

The State-Weathercocks:

Or, A New

SECRET HISTORY of the most Distinguished Favourites,
both of the Late and Present Reign.

I N T E R M I X T

With Strange Discoveries in the Royal Palace.—A Detection of the Pride, Avarice and Ingratitude of some Pretended Whigs, now in the Ministry.—The Pulpit-Bite: or, the Cant of the Church being in Danger, under a Protestant King, Prov'd a meer Trick (or Jacobite Plot, to Restore the Pretender, by the Confession of a Jesuit that lately Preached in Whitechappel Church, in a Canonical Habit —The Secret Loyalty of the Dissenting Ministers, or a Discovery in what manner they Pray for the King, and the Royal Family, in their Private Houses.—A Discovery of the Masqueradings at Court.—The Names, Lewd Conversation, and Characters of some of the Kept-Misses.—The Parable of the late Marquis of Wh—ton's Puppies.—The Earl of S—'s Revenge: Or, A Specimen of the Satyr Intituled, Neck for Nothing. With other Discoveries both in Church and State.

Writ by that PERSON OF HONOUR, that sent to Mr. John Dunton all those Jacobite Secrets that compos'd Neck or Nothing, and is now published as a KEY to that Narrative.

To these New Discoveries is added,
The Twentieth Edition of Neck or Nothing, (being grown so scarce as not to be Purchas'd in London) with such large Additions as Compleat the Secret (or Janus) Reign of Queen Robin, and of his Two Fellow Traitors Lord Bolingbroke, and Lady Abigail.

A L S O

Mordecai Kneeling at the King's Gate: or, Mr. John Dunton's Humble Petition to his Majesty's Royal Honour, Justice, Gratitude, and the rest of his Princely Virtues, that he might not be left to Starve in a Jail, for want of that Very Money which he freely Spent out of his own Pocket in detecting the Enemies to his Sacred Person and Family, in the worst of Times.

The whole Discoveries, Containing Bold but True English: Or, A Compleat Secret History of all Mr. John Dunton's Neck Adventures, in the Glorious Cause of Religion and Liberty; Humbly Submitted to the Consideration of the Right Honourable JAMES CRAGGS, Esq; one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

————— All may have
If the ~~Country~~ try, a Glorious Life, or Grave. ————— HERB.

London: Printed for the Author, and are to be Sold by S. Popping.

T H E

Earl of S—'s R E V E N G E :

O R,

The Secret Reasons, why the Author of Neck or Nothing, has gone Five Years unrewarded, for his Distinguished Services to his King and Country.

B E I N G

A Specimen of the Satyr Intituled Neck for Nothing, (which will be Publish'd in few Days, except Authority commands the contrary.)

Humbly Address'd to the Right Honourable

J A M E S C R A G G S, Esq;

One of his Majesties Principal Secretaries of State.

S I R,



ALTHOUGH I do Humbly acknowledge that it is too Great a Happiness for me to have the Honour and Advantage of Sheltering my self in these Neck-Adventures, under your Honour's Protection, yet I hope I may Presume upon another Favour from you by this Address; and that is, that your Honour would please to Interpret and Accept it, as an Instance both of mine, and the Kingdom's Grateful Acknowledgment of your Signal, and Great Services, to your Prince and Country; for which you are most deservedly made a Principal Secretary of State, and may you (Worthy Sir) be as easy under any New Honours, (as none can exceed your Merit) as you are to all the World in your Temper; and as your Noble Mind has Secur'd you from Mean and Narrow Prejudices; may your

your *Integrity* Protect you from unjust Malice; may your Endeavours for Settling the *Peace* and *Happiness* of your Country, be as Successful as your Love to it is *Sincere*, (I repeat it again *Sincere*) for I Humbly conceive, I can't describe your great Affection and Loyalty to the Present Constitution in Church and State, by a fitter Epithet; for *Sir*, 'tis most Apparent you have a Fine and Just Taste of Soul, and Depth of Judgment, which distinguishes you from the Vulgar, in every thing you Speak and Act: And consequently you may Justly Challenge a Glorious Character, from the very Mouth of Envy. And therefore hoping to find condescending Protection and Goodness, in a *Patriot* of your Illustrious Character, I am encouraged to give your *Honour* a Faithful Account of my Case and Sufferings, for the Good of my Country; and that not only as you are a Minister of State of distinguished Sense and Loyalty; but as your *Honour* has ever been a common Blessing to all his Majesties Subjects, and so *truly Generous*, that you have always Acted (since you have been in the Ministry) as if you thought the chief thing valuable in Greatness and Riches, is the Power they give to Succour and Relieve such *Honest Men*, as you find Distressed, for daring to call a *Spade*, a *Spade*. (*i. e.* That ventured both Life and Fortune in detecting his Majesties Enemies, in the worst of Times, and in the *Plainest English*) which I have often done, and will continue to do to my last Breath: For I am no *Party-Man*, (*alias Knave*) but love an *Honest Hannoverian* under any denomination, and for that reason I have now Published an Appeal to all the Protestants of *Great-Britain*, as to the Merits of my Publick Services, that I might prove to my Fellow-Subjects, but more especially to the Pretended Whigs now in the Ministry, that if *Avarice and Ingratitude be bad in a Tory*, 'tis so in a Whig.

And this leads me to inform your *Honour* that the following Sheets contain *Bold*, but *True English*. (*i. e.* A compleat Secret History of my *Neck-Adventures* in the Glorious Cause of *Religion* and *Liberty*.) Yet 'tis not without the Greatest Reluctancy, that I resolve to Publish 'em, or rather should have said, I am obliged to it, by the utmost Necessity. It may happen to many, as it

has done to the Reverend Mr. *William Bisset*, Colonel *Areskine*, and Mr. *George Ridpath*, to have their distinguished Services not Rewarded, (unless by a *Putent*, which still keeps Honest *Ridpath*, as Poor as it found him, except in his *Merit* and *Loyalty*, which no *Disappointment*, or *Malice*, can either lessen or hide.) But my *Case* is particular, who am Reduced to the unhappy Necessity of defending them; and for no other Reason, but my being so Faithful to my King and Country, as to set the Scandalous Pride, Avarice, and Ingratitude of the *Pretended Whigs* now in the Ministry, in a True Light, (as is shewn at large in the *Letter Intitled, Mordecai's Ramble to Court*, and in my *Humble Petition to his Majesty*) And is further proved in my *Satyr*, (call'd *Neck for Nothing*) now ready for the Press, and shall be Published in few Days, except your *Honour* (out of Respect to his Majesties Gracious Promise, "Of Rewarding those that distinguish themselves in his Service," or the Reputation of the Present Ministry) command me to *Burn the whole Impression*, and then I am sure all my Grievances will be Redrest, by such a *Royal Bounty*, as will make all my Creditors easy, and my self too. But except the Government prove thus *Just* and *Grateful* to my *Neck-Adventures*, to serve the Publick, I resolve to Publish my *Neck for Nothing*, in which I will present the World with a distinct Account of the Names, Secret Vices, and Characters, of every one of those Whig Dukes, Earls, Lords, and Baronets, that (like *M—*, *S—*, and *W—*) have Treated the *British Mordecai*, in this unjust and Barbarous manner.

Here with Poetick Vengeance I'll Pursue,
M—, S—, and Bob W—p—l—e too,
And all the rest of the ungrateful Crew.
For—Neck or Nothing—sav'd 'em in a Fright,
But—Neck for Nothing—is a perfect Bite,
Which all Detest, but the Whig Favourite.
Then without Fear, I'll shake the wholesome Rod,
And Tread the Paths that Tatling Richard Trod.

How did he Rail Apologize (a) and Kneel,
Until Plain Dick, arose Sir Richard S—
He ventur'd Wit, but neither Life nor Limb,
(For 'twas the Loyal Crisis Knighted him.)
I Risk'd my All, to serve Great-Britain's King,
(For no Reward, but Jails, or Hempen String.)
And now Court-Whigs shall find I have a Sting. }
Avarice, and Pride, I'll lash in ev'ry Shape, }
Ingratitude, I'll prove a sort of Rape, }
No Whig-Lord (without Merit) shall escape. }
Secure of Truth; I'll scorn each Threatning Word,
Proud S—'s Slanders, and the Bully's Sword.
I'll Swell with Spleen, and Burst with Furious Spight,
For that will more than Double my Delight.
Then most I'll Triumph, when I'm Rail'd at most,
For Satyr is, without Resentment lost. (b)

I could enlarge in these Just Complaints against the Pride
Avarice, and Ingratitude of M——, S——, W——,
and other Pretended Whigs now in the Ministry, but it
shall suffice at present that I inform your Honour, that
the Keeneſt Reflection in this *Address*, (or in the follow-
ing Sheets Intituled, *Bold but True English*, or the Secret
History of my Neck-Adventures) are but a ſort of Panegy-
rick, if compar'd with that *Cutting Satyr* the V—rious M—
and his Proud S—n in-L—w may expect in my *Neck for*
Nothing (or *Dying Groans from the Fleet Priſon*.) It (to
revenge my Expoſing their Scandalous Avarice and In-
gratitude) they either miſrepreſent my Caſe to the King,
or conceal from him my ſeveral Deſperate and Successful
Attempts in detecting his Jacobite Enemies. And (Sir,)
can I expect any better Treatment from the Covetous
M—— and Proud S—, when the firſt has called
me a *Mad Man*, (as I am inform'd by a Captain of great
Honour) and the other an *Impudent Fellow*, and for no
other reaſon but my being ſo *Truly Honelt*, as to call a
Spade, a Spade, (or in Plainer *English*, for my daring to
Speak the Truth of that Avarice and Ingratitude, I have
found in 'em, to my Great Diſappointment, if not to

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my

(a) Alluding to the Satyr Intituled, Mr. Steel's Apology for himſelf, and
his Writings. (b) See The Oxford Toaſts, a Satyr. p. 25.

my utter Ruin) but as a Just Vindication need never fear the worst that Revenge, or Malice, can do against it, I here declare to the V—rious M—— and all his Adherents, (from the Proud Earl of S—— down to the meanest Porter that Plyes at his *Graces* Palace) that I know not how to Flatter, or Fear any Man when my Cause is Just and Honourable; for when I first ventur'd *Neck, or Nothing*, in his Majesties Service, I voluntarily list'd my self under the Banner of *Plain English*; (or *Naked Truth*) and as I resolve Conscientiously to stick to it, I shall Fear no Colours, in the Discharge of my Duty under such a Bright and Victorious Commander; for if my *Satyrizing* the Avarice and Ingratitude of *Great Men*, should be call'd *Railing*, or *Impudence*, (if Speaking nothing but *the Naked Truth*, can deserve that *Billingsgate* Name) it ought in *Honour* and *Justice* to be forgiven. For if my daring to Speak the Truth of the Pride, Avarice, and Ingratitude of a Rich *Duke*, and a *Proud Earl*, be to abuse the Greatest Men in the Nation, (as the Earl of S—— says it is) or a Minister of State, shall have so little manners, or Goodness, as to call him an *Impudent Fellow*, that is thus *Honest*; 'tis such *Impudence* as I shall always Glory in, and (seeing the *Greatest* Men in the Nation make themselves the *Least* in it, when they are either Proud, Covetous, or ungrateful) shall be proved to be Matter of Fact in his Majesties Royal Presence, if I find it necessary to clear my *Modest Character* of S—— False Charge of *Impudence*. For to use the Words of Sir *Richard Steel*, (occasioned by his Expulsion from the *House of Commons*) 'A Good Name is as Dear to me, as it can be to the Duke of M—— or to the Earl of S——, or to the Greatest Men in the Kingdom. And whoever (like those Two Great Favourites) employs all his Artifices to make *Dunton* appear *Mad*, or *Impudent*, cannot be Angry with him, if he lays hold on what he thinks defective in their own Character and Behaviour, to expose it in the same manner.' But of all Men in the Kingdom, one would think this *Covetous Duke*, and *Proud Earl*, should have been the most Charitable and Generous, to the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, as they have themselves been as *Falsly* accused of *Bread Stealing*,

Stealing, and Sodomy, as Duntton have been of Lunacy and Impudence: But 'tho M—— and S—— are both wholly Innocent, as to this Black and Infamous Charge, yet I am ready to prove, in your Honour's Presence, (or before King and Council, if commanded) that they are Two Great Men of a Little Soul. And if I don't Prove 'em so, (by several Little, Mean, Narrow-Soul'd Actions, if they'l stand the Test) I'll consent to be Hanged at M——'s or S——'s Door, for a Fool, Knave and Madman (or Impudent Fellow, which is all Three in fewer Words.) Neither shall I omit to Present the World (in my Neck for Nothing) with the True Character of that Gaming and Scraping Dutchess, that has so Greatly distinguished her self, (at Tunbridge, Dullidge, and other Places) by her Notorious Pride, and Avarice: I confess this Charge looks Bold, and Daring, but I can prove by as many Thousand Persons, as are Impudent, (I mean Honest, enough to Speak the Truth, and Defend it, that M——'s Avarice, and S——'s Pride, have Tarnished their Illustrious Character, (I mean their Truly Honest, and Spotless Conduct, both in War, and at the Council-Board) and made them a National Jest.

And therefore as I ventured *Neck or Nothing* to detect the Treason, and Villany of Oxford and Bolingbroke, in the late Reign, so (if I must be Starved to Death in the Fleet Prison, to Gratifie the Revenge of a Covetous Duke, and a Proud Earl) I am resolved to run as many Desperate Hazards, to expose the *Pride, Avarice, and Ingratitude*, of a M——, a S——, and a W——, in this; for *Honesty's the best Policy*, and for that reason, I will never call *Black White*, (for the sake of a Place, or Pension:) a *Spade* with me is a *Spade*, whether I find it in the Hand of a Duke, an Earl, or a Beggar. And as I dare Appeal to your Honour, as to the Truth of this Assertion, no *Honest Man* will blame me for saying that *Avarice and Ingratitude*, are *Blacker Crimes* in a Whig than they are in a Tory, as the *Whigs* make Greater Pretensions to Piety, Honour, and Justice, than the *Tory's* do; (as is seen by their Steddy Adherence to the Protestant Succession in his Majesties Illustrious House) or if I must be called a *Mad, or Impudent Fellow*, (by the Earl of S——)

S——) for this Bold, though Necessary Attempt to Reform the Rich, or Proud Muck-worms, now in the Ministry. Our *Tory Enemies* will begin to think all Religion and Morals a Jest, and that he is the Greatest and best States man amongst the Whigs, that is most *Proud*, most *Covetous*, and most *Ungrateful*; and therefore as the Earl of S—— will find himself most Justly Gaul'd by this Reflection, no doubt but he will exert all that he knows of *Greatness*, in Insolence and Haughtiness, that the Author of this *Satyr*, may be for ever excluded from any share in his Majesties Royal Favour; for how far will not that *Courtiers Revenge* carry him, that calls my daring to Speak the Truth, an abuse to him. However as his Majesty has ever been a common Father to all his People, I shall Presume to Hope that *Storm* which is now falling upon me, meerly for doing my Duty to my King and Country, will be averted by his Majesties Royal Justice, and Honour, who is the only Person that can interpose in this Case, between an Innocent Man, and an offended Minister.

