

1.
THE
MEDAL:

OR,

A Loyal Essay

UPON

King George's Picture,

As 'twas presented to

Mr. JOHN DUNTON,

(Author of *The Golden Age*)

BY HIS MAJESTY'S ORDER.

Most Humbly Inscrib'd to his Excellency

The Baron de BOTHMER.

*This Medal represents that Royal Case,
Whence Soul and Body dart such chearing Rays,
As shew both Worlds are Pictur'd in a Face.
For GEORGE, our Sovereign, is no Party-King;
His Looks bless all, his Reign is every thing:
His very Medal does our Heav'n presage,
And is a Picture of The Golden Age.*

LONDON: Printed for the Author, and are to be sold by S. Popping in Pater-noster-Row; where is to be had *The First Part of the Golden Age*, printed on the same Size with this Essay, intitl'd, *The Medal*, that they may bind together when *The Golden Age* is compleated.

14. April. 1715.

T O

His Excellency

T H E

BARON de BOTHMER.

May it please your Excellency,

AS *this short Essay owes its Birth to that noble Mark of Royal Favour I receiv'd by your Interest, with our common Master, I could not deny my self the Pleasure, nor your Excellency the just Tribute of this publick Acknowledgment: I am proud to tell the World that I am indebted to the Baron de Bothmer, for my Gracious Sovereign's first Notice, both of my Zeal for his Succession, my Sufferings for that Zeal, and my Affection to his Royal Person and House, which to my Life's End (even tho' in hazard of losing it for so doing) I shall ever exert my utmost to serve, as I have endeavour'd to prove in the following Sheets, which I entitle, The Medal, or a Loyal Essay upon King George's Picture, as 'twas presented to me by his Majesty's Order.*

I am sensible how short this Miniature of Majesty (as Mr. Tate calls his Ingenious Poem upon Queen Anne's Picture) has fallen of the Original, yet if no Performance will pass, but what comes up to the Life and Graces of so glorious a Character, it must never be essay'd by any Writing Hand

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Hand, the Pencil alone must be priviledg'd; and * Mute Pictures, the only Memorials of so excellent a King, as is our pious and ever glorious Sovereign, as is seen in a Thousand Instances, but more especially in this Medal, as 'is a Picture of the Golden Age, for in nothing are his Majesty's Features better DRAWN (or resembled) than in that Illustrious Piety which he has always made, and will ever be the brightest Jewel in his Crown.

State and Power are indeed venerable Things, yet at best only transcient Royalties that must be Relinquisht by their greatest Possessors; but Piety (as Mr. Laureat, (a) ' observes) is a Crown that continues beyond Temporal Honours, and when worldly Grandeur Ceases, Sublimes it self into an Eternal Crown of Glory. These are all prov'd to be Real Truths, in the First Part of my Golden Age, which his Majesty was pleas'd to Honour with his Gracious Acceptance (as appears by that Gold Medal which he order'd for me by his Privy Secretary, Mr. Gatekey) and are here represented to the Eye, in the following Medal, or Picture of his Royal Person and Mind.

'Tis the happiness of England, to see Religion and Virtue enthron'd with their Sovereign Patron and Pattern, and if Men have any Respect either for the Protestant Religion, or their Native Country, they can't but Rejoyce to see this Golden Age exemplify'd, not only in the Glorious Life and Reign of his present Majesty, but even in the Lives and Actions of such Illustrious Patriots as your Excellency. 'Tis this, my Lord, will not only make your Loyalty shine at present, but will celebrate you to future Ages, beyond your other noble Qualifications, even that Heroick and Generous Temper that so early signaliz'd your Illustrious Character, and has been lately extended to so mean a Person as my self, and yet, Sir, this is but one Branch of that extensive Goodness which has won you the universal Esteem and Love of all the Loyal Subjects of Great Britain; so that every honest Man rejoyces at your being so justly possess'd of his

* Picture being *Muta Poesis, Poetry Pictura Loquens.* M. Fresn. de Art. Graph. (a) N. Tate, Esq;

The Dedication.

Majesty's Favour, a Blessing more valuable than even Crowns and Scepters, for 'tis an infallible Mark, that Patriot is a sincere Friend to the Protestant Religion and English Liberties, that has any Share in his Majesty's good Opinion.

For this End I take this Opportunity to proclaim to my Fellow-Britains, his Majesty's Goodness and Condescension to me, the meanest of his loyal Subjects, and at the same time your Excellency's Generosity, in laying our Hazards and loyal Services at his Royal Feet. Had this Favour been done me by a Native, I should have been apt to ascribe it to breathing the same Air, the Ties of Country and Acquaintance, or British Vertue, but when I reflect I am indebted for this mighty Obligation, to the Baron de Bothmer, a Stranger to my Person and Circumstances, nay, to the far greatest part both of my Services and Sufferings for the Protestant Succession, Previous to the Formality of any Application on my part, to that Great Man. or any other Minister, or to any Recommendation to him that I know of, or any Merit in me towards his Excellency, I am all Surprize and Gratitude, and must attribute the Honour intirely to his known Love and Fidelity to his and my Sovereign, and to its being universally known and acknowledg'd that I run a great Hazard both of my Life and Fortune (during the Reign of the late Ministry) in publishing such early Discoveries of their Jacobite Plot, as could bear no other Title but Neck or Nothing, considering the Time in which they were publish'd.

Virtues like these (my Lord) intitle their Possessors to the Love and Admiration of all Men, such generous Treatment, I had almost said Justice to Subjects, as well as faithful Service to Princes in Ministers of State, would be a never failing Encouragement to Loyalty, and an effectual Spurr to noble Efforts in the Subjects, for their Prince and Country's Service; as well as the surest Method to establish themselves in the Affections of all Mankind, for who can envy, who can grudge that Person the Royal Ear or Favour, who employs it thus for the good of Prince and People, 'tis only the Monopolizers of the Sovereign's Opinion and Bounty, who have as they deserve, the General Hatred of their Fellow Subjects, and tho' whilst thus mischievously employ'd they may promise themselves Security, yet soon-

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er or later, they are sure to fall an unpity'd Sacrifice to the abused Prince and People's Anger.

But whither am I running? These are Truths no ways applicable to your Lordship, or any of our present Glorious Ministers, whatever they are to some late ones, such as dared to mislead a good Princess, and act a thousand Treasons against their Religion (if such Monsters can be imagin'd to have any) Country, and the Protestant Succession, and tho' all under the Shelter of her Royal Authority, yet entirely without her Knowledge, as 'tis universally believ'd, and very probable: These are the Wretches whom the Ghost of that Glorious and highly injur'd Queen, as well as these highly injur'd Nations, nay groaning Europe, and all our High Allies, as well as the barbarously deserted Barcelonians, cry loud for publick Vengeance on, this is a Justice all expect from our well-chosen (that is) free Parliament, for so they are confest to be, except where French Gold, and Popish or Jacobite Influence, has made a Spot in this beauteous Body, but as my second Part of the Golden Age is very large, and particular on these Heads, I shall at present wave the Subject, and return to my first Reason for prefixing your Excellency's great Name to this Essay, which (as I said before) was only to acknowledge your Excellency's Goodness and Generosity, in bringing my poor, but honest well meant Services to my Gracious Sovereign's Knowledge, and obtaining me that noble and illustrious Mark of His Majesty's Acceptance of them.

My Lord, That I am heartily glad to see your Excellency my Fellow-Subject (tho' in a more elevated Station) is a real Truth, and that I should be yet gladder to see your Excellency a noble Britain, even in the highest Rank of them, is as real a Truth, your Deserts, both of this and all other possible Marks of Royal Favour and Brittish Gratitude, no one can deny, that has either observ'd your Excellency's Conduct as a Minister from Hanover, in the late Times of Iniquity and Danger, or read that excellent Piece commonly called by Britains, Baron Bothmer's Memorial, these my Lord, have fixed indelible Characters of your Excellency's uncommon Merit, in the Heart of every loyal Britain, which makes them unanimous in your Excellency's just Praises, to whose your Lordship has been pleas'd

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to add, by your late Favour, the Oceaſion of this Dedication, a third Motive for my Praise as well as Gratitude, which ſhall ever be paid your Excellency, with the utmoſt Sincerity and Reſpect, by me, who am by ſuch a vaſt Obligation,

May it pleaſe your Excellency,

Your Excellency's

Moſt infinitely oblig'd,

And

Moſt entirely devoted Servant

(to command)

JOHN DUNTON.

Upon Wednesday the 6th of April will be Publish'd a Weekly Paper, intituled

Neck Intelligence; Or the Court-Spy, detecting such Secret, Odd and Uncommon Transactions in Church and State, as are wholly omitted by other News-Writers. The Design of this *SPY* being a Private Search into the *Families, Cabinets, Misses and Designs* of some Great Men, intermixt with whatever Discoveries are sent to the Author (by Gentlemen and Ladies) out of the *common Road of News*. With a *Spiritual Observator* (or Divine Improvement) upon each Occurrence. And to make this *Court-Spy* an *Universal Entertainment*, there will be added to it, *Athenian News*, or a Resolution of any *Nice or curious Question* whatever, if not answer'd before in the *Athenian Oracle*, written by Mr. John Dunton, a Member of the *Athenian Society*, and Author of the late Discoveries intituled *Neck or Nothing*. To be publish'd every *Wednesday*, if the great Hazard and Charge the Author will be at to carry on this *Neck-Intelligence*, meet with sufficient Encouragement. *Thirty Numbers* are to compleat a Volume, to which will be added, a *General Title, Preface and Index*. Publick Notice is here given of these new Discoveries (call'd *Neck Intelligence*) that so if any Ingenious Gentlemen or Ladies meet with any *Notion, Instance, Discovery Question, or Poem* that is very nice or curious, they may send it to Mr. William Lutwich at the *Sword* in *New-street*, near *Fetter-Lane*, directed for Mr. John Dunton (not forgetting to pay Postage) and twill be inserted in No. I. of his *Neck Intelligence*, which will be sold by S. Popping in *Pater-Noster-Row*, J. Harrison near the *Royal Exchange*, and A. Dodd and A. Boulter without *Temple-Bar*. Price 2d.

*The Author's Apology for inserting the following
Panegyrick upon his Essay intituled The Medal.*

Courteous Reader,

TH O' I'm altogether unworthy of the great Praises given to me in the following Poem, intitul'd *A Picture of the Golden Age*, yet the Author of it being my worthy and Reverend Friend, and one that has been well acquainted with all the Hazards and Sufferings I have undergone for *the good of my Country*, I could not without putting a Slight upon his great (tho' undeserv'd) Respect to me, refuse granting his Request, that it might introduce *my Medal, or Loyal Essay upon King George's Picture*, and for that Reason 'tis here printed, just as I receiv'd it, without the Alteration or Addition of the least Syllable. And tho' my Reverend Friend uses me as *ill Painters, who while they labour to make Faces Fair, neglect to make 'em like*; however, as he is a Loyal Subject, and great Admirer of *King George*, and an avow'd Enemy to a *Popish Pretender*, I'm resolv'd what any good Men of that *honest Character* say of me, (tho' I don't at present merit their Praises) shall (like the Blast of a Trumpet in War) be publish'd in this *Medal*, or in my future Writings, were it for no other end but to incite and encourage me to a *closer pursuit of a more nobler Vertue*, and therefore as this *Panegyrick upon my Medal Essay* is not publish'd like *Bucephalus's Trappings* to blow me up in a higher *Conceit of over-prizing my own Weakness*, but meerly to show my grateful Sence of my Reverend Friend's great Respect for me, on the Account of our long Acquaintance, and the many Hazards I have run to serve the Publick, I shall here print his Poem just as he sent it to me, in these Words, *viz.*



A PICTURE of

The Golden Age :

Attempted in a POEM address'd to his
most ingenious and much respected
Friend, *Mr. John Dunton*, Author
of the following ESSAY, intituled
The MEDAL.

