

The Mob-War:

OR A

DETECTION

OF THE

Present State of the *Brittish Nation:*

But more especially with Respect to that **WOU'D-
BEKING** (or little Popish Work of Darknes) that threatens us with a speedy Invasion.

In SIXTEEN LETTERS.

Containing such **DISCOVERIES** (in Church and State) as were never Publish'd before.

Ascrib'd to our Rightful and Ever Glorious Sovereign **KING GEORGE**, and other Persons of *Great Quality*, who have distinguish'd themselves either by their **TREASON** or **LOYALTY**.

To these Letters is added, *A Trip to the POPE*, or the Papists Farewel to *Great Britain*, spoke in the Person of a Roman Catholick. Also, *The Neck-Adventure*, or the **CASE** and Sufferings of Mr. *John Dunton*, for early detecting the **SECRET STEPS** taken by *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke*, to Restore the Pretender.

The *Whole Pacquet* Humbly address'd to that Truly Noble and most Illustrious Patriot,

HOLLES, Duke of Newcastle.

L O N D O N:

Printed for the Author, and are to be Sold by S. Poppe in *Pater-Noster-Row*, J. Harrison near the *Royal Exchange*, A. Dodd and A. Boulter without *Temple-Barr*.
(Price 1s.)

TO THE
TRULY NOBLE

AND

Most Illustrious Patriot

HOLLES,

Duke of Newcastle.

May it please your Grace,

THAT I have not done my self the Honour to attend your Grace sooner with the Hearty Congratulations of my self and Country, was not owing either to want of Joy or Duty, but an humble Defe-
rence to our Superiors, who ought as well in this, as all other Things, to have the Prece-
dency; but that observed, give us Leave, my Lord, to pay our Duty in laying our Congra-
tulations

tulations at your Feet, and begging their Acceptance.

Your Grace's Victory over the Enemies of your Title and Estate, being as much, nay, I believe more, the desire and wish, as well as equally the Interest of every honest *Briton* with your self, you cannot wonder we take the first Opportunity of expressing our Joy for it.

'Tis infinitely for your Grace's Honour, that it be remembered and acknowledg'd that none were ever your Enemies, but such as were at the same time the Enemies of your Country; and that those who endeavour'd to deprive you of your Just Right, endeavour'd likewise to deprive us of our *Liberties, Religion, Lives*, and that invaluable Blessing that must secure to us all the rest, *the Protestant Succession*, for the Defence of which your Grace is more Illustrious than the highest Dignitys and Titles could make you.

We do then, my Lord, in congratulating your Grace's good Fortune, congratulate our own, since every Friend to *Britain* finds his own Happiness secured in the Accession of Honour and Riches to such glorious Patriots as your Grace, who so freely and generously lay out both for the Service of the Publick. A few more such publick spirited Noblemen, would, humanly speaking, place us above the reach of Fear and Danger, either from Foreign or Domestick Foes, and make them of High Rank, as much the Delight of Mankind, as 'tis now the Ambition of some, and Envy of others.

Every, even the most common Vertue in Men of distinguish'd Quality, has a double *Lustre*, that at once Cheers and Animates their Inferiours to imitate the Bright Example we

View with Pleasure, *Men of exalted Merits, in exalted Stations*; and a Man must be his own, as well as Country's Enemy, that Envy such well-deserv'd and well-plac'd Honours; but when Titles and high Posts are only the result of Favour, 'tis hard to determine whether they have most of, their Fellow-Subjects Contempt, or Indignation, for every thinking Man must be mov'd to see the Rewards of Vertue prostituted, and made the Returns of Flattery, and the Results of Falshood in the Receiver and Ignorance in the Giver.

But those are Mistakes, we can say with equal Pleasure, and Truth, are not practis'd in the present Reign. Your Grace's Honours are an Instance how wisely, as well as justly our Glorious Monarch dispenses his Favours.

But (my Lord) 'tis not the Sublime Condition in which you are, nor the eminent and great Honours with which you deservedly shine, that have induced me to this Address for your Quality, and the awfulness of your high Station, might very well prevent the Ambition of an Author from making Addresses of this Nature to your GRACE, yet I confess myself less discourag'd by the *Grandeur of your Titles*, than I am by that of your *penetrating Judgment*, 'tis that alone that brings me Trembling to your Feet with this little Tribute of my Duty, which I intitle *The Mob-War, or a Detection of the present State of the British Notion, as (in Sixteen Letters inscrib'd to the King, and other Persons of great Quality)* 'tis to countermine the Pretender's intended Rebellion, and to prove him a *Popish Impostor*. And therefore as such a Loyal and seasonable Work can scarce miss of

of your Grace's Generous and Illustrious Patronage, I have presum'd upon it without once asking your Leave for this Dedication. Methought when all the honest Part of the World was full of your Praise, when all that profess Loyalty to King George, or Love to their Country, were celebrating your never-dying Name (but more especially those Loyal Addressers you introduc'd into his Majesty's Presence, an Honour equal to that of seeing Solomon in all his Glory) I should have look'd upon my self as unworthy of the Honour I now aspire to, if I, amongst the Number, shou'd not, with all imaginable Gratitude, pay my Acknowledgments for the good you have render'd the Publick, as well as for the Services you have render'd the Crown, which you have more effectually done, with more noble Bravery, Fortitude and Resignation, than any other Great Statesman (or if you have an equal in these Illustrious Vertues, 'tis the Glorious Marlborough, Townsend, Radnor, Stanhope, Cadogan, Walpole, Onslow, Gwyn, Letchmer, Hampden, and the Immortal Steel). Your GRACE has so absolutely attach'd your self to the Interest of your Rightful Monarch King George that 'tis evident you are as entirely his own as if after his Death you had no more Business with the World, or even Life it self; and to this Glory you have arriv'd by such Difficulties, as no other Parts, Wit or Courage (except only the Ten Patriots beforemention'd) cou'd have conquer'd, and by it have carry'd your Great Fame even above Envy.

Nor can the unthinking, and most malicious of your Enemies reproach your GRACE with Self-Interest, in any of your Loyal Services since all the World knows when they were thought

thought Criminal; nay, even punishable (for such miserable Times we saw, *during the Reign of the late Ministry*) when 'twas enough to have forfeited your FORTUNE, and almost your LIFE, then, I say, there was found in your GRACE that *undaunted Bravery, that Spirit and Fire of Loyalty, that true concern for the Hanover Succession,* as will for ever endear your Noble Name to the British Nation, as well as make it a Terror to the MOB-FACTION. Had you no other *Arms* but that, *Honour, Justice, and Innocence,* which has always adorn'd your *Illustrious Character,* so that we who have reap'd the Advantage of so good a Conduct, have now no more to do but to express our Sense of it in our several Degrees; the People by their Prayers, and the Poets by their Panegiricks; and where can they better bestow them then upon your GRACE, and the truly Loyal and Generous STANHOPE? where they can never miss of a Noble Reward for their Services to their Prince, and of that Justice they do do to his *Faithful Ministers,* especially if such as your GRACE who was one of the greatest Patriots *England* had even in the worst of Times, whilst others prey'd on their Country, your GRACE (and your *Noble Friend* (a) whom nothing cou'd Tempt to betray his Queen) spent generously in its Real Service, and shew'd even in your *younger Days,* early Proofs of your great Capacity, and of that *brave Spirit* derived from so many Noble and Ancient Ancestors, so that your GRACE is a Living Monument of their Glory, and with your own Shares their Ex-

(a) The Earl of L_____

cellencies and Vertues as well as Blood, for the Name which you have acquir'd by your Merit, is as Great, if not greater, than that which you took from your *Fathers*, and your GRACE will Transmit more Lustre to your Posterity than you deriv'd from your *Noble Ancestors*.

My Lord, I shou'd here take Notice of your many *Noble Qualifications*, and how well your MIND is proportion'd to the Character you bear in the World; How your GRACE does not only Inherit the HONOURS, but the VERTUES of your ancient Family, which are seldomers transmitted to Posterity from Ancestors their Estates.

But I shall stop here; for to praise you my Lord, is only to repeat what whole Nations proclaim: Who knows not that your GRACE is the Admiration of Foreign Courts, as well as the Glory of ours, no less by your great Loyalty to King George, and Generosity to your Fellow Subjects, than by your other Vertues; who can mention a Lover of his Country, one that durst oppose the *Papish Torrent* that threaten'd England, without thinking of your GRACE! But shou'd I follow the Business of all Dedications, which is ENCOMIUM; mine must be as boundless as the Theme: I should tell the World how separate you are from all the *Falshood and weakness* of your Sex, what a Nobleness and Humility of Temper is yours, how distant from the Shadow of Interest or Pride; how passionately you Regret the Miseries of others, but never your own, but when they prevented your Exalted Charity to them. So that I may truly say, had FORTUNE plac'd you in a Station as

exalted

exalted as your Merit, you had been a a *Common Blessing to Mankind*: But seeing 'tis impossible for me to say enough in Praise of your *truly Noble and Illustrious Character*, I think it more my Duty to be silent, than offend by the ill Management of so *Great a Task*; yet do I believe your GRACE (tho' now as happy as *Youth, Honour and Riches* can make you) will neither refuse to be advertis'd, nor be aggrieved to think, that when you have past over *the several Stages of your Mortality*, you must become an Inhabitant in the Future World; whose *Real Existence* I have fairly prov'd, (*in a Letter to the New rais'd Regiments of Horse and Foot*) that if the Pretender lands, they may (headed by your Grace, and other British Heroes) resolve to *fix the Crown on King George's Head*, tho' it were through a *Sea of Blood*, in which *Glorious Cause* I have had the Honour to venture **NECK OR NOTHING** before 'em; that is, I Publish'd a Treatise with that Title, when *Oxford and Bolingbroke* were at the Height of their Power and Glory; that by the *Early and Bold Discoveries* it made of their Treason and Villany, had that happy Success as to defeat their *Jacobite Plot to restore the Pretender*, Prevent his *listing of Men in Ireland*, and expose the *Treasonable Practices of Sacheverel, Welton, Higgins, and other MOB-PRIESTS*. But these Discoveries (*My LORD*) tho' they were publish'd on purpose to defeat the Pretender's intended Rebellion, and to save a sinking Nation from Ruin, yet I found 'em such a **NECK-ADVENTURE**, that Viscount Bolingbroke issu'd out six Warrants to seize my Person and Papers, and (had the Queen liv'd) was resolv'd on my utter Ruin, meerly for shew-

ing my ZEAL to secure the *Hanover Succession*; as will further appear to your GRACE, by my two Essays (intituled *My Case and Sufferings*, and *The Papists Farewell to Great-Britain*) which I intend to add to my *Second Part of the Mob-War*, as a proper Conclusion to that *New-Plot* (more vile and bloody than that which we call *The Gun-powder Treason*) which Heaven has lately defeated, and for which the Conspirators (*Mar, Windham, Packington, Harvey, &c.*) are either fled from Justice, or (out of a Sence of their Guilt) have laid violent Hands on themselves.

