

A Familiar
L E T T E R
F R O M

Dr. OATES to William Fuller in the FLEET.

Westminster; Feb. 6.

I Find the Justice of both *Houses*? has at last over taken the, and I rejoyce at it with all my Heart. May this be the Fate of all Plot-Discoverers, say I, who pretend to build without Materials!

How durst such a puney Rascal as thou art, presume to undertake what the Genius never design'd thee for? *Pharaoh*, King of *Egypt*, to shew his dispotickal Power, forced the Children of *Israel* to make Brick without Straw: But the Tyrannical Masters, in the City, have used thee a thousand times worse, and obliged thee to make them not only without Straw, but Clay and Sand too, the principal Ingredients.

I suppose thou wast so vain, as to think thy Impudence would carry thee through all; Why Impudence, I confess, is an Heroical Virtue. But, Sirrah, let me tell thee, Impudence, won't do without abundance of other concomitant Virtues to support it.

What signifies a *Corinthian* Front, or a Forehead of the most substantial Brass, unless there be a fruitful *Invention* to support what the Forehead maintains? For my part, I wou'd not give a Farthing for the most Impudent Raskal in the World, unless his inventive Faculty is answerable to the other.

I tell thee, Sirrah, a Plot-monger is one of the most difficult Trades in the World for a Man to get his Bread by. How many have Ship-wrack'd upon that unlucky Rock? My Lord *Rochester's* *Young*, to mention no more to the was a clever gallant Fellow, and so was *Lunt* of *Lancashire* memory; but wanted all the requisite Qualifications of their Trade. What became of those two Raskals? Why, one of 'em has cheated the Gallows, and is now immur'd between four Walls, and the other made his Exit at *Tiburn*.

I don't care a Penny what the World thinks of me; but at this time of Day I am either above or below all Scandal. 'Tis enough for me, that the Nation believe my *Narrative*, which is still legible, as my Wife knowes, in large furrows upon my Back. But let that pass, I have gain'd my point, I have got a pretty snug Salary settled upon me and my Spouse, or the longest liver, out of the Post-Office, and tho' a Bishoprick was in my view at the Revolution, yet I am content with my present Lot, for I believe I should have made a confounded Prelate.

But still I had a noble Foundation to build upon, which encouraged me to make what superstructurs I thought convenient. The Basis of my Plot, like the gouty Pillars in *Pauls* was strong enough to lay the greatest weight in the Universe upon it. King *James*, I thank him, made all my *Narrative* true to a Tittle; nay, King *Charles* the second, in a Speech to the Parliament, was pleas'd to own the truth of my Plot, by the same token he told them 'twas laid as deep as Hell, and desir'd them to search to the bottom on't; which in plain *English*, was only requesting them in civil language, to make a small Visit to the Devil.

However it was, I trusted up alean old Peer, a little before *Christmas*, for the King to keep his House with, as the Raskals then said of me. How many more inferiour Sacrifices I made, I need not tell such a Block-head as thou art, since the whole Kingdom knows it.

But as I said before, I had a good Foundation to build upon, and to make sure of that, traveled to *St. Omers* and *Salamanca*; there I sifted out all the Villianes of the *Jesuits*, and was several Hundreds of Pounds out of Pocket to dive to the bottom of their Mysteries: This I gave out in all my Papers, tho' between Friends, I had not a Groat at that time to call my



own. Now when this was done, how easie a matter was it to palm such an easie sham as forty thousand Pilgrims upon the Nation, when I had before-hand made the Basis of my Plot secure?

In the next place, I managed Affaires so discreetly, that I never wanted People to support my Evidence; brave harden'd Fellows, that wou'd stand buff to a Pillory, and valued Damnation no more than smoking a Pipe of Tobacco. With these Auxiliaries at my Nod what was not in my Power to effect. *Agamemnon*, Generalissimo of the *Grecian* Forces might have whistled against the Walls of *Troy*, and gone home like a Fool, if he had not had his Confederates to support him.

Now to shew you in a few Words, what a senseless Dog thou art; with the assistance of some of the City Raskals, thou must needs set for an Author an' be damn'd, and pretend to make the Lord knows what Discoveries about the *Welch* Prince, and his Mother *Mary Grey*. Hadst thou stopt here, no body, I believe, wou'd have troubled himself about such a *Grub-street* Historian, as thou art: But to appeal to the House of Lords unasked and unthought, and bespatter several Members of that Illustrious Assembly, and to desire them to use thee as scurvily as I was used, with a Murrain to thee, if thou didst not make out every branch of thy Allegation true, was such a flight of Impudence, that even I, who am none of the Modestest Men in the World, must needs cry shame upon thee.

And when thou couldst make nothing appear there, tho' so much time was allowed thee to prepare and bring in thy Evidence, thou must send a Letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons, desiring to be heard at their Bar, and then every thing should be made as the Sun plain at Noon-day.

The House, at which I wonder, allowed thee a Weeks time, than thou didst desire to produce and summon thy Witnesses, and when the time was expired, what hadst thou to offer for thy self, why nothing, but two or three trifling Excuses, which the Devil wou'd blush at.

This I'll say for thee however, that thou hast twenty times more Assurance than I have; and when I have said that, I need not tell thee, that thou art the most impudent Fellow in the King's Dominions.

Not but that I love a true Case-hardened, Substantial Rogue with all my Heart, but then I wou'd have this Rogue a Fellow of Conduct as well as Impudence. A Rascal that has never so hearty Intentions to do Mischief, if he has more of the Fool than Knave in his Composition, may do well enough for a Stock-jobber at *Jonathan's* or the *East-India-House*, but ought to be hooted out of the World if he pretends to set up for an Evidence.

Thou should have contented thy self with that little Talent which Providence seems to have fitted thee for, to impose upon poor silly Pastry-Cooks, as thy Landlord in *Leicester-fields*, to cheat credulous Widows and Wives of their Thumb-rings, to build Sconces at Ale-houses and Taverns, and tell them the Parliament wou'd pay of all thy Scores.

But it raises my spleen and Indignation, beyond all expressing, to see such a worthless Wretch as thou art, so destitute of Invention and good Management, set up for a Plot-finder. Had I been allowed a quarter of the time, as both Houses have given thee, to find out a *Jones* and an *Inglefield*, I wou'd have hatched a hundred of 'em at a minute's Warning, without sending a nonsensical Letter to my Lord Keeper, to borrow his Coach to bring them to Town.

Is *London* so unprovied of Fellowes that wou'd perjure themselves for a good Dinner and half a Crown, is *Westminster Hall*, the *Temple Walks*, and *Exchange Alley* so desolate, that a Knight of the Post is not to be had for Love nor Money.

In short, I give thee over, as both Houses have done, for an incorrigible Rogue, and without pretending to the Spirit of Prophecy, foresee that thou wilt be abandon'd by *Prime* the Credulous, and all thy City Adherents, and rot in a Jayl; after thou hast, Oh! confounded Fool to desire it, been Whipt at the Cart's-Arse like

Titus Oates.