

THE [John Duke of Marlborough]
MANIFESTO

OF

1485 J 31

K. John the Second;

AND OF THOSE

Noblemen, Gentlemen and Others, now arming in Defence of his Indefeasible and Hereditary Right to the Imperial Crown of Great Britain and Ireland: Declaring he has Fairer Pretensions to be Sole Monarch of these Kingdoms, than that Popish Impostor that styles Himself James the Third.

WITH

A Satyr upon Royalty,

WRITTEN

By King John the Second, on purpose to Quiet his own Mind, in case he should not succeed in his Royal Claim, but (like his Hereditary Rival) be still forc'd to continue a Common Subject.

The whole printed by the Special Order of his Majesty King John; and Inscrib'd to that ever Victorious General, JOHN Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

This MANIFESTO is sold by S. Popping in Pater-noster-Row, and most Booksellers in Great-Brittain and Ireland. — Price 6d.

A
KEY
TO THE
MANIFESTO
OF THOSE

Noblemen, Gentlemen and Others, that (*since the Pretender Landed in Scotland*) are Arming in defence of *King John the Second's Hereditary Right to the Imperial Crown of Great Britain.* Writ by his Majesty *K. John*, and INSCRIB'D,

TO

The Most Illustrious

AND

Ever Victorious GENERAL,
JOHN Duke of Marlborough.

May it please Your Grace,

TIS with *Inexpressible Joy*, all honest *British Protestants* see such an *Illustrious Patriot and Hero* (as your Grace) at the Head of the *Military Affairs*, as well as Presiding in our *Councils and Parliaments*; and I humbly beg leave to assure your Grace, That amongst the *Crowd of your Grace's Admirers*, no one has a more grateful sense of your Grace's Services to your Countrey, or a more profound

Respect for *the Glorious Duke of Marlborough*, than myself; That I have not profess'd it in this Publick Manner since your *Graces Happy Return to Britain* was, that I had so publickly acknowledged my Respects in the most dangerous Times, that I thought no one could have doubted me on that Head, no more than they cou'd my Zeal for the *Liberties of Britain*, the *Protestant Religion*, or their only *Humane Security*, the *Protestant Succession*: for all which I hazarded as much as any Man in *England*. Since 'tis well known, I hazarded my ALL, even *Life*, *Liberty* and *Estimate*, and suffer'd a long and severe *Prosecution*, or rather *Persecution*, by that *State Viper* the late *Lord Bolingbroke*, who had issued *SIX WARRANTS* for seizing me.

I thank God I've out-liv'd his *POWER*, tho' not his nor his Party's *MALICE*, who still threaten my *Life*, but in the *Cause of God, my King and Country*, I despise their Threats; and whilst my Writings or Endeavours can be any ways serviceable to these, shall continue them thro' all Hazards, whether *REWARDED*, or not.

As to the *Manifesto*, (or *Royal Claim*, Inscrib'd to your *GRACE*) 'twas entirely *MY OWN THOUGHT* and Projection, and is writ in the Name of *John the Second*; for tho' *King John the First* was poisoned by a *Monk*, (and *JOHN* was always thought an *unfortunate Name* for a *King*) yet as the *Noblemen, Gentlemen and Others*, that intend to *Arm* in defence of my *Royal Title*, are in love with the Name of *JOHN*, (as 'tis the Name of the ever *Victorious Marlborough*) to gratify these *Loyal Friends and Adherents*, I must go by the Name of *King John the Second*, when ever I fight for a *Crown*; but (as the *Manifesto* observes) "*JOHN the Pretender claims nothing, till all the Royal Line of King George shall fail*; and then I shall stand as fair as any Man to be *Sole Monarch of Great Britain*, that stands no fairer than me: However (*MY LORD*) as my *Royal Claim* to the *British Crown*, is a *meer Jest*, to banter the *Pretender's unjust Claim* to *Monarchy*; I have thought fit to improve the *Jest*, by adding to the *Manifesto*, *AN APPENDIX*, I entitle,

title, *A Satyr upon Royalty*, which I writ on purpose to quiet my own mind, in case I shou'd not succeed in my Royal Claims, but (like my Hereditary Rival) be still forc'd to continue a common Subject, (if any Man can be so accounted, that lives in that **GOLDEN AGE**, (a) that his Majesty has reviv'd by his Royal Example) and therefore the chief Design of my *Manifesto*, (as much a **PARADOX** as some may think it) is to shew the Highest Flight I cou'd possibly soar in Loyalty to King George; and which way cou'd I better express this Zealous Duty and Affection to my Rightful Sovereign, than by proving to his Jacobite Enemies, that the meanest Subject in all his Dominions, has a better Title to the British Crown, than that Sham-Prince, that now attempts to usurp it; tho' both our Claims (in reality) are a vain, Idle, Ambitious Dream, which (as King George has observ'd of the Scotch Rebels) "Can be pernicious to none but our selves; but I will presume to say, (as believing your GRACE will not be displeas'd with an Innocent Jest) if ever I wear an **IMPERIAL CROWN**, the many Lawrels that your GRACE has won in the Field of Battle, will give you a just Title to be **CAPT. GENERAL** to all my Forces. But alas! all my Kingdoms, Generals, Statesmen, are as invisible as the Elyzian Fields, the Passive Obedience of a High Churchman, or the Pretender's Right to the British Empire: For (like that Tyler's Son, or little Popish Work of Darkness) I only **DREAM** of Crowns and Scepters, as is seen by the following *Manifesto*, and *Satyr upon Royalty*, which I humbly inscribe to your GRACE, as a most Generous Patron to all such as have **DISTINGUISH** themselves (either by the Pen or Sword) for the Honour or Welfare of their Native Country; And sure I am, 'tis a distinguishing Venture for a Loyal Subject to talk of an Indefeasible Hereditary Right to the British Crown, or for a Poor Insolvent Debtor to **DECLARE** against the Vanity, Emptiness and Disappointment that's found in Royalty and Great Estates. ——— But

(a) Alluding to a Book I publish'd with that Title, Inscrib'd to King George.

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

And I'll presume to lay even these *Uncommon, and Daring Attempts* at your GRACES Feet, not doubting but as you have ever been *A Noble Rewarder* of all such that have *DISTINGUISH'D* themselves in *FIGHTING* for Truth; but you'll be as Generous to all such as have Courage enough to *SPEAK* it, and therefore as *ONE SMILE* of your Grace upon the *Manifesto* will make my Loyal Intention in it *VICTORIOUS* over all its Enemies (which will be only *Fools and Knaves*, I mean the *English and Scotch Jacobites*) so to whom can I so properly Dedicate my *Satyr on Royalty* as to your GRACE, who (amidst all the Temptations of a *Rich and Eminent Condition*) retain an untainted Integrity, and preserve those *Graces* in their genuine Purity which both compleat, and dignify a *Christian Hero*.

My Lord, — I am sufficiently sensible that I expose myself to a great deal of Censure for publishing this *MANIFESTO* and *Satyr on Royalty*, (tho' perhaps they'll both please for the sake of their *Novelty*,) yet as they decry those *IDOLIZ'D OBJECTS* (of *Dominion and Worldly Grandeur*) which attract the Affections of the Generality of Mankind, they can never please the Men of a *Proud, or Ambitious Temper*, or such that (like the *Pretender and John Dunton*) lay claim to *Royal Titles* they have no Right to. And indeed, it cannot but Excite the Grief of every *Religious Person*, to observe with what a passionate Industry, the most part of them who profess the *Belief of another Life*, and pretend to expect an *Everlastingness of Bliss* when Time shall be no more, pursue *Impertinent Vanities*, set up their Rest on this side Heaven, and for present and imaginary Honours (such as being a *King, Duke or Lord, &c.*) not only relinquish their Right to those *Essential Joys* which are to come, but render themselves obnoxious to the opposite Extremities of endless *Wretchedness*. And alas! *What is a Man*

Can profited (saith our Blessed Saviour) if he shall gain the whole World, and lose his own Soul? What will it advantage him to be supposedly Happy for a Moment, and really Miserable to all Eternity? And therefore, as my *Manifesto* endeavours to do Justice to His Majesty's *Illustrious Character* (who even ROYALTY can't temper his unjust Love of Honour, Rules, Pleasure) so it shews how vain the Pretender's Ambition is to Land in Scotland, and hopes to USURP a Crown, to which he has no Right, and for that Reason the Hazards I ran during the late Ministry, were to prove that WOULD-BEING a Popish Impostor, and his CHIEF FRIENDS (Oxford and Bolingbroke) two secret Traytors, and how true since the present Rebellion I have engag'd in this GLO-RIOUS CAUSE, my Essays, intituled, — *The Warming-up — Queen Robin — Impeachment — Mob War — and Speech to the Associators*, sufficiently shew.

MY LORD — what grateful Thoughts the Court has of these publick Services, plainly appears by the Noble and Generous Treatment that I have receiv'd from all those ILLUSTRIOUS PATRIOTS, to whom I dedicated my late Essays, ONE of which has done me that distinguishing Honour as to send me A LETTER writ with his own Hand, in which he assures me, "He will acquaint the King with my Case and Sufferings, and that he will seek all Occasions to serve me, but, tho' this Letter was writ near a Year ago, and THE GREAT MAN that sent it to me owns, I have run more desperate Hazards of my Life and Fortune to detect the Enemies to King George — to the present Ministry — and in particular to your GRACE, (a) than any other Subject, yet to this Day NOTHING has been done to make me tolerably easy: But I am so great an Admirer of Affability and Good breeding, (as 'tis that which distinguishes the Lord from the Clown) that I shall always prefer A KIND NOTHING, (I mean Fair Promises of seeking all Occasions to

(a) In those Early Discoveries I made of Oxford's Treason whilst he was a Reigning Favourite, and your Graces avow'd Enemy.

