

T O

David Polhill Esq;

A N

Answer to an Infamous SATYR,

C A L L ' D,

Advice to a Painter,

Written chiefly against

King *WILLIAM III.*

Of Glorious Memory.

1697.

P A R T I.

AND must the Hero that redeem'd our Land
 Here in the Front of Vice and Scandal stand?
 The Man of Wondrous Soul, that Scorn'd his Ease
 Tempting the Winters and the faithless Seas,

And

And paid an Annual Tribute of his Life
 To guard his *England* from the *Irish* Knife
 And crush the *French* Dragoon? Must *W I L-*
L I A M's Name

That brightest Star that gilds the Wings of Fame,
W I L L I A M the Brave, the Pious, and the Just
 Adorn these gloomy Scenes of Tyranny and Lust?

POLHILL, my Blood's a Fire, my Spirits flame;
 Vengeance and Darknes on the Poets Name:
 Why smook the Skies not? Why no Thunders roll?
 Nor kindling Lightnings blast his guilty Soul?
 Audacious Wretch! to stab a Monarch's Fame,
 And fire his Subjects with a Rebel-Flame,
 To call the Painter to his Black Designs
 To draw our Guardian's Face in Hellish Lines:
 Painter beware! the Monarch can be shown
 Under no Shape but Angels or his own,
GABRIEL or *WILLIAM* on the *Brittish* Throne.

Oh! could my Thoughts but grasp the vast Design,
 And Words with Infinite Ideas joyn,

I'de rouse *Apelles* from his Iron Sleep,
 And bid him trace the Warriour o're the Deep :
 Trace him *Apelles*, o're the *Belgian* Plain,
 Fierce, how he climbs the Mountains of the Slain }
 Scattering Just Vengeance thro' the Red Campaign. }
 Then dash the Canvas with a flying Stroke
 Till it be lost in Clouds of Fire and Smoak,
 And say, 'Twas thus the Conqueror thro' the Squa- }
 drons broke.

Mark him again emerging from the Cloud
 Far from his Troops ; there like a Rock he stood }
 His Countries Single Barrier in a Sea of Blood. }
 Calmly he leaves the Pleasures of a Throne,
 And his *MARIA* Weeping ; whilst alone }
 He wards the Fate of Nations, and provokes his own: }
 But Heav'n secures its Champion ; o're the Field }
 Paint hov'ring Angels ; tho' they fly conceal'd, }
 Each intercepts a Death, and wears it on his Shield. }

Now, noble Pencil ; lead him to our Isle,
 Mark how the Skies with Joyful Lustre smile,

Then

Then imitate the Glory ; on the Strand
 Spread half the Nation longing till he Land.
 Wash off the Blood, and take a peaceful Teint,
 All Red the Warriour, White the Ruler paint,
 Abroad a Hero, and at Home a Saint.

}

Throne him on high upon a shining Seat,
 Lust and Prophaneness dying at his Feet,
 While round his Head the Lawrel and the Olive
 meet,

}

The Crowns of War and Peace ; and may they blow
 With Flow'ry Blessings ever on his Brow.

At his right Hand pile all the *English* Laws
 In Sacred Volumes ; thence the Monarch draws
 His Wise and Just Commands————

Rise ye Old Sages of the *Brittish* Isle,
 On the fair Tablet cast a reverend Smile
 And bless the Peice ; these Statutes are your own,
 That sway the Cottage, and direct the Throne ;
 People and Prince are one in *WILLIAM*'s Name,
 Their Joys, their Dangers, and their Laws the same.

Let

Let Liberty and Right with Plumes display'd
Clap their glad Wings around their Guardian's
Head,
Religion o're the rest her Starry Pinions spread.
Religion guards him; round the Imperial Queen,
Place waiting Vertues, each of Heav'nly Mien;
Learn their bright Air, and paint it from his Eyes,
The Just, the Bold, the Temperate, and the Wise
Dwell in his Looks : Majestick, but Serene;
Sweet, with no Fondness; Cheerful, but not Vain:
Bright without Terror; Great, without Disdain.
His Soul inspires us what his Lips command,
And spreads his brave Example thro' the Land,
Not so the former Reigns ;———
Bend down his Ear to each afflicted Cry,
Let Beams of Grace dart gently from his Eye;
But the bright Treasures of his Sacred Breast
Are too Divine, too Vast to be exprest,
Colours must fail where Words and Numbers faint,
And leave the Hero's Heart for Thought alone to
paint.

P A R T II.

NOW Muse, pursue the Satyrift again,
Wipe off the Blotts of his Invenom'd Pen ;
Hark, how he bids the Servile Painter draw
In monstrous Shapes the Patrons of our Law ;
At one flight Dash he cancels every Name
From the white Rolls of Honesty and Fame :
This Scribbling Wretch marks all he meets for Knave,
Shoots sudden Bolts promiscuous at the Base and
Brave,

And with unpardonable Malice sheds
Poison and Spite on undistinguish'd Heads.
Painter, forbear ; or if thy bolder Hand
Dares to attempt the Villains of the Land,
Draw first this Poet, like some baleful Star
With silent Influence shedding Civil War ;
Or Faction's Trumpeter, whose Magick Sound
Calls off the Subjects to the Hostile Ground,
And scatters Hellish Feuds the Nation Round.

} These

These are the Imps of Hell, that cursed Tribe
That first create the Plague, and then the Pain de-
scribe.

Draw next above, the Great Ones of our Isle,
Still from the Good distinguishing the Vile;
Seat 'em in Pomp, in Grandeur, and Command,
Peeling the Subjects with a greedy Hand:
Paint forth the Knaves that have the Nation sold,
And tinge their greedy Looks with sordid Gold.
Mark what a selfish Faction undermines
The Pious Monarch's generous Designs,
Spoil their own Native Land as Vipers do,
Vipers that tear their Mothers Bowels thro'.
Let great *NASSAW* beneath a careful Crown
Mournful in Majesty, look gently down,
Mingling soft Pity with an Awful Frown:
He grieves to see how long in vain he strove
To make us blest, how vain his Labours prove
To save the stubborn Land he condescends to Love.