
T H E
M E D A L

O F

John Bayes :

O R,

A Satyr upon Folly and Knavery.

How long shall I endure, without reply,
 To hear this * *Bayes*, this Hackney-rayler lie ?
 The fool uncudgell'd, for one Libel swells,
 Where not his Wit, but Sawciness excels ;
 Whilst with foul Words and Names which he lets
 He quite defiles the *Satyr's* Dignity. [flie,

* *His Name in the Rehearſal.*

For Libel and true *Satyr* different be ;
 This must have *Truth*, and *Salt*, with *Modesty*.
 Sparing the Persons, this does tax the Crimes,
 Gall's not great Men, but Vices of the Times }
 With Witty and Sharp, not blunt and bitter rimes.
 Methinks the Ghost of *Horace* there I see,
 Lashing this *Cherry-cheek'd Dunc*e of Fifty three ;
 Who, at that age, so boldly durst profane,
 With base hir'd Libel, the free *Satyr's* Vein.
 Thou stilst it *Satyr*, to call Names, Rogue, Whore,
 Traytor, and Rebel, and a thousand more.
 An Oyster-wench is sure thy *Muse* of late,
 And all thy *Helicon's* at *Billinggate*.
 A Libellers vile name then may'st thou gain,
 And moderately the Writing part maintain, }
 None can so well the beating part sustain.
 Though with thy Sword, thou art the last of Men,
 Thou art a damn'd *Boroski* with thy Pen.

As far from *Satyr* does thy Talent lye,
 As from being cheerful, or good company.
 For thou art * *Saturnine*, thou dost confesse ;
 A civil word thy Dulness to expresse.
 An old gelt Mastiff has more mirth than thou,
 When thou a kind of paltry Mirth would'st show
 Good humour thou so awkwardly put'st on,
 It fits like Modish Clothes upon a Clown ;
 While that of Gentlemen is brisk and high,
 When Wine and Wit about the room does flie.
 Thou never mak'st, but art a standing Jest ;
 Thy Mirth by foolish Bawdry is exprest ;
 And so debauch'd, so fulsome, and so odd,
 As-----

Let's Bugger one another now by G--d.

(When ask'd how they should spend the Afternoon)

This was the smart * reply of the Heroick Clown.

* *In his Drammstick Essay.*

* *At Windsor, in the company of several persons of Quality, Sir G. E. being present.*

He boasts of Vice. (which he did ne'r commit)
 Calls himself *Whoremaster* and *Sodomite* ;
 Commends *Reeve's Arse*, and says she Buggers well,
 And silly Lyes of vitious pranks does tell.
 This is a Sample of his Mirth and Wit,
 Which he for the best Company thinks fit.
 In a rich Soyl, the sprightly Horse y'have seen,
 Run, leap, and wanton o're the flow'ry green,
 Praunce, and curvet, with pleasure to, the sight ;
 But it could never any eyes delight,
 To see the frisking frolicks of a Cow ;
 And such another merry thing art Thou.
 In Verse, thou hast a knack, with words to chime,
 And had'st a kind of Excellence in Rime :
 With Rimes like leading-strings, thou walk'dst ; but
 Lay'd by, at every step thou brok'st thy Nose. [those
 How low thy Farce! and thy blank Verse how mean;
 How poor, how naked did appear each Scene !

Even thou didst blush at thy insipid stuff,
 And laid thy dulness on poor harmless Snuff.
 No Comick Scene, or humour hast thou wrought ;
 Thou'st quibbling Bawdy, and ill breeding taught ;
 But Rime's sad downfal has thy ruine brought. }
 No Piece did ever from thy self begin ;
 Thou can'ft no web, from thine own bowels, spin.
 Were from thy Works cull'd out what thou'ft pur-
 Even *D--fey* would excel what's left behind. [loin'd,
 Should all thy borrow'd plumes we from thee tear ;
 How truly * *Poet Squab* would'ft thou appear !
 Thou call'ft thy self, and Fools call thee, in Rime,
 The goodly *Princee of Poets*, of thy time ;
 And Sov'raign power thou dost usurp, *John Bayes*,
 And from all *Poets* thou a Tax dost raise.
 Thou plunder'ft all, t'advance thy mighty Name ;
 Look'ft big, and triumph'ft with thy borrow'd fame.