*serve me, without ever intending it) to A NOBLE PRESENT, (tho' 'twas the Sum of a Thousand Guineas) that's given to me with a Disdainful Look, or a proud Expression, as if the DONOR were better Flesh and Blood than he that receives the Gift, whereas in FA-
 THER ADAM we have all an Hereditary Right to a Crown, (as my Manifesto fairly proves) and if we only respect that COMMON PARENT of Mankind, and the EQUALITY which Death makes, one Man is as Royal, Noble and Rich as another, and therefore as your GRACE has ever been a most Illustrious Example of Humility and Condescension to the meanest Person you converse with, I presume 'twill be no Offence to such A GENEROUS HERO, to affirm, that (setting aside Titles of Honour, Great Estates and High Places, which give no intrinsic Merit to any Man, and are only valuable from the Power they give to oblige) "He deserves the Greatest Respect and Care that has most distinguished himself by his
 " Sincere Piety towards God, and Zealous Loyalty to King
 " George: As to the FIRST, (viz. That sincere Piety that shou'd have adorn'd the whole Course of my Life) wherein I have been defective, I humbly beg pardon of God, and (where 'tis necessary) Forgiveness of Men. But as to the LAST, (viz. my Loyalty to King George) I appeal
 — To my Neck or Nothing — To my Early Discovery of Oxford's Treason — To the Loyal Whigs — And even to my very Enemies, how much I have distinguish'd my self by my Zeal and Affection to His Majesty's Interest, and yet (as if I had been as STUPID as those that saw the Nation on Fire, and durst not bring a Bucket to quench it.) Nothing is yet done to soften my present unhappy Circumstance of Debt and encumber'd Estates, tho' to be made EASIE in these Particulars (stricke Justice having been the Desire, and Doubt the Aversion of my whole Life) you make me as truly HAPPY and GREAT (I mean in my own Conceit) as if my Manifesto had already taken Effect, or I were REALLY Monarch of Great Britain —
 for I ever thought it the Greatest of Dominions to Rule one self and Passions, and therefore having Satyriz'd Royalty*

in these Sheets, and (lately) observ'd much *Vanity* in the Honour, Riches and Pleasure of great Men. Now the highest Point of my Ambition is only to be out of Debt, and to dye with a good Conscience, which *One Thousand Pounds* wou'd more than Effect, both to my own Satisfaction, and that of my *Generous Creditors*, for whose Sake (more then my own) I *condescend* to beg for Rewards (I mean that general Release from Debt) that I have long deserv'd from the present Government, as I infer from his Majesty's own Words, who in a most Gracious Speech from the Throne, has assur'd his People, 'He shall always own his great Obligations to such as have distinguish'd themselves in his Service; (which to be sure I did, if my venturing of *Neck or Nothing* to detect his Enemies be a distinguishing Mark of Loyalty) but as his Majesty can't be suppos'd to know either Men or Things, but as they are represented to him, I must be beholding for this Generous Favour to some Noble Patriot that is near the King, or I shall ever go Unrewarded; and therefore (my Lord) if Great Men are not above being Grateful to their meaner Friends, that formerly did Justice to their Illustrious Character (when 'twas a Crime to speak well of our best Patriots) I hope your GRACE will do me that Great Honour as to let his Majesty know there is just Reason I shou'd now expect such a Noble Mark of his Royal Favour as will (at least) keep me from a *Second Imprisonment*; and I'll presume to say (for I'll neither flatter nor lye, cou'd I gain a Kingdom for being so mean Spirited) that 'twou'd be a great Reflection on your Grace's *spotless Honour and Justice*, once to doubt your *condescending Favour* to me in this Particular; For if I don't mistake the Character of a true Patriot, it wou'd be no great Honour to *Great-Britain* (or at least to the Men of a plentiful Fortune) to let a Man that has ventur'd his ALL to serve his Country, afterwards *starve in a Jayl* for so mean a Sum as *One Thousand Pounds*, and that too when his Publick Services had

been thought worthy of the Royal Reward of a GOLD MEDAL, and were the principal Instrument to save his Country from Ruin.

My Lord, — This is *plainer English* than is usually spoke to Men of your Exalted Station and Merit; but there's no SATYR in this ADDRESS that can in the least Reflect on your Grace, you having never heard ('till now) the true State of my Case, and I don't fear but upon your GRACES knowing with what Fury the late Ministry fought my Ruin, but I my self shall be a New Instance of that *Noble Temper* that has ever adorn'd your Illustrious Character; for tho' the *Rascally Examiner* did his utmost to blacken your *spotless Conduct* for *Ten Glorious Campaigns*, yet I have answer'd all his *Billingsgate Slanders* (in my Letters intituled, *The Mob-War*) and shall further prove all your GRACES Enemies FOOLS and KNAVES, in a Satyr I entitle, *The Jew Impeachment*; and sure I am, AS none are Enemies to the Duke of *Marlborough*, but such as are in the Pretender's Interest, and Plotting their Country's Ruin; SO 'tis now evidently seen (by the Impeachment of OX ——— and BULL ——— (a) and other Traytors to Queen *Anne*) that all the *Dirt* those Jacobite Tools have flung at your Grace, has but made your Spotless Honour shine the Brighter, and (consequently) all their spiteful Satyr has prov'd a *Real Panegyrick* upon your *Growing Fame*, which can never lessen or dye, so long as the meanest Subjects are not deny'd your Illustrious Patronage, nor their Loyal Hazards left unrewarded; and therefore (my Lord) tho' some Great Men (as I hinted before) have forgot their Promise of *Seeking all Occasions to serve me*, yet I am still willing to flatter my self that this *Generous Act* of Representing *my Case and Sufferings* to King *George*, will be wholly owing to your great Condescension and Publick Spirit, your *Grace* having ever

(a) Alluding to a Book I lately publish'd, intituled, *Ox ——— and Bull ———* or a Funeral Oration upon the Two Beasts that are to be slaughter'd upon *Tower-Hill* this Session of Parliament. been

been, a most Generous Friend to all such (tho never so poor or distress'd) that have *Distinguish'd* themselves either in fighting his Majesty's Enemies Abroad, or detecting their Treason at Home. Then may the following *Manifesto* (as 'tis my *Last Squeak* for Life) be so propitious to King *JOHN*, as both to Advance me to your Grace's Favour, and to Fix me in it; and then my *Royal Claim* (which was writ to prove the Pretender a Scoundrel, his Adherents a Mob, and my self a Loyal Subject) will be the Best (tho the Boldest) Venture I ever made, and I'm sure the Most Glorious, for I shall value his Majesty's Bounty to me (if I'm obliged for it to the NOBLE MARLBOROUGH) above an *Imperial Crown*, tho my Title to it were *real*, which (I confess, *my Lord*) is the highest Flight I can possibly soar, either in Loyalty to King *George*, or in True Respect to your Grace, and yet does not express the Thousandth part of that zealous Affection that I have in my Heart to both.

And thus (*My Lord*) this ADDRESS to your Grace serves as a KEY to the *Manifesto* of those Noblemen, Gentlemen, and others, that are arming in Defence of King *John* II'd's Hereditary Right to the Imperial Crown of *Great Britain*, not only as it OPENS all the Secrets (or different Designs) that are in the Pretender's Claim and Mine to the *British* Empire; but as it PLAINLY shews I could no ways so well have distinguish'd my zealous Loyalty and Affection to King *George*, as by making a New Venture of *Neck or Nothing* in a *Manifesto* against that Crown and Dignity his Majesty so JUSTLY and GLORIOUSLY wears. I confess, *my Lord*, for a Man to talk of his Meritorious *Hazards* and *Great Services*, looks like a Breach of the Rules of Modesty; but *there's no general Rule without an Exception*; and in my Case, the Pretence to abundance of Merit, is quite the Reverse of all Ostentation and Vanity; for where a Man's Publick Services have been long neglected, or his Reputation injur'd, there a SELF-PANEGYRICK is not only allowable, but meer Justice to his Honest Character, and more especially where it happens (*as in my Case*)

Case) that all his Majesty's Subjects (both Friends and Enemies) do OPENLY declare the *neglected or injured Man* has long since deserved a *Distinguishing Mark* of the Royal Favour.

But I won't presume to trouble your *Grace* with any more of my *just Complaints*, for can I be in my Right Senses (which was never question'd by such as know me) and yet fear being NOBLY Rewarded in a few Days? The *remarkable Justice* that I have done ——— To His MAJESTIES SACRED PERSON (in my Essay, intituled *The Golden Age*) ——— To your GRACE's Victorious Character (in my Early Discoveries, call'd *Neck or Nothing*) ——— And to the WHOLE KINGDOM (in the following *Manifesto*) being all become such a *Vox Populi*, that there's scarce any Weekly Paper but has told the World, a Royal Reward is designed for me, and in particular, the ingenious Author of *The London Post* (a) has done me the Honour to tell the Publick,

' We are inform'd, That Mr. JOHN DUNTON,
' Author of a Pamphlet, intituled, *Neck or Nothing*,
' which he printed and publish'd against the *Late Mi-*
' *nistry*, while they were in Power, (in doing of which
' he ventured his NECK) will receive a farther Mark
' of Favour, by having some considerable *Place or Pen-*
' *sion* for Life, it being thought by many at Court, that
' his *signal Services* to this present Government ought
' to be Nobly Rewarded, as a Token of which, his Ma-
' jesty was pleas'd, some time since, to present him
' with a GOLD MEDAL of great Value.

