

Royal Gratitude;

OR KING GEORGE'S Promise never to forget his Obligations to those who have Distinguish'd themselves in his Service)

CRITICALLY CONSIDER'D.

IN A

LETTER

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Robert Walpole, Esq;

The First Lord of the Treasury,

occasion'd by a general Report that Mr. JOHN DUNTON, (Author of *Neck or Nothing*) will speedily be Rewarded with a considerable Place or Pension.

Written by that Person of Honour that sent Mr. Dunton those Early Discoveries of Oxford's and Bolingbroke's Treason, which no Man durst publish but himself, and which he therefore call'd Neck or Nothing.

To which is added,

The High-Church Gudgeons :

OR,

A Day's Ramble to catch the foolish *Jacks* with their own Treason, with Mr. *Dunton's* SPEECH to the Lord-Mayor of *London* upon this Occasion.

ALSO,

A Trip to the Loyal *Mug-House* at Night, to Drink a Health to King *George* and the *Royal Family*.

London: Printed by R. Tackey, and are to be sold by S. Popping in Peter Noster Row, and most Booksellers in Great Britain and Ireland. Price 1 s. Where is also to be had The Fifth Edition of *Seeing's Believing; or, King George prov'd a UC*—per. Price 1 s. 1716.

Royal Gratitude ;

O R, A

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Royal Gratitude,

O R A

LETTER

To the Right Honourable

Robert Walpole, Esq;

First Lord of the Treasury.

Most Honoured Sir.

I Sha'nt need to inform a *Patriot* of your Great Generosity and Profound Sence, that *GRATITUDE* is justly held to be the *Mother of all Vertues*; seeing that from this one Fountain those many *Rivulets* arise, as that of *Reverence*, and due Respect unto our Masters and Governors, and that of *Friendship* among Men, *Love* to our Country, *Piety* to our Parents, and *Religion* towards God himself. In a Word, *Ingratitude* is the foulest Vice in the World; so that tis an old Saying, *Si Ingratum dixeris, omnia dixeris*. As therefore the *Ungrateful* are every where hated, as being under the Suspicion of every Vice, On the contrary, *Grateful Persons*. (and much more when a *Brittish Monarch* gives us an *Illustrious Instance of Royal Gratitude*, in his own Person) are in the Estinati-

on of all Men, having by their *Gratitude* put in a kind of Security, that they are not without some Measure of every other sort of Vertue. Sir *William Fitz-Williams* the Elder, being a Merchant-Taylor, and Servant sometime to Cardinal *Woolsey*, was choic'd Alderman of *Broad-street Ward* in London, 1506. going afterwards to dwell at *Milton* in *Northampton-shire*, in the Fall of the Cardinal his former Master, he gave him kind Entertainment there at his House in the Country; for which being call'd before the King, and demanded *How he durst entertain so Great an Enemy to the State?* His Answer was, 'That he had not contemptuously or wilfully done it, but only because he had been his Master, and partly the Means of his greatest Fortune'. The King was so pleas'd with his Answer, that saying *Himself* had few such Servants, immediately KNIGHTED him, and afterwards made him one of his *Privy-Council*. If therefore *Gratitude* be such a distinguishing Vertue, that a Man can neither be a Good King, a good Subject, good Christian, nor a good Friend without it, I am then certainly oblig'd, both in *Gratitude* and Justice to inform your Honour, (who in your own Person are such an illustrious Instance of *Royal Gratitude*, that 'tis a Matter of great Delight to see a Vertue so laborious and active as yours, brought into the most wide and spacious Career that Fortune could make Choice of) that Mr. *John-Dunton* is yet Unrewarded for that great and signal Service he did the Nation, in detecting (at my Request) the secret Enemies to *K. George* and his illustrious House, whilst the late Ministry were in Power. 'Tis true, I long since advis'd Mr. *Dunton* to Petition the King and Council for a suitable Reward for these seasonable and hazardous Services, but tho' he has done himself that Justice as to set the matter in a true Light, in his Four Essays intitl'd.—*Plots in English—Mob-War—Speech to the Associators—A Neck Adventure*; yet I could never persuade him to represent his Case and Sufferings in A PETITION

TO THE KING (for such as best deserve Rewards are least industrious in procurin g them) so that 'tis plain, *there must be a Concurrence of Chance to make a Great Man*, Merit alone will never do it, or if there ever was an *Exception to this Rule*, I hope to find Mr. *Dunton* that Happy Man; for the *Many and Great Hazards* he has ran of his Life and Fortune, to detect the Enemies to King George and his *Illustrious House*, whilst the late Ministry were in Power, are too evident to be deny'd by either the *Friends or Enemies* to the Present Government, and therefore as his Advancement has been long desir'd by all the *loyal and grateful Part of his Majesty's Subjects*, I am greatly pleas'd to hear that 'tis now a general Report that Mr. *John Dunton* (Author of *Neck or Nothing*) will speedily be rewarded with a considerable *Place or Pension*, for his daring to Publish those early Discoveries of *Oxford's and Bolingbroke's Treason*, which I sent to him, as the only Author in *London* I durst trust with the Knowledge of my own Person, or that wou'd venture his *Neck* to publish *Jacobite Treason*, and therefore he has properly call'd my Discoveries *Neck or Nothing*, and I hope will partake of the *Royal Gratitude* of King George, in Proportion to the desperate Hazards he ran to detect those *Court (or Reigning) Favourites*, that were then Plotting to restore the Pretender. Or if Mr. *Dunton* for want of having his *Great Services* fairly represented to the King, should miss of that *Royal Reward* he has so long deserv'd, yet I'd e have him consider, *Vertue should not be ashamed of being Poor*, for it is *Ten Thousand to one she is never Rich*. But tis not much to her Credit if she were nere so fine or great, for he that judges of *Vertue by Success*, will do Honour to a great many *Knaves*, then shall we wonder that *Oxford and Bolingbroke* were once exalted, since SCUM will always be uppermost as well as CREAM? 'Tis true, there is nothing really August in a King but his *Goodness*, but an earthly Prince is not *Omniscient*, and there-

therefore as he is forc'd to reward by the Eyes and Ears of other Persons, *sometimes they that have deserv'd the least, have been the greatest Sharers in the Royal Bounty,* and therefore 'twas Mr. Danton told the World (a) *' If his Venture of Neck or Nothing prove Neck for nothing, he sha'nt dare to entertain the least disrespectful Thoughts of his Majesty, or think his Illustrious House (so greatly fam'd for rewarding such as have distinguish'd themselves by their Zeal to serve it) can justly be tax'd with the least Ingratitude.* Mr. Danton has here done Remarkable Justice to the Royal Gratitude of King George, for his Majesty can't be suppos'd to know either *Men or Things* but as they are represented to him, and all must appear to his Majesty according to *the Vehicle they pass thro'*, not their own Intrinsic Worth or Value; for I humbly conceive, 'tis not how well *Men have deserv'd, but how well they are represented, and by whom: Many of the greatest Vertues must be their own Reward;* and therefore our Neighbours of France have given us a good Lesson, viz. *that Nobility is not Merit, nor Merit an Inheritance,* so that with them he that is deserving is only prefer'd, not he that is *High born;* and therefore (SIR) I humbly conceive a Man that serves his Country with *Capacity and Integrity,* ought to think himself above the invidious Censures of *Competitors and Rivals.* But some Men had rather be without Reputation themselves, than allow others to have any; but the courageous Loyalty of a *right Whigg,* will distinguish it self one time or other, and then the *Blackness* of their *Ingratitude* that prevented his rising to Honour and Riches will make his Glory the more conspicuous. — But *Hype deserv'd makes the Heart sick,* where a Man (like Mr. Danton) has distinguish'd himself in an extraordinary Manner, for the good of his Country, and therefore 'twould be too Cruel to hinder such a

(a) In his Essay intitled *The Golden Age.*

Meritorious Person from complaining that his National Services are not yet rewarded, since that is all the present Comfort he has, for *Kissing goes by Favour*, and we often see a Kinsman to a Lord advanced, while a Man that has done eminent Service to his King and Country, stands by neglected. For to make a great Man your Friend, you must *Pimp* to his *Avarice, Lust or Revenge*, but as those *Glorious Patriots* that now surround the Throne, are as much above *Temptation* as they are above the most exalted *Panegyrick*, this can't be long Mr. *Dunton's* Case, and therefore I don't wonder that 'tis now a *General Report* (as well as the general Wish of all good Subjects) that he'll be considerably advanc'd in a short time: For this is certain, that *Patriot* that would be belov'd, must love, be benificent, give good Words, and still shew better Effects; *Courtesy is the Politick Magick of great Persons*. A Man in a High Post must first set his Hand to great Affairs, and then open it liberally to good Pens, (alternately employ the *Sword* and the *Paper*) for the Favour of Writers who perpetuate great Exploits, is to be courted and valued, or else perhaps that Author that defends *Revolution Principles* to Day, shall write for *Hereditary Right* to morrow, and perhaps after that shall carry his Resentments so high (at the Loss of a Place, or for Want of Preferment) as to make a SPEECH for the saving the Lives of such *Rebel-Lords* that he was once zealous to impeach. But, tho' every Mans Loyalty is not Proof against a *seeming Slight or Neglect*, yet I must do Mr. *Dunton* that Justice, to say, that he is such a true Lover of King *George*, that I verily think, should he never reward his late Faithful and hazardous Services, that he would still be as Loyal and Faithful to him as ever, for I could give above *Twenty Instances* (beside his refusing to vote for *Jacobite* Members to sit in Parliament) where his *steddy Loyalty to King George* always set him above the *Temptation of Golden Baits*.

Then,

Then, Sir, shall such a loyal Subject to King George, as well as such a great Sufferer for detecting his Enemies in the late Reign, wait long for such a Place or Pension that may speedily pay his Debts, and make the remaining part of his Life, comfortable. No surely! the *Royal Gratitude* will never suffer its Illustrious Character to be so treated, if your Honour will but do Mr *Dunton* that noble Justice, as to let his Majesty know what Faithful Service he did to his Regal Title, whilst the late Ministry were plotting against it.

Sir, *The chief thing valuable in Greatness, is the power it gives to Oblige*; and therefore I hope Mr. *Dunton* will find you that noble Friend and generous Patriot you were ever accounted. Neither dare I stain your spreading Fame so much, as to question it; for as you can say nothing to his Majesty in Favour of Mr. *Dunton's* Distinguish'd Merits, but what all the Friends to the present Government have already acknowledg'd; so I perswade myself you can ask no Bounty for him of our Grateful Prince, but what he will readily grant: For (Sir) the Authority of Kings is not so sovereign as that is you exercise over the Souls of such as hearken unto you; may I will venture to say, your Eloquence is the greatest Tyrant this day living; your Authority becomes awful to all Souls, and when you speak (either for or against a Man) there is no farther means to retain private Opinions, if they be not conformable to yours. *I speak this seriously*, You have often reduced me to such Extremities, that coming from you, without knowing what to answer you, I have been ready to exclaim, and say (in the Rapture wherein I was) *Restore me my Opinion which you have violently forced from me, and take not from me the Liberty of Conscience the King has given me.* But truly, it is no small pleasure to be constrained to be thus happy, and to fall into his Hands who useth no Violence, but to their great Advantage who suffer by it. For my own part, (tho the *Person of Honour* that writes this must be a Secret to you, for their sakes who gave me those Early Discoveries that Mr. *Dunton* publish'd in his *Neck or Nothing*)

thing) yet I must inform your Honour, you are so thoroughly known to me, that BOB HUSH en't better acquainted with Mr. *Ridpath*, than I am with the Right Honourable Mr. *Walpole*. And therefore 'tis no wonder I have at all times departed your Presence fully perswaded in what I ought to *Believe* and *Practice*. I never gave you a Visit which cur'd me not of some Passion; I never came into your Chamber so Honest a Man as I went forth: How often with one short Speech have you elevated me above my self, and bereaved me of whatsoever was fleshly and prophane in me? How often, hearing you discourse of the World to come, and of true Felicity, have I long'd after it, and would willingly have purchas'd it at the Price of my Life? How often could I have follow'd you to a higher pitch of Perfection than all the ancient Philosophers ever attained? So that in the midst of Vice your Honour has constrain'd me to confess Vertue to be the most Beautiful thing on Earth.

