

Jonson, Ben

The Alchemist. A Comedy

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Ben Jonson

The Alchemist

A Comedy

To the Lady, most Deserving Her Name, and Blood:

Mary, La[dy] Wroth

Madam,

In the age of sacrifices, the truth of religion was not in the greatness and fat of the offerings, but in the devotion and zeal of the sacrificers: else, what could a handful of gums have done in the sight of a *hecatomb*? Or how might I appear at this altar, except with those affections that no less love the light and witness than they have the conscience of your virtue? If what I offer bear an acceptable odour, and hold the first strength, it is your value of it, which remembers, where, when, and to whom it was kindled. Otherwise, as the times are, there comes rarely forth that thing, so full of authority or example, but by assiduity and custom grows less, and loses. This yet safe in your judgement (which is a Sidney's) is forbidden to speak more; lest it talk or look like one of the ambitious Faces of the time: who, the more they paint, are the less themselves.

Your La[dyship's] true honourer,
Ben. Jonson.

To the Reader

If thou beest more, thou art an Understander, and then I trust thee. If thou art one that tak'st up, and but a Pretender, beware at what hands thou receiv'st thy commodity; for thou wert never more fair in the way to be cozened (than in this Age) in Poetry, especially in Plays: wherein now the concupiscence of dances and antics so reigneth, as to run away from Nature and be afraid of her, is the only point of art that tickles the spectators. But how out of purpose and place do I name Art? When the professors are grown so obstinate contemnners of it, and presumers on their own naturals, as they are deriders of all diligence that way, and by simple mocking at the terms, when they understand not the things, think to get off wittily with their ignorance. Nay, they are esteemed the more learned and sufficient for this, by the many, through their excellent vice of judgement. For they commend writers as they do fencers or wrestlers; who if they come in robustuously, and put for it with a great deal of violence, are received for the braver fellows: when many times their own rudeness is the cause of their disgrace, and a little touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foil. I deny not, but that these men, who always seek to do more than enough, may sometime happen on something that is good and great; but very seldom. And when it comes it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. It sticks out perhaps and is more eminent, because all is sordid and vile about it: as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness than a faint shadow. I speak not this out of a hope to do good on any man against his will; for I know, if it were put to the question of theirs and mine, the worse would find more suffrages: because the most favour common errors. But I give thee this warning, that there is a great difference between those that (to gain the opinion of copy) utter all they can, however unfitly; and those that use election and a mean. For it is only the disease of the unskilful to think rude things greater than polished: or scattered more numerous than composed.

The Persons of the Play

Subtle, the alchemist
Face, the housekeeper
Dol Common, their colleague
Dapper, a clerk
Abel Drugger, a tobacco-man
Lovewit, master of the house
Epicure Mammon, a knight
Surly, a gamester
Tribulation Wholesome, a pastor of Amsterdam
Ananias, a deacon there
Kastril, the angry boy
Dame Pliant, his sister, a widow
Neighbours
Officers
Mutes

The Scene
London

The Alchemist

The Argument

The sickness hot, a master quit, for fear,
His house in town: and left one servant there.
Ease him corrupted, and gave means to know
A cheater and his punk; who, now brought low,
Leaving their narrow practice, were become
Cozeners at large: and only wanting some
House to set up, with him they here contract,
Each for a share, and all begin to act.
Much company they draw, and much abuse,
In casting figures, telling fortunes, news,
Selling of flies, flat bawdry, with the stone:
Till it, and they, and all in fume are gone.

Prologue

Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours
We wish away; both for your sakes, and ours,
Judging spectators: and desire in place
To the author justice, to ourselves but grace.
Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known
No country's mirth is better than our own.
No clime breeds better matter, for your whore,
Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,
Whose manners, now called humours, feed the stage:
And which have still been subject for the rage
Or spleen of comic writers. Though this pen
Did never aim to grieve, but better men;
Howe'er the age he lives in doth endure
The vices that she breeds, above their cure.
But when the wholesome remedies are sweet,
And in their working, gain and profit meet,
He hopes to find no spirit so much diseased,
But will, with such fair correctives, be pleased.
For here, he doth not fear, who can apply.
If there be any, that will sit so nigh
Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,
They shall find things they'd think, or wish, were done;
They are so natural follies, but so shown,
As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

Act I

Scene 1

[Lovewit's house and the lane outside]

Enter Face [with a sword], Subtle [with a phial], Dol Common

FAC.

Believe't, I will.

SUB.

Thy worst. I fart at thee.

DOL.

Ha' you your wits? Why gentlemen! For love –

FAC.

Sirrah, I'll strip you –

SUB.

What to do? Lick figs

Out at my –

FAC.

Rogue, rogue, out of all your sleights.

DOL.

Nay, look ye! Sovereign, General, are you madmen?

SUB.

Oh, let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your silks

With good strong water, an' you come.

DOL.

Will you have

The neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?

Hark, I hear somebody.

FAC.

Sirrah –

SUB.

I shall mar

All that the tailor has made, if you approach.

FAC.

You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave,

Dare you do this?

SUB.

Yes faith, yes faith.

FAC.

Why! Who

Am I, my mongrel? Who am I?

SUB.

I'll tell you,

Since you know not yourself –

FAC.

Speak lower, rogue.

SUB.

Yes. You were once (time's not long past) the good,
Honest, plain, livery-three-pound-thrum; that kept
Your master's worship's house, here, in the Friars,
For the vacations –

FAC.

Will you be so loud?

SUB.

Since, by my means, translated suburb-captain.

FAC.

By your means, Doctor dog?

SUB.

Within man's memory,

All this, I speak of.

FAC.

Why, I pray you, have I

Been countenanced by you? Or you, by me?

Do but collect, sir, where I met you first.

SUB.

I do not hear well.

FAC.

Not of this, I think it.

But I shall put you in mind, sir, at Pie Corner,
Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls,
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk
Piteously costive, with your pinched-horn-nose,
And your complexion, of the Roman wash,
Stuck full of black and melancholic worms,
Like powder-corns, shot, at the artillery yard.

SUB.

I wish you could advance your voice a little.

FAC.

When you went pinned up in the several rags
You'd raked and picked from dunghills, before day,
Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes,
A felt of rug, and a thin threaden cloak,
That scarce would cover your no-buttocks –

SUB.

So, sir!

FAC.

When all your alchemy, and your algebra,
Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,
Your conjuring, cozening, and your dozen of trades,
Could not relieve your corpse, with so much linen
Would make you tinder, but to see a fire;

I ga' you countenance, credit for your coals,
Your stills, your glasses, your materials,
Built you a furnace, drew you customers,
Advanced all your black arts; lent you, beside,
A house to practise in –
SUB.

Your master's house?

FAC.

Where you have studied the more thriving skill
Of bawdry, since.

SUB.

Yes, in your master's house.

You, and the rats, here, kept possession.

Make it not strange. I know, yo'were one could keep
The buttery-hatch still locked, and save the chippings,
Sell the dole-beer to *aqua-vitae*-men,

The which, together with your Christmas vails,
At post and pair, your letting out of counters,
Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,
And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs,
Here, since your mistress's death hath broke up house.

FAC.

You might talk softer, rascal.

SUB.

No, you scarab,

I'll thunder you in pieces. I will teach you
How to beware to tempt a fury again
That carries tempest in his hand and voice.

FAC.

The place has made you valiant.

SUB.

No, your clothes.

Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee, out of dung,
So poor, so wretched, when no living thing
Would keep thee company, but a spider, or worse?
Raised thee from brooms and dust and watering pots?
Sublimed thee, and exalted thee, and fixed thee
I' the third region, called our state of grace?
Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with pains
Would twice have won me the philosophers' work?
Put thee in words and fashion? Made thee fit
For more than ordinary fellowships?
Given thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling dimensions?
Thy rules, to cheat at horse-race; cock-pit, cards,
Dice, or whatever gallant tincture else?
Made thee a second in mine own great art?
And have I this for thank? Do you rebel?

Do you fly out, i' the projection?

