

ESSAY III.

Upon this Moment depends Eternity, or DUNTON'S serious Thoughts upon the Present and Future State, in a Fit of Sickness that was judged Mortal—To which is added—some nice Speculations upon the Nature of the Soul, as at present dwelling in, and united to the Body, and as after Death, conversing in the World of Spirits.

For our light Affliction, which is but for a Moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding, and eternal weight of Glory.

While we look not at the Things which are seen, but at the Things which are not seen; for the Things which are seen are Temporal, but the Things which are not seen are Eternal, 2. Cor. 4. 17, 18.

Rise VINCENT Rise! for upon this MOMENT depends ETERNITY—An Expression frequently used to Mr. NATHANIEL VINCENT, by his Tutor, whilst he was a Student in the University; and is a MOTTO engraved upon several Dials and Churches.

Ampliat ætatis Spatium sibi Vir bonus, hoc est Vivere bis, Vitâ Possè priore frui—MART.

A good Man doth in the best Manner lengthen out his Life. He doth as it were live Twice, that enjoys the Comfort of a well spent Life.

READER—the better to excite and prepare you for Holy Living and Dying, in my first Essay, I presented you with an experimental Discourse upon the Miseries and Vanities of human Life; and in my second Essay (as Every Man is or might be his own Parson) I Preached both to my self and you; and in this third Essay (that my New Directory may excite every Man to live every Day as if it were his last) I shall prove; upon this Moment depends Eternity (in some serious Thoughts upon the Present and Future State in a Fit of Sickness that was judged Mortal—) To which I shall add, several Nice Speculations upon the Nature of the Soul, as at present dwelling in, and united to the Body, and as after Death conversing in the World of Spirits.

There

There is nothing which frights Men more than the Thoughts of *Death*; nor is there a greater Comfort on this side the *Grave* than a continual Remembrance of our *latter End*. It turns the Eyes from *deluding Objects*, it shuts the Ears to all that is ill, it restrains the Tongue, and keeps it within the Bounds of *Justice, Charity and Truth* it binds the Hands from evil *Actions*; and is that Light unto the Feet, which directs 'em from the Broad Tracts of *Vice*, to the Solitary Paths of *Peace*, and the unfrequented Ways of *Virtue*; for in the Happy Remembrance of our *Latter End*, we seldom or never do amiss: Yet many there are, that defer even *Repentance* itself, to keep clear of the very Thoughts of *Death* (for they would not seem to be in the Way to the *Grave* before their *Real Journey* thither,) tho' they know,

The Decree is out—*All must Die*.— Death reign'd from *Adam* to *Moses*; and tho' Death shall not reign, yet it shall live, fight, and prevail, from *Moses* to the End of the World; for then, and not till then, shall be brought to pass that Saying that is written—*Death is swallowed up in Victory*.

One Reason of this *dying* is, God will have our Bodies to be *new cast*, and come out beautiful and bright: But, tho' there is nothing more certain than we must *all die*, yet nothing is more uncertain than *the Time when*; or in what Manner we shall leave this World; for some die a *lingring Death*, and some like (Dr. *Howe*) die *suddenly*. Then isn't it a Matter of Wonder Men should always *Coast on the Borders of Futurity*, and lay in such slender Provisions for it? Could we see the Dangers that besiege our Lives, they'd terrify us from Security, and bring *Death and Eternity in our View*. The Sinner lives not a *Moment* but 'tis attended with the Jeopardy of the *Grave and Hell*; and tho' he may sport with the *Terrors and Torments of the Damn'd* at a Distance, yet when Death levels at him, and the Period of his Days is come, he'll then be fill'd with *fruitless Wishes*, that he might live over his Life again, and prevent the Ruin that's now imminent and unavoidable: This must of Necessity be the Case at last of the most daring *Impenitent*. Could the *Lethargick World* but doubt the Universality of Death, and whether *Mortality* was entailed on all Men; could the *Justice of God* (for I challenge a Man to prove himself an *Atheist* to his own Breast) and the last Sentence at his Bar be once debated, some Colour, I confess, and Pretence, might be produc'd, why *Repentance* is defer'd: But alas! These are impossible Suppositions; a Man might as well *dispute himself out of Being*, or into a State of *Independency*, as free himself from the *Chain of Mortality*, or get lose from his Obligations to *future Judgment*: Was the Length of Life of some considerable Continuance, and a *Thousand Years* the shortest Period, then indeed 'twould be no such Miracle to see a Man lavish away a *Hundred* or more, tho' the Folly would be almost infinite in that Case; but to see a Man that's *uncertain of an Hour*, live as tho' he had made an Agreement with the *Grave*, and had *Thousands of Years* on his Hands; this is such a bold Degree of *Madness*, that it can't meet a Parallel, either in Nature or Fancy.

Were Men practically convinc'd, that there are but *Two States* that expect 'em after Death, and that *Eternity* is the Length and Measure of those States, 'twould raise their Apprehensions, and make em fearful, lest
their

their Days should determine before they've sufficiently secur'd their Happiness. *The Life of Man* is at best, only a dim and precarious Lamp, 'tis expos'd to a *Thousand Accidents* from abroad, and as many Disorders from within. *Death* lies in Ambush in every Vein, in every Member, and none know when it may assault them: It doth not always warn before it strikes. *If some Diseases are Chronical, others are acute* and less lingering, and some are as quick as *Lightning*, kill in an Instant. Men may be well in one Moment, and like (*Dr. Howe*) dead the next. How many are taken away, not only in the *Midst of their Days*, but in the *Midst of their Sins*? In such Cases what Place, what Time for Repentance, for seeking it, for using Means to attain it, when they have not Room for so much as a *Thought of it*? Deaths are often sudden and surprizing, and scarce leave a Man *the Time to breath out his last Prayer*; and seeing there's a World of Certainty depending on the Uncertainty of Life and our Management while it lasts; the Preparations we make for our Remove can't be too early, for we have *a long Race to run by a short Breath*; *a great Way to go by a setting Sun*, if ever we get to Heaven; and therefore DEATH, with its CONSEQUENCES (which are all handled in this *Third Essay*) are as fit a Subject for the Contemplation of a *wise Man* as any in Nature, since upon the Manner of this depends his *Eternal Happiness or Ruin*.

Now the only Way to Happiness is a good Life; and consequently all Wisdom being in order to Happiness, that's the only Wisdom that serves to the Promouing of a good Life, according to that of *Job*, *And to Man he said, behold the Fear of the Lord, that is Wisdom, and to depart from Evil, is Understanding*. That therefore is the most compendious Way of making a Man *Wise*, that soonest makes him *Good*, and reduces his Mind to a *Moral Regularity*. And nothing does this so soon and so well, as the *serious and habitual Consideration of Death*. And therefore says the *Wise Man*, *Remember Death and Corruption, and keep the Commandments*; the shortest Compendium of *Holy Living and Dying* that ever was given; as if he had said, *many are the Precepts and Admonitions left us by wise and good Men for the moral Conduct of Life*; but would you have a short and infallible *Directory of Living and Dying well*? Why remember *Death and Corruption*? Do but remember this, and forget all other Rules if you will, and your Duty if you can.

And what is here remarked by *one wise Man*, is consented to by all; hence those common Practices among the *Ancients* of placing SEPULCHRES in their Gardens, and of using that Celebrated Motto—MEMENTO MORI; hence also that Modern, as well as Ancient Custom, of putting *Emblems of Mortality* in Churches, and other Publick Places, by all which 'tis implied that the *Consideration of Death*, is the greatest Security of a good Life; as indeed it must be upon this general Ground, because it does that at a *Blow*, which other Considerations do by *Parts*, and gives an entire Defeat to the *three great Enemies of our Salvation* at once. It sets us about the *Temptations of the World the Flesh and the Devil*. For how can the World captivate him, who considers he is but a *Stranger* in it, and that he must shortly leave it! How can the *Flesh* insnare him who has a *Sepulchre* always in his Eye, and reflects upon the cold Lodging he shall have there! And how

can the Devil prevail upon him, who remembers always he must Dye ; and then enter upon an *Unchangeable State of Happiness or Misery*, according as he has either *resisted* or *yielded* to his Temptations ! Of so vast Consequence is the constant thinking upon Death above all other things that fall within the Compass even of useful and practical Meditation ; and so great Reason had *Moses* for placing the *Wisdom of Man in the Consideration of his latter end*—And yet,

The Hoary Fool, who many Days
Has struggled with continu'd Sorrow,
Renews his Hopes, and blindly lays
The *Desperate Bet* upon *to-morrow*.
To-morrow comes, 'tis Noon, 'tis Night,
This Day like all the former fled ;
Yet on he runs to seek Delight
To-morrow, 'till *To-night* he's dead.

L E A R N.

The Bounds of Good and Evil to discern,
Unhappy he who does this Work adjourn ;
And till *To-morrow* would the Search delay,
His *lazy Morrow* will be like *To-day*.

Yesterday was once *To-morrow*,
That *Yesterday* is gone, and nothing gain'd,
And all thy Fruitless Days will be thus drain'd ;
For thou hast more *To-morrow's* yet to ask,
And will be ever to begin thy Task ;
Thou like the *hindmost Chariot Wheels* art *Curst*
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.

Our *Yesterday's To-morrow* now is gone,
And still a new *To-morrow* does come on ;
We by *To-morrow's* draw up all our Store
'Till the *exhausted Well* can yield no more.

To-morrow I will live the Fool does say
To-day it self's too late, the wise liv'd *Yesterday*,
Life for delays, and doubts no time does give,
None ever yet made *too much haste to live*.

Then seek not to know *To-morrow's Doom*,
That is not ours which is to come,
The *Present Moment's* all our Store,
The next should Heaven allow.

Then this will be no more ;

So all our Life is but one *Instant now* ;

Then Happy the Man, and Happy he alone,
Who can call *To-day* his own !

He who secure within can say,

To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd *To-day*.

And therefore as upon this Moment depends Eternity, we ought seriously to consider, that as our Time is short and uncertain, so there be many Things that corrode and wast that short Time; so that we have but little left for the Service of God.

Let us take but out of our longest Lives the Weakness and Folly of Childhood and Youth, the Impediments of old Age, the Time of Eating, Drinking and Sleeping, tho' with Moderation, the Times of Sicknes, the Times of Cares, Journeys, necessary Recreations, visiting Friends and Relations, following our lawful Trades, and a thousand such Expences of Time, which cannot be avoided in this Life, which put together, their remains but a Moment to fit our Souls for Heaven. For,

Threescore and Ten the Age and Life of Man (a)
 In Holy David's Eyes seem'd but a Span,
 Yet half that Time is lost and spent in Sleep;
 So only Thirty five for Use we keep.
 Our Days of Youth must be abated all,
 Childhood and Youth, wise Solomon doth call
 But Vanity, meer Vanity, he says,
 Is what befalls us in our Childish Days.
 Our Days of Age we take no Pleasure in
 Our Days of Grief, we wish had never been,
 So Time deducted, Youth and Age and Sorrow,
 Only a SPAN is all the Time we borrow.

And upon the Management and Disposal of our short uncertain Time, depends the everlasting concernment of our Souls. If it be redeemed, improved and imployed as it ought to be, we shall in the next Moment after Death, enter into an immutable, eternal, and perfect state of Glory; if it be either sinfully or idly spent, we fall into an everlasting, irrecoverable and unchangeable state of Misery.