I know, Sir, your Modesty is so great, that this Language will not please you, and that you will look awry at my Letter; but do what you please, I am more a Friend to Truth than to your Humour, and my Spirits are so replenish'd with what I have seen and heard, as I can no longer conceal my Thoughts.

Sir — 'Twas from these Considerations (and some others I think fit to conceal) that I singled out your Honour as the fittest Patriot I could think of to represent to our *Grateful Monarch* Mr. *Dunton's* seasonable and bold Venture of *Neck or Nothing*, to secure the Protestant Succession in his Majesty's Illustrious House, and and as the Hazards he ran of his Life and Fortune in this Attempt were brave and daring, what considerable Place or Pension can he miss of, if the truly Loyal, Eloquent, and Immortal WALPOLE will condescend so far as to be his Advocate? For there is so much Perfidiousness in Mankind, that a Prince cannot have too great a Consideration for such a Faithful Counsellor: But the main Difficulty lies here, How shall I know

B

when

when a *Prince is Grateful* for an Action because it is purely Loyal and Vertuous, for a thousand Actions pass in the World for vertuous, tho they proceed from a quite different Principle? *My Lord S—* released *Arsennus* out of Jail and paid his Debts. This every one applauded as an act of the highest and most disinterested Generosity. They little knew that *my Lord S—* lay every Night with *Arsennus's* Sister: But in *Dunton's* Case, the *Royal Gratitude* will shine in a most illustrious manner, without the least Stain or Blemish, and that not only as King *George* is a Prince of a spotless Life, but as *Mr. Dunton's Neck Adventure* is become such a *Vox Populi*, that 'tis greatly admir'd why your Honour, nor no other faithful Patriot, has yet let his Majesty know in what a distinguishing manner he run the hazard of his Life and Fortune to defeat the Plots of his Jacobite Enemies; and the wonder is still the greater, as I sent to *Mr. Dunton* those Early Discoveries (call'd *Neck or Nothing*) at a Time when no Man had Honesty or Courage enough to publish 'em but himself; and for that reason he was formerly call'd by several Lords in my hearing, **THE PATRIOT OF GREAT-BRITAIN**; but *past Services, as well as eaten Bread, is soon forgot*, and therefore I rejoice to hear (as I put *Mr. Dunton* upon these Hazards) that the *Royal Gratitude* is now going to distinguish it self in his Favour, and that (as I said before) without his petitioning for it in that formal manner I long since advis'd him to, tho I find now that humble way of proceeding might as well have lessn'd his Merits, as it might that Royal Bounty he can't miss of, if your Honour will be so Generous as to stand his Friend, it being the general Sense of the Nation, (as I shall prove anon) that his publick Services are so truly Great and Meritorious, that the bare introducing of him into his Majesty's Presence, would be sufficient to procure him a Noble Reward. But tho' *Mr. Dunton* himself was ever against petitioning for Rewards (or Honours) he has justly deserv'd (and by which 'twas expected the King and the present Ministry would have

as much distinguish'd him, as he had before distinguish'd himself from all other Authors in Courage and Loyalty) yet I could not be Grateful enough to those Matchless Hazards Mr. *Dunton* run to defeat the Jacobite Plots in *England*, or indeed do common Justice to his Natural Temper (which has nothing Cowardly, Little, or Selfish in it) if I did not affirm, that his not petitioning the King and Council for that Royal Reward that both his Friends and Enemies say he deserves, proceeds not either from Neglect or Pride, but merely from a generous Contempt of Honour and Riches, except so much as is justly due to his faithful Services to his King and Country, and which, doubtless, our *Grateful Prince* would confer upon him (without once suffering him to petition for it) were his distinguish'd Loyalty known to him. And therefore let us cease to wonder that Mr. *Dunton* has not yet petition'd for some considerable Place or Pension, for to do him Justice, I never saw a Man less Interested, less Ambitious, or less dazzled with the Splendor of Courts, and better cured of all popular Diseases, (to be out of Debt, and to dye with a good Conscience being all the *Royalty, Dukedom, Lordship, or Knighthood*, he desires in this World). By which, Sir, we come to know the Nobleness, and even the Sovereignty of Reason, when it is well schooled and instructed; we need not mount up to Heaven to find cause of Scorn in the Littleness of the Earth, the Study of Wisdom, and *Dunton's* contempt of the World, will teach it as well. A Thoughtful Man (like Honest JOHN) counts all things to be below him; Palaces to him appear but Cottages, and Scepters but empty things; it pities him to see that which is call'd The Greatness and Fortune of Princes, and from the height of his Spirit, he's above envying the Splendor of a Crown. Content is his Heaven both here and hereafter, and he desires no greater Honour or Riches, either in this or the next Life, for Content is the Heaven of both Worlds; and for that reason I don't flatter PHILOSOPHICK DUNTON, when I assert, I verily think, shou'd his Creditors send him

again to the Fleet-Prison, (as they threaten to do, if his expected Rewards don't fully discharge his Debts) he'd be still Contented; for John being born a Gentleman, and bred a Scholar, is now grown such an absolute Stoick, that not being able to govern Events, he endeavours to govern himself. 'Tis true, of all Afflictions, a Prison is none of the least, which to some is more terrible than Death it self. And truly, what can more afflict a generous and free Mind than a close Confinement; yet against this and other miserable Events of our various Life, we have a sufficient Cordial from the powerful Vertue of Religion. Dunton has learnt therefore to be Thankful in the lowest Condition, he knows the Course of this World is full of Change, and therefore is never dejected with the Terror of his own Wants, knowing that the next Day or Hour may make a Prize, or perhaps (as he so justly deserves it) advance him to the Royal Favour. Your Honour has seen in your own Case, that our Happiness is no Exhalation drawn from any Earthly Matter, but like the Sun in the Circle, sometimes clouded, never put out, it continues an Everlasting Race of Glory; and therefore, Poverty is not the Object of Dunton's Fear, which tho unexpected, (considering how much he has made Great-Britain his Debtor, by detecting its greatest Enemies) may find a chearful Entertainment; nor can the Tyranny of a cruel Jaylor make him sacrifice his Soul in Sighs and Tears. *Brown Bread and the Gospel, is the best Fare,* said Martyr Bradford. However, if Dunton cannot fancy so great a Happiness, yet I find (by the Attempts made to corrupt him in the late Reigu) he will keep fast his Integrity. The greatest Cross cannot force him to be Dishonest. 'I think (says Dunton) I should rather Starve than play the Knave, or Parasite for a Morse of Bread. But I appeal to your Honour (and I'll do in Dunton's Words to the Duke of Marlborough) 'it would be any Credit to Great-Britain (or at least to us Men of a plentiful Fortune) to let a Man that has ventur'd his ALL to serve his Country, afterwards Starve in a Ja

for so mean a Sum as one Thousand Pounds, and that too when his Publick Services had been thought worthy of the Royal Reward of a GOLD MEDAL, and were the Principal Instrument to save his Country from Ruin (a).

SIR, — When I sent to Mr. Duntton these early Discoveries of Oxford's and Bolingbroke's Treason, I assur'd him they came from a Person of Honour, that (if he conceal'd my Name and Quality) would one Time or other see he should be nobly rewarded for that great Service he would do to the House of Hanover by their Publication. To which he reply'd,

MY LORD,

When I prove Traitorous, mark me with that Hateful Brand, that ignominy hath not yet discover'd, but doth reserve to fear the feeblest Monster that shall appear in Nature: I call him so, as he must be Perfect DEVIL, that shall discover any Secrets that may either endanger the Safety of a Person of Honour, or promote the Interest of a Popish Pretender, so that your Lordship may rest assur'd, I will never fall back from the Vow I have made to CONCEAL YOUR NAME AND QUALITY, and should I in that Honour meet the certain Loss of my Life (for as I shall venture NECK OR NOTHING, so I'll call your Discoveries by that Name) 'tis too advantageous to me not to embrace it as my most glorious Fortune; for tho' your Lordship has promis'd I shall hereafter partake of the Royal Gratitude of that Illustrious House you think I shall greatly serve by publishing those Jacobite Secrets you sent to me, yet I do assure your Lordship, I want no greater Reward to excite me to expose the Treason and Villany of those two Reigning Favourites Oxford and Bolingbroke, but the Bare Honour of being the first Englishman that has ventur'd his ALL to detect those secret Enemies to the House of Hanover.

(a) ————— Vide Duntton's Manifesto against the Pretender, inscribed to the most Illustrious and Ever Victorious General, John D. of Marlborough, and sold by S. Popping in Pater-Noster-Row.

SIR

SIR — This was the Answer Mr. *Dunton* returned to my Letter that brought to him all those Discoveries that furnish'd out *Neck or Nothing*, and I assure your Honour, I found him to be that faithful and generous Person, that my Lord *Wharton* (who always engaged his Vote and Interest for the Choice of *Knights of the Shire for Bucks*) said I should always find him to be; for no sooner was his Book publish'd, but my Lord *Bolingbroke* issued out six Warrants to seize his *Person and Papers*, but when he was tempted to discover the *Person of Honour* that had sent him all those Discoveries that he had published in his *Neck Adventure*, (or *Narrative of those Jacobite Intreagues that were then carrying on at Court* :) His Reply was,

‘ Tell *Bolingbroke* from *John Dunton*, he'd rather die honourably, than live infamously; and for that Reason, were he now *starving*, all the Gold in the Queen's Exchequer shou'd not tempt him either to betray that *Person of Honour* that had so generously trusted him with his *Life and Safety*, or to sell his Country for *Emirdores*, as he and his Brother *Traytor* (a) had done.

SIR — As this is a true Discovery of Mr. *Dunton's* Loyalty, Courage and Fidelity, with Respect to his Writing and Publishing that celebrated Tract called *Neck or Nothing*, it can't be thought — That our *Grateful Monarch*, whose Enemies Mr. *Dunton* run the Hazard of his Life and Fortune, to detect — That the Present Ministry whose Honour, Wisdom, and Justice Mr. *Dunton* has displaid in the Brightest Colours (b) — or — That the Right Honourable Mr. *Walpole* himself (whose distinguishing Favour Mr. *Dunton* has so well deserv'd, by DARING to call his *Neck or Nothing*, *A Supplement to that Short History of the Parliament*, that the Enemies to King *George* were so zealous to suppress) will let such A LOYAL SECOND go unrewarded, whose GREAT

(a) The present Earl of Oxford.

(b) In his Three Essays intitled, *Neck or Nothing*, *Queen Robin*, and *Golden Age*.

