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F I N I S.

# *The Neck-Adventure :*

OR THE

CASE and SUFFERINGS

OF

Mr. JOHN DUNTON,

AUTHOR of those *Early Discoveries*, intituled,

*The Court-Spy, Neck or Nothing, Queen  
Robin, and, The Impeachment.*

Which not only defeated the *Jacobite-Plot* in  
*Southwark* to Restore the Pretender, but were the  
sole Occasion why the *Irish Parliament* inspected  
the Pretender's Listing of Men in *Dublin*, and  
of wholly suppressing that traitercous Project.

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The whole Discoveries *Humbly Submitted* to the  
Consideration of His Most Excellent Majesty.

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————— *All may have,*  
*If they dare try, a Glorious Life, or Grave.—Herb:*

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L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year, 1715.

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*The Neck-Adventure; or, The Case and Sufferings of Mr. John Dunton.*

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*Humbly submitted to the Consideration of His Most Excellent Majesty.*

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GREAT SIR,

**T**HO' I have had the Honour not only to distinguish my self in the Defence of your Majesty's just Title to the Crown of these Kingdoms, at a Time when 'twas the greatest Article of Danger to do so; but have likewise, since your Glorious and Peaceable Accession to your Throne, more than once proclaimed my Share in the Joy that gave to all good Protestants, as well as good Subjects; and (in my Two Essays, intitl'd, *The Secret History of Queen Robin*, and *The Golden Age*, reviv'd by your Majesty) have even presumed so far on my Gracious Sovereign's innate Goodness, as to approach his Sacred Person with my unfeigned Congratulations, and *Humble Loyal Tenders of my Life and Fortune*, (neither of which has been, or shall be spared, whenever my Prince's Service calls for them) yet I can truly say, this is the first time I

(IV) *The Neck-Adventure; or,*

ever approached your Royal Presence with *Shame* or *Grief*, or thought it possible to do so; nor could any thing except the *Necessity* I am under to lay my *Sufferings* at your Majesty's Feet, for the best Cause (*viz.* the *Protestant Religion*, and the *Succession of your Illustrious House*) have made me *Sad* in my loved Prince's Presence, whose *Gracious Aspect* cheers all other *Loyal Subjects*.

BUT before I proceed to speak my *Griefs* to my *Sovereign*, I (as in just *Gratitude* and *Duty* bound) humbly beg your Majesty's *Permission* to make my grateful *Acknowledgments* for that *Noble Mark* of your Majesty's *Gracious Acceptance* of my *Loyal and Affectionate Services*, the *Gold Medal* which your Majesty was graciously pleas'd to order me by *Mr. Gatekey*, an Honour more valuable to me, as coming from my loved *Sovereign*, than *Crowns and Scepters* from any other Hand. 'Tis not, *Great Prince*, the *intrinsic Value* of the *Gift*, but the *Giver*, that weighs with me; and as a *Testimony* of this *Truth*, I beg leave to assure your Majesty, that the *Treasures of both Indies*, if offer'd for that *Mark* of my *Gracious Sovereign's Favour*, should not purchase the *Medal* of me, nor any thing but *Death*, or your Majesty's *Service* (for which I exposed my *Life*, and almost sacrificed my *All*) PART THAT AND THE PLEASED RECEIVER. There is a *Charm* in *ROYAL FAVOUR*, that is not to be express'd, and can only be imagin'd by those that are bless'd with it, as I have largely prov'd in my *Essay on the forefaid Medal*.

I come now to the other *Motive* of this *Address* to my *Gracious Sovereign*. And here I must beg your Majesty's *Patience* and *Permission* to lay

*An Humble Address to His Majesty: (v.)*

lay before your sacred View, some things that may at first sight not seem so necessary to my present Purpose, which yet are really so, to give your Majesty a distinct Notion both of my Services and Sufferings for your sacred Person and Royal House. However, not to be too tedious to my Gracious Sovereign, I shall be as concise as possible in the whole Relation, and then (as I ought) humbly submit my self to your Majesty's Wisdom and Clemency, who, under God, are the sole Arbitrator of my future Happiness or Misery in this World; and 'tis for that reason I call this Humble Address to your Majesty my *NECR-ADVENTURE*.

