

20  
A  
KEY  
(With the WHIP)

To open the  
Mystery & Iniquity  
OF THE  
POEM

CALLED,  
ABSALOM & ACHITOPHEL:

Shewing its  
Scurrilous Reflections  
Upon both  
KING and KINGDOM.

---

Published by Richard Janeway, 1682.

A

## K E Y

(With the W H I P)

To open the

MYSTERY and INIQUITY

OF THE

P O E M

CALL'D

ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL.

**T**Hus far His Braz'd fac'd *Preface* (a vile Design)  
 Call'd for a *Comment Rugged*, yet *Divine*,  
 His *Book's* no better, *Head* and *Body* too  
 Of *Polypus* slinks on, to th' *Realm Undo*;  
 As Full of *Hell*, as *Ink*, sublimely *Base*,  
 If it th' *Impartial* *Σχῆμα* } Trace.  
 Or { *step by step do* }

*View* but distinctly's *Jewish Allegories*,  
 Allusions of both's *English Whigs*, and *Tories*.  
 Never were th' *Harp*, and th' *Harrow* more unlike,  
 Not *Even*, but *Odd* All his *Two's* do strike;

A

*Jewish*

*Jewish and English* th' vast *Disparity*  
 Next *View* betwixt, but no *Congruity* :  
 Had *Plutarch* made such parallels as This  
*Fond Poet* doth, he had deserv'd an *Hiss* ;  
 First to begin with's Top-Comparison  
 Of Holy *David* to our *Sovereign*.  
 The Type of *Christ* he makes our *Charles's Type*,  
 Yet draws foul Figures of the *Antitype* ;  
 As if embracing *Queens* o're all his Land,  
 Instead of's Royal *Queen* with's Royal Hand :  
 'Tis true this Godly King had many Wives,  
 Yet neither He, nor th' Rest leading such Lives,  
 Can be excus'd from Sin, unless he'l prove,  
 A *Divine Dispensation* did them move,  
 But not *one word* ; suppose God *Tolerated*  
 This ill for good, yet not Anticipated  
 Is his *first Law* hereby, it stands in force  
 'Gainst all Exceptions, and all *Fall* Divorce ;  
 First *one to one* was the first *blest* Confinement,  
*More* is a *Monster*, and a *Curf'd* confinement ;  
 Man then was bid to cleave unto his *Wife* \*  
 Not unto *Wives*, and this was during Life,  
 If neither of the two have power over  
 Their *Bodies*, \* then they can't give to another.  
 Though *David* did excel all other Kings,  
 His Vertues shone, *Save only in the Things* :  
 Of's brave *Uriah*, \* whose *Cade-lamb* he took  
 Unto his Flock, and so *Gods Law* forlook :  
 This Wicked Poet, one of th' Devils Imps,  
 O're looks all th' Good, and like a *Prince of Pimps*  
 Fixes on's Fault, propounds 't for Imitation,  
 A Pattern prompt for a Kings Gloriation.  
 (*Scarabeus* like) he flies o're fragrant Flowers ;  
 And falls on stinking Dung, which he Impowers

R. Charles.

\* Mat. 19. 5.

\* 1 Cor. 7. 4.

\* 1 King.

15. 5.

A *Princes President*, like *Machiavel*,  
 Propounds a Pattern prompting towards *Hell*  
 Thus fawning *Sycophants* do bolster up  
 Their Lords in ill, their spittle they will sup.  
 Those Cur Dogs, currying Kindness, suck the Blood  
 While they but lick the wound, as pleasing Food,  
 Kind-Murderers of Souls in Court are these,  
*Aiones*, and *Negones*, whatly you please  
 Next is our English *Queen* the Poets Scorn,  
 Because she's Barren, she must be forlorn :  
 Though mocking *Michals* may have barren Wombs,  
 Impos'd as th' *Curse* of God to cut their Combs  
 For Scorning Piety, \* yet Daughters of  
*Sarah* as well as *Saul* (whom he doth huff)  
 May Barren be : *Man is not in Gods stead*, \*  
 The Key of Wombs is at Gods Girdle ti'd :  
 How dare this black-mouth'd wretch blaspheme a  
 To Afflict th' Afflicted base hath even been a Queen,  
 Near to the King he talks on *Monmouth* next,  
 Makes th' Story of proud *Abalom* his Text.  
 This Noble *Duke* he makes his *Abalom*,  
 As if a Traitor to the King and Crown ;  
 Oh thou *Incongruous Fool*, what parallel  
 That's *Congruous* twixt these two canst thou tell ?  
*Josepbus* and the *Scripture* him to life  
 Thy vile Ambitionists most restless strife  
 To Rape the Crown before his Fathers Death,  
 Sick of his life, he sought to stop his Breath.  
 A Graphical Description of this Type,  
 Set out in its Colours, Epithets most Ripe ;  
 Stands upon Record with this ugly Brand,  
 A compleat *Rogue*, *Ambitious*, *Arrogant*,  
*Ungrateful*, *Lying*, a *Dissembling Wretch*,  
 Who th' Reins of lustful Reins did lewdly stretch,

Q Katherine.

\* 2 Sam. 6.

23.

\* Gen. 30. 1.

D. of Monmouth.

\* 2 Sam. 16.

11.

