

The Examiner and his Masters (says the *Flying-Post*) wou'd do well to consider, whether the *Pretender* did not act in Concert with, and by Advice of the Jacobites in Great Britain and Ireland, send this Audacious and Trayterous Protestation to the Ministers at Utrecht. However (Reader) I think 'tis Evident from this Treasonable Protestation of the Pretender, that the Peace at Utrecht has given new Life to his Plots in England: Nay so far is the General Peace from securing England against the Pretender, that we are told in the *Flying-Post*, ' *When the News of the Peace arriv'd, a Mob assembled in Gracechurch-street, where one Farey a Jacobite (Son to the Druggist of that Name) broke the Windows of an eminent Citizen near the Rummer-Tavern, and at every Volley of Stones, the Mob gave Three Huzzas, while Farey cry'd out James the Third! James the Third!* ' Which Words being hear'd by a Gentleman that knew Farey, he told the Mob, *That he wou'd they would suffer themselves to be led by a Fellow to an open Rebellion against the Queen, to which a Villain that was as great a Jacobite as Farey, replied, " That Farey valu'd him nor no body else, and knew well enough what he did. "* And Dier (a notorious Jacobite) made his Boast, *" That the Mob when they solemniz'd Sacheverell's Festival, had their Musick plaining before them, to the Tune, — — — That the King shall enjoy his own again. "* We are also assur'd by the Author of the *Flying-Post*, *" That a Worthy Alderman of Worcester, on certain Occasions drinks a health to Dr. Sacheverell, the Pope, the French King and the Pretender, with Confusion to the Elector of Hannover, If these Treasonable Practices both in England and Scotland, give not sufficient Warning to look into the Discoveries made by this young Woman, I can't see why we shou'd suspect our Ruin, if our Houses were all on Fire and our selves in the Midst of the Flames, which if it be not our present Circumstance, yet (if the Maids Evidence be true) 'tis what we have Reason to fear, or neither my self nor my two Friends, wou'd have assum'd the Boldness to have Spy'd out such Jacobite Secrets, as are proper to be told to a Minister of State who if a Peer of true Honour and Loyalty, won't consider them with Respect to Parties, but with Respect to the Protestant Interest, that is really serv'd by this Publication. For as Dr. Sacheverell observes, (d) " Where Religion or Government is assaulted by ill Principles, or Rebellious Practices, 'tis the Ministers and Magistrates Duty to stand up and fence against both, and pronounce and Execute Wrath against them, and 'tis no less the Duty of every Subject to assist them with their Prayers, and to Implore Justice upon such Enemies of God and our Church. "* Then are the Papists contriving our Ruin? Do they hope to possess our Churches? Do they say the Queen has no Right to

(d) In his late Sermon entitl'd the Christian Triumph.

the Throne? and was all this Treason first Discover'd by a Dissenting Minister, and will any be still so base and ungrateful to say *I had rather be a Papist than a Presbyterian?* or that the Maid's Evidence is the less valuable, because first publish'd by a Non Conformist? Or if there be no farther Search made, into these Discoveries (or the Three Persons that make them, be only rewarded with the odious Names of *Republicans, mere Busy-bodies, or pretty State Reformers*) yet my Reverend Friend, Mrs. A———, and my self, have the Comfort to think, we have done our Duty in crying *Fire! Fire! Fire!* and if the Protestant World will lie still and be burnt (when they have had timely Notice of their Danger) 'tis no Fault of ours.

And now Reader, let me ask thee this serious Question, *Is the Church of Eng. and in Danger from the Papists or from the Protestant Dissenters?* Is it Mr. C——— a Presbyterian Minister, or is it Dr. Sacheverel a High Church-man, that here attempts to bring to light a most damnable Hellish Design to introduce the Pretender, and to subvert the present Constitution in Church and State? No alas, 'tis no *Papist* no *High-Church-man*, no *Sacheverelite*, no *Tool of a Party*, that here endeavours to secure the Church from Danger, by discovering who are its Enemies, but 'tis Mr. C——— a Dissenting Minister, now living in *Shadwell*. 'Tis true the *Examiner* in one of his late Papers, had the Impudence to tell the World, " That the *Whigs* " are great Friends to the *Pretender*, and the only Persons that have " attempted to bring him in " but this base Scandal is here answer'd by plain Matter of Fact, and such as is ready to be prov'd, when ever *Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State* is pleas'd to command it. For my own Share, I have the Honour to be the Son of an Eminent Churchman, (*viz.* the Reverend Mr. John Dunton, late Rector of *Aston Clinton*) and resolve to live and die in that Communion: But as I shall shew in my General Preface to this Work " I shall " be true and just to all Parties, and therefore am oblig'd to tell the " World, 'twas a Presbyterian Minister, and no *Papist* or *High-Churchman*, that first detected such *Treasonable Words and Practices*, " as every Protestant Dissenter and Low Churchman abhors." So that for the Future, I hope no *Examiner* will have the Face to say, " That the *Whigs* are great Friends to the *Pretender*, and the " only Persons that have attempted to bring him in " when 'tis a Dissenting Minister, (and one that has suffer'd much for his non-conformity) that is the *First Man* that has discover'd such *Treasonable Words and Practices*, as 'tis hop'd will for ever keep him out.

F I N I S.

The Pulpit Bite :

O R,

A Narrative of the Churches Danger, from those Preaching Jacobites that have Poyson'd the Nation with their Hereditary Cant ; but more especially from that TOOL, to the Popish Party (as he was call'd at his Tryal) Dr. Sacheverel.

Alter rixatur de lanâ sepe caprinâ ——— H O R.

Some make a Stir about a matter of Nothing.

Reader.

O Ur High Church Priests by their Vicious Lives and Hereditary Cant, have done more Mischief to the Church of Christ (and have made more *Albists* and *Deists* than all the Open Enemies of Christ since the Reformation; they are the only Origin of all the Antipathies and Divisions among the People for 'tis now vilible to all Loyal Subjects that the FALSE BROTHER that Dr. Sacheverel Lath'd at St. Paul's, was expos'd on Purpos'd to Sow Divisions amongst us, the better to make way for the Pretender, for the Well-willers to Piety and Slavery, have always attempted First to Divide us, (by charging the Dissenters with Schism, Treason, and I know not what) in Order to destroy us. Reader, Do but look back upon the Measures and Conduct of these Reverend Deceivers, and then see how little Reason you have to admire 'em, or follow after them. What a shameful Noise and Uproar have they made about the Churches Danger, when 'twas evident to a Demonstration, that there never was the least reason to be apprehensive of any real Danger, or Design against it? And yet from the beginning of the Revolution, till the fatal Year 1710. you hear'd little else thunder'd from the Pulpit, but the Churches Danger, but as soon as their Creatures were got into Peace, a dishonourable Peace concluded, the sacred Bonds of publick Faith violated, our Confederates deserted, and our Necks just brought under a French Yoke; they then in Convocation advance Doctrines the very same with those of the Church of Rome, and such Steps were by them taken, as directly tended to the Subversion of the Constitution, and the Introduction of the Pretender; an which time you heard not one syllable of the Danger of the Church, as if there had been no such thing in the World. But immediately upon King George's Ascension to the Throne, they fall to their Old Cant again that the Church was in Danger; as if the Church of England were in greater Danger under his Present Majesty's Government, than in the late Reign, when we were in continual Fears of a Popish Pretender; This to any Man whose Eyes are in his Head, is a Plain Indication, that they had rather venture the Church in the Hands of a Popish Pretender, than in the Hands of our Protestant Successor. And sure no Man will doubt this, that consults *The Secret of the Englishman*, No III where the loyal Author informs the World how terrible the Reining Rebel of White-Chapel engages in the Interest of the Established Church, and how good what the Jacobite Priests have often asserted, that the Church is in Danger. And I shall give you this surprizing Discovery in the very Words of *The Englishman*, viz

A Captain of a Ship, whose Concerns engag'd him at Leghorn, having occasion to raise up some Money for the Use of his Owners, applies himself to a Jesuit there, who was willing to partake of the Comforts of the Flesh as well as Spirit, and sent out Money upon Interest. The Jesuit immediately advanc'd the desired Sum, and took his own Note as Security, insinuating at the same time, that he would be proud of having the Honour to add him to the Number of his Profelytes. The Captain of Affairs call'd him immediately from Leghorn, and the Note remain'd in the Jesuit's Hand, and no Order was given at London for the Payment. The Captain having heard of the Fame of Dr. Well---n, thinking to hear him, goes to the Parish Church, when to his great Amazement, who should mount the Pulpit but his Friend the Jesuit, in a very Canonical Habit: After Sermon, he apply'd himself to the Jesuit, ask'd him how long he had been in England, wonder'd he had not given Order for the Payment of the Money, and recited several Passages that had happen'd between him and the Jesuit. The Priest, like a True Son of the Order, look'd first confounded, then grave, paused a while, and told the Captain he was an utter Stranger to his Person, gave the Doctor a Wink, and so they both Walked out together, and took Coach.

Now (Reader) let me ask you this reasonable Question, whether you infer from this great Intimacy that there is between Dr. Well---n and a known Jesuit (that this Passive Rebel offers to mount his Pulpit in a Canonical Habit) that the Church is in greater Danger from the Try Clergy (that have been long Plotting to RESTORE the Pretender by their Hereditary Cant, and Blackning the Character of our Rightful and Glorious Sovereign) or from Protestant Dissenters, who constantly pray for King GEORGE and the Royal Family; and in their late Address to his Majesty voluntarily offer'd their Lives and Fortunes in Defence of his just Title to the British Crown, against the Pretender and all his Adherents.

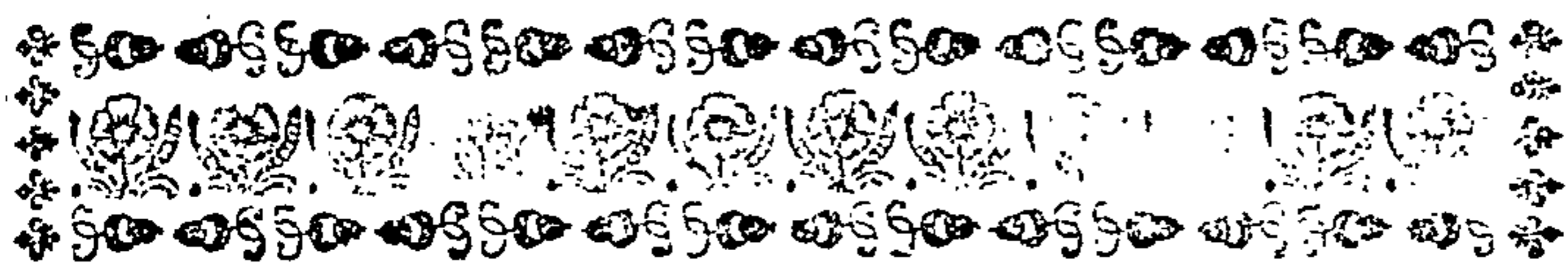
This is a Faithful Narrative of the Churches Danger, from those Preaching Jacobites that have Poyson'd the Nation with their Hereditary Cant, but more especially from that TOOL to the Popish Party (as he was call'd at his Tryal Dr. Sacheverel) for as to his sentiments of the Revolution, the Reign of King William and the Present Government built thereon Mr. Footnot has made an Affidavit, that Dr. Sacheverel said, That King William deserv'd to be De-Witted, and that he hop'd he should live to see it; That other saying of his is no less uncontrollable, that he cou'd forgive King William all that ever he said, but his curst Legacy of a Protestant Successor.--- It has been an usual Phrase with him, to call a Low-Church-man a Dissenter and a non-Com-munionarian.--- A very grave Gentleman of a plentiful Estate who in Word I don't venture my Life upon, told me, he knew where to strike the Pretender, he said and was crab'd for it. And the whole Town sings of the story of Mr. P---'s Lines of the Prerogative Court

at Caen, who assur'd Dr. Bayle, that his Brother upon Discourse about Dr. Sacheverell
 had to him, that he had drunk the Pretender's Health several Times with him by the Name of
 James the Third. --- The Supplement to Fruits on both Sides, acquaints us with a higher
 strain of Loyalty, His drinking the Pretender's Health on his knees. --- An English
 Gentleman was at Brussels about the Time of the Doctor's Preaching at St. Paul's, and
 the first News he hear'd of the Doctor or his Sermon, was from the Pope's Nuncio, who ask'd
 him in Conversation, What News from England, the Gentleman answer'd, I hear none;
 says the Nuncio, you have hear'd of the famous Doctor that preach'd in the great Church in
 London? No Sir, says the Gentleman, I know nothing of the Matter; says the Nuncio,
 he's a bold bold man, he has preach'd up the Title of the Chevalier St. George, and will stand
 by it; Sir said the Gentleman, that's impossible, I have it says he, by good Intelligence, and
 he says you get into England, and the Matter work well, it will in the end, bring in the
 King. This (says Mr. Bayle) was told to one of the Judges this last Circuit, before some
 Persons of the Highest Rank.

By all which I have fairly Prov'd, that the Church is in Danger from our Preaching Jacobites
 (the Hereditary Center,) but more especially from Dr. Sacheverell.

This Preaching JACK with very Church does Rave,
 Perkin his King, and he his Humble Slave,
 The Churches Danger he can Plainly see;
 For all it's Danger is from such as he,
 He's a meer LAUD for Pride and Bigotry.
 These are the Priests that Live at Wrack and Manger;
 And now Reduc'd, Weep for the Churches Danger,
 Lament her Ruin, and deplore her Doom,
 But wou'd you know what Church? 'Tis that of Rome.
 'Tis that's the Church they mean, 'tis that they fear,
 For there's no other Church in Danger here,
 Such Rebel Priests do think't a Glor'ous Cause;
 Both to destroy our Liberty and Laws,
 They Preach a Prince o'th' Blood can ner'e do ill,
 That 'tis their Birth-right to have Power to kill.
 They think a Monarch has too great a Mind,
 To be by Justice, or by Law, Confund;
 And this lasts just so long as he is King,
 Try but their PASSIVE GRACE, but Hang their Friend,
 Their Non-Resisting Cant is at an End.
 By these Blind Guides the Tories are Misled,
 They so believe, because they so were Bred.
 The Priest Affirms Hereditary Right,
 And tho' 'tis all a Trick a PULPIT BITE.
 The Snake lies hid till England's Poyson'd quite.

F I N I S.



Whig Loyalty ;

O R,

Mr. John Dunton's

PRIVATE LETTER to Queen Anne.

In which he offers to *Appear and Prove all his Discoveries* (inserted in his Two Narratives, intitled, *Neck or Nothing*, and *Court-Spy* . . .) and several others of great Moment to *the Queen and Kingdom*, if her Majesty will be pleased to grant her *Royal Protection* to Himself and Witnesses.

The Second Edition Corrected

Corpora magnanimo Satis est prostrasse Leoni Ovid.

In English.

A Noble Mind will spare him that submits himself.

