Ecclesia & Factio.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

Bow-Steeple Dragon,

AND THE

Exchange Grashopper.

LONDON, Printed in the Year, 1698.

ECCLESIA & FACTO.

A DIALOGUE, &c.

Dragon.

TEll me Proud Insect, since thou can'st not Fly,
By what assistance thou art Hopp'd so high:
The busie swarms of Gnats & Wasps around,
With Hum, and Buz, thy Revelations sound,
And cry in thee (alone) their happiness is found.

Me they Despise, and thee they Praise aloud,
Admire thee, and Adore thee as a God:
Misled by false Enthusiastick Light,
They've rais'd thee now to a Destructive hight,
Who restless strive'st, by thy accustom'd ways,
To stain those Glories, which thou ne'er cou'dst raise;

And like your Dam (the Babylonian Beast)
Cry down those Truths (by which Mankind are blest)
Which Reason, well as Faith, makes manifest.

Grashopper.

Grashopper.

Thy Scally Body, and Aspiring Wings,
Thy furious Tallons, and thy frightful Stings,
Makes thee seem Monstrous to our milder Flock,
Who Dreaded once, but now Disdains thy Yoke:

You'd bind our Souls, b' Omnipotence made free,
And Rob us of that Heav'n-born Libertie,
To which we have a Right, as clear as thee.
My Sons thou wou'dst unreasonably confine
To Worship God, within no Walls but thine,
As if the Prayers, from other Temples sent,
Of sighing Souls, who fathfully Repent,
Were Scorn'd, and by repulsion backward driven,
Vanish'd in Air, and reached no Ear of Heaven.
Where is its Goodness? What avils its Grace,
If our sincere Repentance wants access,
Thro' Heav'ns respect to either Time, or Place?
Those measures but our own Projections be,
Unminded of the Great Eternitie,
Whose Love Divine moves round the Sinfull Ball,
To bless each wretch, who on his Mercies call,
Without regard to Place, no matter where,
If the Heart's Contrit, and the Mind Sincere.
Our Humble Guide the great Example yields,
Who Pray'd and Preach'd in Gardens, Mounts, and Fields;
Temples but Sacred from their use became,
Our Piety makes any House the same:

Where

Where e'er we in th' Almighty's Name repair,
Omnipotence hath promis'd to be there,
Besides ——,
Our Prayers (by which all-pitty'ng Heav'n we move,
To grant us His inestimable Love,
When with true Zeal our Pious Souls are warm'd)
Makes the Place Holy, wheresoe'er perform'd.

Dragon.

Thou know'st I'm founded on a fateless Rock,
Freed from the danger of an Envious shock:
Scripture's my Bass, Immovable I stand,
Guarded by Lawful Pow'r, on ev'ry hand.

Establish'd by a National Consent,
Preach Faith, and Charity, do ills prevent;
And for the Truths I Teach, am made Predominant.

Stedfast and Pure, from Innovations free,
Preserv'd intire from Mutabillity;
Safe from your Pride, and Envy, Arm'd with Law,
To humble stiff Precisians, who with draw

From my Communion, Conscious to agree
With Heads uncover'd, or a bended Knee,
And think a Bow a rank Idolitry.

Religion, like a Prince, tho' ne'er so Pure,
By Pow'r to Punish, must be made secure,
Or else your Saints, to Reformation given,
Would quickly cut Ten Thousand Paths to Heaven.

Could I from Factious Insolence be free,
And live unstain'd, without an Enemy,
(But that, till thou art crush'd, can never be)
Then Church, and State might happily Unite,
To Mankinds Safety, and to Heav'ns Delight:
But you, by Pride, are swell'd to such a Rage,
(Fed by the Vice of a Corrupted Age)
That now you strike, with Envy, at my Pow'r,
And aim'st above my Sacred Head to tow'r;
But all in vain ——
For that Blest Edifice can never drop,
Which, when assail'd, good Heaven'n is still the Prop.

You urge a Barn, or Stable, where you Meet,
A Field, a Coffee-House, Dancing-School, or Street,
Are fit for Heav'nly Worship, and for Prayer
Sacred, as unpoluted Temples are.
Rare Arrogance indeed, so vilely prone,
To justify Irreverence to a God-head done.
A Room where Men their common Lusts pursue,
Drink, Swear, Lye, Cheat, all Worldly-business do,
In Christian Reason, is a hopeful Place
To beg God's Presence, or expect His Grace;
Whilst His own House, for Holy use ordain'd,
To Him Erected, by our Sins unstain'd,
Shall be Despis'd, and Unregarded stand,
A useless Fabrick, in an Impious Land:
Yet do'st thou grumble in oppressive tones,
And rail at me for Persecutions.

