



# CHARACTERS

OF SEVERAL

Ingenious designing Gentlemen,

Who have lately *Put in* to the

## Ladies Invention.

Which is intended to be drawn as soon as Full.

I. **A** Person of Quality, who wants some Inches of being the same Man as he was, to gratify the Ladies, has *Put in* three Guinea's, since something else is too short for that purpose. He was once in favour with the fair Sex, but every one knows they are like Fortune, who always flies from *Losing* Gamesters. He is to be seen at Play-times in the Side-Box, with a large Diamond in his Hat, but scarce one single *Precious Stone* in a place where they are most wanted.

II. A Man who writes himself *Presbyter of the Church of England*, since by reason of a certain Lampoon he can't call himself *Rector* of any Parish, has sent what he last gather'd from a Place not far from *Smock-Ally*, to the Lottery; to see what Fortune, who has been no great Friend to him hitherto, will send in Exchange. He's an *Eternal Cossip*, an *Unmerciful Scribler*, very full of himself, and has put in for the Plate with *Tate and Brady*, though their *Psalms* have *Distanc'd* his, as much as ancient *Sternhold's* and *Hopkins's* have outdone *Theirs*. He may be seen at Six in the Evening at the Coffee-drinking Dove-house, amongst several other punning, quibbling, drolling, ryming, smoaking Divines.

III. A Young Merchant, who pretends to great skill in the knowledge of Pamphlets, and is as great a Critick as the Bookfeller he deals with, has ventur'd Ten Shillings. He has Three Good Coats to his Back, and a Blue Surtoot, a Campaign Wig and a Twist; lives not a Mile from *Winchester-street*, and has just Wit enough to thank God, that he's admir'd for a Fool by a Lady not far from Him. He's to be seen with a Play or Pamphlet in his hand at the hours of Exchange under the Piazza's.

IV. An Apothecary in *Cheapside*, not a hundred Doors from *Mercers-Chappel*, has put in Eighteen Pence, the last Fee for Bleeding. He may be known by a certain Shrug in his Gate, talks of himself wonderfully, though nothing comes of it; pretends he can have what Woman of Fortune he pleases, when at the same time a Young Spark in the Country has run away with his Mistress. If this Ingenious Pomatum-Maker had but a *Nostrum* for the Itch, he might soon be an Alderman, by the Custom he may expect from the Shoals of Scrubbing *Scots* who come to his Shop.

VI. A Great Wine Brewer, not a Mile from *Fenchurch-street*, has put in for himself, and two Sons, Ten Pounds. He can't say he never was suspected of Evil Practices, and never went to see the Lyons in the Tower, no more than he can affirm, that he has a great aversion to a Pretty Girl. All that I can say is, That if every Member of the *Old East-India Company* had gotten half so much as He, their Stock would never have fallen to 41.



VI. A certain Merchant, who has been upon the Fret these Three Jays at *Garramays*, because some body said his Daughters were Tall and Handsome, has resolv'd to make himself amends by adventuring Half a Piece. He's a great Stickler for the *Old East-India Company*; laid his Head together with some more Wiseacres to find out the word *C O A L I T I O N*, and loves to do things PROFITABLE and SAFE, as well as HONOURABLE.

VII. A Paper Merchant, not far from *Ludgate-Hill*, having fail'd of his Project in subscribing several Thousand Pounds towards the Two Million Subscriptions, of another Bodys Mony, has now sent in the price of a Rheam of the best *Fools-Cap*, in his own. He wears notable light Wigs, is as stiff as the best Past-Board in his Shop, and knows how to be first in a Commission of Bankrupt against any poor Debtor whatsoever.

VIII. A splay-footed Coffee-man, who lives within two furlongs of *Temple-bar* and has already done himself the honour to send two Wives to a Church-yard, and is in hopes of wearing mourning for a third, has ventured the price of two Pounds of Coffee-Berries in this Lottery. He has several qualifications to recommend him, is the merriest unluckiest Devil alive, and says there's no wit like kicking of peoples shins. If fortune favours him, he intends to swopp'off his pale faced Kinswoman at the Bar, to a *Strong-water-man*.

IX. A Famous Spark of 7000 *l. per Annum*, who is to be seen at *Chaves's Chocolate-house* in the Pall-Mall, with four Footmen and a Negro ready to get up behind his Coach, has sent thirty Luidores in a Perfum'd Bag, to *Shuttleworth's Coffee-house*. This Gentleman makes no little figure at the other end of the Town, lolls in his Coach to admiration, and if he lights on a benefit will wholly attribute it to his Divine self, and the fair Lady's wishes.

X. A Gentleman in his own hair; forsooth, which he'll take as the highest Affront if you don't call it a Peruke, and who surely was sent up from the Country to study the Law, though he has a longing mind to be practicing a certain Ceremony contained in the *Gospel*, if the Lady, whose Money he has occasion for, lik'd his hair as well as himself, has adventur'd the price of a Play in the Side-Box. He is to be seen at all the Chocolate-houses near *St. James's*, pretends to abundance of Wit, and is so conceited of his Taper Shape, that he'd loose his Mistress rather than own hers to be better.

XI. An abominable Critic, who by venturing above his Sphere, will at last meet the destiny of his own *Phaeton*, and is so impudent as to thrust in amongst the Wits at *Will's Coffee-house*, has borrowed two shillings of some Acquaintance, who does not know him, and has been so indiscreet as to trust it with Fortune, who always bore him a spite. The chiefest Wit he pretends to, is, to be an *Atheist*, and has patch'd up a Book, where any one might have read his Character, without his being at the trouble of writing it himself.


XII. A whining Hypocritical Physician, who lives not far from from *Virtuoso-College* in *Bishops-Gate-Street*, and who from selling of Muslins and *Scotch Cloath*, has advanced himself to feel Pulses, and shake Urinals, has ventured the price of a Fee, which he took about a quarter of a year ago, in the Ladies Lottery. He's a true Tinker in Philosophy, and has made more holes in *Moses's Creation*, than he pretends to stop. His conversation runs chiefly upon Maggots and Insects, and he talks eternally of his Subterranean Travels. He would rather seek learning in the bottom of a Colepit, than the best furnish'd Library, and wou'd leave the Company of the finest Lady in *Christendom*; to make himself master of fine painted Butter-fly.

XIII. A Haberdasher near the Bar who is a *Sly Sinner*, and whose constitution is so vigorous and hot, that he's forced to plunge himself in his own cold Bath twice a week, has adventured the price of a Carolina. He's famous in his Generation for pulling all the pretty Women that pass by his Shop, treading on their toes, and telling them he's at their service. He has lately built a pretty Mansion house near *Sir John Oldcastle's* by *Islington*, and 'tis presumed by the Learned that he'll burn his fingers with his cold water project.

XIV. A Strutting *Welchman*, that comes to the *Welch-Lyon* near *Fleetstreet* God help hur, has sent in the whole product of Silver in *Sir Hu-----y M-----s* Mines, viz. two round shillings. They were indeed question'd at the Office, from whence he took his Tickets, but hur plood was up so, hur would not be refused, and so they pass muster. Hur may be seen from the hours of two till six, in the *Inner-Temple*, with a book in one hand, and a Box of Oyntment in t'other, one to keep hur from starving, and t'other from scratching.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

 Whereas there was a Paper which came out on Friday last, with a Stags-head for the Device: This is to acquaint the world, that none are Genuine but what have this Crested Ram prefix'd.