

Πλουτοφθαμία Πλουτογαμία
A P L E A S A N T
C O M E D I E,

Entituled
H E Y F O R H O N E S T Y,
D O W N W I T H K N A V E R Y.

Tranflated out of
Aristophanes his Plutus,
BY THO: RANDOLPH.
Augmented and Publifhed by F. I.

Dives Fabula fum fatis superque :
At Pauper fatis & super Poeta.

London, Printed in the Year 1651.

{ornament}

TO THE
Truly Vertuous and Accomplisht Gent.

☞ Tho: Triplot ☛

The Publifher of this COMEDY wifheth
Health and Happineffe everlafting.

Noble Gent.

I *T was the happineffe of my ftarres, to have known you
long ago, as the very Eye of our Garden of England;
all which both admire and love you : And it is the
5 height of my ambition, to falute your hands, that love
Honefty, with the Comedical advancement of Honefty.*

*I am confident, what Aristophanes and his Tranflator have pen-
cill'd in this kind, you love to own, though drawn out in a weak Sci-
ography. But you had rather fee it performed in mens lives, then
perfonated on the Stage; rather reprefted in action, then acted in
10 speculative representations. I crave your courteous Patronage, fuffi-
cient Panoply even againft Envy it felf. I prostrate it to your judi-
cious Teft (at vacant houres) to approve of, and of my felf too,
who am*

Your humble Servant
and Admirer,

F. I.

{ornament}

The Preface to the Reader.

READER,

T His is a pleafant Comedy, though some may judge it Sa-
tyrical : 'Tis the more like *Aristophanes* the Father : be-
fides, if it be biting, 'tis a biting Age we live in; Then
5 biting for biting. Again, *Tom Randal*, the Adopted Sonne of
Ben Iohnfon, being the Tranflator hereof, followed his Fathers
fsteps; They both of them loved Sack , and harmleffe Mirth,
and here they flew it; and I (that know my felf) am not a-
verse from it neither. This I thought good to acquaint thee
10 with. Farewell.

Thine, F. I.

To

{ornament}

To his worthy Friend, *F. I.*
On the fetting forth of this excellent
COMEDY.

T O joyn things fo divided in this Age,
Shews thy rare mafter-piece of Wit right fage.
Out of th' Athenian-Sea to draw it forth,
Commends not only learned skill, but worth.
5 I mean both Honesty and Wealth : fo rare
Do thefe two Planets in Conjunction fhare
Of one mans breaft: Their divers Aspects shine
Maligne (like Saturn) in Sextile or Trine,
To each ingenuous foule. I know, our Nation
10 Would fain obfcure this luminous Constellation:
But thou haft refcued it and fet it free,
In the bright Orb of Ingenuitie.
Go on brave foule! let each Heroick fpirit
Know 'tis allied to Riches as by merit.
15 Vindicate them : while Muck-worm-minded men
Feel the fharp dint of thy incensed Pen.
Doom them to Dunghils; and thy potent fcorn
Not lend them hope to put on head or horn !

✠ G. P. ✠

THE

{ornament}

The Argument or Subject of the Comedy.

C *Hremylus* an honest decayed Gentleman, willing to become rich, repaireth to the Oracle of *Apollo* to enquire how he might compasse his designe : The Oracle enjoyneth him to follow that man whom he first met with , and never part from his company. The man he met is the old blind *God of Wealth* disguised. After this, *Chremylus* calleth his poor (but honest) Neighbours to partake of his happineffe. The honest party rejoyce at the news ; Rascals only and vitious persons are discontented. *Plutus* is led to the Temple of *Efculapius*, by whose art and help he recovereth his eye-sight. At this

5

Knaves are even mad , they murmure and complain exceedingly. Likewise the Goddeffe *Poverty*, that aforetime had great power in the Land , complaineth that her sceptor is almost broken to peeces : thereupon she raifeth wars, but is rou'ed ; she also is vanquished in disputation of the necessity of Poverty. Knaves again salute *Weeping-croffe* , as well as *Pennyleffe-bench*. Nay, the *Pope* himself is even starved. Lastly, to vex them more, the *God of Wealth* is introduced married to *Honesty*.

10

{ornament}

The Actors Names. Scene, London.

	<i>Plutus, the God wealth.</i>	<i>Caradock.</i>	} <i>Souldiers.</i>
15	<i>Chremylus, an honest decayed Gentleman.</i>	<i>Brun.</i>	
	<i>Carion his servant.</i>	<i>Higgen.</i>	
	<i>Blepfidemus, Friend to Chremylus.</i>	<i>Termook.</i>	
	<i>Scrape-all.</i>	<i>Mercurius, God of Theft.</i>	
	<i>Stiffe.</i>	<i>Gogle, an Amfterdam-man.</i>	
20	<i>Clodpole.</i>	<i>Never-good, a Sequestrator.</i>	
	<i>Lackland.</i>	<i>Jupiters Vicar, the Pope.</i>	
	<i>Dull-pate, Sonne to Scrape-all.</i>	<i>Boy, servant to Gogle.</i>	
	<i>Chremyla Wife to Chremylus.</i>	<i>Neantias, a young Gallant.</i>	
	<i>Honesty, Daughter to a Scrivener.</i>	<i>Anus, an Old woman.</i>	
25	<i>Clip-latine, a poor Curate.</i>	<i>Aristophanes, the Poet.</i>	
	<i>Dicæus, a rich Parson.</i>	<i>Translator, T. R.</i>	
	<i>Penia-pennileffe, Goddeffs of Poverty.</i>	<i>A crew of Tinkers, &c.</i>	
		<i>Ghost of Cleon.</i>	

{ornament}

THE

{ornament}

Hey for Honefty,down with Knavery.

Act I. Scæn. I.

Enter Plutus stumbling on the Stage, after him Chremylus and Carion.

Carion. O Bonny *Love*, and fwear, this scurvey *Tom Piper* of *Delphos* did 30
the rest of the boon not play him so much as one fit of mirth, not
gods that dwel in a lig or Sellengers-round. And now see how
the Tipling-houfe he follows a blind Puppy i' th' taile, contrary
5 of *Olympus!* There to Law or Reafon : For we that have our eys
be mettals & hard fhould lead, not follow the blind. The very 35
things in the Dog in the Chronicles, that had his eyes,
world , but nothing so hard as to be bound stood upon his royal Prerogative, of going
Prentife in *Bedlam*, and have a Fool to ones before the blinde Beggar of *Bednal-green*.
10 Master : my very Livery is faced with his Nor can he be content to doe it himself, but
VVorhhips foolery. Our condition is miferable; for if our Mafters but dine at the Ordinary of mifchief, the poore Serving-man is
sure to be fed with the fcraps of misfortune: he muft make me too guilty of the fame ig- 40
15 We muft fhare of our Mafters mifery, we are answer: yet I cannot choofe but fpeak, though
but Tenants, they will not let us be Free- my hedge of Teeth were a Quick-fet, my 45
holders to the petty Lordships of our own tongue would through. You fir, that fay you
corpufculous Fortune; damnable Fortune! are my Mafter, if you doe not tell me why
20 how fatally haft thou fold the tenure of us, to we follow this blundring guide,be fure,I will
him that will pay us our wages! 'Tis very never leave vexing and tormenting you : you
true that I tell you : And now see the per- fhall tell me, that you fhall. 50
verfe effects of all. O how I could cuff *Apollo!* I have a quarrel to *Apollo*,that wryleg'd,
ridling, fidling god, that fnorts out Oracles you arrived?
25 from his guilded brundlet. They say, this fame *Car.* Nay 'tis e'en fo Sir: Your fword
Gaffer *Phoebus* is a good Mountebanck, and buckler man muft take the wit upon him 55
and an excellent Mufitian ; but a deufe on for once.
him, it does not feem fo, he has fent my Ma- *Chr.* But if you do not learn your diftance
fter home fo fick of Melancholy, that I dare b/er; look, is not here a Crabtree-Cudgel

B<1r>

beware

beware of weeping-Croffe.

60 *Car.* Mafter, I am priviledg'd: Do you fee my Feather ? fo long as I wear this, 'tis Shrove-tuesday with us Prentifes, perpetual Shrove-tuesday.

65 *Chr.* But if I take off your Feather, then we fhall have you prefently creft-fal'n, and then my Crabtree Tutor here may read a Lecture of Ethicks to your faucy Shoulders.

70 *Car.* Why, and if it do fir; you fhall finde that I have as valiant Shoulders as another man. Come exercise your cudgel : You Mafters are like Roman Magiftrates, you have Rods of authority; yet try, fee whether you or I will be firft weary. Come you Trifle, all the Cudgels in Christendome, *Kent*, or *New-England*, fhall never make me quiet, till you fhew me who this is we follow. Why, fweet-honey, fugar-cinnamon, delicate Mafter, if I did not wish you well, do you think I would be fo inquisitive? In dud la you muft tell me, and I fhall be fatisfied.

80 *Chr.* Well, I have not the power to conceale thee any longer; for of all my fervants, thou art fo trusty, true-hearted, faithful and honeft, that I dare fwear there is not an arranter theif amongft 'um.

85 *Car.* Now heaven bleffe your Worfhip. I have alwayes had your Worfhips commendations, pray *Love* I may deserve it ! Proceed good Sir.

90 *Chr.* Well, thus it is : In the dayes of my folly, I was a juft, precife, and honeft man.

Car. 'Twas in the dayes of your folly you were a Precifian, I my felf was almoft half a one once, but I am converted.

95 *Chr.* VVell, being honeft, I was by natural consequence very poor.

100 *Car.* VVho knew not that ? Though I know not what your honefty was; yet I am fure there is never a gut in my belly but may fwear for your poverty. Nay, and you had no more wit then to be honeft in this wife age, 'twere pittty but you fhould live and dye a beggar.

105 *Chr.* But others, fuch as your demure Cheaters,

Car. That have the true gogle of *Amfterdam* ;

Chr. VVith fome corrupted Law-gowns , *Ployd^{en}*'s Pupils.

Car. That can plead on both fides for Fees ; 110

Chr. With Round-headed Citizens, and Cuckolds,

Car. *I* fir, and Townfmen.

Chr. Thefe, *I* fay, grew rich the while. 115

Car. Damnable rich. Faith, master, fuch miracles have not ceafed in thefe dayes: *I* have known many in thefe times have grown rich out of a poor eftate, the devil knows how not *I*. 120

Chr. Therefore *I* repaired to *Delphos* to ask counsel of *Apollo*, becaufe *I* faw my felf almost arrived at *Gravefend* , to know if *I* should bring up my fon fuitable to the thriving trades of this age we live in, *viz.* to be a Sequeftrator, or Pettifogger, or Informer, or Flatterer, or belonging to Knights o'th Post, or a Committee-mans. Clark, or fome fuch excellent *////*, clothing himfelf from top to toe in knavery, without a welt or guard of goodneffe about him. For *I* fee, as the times go now, fuch thriving education will be the richeft portion *I* can leave him. 125

Car. *I* Sir, leave but your fonne, the legacie of Difhonefty, and *I* will warrant him he fhall out-thrive all *VVestminster-Hall*, and all— 135

To your demand what did Don Phoebus mutter ?

VVhat anfwer through his Laurel-garland ftutter? 140

Chr. You fhall heare. He bid me in plain terms, whomsoever *I* firft met withall, him *I* fhould follow, and never leave his company till he came home.

Car. And was this peece of darkneffe the firft you met with? Now in my confcience he was begot at midnight, goodman *Midnight* , and retains the quality of the feafon. None to meet but *Blind-man-buffe* , that winks at all faults! 145

Chr. This is the very man.

Car. Troth, and he may tell you your fortune, Gypfie-like, and all out of your pockets too; He may fhew you your destiny : He looks like one of the blind whelps of my old Lady *Chance*. Ha, ha, ha! Mafter, though you be born to lands, *I* fee a poor Serving-man may have as large inheritance of wit as a Juftice 155

- a Justice of Peace. VVhy, and't please your
 160 *Ignorance*, any man of brains might easily
 understand the Gods meaning : why, he bids
 you bring up your sonne to claim the grand
 Charter of the City, viz. to be as arrant a
 Knave as his Countrymen. For truly,
- 165 *A blind man may see, though he never see
 more,
 That the way to be honest, is the way to be
 poore.*
- Chr.* The Oracle doth not tend that way;
 170 there is some greater myserie in it, if this
 old *Cupid* would but tell us who he is. Come
 let's follow him close, perchance we may
 find out some other meaning.
- Car.* On other meaning perchance we may
 175 *pitch.*
*This is the way to be weary, though not to be
 rich.*
- Musick. Exeunt ambo.
- 180 Act. 1. Scaen. 2.
- Enter Chremylus, Carion.*
- Car.* Mafter, we have run a terrible long
 wild-goose chace after this blind Beetle : for
 my part I sweate every inch of me, one drop
 fetches another. As for my shoes, you must
 5 needs give me a new paire. Their ungodly
 fouls are e'en ready to depart, they are giving
 up the ghost : And yet we walk like the em-
 blem of silence ; we have not put our blind
 Gentleman-Usher to any interrogatories.
 10 You sir, *Homer* the second! first I command
 you in fair terms tell us who you are : if com-
 mands will not serve the turn, my cudgel
 shall intreat you.
- Chr.* You were best tell us quickly too.
- 15 *Plu.* I tell you, the Devil take you.
- Car.* Do you hear what he says, master ?
 The good old Gentleman bids your Worship
 good morrow.
- Chr.* He speaks to thee that asks him so
 20 clownishly. Sir, if you like the behaviour of
 a civil Gentleman, do me in courtesy the
 favour as to tell me who you are.
- Plu.* Why, all the Devils in hell, and as
 many more confound thee too.
- Car.* Nay, nay, take him to you, mafter : 25
 keep your *Apollo's* Oracle to your self ; I
 have no share in it.
- Chr.* Now if thou doest not tell me, by
Ceres I will use thee like a Villain as thou
 art. 30
- Plu.* Good Gentlemen, let me be behold-
 ing to you for one infinite favour.
- Chr.* What's that ?
- Plu.* Why, to let me be rid of your com-
 35 pany.
- Car.* Mafter, be ruled by a wiser man than
 your self, for once, and follow my counsel :
 Let us take this same old *Appius*, that has
 lost the use of his natural spectacles , and
 40 carry him to the top of the castle-hill, and
 there leave him to tumble down and break
 his neck ere he come to the bottom.
- Chr.* Let it be quickly then.
- Car.* I, and then we'll leave him to be
 45 hanged the next Assizes, for being a cessory
 to his own death.
- Plu.* Nay, good merciful Gentlemen!
- Car.* Will you tell us then, you Owle?
- Chr.* You Bird of the Night , will you
 tell us ? 50
- Plu.* I will never tell you : for if you but
 once know who I am , ten thousand to one
 but you will do me some mischief , you will
 never let me go.
- Chr.* By heaven we will, if you please. 55
- Plu.* Lift then and give ear: for, as far
 as I can see, being blind, I am constrained
 to tell what I thought to have concealed. I
 am *Plutus* the rich God of wealth : my fa-
 60 ther was *Pinch-back True-penny* , the rich
 Ufurer of *Islington*; my mother, Mrs. *Silver-
 fide*, an Aldermans widow : I was born in
Golden-Lane, christened at the *Mint* in the
Tower; *Banks* the Conjurer, and old *Hobson*
 the Carrier were my godfathers. 65
- Car.* As sure as can be, this *Plutus* God
 of wealth is a pure *Welsh-man*, born with his
 pedigree in his mouth, he speaks it so natu-
 rally. I'll lay my life he was begot and bred
 70 in the Silver-mine that *Middleton* found in
Wales.
- Chr.* Thou hadst bin a very Rascal, if thou
 hadst

had'ft not told us thy name had been *Plutus*
the God of wealth.

75 *Car.* God of wealth ! art thou he ? O let
me kiffe thy silver-Jolls !

Chr. Thou art welcome to me too. But
art thou *Plutus* God of wealth, and fo mife-
80 rably arrayed ! O *Phoebus*, *Apollo*, O gods
and devils, and *Iupiter* to boot ! Art thou
Plutus the rich sonne and heire to *Pinch-*
back True-penny !

Plu. I am he my self.

85 *Car.* But art thou fure that thou thy self
art thy self ? art thou he ?

Plu. I am the self-fame *Plutus Rich*, the
self-fame sonne and heire to the self-fame
Pinch-back True-penny : marry till my eyes
are open, I shall never be heire apparent.

90 *Chr.* I, but how camest thou fo miserable
nafty ?

95 *Plu.* Forth from *Patrochus* den, from
Hell at *Westminster* ; conversing with some
Black ones there , whose faces since their
baptisme hath not been washed.

Chr. And why goest thou fo lamentably
poor?

100 *Plu.* *Iupiter* envying the good of mife-
rable mortals , put me poor soul into these
dismal dumps.

Chr. Upon what occasion, pray thee.

105 *Plu.* Jle tell you,
In the minority of my youthful dayes
I took a humour, an ingenious humour,
To flee the company of Rogues and Rafeals,
And unto honest men betake my self.

Iupiter spying this (meer out of envy)
Put out my eye-fight, that J might not know
Knaves from the honest , but to them might
110 (go.

Chr. Was this from *Iove* ? why none but
honest men,
Honour his deity.

115 *Plu.* Why what of that? this heathen god
accepts
As well the Pilgrim-salve of wicked men ,
As the religious incense of the honest.

120 Thus does the Letcherous god, that hath al-
ready
Cuckoldiz'd half the world , and plac'd his
bastards

By mortals fires, envy vertuous minds.

Chr. To leave off verifying, if thou had'ft
thy eye-fight,

Vvould'ft thou be true to flie from vicious 125
perfons?

Plut. I, I protest I would.

Chr. And wholly employ thy eyes to pious
ufes.

To go to'th' company of honest and ingenu- 130
ous souls.

Plut. Onely to them ; for I have not seen
fo much as one of them this many a day.

Car. VVhy, what if you have not, you
blinde Puppy-dog? VVhat a wonder's that? 135
VVhy, I that have as good Eyes as any man
I'th' company, can hardly finde many : They
have more wit now a dayes then go abroad
openly. Vertue by that means would become
too cheap and common. I remember, J saw 140

one once, but he died young for grief, that
he had not wit enough to be a Knave ; eve-
ry one laught at him for being out of Fashion.
Had he lived till now, J would h'fhowed him
at *Fleet-bridge* for a Monster. J should have 145

begger'd the *Beginnning 'oth' World*; The
strange Birds from *America*, and the *Pop-*
pets too. J would have blown a Trumpet *Ta-*
rantara, *If any man or woman in Town or*
City be affected with strange miracles , let 150

them repair bither. Here within this place is
to be seen a strange Monster ; A man that
hath both his Ears, and but one Tongue; that
cannot carry two Faces under one hood; that

has but one couple of Hands, and on each 155
Hand five honest Fingers. And what is more
strange, he has but one Heart ; who dares, as
if he were none of *Adams* Posterity, be ho-
nest at this time 'oth' year; and will give e-
very man his due in spight of his teeth. 160

Js not this as rare as a Blazing Star to look
on?

Plut. VVell , now you have heard all;
pray give me leave to be gone.

Chre. Not fo by *Iove*; for now we have a 165
greater desire to stay you then ever.

Plut. I told you fo, I thought you would
be troublesome.

Chr. Nay, I beseech you leave us not now;
for though you should take *Diogenes* his Lan- 170
thorn

thorn and Candle and searh from Noon to Night, you could not finde an honefter man from the Tropick of *Cancer* to *Capricorn*.

Car. Sir, *I* will fwear and be depos'd for my Mafter, he is as arrant a *Cancer* as any *Capricorn* in Chriftendom.

Plut. *I* know they all promise fair , but when they have once got me, they lay afide their thred-bare honefty ; as if being grown rich, it were a difparagement to be vertuous any longer.

Car. Yet all men are not knaves.

Plut. Yes moft, if not all, by *Love*.

Car. Pray Sir, though you put my Mafter in, let me me be excepted. Body of me, call me knave in a crowd ! *If I* be not reveng'd, and that foundly--- You were beft take heed of your general Rules. Could not you have faid (you blind Buffard) for ought *I* can fee you may be one among the reft ; but to fpeak it fo peremptorily?

Chr. Nay, if you but knew what you fhould gain by ftaying! Mark me, *I* can cure thee of thy blindneffe : *I* can do as great miracles as *Enfton* waters.

Plut. Truly, as blinde as *I* am, *I* can fee when *I* am well. Have my eyesight restored ? *I* hope, *I* shall never live to fee that day.

Chr. VVhat faves the man ?

Car. He has a natural desire to be wretched, To play at blindman-buff all his life time. Good *Mole*, what doft thou above ground ?

Plut. No, no, if *Iupiter* did but know of this project, he would powder me into a pretty pickle.

Chr. Heare me man, he cannot fowfe thee worfe then he has already, to make thee run stumbling o're the world : *I* warrant, thy fhins have cursed him a thoufand times.

Plut. *I* know not that, but me thinks my buttocks begin to quake with very thought of him.

Chr. *I* think fo; but what the Devil makes thee so timerous ? *I* know if thou fhouldeft but recover thy ey-fight, thou wouldeft not value *Iupiters* command at three half pence, but break winde in his face to counter-thunder him.

Plut. Nay, do not tell me so good VVickednesse. 220

Chr. Have but patience, and *I* will plainly demonftrate that thy Command is greater then any *Nubicog Iupiters*.

Plu. VVhofe? mine? Am *I* fuch a man, fo powerfull? 225

Chr. *I* tho, if thou hadft but wit and eyes enough to fee it; for first, *I* ask you what does *Iupiter* reign by ?

Plut. VVhy, by that which he rained in- to *Dana's* lap, a fhowre of filver. 230

Chr. And who lent him that filver ?

Car. VVhy, who but *Plutus*; and yet the beggerly *Love* payes him no Ufe nor Principal : VVell *Iupiter* , we fhall have *Plutus* lodge you in *Ludgate* fhortly, to take up your Shop, and make your thunder-bolts there , and cry lamentably , *For the Lords fake, Bread, Bread for the poore Prisoners*; unleffe you can morgage the golden or silver Age to give better security to your Creditour. 235 240

Chr. Ask, why do men sacrifice to *Love*, if not for Silver?

Car. By heaven, for Silver. No penny, no Pater-nofter, quoth the Pope. Does good-man *Iupiter* think we'll pray, to wear out our Stockings at knees for nothing? 245

No, of all prayers, this is the refult,

Love make me rich , or pray *quicunque vult*. 250

Chr. Is not *Plutus* then the Author of grand facrifices ? where would the Directory lie, if it were not for the new Act of the Priests maintenance ? Nay, if we were to facrifice a Bull or Ram, do you think the Butcher would give it to the god for nothing ? No, no, if *Plutus* should not purchase devotion with his coyn, the *Olympian* Kitchin would fmel of nothing but Lent and Fafting-dayes all the year after. 255 260

Plut. VVhy, *I* pray, may *I* put *Iupiter* out of Commons when *I* pleafe ?