All the Days of my appointed Time (says Holy JOB) will I wait till my Change come which speaketh his careful Preparation. In Order to it, I will wait, is as much as I will get me ready for it: And is there not need when it is above the reach of Words how much dependeth upon it? What Tragick Shrieks, what fearful Cries have some awakened Consciences sent out when they found themselves surprized by Death? O that I might live, said a great Man of this Kingdom (when his Physician had given him over) O that I might live, if it were but in a loathsome Dungeon! O that I might live, if it were but the Life of a Toad, that I might have a Space for my Repentance! *Inducias domine usque ad mane*, said the young Man in St. Gregory, Lord spare me! but a little, little while, but while to-morrow Morning; but while I say my Prayers once more! and so expired in Horrors. Death will not wait for us, though we are unprepared how doth it behove us then to wait, and prepare for that; St. Austin professeth, he would not be an Atheist one Quarter of an Hour for a World; because he did not know, but in that Time, God might cut under his Thread of Life, and so let him drop into Hell.

(a) Psalm 39. v. 5.

Then, Reader, seriously consider, that on this Moment dependeth Eternity, God hangeth heavy Weights on weak Wyres; and how dolefully have many complained, and mournfully lamented, their loss of Time, when it hath been too late. That Story of a great Lady of our Land, which several speak of, may awaken secure ones, when on her Death bed she dreadfully stretched out, a Word of Wealth for an Inch of Time. And I have read of Chrysolius, a Man as full of Wickedness as of Wealth; when he cometh to Die, cryeth out (like the young Man mentioned before) *Inducias usq; ad mane Domine*, "Truce, Lord, but 'till Morning," "Truce, Lord, but till Morning; and with these Words he breathed out his last," *Alterius perditio, tua sit cautio*, Let that which was a Murdering Piece to others, be a Warning Piece to thee.

Profane Mortals! Do but think, should God permit a Damned Sinner that is now in Hell, to come and sit but one Hour amongst you, under the Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven, how highly would he prize this present Opportunity; how greedily would he embrace every Tender of Mercy; how eagerly would he catch at every Word of Comfort; how heartily would he close with Christ upon the hardest Terms? I am perswaded ye should behold him with such Streams of Tears watering his Cheeks, as if he were dissolved into a Fountain. And will ye trifle away such Golden Seasons, and wast such precious Advantages, which others would purchase with Worlds, if they had them to give; nay, which you yourselves would redeem hereafter with your Hearts Blood, but shall not be able. O! therefore now prize Time, before you come to enter upon Eternity; for my own Part, if I had the Tongue, the Understanding, the Affections of an Angel, I would willingly improve them to the utmost, and scree them up to the highest Pitch in exhorting you to this weighty and necessary Work (I call it so, as your Eternity of Joy or Sorrow dependeth on your Well-doing.)

Reader, I press this needful Duty of redeeming Time the more upon you, as it has been my Observation many Years (but more especially in my late Sickness that was judged Mortal) that even True Believers are weak in Faith; for alas! how far do we all fall short of his Love, and Zeal, and Care, and Diligence, which we should have, if we had but once beheld the Things which we do believe? Alas! how dead are our Affections? How flat are our Duties? And how unprofitable are our Lives, in Comparison of what one Hour's Sight of Heaven and Hell, would make them be? O what a comfortable Converse would it be, if I might but join in Prayer, Praise, and Holy Conference, one Day or Hour, with a Person that had seen the Lord, and been in Heaven, and born a Part in the Angelical Praises! Were our Families blessed with such Persons, what manner of Worship would they perform to God? How unlike would their Heavenly Ravishing Expressions be to our present, sleepy, heartless Duties? Reader, were Heaven open to thy View, while I am speaking to you, or when we are speaking in Prayer and Praise to God, imagine your self; what a Change it would make upon the best of us in our Service! What Apprehensions, what Affections, what Resolutions it would raise! and what a Posture it would cast us all into! And do we not all profess to believe these Things as revealed from Heaven by the infallible God? Do we not say, that such a Divine Revelation is as sure

as if the Things were in themselves *laid open to our Sight*? Why then are we no more affected with them; and why do they no more stir up our Faculties to the most vigorous and lively Exercise? For tho' I know that the most perfect Faith, is not apt to raise such *high Affections* in Degree as shall be raised by the *Beatifical Vision* in the Glorified, and as present intuition now would raise if we could attain it; yet seeing *Faith* hath as sure an *Object* and *Revelation* as *SIGHT* it self, tho' the *Manner of Apprehension* be less affecting, it should do much more with us than it doth, and bring us nearer to such *Affections and Resolutions*, as *Sight* would cause.

Then (*Reader*) let us now be in earnest for Heaven, *i. e.* let us live every Day as if it were our last, for (as upon this Moment depends Eternity) to die an Enemy to God, will not only make *DEATH* dreadful, but our *Souls Eternally Miserable*, *Oh Melancholy Moment!* that ends the Pleasure of Time, and begins the Pains of *ETERNITY*.

Reader, What is it which we would wish we had done, when we are at the Point of Death? Let us do now that which we then *shall wish we had done*; we have no Time to lose; every Moment may be the last of our Life. The longer we have lived, the nearer are we to our Grave; the more we have defer'd and put off Death, the nearer it approaches.

What Opinion shall I then have of *Worldly Things*, when I am just going to quit 'em? Let us, in the midst of Life, take Council of Death; it is a faithful Councillor and will not deceive us. How will this *Gold*, this *Pleasure*, this *Beauty* look? What shall we think of 'em at the Hour of Death? In life shews and appearances of things, deceive us, in Death, we see 'em just as they are. The Living Man prizes the World; the Dying Man contemns it: Whom shall we believe the Living or the Dying Man? Ah! what a Trifle will the World appear to us by the Light of that Torch, that will conduct us to the Bed of Death! But alas! there will be no longer Time to deceive our selves.

When we Dye, our *Everlasting State* is to be determined! after Death the *Judgment*. The Moment of our Departure hence, will pass us over to the *Righteous Tribunal* of God. It will either fix us in a joyful Paradise, or in an intolerable State of Woe. So that we may say with *Nieremberg*, How many Things are to pass in that Moment? In the same is our Life to finish, our Works to be examined, and we are then to know how it will go with us for ever: In that Moment I shall cease to live; in that Moment I shall behold my Judge; in that Moment I must answer for all my publick and my secret Actions, for all that I have ever *Thought, or Spoke, or Done*; for all the Talents, the Time, the Mercies, the Health, the Strength, the Opportunities, and the Seasons, and Days of Grace that I have ever had, for all the Evil that I might have avoided, for all the Good I might have done, and did not; and all this before that Judge, who has beheld my Ways, *from my Birth to the Grave*; before that Judge, who cannot be deceiv'd, and who will not be impos'd upon. Little can he, that has not been brought near to Death and Judgment, know what Thoughts the Diseas'd have when they think they shall die. (as was my Case in a late Sickness that was

44 *Several nice Speculations upon the Nature of the Soul,*
judged Mortal) Little, very little does a *Soul in Flesh* know: what it is
 to appear before *the Great God*. This is so great and so strange a Thing
 that they only know it who have received their *final Sentence*, but they
 are not suffer'd to return to tell us how it is, or what passes then; and
 God sees it fit it should be conceal'd from us *who are yet on this Side the*
Grave; but who does not Tremble to think on this mighty Change, and
 of this Moment that is the last of TIME, and the beginning of ETER-
 NITY; that includes *Heaven and Hell*, and all the Effects of the *Mercy*
 and *Justice* of God; then e'nt it strange that when some or other whom we
 know, are almost every Week going to such a Place and State as this,
 that we who are not yet *to cited the Bar* are no more concerned, and use
 no more Endeavours to be ready for *that last Moment of our Lives*, on
 which depends an *Eternity of Happiness or Misery*.

Oh! my Friends when you come to the *Borders of the Grave*, when you
 are within an *Hour or Two's* Distance from your *Final Judgment*, and
 your unalterable State; what a mighty Change will it cause in your
 Thoughts and Apprehensions, as it did in mine, when I was seized
 with a dangerous Disease in *Ireland* in the Year *Ninety Eight*?

It is a great Mercy, and greatly to be acknowledged, that God allows
 us so much Time wherein to prepare our selves for this *Final and Irre-*
versible Doom; it is an Instance of his *Patience* that is truly Divine,
 that notwithstanding our many repeated Sins he has not cut us off; it
 is his great Mercy that gives us leave to appear in his Courts, before
 we appear at his *Tribunal*, and that he affords us such large Notice and
 Warning, that so we may be ready for our last Moment and Tryal,
 whereon an *Eternity* depends.

Then Reader, think upon that Thing which you wou'd most *Fear*, if you
 were to die this Instant; and with speed take care to secure your self
 against that. Accustom your self to do every Action of the Day as if
 you were to die just after you have done it.

Christiano Crastinum non est. (Says Tertullian)

The Christian lives to day, as if he should never see to-morrow.

And therefore (Reader) that you may make that good Use of your
 Time for the End it was given you:

- (1.) *Of all Books* study the Bible.
- (2.) *Of all Duties*, be much in Prayer.
- (3.) *Of all Graces*, exercise Faith.
- (4.) *Of all Days*, observe the *Lord's Day*.

And lastly (above all Things in Heaven and Earth) get an *Interest in*
Jesus Christ.

Reader, having fully proved that —upon this Moment of Time depend's
Eternity—(in some serious Thoughts upon the present and future State
 in a Fit of Sickness that was judged Mortal) I shall now conclude this
Third Essay with *several nice Speculations upon the Nature of the Soul* as
 at present dwelling in, and united to the Body, and as after Death conversing
 in the World of Spirits.

Death, saith *Lactantius*, doth not put an end to the *Life* of Man,
 but rather openeth him away to receive the *Recompence of his well De-*
servings: for tho' the Body be returned unto the Earth out of which it
 was taken, and that there were no *Resurrection* to be looked for, for it,
 yet in the better part the Soul he is *Incorruptible and Immortal*;

not subject to the Stroke of Death, or to be made a Prey unto Worms and Rottenness; and of this we have a Proof in St. Luke's Gospel, where 'tis said, *The Soul of Lazarus is carried into Abraham's Bosom* as soon as it had left his Body; so that the Wonder is the greater that *Paul the Third*, a Christian and a Christian Prelate, and one of the Pope's of Rome should make doubt hereof, as he certainly did; for this *Infallible Gentleman* lying on his Death-bed, said to the standers by; 'That he should shortly be assured of three Particulars of which he had not been resolved all the Time of his Life, that is to say, Whether there were a God? Such a Place as Hell? Or that the Souls of Men were Immortal or not? A Speech which (saith Heilyn) hath so much of the Atheist in it, that Christian Charity forbids me to give Credit to it, tho' possibly his Course of Life (Like the Immoral Lives of many of the High flying Clergy) might give Occasion to the World to report so of him.—But that the Souls of Men do not die with their Bodies, or sleep until the Resurrection, is so clear from the Scripture, as that it is to be wondred at, that any who call themselves Christians should deny is, or doubt of it; yet such there have been, of whose Opinion the Great Calvin has written a Judicious Confutation. It was a good Reflection of the Emperor Frederick III. Who when some told him of a very vicious Man that had lived in great Prosperity for the Space of ninety three Years, never in all that time meeting with any considerable Affliction; replied, By that we may conclude that Divines tell us Truth, when they say that there is another World besides this which we live in. And the Truth is, that they who think otherwise are blinder than Pagans, who observing that such as they esteemed virtuous Persons, endured greater Miseries in this Life than many who were extreamly Wicked; did from thence conclude that the Souls of Men are Immortal, and that at the Hour of Death some go to a better, and others to a worse World than this, wherein Mortals live; yea, the very Indians themselves are not without Sentiments of it.

