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 Treckshuyt of Leyden, I fell in Discourse with a Coccean Scribe and a Voetian Pharisee, who ask'd 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 Arbcist? 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. Pragesius, I understood that D. Gullenburg was
was depos’d for having Monumento del Cazzo, and that D. de Woude had been Drunk in the Pulpit. Boiljeus 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 Pasteur-Lamb, with your House-Keeper, makes you Odious to the Nation. You used to Rail against a Bookbeyer of Gentlemen, and against some Rotten Prints and Baftardly Picture-Sellers. What you say against these Cheating Rogues, they divulge that you say this of all other fair Honest Trade-men, to be against you upon any fear’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 you with, and to put all their Romances of Eclipse 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 Gentleman’s Louis-Dor 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 Beadles; and to get Credit to his Lye, persuad’d the Old Lord Peterborow to put you upon a Tryal: Ordered also the Drawers to tempt you with Spoons and Napkins. The Auctioner Tucker being 1001. 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, fend 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 Rogue who Debauch’d your Houf-e-keeper, if I must believe Tempest, who Ruin’d your Estate, Heald and Brains, as Esq; George, and Mr. Bullius, will declare. Have a care that no Malitious Believer, seduced

seduced with Tales, and flaming upon your Collections, drop a Striking Watch in your Pocket in Tavern, Playhouse, Church, Court or Coach. The unskilful milfed Multitude (having receiv’d this Barbarous Blow before-hand) will give Credit to the Leye. Fair dealing Trade-men, who are deeply sensible of your generous Buysings, rejects all these Aspersions; but that cursed Verron the Privateers, Low-way-men and Pickpockets, who have devoured you, flattering 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 Piftool in the Spring-Garden; else that you shall never be at ease. Let him keep is Gate at Milbank, and Drink with the Beadles and Watchmen: You hate even his Calicoe Garment. Cerberus, who snatch’d away the Russions Beaujeu, Lang Brown, & altera canaille, to mend his Rotten Peruke, will fetch also Paffor Ram, Henny, Tempest, Bagford, and Kemp, and the remaining part of the Crew, to trim up the Errantydes Commode. Vale, the 1st of Augst. 1707.

Dearly Beloved, We Greet you again:

Whereas I am inform’d that Tempest, Bagford and Bull, have intention to Defray you: I cannot but be very sensible of the Villany, which grows every Day nearer to subvert you. After searching to the Bottom of this Plot, found that your Housekeeper’s Galants have given Orders to the Beadles and Watchmen to enshrine you, to Hang you, which is Crueler than to Murther you. Their avaritious Minds have Transported them to that degree, that they will Right or Wrong Accuse you Guiltles of any Crime. They fend Tickets to you, to go into the Playhouse Gratis. They tempt
you with Rings in the Tavern, and with Brillants in the Streets in the Dark. One of the basely 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 Coblers, That you had Pickt her Pocket: What a malicious Senile-ness and outrageous Barbarity to tempt you (who Studied to Conquer better Crowns than any have by their Birth) with Pocket Money, which you squander so much away. You spend 2000l. Starl. in Five Years in Holland, and 2000l. Starl. in Two Years in London. In Holland you wasted your self and your Estate; but here in London you were Cheated out of all. You Burnt the Pandectas tuae juventatis, for which was offer'd to you 200l. and when they could not get it for Monies, they Plooted to Hang you, to get it Cheaper of the Sheriff. Which was the reason you Burnt them, to stopt their barbarous Greediness. Who can in England give Credit to the Aspersions forged by the Dutch Parisons your Enemies? You have 80l. Starl. a Year. You have no Debts. No Body lives more Decent and Regular than you: You pay very generously. You treat every Visitor to access. What will the credulous Multitude have then? Miflead by the invidious, greedy Rascality of your Housekeepers Galants, and other Traders, who Hunger after your Curiosities. They want that you should defraud your Housekeeper, 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 2000l. 500l. and this 500l. is come to 200l. 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 Housekeeper, the invidious copper-Prints and thitten Picture-Sellers, who through the Canarybirds and Nightingals, flanders you with such notorious Absurdities, which the Devil himself cannot believe. Now because Old Nick won't embrace against his Confidence this exceeding Unrelassnableness, they dierse'd that you have the Gout in your Membrum, and that you used to Foment it between the Breast. You knowing that common Whores have a Wolf in their Privy, you use only to admire their Bubbles; But if you give them Money they will perjurerly Swear High Treason. When you are lame of the Gout, they dierse that you have the Gasen Gorden Gay. They say alo, That you love Girls. Your Laundress sends her Girl, on purpose before Clapt, with your Linnen into your Chamber. If you had laid with her, she had Sworn that you Ravel'd her. Witness enough, she was Clapt: And this should have been Interpreted of you. She had been believ'd, because the mischievous Temper, whesper'd a Thousand Times about the Town, That you love Maiden-Heads. The Vixters and Vintners gives notice to the next Coblar that you are at Dinner or Supper, who in the mean time finds out a Rotting Whore, or Clapt 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 Gesticulations, Interim Anguis in Herba & rubro. A Reward is promis'd to this Gentry, who are commonly the Watchmen's Wives, Girls, and Children. Again, to put the Jury and Lord Judges against you, your Bofom Frends speak ill of them Persons of Honour, and also of Lords, your Protectors, and Belly you, Whispering you speek this Tails of them, to alienate them from you, that they should not Succour you in Distresses, and all that is to hear together. Some petty Lawyers are framing the Plot and Tryal to come in also for a Snak. I wonder People of Honour and Confidence should receive this News of the Watchmen and Beadels. If the Parliament does not put a flop to this licentious Cruelty, no Gentleman is secure of his Estate and Life. What did the Hamenians?
They Rebel against their Sovereign for the Avaru
Lustre: When our Reputation, Estate and Life hang
at the despotical Tyranny of the Rectors, 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
railed against their God and Religion. They say, Mo-
ney in the Pocket is the best Religion. A Merchant serves
the Devil for Money: An other, Money! Money! are
the Twelve Apostles. They think every Body loves Mo-
oney 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
use to give more Money for a Rarity than the Trade-
men demands. If you fell any thing, you don't keep
and heap the Money. Next Day you scatter it again a-
way 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 you Housekeeper, or sell them for the Quarter of
the Value to them: Else they will Trapan you with
Toys, which are commonly the Cause of all Mischief,
Perjury, and Murther.