And so let all King George's Enemies perish, O Lord! or at least may they all SWING at Tyburn; or if they are GREATER ROGUES, may they be fairly CHOPT upon Tower-Hill, as they ventur'd Neck or Nothing for that Honour.

However (my Lord) that the World may see that I now as little fear the Pretender (tho' the Jacobites report I am excepted out of his General Pardon) and his Popish Mobs, as I formerly did those Reigning Favourites OX—— and BULL——, I have here (in Sixteen Letters) detected the Secret History of his Mob-War, and prov'd 'tis impossible for this Sham King (or Popish Impostor) to dethrone King George, our Rightful and ever Glorious Sovereign.

My Lord, —— I have presum'd to shelter my Whole Packet of Discoveries under your Illustrious NAME, as not doubting but your GRACE will pardon what was well Intended, however Bold or Improper my Discoveries may seem, to your more penetrating Eye and Judgment; but I have heard so much of your Condescending Goodness to such that distinguish themselves by their zealous Loyalty to King George,

that

that I flatter my self your GRACE will not only Honour me so far, as to inform his Majesty (who has already sent me a GOLD MEDAL, as a Mark of his Royal Favour) of the *many Hazards I have run of my Life and Fortune, to serve his Illustrious House,* but will also give this *Detection of his Enemies* a favourable Look, which is an Honour I could not promise myself from any one *less Generous or less an Englishman* than your GRACE, and therefore I was resolv'd to scruple no Hazards to expose the *Pretender and his Mob Friends,* for as I have already been honour'd with a GOLD MEDAL, as a Mark of my Sovereign's Favour, I could not think any Service or Hazard in my Power, too great to express my grateful Sence of such *Royal Goodness,* and therefore as your GRACE's universal Character for *Honour, Loyalty, and Personal Merrits,* has no (or but few) Equals; I have great Reason to hope, that as my *Sixteen Letters* sets the Treason and Villany of the *Mob Plot* in a true Light, and as fairly proves its chief Abettor a *Popish Impostor,* that such seasonable Discoveries will not want such a truly Noble Patriot as your Grace, to represent *my Case and Sufferings to the King,* for making these early Discoveries to secure the Protestant Succession in his *Illustrious House,* and I have yet the greater Hopes of your GRACE's Illustrious Patronage to this *Detection,* as 'tis made at a Time when not only much less hazardous Services have met with a *Noble and Royal Reward,* but so many vile Tongues and Pens are at Work, not only to *vindicate the Pretender's Rebellion,* but to slander the best Ministry and the best Prince that ever fill'd the Brittish Throne, I will not except

the ever Glorious Deliverer King William; for (my Lord) has not this Mob-War been abetted in that very City (a) which should have been the Fountain of *Learning and Passive-Obedience*, instead of *Treason and Rebellion*, which made the Loyal University of Cambridge (in some Measure) to upbraid her Jacobite Sister (b) by exceeding of her in Expressions of Loyalty in their late Address to his Majesty, wherein they declare,

‘ There is nothing yet, which even the Wishes of this University extends to, that is not fully confirm’d in the Happiness she now enjoys, by calling his Majesty her King and her Patron; One (says the *Cambridge-Address*) is the Common Blessing of every Britton, the other, the peculiar Priviledge of the Sons of Learning. She further adds, that his Majesty is the Great Protector of the Liberty of Europe; then concludes Her Loyal Address with saying, that as his Majesty’s Name will be an Ornament to the Annals of Britain, so shall it stand thro’ Ages to come a perpetual Honour to the Records of this University.

The same *Loyalty* your *Grace* will find recommended (almost) in every Page in the following *Letters*; and as I have advanc’d nothing but Matter of Fact, in what relates to the Popish Pretender, I assure my self they’ll Live above the reach of Censure, under so Great a Patronage; and tho’ perhaps the Variety of my Discoveries (they consisting of *Sixteen Letters*

(a) Oxford.

(b) Oxford.

Inscrib'd to the King, and other Persons of Great Quality) may be some small Recommendation of 'em to the Nice Palaces of some *Athenian Readers*, yet had not my *Letters* (especially the *First, Sixth, Eighth, Tenth, and Fifteenth*) contain'd such seasonable Discoveries concerning that *Won'd-be-King* (or little Popish Work of Darknes) that *threatens us with a speedy Invasion*, I shou'd not have presum'd to have lain em at your GRACE'S Feet.

No (*my Lord*) I had not taken the Liberty to prefix your *Great Name* to an Essay of mine, (however I might as an Author, *Ambition the Honour*) did not the present *Exigence of publick Affairs*, and the Benefit of my Country require it.

I am very sensible how dear and valuable your *Grace's Name* has been render'd by your Conduct to your Country, and that even Truth it self (or a *faithful Detection of the present State of the British Nation*) would come to the Publick with *double Advantage*, under your GRACES *Illustrious Patronage*, this forc'd me upon the Presumption of *Dedicating my Loyal Endeavours* to your GRACE, without waiting the Ceremony of your *Graces leave* to do so, flatter my self the Omission would be easily pardoned, where the Service of your Country was intended, and more easily, if that happy End were attained, 'tis the *steddy pursuit of that*, has made your GRACE the *Admiration and Darling of England*, at present, and will render your GRACES Memory honour'd, by all succeeding Generations.

Go on, my Lord, and prosper, in such Glorious Achievements, that as you are now the Greatest, so you may be the Happiest Subject in Great-Britain, till you are admir'd by all Mankind, as much as you are by,

May it please your Grace,

*Your Grace's most humble, and devoted
Servant,*

JOHN DUNTON.

The Contents of the Sixteen Letters contain'd in the following Discoveries intitl'd the Mob-War.

LETTER 1. *The Wou'd be King,* or a Letter to the Tyler's Son (commonly call'd the Pretender) proving the Impossibility for this Sham Prince to dethrone K. George, our Rightful and ever glorious Sovereign.

LET. 2. *The New Race of Monsters,* or a Letter to those Passive Obedience Rioters and Frenchify'd Englishmen, that perswade the Pretender to this Rebellion, under a false Cry of the Church's being in Danger under his Majesty's Administration.

LET. 3. *The Jacobites Association,* or a Discovery of that General Massacre of English Protestants, with which the Pretender intends to begin his bloody Campaign.

LET. 4. *The Janus-Priest,* or a Letter to Mr. Lesley, Chaplain to the Pretender, upon his Report

port of the Pretender's being turn'd Protestant.

LET. 5. *The Blenheim Hero*, or a Letter to the ever victorious Marlborough, upon his constant and Glorious Success in the Day of Battle.

LET. 6. *Death or Victory*, or a Letter to the New rais'd Regiments of Horse and Foot, that resolve to fix the Crown on K. George's Head, tho' it were thro' a Sea of Blood.

LET. 7. *Now who's the Republican?* or a Letter to those Dissenting Ministers and their People, who have voluntarily offer'd their Lives and Fortunes in Defence of his Majesty's just Title to the Brittish Throne.

LET. 8. *Reformation at Sea*, or a Letter to the King, detecting many Secrets relating to the Royal Navy.

LET. 9. *The Highland Rebel*, or a Letter to the Earl of Mar, upon his tempting several English Soldiers to betray Edinburgh Castle into the Hands of the Rebels.

LET. 10. *The Growth of Popery*, detected in the Life and Character of Sir William Wyndham, Bar. with some Account of those Treasonable Papers which were seiz'd at his Escape from the King's Messenger.

LET. 11. *The Pretender's last Declaration Answer'd*; or a Glorious Vision of the Unanimity, Justice and Loyalty of the present Parliament to the *Hanover Succession*.

LET. 12. *The Queen-Killers*, or the Secret Steps that were taken by Oxford Bolingbroke and Lady M—m, to break her Majesty's Heart, cheat the Nation, and restore the Pretender.

LET. 13. *Fair Warning to England*; or a Letter to my dear Countrymen, and Fellow-Subjects.

Subjects, proving they can expect Nothing but Popery and Slavery, shou'd the Pretender usurp his Majesty's Throne.

LET. 14. *God save the King*; or a Panegirick upon the Royal *Orange*, as tis to King *William* (of ever Glorious Memory) we owe the invaluable Blessing of the *Hanover Succession*.

LET. 15. *George the Second*; or the Royal and most Illustrious Character of the true Prince of *Wales*, *George Augustus*.

LET. 16. *The Queen by Merit*; or the Great Blessing of having many Protestant Heirs and several Heroick Vertues to adorn the Brit. Crown.

Note.] These *Sixteen Letters* compleat my *Narrative of the Mob-War* (or Detection of the present State of the British Nation) of which the *first Eight Letters* are contain'd in the following Sheets (or *first Part of the Mob-War*) and the *Eight Remaining Letters* (consisting of *Discoveries wholly New*) are reserv'd to furnish out the *second Part*.

