

Mr. JOHN DUNTON'S
Dying Groans from the Fleet-Prison:
OR THE
National Complaint,

That the Author of *Neck or Nothing* has gone Twelve Years Unrewarded, for his *Early, Bold, and Successful Venture of Life and Fortune*, in detecting his Majesty's Enemies when plotting in the *Royal Palace* to restore the Pretender, as 'twas represented, *In an Humble Petition to his Majesty*, that Mr. Dunton might not be left to *Starve in a Jail*, for the Debts he has contracted in serving *The Royal Family*: This Petition proving to our *Gracious Sovereign*, that 'tis Sir Robert Walpole's Duty, and Place (*as First Lord of the Treasury*) to see Publick Services rewarded, but more especially Mr Dunton's, as his Honour formerly acknowledg'd them in a *Noble Present of Guineas*, and by a *Solemn Promise* to see him further Rewarded, the *Non-Performance* whereof (if his Honour prove so ungrateful to a Man that ventur'd his ALL in the Service of his King and Country) will not only lay Mr. Dunton's utter Ruin at Sir Robert Walpole's Door, but will blacken his Name and Character to the World's End, as is fully prov'd in this Petition to his Majesty, which was sent to Sir Robert Walpole as soon as Printed, with a Promise it should never be publish'd, if this *Knight of the Bath and Garter*, will do Mr. Dunton that common Justice to inform his Majesty how long the Author of *Neck or Nothing* has gone unrewarded for his Distinguish'd Services to his King and Country.

His Majesty's first Speech from the Throne.

I will never forget the Obligations I have to those that have distinguish'd themselves by their Zeal and Firmness to the Protestant Succession, against all the Open and Secret Practices that have been used to defeat it.

Omnia dixeris, si ingratum dixeris.

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ers to be Sold by most Booksellers in Great-Britain and Ireland.



T O T H E

King's Most Excellent MAJESTY:

T H E

H U M B L E P E T I T I O N

O F

J O H N D U N T O N, Gent.

Sheweth,



THAT your *Petitioner* very early in the Queen's Reign, when *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke* were at the Head of the Ministry, did publish a Pamphlet call'd *Neck or Nothing*, discovering the Measures then taking to blind the People, bring in the *Pretender*, and injure your Sacred Majesty's Family's Right to your Throne, (which he prays God you may long enjoy) which *Jacobite Secrets* no sincere Friend to the Protestant Succession was intrusted with, or had Courage enough to publish but your *Petitioner*, (whilst the *Traitors* accus'd were Royal Favourites) and were therefore call'd *Neck or Nothing*.

That your *Petitioner* had upon Publication of this Book, several Officers with Warrants from the State in pursuit of him, with severe Threats of his Life, and Rewards for the taking him; by Providence he escap'd their Fury, but with great Fatigue and Expence, and to the impoverishing your *Petitioner*, till God Almighty sent your Majesty for a *General Deliverance*.

That your *Petitioner* being reduced to want, apply'd himself to his two good Friends the late Marquis of *Wharton* and Bishop of *Salisbury*, who (as they both honour'd your *Petitioner* with distinguishing Marks of their Friendship) would doubtless have laid your

Petitioner's

Petitioner's Wants and Services before your Majesty, which *Two Thousand Pounds* would relieve, (a small Sum if compared with your *Petitioner's* desperate and expensive Venture of Life and Fortune in detecting your Majesty's Enemies whilst plotting in the Royal Palace to restore the *Pretender*) but they to his great Sorrow dying, left him destitute ever since, but of the Hope of Relief from your Sacred Majesty, and your condescending Goodness in distinguishing him by your Royal Present of a *Gold Medal*, which your *Petitioner* will keep till Death, were he to dye with Hunger.