My Lord, If 'tis Matter of Fact, that I thus ventur'd my NECK, in exposing the *Restoring-Plot* of the Late Ministry while they were in Power, (as I can prove I did by Original Letters and Living Witnesses) and if my Fellow Subjects think these *Signal Services* (for so they are call'd by the Nation in general, as well as the Weekly Writers) deserve a considerable *Place or Pension*; I then presume, that neither your Grace, nor any of those No-

(a) In his *London Post*, publish'd Dec. 31. 1715.

ble Lords that formerly call'd me *The Patriot of Great-Britain*, for venturing thus Early and Boldly in his Majesty's Service, will now blame me for seeking a Royal Reward for Publick Services, as are now forgotten, especially considering the HAZARDS I ran of my Life and Fortune during the Late Ministry. WERE—— what first detected that Treason and Villany of *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke*, which has been since confirm'd by *The Committee of Secrecy*) WERE—— what defeated the Jacobite Plot in *Southwark*, to restore the Pretender, and WERE—— the sole Occasion of inspecting the Listing of Men in *Ireland* for the Pretender's Service, and of WHOLLY suppressing that Traiterous Project, (as I am able to prove by a Letter I receiv'd from that *Person of Honour* from whom I receiv'd all those Discoveries that furnish'd out *Neck or Nothing*.)

My Lord,—For these Early Attempts to defeat the Pretender's Rebellion, the Jacobite Faction have endeavour'd to MOB me, threaten to MURDER me, and now openly SWEAR, (a thing common with Men of their loose Principles) ' That when their Popish Idol ' is Crown'd King, that I shall be *the First Whig* they'll ' hang at Tyburn; and yet these thoughtless Wretches have Hinted to me, in some of their Threatning Letters, That if I'll publickly Recant of what I have writ against the Pretender, (in my Two Essays, intituled, *The Mob-War*, and *The Royal Intreague of the Warming-Pan*) that I shall be a Great Favourite when he is Crown'd, and Rewarded (almost) as I please. But I am so far from Recanting, that I have prov'd the Pretender a Popish Impostor; that were I Master of *One hundred thousand Pounds* (the Reward that is promis'd to him that takes him) I would rather give it every Penny out of my own Pocket, than this Sham-King (who comes to rob us of our Religion, Laws and Liberties) shou'd not have the just reward of his cursed Rebellion; for I have SWORN ALLEGIANCE to *my rightful and ever-glorious Sovereign King George*, and I thank God, my LOYAL EYES were ever proof against the Blaze of Gold. What! sell a
Pro-

Protestant Prince, and my Native Country (like *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke*) for Louis d'Ors, French Popery, and Wooden Shoes? No, my Lord! the bare proposing such a Villany to me, makes me so much abhor the Pretender, (but more especially his Golden bait to withdraw my Loyalty from King *George*) that had he but Honour or Courage enough to Face me with Sword and Pistol, (in Sight of both Armies before they engag'd) I'd soon determine who had the most Right to be King of *Great Britain*, JOHN DUNTON, or the *Tyler's Son*. But as his Hopes of Empire are wholly owing to a Groundless Imagination of *Indefeasible Hereditary Right*, (which our High Church Priests have infused into his Popish Noddle) he'll scarce dare to Answer this Publick Challenge, by a Personal Duel, being a meer Coward, as is seen by his Heading the Rebels with such great Precaution. However, that I may Countermine every trembling Step he takes to usurp his Majesty's Throne, I'll pursue this Sham-Prince throughout his whole Dream of Loyalty, (but more especially with respect to his Proclaiming at *Perth* by that perjur'd Rebel the Earl of *Mar*, his MOCK Coronation at *Scoon*, and Parliament of Scotch Papists) by which Discoveries I shall fairly prove, that all the *Hereditary Right* that the Pretender has to the British Crown, is wholly owing to that spurious Birth he receiv'd from a *Tyler's* Wife, a Brass Warming-Pan, *Mar's* Rebellion, and the False Cry of the *Church being in Danger*; which sufficiently shews the Pretender has no Hereditary or Regal Right to any greater Advancement than that which his Brother Rebels will soon find at the Gallows.

Then (my Lord) I humbly conceive none of my Fellow-Subjects will account me vain or ambitious that my *Manifesto Rivals the Pretender in Royalty*; for were I never so poor or insolvent, I am as much a King as a Popish Bastard, and will therefore *Mimick* that spurious Rebel in all his pretences to *Royalty*, till he receives the just Reward of his Impudence,
which

which is one Petition in my daily Prayers, and may serve to convince the Jacobite Faction my Loyalty to King George can never be tainted with Money, and whoever Affronts me with such a Temptation, will find as much, for I assure your Grace I am so far from Retracting any Treason I have publish'd of Oxford, Bolingbroke, or the Sham Prince of Wales, &c. that I most solemnly declare, I had much rather DYE a poor Subject to King George (for then I dye in Discharge of my Duty) than LIVE Lord High-Treasurer of Great-Britain under a Popish King; and yet all the Reward I have had for this faithful Service is 'only Poverty and Praise (or in Plainer English) 'abundance of Fair Promises. 'Tis true (my Lord) the Jacobite Tories do always relieve their Friends in Distress, and are very generous in Rewarding such as have serv'd their Party. A Jacobite Rascal had 500 l. a Year for Writing that scandalous Paper call'd *The Examiner*; and that False Brother Dr. Sacheverel was advanc'd to the greatest Living in England, for no greater Merit (that I cou'd ever hear of) but only Drinkig the Pretender's Health, cursing the Hanover Succession, and Railing at Revolution Principles in a Foolish Harangue at St. Pauls; (for 'twere profaning the Pulpit to call such Impudent Stuff a Sermon) but tho' the Tory Churchmen are thus Kind and Generous to that Vile Crew that promote the Pretender's Interest, yet the LOYAL WHIGGS (tho' they have the best and brightest Cause in the World, and for that Reason I will never desert 'em, tho' I shou'd starve in defending their honest Principles) are too apt to forget their OLD FRIENDS in Distress, or I had long since heard of A NOBLE REWARD for venturing Neck or Nothing to serve 'em. I confess (my Lord) this Expectation of a Generous Present from his Majesty's Whigg-Subjects seems inconsistent with my present Manifesto for an Imperial Crown, but is no ways so with my sincere Loyalty to King George, and I am sure fairly discovers the VANITY of that Honour, Riches, Pleasure, which I have most justly Sataryz'd

Sataryz'd in my APPENDIX to these Sheets. For alas! tho' Villains and Traytors have been highly caref'd and rewarded by High-Church Tories, yet the *Loyal Whiggs* (the Noble *Sarum, Wharton, Newcastle, Townshend, Boshmer, Stanhope, Cadagon* and *Gwyn* only excepted) han't yet remember'd the poor *Man that won'd save the City* (a) which verifies that English Proverb—*Kissing goes by Favour* ——— For some Men (having Friends at Court) that han't run the *Fortieth Part* of my Hazards, have been long since advanc'd to considerable *Places and Pensions* too, and yet this Rewarding some Persons, whilst others (that have more distinguish'd themselves in his Majesty's Service) stand by neglected, no ways reflects on King *George's Impartial Bounty and Goodness* to all his Subjects; for he's a truly generous and merciful Prince; and had I a *Noble Advocate* to plead my Cause to his Majesty, I don't fear but my Rewards wou'd be as distinguishing as my Hazards to serve his *Illustrious House* are proved to be in all the *Instances* before recited, but more especially in the following *Manifesto*, which (shou'd the Pretender succeed in his present Rebellion) has sentenc'd me to present *Death* by his Declaration; but if I lose my *Life* in attempting to fix the *Crown on King George's Head*, I can never loose it in a juster or more glorious Cause, for he certainly dyes a *Martyr* for his Country who falls in Defence of the *Church of England, English Liberties, and the Protestant Succession in the Illustrious House of Hanover*, which can never be in Danger whilst *England* continues blest with such *Faithful and Noble Patriots* as now surround the *Throne*, or our *Armies* continue Headed with such a *Glorious General* as the most *Illustrious and ever Victorious Marlborough*; and therefore 'tis from your *Grace* that I hope to receive such a distinguishing Mark of *Noble Favour* that may convince those ungrateful and infamous *Wretches* that endeavour to Blemish your *Illustrious Character* (if any

(a) Eccl. 9. 15.

Such Manifesters be still Living), that John the Second (after venturing Neck for Nothing to prove the Pretender a Spurious Brat) had dyed an Insolvent Debtor, had he Address'd his Manifesto to a less Generous Patriot than the Duke of Marlborough. (My Lord) I find this Distich in the profane Writings of the Penitent Rochester.

*Good store of brisk Liquor supplies every Thing,
And he that is Drunk is as great as a King.*

As great as a King! and that I think he may soon be all the late Monarchs of Europe (Ile not except Lewis le Grand) having liv'd and dy'd greatly in Debt, nay, even our Glorious George tho' the best and greatest Prince upon Earth, when he leaves this World (as I prove in my *Satyr on Royalty*) will possess no more than his Length and Breadth in the Earth — Then who wou'd be a King when a Beggar lives so well. — (I mean if he owes Nothing, and is contented with his poor Condition). For my own Part, were I out of Debt, and but enough left to Reward those Generous Friends that lend me (or rather gave me) an Hundred Guynear, when Viscount Bolingbroke was in Search for me, for detecting his Treason and Villany, I shou'd be as Great and Happy as I wou'd desire. I own (my Lord) I can't expect this General Release from Debt, (which wou'd be a sort of a Joy'd Delivery of my Person, Estate, and Goods from all future Trouble) from Great Men of a little Soul; (I mean such as creep into Royal Favour only to serve themselves); neither can I expect this Noble Favour from such Half Patriots as think it sufficient to pay that Real Debt which the Nation owes to my Publick Services by a small present of Guynear (which) all that know how desperately I ventur'd my ALL to prevent the Pretender's Rebellion, will call (by no finer Name than a genteel Affront); and therefore (my

(my Lord) being Born a Gentleman (a) and Possessor of a good Estate ('tho' a little encumber'd) I think it no Pride to assert a Gift of less than One Hundred Guyness wou'd not be of much Importance to me, except it were to give to those Honest Footmen and Porters that most obligingly tell me their Lord is at Home, and that they'l seek all Occasions to let him know it but tho' the great Hazards I have run in detecting the Enemies to King George, will never meet with a suitable Reward from the Great — Little — Men (I mean the Great Men of a little Soul) yet I can have no Disappointments in my present Address to your Grace, as you have ever been a Common Blessing to Mankind (I mean strictly just in the Payment of Debts, and Nobly Generous in Rewarding such as deserve it); and therefore 'tis that King John the Second flings himself at your Grace's Feet in this Dedication, expecting no less then a Sentence of Life or Death, I call it Death as to live Insolvent to an honest Mind is a sort of being buried Alive; but if the Sentence you give is Life, (I mean a Promise to let his Majesty know that my Neck-Adventure to detect the Enemies to His Sacred Person and Government has deserv'd a considerable Place or Pension) I shall think this present Address to your Grace was wholly owing to that good Providence that has watch'd over me for Good all my Days, and with those Words I conclude) my Key to the following Manifesto, which I most humbly inscribe to your Grace's Noble and Illustrious Patronage.