Would you be gone now?

DOL.

Gentlemen, what mean you?

Will you mar all?

SUB.

Slave, thou hadst had no name –

DOL.

Will you undo yourselves, with civil war?

SUB.

Never been known, past *equi clibanum*,

The heat of horse-dung, underground, in cellars,

Or an ale-house, darker than deaf John's: been lost

To all mankind, but laundresses and tapsters,

Had not I been.

DOL.

D'you know who hears you, Sovereign?

FAC.

Sirrah –

DOL.

Nay, General, I thought you were civil –

FAC.

I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.

SUB.

And hang thyself, I care not.

FAC.

Hang thee, collier,

And all thy pots and pans, in picture I will,

Since thou hast moved me. –

DOL.

(Oh, this'll o'verthrow all.)

FAC.

Write thee up bawd, in Paul's; have all thy tricks

Of cozening with a hollow coal, dust, scrapings,

Searching for things lost, with a sieve and shears,

Erecting figures, in your rows of houses,

And taking in of shadows, with a glass,

Told in red letters: and a face, cut for thee,

Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's.

DOL.

Are you sound?

Ha' you your senses, masters?

FAC.

I will have

A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures,

Shall prove a true philosophers' stone, to printers.

SUB.

Away, you trencher-rascal.
FAC.
Out you dog-leach,
The vomit of all prisons –
DOL.
Will you be
Your own destructions, gentlemen?
FAC.
Still spewed out
For lying too heavy o' the basket.
SUB.
Cheater.
FAC.
Bawd.
SUB.
Cowherd.
FAC.
Conjurer.
SUB.
Cutpurse.
FAC.
Witch.
DOL.
Oh me!
We are ruined! Lost! Ha' you no more regard
To your reputations? Where's your judgement? 'Slight,
Have yet some care of me, o' your republic –
FAC.
Away this brach. I'll bring thee, rogue, within
The statute of sorcery, *tricesimo tertio*,
Of Harry the Eight: aye, and (perhaps) thy neck
Within a noose, for laundering gold, and barbing it.
DOL.
You'll bring your head within a cockscomb, will you?

(She catcheth out Face his sword: and breaks Subtle's glass)

And you, sir, with your *menstrue*, gather it up.
'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards,
Leave off your barking, and grow one again,
Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.
I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal,
For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt o' you both.
Ha' you together cozened all this while,
And all the world, and shall it now be said
Yo've made most courteous shift to cozen yourselves?

[To Face]

You will accuse him? You will bring him in
Within the statute? Who shall take your word?
A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain,
Whom not a puritan in Blackfriars will trust
So much as for a feather!

[To Subtle]

And you, too,
Will give the cause, forsooth? You will insult,
And claim a primacy in the divisions?
You must be chief? As if you, only, had
The powder to project with? And the work
Were not begun out of equality?
The venture tripartite? All things in common?
Without priority? 'Sdeath, you perpetual curs,
Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly,
And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,
And lose not the beginning of a term,
Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too,
And take my part, and quit you.

FAC.

'Tis his fault,
He ever murmurs, and objects his pains,
And says the weight of all lies upon him.

SUB.

Why, so it does.

DOL.

How does it? Do not we
Sustain our parts?

SUB.

Yes, but they are not equal.

DOL.

Why, if your part exceed today, I hope
Ours may, tomorrow, match it.

SUB.

Aye, they may.

DOL.

May, murmuring mastiff? Aye, and do. Death on me!
Help me to throttle him.

[Seizes Subtle by the throat]

SUB.

Dorothy, mistress Dorothy,

'Ods precious, I'll do anything. What do you mean?

DOL.

Because o' your fermentation, and cibation?

SUB.

Not I, by heaven –

DOL.

Your *Sol* and *Luna* – help me.

SUB.

Would I were hanged then. I'll conform myself.

DOL.

Will you, sir, do so then, and quickly: swear.

SUB.

What should I swear?

DOL.

To leave your factions, sir.

And labour, kindly, in the common work.

SUB.

Let me not breathe, if I meant aught beside.

I only used those speeches as a spur

To him.

DOL.

I hope we need no spurs, sir. Do we?

FAC.

'Slid, prove today, who shall shark best.

SUB.

Agreed.

DOL.

Yes, and work close, and friendly.

SUB.

'Slight, the knot

Shall grow the stronger, for this breach, with me.

DOL.

Why so, my good baboons! Shall we go make

A sort of sober, scruffy, precise neighbours,

(That scarce have smiled twice, sin' the king came in)

A feast of laughter at our follies? Rascals,

Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride,

Or you to have but a hole to thrust your heads in,

For which you should pay ear-rent? No, agree.

And may Don Provost ride a-feasting, long,

In his old velvet jerkin, and stained scarfs,

(My noble Sovereign, and worthy General)

Ere we contribute a new crewel garter

To his most worsted worship.

SUB.

Royal Dol!

Spoken like Claridiana, and thyself!

FAC.

For which, at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,
And not be styled Dol Common, but Dol Proper,
Dol Singular: the longest cut, at night,
Shall draw thee for his Dol Particular.

SUB.

Who's that? One rings. To the window, Dol. Pray heaven,
The master do not trouble us this quarter.

FAC.

Oh, fear not him. While there dies one a week
O'the plague, he's safe from thinking toward London.

Beside, he's busy at his hopyards now:

I had a letter from him. If he do,
He'll send such word, for airing o' the house
As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:
Though we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.

SUB.

Who is it, Dol?

DOL.

A fine young quodling.

FAC.

Oh,
My lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night
In Holborn, at the Dagger. He would have
(I told you of him) a familiar,
To rifle with, at horses, and win cups.

DOL.

Oh, let him in.

SUB.

Stay. Who shall do't?

FAC.

Get you

Your robes on. I will meet him, as going out.

DOL.

And what shall I do?

FAC.

Not be seen, away.

[Exit Dol]

Seem you very reserved.

SUB.

Enough.

[Exit]

FAC.

God b'w'you, sir.

I pray you, let him know that I was here.
His name is Dapper. I would gladly have stayed, but –

Scene 2

DAP *[Without]*

Captain, I am here.

FAC.

Who's that? He's come, I think, Doctor.

[Enter Dapper]

Good faith, sir, I was going away.

DAP.

In truth,

I'm very sorry, Captain.

FAC.

But I thought

Sure, I should meet you.

DAP.

Aye, I'm very glad.

I had a scurvy writ or two to make,

And I had lent my watch last night, to one

That dines today at the sheriff's: and so was robbed

Of my pass-time.

[Enter Subtle in his robes]

Is this the cunning man?

FAC.

This is his worship.

DAP.

Is he a Doctor?

FAC.

Yes.

DAP.

And ha' you broke with him, Captain?

FAC.

Aye.

DAP.

And how?

FAC.

Faith, he does make the matter, sir, so dainty,

I know not what to say –

DAP.

Not so, good Captain.

FAC.

Would I were fairly rid on't, believe me.

DAP.

Nay, now you grieve me, sir. Why should you wish so?

I dare assure you. I'll not be ungrateful.

FAC.

I cannot think you will, sir. But the law

Is such a thing – And then, he says, Read's matter

Falling so lately –

DAP.

Read? He was an ass,

And dealt, sir, with a fool.

FAC.

It was a clerk, sir.

DAP.

A clerk?

FAC.

Nay, hear me, sir, you know the law

Better, I think –

DAP.

I should, sir, and the danger.

You know I showed the statute to you?

FAC.

You did so.

DAP.

And will I tell, then? By this hand of flesh,

Would it might never write good court-hand more,

If I discover. What do you think of me,

That I am a Chiause?

FAC.

What's that?

DAP.

The Turk, was here –

As one would say, do you think I am a Turk?

FAC.

I'll tell the Doctor so.

DAP.

Do, good sweet Captain.

FAC.

Come, noble Doctor, 'pray thee, let's prevail,

This is the gentleman, and he is no Chiause.

SUB.

Captain, I have returned you all my answer.