That the Expectation of some Reward (according to your Majesty's Royal Promise from the Throne, which was *Never to forget them that distinguish'd themselves in your Majesty's Service*) has not only kept your *Petitioner* out of a Prison, but has gain'd him Credit for Sustainance for these several Years, which is now withdrawn and a Jail threaten'd ; but a Royal Bounty to pay his Debts, and a Pension for Life would make his few remaining Days a little easy and comfortable : And therefore as your *Petitioner* has the Honour to be the eldest Son of a Reverend Divine of the Church of *England*, his Brethren the Sons of the Clergy (having your Majesty's Promise that they shall always have your Protection and Encouragement) presented an Humble Petition to their Gracious Sovereign, to inform your Majesty how early your *Petitioner* ventur'd his All to secure the Protestant Succession in the Illustrious House of *Hanover*, but this Petition of the Clergymen's Sons receiving no Answer, by being, as is suppos'd, never read to your Majesty 'tis now a *National Complaint*, that your *Petitioner's* early, bold, and successful Venture of *Neck or Nothing* in detecting your Majesty's Enemies, has gone Twelve Years unrewarded, by being all that time either conceal'd or misrepresented to your Majesty, by those *South Sea* (or corrupt) Statesmen that are lately dead or displaced, as was lately declared by a Reverend Clergyman in his Narrative intituled, *Mordecai's Memorial, or there's nothing done for him*, in which he proves your *Petitioner* a parallel Instance to the *Persian Mordecai*, for his distinguish'd, tho' as yet unrewarded Services, in detecting the *Jacobite Plots* against your Majesty's Person, and will be further prov'd (by your *Petitioner's* daily Groans from the *Fleet Prison*, which he'll publish as a Legacy to his Native Country, and will call them, *A Dying Farewell to your Majesty*) if your *Petitioner* is forc'd to starve out his few remaining Days in a Jail, by reason of Debts contracted in the Service of his King and Country ; for these distinguish'd Services to your Majesty have been very gratefully acknowledg'd in several Letters that were sent to your *Petitioner* — by Sir *Rowland Gynn*, Bart. — by *Benjamin Child*, Esq; late High Sheriff for the County of *Berks*. — by that Person of Honour that sent your *Petitioner* all those *Jacobite Secrets* that compos'd his Narrative call'd, *Neck or Nothing*. — and by other illustrious Patriots. — All which Letters are already printed in the Pamphlet, intituled, *National Thanks, or the Grateful Sense of the whole*

Kingdom upon Mr John Dunton's Neck Adventures to serve the Publick: And shall be again incerted in your Petitioner's *Dying Farewell to your Majesty*, if his Confinement to a Jail (for Debts contracted in serving the Royal Family) forces him to publish this *Dying Farewell to his Gracious Sovereign*; but as your Majesty has promis'd never to forget your Obligations to those that have distinguish'd themselves in your Service, your Petitioner has 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 (as the very Jacobites declare) have had their Success in raising him to that Throne; or if your Petitioner should be so unfortunate as to have wholly ruin'd himself to save his Country from it, (he having sold and spent a good Estate in serving the Publick) yet he most solemnly assures your Majesty, he had rather starve in the glorious Cause of King *George*, and his illustrious House, than to be made a *Lord High Treasurer* by a *Popish Pretender*, as is fully prov'd by his Writing and dispersing at his own Charge Forty political Tracts to prove the *Pretender* a *Popish Impostor*, and all his Adherents either Fools, Knaves or Madmen.

I own the Jacobites will call your Petitioner a Madman, for thus boldly distinguishing himself in your Majesty's Service, after his going Twelve Years unrewarded for his desperate Venture of ~~Life~~ and Fortune to serve your Majesty. And your Petitioner confesses tis enough to disorder a Man of the ten best Brain, (he went except Sir *Robert Walpole*) to be thus barbarously and ungratefully treated for the Service he has done his Country, but he that is really a Madman is still the greater Object of Compassion were it for no other Reason but that of his Lunacy, which ~~unhappy~~ shews the base Ingratitude of those Ministers of State who neglect to reward publick Services, and therefore your Petitioner matters no undeserved Reflection for ventring his ALL to fix the Crown on your Majesty's Head, it being acknowledg'd by all those Persons he converses with, that he is no Madman, or in the least Craz'd in his Intellectuals, and as a further Proof of this he is ready to stand the Test before the whole College of Physicians upon that undeserved Slander, as will be prov'd by Petitions to your Majesty from several Counties, (where your Petitioner never stuck at any Charges in promoting the choice of a ~~Wharton, a~~
~~Hempden, a~~ ~~Dormer,~~ and other Members of Parliament that he knew were for securing the Protestant Succession in the illustrious House of *Hanover*) and by *Dying Farewells* to those Ministers of State whose Duty and Place it is to see publick Services rewarded, if this present Petition to your Majesty prove unsuccessful, but of this your Petitioner has no Fear, he presuming your Majesty will not suffer a Loyal Subject to sink under Debts, a great part of which were contracted in serving the Royal Family

