

Πλουτοφθαλμία 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.

---

Tranſlated 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.*

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 reprefented 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  
             fteps; They both of them loved Sack , and harmleffe Mirth,  
             and here they fhew 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  
C O M E D Y.

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 fhine  
      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 incens'd Pen.  
      Doom them to Dunghils; and thy potent fcorn  
      Not lend them hofe to put on head or horn !**

✉ G. P. ✉

---

THE

{ornament}

*The Argument or Subject of the Comedy.*

C *Hremylus* an honeft decaied Gentleman, willing to become rich, repaireth to the Oracle of *Apollo* to enquire how he might compaffe his defigne : The Oracle enjoyneth him to follow that man whom he firft 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 perfons are difcontented. *Plutus* is led to the Temple of *Efculapius*, by whose art and help he recovereth his eye-fight. 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 fcepter is al-  
10 most broken to peeces : thereupon she raifeth wars, but is rou'd ; fhe alfo is vanquifhed in difputation of the necefsity of *Poverty*. Knaves again salute *Weeping-croffe* , as well as *Pennyleffe-bench*. Nay, the *Pope* himfelf is even starved. Laftly, to vex them more, the *God of Wealth* is introduced married to *Honesty*.

{ornament}

*The Actors Names. Scene, London.*

15	<i>Plutus, the God wealth.</i>	<i>Caradock.</i>	} <i>Souldiers.</i>
	<i>Chremylus, an honeft deacayed Gentleman.</i>	<i>Brun.</i>	
	<i>Carion his fervant.</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 Sequeftrator.</i>	
	<i>Lackland.</i>	<i>Jupiters Vicar, the Pope.</i>	
	<i>Dull-pate, Sonne to Scrape-all.</i>	<i>Boy, fervant to Gogle.</i>	
	<i>Chremyla Wife to Chremylus.</i>	<i>Neanias, a young Gallant.</i>	
	<i>Honefty, Daughter to a Scrivener.</i>	<i>Anus, an Old woman.</i>	
25	<i>Clip-latine, a poor Curate.</i>	<i>Ariftophanes, the Poet.</i>	
	<i>Dicæus, a rich Parfon.</i>	<i>Tranflator, T. R.</i>	
	<i>Penia-pennileffe, Goddefs of Poverty.</i>	<i>A crew of Tinkers, &amp;c.</i>	
		<i>Ghost of Cleon.</i>	

{ornament}

THE

{ornament}

*Hey for Honesty, 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 scurvy *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 Reason : For we that have our eys  
 be mettals & hard should 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  
 Prentise 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  
 VVorships foolery. Our condition is mif- he muft make me too guilty of the fame ig- 40  
 erable; for if our Masters but dine at the Ordi- norance. If I but ask him a question , he  
 nary of mischief, the poore Serving-man is hath not so much manners as my Granam's  
 15 We muft share of our Masters misery, we are Sow ; I cannot get him to grunt me an an-  
 but Tenants, they will not let us be Free- swer: yet I cannot choofe but speak, though  
 holders to the petty Lordships of our own my hedge of Teeth were a Quick-fet, my 45  
 corpufculous Fortune; damnable Fortune! tongue would through. You fir, that say you  
 how fatally haft thou fold the tenure of us, to are my Master, if you doe not tell me why  
 20 him that will pay us our wages! 'Tis very we follow this blundring guide, be fure, I will  
 true that I tell you : And now see the per- never leave vexing and tormenting you : you  
 verfe effects of all. O how I could cuff *Apol- fhall tell me, that you fhall. 50*  
*lo*! I have a quarrel to *Apollo*, that wryleg'd, fence of impudence ! To what a fine paffe are  
 ridling, fidling god, that fnorts out Oracles you arrived?  
 25 from his guilded brundlet. They say, this fame *Chr.* O the Age we live in! Sirra, quinte-  
 Gaffer *Phoebus* is a good Mountebanck, fence of impudence ! To what a fine paffe are  
 and an excellent Mufitian ; but a deufe on you arrived?  
 him, it does not seem so, he has sent my Ma- *Car.* Nay 'tis e'en so Sir: Your sword  
 ster home so sick of Melancholy, that I dare and buckler man must take the wit upon him 55  
 for once.  
*Chr.* But if you do not learn your distance  
 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 Worship. I have alwayes had your Worships 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 pittie 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<sup>en</sup>*'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— 130

*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

160 a Justice of Peace. VVhy, and't please your  
*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.*

170 *Chr.* The Oracle doth not tend that way;  
 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.

175 *Car.* On other meaning perchance we may  
 pitch.

*This is the way to be weary, though not to be  
 rich.*

Musick. Exeunt ambo.

180 Act. 1. Scaen. 2.

*Enter Chremylus, Carion.*

5 *Car.* Mafter, we have run a terrible long  
 wild-goose chase after this blind Beetle : for  
 my part I sweate every inch of me, one drop  
 fetches another. As for my shooes, you must  
 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 fir, *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.

20 *Chr.* He speaks to thee that askt him so  
 clownishly. Sir, if you like the behaviour of  
 a civil Gentleman, do me in courtesie 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, master : 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-  
 pany. 35

*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  
 carry him to the top of the castle-hill, and 40  
 there leave him to tumble down and break  
 his neck ere he come to the bottome.

*Chr.* Let it be quickly then.

*Car.* I, and then wee'll leave him to be  
 hanged the next Affizes, for being a cessory 45  
 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-  
 ther was *Pinch-back True-penny* , the rich 60  
 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  
 in the Silver-mine that *Middleton* found in 70  
*Wales*.

*Chr.* Thou hadst bin a very Rascal, if thou  
 hadst



had't 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 so mife-  
rably arrayed ! O *Phoebus*, *Apollo*, O gods  
80 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.

*Car.* But art thou fure that thou thy self  
85 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 so miserable  
nafty ?

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

*Chr.* And why goest thou so lamentably  
poor ?

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

*Chr.* Upon what occasion, pray thee.

*Plu.* I tell you,  
In the minority of my youthful dayes  
I took a humour, an ingenious humour,  
105 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-light, that I might not know  
Knaves from the honest , but to them might  
110 (go.

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

*Plu.* Why what of that? this heathen god  
115 accepts  
As well the Pilgrim-salve of wicked men ,  
As the religious incense of the honest.  
Thus does the Letcherous god, that hath al-  
ready  
120 Cuckoldiz'd half the world , and plac'd his  
bastards

By mortals fires, envy vertuous minds.

*Chr.* To leave off verifying, if thou had't  
thy eye-light,

Vvould't thou be true to flie from vicious 125  
persons?

*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  
so 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 Monfter ; 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

Is 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 so by *Love*; for now we have a 165  
greater desire to stay you then ever.

*Plut.* I told you so, 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 aside 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 *Iove*.

*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.

*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?

*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.

*Chr.* And who lent him that filver ?

*Car.* VVhy, who but *Plutus*; and yet the beggerly *Iove* 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 fecurity to your Creditour.

*Chr.* Ask, why do men sacrifice to *Iove*, 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?

No, of all prayers, this is the refult,

*Iove make me rich* , or pray *quicunque vult*.

*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 Fasting- dayes all the year after.

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

*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.

