

W. A. A. / 1849

Whigg Loyalty,

OR AN

Humble ADDRESS

TO HER

MAJESTY.

Price 6d.

April 1714

Whigg Loyalty,

OR AN

Humble ADDRESS

TO HER

MAJESTY,

BY

Mr. JOHN DUNTON,

Author of the COURT-SPY.

n which he offers to appear and prove all His
DISCOVERIES, and several others of
great Moment, to the Queen and Kingdom,
if Her Majesty will be pleased to grant Her
ROYAL PROTECTION to Himself
and Witnesses.

Corpora magnanimo satis est prostrasse Leoni. — Ovid.

In English.

A Noble Mind will spare him that submits himself.

L O N D O N.

Printed by T. Warner near Ludgate.

1714.



Whigg-Loyalty:

O R A N

HUMBLE ADDRESS

T O

HER MAJESTY.

Madam,

TH E many *Royal and Christian Vertues* that shine so eminently in your Majesty, the tender Regard you have always show'd for the Welfare of your Subjects, the undoubted Right all such have, of laying their Grievances before you, and imploring your Royal Protection, in the Performance of their Duty; imboldens me, the *humblest of them*, to lay my self and Case at your Sacred Feet: 'Tis most gracious Sovereign, the Malice of my Enemies (I wish I cou'd not say, your Majesty's and People's too) that forces me to make this *Address*, and by it my Case as publick as their Crimes; shall one Subject, not only with Impunity, but Encouragement, *betray and ruin*, as much

as in him lies, his Prince and Country, and shall another not dare to save 'em, by exposing reasonable Practices? God forbid! No, Queen Ann, that wise, that just, that best of Princes, in Spight of all her Enemies, still sits upon the Throne of great Britain: Oh may she long, long, very long do so, for the happiness of these Kingdoms, and good of languishing Europe, which has but this one only Prospect left them, to raise their sinking Hopes and chase away their too well grounded fears of *Universal Monarchy*, and its inseparable Attendant, *Slavery*, the worst of Slavery, under Arbitrary Power. If Europe groans with this single View of Misery, what must these poor Islands do, who have not only that to dread, but *Popery* too, that worst of spiritual and Temporal Tyranny? With what Grief and Amazement must every honest British Protestant look on, and see so many of their profest Enemies, the *Emissaries of Rome*, and a *Popish Pretender*, walking openly, and barefacedly, amongst us, swarming in all Parts of the Kingdom, and propagating their pernicious Doctrines against our civil and religious Rights, and what's still more melancholy, to see so great a Number of your Majesty's Subjects, and that not only *Papists*, but profess'd Protestants, joining these Enemies of God and Britain, openly arraiguing your Majesty's Title, and conferring it upon a spurious Pretender, bred up in all the Principles of Popery and Arbitrary Power, and not only so, but with the utmost Aversion both to our Persons and Religion;

this

this Infatuation seems to pronounce us, doom'd
to Destruction.

Alas Madam! When I behold you sitting upon the Throne of Glory, wherunto the Hand of God seemeth so have raised you by a *Miracle* (for such was the *Revolution*, as effected by King *William* of ever glorious Memory) fortified you by *Discretion*, and blessed you with so many *Prosperities*, I cannot chuse but remember, with the most tender Resentments of my Heart, the *CALMS* of the first *Eight Years*, when you took into your Hands the Stern of this large Empire. Who ever saw *divers Metals* so happily commix'd, as we then beheld *different Nations* united in one entire Body, under your Authority? What Consent in Affections? What Correspondence in all Orders? What Vigor in Laws? What Obedience in Subjects? What Agreement in the Senate? What Applause among the People? What Policy in Cities? What good Fortune in Arms? (under your ever faithful and victorious General) What Blessing in all the Success of your Affairs?

Seemed it not that God had affixed to your *Standards* and *Laws*, some secret Vertue, which made the one triumph in War, and the other become prosperous in Peace; with so much *Terror* and *Reputation*, that even things opposite of their own Nature, knit themselves firmly together, for the Honour of your Majesty, and the Good of your Subjects.

O Madam! What is become of that *Golden Fate* of your Government? Who hath metamorphos'd

