

You both Harangue for Loyalty I own,
 Your Loyalty's a Scandal to your Gown,
 For that still disappears, when gaz'd upon.
 Just *Time* does melt off all your nasty Paint,
 Your Railing Tongue can no Dissenter Taint,
Your very Scandal makes a Loyal Saint ;
 Cut out you were for *Rome*, or some such place,
 Where Pardons are sold, and *Swearing is a Grace* ;
Nature found stuff for Men, and wrought it right,
 But Heav'n denies to give you humane Sprite ;
 Some Sparks of Fire, she like *Promethus* stole,
 And wanting humane, gave a Brutal Soul ;
 Or you did by some *Transmigration* pass,
From Fool to Brute, and there grew up an A—.
 But why do I the precious Minutes spend,
 On *Two* that had *much rather hang than mend*.

L—y's the Pulpit-Fool that next appears,
 With Brazen-Face, Beau-Sword, (a) and Popish Ears ;
Sailors by Wind, but L—y by Tacking Steers.
 Stand forth, thou bold *Rehearser* of our Time,
The Nation's Scandal, Punishment and Crime ;
 I'll tear your Vizar, and unmask your Shame,
 And at each Corner *Gibbet* up your Name ;
 Expose you to the Scorn of all you meet,
As Dogs drag grinning Cats about the Street.

(a) I am told that *L—y* took his Degrees in *Dublin*, and had what he never deserv'd, *Episcopal Ordination* ; yet I can scarce call him a Clergy-man, for he sometimes wears a *Grey Coat* and *Sword*, instead of a *Gown* and *Cassock* : But whether he embrace the Title of *Doctor* or *Captain*, whether he use the *Marcial* or *Spiritual Sword*, I won't determine. Yet this I am sure, by refusing to take the *Oaths* to the *present Government*, he shews his dislike to it ; and for that Reason (were there no other) is a *Scandal* to his *Gown*, and his holy Profession.

The Pulpit Fool.

47

Great *Laud* was for the Noble *Ax* design'd,
But you are to a meaner Fate confin'd,
Must suffer by a vulgar Hand like mine :
Rehearsing Fool, you Scribble on for Hire,
A Poor *Crowdero* in the Tacking-Quire ;
Your nimble Pen on all their Errants run,
The Horescope still opens to the Sun ;
'Tis by *Rehearsing Lyes* you purchase Shame,
And damn your Soul to Scandalize your Name,
A Hackney-Priest is an Eternal Stain :
You writ for *Rome*, under a Popish King :
When Glorious *ANNE* by Providence came in ;
You *fac'd about*, and quickly chang'd the Scene ;
Tun'd to new Notes your Mercenary Strings,
Began to *PLAY Divinity of Kings :*
The Royal *William* straight-way is forgot,
Stil'd Whig, Usurper, and I know not what.
You cant of *Primogeniture*, and still,
Do smell the Devil in the *Occas'nal Bill :*
The Words you speak are few, for all your Note,
Is *Jure Divino* — In a Royal Coat,
You hold it *LAW* to cut a Subject's Throat :
Your Deeds are all Inhumane and Uncouth,
But you are chiefly Devil about the Mouth ;
You Rail as loud, as if you thought to find,
Justice was now grown Deaf, as well as Blind ;
And still your *Tacking Arguments* do end,
With that Home-Thrust. — *You are not Cæsar's Friend.*
Oh *Lally!* *Lally!* can'st thou shew a Rule,
That warrants *Levites* thus to *Play the Fool ;*

To

To ev'ry Shape you do the *Gown* Transform,
 Loyal wou'd seem, but all you Act is Harm:
 You all the *Señs* among Mankind do Ape,
 And go about disguis'd in ev'ry Shape;
 You are a Saint (*a very Saint*) in shew,
But in your Heart, the Devil and all his Crew:
A Pulpit Fool, a Lay-stall full of Mire,
 And ought again to be new purg'd with Fire.
 This is the Man, whose whole Discourse and Tone,
Is Honour, Justice, Truth, Religion,
 (Down with the Whiggs, he crys— *Mind Forty One:*
Was such a Godly Make-bate ever known?
 This *Weekly-Hack*, does nought but Mischief brew,
 His Cloven-Foot is often lash't by Foe,
 And *Tutchin* proves him *Fool and Devil too.*
 What Prejudice relates, as being worst,
 In his *Rehearsal* he still mentions first,
 Knowing that *Gentler Truth* too slowly treads,
And that the first ill Rumour farthest spreads;
 He'll Stab i'th' Dark, and then with pitying Voice,
Bemoan the Fate which makes his Heart rejoyce;
 Yet after all, there's none can grudge the Elfe
His Dyet, for the Levite, eats himself,
 That's, Pines to see Dissenters swim in Pelf:
 To turn a Devil, he waits but 'till his End,
 'Till then he's but a *Carcass* quicken'd by a Fiend;
 Then don't this *Scribler* well deserve to pass,
 For what he is indeed— *A Pulpit A*~~ff~~?
 But shou'd I all his Foolish Deeds recount;
 To what a mighty Sum wou'd they amount?

