

A
DISCOVERY

Of the THREE

Impostors,

Turd-Sellers, Slanderers, and Pifs-Sellers.

By Seign. *Perin del Vago*.

WHEREAS I am inform'd that you are confoundedly Abus'd in Town and Country, you knowing nothing at all of the Villany, being Buried in your Books and Prints; I am Oblig'd to give you Notice of the Musick of your Slanderers, which sounds louder than the great Bell of *Oxford*, or *St. Paul's Tom*.

Coming from *Germany to Holland* in the *Treckschuys* of *Leyden*, I fell in Discourse with a *Coccean* Scribe and a *Voetian* Pharisee, who ask me if I knew you in *England*? I answer'd him, *That I had the Happiness to see you at my L. C.* What, they reply'd, *did you call it a Happiness to fall into the Company of an Atheist?* I went on and asked *if they had seen your Recantation?* They immediately Burlesqu'd your Book, and began to Rail against you with that Impudence, as if they had been in their Pulpit among the Mob, and said, *if I came to London, I should go to Henry Bull, who should tell me your Life and Conversation.* Coming to the *Latin Coffee-House* by *Dr. Pragestus*, I understood that *D. Culenburg* was depos'd for having *Monumento del Cazzo*, and that *D. de*

Woude had been *Drunk in the Pulpit*. *Boiljeus's Wife*, where the *Dutch Parson* used to divert him, told me also, *That the Dutch Parsons will bring you upon the Stage; That they will have you transmitted to Holland*. To perform this, *Bagford*, *Tempest* and *Paster-Lamb*, with your *House-Keeper*, makes you *Odious to the Nation*. You used to Rail against a *Bookbuyer of Gentlemens Studies*, and against some *Rotten Prints and Bastardly Picture-Sellers*. What you say against these *Cheating Rogues*, they divulge that you say this of all other fair *Honest Tradesmen*, to be against you upon any *fram'd Tryal*. Secondly, The *Vox Claimantis* Gang advance Monies to *Henry Bull*, and other *Beasts* to keep you *Company*, to *Admire*, to *Flatter* you, to *Debauch* with you, and to put all their *Romances of Eclypsis of the Moon*, upon your *Score*. When you *Dined with H. Bull*, and *Fifty Persons* more in the *Spring Gardens*, where *Bullius a Basham*, now at *Milbank*, put a *Gentlemen's Lolis-d'or* in his *Pocket*, and you told the *Company* that *Bull* had convey'd it away, afraid you should tell this also to the *Dutch*, he put his *Crime* at your *Door*, and expos'd your *Clam* all the *Nation* over, through the *Watchmen* and *Beadels*; and to get *Credit* to his *Lye*, persuaded the *Old Lord Peterborrow* to put you upon a *Tryal*: Ordered also the *Drawers* to tempt you with *Spoons* and *Napkins*. The *Auctioner Tucker* being 100 l. *Indebted* to you, brought you into *Bartholomew's Fair*, where you pulled the *Girls Smock* out of the *slit of her Tail*; told to the *Mob* *That you was a Pick-Pocket*. *Tucker's Porter* knowing you went the 21st of *July 1707*, to the *Dutch Cataplus*, send an *Old Trot* to *Tower-Wharf* to tempt you. Upon searching what *Old Woman* she was I found she was *Bagford's Landlady*. This is the *Sly-Dog* who *Debauch'd* your *House-keeper*, if I must believe *Tempest*, who *Ruin'd* your *Estate*, *Heal'd* and *Brains*, as *Esq*; *George*, and *Mr. Bulfins*, will declare. Have a care that no *Malitious Believer*, seduced with *Tales*, and *flaming* upon your *Collecti- ons*, drop a *Striking Watch* in your *Pocket* in *Tavern*,