My Lord — This Key to my Manifesto (how tedious soever it may have seem'd to your Grace) detects but a Small Part of that Barbarous Treatment which I receiv'd from the High-Churchmen (or Jacobite Tories) Meerly for detecting (in my Neck or Nothing) that Scheme which Oxford and Bolingbroke concerted for bringing in the Pretender, and how dear this early and dange-

(a) I mean the Eldest Son of an Eminent Clergyman of the Establish'd Church, in whose Communion I resolve to live and dye.

your Venture had like to have cost me, your Grace will find by the following Letter.

Mr. Dunton,

YOUR Devil of a 'Ghost' publish'd since your
Civil Death (I mean since V——t B——ke
sent Six Messengers to seize your Person for Wri-
ting *Neck or Nothing*) hath put so many into such
a Ferment, that 'tis resolv'd upon by several, (let
it cost what it will) to have you laid, and that so
Low, as never to appear again.

I shall also inform you, that *Sacheverel's Mob* are
resolv'd to be reveng'd upon you, for making such
Publick Discoveries of his Treasonable Words and
Practices (in your Answer to his Jacobite Sermon
which you call *the Bull-Baiting and Court Spy*):
And 'tis certain the Discoveries you have made in
your *Neck or Nothing* of O——fords T——n, and
B——kes lewd Practices, have made the Jacobites
resolve upon your Destruction, if they can possibly
meet with you.

Sir, I give you this timely Notice, being very
unwilling any Thing should happen to Mr. Dunton
through my Neglect; take heed therefore to your
self, and either go to the Elector of *Hanover's Domi-
nions* (where doubtless you'll meet with many Gene-
rous Friends, as you ventur'd both your Life and Estate
to expose the Enemy to that Illustrious Family) or
else lye conceal'd in *London, &c.*

And now my Lord 'tis time to beg your Grace's Par-
don for the Presumption of prefixing your Illustrious
Name to my *Manifesto*, without having first obtained
your Grace's Permission for it; but my Lord, I humbly
hope the Honesty of my Intention will atone for a small
Failure in Point of Ceremony, since I assure your Grace
my *Dedications* are not upon the common Views of De-
dicators, those are as far from my Intentions in Wri-
ting, as below my Spirit, which I can with Truth
affirm,

affair, ~~the~~ nothing Mercenary; if I presumed to have de- served, 'tis from my Sovereign alone, and all I beg of any Fellow-Subject is only to do me Justice to my Prince, by setting my Services and Hazards in a true Light before that Glorious Monarch, for whom I did and suffer'd; if your Grace, who are just and beneficent to all Mankind, shall vouchsafe me this Honour, it will satisfy the warmest Ambition of him, who is, with the Profoundest Respects,

May it please your Grace, I am,
 Your Grace's most devoted and
 Faithful Servant to Command,

JOHN DUNTON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

* * * Note, Any Letter directed to his Majesty King John II. (alias Mr. John Dunton, Author of this Manifesto) if left with Mr. William Lutwich, at the Sword in New-street, near Fetter-Lane, 'twill be safely deliver'd into his Hands the following Day.

ERRORS escap'd CORRECTION.

In the Key to the Manifesto, page 7. line 7. for Rules read Riches. In page 8. line 5. for Father read Royal, and in line 31 dele yet; and for what other Errors have escap'd Correction, they are either left to the Reader's Goodness to Pardon, or to his Pen to Correct.

The MANIFESTO of the Noblemen, Gentlemen,
and Others, who resolve to be in Arms, when and as
soon as the present Pretender shall have gained,
or be likely to gain the Crown, in behalf of their
then Rightful and Lawful Prince John the 11d,
by the Grace of God, of Great-Britain, France,
and Ireland, King, by the same Hereditary and
Indefeasible Right as the present Pretender can
be Monarch of Great Britain and Ireland.

As the Laws of Nations have been receiv'd
with the same Force as any particular
Laws of a Country, tho' most of them
derive their Original only from the ge-
neral and receiv'd Customes of that
Country, and have no other Authority
than that of Prescription of Time, joined to the general
Convenience of the People; So, in like manner, the
Laws of Nature have prevail'd over Men with an uncon-
troul'd Force, to oblige them to their Obedience.

Among these Laws of Nature, the Learned have al-
lowed *Self-Preservation* to be the first and greatest Law,
to which the Creation pays an universal Homage and
Obedience.

The Consequence of this great Law of Self-Preserva-
tion, having in the earliest Days of the World guided
Men to commit the Government of themselves to the
Hands of such wise and good Men, and to their Poste-
rity, as at first render'd themselves worthy of so great
a Trust, Kings, Princes, Emperors, States, and sundry
sorts of Governments, have been deduced from thence

B

by

2 *The Manifesto of King JOHN II.*

By the Agency of Time, according as the Good of the People, who are to be govern'd, has requir'd Time or any Interruption of the Law of Nature, in case of the Failure of the Succession it has by the same, especially in this Nation, been esteem'd part of the Original Constitution, *That the Parliament have a Legal Right to Limit the Succession.*

But if by Usurpation of Tyrants, Invasion of Foreigners, Conquest of Thieves and Robbers, as is the present supposed Case, these Powers should be Overthrown, and we have here neither King to Rule, or Lords or Commons to Limit the Succession of Governors, the Crown seems to lie exposed as a Prey to the takers, and in this case we publish the Indefeasible Right of our said Sovereign *John Duntton*, aforesaid, to be as Ancient in his *Descent*, as immediate in *Line*, and as indefeasible in *Law*, as any of his Royal Pretenders, whether *Tyle-makers Sons*, or the Sons of any spurious or other popish Breed whatsoever.

It need not be farther enquired into, what ancient Families his Royal Ancestors are descended, nor need we search into the Antideluvian Records for his Genealogy, altho' the Manuscripts of those Days may, no question, make it appear, that *Adam's* Surname was *Duntton*, as plain as any other Ancient Family can pretend to.

It is confess'd, that the ancient Families of the *Lumleys* have pretended to the same Antiquity; and some have said, that King *James I.* in his Passage by *Lumley-Castle*, in the Bishoprick of *Durham*, seem'd to acknowledge, that they had made out their Genealogy that Length.

But our Prince *John* being an undoubted Line of Just Ancestors descended from King *Adam*, the same individual *Adam* who Reigned alone when there was none alive but himself, we claim from thence, in his Name, that he has as true Hereditary and Indefeasible a Right to the Imperial Crown of this Realm, by Descent of Blood, and is as capable of being made our Rightful
and

and Lawful Sovereign, as any *Tyle-maker's* Son in *Britain*.

And that this Claim may appear more just, it is hereby made manifest to all the World, that when we shall have, by virtue of the present Declaration, assembled our selves together in his Behalf, and shall have subdu'd the said *Impostor* and his Adherents of *Barleduc*, who now usurps the said Title and Dominions, we shall then act as becomes us.

In the mean time, as *the obscure Birth of the said Pretender* (made yet more Odious to the People of *Great Britain* by the scandalous Endeavours and low Steps taken by his *pretended Father and Mother*, to obtrude him upon the World as of Royal Blood) has expos'd him to the just Resentment of the honest People of these Nations; so we cannot question but when the said honest People shall be infatuated from Heaven to reject their *just and lawful King GEORGE*, and his Family, and to run distracted in pursuit of their own Destruction, we say, we can make no question but they will find it much more righteous, and much less dishonourable to close with *our Manifesto*, and to place *King John Duntou* upon the Throne, than they can pretend it will be to adhere to a popish spurious Impostor, foisted on them by a *Warming pan Plot*, and owned by the bigotted Prince of that Time purely from a Zeal for Popery, which was blown up by Priestcraft to such a monstrous Height, as to make him capable of much greater Absurdities than that of *owning another Man's Child* in order to disinherit his own.

And whereas the said *John Duntou*, and all we his Friends and Adherents, do pay so obsequious a Regard and so untainted a Duty to the *Limitation by Law*, whereby the Crown of these *Realms* is intitled upon the Illustrious Person and Protestant Posterity of King *GEORGE*, whose Right we all cheerfully recognize and acknowledge, and put in no Claim to the said Crown, till next and immediately before the said Pretender.

4 *The Manifesto of King JOHN II.*

We therefore in the mean time shall hereby only assert the said *indefeasible Right of our said Right Noble Prince John*, who when he Reigns shall Reign by the Stile and Title of *John II.* and to be *prior to, more Legal, and more Hereditary* than that of the said Pretender, or of any of his Successors, if he shall have any hereafter.

And that this *Title* may the better appear, we desire that the following *Negative Particulars* may be the Foundation of our *present Declaration*, and we shall leave it to the good People of *Great-Britain* to judge when there shall be no other Claimers of the Crown but those Two Pretenders *John* and *James*, whether of the *Twain* have the better Right.