* *The Name given him by the Earl of Rochester.*

But art (while swelling thus thou think'st th'art Chief)
A servile Imitator and a Thief †.
 All written Wit thou seizest on as prize ;
 But that will not thy ravenous mind suffice ;
 Though men from thee their inward thoughts conceal,
Yet thou the words out of their mouths wilt steal.
 How little owe we to your Native Store,
 Who all you write have heard or read before ?
 Except your Libels, and there's something new ;
 For none were ere so impudent as you.
Some Scoundrel Poetasters yet there be,
Fools that Burlesque the name of Loyalty,
Who by reviling Patriots, think to be
From lousiness and hunger ever free :
But will (for all their hopes of swelling bags)
Return to Primitive nastiness and rags.
 These are blind Fools ; thou hadst some kind of sight,
 Thou sinn'st against thy Conscience and the Light.

† Oh imitatores servum pecus!

After the * drubs, thou didst of late compound,
 And sold for th'weight in Gold each bruise & wound,
 Clear was thy fight, and none declaim'd then more
 Gainst *Popish Plots*, and *Arbitrary Power*.

The *Ministers* thou bluntly wouldst assail,
 And it was dangerous to hear thee rail.

(*Oh may not England stupid be like thee!*

Heaven grant it may not feel before it see.)

Now he recants, and on that beating thrives :

Thus *Poet Laureats*, and *Russian Wives*,

Do strangely upon beating mend their Lives.

But how comes *Bayes* to flag and grovel so?

Sure your new *Lords* are in their payments flow.

Thou deserv'st whipping thou'rt so dull, this time,

Thou'rt turn'd the *Observer* into Rime.

But thou suppliest the want of Wit and Sense,

With most malicious Lies, and Impudence.

* In Rose-Alley.

At *Cambridge* first your scurrilous Vein began,
 When sawcily you traduc'd a † *Nobleman*,
 Who for that Crime rebuk'd you on the head,
 And you had been Expell'd had you not fled.
 The next step of Advancement you began,
 Was being Clerk to *Nolls* Lord *Chamberlain*,
 A Sequestrator and Committee-man.
 There all your wholesome Morals you suckt in,
 And got your Gentile Gayety and Meen.
 Your Loyalty you learn'd in *Cromwells* Court,
 Where first your Muse did make her great effort.
 On him you first shew'd your Poetick strain,
 * *And prais'd his opening the Basillick Vein.*
 And were that possible to come agen,
 Thou on that side wouldst draw thy slavish Pen.
 But he being dead, who should the slave prefer,
 He turn'd a Journey-man t'a † *Bookseller* ;

† *A Lords Son, and all Noblemens Sons, are called Noblemen there.*

* *See his Poem upon Oliver. --- And wisely he essay'd to staunch the Blood
by breathing of a Vein.*

† *Mr. Herringman, who kept him in his House for that purpose.*

Writ Prefaces to Books for Meat and Drink,
 And as he paid, he would both write and think.
 Then by th'assistance of a * Noble Knight
 Th'hadst plenty, ease, and liberty to write.
 First like a *Gentleman* he made thee live ;
 And on his Bounty thou didst amply thrive.
 But soon thy Native swelling Venom rose,
 And thou didst him, who gave thee Bread, expose.
 Gainst him a scandalous Preface didst thou write,
 Which thou didst soon expunge, rather than fight.
 (When turn'd away by him in some small time)
 You in the Peoples ears began to chime,
 And please the Town with your successful Rime.
 When the best Patroness of Wit and Stage,
 The Joy, the Pride, the wonder of the Age,
 Sweet *Annabel* the good, great, witty, fair ;
 (Of all this Northern Court, the brightest Star)