COURAGE and **FIDELITY** will make his Name and Memory shine, till Gratitude becomes a Crime, and there's an honest Man to be found in the World.

Certainly (SIR) this *Loyal Courage* of Mr. Dunton to detect his Majesty's Enemies, and to extinguish for the future the *Hopes* of all *Popish Pretenders*, does **GREATLY** endear his Person to all true Protestants, and I hope to see it as **NOBLY** rewarded; for (as Mr. *Burrough* observes (a) ' *This was the great concluding Act, which made the End of King William's Reign of a Piece with the Beginning, the DYING LEGACY of our Great Deliverer, the first Act of whose Government was to Rescue our Religion, and the last to Preserve it; Without this wise Provision, that Golden Age King William received had been in vain, it had vanished with all its Consequences, like the Pleasing Dreams of a Man that awakes to Misery, and instead of now finding upon the Throne a most Faithful Guardian of the Protestant Name and Interest, we had seen it fill'd with one under the strongest Obligations to destroy it, and therefore Mr. Dunton's GREAT LOYALTY and Courage in detecting the Enemies to the Protestant Succession, can never be enough commended or (indeed) rewarded, but whatever Success this Brave Honest Man may have in that Respect, I should be very ingrateful my self if I did not let the Present Government know that no Man ran such desperate Hazards to detect the Enemies to King George and his Illustrious House, as Mr. Dunton did, by his vent'ring to publish those bold and seasonable Discoveries I sent to him, whilst the late Ministry were in Power.*

Sir ——— as Mr. Dunton thus ventur'd his ALL (at my Request) to secure to us King William's **GLORIOUS LEGACY** (the Protestant Succession in the *Illustrious House of Hanover*) I think it my Duty to inform

(a) In his late Sermon intitled, *The Revolution recommended to our Memories.*

your Honour, that his *Great and signal Services* can't go any longer Neglected (or Unrewarded) without bringing an indelible Stain upon the **ROYAL GRATITUDE** of King George, and every *Branch of the Royal Family*, that are hereafter to succeed him on the British Throne. And therefore tis but common Justice to our *Grateful Prince* and his *Faithful Ministry*, to believe that General Report is true, ' that Mr. *Denton* ' Author of *Neck or Nothing*, will speedily be rewarded ' ed with a considerable Place or Pension, for the eminent Service he did his Majesty in the late Times of ' Iniquity and Danger, for (Sir) it can't be supposed ' that one Man shall have the Honour of Knighthood, ' with a good Pension to support the Title, (for only ' delivering a Loyal Address, bringing the News of a ' Victory, inventing an useful Engine, drawing a Picture, or perhaps printing a P O E M (a) which he ' writ for his Pleasure, and run no Hazard to publish) and that Mr. *Denton* who has born the *Burthen and Heat of the Day* (i. e. has run more Hazards to save his Country from Ruin than all the Authors of *Great Britain* besides) shall only have *Oldham's Fate*, *Poverty and Praise*, or (in plainer English) *Abundance of Fair Promises without any other Reward* from the Prince he served, except it were that of a **GOLD MEDAL**, as a *Royal Token* that his Services were well accepted: But as the Royal Gratitude of King George is so illustrious, that he has declar'd from the Throne, ' that ' he will never forget those that have distinguish'd ' themselves in his Service, there is no doubt, but Mr. *Denton* will soon meet with a most distinguishing Mark of the Royal Favour, if your Honour will be so Generous as to inform his Majesty how much he deserves it. I would very gladly have done Mr. *Denton* this JUSTICE my self (he has deserv'd so well both of me and the Publick) but that there are ma-

(a) Sir Richard Blackmore was Knighted for writing that excellent POEM intituled *Prince Arthur*.

ny Reasons (besides my Promise that the Lord from whom I had my Discoveries shou'd never be known) why my Name and Quality shou'd be ever conceal'd, neither can I ever be discover'd but by Mr. Dunton, whose *Generous Honesty* (as you heard before) has set him above Temptation; and therefore I am very sure the *Person of Honour* that writes this Letter, will always remain a *Secret*: However, as I promised Mr. Dunton, 'That one time or other he shou'd be nobly Rewarded for the Great Service he did to the *House of Hanover*, by Publishing those *Jacobite Secrets* I sent to him; I hope his *Tried Fidelity* to me (when my Life and Fortune lay at his Mercy) will so greatly endear him to every Loyal Patriot, as to make him think the contributing to Mr. Dunton's Speedy Preferment is a Duty he owes to his Princes Honour, and his own Credit, and therefore tho' I can't appear my self to introduce the *Neck-Adventurer* into the Royal Presence, yet I hope your Honour will readily do it, as his great and hazardous Services for the Good of his Country justly intitle him to the most considerable Place or Pension that a *Generous Prince* thinks is due to extraordinary Merit, or a Lord Treasurer has to bestow; for Great Rewards and High Preferments are only due to extraordinary Service, and sure I am, Mr. Dunton's venturing of his Neck, (i. e. of his Life and Fortune to publish the Treason, and Villany I sent to him) was (considering all the Traytors accus'd were then Reigning Favourites) the most desperate Venture this Age has known, and that not only in the Opinion of the Loyal Whiggs, but even in the Judgment of the Tories themselves, Dr. Swift (a Notorious Jacobite) having told the World, (a)

' Among the present Whigg-Writers, I can Recollect but Three of any great Distinction, which are the *Flying-Post*, Mr. Dunton, and the Author of the *Crisis*

(a) In his late Pamphlet intituled, *The Publick Spirit of the Whiggs*, P. 3, 4, 6.

' The first of these seems to have been much sunk in
 ' Reputation, since the sudden Retreat of the only
 ' True Genuine Original Author Mr. *Ridpath*, who is
 ' celebrated by the Dutch Gazetteer as one of the best
 ' Pens of England. Mr. *Dunton* hath been longer, and
 ' more conversant in Books than any of the Three, as
 ' well as more Voluminous in his Productions. How-
 ' ever having employ'd his Study in so great a Variety
 ' of other Subjects, he hath, I think, but lately turn'd
 ' his Genius to Politicks. His Famous Tract entitled,
 ' *Neck or Nothing*, must be allow'd to be the shrewdest
 ' Peice, and written with most Spirit of any which
 ' hath appear'd from that Side, since the Change of the
 ' Ministry; it is indeed a most cutting Satyr upon the
 ' Lord Treasurer, and Lord *Bolingbroke*; and I wonder
 ' none of our Friends ever undertook to Answer it.
 ' I confess I was at first of the same Opinion with sever-
 ' al Good Judges, who from the Style and Manner
 ' supposed it to have issued from the Sharp Pen of the
 ' Earl of *N——t——ng——m*, and I am still apt to think
 ' it might receive his *L——d——sh——ps* last Hand.
 ' The third of this *Triumviate* is the Author of the
 ' *Cæsis*, who altho' he must yield to the *Flying Post* in
 ' Knowledge of the World, and Skill in Politicks, and
 ' to Mr. *Dunton* in Keeness of Satyr, and Variety of
 ' Reading, hath yet other Qualities enough to denomi-
 ' nate him a first Rate Author; but as to what he says in
 ' his *Dry Reflections* on the Proceedings of the Queen
 ' and her servants, his Coadjutors the *E—— of*
 ' *N——ng——m*, Mr. *Dunton* and the *Flying-Post*, had
 ' long ago set before us those Affairs in a much clearer
 ' Light.

Sir, That Dr. *Swift* has here given a True Character
 of Mr. *Dunton* and his Writings, is granted by all those
 that either knew him, or have seen his *Neck or Nothing*,
Queen Robin — Manifesto — Or — Athenian Oracle—
 (of which he was the first Author and sole Projector)
 then shall Mr. *Dunton* despair of a Noble Pension (if
 his Two Hereditary Distempers the *Stone* and *Rheuma-*

tism shou'd unfit him for a Good Place) because his Three Great Friends, the Earl of Wharton, Bishop of Salisbury, and Sir Henry Ashurst are all Dead, and himself Wholly a Stranger to Courts, NO SURELY! If Oxford and Bolingbroke (and that Vile Priest Dr. Sacheverel) have been greatly advanc'd both in Church and State for attempting to Ruin their Country, SURELY! those that ventur'd their NECKS to save it, will deserve at least an equal Share in the Royal Bounty, especially Mr. Dunton, whom neither Threats nor Promises cou'd ever Tempt to Espouse the Jacobite Cause; and I am very sure (as all the Discoveries I sent him were afterwards confirm'd by the Committe of Secrecy, of which your Honour was Chairman) wou'd not Write one Line in Defence of the late Ministry, to be Lord of the World, and therefore as your Honour most deservedly has the Royal Ear upon all Occasions that may serve the Publick, and know every Man's True Merit, the best of any Subject in Great-Britain, the letting his Majesty know the Extraordinary Services Mr. Dunton perform'd for his Illustrious House, is what the Nation expects from you: For then (as 'tis the Hearty wish and daily Expectation of every Loyal Subject) he'l soon obtain that considerable Place or Pension, that his Majesty's Friends do now REPORT, is design'd for him; and indeed less cou'd scarce be expected from a Prince of his Majesty's noble and grateful Temper, not only as Mr. Dunton's Hazardous Services for the Good of his Country are universally known, and acknowledg'd to deserve a Royal Reward; but as his distinguish'd Loyalty to King George has expos'd him to the utmost Rage of the Jacobites, in so much as they have not only threaten'd to Murther him, but declare had the Pretender succeeded in his late Rebellion, Mr. Dunton wou'd have been the first Man he'd have Hang'd (for daring to prove him a Popish Impostor (a) and writing a Manifesto that

(a) In his Essay intituled, *The Royal Intreague of the Warming-Pan.*

Rivals his *Sham-Title* to the British Crown) And as Mr. *Dunton* has run greater Hazards of his Life and Fortune to prove the Pretender a Tylers Son and all his Adherents, Fools and Knaves, then any other Author (I'll not except that celebrated Writer Sir *Richard Steel*) so it must be confess'd that his Early Discoveries (intituled *The Court Spy*, and *Neck or Nothing*) not only detected the Treason and Villany of *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke*, whilst they were Reigning Favourites, but defeated the *Jacobite Plot* in *Southwark* to Restore the Pretender, and were the sole Occasion why the Irish Parliament inspect'd the Pretender's *Listing of Men* in Ireland, and of wholly suppressing that Traiterous Project; and therefore as his Majesty has already presented Mr. *Dunton* with a GOLD MEDAL of considerable Value, as a Mark of his Royal Favour; and as several Noblemen and other Persons of Quality have also made him Generous Presents (a) (as an Acknowledgment of his Publick Services) there is no manner of Doubt but his further Reward from the King will be in Proportion to that distinguishing Manner he has ventur'd his ALL to serve his Majesty, or at least so Great as will keep him from a *second Imprisonment*, he having inform'd those Illustrious Patriots to whom he Dedicated his late Essays) that so small a Sum as 1000 *l.* will not only pay all his Debts, but clear his whole Estate from its present Encumbrance, which FAVOUR Mr. *Dunton* the more deserves as no Golden Temptation cou'd ever make him Write or Vote for the Jacobite Party in the worst of Times; for tho' (as a Livery Man, and Freeholder in *Bucks*) he cou'd have Sold his Vote and Interest at a great Price, yet nothing cou'd ever tempt him to Vote against that Illustrious Patriot Mr. *Hampden*, or those Loyal Merchants that now serve the City of *London* in Parliament: And as Mr. *Dunton* ever de-

(a) *Viz.* The Duke of *Marlborough*, the Duke of *Newcastle*, the Lord *Townshend*, Mr. Secretary *Stanhope*, and several other Illustrious Patriots.