A 2

Traitor

*Traitor to's Father, Rebel to his King,  
Subverter of the People, every thing  
Accomplishing a Villain Sublimate  
Without a parallel in Realm, or State :  
And must brave Monmouth be his parallel,  
By Renegado Wits of old Cromwell.  
Five hundred Guinies makes him sell his Sense,  
His King and Country, and his Conscience :  
Oh lump of Impudence, where canst thou find  
That e're *Pride budded*\* thus in *Monmouths* mind ?  
Was e're he hammering and hatching out,  
For two full years any *Rebellious Rout* ?  
As did thy *Absalom* : did e're this *Duke*  
His Fathers Judges Brand in ope Rebuke\*,  
Affecting to be made *Judge* in the Land ;  
Soothing all Plaintiffs that their *Cause* would stand  
*Right*, or *Wrong*, smooth them up with gawdy words,  
To steal away their Hearts, while War and Swords  
Were in his Heart against his Fathers Crown,  
Fit to be made a *Chanc'lour* of Renown :  
When did this *Noble Duke* aspire a Train  
Of Princely Port like a *Successors* Aim ?  
When did he Court, Collogue, Crouch, Cring to th'  
All's true of *Absalom*, of th' *Duke* a *Babble* : (Rabble ?  
Stoln hath be many Hearts, unto the King,  
But never any from him, That's the thing  
Thou dost traduce him with, as basely by  
Counterfeit Court'fy stoop'd to climb on high :  
A *Votary* when seem'd be for Religion,  
Only to palliate Design'd Rebellion ?  
When did he send his Spies abroad the Land  
To feel the Peoples Pulses, bring to Hand,  
Their Hands and Hearts to his *Conspiracy* ;  
Though some attend him in *Simplicity* :*

Much

Much more Dispar'ty might be Blazon'd on,  
'Twixt our *Young Hero*, and this *Rebel Son*,  
Thy *Type* and *Antitype* Concorde no better,  
In 'ts *Starched Verse*, and *Dedicated Letter*.  
More clear 'twill be in thy *Achitophel*,\*  
*Sage Shaftesbury* thou makes his Parallel.  
The only hit is both were Oracles,  
All th'rest are empty sounds, and idle Kackles :  
Thy *Type* pernicious Counsel did infuse,  
That th' *Rebel-Son* a princely pomp might use  
Chariots and Horsemen, fifty Footmen, all  
The vulgar to perstringe, and them enthrall,  
*Must rise up early*, call the *Plaintiff* to him,  
Shew Zeal to Right from those that would undo him,  
*Must meet* all Suiters, say their Cause was good,  
Though nere so bad, yet none deputed stood;  
In's Courts to Right them, he *must* undertake,  
Promise Redress from Grievs for *Justice* sake,  
Though never meant it, but to gain their Loan,  
From *David's* Carcass he might step to th' Throne.  
With many more insinuating Tricks,  
Impatient of delays, th' *Mock-Sun* to fix.  
In's Royal Orb before th' *True-Sun* was set,  
*Present Possession* of the Crown to get :  
Did e're our *Earl Brisk Monmouth* thus advise,  
For a prepost'rous Throne to Tantalize,  
His Fathers *Person*, *Justice* to Traduce,  
To th' Rabble say, *His Courts* were of no Use,  
To hear their cause, and to Redress their wrong,  
Such Poison 's not transfus'd into his Tongue :  
When did he teach this *Duke* to Vilify  
His Fathers *Magistrates* for Villany,  
To vulgar Ears, *His Dote*. *Age-Government*,  
Yet th' *People* praise even to the firmament,

Sordidly

E. of Shaftesbury.

\* Ezek. 7.  
19.\* 2 Sam. 15.  
3.  
Josephus.

Sordidly fawn *them* from their Wit and Reason,  
 And deep involve *them* into horrid Treason ;  
 That *Subtil-Fox*, the true *Achitophel*,  
 Was at the bottom of this *Cursed Spell*;  
 ( Though he lay lurking in his hole unseen )  
 To black and blast th' Kings fame (from spiteful spleen,)   
 As if *he* had no care to execute  
 Justice *himself*, nor others did depute,  
 To do it under *him*, nor d'd *he* blame  
 Those that neglected it, to h's Kingdoms shame,  
 A *Shameless Slander* of a *Graceless Son*,  
 ( *Justice to all* ( God testifies \* ) *was done* )  
 Which that old lurking Fox had foisted in  
 To his *Ambition*, th' *Rising Sun* to win.  
 The *Setting Sun* found him a wicked Man,  
 Unconscionable POLITITIAN ;  
 So breaks with him, who hereupon withdraws,  
 Lays close at *Giloh*, yet puts forth his paws;  
 Paved a way by h's close persuasion,  
 Prompting the simple to Rebellion.  
 This crafty *Ape* draws Nuts out of the Fire,  
 With the *Cats* paw to save his own entire:  
 Thus th' *Coadjutor* of th's Damned Plot,  
 Made Hellish Bolts, by fools then to be shot,  
 ( If not its *Author* ) yet plays least in fight,  
 Lurking at home, disguised from the Light,  
 In's Country House, that it might not be known,  
 His *Hand* did manage this *Rebellious Son* ;  
 Wherein his *Head* and *Heart* were deep engag'd,  
 Engaging vulgar *Hands*, being fore inrag'd,  
 'Gaint *David* who cashier'd him from his Place ;  
 ( When's Roguish Craft was seen with open Face )  
 Revenge he'd take, though at the first behind,  
 The Curtain undiscern'd, but's wicked mind,

