

Not that he Sells you worse, or Chears you less,  
 For, *Diteon* like, he Sells his ~~Tuff~~—d by guess.  
 He *Bills* the Ring with *Past*, to whiten Hands,  
 And at his Door *MUST* in large Letters stands:  
 Talks much, and Lyes most infinitely well,  
 Concerning *Musty Snuff*, and its fine Smell.

The City-Fawyns, who always ape the Court,  
 In Crowds to toying *Penkethman's* resort,  
 And fill their Boxes there with Man's-Dung Snuff,  
 With which, on *Change*, their horned Sculls they stuff.

Each Coffee-house, and little Millen-Whore,  
 Has *Musty-Snuff* set up to front their Door;  
 And 'cause that Christians cannot Cheat enough,  
 You purchase Rotten-Post, of *Jews*, for Snuff,  
 And let the Circumcized Whores-birds run  
 With ~~Tuff~~—d and *Post* to poyson Half the Town;  
 Because they swear, forsooth, that theirs is near,  
 And has not yet gone through the Snuff-men's Cheat.  
 Then ask the latter, Why themselves don't Use it?  
 They cry, 'tis constant Use makes them refuse it.

So Vintners, and Apothecaries, tell ye,  
 To avoid the Poyson that they Sell ye.  
 Then the damn'd Rogues hold it at such a Price,  
 That Four-Pound *Bohea* like, 'tis grown a Vice.  
 Prate like Old *Doyley* too, and run it down,  
 Wishing their was not one *Pinch* left i' th' Town;  
 Constantly swear their Stock is almost gone.  
*Save me Six Pounds*, cries one, of that same Pot;  
 Others there are that make a fearful rout,  
 To match their Flavour when that Jarr is out.  
 When the Sly Toads no sooner have sold one,  
 But out of Cellar they'll produce the same.  
 So, crying Scarcity, they Lull you on,  
 To make rich Rogues o' the greatest Dogs in Town;  
 By crowding Pates (where though there's room to spare,  
 With Snuff that smells like ill infected Air:  
 Yet in which well-dung'd Soil, Wir's seldom seen;  
 Or if it ever is, 'tis very Green.

Our learned Prelates, and Physicians too,  
 Who ought the Smell of Poyson well to know,  
 Most eagerly the *Musty Scent* pursue.  
 For, that 'tis Poyson, may be plainly shewn,  
 By its purging Thole of Wir that once had some.  
 If then, Good Sirs, you'd Witty be, and well,  
 Damn but their *MUST*, and good Plain-Snuff they'll sell.  
 For 'tis Old *Post* and ~~Tuff~~—d, and such like Stuff,  
 With *Church-Tard-Mould*, makes your admired SNUFF.