Royal Gratitude.

21

spis'd selling his Country for BRIBES (and that too at a Time when he was a *Prisoner in the Fleet for Debt*) so 'tis as well known to all those that are Personally acquainted with him, that (under all his Difficulties) he has a Temper of Mind infinitely above BEGGING (in Dedications) or PETITIONING for Rewards that (were his Eminent Services known to the King) wou'd perhaps advance him to a Higher Post than he does expect, tho' not beyond what his distinguish'd Loyalty has long deserv'd and (if your *Honour* stands his Friend) will soon Possess, for there are many Examples of such, who from a much smaller Figure than Mr. *Dunton* makes have arriv'd to the Chief Magistracy of this City, and of others who from Schools and Hospitals of Religion and Learning, have, in time, arriv'd to be useful and considerable Men in *Church and State*, of which *Bishop Stillingsfleet*, and *Sir John Frederick*, are Two late Instances.

It is Inglorious only to grow Great by Frauds and Perjuries, Extortion and Oppression or (like the late Ministry, to enrich our selves by selling our Prince and Country) but it is no way infamous from *Low Beginnings* to take one's Rise while *Loyalty and Courage, Fidelity and Diligence* are the Means to advancement.

The *Heathens* who made Honour a *Goddeſs*, however they did in that, yet did wisely in this, that they made *Vertue* the Step to her Altars, and wou'd allow none for Men of Honour, who had not first been the Sons of Wisdom and avow'd Enemies to all Ingratitude.

We may indeed be thought to move Counter to the *Custom of the World*, if we take these Steps; but we may assure our selves that they who take others, will (like *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke*) find in the End that they made *more Haste then good Speed*.

Let the World judge Things as they please, yet upon this we may depend, that Nothing but *Religion and Loyalty, Justice and Charity*, will reflect a Reputation upon us and our Country: For never any, I believe, whether

whether *Philosophers* or *Heralds*, who have treated of *Dignity of Birth*, or *Titles of Honour*, but made *Virtue*, *Moderation* and *Gratitude*, a constitutive Part of *Greatness* and *Gentility*.

Sir, This is that virtuous and steady Compass by which *Mr. Duntton* has steer'd throughout all his *Divine*, *Moral*, and *Political* Essays, which (with what he has already printed, and is now preparing for the Press) I think I have heard him say, is a *Thousand Essays in Prose and Verse*, which he designs to print by way of Subscription, and leave as a LEGACY to his Native Country, under the general Title of *ATHENIANISM*; or, *An Entire Collection of all his Writings, both in Manuscript, and such as were formerly printed.* To which he intends to add, *His Exercise to Printing*, in some Serious Thoughts on those Words of *Solomon*, *Of making many Books, there is no End; and much Study is a Weakness of the Flesh.* But whether the Hazards *Mr. Duntton* has run of his Life and Fortune to secure the Protestant Succession in his Majesty's Illustrious House, or his Indefatigable Mind and Pen, may ever raise his Fortunes or not, must be left to Time and his Grateful Prince to determine; for a general Report, That he will speedily be advanced to a considerable Place or Pension, is no Promise of that Royal Favour which I assure my self your Honour will think he deserves, upon your reading this *History of his Neck Adventures.* However, Sir, these Desperate Risks which *Mr. Duntton* run to detect the Enemies to King *George*, being all Matter of Fact, (as is clear from his Two Essays, intitl'd, *Neck or Nothing*, and *Manifesto of King John*) I thought proper to form 'em into this Narrative, and to send 'em to you, not only that his Majesty may see how justly he deserves that Royal Gratitude which (if the general Report be true) will soon advance him above the fear of a Prison, or the base Ingratitude of Summer Friends; but likewise to let your Honour know, That 'tis the Opinion of several Persons of Quality (as well as mine) that no Man is so fit to let his Majesty know that *Mr. Duntton's* great
and

and signal Services are yet Unrewarded, as *The First Lord of the Treasury*. Or were it possible that the truly Honourable and Generous Mr. WALPOLE, should so far lessen his own Illustrious Character, as to Neglect, (for I dare not think he'll Deny) to pay that *Debt of Gratitude* which is so justly due to Mr. *Dunton's* Publick Services, I'll then advise him (with a becoming Resentment) to Petition the King and Council; and if they (as 'tis almost impossible) should turn a Deaf Ear to his great and seasonable (tho as yet unregarded) Services, I hope to engage Sir R ——— G ——— (as he promis'd Mr. *Dunton* to seek all Occasions to serve him) to make a Purse of Two Thousand Guineas, and I'll subicribe Two Hundred Guineas myself towards it, and am very sure I can Name to your Honour, Forty Persons of Quality that will make up the full Sum propos'd, and after Mr. *Dunton* has received this grateful Present for his *Neck Adventure*, I'll perswade him to give an eternal Farewell to Court-Preferment, in a Short Essay, which he may justly call, *The History of Fair Promises; or, Dunton's Reward for venturing Neck or Nothing to detect the Treason and Villany of Oxford and Bolingbroke, when they were Reigning Favourites.*

Sir, — As 'tis a Breach of my Word, if Mr. *Dunton's* hazardous Services are not nobly Rewarded, should I be less zealous to serve him than I here promise, it would be a great Stain to my Honour (which to a Man of Quality ought to be as dear to him as Life). Neither can Mr. *Dunton* be justly charged with any ill Conduct (either to lessen his Services, or the Reward that is due to 'em) in all the Hazards he has run of his Life and Fortune to serve the Publick: For tho the Jacobites (and some cowardly Whigs) have said he was *Mad*, for accusing *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke* when they were both in Power, yet I do assure your Honour, he was so far from being a *Mad-Man* in any bold Step he has taken to detect his Majesty's Enemies, that of the 18 Books he has publish'd to defeat the Jacobite Plots in *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, he did not fall to writing one of 'em, without

out

out first asking my Advice in it; and many of 'em, (as his *Neck or Nothing*, *Queen Robin*, *Mob War*, and late *Ironical Satyr on King George* (a)) consist chiefly of such Discoveries as I sent to him. And as this is a fair Proof of his being in his perfect Senses, so his just Expectation of being now Rewarded for that great Service he has done his Country is (as well as that solid Reason which we find in all he speaks, or writes) a further Confirmation of this Truth. But *Mr. Dunton* may well forgive to his Jacobite Enemies this Slander, they having as falsely reported, that those truly Pious, Learned, and Judicious Divines Bp. *H—y*, Dr. *K—t*, and *Mr. Bisset*, were all three stark staring Mad. Lord! to what Falshood and Impudence will Jacobite Madness carry our High Churchmen to bide their Crimes, or to promote the Pretender's Interest! Sir—I say it again, To what Falshood and Impudence! for Mad-men don't use to act wisely, speak rationally, make Inferences, or compare one thing with another, as these Four Reputed Mad-men always did. Neither did ever any Mad-men resent it in a publick manner (as *Mr. Dunton* does in his *Manifesto*) that their good Services were not rewarded, For as Mad-men are wholly incapable of doing any Brave Action, so they are as little thoughtful to seek after the Success of it.

So that I presume by this time your Honour is fully satisfy'd that *Mr. Dunton* deserves a noble Reward, both for the great Service he has done the Publick, and for the wise and rational way in which he did it; and therefore I think it but a piece of Justice, that Men of Estates owe to his Excellent Conduct, to collect for him at least a Present of Two Thousand Guineas.— But I'll drop this Proposal at present; for as the Hazards *Mr. Dunton* has run of his Life and Fortune, were chiefly to serve the King and his Illustrious House, I fear 'twill be thought some little Reflection on the Royal Gratitude of King *George* (which was always Generous, as well as Spotless); if *Mr. Dunton's* National Services should be Re-

a) Intitl'd, *Seeing's Believing*.

warded by a *Private Purse*. And therefore I think it my Duty to tell your Honour, That 'twill be as well a piece of Justice to the Honour of your Royal Master, as 'twill be an Act of Generosity to Mr. *Dunton*, to let his Majesty know how much he deserves a *distinguishing Mark of his Royal Favour*. Neither can such a Generous Patriot want any further Motive to excite him to this Good Office; for Mr. *Dunton's* Ironical Satyr upon King *George*, has set his Illustrious Character in such a charming Light, as even the Jacobites themselves are now in Love with it: So that 'tis most apparent by that GOLDEN AGE (a) which Mr. *Dunton* has prov'd, is Exemplify'd in the *Glorious Life and Reign of his present Majesty*, that no one Subject in all his Dominions has so much contemplated the Royal Vertues of King *George*, as the Loyal Author of *Neck or Nothing*; and therefore as Mr. *Dunton* has distinguish'd himself in his Majesty's Service, at the Hazard of his Life and Fortune, so 'tis the hearty Wish of all good Subjects, he may be as much distinguish'd in that *Royal Reward*, that (as 'tis generally reported) he will speedily receive from the King. Or if any one doubt whether Mr. *Dunton's* Advancement be the Earnest Desire of all Honest Men, let them read Sir *John G——*'s Letter to Mr. *Dunton* (as they'll find it in his SPEECH, intitl'd, *King George for Ever*) where are these Words: ' Mr. *Dunton*, as your Indefatigable
' Care and Industry to serve the Publick, does merit a
' profound Respect from all good Men and true Pro-
' testants, so 'tis hoped 'twill meet with a suitable Re-
' ward from that Illustrious House you have so greatly
' serv'd by it.' And this still further appears by a Letter writ by that truly Loyal and Ingenious Gentleman, Mr. *Matthew Chapman* (b), where are these Words:
' Mr. *Dunton*, I am glad to hear of your Health, as I

(a) *The Title of an Essay inscrib'd to the King, and written by Mr. John Dunton.*

(b) As you'll find it in *Dunton's Packet*, now preparing for the Press.

also am of the continuance of your Friendship (tho'
 absent) which I so much esteem, but am sorry that
 great Reward which is so justly due to your eminent
 Services to your King and Country, should be thus
 long deferr'd, when some that have Friends at Court
 (for *Kissing goes by Favour*) have been greatly advanced
 for the Fiftieth Part of that Service you did King
George, and his Illustrious House. However, I hope
 in time this Defect will be sufficiently made up with
 a considerable Place or Pension; and if it be such as
 my self and the Gentlemen of this Country wish,
 'twill be worth waiting thus long for.

In a Letter I saw yesterday, (written by the Ingenious
Mr. Timothy Share) are these Words: 'Pray give my heart-
 ty Thanks to Mr. Dunton, for the good Service he has
 done by his Indefatigable Labour (tho at his Hazard) to our
 Excellent Constitution.