Chr. May you ? *I* marry may you. Doeft not thou maintain him ? He lives at thy charges. *Iupiter* had not beft anger thee, lest thou take an opinion and ftarve him. 265

Plut. Say you fo? Is it by my courtesie they facrifice to *Love*?

Chr.

- 270 *Chr.* Yes, altogether ; for whom is he honored by ?
- Plut.* By reverend Priests.
- Chr.* And dost thou think the Levitical men would not disband, if there were want of pay or Tithes ? It is most certain , money is the
- 275 Catholick Empresse of the world , her commands are obey'd from *Spain* to the *Indies*.
- Car.* 'Tis true Maister, had I been rich (But *I* curse my Stars, *I* was born under the three-penny Planet, never to be worth a
- 280 groat) *I* should have scorn'd the degree of Sword and Buckler ; but now for a little silver and a thred-bare Livery , *I* have sold the Fee-simple of my self and my liberty, to any worshipfull peece of folly that will undertake
- 285 me.
- Chr.* *I* have heard your Gentilizians, your dainty Curtezana's, in plain English, your arrant VVhores of *Venice*, such as are ready strew'd for any mans appetite : if a poor
- 290 man desire to win a little, they presently fit croffe-leg'd ; but if a rich man tempt them, at the sound of his Silver they cannot hold their water. VVhy, the VVhores of *Pict-hatch*, *Turnbull*, or the unmercifull Bawds
- 295 of *Bloomsbury*, under the degree of *Plutus*, will not let a man be acquainted with the fins of the Suburbs. The Pox is not so cheap as to be given *gratis* : The unconscionable Queans have not so much charity left as to let you damn your selves for nothing.
- 300 *Car.* 'Tis very true that my Maister tells you: For *Plutarch* reports in the life and death of *Besse Brouhton*, that she never unbutton'd to any of the guard for nothing.
- 305 *Chr.* But you may think this is spoken onely of bad men, such as have prostituted their souls to the world ; As for good *Round*—they desire not money , no good souls not they.
- 310 *Car.* VVhat then *J* pray ?
- Chr.* VVhy, this wishes for a good Trooping horse ; that, for a fleet pack of Hounds.
- Car.* *J*, when they are ashamed to ask money in plain terms , they veil their avarice
- 315 under some such mask or other : but he that wishes for a Horse, makes silver the intent of his journey ; and they that beg for Hounds, 'tis money they hunt for.
- Chr.* All Arts and Crafts 'mongst men were by thee invented. *I*, and the seven Sciences (but for thee) they could never have been so liberal. 320
- Plut.* O horse that *I* was, never to know my own strength till now !
- Chr.* 'Tis this that makes great *Philip* of 325 *Spain* so proud.
- Car.* VVithout thee (*Plutus*) the Lawyer would not go to *London* on any Terms.
- Chr.* All the Generals, *Hopton* and *Montross*, are by thee maintained: 'Troth, all the 330 Troopers or Foot-men without thee would never be contented with free-quarter onely, there must come Taxes, Contributions and Excise to boot.
- Did not *Will Summers* break his wind for thee ? 335
- And *Shakespeare* therefore writ his Comedy ?
- All things acknowledge thy vast power divine, 340
- (Great God of Money) whose most powerful shine
- Gives motion, life ; Day rises from thy fight. Thy setting, though at noon, makes night.
- Sole catholick cause of what we feel or see, 345 All in this All are but th' effects of thee.
- Plut.* O heavens! can *I* do all these things you talk of? Ill tide this wretched blindness of mine , that would never let me see what Command or Power *I* had : All the 350 world for a pair of Eyes and a Looking-glasse! Sure now the *Delphian* gate and *J* have good wits : for we jump together in this opinion, that it is an excellent thing for a man to know himself : *J* shall love a *Nosce teipsum* 355 as long as *J* live for this trick. Can *J* do all these things?
- Chr.* All these ? *J* by heaven canst thou, and millions more than these. VVhy there was never any man weary of thy company 360 (O god of wealth) Thou art a welcome guest where ere thou comest. There is plenty of all things: Plenty of Love.
- Car.* And plenty of VVhite-bread and Butter. 365
- Chr.* Plenty of Honour.
- Car.* And plenty of Cheefe-cakes.
- Chr.* Plenty of Friends.

Car.

- 370 *Car.* And plenty of Bag-puddings. *Chr.* Plenty of Servants.
Car. And plenty of Furmenty. *Chr.* Plenty of Health.
Car. And plenty of Custards. *Chr.* Plenty of Command.
- 375 *Car.* And plenty of Peafe-porredge.
Chr. Never any man has enough of thee. If he can change a Groat, yet he despairs of a Bed till he can get a Tefter. Then he procures a full Jury of pence to be empannell'd
- 380 for the finding out of a Shilling. That done, the ambitious Niggard will fain ufurp a Crown, which muft be made a Noble one : And that is never fafe, till it have a good Angel to guard it. All this obtain'd, he cannot without a Mark be reckoned a man of notice : Nor has he a patch of a Gentleman, till he be worth a Peece.
- 390 *Car.* The good old Gentleman thinks he has jested all this while handsome grave gray-pated quiblets. Good heaven, what pretty things thefe wits are, when they are out of date!
- 395 *Chr.* When the Purfe is full, the Pouch gapes ; and when the Pouch hath his belly-full, the great Cheft yawns-wide enough to fwallow /// *Indies*, and *Goldsmiths-Hall*, and the Devil to boot ; and yet when all is done, they think themselves as poor as *Irus*, if their eftates do not out-value Doomsday-book.
- 400 *Plut.* You fay true, Sir : yet methinks I am afraid of one thing.
Chr. VVhat is that ?
Plut. That *I* fhall never attain to that
- 410 *utopia* you fpeak of, 'tis a country fo hard to conquer ; Caftles in the aire are very impregnable.
Chr. Sir, upon my word, let not that trouble you : Do your endeavour, and i'le warrant you fhall see as perfectly as any *Lynceus* in Chriftendome.
- 415 *Plu.* Then *Lynceus* ! what was he ?
Chr. One that could fee the very motes in the fun, and the leaft things in the world.
- 420 *Plu.* *I* can see the leaft in the world already, *I* thank you for nothing : *I* can fee leffe then any *Lynceus* living. But how canft thou, poor mortal worm, take off the fequestration of my eye-fight, and reftore me to perfect feeing again? 425
Chr. Do not doubt it; For thy delinquent Eyes
Shall be admitted to compound, and fee moft perfectly.
Be of good hope : the Delphian god hath fworne,
And therewithall brandifh'd his Pythian Lawrel,
That *Plutus* fhould out-look the ftarres to blindneffe. 435
Plut. Ha, ha, ha ! How does he know fo much ? *I* never was acquainted with that fame *Apollo* in my life. *I* remember *I* have been foxt at his *Oracle* at *Temple-bar*. *I* am afraid this *Apollo* is one of your fellow-Juglers. 440
Chr. Cannot a man perswade you ? have not *I* said it ?
Plut. VVell then, do you look to it.
Car. So we had need, for you cannot your felf. 445
Chr. Take you no care, *I* will do it though *I* die to morrow before breakfast.
Car. Marry and that were a miferable thing to go to the grave upon a fasting ftomack. Pray mafter, when you take in hand the cure of *Plutus* his eyes, let poor *Caryon* have a finger in it. 450
Chr. A finger in it ! That were the way to put out his eyes. 455
Car. 'Tis ftrange, mafter, you fhould have no more underftanding : my meaning was, you would accept of my help, (good Mr. *Chremylus*.)
Chr. VVell firrah, we will ; and fome other fellow-partners too, some of our plundered neighbours that are enjoyned for penance to faft four dayes a week, for having furfeited on too much honefty. 460
Plu. Marry heaven forbid, *I* fhall be ill help up with fuch miferable helpers as they : the hungry Rascals will go neer to devoure me quick like Irifh canibals. No, let me be blind ftill, that my eyes may never be confcious to the plundering of my flefh & bones 470
in peeces. 'Twere a miferable fpectacle for them to begin with. *Chr.*

475 *Chr.* I warrant , you need not fear that :
if they once grow rich, they'll rather feed on
Roft-beef and Marrow-bone pyes,like Com-
mittee men, then cofen the worms of fo lean
a carcaffè. Sirra *Carion*, where be your cou-
ple of Footmen ?

Car. Here mafter, what fould I do ?

480 *Chr.* Run and call my honeft poor neigh-
bours, you fhall find the miferable drudges
tugging at the Plough-taile for their Land-
lords. No, now I think on't, the Excife-men
came to day and fetcht them away for contri-
485 bution. Go to them, you know the way to the
Office neer Cuckolds-Pound, *London*. Tell
them in their eares , that we have *Plutus* at
home, and will fhare him amongft us : we'll
divide him into feverall meffes,and each man
490 take his part by feniority. But ftay, do you
heare : beware of Knaves,and of Veale.

Car. Veale it feems is not fo good. But
what fhall I do with this Leg of Mutton here?
I dare not venture the fafety of it amongft
495 'um; the villains carry dangerous teeth a-
bout 'um.

Chr. Wee'll take care for that : meet me
at home two houres hence. *Exit Chr.*

500 *Car.* O what a plot are we going about !
I could laugh for joy.

Now may I forfake my dump,
And beftir my hob-nail'd ftump,
Skip about and /risk and jump :
Honeft men are turn'd up trump,

505 I fhall find them in a lump,
But every Knaue muft have a Thump.

ô what a plot is this, to blow up all the knaves
in a kingdom together, nay in all the world,
put in Turks, Jewes, Pagans and Jnfidels !
510 Why, *Catesby* and *Percy* were punies, *Garnet*
and *Digby* and *Faux*, if they had gone about
such an honeft Gun-powder treason as this,
they had never had their heads upon poles a
Daw-catching over the Parliament-Houfe.

515 Well, they were hang'd for knaves and fools;
but we fhall thrive, and be wife and worfhip-
ful, and honest too, for *Carion*'s a man in the
plot.

This is a ftratagem was never fuch,

520 That honeft men alone now fhould be
rich.

That honeft men fhould thrive by right, not
wrong.

London, take heed ; for thoul't be poor
ere long.

525

Exit Carion.

Act. 1. Scaen. 3.

*Enter Scrape-all a Farmer, and Dull-pate his
fonne.*

Scrap. J live at *Iflington*,and J have heard
Plutus is come to *Westminster* : Sure, fure,
He'd take it ill if J forbearè to vifit him,
He knows J am his kinfman :

For J was kin to *Pinch-back True-penny*
His Father, who did live at *Iflington*,
An Ufurer almost next door to me.

5

Most opportunely here he comes, J fee.
God fave you fir! your poor kinfman falutes
you.

10

Plut. Who's this ? my eye-fight fails me;
What's your name ?

Scrap. Scrape-all your kinfman , lives at
Islington

Plut. O J remember; are you honeft now?
J have a humour to love honeft men.

15

Scrap. The Country thinks fo, J'm con-
verted lately:

Dull-pate my fon is alfo here come with me.

Plut. Of what profeffion is he ?

20

Scrap. A Parfon verily.

Plut. What would he have ?

Scrap. A Benefice, two or three,
An't like your VVorship.

He's a true Scrape-all, of the *Scrapealls*
blood;

25

True *Dull-pate Scrape-all*, He hath pafst the
Synod.

Plut. O, has he fo! J thought to have fent
him thither.

30

J have few Livings left now to beftow.

My golden Prebends which J had at *Pauls*,
You know are funk ith duft: For other places
The beft the Synod has 'um. Yet your fonne

Dulpate, J know he cannot want preferment,

35

He looks fo learnedly, and goes in black too.
He may change habits, 'tis allow'd of now

As

As the world goes. Is he not a Tradesman ?
 He'd thrive the better , if he can snuffle
 40 handsomly.
 Was he ever train'd up at the Univerfities?
Scrap. Yes out of both ; that is, never of
 either.
Plut. However he will be rich. Let him
 45 leap over
 The Steeple-houfes, and teach in private;
 His vails will be the fatter: Tythes and Cures
 He muft preach down as Antichriftian,
 And take as much as both. He has an excel-
 50 lent name,
 A thriving name ! I think you faid 'twas
Dulpate.
Scrap. Yes Sir. Now thank your Patron,
 and be gone.
 55 *Dulp.* *Thankatus & Godamerciatus ve-*
fter dignitas. Exit Dulp.
Scrap. He gives your Worfhip thanks and
 god-a-mercy.
Plut. I have no skill in Phyfiognomie :
 60 But fure thou wilt be rich,*Dulpate*,& wealthy.
Scrap. Unkle, we thank you: will it pleafe
 you know
 The entertainment of our poor cottage ?
Plut. No, it is againft the complexion of
 65 my humour
 To vifit any mans houfe : I never got
 Any commodity by it in my life.
 For if I chance to light into the clutches
 Of fome vile Ufurer, he buries me
 70 Quick under ground , or keeps me prifoner
 clofely
 In his old Chefts, where without fheets I lie,
 But his Indentures keep me company.
 And if J fall into the prodigal hands
 75 Of fome mad roaring *Tytire tu*,he fpends me
 Upon his lecherous Cocatrice ; or playing
 Throws me away at paffage : So am J turn'd
 Stark naked out of doors, with not fo much
 As a poor Purfe to make a Night-cap of.
 80 *Scrap.* Jt feems you never met with mo-
 derate men.
 But this is my difpofition: when occafion
 Serveth,no man more liberal: when oppor-
 tunity
 85 Invites,no man more thrifty.
 Come, let's go in. O how my wife fhall joy

At fight of thee,afmuch as for a French Hood
 Or Taffata Kirtle ! Thou art my beft be-
 loved.
Plut. J eafily believe it. 90
Scrap. Who would not tell thee
 The truth of things,J wifh that he were louzy
 (Sweet rogue)at *Beggers-bufh*, or else confin'd
 To the perpetual regiment of *Bridewell*.
 Come my dear Unkle, come ! O how J love 95
 The filver-hairs of thy moft delicate chin !
 Though J be rich by wickedneffe and fin.
Exeunt ambo.
Finis Actus primi.

Act. 2. Scæn. I.

Enter Carion , Clodpole, Lackland and
Stiffe , 3 Rusticks.

Car. Come along you old Hobnails. J'le
 have your horfes fhod with gold of *Ophir* or
Peru. Ha, you old Muck-worms ! J'le make
 your Hog-trough paunches fo fat , that the
 leaneft of you all fhall out-weigh the Arch- 5
 bifhop of *Spalato*. What an Efopical roar-
 ing Lion am J,to lead this army of Affes into
 the field ! Come , my mafters, old friends,
 you that have eat many a bufhel of falt , J
 would fay garlick in his coompany. Make 10
 hafte you Plough-lacquies,*Boors* his kinfmen.
 You neighbour *Lackland* , fet the beft foot
 forward. And you goodman *Clodpole*, old
 Snaile with a flimy nofe, if you make not
 hafte,they will have done fcrumbling ere we 15
 come.
Clod. Now by the rood of my Granam's
 foul, J'ch go as vaft as my leggs will beare
 me. What would you have of an old man,
 that's grown crazy ? 20
Car. Crazy!
Clod. J, crazy. Do you think a man that
 has one voot in the grave can trudge as vaft
 as zuch a young knave as thou? When J
 was a ftripling of thy age, J could have trickt 25
 it ivaith, Mr. Ficar knowes, with the beft of
 the Parifh.
Lackl. Neighbour, neighbour, J'le tell
 you

30 you what I do devife you now, this is my pinion.

Car. Your pinion, you goofe ? and what is your pinion ?

35 *Lackl.* Marry this is my pinion now : This saucy knave may do it to uflout us. 'Tis beft to command of him what is his mafters contention in zending vor us now la.

40 *Car.* Why have not I told you ? My mafter zends for you to change this nafty condition of yours into fome delicate happineffe. You fhall be rich , you Rogues , all of you Justices of Peaces, Lords, Emperors, or what is more, High-Conftables.

45 *Clodp.* Very well faid. But *I* will be none of his Peaces nor Lords ; let me be a High-Conftable. I will have a new v^daile as zoon as I come to my honours , and thou fhalt be next to exceed me in my houfe-of-Office.

50 *Lackl.* I, but neighbours, how fhall this be defected ? Let him diffolve us of that now, it feems not poffetible, fo it does not.

55 *Car.* Why you Villiago's , my mafter has brought home an old lame, rotten, mangy, toothleffe, fapleffe, bald-pate, rufty mufty crufty fufty dufty old Dotard, juft fuch another as my neighbour *Stiffe* or *Lackland*, or you *Clodpole* with a flimy nofe, with a great bunch-back.

60 *Lackl.* A bunch-back ! Nay then thou art a meszenger of gold. Hah neighbours, that was not a bunch-back, I warrant you la, they were huge bags of gold. That's another pinion of mine, neighbours, what do you jecture in that ?

65 *Car.* You jecture like an affe: That bunch at his back was but a natural budget of old mifchiefs.

70 *Lackl.* Do not think to play the Jack-anapes with me for nothing. Have I not here a good cudgel ? if thou do, thou fhalt be clapper-de-claw'd.

Car. I wonder what you take me for : what difhonefty did you ever know by me ?

75 *Clodp.* Difhonefty, zay you! None, not we. 'Tis a very honest Monky : Yet I have zeen him, neighbours, zit in *Bridewell*, when the loving vetters have been clofe friends to his legs.

Car. Very true ; at the same time you were one of the Justices of hell, *Radamanthus* had newly refigned his office to you. 80

Clodp. Now the murrain founder thee, thou parlous wag , thus to 'buse thy betters ! Sirra, look you deveal unto us why your mafter hath vited us from our natural poccuations. 85

Car. Prick up your ears then , and I will tell you. My mafter hath brought home *Plutus* to enrich you all. Thou fhalt be Maior of the City ; canft not thou fleep on the Bench? Thou fhalt be Baily ; haft not thou wit enough to tell clocks ? And all the reft of your frozen-bearded Neighbours, underftanding Aldermen. 90

Lackl. Nay zo they be Aldermen, 'tis no matter vor Underftanding: 'tis a beggerly quality vit for none but poor Schollers and Lofophers. But has thy master got *Plutus*, and fhall we all be rich in good zooth, *Carion* ? 95

Car. I in zooth neighbour *Lackland*, as rich as *Midas*, if you had but affes ears. 100

Lackl. Nay, vor if that be all, I fhall do well enough I warrant you , mine are of a pretty length already : it does me good at the heart neighbours, zo it does. 105

Stiffe. Vaith would Mr. *Clip-latine* our Ficar were here too. He's an honeft man, he reads Common-prayer , we can vollow him and underftand him; He will not meddle with Diricks-ftories nor Extrumperies. He has but poor twanty Nobles a year, think of it Neighbours. 110

Clodp. Vaith and thou faieft right neighbour *Stiffe*, and he gives us good deftructions once a moneth , as good as a Nomine. 115

Lackl. I, and *I* like him : He's none of the Hum-drums, he'll clap it up quickly, efppecially if there be a match at the Alehoufe. *Clodp.* Maffe, and he'll drink Sack and Claret as faft as any Synod man. 120

Stiff. I, neighbours, and he's none of them that be proud ; he will not fcorn to drink with his poor neighbours too : if *Plutus* would give him twice twanty Nobles, I would not think it too much. 125

Lackl. I warrant, our Propriator would hang

hang himself vo'e he would allow it.

Clodp. Tis no matter, we'll tition *Plutus* our felves vor him.

130 *Stiff.* Nay neighbours, and lets tell him he'll curften and bury after the old way. I warrant, when Mr. *Clip-latin's* gone, we fhall never have fuch a man again to fit the parish. Every one loves him, but *Never-good* the

135 Sequestrator,that—

Lackl. When *Plutus* comes, we'll think of him. Vaith neighbours, fhall we be rich ? What will my neighbour *Rent-all* do ? He'll get him a Satten-doublet,and scorn his proud

140 Landlord : And *Steal-all* the Tailor , and *Noyse* the Ballad-singer will ride about in Coaches, and all the rest of um too.

Vaith, fhall we have *Plutus* ! fhall we be rich ! I fhall e'en throw away my leather-slops & my pitchforks. O it joyces my heart !

145 Neighbours, it is as good news as a pot of ale and a toft in a vrofty morning.

Stiff. I could give a penny for a May-pole to dance the morris vor arrant joy. Shall we

150 be rich ivaith !

Car. Now will *I* with the *Cyclops* fing, *Threttanelo, Threttanelo.* Which *Polyphemus* earft did ring , To the tune of Fortune my foe.

155 *Chor.* Threttanelo, Threttanelo : And fing we all merrily, Threttanelo, Threttanelo.

Car. Bleat you like Ewes the while.

Chor. Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba.

160 *Car.* Like frisking Kids full merrily go, Threttanelo, Threttanelo.

Cho. And sing we all—

Car. Dance out your coats like lecherous goats, Threttanelo, Threttanelo!

165 *Cho.* And sing we all—

Car. Let us this *Cyclops* seek : To the place where he fleeps let us go, Threttanelo.

Car. Put out as he lies With a Cowl-ftaffe his eyes, Threttanelo.

Cho. And fing we all merrily, And sing we all—

Car. But now you fhall fee I *Circe* will be,

175 And turn you to hogs ere I go, Threttanelo.

Go grunt you all now

Like your mother the Sow, Threttanelo.

Cho. And fing we all---

And fing we all---

Car. But come you Pig-hogs, let us leave 180 jesting. I reftore you to your old *Metamorphosis*, as you may fee in the firft leaf of *Virgils* Bucolicks. I will go the next way to the Cup-board,and fill my guts like an Emperor. And then if you have any thing to maund me 185 on a full ftomack, you may ply me in what you pleafe.

Mufick.

Exeunt omnes.

Act. 2. Scaen. 2.

Enter Chremylus and Stiffe, Clodpole, Lackland.

Chre. Honeft neighbours, welcome: I will not bid you good morrow now. That was my falutation in the dayes of poverty : that ftinking complement never fitted my mouth, but when my breath fmelt of onions and garlick. 5 Gramercy old blades , for coming. Let me hug you. Oh what a sweet armful of friends is here ! If you be but valiant now, and defend *Plutus* , the least of you all fhall have wealth enough to confront *Prester-Iohn*, and 10 the Grand Signior too.

