ugliest Dress,
 Her Aspect wou'd be beautiful to his ;
If from his Soul a Man may guess at's Phiz.
 For as I often upon *Hampstead* Heath,
 Have seen a Fellow long since put to Death ;
 Hang crackling in the Sun, his Parchment Skin,
That to his Ear had shrivel'd up his Chin ;
 With such a Look, so gastly and so fierce,
 He does Low-Church men and Dissenters pierce,
Such an High-flying Pulpit Fool is this.

Thus

Thus his external Graces you have view'd,
 Now see with how much Grace his Mind's endu'd ;
 And Note if Conscience does inform his Will,
 As much as *Sordid Passion* does his Zeal ;
 Soon his Pretence to Conscience we can rout,
 And in a *Bloody Sermon*, (a) find him out :
 'Tis here the *Whigs* are worried like to Rogues,
As Saints of old in Bear-skins were by Dogs ;
 Which barbarous Act the *Romans* so abhor'd,
 'Twas voted Murder, and the Blood restor'd ;
 If so (for S——— a *Short-way Preacher* was of late)
 How is he stil'd within the Book of Fate ?
 If *Bigotry* be stuff by Learn'd Consent,
 Can he Preach well, that is a Master in't,
Nay more, that is a Pulpit-Fool in Print ?

My Muse to Col——r is now inclin'd,
 To find a Fool in Body, Face, and Mind ;
 For as I on a Turnep have observ'd,
 An aukward *Phiz* by *Clumsie Artist* carv'd,
 The Symmetry incongruous and untrue,
And th' Nose set on, as if 'twere with a Screw ;
 Even so in Colour, Feature, and in Fame,
 Does H——— appear, so like 'twas thought the same :
 View but his Face, and you must needs confess,
He has a sour, brazen, frightful Phiz.
 Furious, staring, hirsute, Goggle-Ey'd,
 Red Pimples, toping Nose, and Mouth as wide :

(a) I hear mean the *Affize Sermon* he Preach'd at——— which was little better than a Foolish Harangue to excite the Government to *Persecute the Dissenters.*

This horrid Figure; seems design'd by Nature,
 To Fire the Pulpit with his Face and Matter.
 But H—— appear to a more open view,
 Which yet I must confess you need not do;
 The labour to expose you I may save,
 Thou stand'st upon thy own Records a K—— (a)
 Condemn'd to live in thy Abusive Rhimes,
 The Curie of ours, and Scoff of future Times.

The

(a) As a Proof of this (and of my other Charge against H—— in this Character) read the following Paper, intitl'd, — *The most humble Confession and Recantation of H—— Clerk. Publicly Made, Read, Sign'd and Seal'd in the Court of Arches; held before the Right Worshipful Sir Richard Loyd, Knight, and Doctor of Laws, &c. on Friday the 27th day of June, in the Year of our Lord, 1684.*

Whereas, I —— ~~Hickin~~ Clerk, &c. have at the promotion of the Right Reverend Father in God, Henry, by Divine permission, Lord Bishop of London, my Reverend Diocesan, &c. been rightly and duly proceeded against in this Court, for Solemaizing, or rather Prophaning of Marriages, between several Persons in my Parish-Church, clandestinely, without their Matrimonial Bannes being in their respective Parish-Churches first published, and denounced, or any License from Ecclesiastical Authority, being first had and obtained (though I made each couple pay 5 s. for such License) in contempt of the Law, and Canons and Constitutions Ecclesiastical, in that behalf provided, &c. And whereas, during the Dependance of the said Suit, I appeared several times in the said Court, and there demeaned myself with great Impudence, denying the Jurisdiction thereof, to the great affront of his Grace, the most Reverend Father in God, [the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, &c. (whose Court it is) refusing to be uncovered, and to give that Respect and Reverence, which is justly due to the same, endeavouring by my insolent and unmannerly Carriage and Behaviour there, to put all the Affronts and the highest Contempts that I could, upon the said Court, and to expose it to the Scorn of the Rabble that attended me there. And moreover, whereas I have lately, in several Libellous Books and Pamphlets, by me Written and Published &c. Publish'd and Printed several Scandalous, Erroneous, and Seditious Principles against his most sacred Majesty, and Government Ecclesiastical, to the Violation of my Duty as a Subject and a Priest; in contempt of the Holy Church, and in Derogation of Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction and the Authority of the Bishops and Ecclesiastical Judges; by which means I have fomented and incited the Factious and Fanatical Party to Contemn the government of the Church, as by Law establish'd, and to persist in their Errors and Seditious, to the great disturbance of the Peace of this Church and Kingdom.