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

*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 Catholick Empreffe of the world , her commands are obey'd from *Spain* to the *Indies*.  
275 *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 groat ) *I* should have scorn'd the degree of Sword and Buckler ; but now for a little filver and a thred-bare Livery , *I* have sold the Fee-simple of my self and my liberty, to any worshopfull peece of folly that will undertake  
280 me.  
*Chr.* *I* have heard your Gentilizians, your dainty Curtezana's, in plain English, your arrant VVhores of *Venice*, such as are ready flew'd for any mans appetite : if a poor man desire to fin 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  
285 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 only 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 under some such mask or other : but he that  
315 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 *Spain* so proud. 325  
*Car.* VVithout thee (*Plutus*) the Lawyer would not go to *London* on any Terms.  
*Chr.* All the Generals, *Hopton* and *Mon-tross*, are by thee maintained: 'Troth, all the Troopers or Foot-men without thee would never be contented with free-quarter onely, there must come Taxes, Contributions and Excise to boot.  
330 Did not *Will Summers* break his wind for thee ?  
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 world for a pair of Eyes and a Looking-glasse! 350  
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 Cheese-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.  
 375 *Chr.* Plenty of Command.  
*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 pro-  
 cures 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 can-  
 390 not without a Mark be reckoned a man of  
 notice : Nor has he a patch of a Gentleman,  
 till he be worth a Peece.  
*Car.* The good old Gentleman thinks he  
 has jested all this while handsome grave gray-  
 395 pated quiblets. Good heaven, what pretty  
 things thefe wits are , when they are out of  
 date!  
*Chr.* When the Purfe is full, the Pouch  
 gapes ; and when the Pouch hath his belly-  
 400 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 Doomfday-  
 405 book.  
*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 im-  
 pregnable.  
*Chr.* Sir, upon my word, let not that trou-  
 ble you : Do your endeavour , and i'le war-  
 415 rant you fhall see as perfectly as any *Lynceus*  
 in Chriftendome.  
*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 al-  
 ready , *I* thank you for nothing : *I* can fee  
 leffe then any *Lynceus* living. But how canft  
 thou, poor mortal worm, take off the feque-  
 ftration 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 430  
 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  
 440 afraid this *Apollo* is one of your fellow-  
 Juglers.  
*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 445  
 felf.  
*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 fto- 450  
 mack. Pray mafter, when you take in hand  
 the cure of *Plutus* his eyes, let poor  
*Caryon* have a finger in it.  
*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 o- 460  
 ther fellow-partners too, some of our plun-  
 dered neighbours that are enjoyned for pe-  
 nance to faft four dayes a week , for having  
 furfeited on too much honefty.  
*Plu.* Marry heaven forbid, *I* fhall be ill 465  
 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 con-  
 fciuous to the plundering of my flefh & bones 470  
 in peeces. 'Twere a miferable fpectacle for  
 them to begin with. *Chr.*

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

*Car.* Here mafter, what fould I do ?

*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.*

*Car.* O what a plot are we going about !  
500 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 *Ifflington*,and J have heard  
*Plutus* is come to *Westminster* : Sure, fure,  
He'd take it ill if J forbear to vifit him,  
He knows J am his kinfman :

For J was kin to *Pinch-back True-penny*  
His Father, who did live at *Ifflington*,  
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  
handsomly.

Was he ever train'd up at the Universities?

*Scrap.* Yes out of both ; that is, never of either.

*Plut.* However he will be rich. Let him leap over

The Steeple-houses, and teach in private;  
His vails will be the fatter: Tythes and Cures  
He must preach down as Antichristian,  
And take as much as both. He has an excellent name,

A thriving name ! I think you said 'twas  
*Dulpate.*

*Scrap.* Yes Sir. Now thank your Patron, and be gone.

*Dulp.* *Thankatus & Godamerciatus vester dignitas.* Exit Dulp.

*Scrap.* He gives your Worship thanks and god-a-mercy.

*Plut.* I have no skill in Physiognomie :

But sure thou wilt be rich,*Dulpate*, & wealthy.

*Scrap.* Uncle, we thank you: will it please you know

The entertainment of our poor cottage ?

*Plut.* No, it is against the complexion of my humour

To visit any man's house : I never got  
Any commodity by it in my life.

For if I chance to light into the clutches  
Of some vile Usurer, he buries me

Quick under ground , or keeps me prisoner  
closely

In his old Chests, where without sheets I lie,  
But his Indentures keep me company.

And if I fall into the prodigal hands

Of some mad roaring *Tyrtire tu*, he spends me  
Upon his lecherous Cocatrice ; or playing  
Throws me away at passage : So am I turn'd  
Stark naked out of doors, with not so much  
As a poor Purse to make a Night-cap of.

*Scrap.* It seems you never met with moderate men.

But this is my disposition: when occasion  
Serves, no man more liberal: when opportunity

Invites, no man more thrifty.

Come, let's go in. O how my wife shall joy

At sight of thee, as much as for a French Hood  
Or Taffata Kirtle ! Thou art my best beloved.

*Plut.* Jeasily believe it.

*Scrap.* Who would not tell thee  
The truth of things, I wish that he were lousy  
( Sweet rogue ) at *Beggars-bush*, or else confin'd  
To the perpetual regiment of *Bridewell*.

Come my dear Uncle, come ! O how I love  
The silver-hairs of thy most delicate chin !  
Though I be rich by wickedness 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. I'll have your horses shod with gold of *Ophir* or *Peru*. Ha, you old Muck-worms ! I'll make your Hog-trough paunches so fat , that the leanest of you all shall out-weigh the Archbishop of *Spalato*. What an Elopical roaring Lion am I, to lead this army of Asses into the field ! Come , my masters, old friends, you that have eat many a bushel of salt , I would say garlick in his company. Make haste you Plough-lacquies, *Boors* his kinsmen. You neighbour *Lackland* , set the best foot forward. And you goodman *Clodpole*, old Snail with a slimy nose, if you make not haste, they will have done scrambling ere we come.

*Clod.* Now by the rood of my Granam's foul, I'll go as fast as my legs will bear me. What would you have of an old man, that's grown crazy ?

*Car.* Crazy!

*Clod.* J, crazy. Do you think a man that has one foot in the grave can trudge as fast as such a young knave as thou? When I was a stripling of thy age, I could have tricked it ivy, Mr. Ficar knows, with the best of the Parish.

*Lackl.* Neighbour, neighbour, I'll tell you

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

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

*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 con-  
tention in zending vor us now la.

*Car.* Why have not I told you ? My ma-  
fter zends for you to change this nafty con-  
dition 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.

*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<sup>d</sup>aile as zoon  
as I come to my honours , and thou fhalt be  
next to exceed me in my houfe-of-Office.

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

*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 an-  
other as my neighbour *Stiffe* or *Lackland*, or  
you *Clodpole* with a flimy nofe, with a great  
bunch-back.

*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 pini-  
on of mine, neighbours, what do you jecture  
in that ?

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

*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 clap-  
per-de-claw'd.

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

*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.

*Clodp.* Now the murrain founder thee,  
thou parlous wag , thus to 'buse thy betters !  
Sirra, look you deveal unto us why your ma-  
fter hath vited us from our natural poccu-  
pations.

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

*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* ?

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

*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.

*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 med-  
dle with Diricks-ftories nor Extrumperies.  
He has but poor twanty Nobles a year, think  
of it Neighbours.

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

*Lackl.* I, and *I* like him : He's none of  
the Hum-drums, he'll clap it up quickly, e-  
fpecially if there be a match at the Alehoufe.

*Clodp.* Maffe, and he'll drink Sack and  
Claret as faft as any Synod man.

*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.

*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 fcorn 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-

145 slops & my pitchforks. O it joyces my heart ! 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* fmg, *Threttanelo, Threttanelo.* Which *Polyphemus* earft did ring , To the tune of Fortune my foe.

155 *Chor.* Threttanelo, Threttanelo : And fmg 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* feek : To the place where he fleeps let us go, Threttanelo.

*Car.* Put out as he lies

170 With a Cowl-ftaffe his eyes, Threttanelo.

*Cho.* And fmg we all merrily, And sing we all—

*Car.* But now you fhall fee

175 I *Circe* will be, And turn you to hogs ere I go, Threttanelo.

Go grunt you all now

Like your mother the Sow, Threttanelo.

*Cho.* And fmg we all---

And fmg 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 please.

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 cuffed 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 happineffe 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 happy.