vern, *Play-House*, *Church*, *Court* or *Coach*. The *unskilful* misled *Multitude* (having receiv'd this *Barbarous Blow* before-hand) will give *Credit* to the *Lye*. Fair dealing *Tradesmen*, who are deeply sensible of your generous *Buyings*, rejects all these *Aspersions*; but that cursed *Vermen* the *Privateers*, *Low-way-men* and *Pickpockets*, who have devoured you, *slighting* you now your *Stock of Generosity* is gone; complains also with the *Bulls*, *Bears* and *Rams of Basham*. Never *Drink* with *Tempest*, *Bagford*, or *Bull*. *H. Bull*, says, *When he has brought you into the Hands of Justice, with Plotting and Trappanning, that you shall beg your Pardon upon your Knees, for Publishing that of the French Pistool in the Spring-Garden; else that you shall never be at ease*. Let him keep is *Gate* at *Milbanck*; and *Drink* with the *Beadels* and *Watchmen*: You hate even his *Callicoe* *Garment*. *Cerberus*, who snatch'd away the *Ruffians Beauljeu*, *Lang Brown*, & *altera canailia*, to mend his *Rotten Peruke*, will fetch also *Pastor Ram*, *Henny*, *Tempest*, *Maas* and *Kemp*, and the remaining part of the *Crew*, to trim up the *Errinnyades* *Commode*. *Vale*, the 1st of *August*. 1707.

Dearly Beloved, We Greet you again :

Whereas I am inform'd that *Tempest*, *Bagford* and *Bull*, have intention to *Destroy* you: I cannot but be very sensible of the *Villany*, which grows every *Day* nearer to *subvert* you. The significant *Signs* and *Pains* that glides in your *Nerves*, cries that *Envy* and *Malice* are sweld to an exceeding *Height*. After searching to the *Bottom* of this *Plot*, I found that your *Housekeeper's Galants* have given *Orders* to the *Beadels* and *Watchmen* to *ensneer* you, *Hang* you, which is *Crueler* than to *Murder* you. Their *avaritious Mind* have *Transported* them to that degree, that they will *Right* or *Wrong Accuse* you *Guiltless* of any *Crime*. They send *Tickets* to you, to go into the *Play-House* *Gratis*. They tempt you with *Rings* in the *Tavern*, and with *Brilliants* in

the Streets in the Dark. This all through the Inflation of a cursed Rattel-snak. *Hæc est Bellua centiceps Bedellorum colubris & Vigilum hydris superba* One of the bast-ardly Picture-Sellers put his Wife in a very narrow Passage, which he knew you must pass, going Home at Eight of the Clock, to expose your *Clam* through the Coblars, *That you had Pickt her Pocket*: What a malicious Senselessnes and outrageous Barbarity to tempt you (who Studied to Conquer better Crowns than any have by their Birth) with Pocket Money, which you squandered so much away. You spend 2000 l. Starl. in Five Years in *Holland*, and 2000 l. Starl. in Two Years in *London*. In *Holland* you wasted your self and your Estate; but here in *London* you was Cheated out of all. You Burnt the *Pandectas tuæ juventutis*, for which was offer'd to you 200 l. and when they could not get it for Monies, they Plotted to Hang you, to get it Cheaper of the Sheriff. Which was the reason you Burnt them, to stop their barbarous Greediness. Who can in *England* give Credit to the Aspersions forged by the *Dutch* Parsons, your Enemies? You have 80 l. Starl. a Year. You have no Debts. No Body lives more Decent and Regular than you: You pay very generously. You treat ever Visitor to access. What will the credulous Multitude have then? Mislead by the Invidious, greedy Rascality of your Housekeepers Gants, and other Buyers of Gentlemens goods, who Hungers after your Curiosities. They wont that you should defraud your House-keeper, and consequently them of your Goods, by Trucking or Selling then all to Lords and Gentlemen. All what you got they loose. You get very much. You make of 2000 l. 500 l. and this 500 l. is come to 200 l. which will serve for Law, to punish the Caterpillars of your Estate, Hell Dogs, and Honour Theifs. The Ringleaders then of this malicious Plot are the Galants of your House-keeper, the invidious stained Prints and shitten Picture Sellers, who through the Canarybirds and Nightingals, slanders you with such notorious Absurdities, which the Devil himself cannot

