

# The GOLDEN AGE.

As his *Advice* (which *Britain* ne'er missed  
First set the Crown on *Royal George's* Head,  
He next embrac'd the Noble *Warrington*,  
(Who still does live in his *Illustrious Son*)  
As 'twas his pow'rful Name and Interest,  
And Eloquence (as all the World confest)  
That made the *Revolution* shine so bright,  
As conquer'd Popish *James* without a Fight.  
This *Hero's* Conduct did *Great Britain* save,  
And all shou'd get a Glorious Life or Grave,  
As *Royal George* does still reward the Brave.  
Ev'n *Heav'n* it self does greater Crowns be-  
stow

On *Martyr'd Saints* than such as were not so.  
Then *Warrington's* Brave Heirs will always  
shine,

Whilst there's a *Booth* to propagate his Line.

Now, now all Heaven's Spectators shout  
aloud ;

The eager *Angels* o'er each other crowd,  
All their keen Eyes are to one Object bent ;  
The loaded Skies with Peals of Praise are  
rent :

The *Bless'd* in Heaven glided down in Crowds,  
To view King *George* from the adjacent  
Clouds.

Sure

Sure Saints themselves have some Regard to  
Men,

For all their Knees were bent for *Britain* then,  
(And *Golden Age* was ev'ry where the Theme)  
Now *Heavenly Bards* the best of Monarchs  
sing,

For Royal *George* is this Day crowned King,  
Here Crowds of tuneful Laureats touch'd their  
Lyres,

And *Rapture* hover'd on the trembling Wires.  
Comets were lighted, Saints *Laudamus* sung,  
And Glitt'ring *Heaven* with Hallelujahs rung.  
Thus Angels and Saints did dress in Robes of  
Light,

And gaz'd to grace the *Coronation-Sight*.  
Which proves King *George's* Title is Divine.  
That he's a right that's *Revolution King*)  
For as the *Bless'd* approve his Royal Station,  
That's the *Celestial Coronation*.

Oh who wou'd then my ravish'd Soul a-  
wake,  
of the Blis these Saints enjoy partake.  
Each *Image* my transported *Fancy* frames,  
am in *Heaven*, or *Heaven* is in my  
*Dreams*.

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The *Joyful Coronation* being past,  
And Heav'n and Earth with *George* extreamly  
pleas'd,

Oh! what a General *Golden Age* is this!

On Earth the *Whiggs* did ev'ry where re-  
joyce, (Voices)

In Healths, in Bon-fires, and Harmonious  
Until the High-Church *Mobbers* did destroy  
Their Persons, Bon-fires, and their Leaping  
Joy.

Vex'd at this Sight the *Mobbing* Rebel swears  
(By *Perkin's* Leave) both Bells and Rope  
are theirs.

And let 'em take 'em, for our Tongues sha-  
ll sing

Your *Honour* louder than their Clappers ring

In *Heaven* their Joy was otherwise expres'd  
(For there's no Healthing found amongst the  
Blest.) (solemn Pace)

The King being Crown'd, they mov'd wi-  
th To sing *Te Deum* at the Throne of Grace  
*Immense I Am*, fills the unbounded Place.  
*Apostles, Martyrs, Saints*, all melting lay  
On Golden Thrones of Everlasting Day,  
Cherubs like Atoms in the Glory Play.

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Melodious Joy slides from Seraphick Flutes,  
And soothing Softness from agreeing Lutes.  
Their Transports with Eternity revolve,  
And they in endless Extasy dissolve:  
They Pray, they Praise, they Worship, and they Sing  
Harmonious Ecchoes round the *Convex* Ring,  
Because *Illustrious GEORGE* was crowned King.  
*Abbas* smiles amidst his Attributes,  
We sue for *Britain* and he grants our Suits,  
*Golden Age!* if Mobbers were not Brutes.

Thus Heaven and Earth did grace that sacred Stage  
Where *GEORGE* was crown'd to fix *The Golden Age*.  
What *Passive Devils* then must *Mobbers* be?  
What High-Church *Bungeys* (a), in all Infamy,  
Durst affront such dazzling Majesty?  
Or those, Great Sir, that do thy Friends debase,  
(The *Loyal Whigs*, that dance and sing thy Praise)  
Wou'd, if they durst, insult thee to thy Face.

Then wou'd *Apollo* but my Breast inspire  
With one bright Ray of his immortal Fire,  
Singing the *CORONATION* in such Strains,  
The Shepherds and the Nymphs shou'd quit the Plains,  
Attend their *Monarch*; all the Sylvan Gods,  
Haste forsake the Grotto's and the Woods:  
For *Maro's* Muse, tho' grac'd with *Cesar's* Smiles,  
Whis that sung the noble *Grecian's* Toils,  
Wou'd with more Brilliant graceful Numbers shine,  
Their Subject was not *half* so high as mine:  
He is of *GEORGE* the Glorious and the Great,  
Whose Acts with Wonder *Eccho* does repeat,  
Whose charming Name is sung in ev'ry Shade,  
And o'er the Plains by the proud Winds convey'd:  
But all with envious Admiration view  
This *Golden Age* we all possess in you.

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(a) *Sacheverells*.

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No other Theme but *GEORGE's* House and Name,  
Engage the Muse, or stretch the Voice of Fame.  
Beneath your Royal Feet, with doleful Eyes,  
Ev'n *France* shall lie, till you shall bid her rise :  
And that this *Golden Age* may long encrease,  
Heaven grant that *Phyick* may remove with Ease,  
Each sawcy Pain that dares on you to seize,  
Redress all Nature's Faults, soothe every Grief,  
And multiply your coming Years of Life !  
Whilst *Marlbro's* Arms and *Argyle's* Sword maintain,  
(What *Cadogan*, *Stanhope*, and *Brave Cobham* gain)  
Our Rights against the Power of *France* and *Spain*.  
Spre Victory their Efforts shall still pursue,  
For those must conquer still who fight for you,  
*The Golden Age*, Great Prince, will never dye,  
In Glorious *GEORGE*, nor in his Progeny.

For that Heaven and Earth were greatly pleased with your Majesty's Coronation, is acknowledged by all the loyal Subjects of *Great-Britain*, and is easily proved by a hundred Instances, but by none more remarkably than by those two, The visible Smiles of Heaven (I mean that shining Day on which the Crown was justly set on your Majesty's Royal Head) and by that Hellish Rage that the High Church Mobbers vented on the loyal Whigs at the Coronation of King *George*, of which my *Hue and Cry* after the *Rioters*, will give a Thousand *Passive* (alias *Rebellions*) Instances; for the late *Jacobite* Mobs and Riots in *Bristol*, *Reading*, *Birmingham*, *Dorchester*, *Taunton*, *White-Chappell* and other Places, was not only to quash those transportive Joys that the Whigs express'd upon the Glorious Day of your Majesty's Coronation; but if possible, to banish the *Golden Age* so far from your Majesty's Reign, that the Pretender might make one Attempt more to introduce *Pope* and *Slavery* in *Great-Britain*. But tho' tis impossible the *Sachverelite* or *Mob Plot* should ever succeed,

As the *Bristol* Addressers have assur'd your Majesty that they resolve to punish these *Riotous Assemblies* (or *High Church Mobbers*) that have disturb'd the Peace of the Kingdom for the four last Years.