To begin with my BIRTH: I am the Son of an eminent and worthy Clergyman of the Establish'd Church, who, with his Spiritual and Temporal Estate, was bless'd with an Income of about Five Hundred Pounds *per Ann.* I being his Eldest Son, had a particular Care taken in my Education, and more especially that most valuable Part of it, *Religion and Morality.* At the Fifteenth Year of my Age, chusing rather an Active than Contemplative Life, I chose a Trade, and was accordingly indulged in that Choice, and put out an Apprentice to the most Eminent Stationer (a) in the City of London. Whether my Master's Moderation and good Usage of me, (owing to his being a constant Hearer of that Pious and Learned Divine, Mr. John How) or the Instructions and Example of my Reverend Father in-

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(a) *Viz.* Mr. Thomas Parkhurst, at the Bible and Three Crowns in Cheapside; who lived to the 84th Year of his Age.

(vi) *The Neck-Adventure; or,*

fluenc'd me, I know not; but I had a tender Regard for Fellow-Protestants of every Denomination, and from those *early Years*, a just Abhorrence of Popery, and insight into their most dangerous Method to ruin us, by Dividing Protestants amongst themselves. I had *from my Youth* so just a Notion of that *Device*, that I was not only the first Proposer of a HEALING ADDRESS to Sir *Patience Ward* (then Lord-Mayor of the City of *London*) to countermine the Tory Apprentices in their *Factionous Address* to King *Charles* the 2d. but had the Honour to be chose the Presenter of that Address to the Lord-Mayor, out of a select Number of *Five Hundred* 'Prentices (a). The Protestant Religion and English Liberties were then in apparent Danger, and I thought if the *Tory Apprentices* did all they could to Ruin their Country (by sowing Divisions amongst Protestants) that 'twas the Duty of the *Whig Apprentices* to do all they could to Save it (by Moderation and Healing Principles) and I challenge all the Enemies I have in the World (*which are only the Tools to the late* (b) *Ministry*) to prove I ever TURN'D MY COAT in Religion or Friendship, from the time I presented *that Address* to Sir *Patience Ward*, to this very Day, or could be once tempted to betray my Country

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(a) I call these *Five Hundred* 'Prentices a SELECT NUMBER, as being *Leading* 'Prentices, every one of us undertook to procure a certain Number of Hands, and our *Address* when presented to the Lord-Mayor, was subscrib'd with *Thirty Thousand Hands*.

(b) Such as *Sackeverell, Warton, Swift, De Foe*.  
(either



*An Humble Address to His Majesty. (vii)*

(either by *Pen* or *Vote*). When my LORD F—— sent to me (tho I was then in the *Fleet* for Debt) to request my *Vote and Interest* for *Knight of the Sh——* for B——ks, I would not so much as see the Messenger, to show my Abhorrence of a *Candidate* that (by his Zeal to persecute Protestant Dissenters by a *Schism* and *Occasional Bill*) had convinc'd the Friends to the *House of Hanover*, he was hankering after a Popish King; and there's scarce a *Whig Livery-man* in the *City of London*, but knows *I run the Risk* of a 'scape *Warrant* to *Vote* for the *Four Merchants*, and without any other Reward (tho' I could have sold my *Vote and Interest* as dear as I pleas'd to the *Jacobite Party*) than that *Glorious Satisfaction* of having done my *Duty* to my *King and Country*, which is miserably *Trick'd* and *Divided* by a *False Cry* of the *Church's Danger*; and therefore (tho' I resolve to live and die in the *Communion* of the *Church of England*, yet) I chuse to unite with any *Denomination* of Protestants for the *Common Safety*. And perhaps it is to this Principle and Behaviour (as well as *strict Justice* in all my *Dealings*) I owe the *GOOD CHARACTER* I have maintain'd not only in the *City of London*, but generally amongst my *Fellow-Protestants* throughout your *Majesty's Kingdoms of Great-Britain and Ireland*; as likewise the kind Reception whatever I wrote or publish'd, has always met amongst 'em, which my constant Adherence to the Protestant Interest in general, daily increased, even after my quitting Business, and Retiring to a *private Life*, upon account of severe and frequent Returns of the *Stone* and *Rheumatism*.