Now I, the said —— ~~Hickin~~ ^{ickin} being truly and deeply sensible of the heinousness of my Crimes and offences herein, and being truly and heartily sorry for the same. And taking Shame to myself for having so highly offended Almighty God, the King's most Sacred Majesty, the holy Church, and been so Scandalous to my

The World may well forgive you all your ill,
For ev'ry Lye does prove your Pennance still ;
Falsly you fall into some dangerous Noose,
And then as meanly labour to get loose.
I'd like to have left out your Poetry,
Despis'd by all, (almost) as well as me ;
Sometimes you have some Humour, never Wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely hit ;
'Tis under so much fulsom Rubish laid,
To find it out's the Cinder-womans Trade ;
So very dull your Priest-Craft Works appear,
The wretched Texts deserve no Comments here :
Where one poor Thought, sometimes left all alone,
For a whole Page of Dulness to atone ;
'Mongst forty bad, one tolerable Line,
Without Expression, Fancy, or Design.
This *Pulpit Fool*, with a Poetick Rage,
Strives to Reform the Vices of the Age,
Whilst his *Crack'd Scull* shews all that has been said,
Leaves marks on nothing but the Poets Head,
For all his Pamphlets now are versify'd.

my Sacred Function, as a Priest in particular, and as a Christian to all good People in general, do here openly, and in the Face of this Court, voluntarily, freely, and humbly acknowledge and confess the heinousness of my said Crimes and Offences, as also that the said Court, hath most justly proceeded against me for the same, &c. And that all People may be satisfied of the truth and sincerity of my Repentance for these my Crimes and Offences, I do now make it my humble request to this Court, that this my Confession and Recantation may be forthwith Printed and Published. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal this 27th Day of June, in the Year of our Lord, 1684.

————— H —————
This Confession and Recantation was Read, Signed and Sealed, by the said
————— H ————— in the Court, &c. as aforesaid. ————— Its Testor Thomas Tylbot
Attornys Deput.

With

With horrid Clamours, and as dreadful Phiz,
 He mauls the Bishops in their Dignities,
 Nor can Dissenters 'scape his angry Paw,
 He Fights the Whigs with Gospel, Pen, and Law; (a)
 Like drunken Men, he'll this way, that way Reel,
And turn his Mind as Fortune does her Wheel.
 One Day he'll take *H. London* by the Throat,
 The next Dissenters are his Grief and Sport,
 For [*Curse ye Meroz*] ne'er will be forgot;
 Thus in his *Proteus-Life*, he's this and that,
 And in the Pulpit God alone knows what,
He is no turn-Coat (he for all things sat)
 Tell me [*All Saints, &c.*] for 'tis a Prodigie
 Whoever chang'd more in one Moon than he?
 What *Sett of Christians* is't he has not known,
 And at one time or other made his own;
 Gold is his God; for a substantial Summ,
H—— to the Turk, wou'd run away from Rome,
And sing his holy Expedition against Christendom.
 The *Black Noncons* (b) he says have lost their Wits;
 At other times he'll Jeer the *Churches Rites*;
 For *Liturgies* he does not care a rush
(For knowing 'tis impossible to blush).
 Tho' *Common-Prayer* refines the Life and Breast,
 His *Ceremony-M——r* makes that Prayer a Jest.
 By these Extreams, Religion's from us flown,
 And our *One Church* grows *Many*, therefore none;
 (But Anchors safe on *MODERATION*)

(a) He once said to a Friend of mine, That he got as much by the Law on Saturday, as he did by the Gospel on Sunday. (b) He publish'd a Pamphlet with that Title.