Clod. Jf that be all, my life for yours. Valiant!Why *Mars* himself was an arrent coward to me; *I* have beat him at voot-ball above twenty times. Jf you did but zee me once, J 15 warrant you would call me goodman *Hector* as long as *I* lived for't. Did you not zee how J cuffe with *Hercules* for a two-peny loaf laft Curmaffe? Let *Plutus* go! No, let me return again to Onyons and Peafe-porredge 20 then, and never be acquainted with the hapineffe of a Surloyn of roft-beef.

Chre. Well neighbours,march in. J fee *Blepfidemus* coming toward. He has heard of my good fortune , that makes him foot it fo 25 faft. Jn the dayes of my poverty all my friends went on crutches; they would come to me as faft as black Snails : but now they can outrun Dromedaries. This 'tis to be rich and

C2<r>

happy.

- 30 Now I have a rich Load-ftone lyeth under
my Threshold that draws in all their Iron
Spurs.
He that will have his friends about him
tuck,
- 35 Muft have th' alluring bait of golden
muck. *Ex. omnes.*
- Act. 2. Scæn. 3.
- Enter Blepfidemus, Chremylus.*
- Blepfid.* VVhat fhould this be ? or by
what means ? 'tis ftrange
That my friend *Chremylus* is grown fo rich ;
I fcarce believe't, becaufe I know him honeft,
5 Yet every Barbers fhop reports it boldly.
'Tis very ftrange he fhould grow rich 'oth'
fudden.
And then 'tis ftranger far, that being grown
wealthy,
- 10 He cals his poor friends to be part'ners with
him;
I am fure, 'tis not the courtesie of *England*.
Chr. Friend *Blepfidemus*, welcome; I am not
the fame beggerly *Chremylus* I was yefterday.
15 Be merry, true-blew, be merry ; thou art one
of my friends too , I'le put you all into a humor
of thriving.
Blep. Are you fo wealthy fir, as report fpeaks?
Chr. So wealthy ? ha, foft and fair. Cozen
20 *Blepfidemus*, J fhall be anon :
Things of great confequence have fome dan-
ger in them.
Blep. Danger ? VVhat danger ?
Chr. VVhy, J'le tell thee all. Jf we bring
25 this bufines to paffe, we fhall be brave blades,
Be drunk with Sack and Claret every day ;
glutted with roaft Beef, Pafties and Marry-
bone-pies : but if our hopes be frufrate, we
are undone , we muft to Leeks and Onions
30 again.
Blep. All is not right, J fear, J do not like
it,
Thus fuddenly to thrive, and thus to fear ;
Makes me fufpect my judgement and his
35 honefty.
Chr. VVhat honefty?
- Blep.* Jf those your facrilegious hands
have plundered
Apollo's Temple , and enrich't your Coffers 40
VVith Gold and Silver , ravifh't from the
Altars.
Jf you repent, yet do not mock your friends :
Perchance, you have invited all your neigh-
bours 45
To hear you make a learned Confeffion ;
To fhake hands from the Ladder , and take
leave
Of their dear *Chremylus* at the fatal Tree:
No, you fhall pardon me, I me not in the hu- 50
mour,
To take a walk toward *Paddington* to day.
Chr. Marry heavens forbid ! there's no
fuch caufe nor matter.
Blep. Nay, trifle now no longer : 'tis too 55
manifest.
Chr. You do me wrong, thus to fufpect a
friend.
Blep. 'Fore *Love* , J think there's not an
honeft man, 60
But droffie earthy muck-worm-minded Vaf-
fals,
And thefe full foon morgage their Souls for
Silver :
Love's image for the States— 65
Chr. By heaven I think thou art mad. Do
thy naked brains want clothing, *Blepfidemus*?
for J fee thy wit is gone a wool-gathering.
Blep. J see *Chremylus* is not *Chremylus*,
for me thinks 70
VVho hath loft his honefty hath loft himfelf.
Blep. As fure as can be, fome gib'd Cat
that died iffueleffe, has adopted thee for her
Heire, and bequeathed the legacy of her me-
lancholy to thee. Jt is impoffible thou 75
fhould't be fo mad elfe.
Blep. Thy countenance fo oft changing,
and thy eyes
Unconftant gogling, call thee guilty *Chre-*
mylus, 80
Of a difhoneft juggling foul.
Chr. Nay, good Raven, do not croak fo.
J know what your croaking tends to. Now if
J had ftoln any thing, you and the Devill
would have put in for a fhare. 85
Blep. Do I do this to claim my fhare, what
fhare ?
- Chr.*

- Chr.* Come there is no such matter my fingers have not learn'd the sleight of hand. Picking and stealing is none of their profession.
- Blep.* O 'tis some learned distinction ;
 What, you'll say
 You did not steal, you did but take't away ;
 Well, 'tis not good to equivocate with a Halter,
Gregory is a cunning Disputant:
 An argument of Hemp is hardly answered.
- Chr.* What melancholy Devil has possessed thee ? J am sure it is no merry one. This madneffe doth not smell of *Edmonton*.
- Blep.* Whom have you plunder'd then ? whose Bung is nipt.
- Chr.* No mans.
- Blep.* O *Hercules!* Whose tongue speaks truth?
 In what cold Zone dwells naked honesty ?
- Chr.* I see, friend, you condemn me ere you know the truth.
- Blep.* Come, do not jeft your neck into the Noose,
 Tell me betimes, that with the Key of Gold I may lock up the Vermin's mouth. Informers
 Are dangerous cattle, if they once but yawn ;
 As bad as Sequetrators, but I'll undertake.
- Chr.* I will not have you undertake any thing for me ; you will be at too much charges : Sir, my intent is to enrich all honest men.
- Blep.* Why, have you stoln so much ?
- Chr.* No faith, a little will serve the turn, there are so few of them. But firra, know J have *Plutus* himself at home.
- Blep.* Who, *Plutus* ? God of wealth.
- Chr.* The same, by heaven and hell.
- Blep.* What, heaven and hell by *Westminster-hall*, where Lawyers and Parliament men eat French-broth ? Have you *Plutus*, by *Vesta* ?
- Chr.* Yes and by *Neptune* too.
- Blep.* What *Neptune*? *Neptune* of the Sea?
- Chr.* By *Neptune* of the Sea, or any other *Neptune* in *Europe*. He is the smal-leg'd Gentleman-Ushers god; for his Chariot is drawn with Calves.
- Blep.* Why do you not send him about among your friends ?
- Chr.* What, before he have recovered his ey-sight?
- Blep.* Why, is *Plutus* blinde ?
- Chr.* By *Love* is he.
- Blep.* Nay, J did alwayes think so ; and that's the reason he could never finde the way to my house.
- Chr.* But now he shall at a short-hand.
- Blep.* What, *Brachygraphy*? *Thomas Sheltons Art* ?
- Chr.* No, I mean suddenly.
- Blep.* He shall be welcome : But why do you not get some skilfull Oculist for him ? Have you never a Chyrurgion about the town that hath Eyes to sell of his own making?
- Chr.* Now the Spittle-house on the Puck-fitt tribe of them. If a man have but a cut Finger, the Cure of it shall be as long as the Siege of *Breda* : Physitians and Surgeons are good for nothing but to fill Graves and Hospitals.
- Blep.* Sure then, that's the reason none but Sextons pray for them.
- Chr.* No, i'll have a better device ; he shall go to the Temple of *Esculapius*.
- Blep.* Come let us make haste, To be rich as soon as we can. *Dives qui fieri vult , Et cito vult fieri*—
- Chr.* We will get a *Fieri facias* of the Lawyers. They pick all the wealth out of the Country-mens pockets. Have but patience, J will warrant thee as Rich as any Alderman.
- Offers to Ex.
- Act 2. Scaen. 4.
- Enter Penia and meets them.*
- Pen.* Muft J needs meet you, you old Dottards ? Are you not ashamed of your gray Coxcombes ? you are going about a fine piece of impudence, to undoe me and all my children. But J shall plague you for it.
- Chr.* Now *Hercules* and his club defend me!
- Pen.* I'll cut your throats , and flit your impudent gurgulio's , you Calves at three-score: How dare you undertake such confederacy ? but you shall throttle for', by all

the aff-colour'd cattle about me.

Blep. What creature is this with the Red-oker face ? She looks as if she were begot by Marking-ftones.

15 *Chr.* By ftones fure : tis some *Erynnis* that is broke loofe from the Tragedy.

Blep. By *Ieronymo*, her looks are as terrible as *Don Andraea*, or the Ghost in *Hamlet*.

20 *Chr.* Nay, 'tis rather one of Belzebub's Heralds.

Blep. Why fo ?

Chr. VVhy, doeft thou not fee how many feveral Coats are quartered in her Arms ?

Pen. So, fo; and who do you think I am ?

25 *Blep.* Some Bawd of *Shoreditch*, or *Turnbul* Broker of Maidenheads,&c.

Chr. VVhy woman, why doft thou follow us ? we have done thee no wrong.

30 *Pen.* No, good honeft Scavengers , no wrong ! By the skin betwixt my eye-browes, but Ile make you know 'tis a wrong. Is it no wrong to caft me out of every place, and leave me no where to be in ?

35 *Chr.* Yes, thou fhalt have the liberty of Hell, and all good kindneffes the honeft Devils can do thee, for my fake. But what art thou ? why doft not thou tell us who thou art ?

40 *Pen.* One that will be foundly revenged on you all, for committing more then gun-powder treafon againft a poor woman , that hath not fo much as a tooth in her head that means you any harm.

45 *Blep.* VVe will not truft fo much as thy gums for all that. VVho art thou?

50 *Pen.* I am Poverty, *Penia Poverty*, eldeft daughter of *Asotus Spend-all* , of *Brecknockshire* ; One that hath kept houfe with you this thirty years and upwards ; I have fate winter and summer at your Great-grandfathers table.

Blep. O *Apollo* and the reft of the Spittle-houfe gods! tell me how I may run away.

Chr. Nay, stay you cowardly drone.

55 *Blep.* Stay! no not for the world, I will not keep Poverty company ; there be vormine about her which I would be loth fhould cofen the worms of my carkaffe.

Pen. Dare you grunt, you unethical Ru-

fticks, being taken in the fact ? 60

Chr. Stay Coward, shall two men run away from one woman?

Blep. One woman ! I, but 'tis Poverty ; *Penia* Poverty, or *Penia Pennyleffe*.

No Tyger fo cruel : I had rather fight with 65
Mall Cutpurse and my Lady *Sands* both together at quarter-ftaffe.

Chr. Good *Blepfidemus* ftay.

Blep. Good *Chremylus* run away.

Chr. Shall we leave *Plutus* thus ? 70

Blep. How shall we resist this warlike Amazon, the valianteft of all Tinkers truls and doxies! She has made me pawn my Bilbo-blade and rufty Head-piece at the Alehoufe many a time in arrant policy. Let 75
us run ; there is no hope of fafety but in foot-manship. Our valour is clean contrary to *Achilles*, for our greateft fecurity lies in our heels. Let us run: Stone-walls are not defence enough, her hunger will break through and 80
devoure us.

Chr. Take thy Porredge-pot (man) for a Helmet, thy Ladle for a Spear, and a Sword of Bacon, and thou art arm'd against Poverty cap-a-pe: And then *Plutus* shall come and 85
cut her throat, and raife a trophy out of her miferable carkaffe.

Pen. Dare you snarl, you Currs, after the contriving such damnable injury ?

90 *Blep.* What injury, you old Beldame ! We have not ravifht thee, I am fure ; thy beauty is not fo much moving. Doefft think we mean to lie with Red-Oker ! to commit fornication with a Red-Lattice ! I know not what thy lower parts can do; but thy very Fore- 95
head is able to burn us. Let thy Salamander-Nose and Lips live in perpetual flames, for me ; *Iove* fend thee everlasting fire! There is no *Cupid* in thy complexion : a man may look upon thee, without giving the flesh oc- 100
cafion to tempt the fpirit: if all were made of the fame clay thou art, Adultery would be a franger in *England*.

Pen. O immortal gods , is it no injury to restore *Plutus* to his eye-fight ! Now Furies 105
put out all your eyes , and then confume all the dogs in Chriftdome, that there may be none to lead you !

Chr.

- 110 *Chr.* What harm is it to you, if we study all they vapour now ; *I* hope to bring 'um under my dominion shortly. 160
- Pen.* What catholike good of mankind ? *Exit Penia.*
- 115 *Blep.* That is because *Plutus* is blind : his blindneffe is the cause of that devotion. But when *Plutus* can see again, we will kick you out of the Univerfe, and leave you no place but the Univerfities : marry thofe you may claim by cuftome, 'tis your pennyleffe bench; we give you leave to converfe with fleevelefs Gowns and thred-bare Caffocks.
- Pen.* But what if *J* perfwade you its neceffary that Poverty live amongft you ?
- 120 *Blep.* Perfwaded! we will not be perfwaded ; for we are perfwaded not to be perfwaded, though we be perfwaded. Thus we are perfwaded; and we will not be perfwaded to perfwade our felves to the contrary, any wayes being perfwaded.
- 130 *Pen.* If *J* do not, do what you will with me ; leave me no place to reft in, but the empty Study of that pittiful Poet, that hath botcht up this poor Comedy with fo many patches of his ragged wit, as if he meant to make Poverty a Coat of it.
- Blep.* Ω *Tumpana, kai Cophonas !* Jack Dolophin and his Kettle-drum defend us.
- 135 *Chr.* But if you be convicted and non-pluft, what punifhment will you fubmit your felf unto ?
- Pen.* To any.
- Blep.* Ten deaths: other Cats have but nine, *Gr'm'alkin* her felf. Let us be fure Poverty die outright, *I* begin to be bowfie in her company. Let's march.
- Exeunt ambo.*
- 150 *Pen.* Yet *I* thank *love* *I* am better acquainted in City and Country , then thefe think of. In the City many that go in gay-clothes know me; in the Country *I* am known for Taxes, Excife and Contributions : befides *I* have an army royal of Royalifts, that now live under the Sequeftration-Planet, *J* fhall mufter them up if need be. But firft *I* will go marfhal up my Forlorn-hopes of Tatterdemallians, *welch, English, Scots, and Irish.* *J* hope to give these Round—a breakfaft,
- Act. 2. Scaen. 5.
- Enter Scrape-all, Clodpole, Stiffe, Dicaeus, and Poverty.*
- Clodp.* Naighbours, *I*ch hear we muft chop Logick with *Poverty*; 'cha wonder what this Logicking is , tid never know yet te yeer: they zay one gaffer *Aristotle* was the first vounder of it, A bots on him ! 5
- Scrap.* Cha remember my zon went to the Varfity, and *I* ha heard him say a fine fong: Hang *Brerwood* and *Carter* in *Crakanthorps* garter, 10
- Let *K^ekerman* too bemoan us :
J'le be no more beaten for greafie *Iack Seaton,*
And conning of *Sanderfonus.*
- At *Oxford* or *Cambridge* 'twould make a man a hungry to heare 'um talk of Gifmes and Argations, and Pretticables and Predicaments, and gatur Antecedens and Proiums and Poftriorums, and Probo's and Valleris. Cha think this Logick a hard thing next to the Black-Art. 20
- Stiff.* Naighbours, an't be zo, what a murrin ails us ! why, fhall we venture *Plutus* on Pretticables and Predicaments ? fhall we lofe all our hopes by an *Argo valleris*? This is my pinion, this fame *Poverty* will prove the beft Computant of um all : why, fhe cannot choofe but repute (as Mr. Ficar sayes) very well, and moft tregorically.
- Dicae.* Tregorically ! Categorically neighbour; Sir *Iohn* meant fo *I* warrant you. 30
- Stiff.* VVhy, tregorically, and catergolically; *Tre* and *Cater*, there's but an ace difference , therefore bate me an ace quoth *Bolton*, and *I* fay fhe will repute very well and tregorically, for fhe hath ever kept company with Scholars ever fince my memory or my Granams either. No , let me take my Catergorical Flail in hand ; and if *J* do not threfh 35

- 40 threſh her to death with luſty arguments, let
me never live to problem again at a Peaſe-
rick.
- Dicae.* Neighbours, be content. *Poverty*
ftand you on one ſide, and I'll, ftand on the
45 other ; for I will be oppoſite to you *e dia-*
metro, and teach you to know your diſtance.
Thus I diſpute. The queſtion is, Whether
Plutus ought to receive his eye-ſight ? I ſay
I, & ſic probo.
- 50 If it be fit that good and honeſt men,
Whoſe foulſ are fraught with vertue, ſhould
poſſeſſe
Riches and wealth, which Heaven did mean
ſhould be
- 55 The juſt reward of goodneſſe: while proud
Vice,
Stript of her borrowed and uſurped robes,
Should have her loathed deformities un-
maſqued ;
- 60 And vitious men that ſpread their Peacocks
trains,
Have carkaffeſ as naked as their foulſ.
But if once *Plutus* ſhould receive his eyes,
And but diſcern 'twixt men, the world were
- 65 chang'd :
Then goodneſſe and full coffers, wealth and
honeſty
Might meet, imbrace, and thrive, and kiſſe
together ;
- 70 While vice with all her partners ſtarves and
pines,
Rotting to dirt and filth, leaving to hell
Black foulſ. Who better counſel can deviſe ?
Ergo 'tis fit *Plutus* receive his eyes.
- 75 *Clodp.* That *Argo* has netled her, I war-
rant. Thou ſhalt be *Plutus* his Profelloſ for
this. VVhat has my ſhe-*Bellarmino* now to
anſwer ?
- Dicae.* As the mad world goes now , who
80 could believe
But pur-blind fate and chance did hold the
ſcepter
Of humane actions ? VVho beholds the mi-
ſeries
- 85 Of honeſt mortals, and compares their for-
tunes
VVith the unfatiable pleaſures of groſſe E-
picures,
- VVhoſe burſten bags are glutted with the
ſpoiles 90
Of wretched Orphanſ : who (I ſay) fees this,
But would almoſt turn Atheiſt, and forſwear
All heaven, all godſ, all divine providence !
But if to *Plutus* we his eyes reſtore,
Good men ſhall grow in wealth, and Knaveſ 95
grow poore.
- Stiff.* In my pinion this ſimple-gifme—
Dic. Fie neighbour, 'tis a Syllogiſme.
- Stiff.* VVhy ſimple and ſilly is all one :
be what Gifme it will be, ſure 'twas not in 100
true mud and fig-tree, there was never a
Tar-box in the breech of it.
- Pen.* O Dotards, how eaſily you may be
perſwaded to die as arrant foolſ as you were
born ! If *Plutus* recover his eye-ſight , and 105
diſtribute his riches equally , you ſhall ſee
what will become of your Anabaptiſtical
Anarchy : what artſ or ſciences would re-
main. If every Vulcan be as good as your
ſelves, what Smug will make your VVorſhipſ 110
dripping-panſ ?
- Dicae.* VVhy he that makes the Fire-
ſhovels and Tongſ: or if all fail , *Quiſque*
est fortunæ ſux faber, we'll make our driping
panſ our ſelves : we can do more then that, 115
we can preach to our ſelves already.
- Pen.* VVho would coble your ſhooeſ , or
mend your honorable ſtockingſ?
- Dic.* O there be Sermon-makerſ enough
can do that bravely : the only Metaphyſickſ 120
they are beaten in, *Rem acutangunt.*
- Pen.* VVho would carry you up to *London*,
if the VVaggon-driver ſhould think himſelf
as good a man as his maſter ?
- Dic.* VVhy we would ride thither on our 125
own Hackney-Conſciences.
- Pen.* Nay if this were ſo, the very Tailerſ
though they damn'd you all to hell under
their ſhop-boardſ, would ſcorn to come to the
making up of as good a man as *Pericles* 130
Prince of *Tyre*.
- Dic.* Marry that were a happy time for the
Low-Countrieſ : the Spaniſh Pike would
not then be worth a Bodkin.
- Pen.* There would be no Preſbyterſ to 135
directorife you, no Landreſſeſ to ſope you,
no Plough-men to feed you, no Inne-keeperſ
to

to fox you, no Sycophants to flatter you, no Friends to cheat you. *Ergo* you have brought your hogs to a fair market.

140 *Stiff.* How she proves her self a Sow in conclusion!

Dic. 'Twas in Conclusion, that it might not be denied. Me thinks *Poverty* disputes very poorly, and that's a wonder; for likely the naked truth is on her side.

145 *Clod.* Yet she remembered an *Argo*, and that made her argument not so weak and impudent: in my opinion this *Argo* is a Quarterstaffe at least.

150 *Dic.* And (*Poverty*) what good turn can you do us, except it be to fill our eares with the bawlings of hungry brats and brawling bastards? No doubt you can bring us a flock of fleas and a herd of lice to store the pasture grounds of our miserable Microcosmes; the unmannerly hogs with hunger betimes to desire us to deferre our breakfasts a fortnight longer. You can give us field-beds, with heaven for our canopy, and some charitable ftones for our pillows. VVe need not expect the felicity of a horse to lie at rack and manger; but yet our asses and we must be content with the same provender. No Rost-beef, no shoulders of Mutton, no Cheefe-cakes, no Matchivilian Florentines:

155 *And whence our greatest grief does rife,*
No Plumb-porredg, nor no Plumbpudding pies.

160 *Ergo (Poverty)* I will answer your arguments at the whipping-post.

Lackl. That was strong and piercing for Plumb-porredge: for truly one porrenger of Plumb-porredge is an argument more unanswerable then *Campians* ten Reasons.

175 *Dic.* *Aliter probo sic.* Your poor creatures have not wherewith to bury themselves; but it is not fit that the foul should go a begging for the charges of the bodies funerall.

180 *Ergo falleris Domina Poverty.*

Pen. You do not dispute seriously, you put me off with trifling nugations. Thus I dispute. If I make men better then Riches, I am to be preferred before Riches. But I make men better: for poor men have the better consciences, because they have not so much guilt,

185 J call their empty purfes to witneffe. *Aliter probo sic.* I moralize men better then *Plutus: Exemplum gratia*: *Plutus* makes men with puffed faces, droppie bodies, Bellies as big as the great Tub at *Heidelberg*; Nofes by the vertue of *Malmfie* so full of Rubies, that you may fwear, had *Poverty* had dominion in their Nativities, they had never had such rich faces: Besides, they have eyes like Turkey-cocks, Double-chins, Flapdragon-cheeks, Lips that may spare half an ell, and yet leave kissing room enough. Nay, 'tis the humour of this age, they think they shall never be great men, unlesse they have grosse bodies. Marry I keep men spare and lean, slender and nimble; mine are all Diminutives, *Tom Thumbs*, not one *Coloffus*, not one *Garagantua* amongst them; fitter to encounter the enemy by reason of their agility, in lesse danger of shot for their tenuity, and most expert in running away, such is their celerity. *Ergo, Irus* is a good souldier, and *Midas* is an affe.