'morphos'd it into this *Leaden Visage*? **THE**
TRAITORS that did it, I have faithfully and
 plainly discover'd in my *Court-Spy*: And as
there's no Law will hang a Man for speaking the
Truth; if your Majesty will please to grant
 your *Royal Protection* to my self and *Witnes-*
ses, I shall accuse those Men in your *Royal*
Presence, that brought these Miseries upon us.
 'Tis true *the sacred Majesty of Queens* ought
 not in common Cases to be approached by every
 little *Busy Body*, or frivolous *Remonstrance-*
maker; yet when our *Prince's Pallace is on*
Fire, and her *sacred Person in the midst of Flames*,
 the meanest of her Subjects has the Privilege
 then, to give her *Warning of her Dan-*
ger, and to *assist to quench the Fire*; and this
 I am afraid (*Madam*) is at present too near
 our Case, or I wou'd not have assum'd the
Boldness to disturb your *Repose*; or have plac'd
 my self so disadvantageously before your Ma-
 jesty; as I must expect to appear under the
Character of a Publick Censor of the Manners
of your Ministers, and a petty *State-Reformer*.
 But what *Necessity* there is that some bold
Britain (or true *Englishman*) shou'd thus ven-
 ure his *Liberty* to save his *Country* (just now
 on the *Brink of Ruin*) I shall fully prove, in
 a *Speech* I intend to make in the *Pillory*, which
 I shall call — *The Impeachment, or Great Bri-*
tain's Charge against the P——t M——y, and
 when I (thus) publickly *Impeach O—— and B——*
 at the *Royal Exchange*, I shall make it appear
 to my *Pelting Auditors*, (if your Majesty's
Princely

Princely Goodness does not save me, from that threaten'd (tho' undeserv'd Punishment) that in such a *just and National Cause* as I then suffer; that none but the *Jacobite Faction* (or *Sacheverel's Mob*) will hold up either Hand or rotten Egg against me. However I have but one Life to lose, and in my suffering for detecting the Enemies to my Queen and Country, I think *Death it self a reward*, for to be *Martyr'd*, for a Good Cause, is "to die but once, and then to live for ever."

Then let O—— and B—— do their worst, for I fear nothing on Earth, but Sin and a guilty Conscience; and did I not think I was above all Temptations to betray my Country (as they have done) I shou'd abhor my self; tho' no Body in the World knew it: For the *Little-Highway-Thief* is a Saint, if compar'd with a *brib'd M——ter of S——te*, who robs a whole Nation at once, to enrich himself and Family: For the little Thief may repent, and make full Satisfaction for the wrong he has done; but he that sacrifices his Religion and Country for Luicres, shou'd he repent (as there's little Hopes of so great a Thief) yet he cou'd never repair the Injuries he has done to a whole Kingdom; for all Divines do assert, that without Restitution there's no Salvation for any Thief (be he great or little) but what Restitution can he make (more than laying that HEAD on the Block, that had contriv'd the Theft) that has rob'd a whole Nation of its Honour, and perhaps of its Treasure,

B

sure,

sure, to purchase such a P——t, and such a P——ce as will —————; but I dare not say what, but leave the rest to the Discoveries I am ready to make, of the Hereditary Author, G——g's T——n, the new Jacobite Scheme, and other Cabinet secrets, which (as I am told by a Person of Honour) will be all confirm'd by the unknown Author of *Neck or Nothing*.

But not to trouble your Majesty with more than is absolutely necessary for *my own Vindication*, and what's infinitely more dear to me, *your Majesty's Safety*; permit me, Madam, to inform your Majesty with the Occasion of this *Humble Address*.

The *Twenty third* of November last, some Persons who called themselves *your Majesty's Messenger's*, came in my Absence, to my Lodgings, and after a strict Search and much Fury, expressed in *swearing, cursing and other Violences*, departed, declaring they were sent by the Lord Viscount B——, to seize me, as Author of a Pamphlet entituled, *Neck or Nothing, &c.* tho' it remains for his Lordship to prove me the Author; yet allowing I were so, what is there in that *Essay*, which deserves such Treatment? *the Hereditary Author* or rather Authors, meet other kind of Usage: 'Tis true, the Notice taken of that Work, by the ingenious Writer of *the Flying Post*, and likewise by the Author of the Pamphlet *his Lordship is so angry with*, forced a Prosecution, both of Mr. Bedford and the *Query-Publisher*; otherwise 'tis probable, their Treason might

might have been winked at, as well as *Abel's* and the *Examiner's*, with others I cou'd name. At least I have Reason to suspect it by the No Notice taken of the *Discoveries*, offered in my *Court Spy*, all which, with much more I am able and willing to prove, by undeniable Demonstrations and credible Witnesses, when ever I have your Majesty's Commands to do so, and am assured of your Royal Protection: But 'till then, 'twou'd be the Height of Imprudence to expose my self, or any others of your Majesty's faithful Subjects, to the Dangers that I know will attend such Loyalty.

Whatever becomes of me, may God preserve your sacred Person from the Machinations of all your Enemies, spiritual and Temporal, Ecclesiastical and civil, from his Holiness at Rome, to his Friend at St. Andrews Holbourn, that drinks the Pretender's Health on his Knees, and curses the only humane Security, next to your Majesty's precious Life (which God long preserve) of our Religion and Liberties, viz: The Protestant Succession, in the Illustrious House of Hanover.