With *Improvements* from that Ingenious Poem upon Queen
Anne's Picture, intituled *Portrait-Royal*, written by *N.
Tate* Esq; Poet Laureat to his Majesty.

A Wondrous Piece! Where *Dunton's* boldest Art,
Did his own *Genius* to each Line impart,
And with a free inimitable Hand,
Does ev'ry Eye and ev'ry Soul command.
Mean Beauties the kind Pencil's Help desire,
Defects to lose, and *Graces* to acquire ;
Their Pictures, not their Persons, charm the Sight ;
Original and Copy here are bright.
Your Charms the Pow'r of Flattering Art transcend,
Nor *Hand*, nor *Thought* can perfect Beauty mend.
Great *George's* Charms out-vye the *Paphian* Queen,
His *Eyes* more dazzling, more divine his Meen ;
Yet you those Native *Sweets* so closely trac'd,
And ev'ry *Feature* with such Heightnings grac'd,
You had out-vy'd all *levish Nature's* Store,
Had Nature not out-done her self before.

Ev'n

A Picture of the Golden-Age.

Ev'n *Angels* gaze at such a *Golden Age*,
And scarce know *Heaven*, from our *Earthly Stage*.
So *Birds* at the dissembled *Clusters* flew,
Which with imposing *Likeness* *Zeuxis* drew,
And even that *Artist* with a hasty *Look*,
For a true *Veil* his *Rival's* *Peice* mistook.
So common *Art* our *Mortal* *Sense* controuls,
But *Dunton's* *Hand* deceives *unbody'd* *Souls*.
For here his *Medal* draws with so much *Life*,
That *Art* with *Nature* holds a doubtful *Strife*,
For *Nature* starting at first *Sight*, did take
The lively *Work* for what her self did make:
So fair, so true, that *Dunton* she'd repine
At such *Success* in any *Hand* but thine;
But smiles, o'er joy'd to see thy *Fancy's* *Heat*,
Copy the *lucky* *Hit* which she can ne'er repeat;
Another *George*, since that she cannot frame,
She's pleas'd to see thee make the very same.
When to thy *Printed* *Medal* I repair
I dare not sin for *George* is pictu'rd there,
There's *Guardian* *Angel's* in his very *Air*.
'Tis thus thy *Medal* does our *Heav'n* presage,
And is a *Picture* of the *Golden* *Age*.

Heav'n and thy sacred *Art* have thus decreed,
Posterity their ravisht *Eyes* shou'd feed, (read. }
With that *bright* *Monarch's* *Form* of whom so much they'l }
How will they gazing on thy *Medal* sing,
The *Golden* *Age* is now a *Pictur'd* *King*!
Thy *Prince* is drawn with such *Divine* *Success*,
What can thy *Pencil* *Dunton* not exprefs?
For after *Cynthia* in her brightness shown,
Her *Train* of *Stars* with *Ease* will next be drawn.
Proceed, pursue thy generous *Fancy's* *Heat*,
'Till *Beauties* *Gallery* thou hast made compleat.
Our *Citizens* with *Medals* next supply,
'Till with *Old* *Rome's* bright *Capitol* we vye.
Go on, ——— provoke the *Envy* of the *Sky*.
For when thy *Stars* are fixt in this *new* *Sphere*,
The *Gallery* will a *Gallaxy* appear.

A Picture of the Golden-Age.

Then Britains feast your Eyes on this Design,
Where Arts, confederate Pow'rs and Medals joyn.
How vast a Scene! yet all sublimely great,
All animated with informing Heat.
How powerful's Gold, when 'tis a Royal Gift?
Invention, Order, Symetry and Dress,
The Part, the whole, a Master's Hand express. (a)
All, all with that Harmonious Beauty rise,
'Tis silent Consort, Musick to our Eyes, (b)
Such Heights can Nature disciplin'd aspire, (c)
And travel'd Skill sublim'd by Medal Fire. *
How starv'd our Rhet'rick, and our Stile how faint,
To pictur'd Passion, and pathetick Paint!
To those warm Colours which I here behold,
My Tropes are flat, my Metaphors are cold;
Wits sprightly Air is lost; her Varnish flies,
And all the Lightning of her Fancy dies.
Painting alone presents Victorious, bright
With radiant Glories of resistless Light,
To sally, seize and captivate the Sight.
Yours is the *Wreath of Fame*, by Medal due,
And all my vanquish'd Pride can now pursue,
(*Bold Neck or Nothing*) is to cobby you.

R. Woolhouse, M. A.

(a) *Invention, Order, Symetry and Dress.* Good Contrivance, Disposal, Proportion and Colouring, being the principal Parts of Painting. *The Parts, the Whole, &c.* Beside the Perfection of the Parts, singly consider'd, there must be, what Painters call, an Agreement of the *Tout ensemble*.

(b) *The Harmony of Colours,* and all other Circumstances, being no less exact and entertaining in a good Picture, than Harmony in Musick.

(c) *Such Heights can Nature disciplin'd, &c.* Genius and Discipline may do a Poet's Business, having the Works of Master Poets in his own Closet; but Travel is likewise requisite for a Painter, to make his Observation of choicest Pieces abroad, where the most and best Performances of the greatest Masters are to be seen.

* *i. e.* by the Charms and Power of Gold. The

The Medal :

O R,

A Picture of the Golden Age.

Stanislaus (King of Poland) would always carry the Picture of his Royal Father about him, that when he was tempted to any Vice, he might take it out of his Pocket, and despise the *Golden Bait*, by saying to himself, *How shall I dare to do any thing unworthy of the Son of such a pious Father?* I intend to do by that *Gold Medal* which I had the Honour to receive by his Majesty's Order, as Stanislaus did by his Father's Picture, (*i. e.* I will always carry it about me) that by often viewing this *Royal Picture of the Golden Age*, I may never do any thing unworthy of the Honour and Happiness of being a Subject of King George. And that all his Majesty's Subjects may have the same *Guardian*, or rather *Picture-Angel* to correct their Inclinations, when they tempt 'em to run astray, I will here attempt to draw his Effigies at Length, (I mean, the Picture both of his *Royal Person* and *Mind*) so far as I am able to do it by viewing that *Medal* (or *Picture of the Golden Age*) which was presented to me by the King's Order, as a Mark of his
gracious

gracious Acceptance of my *Golden Age*, and of the great Hazards I run in venturing *Neck or Nothing* to detect the Enemies to his Illustrious House.

But let me correct my self for this *rash Attempt*; for, alas! where's the Limner fit to draw King *George's* Picture, except it be that truly Loyal and Ingenious Gentleman Mr. *John Toland*, who has done it to Perfection, (in his Explication of the Princess *Sophia's* Consecration Medal) or that *English Apelles*, Sir *Godfrey Kneller*.

O *Kneller*, cou'd our Verse present so true,
 Our *British Cesar*, as thy Colours do,
 Our Glorious *George*, the Patron of Mankind,
 His *Horace* and his *Virgil* too might find:
 But when the Awful Figure we Essay,
 Our Weakness, not his Image, we display.
 We finish worse what we had ill begun,
 Confounding Lights and Shades, by moiling on;
 Thou, thou alone the mystick Art couldst find,
 To paint the Monarch's Person, and his Mind:
 The grosser Features common Hands may strike,
 A cold Resemblance hit, and cursly like;
 But with the Likeness, Warmth and Grace to give,
 And make the Picture seem to think and live,
 Are Heights reserv'd (let none think Truth a Crime)
 For *Kneller*, the *Apelles* of our Time.
 We find the Royal Piece divinely wrought,
 And in the Monarch's Aspect, read his Thought;
 The self-same Look the pious Hero shows,
 As when deep consulting for the World's Repose,
 But this is only when *Apelles* (a) draws.
 'Tis then we find King *George's* Features grac'd
 The same undaunted Brow, as when he chac'd
 Th' astonish'd *French*, and Cannons Thunder fac'd;
 Yet temper'd with the Mercy that restrain'd
 His Troops from Slaughter, when the Field was gain'd;

(a) Sir Godfrey Kneller is here meant.

A Picture of the Golden Age.

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Or, in one word, to sum our Thoughts extent,
The perfect Piece, all *GEORGE* does now present :
So much of Majesty throughout remains,
You'd swear the very Picture Lives and Reigns ;
But this is only when fam'd *Kneller* writes,
Who has no Equal in his painting Flights.
'Tis only then the Painter's Art's confin'd,
When a Majestick Picture is design'd,
When he *the Golden Medal* trys to draw,
And dress a Face that strikes with pleasing Awe.
Go on, Great *Kneller*, read each graceful Line,
And let his Shade be as Himself, Divine :
For unborn Kings shall to thy Piece repair,
And strive in vain to imitate his Air,
As others try to match thy Pencil, and despair.

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}

But tho we can't Draw King *George's* Picture of either Body or Mind, with the Fancy or Pencil of the famous *Kneller*, yet I shall venture to call these Sheets, *The Medal ; or, A Picture of the Golden Age ;* I mean that *Golden Age* I lately presumed to inscribe to his Majesty as upon the *Gold Medal* I receiv'd by his *Royal Order*, there is stamp't not only the Picture of his Sacred Person, (far exceeding what was lately stamp't on the new Guineas, or those Golden Medals *Queen Anne* gave to her Tory Parliament) but as it gives me a fair and happy Occasion of drawing his Majesty's true Picture both of Body and Mind.

And here I could wish that I had *Words of Gold*, (the Golden Eloquence of *Cicero*, the Mouth of *Chrysoptom*, and the Spirit of *Nazianzen*) that I might draw to the Life the Picture of my Gracious Sovereign ; for so many are the noble Attributes inherent to his Royal Person and Nature, that 'tis difficult to distinguish whether they be diverse or one entire Vertue, and impossible to define which ought to be accounted the Superlative in so perfect a Harmony.