His Solemn Oaths, and bold Iniquities,
Devices, Shams, Evasions, Falsities,
My Poem to a Volume wou'd exceed,
Of greater Bulk than *Holinshead* or *Speed*;
For L—— is now so scandalously known,
And such a Fool for staining of his Gown;
That ev'ry Whig can find a Stone to Throw,
At one that does expose the Pulpit so:
But L—— if thou wou'd'st at last atone,
And expiate thy former Follies done;
Like dying *Judas*, render back thy Pelf,
Rehearse thy Lyes (a) and then go hang thyself.

For P——, Railing P——, make us room,
That CANTS so much of *Charles's* Martyrdom;
He's *Pulpit-Fool*, without Excuse or Reason,
He damns the Children for the Fathers Treason:
'Tis certain *Charles's* glorious Martyrdom,
Can ne'er be stain'd, or this had been the Tongue,
Fam'd only for its January Song. }
But P——'s too much despis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd;
But here my Muse shall one exception make,
And break strict Rules for Railing P——'s sake!
What Circling Rays now kiss that Martyrs Brows,
Who first subdu'd himself, and then his Foes;
But what is this to those that had no part,
In *Charles's* Death, but lov'd him in their Heart?
He who in pointed Satyr does delight,
Shou'd never worry, where he is to bite;

(a) I mean confess 'em.

Kings are but Men, nor are their Counsels more ;
 Those Ills we can't avert, we must deplore ;
 But yet this Joy shou'd all our Grief surmount,
That Kings to God alone must give account ;
For they'll have Justice in the Court of Heav'n,
 'Tho' they by Fire or Ax were thither driven ;
In Heav'n's no Bradshaw for to pass the Doom,
And Kings have Justice where no Traytors come :
 Then P—— Rails and Rails he knows not why ;
 Smiles on the Pope, but Damns Presbytery,
His constant Madding-Day is January. (a)
 E'nt this a Fool, thus to debauche a Muse,
And to Lampoons, the Preacher's Art abuse ;
 Sirs, en't it strange that P——'s Eloquence,
 Shou'd be attended with so little Sense ?
 But he knows just to Rail, and get the Pence ;
 Yes, when a wealthy *Living* is his Fate,
 He still cries *he is call'd to this or that ;*
 But is not, when a Pastor shifts his place,
A Fatter Benefice the Call of Grace ?
 Have ye ne'er seen a *Drone* possess with ease,
 What wou'd provide for ten industrious Bees ?
 P—— is that *Drone*, made so by *Benefice*.
 Yet for his Failures I'll a Covering find,
 His Rage I'll call a bravery of Mind :
Revenge, a Tribute due to's injur'd Fame ;
 And *Pride*, but what Transcendant Worth does claim :
 His *Avarice*, Frugality I'll call ;
 And he was Prudent, when he graipt at all ;

(a) *January the 30th.*

I'll call his Railing Zeal, his Canting Sense,
And varnish o'er his very Impudence :
 I also might gild o'er his *Luxuries,*
 And for his *Sloth,* call't *Loving of his Ease :*
 But Muse, forbear, you know he is a D——n;
 Besides, these Pleasures he does meerly feign,
For his whole Life's but intermitting Pain ;
 So much of Feasting, Surfeits, Gout, are seen,
 We scarce perceive the little Time between;
 Deluded Priest ! how Flesh makes you mistake,
You Pleasure lose, only for Pleasures sake ;
 Each Pleasure has its price, and when we pay
 Too much of Pain, we squander Life away ;
 Nay, never wince, or think this lash Uncivil,
 For you are *Pulpit-Rake,* and that's the Devil :
 In short, you are that *January-Fool,*
 That always Rails, yet never kept to Rule.
 This is your *Phiz,* and all such *Fools* as wou'd,
Rather Rail than Preach, be rather Rich than Good.

The next I'll Name of the conforming Tribe,
 Is one who even *Pulpit-Fools Deride;*
 'Tis *Bazely,* who did to Hell for **ORDERS** go,
For he has none, but what are sign'd below ;
Bazely has the **BRASS,** of all the *Pulpit-Flamms* (a)
 For they have **ORDERS** — *Bazely* has only *Shams ;*
 Such Priests are but the Devil's Journey-men,
 To slur the Pulpit, and Disgrace the Gown :

(a) Here only such *Pulpit-Fools* are meant, who lead Scandalous Lives (but *Sin in Private*) as knowing else they shou'd be turn'd out of their *Living*s by their *Pious Dioceans.*

If meer Pretenders make the *Preaching List*,
The Devil himself might pass for Pulpit-Priest;
 For he harangu'd i'th' Mount, and cry'd, 'twas Writ. (b)
How can Men Preach, except that they are sent (c)
 They only PRATE, who Preach not by consent;
 That Man is call'd a *Fool* by every one,
 Who mounts the Pulpit in *Conforming Gown*,
 But without ORDERS or Commission.
 Thus B — stands branded in the last *Gazet* (d)
 For a great *Fool*, a *V—n*, and a *Ch—t*;
 Nay, he does so reverse the *Preaching Rule*,
 He scarce deserves the Name of *Pulpit-Fool*;