Madam, as such *Disloyal Practices* as these, tend to subvert the present Constitution in Church and State, they are certainly *High Treason*, and who ever is privy to such Practices, if they don't discover 'em to some Magistrate, they ought to be prosecuted for *Misprision of Treason*, for as my Lord Bacon observes, "A loyal Subject is a continual
" Centinel, always to stand upon the watch
" to give his Prince true Intelligence; if he

“ flatters him, he betrays him, if he conceals
 “ the Truth of those things from him which
 “ concern his Justice, or his Honour (altho’
 “ not the Safety of his Person) he is as dan-
 “ gerous a Traytor to his Crown, as he
 “ that riseth in Arms against him.”

These, Madam, are the Words of my Lord
Bacon, and sufficiently shew, “ ’Tis the Duty
 “ of every Subject not only to obey his
 “ Prince, and to be faithful to him himself, but
 “ to give true and speedy Intelligence of all
 “ such Treasons, and Conspiracies, that he
 “ can possibly discover against his Person
 “ and Government”. And therefore, Ma-
 dam, being *born of Blood that never learn’d to
 flatter*, I shall ever think it my Duty to be
*bold and daring, in my Fidelity to my Queen
 and Country* (as believing every cowardly,
 sneaking and covetous Whigg, is as great a
 Scandal to his excellent Cause, as a Frenchi-
 fi’d Tory is to his Country) for no Man de-
 serves the *Loyal Name of a Whigg*, that fears
 either Men or Devils in discharge of a good
 Conscience, or in the serving his Prince; for
 my own Share, I am the least, and most un-
 worthy of all that are *HONOUR’D* with the
 Title of *WHIGG*; yet I always said, “ *That
 “ our Lands and Lives (if we are loyal) are
 “ the Queen’s, and nothing we can call our own
 “ but DEATH; whilst the Pretender lives, or
 “ Your Majesty has one Enemy; and whoever
 e’nt thus Loyal, is no WHIGG, but a Tray-
 tor to his Queen and Country, and I rejoyce to
 find the most ingenious Man of the Age*
 (the

(the present *GUARDIAN* of *Stockbridge*) of this Opinion, for he tells the World, —
 * “ Riches and Honour can administer to
 “ the Heart no Pleasure like what an honest
 “ Man feels, when he is contending for the
 “ Interest of his Country, and the civil
 “ Rights of his Fellow Subjects ”. This, *MADAM*, is Whigg Loyalty, and what was never consider’d by Dr. *Sachaverell* or his *False Brethren*, when they concerted their *NEW SCHEME* for bringing in the Pretender, as indeed how shou’d it, for ’tis impossible that *Priest* or Subject, (tho’ he were a Lord *T ———* or *S ———* of *S ———*) that is false to his God, shou’d be true to his Prince, I mean in the Sense of that *Great and good Emperor*, that turn’d away his profane Servants with these Words, “ *How can he be faithful to me that is not faithful to his God.* True Loyalty as well as true Religion, is nothing else but *an Obedience to God and the Queen, in the Observance of the Christian Laws of the Land*; by which it plainly appears, that he that is loyal to Your Majesty upon any other Score but Religion (and what Religion can he have that betrays his Country or keeps a *W ———* ?) is so upon an accidental Reason, and such as may alter, and so may be the Contrary upon the same Reason; such a Subject may be *Whigg or Tory, or Tory or Whigg*, as these changeable Reasons

* In his Book intituled, *The Importance of Dunkirk* consider’d.

(such as *Honour, or Interest, or Fashion*) shall determine him, when he that is Loyal upon *the Reasons of Religion and Conscience* is fix'd, and (like a *TRUE WHIGG*) can never alter, till he deserts those pious Principles which will always be, and continue the same: But we find (as our truly loyal and ingenious Patriot observes) * “ When (for the Sins of a
 “ Nation) Men of poor and narrow Concep-
 “ tions, Self-interested, and without Benevo-
 “ lence to Mankind have had the Use of
 “ their Prince’s Favour and *Prerogative*, they
 “ think only what they may do, not what
 “ they ought to do; such *Ministers* use the word
 “ *Prerogative* to frighten Men from speaking
 “ what they lawfully may upon publick Oc-
 “ currences, and often cover and protect their
 “ Follies, or Iniquities under that awful Word
 “ *Prerogative*.

↳ *MADAM*, such Arbitrary Notions as these tho’ they have been very agreeable to the Lust of Princes, yet they have often prov’d fatal to their Thrones. “ I have thought
 “ (says a *Loyal Divine* †) that the Thirtieth
 “ of *January* Sermons, cost King *James* his
 “ three Crowns. *Men of corrupt Minds* were
 “ still addressing themselves to his Humour,
 “ till they push’d him on to the Fate that
 “ became publick enough. And when they
 “ had cried up his Power as sacred, and told

* *Richard Steel*, Esq; a Member of Parliament for *Stockbridge*, and Author of that celebrated Paper, intitl’d the *Guardian*.