( Twice

( Twice dipt in th' Devils Dy-fat, th' Scarlet die )  
 Makes him appear 'mongst th' Rebels publicly,  
 Then gave he *Abalom* those damn'd Designs,  
 First to act Incest on th' Kings *Concubines* ;  
 Oh Hellish Tongue worthy to be cut out,  
 And shred in Gobbets, and thrust down his Throat,  
 That thus misus'd it, prompting his *new King*,  
 To such Unpardonable, Villanous a Thing ;  
 Besides the hazard of's Immortal Soul,  
 Which Flagrant Sin wise Council would controul,  
 This pestilent Advice was, that the Son  
 Might be abhorr'd of's Father, thereupon  
 All Hands of th' Rebel Rout resolv'd would be,  
 When reconciliation they no hope could see :  
 This matchless Fact was done ( at his Advice )  
 Before the Sun, before all *Israels* Eyes,  
 Thus he who's call'd *Gods Oracle*, this Time  
 Was th' Devils to promote this Crying Crime.  
 The next Design of this Arch-Rebel was  
 To surprize *David*, ere he succour ha's,  
 As not enough to be th' Kings *Principal*,  
 In Council, He'l be *Captain-General*.  
 Counsel most Politick, yet Pestilent,  
 To make the Rebel thrive, but *David* shent.  
 Oh how he pleas'd himself, and th' Rebel-Son,  
 Thus to contrive the Death of's Sovereign :  
 But God o're rules, that Counsel much applauded,  
 ( Man's mutable ) becomes betimes exploded ;  
 Now ( *Wretch* ) review all this : which God doth tell  
 Of *Abalom*, and of *Achitophel* :  
 Compare thy scurrilous Libel with all this,  
 Thy Lines, not parallel, they run amiss.  
 Here thou mayst see thy mercenary Bable,  
 Thy *Cento Talmud's* a fond Jewish Fable :

Mark

Mark all the parts of thy curs'd Character;  
 Thou dost not hit in one, all interfere:  
 I read not that e'reth' *Jews Achitophel*,  
 Had modern Match, save only *Machiavel*.  
 That crafty *Florentine*, both th' *Devils Slaves*,  
*He* was their Master, taught them in his *Traves*.  
 To bolster up great Princes in their Sin,  
 That their *Applause* and *Treasure* they might win:  
 In all the shop of *Hell*, no Anuile can  
 Be found so set, as th' *Matchiavillian*.  
 Whereon to forge some choice mischievous piece,  
 No Engine Fitter to transact with *Geese*:  
 How well this Hebrew name with sense doth sound,  
 [ *A Fools my Brother*\* ] though in wit profound.  
 Most wicked wits are th' *Devils* chiefest Tools,  
 Which ever in the Issue *God* Befools:  
 Can thy *Compare* ( vile Varlet ) once hold true,  
 Of th' *Loyal Lord*, and this *Disloyal Jew*,  
 Was e're our *English Earl* under Disgrace,  
 And as *Unconscionable* put out of place?  
 Hath he laid lurking in his *Country House*,  
 To plot *Rebellions*, as one *Faction*?  
 Thy Bog-trot Blood-Hounds Hunted have this *Stagg*,  
 Yet cannot fasten their foul fangs, *they Flagg*.  
 Why didst not thou bring in thy Evidence  
 ( *With them* ) to rectify th' *Brave Juries* sense,  
 And so prevent the *Ignoramus*, nay  
 Thou wast Cock-sure he would be damn'd for Ay,  
 Without thy presence, thou was then employ'd,  
 To Brand him, 'gainst he came to be Destroy'd:  
 Fore hand preparing him for th' Hangmans Ax,  
 Had not the Witnesses been found so Lax;  
 Did e're this *Earl* our *Duke* ( *vain Poetaster* )  
 Advise to bring his Father to Disaster?

To

To seek his life, and to be sick on't too,  
 As being too long a life, no more ado;  
 But up in Arms, proclaim himself *the King*,  
 Banish his Father, yea e'ry evil thing:  
 Advis'd be *Him* to climb his Fathers Bed,  
 To Rape his Concubines on Tops of Lead:  
 In view of all our *English Israel*?  
*He* hates his Acts, yet's made his *Parallel*:  
 Would he have *him* to be a Graceless Son?  
 A Bloody Rebel? with his Fathers Throne?  
 Yea and his Death, who ever had been kind?  
 No, no, in none such faults canst thou him find:  
 When did this *Earl* a Band of Men require,  
 ( As *Captain* ) to cut off his *Royal Sire*?  
 No, there's no room in th' *Earl* to give, in th' *Duke*,  
 To take such pestilent Advice; they look  
 At higher, and more honest things than Plots,  
 Unlike th' *Arab Rebel Jews*, thy Two By-gots:  
 Mark (Fool) thy Crimes, so many as thy *Themes*,  
 Thou Sports on Sacred Writ, and thou Blasphemes  
 Both *God* and *Men*, yea *Great* as well as *Small*,  
*Magnatum* scandal makes no bones at all.  
 Thy ven-m'd Quill spares neither *Earl* nor *Duke*,  
 Nor *Queen*, nor *King*, in thy pernicious Book:  
 But how ( *mad Poet* ) cometh this to pass,  
 That thy *Achitophel* so branded was;  
 In thy wild Poem's first Impression, where  
 His characters most Black, most Beastly were,  
 A *Friend of Hell*, *Curst* to all Ages, He  
 With more soul stuff is stigmatiz'd by thee;  
 But dost on second thoughts *twelve lines* rehearse,  
 All to correct thy Sawcy Satyr Verse:  
 Thou breaks th' *Earls* Head, a Plaster then thou offers,  
 When for thy doing so, thou'd fill'd thy Coffers:

B

Thou

\* [ *Achi* ]  
 My Bro-  
 ther, and  
 [ *Topbel* ]<sup>a</sup>  
 Fool-Hisbr.