(viii) *The Neck-Adventure; or,*

As your Majesty has never been any *Party-King*, but a *Common Father* to all your People, I presum'd to think I could not better recommend those *seasonable and hazardous Services* I have attempted for your *Illustrious House*, than to inform your Majesty, they were undertaken by a Person who *from his Youth* has ever been a *Lover of Peace*, and for *uniting Protestants of all Denominations in one National Church*: And I (humbly) conceive, *That the only way to quiet Differences, and render contrary Interests subservient to the Interest of the Government, is, That the Prince govern himself upon a Balance towards all Religious Interests*; for this best *POIZES* Parties to his Security, renders him Master of an universal Affection, and makes him truly and safely, *Prince of all his Country*; but the contrary *Course* narrows his Justice and Mercy, makes the Government to shine but upon one Patch of the Kingdom, to be Just but to one Party, and *Disinherit* the rest from their Birthright, which *Partial Course* always ends in great *Disadvantage* to the Peace, Plenty, and Safety of Prince and People; and which is the more surprizing, 'one would think that Persons who (like the *Sacheverelites* or *High-Church-Men*) *Live as without God in the World*, should not much trouble their Heads what way others take to serve Him. But thus it is, as if *Satan* was determin'd not only to make Sinners diligent, but to make 'em *Ridiculous*. Here's a *Smearer* roars and bellows against *Atheism*, a *Whoremonger* is for preventing *Schism*, and a Man that knows not the first Principles of the Oracles of God, sets up for *Orthodoxy*. Thus (as the Ingenious *B R A D-*  
*BURY*

*An Humble Address to His Majesty. (ix)*

*BURY* has lately observ'd, (a) *The Workers of Iniquity have no knowledge, who eat up the People as they eat Bread.* But 'tis strange that those High-Church-Men that were so zealous to persecute their Protestant Brethren by a *Schism* and *Occasional Act*, should so easily forget that great Saying of King Charles I. (who they pretend so often and with so much Honour to remember) in his Advice to Charles II. where he saith [*Beware of exasperating any Factions, by the Crofness and Asperity of some Mens Passions, Humours, or private Opinions, employed by you, grounded only upon their Differences in lesser Matters, which are but the Skirts and Suburbs of Religion, wherein a Charitable Conivance and Christian Toleration often dissipates their Strength, whom rougher Opposition fortifieth, and puts the despised and oppressed Party into such Combinations, as may most enable them to get a full Revenge upon those they count their Persecutors, who are commonly assisted with that vulgar Commiseration which attends all that are said to suffer under the common Notion of Religion*]. And therefore (to use the Words of that good Prelate the late Bishop of Salisbury) *As I begun the World upon a Principle of Moderation, and have constantly practised it hitherto, so I hope to conclude my present solitary Life with dying a Christian of a comprehensive Charity.*

However, my retired Life did not want its Disturbances, the chiefest of which (besides an unhappy Marriage) was the bold and impudent Attacks I saw made on the *British Constitution*, and its only humane Security, the *Succession of*

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(a) In his *Restoration-Sermon*, preach'd the 29th of *May*, 1715.

(x) *The Neck-Adventure; or,*  
your Majesty's Illustrious House (that last and dearest Pledge of our Glorious Deliverer King *William's* tender Affection to these Kingdoms) tho' your Majesty, from your first Accession to the Throne to this time, has done all that honest Men could wish, or mortal Man perform for the Glory and Safety of *England*, yet a Set of Envious Men from their several Shades, that had been long in the Design of eclipsing your Majesty's Glory, and, like the Council that was held by the Jews against our Blessed Saviour, say, *What do we do? This Man does many Miracles, and if we let him alone, all Men will believe on him;* so this late Intermixture of *Jacobite Priests* and *High Church Members*, seeing every Day fresh Instances of your Royal Goodness, and Arguments of your Growing Glory, in order to depose your Majesty, and to restore the Pretender, united their Counsels, saying, *What do we do? if we let him alone, all his Subjects will admire and love him.* For notwithstanding all our former *Black Arts* to disguise his Vertues, blast his Honour, and lessen his Authority, we find the People see thro' our thin Pretences, the King survives our Scandals, and lives to make us the common Scorn, and himself the People's Darling, 'tis now notoriously known that *Welton* and other *Jacobite Priests* do now hide their Heads for Shame, nay desert their very Pulpits, for fear your Majesty's Justices should make em *abjure* the Pretender, or the Bishop of *London* should *suspend* 'em for their Drinking a Health to the Fatherless Child and the Widow (a).

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(a) There are many of *Dr. Welton's* Hearers can prove he often Drinks this *Jacobite Health*.

