

A

DISCOVERY

Of the THREE

Impostors,

Turd-Sellers, Slanderers, and Piss-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 *Treckschuyt* of *Leyden*, I fell in Discourse with a *Coucean* Scribe and a *Voetian* Pharisee, who as'k 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. Pragelius*, I understood that *D. Culenburg* was depos'd for having *Monumento del Cazzo*, and that *D. de* Woude

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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 Pastor-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 Clamantis* 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 *Eclipsis of the Moon*, upon your Score. When you Dined with *H. Bull*, and Fifty Persons more in the *Spring Gardens*, where *Bullius a Bafham*, now at *Milbank*, put a Gentleman's *Louis-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 Collections, 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 Vermin 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 *Bafham*. 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 Pistol in the Spring-Garden; else that you shall never be at ease*. Let him keep his Gate at *Milbank*; and Drink with the Beadels and Watchmen: You hate even his Callicoe Garment. *Cerberus*, who snatch'd away the Ruffians *Beaulieu*, *Lang Brown*, & *altera canalia*, to mend his Rotten Peruke, will fetch also *Pastor Ram*, *Henry*, *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 ensnare you, Hang you, which is Crueler than to Murther you. Their avaritious Mjnd 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 Instigation of a cursed Rattel-snak. *Hec est Bellua centiceps Bedelorum colubris & Vigilum hydri superba* One of the bas-
ardly Picture-Sellers put his Wife in a very narrow Pas-
sage, 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 malitious Sense-
lessness and outragious Barbarity to tempt you (who
Studied to Conquer better Crowns than any have by
their Birth) with Pocket Money, which you squand-
ered 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 tuae 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 gene-
rously. You treat ever Visitor to access. What will
the credulous Multitude have then? Mislead by the
invidious, greedy Rascality of your Housekeepers Ga-
lants, and other Buyers of Gentlemen's goods, who Hun-
gers after your Curiosities. They wont that you should
defraud your House-keeper, and consequently them of
your Goods, by Trucking or Selling them 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 malitious Plot
are the Galants of your House-keeper, the invidious
stained Prints and shitten Picture Sellers, who through
the Canarybirds and Nightingals, flanders you with
such notorious Absurdities, which the Devil himself
cannot

cannot believe. Now because Old Nick won't em-
brace against his Conscience this exceeding Unreaso-
nablenes, they dispers'd that you have the Gout in
your *Membrum*, and that you used to Foment it be-
tween 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 flends 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, be-
cause the mischievous *Tempest*, whisper'd a Thousand
Times about the Town, *That you love Maidens-Heads*.
And Mr. G. *That you have the Cove. t-Garden Gout*. The
Victuilers and Vintners gives notice to the next Cob-
lar that you are at Dinner or Supper, who in the
mean time finds out at Rotten Whore, or Clap Girl,
who twinks 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 common-
ly the Watchmens Wives, Girls, and Children. A-
gain, to put the Jury and Lord Judges against you,
your Besom Friends speak ill of them Persons of Ho-
nor, and also of Lords, your Protectors, and Belies
you, Whispering you spoke this Tails of them, to al-
lienate 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 *Hardenians*? Rebels
they against their Sovereign for the *Arrum Lutreale*:
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When our Reputation, Estate and Life hangs at the despotic 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 Mischief, Perjury, and Murther. *Tempest* told to 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.

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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, Consideration and Detestation of so an Horrible, Wicked, Cruel, Barbarous Conspiration.

So soon as I came to *Brentford*, I was sensible that there was ebbing and flowing of *Helveot-Sluses* 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 Restles, that they should after a frée 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 A-bode 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 indeavour to ensnare 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 purchased 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 malitiously disperse that I say this of all Honest Tradesmen. 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 Turdsellers and observes all my Actions; I must be upon my Guard. No Strum-
pet shall ever have any Money of me, as a Token of Performance. Therefore let them never Assault me, nor Scandalize me with Tales. *Si accusasse sufficiat Quis Innocens esse posset?* 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 falfely 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 convicci ad quo Philologi a Sacerdotibus immerito solent traduci.*

Ergo summotum Patriâ proscindere livor Define.

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