The Dissenting Hypocrite, or; Occasional Conformist...
Edward Ward (1704, pp.1-10)

When Scribes to Reason said good Night,
And those that scarce could Read would Write,
A Man with Hebrew Prophet’s Name,
Shut up his Shop in Search of Fame,
Who thought the Shortest Way to be
Promoted to the Pillory,
Was first to make a mere blind Widgeon
Of all Established Religion;
And leave-off’s Paltry Stocking-Jobbing,
To fall directly down a-Mobbing
And Rail at Ministers in Power,
Like Fox who said the Grapes were sour,
Only because he could not get
To reach such a Delicious Whet,
Thus the Dissenters Favour’d Tool
To gratify, must play the Fool;
And, like a Fly, must blindly caper,
Till it is singed in the Taper.

But then he had a fresh Occasion
To put in Print More Reformation;
Where he, to shew his mighty Brains,
Sets forth less Penitence than Pains,
To write a Book for Royal Pardon;
Which he had Study’d very hard on,
To Scandalize the Clergy’s Actions,
And breed more Civil Whiggish Factions;
In hopes Religious Rites to Murder,
And fling out Decency and Order,
As on the Surplice he cast Dirt,
And call’d it Antichrist’s foul Shirt.

Now was there ever such an Otter,
Thus to Revile both Land and Water?
Who lives by All, and cannot spare
Law, nor Divinity, nor Warr;
And kills Men just like freshest Sa[ll]mon,
Whom he’s a Mind to make a Game on.
Let this Amphibious Wretch go free,
When we regain our Fishery;
And the Dear Dutch give up their Busses,
To make Amends for all our Losses
In Twelve Years unrewarded Crosses.

The Pillory was but a Hook,
To make him write another Book :
His lofty Hymn to th’ Wooden-Ruff, ,
Was to the Law a Counter-Cuff;
And truly, without Whiggish Flattery,
A plain Assault and downright Battery :
For he Accuses the Recorder
Of Brutal and Fanatick Murder;
Adjudges Him against the Law,
To stand where he had made his Show.
But all men that will not Dissent,
He puts in the same Pre'dcament;
And in’s Vagaries nobly stickles
For th’Honour of their Conventicles.
The Church be damn’d with his Reproaches,
That on their Liberties encroaches:
All Rogues but those wise godly People,
At Enmity with House call’d Steeple.

Thus he leaves-off, as he began,
T’abuse the True-Born English-Man.
Surely he Factious Pamphlets writes
For Humble Pyes or Paper-Kites;
Or else They have their proper Uses,
And fill the Necessary Houses.
For Tartareus ne’er thus writ,
Or his own Country so Besh--t,
In point of Manner, and indecent Wit.

However yet, he’ll boldly tell us,
Peers of the Realm are but his Fellows;
Poor little Pimps and Massanello’s:
And without farther Ceremony,
They’re Knaves and Cheats that only Fun ye
Out of the Peoples Lives and Coin,
E’er since the Battle of the Boyn.
But sure his Righteous Quality
Ne’er sprang from Good Morality.
For Calumny, Reproach and Scandal,
The De’il himself may hold the Candle,
To this malicious grand Impostor
Against our Sacred Pater Noster,
Which teaches Chrisitans the forgiving
Their Trespasses to all Men living.

So much for his Notorious Works,
Fit for Jews, Infidels, and Turks;
To sow Division among Christians,
And make’em think us all Philistin[e]s:
But not one David left t’engage
This Great Goliath’s mighty Rage.
One would e’en think the Sons of Jesse,
For want of Force, were not in Esse;
No Vigonr, Courage, or brave Action
To Curb a Monstrous growing Faction.
Th’insulted Levites have not thrown
At th’Men of Gath one Conqu’ring Stone.
It looks as if they were engaged
In Solemn League with the Enraged,
Sworn Enemies of Israel’s Laws,
T’advance the Old Rebellious Cause.
Ye how those bloody Lyons by their Paws.

But One irrefragable Writer,
To oppose Dalilah and fight her :
The Rest dishearten’d, or afraid
That Sampson should not be Betray’d.
Such insincere and treach’rous Friends,
Pursue their own sinister Ends;
And only want a fair Occasion,
To undeceive the bubbled Nation:
Else we’d soon see in th’English Plain,
The Presbyterians Champion slain.
Such Proud and Anti-Christian Spirits,
If they’re not punish’d for Demerits,
Will soon advance the Alcoran more
Than ever Mahomet did before;
And in a fatal wond’ring Trice,
Transport us all to Paradise:
Or else both Mecca and Geneva lyes.

His Zeal, like Cannon-Balls, is hurl’d,
T’emboil and not to mend the World.
Pride’s dangerous gross Exhalations
Turn into lightning and Vexations;
Should this Land take like any Tinder,
T’would quickly burn it to a Sinder.
Such boist’rous Bigots never Thunder,
But ‘tis for Sacred or State-Plunder.
For certainly he says his Prayers,
To set us all a-Fighting by the Ears,
And yet he writes devoutly Civil,
As any Puritanick Devil;
Who still appears in Rays of Light,
To hide the grizly Hypocrite:
He knows with any other Dress on,
He’d ne’er delude nor take Possession.
Thus he Cajoles the Cred’lous Nation
In Canting Terms of Reformation;
And is not this of Senfe an odd Piece,
To Slander Good King Harry’s Cod-pice?
As if his Tenents [tenets?] were not Good
Because he was of Royal Blood;
And writ a Book against Old Luther
To blast Fanatick coming Truth here.

Sedition ne’er so Rampant grew,
To damn the Old and bring up New
Inventions, to Purge, like strong Clysters,
Both Church and State of Good Ministers;
As if in his Dissension’s Frolick,
They were all troubled with the Cholick.
This Schismatick false Quack’s Endeavour,
Is not the Good from Bad to sever;
But raise the Humours to a Fever.
For all their Crimes, and there’s an End on’t,
Are Great, ‘cause they’re not Independent.