I would do much, sir, for your love – But this

I neither may, nor can.

FAC.

Tut, do not say so.

You deal now with a noble fellow, Doctor,

One that will thank you richly, and he's no Chiause:

Let that, sir, move you.

SUB.

Pray you, forbear –

FAC.

He has

Four angels, here –

SUB.

You do me wrong, good sir.

FAC.

Doctor, wherein? To tempt you, with these spirits?

SUB.

To tempt my art, and love, sir, to my peril.

'Fore heaven, I scarce can think you are my friend,

That so would draw me to apparent danger.

FAC.

I draw you? A horse draw you, and a halter,

You, and your flies together –

DAP.

Nay, good Captain.

FAC.

That know no difference of men.

SUB.

Good words, sir.

FAC.

Good deeds, Sir Doctor dogs-meat. 'Slight I bring you

No cheating Clim-o' the-Cloughs, or Claribels,

That look as big as five-and-fifty, and flush,

And spit out secrets, like hot custard –

DAP.

Captain.

FAC.

Nor any melancholic underscribe,

Shall tell the Vicar: but a special gentle,

That is the heir to forty marks a year,

Consorts with the small poets of the time,

Is the sole hope of his old grandmother,

That knows the law, and writes you six fair hands,

Is a fine clerk, and has his ciphering perfect,

Will take his oath, o' the Greek Xenophon,

If need be, in his pocket: and can court

His mistress, out of Ovid.

DAP.

Nay, dear Captain.

FAC.

Did you not tell me so?

DAP.

Yes, but I'd ha'you
Use Master Doctor with some more respect.
FAC.
Hang him proud stag, with his broad velvet head.
But for your sake, I'd choke, ere I would change
An article of breath with such a puck-fist –
Come, let's be gone.

SUB.
Pray you, let me speak with you.
DAP.
His worship calls you, Captain.

FAC.
I am sorry
I e'er embarked myself in such a business.
DAP.

Nay, good sir. He did call you.
FAC.
Will he take, then?

SUB.
First, hear me –
FAC.

Not a syllable, 'less you take.
SUB.
Pray ye, sir –
FAC.

Upon no terms, but an *assumpsit*.
SUB.
Your humour must be law.

(He takes the money)

FAC.
Why now, sir, talk.
Now, I dare hear you with mine honour. Speak.
So may this gentleman too.

SUB.
Why, sir –
FAC.
No whispering.

SUB.
'Fore heaven, you do not apprehend the loss
You do yourself in this.
FAC.

Wherein? For what?
SUB.
Marry, to be so importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will undo you all:

He'll win up all the money i' the town.
FAC.
How!
SUB.
Yes. And blow up gamester after gamester,
As they do crackers, in a puppet play.
If I do give him a familiar,
Give you him all you play for; never set him:
For he will have it.
FAC.
You're mistaken, Doctor.
Why, he does ask one but for cups, and horses,
A rifling fly: none o' your great familiars.
DAP.
Yes, Captain, I would have it, for all games.
SUB.
I told you so.
FAC.
'Slight, that's a new business!
I understood you, a tame bird, to fly
Twice in a term, or so; on Friday nights,
When you had left the office: for a nag,
Of forty or fifty shillings.
DAP.
Aye, 'tis true, sir,
But I do think, now, I shall leave the law,
And therefore –
FAC.
Why, this changes quite the case!
D'you think that I dare move him?
DAP.
If you please, sir,
All's one to him, I see.
FAC.
What! For that money?
I cannot with my conscience. Nor should you
Make the request, methinks.
DAP.
No, sir, I mean
To add consideration.
FAC.
Why then, sir,
I'll try. Say, that it were for all games, Doctor?
SUB.
I say, then, not a mouth shall eat for him
At any ordinary, but o' the score,
That is a gaming mouth, conceive me.

FAC.

Indeed!

SUB.

He'll draw you all the treasure of the realm,
If it be set him.

FAC.

Speak you this from art?

SUB.

Aye, sir, and reason too: the ground of art.

He's o' the only best complexion,

The Queen of Faery loves.

FAC.

What! Is he!

SUB.

Peace.

He'll overhear you. Sir, should she but see him –

FAC.

What?

SUB.

Do not you tell him.

FAC.

Will he win at cards too?

SUB.

The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac,
You'd swear were in him: such a vigorous luck

As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put

Six o' your gallants to a cloak, indeed.

FAC.

A strange success, that some man shall be born to!

SUB.

He hears you, man –

DAP.

Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.

FAC.

Faith, I have a confidence in his good nature:

You hear, he says, he will not be ingrateful.

SUB.

Why, as you please, my venture follows yours.

FAC.

Troth, do it, Doctor. Think him trusty, and make him.

He may make us both happy in an hour:

Win some five thousand pound, and send us two on't.

DAP.

Believe it, and I will, sir.

FAC.

And you shall, sir.

You have heard all?

DAP.
No, what was't? Nothing, I sir.
FAC.
Nothing?
DAP.
A little, sir.

(Face takes him aside)

FAC.
Well, a rare star
Reigned at your birth.
DAP.
At mine, sir? No.
FAC.
The Doctor
Swears that you are –
SUB.
Nay, Captain, you'll tell all, now.
FAC.
Allied to the Queen of Faery.
DAP.
Who? That I am?
Believe it, no such matter –
FAC.
Yes, and that
You were born with a caul o' your head.
DAP.
Who says so?
FAC.
Come.
You know it well enough, though you dissemble it.
DAP.
I-fac, I do not. You are mistaken.
FAC.
How!
Swear by your fac? And in a thing so known
Unto the Doctor? How shall we, sir, trust you
I'the other matter? Can we ever think,
When you have won five or six thousand pound,
You'll send us shares in't, by this rate?
DAP.
By Jove, sir,
I'll win ten thousand pound, and send you half.
I-fac's no oath.
SUB.
No, no, he did but jest.

FAC.
Go to. Go, thank the Doctor. He's your friend
To take it so.
DAP.
I thank his worship.
FAC.
So?
Another angel.
DAP.
Must I?
FAC.
Must you? 'Slight,
What else is thanks? Will you be trivial?

[Dapper gives money]

Doctor,
When must he come, for his familiar?
DAP.
Shall I not ha' it with me?
SUB.
Oh, good sir!
There must a world of ceremonies pass,
You must be bathed and fumigated first;
Besides, the Queen of Faery does not rise
Till it be noon.
FAC.
Not if she danced tonight.
SUB.
And she must bless it.
FAC.
Did you never see
Her royal Grace yet?
DAP.
Whom?
FAC.
Your aunt of Faery?
SUB.
Not since she kissed him in the cradle, Captain,
I can resolve you that.
FAC.
Well, see her Grace,
What e'er it cost you, for a thing that I know!
It will be somewhat hard to compass: but,
However, see her. You are made, believe it,
If you can see her. Her Grace is a lone woman,
And very rich, and if she take a fancy,

She will do strange things. See her, at any hand.
'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has!
It is the Doctor's fear.
DAP.
How will't be done then?
FAC.
Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you
But say to me, Captain, I'll see her Grace.
DAP.
Captain, I'll see her Grace.

(One knocks without)

FAC.
Enough.
SUB.
Who's there?
Anon. (Conduct him forth, by the back way.)
Sir, against one o'clock, prepare yourself.
Till when you must be fasting; only, take
Three drops of vinegar in at your nose;
Two at your mouth; and one at either ear;
Then bathe your fingers' ends; and wash your eyes;
To sharpen your five senses; and cry 'hum',
Thrice; and then 'buzz', as often; and then, come.

[Exit]

FAC.
Can you remember this?
DAP.
I warrant you.
FAC.
Well then, away. 'Tis but your bestowing
Some twenty nobles 'mong her Grace's servants;
And put on a clean shirt. You do not know
What grace her Grace may do you in clean linen.

[Exeunt]

Scene 3

Enter Subtle, Abel Drugger

SUB.

Come in (good wives, I pray you forbear me now.

Troth I can do you no good, till afternoon):

What is your name, say you, Abel Drugger?