*An Humble Address to His Majesty. (xi)*

Let us therefore (say these Pulpit Rebels) take King George's Prerogative a Peg lower, smite him with our Tongues, wound him with our Pens, and publish it through the Land, That he is not fit to be trusted with the Sword: Let us raise Fears and Jealousies, call him a *Lutheran*, a *Presbyterian*, a *Whig*, preach the Church is in Danger from his Administration, and act as furiously as if the Calamities we pretend to fear, were felt already, and from the Experience of the GOOD he has done us, raise a Possibility of his doing as much against us, and by these Ways and Means, we shall turn his Glorious Friends (*Marlborough, Townshend, Cobham, Radnor, Stanhope, Bothmar, Cadogan, Gwyn, Walpole, Steele, Ashurst, Hambden, Onslow, &c.*) out of Favour, pack off his Domesticks, deprive him of the Peoples Love and Duty, and accomplish our own Wishes, in restoring our Popish Master, or, which is as well, possess the Places of the late reigning Favourites.

These were the pious Resolves of the Jacobite Priests, (and their infamous Tools the *London, Bristol, and Lancashire Mobbers*) and were order'd to be printed in the *Examiner, Post-Boy, Monitor*, and other Rascally Papers, on purpose to Blemish your Majesty's Illustrious Character, and to prove the *Hanover* Succession a Usurpation. The eminent Danger this was in, Rowz'd all that was Man or Christian in me, and I resolv'd to defend these, or perish with them. In order to this, I publish'd a Book, call'd, *The Court-Spy*, in which I made an open Discovery of the Dangerous Plot then on Foot for Restoring the Popish Pretender, and thereby defeating your Majesty's Succession, I well knew (and my Discoveries

(xii) *The Neck-Adventure ; or,*

veries have been since confirm'd by *the Report made by the Committee of Secrecy*) the then Ministry were in the *PLOT*, and therefore would not thank the *Discoverer*. However, being encourag'd by that Excellent Prelate the late Bishop of *Salisbury*, I offer'd the *Discoveries* of both the *Design* and *Conspirators Names* to a Secretary of State, the Lord *Bolingbroke*, and this in Print, that my Countrymen might see *how* and *by whom* they were betray'd. His Lordship's Answer was only *Silence* to me, and a Command to the Shops to take in none of my Books.

All these Messages and Threatnings from the Lord *Bolingbroke*, had no other effect on me, but to excite me to proceed (with yet greater Courage and Diligence) not only in dispersing the Book already written, but in seconding it with plainer *Discoveries* both of the *Treason* and *Traytors in Power*, which I did in a Book, intituled, *NECK OR NOTHING*. This making such plain Discoveries both of the *Treasons* then acting, and the *Traytors* engaged in it, incensed the before *Silent Secretary* (who found his own Name at Length in the *List of the Traytors*) to issue out *Six Warrants* for the seizing me ; which produced a *third* Attack on his Lordship, call'd, *The Impeachment, and Address to the Queen*, in which I confirm'd my former Accusations, and offer'd to appear and make them good, if her Majesty would give her Royal Protection to my self and Witnesses. But *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke* knowing I resolv'd to expose their *Treason*, *tho' I died on the Spot*, not only kept these *Discoveries* from coming to her Majesty's Ears, but sought my utter *Destruction* ; so that now I did not know whether I might

*An Humble Address to His Majesty: (xiii)*

might reckon my self amongst the Living or Dead, and therefore (being still resolv'd to defend your Majesty's just Title to the *British* Crown, tho it were through a Million of Dangers or Sea of Blood) I now fell to writing an Essay, I intitl'd, *Dunton's Ghost, or, A Speech to the most Remarkable Persons in Church and State*, (but more especially to those plotting Lords that then sat at the Helm of publick Affairs) for being now *civilly Dead*, I thought the best Service I could do to the *Hanover* Succession, (seeing there were *Six Warrants* in search for my Mortal Part) was to appear every *Week* as a GHOST, that so (if possible) by this new and surprizing Appearance, I might open the Eyes of those blinded and deluded Wretches the *English* and *Scotch* Jacobites, or at least (as we were deny'd the Royal Protection) might do Justice to my self and Witnesses; but whether I did or not, this *Weekly Ghost* had the good Luck to convince your Majesty's Friends, that I would leave no Danger or Project unessay'd to detect the *Treason* of the *late Ministry*, and by the Blessing of God upon this (sixth Resolution) my Four Books, intitl'd, *The Court-Spy, Neck or Nothing, Impeachment*, and *Dunton's Ghost*, not only defeated the Jacobite Plot in *Southwark* to Restore the *Preterder*, (as I can prove by Persons of undoubted Credit) but were the sole Occasion why the *Irish Parliament* inspect'd the Pretender's Lifting of Men in *Dublin*, and of wholly suppressing that traiterous Project, as I can also prove by an *Original Letter* that was sent to me by that *Person of Honour* from whom I receiv'd all those Discoveries, that not only proved *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke* two Traytors to  
their