† In his late Sermon intituled, *The Lawfulness of resisting Tyrants*,

“ him all his Actions were uncontroll’d, he
 “ no sooner took ’em at their Word, but
 “ they left him in the Lurch: And he judg’d
 “ extremely right in his Troubles, when he
 “ cry’d out, with a Concern that I should
 “ have pitied, upon seeing a Clergy-Man,
 “ *Ah Sir, it’s the Men of your Cloth that have*
 “ *brought me to this.* ’Twas the Unhappiness
 “ of that Prince, to believe those in their
 “ Sermons and Addresses who never believ’d
 “ themselves: They may talk of Passive-Obe-
 “ dience, Resignation, Meekness and Patience,
 “ but the general Filthiness of their Lives,
 “ and their Hastiness to Anger with all the
 “ World, make ’em a wretched Party for
 “ any King to trust in. The *Memorial of*
 “ *the Church of England* tells us indeed, that
 “ *Non-Resistance* has been always their *Principle,*
 “ but they confess *Nature* is apt to rebel against
 “ *Principle,* and we believe ’em when they say,
 “ *that in those Cases the Odds are on Nature’s*
 “ *Side.* Such a nice Distinction as this, do
 “ we find in the *Address* presented to the
 “ Queen some Time ago by *the Clergy of*
 “ *London;* they call Her Majesty’s Authority
 “ *Irresistible,* and yet the next Breath sucks
 “ that in, for they say *as they have withstood,*
 “ *so they will withstand again*”. ——— So
 that ’tis clear, our High-Church Priests are
 no longer loyal to their Prince, than he is
 dignifying their Ambition with *Lawn Sleeves,*
 or feeding their Avarice with great *Living;*
 and therefore I shall presume to say, that
 Subject deserves most of Your Majesty’d Fa-
 vour,

Your, that loves his Queen because he honours his God, and is loyal because he is religious. This Man (be he Whigg or Tory) is *STEADY*, and his Loyalty impregnable; no *LUIDORES* or *DIAMONDS* can tempt him to sell his Religion or Country, untill they convince him there is no God, nor shake his Allegiance, until they can disargue his Faith: For he is a *Whigg Loyalist*, that is, Loyalty becomes the very Nature and Soul of this Man; but it hangs very loosely and uncertainty upon all others, let 'em be as *High-Church* or as *Low-Church* as they please: But as no Man can properly be call'd a *WHIGG*, that is not truly pious and loyal; so all the *WHIGG-LOYALTY*, that is paid to Your Majesty's Person and Government, throughout Your whole *Dominions*, is (tho' our late *Glorious Deliverer* from Popery and Slavery, is now call'd a *Usurper*) chiefly founded on *Revolution Principles*; this is fairly acknowledged for *Orthodox Doctrine*, by all the true Sons of the Church of *England*: (of which I boast my self an unworthy Member) Nay I dare appeal even to that Tool of the Jacobite Party himself (Dr. *Sturteverill*) if *absolute Passive-Obedience* and *Non-Resistance*, was not decry'd as a false and ridiculous Doctrine, when the Church of *England* was touch'd in the sensible Part, I mean in her *Rights and Privileges*: For tho' " We have a late Spawn of Writers * who

* As is observ'd by the truly loyal and Ingenious Author of the Sermon, intituled, *The Lawfulness of resisting Tyrants*.

represent that great Work [*of the Revolution*] as only the Rolling of a Multitude, yet it is well known that Persons of the first Quality invited the Prince of Orange over. The Paper call'd *The Address of the English Protestants*, was sign'd by Dr. Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the greatest Part of that Order; which shew'd what Spirit they were of in the Time of their Danger; " and it is of little Value with me, that they who made no Scruple to pray to a Prince, shou'd make any to Swear to him; our Nobility and Gentry all over the Nation, declar'd the Right that was in 'em not to be undone, and flock'd in to their Deliverer: Nay, that which gave the greatest Figure to the Design was, that Your Majesty (our rightful and ever Glorious Queen) and Your late Consort, Prince George of Denmark, lov'd Your Religion and Country above any Ties of Blood; Your Majesty began to be Glorious at Nottingham (as an Earnest what Your Name shou'd be in Germany and Flanders) by leading those People as a General, which You shou'd afterwards command as a Sovereign. And tho' there are some who please themselves with a Phrase of *Thanking God* that they had no Hand in this *Glorious Revolution*, yet all the *Loyal Whiggs* (or sincere Protestants, for they are synonymous Terms) in Your Majesty's Realms, met on the fifth of *November last*, (the Day King *William* landed) to thank God that others had; and to speak the Truth, it's pity that they who

C. hate

hate the Principles of this Cause, shou'd *Roll in the Profits*; for 'tis a general Observation amongst all those loyal Subjects that are call'd *Whigs*, that all the *Anti-Revolution Gentlemen* (or Enemies to King *William*) are *Abettors of the Pretenders Interest* if not profest *Jacobites*.