His

4 The MEDAL ; or,

*His Palms, tho' under Weights they do not stand,
Still thrive, no Winter can his Laurels fade ;
Heav'n in his Portrait shew'd a Work-Mans Hand,
And drew it Perfect, yet without a Shade.*

And therefore to ascribe to one Royal Feature more than another, were to derogate from the Justice of either ; for 'twill appear by that Picture I shall draw of his Majesty at three Sittings, that all the Sincerity, Goodness and Moderation, we find in the whole Protestant World, has its Vigour and Life, if not its very Original, in the Royal Mind or Body of King George. And therefore, tho' I design this *Medal* as a *Loyal Essay* upon King George's Picture, yet I can't declare 'twas any particular, but his Majesty's general Goodness that made me presume to inscribe my *Golden Age*, (as well as this *grateful Medal*) to his Royal Name, as illustrious in Piety and Wisdom, as 'tis in Titles. But tho' *Greatness of Spirit, Capacity of Affairs, Solidity of Knowledge, and Illustrious Piety*, seem to be the Birthright of King George, yet the Humility, Prudence, Penetration, and Affability, which appears in all his Actions, shew him indu'd with no less charming Qualities than those which have acquir'd to his Family the popular Glories they inherit ; so that 'tis no Flattery to assert, That the Gold Medal (which I had the Honour to receive by his Majesty's Order) is a *Picture of the Golden Age*, as 'tis adorn'd with the Portraiture of a Prince, whose least Perfection in Piety, Wisdom, Justice, and Moderation, would render any other Person most accomplish'd. And therefore I don't wonder that King *William* of ever-glorious Memory, after venturing his Life and Fortune to deliver a treacherous and ungrateful Nation from Popery and Slavery, should in Parliament settle the Succession of the Crown (after Queen *Anne* and her Issue) on the illustrious House of *Hanover* ; where 'tis the daily Prayer of every true *Englishman*, and sincere *Protestant*, that it may continue as long as the Sun and Moon shall endure, as no doubt but it will ; for as ' a *Medal* is an antient flae Jewel, or uncommon Coin, that represents some Effigies, or other ingenious Device,' so King *George's* Glorious
Reign

A Picture of the Golden Age. 5

Reign has stamp'd such uncommon or extraordinary Blessings on our Souls, Bodies and Estates, as present us with the brightest Picture or Coyn of the Golden Age, and the continuance of it, that can possibly be had on this side Heaven it self.

Great Sculptors Art! I cou'd for ever view,
A Peice so just, so lively and so true:
A Peice in which all may distinctly find,
Sure Indications of a Noble Mind.
An Aspect daring, yet a Conscience clean,
A Front that's awful, yet a Mind serene.
An Eye so keen, what Villain can have Sense,
Peirc'd by its Terrour, to plead Innocence?
The sturdiest Faction must with shame retire,
When from the Throne such Eyes shoot darting Fire.
The Golden Age does in this Picture share,
Celestial in its Form, Celestial in its Air.
Not the first Beauty had more Charms in Store,
When Heaven's bright Stamp in Innocence she bore,
When first th' Almighty Painter's Hand, that true
That fairest Copy of his Image drew.
Too great his Worth! too vast to be defin'd!
His Body but the Picture of his Mind.
Then in this Medal view a Living Prince,
For Art is Nature, where Paint goes for Sense.
The charming Wonders of his Aspect trace,
The complicated Glories of his Face,
Obliging Grandeur and Imperial Grace.
Whom wou'd not that Majestick Awe confound?
Who wou'd not wish to see such mildness crown'd?
The Name of KING to such a Face is due,
To none Great George, more justly than to you,
That Coyn a Golden Age, and Golden Medals too.
That Medal which in Loyalty I Sing,
As 'tis the Picture of my rightful King,
Whose Looks bless all, whose Reign is every Thing.

Reader, Having inform'd thee, (in general Terms) that King George's Medal is a Picture of the Golden Age, 'twill
C be

6 The MEDAL ; OR,

be proper, in the next Place, that I say something of the *Antiquity, Use and Dignity of Medals*; but more particularly of that *Gold Medal* that I had the Honour to receive by his Majesty's Order, as 'tis a *Picture of his Royal Person and Mind*, and consequently a *Picture of the Golden Age*.

And first, as to the *Antiquity, Use and Dignity of Medals*, take this following Account.

Coyns (or Medals) may be justly esteem'd the most lasting as well as ancient of all the Monuments of Antiquity. We read in *Genesis*, that *Abraham* bought a burying Place for his Wife *Sarah*, for *Four Hundred Sheckles of Silver*, current Money with the Merchant; and if you will believe *Wiliampand*, Money was coyn'd long before the Flood; that Author being of Opinion, that what was said of *Tubal Cain*, That he was an *Instructor of every Artificer in Brass and Iron*, implies the making of Money, and cannot be made good otherwise; yet some may say, that *Trading and Society* have been long kept up without the help of coyn'd Metals, partly by Reason of the Difficulties which may have been found in *Coyning them*. Thus in *China* and some other Nations, *Silver and Gold* are only current by Weight, and cut in greater or less Pieces according to the value of the Things purchas'd, each Man having his *Weight and Scales* to essay the *Metals*, wherein many of the *Eastern Nations* are very dexterous: However, the Word *Shekel* us'd by *Abraham* hath been generally us'd since, to signify some Pieces of Money us'd by the *Jews*; and tho' 'tis mention'd in *Genesis*, that *Abraham weighed them*, it doth not argue but that they were coyn'd Pieces, since among the Ancients, Pieces of Money were often paid by Weight. The *Greek Medals* are older than the *Roman*, since long before the building of *Rome*, the Kings, and Cities of *Greece*, caus'd some to be stamp'd, which the *Romans* have hardly equaliz'd in the most flourishing State of their common Wealth or Empire. Neither the most strong and stately Buildings, as *Temples, Theatres, or Triumphal Arches*, nor Books, Paintings and Statues can be secure from the *destroying Power of Time*, whereas *Medals*, if so inscrib'd, (as that I receiv'd by his Majesty's Order,) may be preserv'd for ever, and thus

A Picture of the Golden-Age. 7

thus Eternize the Memory of things, which otherwise wou'd be entirely lost. This made the Ancients so careful in laying *Medals* at the Foot of Statues, and in the Foundations of *Temples, Trophies, and other Buildings*, for as they foresaw the Ruin of all those Monuments, they only depended on *Medals* to perpetuate the Memory of those Things which they would transmit to Posterity. And indeed we find that many of those which are in the Cabinets of the Lovers of Antiquity, do not only rectify several Mistakes in History, but teach us many considerable Particulars which have been omitted by ancient Writers. Without those *Coins* it wou'd be very difficult to know the Families, Names and Surnames of many Great Men, or distinguish the Functions of *Ancient Magistrates*, and Dignities under the Emperors, whose true Order of Succession is also chiefly known by those Helps, as also the Time when most of the chief Things in their Reigns were transacted, when Colonies were sent out and establish'd, and the different Epochæ of Towns and Countries; that of the *Syrians* among others, being lately made known by *F. Norris* in his *Annus & Epochæ Syromacedonum, in vetustis Syriæ nummis exposita*: And indeed nothing can be of greater Use to rectify Chronology than Medals, without them the Form of the *Greek* and *Latin* Letters, the way of writing among the Ancients, their Abbreviations of Words, and different ways of Orthography, would be almost unknown to us; of which we have frequent Examples in the many Errors into which some *Grammarians* have fallen, thro' want of perfect Acquaintance of Medals; but I need not enlarge upon their Antiquity, Use and Dignity, those who desire to know more of it, my consult the *Inscription and Motto on my Gold Medal* (of which more anon) or the learned *Spanheim's* Book *De Præstantia & Usu numismatum*.

The Knowledge of those curious Monuments is now extremely sought by the *French*, and is even grown the Diversion of many, who are not duly qualified for it; For, to reap a solid Satisfaction from it, 'tis necessary that a Man be more than indifferently acquainted with the best of the *Greek* and *Latin* Historians, as *Herodotus, Dion, Dionysius, Halicarnassæus, Polybius, Livy, Tacitus, Velle-*
jus

jus, Paternulus, &c. not but that any one who wou'd begin to apply himself to *the Knowledge of Medals*, without reading History first, wou'd find the same Satisfaction, whenever he read History afterwards, as those who read the Lives of Princes whom they knew before.

The Study of Ancient and Modern *Geography*, is also necessary, that we may with Pleasure understand the finest *Medals*, which are those of *Cities and Colonies*, most of whose Types are full of Learning.

Chronology ought also to be understood, not only by the General and Common *Epoche*, but, if possible, by those of *Towns and Nations*, which after that may be verify'd on the Medals with Pleasure.

The ancient *Mythology* or Heathen Worship, must also be well known, *the Reverse of most Medals* being fill'd with things that have a Relation to it. And there are also *Medals of the Gods and Goddesses*, the Sets of which are much esteem'd; for by them we know *where they were worshipp'd*, and their various Names, no less than their *Symbols, Temples and Altars*.

I have not Room to enlarge upon the Rules which are necessary to attain to the Knowledge of *Coins and Medals* (the chief Design of this *Medal Essay*, being to present the World with a *Picture of the Golden Age*.) However if the ingenious wou'd be directed in *so curious a Science as is the Knowledge of Medals*, I wou'd advise 'em to consult the *Cabinets of Antiquaries*, as well as their Books, many of which give them the Representations of *ancient Coyns as well as learned Accounts of them*, as *Goltzius, Patin, Fulvius, Gevartius's Cabinet, and du Cange's Bizantine Families, &c.*

As for *Modern Medals*, that is to say, such as have been made in the *thre last Ages*, they seem no less useful or diverting than the other, and as well as those large beautiful *Antiques* call'd by the *Italians, Medaglioni*, by the *French, Medaillons*, and by the *Romans, Missilia*, they have never been currant Money. Their Types are more considerable than those of antique Coins, for on them *Fights at Sea, or Land, Seiges, Publick Receptions, Alliances, Marriages, Families, and whatever regards Politicks or Religion*, are often seen; *the Devises* which are on many of them, are also generally

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nerally very Ingenious : For this Reason many make *Collections of them*. The *Dutch*, from their first Establishment into a common Wealth, have *stamp'd* some concerning the most considerable Events, of which Monuments the Abbot *Bisot* has made a curious Treatise, which he calls *la Hollande Metallique*. The History of King *William* by Medals has also been publish'd in *French*; and a new Edition of that of the *French King* by *F. Menestrier* is lately come out at *Paris*, with the Addition of several Medals, *all in order of History*, and many being from time to time *stamp'd of former Actions*, he has in this Edition printed *a summary of that King's Life*, wherein the order of time is observ'd, and References to the *Medals* that mark *each Event*; but no Monarch will be more Imortaliz'd by *Medals* than his *Britannick Majesty King George*, of which that *Gold Medal* that was presented to me by *his Majesty's Order*, is a late Instance, and therefore as the *Honour* I receive by this *Medal*, is a mark of the *Royal Favour* for the Hazards I run of my *Life and Fortune*, to serve the Publick, so 'tis a *Picture of that Golden Age* I presum'd to inscribe to his Majesty.

Having said as much as I think proper concerning the *Antiquity, Use and Dignity of Medals, both ancient and modern*, I shall next (as I promis'd) give a particular Account of that *Gold Medal* that I had the Honour to receive by his Majesty's Order.

And here Reader, I must inform you, that a *Vision of our present and coming Blessings under the auspicious Reign of King George*, having given me a joyful Prospect of a *Golden Age*, I presumed to inscribe it with that Title to his Majesty, and had the Honour to have Three of these Books presented to the *King, Prince, and Princess of Wales*, by his Excellency the *Baron de Bothmer*; Soon after which his Majesty gave Orders to *Mr. Gatekey* (his privy Secretary) that a *Gold Medal* shou'd be presented to me (and I receiv'd it *Wednesday February 23.*) This Royal Gift is a *Medal of considerable Value, the best I ever saw, and weighs about Sixty Duckats, it has his Majesty's Effigies on one side, with this Inscription, GEORG. D. G. PRINC. ELECTO-*

RAL

RAL B. R. ET LVN. and on the other Side, a Fountain playing in a pleasant Garden, with this *Motto*, VIS INSITA DUCIT IN ALTUM.