It has been questioned, Whether Souls separated from their Bodies may converse with Men on the Earth. Some Passages in the Scripture give us to understand that the Jews, some of them had odd Conceptions about the State of the Dead and of separated Souls, Mat. 14. 2. & 16. 14. It is certain that they cannot ordinarily appear; there is a Gulph fixed which they cannot pass, Luke 16. 26. We are assured by the Evangelists, that not only Angels, but Moses and Elijah after they had been many Ages in Heaven, were sent down to the Earth to wait on our Lord Jesus Christ, and speak with him about his Death at Jerusalem, Luke 9. 31. The like to this was never known; nevertheless, we may not limit the Lord, nor determine what he may for special Reasons sometimes order to be done. Writers speak much of Apparitions of dead Persons, and more than Judicious Readers will give Credit unto; but we shall not do wisely to run into the other Extream. Our Ecclesiastical Historians tell us, that Iræne the Daughter of Spiridian, a Bishop in Cyprus, having had some Things which were of value committed to her Trust, to secure them, she hid them under ground; but dying suddenly, had not discovered where they were. The Owner demanded them of her Father, who was like to be brought into Trouble about it; but his dead Daughter appeared to him, and revealed where those Jewels were hid, and then vanished. That in these latter Ages the Spirits of dead Persons or of Demons, pretending to be such, have appeared to several, cannot be denied.

46 *Several nice Speculations upon the Nature of the Soul,*
denied, One of the Kings of Scotland was terrified with the Vision of one ap-
pearing to him, and saying, Because to please thee I have sinned against
my Conscience, I am adjudged to the Torments of Hell; he sent the
next Day to make Enquiry, and understood that the Man that appeared to
him was Dead. Sir George Viliers, (the Duke of Buckingham's Father)
appeared to a special Friend of his, whose Name was Parker, desiring him to
acquaint his Son with the Danger he was in, and revealed some Secrets to him,
known to no Persons in the World, but to himself and Son This was believ'd
at Court, where they are not wont to give much Credit to Things of this Nature.
The late Earl of Clarendon has given some Account of it. I have elsewhere
related how Major Sedenham, six Weeks after he was dead, appeared to
Capt. Dyke. (they had both of them been Sadduces, not believing the Im-
mortality of their own Souls) with such Words as these, I am sent to tell
you, that there is a God, and that he is a just and terrible God, and if
you do not become a new Man, you will quickly find it so; and then
vanished. Dyke was struck with Terror, and reformed his Life, living
two Years after this Apparition. Several late Writers tell us, that the Oc-
casion of the Renowned Dr. Twiss his Conversion, was, that when he was
a Youth at School, one of his Comrades, who had been a very Rakehell,
died, and after his Death appeared to young Twiss with these Words, Will,
I am damned; this made him to have serious Thoughts of another World,
and I think no Man can doubt the Reality of a Future State (or an
Eternity of Joy and Torment) that considers.

Glorious Things are spoken in Scripture concerning the future Re-
wards of the Righteous; and all the Words that are wont to signifie what
is of greatest Price and Value, or can represent the most entravishing Ob-
jects of our Desires are made use of by the Holy Ghost, to recommend unto
us this transcendant State of Blessedness: Such are these; Rivers of Plea-
sures, An incorruptible Crown, the Kingdom of Glory, &c. and, after all
that can be said, we must Resolve with the Apostle, It does not yet
appear what we shall be.

At this distance we cannot make any likely Gueses or Conjectures at
the Glory of that future State. Men make very imperfect Descriptions of
Countries and Cities, that never were there themselves, nor saw the Places
with their own Eyes. It is not for any mortal Creature to make a
Map of that Canaan that lies above: It is to all us that live here
on the hither-side of Death, an unknown Country, and an undiscover'd
Land. It may be, some Heavenly Pilgrim, that with his holy Thoughts
and ardent Desires, is continually travelling thitherward, he arrives some-
times near the Borders of the promised Land, and the Suburbs of the
new Jerusalem, and gets upon the Top of Pisgah, and there he has an
imperfect Prospect of a brave Country, that lies afar off; but he can't tell
how to describe it, and all that he hath to say to satisfy the curious
Enquirer, is only this, if he would know the Glories of it, he must go
and see it; indeed it requires some Saint or Angel from Heaven to dis-
course upon this Subject; and yet that would not do neither: for tho'
they might be able to speak something of it, yet we should
Ears to hear it. Neither can those Things be declared but in the Lan-
guage of Heaven, which would be little understood by us, the poor In-
habitants of this lower World; they are indeed Things too great to be
brought

brought within the Compass of Words. *St. Paul*, when he had been rapt up into the third Heaven, he saw *ἄψυχα ἄψυχα*, things unlawful, or impossible to be uttered; and, *Eye hath not seen, nor Ear heard, nor can it enter into the Heart of Man to conceive, what God hath prepared for them that love him; and it does not yet appear what we shall be;* (a) said that beloved Disciple, that lay in the Bosom of our Saviour.

Reader, you will not now expect, that I should give you a Relation of that which cannot be uttered, nor so much as conceived; or declare unto you what our Eagle-sighted Evangelist tells us *does not yet appear*: But, that you may understand, that that which sets this state of Happiness so beyond the Reach of all Imagination, is only its *transcendent Excellency*; I shall tell you something of what does already appear of it, and may be known concerning it.

And first of all, we shall be sure to meet in the Cælestial Court with the best Company that Heaven affords: Good Company it is the great Pleasure of the Life of Man; and we shall then come to the innumerable Company of Angels, and the general Assembly of the Church of the First-born, and to the Spirits of just Men made Perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Covenant. The Oracle tells *Amelius*, enquiring what was become of *Polinus's* Soul, that he was gone to *Pythagoras*, and *Socrates*, and *Plato*, and as many as had born a Part in the Quire of Heavenly Love; and I may say to every good Man, that he shall go to the Company of *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*; *Moses*, *David*, and *Samuel*; all the Prophets and Apostles, and all the holy Men of God that have been in all the Ages of the World. All those brave and excellent Persons that have been scattered at the greatest Distance of Time and Place, and in their several Generations have been the Salt of the Earth to preserve Mankind from utter Degeneracy and Corruption; These shall be all gathered together, and meet in one Constellation in that Firmament of Glory. *O Præclarum diem, cum ad illud divinorum animorum concilium, cœtumque proficiscar, atque ex hac turba ac colluvione discedam!* O that blessed Day, when we shall make our Escape from this medley and confused Riot, and shall arrive to that great Council and general Rendezvous of Divine and Godlike Spirits! But, which is more than all; we shall then meet our Lord Jesus Christ, the Head of our Recovery, whose Story is now so delightful unto us, as reporting nothing of him, but the greatest Sweetness and Innocence, and Meekness and Patience, and Mercy and Tendernefs, and Benignity and Goodness, and whatever can render any Person lovely or amiable; and who out of his dear Love and deep Compassion unto Mankind, gave up himself unto the Death for us Men, and for our Salvation. And if *St. Augustine* made it one of his Wishes, to have seen *Jesus Christ in the Flesh*; how much more desirable is it to see him out of his terrestrial Weeds, in his Robes of Glory, with all his redeemed ones about him! And this I cannot but look upon, as a great Advantage and Privilege of that future State; for I am not apt to swallow down that Conceit of the Schools, that we shall spend Eternity in gazing upon the Naked Deity; for certainly the Happiness of Man consists in having all his Faculties, in their due Subordinations, gratified with their proper

(a) 1 Joha 3. 2.

43 *Several nice Speculations upon the Nature of the Soul,*
Objects; and I cannot but believe, a great part of Heaven to be *the*
blest Society that is there; Their enravishing Beauty, that is to say, their
inward Life and Perfection, flowing forth, and raying it self thorough
their glorified Bodies; the *rare Discourses* wherewith they entertain one
another; the pure and chaste and spotless, and yet most ardent Love,
wherewith they embrace each other; the *ecstatick Devotions* wherein they
join together: And certainly, every pious and devout Soul will readily
acknowledge with me, that it must needs be matter of unspeakable
Pleasure, to be taken into the *Quire of Angels and Seraphims*, and the
glorious Company of the *Apostles*, and the goodly Fellowship of the
Prophets, and the noble Army of *Martyrs*; and to join with them in
singing Praises, and Hallelujahs, and Songs of Joy, and Triumph unto
our great Creator and Redeemer, the Father of Spirits and the Lover
of Souls, unto him that sits upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for
ever and ever.

Secondly, In Heaven we shall have our *Knowledge, and Love*; which are
the most perfect and beautifying Acts of our Minds, employed about their
noblest Objects in their most exalted Measures; for a Man to resolve him-
self in some knotty Question, or answer some stubborn Argument, or
find out some noble Conclusion, or solve some hard *Probleme*, what in-
effable Pleasure does it create many times to a contemplative Mind? We
know who sacrificed a *Hecatomb* for one Mathematical Demonstration;
and another that upon the like Occasion cry'd out, *εὐρηκα, εὐρηκα*, in a
kind of Rapture: To have the *Secrets of Nature* disclosed, and the *My-*
steries of Art reveal'd; but above all, the *Riddles of Providence* unfolded,
are such Jewels as I know many searching and inquisitive Spirits would
be willing to purchase at any Rate; when we come to Heaven (I will
not say, we shall see all things, in the *Mirror of Divinity*, for that it
may be is an Extravagancy of the Schools; nor, that any one true *Pro-*
position through the Concatenation of Truth, will then multiply it self into the
explicit Knowledge of all Conclusions whatsoever, for I believe that a Fancy
too, but) our Knowledge shall be strangely enlarg'd, and, for ought I can
determine, be for ever receiving new Additions, and fresh Accruements;
the *Clew of Divine Providence* will then be unravell'd, and all those *Diffi-*
culties which now perplex us, will be easily assoyl'd, and we shall then per-
ceive that the *Wisdom and Goodness of God*, is a vast and comprehensive
Thing, and moves in a far larger Sphere than we are aware of in this
state of narrowness and imperfection: But there is something greater and
beyond all this; and St. John has a strange Expression, *That we shall then*
see God even as he is; And God, we know, is the Well-spring of Per-
fection and Happiness, the Fountain and Original of all Beauty; he is
infinitely Glorious, and Lovely, and Excellent; and if we see him *as*
he is, all this Glory must descend into us and become ours: For we can
no otherwise see God, but by becoming *Deiform*, by being changed into
the same Glory; But Love, that is it which makes us most Happy,
and by that we are most intimately conjoyn'd unto God, *For he that*
delleth in Love, dwelleth in God, and God in him: And how pleasant be-
yond all Imagination must it needs be, to have the *Soul melted into a*
Flame of Love, and that Fire fed and nourished by the Enjoyment of its
Beloved; to be transported into Ecstasies and Raptures of Love; to be
be

be swallowed up in the Embraces of eternal Sweetness; to be lost in the Source and Fountain of Happiness and Bliss, like a Spark in the Fire, or a Beam in the Sun, or Drop in the Ocean.