In the first Place, whereas Oaths are the most binding and firmest Obligations among Men, which either *Subjects can give, or Sovereigns take*; whether to ascertain the Allegiance to, or Reject the Person of any Prince, our aforesaid Prince *John that will be*, has this to recommend him to the People, *viz.* That they have never *abjured* him; the People have not bound themselves by Oath never to be subject to him by Name.

It is true, that they are *Legally sworn to bear Faith and true Allegiance to King George and his Royal Protestant Posterity, Kings or Queens of this Country*, and so has our *John II.* very willingly done also. Nor has his present *Claim* any Meaning in it, to interrupt that Allegiance, or the Succession of that *Glorious Race*, but is set up in *direct Opposition to Rebellion*, and the breaking of their Faith to the King, to whom all are Sworn; but here lyes the essential Difference, *John the Pretender* Claims nothing till *all the Royal Line shall fail*, and then he stands as fair as any one that stands no fairer than he. *But James the Pretender* cannot come near him in that Part, for him *all the Nations has abjured*, and to use the Words of a late Quaker Author, *'Have lifted up their Hands to Heaven, and sworn by him that Liveth for ever that they will not have that Man to Reign over them.* Now as no Man has ever yet abjured the Reign or the Person of our Right Potent and Mighty *John II.* it is evident that he
has

has a *better Right* then, and ought to expect to have the Crown if ever it should come to want an Owner before *James of Bar-le-Duc*, the present Paltry Pretender.

And as nothing can be more Infamous then for People to take up Arms for the Instating and Enthroning a Person whom they have in a *solemn Manner* sworn by the Name of God that they would not receive or submit to, so if it shall come to pass, that there was no other Choice but this of *John* or *James* aforesaid, it cannot be doubted but that this Nation, out of *meer Reverence to the solemnity of a Sacred Oath*, would find themselves much more obliged to submit to *John II.* whom they have never renounced, then to *James*, whom they solemnly abjured; so that upon this Account it is evident, that the Claim of *John Dunton*, the Hereditary Son of *Adam Dunton*, our common Progenitor, has a much less Objection to be made against it, than that of *James*, whose *Surname and Original* has such great and publick Debates raised about it, which bring us to

(2) *The legality of the Birth of these Two Pretenders*, and the Legitimacy of their Blood, in which there is this manifest Difference to the Advantage of our *John II.* viz. That the Legitimacy of his Descent has never admitted any Question or Debate, no, not from his first Ancestor *King Adam*, from whom he is lineally Descended. Nor can any Non-Jurors, when he shall come to Reign, charge him or his Family with any *Interruptions of the Line, Bastardy, Warming-Pans, or any Thing else*, which ought to Render his Illustrious Family Infamous; and as this is more than the said Pretender can boast of, we see not why we should not much rather pay our Allegiance to him the said *John II.* than to *James of Bar-le-Duc*, against whose Legitimacy so many have objected.

In the Geneologies of our *John II.* no Scandal appear'd, neither have any of his Predecessors that we ever heard of endeavour'd to defraud their own Children, to set up the Issue of another. History gives us no Account that any of the *Right Noble Aneestors* of the high and mighty *John Dunton* have been so much as charged with *Bigotry*,

6 *The Manifesto of King JOHN II.*

or that any should impose a *spurious Heir upon their Family*, which was not Born of the Body of their Queen, or Legally Begotten by the Pretender's Father, as such Things has been below the Dignity of their Blood, so they have never so much as been sullied with the Reproach of having such a Design, much less of having made the *Infamous* and low spirited attempt.

(2) The Claim of our high and mighty *John Duntou*, when he shall compare the same with the present Pretender, will be found to excel in this, that *his immediate Ancestor never Abdicated the Nation*, or run away when none persued, as 'tis well known the late King *James* did; for he, when he was at *Rochester*, at full Liberty to do as he would; and to go whether he would, chose rather to run away into a Voluntary Exile, and fly to the irreconcilable Enemies of this Nation, and to a *Popish Prince* for Protection, rather than to refer the Examination of the Birth of the said Pretender to the Impartial Justice of an English Parliament. Now not one of the Forefathers, or other Progenitors of our *John II.* was ever known to fly from Justice, or to avoid the Enquiries into their Conduct, much less did they ever fly to a *French Popish Tyrannical Government* for Shelter. Indeed the Ancestors of *John* have the Preference many Ways but especially in this, that they never had the Guilt in their Soul, which obliged them to Fear publick Justice. For as *Guilt and Fear* are adjoyn'd to one another, so they are usually attended by Shame, which Causes Men to Blush, and not dare to shew themselves, and as for this very Reason King *James* run away, and carried the Impostor his pretended Son along with him, so on the contrary, *John II.*'s Father having done nothing to offend Justice, to Arm the Law against him, or to Cause the People to rise against him, staid here to the last, laid his Bones in the Tomb of his Ancestors, and left no Prejudice in the Minds of the People against his Son *John*; but that if he had been entitled to be Emperor of *Morocco* or Great *Megal*, or of any other Dominion whatsoever all Men would have joyn'd with him, and assented to his Demand.

(4) No

The Manifesto of King JOHN II. 7

(4) Nor will the Religion of the *High and Mighty Son* John II. be any Bar against his Claim, when it shall come to be compar'd with that of *James of Bar-le-Duc*: For our *John* is not only a true Member of the Church of *England*, but his immediate Ancestor was a Famous Light of the said Church; whereas the present Pretender is not only a Papist, and the Son of a Papist, but is the Son of a Bigot, of a Popish Zealot; one who not only eminently Sacrific'd himself and his whole Fortunes, and Family, but would have Sacrific'd the Liberties of these Kingdoms to Popery, and as far as in him lay did so, entailing the same Principles of Bigottry and Blind Zeal upon his Son, who there is great Reason to believe Inherits his Fathers Bigottry, as well as he does the rest of his Popish Principles, and by this alone he has rendred himself utterly incapable of Reigning, and in Particular has given our Illustrious *John II.* a vast Advantage in his Claim over him, and over all his Adherents, for as much as it was always thought, and has been Voted so in Parliament, utterly inconsistent with this Protestant Nation, to be Governed by a Popish Prince.

Nor would it avail in this Case, if the Pretender *James* should Renounce and Abjure an Hundred Times, which in Effect would only entitle him to the Dignity of a Hypocrite, and if not that, yet certainly that of a Turn-Coat, and a Deserter of his Principles, whereas our Great *John* is not only a Protestant, but ever was so from his Baptism, and can prove his Ancestors to have been so from the Reformation down to this present Time; so that it cannot be supposed but whenever that Time shall come, that there shall be no Competitors for the Crown of Great-Britain and Ireland, but *James of Bar-le-Duc* the Papist, and the Illustrious *John Dunton*, the English Protestant. All true Englishmen will think the Claim of the said *John* far exceeds that of the Pretender, and will make no Difficulty of Rejecting the Papist, and Adheering to the Protestant.

(5) In the next Place, it is apparent, that there has never been any Laws made, or attempted to be made, to exting-

guish

guish the Hopes of John Dunton coming to the Crown, or any Bill or Bills of Exclusion been offer'd to dissolve him or any of his Ancestors from their Possession or Succession. Whereas it is manifest by the several Acts for the Security of the Crown, and extinguishing the Hopes of the Pretender and his Abettors, that he is for ever disabled from Reigning; and that he has no more Right than the Cobler of Gloucester, for by the Abjuration it is declar'd, he has no manner of Right whatsoever, so that surely our high and mighty John II. must be allowed to have as good a Right as he that has no manner of Right whatsoever; and in this Case it must be allowed that John II. is much before him, for that the one has never been foreclosed by Law, and the other has no less than five or six Acts of Parliament made expressly against him, to disable him from possessing the Crown upon any pretence whatsoever.

(6) John II. of whom we thus speak, has never committed any Offence against the known Laws of the Constitution, or incurred any Censure, Penalty, or Judgment against him on that Account. He has never usurped the Title of Prince of Wales, or King of Great-Britain, &c. against the known Laws of the Succession; has never attempted to disturb the Peace by Levying War, Raising Rebellions, making Invasions and Depradations upon the Country, upon Pretence of recovering or taking Possession of his Right. Alas! our King John that may be, pretends to no Right as long as King George or any of his Protestant Blood shall remain in the World, but declares himself a faithful Subject to every Branch on whom the Crown is or shall be entail'd by Authority of Parliament. Whereas on the contrary, this Scoundrel of Bar-le-Duc, has not only insolently usurped the Titles of the Rightful Sovereigns of Great-Britain, but has appear'd in the Field in the Popish Armies of the French Tyrant against the Protestant Troops of England; has embark'd himself on a French Armado, to invade Great-Britain, and made vain Attempts to Land with Foreign Armies in our Country, and has at this Instant raised Rebellion, and a Civil War in this Island. Publish'd Treasonable Declara-
tions,

The Appendix to the Manifesto. 9

tions, given out *Commissions*, and employ'd *Traytors* to disturb the Publick Peace, and as much as in him lay has endeavour'd to depose the *Lawful and Rightful Princes* then and now *Reigning gloriously* over us: For which *Crimes, Treasons, and Usurpations*, he has been *Outlawed, and attainted of Treason*, by the Parliament both of *Great-Britain* and of *Ireland*, and is adjudged by Law not only not to *Reign*, but to suffer *Death* as a *Traytor*, if he can be taken, and is proscribed, and a *Reward of an Hundred Thousand Pounds* promised to whosoever shall apprehend or bring him alive or dead. Now our good and glorious *John Dunton*, never had the least *Blot* of this Nature in his *Eschuteon*; never was attainted, proscribed on any Account whatsoever; neither was there any *Reward offer'd* by the Parliament for the bringing him to Justice, he never having offer'd the least *Offence* or *Affront* to the Justice or to the Government of his *Native Country*, much less to the *Person* of his *Sovereign*. These Things consider'd, how can it be doubted but that when the time shall come, that either the *Pretender of Bar-le-Duc*, or our *Great John* must be taken and accepted by the People of *Great-Britain* for their King, they will all give their *Hands and Hearts* for the latter, rather than for an *attainted out-law'd Rebel, condemned to Death by the Law*, guilty of *Treason*, and proscribed at the Rate of *One Hundred Thousand Pounds Reward* for his Head.