Family ; for 'tis universally acknowledg'd if your Majesty excels in one Vertue more than another, 'tis in nobly rewarding such as deserve it, of which great Generosity Sir *Richard Steele* is a late Instance, for that ingenious Gentleman was no sooner remov'd from a Patent Place, but he fell to angry Resentments in a Weekly Paper, 'till his Grievance was redress'd, and himself advanc'd according to his distinguish'd Merit. Then certainly no Man in his right Senses will blame your Petitioner for clearing himself of the false Charge of Madness, (for to use the Words of Sir *Richard Steele*, occasion'd by his Expulsion from the House of Commons) 'A good Name is as dear to your Petitioner as it can be to the greatest Man in the Kingdom, and therefore whatever Minister of State to excuse his scandalous Avarice and Ingratitude to the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, employs all his Artifices to make your Petitioner thought a Madman. cannot be angry with him if he lays hold on what he thinks defective in his own Character and Behaviour, to expose it in the same manner. And for that Reason, of all Men in the Kingdom Sir *Robert Walpole* should be the most charitable and generous to your Petitioner, as he has himself been as often accus'd with selling Reversions, and other scandalous Crimes, as your Petitioner has been of Madness then to use an Expression of Sir *Richard Steele*'s in his Apology for himself and his Writings, Let every Loyal Subject lay his Hand upon his Heart, and ask himself, ' Whether it is possible for a Man of any Spirit to be so barbarously ' treated as to be call'd a Madman for only exposing the scandalous ' Avarice and Ingratitude of those whose Duty and Place it is to see ' him rewarded, without giving some Loose to his Resentments, for ' tread on a Worm and he'l turn again, and yet your Petitioner ' humbly assures your Majesty, that 'tis for this Self-Defence (and for nothing else) that he is call'd a Madman, and has gone twelve Years unrewarded for such distinguish'd Services in detecting the Enemies to the illustrious House of *Hanover*, as your Majesty has promis'd never to forget, then sure I am, that Minister of State is a real Madman, and such your Petitioner will prove him to be before Sir *Robert Walpole* the first Lord of the Treasury, if your Majesty please to command it) that either refuses to inform your Majesty how successfully your Petitioner ventur'd his ALL in detecting *Oxford's* and *Bolingbroke's* Plot to restore the *Pretender*, or neglects to answer such Letters wherein your Majesty's Honour, as well as Sir *Robert Walpole's* is greatly concern'd, for that such concealing or misrepresenting your Petitioner's distinguish'd Services to your Majesty's Sacred Person, and Family is Real Madness is fully proved by all your Majesty's *True Friends* now declaring that 'twill be a *Great Dishonour* to your Majesty and a *Scandal* to the present Ministry (But more especially to Sir *Robert Walpole* as he is the First Lord of the Treasury whose Duty, and Place it is to see *Publick Services* Rewarded) if something ben't Done for your Petitioner in Proportion to his *Early Desperate and Successful Attempts*, in Detecting your Majesty's Enemies whilst Plotting in the Royal Pa-

lace to Restore the *Pratender*, neither wou'd any *Ministers of State* but such as were Real Madmen have Depriv'd that Truly Loyal and worthy Gentleman Captain *John Edwards* of that NOBLE-REWARD he has most justly deserv'd for his *Extroordinary Services* to the Monarchs of *Great Britain* (during the Reigns of *K. William Queen Anne*, and *K. George*) which Base Ingratitude (or *Real Madness*) Captain *Edwards* is ready to prove before your Majesty, if his Gracious Sovereign please to command it, for what Ministers of State in their right senses could imagine, that a Captain of a Man of War that had ventur'd and spent his ALL in the Service of his King and Country, could think such a generous Commander could live Thirty Years without receiving a Royal Reward for his publick services, (for so long this Gentleman's National services have left him in a starving Condition.) And for that Reason your Petitioner's truly ingenious and learned Friend *Mr. John Tutchin* declar'd in his *Observator*, ' That he knew no Man whatsoever that ' more deserv'd a speedy and noble Reward for his National services than Captain *John Edwards*, and yet (adds this celebrated Author) how long and barbarously has this worthy Gentleman been requited with no other Reward than that of being call'd a Mad-man for his extraordinary services to his King and Country; so that 'tis seen in the Instance of Capt. *John Edwards*, as well as in that of your Majesty's Petitioner *John Dunton*, that Avarice and Ingratitude (the basest of Vices) have brought an indelible stain on those mad Favourites (or corrupt Ministers of State) that will reward Merit in none but their own Creatures, or such as have Money enough to purchase their Favour; for your Petitioner humbly assures your Majesty, that Capt. *Edwards* has been as basely and ungratefully treated as the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, and therefore as your Petitioner has been long acquainted with Capt. *Edwards*'s great and distinguish'd Services to the illustrious House of *Hanover*, he thought it his Duty to take this Opportunity to inform his Gracious Sovereign of them, that your Majesty's grateful Character might be no ways blemish'd by the base Ingratitude of such mad Statesmen that will not reward such loyal Subjects, that have greatly distinguish'd themselves in your Majesty's Service, 'till the whole Nation complains of their great Injustice in not doing their Duty to such Neck-Adventurers that have ruin'd themselves in serving the Publick, 'tis true Kissing goes by favour in all Courts, but when a Man like your Petitioner, or Capt. *Edwards*, has so greatly distinguish'd himself in detecting the Enemies to the Protestant Succession in the illustrious House of *Hanover*, that 'tis now a National Complaint, that he has gone Twelve or Thirty Years unrewarded, the present Ministry (but more especially *Sir Robert Walpole*, as first Lord of the Treasury) can no longer neglect to inform your Majesty of his distinguish'd Services to your sacred Person and Family, without bringing an indelible