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As the Nottingham Addressers ——— have declared, that your Majesty's Reign has freed the Kingdom ——— From those Intrigues and Stratagems that a Jacobite Ministry had so artfully contriv'd to effect our Ruin ——— From a Popish Impostor ——— From the Dishonour *Great-Britain* lay under for deserting its faithful Allies, and making a Separate Peace ——— From all future Bribing of Members of Parliament ——— From the Injustice done to our best Patriots, (and in particular, to that Victorious General the Duke of *Marlborough*) ——— And from making the false Cry of the Church being in Danger, a Stalking Horse to Treason and Villany.

As all the true (or moderate) Churchmen ——— were against passing the *Schism Bill*, as 'twas enacted for no other end but to persecute tender Consciences, and for that reason (till reveal'd) will bring heavy Judgments upon the whole Nation, as is seen by the *Sudden Death* of our Cattle ever since the *Whoreverelite* Faction perswaded our pious Queen to sign that *scursed Bill*.

As all the Dissenters of Great Britain and Ireland ——— are for their Principles for Monarchy, and against Republican Principles ——— As they declare in all their Addresses, and is fully proved by the great hand they had in the Restoration of *Charles II.* and in settling the *British* Crown on your Majesty's Head ——— As they constantly pray, both in publick and private, for the Prosperity of your Majesty's loyal Person and Family ——— As they religiously observe your Majesty's Directions to our Archbishops and Bishops, of abstaining in their Pulpits from bitter Invectives and scurrilous Language against all Persons whatsoever ——— As they refused (with Contempt) all the Overtures made to 'em by the Earl of *Oxford* and Earl of *Paterborough*, of thanking the Queen for a Separate Peace ——— As they knew this *Separate Peace* (as the High Church Addressers call'd it) was no better than a Jacobite Plot to weaken the Protestant Interest, in order to defeat the *Hanover Succession*, and restore the Pretender ——— As all their Addresses exemplify the Golden Age in your Majesty's Royal Vertues, and declare they will ever defend your just Title to the *British* Crown with their Lives and Fortunes. But

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But tho all these *Addresses* and *Reasons* are sufficient to prove that the *Golden Age* is reviv'd, and does now flourish in *Great-Britain*, maugre all the Pretender and his *Sacheverelite* Tools can do to prevent it, yet it must be own'd there's scarce a *Bishop*, *Lord*, *Knight*, or moderate *Churchman* in all your Majesty's Realms that have distinguish'd themselves by their eminent Zeal for the Protestant Succession, but have suffered either in their Persons or good Names, by the High Church Fanaticks (*alias* Mobbers). Which Riot and Mobbings are wholly owing to the false Cry of the *Church's Danger*, and to those bitter *Invectives* by which the *Sacheverelite* or *Jacobite* Clergy have so often profan'd the *Pulpit*, where their scurrilous Language is often utter'd in so notorious a manner, that your Majesty (for the preserving of *Unity in the Church*, and the *Peace and Quiet of the State*) have thought it necessary to give *Directions* to our *Archbishops* and *Bishops*, 'That none of the Clergy in their Sermons or Lectures, presume to intermeddle in any Affairs of State or Government, or the Constitution of the Realm;' seeing (as your Majesty has observed in your *Royal Directions*) 'That unusual Liberties have been taken by several of the Clergy in intermeddling with the Affairs of State and Government, and the Constitution of the Realm; which may be of very dangerous Consequence, if not timely prevented.'

But in the whole *Hanoverian Martyrology*, (or History of such as have ventured their Lives and Fortunes in the Service of King *George*) there was none that either did or suffer'd more for the *Illustrious House of Hanover*, than that *Brave Heroine*, Mrs. *MAN* of *Charing-Cross*; for She has been often insulted both in her Person and Friends by the High Church Mobbers, for daring, even whilst a *Jacobite* Ministry govern'd the Nation, to burn the *Devil*, *Pope*, and *Pretender* at her own Door; and for other distinguishing Acts of Loyalty to your Majesty's Royal Person and Family. I might enlarge upon those *Shining Qualities* that adorn the *Vertuous Life*, *Great Sufferings*, and *Loyal Character* of Mrs. *MAN* but designing the (almost) *Martyrdom* of this celebrated *She-Whig* shall introduce *My First Vision of England's History*

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ness, I shall content my self at present with this Short Character of her.

*There's ev'ry Charm and ev'ry Grace,  
Dwells in Loyal JENNY's Face :  
So much Sweetness, so much Love,  
So much Innocence and Dove ;  
So much Courage, so much Sense,  
So much Zeal (without Pretence)  
I never saw i' th' Sex before,  
Her G R A C E S Monarchs might adore ;  
She is a Golden Age, and more.*

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Thus have I briefly exemplify'd *The Golden Age*——  
*In your Majesty's Royal Birth*——*In your Spotless Character*  
——*In the Prince and Princess of Wales*——*In your peaceable Accession to the Throne*——*In your regular and sober Court*  
——*In your victorious Generals*——*In the Defeat of that Mob-Plot that was concerted at Bar-le-Duc.*——*In your Majesty's Blessed Coronation*——*And in that Whig-Loyalty that has ever had the Popish Pretender, and French Tyranny in the greatest Abhorrence.*

It now remains, that I view the *Golden Age*, in that illustrious Piety, Wisdom, Justice, Goodness and Valour, that have adorn'd your Glorious Life and Reign, ever since your Majesty was Crown'd King, for my Exemplification of the *Golden Age* in your Royal Person and Family, has as yet extended but to the Blessed and Glorious Day of your Coronation.

The Perfection of a Prince may be comprehended within these Five Qualities, *Piety, Wisdom, Justice, Goodness, and Valour.* *Piety* fits him for God, *Wisdom* for himself, *Justice* for the Law, *Valour* for Arms, and *Goodness* for the whole World, and all these are eminently seen in your Sacred Majesty, and shew, that as the *Golden Age* was reviv'd by the Birth of your Royal Person, so that has been exemplify'd ever since by your Royal Example.

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When Fate some mighty Genius has design'd,  
For the Relief and Wonder of Mankind ;  
Nature takes time to Answer the Intent,  
And Climbs by slow Degrees the steep Ascent:  
She toils and labours with the growing Weight,  
And watches carefully the Steps of Fate,  
'Till all the Seeds of Providence unite,  
To set the *Heroe* in a happy Light ;  
Then in a lucky and propitious Hour,  
Exerts her Force, and calls forth all her Pow'r.

In *Brunswick's* Race she made this long Essay,  
Heroes and Patriots prepar'd the Way,  
And promis'd in their DAWN this brighter Day ;  
A *Publick Spirit* distinguish'd all the Line,  
Successive Vertues in each Branch did Shine,  
'Till this last Glory rose and crown'd the great Design.

The King thus Good ! The King does all inflame,  
The King ——— and carries Millions in the Name ;  
For 'tis a Golden Age where such a King is brought,  
That's just in Deeds, and chaste in very Thought.  
A Golden Age indeed ! For 'tis King George's Reign,  
Where ——— *Regis ad exemplum* ——— ever will obtain.  
To draw King *George* at Length it must be writ,  
He Shines in Piety, Justice, and in Wit.  
And yet he is not Drawn ! Not the Dead Colours laid  
And the most Glorious Scenes stand undisplay'd.  
A Thousand Generous Actions close the Rear,  
A Thousand Virtues still behind stand crowding to appear.