I lately receiv'd a Letter from an eminent Clergyman
 as far as *Cumberland*, who resents Mr. Dunton's not being
 yet Rewarded in this manner: 'Tis strange, that ho-
 nest Mr. Dunton, who has run so many Hazards to
 serve King *George* and his Illustrious House, is not yet
 provided for in proportion to his Merits, from this
 Government, and the Threatening of the Jacobites in
 case their Popish Idol had succeeded in his late Rebel-
 lion. I think (*continues this Reverend Doctor*) the Go-
 vernment should give him a good Place or Pension,
 and do believe he may obtain it, if he could find
 means of Access to those worthy Patriots the Lord
 TOWNSHEND, Mr. Secretary STANHOPE, and Mr. WAL-
 POLE. I would (*continues the same Clergyman*) advise
 Mr. Dunton to petition one of those three Senators, or
 even the King Himself, to whom he ought to give a
 distinct Account of his Sufferings, and of the Hazards
 he has run to serve his Illustrious House. And in an-
 other Letter, *the same Doctor* (speaking of Dunton's Cou-
 rage in detecting the Treason of the late Ministry) says,
 I am sure of one thing, That Dunton wants nothing but
 a Friend at Court to procure him a considerable Place or Pen-

sion.

tion. And this SIR is so much the Sence of the whole Nation, that there's scarce a weekly News Writer but has told us, 'tis generally reported that Mr. John Duntou, Author of *Neck or Nothing*, will be speedily rewarded with a considerable *Place or Pension*.

In the LONDON POST, publish'd last *Saturday*, are these Words, ' We are inform'd that Mr. John Duntou, Author of a Pamphlet intituled *Neck or Nothing*, which he printed and publish'd against the late Ministry when in Power, (in doing of which he ventur'd his NECK) will receive a further Mark of Favour, by having some considerable Place or Pension for Life, it being thought by many at Court, that his signal Services to this Present Government; ought to be NOBLY REWARDED, as a Token of which his Majesty was pleas'd some since to present him with a Gold Medal.

SIR—By these *several Gentlemen's* thankfully acknowledging Mr. Duntou's former Services to K. George, and wishing to see him *Rewarded* for 'em, we plainly see that the Heart of a *Grateful Subject* (as well as that of a Prince) is like a *Box of precious Ointment*, which keeps the Smell long after the thing is spent. And for that Reason I always judge of a Man's Religion as much by his *Gratitude* to those that have serv'd him, as I do by his *Charity* to such as dissent from him. For as the Ingenious *Feltham* has well observ'd, *to a Grateful Man the Remembrance of old Favours will live, even in the Blows of Injury*; intimating that 'tis only the Grateful Man that has Goodness enough to forgive Injuries, or to oblige his Friends. However, to these *Grateful Acknowledgments* of Mr. Duntou's Hazards to serve the Publick, I could add near an *Hundred more*, that have been sent in Letters to Persons of Quality from *Ireland, Scotland, Holland, Prussia*, and other Protestant Countries, all declaring the great Service Mr. Duntou had done to the *House of Hanover*, by his early Discoveries of *Oxford's* and *Bolingbroke's* Treason.

And as *Foreign Countries* have **RUNG** of Mr. *Dunton's* daring Hazards to serve King *George*, and to detect that *Jacobite Plot* that was then carrying on at the *British Court*, so I have this Day receiv'd a Letter writ with his own Hand, wherein he assures me, ' *He has*
' *Letters from all Parts of the British Nation, that give*
' *him Abundance of Thanks for his bold Adventures to save*
' *his Country from Ruin, and that his Correspondents com-*
' *plement him already upon that Royal Reward which 'tis*
' *reported is design'd for him.*

SIR — I have now finish'd my *Essay upon Royal Gratitude*, and as the whole Nation seems to concur in this (however divided in other Matters) that Mr. *Dunton* deserves a distinguishing Share in King *George's* Favour, it can't be long before the **GENERAL REPORT** is verified, that *He's* advanc'd to a considerable Place or Pension, for as amongst the *Starry Lights* wherewith the *arched Roof of Heaven* is beautified and bespangled, there are some more *Conspicuous* for their extraordinary *Brightness and Lustre*, and draw the Eyes of Men with greater *Admiration* towards them; so amongst the *Race of Mankind*, there be some found to shine with that Advantage in Point of *Generosity and true Nobleness of Mind*, beyond the common Standard of *Humanity*, and of this we have an illustrious Instance in the *Royal Gratitude of King George*, towards all such as have distinguish'd themselves in his Service; and therefore, as the *Great Alexander* was wont to say, ' *He would never bestow a Favour upon any Subject, but when he was inclin'd*
' *to give as a Monarch*, so whatever Rewards they may be that Mr. *Dunton* receives from his Gracious Prince, they can't miss of being *speedy and noble*, for if *Ingratitude* is abhorr'd by honest Men of an *ordinary Rank*, and even by *Beasts, Birds and Fishes* (as we see it is in the Instance of the *Leon*, that in the *Amphitheatre* defend- ed his Keeper that had been kind to him; in the *Stork* that throws down one of her young ones out of her Nest, as a Rent to the Landlord of the House where she is permitted to build; and in the *Dolphins* who as-
sembled

sembled by Troops upon the Sea Shore, where they celebrated the Obsequies of *Cerames*, who had before freed them from the Snares of the Fishermen; How vile and monstrous then must *Ingratitude* be in the Eyes of a Monarch, who (like our *Glorious George*) has always made a *Generous Gratitude* his distinguishing Character, but Sir you know that his Majesty is wise as well as Generous, and therefore Mr. *Dunton* can't expect to be this noble Instance of his Royal Gratitude, except your Honour recommends him as a fit Object for it. And that he may be so, tis my Advice to him, ' That he
 ' lets all his *Actions*, proportionably to his Condition,
 ' be the *Actions if not of a King* (for he seems rather
 ' to pity than envy *Royalty*, in his late Ingenious Essay in-
 ' titled *The Manifesto of King John*). at least worthy of a
 ' King, that is to say, Mr. *Dunton* (and every Man else)
 ' should carry it *Royally*, as much as his *future and true*
 ' *Loyalty* to King *George* can allow; Let there be (says
 ' *Montaign*) Grandeur in thine Action, Elevation in thy
 ' Thoughts, to the end that if thou be not a King in
 ' Reality, thou mayst be one in Merit, for true Loyalty
 ' consists in Virtue; and therefore neither Mr. *Dun-*
ton, nor no other Loyal Subject, has any Reason to
 envy the Grandeur of Royalty, who (under the greatest
 Poverty, or whilst they are Petitioning for Food and Rai-
 ment) may be the Model thereof. But it concerns
 those chiefly who are upon the Throne, or such that
 (like your Honour) approach near to it, to make some
 Provision of true Superiority, that's to say, of the Quali-
 ties of Majesty, rather than to please themselves with
 the Ceremonies which Vanity and Luxury have introdu-
 ced: They ought to prefer the Solidity of Substance
 before the Emptiness of Ostentation, for Great Men
 would be much more happy than they are, if they could but
 separate Ambition from their Grandeur, and Pride from
 their Plenty.

But (SIR) I will stop here, lest I should presume too much upon your Honour's Time and Patience, that is devoted to the most important Affairs of the Nation,

Nation, and that with such Glorious Success, that your late DANGEROUS FEVER gave (almost) a *Mortal Wound* to the whole Nation; and therefore 'twas

I.

WHEN sad *Britannia* fear'd of late
Her *Walpole's* near approaching Fate,
Would prove her own undoing;
She beat her Breast, and tore her Hair,
And offer'd many an humble Prayer,
To save her self from Ruin.

II.

Like other Sinners, now she strove
To pacify offended Jove,
And come to Terms with Heav'n:
An Hundred other Lives for This
(And let Death pick 'em where he please)
She frankly wou'd have given.

III.

Judges, she offer'd one or two,
And Bishops more, if they wou'd do,
The Rage of Fate to Cozen;
Lords were so cheap, they might be had
At the same Rate they had been made,
Ev'n by the good round Dozen.

IV.

She vow'd if *Walpole* might be spar'd,
The Land of Rascals should be clear'd,
And purg'd of all Offences;
But frail are Sinners Promises,
And Vows of Victims, all like these,
Are made in Future Tenses.

V.

How e're the Gods, who Patriots bless,
Took Pity on her sore Distress,
And willing to relieve here;
Bid *Æsculapius* step to Earth,
And put one *Blackmore*, *Sloan* or *Garth*,
To rid him of his Fever.

VI.

But Lady, now you've gain'd your Ends,
 Think on those Powers that stood your Friends,
 And what it is you owe 'em;
 For such a Favour from the Skies,
 Not Hecatombs of Rogues suffice,
 Tho' now you shou'd bestow 'em.

VII.

The Vows which your Affliction made,
 Shou'd in your better Times be paid;
 And I must tell you fairly,
 Were you to Obligations true,
 'Twould be the least Thing you can do,
 To hang up honest HARLY.

SIR — Tho' this *Poem upon your Recovery* seems to imply that your Honour is wholly restored to your former Health, yet *the Joy I take in your Recovery*, is not yet so pure, but that it always represents to me a *Terrible Image* of your last Sickness. The Imagination of a Danger, tho' *past and gone*, yet makes my Memory afraid, and I look upon it rather *in Safety, than with Assurance*, we miss'd the losing you but very narrowly, and you were upon the Point (*by our Loss of such a Glorious and Matchless Patriot*) to imbitter all our Blessings, *I speak it seriously*, and without any Flattery at all, the Victories we have lately obtain'd over our *Jacobite Enemies* would never be able to make us a full amends for such a Loss, *your Death would have made our Conquests turn to Mourning*; all the Loyal Subjects of Great Britain would (upon your Decease) have found something to complain of, even in that *Golden-Age* which K. George has reviv'd by his Glorious Reign, and the whole Court (as well as *all the Friends to the House of Hanover*) would have water'd their Triumph with their Tears. Let it not be God's Will to lay this Cross upon our Time, and if it be a Cross inevitable, yet let it be deferr'd to our Posterity: It is necessary the *PHÆNIX* should live out her Age, and that the World should be allowed Time for
 enjoying

enjoying the Possession of so sweet and so profitable a Life as yours. It is true, the World is not worthy of You, but (SIR) the World hath need of you: Your Vertue indeed should long since have been crowned, but that your Example is still necessary, and the more happy Senators there be in Heaven, the fewer honest ones will be left on Earth: Love therefore your self a little for our Sakes, begin now at last to study your Health, which hitherto you have neglected, and make a Difference between good and bad Air, tho' you take no Care of your Health for your own Sake, yet you must take Care of it for the Common Good, for I beseech your Honour to tell us, What would become of the Cause of the Poor? What of a Harmony among Protestants? and What of the Rewards of such as have ventured Neck or Nothing to serve his Majesty, if your Honour (and such Illustrious Patriots as the noble Marlborough, Newcastle, Sutherland, Townshend, Stanhope, Cadogan, &c.) shou'd leave the world. As to my self, the Continuance of your Friendship and Good-Will is the only Object of my present Passion, I renounce with all my Heart all other things in the World, so I may keep but this, and shall never complain of my Shipwreck, if it leave me so solid a Plank to rest upon.

SIR — I shall only add, if this Letter inscrib'd to your Honour's Illustrious Name, either hastens that NOBLE REWARD that Mr. Duntou has so long deserv'd from the Present Government, or but serves to confirm the Truth of that Glorious Character he has given of his Majesty (in his late Ironical Satyr, call'd *Seeing's Believing*, or *King George prov'd a U—per*. I have my End in this hasty Scribble, if you'd do me the Honour to believe me, that I am with all my Soul,

YOUR Honour's

Most Oblig'd, and most
Devoted humble Servant,

Philo-Patris.

The

The High-Church Gudgeons :

O R,

A Day's Ramble to catch the foolish *Jacks* with their own Treason, with Mr. *Dunton's* SPEECH to the Lord-Mayor of *London* upon this Occasion.