If

If you, thro' ſtuddi'd Prejudice, retire
From what the Laws of God, and Man require,
A Legal Force may juſtly then be us'd;
Such Factious Serpents may in time be bruis'd:

My Pow'r's from God, and in His Word declard,
To thoſe who to my Laws bear no regard,
Heav'ns Puniſhments are Juſt, as to the Good Reward.

The Scriptures whatſoe'er I Teach contain,
Whats Eaſie I Recite, whats Hard Explain:
Virtue commend to Practice, Sin reprove,
Excite to Faith, Hope, Charity, and Love,
Obedience, Loyalty, Repentance, Prayer,
The uſe of what we Spend, or what we Spare.
Truth Advance, and what is Falſe ſuppreſs,
You can no more than theſe, I do no leſs.
Then tell me what ſtrange Feavour in the Head,
At firſt thoſe Superſtitious Frenzys bred?
From whence you raiſe that cauſeleſs diſcontent,
Which makes you from my Temples thus Diſſent?

Graſhopper.

Superfluous Rites there are, which you maintain,
And hold as Decencies, which I think Vain.
Look back upon your boaſted Pedigree,
One part deriv'd of Romes *Idolatry,*
From whoſe fantaſtic Cuſtoms you have drawn,
Square Caps, low Bows, your Surpliſs, and your Lawn.

Proud

Proud Lazy Prelates, with Pluralities,
VVho speak but by their hair-brain'd Deputies,
VVhose Junior Years no Truths obscure can reach;
And seldom are so VVise, as those they Teach.
Your Mass-like Service, with your noisie Toots,
Of hum drum Organs, Fiddle Faddles and Flutes,
Your high-flown Doctrins to advance a State,
And Please it, till Unlawfully made Great,
Then turn your Holy Flat'ries to its Fate.
These I dislike, from these (in chief) Dissent,
As quite repugnant to the Lords intent.
These are the sumptious Trappings of the VVhore,
The Marks and Patches which she always wore.
These are her studdi'd and prevailing Charms,
VVhich, but the looser part of Fancy warms,
And draws unwary Youth to her Adult'rous Arms.

Dragon.

External Order first informs our Sense,
And raises in us a due Reverence,
Either towards Place, or Person, where we see
Concurrent parts, in Noble Form, agree;
And tend to a peculiar Harmonie.

Or why did the Creator shape the World
From a dark Mass, together rudely hurl'd?
But that, in ev'ry part, Mankind should see,
The strokes of an Allpow'rful Deity.
From whence the light of Faith does first arise,
And makes our Reason subject to our Eyes,

For

For ev'ry wond'rous work of Heav'n we ſee,
Gives freſh Aſſurance of Eternitie;

And by its Graceful Order ſtrikes an Awe,
Humbles our Souls, and does Obedience draw
By Natural means, to Heav'n, and Natures Law:

Therefore, ſuch decent Rites do I diſpenſe,
As beſt ſhall Humble, and Affect the Senſe;
And in my Sons beget a Graceful Reverence.

How inſolent it looks? How Evil bred,
T' approach God's Preſence with a Cover'd Head?
Yet to a Great-man Couch, with Hat in Hand,
And Bare, before the Wealthy Idol, ſtand.
Or at Devotion ſo neglectful be,
Ar quite abandon all Humilitie;
And rather than to Bended knees ſubmit,
In diſreſpectful Poſtures, Lolling ſit.

Next, with Church Government you diſagree,
And cauſleſly condemn our Hierarchie:
Rail at my Biſhops, angry at their State,
And Envy them, whoſe Merit made them Great;
The Learn'd; and Pious Characters they wear,
Hath rais'd them to the Dignities they bear.
Unſtain'd their Lives, they are as Guardians choſe,
To ſave the Church from Errour, and from Foes;

Without whoſe Conduct, and Authoritie,
Religions Priſtine ſtate can never be
Kept from Erroneous Innovations free,