Thou ( *Battus Bantling* ) canst blow hot and cold,  
 All with one breath, like th' Roman Bird of old,  
 Ha's [ *χαίρει χαίρει* ] [ *Αἶρε τῦτον* ] too  
 As pleased, or displeased were 'twixt two.  
 Thy *Fawning* or thy *Faulting* Talent comes,  
 As Fools, or Knaves thee with their *Talents* Cr owns  
 Thy tickling, or thy *scratching* gift dost use,  
 As Men thee pay, it not, thou'lt *Best* abuse;  
 Thy mercenary Tongue can say, unsay  
 Of th' [ *C.* ] or [ *O. C.* ] any one for pay :  
 This shows, thou art of th' Cursed Jewish Race,  
*Hosannas*, *Crucifies* canst cry apace.  
 As th' Tide doth turn, can praise, or th' *Earl* dispraise,  
 Can cast *him* down, and up again *him* raise.  
 First wounds him with thy scandalizing Gin,  
 Theu salves him as a matchless *Abbeth din* ;  
 ' *Unbrib'd*, *Unsought*, the *Wretched* to *Redress*,  
 ' *Swift* of *Dispatch*, and *easy* of *Access*.  
 ' *He Fame* *deserv'd*, no *Enemy* can *Grudge*,  
 ' And had *clear Eyes*, *clean Hands*, while he was Judge-  
 Oh *Proteus*, *Changling*, thus to *change* thy Note,  
 Thy frothy Fancy flies, thy Brain's affloat.  
 How comes thy Head to be vertiginous,  
 In a Diameter thou drolling thus ?  
 Was it because the *Ignoramus* wind  
 Whirl's th' Weathercock about thy *twelve* to find ?  
 Or was't because *Apollo* and his *Muses*  
 Had *Worm'd* thy *Tongue* to work off thy *Abuses* ?  
 Or was't the *Oil* of *Crab Tree*, which *Anoints*,  
 ( As in *Rose-Ally* once ) thy nasty *Joints* ?  
 No better Antidote is found to fetch  
 That plaguy poison out of th' Whiffing Wretch ;  
 If this Beasts Tongue be not cut out and *dri'd*,  
 Orth' Head hang'd up, in Tyburn Tippet ti'd.

Why

Why dost thou not thy Parable pursue ?  
 Make this *Earl* hang himself, a Death his due ;  
 Were he so base as thy *Achitophel*,  
 Not hope for *Heaven*, nor yet fear an *Hell*.  
 No, no, thy after-wit in th' *Earl* espi'd,  
 Instead of *Sadling's Ass*, (and him *Bestride*),  
 His *Anger* he could *bridle*, all *Affronts*  
 He calmly puts up, never vengeance Haunts ;  
 Though harmless, to himself not conscious,  
 Not as Judge *Belknap*, Self-condemn'd, said thus,  
*There only wants an Hurdle, Horse, and Halter,*  
*To do me right, and present State to Alter.*  
 Had such despairing phrenzy him subdu'd,  
 Such Hony-drops thy malice had bedew'd ;  
 Thy Romanizing mind, Romantick Eye,  
 Had glutted been with this sad Tragedy.  
 No less had been, had th' Jury found the Bill.  
 By th' *Fatal Axe* his Noble Blood to Spill ;  
 Had th' Deed been done *by Self*, or by Jack *Ketch*,  
 It Canoniz'd would be a *Romish Fetch* :  
 But both's defeated, now's thy *After Game*,  
 ( Seeing his Sun break forth from th' Cloud of Shame )  
 With *twelve inserted Lines* t' *Insinuate*,  
 Whom ( before this ) thou didst *Recriminate* :  
 Why dost not thou hang up thy *Absolon*,  
 Upon some forked Oak ; that *Rebel Son*.  
 Hung by the Head between the *Earth* and *Heaven*,  
 Both scorn'd that *Wretch*, a lump of *Cursed Leaven*.  
 The Oak's his *Throne*, and twisted Hair his *Crown*,  
 Three Days through's Heart, his *Scepter* of *Renown* :  
 Thus art thou *lame* in both thy *Parallels*,  
 Thy *Absoloms*, and thy *Achitophels*.  
 Thy *Similies* run not Upon four feet,  
 Are foully founderd, and do lamely meet,

B 2

Wh-

What ever likeness in their *Heads* may be,  
 Yet do their *Feet* most grossly disagree;  
 Nor have their *Bodies* better Harmony.  
 Nor in thy *Zimri* happier is thy *Hit*;  
 Whom *Buckingham* thou basely makes to Fit:  
 Thy *Monmouths Type* is a base publick pest,  
 Whose foulest *Soul's* in a fair *Body* drest,  
 And an Incorrigible PARRICIDE,  
 Whom Heav'n and Earth a Room at last deny'd:  
 Next, this *Duke* with thy *Dirt* must be defil'd,  
 As if his *Grace* most Graceless were and vil'd.  
 And having lost all's love to's *Israel*,  
 Which of th' two *Zimri's He's*, thou canst not tell.  
 Not *Cozbi's* Rogue he is, nor *Ela's* Traitor,  
 Neither of these agree in mode or matter.  
 The first (that curld *Simeonite*) he's not,  
 (Who brought on *Israel* that flagrant Blot\*)  
 By *Balaams* Counsel. He was Young, this old,  
 He hug'd *Outlandish*, this true *English Mold*:  
 A Foreign Whore; and a Domestic Wife,  
 Differs them much in *Law* as well as *Life*.  
 He and his Whore in the flagrantcy of Lust,  
 By *Phinehas* Javelin were both thorow thrust;  
 Thy *Sagan Phinehas* never durst shew  
 Such Vengeance on this *Zimri*, bold and true,  
 To th' *English Interest*, no *Papish* chatter,  
 Therefore thou dost so foully him bespatter;  
 Suppose him, too extravagant, and kind,  
 Still hath he a right *Noble English Mind*:  
 Thou coins fine Speeches for thy *Absalon*,  
 For thy *Achitophel*, still drolling on.  
 Why dost not thou as old *Josephus* doth,  
 Coin a fine Speech for thy *False Zimri's*, both

D. of Buck.

\*Num. 25.  
14, 15.