* *Sir R. H. who kept him generously at his own House.*

Did on thee, *Bayes*, her sacred beams dispence,
 Who could do ill under such influence?
 She the whole *Court* brought over to thy side,
 And favour flow'd upon thee like a Tide.
 To her thou soon prov'dst an * *ungrateful Knave*;
 So good was she, not only she forgave,
 But did oblige anew, the faithless Slave.
 And all the Gratitude he can afford,
 Is basely to traduce her Princely Lord.
 A *Heroe* worthy of a *God-like Race*,
 Great in his Mind, and charming in his Face,
 Who conquers Hearts, with unaffected Grace.
 His mighty Vertues are too large for Verse,
 Gentle as billing Doves, as angry Lions fierce:

* *When he had thrice broken his Word, Oath, and Bargain with Sir William Davenant, he wrote a Letter to this great Lady to pass her word for him to Sir William, who would not take his own; which she did. In his Letter he wisht God might never prosper him, his Wife or Children, if he did not keep his Oath and Bargain; which yet in two Months he broke, as several of the Dukes Play-house can testifie.*

His Strength and Beauty so united are,
 Nature design'd him *Chief*, in Love and War.
 All Lovers Victories he did excel,
 Succeeding with the beautiful *Annabel*.
 Early in Arms his glorious course began,
 Which never *Heroe* yet so swiftly ran.
 Wherever danger shew'd its dreadful face,
 By never-dying acts, h'adorn'd his *Royal Race*.
 Sure the three *Edwards* Souls beheld with Joy, [Boy.
 How much thou outdidst Man, when little more than
 And all the *Princely Heroes* of thy Line,
 Rejoyc'd to see so much of their great Blood in thine.
 So good and so diffusive is his Mind,
 So loving to, and lov'd by Humane kind, }
 He was for vast and general good design'd. }
 In's height of Greatness he all eyes did glad,
 And never Man departed from him sad.

Sweet and obliging, easie of access,
 Wise in his Judging, courteous in address.
 O're all the Passions he bears so much sway,
 No *Stoick* taught em better to obey,
 And, in his Suffering part, he shines more bright,
 Than he appear'd in all that gaudy light,
 Now, now, methinks he makes the bravest show,
 And ne're was greater *Heroe* than he's now.
For publick good, who wealth and power forsakes,
Over himself a glorious Conquest makes.
Religion, Prince, and Laws to him are dear ;
 And in defence of all, he dares appear.
 'Tis he must stand like *Scæva* in the breach,
 'Gainst what ill *Ministers* do, and furious *Parsons* preach.
 Were't not for him, how soon some *Papist's* Knife
 Might rob us of his *Royal* Fathers Life,
We to their fear of thee that blessing owe :
In such a Son, happy Great King art thou,
Who can defend, or can revenge thee so.

Next, for thy Medal, *Bayes*, which does revile
 The wisest *Patriot* of our drooping Isle,
 Who *Loyally* did serve his Exil'd *Prince*,
 And with the ablest Council blest him since;
 None more than he did stop *Tyrannick* Power,
 Or, in that *Crisis*, did contribute more,
 To his Just Rights our Monarch to restore ;
 And still by wise advice, and Loyal Arts,
 Would have secur'd him in his Subjects Hearts.
 You own the Mischiefs, sprung from that Intrigue,
 Which fatally dissolv'd the *Tripplè-League*.
 Each of your *Idol mock-Trinno'rate* knows,
 Our *Patriot* strongly did that Breach oppose.
 Nor did this Lord a *Dover-Journey* go,
 * *From thence our tears, the Hlum of our woe.*
 Had he that Interest follow'd, how could he
 By those that serv'd it then discarded be ?

* *Bayes his own expression, Medal, pag. 5.*

The *French* and *Papists* well his Merits know;
 Were he a friend, they'd not pursu'd him so:
From both he would our beset King preserve,
 For which he does Eternal wreaths deserve.

His Life they first, and now his Fame would take,
 For Crimes they forge, and secret Plots they make.

They by hir'd Witnesses the first pursue,
The latter by vile Scriblers hir'd like you.

Thy Infamy will blush at no disgrace,
 (With such a harden'd Conscience, and a Face)

Thou only want'st an *Evidences* place.

When th' *Isle* was drown'd in a Lethargick sleep,
 Our vigilant *Heroe* still a watch did keep.