Reader—It may be you will tell me, I have been all this while giving you a Relation of that which St. John tells us, does not yet appear what it is; but my Design has been the same with the Holy Evangelists; and that is, to represent unto you how transcendantly Great that state of Happiness must needs be; when as, by what we are able to apprehend of it, it is infinitely the Object of our Desires, and yet we are assured by those that are best able to tell, that the best and greatest Part of the Country is yet undiscover'd, and that we cannot so much as guess at the Pleasure of it till we come to enjoy it: And indeed it is impossible it should be otherwise; for Happiness being a Matter of Sense, all the Words in the World cannot convey the Notion of it into our Minds, and it is only to be understood by them that feel it; *μη κατά ἐπισημὴν ἢ οὐρανὸν ἔχουσιν, μηδὲ κατά νόον, ὡς περ τὰ ἄλλα νοητὰ, ἀλλὰ κατὰ παροῦσαν ἐπισημῆτι κρείττονα.*

But though it does not yet appear what we shall be, yet so much already appears of it, that it cannot but seem the most worthy Object of our Endeavours and Desires; and by some few Clusters that have been shewn us of this good Land, we may guess what pleasant and delightful Fruit it bears: And if we have but any Reverence of our selves, and will but consider the Dignity of our Natures, and the Vastness of that Happiness we are capable of, methinks we should be always travelling towards that Heavenly Country, though our Way lies through a Wilderness; and be striving for this great Prize and immortal Crown, and be clearing our Eyes and purging our Sight, that we may come to this Vision of God, shaking off all fond Passions and dirty Desires, and breathing forth our Souls in the very Words of the Reverend Mr. John Hicks, who (in his Dying Speech in the West) declares to the Spectators.

I am now going into that World where many Dark Things shall be made perfectly manifest and clear, and many doubtful Things fully resolved, and a plenary Satisfaction given concerning them; all Disputes and Mistakes concerning Treason, Rebellion and Schism, shall be at an End, and cease for ever. Many things that are Innocent, Lawful and Laudable, which have foul Marks, and black Characters, stamp'd and fix'd upon 'em, here they shall be perfectly purified, and fully cleansed from there; where, at one view, more shall be known of them than by all wrangling Debates and eager Disputes, or by reading all Polemical Books concerning them here.

When I beheld such an overflowing Flood of most prodigious Impiety; such Profanation of the Day of God; and so much Hell upon Earth; and that there is so much Decay of Holy Zeal, and true Piety, and Christian Religion among the Professors of it; such seeming incurable Breaches and Divisions; such expiring Love and Charity, and Partings among 'em; it hath powerful Influence on my Soul to reconcile it more to Death, and makes it electively, and from Choice to leave this present World, and take up my abode in that which is unseen and Future, where there shall be nothing but perfect Love and Holiness; a sinless State, and serving God with all Unweariedness and Perfection, with the highest Complacency and Delight

43 *Several nice Speculations upon the Nature of the Soul,*
that Immortal Souls can be capable of: There is perfect Peace, and
Concord, the innumerable Company of Angels, and the Spirits of
just Men made Perfect; all fastened together with indissolvable and
uninterrupted Chains of most pure Love, and all continually wrapt up
in, and transported with the highest Admiration of God's Love, his In-
finite and incomprehensible Excellencies and Perfections, singing Hal-
lelujah's to him without ceasing, and triumphing in his Praise for
ever and ever. The Consideration also, that I know so little of
these sublime, profound, and Divine Mysteries; of the most glorious
Mystery of Salvation by *Jesus Christ*; that I am so incapable to fathom
the Depths of the Providences of God, whose Ways are in the Sea,
and whose Paths are in the deep Waters, and whose Foot-steps are
not known, and particularly in the late stupendious and amazing one;
and that I am so ignorant of the Nature of Angels and Spirits, with
their Offices and Operations, and of their high and glorious Excel-
lencies; and that I am so little acquainted with the Nature of my
own Soul as at present dwelling in and united to my Body, and
as disunited and separated from it; how without Corporeal Organs
it shall most vivaciously and vigorously perform all its proper Functi-
ons and Offices, and more than ever strongly and indefatigably serve
the Lord *Jesus*, most fervently and abundantly love him and delight
in him, every way, much more obtain the supream and highest End
of its Creation and Being; and this makes me much more willing to
die that I may have the Knowledge thereof, with innumerable other
things, that I am now either Ignorant of or do but imperfectly know,
and so be made Happy by a Plenitude of Fullness of Enjoying In-
tellectual Pleasures, which are of all other most suitable, sweet, and
satisfactory to immortal Souls.

I earnestly exhort all most highly to prize and value Time, and
diligently improve it for Eternity; to be wise seriously and seasona-
bly to consider of their latter End: For by the irrepeatable and irre-
versible Law of Heaven we must all Die, yet we know not how, where,
or when.

Reader—having (in this *Third Essay*) said all that I think necessary
concerning our present Moment of Time, and that Eternity that depends
upon it, and of our Souls as at present dwelling in and united to our Bodies,
and as after Death conversing in the World of Spirits; I will now conclude
this—*First Part of my New Directory for Holy Living and Dying—with*
A Narrative of my Services and Sufferings in the Glorious Cause of Religion
and Liberty—which I'll intitle,

A P P E A L

To his Majesty's most Gracious Promise of *Never forgetting those that have Distinguished themselves in his Service* ;

O R,

The Humble P E T I T I O N of
J O H N D U N T O N, Gent.

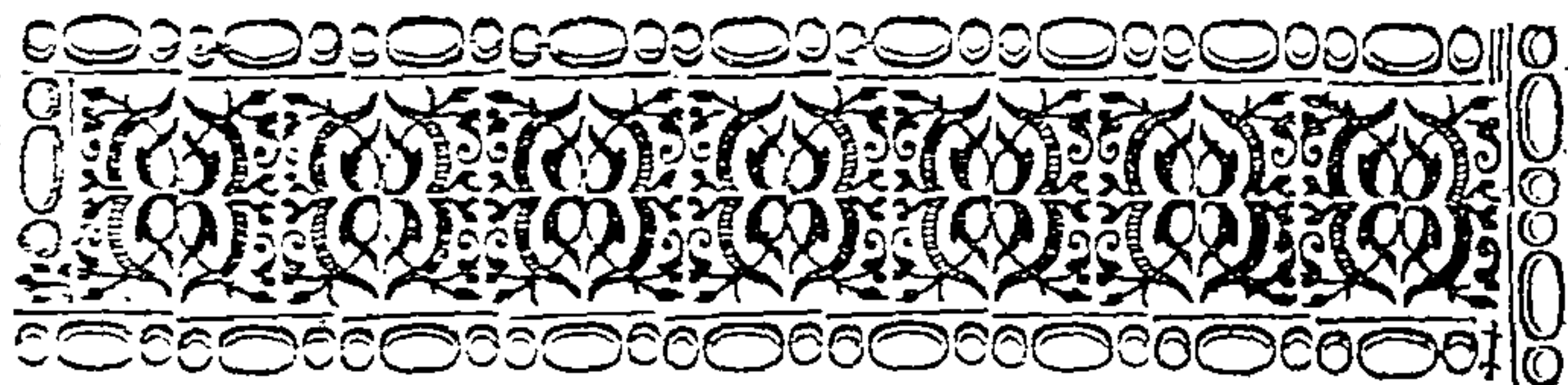
(To his Lawful and *Ever Glorious* Sovereign King GEORGE)
That he might not be left to Starve in a J A I L, after his *Early, Bold, and Successful venturing his Life and Fortune* in Detecting his Majesty's Enemies, when Plotting in the *Royal Palace*, and other Parts of *Great-Britain and Ireland*, to Restore the Pretender.

The whole P E T I T I O N

Humbly Submitted to the Consideration of the Right Honourable *ROBERT WALPOLE* Esq; First LORD of the TREASURY, and to the other Worthy PATRIOTS now in the MINISTRY, in hopes they'll give it such a Recommendation to his Majesty, as they know in HONOUR and CONSCIENCE is Due to it. To which is added, some Impartial REMARKS upon Mr. *Dunton's* PETITION to his Majesty ; Writ by that Reverend Clergyman that Published the Narrative, intitled, *Mordecai's Memorial, or there's nothing done for him*; Proving 'tis now a National COMPLAINT, that the Author of NECK or NOTHING has gone Nine Years Unrewarded for his distinguished Services to his King and Country.

His Majesty's first SPEECH from the Throne

I will never forget the Obligations I have to those that have Distinguished themselves by their Zeal and Firmness to the Protestant Succession, against all the Open and Secret Practices that have been used to Defeat it.



TO THE
King's most Excellent Majesty,

THE
Humble PETITION of *John Dunton, Gent.*

Sheweth,

THAT your *Petitioner* very early in the Queen's Reign, when *Oxford* and *Bolingbrook* were at the Head of the Ministry, did Publish a Pamphlet called *Beck or Nothing*, (or a Supplement to Mr. *W—l—p—l's* Celebrated Tract, entitled, *The short History of the Parliament*) discovering the Measures then taking (in the *Royal Palace*, and other Parts of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*) to blind the People, bring in the Pretender, and injure your sacred Majesty's Family's Right to your Throne (which he Prays God you may long Enjoy) which bold Discoveries no Man durst Publish at that Time but himself (so great a Risk did he run of his *Life* and *Fortune* in their Publication) as is proved by a Reverend Clergyman in his Narrative, intituled, *Mordecai's Memorial, or there's nothing done for him*; wherein he proves your *Petitioner* a Parallel Instance to the *Persian Mordecai* for his distinguished (tho' as yet unrewarded) Services, in detecting the *Jacobite Plots* against your Majesty's Royal Person and Family.

That your *Petitioner* had, upon the Publication of these Discoveries (intituled *Beck or Nothing*) several Officers, with Warrants from the State, in pursuit of him; with severe Threats of his *Life*; and large Rewards, for taking him; by Providence he escaped their Fury, but with great Fatigue, and Expence, and to the Impoverishing your *Petitioner*, 'till God Almighty sent your Majesty for a General Deliverance, in which your *Petitioner* had the most distinguished Share, the Pretender having Sworn (as the *Jacobites* Report) that *John Dunton* is the first Man he'll hang at *Tyburn*, if ever he ascends the *British Throne*, for his having writ at least *Forty Books* to prove him a *Popish Impostor*, and all his Adherents either *Fools, Knaves, or Madmen*, but your *Petitioner* (most Humbly) assures your Majesty that the Threats of this *Wou'd-be-King* (or little *Popish Work of Darkness*) has so little Frightened him from his sincere and steady Loyalty to his Lawful Sovereign; that he resolves to Re-print (in a few Days) *The Golden Age Reviv'd*; or, a *Vision of the Future Happiness of Great-Britain under the Glorious Reign of King George, and his Illustrious House,*

to the World's end; of which the late Order of both Houses of Parliament, for Burning the Pretender's Declaration by the Hands of the common Hangman, is a Good and Joyful Omen.