- 30 Now I have a rich Load-ftone lyeth under  
my Threhold 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 belive'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 cal's 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'll 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'll 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, Palties 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 *Iove* , 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 :  
*Iove'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 ; VVhat, you'll say  
You did not steal, you did but take't away ;  
95 VVell, 'tis not good to equivocate with a Halter,  
Gregory is a cunning Disputant:  
An argument of Hemp is hardly answered.
- Chr. VVhat melancholy Devil has possessed thee ? J am sure it is no merry one. This madneffe doth not smel of *Edmonton*.
- Blep. VVhom have you plunder'd then ? whose Bung is nipt.
- Chr. No mans.
- 105 Blep. O *Hercules*! VVhose tongue speaks truth?  
In what cold Zone dwels naked honesty ?
- Chr. I see, friend, you condemn me e're you know the truth.
- 110 Blep. Come, do not jeft your neck into the Noofe,  
Tell me betimes, that with the Key of Gold I may lock up the Vermin's mouth. Informers  
115 Are dangerous cattle, if they once but yawn ; As bad as Sequestrators, 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.
- 120 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.
- 125 Blep. VVho, *Plutus* ? God of wealth.
- Chr. The same, by heaven and hell.
- Blep. VVhat, heaven and hell by *Westminster-hall*, where Lawyers and Parliament men eat French-broth ? Have you *Plutus*,  
130 by *Vesta* ?
- Chr. Yes and by *Neptune* too.
- Blep. VVhat *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.
- 135 Blep. VVhy do you not send him about among your friends ?
- Chr. What, before he have recovered his ey-sight?
- 140 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.
- 145 Chr. But now he shall at a short-hand.
- Blep. VVhat, 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-fift 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.
- 155 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*—
- 165 Chr. VVe 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.
- 170 *Offers to Ex.*

## Act 2. Scaen. 4.

*Enter Penia and meets them.*

Pen. Muft J needs meet you, you old Doltards ? 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.

5 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  
10 the

the afh-colour'd cattle about me.

*Blep.* What creature is this with the Red-oker face ? She looks as if fhe 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*, eldelt daughter of *Asotus Spend-all* , of *Brecknockfhire* ; One that hath kept houle 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-houle 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 unethetical 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* stay.

*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 security 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 ?

*Blep.* What injury, you old Beldame ! We 90 have not ravifht thee, I am fure ; thy beauty is not fo much moving. Doeft 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-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 flefh 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 Chriftendome, 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 Sequestration-Planet, *J* fhall mufter them up if need be. But firft *I* will go marfhall up my Forlorn-hopes of Tatterdemallians, *welch, English, Scots, and Irish.* *J* hope to give these Round—a breakfast,
- 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<sup>e</sup>kerman* too bemoan us :  
*J*'le be no more beaten for greafie *Iack Seaton*,  
And conning of *Sanderfonus*.
- At *Oxford* or *Cambridge* 'twould make a 15  
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 20  
the Black-Art.
- Stiff.* Naighbours, an't be zo, what a mur-rin ails us ! why, fhall we venture *Plutus* on Pretticables and Predicarments ? fhall we lofe all our hopes by an *Argo valleris*? This 25  
is my pinion, this fame *Poverty* will prove the beft Computant of um all : why, fhe cannot choofe but repute (as Mr. Ficar fays) very well, and moft tregorically.
- Dicae.* Tregorically ! Categorically neigh- 30  
bour; Sir *Iohn* meant fo *I* warrant you.
- 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 35  
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

- 40 threfh her to death with lufty arguments, let  
me never live to problem again at a Peafe-  
rick.
- Dicae.* Neighbours, be content. *Poverty*  
ftand you on one fide, and I'll, ftand on the  
45 other ; for I will be oppofite to you *e dia-*  
*metro*, and teach you to know your diftance.  
Thus I difpute. The queftion is, Whether  
*Plutus* ought to receive his eye-fight ? I fay  
*I, & fic probo.*
- 50 If it be fit that good and honeft men,  
Whofe fouls are fraught with vertue, fhould  
poffeffe  
Riches and wealth, which Heaven did mean  
fhould be
- 55 The juft reward of goodneffe: while proud  
Vice,  
Stript of her borrowed and ufurped robes,  
Should have her loathed deformities un-  
mafqued ;
- 60 And vitious men that fpread their Peacocks  
trains,  
Have carkaffes as naked as their fouls.  
But if once *Plutus* fhould receive his eyes,  
And but difcern 'twixt men, the world were
- 65 chang'd :  
Then goodneffe and full coffers, wealth and  
honefty  
Might meet, imbrace, and thrive, and kiffe  
together ;
- 70 While vice with all her partners ftarves and  
pines,  
Rotting to dirt and filth, leaving to hell  
Black fouls. Who better counfel can devife ?  
*Ergo* 'tis fit *Plutus* receive his eyes.
- 75 *Clodp.* That *Argo* has netled her, I war-  
rant. Thou fhalt be *Plutus* his Profeffor for  
this. VVhat has my she-*Bellarmino* now to  
anfwer ?
- Dicae.* As the mad world goes now , who  
80 could believe  
But pur-blind fate and chance did hold the  
fcepter  
Of humane actions ? VVho beholds the mi-  
feries
- 85 Of honeft mortals, and compares their for-  
tunes  
VVith the unfatiable pleafures of groffe E-  
picures,
- VVhose burften bags are glutted with the  
fpoules 90  
Of wretched Orphans : who ( I fay ) fees this,  
But would almost turn Atheift, and forfwear  
All heaven, all gods, all divine providence !  
But if to *Plutus* we his eyes reftore,  
Good men fhall grow in wealth, and Knaves 95  
grow poore.
- Stiff.* In my pinion this fimple-gifme—  
*Dic.* Fie neighbour, 'tis a Syllogifme.
- Stiff.* VVhy fimple and silly is all one :  
be what Gifme it will be, fure 'twas not in 100  
true mud and fig-tree, there was never a  
*Tar-box* in the breech of it.
- Pen.* O Dotards, how eafily you may be  
perfwaded to die as arrant fools as you were  
born ! If *Plutus* recover his eye-fight , and 105  
diftribute his riches equally , you fhall fee  
what will become of your Anabaptiftical  
Anarchy : what arts or fcience would re-  
main. If every Vulcan be as good as your  
felves, what Smug will make your VVorships 110  
dripping-pans ?
- Dicae.* VVhy he that makes the Fire-  
shovels and Tongs: or if all fail , *Quifque*  
*est fortunæ fuæ faber*, we'll make our driping  
pans our felves : we can do more then that, 115  
we can preach to our felves already.
- Pen.* VVho would coble your fhooes , or  
mend your honorable ftockings?
- Dic.* O there be Sermon-makers enough  
can do that bravely : the only Metaphyficks 120  
they are beaten in, *Rem acutangunt.*
- Pen.* VVho would carry you up to *London*,  
if the VVaggon-driver fhould think himfelf  
as good a man as his mafter ?
- Dic.* VVhy we would ride thither on our 125  
own Hackney-Confciences.
- Pen.* Nay if this were fo, the very Tailers  
though they damn'd you all to hell under  
their fhop-boards, would fcorn 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 Spanifh Pike would  
not then be worth a Bodkin.
- Pen.* There would be no Prefbyters to 135  
directorife you, no Landreffes to fope 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.

*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.

*Clod.* Yet she remembred an *Argo*, and that made her argument not so weak and impudent: in my pinion this *Argo* is a Quarter-staffe at least.

*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 defire 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 :

And whence our greatest grief does rise,

No Plumb-porredg, nor no Plumbpudding pies.

*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 *Campions* ten Reasons.

*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.