Then may Heaven ever defend your Majesty, and in that your Kingdoms, from *Pretended Friends*, those most dangerous Enemies, by *what Name or Title soever dignify'd or distinguish'd*, from the *BONA FIDE Monarch*, to his *Vice-Roy at Bar le Duc*, of what ever Denomination or Religion he may be at present, or next week, together with all their *Adherents, Abettors, Wel-wishers, fereign and domestick*, for such Monsters there are amongst us, but their *Persons, Names, Designs and Practices*, are better known than they imagine, as they may one Day perhaps find to their Confusion and Loss.

After all, I can scarce tell how to suppose, that 'tis my Care for my Religion, Sovereign's, and Countrey's Safety, my Zeal for their Honour and happy Establishment, that has so highly provoked some great Men's Displeasure, but shou'd it be so, they may rest fully assured, that neither the *Wrath, nor Grandeur of any Fellow Subject*, tho' in never so highly exalted a Station, shall fright me from my Duty; their *Displeasure and Malice wou'd be more justly placed, if the first were directed against themselves, and the other agatnst their Babling Tools*, such as a certain *WATER-MAN* between *Chatham* and *Rocheſter*, who boasts his former
Owling

Owling Trade, tho' it cost *the Partner of his Treason his Life*, and himself nine Months Confinement, has now procured him a Pension of 50 pounds a Year.

Alas poor GREGG! Were thy Treasonable Merits so great, that neither a *Place, Title, Pension, W—e, S—e* nor *G—r*, could reward, that thou wouldst die a *Silent Martyr!* Had thy Fidelity to thy Sovereign been equal to that to thy *M—r*, *how brightly hadst thou shin'd in Story*, and now, how black dost thou appear to all honest Men? Thy *Brother Traytor on the Thames*, calls thee a *thousand Fools*, and swears, before he wou'd have suffer'd a *Hempen Collar* to have been about his Neck, he wou'd have made Discoveries, that had found Business for both *Axe and Halter*.

May those be the Fall of all disloyal Subjects, especially *Queen ANNE's*, and all other Betrayers of their Country; may *the Hereditary Publisher* be so honest, as to confess *when, where and by whom* that Work was carry'd on; who 'twas the *CLUB* appointed to search Records for *Henry the viiith's Will*, and other Presidents for Modern Facts, how much above 18*l.* that Search cost, who was at that Charge, and with what View, except to a *certain young Gentleman at Bar le Duc*, not but that there are some faithful Subjects, who careful of your Majesty's Person and Honour, their Country's Happiness, and their own Liberties and Properties, *keep so vigilant a Watch on all those Persons*, whose Fidelity to your Sacred Person they have Reason to suspect, as

that none of all this *Mystery of Iniquity* is a Secret to them; they are ready and able to inform your Majesty, in all these Particulars and many more, of the last Moment to Your Majesty, and Kingdom's Safety: (as appears by the many seasonable Discoveries that have been sent to me by Persons of Great Quality) but without Your Majesty's Encouragement, Command and Royal Protection, the appearing in so dangerous an Undertaking, wou'd justly entitle them to the Character Dr. Sacheverel and his Friends gave me, for the Discoveries in my *Court-Spy*, viz. that of a *mad Man*; I must do them all the Justice, to own, that they were none of them so *mad*, as to suffer me to prove the *black Charge* I exhibited against him, and I am not yet so *mad*, as not to know the Reason of their Temper in this Matter; nor so *mad* neither, as not to know Truth from Falshood, Realities from Pretences, Traytors from faithful Subjects, Popish Priests from Protestant Ministers, Superstition, Self-will Worship, and all other false Doctrines, even to that new one of *Rebaptizing* (new to the Church of *England*, tho' the Doctor who pretends to be a Minister of that Church, declares 'tis what he'l preach and practice, forgetting, I suppose, that his Patron, my Lord T——r had no other than *Presbyter Baptism*, and consequently, by his Rule, is *no Christian*) from the Truth of Christ and his Gospel: Nay, to go farther, I can likewise assure the Reverend Doctor, I have so much the Advantage of him and his *deluded Followers*, in Sense

as well as Faith, that I can distinguish between a Gracious Princess governing by Law, and an Arbitrary Tyrant acting against all Laws humane and divine, between my Rightful Sovereign, and a Sham Pretender; and as with Joy, Love and Humble Duty, I shall obey the first, so I shall with all my Power, to my last Breath resist the other, when ever by the Advice or Assistance of such False Brethren, as the Doctor of St. Andrew's Holbourn, he shall attempt a second Invasion of your Majesty's Dominions: In this hearty and Loyal Resolution, I am seconded by all your faithful Subjects, and shall be, not only by all your true Allies, but likewise all sincere Protestants; and when ever the Heroe of the Doctors Farce makes his next Attempt on Britain, he'll find it so, to his Confusion, and that of all his Invitors or Assistors, at home and abroad.