cannot believe. Now because Old Nick won't embrace against his Conscience this exceeding Unreasonableness, they dispers'd that you have the Gout in your *Membrum*, and that you used to Foment it between the Breasts. You knowing that common Whores have a Wolf in their Privy, you use only to admire their Bubbies; But if you give them Money for Larkin they will perjurely Swear *High Treason*. They say also, *That you love Girls*. Your Laundress sends her Girl, on purpose before Clapt, with your Linnen into your Chamber, when she was in her Terms. If you had laid with her, she had Sworn that you had Ravish'd her. Witness enough, she was Clapt: And this should have been Interpreted of you. She had been believ'd, because the mischievous *Tempest*, whisper'd a Thousand Times about the Town, *That you love Maiden-Heads*. And Mr. G. *That you have the Covent-Garden Gout*. The Victulers and Vintners gives notice to the next Cobar that you are at Dinner or Supper, who in the mean time finds out at Rotten Whore, or Clap Girl, who twink and tempts you coming out and going Home. If you walk in the Fields, a Girl with some Children comes very near, speaking Baudy, and making indecent Gestures, *Interim Anguis in Herba & rubo*. A Reward is promis'd to this Gentry, who are commonly the Watchmens Wives, Girls, and Children. Again, to put the Jury and Lord Judges against you, your Besom Friends speak ill of them Persons of Honour, and also of Lords, your Protectors, and Belies you, Whispering you spoke this Tails of them, to alienate them from you, that they should not Succour you in Distress, and all that is to shear together. Some petty Lawyers are framing the Plot and Tryal, to come in also for a Snak. I wonder People of Honour and Conscience should receive this News of the Watchmen and Beadels. If the Parliament does not put a stop to this licentious Cruelty, no Gentleman is secure of his Estate and Life. What did the *Hardemians*? Rebels they against their Sovereign for the *Autumn Lustrele*:
When

When our Reputation, Estate and Life hangs at the despotical Tyranny of this sort of Trades Devils, serv'd by the Beadels and Watchmen. The petty Tradesmen are also Invidious and Malitious that you meddle with their Trade. They make a mock of Gentlemen, who rails against their God and Religion. They say, *Money in the Pocket is the best Religion. A Merchant serves the Devil for Money: And other, Money! Money! are the Twelve Apostles.* They think every Body loves Money so much as them. You throwed all your Money away among this ungrateful Caterpillars. You used to Treat them with *Stock-Fish, Westphalia-Hams,* and Barrels of *Claret.* You perfectly hate Money. You used to give more Money for a Rarity than the Tradesmen demands. If you sell any thing, you don't keep and heap the Money. Next Day you scatter it again away among the Toy Sellers. But the greedy Wolves won't have you should part again with them to any Gentlemen. They will have you should leave them for your House-keeper, or sell them for the Quarter of the Value to them: Else they will Trapan you with Toyls, which are commonly the Cause of all Mischiefs, Perjury, and Murther. *Tempest* told us that they prepare a *Potion* for you. *Hinc inflammatio pulmonum calculus & podagra.* They say *They piss in your Drink.* The piss being discovered, they will assault you now upon *Fulham-Road.*

Doctor H. B's Answer.

S I R,

IF the Mystery of a Plot lies hidden in the Bottom of Hell, it will not only be difficult to draw it out of the Dunghil, but also dangerous to disturb the Dragons, Snakes, and Hornets. This is the reason that I never took much pains to enquire nicely into News of publick Distractions, being a derogation of Happiness. You being not only a Hearer, but a hired Contriver of this Plot, was by a sudden movement of your good

Genius

Genius induced to divest your self of Falshood, and to discover ingeniously the Causes and Reasons for which I have been these Fifteen Years a Sacrifice to pestilent Slander and Envy. I return you thanks, not so much for the discovering of the Plot, as well for your Indignation, Commiseration and Detestation of so an Horrible, Wicked, Cruel, Barbarous Conspiracy.