DRU.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

A seller of tobacco?

DRU.

Yes sir.

SUB.

'Umh.

Free of the Grocers?

DRU.

Aye, and't please you.

SUB.

Well –

Your business, Abel?

DRU.

This, and't please your worship,

I am a young beginner, and am building

Of a new shop, and't like your worship; just,

At corner of a street: (here's the plot on't.)

And I would know by art, sir, of your worship,

Which way I should make my door, by necromancy.

And where my shelves. And which should be for boxes.

And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, sir.

And I was wished to your worship by a gentleman,

One Captain Face, that says you know men's planets,

And their good angels, and their bad.

SUB.

I do,

If I do see 'em –

[Enter Face]

FAC.

What! My honest Abel?

Thou art well met, here!

DRU.

Troth, sir, I was speaking,

Just, as your worship came here, of your worship.

I pray you, speak for me to Master Doctor.

FAC.

He shall do anything. Doctor, do you hear?

This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow,

He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not

Sophisticate it with sack-lees, or oil,

Nor washes it in muscadel, and grains,

Nor buries it in gravel underground,

Wrapped up in greasy leather, or pissed clouts:

But keeps it in fine lily-pots, that opened,

Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.

He has his maple block, his silver tongs,

Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper.

A neat, spruce-honest-fellow, and no goldsmith.

SUB.

He's a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on –

FAC.

Already, sir, ha' you found it? Lo' thee Abel!

SUB.

And in right way toward riches –

FAC.

Sir.

SUB.

This summer,

He will be of the clothing of his company:

And next spring, called to the scarlet. Spend what he can.

FAC.

What, and so little beard?

SUB.

Sir, you must think,

He may have a receipt, to make hair come.

But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't:

His fortune looks for him another way.

FAC.

'Slid, Doctor, how canst thou know this so soon?

I am amused, at that!

SUB.

By a rule, Captain,

In metoposcopy, which I do work by,

A certain star i'the forehead, which you see not.

Your chestnut, or your olive-coloured face

Does never fail: and your long ear doth promise.

I knew't, by certain spots too, in his teeth,

And on the nail of his mercurial finger.

FAC.

Which finger's that?

SUB.

His little finger. Look.
You were born upon a Wednesday?
DRU.
Yes, indeed, sir.
SUB.
The thumb, in chiromanty, we give Venus;
The forefinger to Jove; the midst, to Saturn;
The ring to Sol; the least, to Mercury;
Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope,
His house of life being Libra, which foreshowed,
He should be a merchant, and should trade with balance.
FAC.
Why, this is strange! Is't not, honest Nab?
SUB.
There is a ship now, coming from Ormus,
That shall yield him such a commodity
Of drugs – This is the west, and this the south?
DRU.
Yes, sir.
SUB.
And those are your two sides?
DRU.
Aye, sir.
SUB.
Make me your door, then, south; your broad side, west:
And on the east side of your shop, aloft,
Write *Mathlai*, *Tarmiel*, and *Baraborat*;
Upon the north part, *Rael*, *Velel*, *Thiel*.
They are the names of those Mercurial spirits,
That do fright flies from boxes.
DRU.
Yes, sir.
SUB.
And
Beneath your threshold, bury me a lodestone
To draw in gallants, that wear spurs. The rest,
They'll seem to follow.
FAC.
That's a secret, Nab!
SUB.
And on your stall, a puppet, with a vice,
And a court-fucus to call city-dames.
You shall deal much, with minerals.
DRU.
Sir, I have,
At home, already –
SUB.

Aye, I know, you have arsenic,
Vitriol, sal-tartar, argaile, alkali,
Cinoper: I know all. This fellow, Captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,
And give a say (I will not say directly,
But very fair) at the philosophers' stone.
FAC.
Why, how now, Abel! Is this true?
DRU.
Good Captain,
What must I give?
FAC.
Nay, I'll not counsel thee.
Thou hearst, what wealth (he says, spend what thou canst)
Th'art like to come to.
DRU.
I would gi' him a crown.
FAC.
A crown! And toward such a fortune? Heart,
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee?
DRU.
Yes, I have a portague, I ha' kept this half year.
FAC.
Out on thee, Nab; 'Slight, there was such an offer –
'Shalt keep 't no longer, I'll gi' it him for thee?
Doctor, Nab prays your worship, to drink this: and swears
He will appear more grateful, as your skill
Does raise him in the world.
DRU.
I would entreat
Another favour of his worship.
FAC.
What is't, Nab?
DRU.
But to look over, sir, my almanack,
And cross out my ill-days, that I may neither
Bargain, nor trust upon them.
FAC.
That he shall, Nab.
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.
SUB.
And a direction for his shelves.
FAC.
Now, Nab?
Art thou well pleased, Nab?
DRU.
Thank sir, both your worships.

FAC.
Away.

[Exit Druggier]

Why, now, you smoky persecuter of nature!
Now, do you see, that something's to be done,
Beside your beech-coal, and your corsive waters,
Your cross-lets, crucibles, and cucurbits?
You must have stuff, brought home to you, to work on?
And yet you think I am at no expense,
In searching out these veins, then following 'em,
Then trying 'em out. 'Fore God, my intelligence
Costs me more money than my share oft comes to,
In these rare works.
SUB.
You're pleasant, sir. How now?

Scene 4

Enter Dol

FAC.
What says my dainty Dolkin?
DOL.
Yonder fishwife
Will not away. And there's your giantess,
The bawd of Lambeth.
SUB.
Heart, I cannot speak with 'em.
DOL.
Not afore night, I have told 'em, in a voice,
Thorough the trunk, like one of your familiars.
But I have spied Sir Epicure Mammon –
SUB.
Where?
DOL.
Coming along, at far end of the lane,
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue,
To one that's with him.
SUB.
Face, go you, and shift.

[Exit Face]

Dol, you must presently make ready too –
DOL.

Why, what's the matter?

SUB.

Oh, I did look for him

With the sun's rising: 'marvel, he could sleep!

This is the day, I am to perfect for him

The magisterium, our great work, the stone;

And yield it, made, into his hands: of which,

He has this month talked, as he were possessed.

And now he's dealing pieces on't, away.

Methinks I see him, entering ordinaries,

Dispensing for the pox; and plaguey-houses,

Reaching his dose; walking Moorfields for lepers;

And offering citizens' wives pomander-bracelets,

As his preservative, made of the elixir;

Searching the spittle, to make old bawds young;

And the highways for beggars to make rich:

I see no end of his labours. He will make

Nature ashamed of her long sleep: when art,

Who's but a stepdame, shall do more than she,

In her best love to mankind, ever could.

If his dream last, he'll turn the age, to gold.

[Exeunt]

Act II

Scene 1

Enter Sir Epicure Mammon, Surly

MAM.

Come on, sir. Now you set your foot on shore
In *novo orbe*; here's the rich Peru:
And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing to't
Three years, but we have reached it in ten months.
This is the day wherein to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, 'be rich'.
This day you shall be *spectatissimi*.
You shall no more deal with the hollow die,
Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping
The livery-punk, for the young heir, that must
Seal, at all hours, in his shirt. No more,
If he deny, ha' him beaten to't, as he is
That brings him the commodity. No more
Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger
Of velvet entrails, for a rude-spun cloak,
To be displayed at Madam Augusta's, make
The sons of sword and hazard fall before
The golden calf, and on their knees, whole nights,
Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets:
Or go a-feasting, after drum and ensign.
No more of this. You shall start up young Viceroyes,
And have your punks and punkettees, my Surly.
And unto thee I speak it first, 'be rich'.
Where is my Subtle, there? Within hough?

FAC (*Within*)

Sir.

He'll come to you, by and by.

MAM.

That's his fire-drake,
His lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals,
Till he firk nature up, in her own centre.
You are not faithful, sir. This night I'll change
All that is metal in my house to gold.
And early in the morning will I send
To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up: and to Lothbury,
For all the copper.

SUR.

What, and turn that too?