Gainst

'Gainst *God* and *Moses*, palliate his Sin,  
 And boldly Mann his Crime through thick and thin:  
*Zimri* in Hebrew [cut off] signifies  
 As th' *Vine's* superfluous Branches pruned lies,  
 This *Graceful* English Vine-branch stands upright,  
 Still uncut off by Romish Rage and Spight;  
 Though he affronteth them in *Deed*, and *Word*,  
 Saying, fond Romanists do eat their Lord,  
 Could they but eat the Devil too, said He,  
 A Romanist with th' first i'le surely be:  
 Thy wanton *Zimri* was old *Salu's* Son,  
 That is, [trod under foot] in th' Hebrew Tongue;  
 His *Name*, and *Fate* harmoniously agree,  
 Yet on this *Duke* no such Fate canst thou see:  
*Cozbi* (his Whore) in Hebrew is [a lie]  
 His *Dutchess* to be such, all will deny.  
*Cozbi* [a lie] was *Balaams* Tool to draw  
*Israel* from God, and from his Holy Law;  
 But canst thou say *Balaam* of *Rome* hath us'd  
 His *Dutchess*, and by her his lies transfus'd:  
 Thus no congruity collateral,  
 Can correspond this *Parallel* at all;  
 If th' *Duke* be not th' first *Zimri*, th' second less,  
 (His Masters Murtherer in Drunkenness\*)  
 As cruel to himself as to his Master;  
 Burns th' House o're his own Head: no such disaster,  
 Befalls this *Noble Duke*, whom thou despises,  
 And, as thy Fellow-secondrel scandalizes:  
 Blacks him with lines blacker with Hell than Ink,  
 Him worse Buffoon than thee, to make Men think.  
 Beggerd by Fools, and to be enrich'd by Knaves,  
 The first are weak, the latter Wicked Slaves:  
 But who's the Fool, that dare a Star so spatter,  
 (For all thy Guinnies) with thy stinking blatter:

\* 1 Kin. 16.  
9. 18. 20.

Were't



Were't not below so great a *luminary*,  
 To mark such Barking Curs, thy case wou'd vary ;  
 There's noise in Town of a strange *Whipping Tom*,  
 But th' greatest noise makes this *true whipping John* ;  
 The first (tis said) doth only *Women* whip,  
 This would make *Men*, yea greatest Men to skip  
 Under his Lashes, but they scorn his worst,  
 Wellknowing he (of all Men) is accurst.  
 Right Son of *Ishmael*, whose *Hand's* against  
 All Men, yea great Men ne're so high Advanc'd :  
 Next, he falls foul on th' brave *Lord Huntington*,  
 Whom he calls *Well-hung Balaam* in Derision,  
 As if this Patriot, were th' old *Priapus*,  
 Whom th' Poets feign vastly *Venerous*.  
 But why a *Balaam* must he called be?  
 I never heard him b'lam'd for Sorcery ;  
 Norever that my *Lord a-Prophet* was,  
 Or that he us'd to ride upon an *Ass* :  
 The hit lays here, one *Rhiming Ass* *Reproves him*,  
 Another railing *Ass* with Kicks be-*Hoofs* him.  
 Publishing slanders, as to be believ'd,  
 Had not three *Noble Peers* his truth retriev'd :  
 By *Balaam*, *Balak*, th' *Rabbies* represents,  
*Rome's* Church in *Priestly*, and in *Regal* Tents ;  
 Thou'lt got thy *Balaam*, though not of th' right Coat,  
 But where's thy *Balak*, *Rogers Romish Goat* :  
 Next comes the Noble *Earl of Essex*, and  
 Is call'd by thee [*cold Caleb*] as his Brand,  
 But why? since *Caleb* is a name of note,  
 'Tis (Hebrew) *Heartly*, and doth well denote  
 This *Heartly* lover of his Liege, and Land,  
 What e're black-mouths to th' contrary him brand ;  
 Yet *Cordial Caleb* is reproach'd as *cold*,  
 Is it, because for Children he's too old?

Lord Hun-  
 tington.