He's

(b) *Then the Devil taketh him up into the Holy City, and setteth him on a Pinnacle of the Temple, and saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down, [for it is written] he shall give his Angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy Foot against a Stone, Matth. 4. 5, 6.*

(c) *How shall they Hear without a Preacher, and how shall they Preach except they be sent? Rom. 10. 14, 15.*

(d) The *London-Gazet* describes ~~William Baguley~~ *Baguley* for a Scandalous Person (and one that Preaches without Orders) and as a farther Proof of his being a *Pulpit-Fool*, (and perhaps Atheist) the Ingenious *Post-man*, [in Numb. 1715] gives this Account of him, viz.

London, December 24, 1706. 'Mr. W — B —, pretending himself to be a Minister of the Church of England, having lately built a Chappel in Great Queen-street, in the Parish of St. Giles's in the Fields; and having there without Licencé or Authority, for some time Preach'd, and consecrated the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and administr'd the same: The following Declaration, was upon Sunday last publish'd in the said Chappel, by Order of the Right Reverend Father in God, Henry Lord Bishop of London, &c.

'Whereas I am credibly informed, That Mr. B — y gives out to the Congregation assembled in this Place, that he has my Permission and Encouragement for what he does, I have thought it necessary, for the undeceiving of this part of the flock, with the Care of whose Souls the Divine Providence has entrusted me, to publish and declare, that I have several times sent to the aforesaid Mr. B — y, and have order'd him to exhibit the Testimonial of his Ordination to me, that I might be the better enabled to Judge of his Qualifications for the Ministry; but the said Mr. B — y, tho' often call'd upon, having never given me any Satisfaction in this particular, I have reason to conclude, that he has not been admitted into the Order of Priest-hood in the Church of England, and that therefore he is not duly qualify'd for the Reading of the Publick Prayers of the Church, for Preaching of God's Word

He's rather *Pulpit-Pad*, and *Atheist too*,
 Who Stabbs himself, to find Hell Torments true,
And wou'd both Damn and Cheat his Hearers too.

This Preaching Quixot, is a Beast of Prey,
 Who bears down all that stops him in his way;
 Ranges o'er all, and takes his Savage Fill,
In the wild Forrest of a boundless Will:

B—— acts as if Heav'n's Joy, and Hellish Pain,
 Were the sick Dreams of a distemper'd Brain;
 Tales fit for Children, a meer holy Test,
 To starve the People, and to glut the Priest,
Thus B——'s a Tricking, Pulpit Athiest.

The *Pulpit Fool*, that shou'd bring up the Rear,
 Is C—— of C——, a *Lead Pulpiteer*;

• He stole a rich *Bowl* (a) having drank off the *Liquor*;
 • He taught his own Maid to grow *Quicker* and *Quicker*,
 • This made his own *Parish* grow sicker and sicker.
 • Till they cast out their limping scandalous Vicar.
 • He suborned two *Strumpets*, to keep 'em in awe,
 • But this being prov'd, he must hang or withdraw;
 For there's no Fool, that stains his Gown or Station,
That is Prophane or Lead by Approbation,
 Our Bishops degrade 'em when there is occasion;

• Word, and administering the Holy Sacraments in the same. And for this rea-
 • son all good Christians ought to take care how they Communicate with such
 • a Person, who proceeds in Contempt of the Episcopal Authority, and the
 • good Order and Discipline establish'd in the Church of *England*. Dated Dec. 19.
 • 1705. Sign'd, HENRY LONDON.

*At the same time likewise was publish'd the following Certificate under the Hand of the
 Right Reverend Father in God, Rich. Lord Bishop of Peterborough, viz.*

• These are to certify, whom it may concern, That W—— B——y offer'd him
 • self to me this Day, to be admitted to the Order of Priest-hood, which I re-
 • fus'd him, there being Crimes of a very heinous Nature, alledg'd against him
 • Witness my Hand this 21st day of Dec. 1705. Richard Peterborough.

(a) Or *Silver Tankard*.

When

When Bishops admonish, ev'ry Fool's dismay'd,
All Pulpit-Fools, are Fools in Masquerade.
 Then I'll not call vile C—— Pulpit-Fool,
 As he's expell'd for Leudness and Mis-rule;
 This is the K—— that ties unlawful Knot,
 Sure W——'s Marriage ne'er will be forgot,
When Heirs are Stol'n, C—— is i'th' Plot;
 He'd JOIN He-Devil to a Succubus,
 If he wou'd pay the Priest, and Wine produce;
 There's Madam S—— but very slow wou'd mend,
 Did not this Doctor Carnally attend,
She makes a St——n of her Reverend Friend.
 Is there a skipping Whore about the Town,
 Or private Nanny-house to him unknown?
 Here for a S—— there for Pimp he went,
 To do both Drudgeries, alike Content.
Till Dol—— of C——n did possess his Eyes,
 Whom he with two Leud Guineas did surprize,
 Which Favour she did kindly BASTARDIZE. (a)
 C—— want the first that did Intreague with Dol——
 Nor she the first on whom he damn'd his Soul;
 Here's Crime and Shame, and yet it is but just,
To one who spends his Brains upon his Lust.
 But Lo! the Tell-tale (b) comes to Town in State,
 He stole a Tankard, (*Strumpets long for Plate*),
 Which made him Timely think of a Retreat.
 If he were Just, we shou'd his Parts condole,
His Learning in a litt'ral Sense he stole.