The Pulpit Fool.

33

I love *Church Rites*, and cannot think it fit
To have 'em banter'd by a Pulpit Wit ;
I'd not have Churches poppeted with Shows,
Nor rudely stript stark naked of their Cloaths ;
If *Liturgies*, which now so long have stood,
Seal'd by five Pious Bishop's sacred Blood ;
Are termed Nonsense, or but Pottage thought,
'Tis Pottage from Heaven, like that to *Daniel* brought ;
The *Surplice* which H—— so much has rail'd upon,
And term'd by some — *The Whore of Babylon ;*
Wise Men will not believe 'tis so, or wer't,
Whore's Smocks will serve, to make a Rogue a Shirt ;
Or if Whores do wear Smocks, I do not know
Why honest Women shou'd not wear 'em too.
No Preaching can be counted an offence,
'Cause *Treason* and *Sedition* flow from thence, }
For it is known, they that do *Faction* teach,
(*May play the Fool*, but) neither Pray nor Preach ;
Good Preachers are as contrary to these,
As is our *Zenith* to the *Antipodes*,
Or *Hick*——'s foul Band to decent Ceremonies :
H—— likes not *Peace*, if he does go to draw
The *Gospel* from agreement with the *LAW*,
And wou'd have as much difference betwixt,
These two as 'tween his *Doctrine* and his *Text ;*
'Tis our desire to make them Friends again,
'That so the *Gospel* may the *Law* maintain ;
They are (tho' two) *one Word*, and shou'd agree,
As their two Authors in one *Unitie*.

But *H*— because a black-coat Captain, dares
 Become a Bishop to correct our Prayers,
 And new-coin all our *Orders*; nay retains
A publick Synod in his Faction's Brains;
 I hate such *Pulpit Soldiers*, and shall call,
 His Bant'ring of our *Rites*, an *Omen of his Fall*;
 We pray for *Peace*, the *Physick of our Nation*,
 Not sprung from *War*, but from *Accommodation*.

*Dean
 Sherlock*

The *Guide* to the Non-Jurors, here I'll place,
 For tho' he Preaches well, and with a Grace,
 He's *Tackler* at Heart, and *Weefil* in his Face.
 He keckt at *Oaths*, when Royal *Will*' did Rule,
 And from that time was call'd — *A Pulpit Fool*.

The *Weefils* say (for *Weefils* I speak belike),

' The *Dean* is Rich and Learn'd, and has no Cross in Life.

' Unless Mankind's *Domestick Cross*, a *Wife*.

' King *James* did favour him above the rest,

' He has the knack of Preaching with the best;

His Words and Method merit great Respect,

And his new Whimsies just as great Neglect;

For *Satan* and *Sherlock* once did hold Debate (a)

To broach new *Fangles* in our Church and State:

Wise Men alone cou'd guess at his Design,

And can but guess, the *Thread* is spun so fine.

First view his Whimsies in Divinity,

Baptismal Regeneration! Can it be? (b)

And for his Notions of the *Trinity*;

(a) There's a Book, intitul'd — *A Friendly Debate between Satan and S—*

(b) Reader, Peruse this Notion in his *Discourse of Death*, and understand it if you can.

The Pulpit Fool.

35

They're so corrupt, and yet so finely wrought,
We'd lost the Notion in his very Thought;
Had not Great S——th, with a true pious Wit,
Chastiz'd his Whims, and set our Notions right.