*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,

J call their empty purses to witneffe. *Aliter probo sic.* J moralize men better then *Plutus*: *Exemplum gratia* : *Plutus* makes men with puffed faces, dropie bodies, Bellies as big as the great Tub at *Heidelberg* ; Noses by the vertue of Malmsey so full of Rubies, that you may swear, 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, unless 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 less danger of shot for their tenuity, and most expert in running away, such is their celerity. *Ergo*, *Irus* is a good fouldier, and *Midas* is an affe.

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

*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 carcasses assembled together, 't would make him think Doomf-day were come to town before its time.

*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.

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

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

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

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-  
 poft; thou fhalt be laft under the ftatute of  
 fturdy Rogues and Beggars : 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  
 morning *Plutus* the God of wealth comes to 5  
 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  
 Bifhops or Archdeacons. Now muft J be one 10  
 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'll 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.

*Exit. Dic.*

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

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

50 *Clip.* Come Neighbours, upon this good news, lets chop up and to my Hoft *Snego's*, he'll 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.

*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-  
10 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,  
15 but he is the very Ladder to worfhip and honour. I muft be rich , and therefore hono-  
rable, and proud, and grave.

*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 and 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! because they may claim the benefit of the Clergie.

*Blep.* I will daign none the honour of being 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 fafety. 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, *Vefpasian* might defire no greater Revenue, then the reverfion of your Chamber-pot.

55

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

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 fee men Poverty de-  
fpife

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

March forth brave Champions, though your  
Noble Valours

Be out at Elbows, fhew your felves to be  
10 Patches of worth, rags of Gentility.

Brave Blades, arayed in Difh-clouts, dirty  
Plufh,

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

Me thinks I fee your Valours, and efpie  
Each rag, a Trophy of your Victory.

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

Refume thy valour. And thou *Caradock*,  
True Leek of *Wales*, *Pendragon's* noble ftock  
Stir up thy *Welsh*-blood to encounter thefe,  
25 With zeal as fervent as thy toafted Cheefe.

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

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

And *Higgen* thou, whose potent Oratory  
Makes *Beggars-bufh* admire thy eloquent  
ftory,

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

Elfe Poverty to you will prove a ftranger,  
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 45  
beft by her troth take very many heeds, how  
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 moft valianteft 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, elfe, never let her fing hapate-  
ry, while fhe has live any longer. If her doe 55  
not conquer them upfide down, let her ne-  
ver while fhe lives in *Heuioppe*, god bleffe her,  
eat Coufh-bobby with the man in the Moon.  
Her Cofhen *Merlin* her Country-man, hath  
told her in a Whifper, very a many much 60  
tale of her valour above forefcote and twenty  
years fince.

*Pen.* Bravely refolved ; O how I love thy  
Valour!

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

*Ter.* And *Termock* vill fhpend te befht  
ploud in hifh heelfh in the fervifh.

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

*Ter.* Nay, keep ty tancks to thy felf, *Ter-  
mock* is ty trufty fhufhheekt.

*Brun.* And aies wos 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-nofe, Aif I do not  
let me bund to Sup with nothing but Perk  
and Sow-baby. 80

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

*Brun.* Nay's mon, aif I cannot give 'um 85  
mickle rafhers enough my felf , aies gang  
home to my *Bellibaine* and get lufty Martial  
Barns, fhall 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*, whose 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'll ftand the Pad or Mill, the Churches de-  
neir.  
Nip bungs, dupe 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 fhut grafh, let nedder nod-  
135 der of them my fhut 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-* 150  
*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 venemous 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 ftorms 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'll 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 Weftminster.*  
*Ter.* She fall be te Captain, for all tee, or  
any odder in Englifh lond.
- 195 *Hig.* Whips on you all! follow the Fe-  
mine gender ?  
Fight under th' Enfigne of a Petticoat ?  
An act unworthy fuch brave fpirits as we :  
Remember our old Vertues, fhall we forget
- 200 Our ancient Valours ? Shall we in this one  
action  
Stain all our honour, blur our reputations :  
Can men of fuch high fortunes daign to ftoop  
To fuch difhonourable terms ? How can our
- 205 thoughts  
Give entertainment to fuch low defignes ?  
My fpirits yet are not diffolv'd to whey ,  
J have no foule, fo poor as to obey,  
To fuffer a fmock 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.
- 215 *Carad.* Ah *Brun* ! Blerawhee, blerawhee.  
*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.
- 220 *Carad.* Ah *Brun, Brun* ! fhall be Captain,  
by all te green Sheefe in the Moon. *Brun*  
fhall be Captain for *Caradock*, if her would  
not give place to *Brun* her heart were as  
hard as *Flint-fhire*.
- 225 *Ter.* *Brun* fall be te befht in te company,  
if tere were a toufand toufand of 'um.  
*Hig.* I'le not refigne my right, J will be  
Captain.  
'Tis fit I fhould: Hath not my valour oft  
Been try'd, at *Bridewell* and the *Whipping-*
- 230 *poft* ?  
*Pen.* Let *Higgen* then be Captain, his  
fwet tongue  
And powerfull rhetorick may perfwade the  
Rout.
- 235 *Carad.* Cats plutter a nailes, *Higgen* fhall  
be Captain for her Ears; yet *Caradock* will  
be valiant in fpight 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* fhall com-  
mand  
The Regiment of Foot. Generous *Caradock*  
Have you a care of the Left-wing. 245  
*Carad.* O difparafhment to her reputa-  
tion ! *Brutus* hifh Colhen look the whing.  
Think you her will flee away. Her will ftand  
to it tooth and naile, while there be fkin 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 Falftafs Regiment, you have one fhirt  
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 fhrug, 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 fouldiers, 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 melle of them be all  
propitious!  
*Hig.* If any do refift us, let us throw  
Our Crutches at them. J have here 280  
An empty fleeve to ftrike out all their teeth,  
Besides a mankin to wipe all our wounds.  
Be valiant, and as ear'ft the *Spanifh* Cobler  
Injoyn'd his eldeft fonne 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 Anceftours blufh at your dif-  
honours;  
Encreafe 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*.

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

*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.

*Clod.* Thou fhalt kiffe my Honours taile. 20  
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  
concerning a hundred of his Lordfhips pitch- 25  
forks. But I am going to the Bench, and with  
the Committee to firk up the proud Priests  
before us, and humble the Country. Tell him  
Madam *Kate* is as found as a Kettle : thou  
fhouldft have concourft with her Ladifhip, 30  
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-buts, 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<sup>um</sup>*  
*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 pittie 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

*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 thoufand men  
 In arms againft the *Turks*.

*Mrs.* Sirra, do you know your felf ?

*Car.* Suppofe *I* lend fome twenty thoufand  
 millions. 100

*Mrs.* Some twenty thoufand puddings.

*Car.* And fend two hundred faile to con-  
 quer *Spain*, and *Rupert* too , and fright the  
 Inquifition

Out of their wits— 105

*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 thoufand 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 fqueamifh, and may chance have a qualm  
come over my ftomack.

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

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

150 *Car.* No, nor a curft quean in a cucking-  
ftool, *Mrs.* You fee what creatures thefe dip-  
pers are. J warrant when the young Lafles  
were a dipping, the blind Rogue could fee that  
well enough. Well, *Mrs.* coming to  
the Temple of *Efculapius*, where all the  
altars ftood furnifht with reaking paffies and  
hot pippin-pies, O 'twas fuch fweet religion,  
155 my mouth watered at it. Juft upon the hearth  
they were beathing a great black-pudding,  
to ftay the gods ftomack till breakfast. Here  
we laid *Plutus* in a cradle and rockt him a-  
fleep.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

185 *Car.* Many Lawyers were troubled with  
the itch in their fingers; many young Heires  
in a confumption; burft Citizens so over-  
fwell'd with intereft-mony, that they were  
in danger of breaking ; many Treafurers,  
Sequeftrators and Receivers came for help, 190  
for they had received fo much monies, that  
they had loft their eye-fight, and could not  
fee to make accounts: there were Townfmen  
came to have their brow-antlers knockt off,  
Prefbyterians for the Directory, Cavies for 195  
the Service-book ; fome Tradefmen and  
Scholars, that had long fed upon coftive  
Ufurers, being much bound, came to the  
Temple to be made folluble.