(a) 'Twas said C—— had two Bastards by this Strumpet.

(b) His C——n Bastard is here meant.

The Pulpit Fool.

55

For 'tho' his stock of Books is very large,
He has but few but what he filcht from George ; (a)
Bibles he'd Steal, he is a Pious Thief,
His Gown will cover nothing but the Chief.
To London now, the thievish Doctor flies,
A Guilty Conscience has quick-sighted Eyes ;
In Holborn he fell to Drink and Whore again,
And stoopt so low to Pimp and Rail for Gain.
Here sorry Scandal's on Fanaticks thrown ;
And viler Canting upon Forty One ;
But had been Pillor'd, but for Dr. P——:
Thus C—— does mix (enlarging so his Folds),
His Care of Bodies, with his Cure of Souls,
He is a W——ing, Thievish, Pulpit-Fool ;
A second O—— for PUNK and common Dust,
He's worse in this, as C——s is Aged Lust.

P—— comes last, who ne'er did pray nor Teach,
But a Retainer to the Fools that Preach,
For which I'll mark him for a Pulpit Wretch.
The Fools of every sort and station,
Did Tamper with P——, when they had occasion,
His *Under-Hucksters* too, we find sublim'd,
By *Hilton* and *Shad*, two Rogues that boldly climb'd ;
To great Respect with P——, whate'er they do,
Though ne'er so wrong, was *Law and Gospel* too ;
Each PROCTOR, at his Pleasure cou'd derive,
T' himself the Churches Pow'r *Legislative,*
Who not appears, or is behind in Fees,
The Church must, whensoe'er the Sumner please,

Exc

(a) George Sawbridge Esq; is the Person here meant, from whom he stole several Books, as a Person yet living can testify.

Excommunicate, give up to Satan, 'till
God gives him Grace to pay his Lawyers Bill,
Bawdry was bought and sold, and for a Fee,
Men might have License for their L—, —,
If any had offended, th' only Curse,
Was the dear Penance of an empty Purse.
And for a Yearly Custom, an old Bawd,
Might have a Patent to set up the Trade,
For P— was Fool, and Pimp in Masquerade.
Upon the Sabbath he allow'd to Play,
But if one wrought upon a Holy-day;
Oh! 'twas a Crime that nought cou'd expiate,
But the large Bribing of an Advocate!
He's in a wretched Case, Dissenter knows,
That has no better Advocate than those:
But P— is Dead (yea Damn'd) with all his Crew,
Of Vile Informers that did Blood pursue,
Disgrac'd the Gown, and liv'd by Swearing too:
Bat now at D— C — there is found,
Meer Saints (for Lawyers) Men whose Hearts are found;
Here en't one Noisy Fool, or simple Daw,
All Preaching Lawyers, Men without a Flaw,
Their Lives preach Gospel, and their Speeches L A W;
No Bawd they wink at, scarce Divorce allow,
And all the honest Whiggs have Justice now;
No P— or Proctor, now with Thievish Brains,
To Rob Dissenters, then divide the Gains,
No Pulpit-Fool, for they are Banisht thence:
The present Proctors, (all that I can name)
Are truly W I S E, might Glory in their Fame.

Having

Having LASH'T the Fools that Fire the Church and Nation,
View next the Fools that Cant by Toleration;
For there be Pulpit-Fools in every Station.

And here that *Independent* leads the way,
Who can both Fight, and Preach, and Plot and Pray;

Bob. ~~F~~^{his} *very Name's a Plot,*
His Clime embalms it, or his Name wou'd rot;
'Tis all his Merit, that he is a Scot:

We love the Scots-men, and UNITE of late,
F—— is the only Scots-man that we hate,

And him we'd love, wou'd he but love the State:
But he combines with Jacks to make us Slaves,
For Plotting is the Air in which he Breathes;

His very Body is a sort of Plot,
For ev'ry Joynt has some Design on Foot;
His Goggle-eyes being dim and fiery red,
Are sunk so far into his Plotting-Head;
They look, whene'er he squints, or stares at full,
Like Farthing-Candles blazing in a Scull,
His Eyes Plot here to make a Ghastly Fool.