I confes to your *Honour* this is *Plain English*, but is such *Naked Truth*, as I must now Publith, or starve, as I can prove by as many Witnesses, as there are Grateful Subjects in *Great Britain*, and resolve to do so, if *Proud S——* (by growing still more *Revengeful*!) should force me to expose his *Pride* and *Ingratitude*, in a Bolder manner than I have yet done, for I will not be called an *Impudent Fellow*, (for only doing my Duty) without demanding full Satisfaction, though I Dye with a Sword, or Pen in *my Hand*. For though I am now in my Sixtieth Year, I will not turn my Back to the Greatest *Duke*, or *Earl* in the Kingdom, that Affronts, or Abuses me with the false Charge of *Lunacy*, or *Impudence*; for it only lyes on his side, that would conceal those Three Scandalous Vices of *Pride*, *Ingratitude*, and *Avarice*, (by wronging an Innocent Person. that has ventured his Life, and Spent almost his All in his Majesties Service) If he will give him but *Fair Play*, and if he do not, he is both *K——* and *C——rd*, or something worse: And though perhaps that Just Reflection may cost me my Life, as a *Victorious D——* and a *Revengeing Earl* are concerned in it if they Attack
me

me at Second Hand, which is the only Danger my daring to Speak the Truth of their Scandalous Avarice and Ingratitude has expos'd me to, for if they Treat me with that *Generosity* that Men of *True Courage* have always done, they may (*perhaps*) Pursue their Revenge till they are out of Breath; for I have as much Right to wear a Sword, as the Greatest Man in the Kingdom, (and never walk abroad without it) and for that reason (as a Just Cause is its own Protection) I fear no Man that Attacks me like a Gentleman, or Man of Honour, and I had much rather Dye (like a *Neck-Adventurer*) all at once, then be (*meanly*) Starving to Death several Years in the *Fleet-Prison*, by the Avarice and Ingratitude of the *Duke of M——* and *Earl of S——*, or any other *Great Little Man*, that will See and Reward Merit in none but their own Creatures. Which Partial, and Ungrateful Treatment of the *Pretended Whigs* now in the Ministry, has not only forced me to Print a Compleat Secret History of my *Neck Adventures*, to remind the *Real Whigs* of my former Services to the House of *Hannover*; but has made me Resolve to clear my self of *S——*'s undeserved Charge of *Impudence*, tho' it were at the Hazard of my Life, for 'tis a *Maxim* I have always Practiced. [Never to be the First Aggressor in any Quarrel] But as I never do any Wrong, so (like my Younger Brother Captain *Lake Dinton* who was Kill'd in a *Duel* in *Flanders*) I'll never receive any, without demanding full Satisfaction, or at least shewing my Just Resentment of the Injury I have received. For as in the late Reign, so in this, it was always *Neck or Nothing* with me in a *Just Cause*, and therefore if I must Fall a Sacrifice (to the Pride, and Avarice of the *Duke of M——* and *Earl of S——*) it shall be like *Sampson*. For

*He either Fears his Fate too much,
Or his Desert's but small;
That Dares not put it to the Touch,
To gain, or lose it all.*

And 'twas for that Reason I engaged in Writing a *Satyr upon the Pretended Court Whigs*, and Intitl'd it, *Neck for*

for Nothing. And to use an Expression of Sir Richard Steel (in his *Apology for himself and his Writings*) ‘ Let every Loyal Subject lay his Hand upon his Heart and ask himself, whether ’tis possible for a Man of *any Spirit*, to be so Barbarously Treated as to be call’d an *Impudent Fellow*, for only saying his *Publick Services* have gone *Five Years* unrewarded, through the Avarice, and Ingratitude of some *Whigs* at Court, without giving some Loose to his Resentments ;” for ‘ Tread on a Worm and he’ll turn again ; and for my own share, whoever shall Blame me for this *First Satyr* upon that *Base and ungenerous Treatment* I have had from the Duke of M—— and Earl of S———, (and other Pretended Whigs now in the Ministry) I shall always call such a *Narrow Soul’d Critick*, both *Knave* and *Coward*: For sure I am, there is never a Man in the whole Kingdom : from the Prince on the Throne, to the *Meanest Subject* in all his Dominions: but if he were as ungratefully Pinched as I am, but would cry out as *Loud* as either my self, or the Reverend Author of *Mordecai’s Memorial* has done for me ; of which we have a Notorious Instance in Sir Richard Steel, who was no sooner Ill Treated by the Tory Ministry, but he *Tattled* (a) much Louder against that *Impudent* usage he had from them (in that Satyr he calls *an Apology himself and his Writings*) than I have have yet done against the Avarice and Ingratitude of the Court Whigs. But Sir Richard Steel is not the only *Patriot* that Heinously Resents the not Rewarding National Services ; for I shall Presume to ask your *Honour*, how long did the Lord *Haver—m* Speech it in the House of Peers, with an Eye to that Royal Reward that his Lordship thought he had deserv’d for his Distinguished Services to King *William* and of late how did *Bob Husb* Recant all those Whiggish Principles which had Justly Rais’d him to be *First L— of the T——y*. He Turn’d his Coat, even in the Parliament House, and did as ’twere *Wrangle* there with all those Excellent Speeches that were made in the House of

Commons

(a) Alluding to a Weekly Paper Written by Sir Richard Steel, Intituled *THE TATLER*.

Commons ; (by your *Honour*, and other Faithful Patriots now in the Ministry) and for no other Reason but his having his Wings clipt (by the best of Kings) in his *Ambitious and Covetous Flight*, to Honour and Riches. (for 'tis certain *Reversion W—l—p—l—e* never Reward-ed the Greatest Merit, that had not *Money* to Purchase his Favour.) Whereas should my *Distinguish'd Services to my King and Country*, be never Rewarded, it shall never *Cool* my Affection to either, or prevent the utmost Service I can do for both, (of which my *Manifesto* against the Pretender, and *Satirical Answer* to all the Treasonable Poems, which are *Private*ly disperst, to Prove him our *Rightful Monarch*, Intitled, *Neck or Nothing in Verse*, (a) is a New, and undeniable Proof.) So that 'tis plain I have Ruin'd my self, to save my Country, and for no other Reward, as yet, but the Satisfaction of having done my Duty to (King *G E O R G E*) my Rightful, and ever Glorious Sovereign ; and therefore (*Sir*,) 'tis the Opinion of some of his Majesties best Friends, that did your *Honour* (or any of those Generous and Faithful Patriots, that now Surround the Throne) but know what several Eminent *Clergymen*, as well as my Fellow *Citizens*, say of my venturing *Neck for Nothing* to Serve the Publick, they would not Sleep 'till they inform his Majesty, that I have been several Weeks confin'd to my Lodging for Fear of being Arrested for Debts contracted in the Service of my King and Country, tho' the *Small Sum* of *Fifteen Hundred Pounds* (I call it *Small* if compared with my Desperate, Expensive, and Successful Hazards in detecting his Majesties Enemies) would Pay all my Debts, and clear my whole Estate from Incumbrance, which I have just Reason to expect from *the Present Ministry* ; for if this *Fifteen Hundred Pounds* was Paid out of the *Treasury*, it would not be a Farthing a Man, to those many Thousand Loyal Subjects, that would rather give *Ten Guineas* a Piece, than either the *King*, or a *Whig-Ministry*, should

(a) Note these Two Essays Intitled, —Dunton's Manifesto against the Pretender.—And—Neck or Nothing in Verse—will be Published about a Week hence, by S. Popping in Paternoster-Row.

should be any longer call'd *Ungrateful* on my Account. And therefore as Half-Payments would not keep me out of a *Fail*, 'twas Judged necessary that your *Honour* should be Inform'd, that the *Small* Sum of Fifteen Hundred Pounds would compleat this Deliverance; and I greatly fear your *Honour* will find that to delay any longer the Rewarding my *Neck-Adventures* to Secure the Protestant Succession (as 'tis universally known that my Spending almost my *All* in that Glorious Cause, has kept me in a Starving Condition for Five Years) will not only be a Manifest Breach of his Majesties Royal Promise of Rewarding all such as Distinguish themselves in his Service, but will be a *Future Discouragement* to other Loyal Subjects to venture their Lives and Fortunes against the Pretender, and that too at a Time when the *King* will have Occasion for more *Neck-Adventurers*, (than *John Dunton*) if that *Popish* Impostor should Succeed in his intended Rebellion.

Sir,—If there be one *Duke*, or *Earl*, now in *England*, that has Treated the Author of *Neck or Nothing* in this *Proud*, *Covetous*, or *Ungrateful* Manner, he will be apt to say, *I am not Named*, yet I know *I am the Man*. But if he be not *Touch'd upon a Sore Place*, (since he is not named) *He will not kick*, and I believe your *Honour* will be of the same Opinion; for *Touch a Gaul'd Horse on the Back*, and *he will presently Wince*; which Bold Attempt (of Daring to Speak the *Truth* of that *Avarice*, and *Ingratitude* which I have found my self, in some Pretended Whigs now in the Ministry, whose Spotless Honour and Justice I defended in the worst of Times, in *several Pages* of my *Neck or Nothing*) is all the *Impudence* the *Duke* of *M*— or *Earl* of *S*——, or all the *Dukes* and *Earls* in the Kingdom, can Charge me with, if they'l do me but common Justice. But whether they will or not, 'tis my Happiness I live in a Reign in which I can Act with the same Safety in Vindicating, as the *Earl* of *S*—— doe in Attacking the Reputation of an Innocent Person, who is unblemish'd every where but in his Mouth. For I am told (by a *French* Minister) 'tis only this *Proud Earl* that Stabs my Reputation with *Impudent* (for such are all undeserv'd) *Reflections*, which he gives me for no other Reason

Reason, but to *Revenge* my Daring to expose *M——'s Avarice*, and his own *Pride*, with that Contempt and Abhorrence, that such Beggerly Vices deserves. 'Twas said of Arch-bishop *Cranmer*, "Do my Lord of Canter-
"bury an Ill turn, and he'l be sure to be your Friend ever
"after." So Generous was he, and Ready to forgive an Injury; then how very Gratefull would this Good Bishop have been for Bold Truths (such as your Honour will find in the following Sheets) that corrected a Mistake, or Error either in his *Life* or *Practice*; but instead of my meeting with such Generous Treatment as this, from the Earl of S——, or any of those *Court-Whigs*, who formerly call'd me, *The Patriot of Great-Britain*, whilst I was venturing my Neck to Secure to them their Religion, Lives and Estates, they now Attempt to Ruin me for saving my Country from it, (and for no other Reason but to excuse their Scandalous Avarice and Ingratitude to the Author of *Neck or Nothing*) as is fully Prov'd in the Ten following Essays Inscrib'd to your Honour, but more especially in that Intituled, *National Thanks, or the Grateful Sense of the whole Kingdom, upon Mr. John Dunton's Neck-Adventures to serve the Publick*. But tho' by these Desperate, and Expensive Hazards, to Secure the Protestant Succession, I am stript so *Stark Naked*, as to have nothing left me that I can call my own, but the Naked Truth, and the Goodness of my Cause: (having *Mortgaged* my whole Estate for the Money I Spent in the Service of my King and Country) Yet *Magna est Veritas & Prevalebit*, and if I must fall (through the Avarice and Ingratitude of those *Court-Whigs*, that owe their Lives and Fortunes to my Neck-Adventures to Serve the Publick) I resolve to fall like *Sampson*, of whom 'tis said in *Sacred Writ*, That the Dead which he Slew at his Death, were more then they which he Slew in his Life. (a) But I shall say the less to your Honour upon this Occasion, for if the Matters of Fact, as they are discovered in the following Sheets, do not carry Conviction with them, I have little to expect, and I only venture to Publish them because

(a) Judges 16. 30.

Notorious Truths must Prevail at this Time in my Favour, or I must for ever *Despair*; and no worse can be procured me by those I may displease, than *Starving*, which is almost my present Condition.

Whether I deserve the ungrateful usage I have met with from the Pretended Whigs now in the Ministry, and whether such kind of Services as mine, were ever neglected in any other Age, I must leave to your *Honour's* Judgment, upon Reading those Essays Intituled — *Neck or Nothing*. — *Queen Robin*. — *Mordecai's Memorial*. — And — *The State Weathercocks*, &c. Writ by that *Person of Honour*, that sent me all those Jacobite-Secrets that compos'd *Neck or Nothing*, and is now Published both as a *Key* to that Narrative. and to set my Successful Attempts to Secure the Protestant Succession in a better *Light* than they have been yet Published, either by my Friends or Enemies, and for that Reason are most Humbly Inscrib'd to a *Principal Secretary of State*, as the best Judge what Discoveries (either in Church or State) have been of Real Service to the Crown; and if your *Honour* think mine to be such (as the whole Nation declares they are) I don't fear meeting with such a *Royal Reward* as will Pay all my Debts, and make my Future Life a little Easy and Comfortable. If a sincere Affection, and Loyalty to the House of *Hannover*, (without any Respect to Worldly Interest) can Merit a Distinguishing Mark of his Majesties Favour, for I can with Truth affirm, I had no Rewards in View when I ventur'd my Life, and Incumbred my Fortune to serve my King and Country, by making those Bold Discoveries, I Intitule *Neck or Nothing*, tho' now I will not be so Falle to say I do not think I have deserved 'em, for I shall Presume to ask your *Honour*, whether *Mordecai* did not deserve the Noble Reward *Ahasuerus* gave him? And the Reverent and Disinterested Author of *Mordecai's Memorial*, has largely Prov'd that the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, is a Parallel Instance to the *Person Mordecai*, for his Distinguished (tho' as yet unrewarded) Services in detecting the Jacobite-Plots against his Majesty's Royal Person, and Family, both in the Late and Present Reign.

I shan't need to Trouble your Honour with any more Instances of Royal Favour to such that (like the *British*, and *Perſian Mordecai*) have ventur'd their *All* to ſerve the Publick, for the *Real Services* I have done my King and Country, is become ſuch a *Vox Populi*, and are ſo Generally and Publickly acknowledg'd to be Expensive, Hazardous, and Succeſſfull, that 'twas not doubted whenever his Majesty came to the Crown, (by whom all Good Men expected the Revival of a Golden Age) but the Early Diſcovery I made (a) of *Oxford's* and *Bolingbroke's Scheme* to Reſtore the Pretender, would be Nobly Rewarded; which ſufficiently ſhews, what *Good Opinion* the Subjects of *Great-Britain* had of my Publick Services, and of the Hazards I run of my Life and Fortune, to ſerve his Majesty, which I did in ſo Zealous, and Faithful a manner, that when my Lord *Bolingbroke* was in Search for me, tho' I was adviſed to fly to *Hannover*, to Secure my Perſon, and to ſeek Rewards for the Love I had ſhewn to that Illuſtrious Houſe, by venturing *Neck or Nothing* to Serve it, and could have had Recommenda-tory Letters from my Lord *Wharton*, and the Biſhop of *Salisbury*, for that purpoſe; yet I ſo much Scorn'd to diſ-grace, or betray a juſt Cauſe by Flight, that I was ſeen every Day at *Stumpner's Coffee-Houſe* in the *Minorities*, in the very Height of my Danger from the late Miniſtry. And at that very Time (as a farther Proof of my Great Love to my Native Country) I Published a *Private Letter* to *Queen Anne* (Incerted in the following Sheets) which I Intituled, *Whig-Loyalty, or an Humble Addreſs to her Ma-jesty*; in which I offer'd to appear and Prove all my *Discove-ries*, and ſeveral others of great Moment to the *Queen and Kingdom*, if her Majesty would be pleas'd to grant her *Roy-al Protection* to my ſelf and *Witnesses*.

Which *Addreſs* to the *Queen*, and not flying to *Han-nover*, when I was *threatned with Death* if I ſtaid in *Eng-land*, ſome have complemented me, ſo far as to ſay, *Crown'd all the the reſt of my Publick Services*.

And

(a) In my *Essay Intitled, Neck or Nothing*.