Here pause my Muse ! and wind up higher,  
The Strings of thy Pindarick Lyer !  
Then with bold Strains the lofty Song pursue,  
And bid *Britania* once again Review.

The Numerous Worthies of Great *George's* Line,  
See like Immortals how they Shine !  
Each Deed a History alone !  
And last to Crown the Great Design,

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Look forward, and behold 'em all in one!

Look, but spare thy needless Tears,

'Tis thy Glorious Prince that next appears.

Advance Celestial Form! Let Britain see,  
Th' Accomplish'd Glory of thy Race in thee!  
For 'tis the Golden Age of Royal Piety.

This, great Sir, leads me to describe some of those *Spark-  
ing Jewels* that adorn that Imperial Crown that was  
lately set on your Royal Head by that Illustrious Pre-  
late the present Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

And the first Jewel we fix our Eyes upon is the Jewel  
*Innocence*, so clear that Chrystal wou'd be a Spot in it.  
The Virtue is this, it darkens other Eyes, but can it self  
receive no Blemish; it is no Colour, but a Lustre.

The next Jewel is *Fortitude*, a Round Stone, the Vir-  
tue lies within; where if we look we shall see, to your  
thinking, the Beauty of a Glorious Creature Crown'd, and  
Arm'd *Cap-a-pe* with many stout Commanders; the Ban-  
ners bearing this Motto in them, *Vive le Roy*, a Stone of  
most unvalued Price, and worth our seeing.

The Third Jewel is *Patience*, a Stone that can cure the  
Disease of a whole Nation, if it be not abus'd by too  
much Handling.

The Fourth Jewel is *Peace*, a Jewel not for every Eye  
to look on, for it hath made some Blind; in it self Glorious,  
and of much Virtue.

The Fifth Jewel is *Moderation*, a Stone very scarce, but  
is found in the Diadem, and most *English* Coronets. He  
that can truly View it, shall find it work upon the Soul; it  
is the only thing in the Earth to cure a Man corrupted  
with idle Jealousies.

The Sixth Jewel is term'd *Royal Anger*, a Stone that  
shows a clear Flame, yet appears burning and dangerous.  
It is not to be touch'd, but discern'd at a Distance. As we  
stand and look on it, it looks Flaming; when we Kneel,  
the Fire seems to vanish.

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The next Jewel to this, is the Jewel *Justice*; a Stone Fore-square: We can stand no way but it seems to be in our Eye, and appears Square, which way soever we turn it. It is a Stone so full of Glory, many are afraid to look on it; yet they that have good Eyes, may view it freely. Let any Traytor look upon it, his Eyes will presently be Blood-shot: Therefore 'tis call'd by some, *A Tooth-stone for a Traytor*. I would not have Lord *Harley* or *Bullingbroke* look on it, for Fear of spoiling their Eyes.

The Eighth Jewel is called *Mercy*, a Stone of a most delicious Colour, and pleaseth every Eye: It preserveth good Eyes, and cureth sore ones, if they be not too dangerous. It contenteth a good Nature, but many Times makes a bad one worse.

The Ninth and last Jewel is *Piety*. I describe this last, as in shews of State, the greatest always goes behind. Your Majesty, as you were always, when in your most private State, an Example of Goodness and Piety; since crown'd you have Declar'd; and as we see, have made Religion to be the Principal Jewel of your Crown, your Majesty publickly profess on your Accession to the Throne, the concerns of God, and the Happiness of all your Subjects, to be your sole Interest, and *J. M.* 20th, (which your Majesty has appointed to be kept as a Publick Thanksgiving for the Great Blessings that have attended your peaceable Reign, will be an illustrious Instance of it.

To thee, Great Prince! To thy extensive Mind,  
Not by thy Country's narrow Bounds confin'd,  
The Fates an ample Scene afford;  
And injur'd Nations claim the Succour of thy Sword.  
No Respite to thy Foils is giv'n,  
Till thou ascend thy Native Heaven.  
One *Hydra*-Head cut off, still more abound,  
And Twins sprout up to fill the Wound;  
So endless is the Task that Heroes find  
To Tame the Monster Vice, and to Reform Mankind,  
For thus *the Golden Age* imploys your Royal Mind.

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If the *Golden Age* is thus exemplify'd in your Majesty's illustrious Piety, Wisdom, Justice, Goodness, Valour, and in those Nine Sparkling Jewels that adorn your Imperial Crown (as well as in your Majesty's Spotless Character, from your Royal Birth to the Blessed Day of your Coronation) 'tis no Wonder that such a Glorious Prince should have the love of all his Subjects (or all except Knaves and Mobbers) for such is the Condition (and as it were the Destiny) of good Princes; They have a Heart and Soul in every one of their Subjects; their Blood and Veins Disperse themselves throughout all the Parts of their Dominions, and their least Wounds are follow'd by publick Symptoms and Popular Maladies.

And as the Misfortunes and Afflictions of a good Prince are felt, and condol'd by all his Loyal Subjects, so his Happiness and Glory is as universally the Subject of their Joy. Oh, how greatly did your Majesty's Whig Subjects every where Rejoyce upon the Glorious Day of your Coronation, and they had been very ungrateful if they had not; for the *Golden Age* is so remarkably reviv'd by you, that from that Moment the Crown was set on your Royal Head we began to Live, and we owe more to you for our Lives than to our Parents, more to you for our Fortunes, than to the Industry, and pious transmission of our Ancestors. You are the individual Soul and Genius of this great Nation, solely appropriated by Nature to create, and inform its predispos'd Organs, and it is no Wonder there has been so long a suspension of your Animating Faculties, and a kind of Political Trance in these three Kingdoms, since the chiefest Vessels of Life and Motion in this your Body have been obstructed by many crude and depraved Humours, whilst the nobler and more vital Parts, having lost great Quantities of Blood (or Reputation, which is much dearer than Blood or Life to an Honest Man) suffer'd under a Loyal Lethargy, and were almost extinguish'd. But when an over-ruling Providence, according to its just and even Measures, had chose a Season fittest to remove the fatal Symptoms of this expiring Age, and had swept; and cleansed this defiled House for  
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your Reception, that the *Golden Age* might revive amongst us, your Majesty was crown'd King of Great Britain by a Tripple Title, your Birth, your Merits, and the Desires of your People. Then let the World forget the Records of Antiquity, and read no Lectures, but on your Actions; let Men be convinc'd of their Cruelty and Barbarism, that see your Humanity and Compassion, of their Rapines and Oppression, that look upon your Justice and Impartial Distribution of their dispirited and groveling Souls, that have seen, and heard of your Active and Passive Fortitude, and your Magnanimity in the dubious Decisions of Fortune.

To your *Fortitude*, your Majesty has added *Clemency* which is so eminently conspicuous and admirable in all your Actions, and so congenial to your Heroick Soul that it seems to be your Darling Vertue, your *Clemency* (Illustrious Prince) has not only reviv'd a Golden Age where nothing was expected but Arbitrary Power, Popery and Slavey, but has made you a common Father to all your People.

