

THE
Second Part
OF THE
Pulpit-Fool.

A
SATYR.

CONTAINING,

A Distinct Character of the most Noted
CLERGY-MEN in the Queens
Dominions, both Church-men and
Dissenters.

L O N D O N :

Printed for B. Bragge at the Raven in Pater-noster-Row, of whom is
to be had *the First Part of the Pulpit-Fool, a Satyr*, which (together
with the *Second Part*) comprehends a *general History of the Clergy
in Verse*; but more especially of such as are Heterodox, Leud, and
Noted for Railing at Protestant Dissenters. 1707. 15. July.

THE P R E F A C E.

THE first Part of the Pulpit-Fool, having given a large and distinct Character of such Clergy-men as are Heterodox, Lend, and Noted for Railing at Protestant Dissenters: My Design in this Second Part (after I have Characteriz'd the Dissenting Fools) is to describe the Preachers that are Wise and Learned.

The Pulpit-Fools (as I said in my First Part) are chiefly such as disgrace their Sacred Function, with Railing at Protestant Dissenters; by this they expose both their Ignorance and Folly, at the same time; as will appear by proving the following Paradox, viz: That Protestant Church-men, and such as Dissent from it, are Members of the same Church.

I affirm (says the Ingenious Povey) that every Person that subscribes his Name to an Orthodox Confession, and orders his Conversation suitably thereunto, is no Schismatick, notwithstanding that he disagrees from the Church of England, as by Law Establish'd, by refusing to pay Obedience to her Forms and Ceremonies: I am sorry that any who profess themselves Genuine-Sons of that Community, shou'd so far expose themselves to the Scorn of all quick-sighted Men, as to affirm that any make Schism in our Church, but such as live unanswerable to the Purity of her Doctrine.

So that 'tis clear, Mr. Povey (a profess'd Son of the Church, &c.) thinks all true Church-men, and Orthodox Dissenters (for so he calls the Independants and Presbyterians, &c.) to be of the same Church. I have ever liv'd, and hope I shall die in the same Opin. on, for (as this Gentleman further observes) 'Whoever will be sav'd must have a true lively Faith, and an universal Charity, a Temper even and firm, a Peaceable Mind, and a pure Soul. — 'Twas this Christian Moderation (to such as Dissent from us) that made Bishop Burnet say, 'I own I began the World on a Principle of Moderation, which I have carry'd down through my whole Life, and in which I hope I shall continue to my Life's end. —

Then let Pulpit-Fools (for they are no better than Rail against their own Church, for such I have prov'd the Dissenters are) fling as much Dirt as they please to gratifie their Passion and Ill-Nature: I will for my own share truly love and Respect every honest Dissenter, that Fears God and Honours the Queen; That is, (to keep to my Paradox) I will love and respect him as a True and Orthodox Church-man. This made King William declare with his last Breath, That he dy'd a Christian of a comprehensive Charity. 'Tis no small Satisfaction to me, to find all WISE and Learned Clergy-men thus moderate; (and

The P R E F A C E.

(and more especially those describ'd in the following POEM): This Charitable and Peaceable Temper is most acceptable to God, and all those that are in love with true Religion, and not a bare Opinion and empty Name only of I know not what Party, Se&t or Opinion.

It is sad to behold how far the differences of the Times have prevail'd with even the better sort of Men, and that of all Parties, how much they have blind-ed the Eyes and imbitter'd the Hearts of those that call God Father, and so shou'd each other Brother; 'tis strange, that when Christianity obligeth its Professors to bear with one another, to speak no Evil, to think no Evil, to forgive Injuries; yea to requite and overcome them with Good, that they shou'd practise the contrary to these Precepts, and yet not perceive it, although they have them often in their Mouths: The one side believes the other hath too little Charity to be Religious, the other thinks they as much want Zeal, and neither betray a greater defect of both than by thus Censuring each other. What strange Ideas of one another, does the Passions and Interest of Men create? But these Distempers excepted (which their Affections make undiscernable, and many times adopt them into Religion) in all things else the Clergy on both sides approve themselves eminent Patterns of Wisdom and Piety, and 'tis not easy to say which deserve most Commendation.

For my own part, I so adhere to neither, as to swallow down the Errors of the one (as far as I can discern them) or to reject things laudable in the other; neither wou'd I have Objects, that are comely in themselves, appear deform'd to me, through the Fault only of a distemper'd Organ or Medium, I know the God of Wisdom and of Peace, can make a sweet Harmony out of these discordant Sounds, and I humbly pray him to do it. In the mean time, I cannot away with a Monopoly of God's free Grace, and dare not conclude he favours not a Person whom he hath not priviledged with the understanding of some Points, which it may be I count of greater concernment than indeed they are. I cannot think it a piece of Religion to Anathematize from Christ, such as will not subscribe to every one of my Articles; but am conscious to so many Errours Speculative and Practical in myself, that I know not how to be severe towards others.

But I shall trouble my Reader with no more Preface, but refer him to the following Poem, for a further Character of the Pulpit-Fool, and his Opposite, the WISE Preacher.

THE
 Second Part
 OF THE
 Pulpit-Fool.

A
 SATYR.

I Have (already) nam'd the *Pulpit-Fool*,
 Of ev'ry Sect, Degree, and Preaching School;
 I now proceed to give these Fools Advice,
 To Paint rich *Stiv'ns* in his scraping Vice,
Then Gibbet others for their Blasphemies.
 If I shou'd Write on MODERATION's side,
 They'd cry — *He Trims, is true to neither side*;
 Let me write SATYR then, and at my ease
 Vex the Ill-natur'd Fools I cannot please;
 And since my MUSE on Satyr now is bent,
 I'll further LASH the Fools that do Dissent:
 My Words shall bite, yet unaffected be,
And all my Rhimes shall, like my Thoughts, be free;
 ' If I meet Fools ('tho' Whigs) to Thrusts I'll go,
 ' Till pointed Satyr runs 'em through and through;

Their

The Pulpit Fool.

5

Their very Pulpits shall my Thoughts convey,
And SATYR Seal the Truth of all I say;
Thus shall my Words like Thunderbolts be hurl'd,
'Till they confound or mend the Erring World,
A Noble Fury does possess my Soul,
Which all may forward, nothing can controul,
Whilst there's a Pulpit, or Dissenting Fool:
Thus arm'd, and thus resolv'd, I will attack
The Proudest Whig that now wears *Reverend Black*.
What tho', 'twas said, I flatter'd MASTERS, PEN,
Yet Jeffery Stiv'ns and his SPITTLE Kin,
Shall find I scorn to lye, or flatter him.
Well then — *The Pulpit-Fool* — I here display,
Is he that scrapes to give his Soul away,
'Tis Jeffery Stiv'ns (tho' his Coach say nay) —
He's a meer C—ler for Ingrossing Pelf,
[Let Orphans Sink, he'll save none but Himself.]
He's that RICH-MAN that Preaches once a Day,
He'd bate that too, but that you'd bate his Pay.
He'll Preach for Gold, but yet he loves his Ease,
His very Preaching is a Purse-Disease.
Thus Whig and Tory too deserve Reproaches,
They both grow Lazy when they ride in Coaches.
J.—S.— does CANT, and Preach, but does not live,
For tho' his Gold wou'd his lost Fame Retrieve,
He Hoards his Charity for Death to give.
This *Pulpit-Fool*, I most of all deplore,
The Rich-Poor-Man's emphatically Poor: (1)
He has Goods indeed laid up for many Years,
But scraping Wretch, both he and all his Heirs
May sink — *This very Night* — in Endless Tears. (2)
This FOOL holds forth in Doctrine most Profound,
But sure his Heav'n lies some where under Ground,
He Grip'd my [ALL] for one poor Hundred Pound. (3)

How

(1) Cowley: (2) Luke 12. 19. (3) My meaning is that a less Mortgage than my whole Estate (which consisted in near 200 Acres in Houses, Land, and Woods,) wou'd not satisfy Jeffery Stiv'ns for one hundred Pound, for the Payment whereof (and one hundred Pound more which had continu'd on Bond till now, had not Stiv'ns by demanding a Mortgage on my whole Estate prevented it) I was forc'd to sell several Acres of Wood for 300 l. &c. which, cou'd I have help'd it, I wou'd not have sold for 500 l. 'Tis true, my Estate was jointur'd, and he forbore the Interest for 5 Years (which is all that pleads in his Favour) but that was no excuse, for his demanding an unreasonable Mortgage, for my bare Woods (distinct from the Estate) were sold for Three hundred Pound, (Three times more than I ow'd Stiv'ns) and wou'd have gone for 500 l. had they been sold to their worth: I must do Stiv'ns that Justice to say, that upon my complaining that Six per Cent was Extortion, (considering he had Land Security) he made Restitution of 5 l. under the Notion of a Gift, as being (on the Account of his Coat) asham'd to be thought a Usurer; but 'tis not that 5 l. shall excuse

How Black and Cruel is a Usurer's Heart?
 For Sivv'ns, asham'd to act the Dunning-Part,
 Made SNOTTY-RED-NOSE Cats-foot to his Art.
 But now he's paid, this Pulpit-Fool shall see,
 (Tho' I have sold Five Hundred Pound for three,)
 My Injured MUSE can PREACH as well as he.

And

cuse his Merciless Treatment at first, for as 'tis in the Poem [*He Grip'd my ALL for one poor hundred Pound.*] So much as those *Two Orphans* hinted in these Words [*Let Orphans sink, he'll save none but himself,*] were both excluded out of the Mortgage, for his Words were these, *I'll have the whole Estate made over by a Mortgage for the Hundred Pound, and will agree to no other Terms, but I'll promise (which his Banker made good by a Deafeasance, for neither Bond nor Mortgage were made in his own Name) that the Estate shall not be releas'd till the Orphans are both paid.*— This Reader being the true State of the Case, (as I am able to prove by a worthy Person, who heard all that pass'd upon this Occasion, and by several Letters that were sent to me both by him and his Banker) I appeal to every Man, [*That wou'd have a Conscience void of Offence, &c.*] if in Honour and Justice he ben't obliged to make good the great Loss I sustain'd by the forc'd Sale of my Woods, for tho' I ow'd him an Hundred Pound, yet a *Merciless Man may screw up Justice to the Pitch of an Injury*, which was the Case here; for had he given me till *October 10th, 1708.* I cou'd have paid him (and ev'ry Body else) all I ow'd to a Farthing, without selling my Woods; but SNOTTY-RED-NOSE, (his haughty Banker) treating me in a sordid Manner, (even to that degree of affronting me, as to question my bringing him a *Real Letter* from a Divine that had sent it to him) I chose rather to sell my Woods for *Two Hundred Pounds less than their real worth*, than to be any longer beholding to him: But as I am now out of his *Merciless Hands*, I shall no longer conceal my Resentments; but here tell *Jeffery Sivv'ns* that tho' 'tis true he does not owe me a Farthing by the *Law of the Land*; yet as his forcing me to sell my Woods, has defac'd (and dammag'd) my whole Estate, I do arraign him in the *Court of Conscience* for Satisfaction, and what I will accept as such, (for I so much scruple the doing him wrong, that I dare not swear to the Damage he did me) he'll find in a Letter directed— *To Jeffery Sivv'ns, and left for him at the Angel in Little Brittain,* of which this is a Copy, with some few Alterations.

Reverend Sir,

I Ever thought it a base and cowardly Action (like D. FOE) to strike a Man in the Dark, and for that Reason this comes to inform you, that Vander (your late Debtor) is the Author of the inclosed Satyr, entituled, *The Pulpit Fool*; you are desired to read P. 5, 6, 7, 8, &c. where by *Jeffery Sivv'ns* you'll find, I mean Mr. ———, Sir, like other Linners I have flatter'd your Picture as much as possible, but I have drawn you so much to the Life (If I ben't forgotten your Features) that whoever sees the Painting at first Glance, will cry out, *This is Jeffery Sivv'ns* I am sure! Perhaps you'll think me a little unmannerly for drawing your Picture without your leave, but I have said nothing but what I am sure is true, and what, except you repair my Damage by ——— (Perhaps not the 3th Part of the Loss I sustain by the Sale of my Woods) I resolve to Publish in the Second Edition of this Satyr, with your right Name to it, you might (considering your Eminent Figure) have expected I shou'd have represented my Grievance in Person, but truly (SIR) your haughty and Merciless Treatment, has given me such a frightful Idea of you, that I resolve never to see you more; and therefore if you repair the Damage I suffered by your Gripping my whole Estate, (as I must solemnly declare I wou'd do to you, under the like Complaint): You must send the Money to Mr. ———, at the Angel in Little Brittain, and he shall give you a full Discharge in the Name of all further Demands whatsoever; or if you slight this Proposal, as you know I can recover nothing by Law (tho' in the Court of Conscience I am sure to cast you :) you must

And thus (proud Sir) I 'ope my Angry Throat
 Does Fasting— your plump smiling Cheeks Promote? }
 Or Penitence— your Haughty Looks denote? }
 You Ride in State, and look as big as they,
 Who have a Heart to give their Gold away:

That's

remember if the World pick out the meaning of Jeffery Stiv'ns, I am no ways accessory in the Discovery, as you might prevent it and wou'd not; neither can you complain of any hard Dealing, that I bring your Scandalous Avarice on the publick Stage, for you shew'd no manner of Pity to me, 'till you had the Mortgage of my whole Estate; but now I'm resolv'd to have some Satisfaction as well as you, and 'tis meerly for the sake of Religion (which is a real and solemn thing, tho' sadly scandaliz'd by Men of your covetous Temper and little Soul) that I conceal your Name in this first Edition of the Pulpit-Fool, or if the Independents shou'd find it out, by comparing your Life and Charity, with the Character I have given of Jeffery Stiv'ns, you must thank your self, for except by wincing at this Character, you discover your own Guilt, I shall for ever conceal your Name (that is, provided you Repair the Dammage you did me in the Sale of my Woods): But whatever the Issue be, 'twill be great Satisfaction to me, that I did not go out of the World without letting you know my real Thoughts of your Merciless Treatment, and how necessary 'tis you shou'd Repent of it— For a larger account of my Grievance I refer you to the Character I give of you in P. 5. &c. and when you have read it, be pleas'd (Reverend Sir) to act as your own Reputation, and the Case requires— 'Tis the Pulpit-Fool I have describ'd in it, and I wish for the future, your large Charity to poor Creatures, and doing that Justice I expect from you, may prove you are no such Person; but wou'd you give me your Coach and Horses (or that Noble Estate which you lately purchas'd) I shou'd think it my Duty to let you know how much [by your Gripping my whole Estate] you contributed to the Misfortunes of — your very Humble, but (as the case stands at present) no ways oblig'd
 V A N D E R.
 Servant,

If any shou'd say this black Charge was the effect of Prejudice, for that Jeffery Stiv'ns is no Pulpit-Fool, but a Pious and Learned Divine, a most excellent Preacher, and a Person of great Charity.