And therefore my Humble Request to your *Honour* is, that you would be Pleas'd to consider whether my Services deserve Reward and Countenance, or Starving and Disgrace: Which I willingly Submit to your *Honour's* Determination for as the Lord G ——— *phin* said of an Honest Gentleman, (that had Discovered such Bold Truths, as some *Court-Misers* could not digest) *That he ought to be either Hang'd or Rewarded for his Plain Dealing.* If this *Neck-Adventurer* deserv'd to be *Rewarded*, for that *Bold English* with which he Satariz'd some *Great Men* then in the Ministry; he could not deserve to be *Hang'd* for it; which *Case* of this complaining Gentleman being the same with mine, I hope your *Honour* will Pronounce a *Sentence of Life or Death* upon the Author of *Neck or Nothing*; for I have heard so much of your *Truly Generous, and Faithful Character*, that I do not doubt but your *Honour* will do me Justice when their is Occasion, since Truth (the Pronouncing of which is neither *Treason* nor *Scan—Mag—*) is all I ask, and if Honour and Truth be found in a Humane Breast, I'm sure 'tis in those Noble Patriots, *Stanbope, Parker, King, Letchmere, Hampden, and Craggs*; and therefore 'tis with the Profoundest Respect, I beg leave to lay my *Neck-Adventures* at your *Honour's* Feet, as they come from a Heart entirely Devoted to the most Glorious Prince, whose *Minister* you are, and do so Faithfully Serve, and for whose Interest my Bold, but True English appears, at the Hazard of all that's Dear to Mankind (*viz. Liberty*) and therefore I am not Insensible of the Fate I must expect, if it is not sufficiently manifest, (by the following Discoveries) that I deserve your *Honour's* Favour and Protection.

But (*Sir,*) I fear I shall tyre you with my Just Complaints against the *Avarice*, and *Ingratitude*, of the Pretended Whigs now in the Ministry, but as your *Generous Temper* sets you above all Little, Mean, Ungrateful Actions, I shall Presume on your *Honour's* Pardon, both for the Tedioufness of this Address, and for the Severest Reflection that is to be found in it; for this *Appeal to my Fellow Subject* (as to the Merit of my Publick Services) is my *Last Shift*, to prevent my being Bury'd alive, (that's Starv'd to Death) in the *Fleet-Prison*, by the Earl
of

The Earl of S—'s Revenge, or a Specimen of xvii
of S——'s *Revenge*, for that's the Secret Reason why my *Neck-Adventures* to Serve the Publick, have gone *Five Years* unrewarded, and is here Published as a *Specimen of my Satyr Intituled, Neck for Nothing*, which I Inscribe to those *Grateful Subjects* that Heinously Resent my being left to Starve in a *Fail*, through the *Avarice*, and *Ingratitude* of those *Whig-Statesmen*, whose Lives and Fortunes I sav'd at my own Expence; and therefore the *Proud S——*, and other Court-Whigs. (who would neither call me *Mad*, or *Impudent*, did they consider how often their own Innocence has been Slander'd by *Sodomites, Tory-Priests, and Perjur'd Scoundrels*) will do well to Remember, that a *Whiggish* (or *True English*) *Parliament* is now Assembled; for tho' *M——*, *S——*, *W——* are above my Satyr, yet they are not above having their Scandalous *Avarice* expos'd, and Prov'd by *Reverend Clergymen, Eminent Citizens, and other Credible Witnesses*; if I am forc'd to complain (to our *Faithful Representatives* now sitting at *Westminster*) of their *Ingratitude* to the Author of *Neck or Nothing*; so that I have nothing to fear either from the Greatness or Power of my Court Enemies, or from their High Titles (as *Dukes, Earls, Lords, or Baronets*) — For,

*The Nobleman, why he's a Thing,
That's next in Honour to a King,
But if his Lordship's Knave, or Fool,
(Or Miser that does Scrape by Rule)
At best he's but a Noble Tool.
Either to work with, or be wrought on,
As Odd a Thing as can be Thought on;
What signifies an Empty Word?
His Grace, bis Highness, or my Lord,
Saving your Presence not a T——
'Tis Vertue Stamps his Character,
And adds a Lustre to his Star;
The Lord is he; that has a Soul,
That's Great in Bounty, gives in Gold,
But he that Hoards is Knave, or Fool;
And if he's Proud (tho' Lord before)
It makes him Belzeebub all o're,*

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Pride lessens ev'n Majesty,
 'Tis being Humble makes us High.
 For Great Descent is all a Cheat,
 'Tis only Vertue makes us Great.
 The Miser's Poor, tho' Rich in Oar,
 Contented Men are never Poor,
 Then he's the Lord, that does desire no more.

Thus your Honour sees I Write *Neck or Nothing*, either for or against the *Tory*, or *Whig-Lords*, as I find either side Guilty, or Innocent; for (as I said before) I am neither a Party Man, nor Govern'd by Self-Interest, but Write to defend Truth, and expose Vice (but more especially Avarice, and Ingratitude, both which I equally despise and abhor from my very Soul) wherever I find it, tho' it be in the Greatest Duke or Earl in the Kingdom.

And therefore Honour and Riches are so little valued by me, when they are not *Innobled* with True Piety and Learning, I should think it a Scandal to be call'd the Friend of a Duke, or Lord, were he a Fool or Miser, 'till he was Humble enough to confess, that his Ignorance and Avarice had made him more my Inferiour, than his Riches and High Titles had set him above me; neither can any Man think me Proud or Contented for Speaking thus; for it must be own'd, (to the Honour of Learning) every Fool can put the Sweat of his Tenants in his Pocket, but he's the Darling of Fortune that carries his Estate in his Brains; and therefore for a Man to Spend his Life in Pursuit of a Title (or Great Estate) that serves only when he dyes to furnish out an Epitah, is below a Man as a Scholar, and much more as a Christian: 'Tis not Honour or Riches, but Piety and Learning that *Innobles* the Mind, and makes a Man Truly Great. The Soul when the Body dyes carries nothing with it but Vertue and Learning, Bishop Bancroft Master of University College, and Lord Bishop of Oxford died suddenly, and a little before his Death wou'd say, "Oh how Infinitely Greater is the Comfort of being Good, than of being Great! What I gave away I have, and what I have I shall lose: Mark the Perfect Man, and behold the Upright, for the End of that Man is Peace.

I.

Sure there's some wondrous Joy in doing Good
 Immortal Joy! that suffers no Allay from Fears;
 Nor dreads the Tyranny of Years:
 By none but its Possessors to be understood;
 Else where's the Gain in being Great,
 Kings would indeed be Victims of the State;
 What can the Poets humble Praise,
 What can the Poets humble Bays,
 (We Poets oft our Bays allow,
 Transplanted to the Hero's Brow)
 Add to the Victor's Happiness?
 What do the Scepter, Crowns and Ball,

Rattles for Infant Royalty to play withal,
But serve to adorn the Baby-Dress
Of one poor Coronation-Day,
To make the Pageant Gay :
A Three Hours Scene of Empty Pride,
And then the Toys are thrown aside.

II.

But the Delight of doing Good
Is fix'd like Face among the Stars,
And Deity'd in Verse :
'Tis the best Gem in Royalty ;
The great Distinguisher of Blood ;
Parent of Valour, and of Fame ;
Which makes a Godhead of a Name,
And is Co-temporary to Eternity ;
This made the Antient Romans to afford
To *Valour* and to *Vertue* the same Word ;
To shew the Paths of both must be together trod,
Before the *Hero* can commence a *God*.

III.

For *Crowns* and *Scepters* scarce deserve a Name,
Vain Breath is all Imperial Fame ;
Vertue alone's the fairest Gem,
Vertue crowns the Diadem ;
That Vertue which in *George* has took her Seat ;
Immoderately bright, immoderately Great
'Tis from the Pious Life of such a King,
The *Golden Age* must spring.
For can we think the Pamp'rd Priests of *Beal*
Should save Religion that have none at all :
No ! 'Tis from Heaven and Royal *George*, that all our Blessings fall.

For my own Part tho' I ought to cry out with the *Pubucan*, *Lord be Merciful to me a Sinner!* (and have nothing to boast of, above the Gross and common Works of Nature) yet I hope I may without Vanity say, I desire a Good Estate for no other Reason but—To Pay all my Debts—To Requite those Winter Friends that never Deserted me in any Difficulty—To compleat my Phoenix Library (a)—To Purchase the common Necessaries of Life—And—To be very kind to the Poor, and all Men in Distress, be they of what Party they will—For as I had the Honour to be the Eldest Son of a very Pious, Learned, and Moderate Diviue of the Church of *England*, (*viz.* Mr. *John Duntun* late Rector of *Aston Clinton* in *Bucks*) and to be Son in-Law to that Famous Dissente
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(a) Or Collection of Scarce and Valuable Books to be found only in the Closets of the Curious.

ing Minister Dr. *Samuel Annesley* (formerly Minister of *Cripplegate*, and most deservedly valued for his great Piety, Learning and Charity) I shall ever have a most Sincere Love and Compassion for all True Protestants of any denomination, provided they are Hearty Lovers of King George, and their Native Country. That truly Charitable and Immortal Prelate Arch-Bishop *Tillotson* declared in the *Royal Chappel*, " *That we agree in every Thing, and Quarrel about Nothing* " And that Eminent Dissenting Minister Dr. *Williams* would often say, *He Judg'd of all Mens Religion by their charity*; and for that Reason I shall think my Tender Respect for Protestants of all Denominations, is the best Proof in the World of my being a *Real* : *big*, and true *Churchman*, for all such are not only avow'd Enemies to *Popery*, *Jacobitism*, and *Persecution*, but as cordially Love all such that only differ from 'em in *Indifferent Things*, as they do those of their own Church, which King *William* (of ever Glorious Memory) did in that Distinguisht Manner that he declared on his Death-bed, *He Dyed a Christian of a Comprehensive Charity.* (†)

So that I have fairly Prov'd to your Honour, he only is the Greatest Man in the Kingdom (were he never so Poor in the World) that is most *Pious*, most *Learned*, and most *Charitable*, and not he (which S — calls the Greatest Man) that is only Dignified with the Highest Titles, and Greatest Riches; if he has nothing to recommend him (besides his Honour and Wealth) but a Little, Poor, Stingy, Covetous, Ungrateful Spirit; and for that Reason the conversing with Pious and Learned Men, (or their Works) is a sort of Heaven upon Earth to me, I had rather Peruse the Writings of a Poor *Cowley*, a Starving *Herbert*, or the Imprison'd *Tate*, ([a] Author of that Pious Project Intituled, *The Monitor*) than be carest'd by the Greatest Duke or Earl in the Kingdom (if he be but a Vain Empty Bubble of Quality) for by the *Men of Sense*, I can Improve my Better Part, and shall always find something *New*, and Instructive, but what is to be Learnt by conversing with a Half-witted Lord, or Gay Lady, but a little *Pride*, and *Vanity*: For my own share I Perfectly despise the *Top* or *Beau* (be it a *He*, or *She*,) that has nothing to recommend 'em but the Honour of being — a Duke, an Earl, or a Countess — And for the Proud City Madam, (with but One Coach, and scarce a Lacquey) She is not worth my Notice, nor indeed the others, when they have no other Greatness to adorn their Character, but *High Titles* or a Splendid out-side; and therefore if Rich Men, would be thought (what S — calls 'em) *The Greatest Men of the Nation*, they must be more Pious, more Learned, and more Generous than Poorer Persons, or else the Men in a low Condition, will have just Reason to say,

I.

'Tho little Trees do in a Valley grow,
Shadow'd by others of a Greater Height
Whose Spreading Branches cover all below,
Hiding those Little Cyons out of Sight,
Yet Plant those Cyons in a Soyl more Free
Each Little Shrub, will Grow a Lofty Tree.

All

See this Mark (†) at the End of this Book, for several Lines omitted, which should come in after the Word Charity.

[a] Mr. Tate late Poet-Laureat, is here meant.

2.

All Men one Mother have, and that's the Earth,
 Nature to all Mankind this Priviledge gave,
 She makes no Man Superiour in his Birth,
 Nor does *Death* make a Difference in the Grave,
 But Fortunes Darlings Smaller Shrubs do Sway
 Which *Bodies* have, and *Souls* as Good as they.

Neither do the High Titles or Riches of the Greatest Men in the Nation (the King, and Royal Family only excepted) set 'em above the Resentments of a *House of Commons*, (the most Loyal, Generous and Impartial, that ever sat in the British Dominions) who as they Represent all the Subjects of *Great-Britain*, could not be Faithful to that Great Trust that the whole Nation has Repos'd in 'em, did they either discourage a *Neck-Adventurer* in his Majesty's Service, or Suffer any *Court* (or Pretended) *Whig* to continue in any Place of Profit, or Trust, but such that are *True* (i. e. Generous) *Patriots*, and would not Rise to Honour or Riches, but only to serve the Publick, as was lately seen in the *Glorious Irish Parliament*, who Greatly distinguish'd (by *Noble Rewards*) all those that Distinguish'd themselves in his Majesty's Service in that Country; and I have Reason to Hope that 'tho I had not Happiness to be Born in the Grateful Country of *Ireland*, yet that the Parliament of that Kingdom will (in a proper Season) Remember the seasonable Discoveries which I made to it in the late Reign I being assur'd by that Person of Honour from whom I receiv'd all those *Secret Memoirs* that furnish'd out *Neck or Nothing*, that the Early Discoveries that *Narrative* made of the Inlitting Men in *Ireland* for the Pretenders Service, was that which first put the *Irish Parliament* upon Inspecting that *Jacobite Plot*, and wholly defeated it. But whilst *the Grass Grows the Steed Starves*, for as yet I have Received no other Reward for this Distinguished Service to the House of *Hannover*, but the *Bare Satisfaction* of having done my Duty to my King and Country.

Sir,—It is with Extreme Reluctance that I force my self to give your *Honour* this Satirical Account of my Case and Sufferings, “ But (to use the Words of the Bishop of *Bangor* (a) to the Bishop of *Exeter*) “ the Love of Truth, which ought to be above all Humane Considerations, will I hope Plead my Excuse for the Great Presumption of this “ Address; for the Boldest Reflection that is to be found in it, upon *M—'s* Avarice, or *S—'s* Revenge can be no wonder to those who know (what the Pious *Bangor* further affirms to the Bishop of *Exeter*) “ That Truth fears not the Light, (i. e.) that the Darkness of every Falshood will Presently vanish when the Light of Truth is brought “ near it;) and I Solemly declare to your *Honour* this Specimen of *Neck for Nothing*, creeps into the World with no other Intention than to do its Author *Justice*, for as the ingenious *Dr. Browne* well observes, (b) *Justice is a Duty all Men are allowed to Pay to themselves in the first Place, neither is it any Breach of Modesty for a Man to commend himself, when his Honest Character is Misrepresented, or he is call'd an Impudent Fellow for Scorning to Flatter Great Men in their Vices.* And therefore as I have kept strictly to Truth in this Address to your *Honour*; (and in the whole

b 3

Secret

(a) In his Famous Treatise Intituled, Some Considerations, &c.

(b) In his Letter to the Lord H—ly.

Secret History of my *Neck-Adventures*) I leave the World to Judge as Candidly of the Earl of S ———'s *Revenge*, (and of my Just Resentments of his Proud and Ungrateful Treatment) as the *Notorious Wrong* he has done to my Plain Dealing will give leave; for (as Dr. *Browne* further says of himself) *I ought to value my self upon such Honest Plainness and Freedom as this; for no Just Person will understand Words in a Harsher Meaning than the Natural Sense of them will bear, or if a Good Intention will not Plead for me, I must hide my Fault under the Dulness of my Apprehension*: But I hope it is not in the Power of the Duke of M ———, or Earl of S ——— to wrest Words to what Sense will best fit their purpose, seeing all Impartial Readers will take 'em in their Litteral Sense and Meaning, for else the Laws of *England* are made to little purpose, and we shall never know when we Transgress, or when we Act consonant to them; nay at this Rate we shall Boast of *English Liberty* so long, 'till some People turn the Words Ironically upon us, and tell us, their is nothing meant by it, but *Whiggish Avarice*, or *Despotick Power*. However I Appeal to all Mankind that know me, whether the Liberty of my Pen, (either in this *Address* to your Honour, or in the following Sheets) has exceeded that of my *Mind*, which the Power of a Secretary of State cannot confine, tho' he unjustly does that of my Body, if he makes me a Prisoner only for Speaking of *True English*, but I fear no such Illegal Treatment as this, from a *Patriot* of your Honour's Generous, and Faithful Character seeing what I here say of the Avarice, and Ingratitude of the Duke of M ——— and Earl of S ——— before their Face, is what all the Honest and Grateful Subjects of *Great-Britain* say behind their Back, or if their be any Transgression in that *Bold English*, in which I have discover'd to your Honour my Case and Sufferings, I must confess I cannot yet see it, for is their any Covetous or Ungrateful Whigs now in the Ministry Scandaliz'd or Reproach'd in this *Address*? He that thinks they are, makes the Reproach for me, for I see no Reflection given them either in this Specimen of my *Neck for Nothing*, or in the whole Secret History of my *Neck-Adventures* but what (if your Honour command me to wait upon you) I'll Prove they deserve for Concealing or Misrepresenting my Publick Services, by saying the Person that does 'em is a *Madman* or *Impudent Fellow*.