M A D A M,

TH E many *Royal and Christian Virtues* that shine so eminently in your Majesty, the tender Regard you have always shew'd for the Welfare of your subjects, the undoubted Right all such have of laying their Grievances before you, and imploring your Royal Protection in the Performance of their Duty, imboldens me, *the Humblest*
M of

of them, to lay Myself and Case at your Sacred Feet: 'Tis, most-gracious Sovereign, the Malice of my Enemies (I will . . . cou'd not say your Majesty's and Peoples too) that forces me to make this *Address*, and by it my Case as publick as their Crimes; shall one Subject, not only with Impunity, but Encouragement, betray and ruin, as much as in him lies, his Prince and Country? and shall another not *dare to save 'em*, by exposing treasonable Practices? God forbid! No; Queen *Ann*, that *Wise*, that *Just*, that *Best of Princes*, in Spight of all her Enemies, still sits upon the Throne of *Great-Britain*: O may she long, long, very long do so, for the Happiness of these Kingdoms, and Good of *Languishing Europe*, which has but this one only Prospect left 'em to raise their sinking Hopes, and chase away their too well grounded Fears of *Universal Monarchy*, and its inseparable Attendant *Slavery*, the World of Slavery, under Arbitrary Power. If *Europe* groans with this single View of Misery, What must these poor Islands do, who have *not only* that to dread, but *lopery too*, that *Worst of Spiritual and Temporal Tyranny*? With what Grief and Amazement must every honest *British Protestant* look on, and see so many of their profest Enemies, *the Emisaries of Rome*, and a *Papist Pretender*, walking Openly and Barefacedly amongst us, swarming in all Parts of the Kingdom, and propagating their pernicious Doctrines against our Civil and Religious Rights; and what's still more melancholy, to see so great a Number of your Majesty's Subjects, and that *not only Papists, but profest Protestants*, joyning these Enemies of God and *Britain*, openly arraigning your Majesty's Title, and conferring it upon a *sworn Pretender*, bred up in all the Principles of *Poperity* and Arbitrary Power, and not only so, but with the utmost Aversion both to our Persons and Religion: This Intuition seems to pronounce us, *Doom'd to Destruction*.

Alas, *Madam*! When I behold you sitting upon the Throne of Glory, wherunto the Hand of God seemeth to have raised you by a *Miracle* (for such was the *Revolution*, as effected by King *William* of Ever Glorious Memory) fortify'd you by *Discretion*, and blessed you with so many *Prosperities*, I cannot chuse but remember, with the most tender Resentments of my Heart, the *CALMS* of the *First Eight Years*, when you took into your Hands the Stern of this *Large Empire*: Who ever saw *divers Nacials* so happily commix'd, as we then beheld *different Nations* united in *one entire Body*, under your Authority? What Consent in Affections? What Correspondence in all Orders? What Vigour in Laws? What Obedience in Subjects? What Agreement in the Senate? What Applause among the People? What Policy in Cities? What good Fortune in Arms? (*under your ever Faithful and victorious General*) What Blessing in all the Success of your Affairs?

Seemed

Seemed it not, that God had affixed to your *Standards* and *Laws* some secret Vertue, which made the one triumph in War, and the other become prosperous in Peace; with so much *Terror* and *Reputation*, that even Things *opposite* of their own Nature, knit themselves firmly together, for the Honour of your Majesty, and the Good of your Subjects.

O, *Madam!* What is become of that *Golden Face* of your Government? Who hath metamorphos'd it into this *Leadn V. face*? THE TRAITORS that did it, I have faithfully and plainly discover'd, in my Two Narratives, intitled, *Neck or Nothing*, and *Court-Spy*; And as *there's no Law* will hang a *Man* for speaking the *Truth*, if your Majesty will please to grant your *Royal Protection* to Myself and Witnesses, I shall accuse those Men in your *Royal Presence*, that brought these Miseries upon us. 'Tis true, the sacred Majesty of *Queens* ought not in Common Cases to be approached by every little busie Body, or frivolous Remonstrance-maker; yet when our *Prince's Pallace* is on *Fire*, and her sacred Person in the midst of *Flames*, the meanest of her Subjects has the Privilege then to give her Warning of her Danger, and to assist to quench the *Fire*; and this I am afraid (*Madam*) is at present too near our Case, or I wou'd not have assum'd the Boldness (by a *Private Letter*) to disturb your Repose, or have plac'd Myself so disadvantageously before your Majesty, as I must expect to appear under the Character of a *Publick Censor* of the Manners of your Ministers, and a petty *State-Reformer*. But what Necessity there is that some bold *Britain* (or true *Englishman*) shou'd thus venture his *Liberty* to save his *Country* (just now on the Brink of *Ruin*) I shall fully prove, in a *Speech* I intend to make in the *Pillory*, which I shall call——*The Impachment*; or, *Great-Britain's Charge against the F——t M——y*: And when I (thus) publickly *Impeach* O—— and B—— at the *Royal Exchange*, I shall make it appear to my *Peltin Auditors*, (if your Majesty's *Princely Goodness* does not save me from that threatned tho' undeserv'd Punishment) that in such a *Just and National Cause* as I then suffer; that none but the *Jacobite Faction* (or *Sachverel's Mob*) will hold up either Hand, or *Rotten Egg*, against me. However I have but *one Life* to lose, and in my suffering for detecting the Enemies to my *Queen* and *Country*, I think *Death* it self a *Reward*; for to be *Martyr'd*, for a *Good Cause*, is to die but once, and then to live for ever.

Then let *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke* do their worst, for I fear nothing on Earth but *Sin*, and a guilty *Conscience*; and did I not think I was above all *Temptations* to betray my *Country* (as they have done) I shou'd abhor Myself, tho' no Body in the World knew it: For the *Little Highway Thief* is a *Saint*, if compar'd with a *Bri'd M——ter* of S——re, who robs a whole *Nation* at once to enrich Himself and Family: For the *Little Thief*

may repent, and make full Satisfaction for the Wrong he has done; but he that *sacrifices his Religion and Country for Luicres*, shou'd he repent (as there's little Hopes of *so great a Thief*) yet he cou'd never repair the *Injuries he has done to a whole Kingdom*; for all Divines do assert, that without *Restitution there's no Salvation* for any Thief (be he great or little;) but what *Restitution* can he make (more than laying that HEAD on the Block that had contriv'd the Theft) that has rob'd a whole Nation of its *Honour*, and perhaps of its *Treasure*, to purchase *such a Parliament*, and *such a Peace as will*—— But I dare not say what, but leave the rest to the Discoveries I am ready to make of the *Hereditary Author*, G——g's T——n, the *new Jacobite Scheme*, and other *Cabinet Secrets*; which shall be all prov'd in your Majesty's Royal Presence, if your Majesty please to command it.

But not to trouble your Majesty with more than is absolutely necessary for *my own Vindication*, and what's infinitely more dear to me, *your Majesty's Safety*; permit me, *Madam*, to inform your Majesty with the Occasion of this *Humble Address*.

The 23d of *November* last, some Persons, who call'd themselves *your Majesty's Messengers*, came in my Absence to my *Lodgings*, and after a strict Search and much Fury, express'd in *swearing, cursing, and other Violences*, departed, declaring they were sent by the Lord Viscount *Bolingbroke* to seize me, as Author of a Pamphlet, entituled, *Neck or Nothing*, &c. tho' it remains for his Lordship to prove me the Author; yet allowing I were so, What is there in that *Ejuy* which deserves such Treatment? *The Hereditary Author*, or rather Authors, met other Kind of Usage: 'Tis true, the Notice taken of that Work by the ingenious Writer of the *Flying-Post*, and likewise by the Author of the Pamphlet his Lordship is so angry with, forced a Prosecution, both of *Mr. Bedford*, and the *Query Publisher*; otherwise, 'tis probable, their Treason might have been winked at, as well as *Abel's* and the *Examiner's*, with others I could name. At least I have Reason to suspect it by the *no* Notice taken of the Discoveries offer'd in my *Neck or Nothing*, and *Court Spy*: All which, with much more, I am able and willing to prove, by undeniable Demonstrations, and credible Witnesses, whenever I have *your Majesty's Commands to do so*, and am assured of *your Royal Protection*: But 'till then, 'twou'd be the height of Imprudence to expose Myself, or any others of your Majesty's faithful Subjects, to the Dangers that I know will attend such *Loyalty*.

Whatever becomes of me, *may God preserve your Sacred Person* from the Machinations of all your Enemies, Spiritual and Temporal, Ecclesiastical and Civil, *from his Holiness at Rome*, to his *Friend at St. Andrews Holbourn*, that drinks the *Tretender's* Health on his *Kneels*, and curses the only human Security, next

to your Majesty's precious Life (which God long preserve) of our Religion and Liberties, *viz.* *The Protestant Succession in the Illustrious House of Hanover.*

Madam, as such *Disloyal Practices* as these tend to subvert the present Constitution in Church and State, they are certainly *High Treason*; and whoever is privy to such Practices, if they don't discover 'em to some Magistrate, they ought to be prosecuted for *Misprision of Treason*: For as my Lord *Bacon* observes, 'A Loyal Subject is a continual Centinel, always to stand upon the Watch to give his Prince true Intelligence; if he flatters him, he betrays him; if he conceals the Truth of those Things from him which concern his Justice, or his Honour (altho' not the Safety of his Person) he is as dangerous a Traitor to his Crown, as he that riseth in Arms against him.'

These, *Madam*, are the Words of my Lord *Bacon*, and sufficiently shew, 'Tis the Duty of every Subject not only to obey his Prince, and to be faithful to him himself, but to give true and speedy Intelligence of all such Treasons and Conspiracies; that he can possibly discover against his Person and Government.' And therefore, *Madam*, being born of Blood that never learn'd to flatter, I shall ever think it my Duty to be bold and daring in my Fidelity to my *Queen and Country* (as believing every cowardly, sneaking and covetous Whig, is as great a Scandal to his excellent Cause, as a Frenchify'd Tory is to his Country;) for no Man deserves the Loyal Name of a Whig, that fears either Men or Devils in Discharge of a good Conscience, or in the serving his Prince; for my own Share, I am the least and most unworthy of all that are HONOUR'D with the Title of WHIG, yet I always said, 'That our Lands and Lives (if we are loyal) are the Queen's, and nothing we can call our own but DEATH, whilst the Pretender lives, or your Majesty has one Enemy;' and whoever be't thus Loyal, is no WHIG, but a Traitor to his *Queen and Country*, and I rejoice to find the most ingenious Man of the Age (the present GUARDIAN of *Stöckbridge*) of this Opinion, for he tells the World, * 'Riches and Honour can administer to the Heart no Pleasure like what an honest Man feels, when he is contending for the Interest of his Country, and the Civil Rights of his Fellow Subjects.' This, *MADAM*, is Whig Loyalty, and what was never consider'd by Dr. *Sacheverell*, or his False Brethren, when they concerted their NEW SCHEME for bringing in the Pretender, as indeed how shou'd it, for 'tis impossible that Priest or Subject, (tho' he were a Lord Treasurer, or Secretary of State) that is false to his

* In his Book, entitled, *The Importance of Dunkirk consider'd.*

God, should be true to his Prince, I mean in the Sense of that *Great and Good Emperor*, that turn'd away his profane Servants with these Words, ' *How can he be faithful to me that is not faithful to his God?*' True Loyalty, as well as true Religion, is nothing else but an *Obedience to God and the Queen, in the Observance of the Christian Laws of the Land*; by which it plainly appears, that he that is Loyal to your Majesty upon any other Score but Religion (and what Religion can he have that betrays his Country, or keeps a Whore?) is so upon an accidental Reason, and such as may alter, and so may be the contrary upon the same Reason; such a Subject may be *Whig or Tory, or Tory or Whig*, as these changeable Reasons (such as *Honour, or Interest, or Fashion*) shall determine him, when he that is Loyal upon *the Reasons of Religion and Conscience* is fix'd, and (like a TRUE WHIG) can never alter, till he deserts those Pious Principles which will always be, and continue the same: But we find (as our truly *Loyal and Ingenious* Patriot observes)

' * When (for the Sins of a Nation) Men of poor and narrow
' Conceptions, Self-interested, and without Benevolence to
' Mankind, have had the Use of their Prince's *Favour and Prero-*
' *gative*, they think only what they may do, not what they
' ought to do: Such *Ministers* use the Word *Prerogative* to
' frighten Men from speaking what they lawfully may upon
' publick Occurrences, and often cover and protect their Follies
' or Iniquities under that *awful Word Prerogative.*'

MADAM, such Arbitrary Notions as these tho' they have been very agreeable to the Lust of Princes, yet they have often prov'd fatal to their Thrones. ' I have thought (says a *Loyal Divine* †) that the 30th of *January* Sermons, cost King *James* his Three Crowns. *Men of corrupt Minds* were still addressing themselves to his Humour, till they push'd him on to the Fate that became publick enough. And when they had cried up his Power as sacred, and told Him all his Actions were uncontroll'd, he no sooner took 'em at their Word, but they left him in the Lurch: And he judg'd extremely right in his Troubles, when he cry'd out, with a Concern that I should have pitied, upon seeing a Clergy-man, *Alas, Sir, it's the Men of your Cloth that have brought me to this.* 'Twas the Unhappiness of that Prince to believe those in their Sermons and Addresses who never believ'd themselves. They may talk of

* Richard Steel, Esq; a Member of Parliament for Stockbridge, and Author of that Celebrated Paper, intituled, The Guardian.

† In his late Sermon, intituled, the Lawfulness of Resisting Tyrants.

' *Passive-Obedience, Resignation, Meekness, and Patience*; but the
 ' General Filthiness of their Lives, and their Hatred to Anger
 ' with all the World, make 'em a wretched Party for any King
 ' to trust in. The *Memorial of the Church of England* tells us
 ' indeed, that *Non-Resistance* has been always their *Principle*;
 ' but they confess *Nature* is apt to rebel against *Principle*, and
 ' we believe 'em when they say, *That in these Cases the Odds*
 ' *are on Nature's Side*. Such a nice Distinction as this, do we
 ' find in the *Address* presented to the Queen some time ago by
 ' the *Clergy of London*: They call her Majesty's Authority *Irre-*
 ' *sistible*, and yet the next Breath sucks that in; for they say,
 ' *As they have withstood, so they will withstand again.* — So
 that 'tis clear, our High-Church Priests are no longer Loyal to
 their Prince, than he is dignifying their Ambition with *Lawn*
Sleeves, or feeding their Avarice with great Livings; and there-
 fore I shall presume to say, that Subject deserves most of your
 Majesty Favour, that Loves his Queen because he Honours his
 God, and his Loyal because he is Religious. This Man (be he
 Whig or Tory) is STEADY, and his Loyalty impregnable, no
 LUIDORES or DIAMONDS can tempt him to sell his Religion
 or Country, until they convince him there is no God; nor shake
 his Allegiance, until they can disargue his Faith: For he is a
 Whig Loyalist, that is, Loyalty becomes the very Nature and
 Soul of this Man; but it hangs very loosely and uncertainly
 upon all others, let 'em be as High-Church or as Low-Church as
 they please: But as no Man can properly be call'd a WHIG,
 that is not truly Pious and Loyal; so all the WHIG-LOYALTY,
 that is paid to your Majesty's Person and Government, through-
 out your whole Dominions, is (tho' our late Glorious Deliverer
 from Popery and Slavery, is now call'd a Usurper) chiefly founded
 on Revolution Principles, this is fairly acknowledg'd for Orthodox
 Doctrine, by all the True Sons of the Church of England (of which
 I boast my self an unworthy Member:) Nay, I dare appeal
 even to that Tool of the Jacobite Party himself (Dr. Sacheverell)
 if *Absolute Passive-Obedience and Non-Resistance*, was not decry'd
 as a false and ridiculous Doctrine, when the Church of England
 was touch'd in the sensible Part, I mean in her Rights and Pri-
 vileges: For tho' we have a late Spawn of Writers * who
 ' represent that great Work [of the Revolution] as only the
 ' Rolling of a Multitude, yet it is well known that Persons of
 ' the first Quality invited the Prince of Orange over. The Paper
 ' call'd, *The Address of the English Protestants*, was sign'd by
 ' Dr. Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the greatest Part

* As is observ'd by the truly Loyal and Ingenious Author of the
 Sermon, intitol'd, The Lawfulness of Resisting Tyrants.

of that Order; which shew'd what Spirit they were of in the Time of their Danger.' And it is of little Value with me, that they who made no Scruple to *Pray* to a Prince, shou'd make any to *Swear* to him; our *Nobility and Gentry* all over the Nation, declar'd the Right that was in 'em not to be undone, and *flock'd in to their Deliverer*: Nay, that which gave the greatest Figure to the Design was, that your Majesty (our Rightful and ever Glorious Queen) and your late Consort, *Prince George of Denmark*, lov'd your Religion and Country above any Ties of Blood; your Majesty began to be Glorious at *Nottingham* (as an Earliest what your Name shou'd be in *Germany and Flanders*) by leading those People as a *General*, which you shou'd afterwards command as a *Sovereign*. And tho' there are some who please themselves with a Phrase of *Thanking God* that they had no Hand in this *Glorious Revolution*, yet all the *Loyal Whigs* (or sincere Protestants, for they are synonymous Terms) in your Majesty's Realms, met on the Fifth of *November last*, (the Day King *William* Landed) to thank God that others had; and, to speak the Truth, it's pity that they who hate the Principles of this Cause, shou'd *Roll in the Profits*; for 'tis a general Observation amongst all those Loyal Subjects that are call'd *Whigs*, that all the *Anti-Revolution Gentlemen* (or Enemies to King *William*) are *Abettors of the Pretender's Interest*, if not profest Jacobites.

