

ADVICE to the PAINTER,

From a Satyrical Night-MUSE,

FOR

Limning to the Life the Witnesses

Against the Right Honourable,

Anthony, Earl of Shaftsbury.

PAINTER, Draw near, Draw here the leering Look,
Of th' By-got *Black-hounds* when they Swore on th'
Licking their Lips, and Tantalizing for (Book,
More Noble Blood than was th' poor Joyner's Gore:
Limn to the Life, how look'd that Breathing Devil
(Who Damn'd the Gospel for the grandest Evil)
VVhen Sworn upon 't, and th' same Blasphemous Toad,
Would prove, THAT God (by whom he Swore) a Fool:
He'd need to Think so, and God's Book a Fable,
As did the POPE (his Father) Curs'dly Babble;
Least th' Book should Curse Him, and God prove so VVise
As to Repay with VVrath his Perjuries:
Next, Limn that Frontless Blade, who Boldly said,
That *Hyde*, and *Halifax*, would see Him paid
Nobly, that Durst this Noble EARL Traduce
With TREASON Home, as if th' Old Say, in Use,
From *Hell*, *Hull*, *Halifax*, He would turn Thus,
From *Hell*, *Hyde*, *Halifax*, Deliver us:
Surely, those Noble Lords will Vindicate
Their Honours, from his Slanders Sublimate:
PAINTER, go on, shew Thy Dexterity
In Limning th' Rest of that Rascality:
Those Sons of *Belial*, Knights of the Post,
Incarnate Dev'ls, *Jesabels* Suborned Host,
Against our *Naboth*: To remove that Rub,
Which stops their Running Bowls, their VVits they Club,
Charging this Loyal Lord with Blasphemy
Gainst God and King, Treason and Treachery:
PAINT, All those Micecreants, as Belching out
(From their Black Slabering Mouth, and Snotty Snout)
Their Thunder-Thumping *Lyes*, and *Oaths* so sharp
As would shout through a Marble VVall, Had th' Harp
And th' Harrow Hang'd (their *Dion*) together Better
They'd peirc'd our PEER, for VVords as well as Letter.
Paint them with Pockets large, well lin'd with Gold,
(The price of Innocents Blood, Bought and Sold)
Which with its Splendour Dazles Eyes, and which
Meer Mercenary Mortals doth bewitch:
It but one ANGEL could make *Balaams* Ass
Speak, then what may not Many bring to pass?
Yea, goodly GUINNY'S, *Double Angels* All
And more than fo, able to Conjure small,
Yea, and Great Devils up, make *ASSES* Speak,
And Swear, so far as th' Devils *Arse* in *Peak*:
As *Belshazzar*, that Prince of Flies, them Fly-blows,
Which makes men think, they're all the Devils By-blows.
ONE Swears this EARL aim'd to Depose the King,
And Inthroned *Buckingham*, a likely Thing!
Another Swears, This Earl would Crown Himself,
Yet ALL *Depos'd*, He's for a COMMON-WEALTH:
Lo, th' Inconsistency of th' Evidence,
Both with it Self, with Truth and Common Sense,
Like the False VVitnesses against our Lord,
VVhich could not with Themselves, nor Truth accord.
Confounded Thus, those *Babel-builders* be,
Their Testimonies plainly Disagree:

If He design'd to set up *Buckingham*,
Then to Inthroned himself must be a Sham;
For a Republick if he did pursue,
Then neither of the former can hold True:
Right *Babels-Lrats*, whose Tongues divided are,
VVhose Legs, as well as Language Interfare:
Thus far their Impudence boldly bore-up,
Mark Painter here, what 'twas that made them sloop,
A *London Jury's* (not like *Iezreel*,
VVhich found the Bill through haughty *Jezabel*
'Gainst Faultless *Naboth*) Cross-Int'rogatories,
Confound those Pests in their Repugnant Stories.
This VVealthy, VVife, Sagacious JURY well
VVeigh'd every Circumstance, They could not sell
The Life of such a Peerless PEER at th' Rate
Of shabby Shams of Mercenary Fate:
Improbable and Contradicting Things
O'r crües them, and the *IGNORAMUS* brings;
VVhich was Received with most loud Acclamations
Though Lying *Thompson* calls them Sibylations:
Painter, Draw here the Eel-pye, that ('tis said)
Those VVitnesses at *Fountain Tavern* had
Sent them, wherein eight Ropes wrap'd up like Eels
VVere ready there both for their Necks and Heels:
A fit Collation for those Rogues in Grain,
VVho Durst th' Eicurchcon of this Earl fo flain.
Draw next, the *Cowr's broke up*, and th' Evidence
VVould Sneak away without the People's Sense,
Had they not fear'd a Shower of Stones would brain them,
But th' Gallows claims its Right, th' Sheriff must *Man* them,
Coaches those *Beasts*, while he did more than's Due,
Lacqueys this Damn'd (his Coach-defiling) Crue,
Conveys them to th' *Savoy* their Sanctuary,
VVhere their strong Guard's the Red-Coat Soldiery:
There must we leave them Lodg'd, till *Tyburn* take them,
VVith its Tippets, if Gods Grace do still forsake them.
Then turn thy Table Painter, take in time,
Thy liveliest Colours, thy Vermilion prime;
Be brisk to Limn to th' Life this Lords Enlargement,
After so many Months of 's *Tower* Confinement:
VVere th' Bells and Bonfires his Congratulation,
VVith Shouts at th' *IGNORAMUS* Declaration:
VVhat more would have been for his *Welcome Home*,
Had not preventing Prudence timely come:
Disdaining to be popular, He 'd not offend
The Court, or Country, neither Foe nor Friend:
He hath enough, that hath but Mens affections,
VVithout their Bells, Bonfires and Acclamations:
These are but Complementary Things (the *Heart is all*
To God and Men) and to great Minds but small:
Shew, How this Peer is Handed to His Houfe
VVhence th' Villains Swore Him, and his Neck to th' Noose:
Once more God brings him off, to 's Habitation,
God make him more to save both King and Nation;
Gain the Kings Favour, and Advance His Crown
Sit at His Helm, a Pilot of Renown.