To tire your Majesty no longer, I beg Leave only to repeat once more, that I am ready to prove all my Discoveries of the Doctor and his Accomplices's, upon the least Intimation of your Majesty's Pleasure, and Assurances of your Royal Protection for my self and Witnesses, who are all Persons of unquestionable Veracity and Credit, of unblemished Reputation and Loyalty, faithful and affectionate Subjects to your Majesty, and true Friends to that Illustrious House whose Succession only can make your People able to support the Loss of so good a Queen, when ever Heaven for our Sins, and your Majesty's Happiness, shall remove you from an earthly to an Heavenly Crown: Nor shall either Re-
wards

Wards or Punishments, the Frowns or Flatteries of any Creature hinder me, from faithfully discharging the Duty I owe *my God, my Queen and Country*, to the utmost of my Power; as I wou'd not for *a thousand Worlds*, wrong any Man by a false Accusation, if I knew it to be so, so neither will I for *Fear or Favour*, conceal any Villany, that comes well attested to my Knowledge: this ever was, is, and shall be my Principle and Practice; *By this I'll stand or fall, live or die*; that Man I think ill understands his Duty to God, his Prince and Country, that will be *bully'd* out of the performing it, by any Man on Earth. This I hope will never be attempted towards me, but if it shou'd, 'twill be in vain, for I wou'd willingly lose for the Service of your Majesty, as much as others get by pretending to serve you.

May Your Majesty long live, the Blessing of your People, and Support of the Protestant Interest, and the Liberties of Europe; all of them now in the utmost Danger; may your Majesty be the Glorious Instrument of Providence, to extricate them out of it: And to this End, may God bless your Majesty, with a wise Council, a faithful Ministry, and an obedient, loyal, affectionate, dutiful, united People, this is the hearty, zealous Prayers of,

Most Gracious Sovereign,

Your Majesty's most humble,

Most obedient, most loyal,

Most dutiful and most faithful

Subject and Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

T H E
Fiery-Tryal:

O R

The CASE of the *Protestants of Great-Britain*, if the *PRETENDER* shou'd ever Usurp Her Majesty's Throne, and be *Crown'd King*.

Attempted by Mr. JOHN DUNTON, Author of the foregoing *Address to Her Majesty*.

Reader,

I Judge 'twill be a *Word in Season* (after my offering to appear and prove all my Discoveries of the *Jacobite-Treason* detected in my *Court-Spy*) if I here give you, A Glimpse of that *Fiery-Tryal* that will undoubtedly befall the *Protestants of Great Britain* if God (for our Sins) shou'd ever suffer the *Pretender* to Usurp Her Majesties Throne, and be crown'd Kings. Then since 'tis the Duty of e-
very

very Loyal Subject (as I have prov'd in my *Address to Her Majesty*) to endeavour the Service of that Community to which he belongs, according to his Station, Circumstances, or the Discoveries he can make, let it not be thought *Officiousness* or *Prefumption* in a *private Subject of England*, employ'd in no Post, and engag'd to no Party, sway'd by no particular Views of Interest, and heated by no Zeal or Passion, but for the Good of his Native Country, to offer you such Discoveries, of the Case of the Protestants of Great Britain, under a Popish King, as (by the Blessing of God) may save a Frenchified Nation from Ruin, or in plainer English, may preserve us from the Usurpation and Fiery-Trial design'd by a Popish Pretender.

I confess (Reader) it were to be wish'd, that all Her Majesty's Subjects cou'd be made sensible of their invaluable Happiness, in being born free, and govern'd by Laws of their own making, Liberty the Birthright of an Englishman, is so glorious a Possession, that you can never be too frequently congratulated upon it, nor too often advis'd to hold it fast [in Despight of the Pretender, and all his Adherents] and if the Pulpits wou'd perform their Duty conscientiously, and dwell frequently upon this Subject, 'twou'd not be at all forreign to their Business, which is to promote Vertue, and the present as well as future Happiness of Mankind. This certainly wou'd be a Theme much more proper to those good Ends) and more likely to deliver us from the Fiery-Trial, (as the practical Love of Truth is the best Preservative
against

against Popery) than their old exploded one, of *Passive Obedience*, and wou'd be moreover a reparation in kind, of the *corrupt Politicks*, which to the *Abuse of Scripture and Common Sense*, they once spread abroad over the Nation, and to which, in a great Measure, must be imputed the *fatal Mischiefs* which have *formerly happen'd* both to the Court and Country, and the *present Fears* we are now in of a *Popish Pretender*, but this Craft of the *Sacheverelite (or Jacobite) Faction* (which consists in framing such Interpretations of holy Scripture, as serve an indirect Interest) was never discover'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 Clergy had been propagating since the Reign of *King James the first*. And those that will not yet believe that *Great Britain is in any Danger from the Pretender*, will do well to remember, 'twas the *High-Church-Clergy and Party*, who by their preaching and voting, oppos'd the Bill for *excluding James Duke of York*, a known *Papist*; 'twas this Party who impos'd upon the Nation the *Doctrine of Passive Obedience* to a *Tyrannical King*, upon Pain of *Eternal Damnation*; and to this *High-Flying-Party (or Jacobite Protestants)* 'tis, that the *Hereditary Folio* (a Book writ on Purpose to promote the Pretender's Interest) owes its Birth, and the Protestants of *Great Britain* their Fears of a Persecution, and the Danger they are now in of losing that invaluable Blessing the Protestant Succession, in the *Illustrious House of Hanover*, tho'

