

A full and true Relation of a horrid and detestable Conspiracy against the Lives, Estates and Reputations of Three Worthy Members of this present Parliament, which God long preserve.

Such is the restless and implacable Malice of a *Fanatical Antimonarchical* party, consisting of the late Villanous Ministry and their Underspurleathers, and that it is hard for persons of Great Estates and Qualifications, who have been eminently Zealous for King *William*, and have Sacrificed all for rescuing their Country from *Popery* and *Slavery*, to escape their cursed Machinations. This will not only appear as clear as the Sun, by the Black Design, which is the Subject of our present Narrative, but thereby also those Wretches close Correspondence with the *French King* and his Emissaries, will be proved more manifestly than by their contriving and solliciting the Partition Treaty, altho that was more than enough for the Satisfaction of all well disposed Loyalists.

Know therefore, Gentle Reader, that upon *Tuesday* the Twenty Third Day of this Instant *September*, between the Hours of Four and Five in the Afternoon, as that renowned Author *Charles Davenant* Dr. of Laws, was in his retirement in certain Chambers in *Greys Inn*, Meditating for something to Write in the House of *Austria's* Quarrel, a Letter was delivered to him by a Porter quite out of Breath, which desired his presence immediatly, at the House of one Mr. *Paulet* in the *Hay-market*, commonly known by the Name of the *Blew Posts*, to meet some of his Brethren of the secret Committee, about Affairs of Importance. The Doctor after some consideration with himself, liking the Place, and approving the Company, readily quitted his writing Dress, and got into a Coach, promising the Fellow Sixpence extraordinary for expedition. During his short passage his Thoughts were employed about the Good of his Country, reckoning upon the Downfal of half a score Modern Whigs at the least, as the necessary Result of such a Consultation. As soon as he was alighted a Footman in mourning, who waited at the bottom of the Steps, received him, and without speaking a word, conducted him to a door, which upon giving three knocks, was opened. The Doctor entering was surpriz'd at first to see only two Gentlemen, till turning to his right hand he espied a worthy Member, *Anthony Hammond*, Esq. That eminent Patriot was but just entered the room before the Doctor, having been sent for by a like note, and in obedience to a Summons of such Authority having left unfinished a very useful speech he was preparing to shew, that notwithstanding the unhappy Clause in the Succession Bill, certain Persons might vote themselves capable of Offices and Pensions. Before the first Complements were over, *John Tredenham*, Esq. was introduced with the same Ceremony, and according to his wonted Civility made an Apology for coming so late, as being detain'd by business of publick concern, the Collection of some Guineas from Friends by way of Subscription for printing *Sr. Joseph's* Speeches, with an Appendix of his own Poems.

Every one of these worthy Members supposed the Strangers to be well known to the other two, and by that unhappy Mistake, without the least distrust, they all sat down together. One of the Strangers lead them on in this Error, by shewing he was well acquainted with their several Characters. He first entertain'd Mr. *Tredenham*, with the great performances of his Unkle. That none of the Heroes of Antiquity cut down Giants with half the ease he destroy'd Chancellors. How swiftly *Clarendon* fled before him as soon as he thought him unfit for measures he was then engaged in, which *Clifford* and *Arlington* could better carry on. And how easily *Summers* sunk under him when time was come for carrying on again the like measures; and that despicable Creature durst sawcily appear to obstruct them. From that subject he changed his discourse to the praises of Mr. *Hammons* Grandfather, exhorting him to have ever before his Eyes the Immortal Glory he had gained by his active Zeal for restoring an injured banish'd Prince, as the noblest Subject for his Emulation.

He then Applied himself to the Doctor, extolling his indefatigable Industry in writing so many Volums on Subjects of which he was thought wholly Ignorant, till the World by seeing the Books was convinced of the contrary. He ascribed to those Works of his the confounding of the late Hellish Ministry, those Robbers of the Publick, those Harpies and Bloodsuckers, those Friends of War, and Disturbers of the Peace of *Christendom*. He said he was studying the *English* Language to read his Works in the Original, and assured the Company that to his knowledge the *French* Academy had orders from the greatest King in the Universe, for translating them into that Language, that all his Subjects might be apprized of the Merits of the Author. He went on to tell the Doctor he knew *Tuesday* was one of his writing days, and that on those days he fasted till Sun-set, in order to the keeping his head clear, for which reason he had prepared a good Supper that was just ready to be put on the Table. As this was no inconsiderable Complement to the Doctor, so it put the whole Company into good humor, and they all eat and drunk heartily without any kind of suspicion in the world.

