
Seign. Perin del Vago's

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*Discovery of a most Horrid and most Hellish
Cruel Plot, Contrived this Twenty Conspira
Years, continually, Against Hadr. X Kerric
Beverland, Doctor in the Ci-
vil Law. H. B. J. U. L.*

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* Tonn.

Coming from *Germany* to *Holland* in the *Treckschuyt* 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 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*

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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 *Pastor-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 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 fream'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 *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 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, perswaded 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 *Rogue* 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. *Bulfin*, will declare. Have a care that no Malitious Believer, seduced

seduced with Tales, and flammng upon your Collections, drop a Striking Watch in your Pocket in Tavern, Playhouse, 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 Pistol in the Spring-Garden; else that you shall never be at ease.* Let him keep is Gate at *Milbank*; and Drink with the Beadels and Watchmen: You hate even his Callicoe Garment. *Cerberus*, who snatch'd away the *Ruffians Beauljeu*, *Lang Brown*, & altera *canailja*, to mend his Rotten Peruke, will fetch also *Pastor Ram*, *Henny*, *Tempest*, *Bagford*, and *Kemp*, and the remaining part of the Crew, to trim up the *Errinyades* 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. After searching to the Bottom of this Plot, found that your Housekeeper's Galants have given Orders to the Beadels and Watchmen to ensnare you, to Hang you, which is Crueler than to Murder you. Their avaritious Minds 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 Playhouse *Gratis*. They tempt you

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you with Rings in the Tavern, and with Brillants in the Streets in the Dark. One of the bastardy 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 Senselessness 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 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 generously. You treat every Visitor to access. What will the credulous Multitude have then? Mislead by the invidious, greedy Rascality of your Housekeepers Galants, and other ~~Tradefmen~~, who Hungers after your Curiosities. They wont 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 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 Housekeeper, the invidious ~~rotten~~ Prints and shitten Picture Sellers, who through the Canarybirds and Nightingals, slanders you with such notorious Absurdities, which the Devil himself cannot

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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 they will perjurely Swear *High Treason*. ~~When you are lame of the Court, they disperse that you have the Gout in the Court.~~ They say also, *That you love Girls*. Your Landress sends her Girl, on purpose before Clapt, with your Linnen into your Chamber. X If you had laid with her, she had Sworn that you 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*. The Victulers 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 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 Bosom Friends speak ill of them Persons of Honour, and also of Lords, your Protectors, and Belies you, Whispering you spook 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 *Hamdenians*?
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They Rebel'd against their Sovereign for the *Aurum Lustrale*: When our Reputation, Estate and Life hangs at the despotical Tyranny of *Regues*, serv'd by the Beadels and Watchmen. The petty Tradesmen are also Invidious and Malitious that you ~~meddle with~~ ^{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: An 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 use to give more Money for a Rarety 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 you Housekeeper, 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. ✱

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

✱ Tempest toold to Mr. Hikes That *Genius* they prepare a poison for you. They put the Lees together before the tap in your ale, also som hat Shirts to put you in a hat leaver

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 Plotting, ^{and Conspiration.}

So soon as I came to *Brentford*, I was sensible that there was ebbing and flowing of *Helvot-Sluces* struck daily streaming, which toss'd me to the brink of being overflow'd on Shoar; 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. Culenburg*, 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 *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 Vertuousness, ^{soo's} and their Widows, and Orphans. *Thirdly*, My Housekeeper (who if Guilty, is the ungratefulest Carrion of 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, *Sixthly*, My false Bosom Friends, who Betray and Belye me. *Seventhly*, The *Coquins*, who ~~Betrays me also.~~ *Eighthly*, The Beadels and Watchmen, who Scandalise me. *Ninthly*, The Strumpets

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Strumpets, who endeavour to ensnare me. All hugging after the Prey according to the Gospel of *Hobs*, To preserve himself with the Ruin of his Neighbour. XThe 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 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, 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 posset? Bull*, says, That I never Quarrel, Swear, or Lye, or ever meddles 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 adu. qua Philologi a Sacerdotibus immerito solent traduci.*

Ergo summotum Patria proscindere livor Desine.

F I N I S.