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these *High-Flyers* (or great Pretenders to Loyalty) can't but know, 'tis to ruin her Majesty's Title, to fix it on any other Foot than that of the *Revolution* and the *Act of Settlement*, which (as Mr. *Steel* unanswerably proves in his *Crisis*) excludes the Popish Pretender for ever, and consequently renders the *Hanover Succession unalterable*, which was a Matter of such vast Moment that 'till the Succession was settled in the Protestant Line, and the Hopes of all other Pretenders cut off, the *Revolution* was imperfect, and King *William* had but half perform'd the Business he came for; and 'twas a Sense of this, made him with such prudent Concern to mention to the Parliament, the great Loss of the Duke of *Glocester*, and press 'em to look forward, and make a further Provision for the Throne; and King *William* had the Mischiefs arising from a Popish Successor, so much at Heart, that his very *last Minutes* were improv'd with a wise Diligence, to deliver us from *Papery and Slavery* (I mean from that *Fiery-Trial* of which he had a sensible Prospect, as well as of his own approaching death) and therefore hastned the compleating of those good Acts, prepar'd to this Purpose; and when he had sign'd 'em died, with the pious Satisfaction of a tender Father of his People, who thought that he had then done all that was in his Power, towards making their Happiness immortal. And yet 'tis notorious, with what Cowardly Insolence some English and Scotch Jacobites have treated the Memory of King *William*, one of the best Princes (Her present

present Majesty excepted) that ever sat on the English Throne, who for so many Years before his Accession to the *English Crown*, as well as since was the great Asserter of the Liberty of *Europe*, and the chief Barrier to the Ambition of *France*, even by the Confession of his worst Enemies. Or, what ever undeserving *Aspersions* the *Jacobites* may cast upon him, all true Protestants will always own, that King *William* was a Prince who came to the Throne upon the justest and most honourable Title in the World, *viz.* *The Universal Call of an afflicted People*, who lay oppress'd with intollerable Slavery, and expos'd to certain Ruin. But this was above twice seven Years agoe, a long Space, and in which these wise Gentlemen have had the good Fortune to recover themselves out of the fright that then put 'em besides their Senses, and to wonder what those *Bugbears* and *Ghosts of Danger* were, that made a whole Nation start from their Loyalty, and turn Rebels; such wretches (or Passive Canthers) as these, were sav'd against their Wills, only by the Misfortune they had to be in Company with such as were wiser than themselves; and they wou'd be justly serv'd if they were left to perish by their own Contrivances (I mean by that *New Scheme* they have concerted) to bring in the Pretender) if the *Fi-
ry Tryal* they are now preparing for the Protestants of *Great Britain*, wou'd not involve the true Friends to the *House of Hanover*, for 'tis notorious, with what Industry *Dr. Sacheverel* and his false Brethren have employ'd them-

themselves in reviving old Quarrels, sowing new Seeds of Contention, and stirring up all the ill Humours of the Nation, which during the whole Time of the late *Glorious Ministry*, has lain still, and given the Nation no Disturbance.

This Reader is the former and present State of the Protestants of Great Britain, and therefore wou'd unavoidably end in a *PERSECUTION* (or Fiery Tryal) if ever the Pretender shou'd usurp her Majesty's Throne, and be crown'd King; for the Malice and Fury of our Protestant Jacobites, is now more fierce and cruel than it was (even) in that Reign when *BLOODY JURIES* were impanel'd, and *Russel*, *Sydney*, *Cornish*, *Bateman*, and other illustrious Patriots, were sacrific'd to the Resentments of a *Papish Successor*, and to set him the sooner on the *British Throne*. And 'twas for that Reason, that the noble *Ld. Russel* tells the World, in his last Speech, that "He thanks God he fell by the *Axe*, and not by the *Fiery Tryal*."