Reader.] I also think proper to inform thee, that the present *Regent of France* is a Prince of extraordinary *Worth and Merit*, and tha the acquits himself to the Satisfaction of all the World, and that therefore the present King of *France* is no ways meant or intended in any Reflections, you will meet with in the following Letters, upon the *French King*, but only *Lewis* the XIVth (the late King of *France*); neither had he been so much as hinted at in these Sheets (tho' his *Bona-fide-ship* or Breach of Solemn Treaties was notorious to all the World) had it not been absolutely believed by all True Protestants, that he privately assisted the Popish Pretender in his intended Rebellion.

The MOB-WAR; or, A Detection of the present State of the British Nation, but more especially with respect to that Wou'd-be-King (or Little Popish Work of Darkness) that threatens us with a speedy Invasion.

In Ten LETTERS.

Containing such Secret Discoveries relating both to Church and State, as were never publish'd till now.

Inscrib'd to our Rightful and Ever-Glorious Sovereign King GEORGE, and other Persons of great Quality, that have distinguish'd themselves either by their Treason or Loyalty.

LETTER I.

The Wou'd-be-King; or, A Letter to the Tyler's Son, (commonly call'd the Pretender) proving the Impossibility for this Sham-Prince (or Little Popish Work of Darkness) to Dethrone King GEORGE, our Rightful and Ever-Glorious Sovereign.

S I R,

I Shall not ask your Pardon for giving you this Trouble, for I design you considerably more in a short time. The King of Great-Britain, blessed be God, is perfectly well in Health, and able to suppress your intended Rebellion in a few Days (after you shall dare to *Inva*de us) having not one Subject in all his Dominions, (that's either

3 The Wou'd-be-King.

an honest Man, or a sincere Protestant) but what resolves to defend his just Title to the *British* Crown with his Life and Fortune. And for our new-raisd Regiments, they were not only compleated in a few Days, but are impatient to receive that Reward of an *Hundred Thousand Pounds*, that is promis'd, to those that Take you: So that 'tis impossible that such an *Attainted Rebel* as you are, should ever dethrone King George, our Rightful and Ever-glorious Sovereign, there being not one Man in the Kingdom of *Great-Britain* or *Ireland* (that can be said to be in his right Senses) that will either abett your Treason, or fight for you. Your *Friends* are under dreadful Apprehensions upon many Accounts, for their Numbers grow thin by Desertion; the Riots at *Bristol*, *Manchester*, and *Stafford*, are all dispers'd, (even lewd *Bolingbroke*, and your *Mob-General* the *Duke of Ormond*, are not only attainted of *High Treason*, but are fled from Justice) so that (except you fly to *Rome* for a Cardinal's Cap) all the future Advancement you are to expect, is to swing at *Tyburn* as a common Traytor; for tho you are an aspiring Rebel that ~~wou'd-be-a-King~~, yet in reality you are of no higher Birth than a *Tyler's* Son, or *Sham-Prince*, that has no other Right to the *British* Crown than MEER PRETENCE, and such as is now become the Jest of your own Party. Alas! Sir, too forward Steps have been taken for your Service of late, and you have lost Ground considerably by your *Mob-War* in *England*, and beating up for Volunteers in *Ireland*; and as to *Scotland*, the new Act for encouraging Loyalty in that Kingdom, has for ever ruin'd your Interest there; for the *Scots*, except the *Highlands*, are unanimous for King George, have arm'd themselves for his Service, (which was a Secret not known till now) and all things are well there. And as for the *British* Court, they are very intent upon the Publick Safety, and know their Danger too well from Reigning *Popery*, not to guard against your Treason. Neither

ther are the *English* Dissenters less zealous to prevent your intended Invasion, than those *Scotch* Noblemen and Commoners are, who have lately enter'd into an *Association* to send you back to *France* (or to hang you on some *Gibbet*) if ever you land in *Scotland*; so that both the *English Dissenters* and the *Scotch Presbyterians* are highly commended for their Resolution and Conduct at this critical Juncture. And whoever reads the Address of the *London* Dissenting Ministers, or that Loyal Association that the *Scotch Presbyterians* have enter'd into, to suppress your intended Rebellion, must needs own, *they are exceeded by none in their Loyalty to King George*: And therefore his Majesty (like a Grateful Prince and Common Father to all his People) tells the Dissenting Ministers, *He is greatly concern'd for that unchristian and barbarous Treatment Men of their Perswasion have met with in several Parts of his Kingdom, and that they may be always assur'd of his Protection.*

Which further proves the *Impossibility of your ever de-throning our Rightful Sovereign*. Neither will your turning Protestant (as is commonly reported) help you out at this *dead Lift*, for your pretended *Conversion* is meerly laugh'd at, (as I shall prove in a distinct Letter to your Chaplain *Lesley*) and even *Abel Roper* now grows Modest, and tender Conscienc'd. Drunken *P——tis* is wretchedly dull in his *Jacobite-Packet* (a), and there are Thoughts of dismissing him from the Service. Whig Papers and Pamphlets are only in demand, and the Booksellers who engag'd in *Hereditary Right*, are just a Breaking. The *Examiner* has spent himself quite, and would give Five Shillings a-piece for *Political Lyes*, Three Shillings for a *probable Reflection upon the present Ministry*, and in the poverty of Invention, has been forc'd to set up the Duke of *M——h* for a Pretender, so that you are not for the future to have that *Honour*

(a) Intituled, *The Weekly-Packet*. Published every Saturday Morning. B 2 ble

4. *The Would-be-King.*

ble Stile, without Partners. The *Life-and-Fortune-Men* are all in the Interest of their King and Country, and now pray for the Protestant Succession in the Illustrious House of *Hanover*. The Lord B—— of L——, (tho' he had a Hand in that Scandalous Peace that gave you Hopes of a *Restoration*) has forsaken your Interest, and is no more to be trusted, having sent a special Order to all his Clergy, to pray for King George by *Name*; and even *Welton* now has done drinking Healths to the *Fatherless Child and the Widow*, and never goes into his Pulpit, without praying for his Lawful Sovereign: And therefore I advise you to dismiss the *Irish* Rebels, or reduce them to so narrow Allowances, that they may disperse of themselves. Get the *French* King to settle an Annuity for Life, or to procure you some Golden Settlement in the *South-Sea*, where you mayn't live the Contempt of the World, the Tool of other Mens Ambition, an abjur'd and abandon'd Wretch, and fettered out of all the Dominions where there is any Regard left for the Repose of his *British* Majesty, or the Remonstrances of his Ministers. 'Tis true, you have nothing to lose, but *Life and Limb*, and I hope you never will have more. You are not only attainted and abjur'd, but your Friends are Rebels and Traytors, who have neither Estate, Liberty or Conscience to fight for, *i. e.* They have no more than your self. The *Passive-Obedience* Clergy, when they had complimented your pretended Father out of his Senses, turn'd him a grazing for a F——l; and you may depend upon it, they have, if possible, less Honour and Conscience at this Day; So that at best, you are but a *would-be-King*, a *Tyler's Son*, a *meer Popish Impostor*, that must never expect to succeed in your intended Rebellion. And this Impossibility of Success yet further appears, not only by the loss of your great Friend and Supporter the *French* Tyrant, who would have made you his Viceroy to enslave us to *Rome and France*, but as you have no manner of

Right or Title to the *British* Crown. 'Tis true, you have been often told, you are *Heir to a Crown*, and that you *wou'd-be King* of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, as plainly appears by that *Popish Army* that you have been lifting several Months to invade his Majesty's Throne. But alas! Sir, 'tis no Proof of your *Regal Title*, nor can it any ways recommend you to his Majesty's Protestant Subjects, that *the French King* did once own you for *Prince of Wales*, and has endeavour'd (tho' in vain) to set you on the *British Throne*. Sir, it no ways promotes your Interest in *Great-Britain*, that when the *French King* came once to pay your *Sham Highness* a Visit, he expressed himself thus: *Voilà un Prince que j'ay toujours cheri, & un Roy que j'aimeray a jamais*; i. e. *There's a Prince whom I have always cherish'd, and a King that I shall always love*; and speaking at the same time to the Court of *St. Germans*, said, *Messieurs, voilà votre Roy*, i. e. *Gentlemen, there's your King*. This was look'd upon by our *Jacobites* in *France*, to be such an effectual and considerable Assistance, that it immediately converted their Tears and Sighs for the Loss of the late King *James*, into Transports of Joy, that his most Christian Majesty had own'd their new King. As a further Proof of the Truth of this Discovery, there was publish'd here, some time ago, by our *Jacobites*, *An Account, by way of Letter, of the late King James's Sickness and Death, and of his Behaviour on his Death-Bed*. This Letter informs us, That the Matter of owning the Pretender as King of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, was debated publicly in Council, and that most of the *Privy Counsellors* were for delaying it; upon which the *Dauphin* rose up in Heat, and with a great deal of Warmth, pressed the owning of him; alledging, *That they could do no less, he being a Prince of their own Blood, &c.* and to this the *French King*, and all the other Princes of the Blood, agreed. To this we may add, the King of *Spain's* Return to the Pretender's Complement,

when

when he congratulated his Accession to the Crown of Spain, viz. *That he hoped e're long to have an Opportunity to Congratulate him upon the like Occasion*; and told him, *In that Case, he might depend upon his Friendship and Assistance.* It is self-evident, That this Answer was put into the Mouth of *your Sham Highness*, and was justly look'd upon by some then, to be a Prognostick of what has since come to pass. We have heard what were the Sentiments of our Jacobites in *France* of all this; and no Man can be so much a Stranger to the Conversation of that Party in *England*, as not to know, that how Crest-faln so ever they appear'd before, this gave their *Looks* a new Air, and fill'd them with fresh Hopes, which swell'd them so big, that they could not contain themselves. They expressed their Confidence with so much Impudence, (to give it no worse Name) on all Occasions, that no other Government but this would have suffer'd 'em to pass unpunish'd. Thus, Sir, it appears, That we have the Testimony of both our *French* and *English* Jacobites, that the *French* King has own'd you for Prince of *Wales*; but you'll do well to consider, that the *French* King's owning, that *your Sham Highness* has a Title to the *British* Crown, is contrary to the first Article of the Treaty of *Reswick*, which provides, 'That there shall be a perpetual Peace, and a true
' and sincere Friendship between the two Kings,
' their Heirs and Successors, and between the King-
' doms, States and Subjects of both; and the same
' be so sincerely and inviolably observ'd and kept,
' that the one shall promote the Interest, Honour
' and Advantage of the other; that on both sides a
' faithful Neighbourhood, and true Observation of
' Peace and Friendship may daily flourish and in-
' crease.

