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The Pretenders proceedings at Perth Described.

THE Pretenders precipitant and Shameful Flight from *Scotland*, occasioned me to look into the History of the two Pretenders, *Lambert Simnel* and *Perkins Warbeck*; that were set up by the *Yoik* Faction at Home, and their Friends Abroad, against King *Henry* the VII. and upon perusal of their Character given us by *Hollinshed*, I find that both of them made a Nobler Figure, and Acted the part of a Prince much better, then the *St. Germans* or *Bar-le-duc* Pretender has done, for both of them Fought it Manfully, and tho' they knew themselves to be Imposters, yet the expectations which they had of the *English* Crown inspired them with Courage some way answerable to the Royal Liniage, from whence they falsely gave themselves out to be Descended.

Simnel profited so well at *Oxford*, under the Conduct of his Tutor, Priest *Simond*, that he acquir'd a Princely Behaviour, Civil Manners, and good Literature, and he was so well Instructed by *Margaret* Dutches of *Burgundy*, his pretended Aunt, that he acted his Pageantry to the Life.

It would seem the *St. Germans* Pretender, either wants a Genius or has not been so well Tutored; tho' he had as many Friends at *Oxford*, and more at *France*, the Common Theater of good Breeding then ever *Simnel* had, from whence I think we may Lawfully conclude that he has as little of Royal Blood in his Veins; and far less of Royal Qualities, then either the old Pretender *Simnel*, or the new one *John Dunton*; Nor has he near so much Art of Tricking as the lurking Pretender from *Mortimars* Line, whose Title was so much enlarged upon by *Doctor Bedford* in his Book of Hereditary Right.

I believe by this Time, that many of the Pretender's Friends in *Scotland*, whom he has so basely abandoned, are of Opinion, that instead of being made a King, he deserves no higher Employment, than that of a Turn Spit in King *Georges* Kitchen, as his Predecessor *Simnel* had in that of King *Henry VII.* My Reason is, that since his Arrival in *Scotland*, he never had the Courage to draw a Sword, or put his Friends upon any Action, but that of burning the Country and running away by the light of the Flames, a Piece of Barbarity which could never enter a Royal Breast, and by which he has plainly prov'd that he is of a more degenerate Breed than his other Predecessor *Perkin Warbeck*, who when the Scots invaded *England* upon his Account, did counterfeite a Generous Compassion for the *Havock* and *Destruction* they made in his Natural Country of *England*.

There is one thing however in his Conduct, a little like that of Old *Perkin*, viz: The Danger and Disgrace he has brought upon a Son of the Noble Family of *Huntly*, or *Gordon*, as that *Perkin* did by the Marrying a Daughter of that, by the consent of the then King of *Scots* whose Kind-woman she was. But that beautyfull Lady instead of becoming a Queen, found her self at last to be only the Wife of, and afterwards the Widdow of a Foreign Imposture, of base Extraction, who made his Exit at *Tyburn*.

The modern Pretender was Sensible no doubt that he deserved the same Fate, and therefore has made use of his Heels once and again to Save his Neck.

I cannot but think how Silly the Sword in Hand Clans must look, to find themselves thus exposed to the loss of their Lives and Fortains by a Cowardly impostor. I believe they as well as the *Scots* Episcopal Clergy, do heartily wish by this time that they had not Penned their Traiterous Addresses, nor espoused the Title of a Man who has not Courage to Fight for his Pretensions, yet it must be owned, that such an abandoned Cause carried on by the most horrid Perjury that ever the World heard of, did not deserve a better Champion.

What a load of Guilt have those Priests to answer for, who by their preaching up the Indeteasible Hereditary Right of this Spurious Impostor, have brought Destruction on so many Lords, Gentlemen, and Commoners of their own Parry; and what have they to answer to their injured Country, for such an Expence of Blood and Treasure as they have involved it in!

How



How can such Men as pretend to be Protestants, look their own Consciences, and much less God in the Face, for attempting to enthrone a Popish Pretender, whose Accession to the Crown must have compleated the Ruin of the Protestant Religion, and of *Human Liberty* all over Europe!

They cannot certainly be more abhorred by their injured Country Men, than they must sink in the Nosstrils of those Foreign powers, who by the extravagant Promises of the Party have been engaged in the Pretenders Interest.

What a mean Opinion must the Church of *Rome* have of the High Church Party in *Great Britain*, who have made the Pope and his Conclave expend so much Money in vain and so frequently expose their Brethren God to so little purpose?

That's Reason to believe, that the Church of *Rome* will not, after this, be very fond of uniting with our High Church, who have thus betrayed and impaled upon her a nor is it easy to think with what Church upon which our abandoned Jacobites can now hold Communion with since they have long ago declared all other Protestants to be no Christians, and now they themselves must be looked upon as False Brethren by that very Church from which they were so fond to derive their Orders and Descent.

Hence forward the *Tories* have reason to look on your Friend *Merlin*, who obliged you with two ingenious Letters to *E-l-y*, upon the Eclipse on *April* last, to be a better Astrologer than any of their Tribe, not excepting those that were concerned in the Hieroglyphicks, of the *Oxford Almanicks*, for they may turn to his Letter in the *Flying post May 24th*, where they will find *Merlin* express himself thus: You have heard of a Famous Nativity handed up and down by a Set of silly people called *Tories*, who Characteristick it is, to believe every thing they wish; 'Tis of a Young Gentleman born in 1688, you wot well enough whom I mean, they say it was Calculated by an Astrological Cutler, assigned by a Non-juring Clergy Man. They tell you the late Eclipse portends much good, and he is this Year to be Emperor of the Moon, at least, for that he has his part of fortain directed to a State of the first Magnitude, in *Auriga* or *Charles Wain*, and his mid Heaven to the Trine of *Lucida Corona Segenionalis*. I am told the poor Young Fellow really believes it, and Fancies himself a Prince and affects to be called his Majesty, and talk of making a Voyage to Kings Island, and has made a Dozen Lords half a Dozen Bishops already, and every *Tortie* expects a great Man upon his Accession to his Imaginary Kingdom. And a little below *Merlin* says.

In my Judgment, the Native bids fairer for a *Carr*, than a *Crown*. As for the Fantastical Direction of his *Pars Fortune* to *Auriga*, and his, *Medium Cæli* to the *Lucida Corona*, they are such palpable Delusions, as none but *Tories* could ever swallow; for its plain to a Demonstration, that the Latitude of those Constellations from the *Vis Regia*, is so great, that 'tis impossible such Aspects could ever happen. - But *St. Populus vult decipi, decipiatur*. There are a sort of Puppies that never see till they are in a Horse pond.

The Pretender's Friends in Custody, and else where, and the Inventors of the Stary Crown, in the *Oxford Hieroglyphicks*, are desired to think upon this.