(xiv) *The Neck-Adventure; or,*  
their Queen and Country, but defeated all their  
Plots to restore the Pretender, but till that very  
time that I charged 'em with *High-Treason* (which  
Accusation I subscrib'd with my own Name,  
and offer'd to prove by *credible Witnesses*) they  
past with *unthiaking Churchmen* for two Glori-  
ous Patriots, and with the good Queen, for  
two Loyal Subjects. — But

*Kind Heaven at last has the Inchantment broke,  
And sav'd us by a Providential Stroke;  
Justice Divine was gloriously display'd,  
To hurl them from that Throne which they betray'd:  
Britons shall bless that Day for Years to come,  
Which sav'd the State from France, the Church from  
(Rome.*

Then Your Majesty will easily believe, that  
my daring to expose the Treason that was plot-  
ting in *York-Buildings and Whitehall*, at the very  
Time when the Traitors accus'd were *Reigning  
Favourites* (and in that Sense Monarchs of *Great  
Britain*) must needs exasperate the *Guilty Secreta-  
ry*, and (consequently) expose my Person to a  
*Thousand Dangers*, and tis certain my Lord *Bo-  
lingbroke* spar'd neither Pains nor Cost to find  
me out, but as if my assuming the *Title of Ghost*  
(when I could serve Your Majesty in no other  
Form) had made my Body Invisibile, or as if I had  
been really disembody'd, by bare calling my self  
a SPIRIT, I was now no more afraid of this  
*Guilty, whoring, Jacobite Lord*, than I was of my  
best Friend (I mean that PERSON OF HO-  
NOUR that sent me all those *Secrets* that I had  
ventured *NECK OR NOTHING* to publish).  
And



*An Humble Address to His Majesty. (xv)*

And as a Proof of this, I never left the City of London, in the Time of my greatest Danger, but went every Day to the Royal Exchange, or some Publick Coffee-House, as believing no Friend to the Protestant Succession would betray me into the Hands of either Oxford or Bolingbroke, who (tho the Sacheverelite Faction had cry'd 'em up for two Loyal Patriots) I had fairly proved were two Great Traytors, but tho I was not afraid of a guilty Ministry, yet my Friends were, and therefore in this Dangerous Conjunction, extreamly pers'd me to fly to HANOVER (where I was told my Neck or Nothing had been kindly received) or else to ANTWERP to the Duke of Marlborough, to whom General Cadogan did me that great Honour, as to promise to deliver my Neck or Nothing with his own Hand, but I thought my self so secure in my own Innocence, and honest Design of serving my Country, (by making Discoveries that no Man was entrusted with but my self, or had Courage enough to publish, whilst the Traytors accus'd governed the Nation) that I absolutely refus'd to fly, as believing a good Cause was the best Protection, as well as its own Reward. Certainly a good Christian Courage in a good Cause, and under the Conduct of an humble Prudence, is the Gift of God and Blessing of Heaven, and 'twas for that Reason that I sent Word to my Lord Bolingbroke (a), that at the Head of Truth I durst face the Devil, or as proud a Fury as himself, and that with a brighter Weapon than a Pen. Luther's Courage and Boldness is greatly commended, when dissuaded from going to dis-

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(a) In my Essay, intituled, Neck or Nothing.