When all our strength should have been made a Prey
 To the Leud *Babylonish Dalilah,*

Methinks I see our watchful *Heroe* stand,
Jogging the Nodding Genius of our Land;

Which

Which sometime struggling with sleeps heavy yolk,
 Awak'd, star'd, & look'd grim, and dreafully he fpoke.
 The voice fill'd all the Land, and then did fright
 The *Scarlet Whore* from all her works of night.

But-----

With unfeen strengths at home, and Forreign Aid, }
 Too foon She ralli'd, and began t'invade, }
 And many Nets fhe fpread, and many Toils fhe laid. }

To lull us yet afleep, what pains fhe takes !

But all in vain, for ftill our Genius wakes.

And now remembers well the * dangerous Teft,

Which might have all our Liberty opprest,

Had not the cover'd fnare our *Heroe* found,

And for fome time bravely maintain'd the ground,

Till others faw the bondage was design'd,

And late with them their ftragling Forces joyn'd.

A † Bill then drawn by B-----did we fee,

A zealous Bill againft ----- for Popery.

* April 75.

† Anno 76.

Then Murther'd *Godfrey*, a *low'd Princes blood*,
 Ready with precious drops to make a purple-flood.
 When *Papish Tyranny* shall give command,
 And spread again its darkness o're the Land.
 Then Bloody Plots we find laid at their door,
 Than whom none e're have done or suffered more,
 Or, would to save the Prince they did restore.
 Amidst these hellish Snares, 'tis time to wake;
 May never more a sleep our *Genius* take.
 These things did soon our glorious City warm,
 And for their own, and Princes safety arm.
 The Joy of ours, Terror of other Lands,
With moderate Head, with unpolluted Hands,
 To which the Prince and People safety owe,
 From which the uncorrupted streams of Justice flow.
 Through thickest clouds of Perjury you see,
 And ne're by *Hackney-Oaths* deceiv'd will be
Resolv'd to value Credibility.

Thou

Thou vindicat'st the Justice of thy Prince,
 Which shines most bright by clearing Innocence.
 While some would Subjects of their Lives bereave,
 By Witnessess themselves could ne're believe,
 Though wrongly accus'd, yet at their Blood they aim, }
 And, as they were their *Quarrey*, think it shame }
 Not to run down, and seize the trembling Game. }
 Thy *Justice* will hereafter be renown'd,
 Thy lasting name for *Loyalty* be crown'd.
 When 'twill be told who did our Prince restore,
 Whom thou with zeal, didst ever since adore.
 How oft hast thou his Princely wants supply'd?
 And never was thy needful aid deny'd.
 How long his Kindness with thy Duty strove !
 Great thy Obedience, and as great his Love ; }
 And curst be they who would his Heart remove. }
 Thou (still the same) with equal zeal wilt serve ;
 Maintain his Laws, his Person wilt preserve.

But some foul Monsters thy rich womb does bear,
 That, like base Vipers, would thy bowels tear ;
 Who would thy *ancient Charters* give away,
 And all thy *stronger Liberties* betray :
 Those *Elder Customs* our great Ancestors
 Have from the *Saxon* times convey'd to ours.
 Of which no Pers'nal Crimes a loss can ease,
 By *Magna Charta* backt, and by succeeding Laws.
 This is the *Factions Brood* we should pursue :
 For as in *Schism*, so in *Sedition* too,
 The Many are deserted by the Few. }
 These *Factionous Few*, for bitter scourges fit,
 (To shew *Addressing* and *Abhorring Wit*) }
 Set up a *Jack of Lent*, and throw at it. }
 But those, alas, false silly measures take,
 Who of the Few an * *Association* make.
 Thou need'st not doubt to triumph o're these Fools,
 These blindly led, these Jesuited Tools ;

* Their *Addressing* is plainly making an *Association*.