MAM.

Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,
And make them perfect Indies! You admire now?

SUR.

No faith.

MAM.

But when you see the effects of the great medicine!
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon,
Shall turn it to as many of the Sun;
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum*:
You will believe me.

SUR.

Yes, when I see't, I will.

But if my eyes do cozen me so (and I
Giving 'em no occasion) sure, I'll have
A whore, shall piss 'em out, next day.

MAM.

Ha! Why?

Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the flower of the sun,
The perfect ruby, which we call elixir,
Not only can do that, but by its virtue,
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life,
Give safety, valour: yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight and twenty days,
I'll make an old man of fourscore a child.

SUR.

No doubt, he's that already.

MAM.

Nay, I mean,

Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,
Young giants; as our philosophers have done
(The ancient patriarchs afore the flood)
But taking, once a week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard, of it:
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.

SUR.

The decayed vestals of Pict-hatch would thank you,
That keep the fire alive there.

MAM.

'Tis the secret

Of nature, naturized 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases, coming of all causes,
A month's grief in a day; a year's in twelve:

And of what age soever, in a month.
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
I'll undertake, withal, to fright the plague
Out o' the kingdom, in three months.
SUR.
And I'll
Be bound, the players shall sing your praises then,
Without their poets.
MAM.
Sir, I'll do't. Meantime,
I'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve the whole city, with preservative,
Weekly, each house his dose, and at the rate –
SUR.
As he that built the waterwork, does with water?
MAM.
You are incredulous.
SUR.
Faith, I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gulled. Your stone
Cannot transmute me.
MAM.
Pertinax, my Surly,
Will you believe antiquity? Records?
I'll show you a book, where Moses, and his sister,
And Solomon have written of the art;
Aye, and a treatise penned by Adam.
SUR.
How!
MAM.
O' the philosophers' stone, and in high Dutch.
SUR.
Did Adam write, sir, in high Dutch?
MAM.
He did:
Which proves it was the primitive tongue.
SUR.
What paper?
MAM.
On cedar board.
SUR.
Oh that, indeed (they say)
Will last 'gainst worms.
MAM.
'Tis like your Irish wood
'Gainst cobwebs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece, too,
Which was no other than a book of alchemy,

Writ in large sheepskin, a good fat ram-vellum.
Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub;
And all that fable of Medea's charms,
The manner of our work: the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire; our *argent-vive*, the dragon:
The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting;
And they are gathered into Jason's helm,
(The alembic) and then sowed in Mars his field,
And thence sublimed so often, till they are fixed.
Both this, the Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,
Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes,
Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our stone. How now?

Scene 2

Enter Face

MAM.
Do we succeed? Is our day come? And holds it?
FAC.
The evening will set red upon you, sir;
You have colour for it, crimson: the red ferment
Has done his office. Three hours hence, prepare you
To see projection.

MAM.
Pertinax, my Surly,
Again, I say to thee, aloud: 'be rich'.
This day thou shalt have ingots: and tomorrow,
Give lords the affront. Is it, my Zephyrus, right?
Blushes the bolt's-head?

FAC.
Like a wench with child, sir,
That were but now discovered to her master.

MAM.
Excellent witty Lungs! My only care is,
Where to get stuff enough now, to project on,
This town will not half serve me.

FAC.
No, sir? Buy
The covering off o' churches.

MAM.
That's true.

FAC.
Yes.
Let 'em stand bare, as do their auditory.

Or cap 'em, new, with shingles.

MAM.

No, good thatch:

Thatch will lie light upo' the rafters, Lungs.

Lungs, I will manumit thee, from the furnace;

I will restore thee thy complexion, Puff,

Lost in the embers; and repair this brain,

Hurt wi' the fume o'the mettals.

FAC.

I have blown, sir,

Hard, for your worship; thrown by many a coal,

When 'twas not beech; weighed those I put in, just,

To keep your heat still even; these bleared-eyes

Have waked, to read your several colours, sir,

Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,

The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.

MAM.

And lastly,

Thou hast descried the flower, the *sanguis agni*?

FAC.

Yes, sir.

MAM.

Where's master?

FAC.

At's prayers, sir, he,

Good man, he's doing his devotions,

For the success.

MAM.

Lungs, I will set a period,

To all thy labours: thou shalt be the master

Of my seraglio.

FAC.

Good, sir.

MAM.

But do you hear?

I'll geld you, Lungs.

FAC.

Yes, sir.

MAM.

For I do mean

To have a list of wives and concubines,

Equal with Solomon; who had the stone

Alike with me: and I will make me a back

With the elixir that shall be as tough

As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night.

Th'art sure, thou saw'st it blood?

FAC.

Both blood, and spirit, sir.

MAM.

I will have all my beds blown up; not stuffed:
Down is too hard. And then, mine oval room,
Filled with such pictures, as Tiberius took
From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses,
Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse
And multiply the figures, as I walk
Naked between my *succubae*. My mists
I'll have of perfume, vapoured 'bout the room,
To loose ourselves in; and my baths, like pits
To fall into: from whence we will come forth,
And roll us dry in gossamer and roses.
(Is it arrived at ruby?) – Where I spy
A wealthy citizen, or rich lawyer,
Have a sublimed pure wife, unto that fellow
I'll send a thousand pound, to be my cuckold.

FAC.

And I shall carry it?

MAM.

No. I'll ha' no bawds,
But fathers and mothers. They will do it best.
Best of all others. And my flatterers
Shall be the pure and gravest of Divines,
That I can get for money. My mere fools,
Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets,
The same that writ so subtly of the fart,
Whom I will entertain, still, for that subject.
The few that would give out themselves to be
Court and town-stallions, and, each where, belie
Ladies, who are known most innocent, for them;
Those will I beg to make me eunuchs of:
And they shall fan me with ten ostrich tails
Apiece made in a plume to gather wind.
We will be brave, Puff, now we ha' the medicine.
My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate, set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.
The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,
Boiled i' the spirit of Sol, and dissolved pearl,
(Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy)
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.
My footboy shall eat pheasants, calvered salmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
The beards of barbels, served instead of salads;

Oiled mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Dressed with an exquisite and poignant sauce;
For which, I'll say unto my cook, there's gold,
Go forth, and be a knight.
FAC.
Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens.

[Exit]

MAM.
Do. My shirts
I'll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft, and light
As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment
It shall be such as might provoke the Persian;
Were he to teach the world riot anew.
My gloves of fishes' and birds'-skins, perfumed
With gums of paradise, and eastern air –
SUR.
And do you think to have the stone, with this?

MAM.
No, I do think, to have all this, with the stone.
SUR.
Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,
A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.

MAM.
That makes it, sir, he is so. But I buy it.
My venture brings it me. He, honest wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good soul,
Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,
With prayer and fasting for it: and, sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes,
Not a profane word afore him: 'tis poison.

Scene 3

Enter Subtle

MAM.
Good morrow, father.
SUB.
Gentle son, good morrow,
And to your friend there. What is he, is with you?
MAM.
An heretic, that I did bring along,
In hope, sir, to convert him.

SUB.
Son, I doubt
You're covetous, that thus you meet your time
I' the just point: prevent your day, at morning.
This argues something, worthy of a fear
Of importune and carnal appetite.
Take heed you do not cause the blessing leave you,
With your ungoverned haste. I should be sorry
To see my labours, now, e'en at perfection,
Got by long watching and large patience,
Not prosper, where my love and zeal hath placed 'em.
Which (heaven I call to witness, with yourself,
To whom I have poured my thoughts) in all my ends,
Have looked no way, but unto public good,
To pious uses, and dear charity,
Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein
If you, my son, should now prevaricate,
And to your own particular lusts employ
So great and catholic a bliss: be sure,
A curse will follow, yea, and overtake
Your subtle and most secret ways.

MAM.
I know, sir,
You shall not need to fear me. I but come,
To ha' you confute this gentleman.

SUR.
Who is,
Indeed, sir, somewhat costive of belief
Toward your stone: would not be gulled.