Well *Lord* have Mercy upon us all! for *Astrea* is fled to Heaven, and whoever hears of this Great Ingratitude of the Pretended Whigs now in the Ministry, to the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, who (*Freely*) ventur'd his *All* to serve the Publick, and compares it with his Early, Bold and Successful Discovery of *Oxford's* and *Bolingbroke's* Plot to defeat the Protestant Succession, (which has Secur'd to 'em their Religion, Lives, and Estates) will be apt to say that no such thing was ever yet shewn to an Honest Man in Distress as Honour, Justice, Gratitude, or True Friendship.

But tho' *Pretended Whigs* (or State-Weathercocks) that have done little or nothing to set the Crown on his Majestys Head (by having Friends a Court, or Money to Purchase 'em) have been advanc'd to considerable Places, or Pensions, whilst *John Dunton*, that was Purju'd by *Six Warrant* for detecting the Scheme of the late Ministry to Restore the Pretender

(a) In his Letter to Mr. Secretary Harley, occasioned by his sending him Newgate for Writing a Paper Intituled, The Country Parsons Advice.

and has (almost) Spent his *All* in his Majesty's Service, is left to Starve in a Jail, Yet as the King knows nothing of this Ingratitude in his *Whig-Favourites*, I hope this Distinguished *Merit*, (for detecting his Majesty's Enemies) will not be always Treated as a *Popish Doctrine* in a *Protestant Court*; for as my venture of *Neck or Nothing* in *Prose*, made such Early and Bold Discoveries of *Oxford's* and *Bolingbroke's* Treason, as no Man, save my self, was Intrusted with, or had Courage enough to Publish, whilst the Traytors Accus'd Govern'd the Nation, and Defeated several Jacobite Plots in *Great-Britain*, and *Ireland*, that were just taking Effect) so I hope that venture of *Neck or Nothing* in *Verse*, which I am now preparing for the Press (as it contains Satirical Answers to all the Treasonable Poems that have been Privately Dispers'd throughout the *British* Dominions in favour of the Pretender) will not be less Successful and Meritorious in opening the Eyes of those Blind, and Deluded Wretches we call *Jacobites*) then my former Distinguish'd Services to the House of *Hannover*, which have gone five Years unrewarded, through the Avarice and Ingratitude of the Pretended Whigs now in the Ministry, but more especially to Gratifie the Earl of S—'s Revenge.

Sir,—What hard Treatment is this to be Starv'd by the Whigs, and Hang'd by the Tories! especially considering the *last* have Promis'd me the Honour of *Knighthood* and Great Riches, to support the Title (as my Worthy Friend Mr. *Funter* of Wapping, is able to Testifie) if I'll Recant of proving the Pretender a *Popish* Impostor, and all his Adherents Fools and Knaves, (in my Essay Intituled, *The Hereditary Bastard, or Royal Intrigue of the Warming Pan*) but I Despise turning my Coat for Interest; and therefore not being able to Govern Events, I endeavour to Govern my self, and had much rather Starve in the *Fleet-Prison*, with these Words writ on my Forehead,—Pray Remember the *British* *Mordecai*, (a Poor but Real Whig) that has Ruin'd himself to save his Country—— Then to have it said,—There goes a Rich Tory Knight, (alias Knave) that to make himself Rich and Great, has ventur'd Neck or Nothing to Restore a *Popish* Pretender, and with him the Devil and all his Works; which proves (to your Honour) that the Height of my Ambition, is only to be out of Debt, and to enjoy such an Annual Pension, as may deliver me from those Pinching Difficulties under which I am now Groaning, and which were so Afflicting to Dr. *Oates*, that upon his complaining to King *Charles* the Second of the Ingratitude he met with from his Tory-Ministers, that Generous Prince, not only gave him Two Thousand Guineas to Pay his Debts, but a Pension of Five Hundred Pounds a Year for Life.

But (Sir) whatever my Fate be, (whether a Royal Bounty to pay my Debts, or to be Starv'd in the *Fleet-Prison*, for my Faithful Service to my King and Country,) it shall be my constant Prayer to my last Breath, that your Honour may Daily encrease in Merit and Riches, 'till you are as Happy as a Grateful Prince can make you, or at least, 'till your Estate is as Great as your Inclination to make it a common Blessing to Mankind.

Sir,—'Tis this Distinguish'd Goodness, that proves you a *Real Whig*, (i. e. a Truly Generous and Faithful Patriot) and renders your other *Virtues* the more Illustrious, amongst which (Sir) 'tis not the least that you have the Glory to be Truly Loyal, as well as adorn'd with those Excellent Principles, which render *Quality* so Absolutely worth that Veneration which is Paid to it, 'tis that *Merit*, and not the *Title*, that makes it

truly

truly Great; *Grandeur* in any others serves but to Point 'em out more particularly to the World, and shew their *Faults* with the greater Magnitude; or at least it renders 'em more liable to that *Contempt* and *Shame*, which Justly Pursues *Pride*, *Avarice*, and *Ingratitude*, (Three Vices to which your *Honour* is wholly a Stranger) for 'tis Universally acknowledg'd by all your Friends, as well as by your very Enemies, (if you have any) that there is found such a Noble *Honesty* in your Nature, and *Generosity* in your Soul, as was never exceeded (or perhaps equalled) by any *Statesman* in your High and Honourable Post.

Then go on (Worthy Sir) and Prosper in all your Noble undertakings, 'till full of Age and Honour, you Receive Immortal Rewards for your Immortal Services to your King and Country; and when you leave this World for a better, may your Name and Memory be as Dear to all *British Protestants*, as 'twill ever be to *John Dunton*, for I doubt not but your Great Generosity, Justice and Goodness to me (under my present Sufferings for the Good of my Country) will convince the World I have not ventur'd my *Neck for Nothing*, but will for ever engage me to be

Honour'd Sir, Your most obliged, most

Obedient, and most Devoted Humble Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

The Titles to the several Discoveries (or Neck-Adventures) in this Book, *viz.*

1. **N**ECK or Nothing, or a Supplement to the Short History of the Parliament. The Twentieth Edition p. 1.
2. **Q**UEEN ROBIN, or an Appendix to Neck or Nothing, completing that Narrative p. 48.
3. **T**HE STATE WEATHERCOCKS, or a New Secret History of the late and present Ministry, being a Key to Neck or Nothing p. 54.
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Neck or Nothing:

IN A

LETTER

TO THE

Earl of O X—R D.

Being a SUPPLEMENT to the *Short History* of the PARLIAMENT.

A I S O

The NEW SCHEME (mention'd in the afore-
said History) which the *English* and *Scotch Jacobites* have concerted for bringing in the Pretender, Popery, and Slavery. With the *True Character* (or *Secret History*) of the PRESENT MINISTRY.

Written by his Grace JOHN Duke of ———

Auro pulsa fides, auro venalia jura———Prop.

The Twentieth EDITION Corrected by the Author.

My LORD,

I Am so heartily desirous of an Union amongst all that go under the name of *Protestant*, against the common Enemy, the *Papists*, that I would never have singled out any of 'em under so black a Character as the Title to this Supplement gives 'em, if their Designs had not been so palpable, and to unite with them, were not to endeavour to alter the Constitution of the Government, and to give the Protestant Religion its fatal

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Blow:

Blow: For, My LORD, does not Mr. *Walpole* in his *Short History of the Parliament*, say expressly, that the last Parliament, "For the Character of *Loyal* and *Dutiful*, have sacrific'd their Country to the Power of *France*, which can end in nothing but bringing in the Pretender, Popery and Slavery." 'Tis true, Mr. *Walpole* tells us, "He has too much Charity to believe that all who have been consenting to these pernicious Measures, equally design'd the Mischiefs that have come upon us:" And therefore I am far from laying this Charge upon all the Subscribers of our late PEACEFUL ADDRESSES, for as there are many of 'em such, as no good Subject would refuse to subscribe, (especially that of the *Upper House of Convocation*, and that from *Glasgow*) if he did not think them unseasonable: so I have that Charity for many, that were induc'd to subscribe the most ungrateful, (and such I count those that asperse the Duke of *Marlborough*, the Lord *Townshend*, and that Illustrious Patriot Mr. *Walpole*) that they did it rather in Complaisance to the Importunity of the Promoters, (by which I mean all *Jacobite* Protestants) than to serve any bad Design: But I cannot so acquit your LORDSHIP, (who, if you have any Regard to your Pious Education, must needs be a *Whig* in your Heart, tho' you are a *Tory* in Practice) or any of the rest of the Contrivers of a Peace with *France*, at the very Time when the Victorious *Marlborough* was almost got to the Gates of *Paris*, where even *Lewis Le Grand* himself was just falling on his Knees for Quarter? and therefore, my LORD, I may venture to say 'There is not one Subject in the Queen's Dominions (provided he be one that loves the *English* Laws and the *Protestant* Religion more than the raising his private Fortune) but believes you to be what you are call'd by the COURT-SPY*, "The greatest Enemy to your Native Country on this side Hell and the Gallows." There are some (*very few I hope*) who deny your LORDSHIP this Character; and fewer yet who will be unwilling you should meet with your just Fate: But all Men will own, (except such as are wilfully blind) that the late separate and Pernicious Peace that your LORDSHIP and LEUD DRUNKEN HARRY have patch'd up (I can't say *made*) with *France* has almost brought the *Protestant* Religion to its last Gasps. Whether the Addressers for this Peace, or whether the Presenters of *them*, were chosen by your LORDSHIP out of the Contrivers of it, or whether the Addressers and Presenters were but made the *Cat's Foot*. (that the Odium, and it may be, Punishment, may one Day rest upon 'em) I shan't pretend to determine: But if one may make an Estimate of the Promoters of this Peace by the *Frenchify'd* Contrivers of it, none but a Madman will ever

* Published by J. Baker, in Pater-noster-Row.

ever think the Peace can be Safe and Lasting, or, in plainer Words, that God will ever give a Blessing to that Peace, that is made by such corrupt Ministers of State, that have sacrific'd their Country to enrich themselves, and to *save, their Necks*. My LORD, These are Great Truths; and as they ought to be understood by all the Subjects of *Great Britain*, I have ventur'd to speak 'em in *plain English*; for if your LORDSHIP has ventur'd your Neck to ruin your Country, (as I prove you have in the following Leaves) I humbly conceive I may with as good Reason venture my Neck to save it; and I don't question but all the Protestant Nobility and Gentry in the Queen's Dominions will stand by and support me, in thus venturing my Life and Fortune, in crying *Fire, Fire, Fire*, to a *Frenchify'd* Nation, that's fast asleep in the midst of Flames. But whether they do or no, *Virtue is its own Reward*; and as I give the Alarm, neither for Honour nor Profit, but purely to serve my Country, I don't fear shou'd I die in the Attempt, but I shall meet with a Glorious Reward in the other World, tho' I shou'd meet with nothing but Death or *Disgrace* in this; if suffering to defend Her Majesty's just Title to the *British Crown*, or the Rights of the Illustrious House, of *Hanover*, can be call'd *Disgrace* which is the greatest Honour a Loyal Peer is capable of receiving on this side Heaven; for (says a Learned and Great Divine) "If there is any Glory in Heaven greater than other, if there be any Degrees in Happiness, and if there be a Proportion of Rewards, as to be sure there is, they who have the Honour to seal the true Religion [and I shall add their Love and Service to their Country] with their blood and Sacrifice all other Considerations to it, shall have a distinguish'd Blessedness." Then what a dazzling, weighty, and Exceeding Crown of Glory shall that truly Loyal and Ingenious Gentleman, Mr. *George Ridpath*, wear in Heaven, whose Great Piety, Steadiness of Principles and undaunted Courage in suffering for his firm Loyalty, (but more especially for his telling your LORDSHIP every Week * "That *Dunkirk* is not yet demolish'd nor the Pretender Remov'd") has set him above all Fear of Death or the Pillory; which, if compar'd with the Glory and Recompence that attends suffering in a just Cause, makes even the Pillory it self a Preferment much superior to the being a *Lord Treasurer* or *Secretary of State* when those who arrive to those great Posts; (like your LORDSHIP and *Bolingbroke*) have ventur'd their Necks, (that is, have betrayed their Queen and ruin'd their Country) to obtain 'em. And therefore as *Christian Courage is a force of Spirit consisting in two Principal Points, to undertake and suffer Great Things for the sake of Religion and Loyalty*; I resolve like the Anvil to resist all the strokes of the Hammer, that

* In his Flying-Post.

is, to suffer patiently whatever your LORDSHIP or your Brother *Bollingbroke* dare inflict upon me, for the Discharge of my Duty, in setting your *Neck-Adventures* (or secret Treason) in a true Light, And if Poor *Hurr* has found the Pillory a greater Honour to him than he cou'd expect, (as the *Ain---dress's Sp---ch* was a Reflection on the BEST of QUEENS) I than doubt obtaining even Her Majesty's Favour, as well as the Thanks of her Loyal Subjects, for daring to *venture my Neck* in Defence of Her Just Title, and for detecting such *Guilty Ministers of State* as are plotting her Death. (or it least the wounding her *Protestant Fame*) by attempting to bring in a *Popish Pretender* to sit on the Throne of Her Royal Ancestors. And tho' I Publish this *Supplement* with as little regard to Reward from your LORDSHIP as Mr. *Walpole* expected for the *Dedication* to his *Short History* yet I assure my self that all Loyal Subjects to the Queen, and true Friends to the House of *Hanover* will ever thank me for those Discoveries I here publish to serve both; not is the Age yet so degenerate that I need doubt it; for tho' *Comardice* and *Covetousness* has been too much the Sin of the *Whigs*, and are those two sneaking and beggarly Vices by which they have almost ruin'd the best Cause in the World, yet 'tis never too late to reform: And therefore I cannot think that the Loyal *Whigs* will desert so *just* a Cause (for 'tis the Cause, and not the Suffering makes a Martyr) in which I am willing to lay down my Life to *serve 'em*, which will to me, be a much greater Reward, than the *Venture* I have here made of my Neck can merit. And I think I have good Reason to speak thus; for (my Lord) the *SHORT HISTORY* tells us plainly, that “ *The measures taken by the*
“ *late Ministry* (a Ministry that made Her Majesty's Glory shine
“ as bright, and as far, as the Sun) *most visibly tended to nothing*
“ *but confirming a noble Alliance, form'd to reduce the E orbital*
“ *Power of France, to rescue Spain, and the Indies, from the*
“ *House of Bourbon, to secure the Protestant Succession to the*
“ *Crown of Great-Britain, and to settle a true Ballance of Powe*
“ *in Europe.* These great Ends (says our *Short Historian*) were the chief View of those that serv'd the Queen for the *Eight first Years of her Reign*; and with what success they serv'd Her, the great *Union amongst Her Majesty's Subjects at Home, and the many great and glorious Victories obtain'd by the Duke of Marlborough* abroad will shew the World many *Hundred Years* after their despis'd Names are rotten, who have most infamously (as well as ungratefully) attempted to blemish their *Illustrious Characters*. But tho' this was the *Bright and Glorious Character of the late Ministry*, yet when your Lordship came (or rather *REVIV'D*) into Favour by the bold and astonishing Conduct of Mrs. *Abigail* then a New *S C H E M E* was concerted (of which more anon) and now the contrary Measures being immediately enter'd upon

"The War must be ended, the Grand Alliance dissolv'd, and to perfect ill (for your Lordship was resolv'd to venture NECK or NOTHING in the pursuit of Honour and Riches) Peace and a strict Friendship with France must be concluded.