Stain

Stain both upon their Royal Master and their own Character, as Men intrusted to serve the publick; for the Ingratitude of King Charles the second to those that had the chief Hand in his Restoration, will blacken his Reign to the World's End, (as our best Historians assure us) then should your Petitioner be forc'd to starve out his few remaining Days in a Prison (being now in his 67th Year) an everlasting Reproach will lye at their Doors from whom a just and generous Representation of your Petitioner's distinguish'd Affection and Loyalty to your Majesty, is due; but this base Ingratitude to the Author of Neck or Nothing will more particularly disgrace Sir Robert Walpole, as he formerly acknowledg'd your Petitioner's National Services in a *little Present of Guineas, and by a solemn Promise to see him further rewarded*, which if as does not your Petitioner's utter Ruin will lye wholly at his Door, which will blacken his Character, (i. e. will make his Name and Memory stink to the World's End) as your Petitioner will prove in a *Dying Farewel to Sir Robert Walpole*, if this Petition to your Majesty prove unsuccessful) but certainly such a great Politician as Sir Robert Walpole will never suffer it to be said that under a Reign of so much Lenity, *even to Rebels taken in open Rebellion, that 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.* Besides, as Sir Robert Walpole is a great Historian he can't but know that the old Romans decreed, that such Ministers of State as were found ungrateful to those that had serv'd their Country, should be cast alive to the Cormorant, to be pull'd in pieces and devour'd; Then what a Hell (or inexpressible Torment) must it needs be to Sir Robert Walpole's Conscience, when he comes to lye on his Death-bed to think he has wholly ruin'd a Man, (by neglecting to reward his National Services) that successfully ventur'd his ALL to secure the Protestant Succession in the illustrious House of Hanover, for this Knight of the Bath and Garter will find on a Death-bed, that neither his great Honour nor Riches will quiet his guilty Conscience, or enable him to dye with Comfort, 'till he has repented of that great Wrong he has done to your Majesty's Petitioner, by thus long neglecting to reward his distinguish'd Services to his King and Country; so that if Sir Robert Walpole (now first Lord of the Treasury) leaves the World without making the Author of Neck or Nothing full satisfaction for that base Injustice he has done him, by hitherto either concealing or misrepresenting to your Majesty his national services, he must not only expect a Hell in his Conscience whilst he lies on his Death-bed, (and considering his advanc'd Age, he can't flatter himself that he is far from the Grave, or from appearing before his Judge) but eternal Damnation in the World to come for his dying in those three known and most abominable sins of Ingratitude, Avarice and Injustice (for such all Men of true Honour declare Ingratitude, Avarice and Injustice to be, when found in a first Lord of the Treasury) for these three heinous Vices have wholly ruin'd your Petitioner for that great and reasonable service

he did your Majesty, and therefore 'tis hoped that a Royal Favourite of Sir Robert Walpole's distinguish'd Sence will now consider the great Damage your Petitioner suffers by his thus long neglecting to inform your Majesty of his distinguish'd Services to your sacred Person and Family, and that not only as 'tis a National Complaint that they have gone Twelve Years unrewarded ; but as his own Eternal Damnation (without a sincere and speedy Repentance) will will be the dismal Effect of his wilfully depriving (for that is really wronging) your Petitioner of that Royal Reward that the whole Nation thinks he deserves for his early and bold Discovery of Oxford's and Bolingbroke's plot to restore the Pretender, and therefore your petitioner humbly hopes your Majesty will not think him uncharitable in thus censuring Sir Robert Walpole's Eternal State, (for the Wrong he has done him by thus long disabling him to pay his Debts) for all Divines are agreed in this, that in case of wronging another without restitution there's no Salvation, and all that hear that Sir Robert Walpole formerly acknowledg'd your Petitioner's National Services in a noble Present of Guineas, and by a solemn Promise to see him further rewarded, declare his forcing your Petitioner to go Twelve Years unrewarded is as great a Wrong to the Author of Neck or Nothing, as if this Knight of the Bath and Garter had pick'd his Pocket of that Royal Reward that the whole Nation complains he hasn't yet receiv'd, for his desperate Venture of Life and Fortune to serve your Majesty ; for had Sir Robert Walpole inform'd your Majesty some Years ago of your Petitioner's National services, (as it was both his Duty and Place so to do as he is first Lord of the Treasury) no doubt but your Petitioner had long since been enabled to pay his Debts, (by such a Royal Reward for his publick services) as would not only have kept him out of a Jail (for the Debts he has contracted in serving his King and Country, but would have made his few remaining Days a little easy and comfortable ; for as your Majesty is acknowledg'd to be the most Generous Prince that ever sat on the British Throne to such as have distinguish'd themselves in your service, had sir Robert Walpole no other Reason but this to inform your Majesty how early, boldly, and successfully your Petitioner ventur'd his ALL in detecting Oxford's and Bolingbroke's Plot to restore the Pretender ; he could not but think it his Interest, as well as his Duty, presently to inform your Majesty that 'tis now a National Complaint that your Petitioner's distinguish'd services to the Royal Family have gone Twelve Years unrewarded ; for sir Robert Walpole knows that 'twould be a Breach of your Majesty's Royal Promise of never forgetting those that have distinguish'd themselves in your service, (and consequently a great Dishonour to your Majesty) should your Petitioner's several Neck-Adventures to secure the Protestant succession in the illustrious House of Hanover, go any longer unrewarded by a Lord Treasurer's concealing or misrepresenting to your Majesty your Petitioner's distinguish'd services to his King and Country, seeing the small Sum of 2000 l. will pay all your Petitioner's Debts, and also provide for his future subsistence.