SUB.
Well, son,
All that I can convince him in, is this,
The work is done: bright Sol is in his robe.
We have a medicine of the triple Soul,
The glorified spirit. Thanks be to heaven,
And make us worthy of it. Ulenspiegel!

FAC *[Within]*
Anon, sir.

[Enter Face]

SUB.
Look well to the register,
And let your heat, still, lessen by degrees,
To the aludels.

FAC.
Yes, sir.

SUB.

Did you look

O'the bolt's-head yet?

FAC.

Which, on D sir?

SUB.

Aye.

What's the complexion?

FAC.

Whitish.

SUB.

Infuse vinegar,

To draw his volatile substance, and his tincture:

And let the water in glass E be filtered,

And put into the gripe's egg. Lute him well;

And leave him closed in *balneo*.

FAC.

I will, sir.

[Exit]

SUR.

What a brave language here is? Next to canting?

SUB.

I have another work; you never saw, son,

That three days since passed the philosopher's wheel,

In the lent heat of Athanor; and's become

Sulphur o' nature.

MAM.

But 'tis for me?

SUB.

What need you?

You have enough, in that is, perfect.

MAM.

Oh, but –

SUB.

Why, this is covetise!

MAM.

No, I assure you,

I shall employ it all, in pious uses,

Founding of colleges and grammar schools,

Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,

And now and then a church.

[Enter Face]

SUB.

How now?

FAC.

Sir, please you,

Shall I not change the filter?

SUB.

Marry, yes.

And bring me the complexion of glass B.

[Exit Face]

MAM.

Ha' you another?

SUB.

Yes, son, were I assured

Your piety were firm, we would not want

The means to glorify it. But I hope the best:

I mean to tinct C in sand-heat tomorrow,

And give him imbibition.

MAM.

Of white oil?

SUB.

No, sir, of red. F is come over the helm too,

I thank my Maker, in St Mary's bath,

And shows *lac virginis*. Blessed be heaven.

I sent you of his faeces there, calcined.

Out of that calx, I' ha' won the salt of Mercury.

MAM.

By pouring on your rectified water?

SUB.

Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.

[Enter Face]

How now? What colour says it?

FAC.

The ground black, sir.

MAM.

That's your crow's-head?

SUR.

Your cockscomb's, is it not?

SUB.

No, 'tis not perfect, would it were the crow.

That work wants something.

(SUR.

Oh, I looked for this.

The hay is a-pitching.)

SUB.

Are you sure, you loosed 'em

I' their own menstrue?

FAC.

Yes, sir, and then married 'em,

And put 'em in a bolt's-head, nipped to digestion,

According as you bade me; when I set

The liquor of Mars to circulation,

In the same heat.

SUB.

The process, then, was right.

FAC.

Yes, by the token, sir, the retort brake,

And what was saved, was put into the pelican,

And signed with Hermes' seal.

SUB.

I think 'twas so.

We should have a new amalgama.

(SUR.

Oh, this ferret

Is rank as any polecat.)

SUB.

But I care not.

Let him e'en die; we have enough beside,

In embrion. H has his white shirt on?

FAC.

Yes, sir,

He's ripe for inceration: he stands warm,

In his ash-fire. I would not, you should let

Any die now, if I might counsel, sir,

For luck's sake to the rest. It is not good.

MAM.

He says right.

(SUR.

Aye, are you bolted?)

FAC.

Nay, I know't, sir,

I've seen the ill fortune. What is some three ounces

Of fresh materials?

MAM.

Is't no more?

FAC.

No more, sir,

Of gold, t' amalgam, with some six of mercury.

MAM.

Away, here's money. What will serve?

FAC.

Ask him, sir.

MAM.

How much?

SUB.

Give him nine pound: you may gi' him ten.

SUR.

Yes, twenty, and be cozened, do.

MAM.

There 'tis.

SUB.

This needs not. But that you will have it, so,

To see conclusions of all. For two

Of our inferior works are at fixation.

A third is in ascension. Go your ways.

Ha' you set the oil of *Luna* in *kemia*?

FAC.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

And the philosopher's vinegar?

FAC.

Aye.

[Exit]

SUR.

We shall have a salad.

MAM.

When do you make projection?

SUB.

Son, be not hasty, I exalt our medicine,

By hanging him in *balneo vaporoso*;

And giving him solution; then congeal him;

And then dissolve him; then again congeal him;

For look, how oft I iterate the work,

So many times, I add unto his virtue.

As, if at first, one ounce convert a hundred,

After his second loose, he'll turn a thousand;

His third solution, ten; his fourth, a hundred.

After his fifth, a thousand thousand ounces

Of any imperfect metal, into pure

Silver, or gold, in all examinations,

As good as any of the natural mine.

Get you your stuff here, against afternoon,

Your brass, your pewter, and your andirons.

MAM.

Not those of iron?

SUB.

Yes. You may bring them, too.

We'll change all metals.

SUR.

I believe you, in that.

MAM.

Then I may send my spits?

SUB.

Yes, and your racks.

SUR.

And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers, and hooks?

Shall he not?

SUB.

If he please.

SUR.

To be an ass.

SUB.

How, sir!

MAM.

This gent'man, you must bear withal.

I told you, he had no faith.

SUR.

And little hope, sir,

But much less charity, should I gull myself.

SUB.

Why, what have you observed, sir, in our art,

Seems so impossible?

SUR.

But your whole work, no more.

That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,

As they do eggs, in Egypt!

SUB.

Sir, do you

Believe that eggs are hatched so?

SUR.

If I should?

SUB.

Why, I think that the greater miracle.

No egg, but differs from a chicken more,

Than metals in themselves.

SUR.

That cannot be.

The egg's ordained by nature to that end:

And is a chicken in *potentia*.

SUB.

The same we say of lead, and other metals,

Which would be gold, if they had time.

MAM.

And that

Our art doth further.

SUB.

Aye, for 'twere absurd

To think that nature, in the earth, bred gold

Perfect, i'the instant. Something went before.

There must be remote matter.

SUR.

Aye, what is that?

SUB.

Marry, we say –

MAM.

Aye, now it heats: stand, father.

Pound him to dust –

SUB.

It is, of the one part,

A humid exhalation, which we call

Materia liquida, or the unctuous water;

On the other part, a certain crass and viscous

Portion of earth; both which, concorporate,

Do make the elementary matter of gold:

Which is not, yet, *propria materia*,

But common to all metals, and all stones.

For where it is forsaken of that moisture,

And hath more dryness, it becomes a stone;

Where it retains more of the humid fatness,

It turns to sulphur, or to quick-silver:

Who are the parents of all other metals.

Nor can this remote matter suddenly

Progress so from extreme unto extreme,

As to grow gold, and leap o'er all the means.

Nature doth, first, beget the imperfect; then

Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy,

And oily water, mercury is engendered;

Sulphur o'the fat and earthy part: the one

(Which is the last) supplying the place of male,

The other of the female, in all metals.

Some do believe hermaphrodeity,

That both do act and suffer. But these two

Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.

And even in gold, they are; for we do find

Seeds of them, by our fire, and gold in them:

And can produce the species of each metal

More perfect thence than nature doth in earth.

Beside, who doth not see, in daily practice,

Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, wasps,

Out of the carcasses and dung of creatures;

Yea, scorpions, of an herb, being ritely placed:

And these are living creatures, far more perfect

And excellent than metals.

MAM.

Well said, father!

Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,
He'll bray you in a mortar.

SUR.

'Pray you, sir, stay.

Rather, then I'll be brayed, sir, I'll believe,

That Alchemy is a pretty kind of game,

Somewhat like tricks o'the cards, to cheat a man,

With charming.

SUB.

Sir?

SUR.

What else are all your terms,

Whereon no one o' your writers grees with other?