To this I answer, — It must be own'd, that Stiv'ns is a good Preacher, but that (as great a Paradox as it may seem to some) proves him the worse Man for (I do assert) if he possesses any other Vertue besides the Art of Preaching, 'tis a Secret to all the World but himself, for 'tis well known he's notorious for Pride, Self-Conceit, (I wish I cou'd say 'twas Learning) that his Chastity has been publickly question'd, and that 'tis the general Vogue of the Town, that he purchases much, *Is a Person of no Charity*, or if he gives an ALMS, 'tis so little and seldom, that the Charitable S— and other Ministers have blush'd for him; I cou'd give a strange Instance upon this Head (which I had from the Reverend D——) but I shall conceal this in hopes he'll so far Repent of his Cruelty to me, as to repair the Dammage I here complain of.

Perhaps Stiv'ns will say, why do you trouble me with your Grievances? Your Dammage no ways concerns me, you sold your Woods to pay but your just Debts, and I receiv'd not a Farthing more than you owed me.

All the Reply this deserves is, Suppose I shou'd run against a parcel of Glasses, and break them all, 'tho' I neither saw 'em, or cou'd avoid 'em (or get one Farthing by the mischief I did) yet common Justice and Equity oblige me to pay for the Glasses; and the Reason is greater here, for Stiv'ns was PLAINLY FOREWARN'D of the great Loss I shou'd have by the Sale of my Woods, and therefore as he cou'd prevent it, and did not, he is justly Chargeable with all the Dammage I suffer on that account. —

If he shou'd say he did not seize my Estate, and therefore did not force me to sell my Woods. —

To this I answer, there was no Forbearance (or Mercy) in all this, for nothing wou'd satisfy him but the Mortgage of my whole Estate, and that Mortgage forc'd me to sell

That's you do **COACH** it, but forget alas,
 That God himself rode meekly on an Ass,
 A Miser's **COACH** is all a perfect Farce.
 Ne'er keep a Coach whilst any Man is Poor,
 By *Bearman* learn to give, you'll have the more,
 He Preacht for nothing— *giving was his store.* (4)
 The many Hundreds which you lately lent, (5)
 Was lost, for *curst* Use was your intent,
It had been sav'd, had poor Men had your Rent:
 But such might beg, entreat, yea starve in vain;
 Tho' what you give to such is real gain.
 This *Paradox* is true, but yet so harsh,
 Your Light directs not thus, you'll think me rash,
But lend to th' Poor, and never doubt your Cash. (6)

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YOU

sell my Woods, for I had found him a Merciless Man before the Mortgage was sign'd, and as it now lay in his Power to Seize my Estate, I saw no way to prevent it, but to sell my Woods, and therefore the Loss I had by the Sale, must be reckon'd (*If he has any Conscience to Exercise, &c.*) a Debt of *Stiv's* to me; if he denys this, I am bound to tell him that Chancery Courts are (or shou'd be) kept in every Breast, and I'm sure if he don't answer my Just Demand (for ten't a Favour I ask) his very **CONSCIENCE** will Dun for me, and common Equity do me Justice; or if he *Stifies* these, he must expect a more thundring Sermon against **AVARICE**, which I'll Preach to his Congregation (for this is only **PREACHT** to himself) *for Losers will have leave to speak* — In a word, were he *Arch-bishop* of *Dublin* (as he is but *Jeffery Stiv's*) should he Injure me, the first Moment I was out of his Power, I wou'd tell him of it; for 'tho' I can stoop low to a *learned, humble, charitable good Man*, yet my Neck is as stiff as a Stake when I meet with a *rich, proud, covetous Miser*.

I shall only add that some of *Stiv's* Creatures (I mean such as adore his Coach and his Great Estate) will think I'm very saucy to call their **IDOL** a great Miser, &c. (*i. e. A Pulpit-Fool*) but all honest Dissenters will own I have serv'd Religion, in daring to speak the Truth; or whether they do or no, I *have discharg'd my Conscience*; and I have done it in **PRINT**, as he's above a private Admonition. Perhaps *Jeffery Stiv's* will deny, or (which is much the same, will) give a different Turn to what I have said of his Cruel Treatment, but I hope my Friends will have more Honesty than to listen to a **FINE** (that is a false) Harangue, because spoke by a Miser that **RATTLES** about in his own Coach; for this is Publish'd as well to *awaken his Conscience*, as to repair the Damage I receiv'd by the *forc'd sale* of my Woods, and for that reason all (but *Stiv's* Creatures) must needs approve of this Publication; for if I don't prove every Word I have here said (*either by Living Witnesses, or the Letters that were sent to me relating to this Affair*) I'll own my self for a Fool and Knave in the *London Gazette*, and I'm sure, if I know my Heart, I'd rather die than to act the last— So that 'tis plain, his Sin of *Pride* and *Avarice*, &c. has found him out; or if he denies the Fact, I'll freely prove it, maugre all that *Jeffery Stiv's* (and all his adherents) can say in his Vindication.

(4) Mr. *Bearman* had not the 6th Part of *Stiv's* Estate; but having about 200 l. per *Annun* he thought it sufficient, and wou'd take nothing for Preaching, and has bequeath'd an Alms House to Poor Dissenters. (5) To a certain Throaster in *Spittle-fields*. (6) *He that hath pity upon the Poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given, will he pay him again, PROV. 19. 47.*

(7) See

The Pulpit Fool.

You know 'twas *Bounty* blest Great *Annslley's* Mind,
His Alms inricht the House he left behind,
And like the SUN, shin'd to all humane kind. }
He'd such a SOUL, that had he Mines in store,
He'd ne'er be Rich while any Man was poor:
A Heart so Great, that had he had a Purse, }
'Twould have supply'd the Poor o'th' Universe; (7)
Had you such LIGHT, you'd be a publick Nurse.
There's twenty Parsons that have dy'd of late,
Who were admired much for this and that :
Nay were applauded for their pious Living, }
But did these WORTHIES ever lend a Shilling ?
For not a Word we hear of all their giving:
Then NOBLE ANNSLEY we will still deplore, }
Who gave both Money, Books, and golden Oar,
And was a very Father to the Poor. }
For *Annslley's* Death, sure Charity languished,
Grew sickly, stiff, and cold, — *and since is dead:*
For now Men dye, and we their Death deplore,
Because a *Learned Man* is gone before, }
But not because he gave much to the Poor.
Then mind that LIGHT which will advance your Fame,
No LIGHT directs where poor Men curse your Name ;
Nor can you SHINE without a publick Purse,
A COACH without, — *God bless you* — is a Curse.
A COACH indeed does blaze abroad your Pelf,
But Coach is only Bounty to your self:
I don't reflect that you do keep a Coach, }
For humble Grandeur is no Man's Reproach,
Besides your Income warrants *Coach and Six.*
But they that keep a Coach shcu'd Feast the Poor ;
But that's a GRANDEUR which you have forbore :
That NOBLE LIGHT did ne'er direct your Ear ;
Scraping, not Noble Bounty is your Care:
At all the *Publick Stocks* that seek encrease,
Stiv'ns still ventures for the GOLDEN FLEECE ;
In Hartley's Fund (8) (the best that's now on Foot,
Stiv'ns makes one, for Lucre brought him to't,
To th' Royal Bank, where so much Cash is nurs'd, }
Stivens sent RED-NOSE, for to act in Trust,
And would be Publick U'rer if he durst. }
Whigs in Distress, or Wretches that are Poor, }
Are all that he won't trust with Golden Oar,
For here's no USE, and he wou'd still have more. }

Is

(7) See the Book entituled, *The Character of Dr. Annslley, by way of Elegy.* — (8)
call'd, *The Perpetual Assurance.*

Is this your Conscience, void of all Offence?
 Oh, Sir, Repent, lest a just Providence
 Shou'd strike you dead for Raking thus for Pence?
 Your Thirst of Wealth increases with your Store,
 And to spend less, still covet to have more:
 You *Midas*-like, to feed your Avarice,
 Starve in th' Enjoyment of a Golden Wish:
 If there be Heav'n 'tis worthy to be sought,
 Or were there none, yet Heav'n's a pleasant Thought;
 But who hugs Gold, seeks nothing as he ought:
 To scrape, to give, so honest Wealth is got;
 But pinching to HOARD is still the Miser's Lot.
 This Love of Wealth, is Madness, and I hate
 The very Trouble of a great Estate:
 'Tis perfect Dirt, crys the vain Prodigal,
 Mad till it's gone; and when he has spent all;
 The Beggar'd Fool, calls himself Liberal.
 Now weigh 'em both, and tell me if you can,
 Which of the Two seems the most Prudent Man.
 I cou'd name Thousands more, but to draw all
 The Shapes o'th Half-wit Lavish Animal,
 Or of J. S. that Pulpit-scraping Fool,
 Wou'd be as hard, as to name all that dye,
 Each Spring and Fall, by *Lover* and *Mercury*;
 Or say, how oft the impatient Heir, to have
 Old Stiv'n's Wealth, has wish'd him in his Grave:
 A Drudgery so Great, my Pen declines,
 Content to sum up all in these Five Lines.
Greece boasts *Seven-Sages*, but the Story lies,
 For the whole World ne'r saw one truly WISE;
 All Men are FOOLS, and the sole difference,
 Lies in the more, or the less want of Sence,
 (And Stiven's lies in scrapeing up the Pence:)
 Yes Stiven's this I'll PREACH till you Recant
 For pray what Blis can unus'd Riches grant,
 For much, tho' you possess, yet more you want:
 To you 'tis Pains to touch your own Estate,
 And hoarded Gold a Crime to violate:
 So *Tantalus* does in deep Water stand,
 But for his Thirst cannot one drop command:
 The Prentice after all his yearly Pains,
 Filleth his *Small-mouth'd Box* with Christmas gains,
 Yet though he fill his Box unto the Brim,
 Unless he break it up, what's all to him?
 A Miser's such a Box, that's nothing worth,
 Till Death doth break it up, then all comes forth:
 Convert, Good God, or strike with some disease,
 Break up such *small-mouth'd Boxes*, Lord, as these.