Never Prince, at once, converted and absolv'd so many Sinners piec'd together, so many inconsistent Factions, and many dissonant Religions: You are the first that ever found out the preternatural Art of Uniting Contraries, of making Fire and Water joyn without the Destruction of one Species or of turning an *Iron* into a *Golden Age*. The Harmony of your Government is made more sweet and musical by the friendly Discord of several Parties, and you handle dexterously the charming Instrument of Peace, that like *Orpheus's*, Wild-Beasts and Men do equally follow you. You have tam'd the bellowing *Sacheverlite*, and the bellowing *Papist*, the *Scrupulous Presbyterian*, and the *Precis Independent*. You have united Pulpits and Tubs, Surplices and Cloaks, limber Preciseness and starched Formality. I hope nothing I have said of the Pious Work of Uniting the several Denominations of Protestants in one Nation Church will be constru'd, as if I were a Dissenter myself. For as I had the Honour to be the Son of an Eminent Clergyman, (*viz.* Mr. *John Duntton*, late Rector of *Ashton-Clinton*)

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*Bucks*) so I resolve to Live and Dye in the Communion of the Church of *England*, but I don't find that any Man pretends to Infallibility, except the POPE and therefore I shall ever Love a Religious Man, by what Name or Title soever he is dignify'd or distinguish'd: For it has been my Observation for Thirty Years, that very pious and learned Men do often contend about Words when they heartily think the same Thing, and therefore 'tis the saying of a Great Divine, ' I judge of all Mens Religion by their Charity; and I can affirm from my own Experience, that I have always found the most Pious Men to be those that are most charitable to their dissenting Brethren, of which I might give an Instance in my Reverend Father, for tho' he was wonderfully fitted out by Nature and Grace, for all the great Ends of a Ministerial and useful Life; Yet his Moderation to Dissenters, and his Charity to the Poor, will, I doubt not, make the Two brightest Jewels in his Crown of Glory, and therefore a Bill of Comprehension, or the Uniting all sincere Protestants in one National Church, shall be one of my Visions of *England's* future Happiness, as were Prejudice and Interest once laid aside, this blessed Work might be soon effected, for it seems to me that the Reconciling Antipathies, Reforming the Pulpit, and Self-Conquest, is a *Golden Age* that Heaven it self has reserv'd to make your Majesty's Reign more Glorious than all the Rest of your Predecessors.

These Battles by Vertue, thou hast won,  
For still thy Standard is the Publick Good,  
Savish of thine, to save thy People's Blood:  
And when the hardy Task of War is done.  
With what a vast Well-temper'd Mind,  
(A Mind unknown to Conqu'ring *Philip's* Son)  
Thy pow'rful Armies are resign'd?  
This Vict'ry o'er thy self is more  
Than all thy Conquests gain'd before.  
'Twas more than *Philip's* Son could do,  
When for New Worlds the Madman cry'd,  
Nor in his own Wild Breast had spy'd,  
Tow'rs of Ambition, Hills of boundless Pride.  
Too great for Armies to subdue.

Thus

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Thus by Self-Conquest your Majesty has not only made a *Golden Age* in your own Breast, but by your Royal Example of Piety, Moderation and Courage you have reconciled Things of the greatest Antipathies, our Hearts to those that Dissent from us, our Ears to Drums and Trumpets, our Hands to Charity, and our Purfes to Money, then it must needs be a *Golden Age* with the Subjects of Great Britain, when your Majesty wears the Crown, for no other End but to make a miserable People Rich and Happy, and this will soon be acknowledg'd by even Traytors and Rebels, I mean the *Sacheverelite* Faction, (or *Perkenite* Mobbers) for your Majesty's Kindness to your Friends is not more Eminent than your Mercy to your Enemies, nor are your Favours to your Servants (as was said of a Cardinal's) like those of Eunuchs to Women, that they never grow great by them, but such as fully satisfy the most arrogant and complaining Merits, and make them Pregnant in Affection and Loyalty, and productive of good Services to your Majesty's Honour; but since that Benefits to ungrateful Men, or undeserving, are like great Sums of Money thrown away to Unthrifts, you give your larger Talents to your better Stewards, making your Moderation obvious to Posterity, in having rais'd up none to the Peerage but such as are true Patriots and sincere Protestants, judging rightly, that a numerous Nobility is like the fixed Stars, whose multitude makes them severally less considerable, but few and choise ones are like the Planets, every one of which has some proper Excellency, and remarkable Motion.

But amongst the well-chosen Objects of your Royal Favour, all that love the Memory of King *William* or their Native Country, ought to acknowledge, no Man can deserve that Honour so much as that Illustrious Patriot *Sir Rowland Gynn*, as we owe to him, more than our selves, that is, your Majesty, and this Bankrupt Nation, must ever be indebted to him, since it has nothing to give him of equal Value with that inestimable Present. Some Princes have made use of their Ministers to be Screens of Envy from their People; yours are the Receivers

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receivers and Tasters of their Affection, since there can be nothing commanded by your Majesty, which your Subjects Wishes do not prevent; nothing wish'd by your Subjects, which your Majesty's Commands do not confirm. Nor does the Favour they obtain from the People, by thus humouring them with your pleasing Injunctions, impair at all, or lessen the Peoples Endearments to your Majesty, since their Love is as overflowing and inexhaustible as the Sources of it, your Royal Vertues; and 'tis almost a Paradox to think we are no more in love with Vertue, since we are so much with you.

However it must be acknowledg'd it is the Fate of Vertues, as of Friends, *sometimes to be at odds with one another*; and tho their Cause and End of Action be the same, yet in their mediate Operations, they do not seldom seem incompatible. But since that *Vulgar Impossibilities* are but *Heroes* *by Recreations*, we may observe, that as your Majesty has the blessed Art of reconciling Factions, and self-opposing vice in others, you have another no less Glorious, to join *differing and unacquainted Vertues in your self*; for there appears to be a sort of *Golden Age* in the heavenly Frame of your Mind: I mean, a Constellation of Endowments rarely sociable: *Acuteness of Wit, and Solidity of Judgment; Gravity of Aspect, and Pleasantness of Humour; an unrestrained Power, and a most tender Civility; an early Apprehension, and a mature Prudence.* You have a fervent Kindness for your Friends, and no flexible Hatred to your Enemies: You are a passionate lover of Right, and as calm a forgiver of Wrong. You enjoy the Nakedness of Truth by Contemplation, and cloath it in the most ingenious ornaments of Discourse. You have a Soul richly furnished with Heroick Passions, and an incredible Temper in their Government and Order. You have many Pleasures that are your Favourites, none that mislead your Vertue, that is their Sovereign. In fine, your Judgment never errs, but when it is seduc'd by the powerful Imposture of your self-injurious Clemency; and your Wisdomness so disciplines and tutors your Greatness, that we never taste of the sharper Streams of Justice, till they have pass'd thro the Royal Correctives of Tenderness and Humanity.

Yet.



# The GOLDEN AGE.

Yet after all this Display of *The Golden Age* in your Majesty's Royal Virtues and Glorious Reign, give me leave to tell you, you have left a *general Discontent* in the Hearts of all your Subjects; I mean a disquieting and tormenting Desire to attempt a thing they can never accomplish, A *perfect Copy of your Vertues*: For Men must propose you as a Pattern for their Wishes, not their Hopes; and 'tis a loyal Vertue to imitate those Perfections, which 'tis a rebellious Presumption to think to parallel. What need then those superfluous Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy; wherefore should they so solicitously bind our pre-engaged Affections? Those are but feeble Props to tottering Monarchs; but to your Majesty, who is so immovably fix'd in the very Centre of our Hearts, the *Largiver* and the *Law it self*, the *Precept* and the *Pattern* of these three Kingdoms, what needs there any greater Security than those previous Oaths and voluntary Resolutions that every one has made within himself, to make your Service the most ambitious Aim of all his Actions; since the *same Rule* that makes you our Superior, commands us at once to obey your Person, and imitate your Vertues, and the Divinity it self has included in one Duty, both his own Veneration and your Obedience?