Then may Heaven ever defend your Majesty, and in that your Kingdoms, from *pretended Friends*, those most dangerous Enemies, by *what Name or Title* never dignify'd or distinguish'd, from the *BONA FIDE Monarch*, to his Vice-Roy at *Barleduc*, of whatever Denomination or Religion he may be at present, or next Week, together with all their *Adherents, Abettors, Well-wishers, foreign and domestick*, for such Monsters there are amongst us; but their *Persons, Names, Designs and Practices*, are better known than they imagine, as they may one Day perhaps find to their Confusion and Loss.

After all, I can scarce tell how to suppose, that 'tis my Care for my Religion's, Sovereign's, and Country's Safety; my Zeal for their Honour and Happy Establishment, that has so highly provoked some great Mens. Displeasure; but shou'd it be so, they may rest fully assured, that neither the *Wrath nor Grandeur* of any Fellow Subject, tho' in never so highly exalted a Station, shall fright me from my Duty; their *Displeasure and Malice* wou'd be more justly plac'd, if the first were directed against themselves, and the other against their *Babbling Tools*, such as a certain *WATER-MAN* between *Chatham* and *Rochester*, who boasts his former *Owling Trade*, tho' it cost the Partner of his *Treason his Life*, and himself *Nine Months Confinement*, has now procur'd him a Pension of *Fifty Pounds a Year*.

Alas poor GREGG! Were thy Treasonable Merits so great, that neither a *Place, Title, Pension,* nor *Garret,* could reward, that thou would'st die a *silent Martyr!* Had thy Fidelity to thy Sovereign been equal to that to thy *Master,* how brightly had'st thou shin'd in *Story;* and now how black dost thou appear to all honest Men! Thy *Brother Traytor on the Thames* calls thee a *Thousand Fols,* and swears, before he would have suffer'd a *Hempen Collar* to have been about his Neck, he would have made Discoveries that had found Business for both *Axe and Halber.*

May those be the Fate of all Disloyal Subjects, especially Queen ANNE's, and all other Betrayers of their Country; may the *Hereditary Publisher* be so honest as to confess *when, where, and by whom* that Work was carry'd on; who 'twas the CLUB appointed to search Records for *Henry the VIIIth's Will,* and other Presidents for Modern Facts; how much above 18! that Search cost; who was at that Charge; and with what View, except to a *certain young Gentleman at Harledec;* not but that there are some faithful Subjects, who careful of your Majesty's Person and Honour, their Country's Happiness, and their own Liberties and Properties, *keep so vigilant a Watch on all these Persons,* whose Fidelity to your Sacred Person they have reason to suspect, as that none of all this *Mystery of Iniquity* is a secret to them; they are *ready and able to inform your Majesty, in all these Particulars, and many more of the 1st Account to your Majesty, and Kingdom's Safety* (as appears by the many *justifiable Discoveries* that have been sent to me by *Persons of great quality*): But without your Majesty's Encouragement, Command, and Royal Protection, the appearing in so dangerous an Undertaking, would justly entitle them to the Character *Dr. Sacheverell,* and his Friends gave me, for the Discoveries in my *Neck or Nothing and Court-Spy, viz.* That of a *Mad Man:* I must do them all the Justice to own, that they were none of them so *mad,* as to suffer me to prove *the black Charge I exhibited against him,* and I am not yet so *mad,* as not to know the Reason of their Temper in this Matter; no nor so *mad* neither, as not to know Truth from Falshood, Realities from Pretences, Traytors from Faithful Subjects, Popish Priests from Protestant Ministers, Superstition, Self-will Worship, and all other false Doctrines (even to that new one of *Re-baptizing,* new to the Church of *England,* tho' the Doctor who pretends to be a Minister of that Church, declares, 'tis what he'll preach and practice, forgetting, I suppose, that his Patron, my Lord T—— had no other than *Presbyter Baptism,* and consequently, by his Rule, is *no Christian*) from the Truth of Christ and his Gospel: Nay, to go farther, I can likewise assure the *Reverend Doctor,* I have so much the Advantage of him, and his *deluded Followers, in Sense as well as Faith,* that I can distinguish between a *Gracious Princess* govern-

ing by Law, and an *Arbitrary Tyrant* acting against all Laws human and divine, between my *Rightful Sovereign*, and a *Sham Pretender*; and as with Joy, Love, and humble Duty, I shall obey the first, so I shall with all my Power, to my last Breath, resist the other, whenever by the Advice or Assistance of such *False Brethren*, as the *Doctor* of *St. Andrew's Holbourn*, he shall attempt a second Invasion of your Majesty's Dominions: In this hearty and loyal Resolution, I am seconded by all your faithful Subjects, and shall be not only by all your true Allies, but likewise all sincere Protestants; and whenever the *Hero* of the Doctor's Farce makes his next Attempt on *Britain*, he'll find it so to his Confusion, and that of all his Invitors or Aiders, at home and abroad.

To tire your Majesty no longer, I beg leave only to repeat once more, that I am ready to prove all my Discoveries of the *Doctor* and his *Accomplices*, upon the least Intimation of your Majesty's Pleasure, and Assurances of your *Royal Protection* for Myself and Witnesses, who are all Persons of unquestionable Veracity and Credit, of unblemish'd Reputation and Loyalty, faithful and affectionate Subjects to your Majesty, and true Friends to that *Illustrious House*, whose Succession only can make your People able to support the Loss of so good a Queen, whenever Heaven for our Sins, and your Majesty's Happiness, shall remove you from an *Earthly* to an *Heavenly Crown*: Nor shall either Rewards or Punishments, the Frowns or Flatteries of any Creature hinder me from faithfully discharging the Duty I owe my God, my Queen and Country, to the utmost of my Power; as I wou'd not for a *Thousand Worlds* wrong any Man by a false Accusation, if I knew it to be so; so neither will I for Fear or Favour conceal any Villany that comes well attested to my Knowledge: This ever was, is, and shall be my Principle and Practice; By this I'll stand, or fall, live, or die: That Man I think ill understands his Duty to God, his Prince and Country, that will be *Bully'd* out of the Performing it, by any Man on Earth. This, I hope, will never be attempted towards me; but if it shou'd, 'twill be in vain: For I wou'd willingly lose for the Service of your Majesty, as much as others get by pretending to serve you.

May your Majesty long Live the Blessing of your People, and Support of the Protestant Interest, and the Liberties of Europe; all of them now in the utmost Danger; may your Majesty be the *Glorious Instrument* of Providence, to extricate them out of it: And to this End may God bless your Majesty with a wise Council, a faithful Ministry, and an obedient, loyal, affectionate, dutiful, united People.---This is the hearty, zealous Prayers of,

Most Gracious Sovereign,

*Your Majesty's most Humble, most Obedient, most Loyal,
most Dutiful, and most Faithful Subject and Servant,*

JOHN DUNTON.

Mordecai's Ramble to COURT:

O R,

A Brief Detection of the *Avarice, Pride, and Ingratitude* of some Pretended Whigs now in the Ministry, to the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, that has Ruin'd himself to save his Country.

W I T H

Some Cutting Reflections on a Treasonable Paper, intituled, *The Norwich Petition*, as they were sent in a LETTER to Mr. John Dunton: By a Person wholly unknown to him.

————— *Adulator nullus amicus erit.* ————— OVID.
Nec retinent patulae commissa fideliter aures. ————— HOR.

London, Sept. 17. 1718.

I Own, Mr. Dunton, it will be an Eternal Scandal to those Glorious Patriots that now surround his Majesty's Throne; (and which is yet worse will bring a Reproach upon his Majesty's Royal Promise, *Of never forgetting such as distinguish themselves in his Service*) if after you have ventur'd your Life and Fortune to secure the Protestant Succession in the illustrious House of *Hanover*, you shou'd be left to starve in a Jail, and that for no other reason but only detecting the *Pride, Avarice, and Ingratitude* of those Court Whigs, whose Lives and Fortunes you ventur'd your All to save (for your early and successful Discoverys of *Oxford's and Bolingbroke's Scheme to restore the Pretender*, defeating several *Jacobite Plots in London*, and seasonable Detecting the *Enlisting of Men in Ireland for the Pretender's Service*, can't be said to be of any less Consequence) neither can any Man doubt the Truth of those early Discoveries that furnish'd out your celebrated Narrative, intituled, *Neck or Nothing*, seeing they were fully confirm'd in the Report made by the Committee of Secrecy Ten Months after you had publish'd them in that Loyal and Seasonable Narrative. And therefore, Mr. Dunton, as you have oblig'd all his Majesty's best Friends in telling the World

(in your *Secret History of St. James's*) that you had rather starve in his Majesty's Service, than live a distinguish'd Favourite to a Popish Usurper. I shall now send you such a treasonable Libel (entitled, *The Humble Petition of the Mayor, Sheriffs, Justices, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of Norwich, to his Majesty King George*) as will add greatly to your other National Services (and to that *Royal Bounty*, that the whole Kingdom will think you deserve) if you either deliver it to his Majesty with your own *Hand*, or publish it with such an *Answer to it*, as may expel that Poison which 'tis fear'd will spread throughout all his Majesty's Realms, if not speedily suppress'd. And should I inform you who makes this *early Discovery to you* (I call it so, as this *Norwich Petition* is not yet publish'd) both your self, and the *Present Ministry*, would own great Regard ought to be had to it, or at least so much as ought to *distinguish you in his Majesty's Royal Favour*; for as your *Neck or Nothing* made such early Discoveries of *Oxford's* and *Bolingbroke's* Treason, as no Man save your self was entrusted with, or had Courage enough to publish while the Traitors accus'd govern'd the Nation, so I can assure you, your timely sending this *Treasonable Petition to the Present Ministry* will not be less meritorious than your former distinguish'd Services to the *House of Hanover*; for tho' that Reverend Clergyman that writ *Mordecai's Memorial* has done great Justice to your *distinguish'd Loyalty and Affection to King George*, yet nothing can be of greater Service to his Majesty, than the Suppressing, or at least *Answering this Norwich Petition*.

Mr. *Dunton!* all the true Friends to the House of *Hanover*, rejoice to hear that his Majesty has done you that great Honour as to bestow on you a *Gold Medal* (as an Acknowledgment that your Publick Services were well approv'd, and as a Mark of his Royal Favour;) but as your *Loyal and Expensive Hazards* in detecting his Secret Enemies are so universally known and distinguish'd as to make the Jacobites swear *John Dunton* shall be the first Man they will hang at *Tyburn*, if ever their Popish Idol is crown'd King: For this reason we can't but be greatly concern'd to see *pretended Whigs* (or *Weathercock-Tories*) that have done little or nothing to set the Crown on his Majesty's Head, advanc'd to *considerable Places or Pensions* (by having Friends at Court, or Money to purchase them) whilst *Honest Dunton*, who has spent his All in his Majesty's Service, is left to starve in a *Goal*, only for want of having his *Case told to the King*. But Mr. *Dunton*, your presenting this *Treasonable Petition to his Majesty* will be such a *new and convincing Proof* of your steady Loyalty to his Royal Person and Government, as, 'tis hop'd, will bring to mind all your former *unrewarded Services*: And therefore, tho' some Court-Whigs may perhaps have been your Enemies (for your detecting that *Tride, Avarice* and *Ingratitude*;

tude, you have found in them; for *touch a gall'd Horse on the Back, and he will certainly mince*) yet if they have but Two Grains either of Honour or Gratitude in them, they will now be as much your Friend as you can desire; for that *reasonable Petition* I have here sent you, if timely and sharply answer'd, will prevent the *Papists* (or *High Churchmen*, for they are synonymous Words) poisoning the Nation with Jacobite Lyes, and consequently will secure to our Court Whigs those *High and Profitable Places* they now most deservedly possess. And therefore, Mr. Dunton, if that Discovery this *Norwich Petition* makes of his Majesty's Enemies meet with a Generous Reception at Court (I mean such a Reception *as shall as much distinguish the Author of Neck or Nothing in his Majesty's Favour, as he has distinguish'd himself in his Service*). I resolve if possible to procure and send you *the Pretender's new Declaration to the Subjects of Great-Britain* (which as I'm told by a FALSE BROTHER to the Jacobite Party, with whom I have contracted a great Friendship) is every Word of it *High Treason*, and therefore you must never expect to know from what Hand these *treasnable Libels* come, for I receive those Discoveries I shall send to you from a Papist of great Quality that is *nearly related to me, and whose Name I have promis'd shall be ever a Secret*. However (as Fifteen Hundred Pound will pay all your Debts, and clear your whole Estate from Incumbrance) *the great and signal Service* you will again do to your King and Country by these early and seasonable Discoveries, can't miss of that *noble Reward* from our Grateful and ever Glorious Sovereign; for if you have *any Enemies at Court* (as 'twould be a great Dishonour to it should such a Loyal Subject as *John Dunton* have one Enemy there) it is only such *Whig Dukes, Earls, Lords, and Baronets*, that have scandaliz'd themselves as well as their Country by their base *Pride, Avarice; and Ingratitude* to such that (like *John Dunton* our *British Mordecai*) have ruin'd themselves to save their Country. However, if *Pride, Avarice, and Ingratitude* be bad in a Tory, they are so in a Whig, and therefore *Dunton*, as your great Fault (or rather matchless Honesty) lies only in calling *a Spade a Spade*, your plain dealing in detecting the *Pride, Avarice and Ingratitude* of some Court Whigs can never exclude such a *Neck-Adventurer* in his Majesty's Service from partaking of his *Royal Bounty*, for those eminent Services you have done the Crown; for God be thank'd, we have *a King too wise to be imposed on by Favourites* (whatever the *Norwich Pctition* says to the contrary) to good to forget any Faithful Service done him and a Ministry (whilst the Glorious *Stanhope, Craggs, Sunderland, Parker, King, Letchmer, and Hampden*, sit at Helm) too upright, honest and faithful, to lessen or conceal any Fellow Subject's Merits. Our *Mordecai's* need only to be set in a true Light to these,

these, which *you will do in your own* Person, if you have Loyalty and Courage enough to present this *Normich* Petition either to the King, or the present Ministry, with your own Hand. However I shan't scruple to say at parting (I have *so much regard to his Majesty's Honour, and the Reputation of the present Ministry*) that I'm almost as much concern'd as the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, that his desperate and successful Hazards in serving the Publick han't yet partak'd of that *Royal Bounty* which the whole Nation says he deserves. Or, Mr. *Dunton*, (as I said before) if you have any Enemies 'tis only those Court Whigs whose *Pride, Avarice and Ingratitude* you have most justly expos'd, and ought further to lash in a Satyr I would have you entitle; *Neck for Nothing*.