200 *Mrs.* Nay, if he be fo good at it, Ile go and  
fee if he can cure me of my corns; they vex  
me fo wonderfully, J cannot fleep for um.

205 *Car.* Marry *Iove* forbid, miftrefle ! fhould  
your corns be cured, how fhould my mafter  
do for an Almanack to foretell the weather ?  
*Pond, Booker, Allestree, Jeffry Neve* Gent.  
nay nor *Merlinus Anglicus*, are not half fo  
good Aftronomers as your Ladifhips pro-  
phetique toes.

210 *Mrs.* Maffe if it be fo, J fhall fave him two  
pence a year, rather then put him to the  
charges of an Almanack. But was there any  
more ?

215 *Car.* Yes there were many Country-lobs,  
that having furfeited on the glory-bacon of  
their Milk-maids favours, were fain to repair  
to the next Alehoufe for purgations. Deaf  
Scriveners came for their cares ; Silenc'd  
Minifters to be cured of dumbneffe ; many  
Scholars of Colledges, whole gowns having 220  
been fick divers years of the fcurf, defired the  
god to do them the grace as to change the  
colour of that difeafe into the black-jaundies.

*Mrs.* And did he cure them all?

225 *Car.* All but *Neoclides* ; a blind fellow,  
and yet fuch an arrant thief, that he ftole all  
things he fet his eyes on. To proceed: the  
Monk put out the tallow-tapers, bid us fleep,  
and whatfoever hiffing we heard, to fee and  
fay nothing. There we flept foundly, and in 230  
the honour of *Efculapius* fnorted moft de-  
voutly. Marry J could not fleep: 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-  
240 ing it a peece of divine charity, studied how  
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 Peaſe-broth in me was ſo windy  
that I thought I had an *Aeolus* in my belly ;  
my guts wambled, and on the fudden evapo-  
rated 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 fure 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  
ſtars, 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 :

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

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

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 falſe Conſcience weigh'd  
too light

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

- The Cornucopia proper to themselves.  
When good just men , such as did venture  
lives  
335 For Countries safety and the Nations honour,  
VVere paid with their own wounds , and  
made those scars  
VVhich were accounted once the marks of  
honour,  
340 The miserable privilege of begging,  
Scarce to have lodging in an Hospital.  
And those whose labors suffer nightly throes  
To give their teeming brains deliverance  
To enrich the land with learned merchandise  
345 The sacred Traffique of the foule, rich wife-  
dome:  
Starve in their studies, and like moathes de-  
voure  
The very leaves they read, scorn'd of the Vul-  
gar,  
350 Nay, of the better sort too many times ,  
As if their knowledge were but learned wick-  
edness,  
And every Smug could preach as well as they:  
355 Nay, as if men were worse for Academies.  
But all shall be amended. I could tell  
A tale of horror, and unmask foule actions;  
Black as the night they were committed in.  
I could unfold a *Lerna*, and with proofs  
360 As clear as this deer light, could testify  
How I unwilling kept them company.  
*Chre.* O heaven forbid ! what wicked  
things are these ?  
Yet such there be, that flock into my com-  
pany,  
365 In swarms as if they would devour me quick,  
That throng so fast, as if they'd crowd my  
foule  
Out of her house of clay : while every man  
370 Employes his supple hams, and oily tongue  
To fained complements and importunate fer-  
vice.  
I could not walk th' Exchange to day, but  
straight  
375 Each head was bare, every officious knee  
Bowed to my honour, and enquired my  
health;  
And which is more intolerable, snow-white-  
heads,  
380 VVhose every hair seem'd died in innocence.  
VVith that one leg which was not yet i'th'  
grave,
- Croucht like so many Tapsters. These  
spring-tide friends,  
These swarming Flies, bred by the summers 385  
heat ;  
Should but adversities black cloud appear,  
VVith lowering looks, threatening a winters  
storm,  
Farewell my summers swallow : these are 390  
friends  
To *Cremylus* cupboard, and affect I see  
My Oysters and my Puddings, 'tis not  
me.  
*Exit.* 395  
*Enter Mrs. Cremylus.*  
*Mrs.* Marry gods blessing oth' thy foule !  
Now a hundred good morrows to thy eyes.  
I have brought thee a dish of Pearmaines and  
Pippins, with a dish of Lordings and Lady- 400  
apples, and some of our country fruit, half a  
score of Ruffetings.  
*Plut.* O 'tis unfit, my eye-sight being re-  
stored,  
To accept a kindeness till I have bestowed 405  
one.  
*Mrs.* Marry and muff ! I can be as stout as  
you if I please. Do you scorn my kindeness ?  
*Plut.* Apples and Nuts, weel eat 'um by  
the fire, 410  
VVhere the rude audience shall not laugh at  
us:  
'Twere an absurdity in a Comick Poet  
To make a muffle of sweetmeats on the Stage,  
Throwing a handful of ridiculous Nuts 415  
To catch the popular breath and ignorant  
praise  
Of preaching Coblers, Carmen, Tinkers,  
Taylors.  
*Mrs.* Nay, 'tis e'en true, the good old 420  
Gentleman speaks very wisely; you may be-  
lieve him, if you please. I'll be sworn, this  
morning, the Lay-Clergie, while they were  
a preaching at *Bell-ally* in *Colemanstreet*, I  
came by with my basket ; the hungry Raf- 425  
cals in pure zeal had like to eat up my Gin-  
ger-bread, had there not been Popish pi-  
ctures upon it; I had much ado to keep  
them from scrambling my Apples too, had  
not the sets of my old Ruffe lookt like so ma- 430  
ny Organ-Pipes and frighted them. But  
E2<r> faith,



faith rake-hels, ( and you mend not your  
manners ) I'll complain to Mr. *Goodwin*  
and the 'mittees too. Come in good Gentle-  
man, though I have never a tooth in my  
head, yet i'll crack Nuts with my Gumms  
but ile bear thee company.

*Exeunt ambo.*

*Finis Actus Tertii.*

Act 4. Scæn. 1.

*Caron Solus.*

*Ca.* To be rich is the daintieft pleafure in  
the world ; efpecially, to grow rich without  
ventring the danger of *Tiburn* or Whipping.  
Every Cupbord is full of Cuftards, the Hogf-  
heads replenifhed with fparkling Sacks. The  
verieft *Gippo* in the houfe will not drink a  
degree under Mufcadine. All the Porredge-  
pots are arrant *Barbary* gold. All the Veffels  
in the houfe, from the Bafon and Ewer to the  
Chamber-pot and Vinegar-bottle, are of  
*Middletons* filver. The Kitchen and Buttery  
is entire Ivory, the very purity of the Ele-  
phants tooth. The Sinke is paved with the  
rich Rubies, and incomparable Carbuncles  
of Sir *Iohn Oldcastle's* Nofe. The Conduit  
runs as good Rose-water as any is in *Ari-  
ftotles* 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 Ja-  
cobuffes, in a humour, to out *Philip* the King  
of *Spain*. 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.

*Enter Gogle and his Boy carrying his Shoes and  
Clope.*

*Gog.* Boy follow me, for J have a zeale to  
be rich ;  
My devotion leads me in the righteous path

To *Plutus* god of wealth. Prophane poverty  
Is a Carthufian, and a grand delinquent,  
One o'th' malignant party up in arms  
Againft the well-affected.

*Car.* Say Brother, who are you, whose  
righteous Shoes conduct you hither ?

*Gog.* *Ananias Gogle*, verily.