Oxford! (no, Pious Oxford) is thy Name,
That durst correct his Heresie with Flame, (a)

Fanaticks too, thou'd cauterize his Fame,
For at Dissenters he gives double Thrusts;
He dares defame their Living Vertues first,
Then Persecutes their Ashes in the Dust. (b)

These are his Fangles in Divinity;
View next his Errours in State-Policy,
For all is one continu'd Heresie——

' S——— you know wou'd fain the Oaths evade,
' Scruples to Swear to th' King for whom he pray'd:
' Now the Pale-Priest look'd back on what he'd done,
' Weeps all his Persecuting days were run:
' The Priest (as Priests are wont to do) turn'd Tail,
' He's Pulpit-Fool, and Nature will prevail;
' And truly, did our Kings consider all,
' No Pulpit-Fools wou'd ever Swear at all;
' When 'twas their Interest, Oaths they'd still refuse,
' For Whores and Priests do never want Excuse;
His Reasons for Swearing to an English Prince,
Confound the Notions of Allegiance;
For you might Swear to Turk, or Pope, from thence.

Nay, by his Reasons, for the time to come,
I'd Swear to all the Kings in Christendom,

(a) His Book on the Trinity was burnt at Oxford. (b) In one of his Controversial Books he Banters an eminent Dissenting Minister, who had been dead many Years before he writ against him.

When *William* won the Field, then *S—* did convert grow,
 Made more by Interest, than by Nature so ;
 Under his *Living Beams* his Scruples spread,
 He conquer'd *Teague*, and then his Scruples fled.
 A Wind-mill is not fickle, for we find,
 That it is always constant to the Wind.
 Thus *S—* ne'er chang'd, he's still to Interest true,
 The Conqu'rour ever did his *Doubts* subdue ;
 'Tis his Profession still to calm the vex ;
And as the Nation Veers, to change his Text.
 ' His Conscience at last by Golden Bribes was freed,
 ' For what can *Dauat*, when Love and Beauty plead ?
 ' Strict Conscience o'er his Soul had mighty Power,
 ' But yet alas, his *Ruling* Wife had more :
 But if all those that Preach up Paradise,
Must have their shares of ev'ry humane Vice ;
 They shall cant long enough e're I believe,
 Or pin my Soul on *S—*'s Faith or Sleeve :
 But all saw not ; so *S—* he atchiev'd,
 Ample Rewards who Sholes of Priests deceiv'd,
For all took S— For the safest Guide.
 To each Proud Dame he gives Example now,
They'd fain Rebel, and he has shewn them how ;
 They'll always quote his REASONS as sublime,
 And Disobedience fix upon his Crime ;
 ' Courage they cry ! let's make the Men obey,
 ' Mark how the *D^{octor}*'s Wife has led the way ;
 ' She bids him Swear, and he durst not delay.
 ' Sir— These State-Errors have your *Fame* undone,
 What can you mean by Preaching *Pro* and *Con* ?

By this you brought your Pulpit in Disgrace,
And tho' a D—, are but an F—— in Place ;
For Sir, you thought by Sophistry, and Rules,
You might impose on your admiring Fools :
One while affirm we may resist a King,
Another contradict the self same Thing ;
' *Disguising streight, what now your Sense unfolds,*
' *As if you play'd the Juggler with our Souls :*
By which Proceedings, all we can Remark,
Is, you design'd to leave us in the Dark ;
Is that a Wise and honest Preacher's part ?
All this was Fact, and if't be still your way,
Who'll ever value what you Preach or Pray ?
(Stand to your Text, and we will all obey)
For if your Doctrine now in Truth excells,
By Consequence the former must be false ;
And all the Notions you did late avow,
Are dash'd and banish'd by your REASONS now ;
' *How oft alas ! have I been one of those,*
' *On whom you long did formerly impose ?*
' *How oft have argued what you gravely taught,*
' *Which you as gravely now prove good for nought ?*
Altho' perhaps, I've laid my Soul upon't,
Eccho'd your Stuff, and justify'd your Cant ;
And wou'd have laid my Wives and Childrens too,
On knotty Points you ty'd, and now undo ;
Thus you are Pulpit F—— and Turn-coat too.
For this the *Weefils* nibled at your Case,
And now i'th' Pulpit stare you in the Face,
S——'s a Jest to D——y *Weefils* Mice.