190 *Scrap.* Troth she has toucht *Midas*; she has caught him by the worshipful ears.

200 *Dic.* Nay tis no wonder if they be slender enough, you keep them with such spare diet: they have so much Lent and Fasting-dayes, that they need not fear the danger of being as fat as Committee-men. If a man should see a company of their lean carkasses assembled together, 't would make him think Doomf-day were come to town before its time.

205 *Pen.* Moreover, that which is most noble is most preferable. But *Poverty* is most noble. *Minor* I prove thus: Whose houses are most ancient, those are most noble: But *Poverties* houses are most antient; for some of them are so old, like *Vicaridge*-houses, they are every hour in danger of falling.

210 *Clod.* What a filly womans this to talk of Nobility houses! Does not she know we are all Levellers, there's no Nobility now.

215 *Stiff.* Neighbour, I think so too: I am an Unpundant too, I think.

220 *Dic.* Nay she does not dispute well. Her *Major* was born in *Bedlam*, her *Minor* was whipt in *Bridewell*, *Ergo* her Conclusion is

225

230

235

run out of her wits. For well said M. *Rhombus*,
Ecce mulier blancata quafi lilium. Now I
 oppofe her with a Dilemma, *alias* the Cuc-
 kold of Arguments. My Dilemma is this :
 240 Citizens and Townfmen are rich, for there's
 the *Cornucopia*; Ergo , Riches are better
 then Poverty. Nay, if Riches were not in
 fome account, why would *Iupiter* be fo rich?
 for you fee he has engroffed to himfelf the
 245 golden age of Iacobuffes , and the filver age
 of Shillings and Six-pences , and left us no-
 thing but the brazen age of Plundring and
Impudence ; for Tinkers Tokens are gone
 away too. To conclude in one fyllogifme
 250 more, J will prove my Tenet true by the
 example of *Hecate* Queen of Hell; fhe would
 turn the Clark of her Kitchin out of his of-
 fice, and not fuffer him to be the Devils man-
 ciple any longer, if he fhould bring any lean
 255 carkaffe or any carrion-foul to be ferved up
 at her table. Her chief difh is the larded foul
 of a plump Ufurer, bafted with the dripping
 of a greafie Alderman ; the fauce being
 made with the braines of a great Conger-
 headed Lawyer , butter'd with the greafe of
 260 a well-fed Committee-man, ferved up for
 want of fawcers in the two eares of an un-
 confcionable Scrivener. Ergo, *Poverty*, you
 may go and hang your felf.
 265 *Pen.* O for the *Barbadoes* ! J have no
 place left for my entertainment.
Dic. Come brethren, let us kick her out
 of the Univerfe.
Pen. O whither fhall J betake my felf !
 270 *Dic.* To the houfe of Charity.
Pen. To the houfe of Charity? that's an
 old ruin'd cold lodging, as bad as a Corre-
 ction houfe. Good your worfhips, take fome
 pitty on miserable Poverty !
 275 *Dic.* Did you ever hear fuch a folecifme?
Lack. Troth master, J never knew it in
 my life: All our Parifh was ever againft it.
Clod. And ours too, and J think all *Eng-*
land over.
 280 *Dic.* Poverty, then J fay thou fhalt have
 a Juftice of Peaces charity, the whipping-
 post; thou fhalt be lafht under the ftatute of
 fturdy Rogues and Beggers : look for no
 pitty, 'tis charity to pitty thofe that are rich :
 285 Go get you packing.

Pen. VVell, firs, though you put Poverty
 away now, yet you or your heirs may be glad
 to fend for me ere long. *Exit Poverty.*

Clod. It fhall be to the gallows then , by
 my confent : if you mean to prevent it, the 290
 best way is to go and pine away quickly.

Stiff. Farewell old Rag of Babylon, for
 we muft be rich, and therefore worfhipfull.

Exeunt omnes.

By your leave Mr. Parfon. Mufick. 295

Act. 2. Scæn. 6.

Enter Clip-latine a Parfon, Dicaeus a Parfon,
Clod-pole, Stiffe, Scrape-all.

Dic. Last night J laught in my fleep.
 The Queen of *Fairies* tickled my nofe with
 a Tithe-pigs taile. J dreamt of another Be-
 nefice, and fee how it comes about ! Next
 5 morning *Plutus* the God of wealth comes to
 my houfe, and brings me an Augmentation
 and a good fat Living. He faid he came to
 vifit me: as fure as can be J am ordained to
 be rich at his Vifitation, 'tis better then the
 10 Bifhops or Archdeacons. Now muft J be one
 of the Affembly, and walk demurely in a long
 black Cloak at *Westminfter*, forgetting all
 my Greek and Latine.

Clip. Faith brother , that have J done al-
 ready: my name's *Clip-latine* truly ; J read 15
 a Homily , and pray by the Service-book
 divinely.

Dic. Divinely, quoth a ! Thou muft take
Ex tempore in hand, or elfe thou wilt nere be
 rich in thefe dayes. 20

Clip. Do you hear, neighbours! fhall us
 leave the Common-Prayer?

Stiff. God forbid, Mr Ficar! why 'twas
 writ in *Davids* time; and *Thomas Ste/nhold*
 and *Iohn Hopkins* joyn'd it to the Pfalms in 25
 thofe dayes, and turn'd it into fuch excellent
 Metre, that J can fleep by it as well as any in
 the Parifh.

Clod. Befides, naighbour, we don't know
 this new Sect what they pray, we can't vol- 30
 low them in their Extrumperies.

Clip. You fee the cafe is cleer, Sir : J am
 for

for the King and the Prayer-Book.

35 *Stiff.* VVell laid Parfon , we fhall love thee the better for that, hold there ftill.

Dic. Yet (Brother) becaufe thou art of our cloth, I'le fpeak to *Plutus* for thee. Thou fhalt have twenty pounds *per annum* ftanding ftipend , and the love of thy Parifh becaufe thou takeft nothing of them, Doeft mark me ? Twenty pounds,I fay. I muft be gone.

40 *Clip.* A good faying and a rich. Now fhall I fuffiet in a Sattin Cloak ; from twenty nobles to twenty pounds! O brave !

45 *Scrap.* VVe are glad of it vaith Mr. Ficar.

Clip. Come Neighbours, upon this good news, lets chop up and to my Hoft *Snego's*, he'le be glad to hear of it too. I am refolved to build no more Sconces, but to pay my old tickets. Come let's in and drink a Cup of ftingo.

50 *Stiff.* Vaith Vicar, thou givest us good de- struction ftill.

55 Come in, come, come.

Act. 2. Scæn. 7.

Enter Blepfidemus, Chremylus, Carion.

5 *Blep.* O the divinity of being rich ! Now *Plutus* is come. But who is *Plutus* ? VVhy, he is the Nobleman's Tutor, the Princes and States fleet of Plate, the Lawyers *Littleton*, the Major and Aldermens Fur-gown , the Justice's Warrant, the Conftable and Bum- bailies Tip-ftaffe, the Aftronomers Blazing ftar,the Mathematicians Record or counting table, the Cavaliers Service-book , the Pres- byterians Directory , the Independens Ex- tempore, the Popes golden Legend , the Fri- ars Nun, the Monkes Breviary, the World- lings God , the Prelates Cannons, and Bi- fhops Oath, &c.— I could reckon more, 10 but he is the very Ladder to worfhip and honour. I muft be rich , and therefore hono- rable, and proud, and grave.

15 *Chr.* O gentleman-like refolution!

20 *Blep.* Yet now I think on't, J will not be grave; for grave bodies do naturally defcend to bafe Conditions, which is clean contrary

to the complexion of my humour ; yet J will cry hum with the beft in the Parifh. J will underftand as little as the wealthieft Citizen of them all.

25 *Chr.* Marry, and that's a proud word, *Blep- fidemus.*

Blep. I will fleep as foundly at Church a nd fnort as loud at Sermons as the Church- warden himfelf, or the Mafter of the Com- 30 pany.

Chr. O infinite ambition !

Blep. I will entertain none for my Whores under the reputation of Ladies, unleffe they be Parfons daughters. 35

Chr. O! becaufe they may claim the be- nefit of the Clergie.

Blep. I will daign none the honour of be- ing my worfhips Cuckolds, that is not a round-headed Brother of the Corporation. 40

Chr. He'el make it a principle of the City Charter. Horns of fuch making, will be of as great efteem as the Cap of maintenance.

Blep. Hereafter Gentlemen, hereafter , I fay, in contempt of a penny quart,I will throw 45 *Pifpot-lane* in the face of *Py-corner* : J will be foxt no where but at Round-headed Inns, that J may be honeftly drunk , and carry it with the greater gravity and safety. The foule of Sack and the flower of Ale fhall be 50 my drink , that my very Urine may be the quinteffence of Canary.

Chr. VVhy then, *Vespasian* might defire no greater Revenue, then the reverfion of your Chamber-pot. 55

Blep. But come let us withdraw , and car- ry *Plutus* to the Temple of *Esculapius* ; *Ca- rion* make ready the neceffaries, fee you play the Sumpter-horse with difcretion. Let us make hafte, for J long to be worfhipfull. 60

Come friends, this day gives period to our forrow , VVe will drown cares in bowles of Sack to morrow.

Exeunt ambo. 65

D2<r>

Act.

Act 3. Scæn. I.

*Enter Penia Poverty , Higgen , Termock,
Brun, Caradock, and an Ar-
my of Rogues.*

Pen. Souldiers, you see men Poverty de-
spise

Since God of Riches hath recover'd eyes ;
Let us invade them now with might and main
5 And make them know their former state a-
gain;

March forth brave Champions, though your
Noble Valours

Be out at Elbows, shew your selves to be
10 Patches of worth, rags of Gentility.

Brave Blades, arrayed in Dish-clouts, dirty
Pluff,

Like the grave Senators of *Beggars-bush* ;
VVith Poverty, sole Empreffe of your States,
15 Spend your best blood, you have no wealthy
Fates :

Me thinks I see your Valours, and espie
Each rag, a Trophy of your Victory.

Come *Brun*, thou worthy *Scot* of gallant race,
20 VVhat though thou lost an arm at *Chevy-
chafe*,

Resume thy valour. And thou *Caradock*,
True Leek of *Wales*, *Pendragon's* noble stock
Stir up thy *Welsh*-blood to encounter these,
25 With zeal as fervent as thy toasted Cheese.

And thou brave *Red-shank* too, *Termock* by
name,

VVonder of *Red-shanks* , & *Hybernia's* fame.
To conquer these, or scatter them like chaff;
30 Or lick them up as glib as *Ufquebaghe*.

And *Higgen* thou, whose potent Oratory
Makes *Beggars-bush* admire thy eloquent
story,

Come bravely on and rescue me from dan-
35 ger,

Else Poverty to you will prove a stranger,
Which heavens forbid.

All. Poverty , poverty , poverty for our
money!

Pen. Nay, without money Sirs , and be 40
constant too.

All. Poverty, poverty, poverty, our Pa-
troneffe!

Carad. Cats plutter a nailes ; Her were
best by her troth take very many heeds, how 45
her make a commotion in her ftomachs ; if
her ploud be but up twice and once, her will
tug out her Sword, and gads nigs, let her take
very many heed, her will carbonado very
much Legs and Arms. By *St. Taffie*, I'll 50
tear the most valiantest of them all into as
arrant Atomes as there be motes in the Moon.
Try he dare whose will; I tickle their hoop-
fir Dominees, else, never let her fing hapate-
ry, while she has live any longer. If her doe 55
not conquer them upside down, let her ne-
ver while she lives in *Heuiope*, god bleffe her,
eat Coufh-bobby with the man in the Moon.
Her Cousen *Merlin* her Country-man, hath
told her in a Whisper, very a many much 60
tale of her valour above fore-score and twenty
years since.

Pen. Bravely resolved ; O how I love thy
Valour!

Tis sweeter then Metheglin, I all *Canarvon* 65
cannot afford a Comrade half so noble.

Ter. And *Termock* will spend te besht
ploud in his health in the fervish.

Pen. Renowned *Termock*, thanks from
our Princely self. 70

Ter. Nay, keep ty tancks to thy self, *Ter-
mock* is ty trusty shubsheckt.

Brun. And aies was gang with thee Mon.
Aies have bin a prupder gud man in the Bor-
ders. Aies fought blith and bonny for the 75
gewd Earle *Duglaffe* : Aies show thy foemen
a Scutch trick. Aies mumble their crags like
a Sheeps-head or Cokes-nose, Aif I do not
let me bund to Sup with nothing but Perk
and Sow-baby. 80

Pen. VVell said brave *Brun*, hold but thy
Refolution,
And never a Souldier breathing shall excell
thee.

Brun. Nay's mon, aif I cannot give 'um 85
mickle rashers enough my self , aies gang
home to my *Bellibaine* and get lufty Martial
Barns, shall pell mell their Noddles: What
gars great *Higgen*?

Hig.

- 90 *Hig.* Attend, attend; I *Higgen* the grand
Oratour
Begin to yawn, lend me your Affes ears ;
Give aufcultation. *Higgen*, whofe Pike-ftaffe
Rhetorick,
95 Makes all the world obey your Excellence
By cudgelling them with Crab-tree elo-
quence.
By luffy Doxies, there's not a Quire Cove,
Nobler then I in all the bowfing Kens
100 That are twixt *Hockly 'ith' hole* and *Iflington*.
By thefe good ftampers, upper and neather
Duds;
Ile nip from *Ruffmans* of the *Harmanbeck*,
Though glimmer'd in the fambles, I cly the
105 chates :
I'le ftand the Pad or Mill, the Churches de-
neir.
Nip bungs, dupp gibbers leager, lowze and
bowfe.
110 Liggen in ftrommel, in darkmans for pannum
Should the grand Ruffian come to mill me, I
VVould fcorn to fhuttle from my Poverty:
Pen. So, fo, well fpoke, my noble Englifh
Tatter,
115 Lead up the Vant-guard, mufter up an army,
An army royal of Imperial Lice.
Hig. And J will be the *Scanderbeg* of the
Company,
The very Tamberlane of this ragged rout;
120 Come follow me my Souldiers--
Brun. Yaws grand Captain, fir, fuft and
fair ; gar away, there be gewd men in the
Company. Aies Captain, for aies have more
scutch Lice, then thou haft Englifh creepers,
125 or He Brittifh Goats about him.
Hig. VVhat then ? my Lice are of the no-
ble breed,
Sprung from the *Danes* , *Saxons* and *Nor-*
mans blood ;
130 True Englifh-born, all plump and all well
favour'd:
Take warning then good fir, be not fo proud,
As to compare your Vermine fir, with ours.
Ter. Pleafh ty fhit grafh, let nedder nod-
135 der of them my fhit Empreffe have te plafh
of ty Captain, J am te befht of edder odder.
J have feen te fafh of the vild *Irifh*. *Termock*
knows vat it is to fight in the Pogs like a
valiant Coftermonger, up to the Nofh in
- ploud. Not to make much prittle and prat-
tle to none purpofh, *Termock* has fight un-
der *Oneale*, for her King and Queen in te
wars. Vat, J speak tifh by te Shoes of *Patrick*,
if that *Termock* be the Captain , thou fhalt
beat ty foes to peeces and pafhes. 145
Carad. Is *Caradock* no respected amongft
her ; Her Lice are petter a pedecree as the
gooddft of them all. Her Lice come *ap Shin-*
kin, *ap Shon*, *ap Owen*, *ap Richard*, *ap Mor-*
gan, *ap Hugh*, *ap Brutus*, *ap Sylvius*, *ap E-*
neas, and fo up my fhoulder. An't her Lice
will not defhenerate from her petticree pre-
tious Coles. Her anceftors fought in the
Wars of *Troy*, by this Leck, as luftily as the
Lice of *Troilus*. Nay, by *St. Taffie* , the Lice
155 of *Hector*, were but Nits in comparifon of
her magnanimous Lice. Do not difparage
her nor her Lice , if her love her guts in her
pelly.
Ter. But if *Termock* have no Lifh, fall He
160 derefore not be te Captain ? Pofh on her
Lifh. *Termock* hafh none grafh a *Patrick*;
no fuch venomous tings vill preed in hifh
Country.
Hig. I will be Captain , for my Robes are
165 martiall :
True martiall Robes, full of uncureable
wounds.
My Doublet is adorned with thoufand fcars,
My Breeches have endured more fforms and
170 tempefts
Then any man's that lyes perdue for Pud-
dings.
I have kept Sentinel every night this twelve
moneth ;
175 Beheaded Ducks and Geefe, fpitted the Pigs,
And all to Victual this camp of Rogues.
Carad. 'Faith, and her clothes are as anci-
ent a petticree as thine , her fery Dublet is
cofhen fherman to utter *Pendragons* Sherken,
180 or else *Caradock* is a fery rogue by Saint
Taffie.
Pen. You fhall not thus contend, who fhall
be Captain;
I'le do't my felf , Come follow me brave
185 Souldiers.
Brun. I faith ! fhe is a brave Virago mon.
Carad. By *St. Taffie* , she is
an *Amafhon*, a *Debora*,

- 190 *A Brunduca, a Ioan of Oleance,*
Pucelle de Dieu, a Mall Catpurfe, a Long-meg
of Westminster.
Ter. She fall be te Captain, for all tee, or
any odder in English lond.
- 195 *Hig.* Whips on you all! follow the Fe-
mine gender ?
Fight under th' Ensigne of a Petticoat ?
An act unworthy such brave spirits as we :
Remember our old Vertues, shall we forget
- 200 Our ancient Valours ? Shall we in this one
action
Stain all our honour, blur our reputations :
Can men of such high fortunes daign to stoop
To such dishonourable terms ? How can our
- 205 thoughts
Give entertainment to such low defignes ?
My spirits yet are not diffolv'd to whey ,
J have no foule, fo poor as to obey,
To suffer a smock rampant to conduct me.
- 210 *Brun.* Aife thou's keep a mundryng man-
dring, mon, i'fe gang to Edinborow. The
Deill lead your army for *Brun*, aies no medle,
Adieu, adieu.
Carad. Ah *Brun* ! Blerawhee, blerawhee.
- 215 *Ter.* Ah *Brun, Brun* ! Shulecrogh, fether
vilt thou, fether vilt thou?
Brun. VVhat yaw doing mon to call *Brun*
back ; and you be fules, I'le ftay no lenger.
Carad. Ah *Brun, Brun* ! shall be Captain,
220 by all te green Sheefe in the Moon. *Brun*
shall be Captain for *Caradock*, if her would
not give place to *Brun* her heart were as
hard as *Flint-shire*.
Ter. *Brun* fall be te befht in te company,
225 if tere were a toufand toufand of 'um.
Hig. I'le not refigne my right, J will be
Captain.
'Tis fit I should: Hath not my valour oft
Been try'd, at *Bridewell* and the *Whipping-*
- 230 *poft* ?
Pen. Let *Higgen* then be Captain, his
fweet tongue
And powerfull rhetorick may perfwade the
Rout.
235 *Carad.* Cats plutter a nailes, *Higgen* shall
be Captain for her Ears; yet *Caradock* will
be valiant in spight of her Teeth.
Ho brave Captain *Higgen* !
Omn. *Higgen, a Higgen, a Higgen.*
- Hig.* So then Souldiers, follow your Lea- 240
der : Valiant *Brun*
Lead you the Rear ; you *Termock* shall com-
mand
The Regiment of Foot. Generous *Caradock*
Have you a care of the Left-wing. 245
Carad. O disparashment to her reputa-
tion ! *Brutus* hifh Colthen look the whing.
Think you her will flee away. Her will ftand
to it tooth and naile, while there be skin and
bones in her pelly. 250
Brun. Let the Army gang to the Deill.
Aies no medle.
Ter. Stay tere man, vat tou doe *Brun* ?
Hig. My brave comradoes, Knights of tat-
ter'd Fleece , 255
Like *Falstafs* Regiment, you have one flirt
among you.
Well feen in plundring money for the Ale-
houfe.
Such is the fruit of our Domeftick broiles, 260
We are return'd to ancient Poverty
Yet (feeing we are lowfie) let us fhew our
breeding.
Come, though we shrug, yet lets not leave our
calling: 265
Leiutenants Rampant, bravely all train'd up
At the well skil'd Artillery of *Bridewell* ;
March on brave souldiers, you that neer
turn'd back
To any terrour but the Beadles whip. 270
Brun. *St. Andrew, St. Andrew.*
Car. *St. Taffie, St. Taffie.*
Hig. *St. George, St. George.*
Ter. *St. Patrick, St. Patrick.*
Pen. Saints are difcarded. 275
But *Andrew, Taffie, George,* and *Patrick* too
May the whol messe of them be all
propitious!
Hig. If any do refift us, let us throw
Our Crutches at them. J have here 280
An empty sleeve to strike out all their teeth,
Besides a mankin to wipe all our wounds.
Be valiant, and as ear'ft the *Spanifh* Cobler
Injoyn'd his eldelt sonne upon his death-bed:
See you do nothing, that may ill befeem 285
The Families you come of; let not the afhes
Of your dead Ancestours blufh at your dif-
honours;
Encrease your glory of your Houfe; for me
J'le ne're difgrace my noble Progenie. 290
Carad.

Car. *Caradock* difgrafh her *Petticree* ?
No, by *St. Prutus* bones ; her will fight till
her ftand, while tere be legs in her beels. If
her pe killed, her will not run away.

295 *Brun.* Aies gar away ? Aies not budge a
foot by *St. Andrew*.

Ter. *Termock* difgrash hifh fadders and
mudders ? *Termock* will ftand while tere be
breath in his breech.

Act. 3. Scæn. 2.

Carion, *Clodpole*, *Lackland*, *Stiff*, *Scrape-*
all, *to them*.

Carion whips them. *they run.*

Pen. *Higgen*, *Scandebeg*, *Tamberlain*, grand
Captain *Higgen*.

Hig. Souldiers fhift for your felves. VVe
are all routed.

5 *Pen.* Is this you would not difgrace your
noble Progeny?

Hig. My Ancestors were all footmen. Run-
ning away will not difgrace my Progeny.

10 *Carad.* O difgrafh to peat *St. Taffie's*
cofhen! Ufe the true *Prittifh* no petter ?

15 *Pen.* *Caradock*, will you and your Lice
difgrash her Progeny? The Vermin of *He-*
ctor and *Troilus* would not do fo for all *A-*
chilles Myrmidons.