Auspicious Prince, whose *Clemency* gives us Innocence whose *Moderation* Tranquillity, whose *Prudence* Instruction and whose *Virtue* Example; whom to see, and not admire is to be insensible; whom to admire, and not to reverence is to be rebellious; whom to reverence, and not adore is to be profane; and whom to honour, obey and venerate, is the most unalienable Concernment and complicated Duty of our Religion, our Allegiance, and our Human Nature.

# The GOLDEN AGE.

And thus 'tis most apparent, that your Majesty and your Illustrious House have not only reviv'd the *Golden Age* in *Great-Britain* by your royal and matchless Vertues, but that you were all born to be *uncommon Blessings* to Mankind.

From Heav'n it self your Illustrious Line began,

Ten Ages in Descent it ran :

In each Descent increas'd with Honours new :

Never did Heav'ns Supreme inspire

In mortal Breasts a nobler Fire ;

Nor his own Image livelier drew.

Of pure Ætherial Flame your Souls he made,

And as beneath his forming Hands they grew,

He bless'd the MASTER WORK, and said,

Go forth, my *Honour'd Champions*, go

To vindicate my Cause below !

Awful in Power, defend for me,

*Religion, Justice, Liberty,*

And at aspiring Tyranny,

My delegated Thunder throw !

For this the Glorious Name of *Hanover* I raise,

And still this Character Divine,

Distinguish'd thro' the Race shall shine,

*Zeal for their Subject's Good, and Thirst of vertuous Praise.*

And therefore if through the Author's want of *Genius*, this first Essay upon *The Golden Age* should be thought too inconsiderable to deserve your Majesty's Royal Smiles, yet I am sure it will have some Distinction from the Great Names it celebrates, and the Glorious Patron 'tis inscrib'd to. 'Tis therefore with all Humility prostrated at your Royal Feet, as thinking a *Golden Age* cannot take Shelter under any less than Sovereign Patronage : However to your Majesty this Essay is most humbly address'd, as 'tis your Illustrious Name alone that can, in being stamp'd thereon (like your Effigies on Coin) make it pass current in the Opinion of the World, who can never think the Author too lavish in the Praise of Royal Vertues, when they reflect on  
your

# The GOLDEN AGE.

your Majesty as the Great Example of Primitive Piety, and consider that your Glorious Life and Reign has out-done the most daring Hyperboles; and not only justify'd but surpass'd in Life and Merit whatever can be said in the behalf of that *Golden Age* that your Majesty and your Royal Son have reviv'd by your Pious Example.

I should next shew what Glorious Times there will be in *England*, when your Majesty's Grand-Children, and (as 'tis hop'd) your Great, Great, Great Grand-Children, &c. continue the Royal Succession in your Illustrious House. But as many of these Princely Heroes are not yet in Being, they'll be more properly the Subject of a Distinct *Vision of England's Future Happiness*, than of this present *Essay*.

In the mean Time to cheer the Hearts of all Loyal Subjects, that they may not grow sad in a *Golden Age*, King *George's* Health shall often go round in the following Song, and with that I'll conclude my Character of your Majesty's Royal Person and Family.

*A Loyal Health to King GEORGE, and the rest of the Royal Family.*

Wou'd you know how to meet  
O'er jolly full Bowls;  
As we mingle our Liquor,  
So we mingle our Souls.

'Tis King *George* is the Health,  
His long Life the Song;  
Of *George* our new Monarch,  
Sing all the Day long.

To Great *George* and his Son,  
And Grandson we toast;  
What a Race of Brave Princes  
Have we Britons to boast?

# The GOLDEN AGE.

Having shewn how the *Golden Age* is exemplified in Your Majesties Glorious Life and Reign, and Numerous Issue, as these *Blessed Reigns* can only be supported, adorned, and continued to the *World's End* by a truly Loyal and Faithful Ministry (as your Majesties Illustrious Wisdom, Justice, and Fatherly Love to your People is eminently seen in the Choice of such wise and Noble Patriots as these) I will conclude this introductory Essay to my Monthly Visions of *England's Happiness* with a Panegyrick upon the New Ministry ; for that *Muse*, who sings not the Loyalty of such Noble Pilots, who now sit at the Helm of publick Affairs, must needs be senseless : When Foreign Nations see all our *Discord* reduc'd into *Harmony* by our Endeavours to follow your *Royal Pattern*, who (except a Traitor or Jacobite) will not expect we should write a *Panegyrick upon the skilful and kind Composer* ; and sure I am, the greater our obligation is to those **G L O R I O U S** **P A T R I O T S**, that now steer the *Golden Age* under Your Majesties Royal Care and Direction, the greater will be the *Ingratitude* of not acknowledging it. There is

none of us all, I hope, (I can scarce except that *Jacobite-Tool*, Dr. *Sacheverell*) whose *Lives* and *Fortunes* are by the Loyal Goodness of the *New Ministry* the better secure to us, that will grudge the poor *Tribute* a *Song for such a Blessing*; and therefore (with your Majesties Leave) I shall now address my self to the *New Ministry* in the following Poem.

## A PANEGYRICK upon the NEW MINISTRY.

The vast Extent of *Empire* is too large  
For Kings alone the Business to discharge;  
*Happy our Monarch's Choice!* when all mu  
own,

None are more fit than you to aid th  
Throne.

Happy the Land! when Ministers are mad  
Who neither Kings nor Subjects Rights in  
vade.

Great were *our Cares*, unhappy seem'd o  
State,

We sat deploring our impending Fate;

## The GOLDEN AGE.

Had were our Fears, wrapp'd in dark Clouds  
we lay,

Till you appear'd, and drove those Clouds  
away ;

Long had we plow'd the Main, long sown the  
Field

With Seeds of Lawrel, which small Fruit  
wou'd yield,

Till our *Great George*, like *Phœbus* chearful  
Rays,

Shone clear in you, and promis'd *Halcyon*  
*Days* ;

Mostly we now expect a plenteous Crop ;  
Our *Hearts dilated with reviving Hope.*

At the industrious Malice of our Foes  
Brand us with Names, by which themselves  
they expose ;

Account us (while they give themselves the  
Lye)

*Friends to Sedition, Foes to Monarchy ;*

Teach up false Notions, 'till their Lungs they  
tear,

*Proofs of Allegiance everlasting are.*

Let 'em enjoy their *Tyrant*, and their Slave,

While we the better Stile of KING and  
SUBJECT have.