But it seems at first Sight an Absurdity, that any Man shou'd need to be preach'd to upon these things, that a Protestant shou'd need to be reminded that his Religion is preferable to that of *Rome*, and an *Englishman* that our Government is more for his Security, than that of *France* (for the Pretender can never come, but by the Assistance of our dear Friend and Allie *Louis le Grand*) where there's scarce a *Hugonot*, but has either dy'd in the *Fiery-Tryal*, or fled from it; and how near *Eng-*
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land is now to it, is very uncertain, for *The Letter to the Dissenters* tells 'em plainly what they are all to expect, if they won't act contrary to their Consciences (for that's the meaning of forcing of 'em to approve the frenchify'd Conduct of V ——— B ———) and the *Low-Churchmen*, as they scorn to come into O. ———'s *Hereditary* (or *Jacobite*) Measures, can't expect any kinder Treatment, than the *Glorious Martyrs in Queen Mary's Days* found in the midst of Flames. For don't we (already) find, that not only the *Freedom of Elections* is destroy'd (as is seen by the *London Merchants* not being return'd to sit in the next Parliament, tho' the *Scrutiny* prov'd them duly elected) but that *Bloody Juries* are like to be pack'd again, and Numbers of truly loyal and innocent *Whiggs* offer'd in Sacrifice to the Malice of the *Pretender's Friends* (for that is the meaning of *SOME BODY's Letter to the Dissenters*) and to fasten our Chains, all her Majesty's most loyal Subjects, the [*WHIGGS*] must be treated and branded as Factionous (or mad) Persons for can my being forc'd to fly, (for only discovering *Treasonable Words and Practices*, against her Majesty's Person and Government, that I am ready to prove) admit of any other Construction? ——— This, *Reader*, is a true Account of that *Ruin* (if not *Fiery Tryal*) that all true Protestants are to expect, if ever the *Pretender* shou'd usurp her Majesty's Throne, and be crown'd King; so that at present our very *Liberty* struggles as it were for Life, against the *Treasonable Attempts* of a R ———ing F ———
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and a Debauch'd S——, who might well say, *He wou'd not give ten Pounds to take me, for he knows he were better give ten Thousand Pounds than I shou'd inform her Majesty of his lewd and Jacobite Character.* (As I resolve to do it by credible Witnesses, if I obtain the *Royal Protection*) neither can I doubt it, without doing a manifest Wrong to Her Majesty's illustrious Piety, she having declar'd (in a Proclamation) *“ Her solemn Resolution to discountenance and punish all manner of Vice and Profaneness, in all Persons of whatever Degree or Quality, and particularly in such as are employ'd near Her Royal Person.*

Now Reader, as I have here faithfully discover'd the Case (or *Fiery-Trial*) of the Protestants of *Great Britain* (if ever the Pretender shou'd usurp Her Majesty's Throne) I hope there cannot any be found so fantastically fond of change, so transported by Discontent or destitute of Sense, and the Love of their native Country, as to expect better Times under a French Conquest (for *Perkin* will be no other than a *Deputy-King* to *Lewis le Grand*) than they now enjoy under a protestant Queen.

And here I wou'd argue a little calmly, with those *English Jacobites*, that drink the Pretender's Health, write their Treason on Medals, and are so zealous for what they (traitorously) call his *Restoration*.

And here Gentlemen, I wou'd first ask you Is not arbitrary Government the same thing ever was? Is Popery grown less bloody, or less superstitious

Superstitious; Or is *Bigotry* grown mild and gracious by being irritated and exasperated? What is it Men can expect from such a *bloody Revolution* as that must needs be, that shall settle the Pretender on the English Throne, will that Prince that makes other Countries a Wilderness make ours a Paradise? If ever the Pretender gets footing in *England*, must it not be by the secret or publick Assistance of the *French King*; and then, can he be any other than his *Bloody Dragoon* (or popish Deputy) to do with our *Lives and Fortunes*, just as he orders him? Will he that harrasses and oppresses his own Subjects, and will not endure to be control'd either by *Law or Religion*, be scrupulous and tender of our *English Laws, Rights and Liberties*? Will he who has hitherto plac'd *Glorry in Subtilty, and Cruelty, Blood and Falshood*, change his Notion in the Moment he overcomes us, and pursue it in Acts of Mildness and Goodness of Honour and Justice? These sure are Miracles fit for no Faith, but that which swallows *Transubstantiation*: But alas, if we cou'd suppose even all this, our Fortunes and Treasure, are the least Demands the *Necessity and Ambition* of that Prince can stoop to; and he will never want Pretences to make such Demands appear just and reasonable: Or suppose the *French King* (or his *Vice-Roy*, the sham Prince) cou'd be that gentle, mild, *REINING THING* the Jacobites wou'd have us think him; yet our Religion, our innate Love of Liberty, and Aversion to a tyrannical Yoke, much more a foreign one,

and

and much more yet, a French one (tho' put
 on our passive Necks by the Pretender him-
 self) render us incapable of being ever frus-
 tered, or indulged by him; he will never
 think his own Power and Interest secure,
 while there remains any thing, either of our
English Courage unbroke, our Fortunes unex-
 hausted, or our Religion uncorrupted, and
 will look upon himself oblig'd to reduce us
 to the lowest Degree of Impotence and Tameness,
 that is, to the Condition of poor cow'd Slaves
 or despicable Apostates; and therefore I rec-
 kon every *English* Jacobite (or Perkinite Plot-
 ter) to be either a Fool or a Madman.

F I N I S.

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