You make your self but Jailour of your own,
 For others to enjoy when you are gone;
 So was the Dragon in the Garden plac'd,
 To watch the Golden-Fruit, but not to taste:
 Thus you solicitous with Care oppress,
 To your seiz'd Mind refuse a needful Rest;
 Still coveting, and scraping still for more,
 Your Charity is to increase your Store,
 For midst your Heaps—— you think that you are Poor.
 Has thus your Light directed Foolish Stev'n!
 Sell all your Land, and carry Bills to Heav'n?
 In this I'm sure—— you are directed right,
 For all you give to th' Poor, in Heaven's paid at sight. (9)

My

(9) As new and surprizing as this Doctrine seems, there's plain Scripture for it, for in the New Testament, 'tis there said, *Sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the Poor, and thou shalt have Treasure in Heaven, (i. e.)* by giving largely to the Poor, you carry Bills to the other World, which are paid at sight. A true Believer (says Dr. Gore) is born both a Beggar and an Heir, he often Lives Poor, yet is always Rich, and dies Wealthy, 'tho without Lands, Money, Goods; he keepeth his Estate by sending it away, and encreaseth it by spending it, when others not only lessen, but lose theirs by sparing and saving it, and he taketh his Treasure with him to his Grave, and beyond it—— So that the only way to transport our Land to Heaven (or a good Conscience, which is far better) is to feed the Hungry, to cloath the Naked, and to be rich in good Works, for thus we lay hold on Eternal Life (1 Tim. 6. 18, 19) I know this Doctrine will seem a Paradox to such Misers whose Light (like Stev'n's) never directed them to give much, but that what we give to the Poor is paid us again in Heaven; is not only clears by the foremention'd Text, but by the noble Charity and Death of Evagrius of which take this short Account, Synesius (who of a Philosopher became a Bishop) found at Syrene, one Evagrius (a Philosopher) who had been his old Acquaintance, and fellow Student, but obstinate Heathen; Synesius being earnest with him to become a Christian. Evagrius reply'd, that to him it seem'd but a meer Fable, *that this World shall have an End; that all Men shall rise again in these Bodies, and their Flesh be made Immortal, and receive the Reward of all that they have done in the Body, That he that gives to the Poor, shall have Treasure in Heaven, and shall receive an hundred Fold from Christ, together with Eternal Life.* These things he denied: Synesius by many Arguments; assur'd him that all these things were certainly true; and at last the Philosopher and his Children were baptized. A while after he comes to Synesius, and brings him 300 l. of Gold for the Poor! (when will Stev'n's Imbark such a Sum for Heaven) and bid him take it, but give him a Bill under his Hand, that Christ shou'd repay it him in another World. Synesius took the Money for the Poor, and gave him under his Hand such a Bill as he desir'd. Not long after, the Philosopher being near to Death, commanded his Sons, that when they buried him, they shou'd put Synesius's Bill, in his Hand in the Grave, which they did: The third day after, the Philosopher seem'd to appear to Synesius in the Night, and said to him, *Come to my Sepulcher where I lie, and take thy Bill, for I have receiv'd the Debt, and am satisfy'd, which for thy Assurance I have subscrib'd with my own Hand——* The Bishop knew not that the Bill was bury'd with him, but sent to his Sons, who told him; and taking them and the Chief Men of the City, he went to the Grave, and found the Paper in the Hands of the Corps, thus subscrib'd, Ego

My PULPIT, further gives you this Advice,
 Give all your BOOKS, they never made you Wise, }
 And give 'em to such who have not *whorish* Eyes. }
 Now act the Steward, now disperse your Store.
And ne'er be Rich, whilst any Man is Poor: (10)
 I see you shrugg—, This DOCTRINE will not serve,
 You'll buy more Land, but let the Beggars starve;
 Nay, which is worse—, you'll purchase Praises too,
More Petticoats must make a Saint of you; (11)
 If so, my SERMON's done when I have said,
I have a Name to live, but you are dead. (12)
 For Men who covet Earth, yet Preach up Heav'n;
Are Pulpit Fools, and those are ne'er forgiven.
 The *Philadelphian* Fools, I'll next bemoan, }
 For *J—cobs* is such, or rather all in one }
 Arminian, Quaker, Muggletonian. }
 That Head, or Pulpit, can't be wise or sweet,
 Where all corrupt and idle Whimsies meet.
 Where Railing is the *Text*, and all the Sermon cant, }
 Where *Preacher* is a *K—*, and wou'd be thought a *Saint*, }
 Where all that hear, are Mad, or Ignorant. }
J—cobs sights, *Learning*, does not hold it fit,
 For Christians to pollute their Brains with it.
 He says, 'tis vain, for Holy Men to seek
For Language of the Beast, or Heathen Greek.
 Fool of vertiginous Brains! still running round!
 That Cymbal-like from Emptiness do's sound.
 If you this *Pulpit Monster* want to see, }
 (For Preaching Drapers are a Prodigie,) }
 Go to—, the Whiskers tell you that is he. (13) }
 Besides you'll know his Foolish Tongue by this, }
 It never moves, but when it speaks amiss: }
 Or flings some Dirt at English Litturgies. }
 Bishops are Limbs of Antichrist he cries,
 The Service Porridge, and in MASS it lies:

So

Evarsius, &c. "I *Evarsius* the Philosopher to thee, most holy Sir, Bishop *Synesius*,
 "Greeting: I have receiv'd the Debt which in this Paper is written with thy
 "Hands, and I am satisfy'd, and have no Action against thee for the Gold which
 "I gave to thee, and by thee to Christ our God and Saviour— They that
 saw the thing, admir'd and glorify'd God, that gave such wonderful Evidence
 of his Promises to his Servants; and saith *Leontius* this *Bill*, thus subscribed by the
 Philosopher, is kept at *Syene*, most carefully in the Church to this Day, to be seen of
 such as desire to see it. [*Bayer, Annal. ad An. 411, &c.*]

(10) As was hinted before in the Character of that truly Pious and Charitable Di-
 vine Dr. *Samuel Annesley*. (11) *D—* his Great Admirer and Advocate is here
 meant. (12) *Rev. 3. 2.* (13) He is distinguish'd from all other Men, by his Re-
 markable Whiskers.

(14) The

The Pulpit Fool.

So much a Hector! that he whets his Fist
Against the Name of Altar, and of Priest
His Thoughts are vast, and scorn to set upon
Any Whore less than her of *Babylon* :
No Surplice does he likes, or will he have,
They're *Rags of Rome* he thinks, and cannot save.
The harmless Rails, which are the Churches Fence,
And keep the TABLE from Irreverence,
He thunders at, as if he wou'd allow,
No RAILING, but what from himself did flow ;
Whoe'er hears *J—cobs* Preaching, must allow
God's House was ne'er more *Den of Thieves than now* ;
He'd pray in Verse, wise Times no doubt they be,
When HOPKINS justles out the Liturgy,
Psalms which if *David* from his seat of Bliss
Doth hear ; he little thinks they're meant for his ;
He whines, now whispers streight, and next does roar,
Now draws his long Words, and now leaps them o'er ;
Such various Voices, I admir'd, and said,
Sure all the Congregation in him Pray'd ,
He's a meer *Pulpit-Fool*, the dullest he,
That ever came to Doctrines Twenty Three,
In ev'ry Sentence, how he draws his Hum,
He Dreams awake, his Sermon's Opium!
All *Argus* Body, he'd have Preach'd asleep,
His Bread and Fame he does by Whiskers seek ;
But yet sometimes he melts the Womens Eyes,
They sob aloud, (*then Pather J—cob crys*)
Whene'er he eats, so long a Grace is said,
That a good Christian when he goes to bed,
Wou'd be contented with a shorter Prayer ;
So dull and tedious all his Graces are ;
Thus he is Fool, in Pulpit, House and Shop,
So mean a Fool, he scarce deserves our Mock,
But yet I'll leave him, for a greater Block.

For *Em—* comes next, that bold *Socinian*,
That wou'd *Un-God* (that's make Christ very Man)
Blasphemous Fool, where does your Pulpit stand?
Stand--- no, 'tis burnt with your *Socinian* Notes,
And you'd burn too, if good-men had their Votes ;
You fix Salvation to *Socinian* Ears
But dare you Trifle where a GOD appears?
The *Hypostatick Union* is a Theam
So clear from Scripture, and so far from Dream,
That Angels admir't, and LOOK into't ag'n, (14)

(14) 1 Pet. 1. 2.

Whose Merits Save? Pray tell us *Irish Priest*,
 If there be found no *Diety* in *Christ*?
 But he's *God-man*, and *Pulpit-Fool* thou *ly'st*.
 Wit like *Teirce Claret*, which begins to *pall*,
 Neglected lies, and of no use at all;
 Yet in the full *Perfection* of *Decay*,
 Turns *Vinegar*, and comes again in *Play*.
 This *Simile* shall stand in *Em...*'s *Defence*,
 For he's a *Fool* that now and then writes *Sense*;
 Thy *Notions Em*— are *Heterodox* and *Forreign*,
 But he mistakes who says thy *Brains* are *barren*,
 Here dull conceits like *Vermin* breed in *Carri'n*;
 For thou hast *Brains*, such as they are indeed;
 On what else shou'd thy *WORM* of *Fancy* feed;
 Yet in a *Philbert* I have often known,
Maggots survive, and all the *Kernel* gone,
 Thus thou art turn'd a *Pulpit-Fool* and *Drone*;
 Thy *Stile*'s the same whatever be thy *Theam*,
 As some *Digestions* turn all *Meats* to *Flegm*;
 As skilful *Divers* to the bottom fall,
 Sooner then those that cannot swim at all;
 So in this way of writing without thinking,
 Thou hast a strange *Alacrity* in sinking,
 Thus *Em*— is made a *Pulpit-Fool* by *winking*;
 Thou writ'st below ev'n thy own natural *Parts*,
 And with acquired *dullness*, and new *Arts*,
 Of *Nonsense* blindest poor *Socinian* *Hearts*;
 Thy stumbling *Founder'd Jade* doth trot as high,
 As any other *Pegasus* can fly,
 But all thy *Wit* is a *Socinian* lie;
 So the dull *Eel* moves nimbler in the *mud*,
 Than all the *swift-fin'd Racers* of the *Flood*;
 But *HERETICK* Repent, for I aver,
Socinian *Sermons* wou'd ev'n *GOD* inter,
 They prove thee a *Blaspheming Pulpiteer*;
 Thou sett'st thy *Name* to what thy self doest write,
 Did ever *LIBEL* yet so sharply bite?

If I shou'd view *Dissenting Pulpits* o'er,
 I next shou'd come where *Men* don't *Preach* but *Roar*,
 There's *Muggleton* i'th' *Pulpit* us'd to *Teach*,
 He was a *Prophet*, and was sent to *Preach*,
 But he (at best) was a *Blasphemous Wretch*.
NAILOR was such another foaming *Tool*,
 And had his *Tongue* boar'd for a *Lying Fool*;
 This zealous *COBLER* picks his *Leather Ears*,
 And in the *TUB* (his *Pulpit*) he declares;
 "No *Priest*, no *Doctrine* can *Religious* be,
 "That smells of either *University*;

The Pulpit Fool.

15

So IGNORANCE the Mother of each doubt,
Leads Nonsense in, and turns true Learning out;
While he TRANSLATES, and Edifies the Soul,
His Brother MUG— does the whole World controul,
He Peter scorns, himself will be a ROCK,
And sets Mens Heads upon a newer Block;
He with INSPIRED FURY does declare,
There's no Salvation unto those whose Hair,
Transcend their Teeth in Longitude, his Shears,
Have raz'd the Locks that did Besiege his Ears:
THESE in their Preachments, tell us " Such as we
" (Beloved) suffer for our Purity,
" Because that we assert that we are Christ
" We fall by th' Ear with Prophane Pillories; (15)
" 'Tis for our good, who ope' our Ears to take,
" The Pious Whispers which the Nails do make;
Such FOOLS as these hold forth just what they list,
Their TEXTS and DOCTRINES both like Sep'ratists;
Run from each other, and their USES, loath
Their Company; 'cause holier then both;
These having nam'd a TEXT, like Cowards they,
Straight from the unarm'd Words on't run away,
And thus excuse it, that it is a Breach,
Of Christian freedom to be tied to Preach
Upon one Place; they make their Doctrines run,
From Genesis to th' Revelation;
And handle all alike; a wild Goose Chace,
They run through Chapters a Curranto pace.
They straight divide a Text in Parts, but then,
They do not bring them to be Friends again;
But fall to flat *Adultery* with the Sense,
Begetting spurious Broods of Uses thence;
That such unnatural Children thence do spring
They dare make head against *the Text; their King,*
If these wa'nt FOOLS, there ne'er was such a thing;
The last *Dissenter* that expects his Doom,
Is *Father Peters* (that bold Son of Rome);
He's a Dissenter, and perhaps the *Highest*, (16)
For he Dissented from the Church of Christ;
He calls indeed his Church INFALLIBLE,
But his Church rose, from Devil, Rome, and Hell,
And what that Church is, *he that knows can tell;*
No longer then, the World shall be misled,
By him that's falsely call'd th' *unerring Head;*
His Tripple Crown I scornfully will spurn,
And his proud Seat, to heaps of Rubbish turn;

(15) Muggleton and Nailor were both set in the Pillory, for Preaching and Writing Blasphemy. (16) They are Bishop Burnet's Words, in his Speech in the House of Lords, upon the Bill against Occasional Conformity; I know no High-Church, but the Church of Rome, &c.
Fright

Fright all his Vassals into Dens and Caves,
 Then smock to Death the Sacrilegious Slaves,
 For Popish Fathers, are but Pulpit-Knaves ;
 The swarming Herds of Crafty Priests and Monks,
 The Female Orders of Religious Punks ;
 Pope, Jesuit, (that bloody-minded Man)
Franciscan, Carmelite, Dominican,
 Do all Dissent from the right Christian:
 Such Pulpit-Fools, I'll ever more disturb,
 SENSE shall their Doctrines, Force their Malice curb ;
 Nor will I here desist, all holy Cheats,
 Of all Religions shall partake my Threats ;
 Whether with Scarlet Gowns they show their Pride,
 Or under Cloaks, their Knavery they hide ;
 RELIGION's safe, with PRIEST-CRAFT is the War
All Friends to Priest-Craft, Foes of Mankind are ;
 Their impious Fanes, and Altars I'll o'erthrow,
 And the whole FABCE of their feign'd Saintship show,
 Their pious Tricks disclose, their murd'ring Zeal,
And all their sinful Mysteries reveal ;
 'Tis PETERS, here is that Dissenting Tool,
 That I shall prove this Bloody Pulpit-Fool :
 He drove on *Jehus* like, for he'd convert
 All Hereticks, or Burn 'em for his sport ;
 He preach'd (or OLDHAM lyes, who *Jesuits* fought)
 If you'd be *Papist* be not so for nought,
 But be in Catholick depths of Treason taught,
 In Orthodox and solid poisoning read,
 Or i'th' profounder Art of Stabbing Bred ;
 Each sniv'ling Heroe, Seas of Blood can spill,
 When Wrongs provoke, and Honour bids him kill ;
 Give me your through-pac'd Rogue, who scorns to be
 Prompted by poor Revenge, or Injury,
 But does it, of true Inbred Cruelty ;
 Then you're true *Papists*, then you're fit to be,
 Disciples of great *Loyola* and me,
 Worthy to undertake, worthy a Plot,
 That Stabs, then fit to Scourge a *Huguenot* :
 Too sparing was the Time, too mild the Day,
 When the great *Mary* bore the *English* Sway ;
 Unqueen-like Pity marr'd her Royal Pow'r,
 Nor was her Purple dy'd enough in Gore ;
 Four or five hundred, such like petty Sun,
 Might fall perhaps a Sacrifice to *Rome* ;
 Scarce worth the naming, had I had the Pow'r,
 Or been thought fit t' have been her Councillor,
 She shou'd have rais'd it to a nobler Score :

The Pulpit Fool.