There is not one Clause or Sentence of this Article that the *French* King's owning the Pretender does not violate. Was that the way to preserve Peace and true Friendship with King *William* and his Successors.

cessors, to countenance one to usurp his Title during his own Life, and to exclude the Protestant Successors, which upon King *William's* Recommendation, the Nation had agreed to in Parliament? Can any Man of Sense imagine, that this is the way to promote the Honour, Interest and Advange of *England*, or to occasion the flourishing and increase of Friendship, as the *French* King is obliged to by the first Article of the Treaty.

His Breach of the Treaty in this manner, is so much the more unreasonable, because 'tis strongly presum'd, that he was let into the Secret of the *Counterfeit Pregnancy*. Mr. *J. W——r* looks upon himself to have been the first Projector of putting King *James* upon that and the other Methods, which accelerated the happy Abdication that did his Country so much Service.

We might otherwise have still been languishing under a Consumption in our Vitals, whereas this Project brought it to an *acute Disease*, which by the Strength of the *English* Constitution and Genius, we happily overcome. *W——r* is positive in this, and keeps by him the *original Draught*, which he communicated to the late Sir *J. Guise*, and he imparted it to a Great Man, who hath been blamed by some, and commended by others, for putting King *James* upon the *Practice of the Scheme*, that was originally Mr. *W——r's*, tho' others have reap'd the Advantage of it, as is usual in all such Cases. So that 'tis plain, Sir, (tho' you would fain be a *King*, and traiterously call your self *James the Third*) that you are no better than a *Popish Impostor*; and tho' the *French* King did once assist you in your treacherous Attempt to usurp the *British* Throne, yet he now dies (as it were on purpose) to desert you as a *Rebel attainted of High Treason*, or should he revive again, (as he seems to have *many Lives*) and own you as the lawful Son of his Popish Brother *James the Second*, (for the *French* King always own'd or disown'd, as best serv'd

serv'd his Interest) as a faithful Subject to King George I should boldly ask him, who constituted him *Arbitrator and Judge of our Succession*, or gave him Power to take upon him to determine, that a Person whom *King William and the Bulk of the Nation*, have branded as an Impostor, is really legitimate? Who empowered him to offer at imposing a King upon us, who, tho' there were no Question as to his Birth, is excluded by Act of Parliament, by Reason of his Moral Incapacity, as being a *Witness of Tyranny and Power*? Can any Man, who has a Drop of *English Blood* in his Veins, bear with the Insolence of this haughty *Norfolk, LEWIS XIV*? Shall he, whose own Legitimacy was question'd by the first Princes of the Blood of France, because of *Lewis XIII's* known Frigidity, impose a spurious Prince upon the Kingdom of England? Does he not know that our Royal Line has a better Right to the Crown he wears, than himself, tho' *Richieu* and *M. le Grand* had never been taken in to assist *Lewis XIII. in Omnibus suis Negotiis*, as the Cardinal worded it himself? But 'tis has been observ'd in the whole Reign of *Lewis XIV.* that he has gain'd more by Stratagems and mean cunning Devices, than by any Generous and Brave Exploit: And if any will take the Trouble to look into the Actions of his Life, (tho' represented by some so Glorious) they'll find 'em scarce interlined with any Good, since there are *Three* *Books* *of* *Great* *Things* *in* 'em.

His Faith's a Cypher, his Honour an *Ignis Fatuus*, a wandering Blaze, sometimes in, oftner out; never steady, but always subservient to his Interest: His Oaths and Promises but State Counters, to supply the want of Villany, which wou'd shame a Gentleman's Capacity to act; and tho' the Dignity of a Monarch, who shou'd be the Pillars of his Crown, *Truth, Justice, and Mercy*, whereas *Camelion-like*, he changes his Form and Colours, always according to the Position of

his

his Affairs. In short, no one ever made more specious and fair Pretences, and no one ever acted more to the contrary: Which is evidently seen thro' the whole Course of his Life; but more particularly in his proclaiming the *Pretender*, King of *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*; which was not only a Violation of, and directly opposite to, the Treaty of *Reswick*, but the highest Affront and Indignity that could be offer'd to the People of *England*, and to King *William*, who was by the eighth Article of the Preliminaries to the Peace, acknowledg'd King of *Great-Britain*, without any manner of Difficulty, Restriction, Condition or Reserve. These are the very Words of that Article. This was farther confirm'd, not only by the Treaty between the two Crowns of *England* and *France*, but by all the different Treaties of the Confederate Allies, and by the French King's receiving and entertaining his Ambassadors as such; the last of which was the Earl of *Manchester*, who was order'd to leave *France*, by his Master, on News that the King of *France* had acknowledg'd another King of *Great-Britain*. This my Lord *Manchester* signify'd to M. *de Torcy*, Secretary of State to the French King for Foreign Affairs; whereupon the French King assembling his Council, return'd this Answer by M. *de Torcy*.

My Lord,

HAVING nothing more to add, to what I had the Honour to tell you eight Days ago, of the Sincere Desire the King has always had, to preserve with the King your Master the Peace confirm'd by the Treaty of *Reswick*, I pray you only, as to me in particular, to be perswaded, that in what Place soever you be, you will have none that shall be with more Sincerity than I shall be all my Life-time.

Yours, &c.

‘ This Letter shews the incredible Falshood of
 ‘ that Prince; for in it he owns King *William*, King,
 ‘ altho’ a little before he had put up another: Not
 ‘ unlike the Man in the Fable, who blew with the
 ‘ same Breath *Hot and Cold*.

‘ ’Tis apparent by his owning King *William*, he
 ‘ own’d the Power that made him King, and conse-
 ‘ quently by his disowning the King, he disowns the
 ‘ Power that made him such, which was the two ho-
 ‘ nourable Houses of the Parliaments of *England* and
 ‘ *Scotland*; so that the Affront is in General to the
 ‘ King and People. Surely ’tis the strangest Piece
 ‘ of Impudence in Nature, in the *French* King, to
 ‘ impose a King on us, who has no more to do
 ‘ with our Government, than we have with the
 ‘ Grand Cham of *Tartary*, or Kingdom of *Siam*.
 ‘ Certainly such an Affront, as this, upon the *English*
 ‘ Nation, ought to raise their Courage and Resent-
 ‘ ments, I am sure it does mine, so much, that I re-
 ‘ solve further to prove (that were there no Act to ex-
 ‘ clude your *Spain-Highness* from wearing the *Brittish*
 ‘ *Crown*) that ’tis impossible you shou’d ever dethrone
 ‘ King *George* (our Lawful Sovereign) were it for no
 ‘ other Reason, but as you really are an *Impostor*, or
 ‘ little *Popish Work* of *Darkness*, contriv’d on Purpose
 ‘ to subvert our Religion and Laws; and therefore
 ‘ when the People of *England* saw that a new Prince
 ‘ was trump’d up (who in all Probability was nothing
 ‘ else but a *Chimera*) to perpetuate the *Popish Religion*
 ‘ on the *Throne*, from *Generation to Generation*, they
 ‘ were awakened, they thought of their own Safety,
 ‘ they implor’d Help from their Deliverer; they had
 ‘ Reason to crave it, and King *William* had Reason to
 ‘ grant it; for it was a perilous and pressing Juncture
 ‘ and it was not to be expected that the People who
 ‘ accustomed themselves to every thing with Time
 ‘ would inure themselves to bear with a presumptive
 ‘ Heir of the *Crown*, set up in Favour of a Religion
 ‘ that is a mortal Enemy both to the Peace and Re-
 ‘ ligion of the *Realm*.

Sir, I intend not here to set down the Proceſs of your *Sham-Birth*, nor do I think it neceſſary. I ſhall only make ſome Reflections on it; all *Europe* knows, or ought to know, that King *William* and Queen *Mary* were the laſt who entertain'd this Suppoſition. It is manifeſtly known to the World, that the Report was univerſally ſpread throughout *England* and all *Europe*, from the time that there was any talk of the Queen's being with Child, of her Vow to our Lady of *Loretto*, of the rich Preſents that ſhe ſent thither, of the *Bath*, whither ſhe went to prepare her ſelf for Pregnancy, of the King's Journey to the *Bath* to viſit the Queen, of the Rumour that was ſpread abroad, immediately after that, of the Queen's being with Child. Not only all the *Proteſtants*, but all the *Catholicks* of good Senſe, who gave no great Credit to the Miracles of our Lady, look'd upon all as a Prelude to the Comedy that was to be Acted. All *England* is witneſs, that during all the Time that the Queen was with Child, the City of *London* and *Whitehall* were full of Satyrs and Lampoons, in Verſe and in Proſe, like rude Serpents they flew about, not ſparing the Queen's Petticoats; her Pregnancy was ridicul'd. And it is alſo known, that not only the Mobile, but all Perſons of the greateſt Note in the Kingdom, had the ſame Suspicion.