It is upon these *Considerations* thereunto Moving, that we have thought fit to emit this our *Manifesto* or *Declaration*, intimating, that whenever it shall appear that there is none of the *Family of Hanover* left to *Claim* the *Crown*, or of any other *Family*, on whom the said *Crown* shall be legally entitled, settled and limited by Parliament, and that the *Claim* shall only lye between the *Pretender of Bar-le-Duc*, and *John Dunton* as aforesaid, we shall all faithfully and steadily adhere to, and appear for the said *John Dunton*, rather than the said *Pretender of Bar-le-Duc*, hereby Declaring, that the said *John Dunton* has a more *indefeasible Right* to the same, and that his said *Claim* is entirely free from all those *Exceptions*, for which

we and the whole Nation have most justly rejected and abjured the other.

Long Live King George.

The APPENDIX to the foregoing Manifesto ; being a Satyr upon Royalty. Writ by King John II. on Purpose to quiet his own Mind, in Case he should not succeed in his Royal Claim, but (like his Hereditary Rival) be still forc'd to continue a Common Subject.

Sui Victoria indicat Regem.

He's truly Brave who overcomes himself.

Courteous Reader,

IF Kingships but a Dream of Honour, Riches, Pleasure (as I shall prove it is, in an Essay I intend to entitle *Kingship's no real Advancement*) then my Rivaling the Popish Pretender for the British Crown, will scarce be call'd TREASON, but merely the Effect of an *Aspiring or Dreaming Fancy*; so that from Dreamers, a Satyr on Royalty will be easily excus'd, for if a Man can't be hang'd for Thinking, much less ought he to be hang'd for Dreaming, when his Dreams are wholly owing to such a *Loyal Pride or Ambition* that has not the least *Treason* or Ill Design in the Breast of the *Innocent Dreamer*; and therefore John II. (alias JOHN DUNTON) is here attempting a Satyr on Royalty, on purpose to quiet his own Mind, in Case he should not succeed in his ROYAL DREAM, but (like his *Hereditary Rival*) be still forc'd to continue a common Subject, or as poor as that TYLERS SON whose *Hereditary Right* the foregoing Manifesto has fairly prov'd gives him no manner of Title to the British Crown, but is a mere
Dream

Dream of Royalty; and as for my own Pretence to KINGSHIP, my *Manifesto* declares I shall not attempt to make it 'till King George and his Royal Family is wholly extinct. Then 'tis very probable that my *Claim to Empire* will not commence till the End of the World, for no doubt but *some Royal Branch of the Illustrious House of Hanover* will sit on the British Throne till time shall be no more; so that you see (Reader) I have great Reason to write *a Satyr on Royalty*, to teach me to despise Grandeur in Case I shou'd not *Out-Rival* the Popish Pretender that stiles himself *James the Third*, seeing the Pretence of either of us to the British Crown can be no better than *a Dream of Honour, Riches, Pleasure*, which can never pass for Treason in King George's Reign, that is too good and merciful to be offended with A LOYAL JEST, (when 'tis but a *Dream of Royalty*). 'Tis true, in the Reign of *Henry the Second*, a Citizen of London was hang'd at Tyburn for (Innocently) saying, *His Son was Heir to the Crown* (meaning his own Sign) but sure I am, there's no fear of *Hanging*, where there's no greater Injury done to his Majesty's Title but *merely Dreaming* to enjoy that Crown which he so Justly and Gloriously wears: However, seeing *the Manifesto* declares, I have a *Fairer Pretension to Kingship* then that *Tylers Son* that Stiles himself *James the Third*, (tho' in Reality I have neither an Hereditary or Legal Title to one Foot of Empire) I'll now ease my Mind of *all its Ambition at once*, by Writing *a Satyr on Royalty*, and this SATYR (tho' they should never be Kings of *England*) will concern most Persons that read it; for 'tis not long since there was a Play acted in *Drury-Lane*, call'd, A KING AND NO KING; and there's few Subjects but one time or other have DREAMT they were *Real Kings*, and as——*Opinion is the Rate of Things*——If I Dream I am King of Great-Britain and Ireland, I really am so, as long as that Dream lasts, or if any one yet doubt that some Persons have not been REAL KINGS in their *Dream of Empire*, I'll fairly prove it in a Satyr I intend to entitle *Kingship's no real Advancement* (as is seen in

the Instance of KING GEORGE, who has brought more GLORY to the British Crown than he has receiv'd from it); but only *a Dream of Honour, Riches, Pleasure*, and as this *Satyr* will be a fit Introduction to the *New Discovery* I am now preparing for the Press, call'd, DUNTON's KINGDOMS, so 'twill demonstrate (from the Remarkable Instance of a poor Beggar that imagin'd himself A REAL KING in his Sleep) that KINGSHIP's little better than a Dream of Honour, Riches, Pleasure, or if ROYALTY were a solid or real Happiness, yet it appears by the *Glorious Conquests* of his Majesty's Arms over *the English and Scotch Rebels*, that all the Pretender's Claim and Mine, to be *John the Second, and James the Third*, can be but *a meer Dream of Kingship*, and therefore that I may quiet my own Mind, in Case I shou'd not succeed in my Royal Claim (as 'twou'd be strange if I shou'd, when my very *Manifesto* owns I have no more Right or Title to be *King of England*, than that Popish Impostor that only DREAMS of Empire) I'll first Satarize Royalty it self, and will next endeavour to blacken that Honour, Riches and Pleasure that commonly attends Princes, and then FAREWEL for ever to all my Pretences to the British Crown, that the present Rightful and Glorious Possessor of it may enjoy it himself, and in his *Illustrious House* to the World's End.

I'll begin with my *Satyr on Royalty*: And here I shall first observe the Royal Preacher, after he had extracted *the Noblest and most excellent Endowments from the Creatures*, and exerted his utmost Efforts in the chase of that Good, which (being acquired) might terminate the Desires of his Immortal Soul, from all his elaborate Inquisitions, his speculative and practical Discoveries, deduces this reproachful (but yet irrefragable) Conclusion, *Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity*, Eccl. 1. 2.

HE (who was the wisest of meer Men, and the most magnificent of Princes, who possessed whatever might promote his Design in the search of Felicity) infallibly shews us; that it is *impossible to attain solid Happiness in*
the

the fruition of Secular Accommodations; that there is an Inherent Insufficiency riveted into the very Essence of Sublunary Beings, which renders them absolutely incapable of dispensing *the least Atom of substantial Satisfaction*; and that nothing but that ever-blessed Power, from whom it derives its Existence, can truly satiate the infinite Mind of Man.

There is implanted in us a Principle which naturally incites us to *the Quest of Felicity*. But alas! such is the blindness of our wretched Condition, such the Depravation of our inordinate Affections, that the generality of Mankind pursue it in a wrong Way, and (instead of Addressing themselves to that *adorable Bliss*, which can only afford them a permanent Contentation) court the Hand-maid for the Mistress, the Shadow for the Substance, and *momentary Appearances* for durable and refined Happiness. Some think (like the P R E T E N D E R) to gain this invaluable Jewel in Royalty, Crowns, and specious Titles, as if a blast of popular Air, of the fulsome Breath of the inconstant Multitude could invest them with *any real Worth*, or make them a jot Happier than they were before. Others hope to find it in Riches and a plentiful Estate, as if Gold and Silver, sumptuous Pallaces, pleasant Orchards, delicate Gardens, costly Moveables, and the like external Enjoyments, could supersede the Storms of their guilty Consciences, and create a calm within. Others seek it in Delights and Pleasures, as though sensual Entertainments (whereof the brute Animals participate in a larger Measure than we) were proper Objects to gratify our intellectual Faculties, and put a period to the Longings of those immaterial Parts of us; but alas! how vain is this Expectation, when even Royalty (the very chief of all worldly Honour) is often attended with Vanity, Emptiness, and Disappointment: For Royalty it self, (that glittering Idol which the ambitious Man consecrates for his Deity, and worships with a passionate Adoration.) Alas! what is it (if impartially defined) but a gilded Vapour, a fugacious Chymera,

Chymera, a gaudy Phantasm, in which there is no solidity, and (in the most favourable Construction) a counterfeit and imaginary Felicity? I must confess, it appears amiable at a Distance, seems gay and glorious afar off, but at a nearer View the weakest Eye has Strength enough to discover its Imposture, and perceive that it is altogether Vanity, Psal. 39. 6. The smallest Cloud obscures its Brightness, the least stain blemishes its Beauty, and the slightest pressure crushes the Bubble into flatness and nothing. Good God! if we behold a King array'd with gorgeous Apparel, attended by a pompous Retinue, and waited on by Crowds of Servitors, how are we taken with the Spectacle, and how inclinable to repine at his supposed Happiness? when all this State is but meer Pageantry and Ostentation; and were it possible for us to pry into the Breast of that Person whose Fortune we admire, we should probably find his Conscience extended upon the Rack, and the Wretch in Torments, even in the height of his outward Bravery. It is a notorious folly to Judge of Felicity or *Kingship* by superficial Appearances, especially when we may be so easily, and are so frequently Mistaken. O the deceivableness and delusion of whatever the World accounts magnificent and glorious! Upon what instable Foundations, is rear'd the superstructure of transitory Promotion! which is not only exposed to the violent assaults of Envy, but is also obnoxious to an infinity of Accidents, the most trivial of which is able to compleat its Destruction. But admit that Royalty may withstand the united Strength of so many implacable Enemies that endeavour its Ruin, yet the Hand of Fate will inevitably overturn the tottering Fabrick, and level it with the Ground. Alas! where is that mighty *Alexander*, of whom History reports, that when the Philosopher *Anaxarchus* alledged there was a plurality of Worlds, he wept because he had not as yet conquer'd one? Where is the gallant *Julius Caesar*, whose Ambition could be circumscribed by no less a Limit than the huge Extension of the Roman