17

Big Bonafires shou'd have blaz'd and shone each Day,
To tell our Triumphs, and make bright our way ;
And when 'twas dark, in ev'ry Lane and Street,
Thick flaming *Hereticks*, shou'd serve to Light
And save the needless Charge of Links by Night ;
Smithfield shou'd still have kept a constant Fire,
Which never shou'd be quenched, ne'er expire ;
But with the Lives of all the Mifcreant Rout,
'Till the last gasping Breath had blown it out.
I scorn Dull Reason and Pedantick Rules,
To conquer and reduce the harden'd Fools ;
Racks, Gibbets, Halters, are my Arguments,
For these will stubborn *Hereticks* convince ;
Let these the hanfels of your Vengance be,
But stop not here, nor flag in Cruelty ;
Kill like a Plague, or Inquisition ; spare
No Age, degree, and Whore with all the Fair :
Spare not young Infants smiling at the Breast,
Who from relenting Fools their Mercy wrest,
Rip teeming Wombs, tear out the hated Brood
From thence and drown 'em in their Mothers Blood,
Nor let gray Hoary Hair Protection give,
To Age just crawling on the Verge of Life,
Snatch from its leaning Hands the weak support,
And with it knock't into the Grave with sport ;
Brain the poor Cripple with his Crutch, then cry
You've kindly rid him of his Misery,
Dare something worthy *Newgate* and the *Tower* ;
If you'll be canoniz'd and Heav'n insure ;
Dull Primitive Fools of Old, who wou'd be good,
Who wou'd by Vertue reach the blest abode :
Far other are the ways found out of late.
Which Mortals to that happy place Translate.
Rebellion, Treason, Murder, Massacre,
The Chief Ingredients now of Saint-ship are,
And *Tyburn* only stocks the Calendar.
By why do I with idle Talk delay
Your Hands, and while they shou'd be acting, stay.
May that vile wretch, if any here there be,
That meanly shrinks from brave Iniquity ;
If any here feel Pity or remorse,
May he feel all I've bid you act, and worse ;
Ne'er doggle Lads, for you may quickly buy
Patents for cutting Throats, and Perjury :
A Tax is in the Leachery-Office laid,
On *Panders* Bauds, and Whores that ply the Trade,
A Rape is dear, but Whoredom's very cheap,
You may a Strumpet by a License keep ;

For *venial Trifles*, less and slighter Faults,
 They ne'er deserve the Trouble of your Thoughts:
 Ten *Ave-Maries* mumbled to the Cross,
 Clear scores of twice, ten thousand such as those:
 Some are at sound of Christen'd-bell forgiven,
 And some by Squirt of Holy Water driven:
 Others by Anthems play'd, are charm'd away,
 As Men cure Bites of the Tarantula.
 'Tis this that does the astonisht Rout amuse,
 And Reverence to *Shaven Crown* infuse:
 To see a silly sinful mortal wight,
 His Maker make, create the Infinite.
 None boggles at the Impossibility;
 Alas, 'tis wondrous heavenly Mystery!
 These are the witty *Oldham's Holy Rules*,
 Which *Peter's* preach't in all the Popish Schools,
 INFALLIBLE!—No he's both Knave and Fool. }
 He is (for Satyr dares the Truth declare)
Cut-throat, and all that Ruffians dare to swear.
 He lives by Treason, and will have a fall,
 For Popish *Pulpit Fools* are worst of all.
 Not ev'n *Dangerfield* cou'd form a Plot,
 More nicely spun, more exquisitely wrought:
 It was his furious, *Jehu*-Tacking wit,
 Did *James* and all his *Jesuit Train* defeat.
 He fear'd no Colours, yet to Idols bow'd,
 Prevaricating with his King and God:
 A *Proteus*, ever acting in disguise,
 A finish'd *Plotter*, intricately-wise:
 A second *Machiavel*, who soar'd above.
 The little *Tyes of Gratitude and Love*:
 His hardned Conscience never felt remorse,
 For *Lying, Whoring, or for what is worse*.
 Poison and Dagger are his chief delight,
Promiscuously opposing Wrong and Right.
 Whate'er he does is always in Extreams,
 Sometimes the *Whig*, sometimes the *Tory*, damn'd,
 And thinks to enter *Heav'n* by *Pulpit-shams*.
 He is a fierce, intriguing Popish Fool,
 Opiniatively Wise, yet pertly Dull,
 And when at MASS he is a Pulpit Fool.
 A Preaching-States-Man, talkative and loud,
 Hot without Courage, without Merit proud,
 A Leader fit for the Unthinking Croud.
 For one may say without being call'd an Atheist,
 There are fine Rogues amongst the *French and Papists*,
 That cry, *Enjoy the Creature*—; to express
Plain Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenness:

The Pulpit Fool.

19

Our fleshly failing is stil'd **FORNICATION**,
But Popish Saints call't *Gospel Propagation*,
As Godfry's Murther was thought Reformation:
Tho' Zeal stand Centry at the Gate of Sin,
Yet all that have the *Word* pass freely in;
Silent and in the Dark, for fear of Spies,
These March, and take Damnation by Surprise.
Popish Dissenters are not very Nice,
For thus did **PETERS** Preach to make us **WISE**;
By which the *Pulpit Fool* lost both his **Eyes**.

I cou'd proceed to other *Pulpit Fools*
Amongst *Dissenters* that observe no Rules.
Cou'd prove a Canting Faction's Multitude
Once mov'd, like Hornets eagerly Intrude
On all Professions, and run forward still,
Like Swine, steer'd only by their headstrong Will.

Thus Fools of ev'ry *Pulpit* seldom sever,
They are a meer Hedg-podg shook together:
And all these **SIMPLES** make one *Mithridate*,
To be a Poyson both to Church and State.
New Lords create new Laws, one brings a Branch
From Amsterdam, some to New England lanch,
To Scotland, Rome, Judea, Turky some,
Some to Geneva, back again they come:
Fraught with *Religions New*, of each a Feather,
All in a *Chaos* bundled up together.
Which makes our Church all Parti-colour'd show,
Like Joseph's Coat, or Aesop's theevish Crow.

But of all *Pulpiteers* I've named yet,
None look so like a **FOOL**, as *N—t*,
His very Phiz, has put me in a sweat.
This *Second Part o'th' Pulpit Fool* began,
With a bold *Sermon* to that Puritan.
Who grip'd my All—, his Light directed this,
For Misers **LIGHT** shines where the Bags increase:
If I might **PREACH** one Sermon more in Town,
(For some Men **PREACH** that ne'r were worth a Gown.)
That *Pulpit Fool* shou'd next give me his Ear,
That's still **AFFECTED** in his Words and Air,
'Tis N—t that is intended here.
Sir, 'tis not your *Affected way* does move,
But as the Sermon is, the Hearer's prove:
Neglect in Pulpit no, beseeming Grace
Ascend with Modesty the Sacred Place;

The Pulpit Fool.

And by your *Venerable* carriage show,
 That you the *Reverence* of your *Function* know.
 These preaching Rules will make you grave and neat;
 But that you may be *FAM'D* and more compleat,
 Mind *Talbot*, *Lucas*, and a Hundred more,
 Who preach like Angels, and like them adore.
 Read *Blackball*, *South*, *Daves*, *Tilloson* and *Scot*,
 Whose matchless Sermons ne'er will be forgot.
 Hear Learned—*Sharp*, *Trelawney*, *Hall*, and *Benner*,
Compton, *Evans*, *Fowler*, *Moor* and *Kenner*,
Wake, *Hough*, *Lloyd*, *Williams*, *Hooper*, *Cumberland*,
Sprat, *Bevridge*, *Humphreys*, *Walfe*, and pious *Brand*,
Bull, *Nevil*, *Murray*, *Nicholson* and *James*,
Dell, *Moncreife*, *Abercromby*, *Haskard*, *Rheams*,
Harris, *Savage*, *Ball*, and pious *Hayley*,
Gaffrell, *Whincop*, *Smithyes*, *Dodwell*, *Bayly*,
Stubs, *Willis*, *Freeman*, *Atterbury*, *Finch*,
Pead, *Burgess*, *Sawyer*, *Bisset*, *Milner*, *Winch*,
Knaggs, *Fleetwood*, *Rochford*, *Edwards*, *Manningham*,
Young, *Nichols*, *Bently*, *Marshal*, *Dr. Lamb*,
Shute, *Meggot*, *Ellis*, *Coffan*, pious *Fell*,
Mackensie, *Bedle*, *Wyat*, *Cole* and *Snell*,
Foy, *Clogher*, *Pooly*, *Francis*, *Dr. Stearn*,
Row, *Fisher*, *Jones*, *Weld*, *Phraser*, aged *Mearn*,
 With *Marsh*, *King*, *Sinclare*, *Smith*, and *Polish'd Fearn*. }

Hear pious *Stretton*, *Lakin*, *Mr. Wise*,
Bragg, *Dixon*, *Gilpin*, *Chandler*, humble *Price*,
Flemming, *Nisbet*, *Bellamy* and *Powell*,
Goodwin, *Blackmore*, *Doolittle*, and *Howell*,
Hubbald, *Gordon*, *Stot*, *Barret*, learned *Boyse*,
Weeks, *Gilson*, *Shewel*, *Benson*, *Mr. Royce*,
Bush, *Reynholds*, *Godolphin*, and *Whitaker*,
Dike, *Thompson*, *Hannot*, *Wilkinson*, and *Burr*,
Willard, *Hussey*, *Noble*, *Seaton*, *Gledhil*,
Ridgley, *Andland*, *Cestares*, and pious *Hill*,
Sprint, *Catcot*, *Moody*, *Marriat*, *Ramsay*, *Grew*,
Wells, *Sheppard*, *Barnard*, *Weaver*, *Mr. Drew*,
Guise, *Dowglass*, *Barton*, *Cunningham*, and *Earle*,
Cotton, *Pope*, *Mays*, *Sylvester*, and *Hearle*,
 With *Wilcox*, *Sendall*, *Collins*, *Oakes* and *Searle*,
 To these add *Baldwin*, *Petto*, *Veal* and *Tongue*
Marber, *Trail*, *Waters*, *Bates*, and *Robbinson*,
 Whose Fame's as Universal as the Sun.
 The NAMES of other Levites I cou'd give,
 Who PREACH on Earth, but do in Heav'n live;
 Who (like these I have nam'd) so well are wrought,
 They scarce do Err in Looks, in Word, or Thought.

N— these are Preachers, Pious, Learned, Mild,
Free from all Tricking and affected Stile;
Then Copy from these, you ne'er can Preach amiss,
Their *Life and Doctrine* is the ROAD to Bliss.
But I'll conclude (my Sermon gives you Pain)
Then Practice this, and I'll ne'er PREACH again.

Now Pulpit Fools— repent and learn of these,
How you shou'd Preach, and how your Credit raise,
'Tis not by RAILING, but by preaching Peace. }
All we yet know o'th' blessed Saints above,
Is that they Sing, and live in Peace and Love.

Here pious Souls of all Religions came,
Their Worship various, but their God the same.
Here DOOLITTLE with COMBER, Friendly twines.
Here Scot does fly, to clasp the pious Vines.
Here MEAD, and PATRICK, in Embraces meet,
And ALSOP, joins in Praise with STILLINGFLEET.
HORNECK, and ANNESLEY, and Millions more,
Alike are Happy, and alike adore:
All, All is Peace, all prejudice forgot;
From sev'ral Stations, at one Mark they shot
The just reach Heav'n, although by different Ways:
God is their SUN, and they his spreading RAYES
Tho' at the Circle, some are opposite,
They meet and center in Eternal Light.