Poor unfortunate Gregg (for thy Master's Treason in bet'aying his Queen and Country by a LUDORE-PEACE, puts me in mind of thy hanging Fate) thou may'st well say with Coleman, there is no Faith in Man, that thy self (a little Traitor) art hang'd, whilst thy Great Master, that has almost ruin'd a whole Nation, goes yet unpunish'd!

My Lord; --- What will the New PARLIAMENT say to this! that little Traitors loose their NECKS, by that very Treason that Great ones secure theirs, which is a Paradox easily prov'd; for 'tis now apparent, that the undeserv'd Reflections that were cast upon the Duke of Marlborough, the Lord Townshend, and Mr. Walpole, were given by the LOYAL PARLIAMENT, for no other End "but to sully the Illustrious Characters "of those that are out of Power, and to screen the Iniquitys of those that "are in, even that Lew'd and Infamous Tool Dr. Sacheverel (tho' he has curst the Hannover Family, and often drank the Pretender's Health by the Name of King) is a great Saint and Loyalist, in the Judgment of HIGH CHURCH, and one that has sav'd the Nation from Ruin. 'Tis true the REVOLUTION PARLIAMENT fairly prov'd him a Traitor to his Queen and Country, and silenc'd him for Three Years; and had it been for ever (for the Doctor too was at -- Neck or Nothing --- in the pursuit of a Bishoprick) it had been but a small Punishment for a Jacobite Priest, that in King William's Reign would he might live to see him pull'd Limb from Limb, and has often prayed for the Confusion of her present Majesty; yet in your Lordship's DOVE HOUSE, where the Loyal and Dutiful PIGEONS call Black, White, and a Frenchifi'd Ministry is Screen'd from the Axe and Gibbet, this FALSE BROTHER, who had so often ventur'd his Tongue and NECK in the Cause of Perkin, can have PUBLIC THANKS, for a Libel that ought to have been burnt by the common Hangman: For, my Lord, the Sermon that Sacheverel preach'd before your Loyal and Obedient Commons, was little better than a Libel or spiteful Satyr on the Proceedings of the best and most Glorious Parliament that England was ever blest with; but when Her Majesty shall say to these dry Bones, LIVE, they will be fittest to declare their Resentment of such prophane trampling upon their Ashes, by that Infamous Tool of a Party (as Dr. Sacheverel was call'd at his Tryal.) Neither can your Lordship wonder that I call Dr. Sacheverel INFAMOUS, and the Head of the Jacobite-Faction, after that Bold Britain (or true Englishman) Mr. John Dunton has in

his late Discoveries which he intitles the Court-Spy: * unanswerably prov'd these Three Things.

1st. That there is a Jacobite Plot now carrying on, both in England and Scotland, to bring in the Pretender, Popery and Slavery; and that Dr. Sacheverel has given great Encouragement to this Plot, by his often cursing the Hannover Succession, and drinking the Pretender's Health on his bare Knees, by the Name of King James the Third.

2dly, That it would be a great Service to the Protestant Interest in Great-Britain, (as Mr. Dunton proves in an humble Address to her Majesty) if Dr. Sacheverel were brought to a speedy and public Trial to answer to that black Accusation of Jacobitism, and other notorious Crimes that are charg'd upon him by M. Bissett, Dr. Boyse, Mr. Ebc-rall, and other credible Persons.

3dly, That the secret History of the Life and Actions of Dr. Sacheverel (which is inserted in this Court-Spy) is a full Refutation of his late Sermon before the Honourable House of Commons, and pres'a him in the present Jacobite Plot to introduce the Pretender. My Lord, all these surprizing Discoveries concerning the present Design of the Sacheverel Faction to introduce Popery and Slavery, are fairly prov'd by Mr. John Dunton, and other Persons of great Integrity; in the Book intituled, The Court Spy; or if any one yet doubt of the Truth of the Jacobite Plot that is now hatching in Paris, Dunkirk, Lorain, Scotland. York Buildings, and the Secatary's Office at Whitehall let 'em read the Seasonable Warning of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, who tell the World, " That the Ad-
 " versaries to their present Constitution both in Church and State, do
 " openly in their Cities, and throughout the whole Country of Scotland,
 " promote the Interest of a Pretender to the Crown, who has been edu-
 " cated in all the Maxims of Popish Bigotry and French Tyranny;
 " and that their Zeal for the Pretender is such, that they generally
 " omit the Prayers in the Liturgy, for our Si' reign Queen Anne, and
 " the Illustrious Princess Sophia, upon whom the Succession to the Crown
 " is settled.--My Lord, if Scotland be in such great Danger from the Pretender, as 'tis plain by this Seasonable Warning, it is, I'm sure, 'tis high time that England shou'd be fully inform'd who 'tis that in " The Three last Winter Campaigns in Parliament have been also sacrificing their Country to the Pretender, Popery and Slavery, by contriving, or which is as bad, approving a P E A C E, which (considering our Lives and Liberties lye now at the Mercy of the French King,) will cost England ten times more than a War with France wou'd have done, had it lasted for Twenty Years; tho' had it continu'd but a Year longer, (as our Army was then in the Career of Victory) in all Probability, by this time we had been Sole Masters of France, by which we had reicud what is now
 in

* Or a Detection of such secret, odd, and uncommon Transactions in Church and State, as are wholly omitted by other News Writers.

in such great Danger, *the Protestant Succession in the illustrious House of Hannover*, which all true Protestants, (be they *Whig or Tory*) will own an invaluable Blessing, when they come to broil upon French *Gridirons*.

My Lord,-- what I here say of your *Conduct and Generalship*, as Mr. *Walpole* calls it, with respect to the *Pernicious Treaty of Peace*, and your late *disbanded Troops*, is not spoke out of Malice to any Man's Person; for I think according to my *Poor Capacity*, the heaviest Punishment that can be inflicted upon *State Offenders*, is, that they may out-live their Honour and Estates, the first of which your Lordship has done already; and as to the last, (except the *Pretender* comes before you can purchase another *Dutiful and Loyal Parliament*) when you have disgorg'd all the *Luidores*, or secret Conviction that the Peace cost, *your Pockets won't be less empty than your Brains* were, at the time when you advis'd to a P E A C E that is very likely to *touch your Neck*; I say likely for 'tis now plain to every Loyal Subject, that your Lordship in creeping to a starving and vanguard'd Enemy, (perhaps as much to save your Neck as to fill your Purse) have ventur'd *Neck or Nothing*. But, my Lord, whatever your *private Venture* has been to enrich your Family, at the Expence of your Countrys Ruin, yet 'tis certain that neither the *Peaceful Bishop*, that was pick'd out to Preach the *Thanksgiving Sermon*, nor your *Hir'd Troops*, tho' " So ready to go upon any *Attack*, cou'd have perform'd so many remarkable Services, either in the *Parliament House* or *St. Pauls*, had they not (as Mr. *Walpole* observes) firmly adher'd to your Lordship, and their *Manifyllables*. But, my Lord, shou'd your *Intreagueing Peace* prove good and lasting, (as no Man in his Senses can think it will) yet 'tis very Strange to all thinking Men, that a Bishop that was to Harangue on the *Excellencies of a Glorious Peace*, shou'd at such an unseasonable time describe the *Miseries of a Civil War*, if he did not suspect it from your Lordship's *Traitrous Conduct* towards the Queen and the whole Nation, by your contriving a *Peace with France*, that must be better patch'd up against next Session of Parliament, or, even your *Loyal and Dutiful Commons*, will not think you above their *Impeachment*, tho' you shou'd climb from Title to Title till you *Climb so high as to break your Neck in that great and unpitied Fall*, which (if the Nation is blest with a good Parliament) cannot be far off; For, my Lord, all you P O L I T I C K S, since your *Pride and Ambition* has displac'd the late Ministry, has spoke no other Language but this--*Neck or Nothing*-- i. e. a Duke you are, or resolve to be; but pray, my Lord, take this humbling Consideration along with your *High Titles*:

*What signifies an empty Word,
 His Grace, his Highness, or, my Lord :
 Saving your Presence, nor a T---
 'Tis Virtue Stamp the Character,
 And adds a Lustre to his Star.*

My Lord, 'tis a plain Case whatever your venture has been in climbing the *Two Pinnacles of Honour and Riches*, yet as you have ascended one step in *Virtue*, or to secure the *Hannover Succession* since your Advancement, your Rise has been the higher only to make your Fall the greater. *Worldly Honour* is like a Circle in the Water which never ceaseth to enlarge it self, till by broad spreading it disperse to nought. We might have some Opinion that those great Titles of *Earl or Duke*, had much Eminency above all that is here below, were it not that they daily fall into *Fantasms and Shadows of nothing*; and therefore, My Lord, as you have ventur'd your Neck for Honour and Riches, (which I have heretofore prov'd is nought, a *Fantasm*, or *Shadow of Nothing*, and when attain'd by selling of *British Liberties* for *Luidores*, is worse than *Nothing*.) 'Tis but just that your self and your Brother Traitor should have your Necks gall'd with that *French* (or *Jacobite*) Noose that you have been *Secretly* weaving for the whole Kingdom. And therefore, my Lord, 'tis believ'd, that to save both your self and a *Guilty Ministry* from *Hamon's Fate* that the *Bishop of Bath and Wells* had *Secret Instructions* from your Lordship, to threaten the *Whigs* with a *Civil War*, if they wou'd not grow tame enough to take the Loss of the *Hannover Succession* in good part. [There's the *Secret discover'd* of *Dunkirk's* not being yet demolish'd, nor the *Pretender* remov'd;] for why else does the *Military Bishop* at the same time when he is applauding your *Glorious Peace* (most impertinently, as well as unseasonably), talk of the *Calamities of a Civil War*, if it wern't to secure your Lordship's Neck, and the *Pretensions* of some Body as far as *Lorain*. I think, my Lord, the Truth of this Discovery is fairly prov'd by our *Thanks-giving Bishop's* not once naming the *House of Hannover* throughout his whole Sermon. tho' twas so necessary to be done on a Day when he was enumerating the Blessings of Peace. No, alas! the *Politick Bishop*, instead of giving us fresh Assurance, that the next Parliament will confirm the *Protestant Succession in the House of Hannover*, he tells his Hearers a Secret, I Suppose, he had from your Lordship, "That if we are again to have any *Civil War* in England, 'tis like to be attended and assisted with *Foreign Arms*, an assistance call'd naturally in by both Sides, and as readily lent. L E N T! by whom? Why, doubtless the *Bishop* means by the *French King*, which sufficiently shews that our *Glorious Peace* has not only sacrific'd the *Laws*, but the *Religion* of England, to the Power of *France*: And as a Proof of this, han't the *French King* receiv'd such

such New Life from the *Wise Conduct* of our New Ministry that he has taken *Landau*, threatn'd *Fribourgh*, and insulted the *whole Empire*. "The Duke of MARLBOROUGH, (as the *Short Historian* observes) had beaten *France* too often ever to be forgiven, it was necessary he shou'd be disgrac'd, or the *Scheme* cou'd not go on; he was too considerable to be drop'd quietly, but because his Publick Services to his Country could not be call'd in question, the *known and usual, Perquisites* of the General are voted *Publick Money*, and are to be accounted for. But how much this Disgracing the Duke of *Marlborough* has contributed to the ruine of *England* and the Protestant Interest, is sufficiently seen by all the *Freeholders* of *Great-Britain*, and is lately acknowledg'd by *Forty Lords*, and by *Sixty New Members* of *Parliament*, of which the truly Ingenious *John Ladd, Esq;* is one, who having their Eyes open'd by the *Treaty of Commerce*, and the *Discoveries they make at Dunkirk*, can no longer approve of your *Lordships Measures*; but resolve now, if it be not too late, to save themselves and their Native Country from utter Ruine. But our Chief dependance is upon Men of *Constant and Revolution Principles*; and, God be prais'd, we have still some amongst us, many *Godolphin's, Montague's, Sunderland's Cowper's, Devonshire's, Warton's, Sommers's, Hillifax's Parkers's, Ashurst's, Heathcot's, Abney's, Ward's, Onslow's, Denton's, Hampden's, Stanhope's, Letchmere's, Prats's, Churchill's, Walpole's, Burnett's, and Fleetwood's*, who in their **P R E F A C E S** and *Loyal Speeches* do assert the just *Prerogative*, of *Reason*, and maintain its ample subserviency to *Religion*, both to make void the Necessity of an **I N F A L L I B L E C H A I R**, and to curb the Extravagancies of all *Athetsts, Jacobites, and Free-Thinkers*; my Lord, such Glorious and Immortal Patriots as these, may safely be depended on; their bare Looks, I had almost said their bare Thoughts, (were it possible to know them) are better Security than the most solemn Protestations of *State-Weather-cocks*; for as they have always been the *very same Men* under all Events and Changes of Government, so they have always preferr'd the *Protestant Religion, Loyalty to the Crown, and English Liberties*, to *High Titles, Diamonds**, and *Luidores*, and all other Considerations whatsoever. But, my Lord, tho' we may safely depend on such *English Patriots* that won't change their *Religion or Politicks*, for *Honour or Worldly Interest*; yet, I must confess, I have no extraordinary Opinion of *Convert-Lords*, or any other of that sort; and therefore I wou'd have all *Honest Whigs* deal with *Converts in Politicks*, as we do with those in *Religion*, that is trust not their Professions, but wait the End of their Life before they pass a *Definitive Sentence*, lest a too easy Faith expose

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* No true Protestant King can ever forget that Rich Diamond that my Lord *Bollingbrook* had presented to him by the *French King*.

them to the Dangers that usually attend a Delusion of that kind. And, my Lord, if I am too uncharitable here, I hope, my *Incredulity* may be excus'd, as I owe it to my long *Observation of Mankind, Experience of the World, and the Intimate Acquaintance* I have had with some *Preaching and State Weather-cocks*. But, as 'tis reported, that there is come over to the Whigs, at least, *Forty Convert Lords, and Sixty Tory Members of Parliament*, they ought to be receiv'd with great Respect; for as the *not Demolishing Dunkirk, nor Removing the Pretender*, has open'd Gentlemen's Eyes, 'tis not *Impossible* but they may be sincere; and if they are so, we must say, by the miraculous Providence of God,---*Good is come out of Evil*; for those very Men, that 'twas once fear'd wou'd deliver us up as a Prey to *France*, by seeing YOUR LORDSHIP and LEUD HARRY, so boldly venturing your Two Necks to introduce the Pretender, seem now so heartily concern'd at their treading so long in your *Jacobite Steps*, that they are like to be the *Chief Instruments* in snatching us out of the Jaws of that *Popish Tyrant the French King*, where your Lordship and daring *Bollingbrocke* has ventur'd to thrust us; for what won't Two Ministers of State venture, that will venture their Necks to gratifie their Ambition, and to enrich themselves, tho' it be at the Expence of their Country's Ruine: So that if *England* shou'd ever recover the *Bright Figure* it made during the *Late Ministry*, it wou'd be strange indeed! For so much has your Lordship's G L O R I O U S P E A C E retriev'd the *Affairs of the French King*, that his *Masquerading Ambassador* has had the Impudence to tell the Queen at his *Publick Audience*: "That the Peace had put into her Majesty's, and his Master's Hands, the Balance of all the Powers of Europe." 'Tis strange, my Lord, that the *French King*, that 'other Day durst not look an *English Army* in the Face, when headed by the *Ever Victorious Marlborough*, and wou'd gladly have accepted of Peace upon any Terms, had the War continu'd a Year longer, shou'd in a few Months dare to tell the greatest Queen in the World, that he was her Equal in Power and Fame. Nay, which was yet more Audacious, that "He was Sharer with her in the Balance she (alone) holds of all the Powers of Europe." Or, my Lord if the *French Tyrant* does share with our *Rightful and Glorious Queen*, in holding the Balance to all the Powers of Europe; To whom does he owe this Balance? it is to the *Old Ministry, or the New*? My Lord this Question is soon resolv'd; for 'tis now universally thought that the making the *French King* more formidable than ever he was, is wholly owing to your Lordship's notable Conduct in making the Peace, and to that *Diamond-Trip* into *France* to forward the Peace, and to concert Measures with the Pretender, that was made by the Lord *Boilingbroke* which *Jacobite Project* for Excluding the House of *Hannover*, was to have been finish'd by that known and great Friend to the Pretender the late Duke