His Roman-Nose, hangs like an Arch between
His Brazen Fore-head, and his Sandy Chin;
His Nose-Plots here, to mark his Popish Sin.
A Dainty Passage, liquorish and uncouth,
Is that Intreaguing Scandal-gulf, his Mouth:
His Gutts Plot here, and so did from his Youth,
In ev'ry Member of this Canting Tool,
Nature displays the Plotting K—— and Fool;
He's a Proficient in the Trade of Hell,
Whose latter Crimes, still do his first excell;

The very top of Villainy we seize,
 By steps in order, and by slow degrees ;
 None e'er was perfect Villain in one Day,
 Except where F——n did lead the way :
 But when degrees of Villainy we name,
 How can we choose but think on F——n,
 He, who through all of them hath boldly ran,
Like as he is I am unshook by God or Man.
 His Treasur'd Sins of supererogation,
 Sued to a Summ enough to blind a Nation :

The Pulpit Fool.

59

And since, where is the Nation that is free?
Still old Abuses reign, and still we see;
Preaching made Cant, and Nonsense Mystery;
Then surely Bob. — must be a Pulpit-Fool,
Who ne'er was true to God, nor any Rule.

He's Independent in the vilest Sense,
Rambles from Vertue, and is all Pretence;
One while he wears a circumcised Band,

Dismissing them, and then (a) with a flourish;
Next Day his Sword and Wigg (a) blazing Charge!
Do Rio him out to meet that Rogue I —

Excommunicate, give up to Satan, 'till
God gives him Grace to pay his Lawyers Bill,
Bawdry was bought and sold, and for a Fee,
Men might have License for their L——y,
If any had offended, th' only Curse,
Was the dear Penance of an empty Purse.
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Except where F——n did lead the way :
 But when degrees of Villainy we name,
 How can we choose but think on F——n,
 He, who through all of them hath boldly ran,
Left ne'er a Law unbroke by God or Man ;
 His Treasur'd Sins of supererrogation,
Swell to a Summ enough to Damn a Nation :
 It has been said by Men of learned strain,
That all the Wit of Man lies in his Brain ;
 But view Bob. F——n, and then you'll know,
That K—— and Fool in ev'ry part may grow ;
 He'll Cant, he'll Plot, Unsay, Protest and Rave,
Amphibious Animal, half Fool, half K—— ;
 God's hatred and our Curse, a Mass of Evil,
 In Body only, diff'rent from the Devil ;
Dissenter ! ay, the Devil himself is so,
 To all that's Good ; so BALCH (a) dissented too ;
 I do assert to Vertue he'll convert
 His Looks and Tongue, while K—— is in his Heart ;
With a false stamp of Goodness in his Face,
 He Acts the Saint and K—— in ev'ry place :
 And thus Dissenters have their Judas too,
 Our Saviour's Congregation was but few, (b)
In Twelve, one prov'd a Fool and Traitor too ;

(a) A violent Persecuter of the Dissenters.

(b) The Twelve Apostles are here meant.

The Pulpit Fool.

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One while he wears a circumcised Band,
Dissenting Phiz, and *Owen* (a) does attend;
Next Day his Sword and Wigg (affazing Change!)
Do Rig him out to meet that Rogue L—nge;
His Factious Libels I cou'd here produce,
Beyond Example, and beyond Excuse;
That prove him, Turncoat K— and Villanous:
In short, this Canting Plotting, Pulpiteer,
Does INDEPEND, (that's change in ev'ry Shire,
What he's at *Lime*, he en't in *Newgate-street*; (b)
And has his whole Religion still to seek,
Thus *Bob*. Tacks round, with ev'ry Turn of State,
Is false to all Religions, has their Hate;
If any Thing, he's Preaching Jacobite:
Inconstant Rover, whether dost thou tend,
When will thy Plotting Villanies have end?
Whither at last do'st thou design to go?
To what Religion wilt thou e'er prove true,
To Turk or Pope, to Protestant or Jew?
Who can more certain of Destruction be,
Than he that trusts to such a R— as he?

(a) He was Assistant for many Years, to that truly Pious and Learned Divine, Dr. *John Owen*.

(b) He was confin'd to *Newgate* for several Months, for Plotting against the Govern-ment.

What Good can come from him whom Hell did bring,
 T' espouse the Interest of a Popish King,
 He who the *Glorious William* cou'd desert;
 Is the most fit to act a Traytor's part;
 The *Pulpit-Fools* do so in all they can,
 At least so far as they act *Ferguson*.
~~Ferguson~~ lately boasted in a Publick Place, (a)
 (*For Shame it seems has wholly left his Face*)
 That he'd engage to write this Government,
 (Or any State where *Ferguson* was sent)
 Quite off its Leggs, in three Years time or less;
 En't this a ~~Rejoice~~ *Let Independents* guess?
 A Fool, a Wit, a ~~Knave~~, a Popish Priest,
 That Sanctifies his Treasons with his Fist,
 And can do just what Villanies he list;
 A Slander for each Vertue he'll invent,
 And in False Colours ev'ry Vice present;
 He Stabbs and breaks through sacred *Pulpit-Tyes*,
 And cares not who he hangs, so he can rise.
His Plotting-Life seems one continu'd snare,
 And ev'ry Treason sneaks and centers there;
 His Reasons ask not, for he will reply,
He Writes, he Plots, and Lives, he knows not why;
 Reasons for this he does not know nor care,
But wou'd be damn'd because his Betters are;
 Such ~~Knave~~s as *Bob*. set all Men by the Ears,
The Prince and People, Commons and the Peers;
 Knaves kindle first, and still foment the Rude,
 Seditions of the *Cock-brain'd* Multitude;

(a) 'Twas in a Coffee-House near the Royal-Exchange, and his words were these, viz. I'll engage to Write any Government off its Leggs in three Years time.