Then Pulpit-Fools, your causeless Feuds remove;
Wou'd you below, be blest like them above? }
Preach Peace like them, and learn from them to love. }
If PEACE be Heav'n to ev'ry Saint that dies,
No Pulpit Quarrel can be counted Wise. (17)
There's L—y, B—h— and D—ton who scolds,
Are all three Railers,— That's Three Pulpit Fools. (18)

S—l

(17) See this confirm'd in that excellent Sermon (to repeat the Character given of it by the House of Commons) preach'd before the Queen and the two Houses of Parliament, Decem. 31, 1706. by the Right Reverend Father in God, Gilbert Lord-Bishop of Sarum, where are these words; "Peace is a Word of an agreeable sound, it strikes and has Charms in it. God forbid that any who carry the Name of a Christian, shou'd resolve against Terms of Peace, [and then, adds this truly Pious and Learned Prelate] It wou'd ill become a Minister of the Prince of Peace, to sound the Trumpet of War.— (18)
A Friend of Mr. Philip Henry's (as the Learned Author of his Life tells us, p. 179) writing to him not long before he dy'd, desir'd his Thoughts concerning the Differences among the London Dissenters? To which he return'd this Answer: I can say little concerning our Divisions; which when some Mens Judgments and Tempers are heal'd, will be also healed; But when will that be? They that have most holiness are most peaceable, and have most Comfort.— This excellent Remark of the pious Henry, gave Rise to the Line

S—l—B—t F—ne and staring H—ks,
Do act the Fool in all their Railing Tricks ;
 They Rail i'th Pulpit, Press, and ev'ry where,
 They'd Rail in Heav'n, were but Dissenters there ;
 Railing is all their ZEAL, their Death-bed Theam,
 And might they live, they'd bite the Whigs agen,
 Their Sermons, Spight and Prayers do always mix ;
 Their Dying Words are, — *Whigs are Schismatics :*
 All Pulpit-Fools are Enemies to Love,
 If e'er they think, 'tis how to Fend and Prove:
 Then if you'd drop the Fool, and wisely Preach,
 Practice that Doctrine which you Weekly teach,
 And let your MOTIVES still be Love and Peace ;
 Sermons convert not the Ideal Fool,
The Parson's Practise is the People's Rule ;
 But above all, don't fordid Avarice Love,
Your Work is Heav'n, and you must live about :
 If (as in *Stiv'n*) vile Avarice controuls,
 (*Old Nick may take us,*) you'll not mind our Souls ;
 His Flock think him DIVINE—poor blinded Elves
 But they must cramb his Cup-board and his Shelves
 Or Souls might starve, and Kids baptize themselves.
 He'd ne'er more Cant, or shew the Whites of Eyes,
 But for Reward — *His God is Avarice :*
 Then let no *Pulpit-Fool* deceive you more,
 Or if you hear him, see that he restore
 The many thousands he has wrong'd the Poor :
 For he is Fool and Theife without Reprieve (19)
 That hides in Baggs what he is bound to give,
Stiv'ns ne'er thought so, for his Chests are full,
 Such Light directs him to the *Strygian* Pool,
 And brands him for a Scraping Pulpit-Fool ;
 But for those Pulpiteers that are Reform'd,
 (May they encrease, for Heav'n must be storm'd :)
 If I might here presume to give advice,
 To such whose Office 'tis to make us WISE,
 Let not the Pulpit, SATYRS e'er infest,
For fear Damnation shou'd attend the Jest,
 Shun Rhetorick, which Improvement does bereave,
 And does our MIND but just diverted leave ;
 Preaching thus, does indeed the World content,
But ne'er Reform'd, or made one Penitent.

'Tis

above; for it the Ministers of the Gospel (who are call'd *the Ambassadors of Peace,*
Isiah 33. 7.) will Rail in the Pulpit (and thereby lose the Comfort they might expect
 from a *Peaceable Temper*) are not *Pulpit-Fools*, there never was (or will be) such a thing
 in the World.

(19) That he is FOOL is evident from this Text ; *And I will say to my Soul, Soul thou
 hast much Goods laid up for many Tears, take thine Ease, eat, drink and be merry. But
 God*

The Pulpit Fool.

23

*'Tis Preaching-where the alarmed Soul betakes
 Its self to a New Life, old Sins forsakes,
 For he no Sermon, who no Convert makes.
 Speak from the Heart, and then the Heart you'll touch—
 Don't say too little, nor yet over-much,
 Ne'er cloy or starve, the Preaching Art is such;
 Lash ev'ry Sinner, 'till his Conscience hears,
 Words please the great ones best, the People Tears,
 To please by turns, their different Palates seek,
 Cry at *John Showers*—and at *St. Lawrence* speak;
 Manage your Voices, Tone, and Latitude,
 That without Pain you may be understood,
 This shunning Slowness, Gallops on Post-haste,
 The other Jade's in fear to march too fast;
 One I can't follow, nor for t'other stay,
 And neither pleasing me I go my way,
 Too fast their Sermons, or too Lagging go,
 When they by Heart say what by halves they know;
 Valour was never judged by a Noise,
 Nor Eloquence beholden to a Voice;
 In vain to kindle Fires the Preacher tries,
 Which want of Zeal to his own Breast denies;
 And 'tho' he strives with Warmth drawn up by Art,
 Seems Ice to me, and cannot warm my Heart.*

God said unto him, *thou Fool, this night thy Soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided,* Luke 12. 19.— And as he that provides only for his own Body, is a Fool (and if a Clergy-man, a Pulpit Fool) so he is also a THIEF, the Expression sounds harsh, but 'tis clearly prov'd by the Learned Tyndall in these Words: *It is plain Theft for a Man to have Riches lying by him, and not to show Mercy to the Poor or Needy, to Succour or Assist his Neighbour in his Necessity; God (continues this Author) hath given one Man Riches to help another in his Need; (and he adds) If thy Neighbour Want, and thou help him not, being able, thou neglectest thy Duty towards him, and art a THIEF before God.* [See Tyndall's Works P. 77.] Thus Reader have I fairly prov'd ev'ry Miser is both [Fool and Thief] or if any Man yet doubt it; let him read Dr. Sherlock's *Practical Christian*, who expressly says (in P. 40 of that Book) 'That want of Charity is no other than downright Robbery, for the Poor Man's Lively-hood 'is the Rich Man's superfluity, and that is the Poor Man's due; it being as equal Justice 'for the Rich to relieve the Poor, as 'tis for the Poor not to Steal from the Rich. 'Thus far Dr. Sherlock and Dr. Mayer, (which brings it down to my own Case) tells us 'That Rich-Man is a Thiefe who takes Advantage of a Poor Man's Necessity, through 'which he is constrained to sell Lands or Goods, not having to the Worth of them; 'but this Law (or the Equity thereof) is little regarded now a-days, no nor amongst 'such as take themselves to be God's People; every Man, almost every where (like 'Jeffery Stiv'ns) being only for himself: We all Pray *forgive us our Trespases, as we forgive others their Trespases against us*, but the Mercy practis'd by most Usurers is to 'hurry Men into a Prison, which is Robbing the Debtor under a Form of Law, and in 'some Cases is little better than half Starving him — See Dr. Mayer's *English Catechism* explain'd, P. 346.

To regular Motions let your Hands be brought,
To shew your meaning, and express your Thought;

You'd swear that into sinful Souls our Priest,

(I need not tell you POMPHRET is i'th' List,)

Wou'd beat Repentance in with's doubled Fist;

Work on, work on, good Zeal, but still I say,

LAW forbids threshing thus o'th' Sabbath-Day;

O'th' Sabbath-day, who can that day declare?

For POMPHRET lives as if all-Sundays were;

This SAINT's whole Life is but a Preaching Text,

And that a Pulpit where he Speaketh next;

The Place may change, but 'tis a Pulpit still,

His Practice does Preach, or all he says is ill;

This Preachers Wise. ne'er was a *Pulpit-Fool*,

He GIVES (21) he Speaks, and ev'n Thinks by Rule

And all his Preaching is to save the Soul:

Mind, that ye Pulpit-Fools, and learn your Art,

For there is many an honest Christian Heart

Which may be touch'd, if the Preacher does his Part,

Thus Pious Men, who to the Pulpit rise,

Honour the Gown, and make their Hearers VVISE,

But Pulpit-Fools do Preach and varnish Lyes:

But MUSE proceed, nor dwell on Fools too long,
That wou'd disgrace thy Satyrizing Song.

Remember Princes shine not on their Thrones,

Unless supported by *Apollo's*-Sons;

KING *Lewis* had the Muse of fam'd *Boileau*,

Our Royal *William* had his *Congreve* too;

Our very Clergy did but dully shine,

'Till witty *Turchin* did their Sense refine (22)

'Tis Poets make the Clergy-men DIVINE;

Then leaving *Pulpit-Fools* to rail and hiss,

MUSE farther name the Preachers that are VVISE;

That Fools that Rail, may gaze and learn from these,

To Preach on Sunday, live on Common Days.

'Tis true, great *Talbot*, *Showers* and the rest,

(I nam'd before) are all a noble Test, (Jest.)

How Priests shou'd talk, that wou'd not Preach in

But MUSE be just, and now Impartial prove,

To all the rest that at the Altar serve,

From the *Chief Priest*, down to the meanest Dove:

(20) Mr. *Pompbret* is a Man of a most free and Noble Charity.

(21) In his Poem entitul'd, *The Tribe of Levy*.

The Pulpit Fool.

25

There are five hundred others (free from Stain)
That do adorn the Temple with their Name,
(For Pulpit-Fools are few to Men of Fame)
But least my MUSE with soaring high shou'd faint,
What *Vander* cannot, now let *Kneller* Paint;
Haste then, and spread abroad thy Canvas Sheets,
Wide as the full-blown Sails that wing our Fleets.

First Draw the PRIMATE—— he's that pious Rule,
That Priests shou'd mind, that wou'd not play the Fool,
Paint *Tenison*—— (No Sir) it is in vain!
His Merit baulks the Muses humble Aim,
She's yet unfledg'd for the bright Tracts of Fame;
A shining Host of Vertues round him wait,
And vindicate his Name from Time, and Fate,
No Church was e'er in Danger, where such Bishops fate
Great — yet not Vain; 'tho' Just, he's not severe,
At once he wins with Love, and wounds with Fear;
His Eyes diffuse a venerable Grace,
And Charity itself sits in his Face,
He Prays himself to Soul, to curb the Sense,
And makes (almost) a Sin of ABSTINENCE,
All Pulpit-Fools might learn true Wisdom hence.
Learning and Piety the PATRIARCH lead,
And Moderation Crowns his aged Head;
Aweful as Shade, yet like a Comet bright,
Where e'er he goes, he sheds a stream of Light,
The Pulpit-Fools run trembling from his sight;
His Looks and Preaching all in Conquest lies,
You cannot hear him, but we find you WISE;
His aspect shines with Temper and with Love,
His Mind's as active, as yon Fires above;
His Aims are Pious, as his Post is high,
'Twas Vertue alone that gave him Dignity,
Born with auspicious Stars, and happy Fate,
But more in Merit, than in Fortune great;
He's an Arch-bishop in the wisest Sense,
For Use, not Grandeur, he the SEE maintains;
A Father in God—— As GOD does bless
His Toils and Province with such great success,
There's not one *Pulpit-Fool* in all his Diocess;
Eusebia smiles beneath his gentle Hand,
That waves with such Success the *Sacred Wand*;
His tender Care his Rev'rend Children shares,
As he the just return,—— their Praise and Prayers;
Swift may the Guardian speed the Courle he bends,
And drop his MANTLE as he late ascends.

G

H2-

Having done the *PRIMATE* Justice, 'tis my place
 To do those Right, that Copy from his *GRACE*,
 Then Painter, place *SARUM* in the second Seat,
 In Wisdom, Alms, and Moderation, great,
 And all things else that make a *SAINTE* compleat;
 In this great Man does Sparkle ev'ry Grace,
 Angel in Tongue, and *Venus* in his Face;
He Honours Lawn-Sleeves, and makes the Mitre blaze.
 A Thousand *Cherubs* round his Pulpit Play,
 And *Seraphs* spread their Garments in his Way,
All Heav'n Inspires, when he does Preach or Pray.
 E'th' Pulpit you see his Soul in Raptures pass,
Clear as the Lilly in the Chrystal Glass,
 And Heav'n gives all this fair *Extatick* Grace.
 Each Atome of his Body is so fine,
 In ev'ry part it has the Stamp Divine.
 The *Greek* that strove to make a peice so high,
 As might the Works of Nature's self out-vie.
 From all the rarest Patterns which he knew;
 The best Perfections, which they had he drew.
 But after all, it prov'd so ill, he swore
 He'd never strive to perfect nature more.
 Had he view'd *Sarum* with impartial Eye,
 He'd look no further for Divinity,
 Or any Grace, that charms the Soul or Eye.
St. Paul's's Hearers, late a listning Throng, (23)
 Confess'd the *Pious Beauties* of his Tongue:
 Such Charms are in his Pulpit-Oratory,
 Does he REJOYCE— Heav'n's in that Extacy,
 His Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought,
A living Sermon of the Truths he taught.
Burnet's unblemish'd Life, divinely pure,
 In his own Heav'nly Innocence secure,
The Teeth of Time, the blasts of Envy shall endure:
 Serene, as are the Brighter Heav'n's!— his Mind
 O'erflows with Bounty, and is unconfin'd:
 'Tis only *Pulpit Fools* that have his Frown,
He owns no High Church, but the Church of Rome. (24)
 He loves Religion, but he hates Extreams,
 All Persecution and *occasional* Dreams.
 His Life's an equal Thread correctly spun,
 Secure his Interest, when his Days are done.

(23) *Viz.* That Royal and Noble Auditory that heard him Preach the Thanksgiving Sermon, for that Glorious Victory obtain'd at *Ramellies* by the Duke of *Marlborough*. (24) See Bishop *Burnet's* Speech to the House of Lords, concerning *Occasional Conformity*.