After Supper was over, and the Doors Bolted again, every body seeming inclined to be more open-hearted, they taulked freely upon all Subjects; and none more honestly than the Stranger, tho it is true he always spoke *French*. He rail'd at the Partition Treaty, no Man better. He commended the *French Kings* great Moderation in accepting the *Spanish* Monarchy. He praised the Wisdom of those who were for early owning the Duke of *Anjou*. He demonstrated that those that were for putting the Preservation of the Peace of *Europe* into a Vote, could mean nothing but War and Desolation. And he very ingeneously offered that none but an inveterate Splenetick Whig could be so absurd to maintain that the calling a young Gentleman by his Fathers name was contrary to the sense and meaning of the Treaty of *Ryswick*. In short his Subjects were so well chosen, and so prittily handled, that the Evening pass'd pleasantly, and they thought they were at the Fountain or the Vine.

At last this Stranger, with a serious air, told the Company of the apprehension the *French* Court was under upon certain Intelligence that the Doctor, (forgetting all former Engagments) was treating with the House of *Austria*, and that this had given *France* more disturbance than any News which came from *Italy*. He went on to take the *Emperors* Manifesto to pieces, in order to shew the Doctor how bold an attempt it was to engage on so weak a side in such a quarrel, and invited him to enter presently into the Argument. The Doctor looking furly on the suddain, and dash'd the Discourse by saying his Talent was writing and not speaking. But that he had minded what the Gentleman said, and before the next Session of Parliament, the World should see five hundred pages in answer to it.

The Stranger cunningly ask'd Pardon if he had gone too far, but continued for some time with great insinuation to endeavour to divert the Doctor from his intention likely to prove so fatal to *France*, by Arguments of Gratitude and past Obligations, but finding him true to his Character, (for it is known in Print that the Doctor is neither to be Frighted nor Allured) he beg'd of him, if he was finally determin'd to publish so large a Volum, against the House of *Bourbon*, he would at least bestow a Qualifying Postscript in favour of so great a Family, praying



praying the Doctor not to take the proposal ill, because this would not be the first time he had compassionately vouchsafe to let his Book and Postscript be of two sides. The Doctor unwilling to engage hastily for a Postscript of that consequence, before Company especially, without some more significant application, in some heat told him, his Discourse was improper, and that Postscripts were not so cheap. The other Stranger who had been silent for the most part (and as you may understand, Gentle Reader, proved afterwards to be the *Spanish Agent*, tho' then utterly unknown) not understanding the Doctors true meaning, and fearing what had been said was taken as a Reflection, called out very hastily *Monsieur Poussin*, change the discourse.

At the name of *Poussin* the three worthy Members started, and looking first wistly on one another, at the same instant demanded of the Stranger who was? He plainly told them his Name was *Poussin*, that he was the most Christian Majesties Agents, and had that day received Orders from the Lords Justices for quitting the Kingdom forthwith, but that he durst not see his Masters Face unless he had first paid his respects to Persons of their great Consideration in the Kingdom. Those Words were no sooner uttered but the Doctor cry'd out in *English*, Oh *Hammond* we are undone, some Cursed Whigs of the new Stamp have drawn us into this Snare. As he spoke, he fled to the Door, and rushing out ran down stairs, and the utmost precipitation threw himself into the first Coach he saw, which unhappily was plying with some Masks in expectation of Sir *W. Culpepper*, and god knows how he would have disengaged his Person if the *Spanish Agent* had not followed him, and with much ado got him home, tho' in very ill Circumstances; Mr. *Hammond* in all the confusion imaginable had the same hasty Aim at a Chair, and got into it upon the easier Terms of only breaking both his Shins against one of the Polls. Mr. *Tredenham* being the only man remaining, *Poussin* laid hands upon him, and told him plainly he would not leave him in this disorder, but resolv'd to see him safe at his Lodging, since they both lodged in the same house: And bid him not be discomfited, for they should find there half a dozen of their friends who waited for their coming. This Confounded him absolutely, and *Poussin* taking him by the Arm lead him down Stairs, and carried him to the White Posts in *Duke-street St. James's*, into Mr. *Poussin's* own Room, which was the very next Chamber to Mr. *Tredenham's*. The poor Gentleman tho' he came into a House where he had long Lodged, did not know where he was, (such was the amazement he was in) and for Two Hours together did not know any of the Persons he found there, tho' his particular friends and daily Companions. And he does Solemnly protest, and believes, no one will doubt of his Veracity, that tho' *Poussin* had lodged in the same House with him for above Six Months, he never changed word with him, or saw his face till they met at the Blew Posts.