(xvi) *The Neck-Adventure ; or,*

pute at *Worms*, for Fear of his Enemies, ' If I  
' thought (saith he) there were Danger of our  
' Cause, I would go, tho there were as many  
' Devils in *Worms*, as Tiles upon the Houses.  
And was a frequent Saying of *Hawks* the Mar-  
tyr, ' If I had a Hundred Bodies, I would suf-  
' fer them all to be torn in Pieces, rather  
' than abjure and recant what I have writ a-  
' gainst the Errors of Popery. Tho I fear I  
shall never arrive to the Heights of these Illustri-  
ous Saints, in Courage or Piety, yet I ever thought  
the Coward eclipses God's Sufficiency, by unworthi-  
ly doubting, that He will not bring him off in  
a good Cause, and for that Reason, the nea-  
rer - Danger approach'd me (when six Messen-  
gers were in Search for me) like the *Light of a*  
*Glow-Worm*, the less still it seem'd ; for tho I did  
not surrender myself (for fear my Friends shou'd  
*tax me with Fool-hardiness*) yet I was resolv'd not  
to fly from London, where I thought *one Life*  
*was too little* to hazard in detecting your Majes-  
ty's *Janus-Enemies*, that then (under the Cha-  
racter of *Faithful Ministers*) were actually plot-  
ting to restore the Pretender. And therefore,  
tho *I was now in the midst of Danger*, I was so lit-  
tle afraid of its **GHASTLY LOOKS**, that I  
thought I could despise the darkest Prison, or  
*even Racks or Gibbets*, if I was martyr'd by 'em  
to save my Country, *to fear was a Passion I e-*  
*ver thought below me, both as a Man and a Chris-*  
*tian*, and should the Jacobite Faction attempt to  
murder me (as 'tis what they have often threat-  
ned) *I'll sell my Life as dear as I can*, for I al-  
ways go provided with an able Sword and a  
Brace of Pistols, and *I hope I shall always keep*

*An Humble Address to His Majesty. (xvii)*

up my Spirits by the Goodness of my Cause, and there was great Occasion for this Resolution in the late Times of Iniquity and Danger; For ENGLAND was the Scene of Action, and here was the Place where Your Majesty was to be served, and for that Reason I positively refus'd both the Advice of flying, and the Recommendaatory Letters which their Lordships the late Earl of Wharton, and Bishop of Salisbury would have given me from themselves, and procured me from others of Your Majesty's Friends. Englishmen, GREAT SIR, do not use to Fear whilst they have Truth and the Laws of their Country on their Side; And so zealous was I for the Succession of your Sacred Majesty's Illustrious House, that I would rather have suffer'd all that the Malice of its Opposers then in Power could possibly inflict, nay Death it self (which I confess was less formidable to me) than so much as in Appearance (or by Flight) have betray'd so Just, so Noble, and so Bright a Cause, as that I was then engag'd in, but could have serv'd but by Halves, if I had ventur'd any thing less than NECK or NOTHING in detecting the Treason and Villany of the late Ministry.

These Discoveries, I presume, have by this time sufficiently convinc'd your Majesty, that not any one Subject in all your Dominions has run so many Hazards of Life and Fortune as I have done in detecting the Enemies to your Illustrious House, of which I have given several Instances in this Address to your Majesty, and is yet further prov'd by that Harsh Treatment I must expect above all others, if ever GOD (as a Punishment for our Sins) should suffer a Popish Pretender to usurp your Majesty's

(xviii) *The Neck-Adventure ; or,*

esty's Throne ; for in that case, *A Great Jacobite* has had the Impudence to say to my Face, *That tho' all other Persons should escape Scot-free, yet that JOHN DUNTON should be Hang'd, Drawn, and Quarter'd at Tyburn, for so boldly distinguishing himself against the Pretender* (in his Two Essays, intitled, *Neck or Nothing*, and *The Royal Intreague of the Warming-Pan*) and for his early Discoveries of the Treason of the Late Ministry that prevented the intended Rebellion.

It has, I know, been often insinuated, (both by the *Examiner*, and other *Jacobite Writers*) that I was supply'd with *Great Sums of Money* to carry on these Expensive as well as Dangerous Services, by the *Whigs* here : But I dare assure your Majesty, that Assertion is of a piece with what those *Writers* use to advance, that is, *utterly False* ; I never had one Farthing from any Person whatever, but out of my own Paternal Estate, and when that fail'd, *CREDIT* bore the whole Charge of Printing, Publishing, and Dispersing those Discoveries, for which they fancy me so well Rewarded. That Year Judge *Dormer* was chose Knight of the Shire for *Bucks*, I writ an Essay, I call'd, *Plain French ; or, A Satyr on the Tackers*, (which my Lord *Wharton* doing me the Honour to read and approve) I gave several Hundreds of 'em away to the Freeholders of that County, to warn 'em against that *DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT* (as *Queen Anne* call'd it) of choosing any more *Tacking Members*, whose Behaviour in the Parliament-House was so *PLAIN FRENCH*, that they wanted but One Opportunity more to Restore the Pretender, Popery, and Slavery. But (Blessed be God) this Jacobite or  
High-