Car. Her do follow her *petticree* from
head to foot : Her Grandfire *Eneas* ran a-
way before. *Exit. Carad.*

20 *Brun.* Marry ill tide thee mon, ufe a mon
of our Nation no better.

Pen. Generous *Brun*, I thought you would
not have budg'd a foot by *St. Andrew*.

25 *Brun.* VVhat of that woman ? Aies no en-
dure Poverty,
The *Scuts* love mickle wealth better then fo.

Exit. Brun.

Pen. VVill *Termock* too difgrafh his Fadder
and Mudders ?

30 *Ter.* *Termock* runs for te credit of his heels
to look the Refhiment of foot. *Ex. Ter.*

Pen. Now, wo is me, wo is my Poverty !
That can finde grace or mercy in few places.

What fhall I doe ? If my whole Army flie,
I muft run too; if I ftay here, J die.

Exit. Pen. 35

Act. 3. Scæn. 3.

Carion and *the Rufticks*, *Clodpole*,
Stiffe, &c.

Car. So now you fee *Carion* for his valour
may compare with *Don Quixot* or the mirror
of chivalry. Come, come along you old for-
tunate *Rafcals*, you that in the dayes of
Queen *Richard* fed upon nothing but barly- 5
broth and puddings, you fhall be rich you
rogues all of you, feed hard at the Councel-
table.

How daintily wilt thou become a fcarlet
Gown, when fuch poore fnakes as I fhall 10
come with Cap and Knee , How does your
good Lordship ? Did your Honour fleep well
to night ? How does Madam *Kate* and Ma-
dam *Cifs*, have their Honours any morning-
milk-cheefe to fell ? Will it pleafe your 15
Lordfhip to command your fervant to be
drunk in your honours-wine-feller? Your
Honours in all duties, and fo J kisse your Ho-
nours hand.

20 *Clod.* Thou fhalt kiffe my Honours taile.
Then will I again fay, Fellow, how does thy
honorable Lord? tell him he does not con-
generate from the noble family he comes of :
I would have fome confabilitation with him 25
concerning a hundred of his Lordfhips pitch-
forks. But I am going to the Bench, and with
the Committee to firk up the proud *Priefts*
before us, and humble the Country. Tell him
Madam *Kate* is as found as a Kettle : thou 30
fhouldft have concourft with her Ladifhip,
but fhe is fkimming her Milk-bowls , and
melting her dripping-pans as bufie as a body-
louse. Now fellow go into my wine-cellar to
play on my fack-butts, and take no care for
finding the way out again. But firrah, fee you 35
drink my Honours health: you fee I can tell
what belongs to Lordfhips, and what is more
to good manners. But what's the newes a-
broad, my honest *Coranto ftilo novo fub f^m*
pauper. 40

Car. I know not what to fay, but that my
mafter

- mafter is Emperor of *Constantinople*, a fecond
Tamberlain ; we fhall have nothing but glary
 Beefe and Bajazers in every Cup-board.
- 45 *Plutus* has left ftumbling ; the puppy is
 nine dayes old , and can fee perfectly. Gra-
 mercy *Esculapius* ! tis pitty but thou fhouldft
 have a better beard then *Apollo* thy father.
 O *Esculapius*, the very Pultife of Surgeons,
 50 and Urinal of Phyfitians !
Clod. Vaith neighbours, then let us make
 bone-fires : this newes is as fweet as Zugar-
 zopps. (*He fings.*)
 My *Iane* and I full right merrily, this jollity
 55 will avouch,
 To witneffe our mirth upon the green earth,
 together we'll dance a clatter-do-pouch.
 clatter-de-pouch, clatter, &c.
Lack. And then will J kiffe thy *Kate* and
 60 my *Ciffe* , as foon as J rife from my couch.
 The wenches ile tumble and merrily jumble,
 Together wee'll dance a clatter-de-pouch.
Cho. clatter-de-pouch, clatterde—&c.
Car. Jle kiffe if J can our Dary-maid *Nan*,
 65 Together we'll billing be found :
 Let every flouch dance clatter-de-pouch,
 Together we'll dance a Sellengers round.
Lack. J will not be found at Sellengers
 round, although thou do call me a flouch.
 70 *Banks's* horfe cannot prance a merrier dance
 Then rumbling and jumbling a clatter-de-
 pouch, clatterde &c.
Cho. Then rumbling &c.
- 75 *Exeunt Clodpole, Lackland.*
- Enter Mrs. Chremylus, manet Carion.*
- Mrs.* Here's rumbling and jumbling in-
 deed. *I* was fpinning my daughter a new
 fmock, and they keep fuch a noise *I* cannot
 80 fleep for um. Paffion o' my heart, *I* wonder
 what news there is abroad, and why that knave
Carion makes no more hafte home.
Car. Now will *I* be an Emperor, and con-
 temn my Miftrefse
- 85 *Mrs. Cari* what news *Carion* ?
Car. *I* cannot anfwer them to day , com-
 mand the Embaffadors to attend our will to
 morrow.
Mrs. Why *Carion*, *I* fay !
Car. Go give him my gold-chain and 90
 pretious jewel.
Mrs. What are you mad ?
Car. And a rich cup-board of my daintieft
 plate.
 VVell, let me fee what it will coft me now, 95
 For to maintain some forty thousand men
 In arms againft the *Turks*.
Mrs. Sirra, do you know your felf ?
Car. Suppofe *I* lend fome twenty thousand
 millions. 100
Mrs. Some twenty thousand puddings.
Car. And fend two hundred faile to con-
 quer *Spain*, and *Rupert* too , and fright the
 Inquifition
 105 Out of their wits—
Mrs. If any be out more then thou, Ile
 be hanged.
Car. The King of *Poland* does not keep
 his word :
 And then my Tenants for my Cuftom-houfe 110
 Are twenty hundred thousand pounds behind
 hand.
 In *Haberdafhers-Hall*, or the Ile of *Tripoly*.
Mrs. Take that for your *Haberdafhers-*
hall, or *Isle of Tripoly*. 115
 (He cuffs him)
Car. Traitors ; my guard ! where are my
 Beef-eaters ? O my old *Mrs.* was it you ?
 why, are you not drunk with mirth ? *I* was
 in good hope ere this to have feen you reel- 120
 ing in a French hood. VVell, have at your
 old petticoat. Madam, *I* have news will ravifh
 you, my dainty Madam ; a bufhel of unmea-
 furable joy.
Mrs. Then prethee tell thy comfortable 125
 meffage ; and if it tickle me in the telling,
I will give thee a pair of high-fhooes more
 then thy quarters wages.
Car. Listen then while *I* anatomife my
 whole difcourse from the head to the heel. 130
Mrs. Nay good *Carion*, not to the heel.
Car. But *I* will, though your heel were a
 Polonian, or a French heel, which is the
 fafhion.
Mrs. Nay do not moleft me, *Carion*. *I* am 135
 very

very squeamish, and may chance have a qualm
come over my stomach.

140 *Car.* Then I begin. First we came to the
god leading *Plutus*, then most miserable, but
now as happy as *Fortunatus* his Night-cap.
First we made him a Dipper, we duckt him
over head and ears in water, we made him
an Anabaptist.

145 *Mrs.* Alas poor soul, 'twas enough to have
put him into an ague : one would not have
used a Water-spaniel more unmercifully.

150 *Car.* No, nor a curst quean in a cucking-
ftool, *Mrs.* You see what creatures these dip-
pers are. J warrant when the young *Lafles*
were a dipping, the blind *Rogue* could see that
well enough. Well, *Mrs.* coming to
the Temple of *Esculapius*, where all the
altars stood furnisht with reaking pasties and
hot pippin-pies, O 'twas such sweet religion,
155 my mouth watered at it. Just upon the hearth
they were beathing a great black-pudding,
to stay the gods stomach till breakfast. Here
we laid *Plutus* in a cradle and rockt him a-
sleep.

160 *Mrs.* O the folly of such Simpletons, lay
an old man in a cradle!

165 *Car.* And why not? is he not a child the
second time? Next, every man made his own
bed: the liberal god allowed us fresh peafe-
ftraw.

Mrs. And was there no more lame and
impudent creatuers at this Spittle-house?

170 *Car.* Of all forts, mistress. There was a
young heire newly crept out his wardship,
that had been sick of a young Lady three
years and upwards.

175 *Mrs.* Just as I am of *Chremylus*. Sirra,
feeling you are of good parts and properties,
you may presume to come sometimes into my
bed-chamber.

180 *Car.* No mistress, the Dary-maid shall
ferve my turn. Next was a pretty waiting-
gentlewoman, that with dreaming of her
Lord, was fallen into a terrible Green-
sicknesse.

Mrs. Now by my holidame, J could have
cured that my self; if she be troubled with
the maidenhead-grief, J can give her as quick
deliverance as any *Esculapius* in Europe.

Car. Many Lawyers were troubled with 185
the itch in their fingers; many young Heires
in a consumption; burst Citizens so over-
fwell'd with interest-mony, that they were
in danger of breaking ; many Treasurers,
Sequestrators and Receivers came for help, 190
for they had received so much monies, that
they had lost their eye-sight, and could not
see to make accounts: there were Townsmen
came to have their brow-antlers knockt off,
Presbyterians for the Directory, Cavies for 195
the Service-book ; some Trademen and
Scholars, that had long fed upon covetous
Usurers, being much bound, came to the
Temple to be made folluble.

200 *Mrs.* Nay, if he be so good at it, Ile go and
see if he can cure me of my corns; they vexe
me so wonderfully, J cannot sleep for um.

205 *Car.* Marry *Love* forbid, mistress ! should
your corns be cured, how should my master
do for an Almanack to foretell the weather ?
Pond, Booker, Allestree, Jeffry Neve Gent.
nay nor *Merlinus Anglicus*, are not half so
good Astronomers as your Ladiships pro-
phetique toes.

210 *Mrs.* Maffé if it be so, J shall save him two
pence a year, rather than put him to the
charges of an Almanack. But was there any
more ?

215 *Car.* Yes there were many Country-lobs,
that having forfeited on the glory-bacon of
their Milk-maids favours, were fain to repair
to the next Alehouse for purgations. Deaf
Scriveners came for their cares ; Silenc'd
Ministers to be cured of dumbnesse ; many
Scholars of Colledges, whose gowns having 220
been sick divers years of the scurf, desired the
god to do them the grace as to change the
colour of that disease into the black-jaundies.

Mrs. And did he cure them all?

225 *Car.* All but *Neoclydes* ; a blind fellow,
and yet such an arrant thief, that he stole all
things he set his eyes on. To proceed: the
Monk put out the tallow-tapers, bid us sleep,
and whatsoever hissing we heard, to see and
say nothing. There we slept foundly, and in 230
the honour of *Esculapius* snorted most de-
voutly. Marry J could not sleep: for there
was an old woman with a pitcher of peafe-

235 porredge at her head lay next to me. Now I
had a great zeal to devoure the delicious pil-
low: but putting forth my hand, I espied the
bald Friar eating the religious cakes, and
cracking of the consecrated nuts. So I think-
ing it a peece of divine charity, studied how
240 to cheat the old Beldame.

Mrs. O sacrilegious Varlet! wert not a-
fraid of the god?

Car. Yes, left he might cofen me of my
peafe-porredge. The woman perceiving me
245 put forth her hand: then I fell a hissing like
a *Wincheſter-goofe* on *S.Georges dragon* ; the
woman ſnatcht back her fangs, and for very
fear ſmelt like the perfume of a Polecat : in
the interim *I* fupt up the porredge; and my
250 belly being full, I laid my bones to reſt.

Mrs. And did not the god come yet ?

Car. O miſtreſſe, now comes the jeſt :
when the god came neer me, my devotions
255 *a poſteriori* ſent him forth moſt ridiculous
oriſons; the Peafe-broth in me was ſo windy
that I thought I had an *Aeolus* in my belly ;
my guts wambled, and on the fudden evaporated
a clap or two of moſt unmanerly thun-
260 der, the very noiſe of it broke all the Urinals
in the Spittle-houſe, and ſaved *Eſculapius*
the labour of caſting *Iupiters* water; it fright-
ed his poor Apothecary out of his wits, as he
was making *Saturn* a glister : and for the
ſmell, *Penacea* told her father that ſhe was
265 ſure it could not be frankincenſe.

Mrs. Yes, but was not the god angry that
you kept your backſide no cloſer ?

Car. Who he! 'Tis ſuch a nafty *Numen*,
he would be glad if your cloſe-ftool were his
270 alms-tub, that he might feed upon your meat
at ſecond hand.

Mrs. Nay, but leave your windy diſcourſe,
and proceed with your tale.

Car. At length two ſnakes appeared, and
275 lickt *Plutus* eyes : then *Æſculapius* beating
Aigus his head in a mortar, tempered it with
a look beyond *Luther*, well minced with the
roſted apple of his eye : the whole confection
boil'd in a pint of chriſtalline humour, which
280 being dropt into his eye with the feather of
a peacocks tail, he recovered his ſight in the
twinkling of an eye.

Mrs. But how came the god of wealth
blind ?

Car. How ! Becauſe Honefty is like a 285
Puck-fiſt; he never met it but once, and it
put out his eyes: beſides, the rich Rogue had
too many Pearls in his eyes.

Mrs. And what are we the better now his
eye-ſight is reſtored ? 290

Car. Why thus : None but honeſt people
ſhall grow rich now ; there's the wonder :
my maſter *Chremylus* ſhall be an Earl , and
you from the Cream-pot of Ruſticity ſhall
295 be churn'd into the honourable Butter of a
Counteſſe.

Mrs. Nay, they were wont to call me
Counteſſe before : and I ſhall do well enough
for a Counteſſe, I warrant you. I thank my
ftars, I can ſpin as fine a thred for woollen, as 300
any Counteſſe in England. Well *Carion*,
now *I* am a Counteſſe, Mrs. Ficar ſhall not
fit above me in the Church; *I* will have as
fine a ſtammel-Petticoat and rich Stomacher
as the proudeſt of them all. Pi'thee *Carion* 305
go to the Goldſmith, buy me a ring, and ſee
it be well enamour'd.

Car. You would ſay enamell'd. But Mrs.
what will you do now?

Mrs. *I* will go in to preſent the gods new 310
Eyes with a baſket of Pippins and a dozen
of Churchwardens. *Exeunt ambo.*

Enter Plutus, Chremylus.

Plut. Good morrow to the morn next to 315
my gold :

Firſt bright *Apollo*, I ſalute thy rayes,
And next the earth, *Minerva's* ſacred land.
Truly *Cecropian* foile, *Athenian* city.

How my foule bluſhes, and with grief remem- 320
bers

My miſerable blindneſſe! wretched *Plutus*,
Whoſe hood-winkt ignorance made thy
guilty feet

Stumble into the company of Raſcals,
Informers, Sequeſtrators, Pettifoggers, 325
Grave Coxcombs, Sycophants and unconſci-
onable Coridons,

And Citizens whoſe falſConſcience weigh'd
too light

In their own ſcales , claim'd by a principall 330
Charter The

435	<p>faith rake-hels, (and you mend not your manners) I'le complain to Mr. <i>Goodwin</i> and the 'mittees too. Come in good Gentleman, though I have never a tooth in my head, yet i'le crack Nuts with my Gumms but ile bear thee company.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Exeunt ambo.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Finis Actus Tertii.</i></p> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">Act 4. Scæn. 1.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Caron Solus.</i></p> <p><i>Ca.</i> To be rich is the daintieft pleafure in the world ; efpecially, to grow rich without ventring the danger of <i>Tiburn</i> or Whipping. Every Cupbord is full of Cufiards, the Hogf-heads replenifhed with fparkling Sacks. The verieft <i>Gippo</i> in the houfe will not drink a degree under Mufcadine. All the Porredge-pots are arrant <i>Barbary</i> gold. All the Veffels in the houfe, from the Bafon and Ewer to the Chamber-pot and Vinegar-bottle, are of <i>Middletons</i> filver. The Kitchen and Buttery is entire Ivory, the very purity of the Elephants tooth. The Sinke is paved with the rich Rubies, and incomparable Carbuncles of Sir <i>John Oldcastle's</i> Nofe. The Conduit runs as good Rose-water as any is in <i>Ari-ftotles</i> Well. The Difh-clouts are cloath of Tiffue, and from the skirts of every Scullion drop melting ftreames of Amber greafe. We the poor fervants play at Even and Odd with arch-angels, and at Croffe and Pile for Jacobuffes, in a humour, to out <i>Philip</i> the King of <i>Spain</i>. My Mafter is facrificing a Sow, a Goat, and a Ram for joy ; But J could not endure the houfe, there is fuch a fmoak from the reaking of the roaft, that though it pleafe my ftomack, my eyes are offended with it.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter Gogle and his Boy carrying his Shoes and Cloke.</i></p> <p><i>Gog.</i> Boy follow me, for J have a zeale to be rich ;</p> <p>30 My devotion leads me in the righteous path</p>	<p>To <i>Plutus</i> god of wealth. Prophane poverty Is a Carthufian, and a grand delinquent, One o'th' malignant party up in arms Againft the well-affected.</p> <p><i>Car.</i> Say Brother, who are you, whose righteous Shoes conduct you hither ?</p> <p><i>Gog.</i> <i>Ananias Gogle</i>, verily.</p> <p>A devout Brother , that hath oft been plundered</p> <p>By wicked perfecution: but laft night My dreaming fpirit foretold J fhould be rich And happy made by Revelation.</p> <p><i>Ca.</i> <i>Gogle</i>, or <i>Cogle</i>, a <i>Geneva</i> brother Of fanctified fnuffling, a pure Elder Oth' precife cut, or elfe paft Ordinances.</p> <p>45 <i>Gog.</i> No, but a zealous Saint of <i>Amfterdam</i>,</p> <p>Whofe Nofe is forward to promote the caufe; Croffes are Romifh Jdols, yet misfortune Has put so many difmal Croffes on me,</p> <p>50 Till every croffe was fpent, and fent away On fuperftitious Pilgrimages : fie upon't, That zeal and ignorance fhould be convertible.</p> <p><i>Car.</i> VVhat would you have, dear brother? for J think</p> <p>J have heard you Exercife at <i>Bell-alley</i>.</p> <p><i>Gog.</i> 'Tis true, but yet</p> <p>J come to <i>Plutus</i> Conventicle now.</p> <p>'Tis he can cure my troubles, he brings joy</p> <p>60 To the fraternity of <i>Amfterdam</i>,</p> <p>To the <i>Geneva</i> brotherhood, and the Saints VVhofe pure devotions feed on <i>Bunbury</i> Cakes :</p> <p>He can reftore my wealth, give me abundance</p> <p>65 Of holy Gold and Silver purified,</p> <p>Increase my talents fpent upon the Sifters , That J may thrive again as did my father That reverent Saint <i>Gogle, Patience Hypomo'e</i> A holy Taylor and a venerable Parfon.</p> <p>70 <i>Ca.</i> Say Brother, may a Taylor be a Parfon?</p> <p><i>Gog.</i> 'Tis very fit : For firft, his facred Parchment</p> <p>Can take the meafure of Religion ;</p> <p>75 And from the Cloth of a good Confcience Make up a Suit for honeft Converfation : Sewed with the thred of Goodneffe, ftitcht i'th' Seams</p> <p>With twifted Silk of Piety and Innocence ;</p> <p>80 Lined</p>
-----	--	--

Lined with good Thoughts and charitable
 Actions :
 The sacred fhreds and fnips of holy Carfey
 May chance to mend the Garments of the
 85 Righteous,
 If Satan come to rend their guiltleffe robes.
Car. But were you not in miferable con-
 dition,
 90 Before that *Plutus* came to fpeak amongft
 you ?
 He fpeaks with golden eloquence, believe't :
 For now your zealous bags are full again
 With holy filver , and good Brotherly gold ;
 You cannot fall to defperation,
 95 Having fo many Angels to defend you.
Gog. Yea certes : therefore now *I* find
 god *Plutus*
 Has made me Collector of his contributions.
 I must needs thrive, therefore *I* take occafion
 100 To give the god the greateft gratulation.
Car. But tell me, zealous brother , why
 doth that boy
 Carry that Saint-like Cloak, and upright
 Shoes?
 105 *Gog.* Cloaks are for Saints; they preach
 in Cloaks all now:
 Gowns are all Popes: no Sermons without
 Cloaks.
 This holy Cloak and I these thirteen years
 110 Have freez'd together, and thefe upright
 Shoes ;
 Not upright once, till their ungodly foles
 That always went awry, were rightly mended
 By a religious confcionable Cobler,
 115 With Leather liquor'd in moft zealous tears.
 Thefe fhooes, I fay, ten winters and three
 more
 Have traced the Conventicles of the Bre-
 thren.
 120 Thefe fhooes, this Cloak J come to dedicate
 To *Plutus*, in requital of his kindneffe.
Car. What, your fhooes come for Confe-
 cration?
 125 *Gog.* Now fie upon your Popifh Confe-
 cration !
 This Cloak is not a rag of Babylon.
I offer thefe as Presents : this fame is
 A well-affected Cloak ; and zealous fhooes,
 Never prophaned with irreligious toes.