Of your elixir, your *lac virginis*,

Your stone, your medicine, and your chrysosperm,

Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercury,

Your oil of height, your tree of life, your blood,

Your marcasite, your tutty, your magnesia,

Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your panther,

Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adrop,

Your lato, azoch, zernich, chibrit, heautarit,

And then, your red man, and your white woman,

With all your broths, your menstrues, and materials,

Of piss, and egg-shells, women's terms, man's blood,

Hair o' the head, burnt clouts, chalk, merds, and clay,

Powder of bones, scalings of iron, glass,

And worlds of other strange ingredients,

Would burst a man to name?

SUB.

And all these, named

Intending but one thing: which art our writers

Used to obscure their art.

MAM.

Sir, so I told him,

Because the simple idiot should not learn it,

And make it vulgar.

SUB.

Was not all the knowledge

Of the Egyptians writ in mystic symbols?

Speak not the Scriptures oft in parables?

Are not the choicest fables of the Poets,

That were the fountains, and first springs of wisdom,

Wrapped in perplexed allegories?

MAM.

I urged that,
And cleared to him, that Sisyphus was damned
To roll the ceaseless stone only because
He would have made ours common.

(Dol is seen)

Who is this?
SUB.
God's precious – What do you mean? Go in, good lady,
Let me entreat you.

[She retires]

Where's this varlet?

[Enter Face]

FAC.
Sir?
SUB.
You very knave! Do you use me, thus?
FAC.
Wherein, sir?
SUB.
Go in, and see, you traitor. Go.

[Exit Face]

MAM.
Who is it, sir?
SUB.
Nothing, sir. Nothing.
MAM.
What's the matter? Good sir!
I have not seen you thus distempered. Who is't?
SUB.
All arts have still had, sir, their adversaries,
But ours the most ignorant.

(Face returns)

What now?
FAC.
'Twas not my fault, sir, she would speak with you.
SUB.
Would she, sir? Follow me.

[Exit]

MAM.
Stay, Lungs.
FAC.
I dare not, sir.
MAM.
Stay man, what is she?
FAC.
A lord's sister, sir.
MAM.
How! 'Pray thee stay?
FAC.
She's mad, sir, and sent hither –
(He'll be mad too.
MAM.
I warrant thee.) Why sent hither?
FAC.
Sir, to be cured.
SUB *[Within]*
Why, rascal!
FAC.
Lo you. Here, sir.

(He goes out)

MAM.
'Fore God, a Bradamante, a brave piece.
SUR.
Heart, this is a bawdy house! I'll be burnt else.
MAM.
Oh, by this light, no. Do not wrong him. He's
Too scrupulous, that way. It is his vice.
No, he's a rare physician, do him right.
An excellent Paracelsian! And has done
Strange cures with mineral physic. He deals all
With spirits, he. He will not hear a word
Of Galen, or his tedious recipes.
How now, Lungs!

(Face again)

FAC.
Softly, sir, speak softly. I meant
To ha' told your worship all. This must not hear.
MAM.
No, he will not be gulled; let him alone.
FAC.

You're very right, sir, she is a most rare scholar;
And is gone mad with studying Broughton's works.
If you but name a word, touching the Hebrew,
She falls into her fit, and will discourse
So learnedly of genealogies,
As you would run mad, too, to hear her, sir.
MAM.
How might one do to have conference with her, Lungs?
FAC.
Oh, divers have run mad upon the conference.
I do not know, sir: I am sent in haste,
To fetch a vial.
SUR.
Be not gulled, Sir Mammon.
MAM.
Wherein? 'Pray ye, be patient.
SUR.
Yes, as you are.
And trust confederate knaves, and bawds, and whores.
MAM.
You are too foul, believe it. Come, here, Ulen.
One word.
FAC.
I dare not, in good faith.

[Going]

MAM.
Stay, knave.
FAC.
He's extreme angry, that you saw her, sir.
MAM.
Drink that.

[Giving money]

What is she, when she's out of her fit?
FAC.
Oh, the most affablest creature, sir! So merry!
So pleasant! She'll mount you up, like quick-silver,
Over the helm; and circulate, like oil,
A very vegetal: discourse of state,
Of mathematics, bawdry, anything –
MAM.
Is she no way accessible? No means,
No trick, to give a man a taste of her – wit –
Or so? –

SUB [*Within*]

Ulen!

FAC.

I'll come to you again, sir.

[*Exit*]

MAM.

Surly, I did not think one o' your breeding
Would traduce personages of worth.

SUR.

Sir Epicure,
Your friend to use: yet still loth to be gulled.
I do not like your philosophical bawds.
Their stone is lechery enough to pay for,
Without this bait.

MAM.

'Heart, you abuse yourself.
I know the lady, and her friends, and means,
The original of this disaster. Her brother
Has told me all.

SUR.

And yet, you ne'er saw her
Till now?

MAM.

Oh, yes, but I forgot. I have (believe it)
One o'the treacherou'st memories, I do think,
Of all mankind.

SUR.

What call you her, brother?

MAM.

My lord –
He wi'not have his name known, now I think on't.

SUR.

A very treacherous memory!

MAM.

O' my faith –

SUR.

Tut, if you ha' it not about you, pass it,
Till we meet next.

MAM.

Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.
He's one I honour, and my noble friend,
And I respect his house.

SUR.

Heart! Can it be,
That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need,

A wise sir, too, at other times, should thus
With his own oaths and arguments make hard means
To gull himself? And this be your elixir,
Your *lapis mineralis*, and your lunary,
Give me your honest trick yet, at primero,
Or glee; and take your *lutum sapientis*,
Your *menstruum simplex*: I'll have gold before you
And with less danger of the quick-silver;
Or the hot sulphur.

[Enter Face]

FAC *[To Surly]*
Here's one from Captain Face, sir,
Desires you meet him i'the Temple church,
Some half hour hence, and upon earnest business.

(He whispers Mammon)

Sir, if you please to quit us now; and come
Again, within two hours; you shall have
My master busy examining o' the works;
And I will steal you in, unto the party,
That you may see her converse. Sir, shall I say,
You'll meet the Captain's worship?
SUR.
Sir, I will.

[He walks aside]

But, by attorney, and to a second purpose.
Now, I am sure, it is a bawdy-house;
I'll swear it, were the marshal here, to thank me:
The naming this Commander doth confirm it.
Don Face! Why, he's the most authentic dealer
I' these commodities! The superintendent
To all the queinter traffickers in town.
He is their Visitor, and does appoint
Who lies with whom; and at what hour; what price;
Which gown; and in what smock; what fall; what tire.
Him will I prove, by a third person, to find
The subtleties of this dark labyrinth:
Which, if I do discover, dear Sir Mammon,
You'll give your poor friend leave, though no philosopher,
To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep.
FAC.
Sir. He does pray, you'll not forget.

SUR.
I will not, sir.
Sir Epicure, I shall leave you?
MAM.
I follow you, straight.

[Exit Surly]

FAC.
But do so, good sir, to avoid suspicion.
This gent'man has a parlous head.
MAM.
But wilt thou, Ulen,
Be constant to thy promise?
FAC.
As my life, sir.
MAM.
And wilt thou insinuate what I am? And praise me?
And say I am a noble fellow?
FAC.
Oh, what else, sir?
And that you'll make her royal, with the stone,
An empress; and yourself king of Bantam.
MAM.
Wilt thou do this?
FAC.
Will I, sir?
MAM.
Lungs, my Lungs!
I love thee.
FAC.
Send your stuff, sir, that my master
May busy himself, about projection.
MAM.
Th'hast witched me, rogue: take, go.

[Giving money]

FAC.
Your jack and all, sir.
MAM.
Thou art a villain – I will send my jack;
And the weights too. Slave, I could bite thine ear.
Away, thou dost not care for me.
FAC.
Not I, sir?
MAM.

Come, I was born to make thee, my good weasel;
Set thee on a bench; and, ha' thee twirl a chain
With the best lord's vermin, of 'em all.

FAC.

Away, sir.

MAM.

A Count, nay, a Count Palatine –

FAC.

Good sir, go.

MAM.

Shall not advance thee better: no, nor faster.

[Exit]

Scene 4

Enter Subtle, Dol

SUB.

Has he bit? Has he bit?

FAC.