But ſtand expos'd to every abuſe,
That each Fanatick whimſie ſhall produce.
Then ſure ſuch Men, who by a Painful Life,
(Thro' Grace) to Knowledge more ſublim'd arive,
And, with the piercing Eyes of Reaſon, ſee
Thro' all the Miſt'ries of Divinitie,
Juſtly deſerve a Spiritual advance,
Above an unlearn'd, or a half-learn'd Dunce;
Whoſe rowling Eyes, feign'd Looks, and yawning Jaws,
Can nothing utter, but with Hunis, and Haughs;
Inſpir'd with Ignorance, then roars aloud
Audacious Nonſenſe, to a Brainleſs Croud:
Tis theſe, who from their Cradle are miſled,
And backward taught, to Factious Pulpits bred,
Who, with impetuous Vi'lence, headlong run,
Purſuing Ills, their Rebel Si'res begun.
Thus in their Fathers faults they perſevere,
And by Inſtinct of Nature, envious Dunces are:
Theſe, thro' their barren Ignorance, exclaime
Againſt all, Order and the Church defame.
Pelting with Factious, and Calumnious Lyes,
That Sacred Pow'r, to which they cannot riſe:

Spurning at all Eccleſiaſtick Pomp,
True Zealous Sons of the deteſted Rump,
Waiting the lucky Minute to be turn'd up Trump.

Graſhopper.

Theſe bald aſperſions, from afar you fetch,
Serve, but as Bullets, to enlarge the Breach.

Why

Why so Disturb'd, so Scornful, and so High;
You'r but a Weather-cock as well as I.
Boast of fix'd Fundamentals, yet I find,
For Interest, you can Turn with ev'ry Wind.
Where's Right Divine, your Passive, and your Non,
The Bubble's once blown up, now, Poh, they're gon.
Where is your Loyalty, so subt'ly shown,
Sometimes to th' Prince, and sometimes to the Throne,
Sometimes to both, sometimes to ne'er a one:
Thus is it Logically plac'd behind
So many School-boys Querks, 'tis hard to find.
When the great Change (by Heav'ns permition) try'd
Your Churches Doctrine, and her Clergies Pride,
Some Conscientious Fools, 'tis true, turn'd out,
But all the Wiser Sheepheards fac'd about;
And, like good Men, could blacken and upbraid
That sinking Pow'r, for which before they Pray'd.

Dragon.

Scandal (as you are wont) I know you chuse,
As the best Weapon, of Offence, to use,
Whether, on search, it True, or False be found,
No matter which, if you can make it wound.
But know my Armour's temper'd against Fate;
And much to hard, for you to penetrate:
The Iron Walls, my treasur'd Truths defend,
Reverb'rate all the poisonous balls you send.
You charge me with the want of Loyalty,
That am the chief support of Monarchy:

By

By my High Priest the Holy Oyl's apply'd,
By me Kings Reign, are Crown'd, and Sanctifi'd;
I am on Earth their Safety, and to Heav'n their Guide.

By me the Factious Falshoods are suppreſt,
Scatter'd by reſtleſs Rebels, to moleſt
The happy quiet of a Peaceful Reign,
Which Traitors Envy, and blind Fools Diſdain.
Duty to Kings, I to the Public teach,
To Loyalty Excite, Perſwade, Beſeech,
That all things to the Throne be eaſie made,
And him thereon be Rev'renc'd, and Obey'd.

What are all theſe, but Marks of Loyaltie,
Religious Graces, manifeſt in me,
Virtues, I find, too bright for thy dull Eyes to ſee.

But pray your Reaſons to the World impart,
Why now you from your old Opinion ſtart.
In happy days, when *Charles* the Scepter ſwai'd,
When baſe Deſigns, by you know who, were lai'd,
Then all your Awkward, Canting Brood profeſt
'Twas Damnable, the Bread of Life to Taſt
Within my Sacred Temple-Walls, but now,
What then you held ſo Dang'rous, you Allow.

If Once 'twas an Offence ſo great, we know,
(As you maintain'd, full Twenty Years ago)
'Tis Now the ſame, and Ever will be ſo.

Why do the Grandees of your Leering Tribe,
(Who from rank Dugs their Prejudice imbibe)

So

So curb their Malice, as Conform of late,
And with my Flocks they Envy, Congregate.
Oft on a Sabaths Morning have I seen
Rich Awful Zealots, of a bulkey Mein,
Cheat Heaven, and dissemble with the State,
To be by Flatt'ry, and Deceit made Great;
Visit my Temples, seem devout as Saints;
And for their Int'rest, turn base Sicophants:
Thus with my Worship, thro' design, agree,
And only Mimmick, what they hate to be,
To climb, unfairly, to Authoritie.
Then, by their own Corrupted Whimsies led,
Where the Frape meet, and common Ills are bred;
There hear the Church, from whence they came, Lampoon'd,
And True Religion, by an Ape Buffoon'd;
Who o'er his Cushion, full of Yawn, and Hum,
Stands Gaping like the Bear that beats the Drum.
Thus is the Afternoon at Meeting spent,
The Morning in the Church, at Sacrament:
Rare Pious Christians, full of Faith, and Grace,
To thus with Heav'n, dissemble for a Place;
And pawn their Souls to purchase Sword or Mase.
If I am Right, and from Mistakes most free,
Why do they not Conform intire to me?
If your dark System, they believe most True,
Why not alone Communicate with you?
Those who for Int'rest, carry fair with both,
Are Just to neither, by their Faith or Troth:
But plung'd between two Crimes, to Greatness bent,
Erre with the Wrong, and from the Right Dissent.