Mr. *Dunton*, I shall only add, if our *Court Whigs* continue still to wince at that known and remarkable Justice you have done to their *Proud, Covetous and Ungrateful* Character, (and for that reason still continue to conceal or misrepresent your *distinguish'd Services to our Grateful Sovereign*.) I resolve to publish this LETTER (with the *Normich Petition* enclosed in it, answer'd Paragraph by Paragraph) that all my Fellow Subjects may see how much I am *his Majesty's, Your, and the Kingdom's* true (*tho' unknown*) Friend, and Faithful Humble Servant, &c.

Mordécai

Mordecai Kneeling at the King's Gate;

O R,

Mr. JOHN DUNTON's Humble Petition

To His Majesty's Royal Honour, Justice, Gratitude, and the rest of his *Princely Vertues*, that he might not be left *to starve in a Jayl*, 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, His Majesty having promis'd in His First *SPEECH* from the Throne, *Never to forget his Obligations to those that have distinguish'd themselves in his Service.*

Et bene apud memores veteris stat Gratia facti.——VIRG.

To the KING's most Excellent Majesty.

The Humble Petition of JOHN DUNTON, Citizen of London,

Sheweth,

THAT your Petitioner with very great *Charge and Expence* in Writing and Printing to secure the *Protestant Succession in your Majesty's Illustrious House*, especially by Printing his Narrative, intituled, *Neck or Nothing*, and his *Court-Spy*, and other *Pamphlets*, which he at his own *Cost and Charge* dispers'd throughout your Majesty's Dominions, did thereby *distinguish himself* in your Majesty's Service by defeating your Enemies in their secret Schemes to bring into your Realms the Pretender.

For which Services your Majesty was pleas'd to bestow on him *A Gold Medal* as an Acknowledgment that your *Petitioner's* Services therein were well approv'd.

That your *Petitioner* did make such *Discoveries* that no Man (save himself) was intrusted with, or had *Courage* enough to publish whilst the *Traitors accus'd govern'd the Nation*, and by his early Discoveries of *Oxford's* and *Bolingbroke's* Scheme to bring in the Pretender, and by his detecting that *Jacobite Plot*
that

that was then carrying on in the *Royal Palace* they were thereby wholly defeated, as also the *Two Jacobite Plots of Lifting Men in Ireland for the Pretender's Service, and that Plot in Southwark for his Restoration* (of which your Petitioner gave the late Bishop of *Salisbury* a full Account from time to time as he had it from a *Papist* that was privy to it, as the Reverend Mr. *Will. Clark* is able to testify) had in all likelihood both taken Effect had not those *early Discoveries* that your *Petitioner* made in his said Pamphlets prevented the same, which the then Ministry to conceal gave your Petitioner the Title of *Madman*, tho' for no other reason (as all that know him assert) but his daring to charge *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke* with a Design to Restore the Pretender when they were *Two Royal Favourites*: And as this was the only Colour they had for telling the World your Petitioner was *mad*, and all the Proof of his Madness; so 'twas all the Confutation they could produce of his Intelligence. I must confess, that *Avarice*, and *Ingratitude*, that I have observ'd and found amongst *some Whigs at Court* is enough to make the most *Rational Man* in the World MAD; but your Petitioner, is so far from being in the least *Craz'd* (or *Lunatick*) that if your Majesty, (or any of those faithful Patriots that now surround the Throne) desire this Asperision might be further clear'd, your Petitioner is ready to stand the Test before the whole Colledge of Physicians upon this underv'd Slander; or was he really a *Madman*, he is still the greater Object of your Majesty's Royal Bounty: But your Petitioner has fairly prov'd (in a *Satyr* now ready for the Press, intitled, *Neck for Nothing; or, Mordecai's Dying Groans from the Fleet-Prison*) that he is a *MAD TORY*, or a *MAD WHIG*, that either thinks or calls him a *Madman*.

Your *Petitioner's* early and bold Discoveries (call'd *Neck or Nothing*) having done that Service to your Majesty's Interest as to open the Eyes of many Thousands to see the Danger the *Protestant Succession* was in which they did not before suspect, it engag'd 'em to exert themselves in the following *Elections of Parliament Men* for its Security: 'Twas for this Reason that your Petitioner ran the hazard of being made a *Prisoner in Newgate* by a *Scire Warrant* to Vote for those Four Candidates in the City of *London* that he knew were zealous for the *Hamover* Succession, and to engage several of his Fellow Citizens in the same Glorious Cause, and made him refuse his Vote and Interest (tho' both were earnestly solicited by the Lord *Fermannab*) to the *Tory* Members that stood for Knights of the Shire for *Bucks*, where your Petitioner often went at a great Expence as knowing his Interest could engage many Hundreds for Mr. *Hampden* (his own Estate in several Parts of that County joyn'd to the good Character

facter his Reverend Father and Grandfather had in those Parts, having given him a considerable Influence over the Electors) and your Petitioner never grudg'd either Time or Charges (ever since the Crown was settled on your Majesty's Sacred Person and Family) in chusing such Members to sit in Parliament as he knew were hearty Friends to your Majesty, and to the Protestant Succession in your Illustrious House, as was well known to the late Marquis of Wharton, who Honour'd your Petitioner with a Distinguishing Mark of his Friendship for these Publick Services (as is well known to Mr. John Peny, now living in the City of London.)

Neither was your Petitioner less zealous in detecting your Enemies in the Isle of Thanet, when (of late) they were Plotting to restore the Pretender by a Swedish Invasion (or a Design of Landing Twenty Thousand Men in that Island for the Pretender's Service) which Discovery your Petitioner receiv'd from a worthy Gentleman of the Isle of Thanet, who assur'd him, that neither he nor your Petitioner could be seen in it, but at the utmost Hazard of their Lives. However, as your Petitioner never valued either his Life or Fortune where he could do your Majesty any Service; he immediately sent this Discovery to that truly Faithful and Generous Patriot the Lord Stanhope then Principal Secretary of State, and your Petitioner will always be thus zealous to venture his ALL in Defence of your Majesty's Just Title to the British Crown, tho' he shou'd never partake of any other Reward than the Satisfaction of having done his Duty to his Rightful and ever Glorious Sovereign: Of which the Discoveries that your Petitioner sent but a few Weeks ago to the Right Honourable the Lord Stanhope, and Mr. Secretary Craggs, (by a French Minister) of a Desperate Jacobite Plot then hatching in London, Oxford, Somersetshire, and other Parts of the Kingdom, is a late and undeniable Proof.

Your Petitioner cou'd proceed to inform your Majesty of many other Desperate and Successful Hazards that he has run of his Life and Fortune in detecting the Jacobite Enemies to your Royal Person and Family in the Worst of Times; but that he might not be too Tediuous; he will at present only further Discover to your Majesty that Jacobite Impudence (or Traisonable Libel) that was secretly dispers'd throughout all your Majesty's Realms, but more especially in the City of Norwich (or purpose to blacken your Majesty's Glorious Reign, and every Branch of your Illustrious House) and was thus intituled, viz:

THE HUMBLE PETITION of the Mayor, Sheriffs, Justices, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of Norwich, to His Majesty King GEORGE.

Which Petition I no sooner Receiv'd (from a Person wholly unknown to me) but I immediately sent it to a Gentleman of Disting-

gust *Honour and Loyalty* (well known to your Majesty) who sent this *Treasonable Petition* to several Lords of your Majesty's *Privy-Council*, who all commended my *Great Diligence, Courage and Fidelity* in detecting your Majesty's Enemies, and had not the *unknown Gentleman* that sent this *Petition* greatly Reflected upon the *Present Ministry* for letting my *Early, Expensive, and Successful Hazards* to serve the Publick go so long unrewarded, 'tis believ'd, by several *Eminent Citizens*, that this seasonable Service to the Crown had bin long since Rewarded by your Majesty's *Special Order*.

Your Majesty will not wonder then that such *Seasonable and Expensive Services*, and a *Five Years* almost as Expensive an Attendance upon Courtiers (some of which promised your Petitioner to seek all Occasions to inform your Majesty of his many *Successful Hazards* in detecting your *Jacobite Enemies* without any regard to their Promises) have reduced him to so *extream a Necessity*, as either to lay in this presuming Manner himself at your *Sacred Feet*, or starve out the Remainder of his Life in a Prison. *Strange!* that the *Tories* shou'd never fail to Inrich those that do all they can to Ruin their Country, when the Author of *Neck or Nothing* is left to starve in a Jail, by those very LORDS (your Petitioner blushes to think they are Whigs) that once call'd him *the Patriot of Great-Britain*, for venturing his All to save it (as he was assur'd by that Person of Honour who sent him all those *Early Discoveries* of *Oxford's* and *Bolingbroke's* Treason that furnish'd out *Neck or Nothing*.)

All which has occasion'd your Petitioner's Expence of a *Plentiful Fortune* to save his Country, and assert your Majesty's *Succession* and Right to the Crown of these Realms; for which he must now unavoidably *perish in a Goal* (tho' the small Sum of *Fifty or Hundred Pounds* would pay all his Debts, and clear his whole Estate from Incumbrance) unless reliev'd by your Majesty's *Royal Bounty* (or such an *Annual Pension* as shall make his future Life a little Easy and Comfortable) his Two Hereditary Distempers the *Stone and Rheumatism* rendring him unfit for any Publick Place, unless such a one as he may Discharge by a *Deputy*.

The Truth of these *several Discoveries*, and of many others incerted in your Petitioner's *Four Narratives*, intituled, *Neck or Nothing*, *Court-Spy*, *Queen Robin*, and, *The Impeachment*. Shall be fully prov'd in your Majesty's *Royal Presence* if your Majesty Please to Command it, and that not only by a *Worthy Clergyman*, and other Persons of undoubted Veracity that were Privy to them before they were made Publick, but also by a *Fellow Sufferer* with him for dispersing vast Numbers of his *Neck or Nothing*, at the very time when there was *Six Warrants* in Pursuit of him for Writing of it. And as your Petitioner was thus threatned with

with Ruin by the late Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, then Principal Secretary of State, and forced to abscond at a great Charge for near *Two Years together* (and that only for daring to detect your Majesty's Jacobite Enemies, that were then Reigning Favourites, and Plotting even in the Royal Palace to defeat the *Protestant Succession*, as that *Person of Honour* that writ the *Key to Neck or Nothing* proves at large) so *Hang'd* he had certainly been, had the Pretender succeeded in his late Cursed Rebellion, and perhaps by those very Jacobites that lately promised him a great Reward (as is well known to that worthy Gentleman Mr. John Lamer of Wapping) if he'd Publickly Recant of proving the Pretender a *Popish Imposter*, and all his Adherents *Knaves and Madmen*; but as the Cause of the Whigs is Just and Glorious, as 'tis the Cause of Religion and *English Liberties*, (tho' their Souls are little and selfish, and he might add very ungrateful, if compar'd with the *Generosity of the Tories* to all such as Attempt to Ruin their Country) your Petitioner will never desert either them or their *Honest Principles*, tho' they should suffer him to starve in Defence of them, for no Temptation of either *Honour or Riches* shall ever corrupt your Petitioner's Whiggish Principles (or *distinguish'd Affection* to the House of Hanover, and its true Friends) and was he not now in a *starving Condition*, by the Necessity he lies under of *Pawning* his *Medal, Plate, Library*, and other Things of considerable Value, and by *Consigning* over his *whole Rent* to a *necessitous Creditor* (that buys the very Bread on which he subsists) He had neither troubled your Majesty with this Detection of *Tory Gratitude*, to such as would ruin their Country (by restoring a *Popish Pretender*) nor with this *Secret History of Whiggish Ingratitude* to such as venture *Neck or Nothing* to save it; but your Petitioner can't but own to your Majesty that it greatly afflicts him, that after being *Born a Gentleman, and bred a Scholar, and Heir to an Estate of Five Thousand Pounds in Land*, that he must now be forc'd to spend (or rather starve out) his few remaining Days in a Prison for want of that very Money which he *freely spent out of his own Pocket* in the Service of his King and Country; but your Petitioner don't fear continuing long under these pinching Wants, if this *Narrative of his Case and Sufferings* be read to your Majesty as he's promised it shall by that *Person of Honour* that delivers it to your Majesty with his own Hand, considering how fully your Majesty makes good that Gracious Promise made us in your first Speech from the Throne, 'Never to forget those who have distinguished themselves in your Service.' And therefore as *Dunton's* being always neglected (after this Petition is read to your Majesty) would be a *manifest Breach* of your Majesty's *Royal Promise* made from the Throne, to such that (like the *British Mordecai*) have ventur'd their ALL, to secure the *Protestant Succession*, so 'twou'd be a great Discouragement for the future to all Loyal Subjects to *distinguish themselves in your Majesty's Service*; and 'tis for that Reason that *all your Majesty's best Friends* do so heinously Resent it, that your Petitioner's Publick Services have gone *Five Years unrewarded*, and that not only to the Reproach of the *Present Ministry*, but even of Religion it self; for I am ready to prove in your Majesty's *Royal Presence*, that if your Petitioner must go unrewarded for his Publick Services (or be call'd an *Impostor*)

and for being *sincerely Honest and Loyal* (that is for scorning to follow the greatest Duke or Earl in the Kingdom in his scandalous *private Avarice, and Ingratitude, &c.* merely to gain his Favour) the very Name, as well as the Practice of Vertue will be wholly lost throughout all your Majesty's Realms, but more especially in the *British Court*. 'Tis therefore thought the *Ingratitude* of Imprisoning the Author of *Neck or Nothing* for Debts contracted in the Service of the Royal Family, is wholly unknown to your Majesty; for tho' your whole Reign has been *Frighs and Spottles*, yet your Petitioner don't scruple to say, That if your Majesty excels in one Vertue more than another, 'tis that of *wisely Rewarding such as deserve it*, as is seen in the Instance of that Celebrated Patriot Sir Richard Steel, who (as the Reverend Author of *Mordecai's Memorial* has fairly prov'd) never ran the *Fortieth Part* of those desperate Hazards which your Petitioner did in the late Reign to detect your Majesty's Enemies, yet (after receiving a *Royal Bounty* to pay his Debts) 'tis reported he now possesses above *Two Thousand Pounds* a Year in Places, and is still in pursuit of *Greater Preferment*. And in the Instance of Mr. *George Kidpath*, who tho' a *Dissenter* from the Establish'd Church, yet his distinguish'd Loyalty was no sooner made known to his *Grateful Prince* in an humble Petition (after being near Four Years neglected, through the *Avarice and Ingratitude* of the Whigs at Court) but the great Services he had done by his *Flying Post* against the Enemies to the present Government were rewarded by a *Patent* for furnishing the Offices in *Scotland* for Forty Years with *Blank Books, Paper, and Stationary Wares*: which 'tis said will bring him in (and his two *Bookseller-Partners* in the same *Patent*) *Nine Hundred Pounds per Ann.* 'Tis therefore hop'd by all your Majesty's true Friends of the *Church of England* which you have always protected and encourag'd, and in whose *Communion* your Petitioner resolves to live and die, that the unrewarded Author of *Neck or Nothing* will not meet with worse Success than a *Dissenter* did (for that wou'd prove the *Church of England* is in *Danger indeed!* which 'twill never be, whilst either your Majesty, or any Branch of your *Illustrious House*, sits on the *British Throne*) by laying his Case at your Majesty's Feet, as 'tis most *humbly submitted* to your Generous Compassion by a *Noble Patriot*, who is both an *E. e* and *Ear* Witness to your Petitioner's deplorable Condition, by reason of Debts contracted in the Service of your *Royal Person and Family*. Your Petitioner don't speak this out of Respect to his own Advancement; for he can with truth affirm, he had no Rewards in view when he first ventur'd his Life, and incumber'd his Fortune to serve your Majesty, and (next to paying his Debts, and dying with a good Conscience) he only desires his Loyal Hazards may be rewarded, that your Majesty's *Royal Gratitude*, and a *Whig Ministry*, may be no longer censur'd on his Account, and he thinks no Man can doubt this that reads *Mordecai's Memorial* where the Rev. Author tells the World, ' I had never concern'd myself in Mr. *Dunton's* Affair now, did I not think, nay know the *King's Honour* as well as the *Ministry's* concern'd in rewarding his Publick Services. The *Body of Dissenters* (who to a Man are all hearty Lovers of King *George*) nay all our Country