Sir, My ſecond Reflection is, that King *William* had all reaſon imaginable to conceive a Suspicion of your Birth, in conſideration of the Quality of the Witneſſes who were ſummon'd to atteſt it. It is very well known, that neither Princeſs *Anne* of *Denmark*, nor any of the Friends of King *William* and Queen *Mary*, nor King *James's* Enemies, were call'd to be by; and it is as well known, that the *Biſhops* were put into the *Tower* ſome Days after. It is known that the Queen was brought to Bed when ſhe thought fit, and that ſhe went for that end to *St. James's* *House*. It is known that ſhe made two Reckonings within

within the compass of a Month, and there was good reason to suspect that she took an Advantage from it, to take the most agreeable Measures for the Management of the Intreigue. When there is but one Reasoning, all things requisite are not always in Readiness against the named Time, for an Action of that Nature. It is universally known, that King *James* and his Queen were informed of all the Reports that were spread abroad, that *the Queen's being with Child was a Sham*, and consequently they were obliged to use all imaginable Precaution, to work an Assurance in Peoples Minds, that it was genuine; they would not do it by any means; they increased the Suspicion by this Neglect. Seeing there are so great reasons to call it into question, could King *William* be blamed for endeavouring to be well-informed of the Affair, for requiring that the Business should be examin'd in Parliament? He does not at all affirm, that your Sham-Highness was Suppositious, he only demands an Assurance of your Birth. There is nothing more just and natural. At that time, King *William* had not as yet seen the Depositions which *James II.* caused to be taken thereupon; but if he had seen them, they were not capable of affording him any Assurance: For, *First*, There were none almost found amongst the Witnesses, but such as were suspected Persons, *Officers, Pensioners, and the King's Domestick Servants.* *Secondly*, All that the Queen-Dowager, the most part of the Lords and Ladies said, may be true, and yet the Child that was Born, not be Born of the Queen; for the Assistants who are at the Beds Feet, and in a corner of the Chamber, know not what is laid in the Bed, nor whence it came, which is taken out of it. In the last Place, the Depositions, that were taken in the King's presence, are for that very Reason altogether invalid, and insufficient. This is a ground good enough for what the Prince says in his *Declaration* which is the most plain and the most modest imaginable

ginable, That there are great Presumptions that oblige us to believe, that these evil Counsellors (for promoting their own pernicious Designs, and for gaining of time to execute them) spread a Report, that the Queen was deliver'd of a Son, that during this pretended bigness of the Queen, as well as in the circumstance of the Birth, and the Methods that were used for the management of it, there appeared so many just and visible suspicions, that the pretended Prince of Wales was not brought into the World by the Queen. There could no less be said on so important a subject. King James ought to justify himself from this in the face of the World; are not Princes to take Care of their Reputation? Is it not this that secures them? How could King James think to be free from being insulted over by a Nation which look'd upon him as a *Master of Intrigue and Audacity*, and as an *unnatural Father and Prince*. And there is no Prince in the World against whom we can more reasonably conceive this Suspicion, he who runs a risque of losing three Crowns, and at last did really lose them, for his Religion, does in effect shew that he had it, and that he was not *like his Predecessor who had none*; but likewise the same thing gives us to understand, that he could venture all other things for the sake of his Religion; for Men of the World who dare run a risque of losing their Crowns, to compass their Ends, may very well venture their Reputation, the Blood of their Subjects, and all things else, to satisfy their own Humour. Indeed the rest of his Conduct made it appear, that he was capable of sacrificing all, even to his Conscience, for the sake of his Religion; so that 'tis plain (Sir) your Birth is no other than a *Popish Cheat, or Royal Intreigue of the Warming-Pan*, or were you really the Son of James the Second (as you are not) yet as you are a profest Papist, your *Hereditary Right* to the British Crown is no Title at all.

I am a dutiful and hearty Lover of *Monarchy*. and when establish'd on such an *Equi-pois'd Basis* of Wisdom as ours is, shall ever assert it to be the

best Form of Government in the World, and most agreeable to the Genius of Englishmen; but that *lineal descent* (as you assert in your first Declaration) is so sacred a Thing, that *the Heir presumptive* can for no default or crime whatsoever be debarr'd from the Crown by an Act of Parliament, or publick Decree of State, I do not understand; for I am sure the practice in all Ages, both at Home and Abroad, in almost every Nation in the Earth, hath run contrary: And as to Right, those that pretend such Succession in all Cases to be *Jure Divino*, would do well to shew in what Texts of Scripture the same is prescribed; till then, they do but *talk*, not *argue*; and if a Candidate to the Crown, for *any Reasons* whatsoever, may without offence to the Law of God or Nature, be excluded by *an Act of King, Lords and Commons*; then the *Jure-divino-ship* vanishes, and nothing is left to be consider'd, but whether such next Heir have done such Acts, or is so qualified, that in Prudence it be necessary for the Tranquility of the Publick to exclude him: However, (Sir) in your Case *the justice of the Exclusion* can be no ways doubted, for tho' you *wou'd-be-a-King*, yet you are not intitled to that Honor, not only as you are an *Impostor*, but as 'tis the unanimous Vote of the Protestant Subjects of *Great-Britain*, that no *Papist shall Reign over them*; and sure I am, 'tis the free Choice of the People that gives the best Title to the *British Monarchy*; I also affirm, the Protestant Religion can never be so well secur'd in *Great-Britain*, as by strengthening the Succession in the *House of Hanover*; and I'll presume to add, by strengthening of it by some Expedient that may effectually put an End to those Fears and Jealousies, which that *False Brother Dr. S_____* and other Hereditary Canters have so industriously promoted, both from the Press and Pulpit; but is most ingeniously refuted by the Reverend Mr. *William Clark*, in his Discourse intitled, *The undoubted Heir, and he must reign*, where He-

reditary

hereditary Right and indefeasible-lineal-Succession is prov'd a *Whim*, a most ridiculous and absur'd Notion, that his Majesty fills the Throne of his Royal Ancestors, is what we readily grant, and heartily rejoyce in, but that he came to it by *Hereditary Right*, and a *regular lineal Succession*, there's none can be so ignorant as to assert. No (Sir) his Majesty now Reigns (and long may he do so) upon the Foot of *Revolution Principles*, and seeing the Chain of lineal Succession was broke at the *Revolution*, when the Crown was set upon the Heads of the late *Royal Pair* (a) and the Breach is made yet much wider, by the *Entail* of it upon the *House of Hanover*: What is the Design of such, as so strenuously assert the Crown of these Kingdoms to be Hereditary, and by indefeasible-lineal Descent? Surely they must cast their Eyes *Southwards* toward *Somebody*, whom they fancy to have a *Prior and indefeasible Right*, but may their Eyes fail with looking, before they find an Heir from that Quarter, and may we never be so far abandon'd, and given over to strong Delusions, and to *believe a Lie*, as ever to admit that *Impostor*, that *little Popish Work of Darkness* on t'other side the Water. Does not our Church enjoyn us to pray for *King George*, and all his Royal Family? And shall any of us swear to, and pray for one Prince, and at the same time hanker after another! *God forbid that any Englishman shou'd be such a Hypocrite, and such a Villain at the same Time!* For as *Mr. Clark* has prov'd that *Vox Populi is Vox Dei*, and consequently that the *Revolution* (or *Parliamentary*) Heir is the *undoubted Heir* to the *Brittish Crown*, so (to use *Mr. Clark's* Words) he *must and shall* Reign. And as the Crown is so well settled that *Papists* are for ever excluded, may it always be the *general Voice of this Nation*, that the *Protestant Succession* may continue in the *Illustrious*

(a) King *William* and Queen *Mary*.

House of Hanover, for as for this *Man*, this little *Joan Pretender*, we will not have him to reign over us, *For we know him not; nor from whence he came*; for had the Pretender any Hereditary Right, such a truly loyal and Protestant Parliament as *England* is now blest with, wou'd never have 'Voted the Pretender a Traitor, or propos'd a Reward to him that should bring him to Justice; which had I produced no other Argument is of it self sufficient to prove that your *Siam Highness* can never be able to dethrone King *George*, our Rightful and ever Glorious Sovereign, neither will your pretended Conversion (as I hinted before) be of any Service to you in this Case; for *Hypocrisie* is odious to God and Man, nor is there any Monster so abominable to serious Men of both Sides, as a *Church Papist*.

Your *Siam Highness*, I hope, will excuse our Fears, for we are not ignorant of the Arts and craft of *Rome*, that she esteems no means unlawful to obtain her Ends. How shall any Oaths be sufficient Tests, when a private Dispensation may at once allow the taking, and warrant the breaking of them? Or what signifies the Participation of our Sacraments to one that is taught; We have no true Ministers of Christ, if so, no Consecration, consequently nothing but an ordinary Breakfast of common Bread and Wine, and who shall lose the hopes of three Crowns rather than not taste such harmless Viands?

Sir, The News you may shortly expect from a *British Parliament*, will confirm these Advices from him, who to his last Breath will be an irreconcilable Enemy to all your Pretences and Hopes,

JOHN DUNTON.

LETTER II.

the New Race of Monsters; or a Letter to those Non-Resisting Rebels, Passive-Obedience Rioters, Abjuring Jacobites, and Frenchify'd Englishmen, that perswade the Pretender to this Rebellion under a false Cry of the Church's being in Danger under his Majesty's Administration.

casts in humane Shape, metamorphos'd into Monsters.—Mr. Rosmel, in his Sermon upon the unreasonableness of the present Tumults.

Passive Rebels,

AFTER many fruitless Attempts to unhinge the best of Constitutions; destroy the best of Churches; under a specious Pretence of supporting it, and dethrone the best of Kings, I humbly presume the vigorous Opposition your Designs have met with from God and Man, *the perfect Harmony there is between the King and Parliament,* and the forwardness of those Warlike and defensive Preparations, both have made to preserve these Kingdoms from the Ruin you hoped, and endeavoured to have brought upon them, has so far enlightned your *bestotted Understandings,* as to convince you all your wicked Efforts are Vain, to destroy what Heaven has resolved to preserve.

Tho' upon Creatures that have acted so irrational as well as villanous a Scene as you have done of late in many Parts of the Kingdom; good Advice may seem to be thrown away, yet in Charity to that *better Part,* for which ('tis plain by your Actions, you your selves take no Care) I am willing to bestow a little Pains upon you *who are Monsters,* which

no Age or Country ever produced till now (as was late prov'd in the Lieutenantcy's Address to the King.) And therefore you are properly call'd, The New Race of Monsters.

And first then, let me assure you, there is no other probable Method for the Salvation either of your Souls or Bodies left you, but that of *returning immediately to your Duty*; can you believe the Length of the Government will always endure your Insult? No, that were a Cruelty and Injustice to its faithful Friends; and yet (to the eternal Scandal of the English Nation) this *new Race of Monsters* were only Persons advanc'd to Places of Trust or Profit during the Reign of the late Ministry, as appears by the Lord Mayor's and Lieutenantcy's Address to the King, in these Words.