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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 Indigna-
ation, Commiseration and Detestation of so an Hor-
able, Wicked, Cruel, Barbarous Plotting.

So soon as I came to Brentford, I was sensible that
there was ebbing and flowing of Heloisa-Swues struck
daily streaming, which tos'd me to the brink of being
overflow'd on Shoo; but I did not think the Dutch
Parsons to be so outrageously Ruffians, that they should
after a free Recantation, Persecute and Torment me
with such infupportable Indignities without Mea-
Sure.

I cannot but beam'd at the frightful Squibs thrown
against me. If D. Osslerom had not met me in my A-
bode in Oxford, and D. Cuthbert, had not succeeded
him; no body ever had thought upon me. Little I sus-
pected that the Prints and Picture-Sellers should join
with my Enemies. There are severall concern'd in this
Plot. First, The Vox clamantis Gang for Revenge.
Secondly, The Caterpillars, 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 Vertues, and
their Widows, and Orphans. Thirdly, My House-
keeper (who if Guilty, is the ungratefull Carrier
of the World against me, and the wickedest Repro-
bate against God) who will have me out of the World
to Inherit the Annuity, which I granted to her Daugh-
ter. 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. Fiftly, Some petty Lawyers. Sixthly, My tase-
Bofein Friends, who Betray and Belye me.
Seventhly, The Coquins, who Betray me. Eighthly, The Be-
dels and Watchmen, who Scandalize me. Ninthly, The
Strumpets

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Doctor H. B.'s Answer.

SIR,

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 Dunghill, but also dangerous to disturb the Dra-
gons, Snakes, and Hornets. This is the reason that I
never took much pains to enquire nicely into News of
publick Diffractions, being a derogation of Happines.
You being not only a Hearer, but a hired Contriver of
this Plot, was by a sudden movement of your good
Tempest lool'd to Mr. Hickey That Genius
prepar'd a potion for you, they put the
Lees together before the tap in your ale, also
bom that Shirts to put you in that beaver
Illustrated me Drink

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Strumpets, who indoeavour to ensnair me. All hungering after the Prey according to the Gospel of Hobs, To preserve himself with the Ruin of his Neighbour. 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 maliciously dissever that I say this of all Honest Tradesmen. These deceitful Traytors induce me to resign the cement of all Society, Friendship, and to set 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 Coblers, 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 sufficit Quis Innocens esse posset? Burr, says, That I never Quarrel, Swear, or Lye, or ever meddle with his Catel: 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 indispensible Duty to my Creator. Which wrong Assertion will be clearly refuted in Scripto de Origine vulgaris convicis &c, qua Philologi a Sacerdotibus immeriis solent traduci.

Ergo summorum Patria proscindere licet Deus.

FINIS.