• *Whigs,*

Whigs murmur at his being neglected, his Reputation stands so fair in the *British World*, that 'twill look ill not to regard the Man, and therefore (continues the Reverend Author of this *Memorial*) I have in the best Manner I was able pleaded the Cause of the Poor Man who saved the City, and whom no Man remembered, tho' his Neck Adventures to serve the Publick are become such a *Vox Populi*, that 'tis the earnest Desire of the whole Nation they should be Nobly Rewarded, as appears by the frequent and General Reports, that a Royal Bounty and Pension has paid all your Petitioner's Debts, and given Him a generous Subsistance for Life (as Mr. Robert Tooke the Printer of the *Flying-Post* is able to testify, who once brought your Petitioner this joyful News) which, upon a thorough Inquiry, prov'd only a bare Amusement or false Report. But if it be the Desire of the whole Nation that *Mordecai's distinguished Loyalty* should be rewarded (as he can prove it is by Letters he has received from all Parts of the *British Dominions*) they can be no real Friends to your Majesty (let them be either *Whig or Tory*) that by concealing or misrepresenting his Neck-Adventures to serve the Publick, do all they can to prevent it, and thereby blemish your Majesty's *Impartial Rewards* to all your Loyal Subjects of *Great-Britain*, though without any manner of Reason for the Neglect of Rewarding *Dunton's* Publick Services lies wholly at their Doors who have neither wanted Opportunity nor a full Conviction of the Truth of his Services and Sufferings, which is a most aggravated Ingratitude in those Court Whigs who have raised their Fortunes by your Petitioner's Loyal Hazards to serve the Publick; and therefore as the whole Nation is become his Debtor, he neither wants nor asks their Charity (as a certain Ungrateful DUKE was pleas'd to call it) but only that Common Justice and Gratitude that is due to the meanest Subject that has spent his ALL in the Service of his KING and COUNTRY, as his CREDITORS will shew at large (in a Weekly Petition to your Majesty's Royal Honour, Justice, Gratitude, and the rest of your Princely Vertues) if this Petition (or Abridgment of Whigish Ingratitude) address'd to your Majesty is not bless'd with that good Success as all his Fellow Subjects (that are sincere Friends to the House of Hannover) both expect and hope for. And thus I have ventur'd NECK FOR NOTHING (as I have largely prov'd to your MAJESTY) in a Satyr upon the Avarice and Ingratitude of those Whig Dukes, Earls, Lords, and Baronets that suffer the Author of NECK OR NOTHING to starve in a Jail, that has ruined himself to save his Country; and as he had the Honesty and Courage to publish this Heinous Charge (and to offer to prove it in your Majesty's Royal Presence) 'tis only for this Reason that the Earl of S——, and some other Pretended Whigs (now in the Ministry) are become his (MOST) ungrateful, and (WHOLLY) undeserv'd Enemies, which (your Petitioner humbly conceives) does fully prove to your Majesty, that he lies under a Necessity of Publishing this Narrative of Whigish Ingratitude, were it for no other Reason but to shew what a little, mean, beggarly Soul has tarnish'd the Honour of some GREAT MEN now in the British Court, and to raise Compassion in his Fellow Subjects, that they might make such A GENERAL PURSE as will pay all his Debts (or at least keep him from starving;) but

as this wou'd be some Reflection *on your Majesty's Royal Bounty and Goodness*, he hopes he shall partake of it in so *Generous a Manner* as will prevent his publishing *Neck for Nothing*, and for the future make all *Whigish Ingratitude and Avarice* to be as much abhorr'd as 'tis now practis'd *at Court* (tho' to your Majesty's Eternal Honour, without either *your Knowledge or Consent*) and therefore your *Petitioner* now flings himself at your *Royal Feet* in this *Humble Address*, not only as you always were a *Common Father to all your People*, but a Prince of that *distinguish'd Humility and Goodness*, as to be always willing to listen to a *just Complaint*, though made by the Meanest of all your Subjects, and therefore your *Petitioner* presumes to say, If *DEBTS* contracted in serving *your Majesty's Illustrious House*, and the great Wants he now *GROANS* under upon that Account, will give him a just Title to *the Royal Bounty of a Generous Prince*, your *Petitioner* don't fear to obtain it in few Days; for he assures your Majesty at present a *near and dismal Prospect* of being buried Alive (or starved to Death) in the *Fleet-Prison*, is all the *Honour and Dignity* that the *BRITISH MORDECAI* has yet got for venturing *Neck or Nothing*, to detect the Enemy to your Majesty's *Royal Person and Family*.

The *Premises* considered, your *Petitioner* most humbly Prays, your *Sacred Majesty's Bounty* towards his Relief, in such Manner as your Majesty in your great Wisdom shall think fit.

And your *Petitioner* (as in Duty bound) shall (whether at *Liberty or in Prison*) still remain in the Integrity of his Soul to *Love, Honour, and Serve your Majesty* to the utmost Capacity of a *Loyal, Dutiful, and Affectionate Subject*.

Mordecai's Memorial:

OF, THESE

Nothing Done by John

PROVING

The several *Early, Expensive, and Successful*
Discoveries in

Mr. John Danton's NECK ADVENTURES

To secure the Protestant Succession in the Illu-
strious House of Hanover, to be all Matter
of Fact.

And that He is a Parallel Instance to the *PERSIAN*
MORDECAI, for his distinguished (tho' as yet
unrewarded) Services, in detecting the *Jacobite Lists*
against his Majesty's Royal Person and Family, both
in the late, and present Reign.

WRITTEN

By a Reverend and Disinterested CLERGYMAN.

And most humble Inscrib'd,

To His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES,
when GUARDIAN of these Realms.

The second Edition Corrected.

ESTHER VI. 2, 3.

*And it was found written that Mordecai had told of Bigthana and
Tereſh, two of the King's Chamberlains, the eunuchs of the Door,
who sought to lay Hand on the King Aſuerus; and the King
ſaid, What Honour and Dignity has been done to Mordecai
for this? Then ſaid the King's Servants that miniſtered unto him,
There is nothing done for him.*

L O N D O N :

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of London and Wymington. 1713.



T O H I S

R O Y A L H I G H N E S S

T H E

P R I N C E o f W A L E S,

When GUARDIAN of these Realms.

G R E A T S I R,

IN the Absence of Your Royal Father, there is none to whom I cou'd, with more *Hopes of Success*, inscribe *MORDECAI'S MEMORIAL*, than to Your Self; Tho' perhaps this Address may carry an *Air of Presumption*, yet I am satisfied, every Equitable Judge, and every Sincere and Faithful Friend to the Protestant Succession, will acquit me.

In the Pages that follow, Your *Royal Highness* will find a just and moving Representation of *very signal and unrewarded Services and Sufferings in the Glorious Cause of Religion and Liberty, and of the Succession of Your Royal and Illustrious Family to the Throne of these Kingdoms*. When all these were in imminent Hazard, and ready to be sacrificed at one Blow, to the *Pope* and the *Pretender*; when the *Vengeance of an abandon'd Ministry* was the certain Effect of revealing their *Treason, and controuling their Measures*; if in these Circumstances, there was a *Man of Honesty and Courage*, to whom their Plots and Contrivances were reveal'd, who, with *the utmost Freedom, Risqued his Estate, his Liberty, and his Life*, by a most seasonable Publication of the wicked Designs that were then on the Anvil. who propos'd to make good his Charge in open Court, if he cou'd have obtain'd the late *Queen's Protection* for Himself and his Witnesses, who, in *Twenty Books*, publish'd at his own Expence, alarm'd the blind and deluded Subjects in *Great-Britain and Ireland*, and who thereupon was pursu'd with the keenest Resentment of a *Secretary of State*; who, when he cou'd serve his Country, and promote the Security of the Succession of Your *Illustrious House*, in no other Capacity, made

his *Weekly Appearance* under the Title of his own *Ghost*; What Reward shall he not be thought to deserve? The Errand upon which this Application is made, is to acquaint Your *Royal Highness* that Mr. *John Dunton* is the Man, after all his *Service, his Hazards and Sufferings*; and after large Assurances were made him, in Case the *Present Succession* shou'd obtain, He has been Five Years neglected, and left to struggle with an Incumbrance of near *Eight hundred Pound Debt* upon his Estate, and expos'd to the *Conjuncture of a Prison*. 'Tis none of my Intention to insinuate a *Charge of Ingratitude*; for the only Reason that can be imagin'd of this Neglect, is the *Backwardness* of those to recommend Mr. *Dunton*, who have neither wanted Opportunity, nor a full Conviction of the Truth of his *Services and Sufferings*. 'Tis possible for great Merit to lie a long Time conceal'd, and that Men of better Fortunes shall enjoy the Rewards, while the Poor Man dyes in Poverty and a Prison, whose Courage and Loyalty saved his City and his Country. It wou'd be thought an inviolous Undertaking to compare the Service and the Hazards of those who have had large Shares in the Favours of their Prince, with the known Adventures of Poor Mr. *Dunton*. The Difficulties and Straits into which his Zeal and his Loyalty have thrown him, are so pressing, that He must dye a Martyr in the Cause of his Country, and of the *Royal Family*; If Nothing be done for him; shall it ever be said, that under a Reign of so much Lenity, even to Rebels seiz'd in open Rebellion, there was an Instance of one who suffer'd for his Loyalty who lost his Liberty, his Estate, and his All, by saving the Liberties of his Country, and venturing his Neck for Nothing? Shou'd this be the sad Event, an Everlasting Reproach will lie at their Door, from whom a just and Generous Representation of Mr. *Dunton* to His Majesty and Your *Royal Highness*, was due. Shall it be thought too much, that an Instrument of our Common Deliverance be render'd capable, by Public Gratitude, to spend the Residue of his Days in Liberty, in Credit and Ease, freed from a Load of Debts contracted in Public Service? Shall it be judged too great a Favour to bear a Poor Man's Expence in our late Deliverance?

As nothing was wanting, but a Faithful Representation of the Case, I have thought it necessary to put *Mordecai's Memorial* into Your *Royal Highness's* Hand; and that not only as all His Majesty's Loyal Subjects in that Part of *North-Britain*, where I perform my Sacred Function, are greatly concern'd that Poor *Mordecai* is not yet (*Nobly*) Rewarded for his seasonable Venture of *Neck or Nothing*: But as 'tis the joint Opinion of all those Clergymen, and Men of Figure that I have convers'd with, ever since King *George's* happy Accession to the *British Throne*; That Mr. *Dunton* has done more to open the Eyes of the stupid and deluded *Jacobites*, during the late Ministry (by daring to

Publish.

Publish those Early Discoveries of *Oxford's* and *Bolingbroke's* Treason, which he entitles *Neck or Nothing*) than all the Subjects of *Great-Britain* besides. Then shall not Poor *Mordecai* (who has ventur'd more to save his Country from Ruin, than any one Man in it) be Rewarded, when his Desires are so just and reasonable, they rising no higher than to be out of Debt, and (by Fifteen Hundred Pounds, and a handsom Pension) to be put in a future Capacity, to serve King George and his Native Country, by Publishing such further Discoveries of the Enemies to the Protestant Succession, that he is promis'd from Time to Time by that Person of Honour that sent him: all those Jacobite Secrets that he formerly and lately Publish'd with such great Success.

In a Dedication of this Nature, it may be expected that I should have enter'd upon the just Praise of Your Royal Father, and Your Highness; but I am determin'd, that even Envy shall leave no Foundation to say, that the Success of this Memorial was attempted by Flattery; I shall only say, and upon certain Evidence, that Your Illustrious House has contributed more to the very Name of Protestants, and the Preservation of the Reform'd Religion, than any other Family in Europe. When the Emperor Charles V. procur'd a Decree from a Majority of the Princes and States assembled in the Dyet of Spire 1529, against the Reformation, a solemn Protest was entred in Opposition to it, by six Princes, who made a Glorious Stand in that Great Crisis, and two of those six Princes were of Your Illustrious House, Duke Ernest (His Majesty King George's Great Grandfather) and Duke Francis, His Brother. And it is the Glory of His Majesty and Your Royal Highness to support the Reform'd Religion with the same Zeal, equal to that of Your Great Ancestors, and 'tis part of Your Reward that there is an Augmentation of just Power in Your Hands for its Defence.

I shall add, that the safest Method to transmit the Crown of these Kingdoms down to Your Self, and Your Posterity, is to make an Effectual Distinction betwixt the known Friends of the present Settlement, who upon Principles which no Times can change, are inviolably attach'd to it, and the open Enemies of it, who are and will remain so upon opposite Principles.

I am,
 May it please Your Royal Highness,
 Your most Devoted,
 and most Faithful Servant,

PHILO-PATRIS.

Mordecai's



MORDECAI's Memorial:

O R,

There's Nothing done for Him.

B E I N G

A S A T Y R upon Some-body, but I
Name No-body, &c.