subsistence, which were they paid out of the Treasury, would not be a Farthing a Man to those many Thousand Loyal Subjects that would rather give Ten Guineas a-piece than either your Majesty or the Real Whigs now in the Ministry (who were always Men of a truly Generous and faithful Character) should be call'd ungrateful on your Petitioner's Account, which to be sure they will by all your Majesty's true Friends if they suffer your Petitioner to be confin'd to a Prison for want of that very Money which he spent freely out of his own Pocket in detecting *Oxford's* and *Bolingbroke's* Treason, and in serving the publick, for when Six Warrants were issued out for seizing your Petitioner's Person and Papers, for proving *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke* two Traytors to their Country, (in his Narrative intitl'd *Neck or Nothing*) tho' he could then have had the late Marquis of *Wharton's*, and Bishop *Burnet's* Recommendatory Letters to your Majesty if he would have fled to *Hannover* for your Royal Protection, yet your Petitioner refus'd to fly, (as he can prove by a printed Letter he sent to Queen *ANNE*, intitl'd *Whig-Loyalty*) chusing rather to stay in *London* to prove *Oxford* and *Bolingbroke* were then plotting to restore the Pretender (would her Majesty have granted her Royal Protection to himself and Witnesses) which daring to stay in *London* when your Petitioner's Life and Fortune was in such great Danger from the Jacobite-Party, some have done him the Honour to say crown'd all the rest of his Neck-Adventures to serve your Majesty. And therefore as Sir *Robert Walpole* (the first Lord of the Treasury) formerly acknowledged your Petitioner's National Services in a noble Present of Guineas, and by a solemn Promise to see him further rewarded, for that Reason your Petitioner now hopes this Knight of the Bath and Garter will speedily inform your Majesty of your Petitioner's present deplorable Case, by reason of Debts contracted in serving the Royal Family; for he humbly appeals to your Majesty's Royal Honour, Justice, Gratitude, and the rest of your princely Virtues, whether your Petitioner deserves a Royal Bounty to pay his Debts and a Pension for Life, (as a Reward for the frequent Venture of his Life and Fortune to secure the Protestant Succession in the illustrious House of Hanover) or else to be starv'd in a Jail, to gratify the Revenge of pretended Court Whigs for his satyrizing their scandalous Avarice and Ingratitude in his Dying Farewell to Sir *Robert Walpole*, which Farewell your Petitioner resolves to publish if his Honour continue to call your Petitioner a Madman, either to excuse his suffering of him to go Twelve Years unrewarded, or to deprive him longer of that Royal Reward which the whole Nation thinks he deserves, to convince your Majesty that they are your worst Enemies that have hitherto either conceal'd or misrepresent'd to your Majesty your Petitioner's distinguish'd Services to his King and Country; and therefore if Sir *Robert Walpole* will now let your Petitioner starve in a Jail (after he has thus early, boldly and successfully distinguish'd

guished himself in your Majesty's Service) he resolves every Year to his last Breath to remind him of his base Ingratitude to the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, by sending to him these his Dying Groans from the Fleet-prison, which further proves to your Majesty that your Petitioner is no Madman, and that his Reputation is unblemished every where, except in the Mouth of *Jacobites*, or such as have been charged with scandalous Crimes; but tho' your Petitioner's great Enemies the *Jacobites*, and pretended *Court-Whigs* would have your Petitioner pass for a Madman, the first to stifle the early and bold Discoveries your Petitioner made of their Treason against your Majesty, and the last to excuse their scandalous Avarice and Ingratitude in not rewarding the many desperate and chargeable Hazards that your Petitioner ran at his own Expence, to secure to them their Religion, Lives and Estates; Yet your Petitioner has here proved to your Majesty that this base Slander is wholly undeserved, and as a further proof of this, the Reverend and Learned Dr. Jonathan Swift, tho' a great *Jacobite*, (and as such your Petitioner's avowed Enemy) yet did your Petitioner the Honour to call his *Neck or Nothing*, (a) a cutting Satyr upon the Lord Treasurer and Lord Bellingbroke, and to affirm it galled them more than the *Crisis* writ by Sir Richard Steele, or any other Pamphlet had done during their whole Ministry, for (adds this Reverend Divine) Mr Dunton's famous Tract intitled *Neck or Nothing* must be allowed to be the shrewdest piece, and written with the most Spirit of any which hath appeared from that side, since the Change of the Ministry; for he has set before us the proceedings of the Queen and her Servants in a much clearer Light than Sir Richard Steele has done, tho' he hath Qualities enough to denominate him a first Rate Author. So that having ruined myself to save my Country, I now lye under the necessity of publishing these Dying Groans from the Fleet-prison, were it for no other Reason but to raise Compassion in my Fellow-Subjects that they might make such a general purse as will pay all my Debts; but as this would be some Reflection on your Majesty's Royal Bounty and Goodness (my Venture of *Neck or Nothing* being chiefly made to serve your Majesty, and the protestant Succession in your *Illustrious House*) I hope I shall partake of it in so Generous a Manner as will suppress the present *National Complaint*, that my distinguished Services to your Majesties sacred person and Family have gone twelve Years unrewarded (tho' to your Majesties eternal Honour, without either your Knowledge or Consent) as will soon appear by the good Success of flinging my self at your Royal Feet, for your Majesty is fully inform'd by this Petition, that had I valu'd my own private Interest and Advantage (as many do) more than the Welfare and prosperity of my native Country and Religion, I should not have concern'd myself in the least in State-Affairs, and then perhaps I had been in full possession of that plentiful Fortune to which I was born,