Reader, I know the *Hill of Honour* is dangerously trod, tho' by never so fair and meritorious Feet, and that proud and envious Men hate to acknowledge a merit beyond their own, but look awry on all that is either above, or better than themselves, and therefore I don't Wonder that our *Weekly Athenians* (the generous *Post-man*, *Bristol-Post*, *Dublin Post* and *Weekly Journal* only accepted) have said so little of this GOLD MEDAL, that the King in so distinguishing a manner order'd for me ; but *Whig Authors* of this little Soul will do well to remember that they can't either in Honour or Justice grudge my having this mark of the Royal Favour before 'em ; for tho' the faithful and excellent Service they have done their Country may deserve the Honour of a Royal Reward, yet I suppose there is no Loyal Subject or Honest Man but will readily own that I run more Hazards than any Man whatsoever (the truly couragious and most ingenious Mr. *John Toland* only excepted, who publish'd the *Art of Restoring*, at a time when 'twas likely to have cost him his Life) in detecting the Treason and Villany of *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke* ; for I made these Discoveries when *Queen Robin* and *Lord Gambol* was at the height of their Power and Grandeur, and as at that Time they were extol'd for Two Glorious Ministers (by the Impudent High-Church Addressers,) let the World judge if I did not venture Neck or Nothing, to expose 'em both in their Jacobite Colours, for I did it in plain English, and my charge against 'em was fairly subscrib'd with my own Name.

I am sure I ventur'd so boldly to save a Sinking Nation from Ruin (at the very time when *Queen Robin* wore the Imperial Crown,) that the Jacobites to conceal their Treason, and some few Whiggs to excuse their Cowardize, call'd me a perfect Madman, for daring to publish such bold Truths as must needs provoke the Reigning Favourites to seek my Ruin, tho' I knew the madness was only on their Side, that durst Discourage me in publishing such useful Discoveries, that no Man was intrusted with

but

but my self, and which I was assured by the Person of Honour from whom I received 'em, were all Matter of Fact, and so he prov'd 'em to be in a Letter he sent to me about three Months after I had publish'd my *Neck or Nothing*; which, (to convince those that envy me the Honour of a Gold Medal, how far I have deserv'd that Mark of the Royal Favour) I will here insert as 'twas sent to me in these, Words, *viz.*

Mr. Danton,

I Have but just Time to tell you, that I am going into the Country for some Weeks, which will incapacitate you for a *Scribbler of Politicks* till I return to *London*; for I would not have you sully your Performances with *Improprieties* or *Uncertainties*, which you must needs do, if you trust only to flying Reports, or publish any *Courre News* but what I send you; and yet I must say, you complement me too largely on the *Discoveries* I sent for your *Neck or Nothing*. 'Tis true, the Hint I gave you, of a *Gentleman that saw a Commission for raising Recruits for the French Army in Ireland*, did your Book a Reputation; you had the *second* Hint of it of any Man in *England*, and the *first* of any *Writer*; Its being at first look'd on as a *Chimera*, did you great Service, when the *Irish Parliament* took that Notice of your *Neck or Nothing*, as to search into the matter, which was owing to my Letter to one of its *prime Members*, to inspect the Affair, representing you as a *True Englishman*, and a *Person that would not write by Chance*. Their Discovery of the Truth of *Matter of Fact*, gave you a great Reputation in *Ireland*, and I hope has laid a good Foundation for a Reward from that *Illustrious House* you so greatly served by it, which I hope to hear will be grateful. But since by my leaving the Court till *September* next, the chief Spring of true and valuable Intelligence will be shut up from you, I advise you in the mean time to meddle only with *Divine Subjects*, (on which you have writ many things very new and surprizing); lest by a false or frivolous Intelligence, you lose the Merit and Reputation you have already so justly acquir'd among

Men

' *Men of Quality* ; and therefore, write not of *Politicks* till
 ' my Return, that can and will then let you know faithfully
 ' what Discoveries will be acceptable to the *Court*, and
 ' necessary for the *Country*, and what safe to meddle with,
 ' which, believe me, your City-Friends cannot inform you,
 ' no more than I can in my Retreat ; where assure your
 ' self of the constant Respect and good Wishes of,

Your sincerely affectionate Friend, &c.

This is a true Copy of the Letter that was sent to me by
 that *Person of Honour* from whom I receiv'd all the *Discove-*
ries concerning *Oxford*, *Bolinkbroke*, and *King Abigail*, that
 are inserted in my Four Books, intituled, *Neck or Nothing*,
 — *Whig-Loyalty*, — *Queen Robin*, and — *The Im-*
peachment, of which not one Line has yet been disproved
 or contradicted by any Person whatever. Then what shall
 we say of the Justice or Conscience of such *News-Writers*,
 that shall either deny me the *Honour of these Services*, or
 (which is full as base and spiteful) conceal the Gift of that
Royal Medal with which I have been rewarded. I mean no
particular Reflections here, but leave the Guilty to wince,
 which if they *Dare*, I shall *Lash* 'em in the keenest manner
 their *Ingratitude* to me, as well as the Publick, will justly
 deserve, the *brightest Rays* in their Reputation being wholly
 owing to my *Pen*, and that *generous Character* I once thought
 they deserv'd.

These (*Reader*) are part of those great Hazards I have
 run of my Life and Fortune to serve the Publick, or if
 any Man (now the Danger is over, and my faithful Services
 rewarded with a Gold Medal) can be so base or ungrate-
 ful as to assert the contrary, let 'em consult the Loyal Au-
 thor of the *Flying-Post*, who has often told the Publick (in
 Advertisements) of the hazardous Services I have done my
 Country, and how ready I was to make good my Charge
 against *Ox* — — — and *Bull* — — —, if her Majesty would
 grant her Royal Protection to my self and Witnesses.

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Or if the repeated Testimonies (a) of the *Flying-Post* an't sufficient to prove I have ventur'd hard for the Gold Medal, (more valuable to me than the Golden Fleece, as it bears the *Picture* of my Gracious King (b)) read the Letter that was sent to me by Mr. K——, a Printer, where are these Words.

Mr. Dunton,

‘ **T**His comes to inform you, that *Sacheverell's* Mob are
‘ resolved to be reveng'd upon you, for making such
‘ publick Discoveries of his treasouable Words and Prac-
‘ tices (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——rd's Treason and B——ke's lewd Practices, have
‘ made the Jacobites resolve upon your utter Destruction,
‘ if they can possibly meet with you; and therefore let me
‘ perswade you either to leave *England*, or to live at a great
‘ Distance from *London*, for I'm assur'd (by one of the
‘ Queens Messengers) there will be much Craft used to catch
‘ you, your *Neck or Nothing* has so plainly detected the new
‘ Scheme concerted by O——rd and B——ke, for bringing
‘ in the Pretender, &c.

Sure, Reader, no Whig-Author will after reading this Letter, envy my having a Gold Medal (tho he should never be honour'd so far himself) or any other Mark of the Royal Favour, not only on the account of the great Hazards I have already run of my Life and Fortune in detecting the Jacobite Scheme concerted by O——rd and B——ke

(a) I call it the *repeated Testimony*, as my Advertisement promising to appear to make good my black Charge against *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke* (if her Majesty would grant her Royal Protection to my self and Witnesses) was printed three times in the *Flying-Post*.

(b) They are *Ben Johnson's* Words,
And Gold to me it was a precious Thing,
Because it bore the Picture of my King.

D

for

14 The MEDAL ; or,

for bringing in the *Pretender*, but as it shews I am still to run the very same Hazards to the end of my Life ; for if I am threaten'd by this Letter with being pull'd to pieces by *Sacheverell's* Mob (or the Tools of the late Ministry) for detecting their treasonable Words and Practices, to be sure, neither my Person nor Estate can be free from Danger, whilst there is either a Papist or Jacobite in *Great Britain* to revenge the *Pretender's* Quarrel.

Reader, if all this en't sufficient to prove I have ventur'd my *All* for that Gold Medal my Gracious Prince has been pleas'd to honour me with, read another Letter that was lately sent me by a Parishoner of *White-Chapel*, where I am curst by Bell, Book and Candle, wisht Hell and Damnation, and threatned to be burn'd alive, (I suppose he means in those Bonfires that the *Pretender* would make of English Protestants, could he once usurp his Majesty's Throne) for detecting the Treason and Drunkenness of that Loyal and Sober Priest that *Drinks a Health to the Fatherless Child and the Widow*. To which Jacobite Letter all the Reply I shall make, is,

' (1.) *Dunton* is not to be bully'd and frighten'd with
' the impudent Threats of a suppress'd Riotous High-Church
' Mob, all of 'em Rebels, and Scoundrels of a hanging
' Look.

' (2.) That the Author of this threatening Letter is a
' great Rascal (be he who he will) and that tho he knows
' my Lodging (as appears by the Limping Porter he sent
' with his Letter) I'll not leave it now, were it for no
' other reason but to convince the Villain, I don't fear him,
' for 'tis always *Neck or Nothing* with me in a just Cause,
' and therefore I shall this Day provide my self with an
' able Sword and a brace of Pistols, and will fire at the first
' Man that assaults me, and then I'm secure from *W——ns*
' Mob ; for I heard that *Sunday* they had like to have mur-
' der'd that pious Divine Mr. *Joseph Acres*, they can't bear
' the Smell of Gunpowder, and vanish at the Sight of a
' drawn Sword ; and therefore as I never yet saw Fear put
' in the Face of an Enemy, let them come when they please,
' I resolve to face their Impudence, and to send as many
' of

‘ of ’em as I possibly can to that *Hell and Damnation* (for
‘ there they’l go without Repentance) where they
‘ threaten to send me, for my zealous Affection and Loyalty
‘ to one of the best of Princes.

If any unrewarded or envious *Whig Writer*, don’t yet think that the many Hazards which I run of my Life and Fortune to defeat the late Jacobite Plot, to restore the Pretender, don’t intitle me to the Honour of a *Gold Medal*, or at least to such a PENSION or REWARD that wou’d soon pay all my Debts (which is the only Thing that can make me live or dye with Comfort) then let *Honest K——* be again call’d in to testify with what Fury *Bolingbroke* prosecuted his *Ingenious Servant* for Printing *Neck or Nothing*, till he discover’d ’twas actually writ and deliver’d to him by *John Dunton*, and how zealous *Bolingbroke* was after this Discovery, to seize my Person, that the *Sacheverlite Mob* might pull me to Pieces, is known to a Thousand People, and in particular to *Mrs. A. Boulter* without *Temple-Bar*, who had the Honesty and Courage to sell *Neck or Nothing* in the very worst of Times, and when all other Bookfellers were afraid to touch ’em, which is a cowardize I think they ought to repent of, and such a Loyal Courage in *Mrs. Boulter*, and in *Mr. Harrington*, who encourag’d her in it, as deserves a Royal Reward, or at least a grateful Acknowledgment from all the true Friends to the Protestant Succession, in the Illustrious House of *Hanover*, since ’tis universally known and acknowledg’d, that the seasonable Discoveries which I publisht in my *Neck or Nothing*, did more Service to the common Cause, than all the weekly Papers that have been publisht since *Quee Anne* came to the Crown (I’le only except such as were writ by the immortal *Steel*) as I shall fully prove by an Essay, I shall publish this Session of Parliament, with this Title.