Such precious gifts they are, fuch devout 130
 prefents,
 He cannot but accept them verily.
Enter Never-good.
Nev. O hone a cree ô hone !
 My empty purse and belly weep for forrow,
 And every ftring and gut poures lamenta- 135
 tions.
 I was a Sequeftrator once, and ufed
 To find occafions of Delinquencie
 Committed againft the State, like a Pro-
 mooter. 140
 But now my guts have fequeftred my belly,
 And let it out to others. Wretched ftate
 Of them that die in famine ! But in me
 Jerusalems dearth is here epitomiz'd.
Car. Garret Oftle-bridge was down, 145
 welladay, welladay.
Nev. As I was wont to inform againft
 Malignants,
 So now my guts give informations
 Againft my teeth and ftomach. Wretched 150
Nere-be-good !
 J now muft pine and ftarve at Pennyleffe-
 Bench,
 Who ftarved Orphans and delinquent Pri-
 foners, 155
 Like a Committees Marfhall. Now I fee
 VVhat 'tis to want a little honeftie.
 Oh that the Philofophers truly had defined
 The Moon Green-Cheefe ! J would defire
 the man 160
 That dwells in fuch a bleffed habitation,
 To roft me one poor piece before I die ,
 That for my Epitaph men might write this
 Note,
 Our Sequeftrator had a VVelsh-mans throte. 165
Gog. Now verily I find by revelation,
 This is a Varlet of no honeft fafhion;
 VVho 'caufe he had no honeft occupation,
 Is faln into moft wretched tribulation.
Nev. O hunger, hunger! Now good sky 170
 fall quickly,
 Or J fhall die ere it rain Larks. VVho could
 Endure to have his goods confifcate thus
 By the blind puppy *Plutus* ! VVell , young
Cerberus, 175

	Ile hire the Furies to pull out thy eyes, And once more put thee to the trade of ftum- bling.	Brother-hood? Go to him man, and beat him.	
	Ca. This is a Rafcal deferves to ride up 180 <i>Holborn</i> ,	Gog. 'Tis a strong Reprobate. He would fequefter me	
	And take a pilgrimage to the triple-tree, To dance in Hemp <i>Derricks Caranto</i> : Lets choke him with Welch Parfley.	VWere J not for the Caufe. J will not touch him , He will defile my pureft hands; he is A lump of vile corruption. Breathe th' other way;	230
185	Nev. Good friend be mercifull,choke me with Puddings and a Rope of Saufages, And I wil thank you here and after death ; For I fhall die I fear for want of choaking. VWhere is the god that promifed golden mountains	Thy very breath's infectious, and it fmels As if thou hadft caught the Pox of the Whore of <i>Babylon</i> .	235
190	T'enrich us all: is this the gold he gives me? He has not left me coyn enough to purchafe A maffe of Pottage, like my brother <i>Efau</i> . <i>Empfon</i> and <i>Dudley</i> , happy were you two Being the prime Sequeftrators of your age,	Nev. So fir, you dare not fight. Gog. J will not fight. It is thy policy to have me fight,	240
195	That you were hang'd before this day of fa- mine. I pine and ftarve, live to outlive my felf, Turn Ghoft before J die. Blinde fornicator <i>Plutus</i> hath fequeftred the Sequeftrator.	That J might kill thee, and pollute my hands VWith fwinifh blood. No, no, J will not fight To make my felf unfanctified. J will difpute with thee, Nofe againft nofe, And valiantly J dare to fnuuffle with thee,	245
200	Gog. J tell thee out of zeal to th' Caufe thou lyeft. Nev. So my good zealous Brother of ig- norance, And what faves your <i>Amfterdam</i> Nofe ? you think	Jn the defence of filver-purified. Nev. Would <i>Plutus</i> had no better Cham- pion to defend him! Then fuch as onely fnuuffle in the Caufe. J would perfume by my own proper valour To make a breach into the ftrongest Cup- board,	250
205	That every man turns Factor for the Divel, A Reprobate, that comes not every night To hear your fine reformed Basket-maker Preach in his VVicker Pulpit : you fhall not think	Were it as ftrong as <i>Bafing-houfe</i> or <i>Bristol</i> . Gog. Avant thou Synagog of iniquity, J fee thou art oth' Popifh tribe : Necessity Does make thy Guts take Purgatory pen- nance, Brings thee to fhrift and fhift , makes thy teeth obferve	255
210	To have my money thus, you fhall not think it. Prate any longer here, mutter again, And J will make thy pretty Brotherly foule	Unconfcionable Fridayes, prophane fafting- dayes, VWith Lent and Antichriftian Emberweeks. Nev. Tis much againft my confcience,my devotion	260
215	Come fnuuffling through thy fanctified no- ftrils. Ca. <i>Nevergood</i> , J know was alwayes fierce Nev. Yes indeed fir, for now my Panch is empty ;	Lies toward the Kitchen.If J change my faith, J will turn fat Prefbyter or Anabaptift. J never loved this herefie of fafting, <i>Plutus</i> has put me out of Commons. Yet my Nofe	265
220	J'de have you know, J have an excellent fto- mach. Ca. J will do what J can to make this flefh To have a Combat with this furious fpirit. <i>Ananias Gogle</i> , do you fee this Heretick	Smels the delicious odour of Roaft-beef. Ca. VVhat doeft thou fmel ? Nev. J fay, J fmell fome Cavaliers Roaft- beef.	270
225	How he triumphs againft the Lay-preaching	Ca. Out on thee Varlet,J warrant thoud'ft fain fequefter it.	275

If

	Jf the despaire of dining vex thee thus, J can acquaint thee with a liberall Duke That keeps an open houfe.	That fail'd by land through <i>Spain</i> to the <i>An- tipodes</i>	
280	<i>Nev.</i> J charge thee by the love thou bearest thy stomack, By all the happineffe of eating puddings, And every Pie thou meanest to eat at Chrif- tmasse, To tell me who—	To fetch <i>Westphalia</i> Bacon. J can discourse Of shorter wayes to th' <i>Indies</i> , spend my judg- ment	330
285	<i>Gog.</i> Now out upon thee for a roguish He- retick! Tis not a Chriftnas, tis a Nativity Pie. That superstitious name, J know, is banisht Out of all England, Holley and Ivie too.	Then of Prince <i>Rupert's</i> ships, and how the Pope	335
290	<i>Ca.</i> VVhy? go to Pauls, Duke <i>Humphrey</i> wants a gueft ; If his Rooms now be clean from Souldiers Horfe-dung, There you may stay and walk your bellyful : Bid your self welcome, never pay your Ordi- nary,	May make St. <i>Dunstan</i> draw the Devil to th' Peak, To make him kiffe his own Breech. This can J talk with Merchants, in the close Invite my self to Dinner at their houfes, And borrow money ne're to be repaid Till the return of my silver Fleet from <i>Perfia</i> .	340
295	Nor say no Grace, but thank your self for hunger. <i>Nev.</i> O misery of men , that J the health And lover of my Country should thus pine And die for want of Porredge ! See you Chimney, VVhat sweet perfumes, what comfortable smoke It breaths; that very smoke doth smell of Mutton.	<i>Gog.</i> Now fie upon thee, hast thou no vo- cation, No honest calling? then art thou not a Law- yer? <i>Nev.</i> No faith, J am not; yet know a trick To bring my neighbours into needlesse suits, And undertake their actions: make 'um pay For such a motion at the Dogs-head tavern A mark or two ; disturbe a peece or two For <i>Affidavits</i> at the Mitre : sell 'um For twenty shillings an <i>Injunction</i> , VVrits of <i>Rebellion</i> , <i>Chancery Decrees</i> , <i>A Nisi prius</i> , or a <i>Latitat</i> .	345
300	VVell, J shall die, and all the Worms will curse me For bringing so lean a carcasse to the grave. <i>Gog.</i> Answer to me.	<i>Car.</i> Poor souls, they have very hard words for their money. <i>Nev.</i> When this is done, I fit and laugh at them:	350
305	<i>Nev.</i> VVhat, to those narrow Breeches? <i>Gog.</i> Do not prophane my Breeches. For these Breeches I tell thee were in fashion in the Primitive Church.	Then they may buy a VVrit of <i>Execution</i> And go and hang themselves. For J feed on them All the Term long, live with them in Vaca- tion, Cheating them by Bills of Return.	360
310	Answer to me. <i>Nev.</i> VVhat will you Catechise me ? <i>Gog.</i> Art thou a Farmer? <i>Nev.</i> No, heaven forbid, J am not mad , To live by Dung and Horfe-turds.	<i>Gog.</i> Vile Rascal, hast thou no other shift? <i>Nev.</i> Faith yes, sometimes I feed on One and twenties , cheat young Heirs, Bringing them acquainted with some cozen- ing Scrivener, To ease them of the burthen of too much earth. Sometimes I woe old widowes, go a fuitting Unto the thirds of an Aldermans estate ;	365
315	<i>Gog.</i> Art thou a Merchant ? <i>Nev.</i> 'Faith J can walk the Exchange, Put on an Indian face, spit China fashion, Discourse of new-found VVorlds, call <i>Drake</i> a Gander,		370
320	Ask if they heare news of my Fleet of Ships		375
325		Some-	

Sometimes prick up my self & grow familiar
 With the proud wealthy Citizens wanton
 wives,
 And by the fortitude of my back maintain
 380 Both back and belly.
Gog. O fink of fin, and boggards of corruption!
 Haft thou no honest calling?
Nev. Yes J have: J know a trick to snuffle
 385 at *Bell-Ally*,
 Raile at the Steeple-houses, and the Popish
 Bishops,
 And the Tithe-scraping Priests, Sir-John-
 Presbyters.
 390 *Gog.* Out on thee Villain, foe to the holy
 Coffers.
 J do remember thee in the Archbishop time,
 Thou madest me stand ith Popish pillory
 With *Prin* and *Burton*, only for speaking
 395 A little sanctified treason.
Car. But we will be reveng'd ; we'll have
 him drag'd
 Through all the town by Alewives, and then
 hang'd up
 400 Upon a Sign-post, for conspiring with
 Sir Giles Mompeffons, in the persecution
 Of innocent Tapsters.
Gog. Come, seeing he has no zeale nor
 ardent love,
 405 Let's strip him naked, till he freeze & grow
 As cold as Charity.
Nev. What will you plunder me? where's
 your warrant Ho?
 Do, sanctified thieves, plunder : yet J shall
 410 live
 To see my little Anabaptist come
 To his twelve Godfathers , thence to the
 Ladder ;
 Where having nosed a tedious Psalm or two
 415 The holy hemp must gird your sanctified
 wind-pipe,
 While you in honour of the righteous cause
 With a wry-mouth salute the foules at *Paddington*,
 420 And turn a *Tyburn-Saint*.
Gog. Pull off his profane and irreligious
 Doubler,
 Anathematize his Breeches, excommunicate
 His impious Shirt: there's not a rag about
 425 him,

But is heretical, full of Babylon lice,
 Like the foul smock of *Austria*.
Nev. So, do it if you dare : that J may
 live
 To see your fine precise *Geneva-Breeches* 430
 Hang in the Hang-mans wardrobe. Ho bear
 witnesse.
Car. Nay faith your witnesse is not here :
 a Mandrake
 Has frighted him : the hue and cry was up 435
 'Twas time to trust the safety of his neck
 Unto the swiftnesse of his heels. Come, come,
 Unsafe. So now *Ananias Gogle*
 Lend me your cloak to cloak this Sycophant.
Gog. My cloak ! his Romish carcase shall 440
 not be arraid
 In these pure innocent robes: shall any ba-
 ftards
 Of the vile generation of Pope *Ioan*
 Defile my cloak, that has these thirteen years 445
 Vviped my beloved nose, whose very snout
 Is reverent by the brethren ? No, he may
 bring
 These garments to the Masse, prophane um
 there, 450
 And make my cloak a reprobate, and commit
 Adultery with the seven hills : besides,
 He is an *Idol*; and I verily think
 It were idolatry to let this cloak
 455 Embrace a Pagan. No, good cloak, nere turn
 Apostate from the faith of *Amsterdam*.
 Good cloak, be not a-kin to *Iulians* jerkin :
 Though thou be thred-bare, thou shalt nere
 be turn'd;
 No, no, 'tis fitter *Plutus* have thee. 460
Car. No, *Plutus* shall have this, 'tis fresh
 and new:
 Your cloak is thred-bare; your too fervent
 zeale
 465 Has almost made it tinder.
Gog. What, *Plutus* have his cloak! Oh
 'tis the skin
 Of a pernicious snake. O Popery !
 A profane Cope, or the Levitical smock,
 I mean a Surplisse, is not more unlawful. 470
Car. As it is now : But wipe your nose
 on't thrice,
 'Tis sanctified ; you know the brotherly snout
 Has enthusiastic operations in't.
Gog.

475 Gog. I am perfwaded. Let him have it
then.

But what fhall be decreed of my upright
fhooes?

480 *Car.* Wee'll hang them on his head. How
his Brow-antlers

Become their furniture ! By S. Hughs bones,
He looks like the very ghoft of a fhoomakers
fhop.

485 *Gog.* O fwear not by St. Hugh, that cano-
niz'd Coblér.

Come holy brother, let us drag him hence.

Nev. Do, Scundrels, do : but if I once
come a fequeftring,

490 Ile go to Dr. *Fauftus*, true fon and heir
To Belzebub, whom the great Devil begot

Upon a Succubus, on Midfummer Eve,
As Hell was fowing Fernfeed. This D. *Fauftus*

The *Mepiaftophoius* of his age, the wonder
And the fole *Afmodaëus* of his times,

495 Shall by his Necromantick skill (Fortune
my foe)

In the Black-art lend me his *Termagant*,

Old Almegroth, or *Cantimelopus*,

Or some Familiar elfe an houre or two.

500 Thence Ile to *Phlegeton*, and with him drink
A cup of Hells Filapdragon, and returning

Spue fire and bri//ftone into *Plutus* face,

To roaft the rotten apples of his eyes

With Stygian flames that I revomitize.

505 *Exit Nev.*

Gog. We fear not Dr. *Fauftus*: his Land-
lord *Lucifer*

Sayes that his Leafe with him is out of date ;
Nor will he let him longer tenant be

510 To the twelve Houfes of Aftrologie.

Car. Let Dr. *Fauftus* do his worft. Let me
fee if this *Termagant* can help you to your
Clothes again.

Enter Anus.

515 *Car.* But ftay, what worm-eaten Hag is
this ? Holy brother, let's away to Bo-peep,
we fhall be feen elfe. Do you not perceive

that old Beldame of Lapland, that looks as
if fhe had fail'd thither in an egg-fhell, with

520 a wind in the corner of her handkercher ? I
am not fo much afraid of Dr. *Fauftus*, as of
that witch of *Endor*.

Exeunt Gogle, Carion.

Act. 4. Scæn. 3.

Anus fola.

An. Hey ho ! methinks *I* am fick with
lying alone laft night. Well, I will fcratch
out the eyes of this fame rafcally *Plutus* god
of wealth, that has undone me. Alas poor
woman ! fince the fhop of *Plutus* his eyes 5

has been open, what abundance of mifery
has befallen thee! Now the young Gallant

will no longer kiffe thee nor imbrace thee :
but thou poor widow muft lie comfortleffe in

10 a folitary pair of fheets, having nothing to
cover thee but the lecherous Rug and the

bawdy Blankets. O that J were young again!
how it comforts me to remember the death

of my maidenhead ! Alas poor woman, they
contemn old age, as if our lechery was out of 15

date. They fay we are cold: methinks that
thought fhould make um take compaffion of

us, and lie with us, if not for love, for charity.
They fay we are dry: fo much the more ca-

20 pable of Cupids fire; while young wenches,
like green wood, fmoke before they flame.

They fay we are old: why then experience
makes us more expert. They tell us our lips

are wrinkled: why that in kiffing makes the
fweeter titillation. They fwearing we have no 25

teeth: why then they need not fear biting.
VVell, if our lease of Lechery be out, yet me-

thinks we might purchafe a Night-labourer
for his dayes-wages. I will be reveng'd of

30 this fame *Plutus*, that wrongs the orphans,
and is fo uncharitable to the widows. Ho, ho,

who's within here!

Enter Scrape-all.

Scrap. VVho's there?

An. A maid againft her will this fourfcore
years. Goddy-godden, good father : pray 35
which is the houfe where *Plutus* lives ?

Scrap. Marry follow your nofe, you may
fmell out the door, my little damfel of fifteen,

F<1r>

but

40 but fifteen times over. In my pinion, this young Laffe would make a pretty Maid-mairian in a Comedy to be prefented before *Plutus*.

45 *An.* Now god fave all. By your leave fweet Grandfire! J will call forth fome of the houfe.

Scrap. VVhat need that? cannot J ferve the turn?

50 *An.* No marry can you not. Nay, as old as J am, J will not beftow my widows maiden-head at fecond hand on fuch a frofty *Nefstor*. J will have *March* or *April* ; J fcorn to com- mit fornication with *December*.

55 *Scrap.* Nay good *Autunme*, do not mif-conceive me: J afkt if J could not bear in your errand or no. But J fee master *Chremylus* coming.

Enter Chremylus.

60 *An.* Alas good fir! J have endured the moft unjuft and unfufferable injuries, fince *Plutus* has regained his eye-fight, as ever poor woman did fince the dayes of Queen *Edmund*. Alas fir , life is not life without natural recreation.

65 *Chr.* How's this? some Promooter of the feminine gender!

An. No by my chaftity, but an honeft matron of *Turn-bull*, that have paid fcot and lot there thefe fourfcore yeers, yet never was fo abufed as now.

70 *Chr.* What abufe?

An. Unfufferable abufe, intolerable in- juries.

Chr. Speak, what injuries ?

An. An injury unfepeakable.

75 *Chr.* VVhat is it?

80 *An.* Alas fir, tis lying alone. O the mi- fery of lying alone! would J had been below ground ere J had feen this minute of adver- fity. Ah *Turnbul-Grove*, fhall J never more be beholding to thy charitable fhades! Ah 'twas a good world when the Nuneries ftood: Oh their charitable thoughts that took fo much compaffion on poor women, to found fuch zealous bawdy-houfes! Had not *Crom- wel* been an Eunuch , he had never perfwa-

ded the deftruction of fuch places fet up for fuch ufes. 'Twas a good world too in the dayes of Queen *Mary*: a poor woman might have defired a kindneffe from a lufty Friar in auricular confeffion. But *Plutus* eyes are like *Bafilisks*, they ftrike us dead with ad- verfity. 90

Chr. VVhat ails this Skin-ful of Lechery? alas poor Granam, doft thou grieve becaufe thou wanteft money to go drink with thy goffips! 95

An: Ah do not mock me fir: 'tis love, parlous love that has fo enflamed my heart with Bavins of defire, that J am afraid he will make me the very bone-fire of affection. 100

Chr. VVhat meant the knavifh Cupid to fet this old Chark-coal on fire ?

An. Ile tell you fir: there was a young Gallant about the town, one *Neanias*.

Chr. J know him. 105

An. He being a younger brother, had no lands in taile-tenure, but City-widows. He was but poor ; but as fine a well-favour'd Gentleman, it did me good at heart to look on him. J miniftred thofe things he wanted; and he recompenced my kindneffe in mutual love: as I fupplied his wants, fo he fuccored my neceffities with all poffible activity : I would not have changed him for *Stamford*, though he jump'd the beft in *London*. 115

Chr. And what did this pretty Pimp ufu- ally beg of you?

An. Not much: for he revered me wonderfully, partly for love, but more for venerable antiquity. Sometime he would beg a Cloak. 120

Chr. To cover his knavery.

An. Sometimes a pair of Boots.

Chr. To exercife his horfmanship.

An. Sometimes a Peck or two of Corn. 125

Chr. For which he paid a bufhel of affe- ction.

An. Now and then a Kirtle for his fifter, a Petticoat and French-hood for his mother. Not much: all the good turns I did him in the day, the confcionable Youth requited ere midnight. 130

Ch. This was nothing indeed : it feems he did reverence you, (as you fay) partly for love,

- 135 love, but more for your venerable antiquity. *An.* How oft has he prais'd my fingers? 185
An. Nay, he would tell me too, that he did not ask these things for his mid-night wages, but only in love. He would not endure to wear any thing, but what I paid for, out of a meer desire to remember me. *Chr.* Twas when he lookt for something at your hands.
- 140 *An.* Many a time has he sworn that my skin smelt sweeter than a Muk-cat. *Chr.* He meant a Pole-cat: did you not believe him? Twas when his Nose first smelt of *Hippocrasse*, or else the perfume of your white-leather was so strong, he could not endure it. 190
- 145 *An.* O how it comforts me to remember how he would call my eyes pretty sparkling ones. 195
Chr. Twas cause they pinckt like the snuff of a Candle. Faith the Gentleman had his wits about him: he knew how to get the old wives provision, the Viaticum she had prepared to carry her to Gravefend. 200
- 150 *An.* I but now, the unconstant Wag has not the same measure of respect; I sent him a Custard yesterday, and he would not accept of it, because it quaked like my worm-eaten —. I sent him other sweetmeats too, but he return'd me answer, that certainly J had breath'd on them, for they smelt of my Gums. Moreover, he bid me despair of a night-labourer, and never more expect him at mid-night again. For *Plutus* has made him rich without me; adding withall, That once J was young: *Ostend* was once a pretty town. The *Milesians* in the dayes of yore were valiant: and in the dayes of King *Henry* the English were sturdy fellows at the battell of *Agincourt*. 205
- 155 *Chr.* Therefore, my friend, *Plutus* is to blame to promise relief, when he does us such intolerable damages. How do you think J can endure to lie alone, when so many spirits are walking? How shall J keep off the Nightmare, or defend my self against the temptations of an *Incubus*. 205
- 160 *Chr.* Alas good Relique of antiquity! pay thy Fine and take a new Lease of Luft. Faith J pity thee; what would'st thou have him do if he were here? 210
An. Marry, that since J have deserved so well of him, that he doe me one kindeneffe for another. Good old Gentlemen, either let him restore me my goods, or stand to his bargain. The Conditions not performed, the Obligation is of none effect: my Lawyer resolves me, J may recover of him. 215
- 165 *Chr.* Faith, J commend the stripling for his wit. 'Tis none of the worst conditions. Now he is rich, he will have the best and plumpest Cockatrice of the City; when he was poore he was content with Porridge. There be many of that profession, that maintain themselves by hugging the skin and bones of an Aldermans widow. 220
- 170 *An.* I, but earst, he would have come everyday to my door. *Chr.* Noverint universi per praesentes, your Lawyer is a Coxcomb. Did he not doe his duty every night? J warrant you, he had as lieve have tugged at an Oare as a —. In my minde, he has performed his part of the Obligation. 225
- 175 *Chr.* Like enough, It could not choofe but please him to hear what excellent Musick your Jews-trump could make, now all your teeth are out. *An.* But he promised never to forsake me as long as J lived. 230
Chr. No more he has not; why? thou art now dead: Thy flesh is mortified, only thy impotent luft has outlived thee a twelve moneth or two. Thou art but a meer Car-kaffe, nothing but Worms-meat. 230
- 180 *An.* If he had but seen me sad and melancholly, he would have kissed me with such a feeling of my sorrow, and have call'd me his Chuck and *Helena*. *Chr.* 'Twas onely to have one of *Leda's* Eggs to his Supper. *An.* Indeed grief has almost me'ted me into 235