Duke of H--- had not God in Judgment to him, and in great Mercy to this Nation, taken him off by a *Violent Death*. But to do the Duke of *Spremsbery* Justice tho' he was sent *Ambassador Extraordinary* to *France*, he was above the Temptation of *Luidores*, and had too great a share in the *Glorious Revolution* by King *William*, ever to have a Hand in bringing in a *Sham Prince*, that has no other Pretence to the Crown, but by calling our *Glorious Deliverer from Popery and Slavery* a meer **USURPER**; but whoever it was that first contriv'd that *France* shou'd share the Balance of Power with *England*, 'tis certain the *French Tyrant* makes such great haste to over-run *Germany*, if the New Parliament don't put a stop to his Victorious Progress *Lewis Le Grand*, by means of that *Glorious Peace* your Lordship has made with him, is like to be sole Master of *Europe*, And then there is the Balance of Power? or, Who will be Monarch of *Great-Britain*? Our rightful and glorious Queen; or that Spurious Brat--- That the *Jacobites* call *James the Third*--- That Rehearsing *Lesly* is now actually Tutoring at *Bar-le-Duc*, how he should act the Bigotted Papist in *England* under a Protestant Mask. -- That *Dr. Sacheverell* (who drinks his Health on his bare Knees by the Name of *King*) is gone to present with a Catalogue of *False Brethren*, (of which *Bishop Burnet*, *Bishop Fleetwood*, *Dr. Williams*, *Dr. Calamy*, *Mr. Hoadly*, *Mr. Bisset*, *Mr. Henry*, *Mr. Bardbury*, *Mr. Clark*, *Mr. Walpole*, *Mr. Ridpath*, and *Mr. Duntson* are Twelve) that must turn Papists, or prepare for Martyrdom.--- That the Peaceful Addressers have been long inviting him to *England* with their inconsistent Doctrine of *Indefeasible Hereditary Right*--- From whence, my Lord, it is most apparent that the first Projector of our celebrated Peace, had only an Eye to the *Luidores*, the *Pretender's Interest*, and the saving their own Necks. But whatever hopes the *Pretender* may have of being invited to *England* by the *Jacobite Faction*, 'tis certain our New Ministry (by which I only mean your Lordship, **LEUD HARRY**, and that She-politician *Mrs. Abigail*) are so confounded in all their Measures, that they know not how to go either backward or forward with Safety: Forward they cannot go; for tho' your Lordship perswaded a few *Jacobite Quakers* to thank the Queen for the Peace that you had first hatch'd in *France*, and afterwards confess'd at *Utrecht*; yet the Lords in their **PROTESTATION** say expressly, "That there is so very little, and inconsiderable a difference between the former Offers of *France*, and those made at *Utrecht*, and sign'd *Huxelles*, that both of them seem to be the Effect of a *Secret and Particular Negotiation* with *France*, which we can never approve of, nor can we think (say these protesting Lords) separate Terms to be either Honourable or safe for the *English Nation*." And 'twas for this Reason that the New Ministry cou'd not Decoy one *Low-Church-man*, *Presbyterian*, *Independant*, *Anabaptist*, or *Protestant Quaker*, to return thanks for a Peace,

which they all saw was design'd by the New Ministry, but not by the Queen, who is a most sincere Protestant, and a perfect Friend to the Princess *Sophia*) to introduce the *Pretender*, and to exclude the Protestant Succession in the House of *Hannover* which all the *Whigs* in the Queen's Dominion have unanimously resolv'd to maintain with their Lives and Fortunes; so that, my Lord, as neither your self nor Brother *Traitor* cou'd go forward with your separate and Treacherous Peace, but with great opposition from the *Whigg-Party*, so to do you Justice, you cou'd not go backward without having your Secret Treaty Detected by the *French Court*; so that our Present, Wise, and Loyal Ministry is now so hamper'd in their *Jacobite* Peace, that they can neither secure their own *Necks* from the *Axe*, by a private Retreat, nor (without Heaven works a Miracle for our Deliverance) prevent the Ruine of a Protestant Kingdom by their publick Repentance; And sure I am, when Ministers of State have brought Things to such a Dismal Extremity, that they can neither go backward or forward with safety, their Case then in a literal Sense must be, *Neck or Nothing*; which we find confirm'd by the Reverend and most Ingenious Author of a late Book intituled, *A Word to the Wise, or a Hint on the Times**, who says expressly,

“ When Rulers or Governors are under a Divine Infatuation, or
 “ are given up to the Blindness of Mind, (that is can neither go
 “ forward in their Duty, nor backward with Innocence) it is a
 “ sad Omen. Thus *Rehoboam* by a Divine Infatuation treats his
 “ People roughly to the loss almost of his whole Kingdom. In-
 “ deed his first steps were very regular; for *Rehoboam*, upon his
 “ Accession to the Throne consults a *Grave and Wise Ministry*,
 “ who stood before *Solomon* his Father, 1 *Kings* xii. 6. These
 “ (who well understood the Times from their Great Advantages,
 “ and long Experience under the wisest of Princes) gave him
 “ wholesome Advice, the which had he observ'd, he had been as
 “ happy as a Prince as was in the World; but *Rehoboam* as one
 “ struck with Blindness, Changes his Ministry to consult Men of
 “ Towering Principles, whose Advice prov'd Fatal to the King-
 “ dom; for Ten Tribes revolted from his Government at once,
 “ and now *Rehoboam* has time to repent his *New Ministry*, but to
 “ little purpose; for the Breach was too wide to be made up, and
 “ that from the over-ruling Hand of God; for when *Rehoboam*
 “ goes about to Reduce the Ten Tribes by force of Arms, thus
 “ saith the Lord, Return every Man to his House for this thing is from
 “ me, 1 *Kings* xii. 24. It was from the Lord that *Rehoboam* shou'd
 “ refuse the Advice of a *Wise and steady Ministry*. It was from
 “ the Lord, that he shou'd hearken to the pernicious Council of a
 “ *Giddy Ministry*. And it was from the Lord, that he shou'd deal
 “ so

* Sold by J. Baker in Pater-noster-Row.

“ so roughly with his People that he might not only lose their
 “ Affections, but their Obedience too. Consonant to this was
 “ the Reign of the late, but Unhappy Prince *James II.* And
 “ indeed who but a Man *infatuated* wou'd, as he did proceed
 “ with that Precipitancy in his Designs meerly repugnant to the
 “ *Rules of Politicks?* For no sooner did he come to the Throne but
 “ *Mas-Houfes* are set up, and in all haste Protestants must be converted
 “ to his Faith; FATHER PETERS made Privy-Council-
 “ lor; CROWDS OF IRISH PAPISH CALL'D IN
 “ UPON US; Protestants put from all Employments, both
 “ Civil and Military. A *standing Army* is headed with Popish
 “ Officers; *Priests and Jesuits* appear publickly in their Religious
 “ Habits, under promise of Protection; the Bishops sent to the
 “ Tower, and the Birth of the PRETENDER, (who now
 “ with his *English and Scotch Jacobite* Plot, to dethrone our *Right-*
 “ *ful and Ever Glorious Queen*) was most neatly contriv'd. These
 “ Things manifested a Celestial Blindness and Madneis, Even to
 “ the loss of his Three Kingdoms, maugure all his LIVES
 “ AND FORTUNE MEN; [For where was *Passive*
 “ *Obedience* then;] the which agrees well with that Observation
 “ of the Heathens, [*Quem pe dere vult Jupiter prius Dementat,*]
 “ whom God intends to destroy he first infatuates.

Thus far the Ingenuous and Loyal Author of that late Book in-
 titled, *A Word to the Wise, or a Hint on the Times.* How far
 your Lordship and LEUD HARRY have been under the
Divine Infatuation as the *Pernicious and Giddy Ministers* of *Reboam*
 were, I shan't pretend to determine (tho' the Plain Contra-
 dictions to all Common Sense, and the *Recantations* * relating to
 the *Treaty of Commerce*, that you brib'd your Loyal Commons to
 take in their Address to Her Majesty is such a Mockery as is a
 little New in Parliament.) However, my Lord this is certain
 that *Oxford* and *Bollingbroke* have gone forward and backward in
 the same Treason, that is, have been hamper'd with their own
Pernicious Peace; and if your Lordship, or any other of the
Jacobite Faction deny this, I shall prove it beyond all Contra-
 diction, when I come to detect that New Scheme mention'd in
 the *Shrort History*, which the *English and Scotch Jacobites* have con-
 certed to bring in the *Pretender Popery* and *Slavery* and this *Black*
Charge, is now so generally believ'd throughout the whole Nation
 (especially by the Men of Quality) that this very Morning my
 Lord *Stanbope* sent his Footman to me with this Letter.

My

* As The Short History call's em.

† Address, June 23, 1713.

My LORD DUKE,

BEING inform'd by the Earl of ---, That you are writing
 A SUPPLEMENT, to Mr. Walpole's Short History of;
 the last Parliament, I shall presume to acquaint your Grace
 That the best way to set the Proceedings of that Memorable Par-
 liament in a clear light, will be to detect the true Character of
 the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford of the Lord Bollingbroke,
 and of our New Speaker (who is Advanc'd to that great Post as
 the Wages due for his last Years Service *) as 'Twas to their Dex-
 terity, Magnificence, and Eloquence, that we owe the many
 Loyal and Dutiful Things that were done in the last Parliament.
 And therefore, my Lord, as these Three enterprising Statesmen
 have distinguish'd themselves from all the Lord Treasurers, Secre-
 taries and Speakers that ever went before them: 'Tis necessary
 their true Character (or SECRET HISTORY,) shou'd
 be detected. And, my Lord, considering the undeserv'd Dis-
 grace and Affronts that your Grace has met with from the pre-
 sent Ministry as well as from the Loyal Commons; no Peer in the
 Realm is so proper to make these Discoveries as your Grace;
 not only as you have been to great an Enemy to the French
 King ever to be forgiven; but as every Turn of your Head,
 Glance of your Eye, Motion of your Hand, Step of your Foot,
 is a vexation and Plague to your Enemies, the English and
 Scot's Jacobites, who believe your Shadow so fatal to all their
 Contrivances and Aims, that whilst you live (either at London
 or Antwerp) they shrivel and wither your Breath, and Victorious
 Character strikes Confusion to all their Plots both at Lorrain and
 Dunkirk; and therefore 'twas necessary as you made such an
 illustrious Figure at Home and Abroad, that you shou'd be dis-
 grac'd, or their NEWS SCHEME to bring in the Pretender,
 Popery and Slavery, cou'd not go on. Then, my Lord, 'twill be
 doing Justice to your self as well as great Service to your Native
 Country, to expose Oxford, Bollingbroke, and our New Speaker, in
 their true Colours, as 'tis to there Management of the Loyal and
 Dutiful Parliament, that your Grace owes all the Dishonours
 that have been done to your Glorious Conduct, as well as the
 Danger we are now in from a Popish Pretender.

My Lord, I have made many Discoveries of late concerning
 these Three Favourites which I now send to your Grace, that
 your SUPPLEMENT might contain what seems to be
 wanting in that MATCHLESS PIECE intituled, A Short
 History of the Parliament.

1. As to my Lord Treasurer your Grace knows him better
 than I, and therefore all I shall say of him (by way of Character)
 is

* To use the Words in The Short History.

is only this: *He is like a little Mist before the Rising-sun, which the more it grows, the less good it doth* ——— *He is the Danger of the State, and the Kingdom's Curse, and therefore fit to be prefer'd aloft as Hamon was* ——— He is the Cloud of Darkness that threatneth Foul Weather, and if it grow to a Storm (as we are very near it) 'twill be dismal where it falls, for tho' the Persecution will be short, 'twill be very sharp*. But that which most blackens Oxford's Character is: 'Tis generally affirm'd (since his last advancement) that he has been Privately given to those Sins of the Flesh which the little (or vulgar) People call Whoring. I mean, my Lord, that *Conjugal Perjury* has not been too bitter a Pill for Oxford's corrupt swallow: I won't affirm this to be Truth; tho' 'tis *national Chat*, and there's rarely *much Smoke but there's some Fire*; and therefore 'tis, that his *keeping a Miss at the Nations Expence* (for those great Sums that are spent on Whores, that shou'd have gone to feed the Poor, may properly be call'd **PUBLICK MONEY**, and are to be accounted for, to God, if not to Man) is one of those Sixty Articles of which his **IMPEACHMENT** consists, and of which 'tis fear'd (as Politick as he has been to undermine your Grace, and to blemish your Illustrious Character) he won't be able to clear himself: but what tho' his Lordship's great Sallary and high Station may have made him a little wanton, yet your Grace, knows that we *Men of Quality* have a great deal to say for *keeping a Miss* (or any other Extravagance) as, *That it is not necessary for us to be so precisely Religious, so strictly Just, so nicely Temperate, or so very much an honest Man as they ought to be who have nothing else to live on; That 'tis sufficient for us Noblemen, if we are not scandalously wicked; That Wine and Women were design'd to sweeten the Toils of great Places, and the FAIR created on purpose for the Diversion of the Great.*

' My LORD, no Man can doubt but these are the **LEUD PRINCIPLES** of all **STATESMEN** that *keep Whores* (for I love to call every Thing by its right Name) or they wou'd not dare to live in Adultery, and call it only a *Trick of Youth*, or a *Venial Sin*; for as such 'tis defended by the **KEEPING CULLIES** There's the Lord L———— declares he cou'd love his Wife above all Women in the World, if she were not his Wife. The Duke of ——— is of the same Mind, St. JOHN follows, his Leud Example, and most Men of Quality have a Tang of this Rambling Fancy. But tho' *Conjugal Perjury*, (or *Miss-keeping*) is grown thus common and barefac'd, since **LEUD HARRY**

' R Y

* See Bp. Usher's Prophecy.