That your Petitioner living in *Daily Fear of a Prison*, by Reason of the *great Sums of Money*, which he freely spent out of his own Pocket, in detecting your Majesty's Enemies, apply'd himself to his two good Friends, the late Marquis of *Wharton*, and the Bishop of *Salisbury*, who faithfully Promised to lay your Petitioner's Wants and Services before your Majesty, which *Two Thousand Pounds* would Relieve (a *Small Sum* if Compared with his *Early, Bold, and Expensive Hazards* to serve the Publick) but they, to his great Sorrow, *Dying*, left him Destitute ever since, but of the hope of Relief from your *Sacred Majesty*, and your *Condescending Goodness* in distinguishing him by your Royal Present of a *Gold Medal*, which your Petitioner received by means of that *Truly Generous, and Illustrious Patriot* the Count *De Bothmer*, and will keep 'till Death, were he to *Dye with Hunger*.

That the Expectation of *some Reward* (according to your Majesty's Royal Promise from the Throne, which was "*Never to Forget them that distinguished themselves in your Majesty's Service*") has gained your "*Petitioner Credit for Sustenance for these several Years*"; which is now withdrawn, and a *JAIL* Threatned, and that tho' your Petitioner was formerly call'd the *PATRIOT* of *Great-Britain*, for venturing his *ALL* to save it from the *Usurpation and Tyranny of a Popish Pretender* (as was well known to the Immortal *STANHOPE*, * who, like a *True and Generous PATRIOT*, gave your Petitioner a noble Present of *Guineas* in acknowledgment of his Publick Services) and for that Reason, 'twas *Generally Thought*, he would have been the *first Man Rewarded* at your Majesty's Happy Accession to the *Brittish Throne*; But all the Reward your Petitioner has yet had (save that *Glorious one* of having done his *DUTY* to your Majesty's *Royal Person and Family* in the worst of Times) is the *utter Ruin of himself, for saving his Country from it*, if your Majesty's *Royal Bounty* does not prevent it; and yet your Petitioner has not once started from his *Constant and Affectionate Loyalty* to his *Lawful Sovereign King GEORGE*, ever since he drew his *Pen* in your Majesty's Service (whatever some *Proteus Loyalists* have done, when they have been no longer *Humoured or loaded with Royal Bounty*) which has occasioned some of your Majesty's best Friends to perswade him to Write a *PARADOX*, and entitle it, *The Honour of deserving a Knighthood exceeds the Title*; for, tho' your Petitioner was born a *Gentleman* (being the *Eldest Son* of a *Reverend Divine of the Church of England*) and bred a *Scholar*, and *Heir to a good Estate*; (a *great Part* of which your Petitioner has spent in detecting your Majesty's Enemies *both in the late and present Reign*) yet he most solemnly declares to your Majesty, that he had much rather *Starve* in the *Glorious Cause of King George*, and his *Illustrious House*, than to be advanced to the *Greatest Honours and Riches* by a *Popish Pretender*; and for that Reason, your Petitioner ever thought it his *DUTY* (both as a *Livery-Man* of the *City of London*, and a *Free-*

* The Right Honourable *James Earl Stanhope*, is the *True and Generous Patriot* here meant.

An APPEAL to his Majesty.

holder of the County of Bucks) to stick at no Charges in chusing such Members of Parliament, that were for securing to Great-Britain King WILLIAM's Glorious Legacy, the Protestant Succession in the Illustrious House of Hannover; nor shall either Rewards or Punishments, the Frowns or Flatteries of any Creature, hinder him from faithfully discharging the Duty he owes his God, his King, and Country, to the utmost of his Power; for as your Petitioner would not for a Thousand Worlds wrong any Man by a false Accusation, if he knew it to be so; so neither will he for Fear or Favour conceal any Villany that comes well attested to his Knowledge, This ever was, is, and shall be his Principle and Practice; by this he'll Stand or Fall, Live or Die, That Man he thinks ill understands his Duty to God, his Prince and Country, that will be Bully'd out of the Performing it by any Man on Earth; this, your Petitioner hopes, will never be attempted towards him; but if it should, will be in vain, for he would willingly lose for the Service of your Majesty, as much as others get by pretending to serve you.

All which fully Proves to your Majesty, that your Petitioner is sure to Die a Martyr in the Cause of his Country, and of the Royal Family; or (in Plainer English must Starve out his few remaining Days in a Prison) except inabled by a Royal Reward, to pay those DEBTS that he has Contracted in serving the Publick; and therefore, as your Petitioner has the HONOUR to be one of those Loyal Clergymen's Sons, to whom your Majesty has lately Promised, That they shall always have your Protection and Encouragement, he humbly Hopes he shall not be suffer'd to Starve in a Jail, for Debts contracted in the Service of his King and Country; it being now a NATIONAL COMPLAINT, that his distinguished Services to your Majesty's Royal Person and Family, has gone nine Years unrewarded (as will be declared in several Addresses to your Majesty, from some of the chief Corporations of Great Britain and Ireland, By the whole Athenian Society, of which your Petitioner has the Honour to be a Member, and in a very Particular Manner—From his Brethren the Sons of the Clergy, if this Present Petition to your Majesty does not meet with good good Success, as is both Desired and Expected by all your Majesty's true Friends) For 'tis generally Thought, your Petitioner's early Venture of his Life and Fortune in detecting your Majesty's Enemies, had not gone thus long Unrewarded, had it not been either Concealed or Misrepresented to your Majesty by those South-Sea (or Pretended) WHIGS that are lately Dead, or displaced for those Real WHIGS that are now in the MINISTRY, were ever Men of a Truly, Generous, and Faithful Character; But the pretended WHIGS have Rob'd a whole Kingdom of its Riches and Credit; and (like the Knavish Contrivers of the Fraudulent Harburgh Lottery) wou'd Reward Merit in none but their own Creatures, (or such as had Money enough to purchase their Favour.) And therefore your Petitioner's Enemies the JACOBITES and Pretended WHIGS, will have him pass for a MAD-MAN; the First, to Stifle the Early and Bold Discovery your Petitioner made of their Treason against your Majesty; and the last, to excuse their Scandalous Avarice and Ingratitude, in not Rewarding the many Desperate and Chargeable Hazards that he ran at his own Expence, to secure to them their Religion, Lives, and Estates; but your Petitioner is so far from being MAD (or in the least

CRAZ'D

CRAZ'D in his *Intellectuals*) he is ready to stand the TEST before the whole Colledge of Physicians upon that undeserved Slander; for even the Reverend and Learned Dr. Jonathan Swift, tho' a great Jacobite, and as such, your Petitioner's avow'd Enemy, yet does him the Honour to clear him of all MADNESS, in his Irony, entitled, *The Publick Spirit of the WHIGS*, by calling his NECK or NOTHING "A Cutting Satyr upon the Lord Treasurer, and Lord Bolingbrook; and to affirm it Gall'd them more than The CRISIS, (Writ by Sir Richard Steel,) or any other PAMPHLET had done, during their whole Ministry." 'Twould therefore be doing Justice to your Petitioner's own Reputation, and to those of his Fellow Subjects, who are merely Robb'd of their whole Estates, to set these South-Sea, or pretended WHIGS (the only Enemies your Petitioner had at Court) in a true Light, in a SATYR, entitled, --- Neck or Nothing on both sides; or, the National Complaint, that JOHN DUNTON that ventured his ALL in the Service of his King and Country, has gone Nine YEARS Unrewarded; and that those STATE Pick-Pockets, the late Directors of the South-Sea Company, their Aiders, Screeners, and Abettors are not yet Hanged.

This SATYR (if your Majesty's two Principal Secretaries of State, the Right Honourable the Lord TOWNSHEND, and the Lord CARTERET, will give leave for its Publication) shall set the Impudent and Matchless Knavery of the South-Sea (or Pretended) WHIGS; (but more especially of that Proud Son of a Judas, that was not only Accused of SODOMY and Robbing a whole Kingdom, but also of basely Concealing and Misrepresenting your Petitioner's PUBLICK SERVICES) in such a true Light, as will make their Memory Stink to the World's end; and in the mean Time, that your Petitioner might not quite sink under that Load of DEBTS, which he has contracted in the Glorious Cause of Religion and Liberty (by still having his Loyal and National Services either Concealed or Misrepresented to his Gracious Sovereign) he has taken Effectual Care to have this Humble Petition presented to your Majesty's own Hand; To the Right Honourable ROBERT WALPOLE Esq; First Lord of the Treasury, and to the other Worthy PATRIOTS now in the Ministry; in hopes they will give it such a Recommendation to your Majesty, as they know in Honour and Conscience is due to it, But whether they do or not, A Minister of State's not performing his Duty to those that have distinguished themselves in the Service of their Country, can no ways Blacken your Majesty's Spotless Character; for 'tis Universally acknowledged, if our Gracious Sovereign excels in one Vertue more than another, 'tis in that of Nobly REWARDING such as deserve it; (of which the Present Lord Chancellor, Earl Cadogan, Lord Townshend, Lord Carteret, and the Right Honourable Mr. Walpole, &c. are so many Illustrious Instances) which your Petitioner don't speak with an Eye to his own Advancement; for he can with Truth affirm, when he first ventured his Life and Fortune in detecting your Majesty's Enemies, he had no other Reward in View but barely doing his Duty to his King and Country. And to speak the Truth, of all the Ways of which your Petitioner is capable of Relief, A ROYAL BOUNTY to pay his Debts, and a Pension for Life, would make himself most easy (in Regard his frequent Attendance upon an ill State of Health, unfits him to execute an Office) and this

way of being delivered from DEBT (by the Blessing of God upon his Loyal and Studious Endeavours) would make your *Petitioner* farther Serviceable to his *Native Country*, both in detesting the Enemies to your Majesty's Government, and Promoting of VERTUE and LEARNING; and that

First, By Reprinting at least *One Thousand* of those *Vendible Copies* which your *Petitioner* Purchased from Authors of distinguished Piety, Learning and Ingenuity (whilst he Traded in the Stationer's Company) of which the *French Book of Martyrs*, Published in English with *Queen Mary's Royal Privilege*.—*Bp Barlow's Genuine Remains*, in *One Hundred Theological, Philosophical, and Historical Essays*.—*The Works of the Right Honourable Henry Lord Delamere*.—*And the Casuistical Morning Exercises* (Published by the Famous *Dr. Samuel Annesley*, your *Petitioner's* ever Honoured Father in Law) are Four of the said Copies, which with *nine Hundred ninety Six* valuable Copies more (to which your *Petitioner* has a just TITLE, and are now so scarce as not to be bought in London) had been long since Reprinted, had not the Money your *Petitioner* spent in your Majesty's Service prevented it.