- 235 into duft and afhes. Half-putrified J walk up
and down like the picture of Deaths-head in
a charnel-houfe. But fee yonder's my Game
fter, my Cock oth' game : he's marching to
fome banquet or other: 'tis *Shrove-Tuesday*
240 with him, but *Lent* with me. O grief, to be
bound from flefh!
Chr. It feems he is going to a feaft, by his
torch and garland.
- Enter Neanias.*
- 245 *Nea.* Ile kiffe the old Hag no more,
She has no moifture in her :
If ever I lie with a Laffe ere I die,
It fhall be a youthful finner.
- Give me a Laffe that is young,
250 I ask no greater bleffing:
Ile nere lie agen with Fourfcore and ten,
A carkaffe not worth the preffing.
- I will not imbrace her again,
To fet the Town on a fcoffing:
255 Ile never make more Death-widdow a
Whore,
And cuckold the innocent Coffin.
- Who's this? Good morrow *Venus*, O good
morrow
260 Old Duck, old *Helen*! Tell me, fweet *Helen*,
How haft thou done this three thoufand year
young Pullet!
How haft thon done ere fince the warres of
Troy ?
- 265 Has the Cuckold Menelaus caft his horns ?
But what old goat is this ? Tis *Agamemnon*.
You *Agamemnon*, is your *Clytemaestra*
As old as *Helen* ? Tell me, old *Helen*, tell
me,
- 270 When do the lecherous wormes and thee
begin
To act adultery in the winding-fheets ?
An. What fayes my Duck ; wouldft have
me go to bed?
- 275 *Nea.* What, my old Sweetheart! How
comeft thou gray fo foon?
- Thou canft not be fo gray; J will not fuffer't,
J will not be deceived, J will pull off
Thy cozening Perriwig.
An. So fir: J was not gray when J gave 280
you my Smock off my back to make you
Night-caps. You fwore J could not be above
fifteen, when I tranflated my Stammel-
Petticoat into the mafculine gender , to make
your Worfhip a paire of Scarlet- 285
breeches.
Nea. I fhall never abide an Almanack
while I live:
The *Iulian* Account's an arrant Coxcombe ;
But the Biffextile is an arrant Villain. 290
J will curfe every Biffextile in the County of
Europe.
Thou couldft not poffibly be gray fo foon,
Except a hundred Leap-years had confpired
To jump together, to make thee old oth' 295
fudden.
Chr. He talks as if he had not feen you
fince the Conquest:
How many Jubilees pafst fince he was laft
with you? 300
An. Now fie upon him! How long do you
say? 'Tis no longer then yefterday, by the
faith of a woman , fince he had the fruition
of me, and fwore J was as young as *He-*
cuba. 305
Chr. Then it is not with him as it is
with others: for being drunk, he hath the ufe of
his eyes more perfect then when he was
fober.
An. No, the peevish fellow, now he is 310
drunk, he fees double, and thinks me twice
as old as J am.
Nea. O *Neptune*, and the other gray-
bearded gods ,
Can you with all the Arithmetique of heaven 315
Number the wrinkles of this Beldames fore-
head ?
Thefe many ruts and furrows in thy cheek
Proves thy old face to be but Champion- 320
ground,
Till'd with the plough of age , well muckt
with fluttery :
Tis time for thy luft to lie fallow now.
Can any man endure to fpend his youth
In kiffing winters frozen lips? can veines 325
that

That fwell with active blood, endure th' embraces
 Of fuch cold ice ? Go and prepare thy coffin,
 Think on thy winding-fheet. When I was
 330 poor ,
 Cold limbs and empty guts perfwaded me
 To lie with skin and bones. Necefsity,
 As cruel as *Mezentius* tyranny,
 Made me commit adultery with a carkaffe,
 335 A putrified Corps , a Bawd oth' Charnel-
 houfe.
 But now good duft and afhes, pardon me,
 Thefe arms fhall never more imbrace thy
 corps.
 340 Thou ftewes of clay, thou mud-wall of mor-
 tality,
 Go rot and moulder; and if thy impotent
 luft
 Must needs be fatified, know Hell is a hot-
 345 houfe,
 Perchance fome hot-rein'd devil may under-
 take thee ;
 Ile lend a halfpenny to pay *Charons* boat-hire.
 No, I will now choofe me a good plump Lafs,
 350 As moift as *April*, and as hot as *May*,
 VVhose Damask-check fhall make the Rofes
 blufh,
 VVhose lips at every kiffe fhall ftrike a heat
 Into my veins, breathing through all my foul
 355 An aire as warm and fwet as the perfumes
 That fmoaking rife from the dead *Phœnix*
 neft.
 Now come my boon Companions,
 And let us jovial be :
 360 Thouh th *Indies* be the King of *Spains*,
 VVe are as rich as he.

 As rich as any King of *Spain*,
 In mirth, if not in wealth :
 365 Boy fill me then a bowl of Sack,
 Ile drink my Miftrefse health.

 My Miftrefse is but fifteen,
 Her Lips is all my bliffe :
 Go tell her I will come at night,
 370 And then prepare to kiffe.

 You my fhe-*Neftor* may go fnort the while,
 Or kiffe your Monky. I will take my torch,

Set her on fire, and let her fmoke to *Ache-
 ron*.
An. O fire, fire ! fhall I die no better a 375
 death then the top of *Pauls-fteeple*?
Chr. Nay take heed how you set your
 torch too neer her ; One fpark will fet her
 a flaming, for fhe is made up of Salt-petre,
 very gun-powder well dried & ready pruned, 380
 meer touch-wood , and as dry as any tavern-
 bush.
Nea. 'Tis true , fhe'll quickly take ; the
 fire of luft
 Has turnt her into tinder, fome of hells brim- 385
 ftone,
 But to make matches, and fhe e'll fit the
 Devil
 For a whole tinder-box. Come my dainty
 Girl, 390
 Let us be friends; why fhould we two fall
 out ?
 Sweet be not angry, I do love thee better
 Then water-gruel : Come, let's play to-
 395 gether.
An. Now blefsing on thy heart ! VVhat
 play fhall we play, that which we plaid at
 t'other night ?
Nea. Here, take these Nuts.
An. Alas my hony, I am paft cracking. 400
Nea. They are to play with.
An. VVhat play ?
Nea. Even or odde, gueffe you.
An. VVhat fhall I gueffe?
Nea. How many teeth there be in thy 405
 head.
Chr. Ile gueffe for her ; perchance three
 or foure.
Nea. Then you have left, pay your nuts:
 fhe has but one, 410
 An o're-worne grinder ; 'tis a gentle beaft,
 She has forgot to bite : Good innocent
 gums,
 They cannot hurt ; — No danger in her
 mouth, 415
 Till she eat Brawn. — Her charitable
 tongue,
 Like the old Rebels of *Northampton-fhire*,
 Cannot endure hedges of teeth fhould ftand
 To make her mouth inclofure. 420
An. VVell

An. Well fir, you may abufe me : but by
 Cock and Pye , (god forgive me that I
 fhould fwear) were I as young as I have been,
 thefe nailes that by a good token have not
 425 been pared fince eighty eight, fhould have
 fcratcht your face till it had been a dominical
 one, and as full of red letters as any *Ponds*
Almanack in Chriftendome, 'twere fuitable
 to your prognoficating Nofe. J think you
 430 are mad; would any but an *Orlando* or *Ie-*
ronymo have ufed a poor woman fo? Do you
 think I will endure to be your bucking-tub
 to be wafht with the dregs of your wit ?
Nea. He did you a courtefie, that would
 435 wafh you foundly.
Chr. O by no means: why fhe is painted
 Sir.
 If you fhould wafh her, then my Ladies fucus
 Would drop away; her *Cerus* and *Pomatum*
 440 Being rub'd off , would to the world betray
 The rugged wrinkles of her flabber'd face.
 Take but the white-lome from this old mud-
 wall,
 And fhe will look worfe then *Gamaliel*
 445 *Ratfey*.
An. Are you a Bedlam too, old frofty
 Squire?
 Are you fourfcore, and yet your wit an infant
 Not come to age ? Come, I will be your
 450 Guardian. *She beats him.*
Chr. Good Mr. *Neanias* , fweet young
 mafter,
 If you do not fave me from this *Medufa*,
 Her *Gorgons* head will turn me to a Stone-
 455 bottle,
 And then throw me at my felf, to make me
 beat out my own brains.
Nea. Nay take her to your felf , old im-
 pudent Goat,
 460 To ravish a Maid before her Sweet-hearts
 face,
 O most inhumane ! Yet you may do't for me,
 J will resign my intereft : fo farewell.
 Much joy unto you both. O *Hymen, Hymen*,
 465 What a fine couple of fweet Loves are here,
 To keep their wedding in the grave, and get
 A fonne and heire for Doomfday—
An. No prethee do not think fo, J fwear
 470 by *Venus* J would have none but thee, though
Pegasus and *Bucephalus* came a wooing to
 me.

Nea. Yes you may have him : yet J can-
 not leave thee
 VWithout a teare to quench my flames of
 love. *He weeps.* 475
 VWell now farewell : live happy in his love,
Venus and *Cupid* bleffe your marriage-fheets,
 And let you fnort this hundred yeares to-
 gether.
 Jle grieve the while, and Sacks beft vertue 480
 try,
 To drown my cares : forrow (you know) is
 dry.
Chr. Nay by *Hecate* you fhall not put a
 trick on me thus. J have not out-lived my 485
 wits: J were mad if J would run my felf in-
 to another *Scylla* , having fuch a dangerous
Charybdis of my own at home. Good Mr.
Neanias, J did not think fhe had been your
 490 miftrefse: J will not for all the world do you
 fuch a wrong as to be your Corrival : love
 her alone for me.
Nea. Yes to be dor'd. Good wickedneffe,
 no more:
 Do not intreat me to endure the noofe; 495
 J fhall go marry her, be the fool her husband,
 But you will come and kiffe her ; fend your
 men,
 Your Serving-men to fox me in your cellar,
 VWhile you the while fhall cuckold me at 500
 home :
 O what a brave *Actaeon* fhould fhould J be !
 VWhat have you nere a journy-man, or Bailly
 To put her off to ? or, if all fail, no Chaplain ?
 I am no free-man, therefore the City-charter 505
 VWill not grant me the priviledge of fuch
 harnesse;
 Pray beare your Cap of maintenance your
 felf.
Chr. Come leave this jefting, ile endure't 510
 no longer;
 I will not let you hate this pretty Laffe.
 S life it may prove her death : Thefe wanton
 girles
 515 Are very fubject to eat chalk and coals.
 S'lid, too much grief for you, with thoughts
 of love,
 May chance to generate the green-fickneffe
 in her.
Nea. Nay, I do love her dearly, wondrous 520
 dearly,

Her

- Her eyes are *Cupids Grubstreet* : The blinde
archer
Makes his love-arrows there ; bright Glo-
worms eyes,
525 No rotten-wood out-shines their glorious lu-
ftre,
Faine would J kiffe her.
An. Faith and thou fhalt my little peri-
winckle.
530 *Nea.* No, heaven me bleffe !
J am not worthy of fuch happineffe.
Chr. Yet fhe accuses you.
Nea. How, accuses me? what hainous fault,
535 VVhat finne , what facrilege have J com-
mitted
Against the reliquies of her martyr'd beau-
ty ?
Chr. You mocked her, fhe faves, you told
540 her, The *Milefians* were valiant in the daies
of yore. Faith do not hit her in the teeth
with contumelious proverbs.
Nea. Hit her ith' teeth, why 'tis impoffible:
Hit her i'th' gums we may, but no man li-
545 ving
Can hit her in the teeth with any thing.
Jle not fight for her, take her to your felf :
Chr. Pray good fir.
Nea. J reverence your age ; tis your gray
550 haire
That are fuch potent fuitors, 'twere a finne
To deny any thing to a fnow-white head.
None elfe but only you fhould have obtained
her ;
555 Therefore rejoyce, be gone, and ftink to-
gether.
Chre. J know your meaning, you are wea-
ry of your ftale Whore , you deale with her
even as they doe with horfes, when they are
560 no longer fit for the Saddle, turn them over
to the Carmen.
An. J will not live with any but with thee.
Nea. But what an Affe am J thus long to
talk
565 With an old Bawd, that loft her maiden-
head
Above two thoufand years before *Deucalions*
flood,
VVho living as long a VVhore,turn Bawd in
570 the daies of King *Lud* ?
Chr. Nay, fince you have drunk of the
Wine, you muft be content with the Lees.
Nea. J but her Lees are bitter , fowre as
Verjuyce,
Meer Vinegar, Vinegar ; J will fell her 575
For two pence a quart, Vinegar, Vinegar, in
a VVheel-barrow.
J will go in & facrifice my garland to *Plutus*.
An. Jle go in too, J have fome bufineffe
with *Plutus*. 580
Nea. But now J think on't, J will not go in.
An. My bufineffe is not much, J care not
greatly,
If J ftay with thee.
Chr. Come young man, be of good cou- 585
rage, fhe cannot ravifh thee.
Nea. J believe that too.
An. Go in, Jle follow thee ith' heels, J war-
rant thee.
Chr. She fticks to him as clofe as a Cockle. 590
Nea. Come Beldame follow me,
And in my foot-fteps tread.
Then fet up fhop in *Turnbull-ftreet*
And turn a Bawd ere thou art dead. 595
And when thou art dead;
This fhall of thee be faid,
Thou lived'ft a Whore, and died'ft a
Bawd,
Jn hell the Devil's Chamber-maid. 600
-
- Act. 5. Scæn. 1.
- Mercurius knocking.*
- Car.* Who's this that knocks, the doore fo
hard ! what, no body ? Can they walk invi-
fible? Ile lay my life this is a peece of St.
Dunftans ghofth that puls me by the Nofe fo ?
5 Good ghofth miftake me not, J am not the
Devil, J am honeft Carion every inch on me.
Well, I fee the doores can cry for nothing,
I fee no body, Ile go in again.
Mer. So ho, ho, ho, *Carion, Carion, Carion*
ftay, I fay ftay. 10
Car. Stay let my Nofe alone, 'twill abide
no jeafting ; Sir, was it you, that was fo fawcy
with

with my mafters doors to knock them fo pe-
 remptorily ? they fhall bring an action of
 15 battery againft you.
Mer. If you had not come quickly, *I* would
 have broke them open. Go run, call forth
 your mafter and miftrefse, the men and the
 maids, your felf, the Dog and the Bitch,
 20 the Cat and the Kitlins, the Sow and the
 Pigs.
Car. My mafter and miftreff, the baftards
 their children, the men and the maids , my
 felf, the Dog and the Bitch, the Cat and
 25 Kitlins I will call forth : but the Sow and
 Pigs would defire you to have them excufed,
 they are not at leafure. VVhy what's the
 matter ?
Mer. VVhy *Iupiter* will put you all into a
 30 fack together, and toffe you into *Barathrum*,
 terrible *Barathrum*.
Car. *Barathrum*, what's *Barathrum* ?
Mer. VVhy *Barathrum* is *Pluto's* bog-
 35 gards : you muft be all thrown into *Bara-*
thrum.
Car. I had rather the meffenger were you
 know what. Mercury, why what wrong have
 we done *Iupiter* ? I remember he has many
 a time fowr'd our drink with his thundring ,
 40 but we have done him no injury, but once *I*
 broke his fhins at football in *Tuttle*.
Mer. 'Tis worse then fo; y'are guilty of
 a finne
 That hell would fear to own. Since *Efculapius*
 45 That Urinal, reftored god *Plutus* eyes,
 Men have almoft forgot to facrifice :
 But they were wont to offer Hafty-puddings,
 Spice-cakes and many dainties ; nay *I* know
 Some that have fpent whole Hecatombs of
 50 Beef
 To give the gods their gawdies: now they'd
 be glad
 To eat the very breweffe of the pottage;
 A rump or flap of mutton were a fee
 55 For *Ioves* own breakfast ; for a rib of beef,
 Though it fmelt of every Gippo's fcabby
 fingers,
 May any Scullion be chief Cook of heaven.
 Men have *I* fay forgot to facrifice.
 60 *Car.* And fhall : Beggerly *Love* does not
 deferve it.

He never did us good : we are not beholding
 To any of your louzy gods. Old *Plutus*,
Plutus has purchafed our devotion,
 Gold is the Saint we reverence. 65
Mer. Nay faith I care not for the other
 gods,
 Let them go ftink and ftarve; let Cuckold
 Vulcan
 Go earn his meat by making fpits and drip- 70
 ping-pans,
 And with his Tinkers budget and his Trull
Venus, may mend one hole and make ten
 for it.
 Let *Phoebus* turn VVelsh-Harper , go a 75
 begging,
 And fing *St. Taffie* for a Barley-cruft.
 Let *Cupid* go to *Grubstreet*, and turn Archer:
Venus may set up at *Pict-hatch* or *Blooms-*
bury ; 80
Iuno turn Oyfter-quean, and fcolde at *Billinf-*
gate;
Bacchus may make a Drawer at a tavern,
 Call for Canary for the man ith' moon.
Minerva has been alwayes poore : Braine- 85
 baftards
 VVere never borne to many lands. Great
Love
 May pawn his thunder-bolts for oaten-cakes.
 For them I care not, but thefe guts of mine : 90
 Is it not pittie *Mercury* should pine ?
Car. Nay now I fee thou haft fome wit in
 thy Pericranium.
Mer. VVhilome the Ale-wives and the
 fat-bum'd Hofteffles 95
 VVould give me jugs of Ale without Excife,
 Fill'd to the brim, no nick nor froth upon
 them :
 Befides they'd make me Froizes and Flap-
 jacks too, 100
 Feed me with Puddings, give me broken-
 meat
 And many dainty morfels for to eat.
 O fhall I never more begreafe my chops
 VVith glorious bits of Bacon ! fhall *Mer-*
curius 105
 Stretch forth his legs for want of Buttermilk!
Car. Nay this injustice thou deferv'st to fee,
 For injuring thofe that have done good for
 thee. 110

Mer.

Mer. Alack and welladay,
Shall I never the Cuftard fee,
Which the fourth day of every moneth
Was confecrate unto me ?

115 *Car.* Alack and welladay,
In vain doubt thou pray as I feare:
The Cuftard is a deaf god,
And cannot fo quickly heare.

120 *Mer.* If Cuftard cannot heare,
Come Shoulder of mutton to me,
Black-pudding alfo with pudding-pies,
And a melfe of Furmentie.

125 *Car.* Alack poor *Mercury!*
For thy case J do much condole.
Thou never fhalt fteale again any meale
Or Spitchcock at *Hockly-ith'-hole*.

130 Come faith, since Thieving is out of fafhion
(Doeft remember when thou ftoleft
Apollo's Spectacles and *Vulcans Crutches?*)
learn to beg. Suppofe I am a rich Gentle-
man, and thou a lame fellow ; perchance I
may be in the humour to give thee fome-
thing.

135 *Mer.* Kinde Gentleman, for the Loords
fake beftow fomething on a poor lame Crip-
ple, that has halted before his beft friends
upward and downward, any time this dozen
years : this leg, ile ftand to it, has been lame
ever fince the laft dearth of corn , god be
140 with it.heaven preferve your limbs,*love* keep
your feet out oth' fetters, your legs out oth'
ftocks, your heads out ot'h pillory,your necks
out oth' halters , and other fuch infirmities
poor mortality is fubject to. May you never
145 know what 'tis to want till you are in poverty.
Good Gentlemen , take compaffion on a
wretched mortal , that has been troubled
with a deadneffe in his arms, that he has not
had the lawfull ufe of his hands in picking
150 and ftealing this many houres.

Car. Sirra, sirra, you must have the lafh ;
Ile have you whipt for a vagrant perfon.

155 *Mer.* This is a Juftice of Peace's charity :
if this be that you'd be in the humour to
give, pray keep it to your felf.

Car. Faith act a poor Souldier : men are
charitable to men of arms.

Mer. A word with you generous fir.Noble
fir, thou feemest to be a man of worfhip, and
J am one that have feen the face of the ene- 160
my in my dayes, and ventred a bloody nofe
in defence of my country. Good fir, lend me
a Crown till the next taking of *Bafing-houfe*,
and by all the cold iron about me , you fhall
be prefently paid upon the furrender. Noble 165
Gentleman, do not make known my ne-
cessities; I would have fcorn'd to have afkt
fuch a kindneffe of *Hopton* or *Montroffe* ; I
had rather have ftarved in the leaguer , and
fed upon nothing but fword and buckler;and 170
yet *Hopton* is a noble fellow, many a timber-
peece have J fpent in his company.

Car. What fervice haft thou been in ?

Mer. Hot fervice fir, fupping at the very
mouth of the Martial porredge-pot , J have 175
fcall'd my lips with kifling valour. Did you
never hear how J routed a Regiment of *Or-*
monds Foot ?

Car. Never fir, how J pray?

Mer. Sir, by this good fword if it be not 180
true, J am an arrant liar, and never faw the
wars in my life. Sir, J advanced my fpear,
ran with a furious tilt at them, and unhorfed
every man.

Car. Of the Regiment of Foot. 185

Mer. You are in the right fir, 'twas by a
metaphor. Then fir the Enfigns of my repu-
tation being displaid ; a valiant French-
man, he was born at *Madrid* in *Spain* —

Car. By a metaphor. 190

Mer. Challeng'd me the duel at Back-
fword: we met at the first thruft of the
Rapier.

Car. By a metaphor.

Mer. He fhot me clean through the body. 195

Car. By a metaphor ftill, the Rapier fhot
you through.

Mer. On my credit fir , 'twas a musket-
bullet : for when the Fort faw me have the
beft on't, they levell'd a Canon at me ready 200
charged.

Car. By a metaphor, with a musket-bullet.

Mer. And fhot off both my arms. That
being done, J caught him by the throat with
my right hand. G<1r> 205

Car. When your arms were off.

Mer. Drew out my weapon with my left,
and cut off his head. J was proceeding to have
run him thorow, but he askt my pardon, and
I was mercifull and faved his life.

Car. When his head was off.

Mer. You will not believe me now, if the
felf fame man be as live as J. Prince *Rupert*
knows what service I did at *Marston-moore*
when J run away. But now to be contemned!
O Poverty, foe to Valour !

Car. Thy valour? Thou look'ft as if thou
hadft no ftomack at all.

Mer. Would J had a roasted Oxe to en-
counter with. J have fhewed my valour in
Bohemia againft the Imperialifts, in *Poland*
againft the *Turks* , in *Holland* againft the
Spaniards, in *Utopia* againft the roundheads,
and is it queftioned in *England* ? J was once
a fresh-water fouldier , but J was feafoned at
the falt Ifle of *Ree* : there was my mafter-
piece of valour.

Car. What was that J pray?

Mer. Why fir, J fought couragioufly ; J
was in all the dangerous services, and had
miffortunes in all. Firft fir, J was drowned
in the landing, had both my Legs fhot off in
the affault, and ran away in the retreat as all
the reft did.

Car. How ? when your Legs were fhot off
in the affault ?

Mer. VVhat of that? have J not VVings
on my Doublet?

Car. VVhy then, you did not run, you did
but flie.

Mer. Flying is running away by a Me-
taphore.

Car. Come thou wilt get nothing by this
lying warfare. Let me try the Gipfie.

Mer. From *Ægypt* have J come
VVith Solomon for my guide:
By *Chiromanties* J can tell
VVhat fortunes thee betide.