all

(a) In his Book called, *The Publick Spirit of the Whigs.*

all which I have sacrific'd to the real Service of my Country, by using my utmost Endeavours in every respect to preserve and secure the Religion, Liberty, and property of it ; (and that by venturing *Neck or Nothing* in the several Instances before mention'd, to secure the protestant Succession in your Majesty's illustrious House) And I am sure every knowing person must confess, that if there had not been some active and bold Spirits, who (like Capt. *John Edwards*, and the Author of *Neck or Nothing*) would not tamely submit to arbitrary power, and who durst bravely stem the Tide when Popery and Slavery like an Inundation, was breaking in upon us, and sweeping all our rights and properties before it, (I'll presume to affirm it again to your majesty) if there had not been some such persons, we had most certainly long e'er now bore the insupportable Yoke, and been enslav'd with our posterity for ever, neither was my early, bold, and successful Zeal to detect the Enemies to my King and Country, (when it lay at the Brink of ruin) greater than my Expence to print and publish in Forty political Tracts those Jacobite Secrets that I discover'd at the Hazard of my Life and Fortune.

Your majesty will not wonder then that such expensive Services (and a Twelve Years almost as expensive an Attendance upon such Courtiers, that never perform'd their solemn promises, of informing your Majesty of my unrewarded Services) have reduced your petitioner to so extream a necessity, as either to lay in this presuming manner my self at your Sacred Feet, or starve out the remainder of my Life in a prison ; and that tho' tis as much a national Complaint in *Ireland* (where my narrative call'd *Neck or Nothing* discover'd a Jacobite plot to restore the pretender, just as 'twas taking Effect as 'tis in *England*, that your petitioner's distinguish'd Services to King *George* have gone Twelve Years unrewarded, for in a Letter lately sent by an *Irish* Gentleman from *Dublin* to his Friend in London, are these Words, ' Give my humble Service to that honourable Gentleman *Mr Duntton*, and let me know if he has yet received any Benefit for the good Service he hath done to *Ireland*, as well as to *Great-Britain*, by his many successful Discoveries of the *Jacobite-Plots* against his Majesty's Person and Government. Neither have my own Countrymen been less Generous than this *Irish* Gentleman, in acknowledging my National Services, for I ought here to inform your Majesty, that in a Letter that was lately sent to me by an *English* Clergyman, are these Words, *Mr Duntton*, (you have been so very serviceable in detecting the *Jacobite Plots* of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*, and by writing many Hundred useful Books) ' tho' I am so unhappy as not to be personally acquainted with you, yet I congratulate the World and you Sir, that you are yet in the Land of the Living, which Generous Acknowledgment of my National Services, your Petitioner don't speak with an Eye to his own Advancement ; for he can with Truth affirm, when he first ventur'd his Life and Fortune

Fortune in detecting your Majesty's Enemies, he had no other Reward in View but barely doing his Duty to his King and Country. And to speak the Truth, of all the Ways of which your Petitioner is capable of Relief, a *Royal Bounty* to pay his Debts, and a Pension for Life, would make him most easy (in regard his frequent Attendance upon an ill State of Health, unfits him to execute an Office) and this way of being deliver'd from Debt (by the Blessing of God upon his Loyal and Studious Endeavours) would make your Petitioner farther Serviceable to his Native Country, both in detecting the Enemies to your Majesty's Government, and promoting of Virtue and Learning; and that

First, By reprinting at least One Thousand of those Vendible Copies which your Petitioner purchased from Authors of distinguish'd Piety, Learning and Ingenuity, (whilst he traded in the Stationer's Company) of which the French Book of Martyrs, published in English with *Queen Mary's Royal Privilege*.——*Bp. Barlow's Genuine Remains*, in One Hundred Theological, Philosophical, and Historical Essays.——The Works of the Right Honourable *Henry Lord Delamere*.——And the Casuistical Morning Exercises (published by the famous *Dr. Samuel Annesley*, your Petitioner's ever Honoured Father in Law) are four of the said Copies, which with nine hundred ninety six valuable Copies more, (to which your Petitioner has a just Title, and are now so scarce as not to be bought in *London*) had been long since reprinted, had not the Money your Petitioner spent in your Majesty's service prevented it.