The Pulpit Fool.

61

Who like themselves, are Planet-struck and vary,
Prograde, and Retrograde, ne'er Stationary.

Their Heads like Bowls, run round unsteer'd by Reason,
Their Bias Faction, and their Jack is Treason.

Thus Bob. (a Factious Fool) PREACHT discontent,
Then runs to *Monmouth*, Rails at Government ;
But his Advancement was the thing he meant.

Eve was his Mother, he'll a Traytor be,
He'll fight for *Monmouth*, PREACH for Popery,
He loves no Fruit but the Forbidden Tree.

And yet this *Pulpit-Turncoate* makes pretence,
To Honour, Justice, Truth, and Conscience ;
He's a right *Independent*, for the Else,
Thinks no Man truly pious but himself ;
This is their Fault (*'Tho' 'tis their only Stain*).

To think none pure but those that joyn with them ;
If I charge Faults the *Independents* shun,
I ask their Pardon, not of F — n,

For 'tis to Plot, to talk with him alone ;
Bob. and the *Jesuites*, altho' they bend

Their Heads contrary, meet at last, and tend
Both to confound Religion, which doth stand,
Like Christ o' th' Cross, with Thieves on either Hand ;

Extreams both in a Circle set their Feet,
And 'tho' contrary go, at last must meet ;

For Bob. from Independent, now's turn'd Jesuit.

Thus *Bob* a true *Dissenter* is indeed,

He ne'er with any, or himself agreed ;

But rather than want Subject to his Spite,

Snake-like, he'd turn, and his own Tail wou'd bite ;

Some

Sometimes, 'tis true, he took the juster side,
 But when he came by suffering to be try'd,
 The Plotter soon betray'd his Fear and Pride.
 Thence Pettis-like, he to Recanting fell,
 Of all he wrote, or fancy'd to be well;
 Thus purg'd from Good, and thus prepar'd by Evil,
 He fac'd to Rome, then march'd off to the Devil. (a)

Another

(a) To convince the World, this Character of R—— F—— is no Poetical Fiction (but every Word and Syllable of it True) See the whole confirm'd by an ingenious Gentleman, (in his Book intitul'd; *The Character of a Whig*) his Words are these, 'R—— F—— is a common Enemy to all kind of Governments, and prefers Plotting against whatever is uppermost, above any other kind of Lechery. Under the Monarchy of *Charles the Second*, he was a profess'd Common-wealths-Man, and employ'd himself and his Pen as desperately against that King and Court, as if he had been weary of his Life; courted a Halter, and the Honour of dying with his Shoes on; which he had certainly done, if there had not been an understanding between him and Secretary *Jenkins*, who order'd Mr. Legate the Messenger, tho' his Name was in all Warrants against the Whiggs, not to seize him; for fear, I suppose, of discovering him to be a Treacherous Jack of Both-sides. In the Reign of *James the Second*; he set up for a *Mammothian*, to Scandalize the Action, and at the loss of honest Mens lives, escaped from a Hogsty, with his own, into *Holland*. In the Prince's glorious Expedition to Redeem our Religion and Liberties, his Highness was pleas'd (as well he might) to deny this *Boutezeau* a Passage among those that offer'd him their Service, and the worthy Gentleman that over-persuaded the King he might pass in the Throng without any Reflection upon that Honourable Enterprize, has repented it ever since, that he open'd his Mouth for so vile a Wretch. In King *William's* Reign, tho' oblig'd beyond his Desert, he has play'd the Devil, for the Devil's sake, and has put Hell to its Shifts to invent Pious so tast as he could utter them. He had an Office under King *William's* Government, but acted for the *Jacobites*, begg'd Money of the *Independents* to relieve their Peer, but gave what he could save from the Vintner's Tap, to the *Non-jurant-Pastors*. There was no Plot against the Government in King *William's* Reign, in which he had not a considerable Share either in acting in it, or shamming it, when it came to be discover'd. *Aquinas* does not more abound with Distinctions and Salvo's, than he with corrupted Texts to excite Men to Rebellion. His Life is governed by a *Jacobite License*, that Emancipates him from the Servile and Pedantick Obligation of Congruity in his Life and Manners, and Stages him as one of the *Amipodes* to Mankind, made up of *Contrasts and Opposition*. He makes a Conscience of every thing and Nothing. What the Law requires, he pukes at, like a breeding Woman; but to promote his own Traiterous Designs, the seven deadly Sins pass whole through him, without so much as keeking. He said not long ago, in a Publick Coffee-House, (as is hinted in his Poetical Character) That he'd engage to write any Govern-

ment

The Pulpit Fool.