R Y (our Masquerading Secatary has brought Whoring again
 into Fashion at Court ; yet if my Lord Treasurer be guilty of it
 (which is a Secret better known to your Grace than me) I must
 say 'tis a more aggravative Sin in him than it can be in any othe-
 Miss-keeper whatsoever, not only as he descends from Sir E—
 H——ly, A Patriot of the most ILLUSTRIOUS PIE-
 T Y that this Age has known but as his Brother E—— and
 most of his near Relations, till of late, have been strict Dissen-
 ters, and himself not only a Moderate Churchman, but a great
 Respector of all serious Persons, that from a Principle of Consci-
 ence went to separate Meetings, of which, I am told, Dr. *Wil-*
liams is one, to whom he pays a very great Veneration. And
 therefore after such great Possessions of Sanctity to keep a
 Whore, is so Atheistical, that I can't but think my Lord Trea-
 surer Innocent as to this Charge: But let me correct my
 Charit. ! for what can't that Man's Conscience digest that
 can sacrifice his Country to the Power of *France*, or that will
 venture his Neck to bring into *England* a Popish Preten-
 der ; and therefore I fear *Common Fame* has been no Lyar,
 but that the Lord *Treasurer* is as great a Whore-master as he is
 a Traitor ; but, my Lord Duke, what ever his *Guile* or *In-*
nocence may be as to this matter 'tis certain, *Hypocrisy* is the cover
 of his counterfeit Religion, and Traitorous Invention, is the Agent
 of his Ambition, if he did not both need and love Men of Lyes
 and corrupt Principles but more especially such as are known Ene-
 mies to the House of *Hannover*, neither *Sacheverel*, *The Examiner*,
 nor *Postboy* wou'd be so much in his good Graces. My Lord, if
 any Man assure your Grace otherwise, believe it an Imposition
 on your Understanding ; and therefore let not your SUPPLE-
 MENT accuse him of one good Quality, for that wou'd be to
 do him the greatest wrong Imaginable, and to Impose on your
 self as much as he endeavours to do on the Nation : I might en-
 large in the Lord *Treasurers* Character ; but his Person as well
 as his Actions are so well known to your Grace, I think it need-
 less ; but I shall presume to be a little more particular in the
 Lord *Bollingbrook's* Character, as believing you do not know
 him so well as my self.

Bollingbrook's Religion, if he has any, is High-Church ———
 his Morality nothing—— his Delights Levity and Madness,
 (witness the Antick and Ridiculous Figure he lately made in the
 Masquerade,) —— his Pleasures are Drunkenness and Whore-
 dom VERTUE loves him not, and HONOUR fits him
 not—— *Jacobitism* and Arbitrary Power, are the Notes of his
 Inclination, and Division and Treason are the fruits of his
 Invention --- In short he is so little a Saint he is the Shame of
 his Name, the Disgrace of his Place, the Blot of Loyalty, and a
 Scandal to the Church ; and if he compass his Ends (with Re-

spect to bringing in the Pretender) will prove the Ruine of the
 whole Nation: for he is not only beyond dispute what the
 GUARDIAN calls a *Political Lyon*; but the worst of that
 bad Species as well as the worst of Men, (his Superior the Lord
 Treasurer always Excepted) — His mighty Pretensions of
 LOYALTY to the QUEEN, and Zeal for the Church. (to
 which he goes but for Fashion sake, his debauch'd Life being the
 perfect Reverse of all Religion and Loyalty) is only intended to
 the pretender, and to subvert the protestant Succession in the
 House of Hannover; Why else did he not Examine into those
surprizing Discoveries concerning the Pretender's Design upon Eng-
land, which were lately made by the Reverend Mr. WIL-
LIAM CLARK, in his Book intituled A Hint on the Times,
and by Mr. JOHN DUNTON in his COURT-SPY.
 My Lord, were not those Discoveries dedicated to the Princess
 Sophia, and to the Elector of Hannover? which sufficiently shews
 they were worth the Cognisance of a Secretary of State; but,
 as Mr. CLARK observes*, *No Inspection has been made into*
these Discoveries, tho himself and Mr. Dunton were Two Fir-Mit-
nesses of what has been asserted concerning the Treasonable Words
and Practices of the Jacobite Faction, and that by a Person that is
ready to attest upon Oath to the Truth thereof, upon the Assurance of
such Encouragement and Protection as is absolutely necessary in such a
Case. Then, my LORD DUKE, can any Man think that
 the little or no Encouragemet that is given to the Discoveries
 that are made of the Pretender's Plots by the *Dissenting Party*
and Low Church-men, en't a fair Proof that my Lord Bollingbroke
 is in the Pretender's Interest, or, wan't it so, why en't Dunkirk
 demolish'd? and the Pretender Remov'd from Lorain? Whither
 our *English Jacobites (daily) flock, as 'tis suppos'd, to advance*
their Fortunes upon a New Revolution, and to concert such
Measures with their TUTOR Lestry, as may best introduce
the Pretender; and yet the Lord Treasurer and Lord Bollingbroke
I'll warrant ye, (till their Jacobite Projection is a little riper)
must pass for Two Hannoverian Protestants and Mighty Church-
men; but I would advise your GRACE always to be on your
Guard when such Masquerading Statesmen court your Friend-
ship, imitate the Royal Prophet who kept Silence even from good
Words, whilst the Ungodly were in sight, tho' it was Pain and Grief
to him so to do: I cou'd add more Discoveries concerning the
Jacobite Character of LEUD HARRY, but I presume these
short Hints will convince your Grace that my Lord Bollingbroke is
more than Suspected to be in the Pretenders Interest. And en't it
 plain by TOOK and BARBER, (the Two Gazette Printers)
 publishing the Mercator, that my Lord Bollingbroke is an Encou-
 D rager

* In his Dedication to the Elector of Hannover.

' rager of the MERCATOR, the very worst and most Knavish
 ' Paper Britain ever produced, (as is weekly prov'd by that most In-
 ' genious and Faithful Writer *The BRITISH MERCHANT*
 ' I'll not except *The EXAMINER*, tho' a *Composition of Slander*
 ' and *Gross Fashions*. But can such a *Jacobite Wretch* as *The*
 ' MERCATOR (which is said to be Written by Dr. D—nt
 ' be a *Companion for the Lord Treasurer and the Lord Bollingbroke*
 ' without convincing the World, that to *save their Necks*, they
 ' hire that *Infamous Tool* to prove *Black is White*; and to dis-
 ' guise their *Jacobite Designs* with a *Protestant Vizor*, for 'tis cer-
 ' tain, *that Religion and Loyalty is made a Politicians Vizor*; which
 ' having help'd him to his purpose, he casts by like *Sunday Apparel*, no
 ' thought on all the *Week after*. My LORD DUKE, this is the
 ' true Character of the *Lord Bollingbroke* by which it plainly ap-
 ' pears that his Religion and Loyalty, as well as his MORALS
 ' are wretchedly out of order, or at least these last will appear to
 ' be so (when I farther assure your Grace that MASQUERA-
 ' DING HARRY still continues to be (what he was when
 ' you left *England*)—— a *Drunken whoring Secretary of State*, and
 ' which is yet worse he is so *Impudently Leud*, 'tis confidently af-
 ' firm'd, —— he has danc'd *Naked before* —— Has been
 ' keeping *Cully* many Years —— *Debauches* all the *Young*
 ' *Women* he comes near, and that he lately *Cornuted* a *B—deer* at
 ' the *Expence* of a *Thousand Pound*. But, my Lord all this is but
 ' *Common Fame*, (which has been often *Prov'd a Lyar*;) but to
 ' come closer to him, I am able to prove that he kept a *Whore* in
 ' *Covent-Garden* one *Miss J—nes*, (more fam'd for her *Wit* than
 ' *Beauty*;) and that he was wont to repair *Sneakingly* to her,
 ' mean incog. (for the *Devil's Servants* are always *asham'd* of
 ' their *Master*) as oft as the *great Affairs of State* cou'd dispence
 ' with his *Absence*: *Heavens!* what sort of *Loyalists and Christian*
 ' *are these High-Church-men!* And which is yet *Stranger* the *Lord*
 ' *Bollingbroke* was but a *Partner* in this *Strumpet*, but upon what
 ' *Terms* the *Partnership* began or continu'd I can't tell, but can
 ' *Name* a *Person of Credit* that will inform your Grace, as he
 ' did me, that *Miss J—nes* was but a *Half-miss* to the *Lord Bol-*
 ' *lingbroke*, and that she whor'd with him in *Covent-Garden* at a
 ' *constant Pension*.

' I might next discover to your Grace that *Light, Airy, and*
 ' *Ridiculous Antick* that *Bollingbroke* acted in the *Masquerade*, is
 ' *unbecoming* the *Gravity and Honour* of a *Secretary of State*, and
 ' I'm more the willing to discover *Bollingbroke's Character* as a
 ' *Masquerader*, as 'twill be a sort of *Confirmation* of all that *Mac-*
 ' *and extravagant Leudness* that I here charge him with, and which
 ' I'll prove before *Queen and Council*, if he dare prosecute either
 ' the *Author, Printer or Publisher*, of these *Truths*, for I'll appeal to
 ' your GRACE, if it en't a fine sight to see a *Secretary of State*
 ' *dress himself like a Tapster, Water-man, Quaker, Ghost, Gipsy,*
 ' *Merry*

Merry Andrew, nay Devil, (for they may well represent what they act) to gratify the Wanton humour of a Popish Ambassador at a *Masquerade*, where one wou'd think (*by the variety of Antick, and Ridiculous Dreffes of both Sexes that appear'd at Somerset-House upon this Leud Occasion*) that all the QUALITY that acted the *Masquerade* were run stark staring Mad. And therefore my Lord, did I know that *Athenian Projector* (or indefatigble Novelist) *Mr. John Dunton*, I wou'd advise him to Petition to the next Parliament that *Masquerading Harry* might be one of his Mad Patients; for I am told this Day by the Lord H---, that he is engag'd in a Project, (which will far exceed his *Athenian Oracle* for Novelty, Wit and Learning that he intitules **DUNTON'S MAD-HOUSE**: Or, *A Philophick Amusement*; proving that all the People of Great Britain (*the Queen and late Ministry only excepted*) are run distracted, but more especially the *Masquerading Sinners of Quality, from the Whoring Duke down to that mad Priest Dr. Sacheverel* — my Lord I don't know what that **PHILOSOPHY** is, by which *Mr. Dunton* pretends to cure all the Lunaticks of *Great Britain* of as many different *Frencys* as there are People in it; yet this I'll venture to say, that my Lord *Bollingbroke* is so distracted in his *Politicks* and *Leud Amours*, that he ought to be one of the *first Patients* that **DOCTOR DUNTON** takes into his *Philosophick Madhouse*, for I'm able to prove, that if ever there was a Mad Secretary of State since the Reign of *William the Conquerer*, 'Tis the Lord *Bollingbroke* and I hope his *Masquerading Character* will be sufficient to convince the World what a Dutiful and Loyal Parliament that must needs be that owes its being to the Conduct and Bribery of a Whoring Secretary and a *Fanns Treasurer* I have made more Discoveries concerning these Two Politicians; but I reserve 'em till a just Provocation, for he that winces at the Discovery of Plain Truth, can't be too much expos'd, and that as much for his Folly as Knavery; for who but a perfect Madman wou'd wince where he knows 'twill discover his Guilt, and therefore if your GRACE will Honour me so far as to insert this Letter in your intended SUPPLEMENT, I'll prove all the Discoveries I make in it to be *Matter of Fact* (except they are such that I only RELATE FOR HEARSAY) if either *Oxford* or *Bollingbroke* shou'd have so little Honour or Conscience left as to prosecute *Naked Truth* under the unjust charge of **FACTION** (or a disaffection to the present Government) but tho' I'll sacrifice my Life rather than not detect the Crimes of a *Guilty Ministry*, if (to save their Necks) they either Defend or palliate what they are charg'd with in this Letter yet my Lord I shall attempt this Publick Service to my Native Country, without any Hopes of their Reformation, or without Respect to any other Reward but the Glorious Satisfaction I shall have in my own Breast, of having done my Duty as a Loyal Peer and a sincere

cere Protestant, for publick Shame I suppose will not much
 disturb such a Traitor to his Country as the Lord *Treasurer* or
 such a Mad Rake as the Lord *Bollingbroke* for *Leud Harry* is such
 a Martyr to *Bacchus*, as well as to *Venus*, that he often Carouses
 and Tipples so long till he is above the World, for (as *Rochester*
 says) *He that is drunk is as great as a King.* — There's but one
 thing that distinguishes Beast and Man, REASON, and that
 Drunkenness often Robs our Secretary of, to as great a Degree
 of Madness as was ever seen in the Debauch'd, tho' (at last) truly
 Penitent *Rochester*, and that *Bollingbrok's* End may be like his, I
 advise him to read Mr. DUNTON's *Hazard of a Death-bed*
Repentance, which has been translated into Six Languages, and
 to my certain Knowledge has been the Conversion of as Leud a
 Man as himself: Or shou'd he dye IMPENITENT, as 'tis
 much to be fear'd when Men of his *distinguish'd Sense and Judg-*
ment (as Dean KENNET calls 'em) *dare live in a known Sin;*
 yet I'll own thus much in his favour that the strongest Brain
 grows Mad and Giddy, when advanc'd to a Pinnacle; and per-
 haps 'tis for that Reason our *State-Wit* is such a *Slave to the Bot-*
tle; as thinking *excessive Drinking* (as *Aristippus* affirms) will
both Cleanse and strengthen his Skull. And I suppose 'tis in this
 Sense that the Famous *Dryden* would often say, *There is no deceit*
in a Brimmer, for the Liberal Cup is but *The sucking Bottle* of the
Sons, of *Phœbus* to *solace and refresh their Palates in the Night*
of sad Invention. And I find that truly ingenious and Wor-
 thy Gentleman Mr. B—net of the same Opinion; for he
 tells the World * *That the love of Wine is a Qualification that ba-*
always attended great Souls; That 'tis good for a Politician, it ele-
vates and multiplies his Schemes: Then let Bollingbrok's Enemies rai-
at drinking, but let his Lordship continue it, since (as Mr. B—NET
observes) it will certainly make him more serviceable to his Queen
and Country, and more able to detect the Schemes of Fanatics and
Repupublicans: Or if there's neither Wit, Physick or Loyalty, yet
(as is seen in the Instance of Lord Bollingbroke) to be sure there is
Truth in Wine; for DRUNKEN HARRY no sooner
gets into a Reeling Sickness, but we straight hear of the Rich Dia-
mond that the French Tyrant gave him for retrieving his lost Glory
in Europe, by promoting a Peace which (without a Miracle) will
bring in the Pretender, Popery and Slavery, and for ever exclude
the Hannover Succession, which (next to the Continuance of Her
Majesties Life) is the greatest Blessing that can befall us.

Thus, My Lord, I have given you the True Character (or Se-
 cret History) of the Lord *Treasurer* and the Lord *Bollingbroke*, that
 the World might know to whose *daring Conduct and Generalship*
 the Nation is indebted for the many Remarkable Services that were
 done in the last Parliament.