WISE— as the best, with the learn'd Stanhope seem, }
But in St. Lawrence Pulpit, Picture him; }
 For Painter, 'tis there you'll find the Seraphim, }
Devotion is the Empress in his Breast, }
 Learning and Zeal, below divide the Rest, }
He loaths the Fools that dare to Preach in Jest:
 His Temper is Harmonious as the Spheres,
 Copious his WIT, yet sparkling as the Starrs.
Athens and Rome, when learning flourish'd most,
Cou'd never such a Famous Preacher boast;
 Whose matchless Beauties in the English Tongue,
Does ev'n Rival the Fam'd Tillotson.
 Judgment does some to Reputation raise,
 And for Invention others wear the Baies:
 Stanhope has both, with such a Talent still,
As shews not only force of Wit, but Skill.
In smoak, and Flame involv'd, Fleets cou'd not fight
With so much Force, and Fire, as he does write.
 So Faultless are his WORKS, 'tis hard to know,
 If he does more to Art, or Nature owe.
 Read where you will, he's Musick all along,
And his Sense easie, as his Thought is strong.
 Some striving to be clear, fall flat and low,
 And when they think to mount, *Obscure*, they grow:
 He is not darker for his lofty Flight,
 Nor does his *Easiness* depress his Height;
 But still perspicuous, wheresoe're he fly,
 And like the SUN, is brightest when he's high:
 Nature does smile beneath his charming Power,
 His lucky Hand makes ev'ry thing a Flower.
 So every shrub to *Jessamin* improves,
 And barren Trees, to goodly Myrtle Groves:
 Some from a *Sprig* he carelessly had thrown,
 Have furnish'd a whole Garden of their own:
 Some by a spark that from his Chariot came,
 Take Fire and Blaze, and raise a Deathless Name:
 Others a luckless Imitation try;
 And whilst they soar, and whilst they venture high, }
Flutter and Flounce, but have not Wing to fly. }
 Some in loose Words their empty Fancies bind,
 Which whirl about with Chaff before the Wind.
 Here brave Conceits in the Expression fail,
 There, *Big* the Words, but with no Sense at all.
 Still Stanhope's Sense, might Stanhope's Language trust,
 Both pois'd, and always bold, and always Just.
 None e're may reach that strange Felicity,
 Where Thoughts are Easie, Words so sweet and Free, }
 Yet not descend one Step from Majesty. }

I'll add but this, least while I think to raise,
His Fame I kindly injure him with Praise.
*Spotless his Pulpit, and his Sermons quaint,
A Finish'd Preacher, and an equal Saint.*

Let Learned *Hoadly* next his Station find,
Grown Man in Body now, but more in Mind ;
His Looks are in the Mothers Beauty drest,
And Moderation has inform'd his Brest, (25)
He Preacht— (when he did Railing Fools detest) }
But here great *Kneller* is thy skill confin'd, }
Thou Can't not Paint his Grave Polemick Mind, }
That Task is for WISE *Calamy* assign'd. }
The Painter's Pencil cannot make a Draught,
Of things unseen, nor dares he paint a Thought,
'Tis neither Art nor Nature can amend him,
I shou'd but wrong him if I shou'd commend him ;
No Pen the Praise he Merits can indite,
Himself to represent, himself must write :

With him let *Norris* be forever joyn'd,
Alike in Metaphysicks, and in Mind,
He searcht *Malbranch*, (26) and now the *Rabbi* knows,
The secret Springs whence TRUTH and Errour flows,
Directed by his Leading-Light we pass,
Through Nature's Rooms and tread in ev'ry Maze ;
A Throng of Vertues in his Soul Repose,
Which single wou'd as many Saints compose ;
Or if all Graces you wou'd see in one,
View his HUMILITY for there 'tis found ; (27)
Then Pulpit-Fools to *Norris* all submit,
For here, or no where you will meet with Wit :
The Learned and the Brave survive the Tomb,
Poets and Heroes Death itself o'ercome (28),
By what they write or act, Immortal made,
They only change their World, but are not dead :
Norris can never die, of Life secure,
As long as Fame or Aged Time endure.
A Tree of Life is sacred Poetry,
Whoe'er has leave to taste, can never die ;
Many Pretenders to the Fruit there be,
Who, against Natures Will do pluck the Tree ;

(25) He lately Publish'd a Sermon upon that Subject. (26) This is the Book which Mr. *Norris* does so much admire. (27) *Viz.* A Book he lately publish'd, entituled *A Practical Discourse concerning Humility.* (28) He printed a Volume of Divine Poems, that will spread his Fame to the End of Time.

They nibble and are Damn'd ; but only those
 Have Life, who are by partial Nature chose
Norris is Nature's Darling, free to taste
 Of all her Store, the Master of the Feast :
 Not like Old *Adam*, flinted in his Choice,
But Lord of all the spacious Paradise :
 Myfteriously the bounteous Gods were kind,
 And in his Favour Contradictions joyn'd ;
 Honest, and Just; yet courted by the Great;
 A *POET*, yet a plentiful Estate ;
 Wittv, yet Wise ; unenvy'd, and yet prais'd ;
 And shews the Age can be with Merit pleas'd :
Minerva and *Apollo* shall submit,
 And *Norris* be the only God of Wit :
 Press on *bright Saint*, and nobly climb the Sphere,
 You yet at your Meridian don't appear ;
 Still soar, and nearer still to Heaven retire,
 Be high that we may leisurely admire ;
 So that *great Light*, to which we owe the Day,
 With distance qualifies, th' exorbitant Ray ;
 The *Levites* Shall we best of all define,
When from afar the lavish Vertues shine ;
 Let's now no more the partial Planets damn,
 That each low Mortal does the Muse contemn ;
 None dare, when *Levites* wear the Name, deride,
We boast our Laurel to the Goan ally'd :
 Let future Chronicles then, silent lie,
 Nature now in her Zenith seems to be,
 T' enrich our Age, beggars *Posterity*.
 Oh may the World ne'er los' so brave a Flame !
 May one succeed in *Genius* and in Fame,
 May from his Urn, some *Phoenix Norris* rise,
 Whom the admiring World like him may prize,
 May he in his immortal Numbers sing,
 And paint the Glories of our matchless Queen :
 Oh may his Verse of Learned *Norris* taste !
 And mend the coming Age, as he the last.

If these fam'd Preachers have thy Art refin'd,
 Painter, draw *MOSS* that's dazzling yet behind ;
 Paint sweetness in his Eyes at once, and awe,
 And make his Looks preach Piety and LAW ;
 No Pulpit-Notes, or Angel ever sung,
 More Harmony than dwells upon his Tongue ;

Happy in Preaching, Dignity, and Parts.

And (which is strange) the Lawyers he converts, (25) }
 Who all Men know, have sear'd, *Stony Hearts.*
 But by his Pulpit Art and Eloquence,
These Stones are Flesh'd, (26) and *Fools made Men of Sense.*
 His Voice sure is by *Nightingales* advanc'd,
 He does but speak, and all Men lie *Intranc'd.*

Paint *Flamstead* next in his *High Greenwich Seat,*
 Where all the Arts of his Profession meet :
 This is no *Pulpit Fool,* nor e'er will be,
He Preaches from Heav'n by Astronomy.
 This *Rev'rend Man* from his *Auspicious Hill,*
 Does all the *Secrets of the Stars* Reveal.
 His *Astronomers,* are made with so much Art,
 They can the *Distance of the Sun* impart :
 Disclose a *Parallax* i'th' *Heavenly Sphere,*
 And shew the *Place of ev'ry wandering Star.*
 F— Stars themselves think it no scorn to be,
 Plac'd and directed in their *Way* by thee ;
 Thou know'st their *Vertue,* and their *Situation,*
 The *Fate of Years,* and ev'ry great *Mutation,*
 With the same *Kindness* let them look on *Earth,*
 As when they gave thee first thy *happy Birth!*
 The gentle *Venus* rose with *Mercury,*
 (*Presage of Softness in thy Poësie.*)
 And *Jove* and *Mars* in *Amicable Trine,*
 Do still give *Spirit* to thy *polish'd Line.*
 Thou may'st do what thou wilt without *Controul,*
Only thy self and Heav'n can paine thy Soul.
Flamstead, you wisely Preach— at least we see
Celestial Motions all set right by thee.
 In this *Divine, Great Archimedes Sphere*
 Is so reviv'd, his *GENIUS* does appear ;
His Text is Heav'n, (he does ev'n *Gaze* by *Rule*)
 And is too *WISE* to act the *Knave, or Fool.*

But *Painter* be not— *Partial—* Act thy *Part:* }
 Let now the *Noncons* have their due *Desert;*
 They *Preach* with *ZEAL,* and merit all thy *Art.*
 The *Cons—* have had their due, and now 'tis fit,
 (If 'rent a *Schism*) to do *Dissenters* *Right:*
 'Tis true the *Jacks—* such as *S—rel,*
Do Preach, To be a Whig, is to Rebel.

(25) He was chosen Preacher to a Society of Honourable and Pious Lawyers. (26) Ezekiel 11. 19.

The Pulpit Fool.

31

They know 'tis False, but yet these Popish Tools,
Will Preach (as Swear) that Whigs are canting Fools,
All meer Tub Preachers, Leaders of Misrule;
But Painter do 'em Justice in this Place,
Give ev'ry Whig the Features in his Face,
Each has his Charms, and all some certain Grace.

—Here Painter set *Gravener* to the Light,
You'll draw him first, or must have lost your fight.
But stay, 'tis *Gravener*!— and it were a Crime,
For you to paint a Subject so sublime:
Since nothing but his own Celestial Lays,
Are fit the Author of such Worth to praise.
Ah *Pulpit-Fools*! were you in *Gravener's* Case,
Adorn'd with every Vertue, every Grace;
Your Lights wou'd shine, and all your Pulpits blaze.
He Thinks, Looks, Speaks, and does all things beside
As far from Ostentation as from Pride,
He's a *First-Rate* in the Dissenting Tribe.
What Age can equal, what Historian find,
Such Eloquence with so much Goodness join'd?
What shall I say, nor this nor that is best,
But all is better than can be express'd;
And all Perfection is so given to all,
His Parts, that none is best, but each is all;
Gravener, no Painter can thy Worth display:
He draws — and then some unexpected Ray
Keeps up his Wonder 'till his Sight decay;
Charnock and *Bates*, refin'd in thee revive,
In thee we see the famous *Calvin* live;
But since I on my Lyre can touch no string,
Equal to those great Merits I wou'd sing,
Hopeless to give such mighty Charms their due,
I'll leave the World to brighter Thoughts of you.

Draw *Stennet* next, in Verse and Pulpits nurs'd,
(And ask his Pardon that he was not first);
Here shew your Kindness to the Rhiming Tribe,
If you'd but Paint, as well as he'd Describe,
All Pulpit Fools wou'd either mend or hide;
Give him that Look which Poets ought to have,
Give him that modest Look which Nature gave;
But *Stennet's* Worth no Limner need proclaim,
His Pulpit and his Verse do speak his Fame;
Stennet the Patron, and the Rule of Wit,
The Pulpits Honour, and the Saints delight,
The Soul of Goodness, and the spring of Sense,
The Poets Theam, Reward, and great Defence.

The Pulpit Fool.

His Verse tho' numerous, flows in easie Strains ;
 Lofty as Hills, yet humble as the Plains ;
 Each Thought so strong, so finish'd every Line,
 All o'er we see so rich a Genius shine,
 Oh more than Man we cry ! oh Workmanship Divine !
 If such bright Beams his Morning's dawn display,
 What Flame and Light will paint the Rising Day !
 As smooth and musical his Numbers move,
 As are the restless Spheres which roul above ;
 He still improves, and always Feasts our Thought,
 But lo ! the heavenly Charmer soars aloft,
 While Angels crowd and listen to his Song,
 But not one Angel-Critick in the Throng,
 That dares correct a Thought ; they are so fine,
 So nobly dress'd, so neat, and so Divine ;
 When *Seneca* RHIMES the very Angels sing,
 Each airy Transport flowing from his String ;
 Which Joy they hear, and on their stretching Wing ;
 Proud of the Rapturous Load ! and warbling o'er,
 The sacred Song, to Antient Glories soar,
 Whilst others twine fresh Garlands for his Brows,
 And hover o'er their Care in shining Rows,
 When Angels shouted from their Crystall Shoar,
 And sung the wonders of creating Power,
 Scarce sweeter did they sing, 'or more sublimely soar.
 Courtly his Stile, as *Waller's* clear and neat,
 Not *Jonson's* Sense more beautiful or great ;
 When he laments, we weep and mourn and die,
 And labour in th' Extreame of Sympathy :
 Our Royal Will, he rais'd above his Hearse,
 Immortal made in his immortal Verse (27)
 What Praises, *Stennet*, to thy skill are due,
 Who hast to glorious *William* been so true :
 By thee he moves our Hearts, by thee he Reigns
 New Honour's done to his Immortal Pains !
 You mourn as well as Preach in Deathless Strains ;
 Preacher and Poet ! 'tis excess of Soul !
 Scarce known in *England*, or in *Dryden's* Roll.
 Thus you a Catalogue of VVorthies show,
 Th' *Aeneas*, *Marc*, and *Mecenas* too ;
 You scorn the Pitch which we so high esteem,
 And not one Vertue, but a System seem ;
 In all thy Poems we with wonder find,
 Great *Beaumont's* Genius with sweet *Herbert's* joynd,
 Sweetness combin'd, with Majesty prepares,
 To VVing Devotion with inspiring Airs.

(27) He writ a most Ingenious Elegy upon the Death of King William, of which there was several Editions.

I might add more, to words that are so true,
 This Tribute from each *British* Muse is due,
 Our whole *Poetick* Tribe's oblig'd to you.
Long may the Laurels on your Temples spread,
Nor wither 'till Eternal Crowns succeed.