Most Gracious Sovereign!

YOUR Majesty is so ill treated by those who are unworthy of you, That we your Majesty's most faithful and loyal Subjects, cannot but think it our Duty at this Juncture to distinguish our Zeal and Affection for your Sacred Person and Government, and give your Majesty fresh Assurances that we will stand by you, and strengthen your Hands against your Enemies.

We are not surpriz'd to hear that the Pretender is forming a Design to invade your Majesty's Dominions. It was easy to Presage that the wicked Bargain which was lately made by the Betrayers of their Country, was intended to pave the Way for him, and to inspire him with new Hopes and Encouragements; and it was natural to expect that those who had bought us, would lay hold on the first Opportunity to send over that Impostor to take Possession of us for their Use, and to Govern us by Popish Maxims and Arbitrary Principles.

As the Mask of Faction is at last taken off, we see that which was before even too gross to be believ'd

believ'd; we see Non-Resisting Rebels, Passive-Obedience Rioters, Abjuring Jacobites, and Frenchify'd Englishmen, Monsters which no Age or Country produced till now.

But we are not at all discourag'd at these Things; we are perswaded that they who could trifle with Solemn Oaths, and dissemble with God and Man, can never Prosper; we trust, under Providence, to the Righteousness of our Cause, and to the Wisdom and Vertue of your Majesty and your Council; and as the wicked Designs of ruining the best Church, and the best Constitution in the World, by bringing in Popery and Slavery are now laid open, we do not doubt but that the Authors will be forsaken by their deluded Adherents, and freely give 'em up to the Justice of an injur'd Nation.

It is Matter of Shame, as well as Grief, to see a Prince who left peaceful Dominions and Faithful Subjects that he might make us Happy and Flourishing, so ill requited by an ungrateful Faction: But we do assure your Majesty, that the considerate and honest amongst your Subjects (which are a great Majority) know how to value the Blessing of a good King: And we do for our own Parts promise to support (as far as in us lies) your Majesty's Crown and Dignity, and the Succession of your Royal Line, with our Lives and Fortunes; those Lives, and those Fortunes which your Majesty came most seasonably to Rescue, when they were in the most Imminent Danger.

His Majesty's most Gracious Answer.

THE seasonable Zeal you Express in this Dutiful Address, is most grateful to me; and you may depend upon my constant Endeavours to secure to you and to all my People, the Enjoyment of their Religion, Liberty and Property.

You see (MONSIEURS) by the Admiral, Loyal, and honest Address of the Lord Mayor and Lieutenancy of the great Metropolis London, what small Hopes there can be of accomplishing shing your wicked Designs; and I dare assure you, this Address spake the sence of all the honest part of the Nation, as well as that of the City of London; and when-ever you come to try the Matter, you will find that honest Part the Majority of the Nation. You see your hopeful General Ormond has deserted you, and is not only fled from the Justice of the Nation, but from your Expectations, and his own Promises. If Fame is not a Lyar, your other Hope, the Pretender, will certainly baulk you to; his Popish Friends here, declare, we dare no more trust your Promises, then your Courage, both are too fallible for a Son of the infallible Church to trust to in the Day of Battle.

For shame be no longer imposed upon, nor made the Tools of France and Rome, at least let no Man that calls himself Protestant be so: Can you believe your ancient and irreconcilable Enemies the Bloody Bigotted Papists, those Friends of Slavery and Arbitrary Power, design you any other favour but that of being destroyed last.

What can you wish? what can you reasonably desire in a King, that you do not find in that Glorious Monarch King George, whom Heaven has constituted its Vicegerant in Britain? Would you wish WISDOM in your Prince? Does not his Majesty's every Word and every Action show that in its Perfection? Would you wish MERCY? are not you your selves visible and undeniable Demonstrations that no Prince ever had more of that adorable Vertue? What but Mercy it self could have thus long suffer'd your Insolence, without making you expiate your repeated Provocations with your Lives and Fortunes? To conclude the Royal Character, if King George has seem'd defective

in Justice, 'tis in Compassion to your Delusions, and like Heaven, to bring you by the noblest Method to Repentance; Oh! let not so much Goodness, so much Patience, so much Lenity, and such unexampled Mercy be thrown away upon ungrateful Wretches, but for your own Sakes be wise; listen no longer to the Falsities of your pretended Friends, but real Enemies; throw down your Arms, implore the forgiveness of Heaven, and that of your highly injur'd Prince and Country; return to your Sences and Duty, and pay a Loyal and Affectionate Obedience to the best of Princes, and best of Governments, and upon this thorough Change of your Hereditary Cant or Passive Rebellion, you shall always find me,

Your hearty Friend and Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

LETTER III.

Death or Victory; or a Letter to the new rais'd Regiments of Horse and Foot, that resolve to fix the Crown on King George's, Head, tho' it were through a Sea of Blood.

Gentlemen Soldiers,

NEXT to the Duty which we owe to God, which ought to be the Principal Care of Men of your Profession; especially (because you carry your Lives

in

in your Hands, and *often look Death in the Face*. The Second Thing that deserves your Consideration is *the Service of your Native Country*, wherein you drew you first Breath, and breath'd a *free English Air*: Now you certainly comply with these Two main Points, by *Resolving* (as I hear the new rais'd Regiments of Horse and Foot have all done) *to fix the Crown on King George's Head, though it were through a Sea of Blood.*

For can it be in the *Name of God*, and for his Service, to joyn your selves with *French Papists, Jacobite Mobs, and Irish Cut-Throats* (the only Friends *the Pretender* has) which will indeed fight for the *Mass Book*, but will burn the Bible, and who seek to extirpate *the Protestant Religion and English Liberties*, under a false Pretence to serve both: then, Gentlemen, proceed in your brave Resolution *to fix the Crown on King George's Head*; convince those Madmen (by your Swords, and steady Loyalty) that invite a *Popish Pretender* to usurp his Majesty's Throne, that they are really aiding and assisting to set up *Mass-Houses in Great Britain*; that they attempt (as far as in them lyes) to erect the *Popish Kingdom of Darkness* amongst us, and to Train up all their Children in Popery. How can our *English and Scotch Jacobites* do these Things, and yet call themselves Protestants?

Gentlemen, You will do well further to ask these Jacobite Enemies to the Protestant Succession what Service can be done their Country, by being under the Command of *Irish Papists*, and by bringing the Nation under a Foreign Yoke? Who in his Sences wou'd exchange *his Birth-Right of English Laws and Liberty for Martial or Club-Law*, and help to destroy his Fellow-Protestants only to be eaten last himself.

*Deluded Britains, open now your Eyes,
Or Slaves be always, or this Instant Wise;*

*his very Moment, not a Moment lose,
 stand against Foreign and Domestick Foes;
 support the best of Monarchs on his Throne,
 defending him, you but support your own:
 can you sit still, when Liberty and Laws,
 and what's most dear, Religion is the Cause?
 can you such arrant Coxcombs be to lose,
 Blessings like these, for James and Wooden Shoes?*

Gentlemen, If I know you well, as you are
 Englishmen, you hate and scorn *French Slavery and
 Wooden Shoes*, and therefore be not unequally
 shock'd with Idolatrous and Bloody Papists, as ye
 have resolv'd to fix the Crown on King George's Head;
 be valiant for the Truth, and shew your selves
 Men.

Gentlemen, We lately have been (and wish it
 might not be said, still are) on the brink of Danger,
 ready to be invaded by a *Popish Pretender*, and in
 such a Publick Distress every Man ought to be a
 soldier. In which Engagement you have need of
 Knowledge, because your Enemy is subtil to de-
 ceive; and of Zeal, because your Contest is of
 the greatest Importance in the World. For you are
 to fight *pro Aris & Focis*; not only for your Lives
 and Estates, your Wives and your Children, but
 also for your God and your Religion: Not against
 an Error or two that would disgrace your Pro-
 fession, like a Wen on a fair Face, but against such
 a Pestilent Heresie, as like a Disease in the Heart,
 will undermine and destroy the whole state of the
 Body. For as *Judas* kissed his Master, that he might
 betray him, so the *Pope of Rome*, under a Mask of
 Religion, hath taken the honour of God to him-
 self, and pretending to be his Vicar, hath robbed
 our Lord and Saviour of his Glory. And does not
 the Pretender, against whom you are going to
 fight, call this *Man of Sin* his *Holy Father*, and
 his Idolatrous Religion the only way to Heaven:
 And

And therefore (*Gentlemen*) I don't wonder you resolve to fix the Crown upon King George's Head, tho' it were thro' a Sea of Blood, for if the Pretender should ever usurp his Majesty's Throne, Farewell Protestant Religion, Farewell English Liberties, and all that is dear to us, as Men and Christians.

Then Gentlemen, no loyal Subject or honest Man can blame your Courage and Bravery, in resolving for *Death or Victory*, tho' it were thro' a Sea of Blood. But before you engage in the *Mob-War* (I call it so, as the Pretender's Forces only consist of English Scotch and Irish Mobs) seriously consider with yourselves, how a meer natural Courage may be so improv'd by Piety, as to become a most Christian Grace: How Victory may be not only made lawful, and barely innocent; but how it may be sanctified: And sanctified, not first by Rebellion, then by Sacrilege (as wou'd be the Case of the *Mob-Warriors*, should they succeed in their Treason) but by fighting only in a truly good and righteous Cause; and by defending it, not with Hypocritical Zeal and zealous Cruelty, not only with Valour and Conduct, but with Fidelity, Loyalty, Justice, Equity and Charity. Gentlemen, if you are thus seriously prepared for *Death or Victory*, there is no doubt but your Conquest over the Pretender and his Popish Mobs, will be great and glorious, and when the Cause is thus Just and Honourable, let every true Britton that has no Sword, sell his Garment and buy one (a). 'Tis the Command that was given by the Great Captain of our Salvation, and at first hearing seems a most surprizing Doctrine for the Prince of Peace to deliver, but fairly proves that sometimes the *Habiliments of War* are more necessary, more becoming a Christian, than the very *Robes of Peace*, and therefore, in some Seasons of imminent Danger, tho' of Christ's Disciples who had no Swords, were oblig'd to sell, if need were, their very Garments to buy them

(a) Luke xxii. 36.