Then

Then S—— ne'er hope to be a Bishop here;
 A D——'s too much for one that wou'd not swear:
 To glorious *William* —— whilst King *James* was near;
 But being beat, wou'd swear and swear agen;
 For tis from Conquest all your *REASONS* spring.
REASONS! —— There's stuff for S——'s Pen to write!
 Then think, *Great Weevil*, how you wou'd delight,
All honest Church-men, wou'd you die this Night:
 Wou'd you, like some grave sullen Victor, die,
 Just when the Triumph's for the Victory
 Are setting out, wou'd you die now t' eschew,
 Those *Wreaths* that from *Non-Swearers* are your due;
 And 'tho' they're bravely fitted for your Head,
 Bravely disdain to wear 'em till you're Dead:
 Such *Cynick-Glory* wou'd out-shine the Light,
 Of *Laud and Cartwright*, in their greatest height,
 And all those *Pulpit-Fools* that live in Spight:
 Not that the *Tacking Clergy* can desire,
 To lose the Object they so much admire;
 But *Temple-Guides* and *Saints* must shift away
Their Flesh, ere they can get a *Holy-Day*;
 Then like to *Time*, that Honour Registers,
 Or like to *Saints* renown'd in *Calendars*;
 You must depart, to make your Value known;
You may be lik't, but not ador'd till gone:
 So curst a Fate hath humane Excellence,
 That Absence still must raise it to our Sense,
Our Church is sound, if you wou'd vanish hence:
 The mighty *Julius*. who so long did strive,
 At more than Man, was hated whilst alive,

Even

The Pulpit Fool.

39

Even for that Vertue, which was rais'd so high ;
When Dead, it made him straight a Deity ;
Then Dr. Dye, 'twou'd raise you to St, P——,
Besides, when Dead, you are no Pulpit-Fool :
Try what that DEATH is which you writ upon,
'Tho' JUDGMENT follows, if you taught us wrong ;
And almost S——*th* wou'd sing your Mourning Song (a)
Ambassadors that carry in their Breast,
Secrets of Kings and Kingdoms Interest,
Are not advanc'd in a Politick Sense,
'Till they grow greater by removing hence :
Like Subjects here, they but attend the Crown,
Yet swell like Kings Companions when they're gone.
So S—— shou'd Heav'n forgive his *Heresies,*
May be a King (above) but this en't till he dies ;
No *Pulpit-Fool* can start at this Advice ;
For S—— (that is, or wou'd be counted Wise)
Knows no Man loves a *Tacker* in disguise :
Yet I recant, and ask he wou'd forgive,
That I shou'd wish his Death, and not his Life ;
For with a Storm we all are over-cast,
And *Northern-Storms* are dangerous when they last : (b)
Then shou'd he die, that only knew to steer,
With ev'ry Wind, how great wou'd be our Fear !
For each Proud *Levite*, then wou'd lay his Hand
Upon the *Helm*, and struggle for Command,
For *Pulpit-Fools* wou'd Church and State confound ;

(a) Or *Elegy*.

(b) This was writ during the late Tumult in *Scotland*.