Whilst bravely thou continu'ft to oppose,
 All *would-be Papifts*, as all *Romifh Foes*.
 In fpite of lawlefs men, and * *Popifh flames*,
 (Inrich'd by thy much lov'd and bounteous *Thames*)
 May into thee the Wealth of Nations flow,
 And to thy height all *Europes Cities* bow.
 Thou great fupport of Princely Dignity !
 And Bulwark to the Peoples Liberty !
 If a good *Mayor* with fuch good *Shrieves* appear,
 Nor Prince, nor People, need a danger fear :
 And fuch we hope for each fucceeding year.
 Thus thou a Glorious City may'ft remain,
 And all thy Ancient Liberties retain,
 While *Albion* is furrounded with the Main.
 Go, *Abjeft Bayes* ! and act thy flavifh part ;
 Fawn on thofe *Popifh Knaves*, whofe Knaves thou art :
 'Tis not ill writing, or worfe Policy,
 That can enslave a Nation, fo long free.

* See the Chancellors Excellent Speech before the Sentence on the Lord Stafford.

Our King's too good to take that rugged course ;
He'll win by kindness, not subdue by force.

*If King of Slaves and Beasts, not Men he'd be,
A Lyon were a greater Prince than he.*

Approach him then, let no malicious Chit,
No insolent Prater, nor a flashy Wit,
Impeachments make not men for States-men fit.

But-----

*Truth, Judgment, Firmness, and Integrity,
With long experience, quick sagacity,
Swift to prevent, as ready to foresee ;
Knowing the depths from which all action springs,
And by a Chain of causes judging things :*

*That does all weights into the ballance cast,
And wisely can fore-tell the future, by the past.*

Where ere such vertuous qualities appear,
They're Patriots worthy of a Princes ear,
To Him and Subjects they'l alike be dear.

The Kings and Peoples Interest they'll make one.
What personal greatness can our Monarch own,
When hearts of Subjects must support the Throne !
 And Ministers should strive those hearts to unite,
 Unless they had a mind to make us fight.
 Who by Addresses thus the Realm divide,
 (All bonds of Kindred, and of Friends untide)
 Have in effect, in Battle rang'd each side.
 But Heaven avert those Plagues which we deserve :
Intestine Faries, but Popish ends can serve.
 How false, and dangerous Methods do they take,
 Who would a King but of Addressers make !
 They from Protection would throw all the rest,
 And poorly narrow the Kings Interest.
 To make their little Party too, seem great,
 They with false Musters, like the *Spaniards*, cheat.
 He's King of all, and would have all their Hearts,
 Were't not for these dividing *Popish* arts.

Statesmen who his true Interest would improve,
Compute his Greatness, by his Peoples Love:
That may assist our Friends, and Foes o'recome;
So much he will be fear'd Abroad, as lov'd at Home.
 He at the Peoples Head, may great appear,
 As th' *Edward's, Henry's, and Eliza* were.
 And curst be they who would that Power divide,
 Who would dissolve that Sacred knot by which they're
 Those Miscreants who hate a *Parliament,* [ty'd.
 Would soon destroy our Antient Government.
 Those *Slaves* would make us fit to be o'recome,
 And gladly sell the Land to *France, or Rome.*
But Heaven preserve our Legal Monarchy,
And all those Laws that keep the People free.
 Of all Mankind, for ever curst be they,
 Who would our Kings, or Peoples Rights betray,
 Or ought would change, but by a Legislative way.

Be damn'd the most abhorr'd, and Traiterous Race,
Who would the best of Governments deface.

Now farewell wretched Mercenary *Bayes*,
Who the *King* Libell'd, and did *Cromwel* praise.
Farewel, abandon'd Rascal! only fit
To be abus'd by thy own scurrilous Wit.
Which thou wouldst do, and for a Moderate Sum,
Answer thy Medal, and thy *Absalom*.
Thy piteous Hackney-Pen shall never fright us,
Thou'rt dwindl'd down to *Hodge*, and *Heraclitus*.
Go, *Ignoramus* cry; and *Forty One*,
And by * *Sams Parsons* be thou prais'd alone.
Pied thing! half Wit! half Fool! and for a Knave,
Few Men, than this, a better mixture have :
But thou canst add to that, Coward and Slave.

* *A Coffee-house where the Inferiour Crape-gown-men meet with their Guide Roger, to invent Lies for the farther carrying on the Popish-Plot.*