THere goes a Story of a Country-Gentleman, who, upon the Restoration of King *Charles* the Second, having footed it to Town, took up his Station in *St. James's Park*, where he was daily upon the Watch, warming his Mouth with a Pipe of Tobacco, and discharging his Glands of that Sort of Phlegm, which the Poor and the Disappointed are usually troubled with. The King passing frequently that Way, the Gentleman and his Pipe were constantly in the very same Place, where He wish'd His Majesty good Sport, if he was going a Hunting, or a pleasant Day, in case He was taking the Air. At last this constant Attendance upon Duty having render'd Him a little remarkable, the King made Enquiry after the *Man with the Pipe*; and, being inform'd He was a Gentleman who had sunk a plentiful Fortune, and ruin'd his Family in the Cause of the *Royal Martyr*, His Majesty order'd him to be call'd, and directed him to apply to a certain Office, and demand a very comfortable Place in the King's Name. I need not describe his Joy, for I believe every Body is sensible what his own 'Transports would have been upon the same Occasion. The Gentleman having got his Directions by Heart, goes immediately to the Office, and strikes with the great Hammer, demanding in the King's Name to be instantly, and with all due Formalities, admitted into his Post. But, for Answer, He was told,

Mordecai's Memorial: or,

told, there cou'd be no Regard paid to the Message he had deliver'd, without a Round Sum of Money for the necessary Writings, Fees, &c. This was an effectual Repulse, for the Man had no Money, nor was it lawful to Coin; therefore away he goes with his Steel and his Flint, his Pipe and Tobacco-Box, and resumes his Old Station in the Park. The next Turn the King took that Way, He found him upon the Spot, and making a Stop, enquir'd, Why still at his Old Trade? And the Gentleman having acquainted his Majesty with the Reason of his Disappointment, was order'd to go a Second Time upon the same Errand, and to demand the Place without a Farthing of Expence: But, in short, the Costs of Writings, the Fees, &c. were insisted on, so that no Good cou'd be done. The Man, upon this, returns to the Park as diligently as the Beggar to his Stand, and smokes away the Time 'till the King came back, who ask'd him the Success he had met with. The Gentleman gave his Majesty a Thousand Thanks for his Gracious Intentions towards him; adding, *That he did not at all blame his Majesty, for he had done all that he cou'd for him; but the Money was still demanded, without which he cou'd not be put in Place. All that I can do for thee, Man!* said the King, *and thou shalt know I am able yet to do more;* and ordering a Noble Lord to go immediately, and get the Business dispatch'd upon Pain of the highest Resentment, the Gentleman was most agreeably convinc'd, that *a grateful King can do much.*

That I may come a little closer to Business, There is a poor honest Man, in *GREAT-BRITAIN*, who has done as Eminent Services for his King and his Country, to the ruin of his Fortune, and at the manifest Peril of his Life, as ever *Mordecai* did for the King of *Persia*, and far more than the Man in the Story had ever done for *K. Charles* the First, And yet this Poor honest Man is an unrewarded Sufferer for his Courage and his Loyalty; and by Contributing to save the Liberties of these Kingdoms, He's become incapable to keep Himself out of Prison; where he may spend the Residue of his Days in Affliction, without any other Support, than an inward Serenity of Mind, the blessed Effect of being at good Terms with his God and his Conscience.

I shall confine this Memorial to the following Particulars, and represent,

I. In a general View, the hazardous and unrewarded Services of this poor Man.

II. I shall alledge the Reasons why *there's Nothing done for Him.*

III. Shew the Reasons why this Man must not go without his Reward.

First; I am to represent his hazardous and unrewarded Services. In performing this first Part, I shall take it for granted, that the Protestant Succession was one of the most Valuable Prospects

Prospects the True Protestants of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland* had in View, ever since the Happy Settlement of the Crown of these Realms upon the *Protestant Line*. Upon this Prospect alone, the Providence that Rules the World, had placed their Religion, their Liberties, their Fortunes, their All in this World, in a state of manifest Dependence; upon that *Succession* therefore their Eyes, and Hopes, and Hearts were fix'd, and for this they constantly pray'd with the utmost Importunity, and with all the possible *Ardors* of Devotion, that God would render it effectual.

I shall also presume, that every honest Man, in his right Mind, is fully convinc'd, that a *most wicked, unchristian, and treasonable Scheme*, was contriv'd by a Set of Men (whom God for the Punishment of these ungrateful Lands, permitted, by the blackest Arts, to Engross the Favours of the *late Queen*, and with whom their own Advancement and Revenge were more dear than the Religion and Liberties of their Country) in order to set aside the Protestant Succession, and to place *an attainted Popish Pretender upon the Throne*.

Every Body knows this accursed Scheme was laid with all the Secrecy, which the Guilt of it call'd for, and which the Nature of the Design made possible. The particular Steps taken in it were mysterious; and those who knew the Men and their Meaning, were afraid to bring upon their own Heads the powerful Resentment of the Ministry. In this Posture of Affairs, when General Insinuations in public Prints were unable to cure the Lethargy of these Lands, there was a poor, honest, zealous Man, to whom the Men in Power, and their Designs, with the particular Steps they had taken to introduce the Pretender, were reveal'd, but not without an Article of Secrecy expressly made with Reference to the Party that discovered them.

Being furnished with these Materials, this Man of Zeal and distinguish'd Loyalty, without any Regard to Life, Liberty, or Estate, immediately published the Treason, gave the World an Account of the very Names of those engag'd in the horrid Plot, the Measures concerted and carried on, and this without concealing his Name, being fully determin'd to *wrestle* (and I say it with a serious Mind) *against Flesh and Blood, against Principals, against Powers, against the Rulers of the Darkness of this World, against SPIRITUAL WICKEDNESS IN HIGH PLACES*. He pursued the *Traitors* with one Book after another, 'til the Number, as I take it, amounted to twenty, or upwards; and it remains as a Monument of the Integrity of the Man, that he publish'd AN ADDRESS to HER MAJESTY, in which he undertook to appear and prove all the Discoveries he had made, to be Matters of Fact, provided his own Person, and his Witnesses, might be taken under the *Queen's Protection*. It is farther very notorious how successful his Endeavours were. His free and plain

plain Manner of Writing was wonderfully adapted to the Service of those who wanted the merit to be deliver'd from the Arts and the Colours under which the Treason of that Time was hid ; and were there a strict Scrutiny, I doubt not but his Converts would appear as numerous as *Sir Richard Steel's*. He turn'd his common Friendship and Acquaintance with Papists into Means of Enlarging his Discoveries, by which Method he came acquainted with the Contrivances of the Papists and the Jacobites both in *England* and *Ireland*, and gave so plain and timely Intimations of their Deligns, as effectually prevented them.

These Endeavours, with a manifest Success that attended them, drew upon their Author, the Resentment of the Court, and he was pursued with half a dozen Warrants which *B. Lingbroke* issued to seize his Person and his Papers. Had he been seiz'd, suppose there had been a possibility to escape with his Life, yet he would certainly have been either Pilloried or Whipt, and the whole Fury of the *Jacobite* Mob had been let loose upon him.

When it was therefore no longer advisable to appear with Materials about him, he laid them aside most facetiously, and appear'd under the Title of a *Gibbet*, in which Capacity he was out of the Reach of the Ministry, and the Messengers they employ'd. Thus has he labour'd in every Form and Shape, to rescue the Protestant Succession, Religion and Liberty from the most imminent Hazards.

His Circumstances in the World were narrow and incumber'd before, and he was reduc'd, in order to do Justice to his Creditors, to a small Part of the mean Profits of his paternal Estate, scarce sufficient to keep him from Starving, and even of this Relief, the only Support he had left, has he voluntarily depriv'd himself, by giving away great Numbers of his Books for the publick Service, and by reason of unavoidable Expences, when he was pursued by the Vengeance of those who cou'd not bear to be counter-acted in their Measures.

The Verbal Assurances he had, of a rich Reward, from those who encourag'd him in his Work, and furnish'd him with Facts, &c. in case the *Protestant Succession* shou'd ever take Place, were many, and great, and positive.

Who, upon the Whole, can believe, without a Genours Sense of Pain in his Breast, it being now the Fifth Year current since his Majesty's happy Accession to the Throne, *that these Services are unrewarded, and that there's Nothing done for him?* One Reward, indeed, he has got ; for when the late Ministry were unable to apprehend him, they and their Friends, gave him out for a *Mad-man*, and who was able to help it, for Men and Things were then whatever they pleas'd. This puts me in Mind of the Story of a certain Person who was once upon a Visit to the Mad-folks, and taking particular Notice of one amongst the rest,

who seem'd a little more sober than his Fellows, ask'd him with an Air of Gravity, What he was in for? *Why*, says he, *We live in a Mad-World, and the Mad-Men are too many for us, and have put all the sober People in Bedlam.*

I leave the Application of the Story to the Understanding and Fancy of the Reader. But suppose a Man were forward to secure the *Protestant Succession* even to Madness Four Years ago, what should hinder, but he who was out of his Senses in the last Reign, may be of a sound Mind in this? Farther, suppose the Man's Zeal had overthrown his Understanding, it is certain the Nation was then in a Lethargy; and have you never heard how happily one Man in a raging Frenzy, and another in a stupid Lethargy cur'd each other? *Why*, in short, 'twas advis'd to put 'em in Bed together, where the Man in the Frenzy fell unmercifully upon the Bones of his Bed-fellow, and by kicking and cuffing made him open his Eyes, and restored him to a wakeful Condition; and the Mad-man fatigu'd with the Discipline which he had bestow'd very heartily, fell asleep, and was cur'd of his Frenzy. There's undoubted Evidence from Fact, that if the poor Loyal Man, whose Services and Sufferings I am now representing, were ever out of his Senses, yet he has laid about him so effectually, as not only to perfect his own Cure, but that of his Country, unless it shut its Eyes wilfully, in which Case who can help Eye-sight?

Thus I have finish'd the first Part of *MORDECAI'S MEMORIAL*, and upon a Review, am really ashamed the Representation should fall many Degrees short of the Merit I recommend; for if I leave the Reader unmov'd, without Tears, and with a discompassionate Heart, I have neither done what I ought, nor what I wish.

II. I am to alledge the Reasons why *there's Nothing done for him*. The Reader won't mistake me so far, as to imagine I am a going to offer Arguments to justify the Neglect of so eminent Services in the Cause of Religion and Liberty. It were well for some I could name, who share in the Guilt of this Neglect, if any such Arguments could be produced. I mean no more than to offer the Reasons, which are such in Fact, *Why there's Nothing done for him*.

I. The Death of one *Spiritual*, and of another *Temporal Lord*, whose Interests in their *King*, while they liv'd, were deservedly the best, is one Reason, in Fact, why so great Services are yet unrewarded. Every one will instantly imagine, I mean the late Bishop of *Salisbury*, and the Marquis of *Wharton*. I am now performing a Task, which their Lordships, had they liv'd, would have done more effectually, and have spared me the Trouble. But tho' their Tongues now cleave to the Roofs of their Mouths, yet shall it be thought that Gratitude was buried

in their Grave, and that there are not Men enough alive, who have more generous Sentiments than to suffer the poor Man who saved the City to be unremembered?

II. Another Reason, in Fact, is the Ingratitude of Mankind. Who could have imagin'd Four Years ago, that an eminent Instrument of our Deliverance from the Apprehensions we then had, should be above Four Years forgotten, and Nothing done for him? When our Fears were upon us, what Reward would not have been assured to One who should successively discover the treasonable Conspiracies then formed, and help to secure the Protestant Succession. How wonderfully sincere are Men when they Promise upon a Pinch, but when possess'd of Deliverance and Enlargement, how ungratefully backward are they to perform! Their Promises are then the Matter of their Repentance, and being made in a Storm, they do not bind Conscience when in Safety a-shoar. This Thought refreshes my Memory with the Story of *AMBS ACE*. There were Two Malefactors, under Sentence, to throw the Dice for their Lives; the first threw only *Deux Ace*, which put him instantly into such a Fit of Repentance, Vows, Promises, and Resolutions, that a more sincere Penitent was never seen upon the Face of the Earth. While he was in the midst of his Reformation, the t'other throws *Two Aces*. The Dice were no sooner upon the Table, but up starts the *young Convert* from his Knees and his Prayers, with a bloody Oath in his Mouth, *Amb Ace by G—d*, says he.

When the Protestant Succession had the Dice thrown for it, as it were, and nothing but *Deux Ace* coming up, what endless Gratitude would have been entur'd for Deliverance? What Rewards would have been thought too great for the bold and charitable Hand that should save us? But when the late Ministry had thrown a *pair of Aces* for the Pretender and Popery, there must be nothing done for him, who had saved us at the Hazard of his Life, and the Expence of his ALL.

III. A farther Reason why *there's nothing done for him*, is, in plain Terms, the *Selfishness* of those who have it in their Power, and can never long want an Opportunity to make a just Representation of his hazardous Services and Sufferings at Court. How unwilling are Men to drain the Streams of that Bounty which they think insufficient to quench their own thirst! How little Satisfaction should a Set of Men take in the Posts and the Pensions they now enjoy, whose Fellow-Labourer and Sufferer *the poor Man* was, whose Cause I now plead, whilst there is nothing done for him? How little Relish should they find in their Ease, and their Affluence, when *Mordecai* sits neglected at the *King's Gate*? Where, in short, is the Generosity, or even the Humanity of this Return? The King must of Necessity hear with

other Men's Ears, and see with other Men's Eyes, and reward in Proportion to the Accounts he receives; and 'tis impossible, had the Case of *poor Mordecai* been faithfully represented, that Nothing should at this Day have been done for him. Must his Faith and his Patience be tried, till a particular Providence shall wonderfully interpose, as in the Behalf of *Mordecai the Jew*, *Ester* 6. 1. *On that Night could not the King Sleep, and he commanded to bring the Book of Records of the Chronicles, Vers. 2. And it was found written that Mordecai had told of Bigthana and Teresh, two of the King's Chamberlains, the Keepers of the Door, who sought to lay Hand on the King Ahasuerus.* That Grant was under a Divine Conduct, that the Servants should fall upon that very Section, where the Service of *Mordecai* was Recorded. The *latter Targum* tells us, that *Shimstaus*, who opened the Book, and seeing *Mordecai's* Story offer it self, turned over the Leaves, and would have entertained the King with a Subject of more Importance; but the Leaves flew back, and he was obliged to read that very Story. Were there Diaries kept in *England* of particular Services done by Subjects for their King and their Country, as there were in *Persia*; and were it there recorded of a poor obscure Man that he had van'ur'd *Neck or Nothing* to secure the *Hebrew* Succession, might it not be fear'd, when the *Diary* should be read to the King, that such a Passage as this would be pass'd over with Silence! *Josephus* indeed tells us, That the Servants of *Ahasuerus* had read what Services several other Men had done, and what Preferments or Gifts had been bestowed upon them, which moved the King to enquire, when they came to the Story of *Mordecai*, what had been done for him? Were there *Diaries* of this Nature kept in *Great-Britain*, to be read before his Majesty *King George*, he would then be inform'd of a N—— I——d, who for contriving a persecuting Bill against a Body of Men, the most inviolably attach'd to the Interest of his Majesty, had a Pension of some Thousands a Year allow'd him; that others, for very eminent and glorious Opposition made against an enslaving Peace, and a treacherous Ministry, had been suitably Rewarded; that particularly one had been honourably prefer'd, in regard he had wonderfully upheld the Protestant Succession for Four Years together by a seasonably repeated Shrug with his Shoulder, which was by no means actionable, and supplied the want of the Gift of Utterance; that a Country Lawyer had been sensibly oblig'd with a Patent-Office at *Newcastle upon Tyne*, worth 400*l. per Annum*, because he had been Council for a *late Solicitor G——l*, at an Election for Burgesses to serve in Parliament; and lastly, that a certain Gentleman had been prefer'd to more Places than one, and of very comfortable Importance, because his Name began with a particular Letter of the Alphabet.