E. of Essex.

Or

Or is it, 'cause *He* is not in *Gods* *stead*,  
 To give himself an Heir on th' Marriage bed :  
 Sure I am that his *Zeal's* not *cold* for good,  
 Both for the \* *Cross*, and \* *Harp* he briskly stood,  
 We will suppose him *cold* to Popish tricks,  
 To th' damn'd Designs of *Rome* he cannot fix :  
 Next comes to be traduc'd that Noble *Lord*  
*Howard of Epsrick*, whom he can afford  
 No better name than *Canting Nadab*, though  
 Both his Abilities, and Interest Men know.  
 Yet damns he *him* into Oblivions Grave,  
 Who would a sinking King and Kingdom save :  
 Here once again this quibbling Poet leaves  
 His Reader in the dark, and sub'lly weaves  
 Another slipp'ry name, Ambiguous,  
 Or *Priest*, or *Prince*, it may be taken thus :  
 There was a *Nadab*, *Jeroboams* Son,  
 By whose lew'd life old *Isa'el* was undone :  
*Prince Nadab* cannot be th' *Lord's* Parallel,  
*Lamb's* *Wool*, and *Golden Calves* agree not well :  
*He* for's contagious Sin \* by's friend was Slain,  
 Cast out to th' Dogs from his short sinful Reign :  
 Will th' *Harp* and th' *Harrow* hang together here,  
 'Twixt such a *Misereant*, and our *Brave Peer* ?  
 No, 'tis *Priest Nadab* \* *Aarons* Eldest Son,  
 Who offerd *God strange Fire*, when first begun  
 His *Priestly* Office, and happily in overjoy,  
 Was overwarm'd with Wine at's new Employ :  
 Canst thou make these together symbolize,  
 Whilst thou with wicked wit doth temporize,  
 No, *Nadabs* Fire will lick up this *Lord's* Pottage,  
 ( Wherewith thou slanders him in thy old dotage )  
 As did *Elijahs* Fire drink up the water,  
 Concur they can't in Person, nor in matter :

\* *England.*  
 \* *Ireland.*

L. Howard,

\* 1 *Kin. 15.*  
 25. 26. and  
*Josephus.*

Levit. 10. 1.

Makest

Makest thou no difference 'twixt *Lords Spiritual*,  
 And those of th' Layity, *Lords Temporal*,  
 Thy *Nadab* was a *Priest*, and had he liv'd,  
 He'd been High Priest, as th' eldest Son surviv'd:  
*Lord Howard* never was, nor ever hope  
 To be thy *Sagan*, *Zadock*, Priest or Pope,  
*Strange Fire* doth slay thy Priest in's Youth and Sonless,  
 This *Lord* doth live for all thy *Porridge* senseless;  
 No better hits thy *Bullfac'd Jonas* \*next,  
 I'm sure thy comment doth confound the Text:  
 Why must *Sir William Jones* thy *Jonas* be?  
 Is it because th' *Storm Raifer's* only He;  
 What is the *Storm* which makes thee thus to foam?  
 Is't: 'cause the *Ship* will not steer right to *Rome*:  
 As *Pauls Ship*, when she ran between two Sands,  
 The *Real*, and the *Sham-Plots* of *three Lands*:  
 Or *Jonas* he's, to be cast over Board,  
 Will this in th' *See of Rome* a calm afford?  
 Without a *Whale* to *Ship* him safe to Shore,  
 No, thou wouldst drown him to be seen no more:  
 Nor this alone would quell thy *Romish* storm,  
 Thou'lt find more *Jonas's* to drown or burn:  
 What *boldfac'd Bard* art thou that dares to call;  
 This *Sage* [*Bullfac'd*] as if God made not all:  
 Did he make *Treason Law*, well to propose  
 The *Habeas-corpus Bill* for *Friends* and *Foes*?  
 Thy *Shimei's* next on whom thou quibbles worst,  
 As if his King he had most curs'dly curst,  
 Turning good *Bethel* to *Beth-aven* vile,  
 The worst of Mankind by thy frothy stile;  
 Did ever thy *Mock Shimei* call the King  
 A *Bloody Belialist*, or some such thing,  
 As mad with *Malice*, threw he e're a *Stone*,  
 As well as *Curses*, at God's *Nointed one*?

\* *Sir Will.*  
*Jonas.*

*Sher. Bethel.*

So

So *Shimei* did, venting his hellish words,  
 And venturing his life to *David's* Swords;  
 Oh how that dead Dog bark'd \* [*come out, come out*] \* 2Sam. 16.  
 Thou cursed King: Thus desperately stout;  
 Had *Bethel* been, he had been *Soundly Bang'd*,  
 Yea long before this day been *Roundly Hang'd*:  
 All his rare Vertues thou turns into Vice,  
 His hopeful Youth, Zeal, Piety and rise  
 To *Shrievalty*, thou makes a *Ridicule*,  
 Makes th' City chuse a *Knaave*, if not a *Fool*;  
 His *Juries Damns*, though none were panneld more  
 In *Honesty*, and *Honour* e're before:  
 And though thou scoff at his frugality,  
 Yet not a word, how he set Prisoners free:  
 Had his *Rome* plaguing courage been but cold,  
 His *Kitchens colds* never had been told;  
 This *Shrieve* to *Rabel* brats gave plaguy Times,  
 His Chain bound them to *Tyburn*, *There's his Crimes*:  
*Corah* \* comes last, brings up thy railing Reer,  
 And suffers slashes by thy slandering Jeer;  
 But why is *Doctor Oats* this *Rebel* Grand,  
 Who with an *Accent* doth recorded stand,  
 Whom thy *Caduceum* transformed ha's,  
 Into *Nehushtan*, monimental Brass;  
 Oh wonder working *Mercury*, can thus  
*Oats* into *Pillars* metamorphose us;  
 As high as th' *Dragon*, oh *Bow-Steeple* stands,  
 To save from *Romish Plots* *three Sister Lands*:  
 This thy *Mercurial Wit* can do, yet loose  
 Thy *Oaten Pipes* thereby, that please thy Muse:  
 But oh how ugly seems thy *Metaphors*,  
 Thus to cast Dirt on *Englands Saviour*:  
 That was the name the *Earl of Danby* gave him,  
 As th' *Arch. Attestor* thou (in scorn) *God save him*,  
 Who

