



T H E

METHODIST AND MIMICK,

A T A L E.



[Price One Shilling and Six-Pence.]

T H E
M E T H O D I S T A N D M I M I C K .

A T A L E ,

I N H U D I B R A S T I C K V E R S E .

B Y P E T E R P A R A G R A P H .

I N S C R I B E D T O

S A M U E L F O O T , Esq;

“ Like W I T H E R I N G T O N , in doleful Dumps,
“ He bravely fought upon his Stumps.

C H E V Y C H A C E .

L O N D O N :

Printed for C. M O R A N , in the Great Piazza, Covent Garden.

M D C C L X V I .

T H E

M E T H O D I S T A N D M I M I C ,

A T A L E .

A Road there leads, as men report,
 Not up to *Heav'n* but *Tott'nham Court* ;
 O'er which on Sundays crowds are driv'n,
 Of new coin'd Saints Cock-sure of Heav'n.
 There, at an Half-way House they stop ;
 By some call'd *Squintum's Schism Shop*.
 There, far from Doctrine Apostolic,
 They groan for Grace as in the Cholic ;

B

And

And in this Hum-drum situation,
Methodic Saints wait Inspiration.
 'Twas after a long Lecture given,
 From which all Gospel was quite driven ;
 And in its room were wond'rous tales,
 Of *Storms*, of *Providence*, and *Whales* ;
 Of many a Georgia Profelyte,
 From darkness call'd, and shewn the light ;
 Of Saints made out of wicked Sinners,
 'Till hearers Guts grumbl'd for Dinners.
 When all in haste the news was brought,
 That he who Squintum fet at naught,
 And made his Saints look black as foot,
 Was just depriv'd of *Leg* and *Foot*.
 A sudden joy o'erspread their Giggs,
 And made 'em grin like roasted Pigs ;
 On which their *Bell-weather* arose,
 First cough'd, then hem'd, and blew his Nose ;
 And having head and stomach clear'd,
 He thus their righteous Spirits chear'd.

“ O U R pray’rs are hear’d, his race is run,
 The Varlet is at last undone.
 This judgment I did then foresee,
 When he took off *Dame Cole* and *Me*.
 He’ll now no more the Saints abuse,
 So sing *Te Deum* for the news.”

T H E flock of joy was so profuse,
 You’d think Old Nick had broken loose* ;
 But in the midst of all the pother,
 Up rose a conscientious Brother ;
 Fully resolv’d, at all events,
 To speak his mind, and deep intents.
 Three times he cough’d and strok’d his chin,
 And took some time ’fore he’d begin ;
 But now, being ready prim’d and cock’d,
 His purposes he thus unlock’d.

“ T H E man’s a Sinner to be sure,
 And one that I cou’d ne’er endure ;

But

* Alluding to the great pleasure (the Author was well assured) they expressed at the news.

But since the news for truth's abroad
 That he's so sadly Clapper-claw'd ;
 Who knows, since this Chastisement's sent,
 But the arch Wag may now repent ;
 And cry for quarter in this pickle,
 For railing 'gainst our Conven'ticle.
 Therefore, with leave and licence free,
 Of *Doct̄or Squintum's* sanctity,
 For this lost Sheep I'll streight go look,
 And try to fold him in our Flock.
 Shou'd he, who was our grand Impeacher,
 Leave off his Gambols and turn Preacher ;
 And in our holy Rostrum mount,
 Brethren ! t'would turn to rare account :
 Should he for teaching have a call,
 He'd in to Mouse-holes preach us all ;
 Our Saints would get more by th' Royster,
 Than ever Abbot got by's Cloyster.
 My mind's so on this project bent,
 I'll find him streight and know th' event.
 Nor will I rest 'till I have found,
 The port where now he lies *Limb-bound*.

I'll first condole his dismal plight,
 Then try to set old quarrels right.
 This odd adventure may so tame him,
 We to some goodness may reclaim him ;
 As men against a barrel knock,
 And guess by th' found its strength of stock,
 So I'll his conscience rap to find,
 By th' found it makes how he's inclin'd.
 And if his conscience should rebuke him,
 As sure as Eggs are Eggs I'll hook him."

THIS say'd, he made no longer stand,
 But taking up his A—f—e in's hand,
 A hasty leave took of his friends,
 Who pray'd that he might gain his ends.
 That done, he left 'em in a trice,
 (With something more in's head than Lice)
 Nor stopt 'till he had reach'd the quarter,
 Where lay our Tragi-comic Martyr ;
 He knock'd, and was admitted in,
 Then ask'd if F——e was to be seen ;

And said he'd something to relate,
 A secret of the utmost weight,
 And begg'd that he might see him strait.
 The French domestic soon obey'd him,
 And to F—e's chamber strait convey'd him.
 Being enter'd, he a most profound
 Low rev'ence made, down to the ground ;
 And after some small hesitation,
 He thus began his fine Narration.