IV. There's Nothing done, thus far, for *Mordecai*, because of his **POVERTY**. 'Tis really Matter of Fact, and I cannot conceal it, that let the poor Man's Services and Merits be what you please, yet he has certainly the Plague about him. Poverty renders a Man ridiculous, and there's no Advocate to plead his Cause; as if the Curse were upon him, *Let him that is Poor, be Poor still.* Shall this be judg'd an Imitation of the Decision in the Parable that can be justified, *Take the Talent, and give it unto him that has Ten.*

V.--And,--Lastly, There's Nothing done for *poor Mordecai*, because of his *Modesty*. This unlucky Qualification is a kind of natural Impotence; so that when a favourable Opportunity offers, the Impudent step forth and prevent him. This one Reason has done him more Prejudice than any one, than all those I have mention'd before. The III^d and last Particular of the Method propos'd, was, to offer the Reasons why *Mordecai* must have something done for him.

III. There's yet one Part more of this *Memorial*, which was propos'd in the Method, and that is, *to offer Arguments why poor Mordecai must by no Means be forgotten.* I am now to plead a Cause, in which I would as unwillingly miscarry, as ever *Mimmius* would. when he pleaded the Cause of *Roman Liberty*. Before I enter upon the Arguments, methinks I have a very moving Occasion before me to make a solemn Pause, and enquire, Is it possible, that after the *Protestant Succession* has taken Place; that after all our Fears have been disappointed; our very Hopes out-done; our devout and most importunate Prayers remarkably answer'd; the Conspiracy of a *Ministry* defeated, whose very Memory will be the Disgrace of *Great-Britain*, so long as any Records of Time shall remain? Is it possible, that after the *Reform'd Religion* has been secur'd, the *Civil Liberties of these Lands* sav'd and rescu'd from Slavery, that a **FAITHFUL INSTRUMENT**, who freely ventur'd his Life, and his All, in so Glorious and dear a Cause, should need in this publick Manner to be recommended? I could heartily wish I were in a Dream, for the Credit and Reputation of the Government. But alas! are not four Years expir'd, and Nothing done for *Mordecai*? Have not these very Men, who are now at the Helm, expressed their deep Sense of his Services in several *Golden Presents*? Is there not a Conscience within them, that pleads more effectually for him, than all the other Orators in the World are able? Tho' I must indeed own, that all Arguments I can offer, will be in the Nature of so many Reproofs, yet that is none of my Fault; I wish as much Glory to his Majesty King *George*, and as lasting an Establishment of his faithful Ministry, as any Man alive; and therefore I had rather the Reasons I have to offer, should imply a very *modest and humble Reproof*, than that the Neglect of the
poor

poor Man, who has sav'd the City, should be at last their *Reproach*.

I. There must be something done for *Mordecai*, for his Majesty King *George* stands oblig'd, I won't say in Gratitude, but by the Faith of a most publick and exprefs Promise to do it. In his Majesty's first Speech from the Throne, he has assur'd us, **THAT HE WOULD NEVER FORGET THE OBLIGATIONS HE HAD TO THOSE THAT HAD DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES BY THEIR ZEAL AND FIRMNESS TO THE PROTESTANT SUCCESSION, AGAINST ALL THE OPEN AND SECRET PRACTICES THAT HAD BEEN USED TO DEFEAT IT.** I am now bold to say, there is not a Subject in *Great Britain*, that has distinguished himself more by his Zeal and Firmness for the Protestant Succession, against all the open and secret Practices that have been used to defeat it, than Mr. *DUNTON* has done, his Capacity and Station consider'd. He expos'd his Life to the Power and Enmity of the late Ministry, in a most publick Detection of their Treasonable Scheme to introduce the Pretender. He was persecuted and hunted by 'em like a Partridge; and, when he found it expedient, he turn'd *Ghost* to secure the *Protestant Succession*, and defeat the Hopes of the Pretender. Could I say as much for my self in this Regard, as I can with an unreprieving Conscience for Mr. *Dunton*, I would not exchange Merit with Sir *Richard Steel*. 'Tis certain Mr. *Dunton* has a just Claim upon the Foot of this Promise, never to be forgotten by his Majesty King *George*. I have not entertain'd such a Thought, that a Promise made by a Prince so famous for the punctual Observation of his Word, and especially the first Promise he ever made from the *British Throne*, will lye forgotten or unperform'd to one, whose Services have had their Success in raising him to *that Throne*.

II. *Mordecai* must have something done for him, otherwise the *Loyal Whigs*, now in Place, would be exceeding ungrateful. When Mr. *Dunton* engag'd in his hazardous Undertakings, in which he has met with most remarkable Success, he might have had Security, from the Men now in Power, that in Case the Scheme laid to bring in the Pretender, and defeat the Settlement of the Crown upon *the Protestant Line*, should effectually be detected and overthrown, and themselves plac'd where they are, that he should never want a Share in their Fortune; that every Office in their Power should, tho' unask'd, be employ'd to raise him above Straits, to make him easy thro' the remainder of his Days; And now that his Endeavours have succeeded, and been the Means to raise and set them in the Saddle, the poor Man, to whom in good Measure they owe their Posts and their Honours, has been above Four Years forgotten, and nothing done

done for him. It has been thought, that Generosity, Gratitude, and good Faith, were the glorious and distinguishing Characters of the Whigs; and whether indeed they are so, the Success of this publick Remonstrance will go a great Length to determine. The Prime Ministers of State in the Kingdom of *Persia*, are chargeable to this Day with Ingratitude, that *Mordecai* had Nothing done for him, tho' by his Means the Plot of Assassination was revealed and defeated. Had *Ahasuerus* been murder'd by his *Chamberlains*, 'twas a Hundred to One they had all lost their Places. 'Twas owing to *Mordecai* that the Ministry in *Persia* was not turn'd out, and 'tis very much owing to *Mr. Dunton* the present Ministry was turn'd in.

III. *Mr. Dunton* must have something done for him, for there wou'd otherwise be the most unequal Distribution of Favours. Most notorious *Jacobites*, notwithstanding the repeated Representations of the known Friends of the present Government, have not been turned out of their Places. Upon this Head, I cou'd give both great and small Instances. Has not the present Collector of *Pool*, in public Company, procur'd the Tune of, *The King shall enjoy his own again*, to be play'd? and when he was oppos'd, Did he not Cane a poor loyal Doctor of *Physick*? Did he not thereupon express himself in these very Terms, *Let the King take my Place from me, I value it no more than the Dirt under my Feet*,

This open Insult upon his Majesty's Title to the Crown, by one who has eat plentifully of his Bread, was represented once and again to two Secretaries of State, to the late Solicitor-General; but nothing was done 'till *Mr. W* — was made first Commissioner of the Treasury; and even then, all that cou'd be effected, was the Removal of the Man to a much warmer Climate, and then giving him the Collection of *Pool*. By the Way, the Brother of this Collector, was the Man who drew off the *Posse* of *Cumberland* from *Penneth-Fell*, when the Rebels were advancing, declaring the *High-Sheriff* had no Power by his *Warrant* to call the People together, and to engage them in any such hazardous Enterprize.

Have not many Hundred Places of Profit been fill'd with those, who Four Years ago, were as vile Tories as any in *Britain*? And shou'd an Enquiry be made concerning the Whigs, who have been comfortably plac'd, since his Majesty's happy Accession, what their particular Services were in the late Times of Danger, towards the Rescue of Religion and Liberty from Popery and Slavery; What sorry Accounts wou'd many of them be able to give. It wou'd probably appear that one has got a Patent-Office worth 300*l.* a Year, because he smother'd three or four Years successively upon the right Side; another was difficultly perswaded to Vote half Right at an Election, and the Voice was

given

given for G——, and the other for S——. A third being very providentially the Nephew or near Kinſman of B—— S—— has been made Phyſician to Ch——y C——ge. A Fourth having his Head broke by a *Tory* for foul Play; there has been Care taken of him for Life. By theſe Intimations I wou'd however by no means be underſtood to inſinuate, that all Places, Preferments and Favours have been thus beſtow'd without Merit: I know, and am able to give a very agreeable Account of Rewards well plac'd, and with which every honeſt Man is pleas'd. But, in the mean time, every one, ſenſible of what Mr. *Dunton* has done and ſuffer'd in the Cauſe of his Country, muſt be pain'd at his Heart when he hears there is nothing done for him. Shall it ever be ſaid that an *Engliſhman* and a *Proteſtant*, who by his own Inclination, and at the Inſtance of Men now in Power, has run himſelf into Debt, and expos'd his Life to moſt imminent Hazards, and when his honourable Undertakings have met with moſt viſible Succeſs; ſhall it ever be ſaid under this Government and Miniſtry, when the Memory of our Deliverances is freſh, that this Man has nothing done for him, that he lies forgotten under the Load of his Debts, expos'd to the Mercy of his Creditors, and muſt finiſh his Days and rot in a Jail? If this be the Price, and this the Reward of ſaving our native Country from the awful Judgments of Popery and Slavery, not only in this, but we hope in Ages to come, bleſſed be God Mr. *Dunton* has been the Man, who both chearfully paid the Price, and can with a Chriſtian Patience and Submission accept even this Reward. This being the Caſe, it is ſo far from being below the greateſt Men in *Britain* to eſpouſe the Cauſe of poor Mr. *Dunton*, that they could not do themſelves more Honour, it is no leſs than their Duty, the Debt of Gratitude they owe, and the Neglect of it would render them diſhonourable and mean. I may very aptly put them in mind, ſhould *Mordecai* have nothing done for him, that *Job's* Plea wou'd not be theirs, *Job* 31. 13, 14, 15, 17, 22, 23. *If I did deſpiſe the Cauſe of my Man Servant, or of my Maid Servant (i. e. the Cauſe of my meaneſt Slaves) when they contended with me, what then ſhall I do when God riſes up? And when he viſits what ſhall I answer him? Did not he that made me in the Womb make him? And did not one faſhion us in the Womb? — If I have eaten my Morſel my ſelf alone, and the Fatherleſs hath not eaten thereof — then let my Arm fall from my Shoulder Blade, and mine Arm be broken from the Bone, i. e. let it fall off at the Elbow; for Deſtruction from God was a Terror to me, and by reaſon of his Highneſs I could not endure.* S. *Hierom's* Paraphraſe upon *Eccl'eſ.* 9. 14, 15. concerning the poor wiſe Man, whom no one remembered tho' he had ſaved the City, deſerves to be quoted. “It has been often ſeen, ſays he, that a
“ ſmall City and few Inhabitants being beſet by an Army of in-
“ numerable

“numerable Enemies, and straitly besieged, and if by no other
“means, yet ready to perish by Famine, have been on a sud-
“den, contrary to all Mens Expectation, delivered by a *man*
“*Person*, who having more Wisdom than all the wealthy,
“great, powerful and proud Citizens, thought of a Way to
“save them, when they gave themselves for lost, and accom-
“plished a Deliverance, of which they utterly despair'd. . . *And*
“yet, O THE UNGRATEFULNESS OF MANKIND!
“after the Siege was rais'd, after the Liberty of their Country
“was restored, there was no Body thought of this poor Man,
“no Body gave him Thanks for their Safety, but all of 'em ho-
“nour'd the Rich, who in their Danger could do them no Ser-
“vice.” This Paraphrase needs no Application, for every one
that reads it will make it, and with a Degree of Resentment,
which it will both raise and justify in every honest Mind.

The Lord *Bacon's* Observation upon this Passage of Scripture,
Lib. 8. de Aug. Scient. C. 2. Par. 21. is this: “It represents,
“says this noble Author, the depraved and malignant Nature
“of Mankind, who in Extremities and Straits commonly flee
“to Men of Wisdom and Courage, whom before they despis'd;
“but so soon as the Storm is over they became unthankful
“Wretches to their Preservers. *Machiavel*, his Lordship far-
“ther observes, not without reason, propounds the Question;
“Whether should be most grateful to well deserving Persons,
“the Prince or the People? But in the mean time he taxeth
“them both of Ingratitude; tho' this does not arise meerly
“from the Ingratitude of the Prince or the People alone, but
“there is added too oft to this the Envy of the Nobility, who
“in secret repine at the Event, tho' happy and prosperous, be-
“cause it proceeded not from themselves, for which cause they
“extenuate the Merit of the Act, and depress the Author:

Mr. *Dunton*, tho' he was *born a Gentleman*, (a) *bred a Scholar*,
and is *Heir to a good Estate*, (b) and was ever distinguish'd (as
the *Flying-Post* lately observed) “for his sincere Loyalty to King
“George, Generous Carriage to Men in Distress; and strict Justice
“to all the World, yet with all these excellent Qualities he ne'er
was so Proud or vain as to put in for the Character of an extra-
ordinary wise Man: (No! — I know no *Phoenix* in this Age,
except it be the immortal *STANHOPE*) yet I may affirm, and
with Truth, in his Favour, that in our late Times of Blindness
and of strong Delusion, when the common People, as a Punish-
ment for our Sins, were given up to believe Lies, in those very

(a) Being the fourth *John Dunton* in a Lineal Descent from
the Tribe of *Levi*.

(b) *Viz. Five Thousand Pounds in Land*.

Times Mr. *Dunton* was Eyes to the Blind, and Ears to the Deaf, he had then the Courage to be loyal, when the Condition and State of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland* might have been most aptly represented by *Ezekiel's Vision of the Valley of dry Bones*. cap. 37. Had the same Question been ask'd, with reference to our dreadful and almost hopeless Circumstances, vers. 3. *Can these dry Bones live?* The Resolution of it must have been referr'd to him, who had the Power to to bring about the Event, *O Lord God, thou knowest.*

Should it here be' objected, that under this Head, instead of pleading the Necessity of rewarding Eminent Services for the Publick, I have rather shewn that no such Reward can, with Reason, be expected from the Ingratitude of Men; I shall only enquire, And is Mankind that very same Monster at this Day? If this Acknowledgment must either be made, or Mr. *Dunton* be rewarded, I have brought the Cause, which I plead, to the very Issue I wish'd.

IV. *Mordecai must have something done for him*; that by making him an Instance of *Royal Gratitude*, others may be encourag'd to perform the same hazardous Services, whenever they are call'd upon to the Rescue of Religion and Liberty. 'Tis most certain the Government could not better secure it self, than by giving undeniable Evidence from Matter of Fact, that those who freely venture their All for its Service, shall not die unrewarded. By this Means the *Royal Family* and *Present Ministry*, would find every Subject in *Great-Britain* as much devoted to their Service, as if kept in actual Pay. Men may do much upon the Score of Principle and Conscience; but if Hope languish under Disappointment, the Spring of Mens Endeavours is let down, and they will begin to demurr upon difficult Undertakings. There are few have the Zeal and the Honesty not to make *Phadria's* Reflection in *Terence*, *It is better my Bedefits should be lost, than that I should be lost together with them.* Rewards which are not the Object of Faith, and under reserve till a future Life, but which are the Object of Sense, will do most Execution in this World. for Men are generally great Unbelievers. This Argument therefore hath two Faces; If bold, and hazardous, and expensive Services be rewarded, Multitudes will be charm'd to contribute, with a glorious Emulation, the best Endeavours they are able for the Safety of the Government: But if such Services are neglected and forgot, even good Men will grow slow and unactive.