Secondly, By your *Petitioner's* attempting to Reform the *Debauched Lives, Corrupt Principles, and ill Manners* of all your Majesty's Subjects, from the *Whoring Duke* down to the *Knaveish Begger*, by discovering to 'em (from his own Experience) the *Vanity, Errors, and Inconstancy*, &c. of this present World, and Reality of the next; and therefore that this *Religious Project* might awaken the *Conscience* of the most hardened Sinners, 'Tis intitled, *Upon this Moment depend's Eternity*, or *Mr. John Dunton's Serious Thoughts upon the Present and Future State, in a Fit of Sickness that was judged Mortal; being a new Directory for Holy Living and Dying, Compos'd of the Author's own Experience, in Religion, Politicks, and Morals, from his Childhood to his Sixty Third Year; and submitted to the Impartial Censure of the Right Reverend Father in God, William Lord Bishop of ELY.*

Thirdly, By Publishing *Intellectual Sport; or, a Pacquet for the Virtuosi of Great Britain*, which your *Petitioner* has now ready for the Press, and intends to Entitle it — *The Athenian Library; or, a Universal Entertainment for the Lovers of Novelty*; containing two Thousand distinct Treatises in PROSE and VERSE, upon Subjects never handled before, The whole Written by the Author of NECK or NOTHING, (*a Member of the Athenian Society*) and Revised, Corrected, and Approved by the *Gentlemen* concerned with him in Writing *The ATHENIAN ORACLE* (a Work Answering all Nice and Curious Questions concealing the Querists) of which your *Petitioner* had the HONOUR of being the first Projector and Author.

And Lastly, — By your *Petitioner's* compleating in a *Second Edition*, what he calls — *The Life and Errors of John Dunton, late Citizen of London; Written by himself in Solitude — With an Idea of a New Life*; wherein is shewn how he would Think, Speak, and Act, might he live over his Days again; Intermixed with the *New Discoveries* that the Author has made in his Travels Abroad, and in his *Private Conversation* at Home; Together with *The Lives and Characters of a Thousand Persons* (both Male and Female) of Distinguished Piety, Learning, and Ingenuity. (*All of your Petitioner's Kindred, and Intimate Friends*)

And the whole *Life and Errors*, digested into *Seven Stages*, with their Respective IDEAS. To which is prefixed, a LETTER, writ by a Reverend Divine of the Church of England; Recommending this IDEA OF A NEW LIFE, to the Frequent Perusal of *Young Persons* (of both Sexes) but more especially to his own Children.

Thus your Petitioner has Presumed to inform your Majesty of his Great Zeal, Expence, and Industry in Promoting of VERTUE and LEARNING (as well of as his Distinguished Loyalty to your Majesty's Illustrious House in the worst of Times) in hopes you will be Graciously Pleas'd to give him your Royal Pardon for this BOLD (but necessary) DISCOVERY of his Loyal, and Typographical Services; for as it was wholly owing to the MUSES, that Cardinal DU BOIS had the first Access to the Monarch of France, and obtained the Honour of a Celebrated Admission into the French Academy, so your Petitioner does not in the least Doubt, but the VIRTUOSI of Great-Britain (i. e. such Members of the Athenian Society, that have distinguished themselves by their steady Loyalty to your Majesty, and Great Zeal in Promoting of Virtue and Learning) will be as Nobly REWARDED with Marks of your Royal Favour, as the VIRTUOSI of France have been by the French King; Neither had your Petitioner been now out of a Prison, had he not assured his Creditors of the Great Hopes he had of the Good Success of this Present Appeal to your Majesty's most Gracious Promise, of never forgetting those that have distinguish'd themselves your Service.

May your Majesty long Live the Blessing of your People, and Support of the Protestant Interest, and the Liberties of Europe; all of them now in the utmost Danger by the Cursed Conspiracy of the HIGH-CHURCH PARTY to Restore a Popish Pretender; may your Majesty be the Glorious Instrument of Providence, to extricate them out of it, And to this End, may God bless your Majesty with a wise Council, a Faithful Ministry, and an Obedient, loyal, affectionate, dutiful, united People.

Your Petitioner therefore, most humbly lays himself at your Sacred Majesty's Feet, begging your Generous Pardon for this long and tedious Address, (as 'tis in some Sense, his Dying Groans from the Fleet-Prison; or, Last Shift for Life) and imploring your tender Goodness and Compassion on his Miseries, Wants and Services in such Manner, as your Majesty, in your Great Wisdom, shall think fit,

And your PETITIONER

(as in Duty bound)

Shall ever Pray.



Some Impartial REMARKS upon Mr. DUNTON's Petition to his Majesty; (writ by that Reverend Clergyman that published the Narrative Intituled Mordecai's Memorial; or, there's Nothing done for him;) Proving, 'tis now a National Complaint, that the Author of NECK OR NOTHING has gone Nine Years Unrewarded, for his distinguished Services to his KING, and Country.

Si Ingratum dixeris, omnia dixeris.

READER, In this Petition to his Majesty, which Mr. Dunton delivered to the King with his own Hand, we find a Loyal and Moving Representation of very Seasonable, Desperate, and Unrewarded Services and Sufferings in the Glorious Cause of Religion and Liberty, and of the Succession of the Illustrious House of Hannover to the Throne of these Kingdoms, when all these were in *Imminent Hazard*, and ready to be sacrificed, at one Blow, to the *Pope* and the *Pretender*; when the Vengeance of an *abandoned Ministry* was the certain Effect of Revealing their *Treason*, and *Controuling* their *Measures*; if in these Circumstances, there was (*a British Mordecai*) a Man of Honesty and Courage, to whom *their Plots and Contrivances were revealed*, who with the utmost Freedom Risqued his *Estate, his Liberty, and his Life*, by a most seasonable Publication of the Wicked Designs that were then on the Anvil, who *proposed to make good his Charge* in open Court, if he could have obtained the late Queen's Protection for himself and his Witnesses, who in *Forty Books published at his own Expence*, alarmed the Blind and Deluded Subjects of Great Britain and Ireland, and who thereupon was pursued with the *keenest Resentment of a Secretary of State*, who, when he cou'd serve his Country, and promote the Security of the Succession of his Majesty's *Illustrious House*, in no other Capacity, made his *Weekly Appearance* under the Title of his own *GHOST* (a) What Reward shall he not be thought to deserve? The Design therefore of this Petition is to inform his Majesty, that Mr. John Dunton (*Author of Neck or Nothing*) is the *MORDECAI*, after his *Service, his Hazards and Success*; and after large *Affurances* were made him, in Case the Protestant Succession should obtain, yet has been Nine Years neglected and left to struggle with a Great Incumbrance upon his Estate, and that tho' 'tis very Notorious, how successful Mr. Dunton's Endeavours were to secure the Protestant Succession in the *Illustrious House of Hanover*, his Free and Plain manner of Writing was wonderfully adapted to the service of those who wanted the most to be delivered from the *Arts and Colours*, under which the *Treason* of that time was hid; and were there a *Strict Scrutiny*, I doubt

(a) i. e. He Published a Weekly Paper intitled Dunton's Ghost.

Some Impartial REMARKS upon

ot but his Converts would appear as Numerous as Sir R—d S—l's; He turned his Common Friendship and Acquaintance with Papists into Means enlarging his Discoveries, by which Method he came acquainted with the Contrivances of the Papists and Jacobites both in England and Ireland, and gave so plain and timely Intimations of their Designs, as effectually prevented them, (as is shewn at large in my Narrative called, *Mordecai's Memorial, or there's nothing done for him*, and is since proved by Mr. Dunton himself, in his Essay intitled, *The Golden Age exemplified in the glorious Reign of his present Majesty*.) So that I am bold to say, there is not a Subject in Great Britain that has distinguished himself more by his Zeal and Firmness for the Protestant Succession, against all the open and secret Practices that have been used to defeat it, than Mr. Dunton has done (his Capacity and Station considered) he exposed his Life to the Power and Enmity of the late Ministry, in a most Publick Detection of their Treasonable Scheme, to introduce the Pretender, he was persecuted and hunted by them like a Partridge, and (as I said before) when he found it expedient he turned Ghost (at the very time when Six Warrants were in Pursuit of his Body) to secure the Protestant Succession, and Defeat the Hopes of the Pretender, could I say as much for my self in this Regard, as I can with an unreprieving Conscience for Mr. Dunton, I would not exchange Merit with Sir R—d S—l, 'Tis certain Mr. Dunton, has a just Claim upon the Foot of this Promise never to be forgotten, by his Majesty King George; I have not entertained such a Thought, that a Promise made by a Prince so Famous for the punctual Observation of his Word, and especially the first Promise he ever made from the British Throne, will lye forgotten or Unperformed to one whose Services have had their Success in raising him to that Throne, of which his Majesty is now fully informed by that Petition, Mr. Dunton lately delivered to the King with his own Hand (as I am assured by that Clergyman that compares his Publick Services to those of Sir R—d S—l's in the Paradox intitled, *The Honour of deserving a Knighthood exceeds the Title*) and as the World is here presented with A true Copy of Mr. Dunton's Petition to his Majesty, so I dare affirm I have made no Remarks upon it but what his early and successful Venture of Neck or Nothing most justly Merits, and is acknowledged to be Matter of Fact by all the True Friends to his Majesty's Sacred Person and Family.

In short, I had never concerned my self in this Affair. now, did I not Think, nay Know, the King's Honour as well as the Ministry's concern'd, in Rewarding such National Services; the Body of Dissenters, nay all our Country Whigs, murmur at Mr. Dunton's being neglected, his Reputation stands so fair in the British World, it looks ill not to Regard the Man; and therefore as I am pleased with every Thing that adds to his Majesty's Glory, I thought it my Duty to Prove (in these Impartial Remarks upon Mr. Dunton's Petition to the KING) that every Loyal Subject (as well as my self) ought to be Uneasy, till his Distinguished Services to his King and Country are nobly Rewarded, for can he be a True Friend to his Majesty that is not ashamed the Government should suffer a Faithful Servant to Sink under DEBTS contracted in its Defence? For my own share, I no sooner Read Mr. Dunton's Petition to his Majesty, but I was moved with a Generous Resentment, that Poor Mordecai should have

Nothing done for him, I saw him Perishing under his Load of Debts, contracted in the hazardous Service of his Country; I was not unacquainted with the large Assurances made him by the late Marquis of Wharton and the Bishop of Salisbury; I was convinced he was able to compare Notes (with the real and eminent Services done) with many whom the Favour of their Prince has Bountifully Distinguished; this being Mr Dunton's Case, I was sensibly Touched with it; if therefore Mr. Dunton's Petition to his Majesty, be Honoured so far, as to be Back'd with Mr. WALPOLE's (or some other Worthy Patriot's) informing the King of his Early, Expensive, and Successful Hazards to serve his Illustrious House in the worst of Times (or be followed with Addresses in Mr. Dunton's Behalf from the Citizens of London, Freeholders of Bucks, and from his Bretheren the SONS of the Clergy; if his Petition Prove Unsuccessful) it will doubtless meet with such a noble Reward from his Majesty, as the whole Nation thinks Mr. Dunton has long and most justly deserved for his Publick Services, which (as he rightly observes in his Petition to the King) had been long since Rewarded had they not been either conceal'd or misrepresented to his Majesty, by those South-Sea (or Kaavish) Whigs that Pretended to Serve the Publick only to enrich themselves: However as those Corrupt and Ungrateful Statesmen (the South-Sea or pretended Whigs) are all either Dead or Displaced, Mr. Dunton will now soon obtain that Royal Reward he has long deserved, (for the Great Service he has done his Country in securing the Protestant Succession in the Illustrious House of Hanover.) If (as I said before) the Right Honourable Mr. Walpole, or Some other worthy Patriot now in the Ministry will do him that Great Honour and Justice, as to inform his Majesty how long his distinguished Services in detecting his secret and open Enemies have gone Unrewarded, as I can't doubt but they will; for sure I am, when Mr. Dunton first engaged in his hazardous Undertakings, in which he has met with most Remarkable Success, he might have had Security from the Men now in Power, that in case the SCHEME laid to bring in the Pretender, and defeat the Settlement of the Crown upon the Protestant Line, should be effectually Detected and Overthrown, and themselves placed where they are; that he should never want a Share in their Fortune; that every Office in their Power, should, tho' unasked, be employed to raise him above Straits, to make him easy thro' the remainder of his Days: But now his Endeavours have succeeded, and been the means to raise and set them in the Saddle; the Poor Man, to whom in good Measure they owe their Posts and their Honours, has (through the Scandalous Avarice and Ingratitude of those South-Sea or pretended WHIGS that are Dead, or Displaced) been nine Years forgotten and nothing done for him; it has been thought that Generosity, Gratitude, and Good Faith, were the Glorious and Distinguishing Characters of the Real WHIGS, and whether indeed they are so, the Success of Mr. Dunton's Petition to his Majesty, and these Remarks upon it, will go a Great Length to Determine. The prime Ministers of State in the Kingdom of Persia, are charged to this Day with Ingratitude, that Mordecai had nothing done for him; tho' by his Means the Plot of Assassination was revealed and defeated, had Ahasuerus been Murdered by his Chamberlains, 'twas a Hundred to one they had all lost their Places? 'Twas owing to Mordecai that the Ministry in