The Youthful *Roswel* next does come to sight;
 But here the Painter is disparag'd quite,
 For Great *Apelles* scarce cou'd do him Right:
 Yet mix thy Colours, and attempt to paint
 ('Tho' that be all) this *Famous* Preaching Saint.
 In Fields of Science he the Conquest won,
 When yet his Age had scarce the Bloom begun:
 His *Thirteenth* Year gave Wonder and Surprize,
 At *Twenty* he was most Divinely-wise,
 And now breathes nought but Heavenly Extasies.
 So much a Saint, 'I scarce dare call him so,
 For fear to wrong him with a Name too low;
 Angel i'th' Pulpit, and a flowing Spring,
 He talks from Heaven, his Mind is ev'ry thing.
 His Wit so flows, that when he thinks to take
 But Sermon-Notes, he oft new Sermons makes;
 The *Reading Dons* can scarce be said to preach,
 (*If Reading's Preaching, ev'ry fool may teach:*)
 But *Roswel* shuts his Book, can't use a Note,
 What's wrought i'th' Heart, flows from the Preacher's Throat.
 Some Tuneful Being does his Breath inspire
 With Thoughts as noble as Celestial Fire:
 When he exhorted unto—SELF-DENIAL, (28)
 Our Flesh was scarce corrected in the Tryal;
 He prov'd our *Tears* so much our Joy and Treasure,
 That now our *Penance* is our greatest Pleasure.
 He painted *Death* to th' Life, has Eyes to see
 How Spirits Act, and what they do, and be:
 When he of late describ'd the *Great Assize*,
 (Where Pulpit-Fools are damn'd for telling Lies)
 He did so well the *Judgment-Seat* display,
 That had he seen that *Great and Flaming-Day*,
 He could not add to what he then did say.
 He talk'd of Heav'n in such a glorious Strain,
 As if he had dy'd (a while) to live again,
 And now appears to tell what he had seen:
 The Pains of *Hell* he did so well explore,
 You'd (almost) think you heard the Damned roar;
Who heard those Sermons, sure, will sin no more. (29)
 He speaks just what he please, but mind it still,
 He proves as fast as he does speak his Will.

(28) He lately preach'd a most Excellent Sermon upon Self-denial. (29) He is now preaching upon the *Four Last Things*, but 'tis only his Awakening (I might add Matchless) Sermons upon *Hell* that is here meant.

Big with important Sense, his every Line
 Speaks him a *MANTON*, or an old Divine!
 In short (and with those words I take my Leave)
 His *Evening Lectures*, (30) and his pious Breath,
 Perfumes the Air, and makes a Heav'n on Earth.
 I'll add but this, (for 'tis my very Soul)
 He's Sermon-wise, and hates a *Pulpit Fool*.

Painter, to *Jewen-street* you now shall steer,
 Here Angels, if on Earth, wou'd come to hear,
 Where *Franks* does Preach, nothing is wish't but Ear:
 Then let the Wise and Pious *Franks* advance,
 Charming with ev'ry Word, with ev'ry Glance;
 In Form an Angel, and a Saint in Mind;
 No *Pulpit Fool*, for he is so refin'd,
 He has't one Spot in Body or in Mind;
 Fine, as his Preaching, paint his handsom Face,
 Draw *Franks* but like, you give your Piece a Grace;
 Blend for him all the Beauties e'er you knew,
 For, *Franks*, all handsom Faces meet in you;
 Such pleasing Looks in midst of Spring adorn
 The flowry Fields; so smiles the Beauteous Morn,
 With such a Rosy Look, and such an Air,
 So lovely, so exceeding sweet and Fair,
 To us the Heavenly Messengers appear,
 Whilst that *Bright Soul* that Heav'n has plac'd within,
 Makes ev'ry Charm with double Lustre shine:
 He looks so fresh, so shines with every Grace,
 The Genuine Form excels the painted Face;
 What wondrous Artist e'er cou'd draw so well,
 As charming Nature where she strives t' excel.
 Heav'n's Work before the Painter's we must rank,
 Since it design'd its Master-piece in *FRANK*:
 God, whose Resemblance in each Face we view,
 Has his *Own Image* (31) drawn for publick view,
 And *FRANKS* we do (almost) ador't in you.
 Too great his Worth, too vast to be defin'd,
 His Body but the Picture of his Mind.
 Thus, Painter, you see if you wou'd draw his Face,
 (That's make it like, and not the *SAINT* disgrace)
 It must be *Serious, Handsom, Chaste, and Young*,
 One who charms with, and yet without a Tongue.
 But hold,—To make him most Divinely fair;
 Consult his Soul, you'll find all Beauties there.

(30) In the *Old Test.* (31) *Gen. i. 27.*

Or rather gaze upon that matchless Saint,
 Whose Worth you can't, and therefore do not Paint;
 I mean draw by his Learned Brother *Cullum*,
 For if Grace makes an Angel, he is one;
 These both assist in the same work and Station,
 And so united make a *CONSTELLATION*.
 They harmonize, are free, and unconstrain'd;
 Two Brothers sweetly walking hand in hand;
 They're so intirely twisted, that alone,
 Not one is view'd, they're both together one,
 As twinkling Spangles that together lie,
 Join Forces and make up one Galaxie;
 As various Gums dissolving in one Fire,
 Together in one fragrant Flame expire;
 Preach then, United Souls, and Preach 'till Death,
 Preach for the same — United is your Breath,
Levites thus joyn'd do wear the Pulpit Wreath.

Whose Face shall next be taken? — good Sir hark,
 Can any Guide compare with *Franks*, but *CLARK*?
Clark who like *Franks*, has Action without blame,
Clark who like him, is ev'ry good Man's Theam;
Clark by all Ears admir'd, for whom all Pray
 And if he dies, all Earth will mourn that Day [32]
Clark, who the Pulpit-Fools do dread and shun,
 Because his Fame is bright, and their's is gone;
Clark who so many Pious Charms commands,
 As won't disgrace the Piece where *Palmer* stands.

Painter, to make thy lasting Fame renown'd,
 Let all be with the *Matchless Palmer* crown'd;
 SUM all in him that's Good, and Learn'd, and Great,
 Place him in Learning's, and in *Bates's* Seat;
 For they that hear him, hear the most Compleat.
 He SHINES in WIT, and yet is so sedate,
 That none can equal, best but imitate:
 His Thoughts are Fine, and deep, and all agree,
 That Praises here, a Kinder Libel be.
Sam Palmer — is on purpose made by Fate,
 That Priests might have a GUIDE to imitate.
 In *Palmer* see, in *Palmer* all admire,
 What Nature, Books, and Honour can inspire.
 Were *WESLEY* but impartial, he would owe;
 His Learned Answer lasht him to the Bone.

[32] This Character was written upon the melancholy News, that Mr. *Clark* was dying; but he recover'd again, to the great Joy of his Hearers, and all good Men whatsoever.

A better VINDICATION (33) none cou'd write,
 Nor any *Sayr* shew us half that Wit:
 Strict Sense appears in the most careless Line;
 And in the most exact, the *Graces* shine:
 Here *Marvel's* Phancy easily is wrought,
 And *Owen's* Learned Turn improv'd by Thought.
Bates's Pen, *Hox's* Depth with *Alsop's* Wit is join'd,
 And still each *Authors* Genius is refin'd.
 Then if my Muse to her wish'd height wou'd climb,
 She must this World, and *Pulpit Fools* decline;
 And still with *Palmer* every Thought refine.
 But he (pity *Dissenters* ben't awake)
 Preaches for little more than Preaching's sake.
Palmer—(tis strange such Worth en't understood)
 Takes pleasure still, like *Heav'n*, in doing good.
 Here *Palmer*, I shou'd dwell upon thy Praise,
 Admire thy *Preaching*, and delight to gaze
 Upon thy Face;—cou'd but my *Labouring* Eyes,
 Preserve their Strength, and *Vilive* Faculties;
 But all is SUMM'D in—*Palmer's Truly Wise*.

Stop Muse! — for others do attract the sight,
 Who are (not Fools, but) most divinely bright)
 But I han't time to do all *Pulpits* Right:
 Besides *Two Thousand* that remain in Fame,
 Deserve a *Conley* to imbalm their Name;
 But least the *Pulpit-Fools*, who still are blind,
 To Men of Sense, shou'd swear there's none behind
 I shall a dozen others (barely) Name,
 Whose Praise has (almost) crack'd the Trump of Fame.

If *Calamy* unto the Painter fate,
 He'd make— but *Time* denies to tell you what;
 Sum all the *Vertues* up, and he is that!
 Nay, shou'd the Painter all his *Colours* store,
 He cou'd not Praise 'till he deserv'd no more:
 Stars in their rising, very little show,
 And send forth trembling *Flames*; but, *Calamy*, thou
 At first appearance, do'st to all display
 A shining, bright, and unobscured Day,
 Such as shall fear no Cloud, no Night, nor shall,
 Thy setting ever be *Helical*;
 But grow up to a SUN, that you may take,
 A shining *Laurel* for your *Zodiack*;

(33) I allude here to Mr. *Palmer's* Book entituled, *A VINDICATION of the Learning, Liberty, Morals, and most Christian Behaviour of the Dissenters toward the Church of England, in Answer to Mr. Wesley's Defence of his Letter, concerning the Dissenters Education in their Private Academies.* That

That all the *Levites* which henceforth arise,
 May only be thy Foils (or Parelies)
 Thy Foils! but, Sir, there is no need of that,
 You do so far transcend the common rate;
 I heard you Preach—— but fear you'd make an end,
 Lessen'd the Pleasure that your Words did lend:
 And as you Preach you Write, both's so **DIVINE**,
 Such native sweetness flows in ev'ry Line,
 The Reader cannot chuse but **SWEAR** 'tis thine.
 Who reads your [*moderate Non-Conformity*,]
 Or *Hoadly's* tender (and yet sharp) Reply.
 Will find the Contest, all the Jangle lies,
 Which of you two are **MODERATELY WISE** [38]
 [And who are not] are Pulpit-Fools or Spies,
 For **MODERATION** all good Men are bent,
 Such Men are **WISE**, and love through all **DISSENT**,
 Ev'n *Hoadly* owns that Bigots must Repent [39]
 Then, Reverend Sir, your Non-Conformities,
 [Being Moderate] does prove you truly Wise.
 Thus ev'ry Line which you to *Hoadly* sent,
 Builds for yourself a lasting Monument;
 Brave Sense this Priviledge hath, tho' all be Dumb,
 That is the Author's Epitaph, and Tomb.
 But I employ [so rising is your Name]
 My Pen in vain to overtake your Fame;
 Let *Hoadly* Praise you, for I do aspire,
 Enough to Worth, whilst I your Worth admire;

Showers—— thy Name and Nature both agree,
 For both [yes both] refreshing *Showers* — be:
 You're *Chrysofome* let down from Beams on high,
 You Preach like him—— charm with his Oratory;
 So moving are your Sermons, that 'tis clear,
You've brought the Rhet'rick of the Angels here;
 So Pious in your Life, so Humble in your Place,
 We think you brought up in the School of Grace;
 'Twas never known at once that Nature meant,
 To mould a Subject and an Accident:
 Thy Name and Nature do so well agree,
 Thy Name another Nature seems to be,
 And as we **HEAR**, we make it out in thee;
 The Letters to the Humour's so well set,
 They show the brightest in the Alphabet;
 Names may be chang'd, and many often do,
 But to change Thine's to change your Nature too;

(38) I mean so Wise as to prefer Moderation (and a due Temper) to all Noise and Bigotry.

(39) See his late Sermon upon Moderation.

Thy Name and Nature constitute a Bliss,
 Nothing but Heav'n sure had a hand in this;
 Thy Name by mortal Man was never given,
 But in a *New-Years-Gift* [40] was sent from Heav'n;
 Your Pulpit's fragrant, for you Preach in Flowers,
 And when the Hearer's truly blest, it——*SHOWERS*;
Showers indeed! for both thy Tongue and Pen,
 Has often made our Graces spring agen;
 Thou art restor'd, but with how strange a Fate,
 Return'd almost from the eternal Gate;
 'Twas nois'd this Day [41] there dy'd the fruitful *Shower*
 Our Tears did weep thy Loss, as past all Cure;
 But yet the King of Death cou'd not sustain
 Our Grief, and sent the Fates their Threads again;
 Thou know'st what Tears thy false Death caus'd for thee;
 Enjoy thy self in thy Posterity,
 Live as thine own Survivor, hug thy Joy;
 A Life return'd will never lose a Day.

The *Comment-Preacher*——next my Muse Essays
 But 'tis in vain, for time alone can raise,
 A Poem fit to sing great *Henry's* Praise:
 Yet this I'll say, (for *Chester* knows 'tis true,) }
 Hyperboles in others are his due;
 Shou'd *Angels* come from Heav'n, ('tis my Sense,)
 They'd not be heard with greater Reverence;
 All Pulpits own his Learned Pieces raise,
 A Work to trouble Fame, astonish Praise;
 His *Comments* are so full, and yet so trim,
 We praise all Vertues in admiring him.