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High-Church Party is very Weak and Feeble at present; for the Craft of the *Sacheverell* Priests, (which consists in framing such Interpretations of Holy Scripture as serve an indirect Interest) was never observ'd so much as of late, and no Person has so much contributed to the Discovery hereof, as King *William*, who by the Glorious Revolution in 88, revers'd all the Political Divinity which the Jacobite Clergy had been propagating since the Reign of *James I.* And for this reason I writ an Essay, I intitled, **WHIG LOYALTY**, on purpose ——— To prove 'twas the High-Church Clergy, who by their Preaching and Voting oppos'd the Bill for *Excluding James Duke of York*, a known Papist ——— To prove 'twas this Party who impos'd upon the Nation the Doctrine of *Passive-Obedience* to a Tyrannical King, upon pain of Eternal Damnation ——— To prove 'twas this Party that always avow'd the Divine Right of a Lineal Succession to the Crown, (by which your Majesty is excluded, and *Papists* set on the *British Throne*) and that all Kings are of God's (not the Peoples) making.

From these Tory Principles (as I have prov'd in my **WHIG-LOYALTY** which I dispers'd throughout all your Majesty's Realms at a great Expence) some of these High-Church Priests refuse to swear Allegiance to your Majesty, and all the Mobbing that has been in *England* since you came to the Crown, is wholly owing to these Passive Rebels; that Cant so much of *Hereditary Right* and the *Church's Danger*, on purpose to make way for a *Popish Pretender*. And for that reason I have spar'd neither time, pains, nor

(xx) *The Neck-Adventure ; or,*

Charges (for I always give away great Numbers of those Books I write, for the Publick Service) to prove that 'tis only Men of *known Integrity and Love to their Country* (I mean such Glorious Patriots as now surround your Majesty's Throne) that *ought to be advanced either in Church or State*. The End of all Government is the common Good of the People, and if that End be attain'd under your *Majesty's wise Administration and your faithful Ministers*, certainly he is fit only for a Mad-house, who attempts to defeat the *Hanover* Succession, on purpose to introduce Popery and Slavery.

A professed Regard to the common weal of the People of *England* steddily pursu'd, did raise the English Monarchy under the Administration of *Q. Elizabeth* (of blessed Memory) to as high a degree of Glory as it ever attain'd when it stood upon its natural Foundation, and (as I have prov'd in my Two Essays intitled *The Golden Age and Medal*, both which the *Baron de Bothmer* did me the Honour to present to your Majesty) no Expedient is so proper to make your Reign a common Blessing, and truly Glorious, as this.

For,

1. Upon this Foundation the Glory of your Illustrious Ancestors was built : And,

2. Hereby your Majesty was recommended to the just and rightful Possession of the Crown, which at present you adorn. Party-taking, Party-making, or partiality of all Sorts over-threw *King Charles* the First, shook the Throne of *King Charles* the Second, and over-turn'd the Monarchy under the Administration of the late  
King

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King *James*, which by your Majesty's great Affection to the People of *England* is now restor'd, and may be advanc'd to as high a Pitch of Glory as ever heretofore it had gain'd: For hereby,

1. All the true Ends of Government will be fully answer'd.

2. All Factions and Parties will be sunk and forgotten: There will be no Whig nor Tory, no Jacobite, no Church-party, Court-party, nor Country-party; for the Interest of Court and Country will be one and the same, which has not been known since the Death of Queen *Elizabeth*, and therefore will be wonderfully pleasing for its Novelty, as well as for its Profitableness.

3. Virtue and Honesty (which have been much decay'd of late Years) will be encourag'd and restor'd. For no Man can pretend to recommend himself to your Royal Favour, but by advancing the Design which your Majesty openly does encourage.

4. Hereby your Majesty will gain such a Credit with your People, as by virtue thereof very much to increase the Wealth and Strength of the Nation in a short Time. And your Majesty's Revenue must necessarily bear a suitable Proportion to the Trade of your Subjects; so that he who commands the Trade of the World, will consequently command the Wealth of the World.

5. Hereby you may be able to follow the two great Maxims of Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign, which were,

1<sup>st</sup>. To be the Head of the Protestants all over the World: And,

2<sup>dly</sup>. To keep the Ballance of *Europe* equal and steady. And

(xxii) *The Neck-Adventure; or,*

And thus the Glory of the English Monarchy under your Majesty's gracious Administration, will be the Terror of others, and the Delight of all English People, as I have prov'd in my Answer to the Pretender's late Declaration, and in my Four Essays intitl'd, *The Hereditary Bastard Ox-- and Bull---King Abigail, and Dr. Bungey* (alias *Sacheverel*) all which were printed and dispers'd, and a great Number of 'em given away at my own Charge.