# The GOLDEN AGE.

Let their *distinguish'd Loyalty* be shown,  
By teaching *Monarchs how to lose a Crown;*  
While you, by better Rules of Reason led,  
Instruct our *Prince* to fix it on his Head;  
While you the Nation and the World convince,

*To Ease the People is to serve the Prince.*

Having finish'd the *Introductory Essay* to my Visions of the future Happiness of *Great Britain* under truly Protestant Kings and Queens to the World's End (and therein shew'd how Your sacred Majesty, his Royal Highness *George*, Prince of *Wales*, the Princess; and their Issue, and the *New Ministry*, are the only Illustrious Persons that could *revive the Golden Age* in such a *Jacobite*, lewd, and divided Nation as *England* was, 'till your Majesty was proclaim'd King) I here conceive it a reasonable *Piece of Justice both to my self and Creditors*, (As I have been long a Sufferer both in my Good Name and Estate for detecting the Treason of the *Late Ministry*) that I here conclude my first Essay upon the *Golden Age*, with informing Your Majesty, that notwithstanding that *sincere Loyalty* I have express'd in

## The GOLDEN AGE.

to your Royal Person and Family, yet that I have been forc'd to abscond for a great while, and suffer'd much Detriment in my *Worldly Affairs*, by the several Warrants Viscount *Bolingbroke* issued out to seize my *Person, Books, and Manuscripts*, tho' for no other Reason but my daring to detect the *Treasonable, Lewd, and scandalous Practices of the Earl of Oxford, Lord Gamball,\* and that Arch-Jacobite Dr. Sacheverel*, which Discoveries I offer'd to make good before *her Majesty*, or the Lord *Bolingbroke*, (then Principal Secretary of State) provided I might have the Royal Protection for my self, and Witnesses ; but the Lord *Harly and Bolingbroke* (who then govern'd our pious Queen by their *False Alarm of the Church's Danger*) were so entirely in the *Pretender's* Interest, that I never received the least Favour from Queen *Anne* for all those many and hazardous Services I endeavoured to do the Crown, but instead of that by falsely reporting I was *stark-mad*, (which they also affirm'd of Mr. *Bisset, Mr. Hoadly,*

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\* *Viscount Bolingbroke.*



## The GOLDEN AGE.

Mr. Steel, and all that expos'd their *Jacobite* Plots) and issuing out several Warrants to seize me, they did all they cou'd to murder *my Good Name and Person* at the same time. This, *Great Sir*, was a Deed so barbarous, that *Truth* it self blushes as well a *Justice* to hear it mention'd, but was so generally and publickly acknowledg'd to be matter of Fact, that a *very Great Man*, now at Court was pleas'd to do me that distinguishing Honour, as to say in the Presence of several Lords, *That he thought John Dunton the Patriot of Great Britain, for daring to make such early Discoveries (in his NECK OF NOTHING) of Oxford's and Bolingbroke's Design to restore the Pretender, and further added, that he did not doubt whenever Your Majesty came to the Crown (by whom a Good Men expected the Revival of a Golden Age) but that the great Hardships I underwent for making these bold and seasonable Discoveries wou'd be Nobly Rewarded* : But alas ! The *Golden Age* was no sooner reviv'd, but those great Hazards I run of my Life and Fortune, in detecting the Treason of the *Late Ministry*, were all forgot in those *unusual Transports*, that were so just

ly shewn upon Your Majesties *Happy and Peaceable Accession to the British Throne*; and in that *Remarkable Zeal* that has since appear'd in some *Men of Quality* for the promoting their own particular Interest without any (or but little) Regard to Men in a *Lower Station*, tho' when they wanted their Services (*when the Church was in real Danger from the Jacobite Faction*) they cou'd call 'em, *The Patriots of Great Britain*, and thought the Services of the *Little People* of as great Weight, and more hazardous than any they durst attempt under more *Splendid Titles*.

But these *seasonable and extraordinary Services* being now forgot (or at least neglected) by such Courtiers, who formerly promis'd to see 'em requited, it fairly proves, that the least *Present Interest*, with ungrateful Men, *cancel* all former Obligations, it seeming to many, that even *Benefits* suffer *Prescription* by the Length of Time, and being once grown old, do no longer bind to *gratitude*,

I don't design any particular Reflection here upon any Noble Duke, Lord, or Knight; for that obliging Favour I lately receiv'd from  
those

# The Golden Age.

those TWO GLORIOUS PATRIOTS, the Noble *Argile*, and the Generous *Cadogan*, shall live in my *Tongue and Heart*, as long as my Name is DUNTON) but only to inform your Majesty, what a Poor, Little, Narrow, Ungrateful Soul there is found in some Men of the *Highest Quality*, and *Greatest Estates*: And therefore as the Great *Alexander* was wont to say, *He wou'd never bestow a Favour upon any Subject, but when he was inclin'd to give as a Monarch*; so, 'tis well, if our *English Peers* wou'd act the *Mecenas* \* (I mean the *Noble men* they are call'd) or wou'd (at least) be as grateful to such *Whig-Authors*, who lately ventur'd their Lives and Fortunes to save their Country, as the *Late Ministry* were to those *Tools* of the *Jacobite Party*, *Sacheverell*, *Swift*, *De Foe*, and such other *Tory-Writers*, that were hir'd to ruin it.

I hope (*Dread Sovereign*) 'twill excuse my Presumption in writing upon this Head

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\* *Mecenas* was a Nobleman of Rome, who favour'd *Virgil*, *Horace*, and other Learned Men.

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as 'tis for no other End but to excite our *Nobles* and *Gentry* to imitate that *Grateful* and *Generous Spirit* that is found in Your *Royal Breast* (of which your advancing some of those *Illustrious Patriots*, that distinguish'd themselves by their Eminent Zeal and Loyalty to the *Hanover-Succession*, is a *shining Instance*) 'tis true *Charles II.* upon his *Restoration* deserted his best Friends (I mean those *Dissenting Ministers*, that perswaded him to accept the Crown, and by their *Loyalty* and *Zealous Prayers* set it upon his *Royal Head*) and carest'd those that had been his *Enemies*, saying, *his Friends would be still his Friends*; but as this was an Instance of the highest *Ingratitude*, so he soon found it to be a *wrong Notion in Politicks*; but Your Majesty, who certainly is the *Best* and *Wise*st Prince upon Earth, have reviv'd the *Golden Age* in *England* in Nothing more remarkably, than by the many *Glorious Instances* You have already given of Your *Royal Gratitude* to such *Illustrious Patriots*, that (like the Noble *Warrington*, and his *Immortal Father*, whose *Great* and *Matchless Services* to King *William* will never dye) have sufficiently convinc'd the World of the

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Piety and Justice of *Revolution-Principles* by their steady Loyalty to Your Majesties Person and Government, that it seems to me, that all the *Generosity and Gratitude* of Great Britain *has taken up its Lodging in Your Royal Heart, and that Gallant Men but copy from it,* neither can it properly be called a *Golden Age* (as the chief Thing valuable in Greatness is the Power it gives to oblige) but when the Gold of it is as little ador'd by the *Subjects,* as 'tis by the *Prince.*

But (as if Generosity and Gratitude were only a *Royal Vertue,* or too Noble for the Practice of any Subject) I must say as to the *Little People* of my Acquaintance, I never serv'd any one of 'em beyond a possibility of Requital (as I have done several, but more especially, *A certain Reverend High-Flyer,* whose FORTUNES and that of his Children have been *chiefly* rais'd by my Purse and Interest) but they have whisper'd some Falshood to recommend themselves, or quarrell'd with me, that they might unmake the Favours I had done them with the Greater Applause : Such a Friend (or rather *Monster*) as this is like a Snake in one's Bosom, who

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who doth but ill repay his Hostess for hi<sup>s</sup> Lodging.