Grashopper.

If you make Laws t' eclips my purer light,
And rob my Sons, of what's their native Right,
The fault's not theirs, 'tis you incur the blame,
The Cunning's on their side, on yours the Shame.
Why not by Birth, and Christian Knowledge free
To Riches, Honour, and Authoritie?
Why must these Worldly Comforts rest in you;
Or your Sons count all Pow'r and Place their due?
Why may not mine as well assist the State,
And in as great attempts, prove fortunate?
If you such Laws procure, such Pow'r possess,
As prove a hind'rance to our happiness,
How can you justly blame us, to evade,
And leap o'er all the stumbling-blocks you've laid?
If you such bars to our Preferments make,
As Oaths, and Sacraments, for your own Int'rest sake,
It is no crime in us, the same to Break, or Take.
If you attempt, thro' Pride, to keep us low,
And we, thro' Cunning, your designs o'erthrow,
Call it not Cozening Heaven, but Out-witting you.

Dragon.

No Laws can such loose Principles restrain,
No force can bind you, but a Golden Chain.
Int'rest I find, is the prevailing tye,
Makes you Approve, Conform, Dissent, Deny,
Oppose the Right, or the Wrong Justifie.
Int'rest, from me first made you Seperate,
And become Rival to the Church, and State.

Int'rest

Int'reſt diſpos'd you to Inteſtine Jars,
Improv'd to Bloody, and Domeſtick Wars;
Wherein being flatter'd with unjuſt ſucceſs,
Trampl'd on Merit, ſpit in Virtues Face,
Riffled the Throne, and ſtain'd the Judgment-ſeat,
With Crimes too black, and dreadful to repeat;
As if to you, Omnipotence had given,
A Sanguine, not a Milky-way to Heaven.

Still are your Thoughts by wild Ambition toſt,
Aiming to gain that Pow'r, you juſtly loſt:
At all Elections, buſie are your Brood,
Heaving and ſhoving 'gainſt the Public Good.
On all Promotions, Zealouſly intent,
Squeeſe, Bawl, and Joſtle, till their Breaths are ſpent;
Kick, Cuff, and Scandal (heedleſs of the Laws)
Tongues, Feet, and Arms, all working for the Cauſe;
To raiſe ſome Meager Darling of their own,
Faction in whoſe penurious looks is ſhown:
Rich by meer Chance, or Fraud, not Great by merit grown.
Who can Lye, Cant, Diſſemble, or Forſwear,
Declaim againſt, or hear the Common-Prayer;
Thro' all Opinions Halt, to Lamely reach the Chair.
Who can his Conſcience, to his Intereſt mould,
Run with the Court, or with the City hold.
And without ſhame, can true Reflections face,
Or bear all ſcandal, with a comely Grace.
And will his Pow'r beyond juſt bounds extend,
To injure Foes, or to advance a Friend;
Or any thing will do, to ſerve a Factious End.

These are the worthy *Dolts*, your Sons advance,
By their false Poles, and double Diligence.
These are the Men of merit, they provide,
To Row, and Toe, against the Wind and Tide;
Who in Tempestious Discords, they create,
Sail quite repugnant to the Church and *State*:
Yet to such outward Godliness seem bent,
To Church they'll come, tho' in their Hearts Dissent:
But for no Faith, will either Hang, or *Starve*,
Both God and Mammon, for advancement serve;
Thus seasonably comply, or in fit times can swerve.
If such unsteddy Rovers bear Command,
Whilst Men of Worth, shall unregarded stand,
By Law, and Nature, Qualifi'd for Trust,
To something Fix'd, and known in all things Just.
If Men like these, shall be by Fraud put by,
And yield their Rights to the Pedantick Fry;
England must soon from all her Greatness fall,
And mourn her Ancient Glories Funeral.
Which Heaven prevent——
And (that she may once more her Grandure boast)
Retrieve her Virtues, now so nearly lost;
And from all Factious Quarrels, and Despights,
Preserve the *King*, *Church*, *Nation*, and our *Rights*:
That in One Faith, we may United be,
And accord sweetly, in just Harmonie.

F I N I S.