NECK or NOTHING; or the Case and Sufferings of *Mr. John Dunton*, for daring to detect (in plain English) the Treason and Villany of the *Earl of O——* and *Viscount B——* at a Time when no other Author durst publish any Thing of it but in dark Hints or borrow’d Names.

Intermixt with the Testimonials of several Persons of Note, that Mr. Dunton's early and bold Discoveries not only defeated the Jacobite Plot in England, to restore the Pretender, but was the sole Occasion why the Irish Parliament inspected the Pretender's Listing of Men in Dublin, and of wholly suppressing that Traiterous Project. The whole humbly submitted to the Consideration of his most excellent Majesty, and both Houses of Parliament.

Now, *Reader*, if I am able to prove that I perform'd all those seasonable and hazardous Services mention'd in this Title (as you'll find I can, if you consult my Four Essays, intitul'd, *Neck or Nothing, Whig-Loyalty, Queen Robin, and the Impeachment*) then you can't but own those Weekly Writers that envy me the *Reward of a Gold Medal, or his Majesty's Favour* (which I wou'd prefer to his Crown, were it put to my Choice) deserve to be charg'd with Pride, Conceit and Envy, because their own Services are not yet Rewarded; for have the *Whig-Athenians* said one Word how *early* I ventur'd to detect the Treason of the late Ministry, (since I have had the Royal Reward of a Gold Medal) when even the Tory News-Writers have thought it a Debt to his Majesty's Bounty and my hazardous Services, to make 'em Publick, so that the Case is plain, that Envy, like the Sun Beams, beats always upon Rising Grounds, however 'tis a Comfort to think that God oftentimes permitteth that by the means of Envy, the glory of those who are so malign'd is made more Illustrious, which I hope is the Case here for I had (in Modesty) for ever conceal'd the many bold Instances in which I ventur'd *Neck or Nothing* to serve the Publick, had not those *Anti-medalists* (who so ungratefully Repine at my good Fortune, as appears by their Silence on that Head) oblig'd me to publish it. But I shan't inlarge in these just Resentments; for when I find either a Brother Whig, or a Brother Author of a proud, conceited, or Envious Temper, I think him to be one that more deserves my Contempt than Notice, not that I think my self to have more Learning or Sense than other Writers; for tho' I had the Honour

nour to be the Son of an eminent Clergyman, and had the Advantage of a Good Education, yet I don't think my self worthy to be nam'd the same Year with the glorious *Addison*, the matchless *Steel*, and the learned *Toland*; but tho' I shall ever have these humble Thoughts of my self, yet as I have receiv'd the Honour of a *Gold Medal*, and I hope of his Majesty's Favour, by the great Hazards I have run of my Life and Fortune, to serve his Illustrious House, i'll endeavour to deserve both, First by despising such as envy me this Honour, and Secondly by Writing Visions of that Golden Age that King *George* has reviv'd by his Royal Example, till such time that his Majesty's Reign is acknowledg'd by all his Subjects to be a foretaste or Picture of Heaven, which it can never be, till every Author is asham'd to conceal that Merit in others which he han't in himself or (in plainer English) 'till every Subject in *Great-Britain* is become so truly Christian and Generous, as to prefer anothers Happiness to that of his own.

Then seeing *his Majesty*, in his most Gracious Speech to both Houses of Parliament, is pleas'd, 'To thank his faithful and loving Subjects, for that Zeal and firmness that they have shewn in Defence of the Protestant Succession, against all the open and secret Practices that have been us'd to defeat it, and that he shall never forget the Obligations he has to those who have distinguished themselves upon this Occasion (these being his Majesty's own WORDS.) I hope the Zeal I exprest in so early venturing *Neck or Nothing* in detecting the Jacobite Enemies to the Protestant Succession, and in defending (in my *Secret History of Queen Robin*) the just Title of the Illustrious House of *Hanover*, to the *British Crown*, will always give me the Honour of his Majesty's distinguishing Favour, not only as I despis'd all Danger in detecting the Treason and Villany of the late Ministry, against his Royal Person and Dignity; but as I was call'd a *Mad-man* for thus venturing my *All* in Publishing in *plain English* what all others (the Loyal *Toland* still excepted) were afraid to Whisper; and tho' his Majesty has already honour'd me with his Distinguishing

distinguishing Favour, (by the Gift of a Gold Medal) yet the Honour the King has done me in giving Order, (a)
 ' That my *Golden Age* shou'd be catalogu'd in his
 ' Library, I shall ever reckon the most distinguishing
 ' Part of this *Medal-Honour*, not only as it proves his
 Majesty's Gracious Acceptance of my daring to venture
 my Life and Fortune to serve his Illustrious House,
 but as it shews his Royal Intention to continue the
 Remembrance both of my Name and Hazardous Services.

Reader, Having presented thee (1) with a General Essay upon King *George's* Picture. (2) With an Essay upon Medals ancient and modern, as they are Generally stamp'd with a Royal Image. (3) With an Essay upon that Gold Medal (or Picture of his Majesty's Person) which was presented to me by the King's Order, and has been the envy of some Whig-writers; And having handled these several Essays in as Loyal a manner as I possibly cou'd, it now remains that I present the World with an *Essay* upon the Picture of King *George's* Royal Person and Mind, as 'tis a Picture of the *Golden Age*.

To draw the Picture of so glorious a King (as his Britanick Majesty) and that in so exact a manner as to represent *the true Features of his Royal Person and Mind*, wou'd require the *Pencil* of an Angel, or at least (as was hinted before) of such first Rate Limners as *Apelles*, *Kneiler*, *Addison*, *Steel* or *Toland*, for to draw King *George* to the Life, is really to draw *a Picture of the Golden Age*.

Nor can his Mind,

To private Vertues be confin'd ;
 A vast *Ambition* swells his mighty Soul,
 Not to be great alone,
 But to endear the *Regal Throne*,
 And Epidemick madness to controul ;
 Sound Politicks his Councells guide ;
 Nor cou'd *Experience* yet evince,
 Whether in the *matchless Prince*,
 The *Warriour* or the *Statesmen* is outvy'd.

(a) To *Mr. Knekey*, his Privy Secretary.

A Picture of the Golden Age. 19

But however unable my Pencil is to do Justice to his *Majesty's Royal Features*, yet I hope by often viewing of 'em (as they are stamp't on that Gold Medal his Majesty order'd for me) I shall be taught to form such bright Ideas of my Glorious Sovereign, as may enable me to draw his Picture (tho' not with so much Art as the celebrated *Kneller*, *Steel*, or *Toland* wou'd have drawn it yet) so much to the Life, that every Loyal Subject at first Glance, shall say this is the True Picture of King *George*, for that it may be so I shall draw this Royal Picture of the Golden Age, at three Sittings, and the first Sitting shall be introduc'd with what I'll call,

The D E S I G N.

LET those that have no other *Beauty*, no other Attractions then such as *partial Nature* hath bestow'd on their *fair Frontispeice*, offer themselves to the curious Pencil of a *flattering Painter*, who must fire their flitting Gaiety in a *well-drawn Tablet*, yet at best the Eye of Judgment will acknowledge it but for the Shadow of a Shadow, which in a few Years (or perhaps sooner) will shame the Original on which the wrinkly Hand of Time will be sure to draw new Lines, and will quickly Work upon it a melancholy Difference, whilst I humbly beseech my Glorious Sovereign to deny the Inquisitive *Limner*, (tho' it were even *Kneller* himself) to Gaze upon his Features, whose Mechanick Fancy is too mean to converse so Familiarly with so many Perfections, and chuse rather to sit and give me leave to study the Elegancies of every Part, and his exact Composure, that I may unveil his well dress'd Mind, whose Royal Qualities are *a Picture of the Golden Age*.

For do not the *Two Dutch Ambassadors* in their late Speech to his Majesty declare to the World that *Great-Britain* is blest with a King, 'Who (leaving it to Idolatrous Princes to please themselves with the Incense of Adoration) contents himself with such Terms of Esteem
' and

' and Love, as his Allies and his Subjects pronounce
 ' with equal Satisfaction, with a King Valiant, Wise,
 ' Prudent, Equitable, Just, Gracious and Mild, who pla-
 ' ces his Grandeur in the Practice of his Royal and Chri-
 ' stian Virtues. And sure I am the *Golden Age* is exemplify'd
 not only in the Glorious Life and Reign of such an ac-
 accomplish'd Prince as King *George* is here declar'd to be
 by our best Friends and Allies, but on the *very Image*
 of such a pious Monarch, as I find by that Gold Medal
 which I always carry about me as a *counter Charm* to
 every tempting Vice : For on this Medal is stamp'd such
 a lively Picture of King *George*, that I never saw a Pic-
 ture so likely to speak to those that behold it, as this
 Medal. The Medalist has stamp'd his Majesty's Picture
 upon it with so much Art, that the Coyner seems ano-
 ther Nature, Dumb, whilst the Picture only wants Breath
 and Motion to prove it a living King. Then who wou'd
 act any Thing unworthy of a *Loyal Subject, or an Honest*
Man, if he thought *the Royal Picture* that he carry'd
 about him wanted nothing but *Speech*, to encourage his
 Loyalty, or to correct his Vice, and if the bare Picture of
 King *George* has such a pious Influence on our Lives
 and Actions, what a Golden Age of Unity, Peace and
 Virtue will his Royal Example produce? for 'twill ap-
 pear (when I have drawn all his Majesty's pious Fea-
 tures) that his *very Picture* is a Guardian Angel to keep
 us from Sin and Danger, and his *Reign a Golden Age*.
 So that by always carrying his Royal Picture about me,
 (stamp'd on a Gold Medal) when my Eye is *Famisht* for
 a Look of his Majesty, or wants a Guide to direct my
 Steps, it knows where to feed, and to that *Painted*
Feast it invites my Heart, and always my Love and
 Admiration.

I alter indeed, but this remains the same,
 As it was drawn, retains the primitive Fame.
 Behold what *Frailty* we in Man may see,
 Whose *Shadow* is less given to change than he.

The

The *Picture* I shall draw of *George's* Grace,
 Can no Ways equal such a Living Face :
 For tho' this *Picture's* stampt in Maily Gold,
 It Looks, it Speaks, the Strokes, are all so bold :
 'Tis here that Art and Nature are at Strife,
 For Art is Nature made, that's *perfect* Life.
 I can't draw thus, but if I chance to please,
 And with unusual Charms beholders seize,
 'Tis *Fortune* ! and I must ascribe it all,
 To the unparallel'd *Original*,
The King, the Glorious King ! ———
 So much the Darling of propitious Fates,
Success upon his very Picture waits.

Thus I shall far outdo the slight and dumb Expressions of a formal Picture, by drawing so full, so lively a Representation of his Majesty, that every Lineament shall speak, and the finish'd Peice shall reveal at once the numerous Endowments of his Royal Beauties both of Body and Mind.

We will first take a View of the Richness of the Royal Cabinet, before we look over the Rarities that are laid up in it.

The First *SITTING*.