A L S O,

A Trip to the Loyal *Mug-House* at Night, to Drink a Health to King *George* and the *Royal Family*.

Reader,

ADVENTURES are like Leaps in Hunting, they bring you into the Chase the sooner, but may chance to cost you a Fall; but where a *Day's Adventure* is a sort of *Walking Jest*, to catch the foolish *Jacks* with their own Treason (as was my Case, *May 1.*) the very Hazard might excite to the Attempt, for that *Ironical Satyr* which discomposes one Man (nay perhaps induces him to call you a Knave or a Traytor) makes another laugh, and to carress you for a Loyal Subject, and therefore, seeing my whole Day's Ramble was a meer BITE to the *Jacks* (or rather a *Loyal Irony* to expose their Impudence) that this *Bold Adventure* may be the more diverting, I'll give it the Reader in the Words of the ingenious Mr. *George Ridpath* (a) and then confirm it with such further Discoveries as shall fairly prove that my dispersing (by a Porter) the Title of a Book call'd, *Seeing's Believing, or King George prov'd a U—per,*

(a) As you'll find it in his *Flying-Post*, *May 10. 1716.*

E

was

was only a *Loyal Trap* to catch the *Enemies* to King George.

That Morning I set out to catch *The High-Church Gudgeons*, or *foolish Jacks* (by baiting my Hook with seeming Treason) the *Air* was sweet and calm, the *Sun* benign and cherishing, and *from every Thing* I met I receiv'd a *Civility*, 'till at Length I was surrounded with **MANY DIFFICULTIES**, tho' none greater than my *Loyal Resolution* (to detect his Majesty's *Enemies*, under the Disguise of a *Jacobite*) always surmounted by which, 'tis evident, tho' *Fear* can keep a *Man* out of *Danger*, 'tis *Courage* only can support him in it. The valiant *Man* (saith *Causin*) is bred up so long in *Dangers*, 'till he hath learn'd to contemn them, and if the *Poss* be a *Prophet*, you shall hear him say,

*He that smiling can gaze on
STYX and Black man'd ACHERON,
That dares brave his Ruin, be
To Kings, to Gods, shall equal be.*

At least if he fall in a noble Cause, he *dies a Martyr*, and (as he ventures *Neck or Nothing* to save his Country) the *Brazen Trumpet of Fame* shall proclaim his *glorious Attempt* to late *Posterity*; how far my *Neck-Adventure* to catch those **SILLY JACKS**, that have been long plotting to restore the *Pretender*, has deserv'd a *Royal Reward*, as well as to be recorded as a *Spur* to *Future Loyalty and Courage* in other *Persons*; I shall refer to that faithful *Account* that the truly learned and ingenious *Mr. George Kidpath* has given of my **DAY'S ADVENTURE** (or bold and hazardous *Fishing for Jacobites*) in these *Words*.

' *May 1.* This Day *Mr. John Dunton*, Author of *Neck or Nothing*, went about with a *Devil* (for that's the Name given to a *Printer's Errand Boy*) through the Capital Streets of this *Metropolis*, to the great Terror of the *Honest Citizens*, and dispers'd (by the said *Devil*) the Title of a *Book* writ by himself, call'd
Seeing's

' *Seeing's Believing; Or K--g G--ge prov'd a U-per, &c.*
 ' for which Mr. *Dunton* and his *Devil* were taken up,
 ' and carry'd before the Lord Mayor of *London*, and
 ' afterwards before one of his Majesty's Principal Se-
 ' cretaries of State. The Whigs pitied the Man, because
 ' he had already ventur'd his Neck for Nothing, and
 ' the Tories rejoyc'd extreamly, because they thought
 ' that Mr. *Dunton* who had lately set up for the Preten-
 ' der's Rival, under the Title of *King John the Second*,
 ' had now actually hazarded his Neck; but *Johns* Whigs
 ' Friends were greatly pleas'd, and the Tories very much
 ' mortify'd, when they found the Book was only a cun-
 ' ning Irony to catch the foolish Jacks, and that Mr.
 ' *Dunton*, instead of endangering his Neck, hazarded
 ' nothing. He has promised to give the Publick a full
 ' and true Account of this Affair next Week, under
 ' the Title of *The Jacobite Gudgeons (a Paradox) or A*
 ' *Loyal Bait to catch the silly Enemies to King George with*
 ' *their own Treason.* Which said Paradox will contain
 ' the hazardous Adventures of Mr. *Dunton* and his *De-*
 ' *vil*, for one whole Day, and *John's* Trip to the Loy-
 ' al Mug-House at St. Jones's (to drink a Health to K.
 ' *George* and the Royal Family) for Refreshment at
 ' Night, where he met with *the Devil of a Dun*; but
 ' excepting that Misfortune (I call it so, as sincere Loy-
 ' alty to King *George*, a generous Carriage to Men in
 ' Distress, and strict Justice to all the World, has ever
 ' been Mr. *Dunton's* distinguishing Character) such ex-
 ' traordinary Company as will deserve a distinct Re-
 ' mark in his Day's Adventure.

Reader, Mr. *Ridpath* has here given you a true (tho'
 Merry) Account of my Day's Ramble, to catch the High-
 Church Gudgeons or English Jacobites, with their own Treason;
 but as he said Nothing of my SPEECH to the
 Lord Mayor of London upon this Occasion, I'll here give
 you the Substance of it, (for I can't pretend to give you
 an Extempore Speech verbatim) with some further Dis-
 coveries that I made in this Day's Adventure, that our
 Weekly News-Writers had no Account of.

The Substance of my Speech to the Lord-Mayor, was this.

MY LORD,

I Am summon'd to appear before your Lordship, upon the Accusation of some *Loyal WHIGS* (for the High-Churchmen are too well pleas'd with Jacobite-Pamphlets, to make any Complaint against 'em) that I have writ and publish'd a Treasonable Book intituled *Seeing's Believing, or King George prov'd a U—per*, I con'ess my Lord, I am the Author of the Book that is thus intituled, and order'd that Printer's Boy that is here present, to disperse the Titles belonging to it, at *Salter's-Hall, the Royal-Exchange, and at most Coffee-Houses in London and Westminster*, but that there is not one *Treasonable Line or Word* in the whole Book, I hope fairly to prove to your Lordship, that so neither your Lordship nor the Publick may entertain any ill Opinion of either me or my Book, on the Account of its *AM-MUSING* (or *Ironical*) Title.

I am therefore first to inform your Lordship, that this treasonable Title (Pretending to *prove King George an U—per*) was intended purely to draw in the Jacobite Part of my Fellow-Subjects to read my Book, it has been long my Opinion, if those *mislead People* wou'd but be perswaded to consider his Majesty's Conduct, and read the *Arguments on the side of Loyalty*, Multitudes of them might be brought to their Duty, but unless they could be made *by some Title that seems on their side*, to look into Books, 'twould be as impossible to make them hear or read a *Whig-Author*, as to prevail on a Papist to hear or read a Protestant one, so truly is *Ignorance* the Mother of both their Errors, of the one's in *Divinity*, and the other's in *Politicks*.

Neither (My Lord) is an *Ironical Way of speaking or writing* less tempting to a Jacobite Palate, than a *Treasonable Title*, for every *Irony* is a sort of *Jest*, as well as every *Jacobite*, and therefore resolving to catch these *silly Gudgeons with their own Treason*, I thought it the best

best way to bait my Hook with an Irony, for that which would fright the Jacobites, being us'd in the Natural Form delights and wins them, sometimes being us'd under a more pleasing Mask, the Jacobites loath a Loyalty that is dry and altogether raw, it must have a little seasoning, with their natural Vice of Fraud, Impudence and Levity, such a kind of Sauce as Socrates was wont to make it; the Story says he never us'd to speak in Earnest, and the Age he liv'd in call'd him the Ironical Jester.

In Plato's Book we find little else of him but jesting with disorderly Persons, we shall see him counterfeit a Lover, and a Drunkard, thereby to claw them whom he would take. In short (my Lord) Plato handles serious Matters so little seriously, that he seems to think the shortest way to persuade, was to please; and that Vertue had need of Delight, to make way for her into the Soul: Since his time there have been Men who contented not themselves with jesting, but (like Democritus the laughing Philosopher) make Profession of nothing else, and have made it their Recreation to play upon all the Actions of Humane Life, others have disguised themselves into Courtiers and Poets, and left their Dilemmas and their Syllogisms, to turn Jestors, and to get Audience in Privy Chambers: Hence, in every Reign, from William the Conqueror down to the Present King, Jestings (or an Ironical way of speaking or writing) has been the daily Recreation of Princes, and for that Reason there has not been a Monarch sat on the Brittish Throne, but has had his Somers's, Scoggin's or Killigrew's, continually to AMUSE and divert him.

Theophrastus, who succeeded Aristotle, thought it no Disparagement to Philosophy, nor that there was in it any Uncomeliness unfit for his School Lycaum; He is excellent at Descriptions and Counterfestings, and his Ironies are so many Comedies, but that they be not divided into Acts and Scenes, and that they represent but one single Person.

Seneca, as solemn, and of as sullen a Humour as he was otherwise, yet once in his Life would needs be Ironically

nically merry with the Emperor Nero, and his Native Country, and hath left us that admirable *Apotheosis* of *Claudius*, which if it could be purchas'd entire, would be an Invaluable Treasure. And therefore (my LORD) I hope my *Ironical Satyr on King George* (which I this Day publish, for no other End but to prove him my Lawful and ever Glorious Sovereign, and to banter the Jacobites into Loyalty and Good Manners) will be well approv'd by all his Majesty's Protestant Subjects (But more especially by your Lordship) this facetious way of *reproving what's amiss both in Church and State*, being warranted by the Practice of the Kings and Queens in all Reigns, as well as by the most Learned Persons in all Ages.