“ O U R Saints have me their Nuncio sent,
 In hopes to bring you to repent.
 That you'd reform they earnest beg,
 Least you should lose another Leg ;
 For pious Squintum prophesy'd,
 Some sad disaster you'd betide ;
 When *Sister Cole*, of pious mem'ry,
 Was made the subject of your mum'ry ;
 And he himself the Stage was brought on,
 To preach of Boy and Leg of Mutton.
 Yet he good Soul takes resolution,
 To send Methodic Absolution

For

For all your dogs-tricks, pranks and folly,
 If you'll reclaim, preach, and look holy.
 Then pray your Gambols throw aside,
 A Pulpit Leg and *Foot* will hide ;
 Quit the lewd Stage, be rul'd by me,
 And in a little time you'll be
 As sanctify'd as any he. }
 What say you to this friendly proffer ?
 You'll never have so fine an offer."

THE Mimic's Rage, what Bard define can ?
 Like a live Flounder in a Fry'ng-pan ;
 He tofs'd and caper'd in the bed,
 And then lay still as he were dead.
 Wildly he star'd about the room,
 But cou'd not speak for foam and fume ;
 'Till having got the use of's Gullet,
 His Rage flew out like Cannon Bullet.

" OUT of my sight you canting Dog,
 For here I swear by Gog-ma-gog,

It shan't be long before we reckon;
 I'll light up straw shall finge your Bacon.
 Who thrust it to your foolish Nob in,
 That I would go a Gospel jobbing?
 If that's your Dogship's business here,
 You've got the wrong Sow by the Ear.
 Tho' my Leg's lost, and I'm in bed,
 You Dunce! it has not hurt my *Head*.
 That has not suffer'd amputation,
 But still is found and keeps its station.
 For me, no gain shall ever bribe,
 To join your *Pharisaic* Tribe;
 That to the cant and preaching doom men,
 Of Coblers, and inspir'd Broom men.
 Who like Excise men enter houses,
 To gage the Conscience of men's Spouses;
 And with more things than Heav'n in view,
 Fathom their Faith and—Pockets too;
 And for the welfare of the Soul,
 Keep both their Conscience, and their Cole.
 “ Sir, said the Saint in that affair,
 I have heard Squintum oft declare;

One truly pious, Christian Brother,
 In all concerns should help another ;
 Lest cares their future state endanger,
 And their souls run to rack and manger.
 Money, you know my friend's the Devil,
 He therefore frees them from that evil ;
 They're much too weak he well does know,
 To wrestle with so strong a foe.
 He can encounter with the Fiend,
 And of vile Mammon make a Friend ;
 Can lock him up, and keep him close ;
 Once in his claws he'll ne'er get loose.
 Unless Dame Charity should come,
 And she, you know, begins at home ;
 So to himself, or others given,
 The treasure still is stor'd in Heav'n.
 Which one day will bring good account,
 When the good Brethren thither mount.
 And that they all assur'dly will,
 They've Doctor Squintum's Hand and Seal ;
 The Bond is good, the payment's sure ;
 The *Bank* itself's not so secure."

FRIEND, said the Droll, " for Squintum's Word,
 Or Bond, I wou'd not give a T—d.
 All these new Lights that now so sway ye,
 Are but Dark-Lanthorns to betray ye ;
 And lead the Fools, whose ear so itches,
 After new Doctrines, into ditches.
 Where like lost sheep they err and stray,
 But never take to the right way.
 Leave the rich pasture and the flocks,
 That feed on *Doctrin Orthodox*,
 And leap the hedge to run and dine,
 On husks and grains with W——d's swine.
 Fly from the Church like stupid Elves,
 And excommunicate themselves.
 And if the Wretches had their due,
 The *Church* and *Law* should do it too.
 And make an Act of Parliament,
 All Strolling Preachers to prevent ;
 Drive the vile Vermin from their Tubs,
 Like 'Prentices from Spouting Clubs ;

Who

Who do more Mischief with their Pray'rs,
 Than twenty Setts of Strolling Players ;
 And send the Brainless Mob a gadding,
 To *Whitfield*, or Apostle ~~M~~~~a~~~~d~~~~a~~~~n~~ ;
 Who set new Doctrines afloat,
 And rent to rags Christ's *seamless* Coat,
 Viler than Pilot's foldier were,
 They'd not the Holy Garment tear ;
 That the great Emblem seem'd to be,
 Of Christian Churches Unity.
 By Wolves, in History 'tis said,
 This Isle was once inhabited.
 Those Wolves without Disguise are gone,
 You Mod'ns put Sheeps-cloathing on,
 And cant and pray, yet leave i'th' lurch,
 Both Law and God's Establish'd Church :
 Their meaning of the Scripture scorn,
 And Gospel Light to Darkneſs turn ;
 Pervert what they don't understand,
 And spread new Schisms through the land.
 Rank Error ripens in their Soil,
 As Matter ripens in a Boil ;

And

And when th' Imposthume's brought to head,
 'That in th' Enthusiast's brain is bred ;
 Out bursts the pois'nous rank Corruption,
 That in the Church makes such Eruption.
 'Then Cant, and screw their Chops and whine,
 And make wry mouths at the Divine.