This great Zeal and Charge of mine to serve the Publick (where I found Men of great Fortunes of a little poor Stingy Soul) is visible by the Incumbrance upon my Estate, and the Narrowness of my present Circumstances, which most that know me can attest, being at this Time indebted to many of my Friends for the Moneys expended in the above-named Services; and as I was never SELFISH in my whole Life, I hope no Fellow-Subject will be so unjust to think I have any Eye to my own Advancement, when I assert no Man deserves either *Honour* or *Riches*, but he that (like SIR RICHARD STEEL) has a Soul brave enough to enjoy it himself, and to be a common Blessing to his Native Country (but more especially to such honest Poor as wou'd Work hard for their Bread cou'd they get Employment.) My late Lord *Wharton* (who was my Country-man) and used always to employ my Interest in *Buckinghamshire* (where my Estate lyes) for carrying the Elections in that County, well knew these to be my real Sentiments; and I make no doubt but that Illustrious Patriot Mr. *Hampden* (for whose Election my Interest



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Interest at Iver, Chalfont, Amersham, Latmus, Missenden, Aston, (a) Stone, Wendover, Chesham, Ailsbury, and other Places,) has often procured several Hundred Votes, will give me this PUBLICK CHARACTER: For 'tis very certain my Lord *Wharton* (his very great and particular Friend) wou'd have honour'd me thus far, or wou'd never at my first Request have recommended my worthy Friend Mr. *John Peny*, to my Lord *Hallifax*, as a Gentleman that deserved a considerable Post; and therefore the Death of the Noble and Generous *Wharton* was not only a National Loss, but was the greatest Misfortune that cou'd have befallen me at this Juncture. For I am sure, had he liv'd to see your Majesty a little at Leisure to Reward your Friends, he wou'd have spared me the unwilling Task of laying these Things my self before my Gracious Sovereign, as pressing Necessity now forces me to do.

I will not impose the least Falshood on my Prince, and therefore do own, that were not all my Estate fettled in Joynture on a Wife, who Values Hoarding of Money more than the Repose or Reputation of her Husband, I might have made my self easy, and safe from Arrests, without troubling my Sovereign with this *Reyresentation*, who, I hope, will have the Goodness to Pardon what is thus unhappily forc'd upon me, were I but discharged of this Joynture Shackle, my Word wou'd be taken in the City of *London* for several Thousand Pounds, without Danger of that Uneasiness I now endure for one Thousand Pounds, or scarce so much; and therefore I presume to say, if I have had the Honour to contribute any Thing to secure your Majesty's Accession to the Bri-

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(a) The Town where my Reverend Father (Mr. *John Duntou*) was Minister near 30 Years.

(xxiv) *The Neck-Adventure ; or,*

tish Crown, and the saving a Protestant Kingdom from Popery and Slavery, no Man will think a Royal Favour is ill bestow'd upon so mean an Instrument as *John Dunton*; but whatever becomes of me, 'As a  
' Flattery to the Living, is as much my Contempt, as  
' an Insult upon the Dead; I'll venture to publish this *Plain English* (or *Neck Adventure*) to excite your Majesty to make the best Use of your little Time, remembering *in the midst of all your Power and Grandeur*, that you carry Mortality about you, and are equally liable to the Scrutiny and Judgment of the last Day, *with the poorest Peasant*, and that you have a great Stewardship to Account for; that Moderation and Vertue being the *Course* you shou'd steer after (having faithfully discharg'd that Grand Trust repos'd in you by God and this free People) you may after a long and glorious Reign upon Earth, *exchange your Temporal for an Eternal Crown*, and after your greatly lamented Death may the Protestant Succession be continued in your *Royal and most Illustrious House*, to the World's End. I humbly beg your Majesty will not Attribute what I am now going to Mention to any Ambition or Vanity of mine (who being Born a Gentleman, do not Value a *Knig'hood* upon any other Foot, only as 'tis a visible Mark of my Sovereigns Favour) but I am saluted by all my Fellow-Citizens that know me, and what I have dared for your Majesty's Service, by the new Title of Sir *JOHN*; yet without a Post or Pension to support that Title, I should be far from desiring the Honour: However, in both, I throw myself at your Majesty's Feet, determine my Fate as you please, yet *Happy or Miserable*, I shall be to my last Breath,

*May it please Your Majesty,  
Your Sacred Majesty's  
most Loyal Subject,*

*A N D*

*Most dutiful humble*

*SERVANT,*

*JOHN DUNTON.*