THE *Person* of our *Glorious Sovereign* is built with so much Art and Perfection, as if Nature had herein shewd what she is able to do. *His Stature is such* that some which are taller, do in his Majesty's Presence affect to stoop, as if to be Longer than His Royal Measure, were to want, or be beyond Proportion; those that are growing, look up to His Majesty, having no prouder thoughts than to arrive to his Height. *His Shapes* (as far as the Eye dares question, and surely further) are all so Strait, so well turn'd, so answerable to each other, that were *Handsome Fielding* now living, he'd allow his Majesty the Priority for *curious Shape*, because indeed the fine Limbs

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of

of that beautiful Man, wou'd seem crooked, if his *rougher Structure* be examin'd by his Majesty's most exact Shape.

But altho' each Part is the Seat of *Royal Beauty*, yet his thoughtful Looks, and some additional Excellencies, make King George as much a *Nonsuch* in his *Royal Person*, as he is in his *Royal Mind*.

His *Face* (which is the chief Rendezvous of the outward Graces) hath as many *Manly Beauties* hovering about it, as there are several Features in it, or a *Golden Age has Charms* (of which tis the *exact Picture*, for sweetness and a Majestick Air) and yet the Superficies of it, (tho' a fresh and well mix'd Complexion still dwells there) hath been very rudely dealt withal by that *spightful Rifter Time*; but those that venture to gaze at his Majesty (*for a Cat may look on a King*) find that this Enemy hath not so disarm'd his *Royal Face* of all its several Strengths and Power, but there is enough left in *that fair Magazine* to wound *almost* whomsoever he pleaseth to smile on. 'Twere Pity, and indeed a Crime, to run over his Majesty's *many Excellencies*, I will therefore study them asunder (as I find 'em stamp'd on my *Gold Medal*) but with no *Poetick* or multiplying Fancy; let others borrow from the *Stars* and *Flowers*, and such trim Comparisons, to describe the *glimmering Beauty of their defective Mistress*, whilst I shall not need *Metaphors* to speak his Majesty in, whose every Part expresses what the *imperfect Parcels* of others shou'd be.

His *Eyes* (which are *the Windows* where the Spirits look out, and discover themselves) carry as much *Lustre and Modesty* in them, as are compatible with each other, they do not open themselves in any *large Circle*, nor are any *glaring Beams* shot from them, yet *so much Life*, *so many Graces* seem to dance in them, that the most chaste *Lucretia* might think her self *more happy than safe*, when she looks on them, were not his Majesty's Eyes as *modest* as they are charming; nor doth he wear them as he doth his *Diamonds*, to sparkle only, and be his Ornament, but he employs them *like two vigilant Scouts*, to give *Intelligence to his Judgment*, which always commands in chief, whatever Object they meet with, and he useth them not only as *Lights*
to

to his *Body*, but to his *Mind*, by busying them in *Books*, and such *studious and pious Exercises* as do both delight and inform it.

His *Lips*, did they not so eminently commend themselves, shou'd not be admired here, if I might so revenge the chaste Distance they always keep from the *most beautiful and tempting of the fair Sex*; and yet tis acknowledg'd by all the Ladies, that have seen the King, that the bare touching *the Cherries* that grow there, can be equal'd by no Honour but that of *kissing his Royal Hand*. To commend the pretty swelling of the *under Lip*, and descant upon the *winning Smiles* which are begot there, and to stay on *such mean, such worn Observations*, were to do Injury to those *extraordinary Excellencies* they impart to us; for besides *the Sweetness* that still sits upon them, within their modest Custody there are many *Enchantments*, when they open, they let out to us such *endearing Language* as seldom flows from any other Speaker; for I must averr his *Majesty's Tongue* is so well tuned, so well instructed, that both *the pleasing Eccho of it*, and the apposite Words that fall from it, are full of *Musick and Elegancies*.

His Majesty's *Hair* Nature hath died and curl'd with much Curiosity. — The Colour is such a *Brown* as our inventive Lovers would dress their Mistresses in, and (if I e'nt misinform'd) before his Majesty were a Perriwig, it fell it self into such Rings, such *fashionable Waves*, that he never used any other Art than his Comb, to continue 'em thus lovely.

Reader, I would presume to open his Majesty's *Bosom* to you, and shew you the *Snow* that lies there, but (tho' greater Liberty in gazing is allow'd to *Liners* than other Men) I fear to be chid for so much *Familiarity*, yet (when his Majesty condescends so far as to grant us that *great Honour*) we may with some Boldness kiss his Royal Hands, which are the fair Distributors of *his Favours, of his Charity*, and the Generous Ministers which he employs in several Services for the good of his Subjects. To tell you they seem to be made of *Virgin-Wax*, and like the *untouch'd Lilly*, were to stay your Expectation from any
E 2 other

other Merit in them; but his Majesty refuses continually to case them in his *Royal Glove*, only to out-vie the *Whiteness* of other Hands, but teacheth them to be Active in all the Arts and Qualities, which the most ingenious, the most industrious of his own Sex converse in, they serve him to direct his *Pen*, which he frequently and elegantly busyes in Matters of *State*, as well as in sacred and Moral Subjects, they touch his *Lute* (a) with so much *Art* and *Agility*, and beat the dissenting Strings into such a *new Harmony* (b) that the famous *Purcel* (who is-gone to Heaven, where only his Musick can be exceeded) need not tell us where he learnt such *charming Notes*, and to conclude, his Majesty's *Royal Hands* are unskillful at nothing which either may become, or commend a *Prince*.

And now, altho' *Custom* and *Modesty* have severely shrouded his Majesty's other Shapes, and more *Private Perfections*, not to be view'd or drawn by any but by that one chaste happy *Limmer* in Flesh and Blood that may hereafter familiarly examine them. Yet I cannot finish, without looking down to his *Royal Feet*, which discover themselves to the *prying Eye*; these may be said to be the *moving Pedestals* on which this curious Figure is set, and are so exactly shap'd, and carry him in so becoming a *Garb*, that were all his other Beauties veil'd, his very *Presence* were enough to endear his Majesty to every *British Subject*.

(a) By *Lute* here, I only mean any Musical Instrument with which his Majesty is pleas'd to divert himself.

(b) The most ingenious Mr. *John Toland* in his excellent *Character of King George* (publish'd not long since) informs us, ' That his Majesty has good Skill in Musick, and tis from those Words I inferr this Part of his Character.

The Second SITTING.

THOU' I shou'd take off my Pencil here, before I have laid down half my Sovereign's Merit, yet in the *first Superficial Draught*, might be seen enough to rank his Majesty among the most accomplish'd of Princes. But there is so much *intrinsic Worth*, such a *Confluence of Vertues*, which offer themselves at this next *Sitting*, that I am puzzled by their Variety, and cannot fit them with such expressive Colours as may give them their due Descriptions; yet I shall attempt it.

His Majesty's *Face*, (where the Relish of all his other *Sweets* lies) may methinks be look'd upon as the faithful *Index of his mind*, which in several pleasing Characters, promifeth to every one that shall read him farther, such *Contents* as are rarely laid up in any Monarch.

Since then *the purest Composition of Flesh and Blood* is indeed but the *Fashion*, and *Goodness is the Weight*; I shall examine how considerable his Majesty is in this. *The Seeds of Vertue* are most times cast in by the Hand of Nature, which suddenly, even in his *Infant Greenness*, came up thick, and shewed themselves in him, and are since, by the *fostering power of Grace and Education*, so ripened, that his Majesty prevented the Expectation of All, and stept into *the Perfections of a King*, without those gradual Rises of being first a Subject, and then a *Prince of Wales*.

His *Capacity* so soon overcame all that was usually taught to his *tender Years*, that *new Tutors* were provided for him, that his *active Fancy* might have some virtual Objects, least it being unbusied, shou'd either lose it self. or be seduced. And he employed this *Stock of Nature* with so much Industry, that he would flatter his Teachers to dwell longer upon their Instructions, and use *Arts to detain them*, and would court such as had *Learning* in them to open themselves, that he might lay up to his own Use *the good that fell from them*, and that you may see his Majesty hath not labour'd, nor sipp'd of so many
Flowers

Flowers in vain, the *Honey* which we shall find in his well fraught *Hive*, the Digestions of his *Education* which his Bosom is full of, will happily shew us.

First, I would say his Majesty is *Learned*, but that I do not admire *Learning* so much in a Monarch, as in a *Priest*, yet I must say, he is *Knowing*, and he must needs be more fixed in *Goodness*, that knows why. And this Knowledge his Majesty hath improved by Books, turning over most of those Volumes, whose more *facile Stile*, and smoother Subjects, might best suit with so fine a Capacity.

King George hath enough of *History* to let you know he is scarce a Stranger to any Age, or Part of the World. So much of *Morality*, that he is able to give Rules even for Philosophers to live by. So much of *Poetry*, that he can judge well of an *Epigram*, and can commend a well *Fancy'd Poem*, yet doats not much on this *jingling Eloquence*. And altho' (in his Youth) he hath read such *Romances* as carry'd any thing in 'em to give a *Gloss*, and some kind of *Flourish* to his *Discourse*, yet he *Play'd* but with few *Romances* (for he reckon'd 'em not as his *Studies*) as if he did it rather in Love to their *Language* than the Softness of their Subject. But above all he studies saving *Divinity*, and often dresses his Soul by that holy Mirror the *Bible*, yet avoiding all *Curiosities* and *New Fashions*, which some would justify out of it.

Nor doth he confine his Scrutiny in Books within one single Language, but reads them some in *French*, others in *Italian*, in *Latin* others, and (tho' it be rare in a Monarch, 'tis said) King George is not altogether a Stranger to the *Greek*.

His Majesty delivers his *Italian* so pleasingly, so winningly, with such a Propriety of Expression, that no Subject wou'd presume at any time to interrupt him, by speaking to him, were it not to give him some Hints to hold on his *Discourse*; for, he loves to be provok'd and drawn on by others, e're he ventures far himself in it; knowing well what an impertinent Vice it is (tho' in a Prince) to be *Talkative*, and that this kind of retreating gives a Value and Advantage to what falls from him.

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His Words seeming to come so advisedly, and indeed so appositely, that he seldom needs recall them *to the Mint again*, and yet so flowingly, so unaffectedly, as if they only had *their Dispatch from the Tounge*, and could not be so soon dispatch'd from further of. His Majesty's speaking being such, that you would swear he had read for it: And yet so unlike *Book-Language*, as if he were not at all beholden to it.

To his *French*, his Majesty gives so fit a Pronunciation, that he had sometimes passed for a *Frenchman*, had not his differing Handsomness contradicted the Conjecture. He can read it into *Italian* with so much readiness, that a By-stander wou'd believe his Majesty's Eye was rather upon a Translation, than the Original.

His other Languages he wears more in his Judgment than at his *Tongue's-End*, rather to make him understand, than to speak more.

But, *these Qualities* are oft so dangerous, so hard to be limited that (tho' they are all found in King *George* to Perfection) I dare not wish them all in a *Wife*, for we shall rarely find Modesty setting so strait a Guard upon them, as here it doth. And, when *Women usurp upon this Prerogative of Men*, and meddle too boldly with Books, they most times grow imperious, and cannot well become these *Masculine Vertues*, strutting in them, and wearing them as improperly, as ill-favouredly as they would do *Breeches*, making them slight the other Sex, as now more than equal to it, and despise their own, *as wound up above it*. They too often thus forget what they are and shou'd be, and over-bearing themselves upon *some few of these Endowments*, neglect altogether those things which are their *more proper Ornaments*, becoming unfit for the sociable Subjection to a Husband, and for those *Female Offices of a Mother, or a Mistress of a Family*, and rendring themselves thus, as unuseful to Mankind, as far from the End of their Creation, as they are different from the unforced Geniis of other Women.