Secondly, By publishing Intellectual Sport, or a Pacquet for the Virtuosi of Great-Britain, which your Petitioner has now ready for the press, and intends to entitle it——~~The~~ *Athenian Library*, or a Universal Entertainment for the Lovers of Novelty; containing Six Hundred distinct Essays in Prose and Verse, upon Subjects never handled before, the whole written by the Author of *Neck or Nothing*, (a Member of the Athenian Society) and revised, corrected, and approved by the Gentlemen concerned with him in writing the *Athenian Oracle*, (a Work answering all nice and curious Questions concealing the Querists) of which your petitioner had the Honour of being the first projector and Author.

And since his Writing and compleating the *Athenian Oracle*, your petitioner has writ with his own Hands a Thousand distinct Treatises on as many distinct Subjects, many of which are now out of print, as those intituled——*Neck or Nothing*.——*Queen Robin*.——*Whig-Loyalty*.——*The Golden Age*.——*King George for ever*.——*The Post-Angel*.——*The Second Spira proved to be Mr Richard Sault*.——*The best of Wives exemplified in the Holy Life and triumphant Death of Mrs Elizabeth Dunton, Dr. Annesley's beloved Daughter*.——*The Hazard of a Death-bed Repenance*.——*The Idea of*

a new Life—And the Sick Man's passing Bell, which had the Honour to be approved and recommended by Dr. Fleetwood, late Bishop of Ely, and shall go again to the Press as soon as the Author is able to be at the Charge.

Thus your Petitioner has presumed to inform your Majesty of his great Zeal, Expence and Industry, in promoting of Virtue and Learning, (as well as of his distinguish'd Loyalty to your Majesty's illustrious House in the worst of Times) in hopes you will be graciously pleas'd to give him your Royal Pardon for this bold (but necessary) Discovery of his Loyal and Typographical Services; for as it was wholly owing to the Muses that Cardinal Du Bois had the first Access to the Monarch of France, and obtained the Honour of a celebrated Admission into the French Academy, so your Petitioner does not in the least doubt but the Virtuosi of Great-Britain, (i. e. such Members of the Athenian Society that have distinguish'd themselves by their steady Loyalty to your Majesty, and great Zeal in promoting of Virtue and Learning) will be as nobly rewarded with Marks of your Royal Favour, as the Virtuosi of France have ~~been~~ ^{been} by the French King; neither had your Petitioner been now out of a Prison, had he not assured his Creditors of the great Hopes he had of the good Success of this present Appeal to your Majesty's most gracious Promise, of never forgetting those that have distinguish'd themselves in your Service.

May your Majesty long live the Blessing of your People and Support of the Protestant Interest, and the Liberties of Europe; all of them lately in great Danger by the cursed Conspiracy of the High-Church Party to restore a Popish Pretender; 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.

For your Petitioner don't doubt but all his dear Countrymen of this illustrious Character, would (at his Request) raise for him such a Sum of Money as would both pay all his Debts and farther reward his distinguish'd Services to your Majesty's sacred Person and Family, for a truly generous (or Real) Whig lately gave me a Golden Present, declaring to me at the same time, *It was a Shame the Government should suffer a faithful Servant to sink under Debts, the greatest Part of which were contracted in its Defence*; for the Jacobite Tories, or High-Church Party are so generous to those that would ruin their Country by restoring a Popish Pretender, that they sent to Dr Sacheverell Three Thousand Guineas to bear up his Spirits whilst he was trying in Westminster Hall, for publishing that Treasonable Sermon against the protestant Succession in the Illustrious House of Hanover, that had like to have cost him his Life; but (as I said before) as my Deliverance from Debt by a private purse, would be some Reflection on your Majesty's Royal Gratitude,

Gratitude, I would not be discharg'd from Debt by a private Collection, or any other way whatsoever that would cast the least Reflection on your Majesty's Generous promise of never forgetting those that have distinguish'd themselves in your Service; for as this promise is made by a Prince famous for the punctual Observation of his Words; my Creditors think it is a good Security for all the Money I owe them, and has kept me many Years out of a Jail, as shall be fully prov'd in a *Petition my Creditors shall present to your Majesty in my Behalf and their own, if this Petition to your Majesty dont both deliver me from all those Debts I have contracted in the Service of my King and Country, and make my future Life a little easy and comfortable.*

'Tis true Honesty and plain dealing are the usual Bar to Honour and preferment (as was lately observed by a Reverend Divine in a Sermon he preached to the University of Oxford) but as we live in a Reign where Truth does not pass for Treason, I hope my daring to speak the Truth of the scandalous Avarice and Ingratitude of those Ministers of State, whose Duty and place it is to see publick Services rewarded, will prevent my Ruin, by inabling me to pay my Debts, after that Royal Favourite Sir *Robert Walpole* has read and considered (what I have fully proved in this petition to my gracious Sovereign) that tis now a National Complaint that my distinguish'd Services to your Majesty's Sacred person and Family have gone Twelve Years unrewarded.