\* *Dr. Oats.*

C

Who



whereof happ'ly blew off his Gown,  
*Romes Breath* from *Whitehall* blew to *Town*:  
 In *London*, yet he may both Dine and Sup;  
 And they have him blown down from th' *Pallace Royal*,  
 Yet th' *City* shelters him as *Truly Loyal*;  
 There thou and thine must let the *Doctor* rest,  
 Unswallowed up alive by *Papish Pest*,  
 Conclude with this remark, the *Beast of Rome*,  
 To a strange *Sarfeit* now by *Oats* is come:  
 When this (*Poematist*) hath doom'd his *Whiggs*,  
 He hands his *Tories* in with dainty *Jiggs*:  
 Thy very front hath a most happy hit,  
*Ireland* was first the proper *Tories* Seat:  
 Thy *Van* thou rankest *Good Barzillai*\* old,  
 I wish that *Earl* as good, yea more, twice told:  
 Thou say'st, the rising *Rebels* he withstood,  
 But say'st not, whether those of th' *Irish Brood*,  
 Or of the *English*; sure, it was his *Glory*,  
 (His name will shine in everlasting *Story*)  
 So far as he the *Irish Rebels* hush'd,  
 Who many thousand *Protestants* had crush'd:  
 But much disparity thou'lt surely find,  
 Twixt this old *Jew*, and th' *Earl* of *Irish* kind;  
 Why must this *Noble Earl Barzillai* be,  
 Neither in *Names*, nor *Natures* they agree;  
 The *Name* [as hard as *Iron*] signifies,  
 But thou cries up thy *Earl* for *Charities*;  
 [Large was his wealth, but larger was his Heart.]  
 He's Character'd by thy own jingling *Art*:  
 Nor doth their *Natures* better here Accord,  
*Barzillai* pass'd not over *Jordan's Ford*:  
 Nor did he with his *God like Prince* return  
 Unto *Jerusalem*, (though he did mourn,

With

\* E. of Ormond.

With him in exile) as for *Mirth*, \* and *Treasures*,  
 He judg'd himself unfit for *Courtly Pleasures*:  
 His Soul was so *Divine*, he could not breath;  
 But where, retir'd, \* he might prepare for *Death*,  
 And lay hold also on *Eternal Life*; \*  
 I would this were all *Aged Peoples* strife:  
 But why's not *Eldes Hope* \* call'd *Chimham* here,  
 Whose Blood was brisk, and thought not *Death* was  
 Was it 'cause *Chimham* was not snatch'd away (near.  
 As *He*; but liv'd in *Court* all *Dauids Day*:  
 But now thy wanton *Witrants* over wild,  
 Thou seem'st a frothy *Fool*, or *Pagan Child*;  
 Profanely says, to snatch in *Manhood prime*,  
 This *Hopeful Earl*, was *Providence's Crime*,  
 And an unequal *Fate*: *Black Blasphemy*!  
 Branding *Gods Wisdom*, and his *Purity*:  
 He that doth all things well, must be be blam'd:  
 His ways are not unequal, yet defam'd,  
 Must *Humane Folly Divine Wisdom* thwart:  
 Must th' *Sun* corrected be by th' *Dyals Art*:  
 God of his matters never gives *Account*,  
 His *Will* sa *Law*, as He's *Lord Paramount*:  
 But why dost thou from grave *Barzillai* fly:  
 Next unto *Zadock* so prepos'trously;  
 None twixt that *Prince*, and this *Priest* canst thou find:  
 Distressed *David* had one Princely Friend;  
*Ittai* the *Gittite*, \* th' King of *Gath* his Son,  
 Stuck close to *David* (against *Absolon*)  
 Who was an *Exile*, yet the *Hebrew Faith*  
 Asserted, and its King (the *Scripture* saith \*)  
 Third part of th' *Army* to his *Conduct* was  
 Committed by the King, \* and *Triumph* ha's:  
 Strong was his Name, my *Sign*, and *Plowshare* too,  
 In th' *Holy Tongue*, all th' *Rebels* to undo:

\* 2 Sam. 19.  
33. 35.

\* V. 35.

\* 1 Tim. 6.  
19.

\* E. of Off.  
ry.

P. Rupert.

\* 2 Sam. 15.  
18. 19. 20.

\* Ch. 18. 20.

How

How cam'st thou this *Brave Prince* to overlook,  
 ( Before thy *Zadock* in thy pedantick Book,  
 May be ; 'twas wilful blindness not to trace  
 A Parallel to suit *Prince Rupert's* case,  
 Of Royal Extract, and an Exile is,  
 Through By-got Papists, yet he's *Englands Bliss*,  
 Stoutly asserteth the *Reformed Faith*  
 'Gainst Wind and Tide (with *David*) weather'd hath:  
 Third part of th' Army was his Commission,  
 True hath he been to th' *Father*, and to th' *Son* :  
 Nor hath he wanted *Triumphs* in his Days,  
 God Grant he may our *Faith* to Triumph raise:  
 Had'st thou Hit here on this *Right Parallel*,  
 It might have qualifi'd some Errours well:  
 But thou dost leap o're him to *Zadock* \* next,  
 Yet there's thy Comment shorter than the Text, \*  
 Neither in *this*, lines Parallel can run,  
*Abiathar* ( then High Priest ) had not done,  
*Zadock* was then but *Sagan* under him,  
 Whom *Solomon* displac'd, plac'd *Zadok* in :  
 Whose lowly mind rais'd not to Grace or Place,  
 'Twas 'cause descended right of *Aarons* Race :  
 Hadst thou thy *Talmud* well consulted, there  
 Thou might'st have found a *Law* that doth declare,  
 None High-Priest can be, till he's *Sagan* first,  
 But th' *English Zadock's* Leap oppose who durst?  
 Having a Royal Hand to help him o're,  
 All th' *Bishops* Heads, though he was none before,  
 Much less the *Sagan*, which he shou'd have been  
 Before ( by th' *Talmud* ) *Metropolitane* :  
 Next comes thy *Sagan*, \* whom thou hop'st to see,  
 Thy *Zadock*, that his *Poet* thou mayst be,  
 Or better dignifi'd, would th' old Man die,  
 And leave for him his *Lambeth* Dignity:  
 Hence 'tis, a *Distich* must thy *Zadock* starve,  
 Eight lines ( no less ) must thy *Young Sagan* serve :