*Till the Disorders that above do grow,
Provoke our Curses whilst we sink below.*

Next let's behold the Merriest Man alive,
Against his *Female* Genius vainly strive;
He'll quit his ease, some fond Design to lay,
'Gainst a set Time, and then forget the Day;
Yes, he can laugh at his best Friends, and be
Eternal Toper of their *Ratafee*:
But when he aims at Reason or at Rule,
He turns himself the best in *Ridicule*,
And for Gallanting Ladies is a Fool;
Let him at Study, ne'er so earnest sit,
Shew him but Mirth, and bait that Mirth with Wit;
That shadow of a Jest shall be enjoy'd,
(And so shou'd Woman till his Mind was cloy'd)
Though he left all S—— B—— to be destroy'd;
He'd make a Play, cou'd he contrive the Plot,
And never think his Pulpit slurr'd a jot;
So Cat Transform'd, sat gravely and demure,
'Till Mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure;
But soon the Lady had him in her Eye,
And from her Friend, did just as odly fly:
Reaching above our Nature, does no good,
We must fall back to our old Flesh and Blood:
Yet B—— does strive to wash his Brain with Fancies,
(Yes, he's a *Spiritualizer* of Romances)
But never did to Wisdom much incline;
'Tet when the Bottle does his Brains refine,
' It makes his Wit as sparkling as the Wine.

But

The Pulpit Fool.

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But Wit that's got by Wine, does waste as fast,
As do the Sparkles in the Cup or Glass ;
Nature returns, and nought can cross the Rule,
A Pulpit Fool will ever be a Fool.

B — strives against his Nature all he can,
For the fine Notion of a Witty-Man ;
Yet his dull Mind, which all this bustle makes,
No Pity of its *Poor Companion* takes,
What Gravity can hold from laughing out,
To see That drag his feeble Legs about ;
Like Hounds ill-coupled, *Fowler* luggs him still,
Through Hedges, Ditches, and through all that's ill :
'Twere Crime in any Man but him alone,
To use a Body so, though 'tis one's own :

Yet this false Comfort never gives him o'er,
That whilst he creeps, his vigorous Thoughts can soar ;
But yet that soaring, to those few that know,
(Which scarce is one of those that crow'd him so)

Is but a busie groveling here below :
So Men in Rapture think they mount the Sky,
Whilst on the Ground th' intranced Wretches lie ;
So *Modern Fops* have fancy'd they cou'd fly,
Whilst 'tis their Heads alone are in the Air,
And for the most part, *building Castles there :*

In short — he tires himself and Hearers too,
And warrants Gaming by his WHISKING so ;
He Cards all Night, Courts Ladies and believes,
Himself the finest *Pulpit-Beau* that lives ;

BEAU — what is that, but one whose fluttering Mind,
Is mad to tire himself and Woman-kind :

G

There's

There's not a Wit (or Pulpiteer) that lives,
 Who his Disgrace more Foolishly contrives:
 Thus B—— to please the Ladies (not the Men)
 Forfeit's his Friends, his Pulpit and his Fame.

~~Satyr~~es make way for Coffee-House Preachers next (a)
 For they are Fools (and Tackers too) if vext;

These

(a) *The Coffee-House Preachers*, being a Title both new and surprizing: 'Twill be necessary to let the Reader into the meaning of it: In order to this, 'tis needful to enter into *the short History of a few Transactions in the Town of Col—r*, which of late made some Noise there, and seeing the Matter of Fact, as related by Mr. S——es (in his Sermon, intitul'd, *The Coffee-House Preachers, &c.*) verifies all I have said of 'em, I'll give it in Mr. S——es own Words, which are these following, *viz.*

' The same Evening that I preached this Sermon, [*Which Sermon was a Re-
 ' prof of High Church Doctrine*] I receiv'd a Letter with a kind of a Challenge
 ' from a Gentleman to come to the Coffee-House, where I shou'd hear my
 ' Sermon repeated; and a Publick Notice was given over the Town, that at Night
 ' there wou'd be a Repetition of my Sermon at the Coffee-House, for the Publick
 ' Entertainment.

' Far from being either afraid, or asham'd to shew my Face to the Author
 ' of this Scurrility, or to own or suffer for any thing I had said, I rendered
 ' myself at this blessed Readevorz at the the time appointed.