Another Pulpit-Fool that did dissent,
Was a Lewd AGED Presbyter of Kent;
'Twas F——don that did so much disgrace,
His CLOAK and Pulpit with his Whoring Case;
I don't in F—— the Presbyterians blame,
F—— was their Sorrow, not their Pulpit's-Shame;
I am not such a Foolish Rhiming Sot,
To mark my own Religion with a blot,
My own: For CHURCH and Presbyterians are the same; (a)
Or if we differ, 'tis but just in Name.
Our CHURCH and Presbyterians sure might close,
For meer indiff'rent Things have made them Foes,
Indiff'rent things can never warrant Blows. (b)
Then 'ten't the Sect, but Lust I here deride,
(No PRESBYTER; for Letchers are no Guide)

ment off its Legs in three Years Time. So that under even the Present Government, (which is the most glorious and happy that ever England knew) he is still a Male contented Whig; but whether 'tis Hugh Peters of our Side, or t'other, is not yet determin'd; and therefore Reader cross thyself, and have nothing to do with him; for if all the Wickedness of Mankind were lost, there's enough in him to repleasish the World with Vices, and croud Hell with obstinate and impenitent Criminals.

(a) I will (says the Ingenious Tutchin, in his Observator, Vol. 6. Numb. 17.) venture to say thus much, That the Doctrines of the Reform'd Church of England are Presbyterian; I mean the Doctrines in the Thirty Nine Articles, and those few Articles of the Thirty Nine to which the Dissenters do disagree, are Adiaphorous and indifferent in themselves, not in Scripture made Terms of Communion, nor are they necessary to Salvation, but are Civil Articles, bearing the sanction of the State: So that the Presbyterians and the true Church-men have the same Faith, go in the same way to Heaven, oppose alike all the Enemies of the Faith, and differ only concerning Rituals or Ceremonies in Religion, which like Accidents may abesse & adesse sine Interritu Subjeſti, may be, or not be, without the Destruction of the Protestant Religion.

(b) Indifferent Things can never warrant Blows — For in the Preface to the Book of Comm-Prayer, 'tis there said, 'The Particular Forms of Divine Worship, and the Rites and Ceremonies appointed to be used in the Publick Liturgy, being things in their own Nature, indifferent and alterable, and so acknowledged; it is but reasonable, that upon weighty and Important Considerations, according to the various Exigency of Times and Occasions, such Changes and Alterations shou'd be made therein, as to those that are in Place of Authority shou'd from Time to Time seem either necessary or Expedient.

'Tis F——don that got a Wench with Child,
That I'll expose, a Rake that's self-exil'd,
He Presbyterians left, in being Wild;

Who thinks on C——r, O——ld, Ath——ton,
Owns ev'ry Pulpit has some Letcher known,
And here the Fool I'll lash is F——don;
No Chink doth in a Brothel-House appear,
Their Sport is Darkness, Letchers dread the Air,
For where is Guilt, there ever will be Fear;
Stews often hide their Shame, but F——don,
Thy Sin does point thee out to every one.

'Tis bad, Lewd Fool, thus to imploy thy time;
But to be taken, BLOCKHEAD, there's the Crime;
The Crime to such as thee, who did'st not fear
A wounded Conscience, but the Peoples Ear;
The Crime to such as thee, who wer't so Civil,
To damn thy Soul to please a Lustful Devil.

But Amorous Treason suits not, (credit me)
With Men in Years, or with PRESBYTERY;
But F—— it seems has Flesh beneath his Gown,
He don't refine, as Calvin wou'd have done;
That Saint to such a Purity was wrought,
He Pray'd and Fasted to a walking Thought,
He acted just as Presbyterians ought:

But F—— as if Old Age had taught him Youth,
Debaucht his Pulpit, and does ravish Truth,
He Whores with scarce one Eye, and ne'er a Tooth.
Old F—— a Letcher! Fye! Oh fye for shame!

LUST in Old Age, is Vice I blush to Name,

'Tis Fl——ing in the Whore, 'Tis Lust that few can tame,
'Tis wild-Fire in the Bones, and Devil in the Flame.

Youth is a sort of Nature's Warming-Pan,
In Youth the Blood does boil, and want a Fan:
But thou art past all Ctterwauling, man:

How dare you PREACH and Whore too, Aged Dust?
Why do'st provoke the Ashes of thy Lust!

Where Time has snow'd, there Whoring's double curst:
All kind of Lust thou'd with Old Age expire;

Thy WARMTH returns, but 'tis so false a Fire,
It never reaches further than Desire.