Lewis —— is Learned, Wise, and Temperate,
 In him the Graces have a Noble seat,
 For he is built like some *Imperial Room*,
 For these to dwell in, and be still at Home:
 His *Breast* is a brave *Palace*, a *Broad-street*,
 Where all Heroick, Pious Thoughts do meet;
 Where Nature such a large survey hath ta'ne,
 As o'ker Souls, to his, live in a Lane.
 To find a *W H I G.* in ev'ry Grace excel,
 Is rare, —— but *Lewis* is that Miracle:
 He is indeed that *Good Samaritan*,
 That cloaths the Poor, and heals the wounded Man;

(40) His excellent Treatise entitul'd, *Reflexions on Time and Eternity*, is here meant.

(41) This Line owes its Rise to a Report that was spread in *London* that *Mr. Showers* was dead, as indeed he was very near it, his Life being despair'd of (at that Time) by his very Physicians.

His Preaching and his Alms do both agree,
 He don't like *Stiv'ns* preach up Charity,
 And give as if he wanted your Supply.
He is—But he that wou'd this Saint commend,
 Shall find nothing so hard as how to end.

Mauduits, a Polisht Levite, and his Name,
 Becomes the wonder and discourse of Fame;
 Each verdant Laurel, ev'ry Mirle Bough,
 Are stript for *Wreaths* t' adorn and load his Brow:
 But shall I praise him? when all Men agree,
 (Except such Pulpit-Fools that will not see)
 Who tells his Worth, seems to write Poetry.

Makes Nature Maps? since, Learned *FREKE*, in thee
Sh' has drawn a Living University:
 Or strives she in so small a Pulpit Piece,
 To sum the Lib'ral Arts and Sciences?
 Nature (in *Freke*) does to the World declare,
 No bulky Kite can with the Lark compare:
 For *FREKE*, (tho' Small) is GREAT in what is rare.
 Once Nature writ Large, (or *Text-hand*) and 'twas then
 She scribled mighty Giants, and not Men:
 But now in her Decrepit, Doating Years,
 She dashes Learned Dwarfs in Characters,
 She can't make FOOLS of Little Pulpiteers.
 No, she turns Artist here to Imitate,
Monte-Regio's Matchless Flying Gnat:
 Would Nature here the Golden Legend shut,
 Within the Cloister of a little Nut;
 Or Pen a soaring Eagle in the Caul
 Of a young, slender, charming Nightingale:
 Or, wou'd she shew, she PIGMIES can create,
 Not too little, but fitly siz'd, and Neat:
 Nature here shews, how little Matter can
 So truly big (as *FREKE*) a Form contain.
 His Age is blab'd abroad by Silver Hairs,
 FAME ranks him with the Gravest Pulpiteers,
 But all his Limbs still cry out want of Tears.
 Here's a VAST Mind, 'tho' in a little Cage,
 For *FREKE's* Great Vertues double twice his Age.
 So GREAT A SOUL as his does, fret and fume,
 At th' Narrow World (meerly) for want of Room;
 Strange Conjunction! for there in *FREKE* is grown
 A little Molehill, and the Alps in one:
 In the same Action we may truly call
 Nature both Thrift, and a great Prodigal.

Walker, — I judge, is made of *Earth refin'd*
 At his blest Birth the gentle *Planets* shin'd;
 Praise him who list, he still shall be his debter,
 For *Art ne'er feign'd, nor-Nature fram'd a better*.
A Better! — for Equals he has that shine and speak,
 In *Spademan, Taylor, and the Learned FREKE,*
Evans, Wright, Hughs, Shute, Billingsly and Leak. }

Having named the GUIDES that Live and Preach by Rules,
 I'll re-assume my Theme of *Pulpit-Fool*.

Sing on, my Muse, upon this mad Extreme,
 Inlarge my Thought, and influence my Theme;
 That, as *Amphion* with his Melody,
 The *Theban* Walls rais'd to August Degree;
 So, *healing Satyr, in my Honest Verse,*
Curs'a Railing from all Pulpits may disperse.
 The Homely Muse, 'tis true, is plainly drest,
 Yet by the Antients always thought the best:
 And who Himself within this MIRROR sees,
 Finds what instructs him, tho' it does not please.

I say, *Instructs him,* for I have descry'd
 The Wise and Learned still on Vertue's side,
 And that of ev'ry Pulpit Sect and Tribe. }
 ' But where God does erect a House of Prayer,
 ' *The Devil always builds a Chappel there; (42)*
 ' And 'twill be found upon Examination,
 ' *The latter has the largest Congregation:*
 ' For ever since he first debauch't the Mind,
 ' He made a perfect Conquest of Mankind;
 ' With *Uniformity* of Service, he
 ' Reigns with a general *Aristocracy:*
 ' *No Nonconforming Sects disturbs his Reign,*
 ' For of his Yoak there's very few complain.
 ' *He needs no standing Army-Government,*
 ' He always Rules us by our own Consent, }
 ' And more by *Pulpit-Fools*, than Men of wise Intent. }
 ' For such as these are all the Devil's Slave,
 ' And ev'ry Grace, but Charity, they have.
 This makes 'em rail, and such a Common-evil,
 That good Men think—*a Pulpit-Fool the Devil:*
 His Actions and his Coat alike are Black,
 And he's a Carnal Devil in the Dark.
 Where such Instruct there is a hopeful School,
 For he's twice damn'd that is a *Pulpit-Fool*.

(42) 'Tis a Proverb, *Where God has a Church, the Devil has a Chappel.*

The Wise and Learned Preachers, I confess,
 Are treble to the Men of Emptiness;
 But yet you'll find, (and that in London Town)
 Some *Pulpit-Fools* that scandalize their Gown.
 ' The *Country Poor* do by Example live,
 ' The Gentry lead them, and the *Tackers* drive; (43)
 ' What may we not from such Example hope,
 ' *The Landlord is their God, the Priest their Pope.*
 Where such as these do to the Pulpit go,
 They are the Faction's Trumpet, Devil's Bow:
 You see't in *H*——— who never will Repent,
 In *L*——— who scribbles meerly to foment,
 And in some snarling Blockheads that dissent:
 Thus *Pulpit-Fools*, when they have taken root,
 Like Weeds in Corn, are ne'er to be got out;
 But by a spreading Rise of Soul inur'd,
 Grow to an Habit, and can ne'er be cur'd:
 There's other *Pulpit-Fools* I here cou'd name,
 Who rail like these, and have as little Shame;
 But the *Plain-dealing-Muse* is loth to try
 Her smarting Lash, upon a Point too high:
 Besides, if they repent, I wou'd condole,
 I ne'er will lash the (weeping) *Pulpit-Fool*.

Yet here I shall such *Pulpit-Fools* rehearse,
 As are beneath a *Poetaster's* Verse:
 For drunken *Spidel* can't the Lash escape,
 The *Bristol Jetter*, and the *Tacker's Ape*;
 Was born a Blockhead, nor by Art Improv'd;
 By *Tories* slighted, nor by *Whigs* belov'd;
 The Bad contemn him, hated by the Best,
 And none cares him but the *Tacking Priest*.

Let wicked *Viret* next ascend the Stage,
 Whose very Looks wou'd taint a vertuous Age:
 Some Men to Vertue their Alliance boast,
 Yet use their Vices at the Peoples cost;
 Give but a Place, his Head with Honour Crown,
 And soon the *Knave*, or *Honest-man* is known!
Viret, till now had been a *Pulpit-Saint*,
 Had talk'd of Grace, and fill'd our Ears with Cant;
 Had not Preferment prov'd a solid Jest,
 Thrown off the Veil, and shew'd the Sensual Beast.

(43) By *Tackers* here, is meant *Tacking-Clergy*.

Proceed, my *Muse*! Another Fool display,
 That Pulpit-Fool, whose Name is *Thomas D*—
 This Sot, when young, had wondrous signs of Grace,
 A gloomy Dulness play'd about his Face,
 And gave good Omens he wou'd serve his Race.
 Sometimes his heat of Zeal so far wou'd reach,
 That he amongst the Foolish *Jacks* wou'd preach;
 For Chastity he thought was scarce a Grace,
 But drunk and whor'd with *O*—*ld's* wanton Race:
 How many Plagues from one Wise sometimes grow,
 Yet Rampant *Thomas* he cou'd marry two;
 Cou'd please them both, and give 'em store of Pelf,
 Yet lov'd his *Female* Neighbour as himself:
 He boldly sinn'd, nor fear'd a soul Mishap,
 His Physick still cou'd soder up a Clap;
Thomas well knew, by Arts not understood,
 What Drugs wou'd sweeten and augment the Blood;
 He made himself to Forreign Troops a Prey,
 Then by the Light they kindled run away.

Nor must dull *Adekiah* be forgot,
 Who ne'er had Sense enough to make a Plot;
 He ne'er to Thought nor Meaning made pretence;
 And his Estate is equal to his Sense;
 His want of Wit so much does raise his Zeal,
 That he to *Jacks* as unto Saints does kneel:
 'Twas want of Sense, as some Men do account,
 That was a *Scurrup* for this Priest to mount;
 For who but Fools, and such as Reason lack,
 Wou'd stoop and bear a Strumpet on his Back?
 Drudge on, lewd Fool, and the dull slav'ry feel,
 Bear if thou wilt thy burthen down to Hell.

Of *Pulpit-Fools*, let *Nobs* next lead the Van,
 By Nature form'd more like an *Ass* than Man;
 His early Years did good Presages give,
 That he in Age to Lewdness wou'd arrive,
 A hard fatigue he ne'er approv'd in Fights,
 For War he wag'd against our Civil Rights:
 'Twas from this Fool did spring the *Jacobites*.

Of *Chinner's* Son, my *Muse* the Story tell,
 Relate the Legend of wise *Phila:el*,
 Who ne'er cou'd act, nor speak, nor think aright,
 But is in every thing a *Jacobite*:

He labours hard to cleanse and rinse his Tub,
 To brew strong Liquors for the *Tacking-Club*;
 The drudging Fool takes not a little pains,
 To find them Liquor, tho' not pay'd for Grains;
 Lord! what a precious Thing is want of Brains!

Nature on *Y*—— an ugly Meen did pass,
 Has shewn the Knave and Fool upon his Face.
 His Ears are long, he has a harden'd Skull,
You in his very Face may read the Fool:
 There's handsom *Grange*, and witty jilting *Bess*,
 Instructs the Noddle of this Pulpit Ass;
 With frantick Notions does his Mind perplex,
And make him talk as wisely as their Sex.

Faint not, my angry Muse, at last, but write
Sangator's Praise, tho' gloomy as the Night;
 'Tis strange the Fool cou'd ne'er his Wit refine,
 Who trades in Hogheads of *Madera* Wine,
 Much like some *Bacchus* does his Liquor prove;
And what he gets in Wine, he spends in Love.

' In the last place, to help the *Trimmers* wants,
 ' Join a long train of Under-graduate Saints,
 ' Call'd (44) *Moderate-men*, of Human-kind the Blot;
 ' A mungrel Breed 'twixt *English-man* and *Scot*,
 ' A Medly Rout, a Parti-colour'd Pack,
 ' Like *Tanny*, 'twixt a White-man and a Black:
 ' Equivocal Non-sense, sprung from Clouds and Dreams,
 ' For ev'ry Sect's a mean betwixt Extreams!
 ' The *Jem*, the *Popelin*, and the *Muselman*,
 ' May all lay claim to th' golden Name, of MEAN:
 ' Thus *Half-wit* is of middle Excellence,
 ' 'Twixt downright Folly and exalted Sense;
 ' And th' airy Kingdom where black *Demons* dwell,
 ' *Is own'd a middle stage 'twixt Heav'n and Hell.*
 ' The spruce bespangled Fop that pores on Miss,
 ' And sells his manly Freedom for a Kiss;
 ' Who free from future Harms and void of Fears,
 ' His Heav'n, like *Atlas*, on his shoulders wears;
 ' And shews his Wisdom chiefly in his Dress,
 ' On which depends his Fame and Happiness;

(44) A true *Moderate-man*, (or *Trimmer*) is an Excellent and Laudable Character; but here I speak of the common abusive sense of the Words, which I thought fit to hint, to prevent wrong Constructions.

Is scarce more vile than that vain-glorious Clod,
 That plays with decent Forms before his God:
 Mischiefs his darling province and delight,
 He goes to Church, not out of Zeal, but Spight;
 He quarrels with the Prayers which he does use,
 And what he swallows, up again he spews;
 He nauseates *Manna*, loaths his daily Food,
 And truly has no stomach to be good:
 The Church where he does preach he seeks t' undo,
 By which dull *Ambodexter* lets you know,
 His highest Flights of Zeal are paint and shew:

A numerous herd beside shou'd here take place,
 Of the same Tribe, (Men that the Gown disgrace;))
 For, Sirs, there's Pulpit-Fools of every size,
 Men vers'd in Tacking and in Forming Lyes,
 'Tis an *Herculean* Labour to recite
 Their Names, too tedious for a Muse to write;
 To lash their Follies is an endless work,
 It is to cleanse a *Moor*, and Christianize a *Turk*:
 And where's the MUSE will thus it self demean,
 To make this vile *Augean* Stable clean?
 Not Letchers ty'd to Diet-drink and Rules,
 Are plagu'd like Poets when they write of Fools;
 Unless some *MARVEL* from the Dead arise,
 And lay their Tacking Sins before their Eyes,
 There is no hopes to make such *Blockheads* wise.

FINIS.

There is preparing for the Press—*HEAVEN*. Or,
The Celestial Court; An Heroick Poem. Attempted by the
 Author of *The Pulpit Fool*.