So soon as I came to *Brentford,* I was sensible that there was ebbing and flowing of *Helveot-Sluces* struck daily streaming, which toss'd me to the brink of being overflow'd on Shore; but I did not think the *Dutch* Parsons to be so outrageously Restless, that they should after a free Recantation, Persecute and Torment me with such insupportable Indignities without Measure.

I cannot but be amaz'd at the frightful Squibs thrown against me. If *D. Oosterom* had not met me in my Abode in *Oxford,* and *D. Culemburg,* had not succeeded him, no body ever had thought upon me. Little I suspected that the Prints and Picture-Sellers should joyn with my Enemies. There are several concern'd in this Plot. *First,* The *Vox Clamantis* Gang for Revenge. *Secondly,* The Trades Devils, who will not suffer that I shall sell any thing to a Gentleman or Lord, when I wanted Money; because they will have I should sell it to them, who are commonly Devourers of Vertuosoo's, and their Widows, and Orphans. *Thirdly,* My House-keeper (who if Guilty, is the ungratefulest Carrion in the World against me, and the wickedest Reprobate against God) who will have me out of the World to Inherit the Annuity, which I granted to her Daughter. *Fourthly,* Her Galants, who lives upon Servant-Maids, who goes with their Master's Purse to Market, who thinks, if I am Dispatch'd, all my Goods will fall to her Child. *Fifthly,* Some petty Lawyers, with their Hectors, Bravos, Bullies, *Sixthly,* My false Bosom Friends, who Betray and Belye me. *Seventhly,* The *Coquins,* who intoxicate my Drink. *Eighthly,* The Beadels and Watchmen, who Scandalize me. *Ninthly,* The Strumpets who endeavour to ensnair me. All hungering after the Prey according

ording to the Gospel of *Hobs*, *To preserve himself with the Ruin of his Neighbour*. They juggel all together to share together. The wonderful Performance of this Hellish Vexation is detestable and unpardonable. I cannot enough lament, that my Friends, which I had purchas'd so Dear, soon turn'd my sincere Conversation to my Destruction. This manifests that they reveal all my Discourses, and put my Neighbours, Lord-Judges, and other Persons of Quality, and Gentlemen against me. What I say against the ungrateful, invidious Caterpillars, they maliciously disperse that I say this of all Honest Tradersmen. These deceitful Traytors induce me to resign the cement of all Society, Friendship, and to fetter me in a Garden, in which are no false Flatterers; but naked Darlings, I mean the *Muses* and *Flora*. (*Venus* I leave to *Pastor-Ram*.) And whereas I am informed by *Sir Joh. Barber*, that the Constables, Beadels, Watchmen and Coblars, serves the Turd-sellers and observes all my Actions; I must be upon my Guard. No Strumpet shall ever have any Money of me, as a Token of Performancy. Therefore let them never Assault me, nor Scandalize me with Tales. *Si accusasse sufficiat Quis Innocens esse possit?* I never had, call'd the Sirreverences Mungers, *Privateers*, if they had not provoked me and hinder'd me of selling my Jewels. *Bull* who loves his *Fleshpot* and *Onions* also, must confess, *That I never Quarrel, Swear, or Lye, or ever meddle with his Cattel*: That I sharply, but falsely Accus'd of *Atheism*, will testify the very Spies, which attempted this Baseness to Rob me by Perjury of the indispensable Duty to my Creator. Which wrong Assertion will be clearly refuted in *Scripto de Origine vulgaris convicii a dno quo Philologi a Sacerdotibus immeritò solent traduci*.

Ergo summotum Patriâ proscindere livor Desine.

F I N I S.