How madly does that man his Hours employ,
 That still desires, and never can enjoy;
 That past the Act, is yet not past the Fault,
 And damns himself — by being Lewd in Thought:
 This is thy Case, thou'rt like to Wood of Chinner;
 Tho'rt impotent, and yet a Whoring Sinner.
 En't F—— a Pulpit-Fool, thus to defame
 His Life, his Cloak, and Presbyterian Name;
 But in all Churches will a Judas creep,
 It is her Trouble, and her great Mistake,
 Ev'n Presbyterians too, have had their RAKE;
 But they disown'd him, as good men shou'd do,
 This makes their GRACE to shine, and LEARNING too;
 F—— was the only Fool their Pulpits knew:
 For B—— and C——, I can't with Honour Name,
 As both Repented of their LUST and Shame;
 For Whoring in all Opinions is the same;
 They all abhor it, but the SCOTS much more;
 Scotch Presbyterians so much Lust deplore,
 They've STOOLS on purpose to expose the Whore. (a)

I next shou'd Pulpit-Fools and Saints display,
 That go to Heaven the Anabaptist-way;
 But these are all so Wise, keep so to Rule,
 In all this Town they han't one Pulpit-Fool:
 What tho' they fancy Infants can't partake.
 In Baptism, — (For good men oft mistake),
 Yet ten't one Error does a Block-head make:
 'Tis true, of Infants (b) Scripture nothing saith,
 But we Baptize them — 'Tis the Churches Faith;
 In this we differ — but 'tis by all advis'd,
 That first or last, all Men shou'd be baptiz'd;
 Then shall we fight those Men that cannot see.
 The Time when 'tis, but to the Fact agree,
 And to th' Adult, preach Faith as much as we?
 No, God forbid! for Heav'n does partake,
 In all their Doctrine, but in this Mistake;
 In Life and Pulpit too, their Preachers shine,
 They have no Error, save one INFANT CRIME;
 Hear but their Masters, Crosley, Stennet, Wilson,
 Piggot, Hodges, Allen, Keyes and Stinton,
 With other Preachers that their Church adorn;
 You'd own that Angels were incarnate then,
 And that these very Preachers were the Men:
 Then MUSE begone, why should you longer search?
 There are no FOOLS where Men like Angels Preach.

We next will Ramble to the Bull and Mouth,
 To hear the Yea and Nay-Man holding Forth;
 'Tis PEN I mean, but he's a Pulpit-Fool,
 That knows so much, and yet forsakes the Rule:

(a) 'Tis common for the Whores in England to do Penance in a white Sheet, and in Scotland (which to the Joy of all Good Men, is now Part of Great Britain) they are expos'd in what they call the Stool of Repentance,

(b) Infant-Baptism is here meant.

Unbenefic'd; (yet Rich) *PEN* had the way,
 To get a vast Estate — *By Yea and Nay*;
 Then *COACH* it (spight of Friends) to *Pensylvania*:
 Where 'tho' his Doctrine be not sound, nor true,
 He'll hav't approv'd, because 'tis strange and new;
These slight Baptism, and the Sacrament,
 (Oh may they see their Error and Repent)
 For they *UNITE* against the *Roman Whore*,
 Renounce the *Pope*, and *Tackers* do abhor;
 Are Friends at Heart, as well as in their Speech,
 (And 'tho' *BUGG* writes, and *KEITH* against them Preach)
 Are very Just, as well as very Rich:
Then wou'd they Christen, and Christ's Death revive
 'Tch' *SACRAMENT* (where Souls do Feast and Live)
 They'd pass for Christians, and the best of Men,
 And to their *CREED*, we all wou'd say *Amen*:
 But this will hardly be (for if you mark)
Their Light within does keep them in the *Dark*;
 I can't say all, for some are so refin'd,
 They scarce do *QUAKE* in Body, Dress, or Mind.
 The best, the kindest Friend I ever had,
A Quaker is, and yet so truly good;
 His Sense and Vertues, if I shou'd describe,
 Wou'd be enough to atone for all the Tribe;
 For search all Sects and Parties whilst you can,
 You scarce can find the like *Samaritan*,
John H—— has Bounty in his very Name.
 Amongst *Dissenting Fools*, there's yet behind,
 Some Pulpiteers that were both mad, and blind;
 Their Names are *Sciv'ns* *J——cobs Muggleton*,
Eml——n and *Peters* (that bold Son of *Rome*)
 With the whole Crew of *Philadelphian Cant*,
 Who *FOAM* (ne'er Preach) and make their Sermons Rant;
 These all deserve the Name of Pulpit-Fool,
 They neither live, nor Preach, nor think by Rule.
 These en't such Preachers as Dissenters own,
 They are at best but dreaming Simpletons;
 They do dissent, but want Dissenters Fame,
 For their Dissenting only is in Name,
 Where these Dissent, 'tis only to their Shame.
 Thus have I briefly nam'd the Pulpit Fool,
 Of ev'ry Sect, Degree, and Preaching School;
 I might proceed to give these Fools advice,
 Paint *Jeffery Sciv'ns* in his scraping Vice,
 Draw *J——cobs* and *Eml——n* in their Blasphemies,
 Then Name the Preachers that are truly *WISE*.
 But to describe, being work of Time, and Art,
 This *NICE ATTEMPT* shall make a Second Part,
 Where *WISE* shall find me kind, where *FOOLS* shall find me Tart.