Your Petitioner therefore most humbly lays himself at your Sacred Majesty's Feet, begging your Generous pardon for this long and tedious Address, (as tis in some Sence his Dying Groans from the Fleet-prison, or last shift for Life) and imploring your tender Goodness and Compassion on his miseries, Wants and Services in such manner, as your Majesty in your great Wisdom shall think fit.

And your *Petitioner,*

(as in Duty bound)

Shall ever pray.

There is

There is preparing for the Press.

MR. *John Dunton's* Legacy to his Native Country, or, A Dying Farewell to this Life and World: In which the Undisguis'd Sentiments of a Soul standing on the Borders of Eternity are faithfully represented, in Six Hundred Dying Farewells, intitled,

1. Prepare to follow *John Dunton*; that is, think every Day your last: Being a Dying Farewell to all such Persons that will be living when I am dead. To which Farewell is added, (to oblige the Man of Temper, or serious Christian of all Parties) A hearty adieu to all personal prejudices.

2. *God save the King*; or, A Dying Farewell to our Lawful and ever-glorious Monarch: Being a Bold Disquisition into the Duty of Princes (but more especially of our Gracious Sovereign) during their whole Reign, and when they come to lye on a Death-Bed To which Farewell is added, some serious Thoughts on the Mortality of Crown'd Heads, (and the secret Sins of their chief Favourites) to excite all Men (but more especially Kings and Princes) to be always prepared for Death and Judgment.

3. *The Royal Insigne of the Warning Pan*, or a Dying Farewell to that little popish Work of Darknes that stiles himself *James the Third*, who (as the Jacobites report) has sworn *Mr. Dunton* is the first Man he'l hang at Tyburn, (if ever it lies in his Power) for his proving of him a sham Prince, and all his Adherents either Fools, Knaves, or Madmen in Forty Political Tracts.

4. A short History of *Sir Robert Walpole*, (Author of the short History of the Parliament) or, A Dying Farewell to the first Lord of the Treasury; writ to inform this Knight of the Bath and Garter, that 'tis now a National Complaint that a Viceroy of his distinguish'd Honour and Riches should suffer *Mr. John Dunton* to sink under Debts, the Greatest part of which were contracted in serving the Royal Family, as is fully proved by a Reverend Clergyman in his Narrative intitled, *Mordecai's Memorial*, or *there's nothing done for him*.

5. A second Judge *Hales* for spotless Honour, Justice, and Charity, or a Dying Farewell to the Right Honourable the Lord *Ockham* the present Lord Chancellor of *Great-Britain*. To which Farewell is added, the Character of a Real (not pretended) Whig Statesman, or a Dying Farewell to the Duke of *Newcastle*, the Lord *Townsend*, the Lord Mayor of *London*, and those other truly Generous and faithful Patriots now in the Ministry, whose Duty and Place it is to see publick Services rewarded, his Majesty having promis'd never to forget his Obligations to those that have distinguish'd in his Service.

6. The Real Pindarick Lady, or a Dying Farewell to that celebrated Poetess *Madam Elizabeth's Singer*, *Mr. Dunton's* Correspondent so long as he and his Athenian Brethren continued to answer

all

all nice and curious Questions concealing the Querist, which useful Novelty he intitled the Athenian Oracle, and was himself the first Projector and Author of it.

7. The Non-~~water~~^{last}-Water Drinker; that was ~~the~~^{the} Year at Tunbridge Wells, or a Dying Farewell to that unaccountable Gentleman that sometimes drinks sixty full Glasses of Tunbridge Waters in one Morning, and broaches every Day many unwarrantable and ridiculous Notions, to amuse the Water Drinkers, amongst which this is one, that he shall never Dye.

These seven Dying Farewells, with five hundred Ninety three more that are to compleat this Farewell Project, contain naked and free Thoughts on the most remarkable Persons in Church and State, and are publish'd by Mr. John Dunton, a Member of the Athenian Society, and Author of those Three Essays, intitled, *Neck or Nothing. The Honour of deserving a Knighthood exceeds the Title. And The Hazard of a Death-bed Repentance*, as his Legacy to his Native Country, To which these Dying Farewells are address'd with as much Sincerity and Affection as if he was just leaving the World.

PART I.

Om̄nem crede Diem tibi diluxisse Supremum ~~Hor.~~ Hor.

F I N I S.