But in King *George*, these Parts are so admirably tempered, that they add more to the Ballast, than to the Sails,

Sails, and serve to carry him steadily and securely in this *Sea of Vanity*, which we are all embark'd in. For his Majesty cheerfully descends from these Heights, and will not own them as his chief and proper Complements. He is as much admir'd by his loyal Subjects for his debonaire Carriage, and the Sweetness of his whole Conversation, as for the other swelling Eminencies of Mind or Beauty: And therefore whilst I shall call his Majesty *Good*, it will be a fairer Attribute than *White*, and a more eloquent one, than that he *commands Languages*. The *Practical Knowledge of Goodness*, is his chief Praise, whilst others glory in the lazy, or *arrogant Theory of Books*.

Other Princes may have some such Excellencies, which may perhaps *spread a more full and blazing Lustre*, but they have but few, and wear them as so many scattered Jewels, whilst his Majesty's are in a *continued Chain*, and have a rich Connexion and Dependency on each other.

The Colours which (as 'tis said) his Majesty seldom varies from, especially in his Ribbons, do handsomly express *the Tincture of his Fancy and Disposition*. When he wears *Green* (the Livery of Hope) it serves to tell us that *a continual Spring enlivens all his Faculties*. When the *Black* is mingled with it, it sets off the *Green*, as an Emblem of his *solemn and sober Temper*, and gives a Grace and Allay to all his shining and Royal Qualities, the *Black* rightly intimating to us, that he is not too facile, nor subject to vain Mirth, and the *Green* that he is not over severe and melancholy.

His *Modesty* (which is the only Vertue within the Eyes reach) *stands still Sentinel over him*, so directing his Majesty in his whole Behaviour, and keeping others in awe, that he never needs to give a *No* to any unjustifiable Question.

Yet is he so *affable*, that 'tis said, his Majesty is never reserv'd to any that have the Honour to discourse with him, nor *strange to any that salute him*. Free to every one, but fast to himself. Favourably complying with the Humour, the Parts, the Age, the Difference of all he speaks to, so easily commanding himself in his whole Carriage, and in the use of all that he hath
made

made his, as if he were a Native to every thing. To garnish his other Vertues, his Majesty has (as was observ'd before) good Skill in Musick, and is such a Master of Harmony, that he teacheth his Voice Notes as well as his Fingers; so that to do his Majesty Justice (in few Words) he so becomes, and is so fitted to all his Exercises, all his Employments, as if he lent his whole time to each of them.

His Majesty is much *within*, in his own Bosom, in his Study, where he contemplates; and at his retiring times, doth often, as it were, new trim his Mind, as others do their Dress; Coming forth to the World so well composed and settled, that if Passion chance to be the *Mother* of any slight Distemper in him, and gives it being, Reason is always the *Father*, and keeps it within degrees, so dutifully that neither Anger (which is almost never seen in him) nor any other rebelling Affections (which in despite of us will be sometimes ready to mutiny) durst ever hold out when he commanded them in. Thus his Majesty may more warrantably triumph that he is *Master of himself*, than of those Millions of faithful Subjects that have given up their Names and Hearts to him.

And may we not wonder that his Majesty may deserve all these Applauses, and yet not be the proudest Monarch living; whereas instead of this insulting Devil, he hath only a Majestick Spirit, which his Modesty commands, mingling it self in all his motions, which would look like Pride in others. This is that which makes King *George* contemn whatsoever is below Virtue or Gentility, and teacheth him to Reign in the Hearts of all his Subjects. This is it which sits upon his Tongue when he speaks so gracefully, so winningly. This is it that tunes his Lute to more Satisfaction, than the most accomplish'd Master of Musick ever did.

This is it that makes his Majesty's Cloaths and Dress fit so becomingly, (tho he put on little other Bravery than what his wearing adds to them) as if every Day he were sired for the *Parliament-House*.

This is it that fixeth so sweet a *Mein* or *Fire* in his Royal Countenance, and gives him so accurate a Garb and
F Presence.

Presence. To conclude, so much of *Pride* as this seems to be, is so absolutely necessary, that without it there would be Imperfection, even in the most accomplish'd.

But this hath no predominant power in his Majesty, he keeps it from swelling, and *tempers all the Faculties of his Soul and Body*, by that lowly, yet highest Vertue, *Humility*. This takes from him all manner of Stubbornness or Obstinacy, either in Opinions or Arguments; this levels him to the Capacity of whomsoever he converseth with, and takes him off from domineering over the *Meanness* of such as either Nature or Fortune hath placed below him; this makes him sometimes search out some Imperfection in himself, (which would never have been espyed by others) and humbleth him into such a Condition, as if he only knew what he finds wanting in himself, and were a stranger to all that which enricheth him.

But that which maketh his Majesty all this, and which is indeed above all he is besides, is his noblest, his closing Attribute, *he is Religious*; a Word which the slight gay things of this Age would not have missed here. But let them look well upon his Majesty, and blush at *the Nakedness of their own Souls*; for his Hours well-studied, may serve as a continued Lecture to them.

I dare not pry into his Closet, to give you an Account of his Morning and Evening Sacrifices, and his private Devotions; this he would have a Secret to all, but to Him he prays to. Nor would his Majesty let us be Witnesses of his more open Piety, could it be concealed. But we may track him in his pious Carriage at the Church, and his frequent appearing there, where he so attentively settles himself, that I have checked my own Wandrings when I have seriously view'd his Majesty, either diligently laying up every Divine Notion in his Memory, or (perhaps) laying down the Connections of them by his Pen, and then putting them together when he retires from thence to his Closet, where he digests and makes his own whatsoever he either reads or observes. In this neat Withdrawing-Room he holds his Cabinet-Council; his chief Advisers are such Books as concern the Improvement of his Better Part; reading over
some

some more cursorily, and taking Notes and Rules out of others. And the Effects of his Religion may be seen in his being a *common Father to all his People*, (for that his Majesty is no *Party-King*, is seen by his advising the House of Commons, *That no unhappy Divisions of Parties here at home, may divert 'em from pursuing the common Interest of their Country*) In his *Charity*, in his confirm'd *Patience*, and in the *Sanc-tity* of his whole Conversation, he is still striving to out-do (if it were possible) the Affections of his People, by his endeavouring to *retrieve the Honour of England, to promote their Trade, and to revive the Golden Age both in Church and State*, and this as much in Obedience to the *Maxims of Religion*, as to the *Instinct of Nature*. Should I publish much of his Majesty's Noble Charity, he would (perhaps) be angry with me for taking from it, whilst I rob him of the purest part of it, in divulging it; and yet it must be own'd, that his Majesty's Charity (that Celestial Grace) is like the Sun, nothing within his Circuit is hid from its refreshing Heat. *Love is the clearest Notion we have of the Deity*. A Prince in no Perfection resembles God more, than in his Communicative Goodness. If it were known how many charitable Actions King George has done since his Accession to the Crown, among all his *Relucent Vertues*, his Royal Charity would be the most Illustrious.

Then if King George is not a *Prince of Religion* (as *De Foe* says of King *William* of ever-glorious Memory) 'Let the
' Jacobites shew me a Prince in the World that ever was!
' and 'twould take up a large Volume to run back the Pa-
' rallel to the beginning of History, I confess it would too
' much reproach the *English Calendar* to ransack our Throne
' to find a Prince equal to King *William*. Thus far *De Foe*, whilst he *Trim'd* for Bread (or rather stifled his Conscience) to serve the Jacobite Designs of the late Ministry; and I don't doubt but since his *printed Appeal* (or publick Repentance) he'll give the same Character of King George; for *De Foe* (since his Majesty came to the Crown) is as sincere a Penitent as ever stood in a white Sheet of his own writing.

However, as to King *George's* Religion, it is acknowledged by his worst Enemies, that his Majesty's Religion is not only exercis'd in Divine Worship, but is influential into his Practice. *The Law of God is written in his Heart,* and transcrib'd in his Life in the fairest Characters. And as this Practical Piety appears in many remarkable Instances, yet in nothing is more illustrious, than in his sincere Zeal for the healing of our Divisions in Religious Things, his Majesty declared in his first Speech to his Privy Council, ' That it
' was his firm purpose to do all that was in his power for
' the supporting and maintaining the Churches of *England*
' and *Scotland*, as they are severally by Law Establish'd, and
' that 'twas his Opinion (so desirous is his Majesty to heal
' our Breaches) this may be effectually done, without the
' least impairing the *Toleration* allowed by Law to Prote-
' stant Dissenters, so agreeable to Christian Charity, and
' so necessary to the Trade and Riches of this Kingdom.
By which Speech it is most apparent, that King *George* is of a most Pacifick Spirit, (*i. e.* that he is no *Party-King*) but is so Wise as to understand the Difference between Matters *Doctrinal* and *Rituals* ; and so Good, as to allow a just liberty for Dissenters in things of small moment ; he is not fetter'd with superstitious Scruples, but his clear and free Spirit is for the Union of Christians in things essential to Christianity.

Thus shines the *Golden Age* in *GEORGE's* Breast,
The giddy Globe rows to his Side for Rest,
There like a Cradled Infant, safe from Harm,
'Tis rock'd asleep on his protecting Arm.
Approach *Ambition*, and this Piece survey,
O Pow'r contemplate here thy own Display !
Tho Sceptre, Ball and Crown, are Charms that make
War's Hurricanes, and keep the World awake ;
Behold 'em *Now* Pacifick and Serene,
With Prideless Pomp possess'd by *Britain's* King !

Sagacious

Sagacious Sense has here conspir'd with Art, (a)
For on this Medal view Great *George's* Heart,
That's *Pictur's* Rule where Princes act their Part. }
So shou'd the Gracious Monarch be express'd,
Who quits his own Repose, to give the Nations Rest. (b)

Tho there be enough left untouch'd on, even to beautify any other Piece, which hath nothing in it self worth commending; yet certainly there needs no other Addition to give a farther Lustre to King *George's* Picture. Should I sum up every Vertue, every Perfection which I may call his, I might seem to upbraid the rest of his Sex; and this would be as much a *Satyr* against them, as it is a *Due* to his Majesty.

The FINISHING.

That these *Asseverations* of mine are Truths, (*i. e.* that this *Picture of the Golden Age* is exactly drawn) all those that have the Honour to be personally known to the King, are able to testify; for I have here drawn the Royal Features of my Gracious Prince according to the best Information I could possibly procure, of such that daily see and converse with him; and I don't think there's one Feature of Body or Mind too finely drawn in this whole Picture; or if I have had any Misinformation, or have not given to every *Princely Feature* its just Due, I humbly ask his Majesty's Pardon; and which I the more presume to expect, as 'twas pure *Affection and Loyalty* to his Sacred Person and Government, that set my Pencil to work; and I hope any false Paint (or Mistakes) if there is any, will be yet the more excusable, as this *Medal Picture of the Golden Age* is drawn by a *Linner*

(a) Sagacious Sense has here conspir'd with Art, &c. Sagacity of Mind (besides a Pen or Pencil) being That in Painters and Poets which crowns all.