My Lord, — I dare not presume farther on your Time and Patience, or I wou'd say a great deal more in Vindication of my Loyal Irony (intituled, *Seeing's Believing, or King George prov'd a Us—per*); but I hope I have said enough already to prove my Innocence and Loyal Intention in this Publication, and consequently enough to dismiss me from your Lordship's Presence for a Loyal Subject and Honest Man. I dare not conceive such a weak Thing of your Lordships Eminent Loyalty and Penetrating Judgment (which has most deservedly given you the Character of being a Magistrate that presently sees the Bottom of the profoundest Depth, that knows how to make the Anatomy of Mens Capacities, and to decipher the Secrets of the closest Heart) as to think I shan't be now Discharg'd because I am suspected for Publishing a Treasonable Book (without any Proof that it is so) for Accusations make no Man a Criminal, or were it enough to accuse, there wou'd no Man be Innocent; but Innocency, *my Lord* (as appears by my being Seiz'd this Morning for the same Book, and discharg'd upon the bare telling my Name) is under such a Protection and Guardianship as seldom so deserts it, but that usually the Means of its Escape are as strange as the Conivances against it were Impudent and Daring, I call
it

It so, as 'twou'd be strange indeed, if *John Dunton* who ventur'd *Neck or Nothing* to detect the Enemies to *King George*, when the late Ministry were in Power, shou'd now write *in Favour of a Popish Pretender*, or attempt to prove *King George* a *Usurper* (except by way of Irony) who has not only *Sworn Allegiance to him*, and *associated* against his Enemies, but has always given this Character of a profest Jacobite, that he's a hardned Villain, a Papist in his Heart, an Atheist in Practice, and fears neither God nor Man; so that (*my Lord*) I am so far from ever Speaking, Writing or Publishing Treason against my Lawful Sovereign *King George*, that it has ever been my Opinion there is *nothing under the Sun* that is more detestable then a Traytor to his Crown and Dignity; and I observ'd in the late unnatural Rebellion, or Mob-War (for it cou'd deserve no better Name) that those Rebels that fought against his Majesty, were commonly follow'd with the Execrations and Curses of those very Men to whom their Treason had been useful, all Men being apt to believe, that he who hath once expos'd his Faith to Sale, stands ready for any Chapman, as soon as any Occasion shall present it self. These Traytors to their King and Country do often meet with their just Rewards from the Hands of their own Party: However, the Vengeance of Heaven (where the Justice of Men fails) doth visibly fall upon them, and for that Reason I can't think it the least Cruelty were every *Voluntary Rebel* executed that fought for the Popish Pretender, who had he succeeded in his curs'd Enterprize, had been a *Real Usurper* indeed over our *Lives, Laws, and Liberties*: For my own Share, (I here publicly declare to your Lordship) if in any Respect whatsoever I had either turn'd my Coat asperst his Majesty's Royal Title, wrong'd the Loyal Whiggs, or betray'd my Country, I shou'd always expect the most terrible Judgments that Heaven cou'd inflict upon me, as well as think the most infamous Death were too Good for me; but as I am wholly Innocent
of

of this Charge, I hope your Lordship will do me that *present Justice* as wholly to acquit me of it, or if I must suffer as a Guilty Person for only endeavouring to convince the Jacobite Faction of their Treason and Impudence by a *Whiggish Title* or *Loyal Irony*, I shall conclude all I have further to say in my own Vindication with this *Solemn Appeal* to Heaven, which I don't fear but will clear my Innocence, and I shall do it in these Words,

‘ Oh Lord ! I can secretly arraign and condemn my
 ‘ self of infinite Transgressions before the Tribunal of
 ‘ Heaven. Who that dwells in a House of Clay can be
 ‘ pure in his Sight, that charged his Angels with Folly ?
 ‘ Oh God ! when I look upon the Reckonings betwixt
 ‘ thee and my Soul, and find my shameful Arrears, I
 ‘ can be most vile in my own sight, because I have de-
 ‘ served to be so in thine. To thy infinite Justice who
 ‘ can be Innocent, but to my King and Country, and
 ‘ those honest Subjects we call Whigs, (whatever ho-
 ‘ nest Fraud, or seeming Treason I have this day sent
 ‘ to the *London* Jacobites.) Never Heart was or can be
 ‘ more clear, true and loyal, and as to the truth of this
 ‘ Protestation, I appeal to God, *the Searcher of all Hearts*,
 ‘ for it were too great a shame for a Philosopher, a
 ‘ Christian, and a faithful Subject to King *George*, to
 ‘ have his Thoughts groveling here upon Earth, for
 ‘ mine, they scorn the Employment, and look upon
 ‘ the false charge of Disloyalty, and all other sublunary
 ‘ Vexations, with no other Eyes than contempt. Then,
 ‘ Oh ! Omniscient Lord and Righteous Judge of all
 ‘ the World, give me leave now publickly to declare my
 ‘ Sincerity, but more especially my Innocence, as to
 ‘ that Treason I am now charg'd with ; for thou Oh
 ‘ Lord ! knowest my Heart desires to be right with
 ‘ Thee, and truly loyal to King *George*, whatever
 ‘ my Failings or Mistakes may have been, and I know
 ‘ what value thou puttest upon those sincere Desires,
 ‘ notwithstanding all the Intermixtures of our miserable
 ‘ Infirmities, these I can penitently bewail to thee ; but

in the mean time, what, Oh Lord! have I done to Men, that they should suspect I would publish Treason against my Lawful Prince, when I can appeal both to Heaven and Earth, that had I a thousand Lives, I would freely venture 'em all in Defence of his Majesty's just Title to the British Crown, against the Pretender and all his Adherents. And, Oh Lord! may the Crown flourish upon King *George's* Head, and upon every Branch of his Illustrious House, to the World's End.

To this purpose (with some few Additions, which I had not time then to deliver) I spake to the Right Honourable the Lord-Mayor, in Defence of my *Ironical Satyr on King George*; and whether I did Justice to my odd Title-Page (call'd *Seeing's Believing, or King George prov'd a Us—per*) and to the several Loyal Discoveries I have made in the Book it self, I leave to the Determination of those truly loyal and illustrious Patriots, the Right Honourable the Lord *Townshend*, and the Right Honourable the Lord-Mayor of the City of *London*; for being brought before both of them the same day by a special Messenger (after I had fairly prov'd by the foregoing Speech, that the whole Design of my *Loyal Irony* was only *A Bait to catch the silly or Jacobite Gudgeons*, (or in plainer English, to countermine those notorious Lies that those deluded Wretches spread to blacken our Glorious Prince, and his Faithful Ministers) I was presently dismiss'd with the Honour of being thought not only an *Honest Man*, but of having *a very Loyal Design in this Undertaking*. 'Tis true, when my Porter was first taken up at the Parliament Coffeehouse in *Spittlefields*, for dispersing the Title to this seeming Treason, an honest Bricklayer (a) (not knowing my Design in it) was for carrying me and the Porter before a Justice; but I no sooner told him I was the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, (for writing whereof Lord *Bolingbroke* issued out

(a) Well known to my worthy and ingenious Friend, Mr. *Ryley*, whose Character alone had dismiss'd me, had he been at home.

Six Warrants to seize me) but he let me go in the sight of an hundred Persons, with asking a thousand Pardons that he had given me any Trouble. And at the Royal Exchange my Porter was again seized; but I no sooner appear'd, but the Company fled, and I again carry'd my Porter (quietly) off, in the sight of 300 People, and some of 'em High-Church, as appear'd by their crying out, *Hug, D—n the Author, for his pretended Treason is a Bite by G—d on the Jacobites.* But tho I gave 'em a Bold Defiance, not one of 'em durst touch me, so I departed with flying Colours; for a right Jacobite will only swear and hector, but dares not fight for his Popish Idol, as was lately seen by the *Preston-Rebels*, and the *Scotch Highlanders*.

Reader, Having given you a True Narrative of my Day's Ramble to catch the High-Church Gudgeons, or Foolish Jacks with their own Treason, or in plainer English, to disperse my *Ironical Satyr*, intituled, *Seeing's Believing, or King George prov'd a Us—per,*

I shall next take a Trip to the Loyal Mug-House in *St. Jones's*, to drink a Health to King *George* and the Royal Family, and so conclude my Adventures for this Day.

The **FATIGUES** of the Day (or fishing for Jacobites) being quite over, my Porter (or Printers Devil) took his Leave of me, with this obliging Compliment, ' Sir, As you have always stood by me this whole Day, ' when my Life was in danger, and never deserted me ' under any Difficulty, but still appear'd and brought ' me off with flying Colours (tho the Charge against ' me was High Treason) you may command my Service ' at any time, for *Jack Pitts* (a) durst follow you round ' the World; but whether I do or not, my day's Ram-

(a) The Name of the Porter (or Printer's Devil) that was three times my fellow Prisoner the same day, and as often acquitted, by my still appearing to own my self to be the Author of that Ironical Treason he dispers'd for me.

ble to disperse your Treasonable Title, has made a strange Discovery, which the present Government ought to know, and that is, *That 'twas only the Dissenters and Low-Church-Men that were for seizing me for High-Treason*; all the Tory Coffee-Houses and Tory Rascals in *London* greatly applauding your Title, as it call'd King *George* a Us—per, and some of 'em treated me very nobly, to encourage me to proceed in the dispersing of it, as believing your pretended Treason was *Real*. So that I believe, Sir, *continues this Printer's Devil*, (for even some Devils have more Honour and Loyalty in 'em than some Tories) your Bait to catch the Jacks will make as large Discoveries of their Treason and Villany, as your *Neck or Nothing* did in the late Reign. And upon his saying those Words, I gave him a *Handsome Present* to drink my Health, and so we parted, he to his Old Master (Mr. *Robert Tookey*, a Printer) whilst I Tript to the Loyal Mug-House for a little Refreshment after my Day's Ramble, which was wholly employ'd in *catching Jacobite Gudgeons*.

So that now being dress'd as it were in print, and sparkishly equipt in Mode and Figure, I took my Pilgrims Staff in one Hand, and two (I cannot say a pair of) Gloves in the other, and march'd (a) very methodically to *Smith's Loyal Mug-House* in *St. Jones's*; and here (that I might end the Day with as much Loyalty as I begun it) I drank a Health to King *George* and the Royal Family, and to all those illustrious Patriots that had done me that distinguishing Honour and Justice, as to discharge me three times the same day, for a Loyal Subject and Honest Man.

Reader, before I inform you in what loyal manner we drank his Majesty's Health at *Smith's Mug-House*, I shall (before the Windows of the Day are quite shut in) have just Light enough to give you a True Character,

(a) At the Request of my worthy and ingenious Friend Mr. *Stephen Whatley*.

(1) Of *Smith's* Loyal Sign the Mug. (2) Of the Loyal Mug-House, and the Innocent Mirth and Diversion that's found in it. (3) Of *Smith* and his Wife, the Loyal Master and Mistress of this Mug-House. (4) Of the Mugites or the Loyal Gentlemen that frequent the Mug-House at *St. Jones's*, every *Tuesday*, *Thursday* and *Saturday* Night. (5) Of the Highchurchmen or Mob Enemies to the Loyal Mug-House. And lastly, I shall conclude my Day's Adventure with drinking those Loyal Healths that were the chief End of our Meeting at *Smith's* Mug-House.

*Of these in their Order,
And so good Night t'ye.*

(1) As to *Smith's* Loyal Sign the Mug, — *And we'll drink the King's Health in a Mug, in a Mug*, is a Song so generally known, that there's no Loyalists in Great-Britain but will readily own *the Picture of a Mug* was the fittest Sign for *a Loyal House*, where the *Whiggs* meet for no other End but to drink his Majesty's Health with a HUZZA, and to bid Defiance to all his Enemies; but I shan't enlarge upon this Head; for — *Good Wine needs no Bush* — And sure I am, 'tis a great Grievance to poor Sign-Posts (and therefore *Smith* Hangs out but *One Mug* as a Sign of his Loyalty) that they are forc'd to bear and sustain more various Kinds of Creatures than *Earth, Air or Sea*.

(2) I shall next describe — The Loyal Mug-House it self, and the Innocent Mirth and Diversion that's found in it — This School of Loyalty and Good Manners is long and spacious, Two Hundred Pupils may *Breasthigh* their Mugs all at once, and Huzza so loud with their Loyalty till the joyful Sound reaches that Royal Ear whose Health is drank, or at least till all the Jacobite Neighbourhood fall a Raving Reader, when ever you are dull, or wou'd Practice Loyalty, hasten to *Smith's* Mug-House, for 'tis here (beyond all other Places of Merriment) that you'll not only

only imagine all the Muses, but all the Graces do meet to instruct and divert the Company. Here is *Speeching*, *Singing*, *Huzzaing*, &c. and what ever else is Charming in Conversation, or that any ways promotes Loyalty to King George, or good Fellowship amongst Men. And as a *Reformation of Manners* is all the Design of this Loyal Mug-*House* wa'r *Jacobites and Mobbers*, for if any factious Monster or *Restoring Rebel* happen to crowd into *Smith's Mug-*House**, if he gets clear with the loss but of one *Liberty*, let him bless his Stars for his great Deliverance.