But remember Gentlemen, if the very Heathens thought their *Poetick Heroes* could not be compleat, except they first received their Arms from their Gods, how much more ought a Christian Hero to fetch his from Heaven? How devoutly ought he to *put on the whole Armour of God*, as *St. Paul* calls all the Graces of a Christian Life? how careful should he be, not only to abstain from the Common Sins, which Religion condemns; but to aspire to the highest Duties it commands! *Not only not to be given to Luxury and Debauchery*, not only not to owe his Valour to his Vices, but amidst so many more Temptations, to keep his Eyes and Thoughts from being defiled, as well as *his Hands from being rapacious*: Not only not to blaspheme Heaven, and defy his Maker with *horrid Oaths and Curses*, but more humbly to reverence, more dutifully to depend on that God, to whom he more peculiarly appeals; to keep your natural Lives more than ordinarily innocent, which are exposed to so many more than natural Deaths; to have your Minds free from all sordid Passions or Desires, far above the mean Appetites of Avarice or Cruelty; to have true Glory only for your End, to use no inglorious means in acquiring it; to have your Courages strengthened with Truth, Faith, Righteousness; sweetened and graced with Brotherly Love, Pity, Compassion; not to be Enemies to your very Enemies, but only to their Oppressions and Injustice, to be Friends, Lovers, Imitators of their Vertues, not only to be unconcern'd in Dangers, but patient in bad, mild in good Success, merciful in Victory, and if you fight your Jacobite (or *Mob*) Enemies, with such a Christian Temper as this, should the Pretender attack you *with all the Forces of Rome and Hell*, you'd certainly fix the Crown on *K. George's Head*, tho' it were thro' a Sea of Blood.

These, Gentlemen, Religion tells us, are the chief Excellencies of a Christian, and these, you know, are the Principal Accomplishments of a Soldier. Of

these your Profession acknowledges the Necessity, and labors for, what the School of Christ only teaches, in Perfection.

Thus Gentlemen you see, the Course of my Argument has brought us to such a Cause, *as is worthy of your Swords*, and your own Resolution of *Death or Victory* is now your Duty, if need require. Tho' the Ardour of your Loyal Valour must give me leave to say, I hope, and I verily believe, there will be no such need. I am persuaded, and I think, I may presage, that this *present Alacrity and Vigor*, to which you, and his Majesty's other Loyal Subjects have been of late awaken'd, this cheerful Posture, and prepared Readiness of your Swords to be drawn, will be an abundant Safety to our King and Country, without once drawing them. Such will be the *Immocence*, as well as *Justice* of your Arms, such the desperate Condition of your *Mob-Adversaries*; that whenever they draw their Swords against their Prince, they must throw away the Scabbard: whilst yours, by God's Providence, being manag'd with an ordinary watchfulness and Sobriety, will be sufficient to defend him, without ever unsheathing them.

But (which God in his infinite Mercy avert) if ever the same *tumultuous Spirit* shall once more infatuate the *Mob or corrupt Part of the Nation*, to their own Destruction, what can be a more noble or more pious Cause wherein to employ your Arms, than this of King George, and his Royal Family?

A Cause, in which you will scarce meet with an Enemy, but he, or his Relations, have been already forgiven. And so they will carry about with them the black Guilt, not only of Rebellion, but of a ungrateful Rebellion after Pardon receiv'd; Sin, which the Devil is not capable of committing; whilst you will have a Cause, in which your several Interests, that are elsewhere scatter'd, of Personal Preservation, of Political Duty, of Conscientious Obedience, are united. In this one Cause

all your Country's Blessings, all your Church's Rights, all your own Securities, are involv'd; in defending his Life, his Throne, who is the Breath of our Nostrils, the Anointed of the Lord; who has not only this common to him with other Kings, that he is the Image of the Divine Power, but has this peculiar to himself, or communicated to him with a very few, that he is the Image of the Divine Mercy; of whose Abhorrence of all Illegal Oppressions or Arbitrary Proceedings, if the Grace of all his former Oblivions and Indemnities has not yet convinc'd a Jacobite-Crew of Mobbers, after they have so long enjoy'd the Benefits of them, what need they any other new Argument, than this here before me? that when King George has such a Nobility and Gentry, such a Militia of the whole Kingdom, and especially such New rais'd Regiments of Horse and Foot, as are resolv'd for Death or Victory, entirely at his Service, yet he is pleas'd to use your Arms no otherwise than now, in the Peaceful Exercises of War.

FOR SUCH A KING, whilst his Goodness and Benignity gives you no Occasions to fight for him, what can all his Subjects do less, than to love and revere him in Peace? to yield him an active Obedience the more cheerfully, since he has taken Care we shall have no Opportunities of giving him a passive Obedience. The Rules of the Warlike Art are properly call'd *Tactics*, and such should be our Obedience to our Sovereign; so exact, as that which you practise in Armies: so as strictly to observe his Orders, so as to be careful not to transgress his Laws, or Love of Him, more than for Fear of Punishment, and as to be silent from Murmurings, loud only in Applauses, and Thanks to Almighty God for the Felicities of his Reign.

Happy all his Subjects! if all were but sensible of their Happiness, and would do their Parts to perpetuate it! Happy! if all would remember what he has forgot, and remember it, not to upbraid others,

but to beware, and grow wiser themselves for the future. *Happy!* (Gentlemen) if all were such as you. So willing to obey the King in quiet Times; so skillful to serve him in the Administrations of his Justice; so ready and able to guard against all Confusions.

Such an Academy of Arts, as well as Arms; such an Army of Protestants, such a Nursery of Commanders, cannot under God, but afford him a successful Defence in his Wars; as you do already supply him with the Riches and Ornaments of Peace.

But (Gentlemen) you have all (AS ONE MAN) resolv'd for *Death or Victory*, and therefore I need not enlarge in this PANEGIRICK, but were it possible you shou'd want a Spur to be more *Courageous* or *Loyal* than you have yet been, it can only be considering,

(1.) You fight under a *GENERAL* (*John Duke of Marlborough*) of a Name never mention'd but with that of *VICTORY* (a). Were the *Prender's Forces* never so strong or numerous, and did they consist of experienc'd Souldiers (instead of *Jacobite Men and Irish Cut-throats*) yet your *Invincible Hero* will always lead you on to Conquest. *Marlborough!* ever *Victorious Marlborough!* of whom it may be said, as of *Titus the Son of Vespasian*, *Deliciae Humanæ Generis*. This *CONSUMMATE GENERAL* may justly be call'd *the Honour of Arms*, a *Victorious Leader*, whose *Military Vertues* are the *Life and Soul* of his Soldiers. I wou'd say more of this *British Champion*, but that I fear to offend *Modesty*, which nothing can equal, except it be *spotless Love* to his King and Country, and *matchless Conduct* in Arms; and therefore (Gentlemen) if you desire to be instructed in *Military Discipline*, accompanied with *Religious Mildness*, *Christian Sobriety*, *wise Temperance*, and *Manly Fortitude*, (I say more) FOLLOW YOUR LEADER, for all Soldiers under his Command, are sure to meet with *Death or Victory*.

(a) See this confirm'd in the *Burrough-Bridge*.

And (*Gentlemen*) as your fighting under the *Glorious Marlborough* is a spur to Courage and Loyalty, and a sure Presage of Victory, so you have all Reason to TRIUMPH in the Order, Splendor, and united Hearts of the old Forces, as well as in the New Regiments: For though you differ in your *Individuals*, as so many several Persons, yet you make up together one compacted Body of an Army, and as touching your common Good, have but *one Soul*, like the *Four Elements*, though of opposite Qualities, yet they meet harmoniously in a middle Temper of Man's Constitution: And therefore (*Gentlemen*) tho' you resolve for Death rather than not fix the Crown on King *George's Head*, yet if you are *Lead* by your Beloved General (the Duke of *Marlborough*) at the Head of such a Brave Army, as I have here describ'd, you can't miss of a glorious Victory o're the Pretender and all his Adherents, provided still you enter into the Field of Battle ARM'D with these Three Vertues, *Piety, Justice and Fortitude.*

1st. *Piety*, saith the Apostle, *is profitable for all Things, it hath the Promises of this Life; and that which is to come,* 1 Tim. 4. 8. Other vertues without this, are like force and agility in the Body without Eyesight, Nature without Grace, like blind *Sampson* without a Guide. All that which we call Vertue, if it be not directed by the fear of God, and true Godliness, are Names void of the Things. What is prudence without it but a childish dexterity, by which every one resolves on his Actions, as he is a Lawyer, a Merchant, a Scholar, but not as he is a Man? so being wise in the retail, he may be a fool in gross. Valour without it, degenerates into ambitious desperateness, and hardens a Man's Courage to Mischief; and Temperance without Godliness is rather a Diet than a Vertue, a meer abstinence for Healths sake, not a Profession for Religions sake.