Having thus Gentle Reader given thee a faithful Relation of this matter, as it is drawn up in form of an Affidvit, Subscribed by Three worthy Members, ready to be sworn before Sir *James* of the *Peak's* Partner, and which will be Published in the Doctors next Book, together with many material Circumstances; I must now desire thee to go along with me in making the following Remerques: 1st to Observe the plain and Notorious Innocence of these unbiassed Patriots. 2^{ly}, to consider the Horrible Malice of the Hellish Conspirators who drew them into this Snare: And 3^{dly}, to Conclude who the Persons must be who could be guilty of such a wicked design.

As for the first, the Innocence of the three worthy Persons appears beyond all dispute, by the Surprize and Consternation they were in, as soon as they understood who their dangerous Companions were. Thou hast heard of it in part already, but it is most certain, Mr. *Hammond* kept his Bed upon it two days. The Doctor was three whole days before he could be assured whether it was a Dream or not, during which time the Young Gentleman declared himself under Command to fight any one who durst affirm a certain Person had been in *Poussin's* Company. But at the End of that time, the Doctor being Convinced, ordered *Harry* to live in Peace. Their Innocence does also appear in the Second place, from the absurdity of imagining that Men of their Wisdom would in a publick House meet with such a dangerous Person as *Monsieur Poussin*, after he was forbid the Kingdom; and so give the Enemies to the Publick an Advantage against them.

In the next place, Reader, observe the Malice of this Contrivance, it was not to Trapan them into some slight ridiculous mistake, but into a Crime of the highest Nature. Had any other Prince Commanded his Embassador to retire from the *French Court* without taking leave, and thereupon *Monsieur Poussin's* Master had ordered that Princes Minister to be gone out of his Dominions in 24 Hours, whoever had ventured to have a private Conversation with him after, had been broke on the Wheel. Whoever had done the like in *Venice*, had been tyed in a Sack and thrown into the *Adriatick*, and Death at least had been the Punishment in any other Countrey. It is to be hoped the Law in *England* is not severe, but who can tell if that Wicked Party who were for making Laws *ex post facto* against poor Sir *J. Fenwick*, and Honest Sir *Charles Duncomb*, may not be nibbling at a like thing again.

This leads us, Gentle Reader, to the 3^d Consideration, who the Authors of this Malitious Contrivance must be? In order to this, you must consider that these unbiassed Patriots were all Members of the Committee of Impeachments, and Eminently Active in that service of the Nation, and that two of them (as a Reward for that great Merit, were named Commissioners to serve their Country for nothing in the Bill of Accounts, which unhappily miscarried, and in that Bill some or one at least of the Impeach'd Lords was concern'd. From hence it must be undeniable concluded, that the Impeach'd Lords must be guilty of this Diabolical Project. it may well be so called, for surely Persons of so great Sagacity and Integrity, unless under some Inchantment, could never have been so grossly trapan'd. It must be by downright Witchcraft, and those Lords have long lain under Suspicion of being engaged in that black Art. If there was no Witchcraft in the Case, it must be by some damnable Confederacy between these Lords (for they must be in it) and Mr. *Poussin*, in order to Cover their own close Correspondency with *France*, by making an appearance at this Critical time of great Friendship and Intimacy between these true Patriots and that Dangerous *French* Popish Minister, and thereby to have it believed that the *French King* was a Friend to those prosecutions, and perhaps that the Persons who were to serve their Country gratis in the Bill of Accounts, were to be paid for their pains in that matter by another hand. Add to this, the probability of making a Breach between the Emperour and the Doctor by this Artifice, and then there can be no doubt but this detestable Machination must be carried on by the late Ministry and their Underspurleathers.

In the mean time good Reader, thou canst not but be highly pleased to see the innocence and integrity of these Friends to their Country and Enemies to *France*, thus clearly proved: And for thy further Satisfaction, all the said 3 Persons do declare, that during the whole five Hours Conversation, there was not the least word spoken of what was to be done the next Sessions, not any thing said against War, or in praise of Peace. No talk of the most likely means for keeping up Animosities, or of the most plausible ways for delaying Supplies. Not a word said of the great Pity due to King *James* the Second, or the Great hopes due to King *James* the Third, nor one Jest made on the Bill of Succession.