The MASTER and MISTRESS of the *Loyal Mug-*House** come next in Order to be considered, and tho' I can never say enough of their truly Honest and Obliging Characters, however, having known them long, I will do them all the Justice I can.

And first as to *Mr. Smith* — He is the Life and Spirit of that *Loyal Society of Whigs* that visit him every *Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday*, they would pine and droop without him, for he animates all his Company with *Cheerfulness*, and I may add with *Courage* (in so remarkable a Manner) that if he happens to see a Mob of *Jacks* at his Door, attempting to drown the Noise of our Loyal Huzza's with their *High Church Cant* and their *Ormonds*, down he runs, and does but shew 'em his Gun, and they run as fast as their *Popish Idol* did in *Scotland*, when the Duke of *Argyle* march'd to fight him. *Mr. Smith* is like sparkling Liquor to your dull Companion, that's only *Dreggs and Lees*, his Presence chaces Melancholy (as well as Mobs) as the Sun does Clouds, and 'tis impossible to fear, or to be sad in his Company; when I writ the Character of that *Preaching Weathercock* and *Notorious Night Walker Will Richardson*, 'twas he that convinc'd me his *Morals* were wretchedly out of Order, and he did it with so much *Courage and Sense*, that I have heartily lov'd him ever since. He differs from the *Buffoon* as an excellent *Comedy* does from the *Farce*, being pure Wit, t'other but Foolery. In your discoursing with him, his *Returns* and *Repartees* are so quick, apposite and genteel, 'tis a
Pleasure

Pleasure to observe how handsomly he acquits himself, mean time he is neither scurrilous nor profane, but **A RIGHT WHIG**, that is, a *Loyal Subject*, and a good *Christian*, and so far a good *Fellow*, as he'll take a chearful Glass or two (your fine edg'd Knives always needing the Whetstone most) and yet so very temperate, that the little Glasses are his Favourites. And to his other Accomplishments I must add, he's the *most curious Artist* we have in London, he makes *Glass Eyes* so natural, and so very lively, that 'tis impossible to distinguish the *real Eye* from the counterfeit. So that to be truly *Loyal*, very ingenious and always sober, is Mr. Smith's distinguishing Character, and I ever found him *Good-Natur'd to Perfection*, i. e. he is Merry and Facetious dispatching more Business with good *Words* and smiling in your Face, than others with all their plodding and Seriousness; so that being courteous and affable to all Men, he's belov'd of all, having nothing in Nature that hates him, besides the Devil and a Jacobite.

Having given the true Character of Mr. Smith, the Master of the *Loyal Mug-House*, I come next to do Justice to his *Excellent Wife*. — *For her Beauty* — All you call sweet and ravishing is in her Face, a *Chearfulness* 'tis Joy for to behold, and a perpetual *Sunshine* without any Clouds at all, joyn'd with such a spotless *Vertue*, that even Envy it self can't stain her *Modest* and *Chaste* Character. — *Her Speech and Behaviour* — is all so gentle, sweet and affable, as you may talk of *Magick*, but there is none charms but she, nor has *Complacency* and *Observance* more ready at a Beck, she (to the Shame and Confusion of the proud and imperious) doing more with one *Gentle Entreaty*, than they with all their brawling Commands, whence she alone, with her *Sweetness* and *good Humour*, wou'd civilize the most barbarous Savages, and if there be any *Fierceness* and *Ill-Manners* in the World, 'tis only where she is not, and because she cannot be every where. She hates *Vice* almost as much by *Nature* as by *Grace*, nor is there any more beholding to both than she,

she, for her *Vertue* (like a Charm) renders her Beauty invulnerable against malicious Tongues, whence she only has Priviledge freely to dress her self without Suspicion of Harm, and enjoy all lawful Pleasures without Danger of unlawful ones, whilst all is suspicious and dangerous in others. — And so adieu *Happy Pair*, whilst I characterize the MUGITES, or those Loyal Gentlemen that frequent your Mug-House, ev'ry *Tuesday, Thursday* and *Saturday*.

And here I shall first declare, that a *Mugite* (in general) is one that answers his Name; and as a *Jacobite* must naturally include all that's false, perfidious, insulting and cruel, or otherwise wou'd be no kin to his *Godfather*; so must his Reverse, a *Mugite* (or Loyal Subject to King *George*) if he'd be true to his Name, be what-ever is Brave, Generous, Merciful, Just and Good, imitating his great Exemplar, who, as well as *Titus*, deserves to be styled, *The Delight of Mankind*, as his Opposites, and their Master extremely resemble *Domitian*, no better than its Plague and Torment. Take the *Mugite* in all his Stations from the Throne to the Plough; look upon him in all his Weaknesses and Irregularities, there's still the same Vein of English Bravery, true Courage, Love of Liberty, Hatred of Tyranny, eternal Truth and Fidelity when obeyed, and a faculty of biting very close when thoroughly anger'd, that runs through him without Distinction.

The true *Mugite* never affected an unweildy Greatness; and what he has, rather makes use of to protect the Innocent, than to be himself guilty, thinking his Station neither above the Laws of God, nor the King, nor that 'tis below him to serve 'em both with his Sword and Life. His *Vertue* sits like his Honour, easie and free, and yet stiddy and unmoveable; or if he is guilty of any Extravagencies from the ill habits of former Reigns, not easily obliterated, he is yet so ingenuous to acknowledge he has an Example before him (in his *Glorious Sovereign*) from whence he ought to learn better. And for that Reason the true *Mugite* is of

no Party but his Countries, free from Faction and Noise and Anger, not so weak as to give such an Advantage as any must have who contends with one that's stark blind, as how much better is he that is passionate. After Dinner he drinks King *George's* Health heartily, but thinks 'tis an odd Expression of his Allegiance to pretend, as some in such Cases, to stand by him with *Life and Fortune* so long till he can neither go nor stand; never admiring either that *Loyalty or Hospitality* which seems troubled with the Dropsie, consisting in nothing but a Skin full of Liquor.

The true *Mugite* always esteems a Good Conscience the best Divinity, and Temperance the best Phyllick.

Towards Dissenters he's a true *Georgite*, and humbly proud to be of the same Judgment with his generous Sovereign. He can't but think King *George* is as fit a Head for a Protestant Church as the Catholick Pretender, yet is he so far from widening old Wounds, that he'd joyfully, at the price of his Blood, repair the Breaches of past Ages. In short the *Mugite* is one whom no Friends, but his own Merits, no Party, but that of Vertue, no mean Adulation, but solid Worth, and distinguishing Goodness raises to any considerable Place or Pension, and when he obtains the Royal Favour, 'tis with so uncontested a Desert, that 'twou'd have argued Negligence in the Government to have suffer'd his continuing among the Crowd of the World. For by his Loyalty, Courage, Sweetness, and shining Vertues, he softens the greatest Enemies he has, and yet the true *Mugite* (or Loyal Subject to King *George*) so perfectly hates a *Jacobite* (or Enemy to the Protestant Succession in the Illustrious House of *Hanover*) that were his *Blood* poured into the same Bowl with a *REBEL's*, twould certainly refuse to mingle with, but rather *swim uppermost* like Oil, or like some *Chymical Extractions*, when mixt with other Liquors, drive it all about the Room. Tho' fighting is not his Trade, yet he can wear his Courage upon occasion, as handsomly as a Gentleman does Learning; and if any Dangers threaten

threatens the Nation, whilst Villains are insulting and rejoicing, he is not very sorry, tho' for an honest Reason, that he may approve both his Loyalty and Valour, and shew he is as liberal of his Blood as his Money for the Preservation of his dear-bought, new-recovered Liberty. And for that Reason, if any *Sacheverelle* (or restoring Rebel) happens to crowd in amongst the *Mugites of St. Jones's*, if he gets clear with the Loss but of one Limb, let him bless his Stars for his great Deliverance, and take Care how he SNEAK there again, except it be to declare to that LOYAL SOCIETY, that the Church was never in Danger in King George's Reign, nor can ever be so, but from *Papists, Jacobites, and High-Churchmen*, and whoever is thus Penitent (as is seen by the *Jacobite Recanter at the Mug-House in Long-Acre*) will be kindly embrac'd as a Loyal Brother and (if he never more drink the *Pretender's Health*, or joyn with *Jacobite Mobs*) will not have his future Sincerity question'd.

And this (in the fifth Place) naturally leads me to characterize our *High-Churchmen* or *Mob-Enemies* to the *Loyal Mug-House*, for tho' we can't fear 'em, whilst that *Ingenious and Brave Man Capt. Hilliard* continues a President to our *Loyal Society*, yet as *High-Church Mobs* are the Tools the *London Jacobites* hire to disturb the *Loyal Mugites* in their drinking his Majesty's Health, 'tis fit I should set 'em in a true Light, that we may know and thresh 'em where ever we find 'em, for sure I am the Goodness of any Cause is but courly recommended by a *Mob*, or *Pulpit-Railery*; much less should our religious Debates have any Mixture of this Kind, I have all along observ'd, the Men who (like *Sacheverel, Welton* and *Higgins*) have run the most upon Extreams, to have had but a slender Share either of Learning, or good Sense, and the Length of Time thro' which our Differences have prevail'd, might have convinc'd us sufficiently that Men are not to be brought to Terms by ill Language, and a *High-Church Mob*, which at best (let 'em huzza never so loud) are but a *confus'd Rabble of Knaves and Fools*, leaven'd with Variety
of

of inconsistent Principles; for 'till *Sacheverel* encouraged the *Mob*, by going to and from *Westminster* in *Cavalcade*, more like an Ambassador of State, than a Criminal going to the Bar, the *Mob* was never known to be for the Ruin of their native Country, but were always true to the Protestant Interest: But now being encourag'd by Dr. *Sacheverel's* Satyr on the Revolution, (I mean that scandalous Sermon he preach'd on the 5th of *November*) they not only insult several Persons of great Quality, by stopping their Coaches, abusing their Persons and *Gutting* (as they call it) their Houses, but even threaten the tearing to Pieces the LITTLE Author of this Day's Adventure. But all the Answer I shall give to their Impudence is, that *Dunton* is not to be bully'd and frighten'd with the impudent Threats of a *suppres'd, Riotous, High-Church Mob*, all of 'em Rebels and Scoundrels of a hanging Look; but will this Day provide my self with a Sword and a Brace of Pistols, and will fire at the first Man that assaults me, and then I'm secure from *Mob*, for I saw that Night they insulted *Smith's Mug-House*, they can't bear the Smell of Gunpowder, and vanish at the Sight of a drawn Sword.

So that being now clear'd of the *High-Church Mob* who (where e're the *Mugites* appear) Fly like Mists before the rising Sun; I have nothing further to add, but to conclude my *Days Adventure* with drinking those *Loyal Healths* that were the chief End of our meeting this Evening at *Smith's Mug-House*, but before we came to these *Loyal Huzzas*, I stood up and spake to this Effect.

' *Mr. President, and you Gentlemen of this Loyal Society,*
 ' ——— This is the first Evening I have had the Happiness to enjoy this extraordinary Company, so can't merit the Favour I'm going to ask. However, Gentlemen, I think good to inform you, That having been all this day fishing for Jacobite Gudgeons with a Hook that I baited with seeming Treason, *i. e.* having dispers'd the Title of a Book, call'd, *Seeing's Believing,*