Piety therefore is necessary for all Men, and for

a Soldier not least of all; for he that goes forth every day to hazard his life, had need be prepared for a good passage: Therefore saith God, *Deut. 23. 9. When the Host goeth forth against the enemy, take heed of every wicked thing.* A man must be at peace with God, before he fight with his enemies. When *Jehoshaphat* heard War proclaim'd against him, it is said that *he feared, and set himself to seek the Lord, 2 Chron. 20. 3.* It was *Cornelius* the Centurions honour, a brave Captain, that he was a just man, and feared God. It is he that must be fought in the first place, for *the Horse is prepared for the day of battle, but safety or victory is of the Lord, Prov. 21. 31.* When *Joshuah* fought in the valley, *Moses* prayed in the Mount: When he held up his hand, *Israel* prevailed; and when he let fall his hand, *Amalek* prevailed, *Exod. 17. 9.* He that will conquer, must observe this rule. *He must have his mind armed with faith, his hand with prayer, his life with chaste manners.*

Then (*Gentlemen*) wou'd you be Victorious in the Day of Battle, trust in God; *some trust in Chariots, and some in Horses but we will trust in the Name of the Lord,* said the best Warriour of the World, *Psal. 20. 8.* for the Lord God is he that goeth to fight for you, against your Enemies, to save you. When *Henry* the second was as *St. David's* in *Wales*, and from the cliffes in a clear Day discovered the Coast of *Ireland*, said, *If it be no farther, I with my Ships am able to make a Bridge thither;* which Speech being related to *Marchard*, King of *Lemster*, in *Ireland*, he demanded if the King added not *with the grace of God;* when it was answer'd, that he made no mention of God, then said he more cheerfully, *I fear him the less, that trusteth more to himself than God's Help.* We cannot overcome, unless we fight under *Christ's* Banner; no Conquering, no Triumphant without Piety. 'Tis Death, and not Victory, is the just Reward of a wicked Soldier.

(2) How can the War be religious, *if not just*? The Conqueror's Sword ought to be sway'd with the Arm of Justice; it is that which Measures out right to Men by equal Proportion, and to be exercised even towards our Enemies; it is that which guards Vertue, and combats Vice, and will certainly defeat the *Pretender* and all his *Traiterous Mobs*. When the Soldiers came to *John Baptist*, and demanded of him, *And what shall we do?* Luke 3. 13. he Answer'd, *accuse not falsely, be content with your Wages*. I have read, that the Roman warfare was a School of Vertue. *Aurelianus* the Emperor gave this Charge to his *Tribunus Militum*, upon thy Life says he, contain the Hands of thy Souldiers, suffer them not so much as to kill a Chicken, or pull a Grape of another Man's; Oyl, or Salt, or Wood, let none exact, but be content with his Allowance. Let them take of the spoils of the Enemy, but not live by the tears of their Countrymen. See a Passage to this Purpose, *Num. 20. 17.* when *Moses* sent Messengers from *Kadesh* to the Men of *Edom*, he observ'd this Order; *Let us pass, I pray thee, through thy Country; we will not pass through the Fields, or through the Vineyards, neither will we drink of the Water of the Wells; we will go by the King's Highway, we will not turn to the right Hand or to the left.*

That Justice therefore may be preserved, not only Violence and Oppression, but all Beastly Revenge must be avoided; Men must not fight against Nature, but against Enemies, therefore God commanded his Soldiers *not to cut down Trees bearing Fruit*, because (saith one) *they are Wood, not Men, and cannot increase the Number of Enemies*, Deut. 20. 19. It was a good Answer of *Anaxilaus*, a *Spartan* Captain (as *Xenophon* hath it) who being accus'd for yielding up the Town *Bizantium* committed to his Charge, he answer'd, *As long as he fought with Men, he defended it, but when he saw he was to fight with Nature, and that they perisht with Famine, whom Men spare in War, he thought good to give it up.*

And therefore (*Gentlemen*) be strictly JUST in all your Military Attempts, for Death, and not Victory, is the usual Reward of unjust Actions.

(3) You must have *Fortitude*, else *Justice* is weak, it is not possible to be Victorious without that. It is a Problem in *Aristotle*, why *Fortitude* should raise more Admiration than *Justice*, *Prudence* or *Temperance*. We are not so affected with Wonder, when we see these, as when we behold a valiant Captain or brave Commander, he answereth it thus, *Because the object of Temperance, and exercise of it, consists only in the Moderation of Pleasure; of Prudence, in the ordering of civil Affairs; of Justice, in giving every Man his own; but Fortitude, the proper Vertue of a Soldier, hath for its object Victory, which cannot be had without Blows and Wounds, danger, and dint of Sword.* A Soldier dares march against Death, and out face it, which others tremble to think on. This renowneth them above all other Arts, for they are attained with quiet Study, warm Ease, and sound Rest, but the Soldier finds difficulty in his Designs, and danger in his Attempts, whereas Cowards are the scorn of Men, and contemptible, as having nothing of Price but their Lives, scarce that, nor any thing wise but their Fears.

You shall know a valiant Man by this, *He is undaunted when he encountreth Force, and yielding when he meets with weakness and disability.* The juster that wrath is, the more commendable is Mercy. One writes of *Henry the Great of France*, when he might have hewed the *Parisians* in pieces, puts down his Pistol, and saves them, saying, *He would not suffer them to take Harm, who were not in Case to do any* 'Tis certain, *Pity never looks so bright as when it shines in Steel;* and therefore *Tiberius* would not take away the Life of his Enemy by Treachery and told the Prince of the *Celts*, that *Rome* had a Sword to kill with, and not an *Apothecaries Box*

'Tis he only is the *Brave Soldier*, that prefers Death to a dishonourable Victory.

When Revenge lies in a Man's Hand, the usual Way to appease, is by *Submission* and *Entreaty*; yet sometimes Resolution and Courage doth that which Submission cannot do: As that valiant Prince of *Epirus*, *Scanderbeg*, following a Soldier to kill him, when the Soldier saw that no Means of Humility would mollify his Captain, *resolved at last to encounter him with his Sword*. This brave Resolution staid his Fury, whom he not only forgave, but receiv'd into favour. Our Histories write of *John Beaufort*, Earl of *Dorset*, with fifteen hundred Men, being encompass'd between the Sea with fifteen thousand *French*, *Arminac*, the General of the *French* sent to him, and advis'd him to yield; but he answer'd, *It is not the manner of the English to yield without Blows, neither am I so heartless as to deliver myself into their Hands, whom God may deliver into mine. Gentlemen, this BRAVE EARL (like our new rais'd Forces) had resolv'd for Death or Victory, and accordingly it came to pass, God gave him the honor of the Day.*

It was God's Charge to *Joshua*, *only be valiant, and of a good Courage*: See that in *Nehemiah*, when he was advis'd to hide himself in the Temple to save his Life, *Should such a Man as I fly?* saith he: *And who is he that being as I am, would goe into the Temple to save his Life? I will not go in,* Nehem. 6.

11. When the Children of *Israel* began to Mutiny, having heard of Giants and Anakims in the Land of *Canaan*, *Come, let us make a Captain, and return into Egypt,* Numb. 13. 30. & 14. 9. but *Joshua* and *Caleb* stilled the People, saying, *Fear not the People of the Land, they are bread for us, their defence is departed from them, and the Lord is with us, fear them not.* What a triumphant Exploit was that of *Eleazar*, 1 *Mac.* 6. 43. perceiving that one of the Beasts was Arm'd with Royal Harness, he made a

Lane through his Enemies, with his Sword, to approach that Elephant, and creeping under him, wounded him in the Belly, and with the fall of the Beast being crush'd to Death, was buried in his own Triumph, or rather triumph'd in his own Burial. *Syracides* saith of *David*, that he plaid with *Lyons as with Kids, and with Bears as Lambs*, *Syr.* 47. 3. Valiant Soldiers, armed with divine Fortitude, are carry'd as cheerfully to their Death, as to a Triumph. When in Battle they return glorious Conquerors, in the Battel they die blessed Martyrs. Whatsoever happens in a just War, the Soldier is crowned: If conquer, with a triumphant Garland, if vanquish'd, with a Martyr's Crown. He sinneth not when he kills, nor perisheth when he dies.

The way to attain to this Fortitude, is, to keep a good Conscience. Nothing makes a Man so much a Coward, as the guilt of Sin; where is Guilt, there ever will be Fear. 'Tis Conscience makes Cowards of us all; when *David* had lost his Holiness, how faint-hearted he became! He that played with Lyons and Bears like Lambs and Kids, runs away from his own Son, being disarm'd of that Defence; whom the state of Grace found valiantly active, the guilt of Sin made fearfully fugitive. There is no way but this to Conquer.

But (*Gentlemen*) if you go Arm'd into the Field of Battle, with that Piety, Justice and Faith, I have here recommended to your Daily Practice, I don't fear but you'll soon put the Pretender to Flight, and hang up his *Mob-Soldiers* (I mean such as 'scape your Victorious Arms) as Traytors to their rightful and ever glorious Sovereign.

Thus (*Gentlemen*) I have fairly prov'd, that *Death or Victory* is the Duty of every Soldier, that is to fight against the Pretender, and resolv'd (seeing a Soldiers Excellency lyes in *Standing*, not in *Running*) to fix the Crown on King *George's Head*,
tho'

tho' it were through a Sea of Blood. (I say it again, *through a Sea of Blood*) since in a Battle every Loyal Soldier expects to have a Tryal of the Strength of his Hands, not the agility of his Feet, and if he falls (in defence of his Rightful Sovereign King *GEORGE*) knows his Cause is well worth it, and desires no better an *Epitaph* than these few Words,

Here lyes an English-Man.

The same *CONSIDERATIONS* are likewise offer'd to all the English Seamen, who have been the Bulwark of this Nation against Popery and Slavery, ever since 1588. And therefore having been all this while at Land — *A short Voyage to Sea* mayn't be amiss, to give the honest Sailors there a Visit, and salute 'em with a *what Cheer ho!* Where we need not doubt we shall find the Loyal Seamen *ONE* and *ALL*, for King *George*, and a Jacobite *as great a Monster as a Maremaid.*

A *Hanoverian* at Sea, in spite of all those Storms and Tempests that surround him, enjoys much more Peace and Tranquility than those at Land. Since if all are not of the same Mind in that *WOODEN-WORLD*, yet the Villains (alias Jacobites) at least grow thinner at Sea than they do upon *Terra Firma*. The happy Day is now coming, which he has so long desir'd — *A Battle with the Pretender* — The Seaman's Wish and Prayer in which he is as hearty as his Sovereign himself (or *Sir George Bing* who is just fail'd in pursuit of him) and no less will satisfy him than *the One Hundred Thousand Pound*, that is promis'd to such as take this *Papish Impostor*, and when he gets him (for he's so resolv'd on *Death or Victory* that he'd sooner sink to the bottom of the Sea than the Pretender shou'd once Land)