*Lycurgus*, the *Lacedemonian* Lawgiver, wou'd make no Law against *Ungrateful Persons*, because it cou'd not be imagin'd that any wou'd be so unworthy, as not to recompence one Kindness with another: And the *Old Romans* decreed, that such as were found guilty of this Fault shou'd be cast alive to the *Cormorant* to be pull'd in pieces, and devour'd; Had my Ungrateful Friends (I mean such as always found me a ready and constant Support when all others forsook 'em) liv'd in *Lycurgus*, or the *Romans Golden Age of Gratitude*, in what a severe manner wou'd they have been punish'd: For their Ingratitude towards me is so greatly aggravated (beyond whatever was known in the World before) that I am justly provok'd to publish a *Black History of Ingratitude and Scandal* (not by *Hearsay*, but from their own *Original Letters* and *living Witnesses*) but seeing the forgiving of Personal Injuries is not only the Glory of Christian, but the Noblest Sort of Revenge (upon second Thoughts) I rather chuse to forgive all the Ingratitude and Wrongs I have receiv'd in my whole Life, than to re-

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venge one, and I have Reason to think this forgiving Temper is a better Proof of the *Light of God's Courtenance*, than the Rays of the Natural Sun can possibly be to a preaching Hipocrite, that lifts up his Eyes to Heaven for a Blessing upon his Pride, Malice, and vile Ingratitude ; I therefore give publick Notice from this Minute, that I am in sincere Charity with all the World ; that tho' I hate the Sin, yet I love the Persons of all Mankind ; and to convince Dr. S——, (for whose Ingratitude I now blush, as he has neither the Honour or Grace to blush for himself) that this *Golden Age of Forgiveness* is truly reviv'd in my own Breast, I here declare, that this Pardon to all my Enemies is not only Free and General, but is given with a fix'd Resolution never to mention their *Ingratitude* more.

Thus e'er I join blest Kindred Souls above,  
In Praise, and breath their Element of Love,  
I sign this Instrument, for yet I live,  
And all Mankind, and ev'n UNGRATEFUL  
S—— forgive :

# The GOLDEN AGE.

This Pardon reaches (being all in Haste)  
both what's to come, the present and the past.

*How easy are my Spirits now! Lord en-  
crease this Temper because it bears thy I-  
mage.*

*Methinks I now breath another Sort of  
Air than before; 'tis unruffled with Storms  
and Passions, where Prejudices once laid  
their Trains, and then put Fire to them. I  
can now leave the World with much great-  
er Ease, and reflect upon this State with In-  
ward and valuable Peace, having in this  
instance quitted Scores with all Mankind, I  
feel the Raptures begin to rise, that flow  
from a Mind which is conscious to it self,  
that it forgives without Reluctancy, which  
do so heartily, freely, and universally, that  
you'd I now see my ungrateful Friends (if I  
may call Monsters such) a little Penitent, I  
you'd run to meet 'em with open Arms, as  
knowing for any Man to dye in Malice (or  
unreconcil'd, which is the same Thing) is  
certainly a Damning Sin. It can never be  
truly a Golden Age in a Lay-man's Con-  
science, (or that Priest either a sincere Chri-  
stian,*



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stian, or fit to administer the Holy Communion) that dares live in Malice to an offending Brother that asks Forgiveness; and much less is it safe to dye in a spiteful Frame; for an unforgiving Disposition is self a Bar to Forgiveness with God: *If ye forgive not Men their Trespases, neither will Your Heavenly Father forgive You:* a Christian shou'd not go upon his Knees with an unforgiving Temper, much less shou'd he dare to enter upon the unseen World, and the awful Presence of his Judge in that Condition; and therefore the last Words of a true Penitent usually are, *I forgive all the World*; or if any Thing could excuse Revenge, 'tis to see a *Proud, Ungrateful Priest* (that has had the Impudence to refuse being reconcil'd to his best Friend and to affront him with *Base Silence*) preaching up *Christian Love and Forgiveness*, and practicing neither himself. \*

Sir, 'tis plain by these vile Instances of Ingratitude in the *Little People*, that if ev

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\* *As I have prov'd at large in my late Essay Intituled, The Impeachment. p. 21.*

# The GOLDEN AGE.

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That *Golden Age* of Gratitude is restor'd a-  
gain, that made the primitive Christians a  
mutual Blessing to one another, and a Pat-  
tern of True Friendship ; it can only be by  
templifying the Royal Vertues of King  
George : For however Devilish the Sin of  
gratitude may be in *Little, Proud, Con-*  
*stituted Upstarts*, to be sure that Subject that  
Disloyal (*i. e.* Ungrateful) to a Gracious  
Prince (I mean one who is no *Party-King*,  
but like Your Majesty is a *Nursing and*  
*Common Father to all his Subjects*) is a Scan-  
dal to that *Golden Age* that Your Majesty  
reviv'd by a Pious Life and a Generous  
attitude ; to which, I shall presume to say,  
I have the better Title, as I had no Re-  
spects in View, when I ventur'd to publish  
these Discoveries (in my *NECK OR NO-*  
*THING*) that open'd the Eyes of my de-  
voted Country-men, and convinc'd 'em they  
were just on the Brink of Ruine, tho' Dr.  
Swift \* says, *The Whiggs have given a*  
*generous Countenance and Encouragement*

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In His Book Intituled, The Publick Spirit of  
Whiggs, p. 4.

both

both to my Person and Production ; As others affirm, I have had as many hundred Guineas sent me for detecting the Pretender's Plots as Dr. Sacheverell has had promote 'em ; but whatever that Tool the Jacobite-Party might have for endeavouring to ruine his Country, I do most humbly assure Your Majesty, all the Reward I have yet had for attempting to save it is the great Satisfaction I find in my own Breast for daring to accuse those two reigning Favourites (Oxford and Bolingbroke) that have already out-witted Two Houses of Parliament, and will (if not timely Impeached) grow too sharp for the Axe ; but tho' I have gone farther than any Man (or even the Senate has yet done) in detecting the Treason and Villany of Oxford and Bolingbroke in order to bring 'em to Publick Justice yet (to use Dr. Swift's Expression) All the Generous Countenance and Encouragement that I have yet had for thus venturing Neck and All is General Thanks, \* Poverty &

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\* These are the Words of the Ingenious Old Man who liv'd and dy'd, and almost starv'd in a Garret

## The GOLDEN AGE.

*Praise*; but tho' no Body has yet remem-  
bered the *Poor Man* that wou'd save the  
City, \* yet as all the Discoveries I have  
made have been to discharge *my Duty*  
to *my King and Country*, I shall ever  
think such *true and undesigning Loyalty* is  
in it self a Blessing, and therefore shou'd I  
meet with no Reward here (as I can scarce  
think it if my great Hazards and Sufferings  
to serve the Publick be fairly represented to  
Your Majesty) I shall expect the more in a  
better World, and in the mean time shall  
have that Satisfaction my Enemies do want,  
*viz. That of having discharg'd my Duty*  
*towards my Fellow-Subjects, and Fellow-*  
*Protestants*, which had been doubly mise-  
rable, (had not your Majesty by reviving the  
*Golden Age in Great Britain* secur'd our  
present and Future Happiness) after such fair  
Warning as has been given 'em in my *Court-*  
*ty* ---- *Neck or Nothing* ---- *Whig-Loyal-*  
*ty* ---- *Impeachment* ---- but more especially in  
my late Essay, intituled, *Queen Robin, or the*  
*second Part of Neck or Nothing*, which is  
humbly inscrib'd to his Royal Highness

\* Eccles. 9. 14.