A devout Brother , that hath oft been plun-  
dered

By wicked perfecution: but laft night  
My dreaming fpirit foretold J fhould be rich  
And happy made by Revelation.

*Ca.* *Gogle*, or *Cogle*, a *Geneva* brother  
Of fanctified fnuffling, a pure Elder  
Oth' precife cut, or elfe paft Ordinances.

*Gog.* No, but a zealous Saint of *Amfter-  
dam*,

Whofe Nofe is forward to promote the caufe;  
Croffes are Romifh Jdol s, yet misfortune  
Has put so many difmal Croffes on me,  
Till every croffe was fpent, and fent away  
On fuperftitious Pilgrimages : fie upon't,  
That zeal and ignorance fhould be conver-  
tible.

*Car.* VVhat would you have, dear brother?  
for J think

J have heard you Exercife at *Bell-alley*.

*Gog.* 'Tis true, but yet

J come to *Plutus* Conventicle now.

'Tis he can cure my troubles, he brings joy  
To the fraternity of *Amfterdam*,  
To the *Geneva* brotherhood, and the Saints  
VVhofe pure devotions feed on *Bunbury*  
Cakes :

He can reftore my wealth, give me abundance  
Of holy Gold and Silver purified,  
Increase my talents fpent upon the Sifters ,  
That J may thrive again as did my father  
That reverent Saint *Gogle, Patience Hypomo'e*  
A holy Taylor and a venerable Parfon.

*Ca.* Say Brother, may a Taylor be a Par-  
fon?

*Gog.* 'Tis very fit : For firft, his facred  
Parchment

Can take the meafure of Religion ;  
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

With twifted Silk of Piety and Innocence ;  
Lined

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,  
 Before that *Plutus* came to fpeak amongft  
 90 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  
 Shooes?  
 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?  
*Gog.* Now fie upon your Popifh Confe-  
 125 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 Ofle-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

Ile hire the Furies to pull out thy eyes,  
And once more put thee to the trade of ftum-  
bling.

Ca. This is a Rafcal deferves to ride up  
Holborn,

And take a pilgrimage to the triple-tree,  
To dance in Hemp *Derricks Caranto* :  
Lets choke him with Welch Parfley.

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

T'enrich us all: is this the gold he gives me?  
He has not left me coyn enough to purchafe  
A melfe of Pottage, like my brother *Efau*.  
*Empfon* and *Dudley*, happy were you two  
Being the prime Sequeftrators of your age,  
That you were hang'd before this day of fa-  
mine.

I pine and ftarve, live to outlive my felf,  
Turn Ghofit before J die. Blinde fornicator  
*Plutus* hath fequeftrated the Sequeftrator.

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 *Amfterdam* Nofe ? you  
think

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

To have my money thus, you fhall not think  
it.

Prate any longer here, mutter again,  
And J will make thy pretty Brotherly foule

Come fnuffling through thy fanctified no-  
ftrils.

Ca. *Nevergood*, J know was alwayes fierce

Nev. Yes indeed fir, for now my Panch is  
empty ;

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.

*Ananias Gogle*, do you fee this Heretick

How he triumphs againft the Lay-preaching

Brother-hood?

Go to him man, and beat him.

Gog. 'Tis a strong Reprobate. He would  
fequefter me

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;

Thy very breath's infectious, and it fmels  
As if thou hadft caught the Pox of the Whore  
of *Babylon*.

Nev. So fir, you dare not fight.

Gog. J will not fight. It is thy policy to  
have me fight,

That J might kill thee, and pollute my hands  
VWith fwinish 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,  
Jn the defence of filver-purified.

Nev. Would *Plutus* had no better Cham-  
pion to defend him!

Then fuch as onely fnuuffle in the Caufe.  
J would prefume by my own proper valour  
To make a breach into the ftrongest Cup-  
board,

Were it as ftrong as *Bafing-houfe* or *Bristol*.

Gog. Avant thou Synagog of iniquity,  
J fee thou art oth' Popifh tribe : Neceffity  
Does make thy Guts take Purgatory pen-  
nance,

Brings thee to fhift and fhift , makes thy  
teeth obferve

Unconfcionable Fridayes, prophane fafting-  
dayes,

VWith Lent and Antichriftian Emberweeks.

Nev. Tis much againft my confcience,my  
devotion

Lies toward the Kitchen.If J change my faith,  
J will turn fat Prefbyter or Anabaptift.

J never loved this herefie of fafting,

*Plutus* has put me out of Commons. Yet my  
Nofe

Smels the delicious odour of Roaft-beef.

Ca. VWhat doeft thou fmel ?

Nev. J fay, J fmell fome Cavaliers Roaft-  
beef.

Ca. Out on thee Varlet,J warrant thoud't  
fain fequefter it.

If

Jf the defpaire of dining vex thee thus,  
J can acquaint thee with a liberall Duke  
That keeps an open houle.

280 Nev. 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—

285 Gog. Now out upon thee for a roguish He-  
retick!

Tis not a Chriftnas, tis a Nativity Pie.  
That fuperstitious name, J know, is banifht  
Out of all England, Holley and Ivie too.

290 Ca. VVhy? go to Pauls, Duke *Humphrey*  
wants a gueft ;

If his Rooms now be clean from Souldiers  
Horfe-dung,

295 There you may ftay and walk your bellyful :  
Bid your felf welcome, never pay your Ordi-  
nary,

Nor fay no Grace, but thank your felf for  
hunger.

300 Nev. O mifery of men , that J the health  
And lover of my Country fhould thus pine  
And die for want of Porredge ! See you  
Chimney,

VVhat fweet perfumes, what comfortable  
fmoke

305 It breaths; that very fmoke doth fmell of  
Mutton.

VVell, J fhall die, and all the Worms will  
curfe me

For bringing fo lean a carcaffie to the grave.

Gog. Answer to me.

310 Nev. VVhat, to those narrow Breeches?

Gog. Do not prophane my Breeches. For  
theſe Breeches

I tell thee were in fafhion in the Primitive  
Church.

315 Answer to me.

Nev. VVhat will you Catechife me ?

Gog. Art thou a Farmer?

Nev. No, heaven forbid, J am not mad ,  
To live by Dung and Horfe-turds.

320 Gog. Art thou a Merchant ?

Nev. 'Faith J can walk the Exchange,  
Put on an Indian face, fpit China fafhion,  
Discourſe of new-found VVorlds, call *Drake*  
a Gander,

325 Ask if they heare news of my Fleet of Ships

That fail'd by land through *Spain* to the *An-  
tipodes*

To fetch *Westphalia* Bacon. J can difcourſe  
Of ſhorter wayes to th' *Indies*, ſpend my judg-  
ment

330

On the plantation of the Summer Ifles.

Cenfure *Guiana* Voyage, deam of plots,

To bring *Argier* by ſhipping unto *Dover*.

Then of Prince *Rupert*'s ſhips, and how the  
Pope

335

May make St. *Dunſtan* draw the Devil to th'  
Peak,

To make him kiſſe his own Breech.

This can J talk with Merchants, in the cloſe  
Invite my felf to Dinner at their houſes,

340

And borrow money ne're to be repaid

Till the return of my ſilver Fleet from *Perſia*.

Gog. Now fie upon thee, haſt thou no vo-  
cation,

No honeſt calling? then art thou not a Law-  
yer?

345

Nev. 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

350

A mark or two ; diſburſe a peece or two

For *Affidavits* at the Mitre : fell 'um

For twenty ſhillings an *Injunction*,

VVrits of *Rebellion*, *Chancery Decrees*,

355

A *Nisi prius*, or a *Latitat*.

Car. Poor fouls, they have very hard words  
for their money.

Nev. When this is done, I fit and laugh at  
them:

310 Then they may buy a VVrit of *Execution*

360

And go and hang themſelves. For J feed on  
them

All the Term long, live with them in Vaca-  
tion,

315 Cheating them by Bills of Return.

365

Gog. Vile Raſcal, haſt thou no other ſhift?