Persia was not turned out, and 'tis very much owing to Mr. *Dunton* (our *British Mordecai*) the present Ministry was turned in; I would therefore Humbly ask, whether the *Worthy Patriots* now in the Ministry, who have been Witnesses of his Service, and themselves well provided by Means of his Success, can endure the Thought that Mr. *Dunton* should Rot in a Prison when there are a thousand Ways to relieve him? — But indeed of all the other Ways in which he is capable of Relief, a *Royal Bounty* to pay his Debts, and a *Pension for Life* (as Mr. *Dunton* declares in his *Petition* to his Majesty) would make him most easy in Regard his frequent Attendance upon an ill State of Health, unfit him to execute an Office; and therefore I cannot doubt of the Readiness of the Right Honourable Mr. *WALPOLE* (nor of those other *Worthy PATRIOTS* that now surround the Throne) to ROLL away the Reproach Mr. *Dunton's* rotting in a Prison would unavoidably cast upon them.

With all possible Importunity therefore, I beg it of Mr. *WALPOLE*, and of those other *Faithful Patriots* now in the Ministry (and so do those other Clergymen and Persons of Note, who engaged me in this just Recommendation of Mr. *Dunton's* unrewarded Services to their Consideration) that they'd take a Proper Opportunity to present one of Mr. *Dunton's* Petitions to the King, and Support the just Intention of it with the sincere Concern, which they know in Honour and Conscience is Due to it.

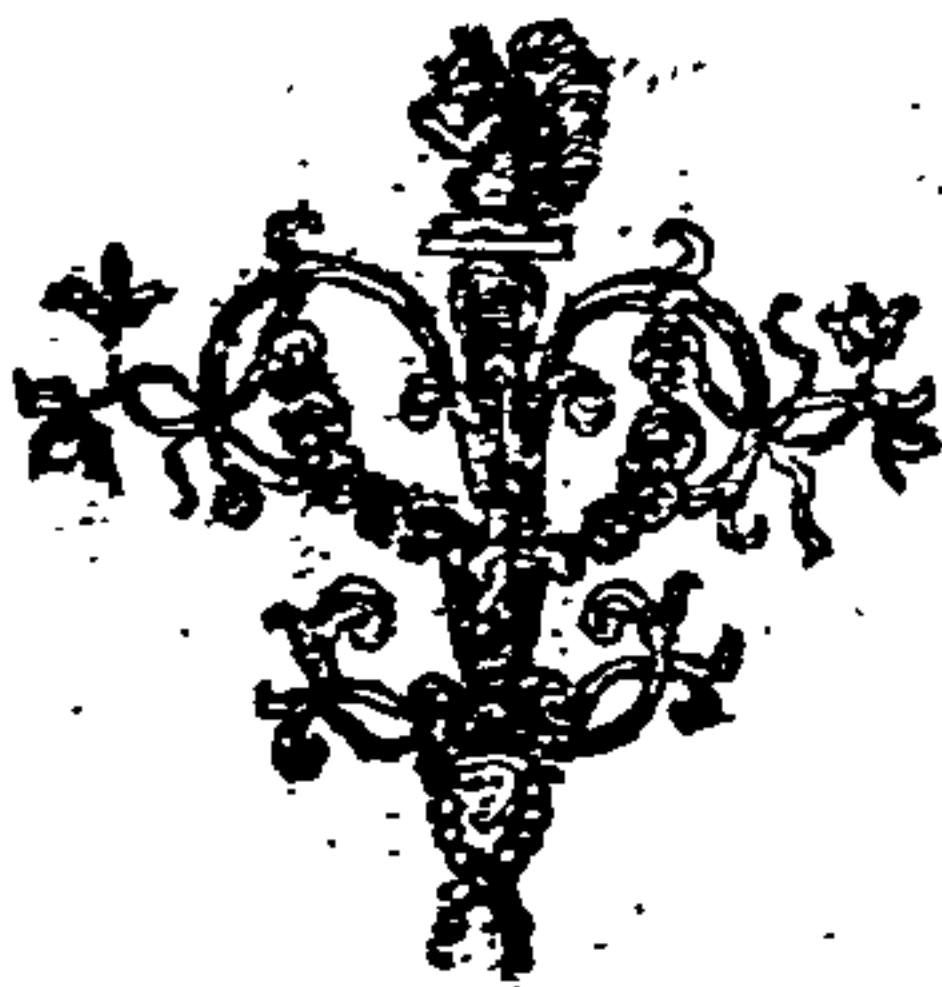
Reader, 'tis Reported of *Q. Elizabeth* (a) (that *Deborah* of our Nation) that in a Letter to the King of France, she should use this Expression: "That if there were any unpardonable Sin it must be Ingratitude." And *Plutarch* (b) relateth concerning *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*, "That he took the Death of *Æropus* very Impatiently, because he was thereby cut off from all Opportunities of requiting the Coutesies which he had received from him" Sure I am, there is not a Grateful Subject in all the *British* Dominions, that reads Mr. *Dunton's* Petition to his Majesty (if a true Lover of his King and Country) but must own that the Author of NECK or NOTHING has more boldly ventured his Life and Fortune in his Majesty's Service, than any other Man in the Kingdom besides, (and consequently most justly deserves, that *Royal Reward* I have here mentioned) and therefore I don't wonder 'tis now a National Complaint, that Mr. *Dunton's* distinguished Services to his Majesty's Sacred Person and Family, have gone Nine Years Unrewarded, for GRATITUDE is justly held to be the Mother of all Virtues; seeing that from this one Fountain those many Rivulets arise, as that of Reverence and due Respects unto our Masters and Governours, and that of Friendship among Men, Love to our Country, Piety to our Parents, and Religion towards God himself; in a Word, Ingratitude is the foulest Vice in the World; so that 'tis an old saying, *Si Ingratum dixeris, omnia dixeris*; and therefore the Ungrateful are Every way hated, as being under the Suspicion of every Vice; on the contrary, Grateful Persons (and much more when a *British* Monarch gives us an Illustrious Instance of *Royal Gratitude* in his own Person) are in the estimation of all Men, having by their Gratitude put in a Kind of Security, that they are not without some Measure of every other sort of Virtue. *Sir William Fitzwilliams* the Elder, being a Merchant

(a) Cambd. Eliz.

(b) Plut. in Vita Pyrr.

Taylor, and Servant sometime to Cardinal *Woolsey*, was chosen Alderman of *Broad-street Ward* in *London* 1506, going afterwards to Dwell at *Milton* in *Northamptonshire*; in the Fall of the Cardinal his former Master, he gave him kind Entertainment there at his House in the *Country*; for which being called before the King, and Demanded “*How he durst*”
 “*Entertain so great an Enemy to the State?* His Answer was, *That he*”
 “*had not contemptuously, or wilfully done it, but only because he had been*”
 “*his Master and partly the Means of his Greatest Fortunes*” The King was so pleased with his Answer, that saying, *Himself had few such Servants*, Immediately Knighted him, and afterwards made him one of his *Privy-Council*; if therefore *Gratitude* be such a *distinguishing Vertue*, that a Man can neither be a *Good King, a Good Subject, a Good Christian, nor a Good Friend* without it; I am then (as a Clergyman) greatly obliged, both in *Gratitude* and *Justice* to *Mr. DUNTON*, to make these *Impartial Remarks* upon his *PETITION* to his Majesty, that so the Present *Whig-Ministry* may do him that *Justice* (by informing the King of his *distinguished Services* to his *Illustrious House*) which the *Whole NATION* most justly expects from them as will soon appear in *An Address of the Clergymen's Sons to his Majesty* (in *Mr. Dunton's* Behalf) if his own *Petition* prove *Unsuccessful*.

I have now Pleaded *the Poor Man's Cause* by whom the *City* was sav'd, and whose *Services* and *Sufferings* cannot miss of a *Noble REWARD*; if there be either *Honour, or Conscience, or Gratitude*, upon the *Face of the Earth*.





Mr. John Dunton's Forty POLITICAL TRACTS, Proving King George our Rightful and ever Glorious Sovereign, and the Pretender a Popish Impostor (being the Forty BOOKS mentioned in p. 2. in the PETITION to his Majesty, and were most of them Published when Oxford and Bolingbrook were Two Reigning Favourites; and the rest since his Majesty's Happy Accession to the British Throne, and are these following, viz.)

1. *NECK or Nothing*, in a Letter to the Earl of Oxford, being a Supplement to Mr. Walpole's short History of the Parliament.

2. *Queen Robin*, or the Second Part of *Neck or Nothing*, detecting the Secret Reign of the Four last Years of her late Majesty Queen Anne.

3. *The shortest Way with the King*, or Plain English spoke to his Majesty; being the Third Part of *Neck or Nothing*.

4. *The Impeachment*, or Great-Britain's Charge against the late Ministry, in Sixty Articles.

5. *Whig-Loyalty*, or a Private Letter to her late Majesty Queen Anne, by Mr. John Dunton; in which he offers to appear and prove all his Discoveries in his Narrative, entitled *Neck or Nothing*.

6. *The Golden Age*, or a Vision of the Future Happiness of Great Britain, under the Glorious Reign of King George, and his Illustrious House to the World's End.

7. *The Medal*, or a Loyal Essay upon King George's Picture, as 'twas Presented to Mr. John Dunton, by his Majesty's Order.

8. *Dunton's Ghost*, or a Speech to the most Remarkable Persons in Church and State, written by the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, whilst he was Number'd amongst the Dead.

9. *The Hereditary Bastard*, or the Royal Intrigue of the Warming-Pan fully detected, in a Sermon upon these Words; *And a Bastard shall dwell in Ashdod*, Zech. 9. 6.

10. *Ox* — and *Bull* —, or a Funeral Sermon for the Two Beasts that are to be slaughter'd on *Tower-Hill*, next Session of Parliament, upon these Words; *But these, as natural Brute Beasts, made to be Taken and Destroyed*. 2 Pet. 2.