' Nothing in this surpris'd me so much as to find Two of the Reverend Cler-
 ' gy of the Church there; and in whose Countenances he must have very small
 ' Skill in Physiognomy, that cou'd not read a particular Satisfaction at the Oc-
 ' casion.

' To have answered me from the Pulpit, or reprov'd me by Conference, or
 ' Personal Debate, had been to have shewn themselves Gentlemen, and acted like
 ' Christians and Scholars.—— But to Mob the Pulpit, to set the Gown and the
 ' Buffoon together like the Dog and the Bear, was to make a Jest of them-
 ' selves, a Church of the Coffee-House, and a Stage of the Pulpit.

' All I can answer for these Gentlemen, and in Defence of my Brethren of
 ' the Clergy; is, that this was Mr. B—— and Mr. B—— of Col——r; and I
 ' cannot persuade myself to believe, the whole Clergy can find out two Men
 ' among them would have so foul'd their own Nest, and offer'd that Violence to
 ' their Profession, but these.

' Their Names are Satyr enough, their Characters are known, and I need say
 ' no more when I have told the World who they are.

' But to return to the Fact —— The Reverend Assembly met, the Challen-
 ' ger began his Farce, and the Clergy-men stood to him like the *Italian Player*,
 ' that not being able to make a Jest out, always kis'd Fellows to laugh, that
 ' the Fancy of the People might not sink upon his Hands.

' The Gentleman that made this excellent appearance, (as it was his usual
 ' Custom) broke out from bantering a poor Clergy-man, to blaspheming his Maker,
 ' and belching out Oaths, as the natural Product of his Education: Then follow'd

These, contrary to the *Athenian* use,
Come here for Swearing, others come for *News*.
For News alone — The Vulgar come and go,
Carrying a thousand Rumours to and fro,
With stale Reports, some list'ning Ears do fill;
Some Coin fresh Tales in Words that vary still,
Lyes mixt with Truth, all in the telling grows,
And each *Athenian* adds to what he knows:
But *Coffee-House Preachers* han't the same intent,
To view the *News* and House of Merriment;

' one of the blackest Scenes that ever a Christian Country saw presented. It
' was a Tragedy indeed, and such a Tragedy as no Government yet suffer'd to
' go unpunish'd.

' Upon the occasion of the Person above swearing after his usual manner, a
' grave and honest Neighbour step'd up to the Reverend Mr. B——, and ask'd him
' this Question. *Sir, do you allow of Swearing in your Company?* Upon which this
' Priest in Masquerade, but Devil in disguise, replied, *Yes if it be true, 'tis lawful*
' *to swear to the Truth.* Another hearing such a horrid System of Infernal Doct-
' rine advanc'd, puts in this Question. *Mr. B——, I have been at St. Peter's*
' *to day, is it lawful for me to say in Conversation, By-God I have been at St. Peter's*
' *Church to day:* The dark wretch replies, *Yes, you may Sir.*

' There was a great deal of Argument used to convince this Hellish Crea-
' ture, but he persisted in it; at which I turn'd to him, and as calmly as the
' Provocation would admit, said: *Mr. B——, Are you not asham'd to Countenance*
' *prophane Swearing?* At which some of his own Friends, asham'd for him, turn'd
' him down stairs.

' Nor is this all; but several of the Clergy of the Town, at the same time,
' and openly since, persist in the same thing; and Mr. B—— in particular has
' behav'd himself very scandalously on this Account, as well as against me for it.

' He that is a Minister of the Gospel, and can hear his Office ridicul'd, Preach-
' ing made a Coffee House-Banter, that can see his Maker Blasphem'd, and his
' Fellow Watch-men fall in with the wicked Party; that can hear the Sons of the
' Prophets encourage, plead for, and defend the infamous and Scandalous Practice
' of taking the Name of God in vain, and prophane swearing by it; that can
' see the Clergy pull down all Religion, and justify that abominable Sin they ought
' to detest. — He that can do all this, must have small Deference for his
' Maker, little or no Sense of his Duty, and less Inclination to perform it.