(b) See this *Picture of the Golden Age* most elegantly describ'd by our Poet-Laureat, in his Poem, intitl'd, *Portrait Royal*.

that

that never had the Honour to see his Majesty's Person but thrice in his whole Life, (and that was the time of his Royal Entry through the City of *London*; on the Day when he Dined with that Illustrious Patriot the (a) *Lord-Mayor*; and in the Morning when he made his first Gracious Speech to both Houses of Parliament.) But that this is the *real Picture* of King *George*, or (at least) does very much resemble him, no Man can doubt that has seen his Glorious Character, as 'tis drawn by that most accomplished Limner, *Mr. John Toland*, who has had the Honour of being personally known to his Majesty. And therefore I refer my Reader to his most Ingenious Essay, intituled, *The Consecration Medal* (b), for a confirmation that this *Picture of the Golden Age* does very much resemble the bright Original, King *George*. Neither will any but *Jacobites* assert the contrary; or if they do, 'tis certain that at the same time they would defame his Majesty's spotless Character, their Hearts will give their Tongues the Lye.

Then let those *Enemies to their native Country*, that envy those Illustrious Vertues that prove King *George* the best of Princes, be Witnesses that I have here drawn *A true Picture of the Golden Age*, in this Draught of his Royal Person and Mind!

Let the Brave Loyal Youths that are fired with Ambition to live and dye in the Service of so *Glorious a Prince*, and those Heroes of more season'd Years, affirm these Truths, who have not been able to withstand the power of them, some being catch'd by the delicate Contexture of his Body, others allured by the agreeing Symetry of his Mein, (*where every Vertue keeps an even Correspondence*) a third

(a) *Sir William Humphrys*, Bar. (now Lord-Mayor of the City of *London*) is that Excellent Citizen here meant; I call him so, as I had the Happiness to live near him, in the *Poultry*, many Years, and can affirm, from my own Knowledge, that he is a true and constant Churchman, a very Charitable and Generous Man, and a Christian of a Spotless Life.

(b) Printed for *Mr. Lintot*, near *Temple-Bar*.

fort charm'd by the insinuating Magick of his *Carriage*, which silently courts and wins our Approbation; and so powerful is the Conspiracy of these, that they have betray'd (tho not by Design) some of the very *Jacobites*, to love and admire his Royal Person and Conduct.

*Oh, who is he! that in so short a time,
Did to so high a pitch of Glory climb,
Where (Constellation-like) may he for ever shine.*

Oh! what a *Picture of the Golden Age* is this, to see a Prince reserv'd by Heaven to be a Blessing to some, who are destin'd to a full Happiness; and for a Reward to others, that (like the *Glorious Earl of Warrington*) have nobly help'd to rescue their *Native Country* from the Ruin now threatening it, by that *Sham Prince* that calls himself *James the Third*, as will appear in several *Illustrious Instances*, when I come (in my *Third Part of the Golden Age*) to draw the *Pictures* of the *Glorious Canterbury, York, Sarum, Ely, Norwich, Lincoln, Marlborough, Devonshire, Somerset, Roxborough, Argyle, Wharton, Halifax, Cowper, Warrington, (a) Somers, Nottingham, Bothmer, Townshend, Cobham, Stanhope, Cadogan, Gwyn (b), Onslow, Compton, Walpole, Booth (c), Hampden, Steele, Addison, Humphreys, Ward, Rebow, Heathcot, Papillion, Churchill (d),*

(a) The late and present *Earls of Warrington*, are the two glorious *Patriots* that are here meant.

(b) *Sir Rowland Gwyn, Bar.* is that glorious *Patriot* here meant; it being to his faithful and seasonable Advice to *King William* (of ever-glorious Memory) that the *Nation* stands indebted for that invaluable Blessing of the *Protestant Succession* in the *Illustrious House of Hanover*, as I have largely prov'd in my *First Part of the Golden Age*, Inscrib'd to his Majesty, and Sold by *S. Popping* in *Pater-noster-Row*.

(c) The *Hon. Langham Booth, Esq;* *Knight of the Shire for Cheshire*, is that glorious *Patriot* here meant.

(d) *William Churchill, Esq;* (*Member of Parliament for Ipswich*) is that glorious *Patriot* here meant.

Mead, Lechmere, Chiswel, Drysdale ; with many other Glorious Patriots and Heroes. Neither could my *Golden Age*, or the bare Picture of it, be perfectly drawn, if it wanted a very *distinguishing Vision* of that Brave Heroine, *Mrs. Man of Charing Cross* ; for, as the Honourable House of Commons in their Address to his Majesty, declare, ‘ They can never sufficiently adore the Divine Providence that so seasonably interpos’d, and sav’d this Nation, by his Majesty’s happy Accession to the Crown ; so it must be own’d that no Person whatever (*whether Lord or Commoner*) has more courageously ventur’d their Lives and Fortunes to secure to us that *Golden Age* (that we now enjoy by his Majesty’s Reign, and behold in that *Picture of it* that’s stamp’d on his *Royal Medal*) than the Loyal *Mrs. Man*, who has no Equal for Generosity or Courage, or a sincere Affection to the Illustrious House of *Hanover*, except it be in the Person and Actions of that most accomplish’d Gentleman *Major Drysdale*, the only suitable Husband for such a matchless and loyal Wife. So that (as I said before) a *distinguishing Vision* of *Mrs. Man*, may be expected in the Third Part of my *Golden Age*, as a just Debt to her spotless Character, and (I might add) *Invincible Loyalty* ; for can the true Friends to the House of *Hanover* ever forget that Brave State Martyr *Mrs. Man*, whose great and generous Services for the Good of her Country (besides her annual Practice of *Burning the Devil, Pope, and Pretender* at her own Door) deserves to be writ in Letters of Gold, (I had almost said, on that *Royal Medal* to which this *Picture of the Golden Age* owes its Birth) that so her Loyal and Illustrious Character may be perpetuated to the end of Time.

Her Soul so many Vertues does engross,
 That ev’ry Man has some peculiar Loss,
 Whene’er she leaves this transitory Stage,
 For *Jenny* is a perfect *Golden Age*.
 In her that pious Care is seen alone,
 Which makes the Kingdoms Miseries her own ;
 E’th’ midst of Wealth she sighs for unfeelt Woe,
 Nor can be blest, while others are not so.

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A Goodness so large, that had she Worlds in store,
She'd ne'er be Rich whilst any Man was Poor.
But tho' all Cares her generous Mind does share,
Yet still the *Church* is her peculiar Care.
But yet no Hot-head *Smerk*, or *Welton*-Priest,
Whose Pulpit Railing is become a Jest ;
For who on Preachers Doctrines can rely,
When all their Actions give their Words the Lye ?
To this our late Corruptions owe their rise,
The Land was plung'd into a Sea of Vice :
Men by Profaneness to Preferment haste,
And Women thought it Scandal to be chaste :
So little Grace was seen in *Harly's* Reign,
The very Picture of it was a Stain ;
But Pious *Jenny's* fir'd still with Zeal,
Which none but loyal Subjects e'er do feel ;
Not Zeal, like theirs, that sets the World in Flames,
Where that, and barb'rous rage by diff'rent Names,
Express the self-same thing, she better knew
What milder Paths Religion should pursue.
All Pride and Slander from her Breast removes,
By Piety alone her Faith she proves,
That Sacred Maxim rightly understood,
They best believe that do the greatest Good.
The *Golden Age* is stamp'd on such a Breast,
Whose very Life's a Picture of the Blest.
Then Pious, Loyal, Glorious *Jenny Man*,
What Mortal can thy Vertues all proclaim !
No ! they alone by Vision must be told,
Where Angels speak, and ev'ry Word is Gold.

And as *Mrs. Man* (*alias Drysdale*) deserves a very distinguishing Respect from every loyal Whig, for her many and great Hazards to serve the Publick, so 'tis a Debt I'll always pay to her shining Merits as long as I can speak or write ; for (as was observ'd before) tho' some Whig Writers (and I wish I could not say Readers too) do all they can to conceal the great Services that have been done to the Crown by their Fellow-Suffrers for the same glorious Cause ; yet

our truly *Loyal and Protestant Parliament* are so far from approving the Cowardize and Injustice of such *Whig-Writers*, and so far from thinking it a *harsh Treatment* to call *Ox*—— and *Bull*—— *Two Brute Beasts*, that in their *first Address to his Majesty*, they thankfully own his ‘ Great Goodness exprest to those who have distinguished themselves by their Zeal and Firmness for the Protestant Succession, and assure the King, That as the Pretender’s Hopes [of Usurping his Majesty’s Throne] were built upon the Measures that had been taken for some Time past in *Great-Britain*, so it shou’d be their Business to Trace out those Measures whereon he plac’d his Hopes, and to bring the Authors of them to condign Punishment. But however great our Obligations are to those *Glorious Patriots* that now *steer the Golden Age*, and are themselves a *True Picture of it*, so far as their *Piety, Wisdom and Courage resembles the Royal Features of King George*; yet still it must be acknowledged that all the *Temporal Blessings* that we now enjoy, or expect hereafter, are all (under God) chiefly owing to the Bright Original of that *Medal-Picture* I have here drawn according to the usual Custom, at *Three Sittings*. And tho’ an abler *Pencil* might have drawn it more to the Life, yet as this *Medal Essay* presents the World with a *Picture of the Golden Age*, I hope my well-meant Design in Drawing this *Royal Image*, will atone for all the Imperfections that a curious Eye may observe in it.

To conclude this Essay, what a Glorious and most endearing Picture of his Majesty’s Princely Virtues and most Tender Affection to all his People, have we in his Answer to the first *Address* of the truly *Loyal House of Commons* in these Words.

Gentlemen,

I thank you for the many kind Assurances you have given me in your Dutiful and Loyal Address.

No endeavours shall be wanting on my part, to promote your True Interest, and to endear my self to all my People; and I will depend on your Zeal and Affection to defeat all evil Designs that may tend to disquiet the Minds of my People, and disturb the Tranquility of my Government.

What a Picture of the Golden Age do we here find, in his Majesty's Gracious promises to endear himself to his People (and I might add, his Royal Posterity after him to the World's End) by making his whole Reign one continu'd Act of Fatherly Love and Affection for all his Subjects; but more especially in what Respects their True Interest as Freeborn Subjects of Great-Britain.

Then may King George's Honour, Glory and Illustrious Character encrease with his Years, and Advance till uncapable of Addition; may his Majesty still blooming (and ever Glorious) live Great Master of his Fate, while for my self (who wou'd venture a Million of Lives in Defence of his Regal Title against the Pretender and all his Adherents,) I wish for no greater Honour or Happiness in this World, but a Gold Medal, as a Mark of the Royal Favour, and a Picture of the Golden Age, and to live and dye a Loyal and Faithful Subject to King George, I wou'd continue drawing the Glorious Features of his Royal Person and Mind.

But when I'de draw as other Limners write,
So many Vertues do appear in Sight,
As 'tis not in the Power of Art or Wit,
To count them all, they are so infinite.
What shou'd I do then, but in brief conclude,
As Limners when they Paint a Multitude;
Who when they've some o'th' chiefest Heads exprest,
Under them darkly shadow all the rest;
So having said King George is Pious, Humble, Wise,
Under which Heads I all the rest comprize;
I leave them darkly shadowed and hid,
Under those Heads as t'other Painter did.
Thus what I've drawn must needs our Love engage,
As 'tis a Picture of the Golden Age.

Having