## The GOLDEN AGE.

George, Prince of *Wales*, and contains a true *Narrative of all my Discoveries and Sufferings, during the Four Years Secret Reign of the White Staff.*

These *Five Essays* (Great Sir) were all written to shew my sincere Loyalty to Your Majesties sacred Person and Illustrious House; and as they detect the Treasonable Words and Practices of the *late Ministry*, they were all publish'd with the utmost Hazard of my *Life and Fortune* (as is universally own'd by all Your Majesties Loyal Subjects) yet shall not be much surpris'd, if the Author of them is never *thought of more*, for past Services (like eaten Bread) are soon forgotten and in this I but share the Fortune of much greater Men, and much greater Services.

If therefore my Venture of *Neck or Nothing* prove *Neck for Nothing*, I shan't dare to entertain the least *disrespectful Thought* of Your Majesty, or think Your Illustrious House (so greatly fam'd for rewarding such) have distinguish'd themselves by their Zeal to serve it) can justly be tax'd with the least Ingratitude; for Your Majesty can't be suppos'd to know either Men or Things, but as they are represented to you, and all must  
appe

appear to Your Majesty according to the Vehicle they pass through, not their own intrinsic Worth, or Value ; for I humbly conceive, 'tis not how well Men have deserv'd, but how well they are represented, and by whom. Many of the Greatest Vertues must be their own Reward, and therefore I don't wonder to see many Bells hung upon one Horse, whilst others as deserving have none ; this has been an ancient Evil often complain'd of, but never remedied, nor I fear never will, except by our Gracious Sovereign, King George, who as he has reviv'd the *Golden Age* of Gratitude by his Royal Example, the black Sin of Ingratitude will scarce ever get Footing again in *England* ; but if Disappointments shou'd come, it shall neither shock my Vertue nor Loyalty ; for 'tis often the Fate of Illustrious Patriots of the greatest Quality, as well as those of lesser Deserts ; God has his Designs in store, and if we pray, *His Will may be done*, we must resolve heartily to submit to it ; for my own Share I thank God, I can truly say, *I have long renounc'd this World, and its vain Poms* : I neither covet nor desire Wealth or Grandeur.

## I.

My self no longer I'll deprive  
Of those *Kind Minutes* Heav'n does give,  
No Man makes Haste enough to live.

## II.

Let them beg *Riches* who desire  
Above their Birthright to aspire,  
To raise their Names and Fortunes higher.

## III.

That are content to cringe and bow,  
To flatter, bribe, and wait, but so  
Poor *Neck or Nothing* ne'er cou'd do.

## IV.

I ask *FREE-NATURE's* solid Goods,  
Open Fields, and secret Woods,  
Healthful Hills, and crystal Floods.

## V.

A small but *SPRUCELY* furnisht House,  
A Garden for Delight and Use,  
A learned Friend, and gentle Muse.

## VI.

Nights full of Sleep, Days void of Strife,  
And to compleat this *HEAVENLY LIEE*,  
A Pious, Witty, Tender Wife.

## VII.

Thus, oh! thus let me obscurely lie!  
Thus let my *well-spent Hours* slide by!  
Thus let me live! thus, let me die!

# The GOLDEN AGE.

For if, after all my Hazards to serve my  
my Country, I've only ventur'd *Neck for*  
*Nothing*, yet if it please God to give me  
moderate Food and Raiment in a Country-  
Cell, I shall be as thankful and contented as  
others can be with their Abundance : Con-  
tentment makes a *Golden Age* in every Breast,  
and in every place ; 'tis all the scraping Mi-  
ser aims at with his Hoards, and is what the  
poor Hermit enjoys in Solitude ; 'tis the  
Heaven of the other World and this ; and  
therefore if I may be so happy as to enjoy a  
Healthy Body, a contented Mind, and quiet  
Conscience, and be made (before I dye) so  
easy in my Circumstances, as to owe no Man  
any Thing but Love, I am then at the Height  
of my Wishe and Ambition ; for I esteem  
my self a Pilgrim travelling apace to a better  
World ; and I think for all such to be lay-  
ing new Foundations of Life, when they are  
half way thro' it is perfect Madness, or (at  
least) it wou'd be so in me, who by Reason  
of many Distempers have always my Grave  
in View, and I bless God, I am willing to  
go hence, whenever the Almighty pleases to  
call me, trusting in his Mercy, thro' the  
Merits of my Saviour ; and, tho' I cannot  
say



say with the great Apostle of the Gentiles, *I have fought a Good Fight*, yet (as I repent of every known Sin, and fly the least Appearance of Evil) *I hope to finish my Course with Joy, and to receive a Crown of Righteousness from the Merciful Judge of all Flesh*, and in the mean Time *I bless my GOD* it has been my Happiness to be a Subject of King *George*, in whose Glorious Life and Reign I have liv'd to see the *Golden Age exemplified*, and I don't fear but my Posterity will see the same continued by his Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales* and his Offspring for many Ages ; and if the Foundation (under God) of *England's* Happiness (I mean King *George* and his Numerous Issue) be thus Good and Illustrious, how Glorious will a Vision of it be to the World End ? But as this will be the Subject of my *Second Essay*, I shall conclude these Sheets with this *Heartly Prayer* :

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“ That Your Majesties Days may be many and happy. Your Reign ever Peaceful and Glorious. Your Royal Posterity Will be Numerous. That Your Feet may be always upon the Neck of Your Enemies

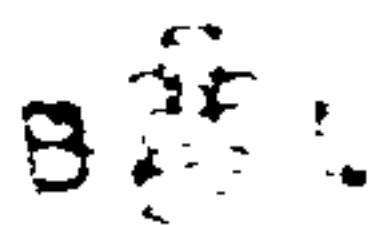
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that they may be ever Blessed, which Bless You, and Cursed which Curse You. That *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke*, and all the Traitors to Queen *Anne*, may have Justice done 'em by the Common Hangman for cheating the Nation by a *Separate, Treacherous* and *Scandalous Peace*. That Your Majesty may be ever blest with such a Loyal and Faithful Ministry as now adorns the Throne. That all the Members of the next Parliament may be truly *Hanoverian* (*i. e.* all Men of Honest, Loyal and Revolution Principle.) That all such that preach up the Church's Danger for no other End but to restore the *Pretender, Popery and Slavery*, (as *Sacheverell, Higgins, Welton*, and other *Jacobites* did) may be for ever banish'd Your Majesties Presence and Favour. That the *Golden Age*, as reviv'd by Your Majesty, may unite Protestants of all Denominations in one National Church. That the Protestant Succession may be continu'd in the Illustrious House of *Hanover*, 'till Time shall be no more. And let all Your People say, *A M E N.*

I have done, Sir, (having said all that I think necessary to prove, that *A Golden Age can be only reviv'd by a Royal Example*) and have no more to say but this;

GOD save the KING.

F I N I S.



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