These are Mr. S——'s own Words, without the least Addition of mine, as
you find 'em in the *Preface to his Sermon, intitul'd, The Coffee-House Preachers;* and
as they sufficiently Justify all I have said of the Two B——'s, so are a suf-
ficient Reason, for my Ranking those Two Furiolos in the Catalogue of *Pulpit-*
Fools.

They come to *SWEAR*, or never wou'd assert,
 That we may *SWEAR* by *G*—— to what is Truth :
 This Doctrine [*B*—— and *B*——,] (*a*) did belch from Hell,
 For *B*—— is Satan's *SWEARING* Oracle ;
 For no good Man or Preacher wou'd appear,
 To Head a Mob, or bid a *Tacker Swear*,
 Swearing's his Breath, he scarce draws other Air :
 But *B*—— and *B*—— Two Bravo's for the Devil ;
 Say Men may Swear by *G*——, and Swear no Evil :
 When Men thus favour Vice, and wear a Gown,
They but cry up the Church, to pull it down :
 Vain Pulpit Fools! Lodge *Herbert* in your Pate,
Were he an Epicure he'd Swearing 'bate.
 Down on your Knees to God, and *S*——es too,
Swearers are pardon'd, *S*——es shews you how ;
 Pray hard, Confess, Repent, but don't Dissemble ;
 How, Swear by *G*——? that Word shou'd make you tremble.
 Such *Priests* as you deserve a Load of Birch,
Brave Saints! to Bully Men into the Church ;
 You Mob the Pulpit, make the Gown a Jest,
 And are but *Rev'rend Block-heads* at the best :
 Your *Coffee-House Preachers*, Two Romancing Tools,
 More *F*—— than *K*——, and yet more *K*—— than Fool ;
 Under what sickly Planet were you born,
 Doom'd at your Birth, the Pulpits Plague and Scorn?
 Like *Farting Pythia*, you are nothing else,
But a meer Trunk to Satan's Oracles.
 You're a strange piece of *Linsley-Woolsey* Ware,
 Just such another thing as *Bullies* are,
 For they Blaspheme, and you say, *Let 'em Swear :*

(*a*) The Two *Coffee-House Preachers*.

S——es did fight with *Beasts*, at *Ephesus*,
 For *B——* and *B——* are *Beasts*, or something worse;
 No real Men wou'd plead for Swearing thus:
 You're not content with what you're selves can do,
 To please the Devil, wou'd Damn your Neighbours too;
 Like *Two Twin-Comets*, when you two appear,
 We justly may suspect some Danger near;
 You ha'nt one Grace or Charity in use;
 Whom openly you dare not to traduce,
 With short or over-praise you will abuse.
 You allow *Dissenters* all things but their Right,
 And most in Commendation shew your Spight;
 If serious your Antagonist appear,
 (As *Sheppard* is, who answer'd *B——*'s Jear)
 He's then *Fanatick*, *Precise*, *Popular*.
 If Bountiful, a Faction is design'd,
 If *Mod'rate Church-man*, he's to *Whigs* inclin'd;
 And if in War *Dissenter* has Success,
 He's so much more a dangerous Man in Peace:
 Thus *B——* and *B——* belye, distort and force
 The *Whiggs* and turn each Vertue to a Curse,
 They're *Coffee-House-Preachers*, and they can't be worse;
 The *Coffee-House-Preacher*, Sermonizes thus,
 His Preaching's *Braying*; *B——*'s an *Ass*,
 Whose very Life's a sort of *Railing News*.
 And *B——*'s Works are but a *Mittimus*;
 To seize the *Whiggs*, or vent a senseless Curse.
B—— now confess, (for that will cleanse your Gown,)
 Is there a *Swearing Make-bate* in the Town,
 Or *Private Jacobite* to you unknown;

You.