Roman Empire? Where is *Pyrrus*, *Scipio*, *Hannibal*, *Trajan*, *Dioclesan*, and the rest of those Heathen Worthies, the Fame of whose Illustrious Victories replenished the Earth with Wonder and Astonishment? Could all their celebrated Armies rescue them from the Stroke of Destiny? Can they now march in Battle Array, or thunder about their Tombs? Did not these Gods *die like Men*, Psal. 82. 7. and their Pomp determine in a neglected Grave? Are not their once flourishing Laurels withered by Time, and embellish the Triumph of the King of Terrors? And could we open a Visto into the Infernal Kingdom, we should presently perceive that the remembrance of those Grandeurs they possessed here, does exhibit no Comfort to them in that Place of Torment. *What art thou the better, O Aristotle (said St. Jerom) to be commended where thou art not, and tortured where thou art? Tigranes, King of Armenia (upon the Day of his Coronation) took the Regal Diadem in his Hand, and looking a good while attentively upon it, at length he disclosed his Thoughts in these pathetical Expressions; Thou Noble rather than happy Ornament! Did Men consider what Thorns are intermix'd with thy Jewels, and reflect upon those Cares and Anxieties which are thy indispensable Concomitants, if they saw thee lying beneath their Feet, they would not so much as stoop to take thee up. And alas! how many Kings have been overwhelmed by the irresistible Torrent of their own Greatness, and have sunk under the Burthen of an insupportable Prosperity? How many Monarchs (at the Beginning) acted their Parts upon the Theater of Royalty with Credit and Applause, and yet (before the Conclusion of the Scene) have gone off with Disgrace and Infamy? We have memorable Instances of this Assertion both in Sacred and Profane Story, but I need Mention no more than that of the unfortunate King James the Second (the pretended Father to that Wou'd-be-King, that calls himself James the Third) who if he had been a Protestant Prince, and Rul'd by those Laws that he had sworn to observe, had been as great a King as ever Reign'd in England. So that you see,*
Reader,

Reader, there is that Vanity, Emptiness, and Disappointment, even in ROYALTY it self, that I have great reason to be Quiet in my own Mind, in case I should not succeed in my Royal Claim, but (like my Popish Rival) *be still forc'd to continue a common Subject.* And therefore as I have no manner of Title to the *British* Crown, so neither have I any Desire to obtain it; or if I were so AMBITIOUS, it would be with as little hopes of Success as that *Hereditary Impostor* (to use the Words of our High-Churchmen) can possibly have to dethrone King GEORGE, our alone Rightful and Ever-Glorious Sovereign.

But we'll suppose *King George* had not an Enemy, (as 'tis but common Justice and Gratitude to say he deserves none) yet I dare affirm, that his Royalty at best is a very great Oblidgement and a glorious Servitude. The Purple of Sovereigns hath its Thorns as well as that of Roses. Kings Crowns do not keep them from the Head-ach, nor Shoes of Gold, heal the Gout. Then certainly he that shall well consider all the Burthens of Royalty, would not (as *Damocles* said) *so much as stoop to take up a Diadem lying on the Ground.* The People sufficiently understand of what Matter Crowns are made, and discern well enough how they glitter, but they know not their Weight and Asperity, nor see from whence they wound; and sometimes the Weight of Royalty is insupportable. *Sydonius Apollinaris* relateth, that a certain Man called *Maximus*, being arrived at the Height of Honour by unlawful and indirect Ways, (which would be the Pretender's Case, should he succeed in his present Rebellion) much grieved from the first Day, and breathing out a great Sigh, spake these Words: 'Oh *Damocles*, I esteem thee most Happy to have been a King only the space of a Dinner time; it is now a whole Day that I have been so, and can no longer endure it.

Oh Royalty! thou spongy Idol of Mankind, thou suckest Content away, and art at best but a polish'd Slavery or golden Care! And as Royalty is attended with all this Vanity, Emptiness, and Disappointment, so 'tis

no small Blemish to ROYALTY, that we find the greatest Prince as Mortal as the meanest Subject. It must be own'd, indeed, if eminent Piety, strict Justice, and spotless Moderation, would preserve from the Stroke of Death, King George would be Immortal. But alas! Kings and Queens (which shews what Parasites their Adorers are) are but common Clay in the Hands of Death; neither can their Favourites (or Life-Guard) ward off Death for a Moment; for within the hollow Crown that rounds the Mortal Temples of a King, Death keeps his Court, and there the Antick sits scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pomp; or, should the Royal Mortal 'scape Fevers, Gout, Old Age, Poyson and Dagger, &c. yet rather than Princes should be immortal,

*Comes Death at last, and with a little Pin,
Bores through his Castle Walls, and farewell King.*

Alexander being much taken with the witty Answers of *Diogenes*, bid him ask what he would, and he should have it. The Philosopher demanded the least proportion of Immortality; That's not in my Gift, says *Alexander*. No, quoth *Diogenes*, 'Then why doth *Alexander* take such Pains to conquer the World, when he cannot assure himself of one Moment to enjoy it? — Such is the Condition of all things here below, (whether it be Royalty, Riches, Honours, &c.) there is no more hold to be had of them than *Saul* had of *Samuel's* Mantle: They do but, like the Rainbow, shew themselves in all their dainty Colours, and then vanish away. So that were King George never so Great and Glorious, this Satyr on Royalty is bound to tell him, his Grandeur and Riches will vanish away, his Royal Majesty will abandon him, his Greatness will give him the last Adieu, and this Mortal FALL (which I pray against) will equal him in Body to all that were below him before; or if his Admirers doubt this, let 'em View the Skulls of those Emperors and Kings that are now in their Tombs; their Bald Scalps have now no other Crown than that Circle of Horror which environs them; their

D

their disincarnated Hands hold now no other Scepter but a Pile of Worms, and all the Glories of their Court now lie in the Dust.

I own, 'tis a coarse Satyr on a Sovereign Prince, to say, 'He is living Dust, animated Clay, and going apace to Corruption.' But, tho' great Respect is due to a Crown'd Head, yet I hope 'tis no Treason to say, *King George is a Mortal Man*: I confess, would the Crown make the Person that wears it Immortal, I should not wonder there is such contending for Empire; but alas! the highest Place is most obnoxious to Variation. *The Sun is never so near a Declension, as in the vertical Meridian.* — *Julius Cesar*, that he may be wofully Miserable, his Chair of State shall be his Death-bed. *Crassus*, for all his Bags, shall be slain, and scarce obtain a Shroud to cover his Nakedness. What better Fate had *Darius*, and *Alexander*, (Heads of the Third Monarchy) for see how they knock'd one against another, yet their very Names, as well as their Battles, are quite forgotten; and how little do they now possess of those many Kingdoms they once conquer'd? And where is the Great *Cesar*, or the Proud *Pompey*? Can they now march in Battle Array, or in their Warlike Triumphs, thunder about their Tombs? So that 'tis plain, our Sovereign Lord has no more to boast of (with respect to the duration of his Body) than the meanest Subject he has; for I have prov'd at large, that his Royal Body is but a frail Mansion of Mortality, and moulders away apace, and when he is dead, (which is a Satyr on his Health and Strength) the poorest Beggar, that's allow'd a Grave, is as Rich as the *King of England*, (for en't I as Rich in my Coffin, as a dead Monarch?)

I must own, my putting my self on the Level with dead Princes, will be thought an unmannerly Satyr on Crown'd Heads; but as my *Manifesto* proves I am related to them in *Royal Adam*, (the general Father of Mankind) I am quite of another Opinion; for tho' Kings be no Equals for Private Men, as they be Kings, yet (as they are Men) they be, especially as they are Mortal Men, and must die like others. And therefore I hold

it no Presumption to say, I am as frail and mortal as the greatest King or Queen in the World. Death makes us Equal with Kings, and in the Grave the Spade may challenge Equality with the Scepter; a Winding-Sheet, Coffin, and Grave, is all that the Greatest possess when they leave the World. *Philip, King of Macedon, walking by the Sea-side, got a Fall, and after he was risen, perceiving the Impression of his Body upon the Sand— Good God! said he, what a small parcel of Earth will contain us, who aspire to the Possession of the whole World— And when Alexander (his Son) dyed, one of his Friends beholding his Body, cry'd out, Behold now, Four Yards of Ground is enough for him whom the spacious Earth could not comprehend before.*

Ambition loves to slide, not stand,

And Fortune's Ice prefers to Virtue's Land.

It is the Dropsy of the Soul,

Whose Thirst the Wisest Men controul.

One World serv'd not the Youth of Greece*, *Alexander.*

Coop'd up, he seem'd confin'd by Seas;

der.

And struggling, stretch'd his Limbs about

The narrow Globe, to find a Passage out:

Yet enter'd *Macedon*, he try'd

The Tomb, and found the Bottom wide.

'Tis Death alone this Truth unfolds,

How small a Body holds the Soul.

So that a Grave and Six Foot of Ground, is all the greatest Monarch can call his own. *William the Third* (our Glorious Deliverer from Popery and Slavery) has now no more to possess than just his Length and Breadth in the Earth. And our GLORIOUS GEORGE, when he leaves *Great-Britain* in Tears for his Death, can possess no more.