All Governments have it in their Power, not only to reward Men in this Life; for that would render them Cowards, should the Loss both of Life and Reward go together; but their Re-
wards

wards can reach them, in some Sense, in their Graves. *Sallust* (a) the *Roman* Historian, has recorded a famous Instance to this Purpose: "When the *Carthaginians* had spread their Power
 " over the greatest part of *Africa*, the *Cyrenians* were also Great
 " and Rich. Betwixt their Dominions lay a vast Field of Sand,
 " without any Mark of Distinction, there being neither River
 " nor Mountain to determin the Limits. This Affair engag'd
 " them in a long and expensive War. After various Fortune on
 " both Sides, their Legions and their Fleets being successful, and
 " beaten by Turns, and their Strength and their Riches a little
 " exhausted, they were afraid a Common Enemy might take
 " the Advantage upon them both. By means of a Truce, they
 " made an Agreement, that Messengers should be sent upon a
 " Day that was fix'd, both from *Carthage* and *Cyrene*, and the
 " Place where they should meet, was to be the common Boun-
 " dary to both Nations. Two Brothers, *Philæni* by Name,
 " were dispatch'd upon this Errand from *Carthage*, and they
 " made good use of their Legs. The *Cyrenians* advanc'd with a
 " much slower Pace, whether thro' Idleness, or by Accident,
 " is uncertain. Besides, 'tis frequent in those Places for Tem-
 " pests to hinder Travellers, just as your Storms do Passengers
 " at Sea; for when a strong Wind blows over those naked
 " and vast Plains, where no Plants grow, the Sand is raised and
 " driven with Violence thro' the Air, and the Prospect of Tra-
 " vellers cut off. The *Cyrenians* seeing themselves prevented,
 " and in danger of Punishment, charg'd the *Carthaginians* with
 " having set forward before the Time that was fix'd, and rais'd
 " an obstinate Squabble. The *Philæni*, upon this, propos'd that
 " some Expedient might be fallen upon for Peace; and the
 " *Greeks* consented, that either the *Carthaginians* should be bu-
 " ried alive where they stood, or they would go forward, and

(a) Non indignum videtur, egregium, atque memorabile Facinus duorum Carthaginiensium memorare. Qua tempestate Carthaginienses pleræque Africae imperitabant, Cyrenenses quoque magni, atque opulenti fuere. Ager in Medio arenosus, una specie; neque Flumen, neque Mons erat, qui Fines eorum discerneret: quæ Res eos in magno diuturnoque Bello inter se habuit. Postquam utrimque Legiones, item Clapes sepe, fusa, fugatæque, & alteri alteros aliquantum attriverant; veriti ne mox victas, victoresque defessos alius aggredederetur, per inducias sponsonem faciunt, uti certo Die, Legati Domo proficiscerentur: quo in loco inter se obvii fuissent, is communis utriusque Populi finis haberetur. Igitur duo fratres Carthaginae missi, quibus Nomen Philænis erat, maturata vera iter pergere; Cyrenenses tardius fere, &c. *C. Crisp. Sallust. Bellum Jugurthinum,*

“ lay down their Lives where they wish'd the Limits might
 “ be settled. The *Philani* approv'd the Proposal, bestow'd their
 “ Lives upon the Common-wealth, and were buried upon the
 “ Spot. The *Carthaginians* rais'd Altars over their Graves, and
 “ decreed them Honours at Home.

How glorious an Adventure was this! Methinks the *Philinani* with their posthumous Rewards, make a more charming and agreeable Figure in History, than even *Alexander* or the *Casars*. Had the City of *Carthage* been insensible of this Service; had they bestow'd upon them no immortal Honours, nor rewarded them in the way they were able, it would have remain'd upon Record as a monstrous Instance of Ingratitude till the End of the World; and upon those Terms, the Encouragement had been small for the future, *to be buried alive*. But when *consecrated Altars* are seen growing out of the Graves of those who died for the Service of their Country, what Breast can be suppos'd so cold, as to be unwarm'd with a generous Ambition to die *so gloriously*? *Pulchrum est pro Patria mori*, would be a *Motto* universally coveted.

And shall Men deserve immortal Rewards for purchasing a *Desert of dry Sand* by their Death; and shall Nothing be done for *One* who has generously hazarded his Life and his All to secure the Religion of Protestants, and the Liberties of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*? Shall that Man dye in a Prison, his Name be forgotten, and the Debts be unpaid, that were contracted by serving the Publick? Had *Carthage* been laid under half the Obligation, he had never been forgotten either in Life or in Death.

V. *MORDECAI* must have something done for him; for 'tis the Will of Heaven to have it so. How remarkably did the Providence of God dispose Affairs, that the *King of Persia* should have his Memory refresh'd with the Obligation he was under to *Mordecai* for preserving his Life? Whoever reads and observes that History with an ingenious Mind, will acknowledge that the Will and the Wisdom of God were as certainly concern'd in the secret Disposition of Circumstances, which pav'd the way for *Mordecai's* Advancement, as if he had been rewarded by *Miracle*. And shall it be thought we are now fallen into Times, when the manifest Will of Heaven shall have no Regard paid to it? I am bold to affirm it, that the publick Thankfulness to God for our late Escapes, is notoriously defective, while Mr. *Dunton's* Services are unrewarded.

VI. Mr. *Dunton* must have something done for him, for he has really been at considerable Expence in calling upon the *Publick* for Relief. Being destitute of Friends that were willing to solicit at Court, he was oblig'd to solicit in *Print*; and this he has done in very moving Addresses. This Expence comes upon him, thro' the Neglect of others; and, as I doubt not but he will carry his Cause, *Shall not COSTS be recovered*.

VII. Mr.

VII. *Mr. Dunton must have something done for him, or the Opportunity will be lost: There is no Prospect that he can long enjoy the Gratitude of his King or his Country. His Age, his Infirmities, his Disappointments and Sufferings, won't suffer him to hope to see many more Days. He has been expecting for some time, when God would change his Countenance and send him away. I would therefore humbly ask, whether the present Ministry, who have been Witnesses of his Service, and themselves well provided by Means of his Success, can endure the Thought that he should Rot in a Prison, when there are a thousand Ways to relieve him?— But, indeed, of all the other Ways, in which he is capable of Relief, a handsome Pension would make him most easy, or a Patent-Office that may be executed by a Deputy, in regard his frequent Attendance upon an ill State of Health, unfits him to execute an Office. — I have now pleaded the poor Man's Cause by whom the City was sav'd, and whose Services and Sufferings cannot miss of a Noble Reward, if there be either Honour, or Conscience, or Gratitude, upon the Face of the Earth.*

F I N I S

NATIONAL



NATIONAL THANKS:

O R,

The Grateful Sense of the whole Kingdom upon Mr. John Duntou's NECK-ADVENTURES to serve the Publick, as 'twas sent in several Letters, Directed to Robert Walpole Esq; when first Lord Commissioner of the Treasury (and to Mr. Duntou himself.)

W R I T T E N B Y

The Reverend Author of *Mordecai's Memorial*,—By that Person of Honour that Discovered all those Jacobite Secrets that compos'd *Neck or Nothing*.—By Sir R —nd G—— Baronet — By Sir J —nd G—— Kt. — By B —nd C—— Esq; late *High-Sheriff* for the County of B —— and by other Illustrious Patriots.

Omnia dixeris, si ingratum dixeris.

Ingratitude! (I confess Reader) I can hardly name that scandalous Sin without Blushing: To render *Good for Evil*, is Divine; To render *Good for Good*, is Humane; To render *Evil for Evil*, is Brutish; but to render *Evil for Good*, is Devilish: Yet is such *Impudent Treatment* as is often given by *Men that clime into High Places*, for no other End but to enrich themselves and their Families; for I find by my being still Unrewarded for my daily *Expensive and successful Hazards* in defending the Spotless, Conduct of some *Whig-Dukes, Earls, Lords,*
and

and *Baronets*, now in the *Ministry*, (as is seen by what I say of their *Honour and Justice* in my *Neck or Nothing*, and shall be further prov'd before the *King and his Council*, if his Majesty please to command it) that the least *present Interest* to an ungrateful Man, cancels *all former Obligations*; it seeming to many, that *even Benefits* suffer *PRESCRIPTION* by the Length of Time; and being once grown old, do no longer *bind to Gratitude*: But will any but a *MONSTER*, (for such I think that *Pretended Court Whig* that dares call me an *Impudent Fellow*, or suffers me to *STARVE* in a Jail for having *Honesty and Courage* enough to call his *scandalous Avarice, and Ingratitude* by their right Name, with his Heel kick me under Water, while I hold up his Chin to save him from Drowning? But such *Whig Monsters* there are; as you'll find by the following *Letters*, some of which were directed to Mr. *Walpole*, (when First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury) and some of 'em were sent to me both by the *General and Penny Post*, and all plainly Hint at that Great *Avarice and Ingratitude* I have found in some *pretended Whigs* now in the *Ministry*.

Lycurgus, the *Lacedemonian* Lawgiver, would make no Law against *ungrateful Persons*, because it cou'd not be imagin'd that any would be so *IMPUDENT* (to use the Word of a certain *WHIG EARL* to a *French Minister*, my Faithful and Generous Friend) as not to *recompence one Kindness with another*.

And the *Old Romans* decreed, That such *Ministers of State*, as were found *Ungrateful* to those that had serv'd their Country, shou'd be cast alive to the *Cormorant* to be pull'd in pieces and devour'd. Were some of our *Ungrateful Court Whigs* treated in this cruel Manner, what would become of the Covetous *DUKE* of _____, the Proud *EARL* of _____, the Whoring *LORD* _____, Reverſion *W* _____, and several other *Pretended Whigs*, whose Names and Characters the World may expect at Length (in my Satyr call'd *Neck or Nothing*) if those *Real* (i. e. *Generous*) *Patriots* now in the *Ministry*, will allow of its Publication.

However there seems to be a great deal of Reason that *Ungrateful Persons* shou'd be severely punish'd; for under this *Monster Ingratitude* have all Vices been comprehended.

Omnia dixeris, si ingratum dixeris.

Queen *Elizabeth* told *Henry* the IVth of *France*, *She believ'd Ingratitude to be the Sin against the Holy Ghost.*

But tho' *Ingratitude* makes all Things black, yet I won't carry the Sin so high as to say, 'Tis the Sin against the *Holy Ghost*: But certainly the *Ungrateful Person* is most rightly figur'd in *Swine*, who eat the *Acorns*, but never look to the Tree; or rather he may be compar'd to the *Stag* in the Fable, which shroudded himself under the Branches of the *Vine* in a Time of Necessity, which being past, he fell a *Brouzing and Eating* those Leaves which pre-
serv'd

serv'd him: So that a pretended (or ungrateful) Court Whig, (for a real Whig was ever both Generous and Faithful) is like a Mouse in a Satchel, or a Snake in one's Bosom, who do but ill requite their Hostess for their Lodging; acting in this like the Spaniel, who as soon as he gets to shore shakes of that Water which supported him: The True (or Generous) Whig, like the Bee, brings Honey to the Hive, and then like the Bee, is murder'd for his Pains.

Reader; One would hardly think there were such MONSTERS as Ungrateful Persons; but if you look into History you'll find the *Syracusans* banish'd *Dion*, by whose Wisdom and Valour they recover'd their Liberty; and being afterwards repeal'd they kill'd him. We find there was nothing done for the *Persian Mordecai* that had sav'd the Life of King *Ahasuerus*, 'till that grateful Prince ask'd, *What Honour and Dignity had bin done to him?* And if you look into *Sacred Writ*, you'll see the POOR MAN that sav'd the City (like the AUTHOR of NECK or NOTHING) was not remember'd by any one of those Rich Men whose Lives and Fortunes he preserv'd by his distinguish'd Courage, and Wisdom. And to come to our own Times; What better Treatment have *Bisset, Clark, Harrington, Ridpath*, or *Dunton* met with (that ventur'd their ALL to save their Country) from some pretended (or ungrateful) Whigs now in the Ministry? However the ingenious *Feltham* tells us, *That to a Grateful Person the Remembrance of old Favours will live even in the Blows of Injury.* Then sure I am our GENEROUS AND FAITHFUL PATRIOTS (*Sunderland, Parker, Stanhope, Craggs, Hampden, Lechmere, &c.* who are no ways reflected on in these Sheets) won't forget to Reward my Neck-Adventures in the glorious Cause of Religion and Liberty, as they are now reaping the Benefit of 'em themselves in those HONOURABLE AND RICH PLACES they now most deservedly Enjoy, except my daring to speak the Truth of the Avarice and Ingratitude of some of their Court Friends can UNMAKE that Service I've done not only to them, but the whole Kingdom besides (by my early Venture of Neck or Nothing to save Great-Britain from Tyranny, Popery and Slavery) as is acknowledg'd by several Persons of Quality in the following LETTERS, which were all sent either to Mr. *Walpole*, or to *John Dunton*; By the Reverend Author of *Mordecai's Memorial*,—By that Person of Honour that discover'd all those Jacobite Secrets that compos'd *Neck or Nothing*; By Sir R——nd G——, Bar.—By Sir J——n G——, Kt.—By B——n C——, Esq; late High Sheriff for the County of B——, and by other Illustrious Patriots.

The Letter writ by the Clergyman (Author of Mordecai's Memorial) 'twas directed to Mr. Walpole, and was this following.

S I R,

Mordecai's Memorial may seem a very odd Sort of a Present; but your Generous Temper, and the just Sense you have of Mr. Duntou's Services and Sufferings, have brought this Trouble upon your self.

I have, in the best Manner I was able, pleaded the Cause of the poor Man who sav'd the City, and whom no Man remember'd. His Difficulties are so many, and his Distress so great, that I am sure, were they understood, they would draw Compassion from every humane Breast. I am a Clergyman, and have had the Honour to be mobb'd and burnt in Effigie in the End of the late Reign, tho' I plead no Merit, nor expect a Reward; but when the kind Providence of God wrought sudden and surprising Deliverances, brought his Majesty King George in Safety to the Throne, I was mov'd with a Generous Resentment, that poor Mordecai should have *Nothing done for him*. I saw him perishing under his Load of Debt, contracted in the hazardous Service of his Country; I was not unacquainted with the large Assurances made him by the late Marquis of Wharton; I was convinc'd he was able to compare Notes with the real and eminent Services done, with many whom the Favour of their Prince has bountifully distinguished. This being his Case, I was sensibly touch'd with it.

Nati duris genit me cautibus horrens

Causibus, Hyrcanove admorunt Ubers Tigres.

I am, Sir, intimately acquainted with your Generous Service for poor Dr. B———, when the late Marquis of Wharton, and other Persons of Quality refus'd to undertake for him; and I cannot doubt your Readiness to roll away the Reproach from the present Government and Ministry, which Mr. Duntou's rotting in a Prison would unavoidably cast upon them.

With all possible Impertunity, I beg it of you (and so do those other Clergymen, and Persons of Note, who engag'd me in this just Remonstrance) that you'd take a proper Opportunity to present one of these *Memorials* to the Prince, and support the just Intention of it with the sincere Concern, which you know in Honour and Conscience, is due to it.

I am,

S I R,

Your much oblig'd, and

Affectionate, Faithful

Humble Servant, &c.

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