My

* In his *Book entitled Some new Proofs.*

My Lord, having proceeded thus far in *The Secret History of the Present Ministry and of their loyal and dutiful Commons*, I shall next give your Grace the True Character of the New Speaker of this Noble Assembly, And here I shall do William B—ly the Justice to say, tho' (by his late Advancement) he has receiv'd his W A G E S (as I hinted before) for his past Years Service, Yet I don't think he had any Hand in contriving a Peace with France or that Oxford or Bollingbroke has yet let him into the Dunkirk and Lorain Secret, however as he seems to value himself upon his Sacheverelite (or High-Church) Character, and has been chose the M O U T H to that memorable Parliament *Who for the Character of Loyal and Dutiful have Sacrific'd their Country to the Power of France*, it might something lessen him in the Pretender's Favour (as will render *The Short History of the Parliament Imperfect*) if your Grace don't Honour him with a Character in your INTENDED SUPPLEMENT; for tho' he han't so boldly ventur'd his Neck as R—bin and H—ry have done in the Pretender's Service, yet no Loyal Subject to Queen Anne can think him an Enemy to the Chevalier St. George (tho' attainted of High-Treason) that reads his true Character, which is this following: *William B—ly* was ever a zealous Tory or High-Church-man, and therefore I don't wonder he had all the Votes of the High-Church-Party for being Speaker, for he was always a constant and Resolute Leader of the Sacheverelite Faction, particularly in the Two first Parliaments of this Reign, when he brought in, and strenuously stickled for the Occasional Conformity-Bill; but tho' Bollingbroke be a Tory (and which is yet worse a Bigotted one) yet he's clear of all that Treason, Immortality, and Leudness, that Oxford and Bollingbroke are charg'd with. B—ly 'tis true is the Chief High-Church Commoner of Great-Britain, and much Bigotted to the Rights and Ceremonies of the Church of England, yet he deserves Respect (were it for nothing else but his strict Morals) from the Honest Men of all Perswasions; for tho' he be a Bigotted Tory, yet so good that 'tis impossible not to esteem him, and pity his Mistakes in Politicks; 'tis certain he's no Jacobite, tho' so near a-kin to 'em; and his Errors are Pure Obedience to our Misguiding Clergy, which are an Order of Men he has too Implicit a Faith in, there every Word is Gospel, to the Good WELL-MEANING THING; and next them, *The Mercator, Abel, and The Examiner*, are his Infallible Guides, in short, they are all his POPES, and yet he detests Popery of all Things, I mean Barefac'd Popery, but in M A S Q U R A D E, it passes with him as well as any of the *Thirty Nine Articles*, as much as he Reverences 'em, 'twere to be wish'd there were no more of his Stamp; but I meet vast Numbers of such, and worse a Thousand times, 'tis an Observation of mine, that all Persons of much Zeal, and small Knowledge, of much Devotion and little Judgment, strong Passions and weak Reason

' *Men are naturally Tories, if of the Church of England; these are the*
 ' *Instruments the Papists work with in these Kingdoms and I wish*
 ' *they had no other; but the Misfortune is, the Knavish Trick-*
 ' *ing Noisy part of Mankind, join 'em: In short, a Man must be*
 ' *a Knave or Fool, before he can be a Tory; not that I deny that*
 ' *there are ill Men in the other party too; but tho' there may be,*
 ' *and certainly are as many ill Men as in the other, yet there can-*
 ' *not be such a Thing as a Fool. Let a Man's Vices be what they*
 ' *will, if he has Sense he is naturally a Whigg; for as I told*
 ' *your G R A C E, a Knave may be a Whigg, but a Fool can't.*
 ' *I can't say there never was any Exception to these Rules, but*
 ' *'tis so rarely seen that when your Grace has excepted the Lord*
 ' *C——, the late Sp—— of the H—— of C——ns and Sir E——*
 ' *N—— they, I don't know where you'll find Six Tories in the whole*
 ' *Kingdom, (the House of Lords and Commons excepted) that*
 ' *that en't either Fool or Knave. And as this is all that I know,*
 ' *or can prove of Squire B——y's Character, 'tis all that I shall say*
 ' *of him.*

' Thus, my Lord, I have sent you the true Character, (or Secret
 ' History) of those *Three Reigning Favourites*, that were the Con-
 ' ductors, or rather Managers of the *last Loyal and Dutiful Par-*
 ' *liament*, to which I don't doubt but your Grace will make such
 ' *Additions and Improvements* as you find necessary to perfect the
 ' *Secret History of the Ministry.*

' My Lord I shou'd next proceed to discover the Secret Life
 ' and Character of our She Politician Mrs. *Abigail*; but she being
 ' a Person better known to your Grace and the D——s of M——b
 ' than she is to me, I shan't presume to send you any Discoveries
 ' relating to the Conversation and MINISTRY of that Grate-
 ' ful Creature as believing your *Supplement to the Short History* will
 ' convince the World your Grace want's no Information upon
 ' that Head.---- I cou'd in large, but 'tis time now to ask your
 ' Grace's Pardon for presuming to trouble you with such a tedi-
 ' ous Letter. I shall therefore conclude it with this BRITISH
 ' WISH, that your Grace may still continue to *Realize in your*
 ' *Loyalty to Her Majesty those Hyperbolic Expressions of Allegiance*
 ' *and Duty*, wherewith the PEACEFUL ADDRESSERS
 ' have even tir'd the Court all the last Year. And let that Idle
 ' Imputation and Reproach of General for Life, wronging the
 ' Soldiers, and a Republican Design, be equally the Subject of
 ' your Diversion and Scorn; when all Wise Men know you too
 ' Honest and Loyal to endeavour the unhinging those firm Esta-
 ' blishments of *Church and State*, to whose Fixation and Glory you
 ' lent so great an Hand, I doubt not bear so true an Heart, how-
 ' ever enviously the contrary be insinuated by your inveterate Ene-
 ' mies (such as *Oxford and Bollingbroke*;) from whom God ever de-
 ' fend your Grace and all good Men; which I don't speak out of
 ' fear

fear of their Persons, for Conscience makes Cowards of us all,
 and for that Reason I fear no *Jacobite* Lord, tho' he shou'd Look
as big as Belzeabub; or were as haughty and Leud as *Bollingbroke*
 whilst he continues to keep a Whore or is such a Knave to betray
 his Country to save his Neck. And as this is *Great Britain's*
 Case at present so 'twill always be in the same Danger from the
Pretender, Popery and Slavery, whilst a Principal Secretary of State
 (who is the Fountain of all Foreign, and Domestick Intelligence)
 is a Slave to a Leud Woman, for their are She Favourites, as
 well as Bearded ones; and tho' this be the weaker Sex;
 yet both their *Passions and Enchantments* are the stronger of the
 Two. *Hercules and Achilles* were not the only *Heroes* that truck-
 led to the Distaff: LUST has often govern'd the *Politicks*, and
 the Fortune of a whole Kingdom become the Pastime of a De-
 bauch'd Woman; for its too true that such Persons have tram-
 pled underfoot Crowns and Scepters, Lordships and Mannors,
 and even a Secretary of State (if he'll keep a Whore) must sub-
 mit to her *Reigning Power*. 'Tis not long since there appear'd
 one of these *Kept Strumpets*, who was risen to so high a Degree of
 insolence, that having been solicted about a certain Affair which
 had been represented unto her as *Just and Easy* to be done, that
 she might the more willingly imploy her self therein, she answer'd
 with a Fierceness worthy of her Sex and Profession: *That she*
used not her Credit so lavishly, that another might serve in so slight
an occasion to do just and Possible Things; for her part she accustomed
her self only to undertake those which were unjust and impossible. And
 therefore whatever Crime Whoredom may be in any other Peer,
 for a Principal Secretary of State to keep a Whore (as I'll prove
 my Lord *Bollingbroke* does, whenever he'll stand the Test) it ought
 to be deem'd (and *Enacted*) *High-Treason* against the Queen; for
 'tis well known that the present Grandeur of *France* is wholly
 owing to those State Whores, that were sent by the most Christian
 King to the *British* Court to govern *Charles II.* and some of the
Keeping Cullies in such a *Politick* Manner, as wou'd most contri-
 bute to the Grandeur and Power of *France*; which I hope will be
 a sufficient Hint to your Grace to request the *Illustrious House* of
Hannover, that no Secrets may be sent from thence, either to *Tork*
Buildings or *White-Hall*, but what are proper to be seen by *Bo-*
lingbroke's Whore, the *French King*, and (after that) by his *Vice-*
Roy at Bar-le-duc; from whence, as I am inform'd by the Lord
 G—, your Grace has receiv'd a large Packet of Secrets; which we
 hope to find in your SUPPLEMENT, and for that Reason
 your Friends in *England* expect it with great Impatience.

My Lord, shoud any *Court-Jacobite* desire me to prove the Truth
 of that *Secret History*, which I have here sent to your Grace, my
 Answer wou'd be: What I report for HEARSAY needs no Proof,
 as 'tis not publish't as any direct Charge against either *Oxford* or

Bollingbroke

' *Bollingbroke* Their Bribing the *Loyal and Dutiful Commons* (except
 ' *Oxford* and *Bollingbroke* secure their Necks by an *Act of Grace*)
 ' will be detected by *Mr. Walpole*: And for that *Treason* I charge
 ' *Oxford* and *Bollingbroke* with, 'tis largely prov'd by the *Protesta-*
 ' *tion of near Forty Lords, against the Separate Peace* who call it:
 ' *Foolish, Knavish, Villanous---*; the Effect of very *I'll Advice---* of *Per-*
 ' *nicious Consequence to this Kingdom---* and a gross *Breach of Trust,*
 ' and of the *Grand Alliance*. And *Bollingbroke's Whoredom* is so no-
 ' toriously known (especially his *Leudness* with *Miss F-nes*) that I
 ' suppose he has yet more *Honour* and *Conscience* left than to deny it
 ' himself, or if he does, it shall be well attested in a **SECOND**
 ' **LETTER**, I intend to send to your Grace at *Antwerp*, or if any
 ' Thing prevents my sending any further Discoveries concerning
 ' these *State-Criminals*; 'tis only their *speedy Repentance, and taking*
 ' *in good part what I here publish in pure Friendship*; and therefore I
 ' hope they'll think the *Tartest part* of their Character an *Act of Mer-*
 ' *it*, for 'twas said of *Archbishop Crammer, Do my Lord of Canter-*
 ' *bury an Ill Turn, and he'll be sure to be your Friend for ever after*; If
 ' *Injuries* have met with such a forgiving and generous Treatment,
 ' what may that *Act of Friendship* expect that has no mixture of
 ' worldly Interest? For 'tis their *Reformation*, (as 'twill save a
 ' whole Nation from Ruine) more than their Favour that I de-
 ' fire; and therefore shou'd *Oxford* or *Bollingbroke* endeavour to
 ' suppress these Discoveries, 'twou'd be a plain Vindication of *Trea-*
 ' *son* in the first, and a *Defence of Miss-Keeping*, in the last for
 ' this Account of their *Treason* and *Whordom* is too notorious ei-
 ' ther to be deny'd or punish'd, without proving the *Prosecutors* guil-
 ' ty of the *highest Injustice*, for the whole Charge is now become
 ' such a *Vex Populi*, that 'tis believ'd by all the *Loyal Subjects* of
 ' *Great Britain*, but more especially those that were against a *Se-*
 ' *parate Peace*, as the only thing that cou'd endanger the *Hannover*
 ' *Succession, engage the Pretender in New Plots, or expose us to the*
 ' *Power of France*.

' But I tire your Grace, but remember 'tis *England's Safety* and
 ' my *Friendship* is the cause; besides, this is the only way I have to
 ' converse with you, and therefore is doubly allowable in

London October
 2. 1713.

Your GRACE's

Constant Admirer.

and very Humble Servant.

S—————

My

My Lord Oxford shou'd I give a full Answer to this long Letter of the Earl of S——— (against which I have no Objection but the *Overvalue* it puts upon those Faithful Services I endeavour to do my Country) it wou'd oblige me to make more Discoveries concerning the present State of the British Court, and the Loyal and Dutiful C———ns then cou'd possibly come into the Bounds of a Post Letter, I shall therefore reserve these further Discoveries to be the Subject of Two Essays, which I shall entitle:

(1.) *The Growth of Perkinism in Great Britain, but more especially at the English Court, being a Continuation of the Short History of the Parliament.*

(2.) *The Vision: Or, An Appendix to the Short History of the Parliament, in a Letter to Mr. Walpole.*

My Lord, these further Discoveries will be printed at Antwerp, in the English, French, Dutch, and German Language, and will be sent to every Member of the New British Parliament, at their first sitting, and after that to all the Protestant Courts in Europe, and in particular to the King of Sweden, the Elector of Hannover, and the States General; so that all I have further to discover in this SUPPLEMENT is that NEW SCHEME (mentioned in the Short History) which the English and Scotch Jacobites have concerted for bringing in the Pretender, Popery and Slavery; and, my Lord, the Discoveries that will be made by this NEW SCHEME, will be found a Necessary Supplement to several Heads in Mr. Walpole's Short History of the Parliament; I own, my Lord, the detecting this New Scheme will put your Lordships' Neck in danger, and perhaps will gall the haughty Bolingbroke for projecting a SCHEME that has brought the Martyrdom of the English Protestants almost in View, and therefore I must expect (tho' perhaps your Lordship will be more considerate) that GUILTY HARRY will prove my inrag'd Enemy; for, if that be true (as is said of him) that he cou'd act so MEAN a Revenge as to Mob it in Masquerade, to see such a LITTLE MAN in the Pillory as Will. Hurt, what must a Peer of the Land Expect, (that in Discharge of his Duty) detects his Whoredom and Jacobite Scheme, [For the New Scheme for bringing in the Pretender Popery and Slavery, may properly be call'd Bolingbroke's Scheme at the same Project, is publish'd weekly by that graceless Fellow, or Rascal * of his, the Examiner.] However, my Lord, at the Head of Truth I dare, face the Devil, or as Proud a Fury as the Lord Bolingbroke, and that with a brighter Weapon than a Pen. Nay,

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* Alluding to the weekly Paper intituled, The Englishman: Being the Sequel of the Guardian, where in Numb. I. Mr. Steel calls, The Examiner, B———'s Rascal, a Lord's Fool, a graceless Regue, a Fellow in a Livery, &c.

I cou'd despise even the **A X E** it self (for the **Hurt** it could do to my **N E C K**) If I was Martyr'd by it to save my Country. To fear was a *Passion* I ever thought below me, both as a *Man, a Soldier, a Peer of the Realm, and a Christian.* And (to use the Words of our *New Senator †*) I hope I shall always keep up my Spirits by the Goodness of my cause; Calamities astonish only Men of ordinary Spirits, he must be Ignorant of the Condition of human Life, who fears or flies the Miseries that attend it, *to scorn, to flatter, and to be above Accidents,* is one of the greatest Masteries of Man; and therefore shou'd *Bol ngbrcke* insult me for speaking of bold Truths (that has ruin'd his Country, and now keeps a **W** ———) I trust I shall be as confident as he is Impudent. for (as *Mr. Steel* well observes) *in the House, and as a Member of Parliament, I am accountable to no Man, but the Greatest Man in England is accountable to me.*

Then if **CHRISTIAN VALOUR** allows us to draw either *Sword or Pen,* or to venture our Necks in the Cause of God, our Country, or in Self defence, to be sure I shall neither flatter your Lordship nor **LEUD HARRY**, in the Account I am going to give of the *New Jacobite Scheme* to introduce the *Pretender, Popery,* and *Slavery,* for it's but just the Authors and Abettors of *England's* Miseries (be they *Never so great or powerful* shou'd be retriev'd from oblivion, and their Infamy shou'd be handed down to the Unhappy Children, that shall have Reason to Curse their Fathers Villanies and Treasons; so that as I have already given your Lordship ——— **A GENERAL ACCOUNT** of what I mean by ——— *Neck or Nothing* ——— (both as it respects your Lordships **HEAD** for contriving a *Jacobite-Peace*; *Leud Harry's NECK* for tripping to *France* for *Diamonds*; *Mrs. Allingail's TONGUE*, for Plotting a suspected Traitor into *New Favour*; the *Loyal and Dutiful Parliament*, for sacrificing their Country to the Power of *France*; and my own **HONOUR** and **COURAGE**, in accusing a *Guilty Ministry*.) I shall be now more **PARTICULAR** in my Discoveries, as they respect the **NEW SCHEME** which the *English* and *Scotch* Jacobites have concerted for bringing in the *Pretender, Popery,* and *Slavery,* which **NEW SCHEME** (as your Lordship must needs know) was an unanimous Agreement amongst the Jacobite-Party of the Church of *England* in these **FIVE** Resolutions.

1. To revive their old *Abdicated Doctrine* of *Passive Obedience* and *Non-Resistance,* that so upon Principles of (pretended) *Loyalty* to the *Princess Sophia* the *Heir* to the *Crown* by *Act of Parliament,* and upon *Revolution Principles* they might smooth the *Way* for the *Pretender,* by
asser-

† *Mr. Richard Steel* a *Member of Parliament* for *Stockbridge,* and *Author* of that *Truly ingenious* and *celebrated Paper* entituled **THE GUARDIAN.**