11. *King Abigail*, or the Secret Reign of the She-Favourite detected; and apply'd in a Sermon upon these Words: *And Women Rule over them*, Isa. 3. 12.

12. *Bungey, or the False Brother* (Dr. Sacheverell) proved his own Executioner: In a Sermon Preached on these Words; *And went and Hung himself*, Matt. 27. 5.

13. *Frank Scammony, or the Restoring Clergy detected in their Names, Haunts, Plots, Heresies, and Leud Conversation*: In a Sermon upon these Words; *Her Priests have violated my Law, and I am profaned among them*, Ezek. 22. 16. Occasion'd by a certain Bi—ps swearing, *We'll have the Pretender by G—d*.

14. *Seeing's Believing*; or, King George Proved a Us—per, and his whole Reign one continued Act of C—ty and Op—n, and other *Notorious Failings*; Written by a Subject to the Lawful King. The whole Essay being a *Satyrical Irony*, to prove King George the *most Rightful and Glorious Prince* that ever sat on the *British Throne*.

15. *The High Church Gudgeons*; or, A Day's Ramble to catch the Foolish Jacks with their own Treason: Being a Key to that Loyal Irony, intitled, *Seeing's Believing*; or, King George Prov'd a Us—per; for writing whereof, Mr. Dunton was Three Times carry'd before a Magistrate the same Day, and as often Acquitted, for a Loyal Subject and Honest Man.

16. *The Devil's Martyr's*; or, Plain Dealing: In Answer to the *Jacobite* Speeches of those Two Perjured Rebels *William Paul*, a Clergyman, and *John Hall*, a Justice of Peace; fairly proving, No British Subject can be a true Son of the Church of England, that dies asserting the Pretender has any Right to his Majesty's Crown.

17. *Royal Gratitude*; (or King George's Promise never to forget his Obligations to those who have Distinguished themselves in his Service) critically consider'd, In a Letter to *Robert Walpole Esq*; Occasioned by a General Report, that Mr. *John Dunton* (Author of *Neck or Nothing*) will speedily be Rewarded with a Considerable Place or Pension.

18. *King George for Ever*; or, *Dunton's* Speech to the Protestant Associators of *Great-Britain*; but more especially to those of the *Tower-Hamlets*.

19. *The Manifesto of King John the Second* (alias Mr. *John Dunton*) declaring he has fairer Pretensions to be Sole Monarch of these Kingdoms, than that Popish Impostor that Stiles himself, *James the Third*.

20. *The Ideal Kingdom*; or, A Description of what Court *John the Second* resolves to keep, and in what Manner he intends to Reign, in in Case (after the Death of King George, and the several Branches of his *Illustrious House*) he should Defeat his Popish Rival for the British Crown, and be chose Sole Monarch of *Great-Britain*.

21. *The Mob War*; or, A Detection of the Present State of the *British Nation*: Containing such Discoveries (in Church and State) as were never Published before.

22. *King William's Legacy*; An Heroick Poem. In two Parts. Containing — (1.) The Celestial Coronation; or, The Joyful Acclamations of the Blessed in Heaven, on the same Day on which our Glorious George was Crowned Monarch of *Great Britain*. (2.) *No Pretender*; or, The General Thanksgiving on Earth: Being a Comment in Prose and Verse upon all the rejoicing Sermons that were Preached June the 7th, upon the Total Defeat of the *English and Scotch Jacobites*.

23. *Burnet and Wharton*; or, *The Two Immortal Patriots*; An Heroick Poem. Inscribed to all true Lovers of their King and Country; but more especially those that had the Honour to be Personally known either to the late Bishop of *Salisbury*, or the Marquis of *Wharton*.

24. *The Pulpit Lunatics*; or, A Mad Answer to a Mad Report, made by a Committee of Mad Priests, against *Benjamin* Lord Bishop of *Bangor*, and most humbly Inscribed to that Truly, Pious, Learned, and Immortal Prelate.

25. *The Bull-Baiting*; or, *Sacheverell* Dress'd up in Fire-works: Lately brought over from the *Bear-Garden* in *Southwark*, and Expos'd for the Diversion of the Citizens of *London*, at *Six-pence a-piece*.

26. *The Conventicle*; or, A Narrative of the Dissenters new Plot against the Present Constitution, in Church and State; Written by Way of Irony, Proving the Protestant Dissenters, and Low Church-men, his Majesty's most Loyal Subjects, and best Friends.

27. *The Hannover Spy*; or, Secret History of *St. James's*, from the Reign of *Queen Robin* down to the late Misunderstanding in the Royal Palace.

28. *Dunton's Recantation*; or, His Reasons for Deserting his *Whigish* Principles, and turning *Jacobite*: Being a Loyal Irony; or, Bite for the *Jacobites*.

29. *The Passive Rebels*; or, A Satyr upon the High Church Impudence of wearing *Oaken Boughs* on the Restoration Day, *Rue and Thyme* on the Thanksgiving-Day, and *Whites Roses* on the Pretender's Birth-Day.

30. *The Pulpit Trumpeter*; or, The Substance of all the Treasonable Sermons that have been preach'd at *White-Chapel* by that Nonjuring Rebel *Dr. Welton*; Attested by two of his constant Hearers.

31. *The High Church Martyrology*; or, The True Character of all those that have dy'd by the *Ignominious Death of the Halter*, for Rebelling against their Lawful Sovereign King *George*.

32. *The Pulpit-Bite*; or, A Satyr on the Hereditary (or High Church) Fools (However Dignify'd or Distinguished) that would Restore a *Popish* Pretender under a False Pretence that *the Church is in Danger* under his Present Majesty.

33. *The Pretender*; or, *Sham King*: A Trage-Comedy. As it was Acted upon the Theatre of *Great-Britain* during the late Cursed Rebellion.

34. *God Save the King*; or, A Speech to our Rightful and ever Glorious Sovereign upon his first Landing at *Greenwich*: Giving him a hearty Welcome to his New Dominions.

35. *The Protestant Nosegay*; or, A Panegyrick upon the *Royal Orange*, and upon all Things dignify'd with an *Orange-Colour*, as it is to King *William* we owe the invaluable Blessing of the Protestant Succession in the Illustrious House of *Hannover*.

36. *George the Second*; or, The True Prince of *Wales*: An Heroick Poem. Dedicated to that Truly, Loyal, and Thoughtful Patriot, who was the first Proposer of that Blessed Legacy, the Protestant Succession in the Illustrious House of *Hannover*.

27. *The Queen by Merit*; A Paradox fully proved in the Illustrious Character of her Royal Highness the Princess of *Wales*.

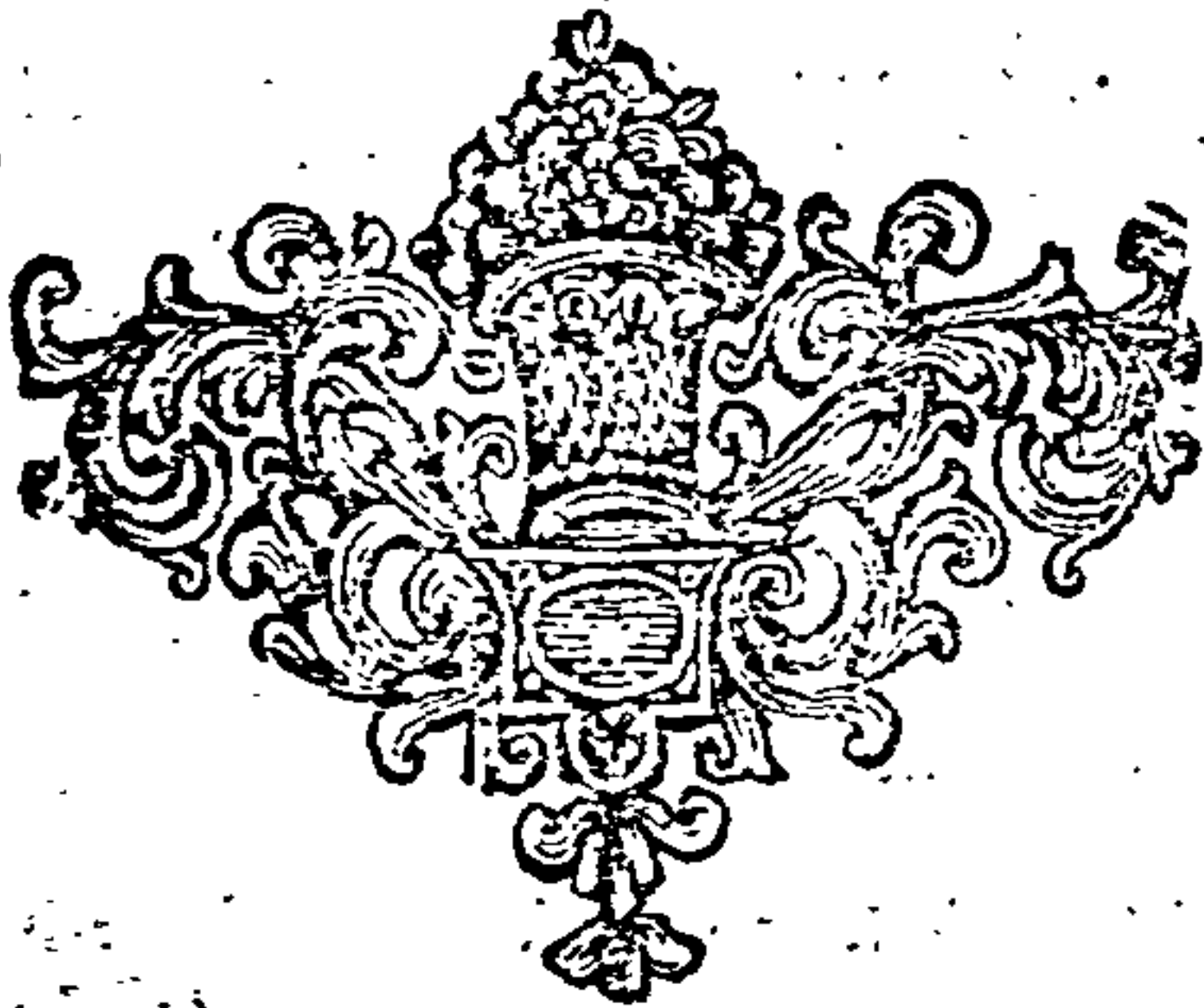
28. *The Royal Pair*; or, A Panegyrick upon Conjugal Love: Inscrib'd to (that Matchless Instance of it) the Prince and Princess of *Wales*.

29. *The Unborn Princes*; An Heroick Poem: Inscribed to the Royal Issue of the *Illustrious House of Hannover*, not yet in Being; but is more Particularly Address'd to Prince *Frederick George*, and the Two Young Princesses, more lately arrived at the *Fount of Life*.

40. *All's at State*; or, The only Way to Retrieve the Lost Glory, Honour, Piety, Morals, and Unanimity of *Great-Britain*, is by the Choice of a Good Parliament.

These *Forty Political Tracts*, (except those of them that are out of Print) are all sold by *S. Popping* in *Pater-noster-Row*, and most Booksellers in *Great Britain* and *Ireland*.

F I N I S.



B L