Nev. Faith yes, ſometimes

I feed on One and twenties , cheat young  
Heirs,

320 Bringing them acquainted with ſome cozen-  
ing Scrivener,

370

To eaſe them of the burthen of too much  
earth.

Sometimes I woe old widowes, go a ſuitting  
Unto the thirds of an Aldermans eſtate ;

375

Some-

	Sometimes prick up my felf & grow familiar VVith the proud wealthy Citizens wanton wives, And by the fortitude of my back maintain Both back and belly. Gog. O fink of fin, and boggards of corruption! Haft thou no honeft calling? Nev. Yes J have: J know a trick to fnuffle at <i>Bell-Ally</i> , Raile at the Steeple-houfes, and the Popifh Bifhops, And the Tithe-fcraping Priests, Sir-John- Prefbyters. Gog. Out on thee Villain, foe to the holy Caffocks. J do remember thee in the Archbifhops time, Thou madeft me ftand ith Popifh pillory VVith <i>Prin</i> and <i>Burton</i> , only for fpeaking A little fanctified 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 Upon a Sign-poft, for confpiring with Sir Giles Mompeffons, in the perfecution Of innocent Tapfters. Gog. Come, feeing he has no zeale nor ardent love, Let's strip him naked, till he freeze & grow As cold as Charity. Nev. VVhat will you plunder me? where's your warrant Ho? Do, fanctified thieves, plunder : yet J fhall live To fee my little Anabaptift come To his twelve Godfathers , thence to the Ladder ; VVhere having nofed a tedious Pfalm or two The holy hemp muft gird your fanctified wind-pipe, VVhile you in honour of the righteous caufe VVith a wry-mouth falute the foules at <i>Pad- dington</i> , And turn a <i>Tyburn</i> -Saint. Gog. Pull off his profane and irreligious Doubler, Anathematize his Breeches, excommunicate His impious Shirt: there's not a rag about him,	But is heretical, full of Babylon lice, Like the foul fmock of <i>Austria</i> . Nev. So, do it if you dare : that J may live To fee your fine precife <i>Geneva</i> -Breeches Hang in the Hang-mans wardrobe. Ho bear witneffe. Car. Nay faith your witneffe is not here : a Mandrake Has frighted him : the hue and cry was up 'Twas time to truft the fafety of his neck Unto the fwiftnesse of his heels. Come, come, Uncafe. So now <i>Ananias Gogle</i> Lend me your cloak to cloak this Sycophant. Gog. My cloak ! his Romifh carkaffe fhall not be arraid In thefe pure innocent robes: fhall any ba- ftards Of the vile generation of Pope <i>Ioan</i> Defile my cloak, that has thefe thirteen years Vviped my beloved nofe, whose very fnot Is reverenct by the brethren ? No, he may bring Thefe garments to the Maffe, prophane um there, And make my cloak a reprobate, and commit Adultery with the feven hills : befides, He is an <i>Idol</i> ; and I verily think It were idolatry to let this cloak Embrace a Pagan. No, good cloak, nere turn Apostate from the faith of <i>Amfterdam</i> . Good cloak, be not a-kin to <i>Iulians</i> jerkin : Though thou be thred-bare, thou fhalt nere be turn'd; No, no, 'tis fitter <i>Plutus</i> have thee. Car. No, <i>Plutus</i> fhall have this, 'tis frefh and new: Your cloak is thred-bare; your too fervent zeale Has almost made it tinder. Gog. What, <i>Plutus</i> have his cloak! Oh 'tis the fkin Of a pernicious fnake. O Popery ! A profane Cope, or the Levitical fmock, I mean a Surpliffe, is not more unlawful. Car. As it is now : But wipe your nofe on't thrice, 'Tis fanctified ; you know the brotherly fnot Has enthufiaftique operations in't. Gog.	430 435 440 445 450 455 460 470
--	--	---	--



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 ghofh 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 *Afmadaeus* 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 folá.*

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  
a folitary pair of fheets, having nothing to 10  
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-  
pable of Cupids fire; while young wenches, 20  
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 fwear 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  
this fame *Plutus*, that wrongs the orphans, 30  
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

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

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

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

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

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

*Enter Chremylus.*

*An.* Alas good fir! J have endured the  
 60 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.

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

*Chr.* What abufe?

*An.* Unfufferable abufe, intolerable in-  
 70 juries.

*Chr.* Speak, what injuries ?

*An.* An injury unfpeakable.

*Chr.* VVhat is it?

*An.* Alas fir, tis lying alone. O the mi-  
 75 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  
 80 '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-*  
 85 *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  
 90 like *Bafilisks*, they ftrike us dead with ad-  
 verfity.

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

*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 *Neantias*.

*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;  
 110 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 120  
 a Cloak.

*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 bushel 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 130  
 the day, the confcionable Youth requited ere  
 midnight.

*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  
140 a meer desire to remember me. *Chr.* Twas when he lookt for something at your hands.  
*Chr.* This was infinite affection! Could he not endure to wear anything but what you paid for? 'Twas dear love this, pretty love tricks 'faith; you may see, how the wanton  
145 youth was enflamed with your beauty. *An.* Many a time has he sworn that my skin smelt sweeter than a Muk-cat.  
*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  
150 —. 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  
155 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*.  
*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  
165 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.  
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 do his duty every night? J warrant you, he had as  
*Chr.* Perchance a begging. *An.* No, onely to hear the melody of my voice. *Chr.* Like enough, It could not choose but please him to hear what excellent Musick  
175 your Jews-trump could make, now all your teeth are out. *An.* But he promised never to forsake me as long as J lived.  
*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.* No more he has not; why? thou art now dead: Thy flesh is mortified, onely  
180 *Cre.* 'Twas onely to have one of *Leda's* Eggs to his Supper. *An.* Indeed grief has almost me'ted me



- 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 *Clytemaeftra*  
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 Worship 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 pafft 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 wrinces of this Beldames fore-  
head ?  
Thefe many ruts and furrows in thy cheek  
Proves thy old face to be but Champion-  
ground, 320  
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-sheet. 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 halfpeny 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 fweet as the perfumes

That fmoaking rife from the dead *Phœnix*  
neft.

Now come my boon Companions,

And let us jovial be :

360 Thouth 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 Miftrefle health.

My Miftrefle 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-  
gether. 395

*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 abuse me : but by  
Cock and Pye , ( god forgive me that I  
fhould fwear ) were I as young as I have been,  
these nailes that by a good token have not  
425 been pared since eighty eight, fhould have  
scratched your face till it had been a dominical  
one, and as full of red letters as any *Ponds*  
*Almanack* in *Chriften*dome, 'twere fuitable  
to your prognosticating Nose. J think you  
430 are mad; would any but an *Orlando* or *Ie-*  
*ronymo* have used a poor woman so? Do you  
think I will endure to be your bucking-tub  
to be washt with the dregs of your wit ?

*Nea.* He did you a courtesie, that would  
435 wash you soundly.

*Chr.* O by no means: why she is painted  
Sir.

If you should wash 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 she will look worfe then *Gamaliel*  
445 *Ratfey*.

An. Are you a Bedlam too, old frofty  
Squire?

Are you fourscore, and yet your wit an infant  
Not come to age ? Come, I will be your  
450 Guardian. *She beats him.*

*Chr.* Good Mr. *Neanias* , sweet young  
mafter,

If you do not save me from this *Medusa*,  
Her *Gorgons* head will turn me to a Stone-  
455 bottle,

And then throw me at my self, to make me  
beat out my own brains.

*Nea.* Nay take her to your self , 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 interest : so farewell.