A *Chaldee* me begot,
Old *Talmud* was his name ;
In Hieroglyphicks he excell'd,
Through *Nilus* ran his fame.

Come let me fee thy hand,

Thou VVives haft yet had none ;

But Baftinadoes at a time

About threefcore and one.

He picks Carions pocket.

Car. VVell, thou art an arrant Gipfie : at
what neighbours houfe didft thou learn this ?

S'foot, how cameft thou to know it? I had juft
threefcore and one indeed. VVell, I will give
thee fomething: But O *Mercury*, my Purfe !

Plutus his bleffing is run out of my Pockets.
I will have you hanged, you rogue. There
were feven thirteen-pence-half-penies,would

have paid the Hang-man for above half a
dozen of you. Good Mercury, thou fhalt fee
what Ile doe for thee.

Mer. VVell, if you will entertain me into
your family, there's your Purfe again, and
take heed how you meet with Gipfies.

Car. Entertain thee? VVhy, what canft
thou doe?

Mer. VVhy, let me be your Porter. /
have a *Ianus* heart,though not two faces.

Car. A Porter! canft thou grumble found-
ly at a rich mans gate to keep out the poore
Almfmen ? canft thou bark like griffly *Cer-*
berus ? No, 'twill not do, my Mafter needs
no furley Bandogs, we fhall keep open houfe.

The office of Porter is thruft out of doores.

Mer. Make me your Merchant.

Car. VVee dare not: Get you to the
ftreights of *Gibraltar*, we need no bufie Fa-
ctors, we have wealth enough: we will have
no Merchants, we fhall not fleep for them at
nights, They will dream of nothing but new
America's, drink the *Canaries*, fmort out *Ter-*
ra Incognita's , nofe the *Bermudas*, ravifh
Virginia, talk of the fortunate Iflands , or
choke us up with *Terra del Fogo's*. No, no,
I will have none of our family walk like the
Antipodes with his heels upwards ; if he
fhould fall headlong into heaven, he might
put out the Man in the moon's candle , and
leave him to finde his way to bed in the
dark.

Mer. Make me your Merchant.

Car. VVee dare not: Get you to the
ftreights of *Gibraltar*, we need no bufie Fa-
ctors, we have wealth enough: we will have
no Merchants, we fhall not fleep for them at
nights, They will dream of nothing but new
America's, drink the *Canaries*, fmort out *Ter-*
ra Incognita's , nofe the *Bermudas*, ravifh
Virginia, talk of the fortunate Iflands , or
choke us up with *Terra del Fogo's*. No, no,
I will have none of our family walk like the
Antipodes with his heels upwards ; if he
fhould fall headlong into heaven, he might
put out the Man in the moon's candle , and
leave him to finde his way to bed in the
dark.

Mer. Make me your Merchant.

Car. VVee dare not: Get you to the
ftreights of *Gibraltar*, we need no bufie Fa-
ctors, we have wealth enough: we will have
no Merchants, we fhall not fleep for them at
nights, They will dream of nothing but new
America's, drink the *Canaries*, fmort out *Ter-*
ra Incognita's , nofe the *Bermudas*, ravifh
Virginia, talk of the fortunate Iflands , or
choke us up with *Terra del Fogo's*. No, no,
I will have none of our family walk like the
Antipodes with his heels upwards ; if he
fhould fall headlong into heaven, he might
put out the Man in the moon's candle , and
leave him to finde his way to bed in the
dark.

Mer. Make me your Merchant.

Car. VVee dare not: Get you to the
ftreights of *Gibraltar*, we need no bufie Fa-
ctors, we have wealth enough: we will have
no Merchants, we fhall not fleep for them at
nights, They will dream of nothing but new
America's, drink the *Canaries*, fmort out *Ter-*
ra Incognita's , nofe the *Bermudas*, ravifh
Virginia, talk of the fortunate Iflands , or
choke us up with *Terra del Fogo's*. No, no,
I will have none of our family walk like the
Antipodes with his heels upwards ; if he
fhould fall headlong into heaven, he might
put out the Man in the moon's candle , and
leave him to finde his way to bed in the
dark.

Mer. Make me your Merchant.

Car. VVee dare not: Get you to the
ftreights of *Gibraltar*, we need no bufie Fa-
ctors, we have wealth enough: we will have
no Merchants, we fhall not fleep for them at
nights, They will dream of nothing but new
America's, drink the *Canaries*, fmort out *Ter-*
ra Incognita's , nofe the *Bermudas*, ravifh
Virginia, talk of the fortunate Iflands , or
choke us up with *Terra del Fogo's*. No, no,
I will have none of our family walk like the
Antipodes with his heels upwards ; if he
fhould fall headlong into heaven, he might
put out the Man in the moon's candle , and
leave him to finde his way to bed in the
dark.

Mer. Make me your Merchant.

Car. VVee dare not: Get you to the
ftreights of *Gibraltar*, we need no bufie Fa-
ctors, we have wealth enough: we will have
no Merchants, we fhall not fleep for them at
nights, They will dream of nothing but new
America's, drink the *Canaries*, fmort out *Ter-*
ra Incognita's , nofe the *Bermudas*, ravifh
Virginia, talk of the fortunate Iflands , or
choke us up with *Terra del Fogo's*. No, no,
I will have none of our family walk like the
Antipodes with his heels upwards ; if he
fhould fall headlong into heaven, he might
put out the Man in the moon's candle , and
leave him to finde his way to bed in the
dark.

Mer. Let me be your Foole to make you
merry.

Car. A Fool! Let me fee: we are all rich,
and therefore likely we muft have fome fools
amongft us. But what need that, we have as
good,

good, we have some of them that fortune favours.

305 *Mer.* Then let me be your Jugler.

Car. Not for Zorobabels night-cap. These *Hocus-Pocuffes* seldom come aloft for their masters advantage. You think to pick our pockets by sleight of hand, and shew us a
310 trick for our money : J do not like these feats of activity; therefore *Presto* be gone, we will have no Juglers.

Mer. Then let me be your Poet : J'll make you Shewes and Masques, Comedies and Tragedies, Pastorals, Pifcatorial Sonnets, Canto's, Madrigals and Ballads, till you are
315 so tickled with laughter, that you cannot stand.

Car. A Poet! no, 'tis a little too beggerly a trade; and 'tis a solecism if wit should meet with wealth in these days. Fie upon't, I can't endure jestings, Poetical furies, J had as lieve they should break wind backward. Your rank wits will abuse their betters.
325 And for shewes, rascally shewes, 'tis pitty they are not hang'd for their impudence : There cannot be a grosse sin in a Congregation, but some mens vinegar-brains must be a rubbing of it. J warrant if J should but marry a Townsmans daughter to day, they'd make an *Actæon* of me by to-morrow, dub me Knight of the forked Order. Poor shallow scoundrels there be that never drank any *Helicon* above a penny a quart, and yet venture to make
335 Ballads as lousie as themselves. Wry-mouth'd villains, who cannot answer to the question, if they should be asked how many of their empty Noddles go to the making up of a compleat Coxcomb. But yet J do love a shew, if it be a merry one. Well, thou shalt be our household-Poet, for household-Chaplains are now out of date like old Almanacks; every man can now say grace, and preach, and say prayers to themselves, or (which is
345 better) forget to say any at all. Well, get thee in, prepare things fitting for the sacrifice. If this fellow had not good store of trades, he had missed of all preferment. Well now, this Poet shall make ballads on all the hypocrites of the town, he shall rime all the Ana-
350 baptists out of their wits.

Enter Attorney, Tinker, Miller, Tailor, Shoemaker, &c.

Att. O that *Plutus* his eyes were scratched out ! J can have no more Fees for *Latitats* nor *Outlawries*. 355

Tink. Nay, J am a Lad of metal, of all that but gold and silver, can make no profit of my brasse nor Latine : there's no need of making more holes then one now, and that's a wicked one for my neck to slip into. 360

Miller. My double Toll fails me, O this grinds me to peeces.

Tail. O 'tis the worst stitch that was ever sowed with the needle of misfortune. O iron age, that like the Oftrich makes me feed on my own Goose ! 365

Shoo. O this false Cordwainer *Plutus*, that stretches the leather of my flesh on the Tree of fatality ; that unmercifully puts me into the Stocks of adversity, and gives me no relief at the Laft. 370

Tail. Nay he has made me so slender, that I can measure me by my own Yard, three quarters quarter and half nail. This crosse-leg'd infelicity, sharper then my needle, makes me eat my own Cabbage. 375

Shoo. Nothing but a general infurrection like a shooing-horn can draw on help. Let us combine and patch together.

Om. Agreed, agreed. *Exeunt.* 380

Enter Dull-pate *folus.*

It is a signe *Plutus* has lost his eyes, when Dull-pates grow rich : if my name had not been *Dull-pate*, I had lost half my preferment. It is thought J have as many Ecclesiastical Livings as *Spalato* had in *England* ; Never a fat Benefice falls now adays, but J catch it up ; J can have 'um now without lustful Simony, in taking Bishops kinwomen into the bargain. J have often wondered how
385 it comes about that my head is so black, but the hairs of my chin gray : A merry fellow once told me, 'twas because I used my chops more then my brains. 'Tis true indeed, I fare well, because J was born under a rich Con-
395

G2<r> ftellation

ftellation, but the learned fort under a poor Planet. As for example, here comes the Pope, *Iupiters* Vicar. — bleffe thy wicked Holineffe! thou, the Devil, Cardinal *Richlieu*, and the French faction at Court, have brought all the wars into *England*.

Enter Pope folus.

Pop. VVho can instruct me which is *Chremylus* houfe ?

405 *Dul.* Grave reverend Father, what's the matter with you?
How does your Holineffe ?

Pop. Ill as ill may be,
Since *Plutus* eye-fight is reftored.

410 *Dul.* VVhat is the caufe of this your heavineffe :
Doth the proud Emperor refufe to kiffe
Your facred toe ? or does it vex your Bonny-face

415 To lose your Peter-pence ? what is the caufe
Great catholique Bishop, Monarch of the Church,
The fupreme Judge Ecclefiaftical,
That you are thus perplext ? why do you

420 not curse um
VVith your Bell, Book, and Candle , that moleft you?

Pop. O J am dead with hunger , a faucy hunger,

425 VVith herefie as bad as Arrianifme,
Knaves on my facred guts. J the great father
And Prince of Rome have not a cruft,
Not a brown cruft to know on. *Iove's* own Vicar,

430 Nay *Iove* himfelf on earth, would beg on knees
For one fmall peece of Sawfedge. This fad morn,
For a broil'd Sprat J paun'd my triple crown,
445 And now for one Red-herring will J mortgage
All Peters large poffeffions.

Dul. Aha great Pope , can your Pontifical teeth
Be glad to gnaw upon a catholique Tripe ?

450 Can your great metropolitan ftomach feed
On a Hogs-cheek ? 'tis ftrange, me thinks,
that you

Being the universal Bifhop, fhould not
Have one poor porredg-pot in all your Dioceffe, 455
Never a foule in *Limbo* ready fryed ?
Is all the Roaft in Purgatory fpent ?
Are all your Bulls devoured ? faith kill a Bull,
Good Pope, a Bull, to make your Holineffe 460
Beef.
There muft be meat fomewhere or other fure,
Or can you open heaven & hell at pleafure ;
And cannot *Peters* Keyes unlock the Cup-board ? 465
VVhy fure our Ladies milk is not all fpent,
No Reliques left, nor chips oth' Croffe to feed on?
Sure at *Lauretta* or at *Compoftella*.
None of the Capuchins at *Somerfet*-houfe ? 470
How can it be an't pleafe your Holineffe ?

Pop. O no: since *Plutus* hath received his eyes,
Indulgencies are grown cheap, & at no price:
An abfolution for a Rape made now 475
Is nothing worth.
Give me but one poor cruft before J faint,
And J will canonize thee for a Saint.

Dul. Or let me purchafe for a Mutton-bone 480
Your Apoftolical benediction.

Pop. A maffe of Broth or rib of Beef from thee,
Jn my efteem fhall meritorious be.
Dul. Nay J will have it more , fuch a 485
donation
Shall be a work of fupererogation.

Pop. O how J thirft !
Dul. *Mi reverende Pater* , cannot you drink a cup of Holy-water ?
Now you that could drink *Tyber* dry, and 490
more,
Cannot obtain a Jug upon the fcore.
Go try, they'll hardly truft you for a drop
At the *Popes-head*, *Mitre*, or *Cardinals-Cap*,
Or any place ; tis mony draws the tap. 495
Pop. So irreligious are these ages grown,
They think it charity to rob the Clergy.
How comes it that you dare with impudence
Deny the Priefts their tithes ?

Dul. O, easily fir. A learned Antiquary 500
that

- that has search't
The breech of *Saturn* for Antiquities;
Proves by a reason an infallible reason,
VVith bugle-horn writ in the *Saxon* tongue,
505 That neither prædial, nor personall tithes
Are due *ex jure divino* : and you know
The Clergie Bishops, your old *quondam* Pa-
trons
Are voted down too , and ever since w'have
510 learnt
A liberty of Conscience to pay no tithes.
We hear some teach too , they are Anti-
christian,
Like Steeple-houses; hence we learn to be
515 Too cunning now for your Apostolique See.
Pop. Now worms devour that Antiqua-
ries nose,
And those that preach against all Steeple-
houses;
520 That power in papers half confuted with
Moths,
To prove some absurd opinions fain'd to be
Found in the walls of some old Nunnery ,
But ô my guts with for a Benedicite !
525 *Dull.* Wilt please your holiness to call a
Synod ?
You may chance to catch trowts in the Coun-
cel of Trent.
Pop. O I do smell the scent of Pippin-pies.
530 *Dull.* You do indeed, your Holiness Nose
I see,
Has the true spirit of Infallibility,
I finde you cannot erre. VVhat would you do,
To be of our house now to have free-quarter ?
535 *Pop.* I would resigne my right to heaven
and hell.
Dull. Ti-he-he, well said good Pope *In-*
nocent.
But that's too much, resign your heaven only,
540 Retain your right to hell ; your title there
Is held unquestionable. VVell now,
Stay here a while//// sing a merry song
As we to *Plutus* go, and I will free
Thy guts from the Purgatory of fasting.
545 *Enter Anus.*
An. Is this the Pope? Goddy godden good
Father.
I do not come unto thy Holiness
- To beg a Licence to eat flesh on Fridaies;
But I desire thy Apostolical Curfe 550
On a young man that has abused me grossly ;
May it please thy Catholickness, the perjurd
Boy
Swore to lie with me while he lived, but he
Grown rich does think to buy out perjury. 555
Now good your Holiness give him not abso-
lution.
Pop. VVould he were here; for threepence
I could sell him
A general remission of his sins : 560
I am almost famisht for want of customers.
Dull. Go woman, fetch the Quire in for
sacrifice.
(But bid them bring no Copes nor Organs
with them) 565
And I will get his Holiness to command him
To ly with thee this night what ere come on't.
It is enjoynd him for his penance is't not ?
An. It is an't please your Holiness.
Pop. Any thing shall please my holiness, 570
if you give me
But the least hopes to feed my Holiness :
Tis a lean Holiness, as the world goes now.
Dull. Tis strange that you, the Shepheard
of all *Europe*, 575
Should not have one fat Lamb in all your
flock.
What say, if I give you a leg of Mutton ?
Pope Remission of sins, wheat ere they be.
Dull. But what if I have sworn to give 580
thee nothing?
Pope My Holiness shall give thee abso-
lution.
Dull. But I did but equivocate when I
promised ? 585
Pope Ile free thee from all mentall Refer-
vation.
Dull. But what if this same Mutton have
gone through
Every Gyppo's hands? 590
Pope I grant it lawfull :
I doe allow traditions.
Dull. VVell then, I have Remission of all
my finnes.
Pope VVith leave and pardon for all sins 595
hereafter.
Dull. VVhat ere they be; though I should
ravish Nuns

Under the Altar?

600 *Pop.* Tis a Venial fin.

Dull. Or kill a King?

Pop. Tis meritorious.

Dull. Cuckold my Father , Whore my
naturall Mother,

605 Grant the fupremacy of the fecular powers,

Be drunk at Maffe, ftrip all the Feminine
Saints

Into their Smocks, laugh at a Friars bald-
crown,

610 Piffe in the Pixe, deny your myfteries,

Out-lie your Legend, get Pope *Ioane* with
childe,

Eat flefh in Lent, fit off my Confeffors Ears,
Or any fin, as great as your own Holineffe,

615 Or any of your Predeceffors acted.

Pop. A leg of Mutton wipes all fins away,
So good a deed will juftifie.

Dull. Swear then.

Pop. I fwear and grant it *fub Sigillo Pif-*
catoris.

620 *Dull.* A pox upon *Sigillum Pifcatoris*,

Send it to *Yarmouth*, let it fifh for Herrings.
Swear, J fay, that is, kiffe my Imperial fhoe,
As Emperours do yours.—

625 *Pop.* J am *Servus fervorum*, your fervants
fervant.

Sans complement, like *Ham*—.

O that this leather of thyfshoe, this leather
Could be made flefh by Tranfubftantiation !
J would not only kiffe but eat thy Toe.

630 *Dull.* Moreover you fhall fwear that once
a year

J fhall have entire power to forgive fins
To my Comrades.

635 *Pop.* As much as J my felf:

J fweare and kiffe your Holineffe toe.

Dull. And that when J doe knock at hea-
ven gates,

The Porter let me in for nothing. Swear a-
gain.

640 *Pop.* Again J fwear, by this fweet kiffe he
fhall.

Dull. VVell, tis fufficient, J will pay your
Ordinary. *Enter Quire.*

645 Here comes the Quire prepare your voice and
fing.

The Round-heads will not come , caufe the
Pope's here.

Pop. *O fratres noftri ventres fint repleti*,
For empty maws are never truly *laeti* : 650

To feed on meats,and drink of *potionibus* ,
Is th' onely Phyfick for *devotionibus*.

Om. *Benedixit Efculapius.*

Pop. Cheefe-cakes and Cuftards, and fuch
good *placenta's*, 655

ExcelGood-fridaies,Ember-weeks & Lenta's:
When belly's full,we'el go to the *Cloifteribus*
To kiffe the Nuns and all the *Mulieribus*.

Om. *Benedixit, &c.*

Pop. I do not think you hold him for finner, 660
VVhose beft devotion tends unto his dinner:

One glaffe of Sack or cup of nappy *Alibus*,
More vertue has then all our *Decretalibus*.

Om. *Benedixit, &c.*

Pop. J had rather cat a meal then tell a ftory, 665
Of *limbo patrum* or of Purgatory:

No bleffings like the pleafure of the *Taftibus*,
No reliques holier then the Venifon *Paftibus*.

Om. *Benedixit, &c.*

Pop. Thefe are the Prayers,devotions and 670
delighta's

Of Cardinals,Popes,Friars and *Iesuita's*.
Their break-fafts are their Mattins holy
zelibus,

Their Vefpertines are eating beef & *velibus*. 675
Om. *Benedixit, &c.*

Pop. Come *fratres & sorores per praefentes*,
Let us go in to exercife our *dentes*,

Where we will fit with you and your
uxoribus, 680

To laugh at all these hungry *auditoribus*.

Om. *Benedixit, &c.*

Exeunt omnes.

Act. 5. Scæn. ult.

Enter Plutus //////ng a Letter.

I came into *England* but fince this Parlia-
ment fate , (the plunderers J thank them
brought me hither) and J think J have had
about 200000. fuiters at leaft : nay, fome
great men have been ambitious to proffer me
their daughters to marry. They indeed be 5

great

- great ones, but J only look after Honefty now
 J have got my eye-sight. Never did gudgions
 at a mill-tail more greedily bite the bait, then
 10 some of 'um after me. Had J had the Palfie,
 Sciatica, Cough, Ague, Feaver, French pox,
 and a whole cart-load of difeases, (as J have
 the Gout already, because J am rich) they
 would have taken me with all my faults.
 15 *England* (J see) is a covetous place. This
 morning J have received no leffe then forty
 letters to the fame purpose. Above all, one
 Mrs. *Maria Corombona Butto Fuocco* woes
 me ; as sure as can be a Venetian Curteza
 20 bred up in *London*, an arrant whore. Here's
 her Letter. *A Plauto Gentilhomme d'Inghil-*
terra de bona gratia, Maria butta fuocco
 and fo forth. A pox take her ! J have forty
 more of them in my pocket. But there is one
 25 Mrs. Honefty Cleon, an honeft Scriveners
 daughter, ('tis ftrange they have any thing
 to do with Honefty, J warrant fhe'll not live
 long) fhe is the miftrefse of my affections,
 for fhe is honeft. See here fhe comes.
- Enter Mrs. Honesty.* 30
- Fair Lady, fairer then the morning-fkies,
 Hath not young *Cupid* toucht your amorous
 eyes?
 I am all for golden Verfes gratulation,
 But muft not paffe by courteous falutation.
They kiffe. 35
- Hon.* Sir, if I may ffe, Loves art
 Not only toucht my eyes, but heart.
- Plut.* Nay then the Parfon ftraight fhall
 do his part, 40
 Let's in : the Gordian knot none can untwifs,
 We'll tie it faft, and as we go we'll kiffe.
 Jn any ftate never will be foul weather,
 When *Honefty* and *Riches* meet together.
Exeunt. 45

The Epilogue.

- Old Wealth (you fee) with Honefty and Piety* 20
I know there's many waggifh Pates joyne
force
Is joyn'd in league for mutual fociety.
To part this couple by a fad divorce :
O would it were the bleffing of our Nation,
We hope't will not be granted by Petition
 5 *They might have iffue too by procreation !*
At th'Arches, Doctors Commons, or High-
Commiffion : 25
But fure the Bride's pafst child-bearing; that's
the reafon
So few are honeft in this age and feafon.
To fever them by this our Parliament.
If't be a ftollen match, Priest must be taxt' ;
Therefore God give 'um joy ! Ioy may they
 10 *Tis certain true, the Banes were never ax't,*
find !
For he that joyn'd their hands (for ought I
This is the wifh of every vertuous mind. 30
heare)
But wicked Rascals fing another Catch ;
He was a very honeft Cavalier ;
Pox take 'um both! Tis an unlucky match.
He us'd the Ring and Book, went not by
 15 *heart,*
It is indeed for them, because 'twill ferve
To fend their Brats to Tyburn, or to fterve.
But joyn'd them word for word, Till death
Welsh Parsley is good phyfick. Honeft guefts 35
depart.
We only bid to these our Nuptial feasts.
Full refolute, without Fee's, to tye the noofe:
Offerings to th' rich are bafe : yet we demand
It had lost his Benefice,h'had no move to lofe.
That you pay down a Plaudite at hand.

FINIS.