\* A. B. of  
 Canterbury.  
 \* 2 Sam.  
 15. from  
 24. to 30.

B. of London.

Wherein thou Skews him off with motly Colours,  
 Hoping to have his *Crowns*, if not his *Dollars*,  
 Yea better, *Angels*, *Guinnies*, all in Sums,  
 When from *Annas* to *Caiphas* he comes :  
 Thy next is *Adriel*, \* I cannot guess,  
 How he suits *David's* *Worthies* more or less;  
 The Jewish *Adriel* of *Ephraim*,  
 In Marrying *Merab* was most false to Him ; \*  
 Twice *Saul* to *David* had her promised,  
 Yet *Adriel* durst take her to his Bed ;  
 By whom he had five Sons, \* all which were hang'd ; \*  
 Whereby *perfidiousness* was briskly bang'd :  
 Can this Man represent our *David's* Friend ;  
 More like he is a *Foe* or a *Damn'd Fiend* :  
 'Tis true, he hath some Honours, lately took  
 From th' *Dutiful*, ( not *Disobedient* ) *Duke* ;  
 The Hebrew name [ *the Flock of God* ] doth sound,  
 I wish him [ *of it* ] and [ *in it* ] be found :  
 Next *Jotham* \* comes, who [ *perfect* ] signifies,  
 Thou makes him so, 'cause he both Parties Tri's ;  
*Jotham* was one, who could declare his *Mind*,  
 Yet so in *Parables*, \* as few could find  
 His meaning, till became fix'd *Mercury*,  
 Fore e're in motion, ne're rest quietly :  
*Jotham* was one who *Curses* could pour forth,  
 ( Even on the *Mount of Blessing* ) looking North :  
*Jotham* was one who fled away and went, \*  
 As if affrighted with a *Parliament*.  
 Thy Parallel may meet in *these*, in *more*,  
 Yet differs it, for he was long before  
*King David*, so he could not be his Friend,  
 Slain were his Brethren by a *Basard-Hind* :  
 He was but young, thine old, a *Saviour's* Son  
 Was he, and had Gods Inspiration ;  
 Forc'ling Fates, that fell upon his Foes,  
 He left a bloody Bramble to oppose :

E. of Mon-  
 grave.

\* 1 Sam. 18.  
 19.

\* 2 Sam. 21.

E. of Halli-  
 fax.

\* Judg. 9. 7.  
 8. &c. 2. 22.

\* Judg. 9.  
 21.

Quadrato.

Quadrated these cannot in thy Parallel,  
No better hit have *Hushai*, *Ammiel*:

\* L. Hyde.

Next *Hushai*\* comes [Hebrew] that *meaning mine*  
*Fasting to Honours, to vain Poets land;*

Thy wild harangue therefore doth *Varnish* thus,  
[Most *Frugal* he's, and yet most *Bounteous*.:]

Thy *Type* is blam'd for Deep *Disimulation*,  
And for *Equivocating Reservation*;

*Pretending Service*, but *Intending Slips*;  
Is *This* thy *Lettuce* for thy *Flattering Lips*?

Or wilt *This* with thy *Antitype* agree  
Perhaps his stanch't *Orations* thou may'st see

That to *Ambition* are adapted well,  
His *Friend's* for a *Fool's Paradise* to sell:

\* L. Simon.

Thy *Ammiel*\* comes the last, brings up the *Reer*,

\* Hebrew  
Ananiel.

And (could he say) [*God with me*\*] well it were;

The *Poet* saith, that *Scab* comes *bradermost*;

Why wilt thou Thrust *Him* last on whom's thy *Boast*;  
As if all other *Chairmen*, *Charioteers*

Were but fond *Phaetons* to *Him*, none fleers

(Like this *Brave Pilot*) th' *Ship*, the *Sanedrim*,

That since Run wrong, because they *Question Him*,

Which of the *Scripture Ammiels* is *He*?

But barely *Nam'd*, then where's thy *Harmony*?

One is *Old Caleb's Comrade*, th' other is

*Achitophel's Ally*, so not thy *Bliss*:

Thy *Wearied Muse* (thou say'st) must bear the *Blame*

For *Hobbling* thus at th' closing of the *Game*:

Thy *Mingles* (both of *Paint* and *Dirt*) are *much*,

Thy *Capring Jumps*, and *Cogging Dy's* are *such*,

That (with thy *Muse*) My *Muse* is *wearied*;

'Tis time for both now to betake to *Bed*,

There *Acquiesce* in *Hope of Parliaments*

That may chastize thy *Senseless Sentiments*.