Much joy unto you both. O *Hymen, Hymen*,  
465 What a fine couple of sweet Loves are here,  
To keep their wedding in the grave, and get  
A sonne and heire for Doomsday—

An. No prethee do not think so, J sweare  
by *Venus* J would have none but thee, though  
470 *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 snort this hundred yeares to-  
gether.

Jle grieve the while, and Sacks best vertue 480  
try,

To drown my cares : sorrow ( you know ) is  
dry.

*Chr.* Nay by *Hecate* you shall not put a  
trick on me thus. J have not out-lived my 485  
wits: J were mad if J would run my self in-  
to another *Scylla* , having such a dangerous  
*Charybdis* of my own at home. Good Mr.  
*Neanias*, J did not think she had been your  
mistresse: J will not for all the world do you 490  
such a wrong as to be your Corriual : 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 shall 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 shall cuckold me at 500  
home :

O what a brave *Actaeon* should should J be !  
VWhat have you nere a journey-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 such  
harnesse;

Pray beare your Cap of maintenance your  
self.

*Chr.* Come leave this jesting, ile endure't 510  
no longer;

I will not let you hate this pretty Laffe.  
S life it may prove her death : These wanton  
girdles

Are very subject to eat chalk and coals. 515  
S'lid, too much grief for you, with thoughts  
of love,

May chance to generate the green-sickneffe  
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,

No rotten-wood out-shines their glorious lu-  
ftr,

Faine would J kisse her.

*An.* Faith and thou fhalt my little peri-  
winckle.

*Nea.* No, heaven me bleffe !

J am not worthy of fuch happineffe.

*Chr.* Yet fhe accuses you.

*Nea.* How, accuses me? what hainous fault,

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  
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-  
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  
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 ;

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  
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

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  
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  
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*.

*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-  
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.

*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.

And when thou art dead;

This fhall of thee be faid,

Thou lived't a Whore, and died't a  
Bawd,

Jn hell the Devil's Chamber-maid.

## 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 ?  
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.

*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 peremptorily ? they fhall bring an action of 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, 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 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 fack together, and toffe you into *Barathrum*, terrible *Barathrum*.

*Car.* *Barathrum*, what's *Barathrum* ?

*Mer.* VVhy *Barathrum* is *Pluto's* bog-gards : you muft be all thrown into *Barathrum*.

*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 , 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* 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

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

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.

*Car.* And fhall : Beggerly *Iove* does not deferue 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.

*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-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 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 *Bloomsbury* ;

*Iuno* turn Oyfter-quean, and fcolld 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-baftards

VVere never borne to many lands. Great *Iove*

May pawn his thunder-bolts for oaten-cakes.

For them I care not, but thefe guts of mine : Is it not pittty *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 Hoftefles

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,

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 *Mercurius*

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.

*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.

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

Come faith, since Thieving is out of fafhion  
( Doeft remember when thou ftoleft  
*Apollo's* Spectacles and *Vulcans* Crutches?)  
130 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.

*Mer.* Kinde Gentleman, for the Loords  
135 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.

*Mer.* This is a Juftice of Peace's charity :  
if this be that you'd be in the humour to  
155 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 feemeft 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 porridge-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 displaied ; 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> *Car.* 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 frefh-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 couragiously ; J  
was in all the dangerous fervices, 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 fomethings: 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*, fnort 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  
315 and Tragedies, Pastorals, Pifcatorial Sonnets, Canto's, Madrigals and Ballads, till you are so tickled with laughter, that you cannot stand.

*Car.* A Poet! no, 'tis a little too beggerly  
320 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 groffe 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  
330 a penny a quart, and yet venture to make 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 show, 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,  
340 and say prayers to themselves, or ( which is 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. VVell now, this Poet shall make ballads on all the hypocrites of the town, he shall rime all the Anabaptists out of their wits.  
350

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

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

*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 Ostrich makes me feed on  
365 my own Goose !

*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  
370 relief at the Last.

*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* ;  
385 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  
390 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>stellation

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.*

*Pope.* VVho can instruct me which is *Chremylus* house ?

*Dul.* Grave reverend Father, what's the matter with you?

How does your Holineffe ?

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

*Dul.* VVhat is the cause of this your heavineffe :

Doth the proud Emperor refuse to kiffe  
Your sacred toe ? or does it vex your Bonny-face

To lose your Peter-pence ? what is the cause  
Great catholique Bishop, Monarch of the Church,

The supreme Judge Ecclesiastical,  
That you are thus perplext ? why do you not curse um

VVith your Bell, Book, and Candle , that moleft you?

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

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

Nay *Iove* himself 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,  
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 ?

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 porridge-pot in all your Dioceffe,

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 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 ?

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*-house ?

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

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

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 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 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.

*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 Priests their tithes ?

*Dul.* O, easily fir. A learned Antiquary 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 powre in papers half consumed with  
 Mothes,  
 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.* VVilt 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 enjoyn'd 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 leane 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  
 590 Every Gyppo's hands?  
*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 supremacy 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 mysteries,

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

Eat flefh in Lent, fit off my Confessors 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 iustifie.

*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 !

630 J would not only kiffe but eat thy Toe.

*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 noſtri ventres ſint repleti,*

For empty maws are never truly *læti* : 650

To feed on meats, and drink of *potionibus* ,

Is th' onely Phyfick for *devotionibus*.

*Om.* *Benedixit Eſculapius.*

*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 beſt devotion tends unto his dinner:

One glaſſe 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 ſtory, 665

Of *limbo patrum* or of Purgatory:

No bleffings like the pleaſure of the *Taſtibus*,

No reliques holier then the Veniſon *Paſtibus*.

*Om.* *Benedixit, &c.*

*Pop.* Theſe are the Prayers, devotions and 670

*delighta's*

Of Cardinals, Popes, Friars and *Ieſuita's*.

Their break-faſts are their Mattins holy  
*zelibus*,

Their Veſpertines are eating beef & *velibus*. 675

*Om.* *Benedixit, &c.*

*Pop.* Come *fratres & ſorores per praeſentes*,

Let us go in to exerciſe 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 ſince this Parlia-  
ment ſate , ( the plunderers J thank them  
brought me hither ) and J think J have had  
about 200000. fuiters at leaſt : nay, ſome  
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 gudgeons  
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, becaufe 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 miftrefle 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  
*Is joyn'd in league for mutual fociety.*  
*O would it were the bleffing of our Nation,*  
5 *They might have iffue too by procreation !*  
*But fure the Bride's pafst child-bearing; that's*  
*the reafon*  
*So few are honeft in this age and feafon.*  
*If't be a ftollen match, Priest must be taxt';*  
10 *Tis certain true, the Banes were never ax't,*  
*For he that joyn'd their hands ( for ought I*  
*heare )*  
*He was a very honeft Cavalier ;*  
*He us'd the Ring and Book, went not by*  
15 *heart,*  
*But joyn'd them word for word, Till death*  
*depart.*  
*Full refolute, without Fee's, to tye the noofe:*  
*It had lost his Benefice,h'had no move to lofe.*
- I know there's many waggifh Pates joyne* 20  
*force*  
*To part this couple by a fad divorce :*  
*We hope't will not be granted by Petition*  
*At th'Arches, Doctors Commons, or High-*  
25 *Commiffion :*  
*But I do verily think there's intent*  
*To fever them by this our Parliament.*  
*Therefore God give 'um joy ! Ioy may they*  
*find !*  
*This is the wifh of every vertuous mind.* 30  
*But wicked Rascals fing another Catch ;*  
*Pox take 'um both! Tis an unlucky match.*  
*It is indeed for them, because 'twill ferve*  
*To fend their Brats to Tyburn, or to fterve.*  
35 *Welfh Parsley is good phyfick. Honeft guefts*  
*We only bid to these our Nuptial feasts.*  
*Offerings to th' rich are bafe : yet we demand*  
*That you pay down a Plaudite at hand.*

FINIS.