

Crawford. M.B. 1020a

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Dr. Burgesse's CHARACTER

OF THE London Mobb.

THe *London* Rabble, vulgarly called the *Mobb*, are a confus'd Multitude jumb'l'd together by Disorder, encourag'd by Noise, increas'd by Mischeif, enrag'd by Force, and Civil by Chance. They are for the most part, good to them they can't hurt, and bad to those who would save them from Hanging: They are in some Sense worse than the Devil, for resist the Devil and he will flee from you, but resist the Rabble and they will fly in your Face; yet in this thing they agree, they are both Good, *when they are pleas'd*, tho neither he nor they knows when that will be. They are of the Nature of a surly Country Cur that will neither lead nor drive, but snap at his Masters Legs for leading him the right way. They are as changeable as the Moon, and as constant as the Weather; one while they will be fond of a Common-wealth, as a Bear of her Cubb, and the next day for neither Queen, Lords, nor Commons. One day are calling the *Church of England* a *Brimstone-Church*, and the next day pulling down the *Meeting-Houses*: They are sometimes all Zeal and no Religion, and at other times all Religion and no Zeal. They are sometimes neither cold nor hot, and at other times in both extreams: They are such Enemies to Idleness, that rather than want Work, they'll be doing of Mischeif, tho they get nothing but a Halter for their Labours. Give but a Man an ill Name, and the *Mobb* will soon Hang him whether he deserves it or not: Give them an Inch and they'll take an Ell, for like the Heard of Swine in the Scripture, if one does but make a step towards any Mischief, they all run Headlong after him, tho it be to the Devil. They are sometimes crying up Moderation, *Low-Church*, and *Dr. Hoadly*, and the Devil and all; and perhaps the next day crying *High-Church*, for the Honour of *Dr. Sacheverel* from *Westminster-Hall* to the *Temple*.

In short they are such a Hotch-Potch of Contradiction and Uncertainties, that a Body can't tell what to make of them, or where to have them: Is it not a sad thing Beloved, that a Reformed Minister can't talk in his Meeting-House according to our Gospel Dispensation, and give a false Brother an Oliver for a Rowland, but a company of unsanctified Wretches must Sh — t in the Pulpit, and then burn it to Ashes? Oh! what an unmannerly Defilement was here? Well, Beloved, 'tis in vain to Fret; they came down my Court like a Legion of Devils, and broke into my Holy Sanctuary by Force of Arms, and committed Sacrilege upon my very Brandy Bottle. Never was Man of my Cloath and Character in such an Agony for this inestimable loss: But Beloved, one vexation never comes alone, for no sooner had these Philistians got within the Tents of Israel, but they spoil'd the most Sacred Ornaments of the Sanctuary, pull'd down the most Holy Things, and carry'd away the best movables of the Synagogue into a Babylonish Purgatory.

The Shepherd is frighted from his Sanctify'd Cottage, and the Flock are scatter'd, and forc'd to wander like Goats upon the Mountains, or Wild Asses in the Wilderness. The He Wolves of the Forrest are broke in upon us, and the Bulls of Bashan push at us with their Horns of Desfyance, I formerly threaten'd them with the un-buttning of my Cloak, and let them drop into Hell, if they attempted to catch hold of any part of it, but now they would not only take away my Coat, but my very Skin too, if they could come at it.

Good People you know, that my Pulpit is broke,
And that I'm depriv'd of the Use of my Cloak;
Besides all my Pews, those Seats of the Godly,
Are torn all to pieces, which looks very odly;
When Limbs of the Devil, like Wolves among Sheep
Turn all Toppie-turvy, while Saints are asleep,
It looks very strange on the Sons of the Steeple,
Tho' perhaps it may be for the Sins of the People.