'Tis no where in the Scripture hinted,
 'That an Apostle ever Squinted ;
 But power to them and Grace was given,
 'To look directly up to Heaven ;
 Not Argus-like, nine ways at once,
 To view each sleeping senseless Dunce ;
 And, Prophet like, divine and tell,
 Who'd be made Saints, who go to Hell.
 Some folks may think this maxim's odd ;
But mark the Man that's mark'd by God.
 Few to do good can ever win 'em,
 'There's something sly and subtle in 'em ;
 They'd make you think they Good were working,
 But Mischief underneath lies lurking.

“ SIR, quoth the Methodist, I find
 You to our Cause are ill inclin’d ;
 With rage and scorn our proffer meet,
 And paint our Saints with cloven feet.
 I well remember, and you know,
 Ho—gawth of late serv’d ~~Cowdell~~ fo ;
 Made him in form of Bear to stand,
 With pot of Beer, and Parson’s band ;
 And in derision of his betters,
 A Dutch Dog pissing on his letters.
 So you in some satyric piece,
 May paint us *Foxes* teaching *Geeſe* ;
 And in your headstrong whims and folly,
 Shed water on us that’s not *Holy*.
 Which to prevent let Malice end,
 Repent what’s paſt, and be our Friend.”

“ NEVER as long as I’ve a Rag,
 Or I a Tongue, or Pen can wag,
 Nor friendly Converſe hold among ye,
 But while I live will ſtill bedung ye :.

From whom had Methodists Commission ?
 Who sent them on the Holy Mission ?
 Who Moses and the Prophets sent,
 We know full well, and bless th' Event.
 Those that would enter the Sheep-fold,
 Must enter at the Door we're told.
 If they who from the *Right Path* stray,
 And want to climb some other way,
 Are by the Law regarded still,
 As *Thieves* who come to *Rob* and *Kill* :
 Then uncommission'd Gospel Jobbers,
 Are all a pack of Thieves and Robbers,
 That make short cuts to Heav'n's abode,
 By *Tott'nham Court*, or *Moorfields* Road ;
 With your own Weapons now I'll maul ye ;
 There's Scripture for the names I call ye."

" THO' I'm a foe to Persecution,
 Church men should take this Resolution ;
 To fly and leave you in the lurch,
 As you have done both them and Church ;

And

And lay no money out with those,
 Who are our Church and Clergy's foes ;
 And 'gainst their Doctors dare dispute,
 And call 'em—*Trees that bear no Fruit* ;
 Pay less regard to *Church* and *Bishops*,
 Than to *stale Mackerell* and *Fish-shops*.
Cromwell like you did first pretend,
 Religion was his only End ;
 But soon the Mask away did fling,
Pull'd down the Church, and kill'd the King.
 Now (to Religion's great disaster)
 The Holy Gospel, like its Master,
 By Ignorance is bound and try'd ;
 And between *Thieves* is *Crucify'd*.
 But if each Church of England's Brother,
 Wou'd wisely stick by one another,
 And call a general Convocation,
 Of all true Church men in the nation ;
 And on this Article insist,
That none should deal with Methodist ;
 Nor the fat Ar—s ever greafe,
 Of separated Swine like these ;

Who

Who by the subtle Fiend are sent,
 In Church and State to make a Rent.
 This scheme would from their Kennels rout 'em,
 And make the Prick-ears look about 'em ;
 They'd soon leave Squintum in the lurch,
 And glide like Snakes again to Church ;
 'Till then, let all like me determine,
 To fly th' infectious canting Vermin.

You come here, Friend, or I mistake me,
 A *Preacher* of your *Tribz* to make me.
 You hear *my Doctrin*e, and so long,
 As ever I can wag a Tongue,
 I'll do our *Church* and *Clergy* Right ;
 And tho' on *Stumps* will bravely fight,
 Against your sanctify'd Horse Leeches,
 That more for Coin, than Conscience Preaches.
 And Squintum and his Tabernacle,
 Shall be well fous'd in Satyr's Pickle.

Is now you'll bargain with me, strike it.
 'Tis my first Sermon—How d'ye like it ?

Why,

Why, quoth the Methodist, let's stop.
 So many things you muster up,
 Against our pious Congregation,
 You've put me in a Consternation.
 But take this Hint my Friend from me,
 You're to yourself an enemy ;
 Had you been once the Secret let in,
 Of all our *Pastors private* Getting,
 You'd not their Calling so deride,
 But hold forth strongly on their Side.
 Farewell *Lost Sheep*,—I'll stay no longer,
 May you in *Grace*, and *Cash* grow stronger.

WITH discontent this Couple parted ;
 The Saint groan'd loud—the Mimic F—r—d ;
 That for your Canting vile betray'rs,
 'Tis Incense proper for their Pray'rs.

THE END.