Reader, I humbly conceive that this Satyr upon the Mortality of Kings, deserves the serious Consideration of the greatest Monarch of Europe, (which is our Rightful and Glorious Sovereign King George) or at least of those Two Imaginary Kings JOHN DUNTON, and The Pre-

tender, the last of which is *too inconsiderable a Wretch* to be ever seen in his Majesty's Presence, except it were to verify the Old Proverb, *That a Cat may Look on a King.*

I cou'd Discover above an Hundred other Blemishes that I have found in ROYALTY (on Purpose to make me willing to live a Subject); but the Consideration that *Princes are as Mortal as other Men*, has so clip'd my soaring to Monarchy, that I am now more contented to write in Defence of his Majesty's just Title to the British Crown, than I shou'd be to wear it. 'Tis true, Sacheverell, Higgins, Welton, Lesley, and other PASSIVE REBELS have been so many Years telling the Pretender that he is the HEREDITARY MONARCH of Great-Britain, that now the *deluded Wretch* believes it, and for that Reason (as we find by his Majesty's Speech to both House of Parliament) is just Landed in Scotland; but as 'tis impossible he should ever succeed in his CURSED REBELLION, I advise him to fling down his Arms and to fly to ROME for Succour. For as he is a *profest and bigotted Papist*, who knows but his *Infallible Friend* (the Pope) might give him a *Cardinal's Hat*, and then in length of Time the *Popedom* wou'd advance him to a *Tripple Crown*, to recompence his Loss of that *Royalty* which he now Attempts to Usurp in England. But if this SHAM-PRINCE will still continue to Head the *Scotch Rebellion* and be hang'd for it, he must, for I'll never bear him Company, being much easier under the Loss of a Crown (to which neither the Pretender nor I have the least Right) than I shou'd be with a Halter about my Neck, neither does MY MANIFESTO pretend to the British Monarchy, till King George and his Illustrious House are GLORIOUSLY CROWN'D in Heaven; but if Kings dye as well as their Subjects, and ROYALTY it self has Flaws, my being forc'd to live a Subject, shall never give me the least Uneasiness; for as a free Resignation of our selves to the Divine Will, is the Duty of every Christian. Not being able to govern Events, I endeavour to govern my self as knowing, *A Man never taken in Passion, is a Mark of the*

the sublimest Reach of Wit, seeing thereby he puts himself above all vulgar Impressions.

*When all are conquer'd, greater Glory's won,
If by himself, the Conqueror's outdone.*

'Tis (as I hinted in my Dedication) the greatest of Dominions, to rule one's self and Passions: This is indeed Royalty, the Triumph of Free-Will; for my own Share, I freely own, few Passions break my Sleep, but of Deliberations, the least will do it: I love Misfortunes that are purely so, that do not torment and teize me, with the Incertainty of their growing better.

Dubia plus torquent mala. (a).

Doubtful Ills do plague us worst.

The Fear of a Fall astonishes me more than the Fall it self; Ill Luck (quoth the Frenchman) is good for something. Then will any Man wonder to see John the Second Writing a Satyr upon Royalty, that thinks every Man a Slave (tho' a Monarch) that can't Conquer himself and his sinful Passions; or Master his unruly Appetites when they War against Reason or Justice; if such a Man be a Prince, he is a Double Slave, first (as you heard before) to his own Passions, and next to his Subjects, and this last part of my Satyr is verify'd in all Things that Respect the Royalty or Grandeur of a Prince: For first, as to Greatness of Place, tho' it is fit and necessary that some Persons in the World should be in Love with a splendid Servitude (or Royal Prison) yet certainly they must be much beholden to their own Fancy, that they can be pleas'd at it, for he that rises up early, and goes to Bed late, only to receive Addresses, to read, and answer Petitions, is really as much ty'd and abridg'd in his Freedom, as he that waits all that Time to present one: And what Pleasure can it be, to be encumber'd (or rather Imprison'd) with Dependances, throng'd and surrounded with Petitioners? And those, perhaps, sometimes, all

(a) Seneca's Agamemnon.

Suitors for the same Thing; whereupon all but one will be sure to depart Grumbling, because they miss of what they think their due: And even *that one*, scarce thankful, because he thinks he has no more than his due. In a Word, if it is a Pleasure to be envied, and shot at, to be malign'd *standing*, and to be despis'd *falling*, to endeavour (that which is *impossible*, which is) to please all, and to suffer for not doing it; then is it a Pleasure to *be Great* (or a *Royal Prisoner*, for *Courts and Prisons* are synonymous Terms) and to be able to dispose of Men's Fortunes and Preferments. So that 'tis not *the Being a Prince by Birth or Fortune*, but the being contented with our present Circumstances (*be it a Prison, or be it a Palace*) that gives the *Royalty*. I confess it looks Paradoxical, to say *a Prince is shackled* (especially if he be a Tyrant who governs by no other Law than *that of his own Will*) but as strange as it looks, 'tis Matter of Fact, and for that Reason *several wise and learned Men* have despis'd Grandeur and Riches. *Seneca* esteem'd himself happy in his Exile, the Penury that attended him, contributed to his Quiet, *He thought he had lost his troublesome Business, not his Goods, when they spoil'd him of his Wealth; and that by a happy Mischiefe he had recover'd his Liberty, in being deprived of the Care of preserving his Richees.* And *Diogenes* observing a poor Fellow looking in at his Window, as he was hiding some Bags of Money, cry'd out to him, *Here Friend come and take the Money (as I see you intend it) that I may enjoy my Quiet and Freedom again.* — And therefore,

Come Crowns, come Rags, 'tis much the same to me.

For the poor live securely, as *Fortune* is not their Landlady, they fear not her Displeasure; we must own, according to *Seneca's* Opinion, that *Fabricius* is happy in his Poverty, that *Rutilius* is content in his Banishment, that *DUNTON* is a Prince (or as contented as he that is; which is full as Good) for Writing a *Satyr on Royalty*, and that *Socrates* is not miserable, in letting in Death
by

by tedious Draughts. Calamities astonish only Men of ordinary Spirits; and he must be ignorant of the Condition of Humane Life, who fears or flies the Miseries that attend it. [Cowley says,]

Be but contented, you are truly rich.

And I own with him, That our Freedom is that Place where we live contented (whether it be in a Palace or in a Cottage) our Felicity depends on us, and not on our Habitation. The Royal, Great, (and yet truly Poor) Alexander found this Assertion to be Matter of Fact, by a Far-Bought and Dear-Experience. — For,

*Lord of the whole World, yet not content,
Lack'd Elbow-Room, and seem'd too closely pent :
(He weeps for other Worlds, he was so indigent.)
What Folly was't, that born to a fair Throne,
Where he might rule with Justice and Renown ;
Like a wild Robber he shou'd chuse to roam :
A pitty'd Wretch, with neither House nor Home.*

Reader, Having finish'd my Satyr on Royalty, I shou'd next endeavour to blacken that Honour, Riches, Pleasure, that commonly attends Princes (for Kingship's no real Enjoyment, but only a Dream of Happiness); but that the MANIFESTO of John the Second, by being but Sixpence price, may be bought by all those Deluded Jacobites (for whose CONVERSION 'twas chiefly Writ) I'll reserve as a fit Introduction to my NEW DISCOVERY (Advertis'd in the beginning of these Sheets) entitled, DUNTON'S KINGDOMS, which I hope to finish in a Month's Time, and to publish in Trinity Term.

F I N I S.

*Some Books lately written by Mr. John Dunton, Author of
the foregoing Satyr upon Royalty, viz.*

(1) **KING GEORGE for Ever**; or Dunton's Speech to the Protestant Associates of Great-Britain; but more especially to those of the *Tower-Hamlets*; with whom he has enter'd into a voluntary and strict Association, to Defend his Majesty's just Title to the British Crown, against the *Pre-tender* and all his Adherents. To which is added, *The Neck-Adventure*; or the Case and Sufferings of Mr *John Dunton*, for daring to detect the Treason and Villany of *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke*, whilst they were *Reigning Favourites*, in his Four Essays, intituled, *The Court-Spy*, *Neck or Nothing*, *Queen Robin*, and *the Impeachment*. The 5th Ed. Price 6d

(2) **THE MOB-WAR**; or a Detection of the present State of the British Nation; but more especially with respect to that *Wou'd be King* (or little Popish Work of Darkness) that threatens us with a speedy Invasion. In Sixteen Letters. Containing such Discoveries (in Church and State) as were never publish'd before. Inscríb'd to our Rightful and Ever-Glorious Sovereign *King George*, and other Persons of Great Quality. The 6th Edition, Price 1s

(3) **NECK OR NOTHING**; in a Letter to the Earl of *Oxford*; being a Supplement to the Short History of the Parliament. The 12th Edition. Price 6d

(4) **QUEEN ROBIN**; or the Second Part of *Neck or Nothing*, detecting the Secret Reign of the Four last *Popes*. In a Familiar Dialogue between Mr *Trieman* (alias Mr *Dunton*) and his Friend, meeting accidentally at the *Proclaiming King George*. The 5th Edition. Price 6d

(5) **THE SHORTEST WAY WITH THE KING**; or Plain English spoke to his Majesty; being the Third Part of *Neck or Nothing*; containing the Secret History of *King George's Reign*, from the Death of the late Queen, to the Report made in the House of Commons by the Committee of Secrecy, Introduc'd with the Secret Reign of the Monarchs of *Great-Britain* for the last 60 Years. The Fourth Edition. Price 1s

(6) **THE IMPEACHMENT**; or Great-Britain's Charge against the late Ministry. The 2d Edition. Price 1s

(7) **OX — AND BULL —**; or a Funeral Sermon for the Two Beasts that are to be slaughter'd upon *Tom's Hill* this Session of Parliament, upon these Words, *But they as natural Brute Beasts made to be taken and destroy'd*, 2 P. 2: 12: The 6th Edition. Price 6d:

All (7) sold by S. Popping in *Pater-Noster-Road*