And swallowed too, my Subtle.

I ha' given him line, and now he plays, i'faith.

SUB.

And shall we twitch him?

FAC.

Thorough both the gills.

A wench is a rare bait, with which a man

No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad.

SUB.

Dol, my lord Whats'hum's sister, you must now

Bear yourself *statelich*.

DOL.

Oh, let me alone.

I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.

I'll keep my distance, laugh, and talk aloud;

Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady,

And be as rude as her woman.

FAC.

Well said, Sanguine.

SUB.

But will he send his andirons?

FAC.

His jack too;

And's iron shoeing-horn: I ha' spoke to him. Well,

I must not loose my wary gamester, yonder.

SUB.

Oh Monsieur Caution, that will not be gulled?

FAC.

Aye, if I can strike a fine hook into him, now,

The Temple church, there I have cast mine angle.

Well, pray for me. I'll about it.

(One knocks)

SUB.

What, more gudgeons!

Dol, scout, scout;

[Dol goes to window]

stay Face, you must go to the door:
'Pray God, it be my Anabaptist. Who is't, Dol?
DOL.

I know him not. He looks like a gold-end-man.
SUB.

Gods so! 'Tis he, he said he would send. What call you him?
The sanctified Elder, that should deal
For Mammon's jack and andirons! Let him in.
Stay, help me off, first, with my gown.

[Exit Face with gown]

Away
Madam, to your withdrawing chamber.

[Exit Dol]

Now,
In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.
This fellow is sent, from one negotiates with me
About the stone, too; for the holy Brethren
Of Amsterdam, the exiled Saints: that hope
To raise their discipline by it. I must use him
In some strange fashion now, to make him admire me.

Scene 5

Enter Ananias

SUB.
Where is my drudge?

[Enter Face]

FAC.

Sir.
SUB.
Take away the recipient,
And rectify your menstroe, from the phlegma.
Then pour it, o' the *Sol*, in the cucurbit,
And let 'em macerate together.

FAC.
Yes, sir.
And save the ground?

SUB.
No. *Terra damnata*

Must not have entrance in the work. Who are you?

ANA.

A faithful Brother, if it please you.

SUB.

What's that?

A Lullianist? A Ripley? *Filius artis*?

Can you sublime, and dulcify? Calcine?

Know you the *sapor pontic*? *Sapor stiptic*?

Or what is homogeneous, or heterogeneous?

ANA.

I understand no heathen language, truly.

SUB.

Heathen, you Knipper-Doling? Is *Ars sacra*,

Or *Chrysopoeia*, or *Spagyrica*,

Or the pamphysic, or panarchic knowledge,

A heathen language?

ANA.

Heathen Greek, I take it.

SUB.

How? Heathen Greek?

ANA.

All's heathen, but the Hebrew.

SUB.

Sirrah, my varlet, stand you forth, and speak to him,

Like a philosopher: answer, i'the language.

Name the vexations, and the martyrizations

Of metals in the work.

FAC.

Sir, putrefaction,

Solution, ablution, sublimation,

Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and

Fixation.

SUB.

This is heathen Greek, to you, now?

And when comes vivification?

FAC.

After mortification.

SUB.

What's cohobation?

FAC.

'Tis the pouring on

Your *Aqua Regis*, and then drawing him off,

To the trine circle of the seven spheres.

SUB.

What's the proper passion of metals?

FAC.

Malleation.

SUB.

What's your *ultimum supplicium auri*?

FAC.

Antimonium.

SUB.

This's heathen Greek, to you? And, what's your Mercury?

FAC.

A very fugitive, he will be gone, sir.

SUB.

How know you him?

FAC.

By his viscosity,

His oleosity, and his suscitability.

SUB.

How do you sublime him?

FAC.

With the calce of eggshells,

White marble, talc.

SUB.

Your magisterium, now?

What's that?

FAC.

Shifting, sir, your elements,

Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist in-
to hot, hot into dry.

SUB.

This's heathen Greek to you, still?

Your *lapis philosophicus*?

FAC.

'Tis a stone, and not

A stone; a spirit, a soul, and a body:

Which, if you do dissolve, it is dissolved,

If you coagulate, it is coagulated,

If you make it to fly, it flieth.

SUB.

Enough.

[Exit Face]

This's heathen Greek, to you? What are you, sir?

ANA.

Please you, a servant of the exiled Brethren,

That deal with widows', and with orphans' goods;

And make a just account unto the Saints:

A deacon.

SUB.

Oh, you are sent from Master Wholesome,

Your teacher?

ANA.

From Tribulation Wholesome,

Our very zealous Pastor.

SUB.

Good. I have

Some orphans' goods to come here.

ANA.

Of what kind, sir?

SUB.

Pewter, and brass, andirons, and kitchenware,

Metals, that we must use our medicine on:

Wherein the Brethren may have a penn'orth,

For ready money.

ANA.

Were the orphans' parents

Sincere professors?

SUB.

Why do you ask?

ANA.

Because

We then are to deal justly, and give (in truth)

Their utmost value.

SUB.

'Slid, you'd cozen, else,

And if their parents were not of the faithful?

I will not trust you, now I think on't,

Till I ha' talked with your Pastor. Ha' you brought money

To buy more coals?

ANA.

No, surely.

SUB.

No? How so?

ANA.

The Brethren bid me say unto you, sir.

Surely they will not venture any more,

Till they may see projection.

SUB.

How!

ANA.

You've had,

For the instruments, as bricks, and loam, and glasses,

Already thirty pound; and, for materials,

They say, some ninety more: and they have heard, since,

That one, at Heidelberg, made it, of an egg,

And a small paper of pin-dust.

SUB.

What's your name?

ANA.

My name is Ananias.

SUB.

Out, the varlet

That cozened the Apostles! Hence, away,

Flee Mischief; had your holy Consistory

No name to send me, of another sound,

Than wicked Ananias? Send your Elders

Hither to make atonement for you quickly.

And gi' me satisfaction; or out goes

The fire: and down the alembics and the furnace,

Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch,

Both Sericon, and Bufo, shall be lost,

Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the Bishops,

Or the Antichristian Hierarchy shall perish,

If they stay threescore minutes. The Aqueity,

Terreity, and Sulphureity

Shall run together again, and all be annulled,

Thou wicked Ananias.

[Exit Ananias]

This will fetch 'em,

And make 'em haste towards their gulling more.

A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright

Those that are froward, to an appetite.

Scene 6

Enter Face, Drugger

FAC.

He's busy with his spirits, but we'll upon him.

SUB.

How now! What mates? What Bayards ha' we here?

FAC.

I told you he would be furious. Sir, here's Nab,

Has brought you another piece of gold to look on:

(We must appease him. Give it me) and prays you,

You would devise (what is it Nab?)

DRU.

A sign, sir.

FAC.

Aye, a good lucky one, a thriving sign, Doctor.

SUB.

I was devising now.

FAC.

('Slight, do not say so,

He will repent he ga' you any more.)

What say you to his constellation, Doctor?

The Balance?

SUB.

No, that way is stale, and common.

A townsman, born in Taurus, gives the bull;

Or the bull's-head: in Aries, the ram.

A poor device. No, I will have his name

Formed in some mystic character; whose *radii*,

Striking the senses of the passers-by,

Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,

That may result upon the party owns it:

As thus –

FAC.

Nab!

SUB.

He first shall have a bell, that's Abel;

And, by it, standing one, whose name is Dee,

In a rug gown; there's D and Rug, that's Drug:

And, right anenst him, a Dog snarling Er;

There's Drugger, Abel Drugger. That's his sign.

And here's now mystery, and hieroglyphic!

FAC.

Abel, thou art made.

DRU.

Sir, I do thank his worship.

FAC.

Six o' thy legs more will not do it, Nab.

He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, Doctor.

DRU.

Yes, sir:

I have another thing I would impart –

FAC.

Out with it, Nab.

DRU.

Sir, there is lodged, hard by me,

A rich young widow –

FAC.

Good! A *bona roba*?

DRU.

But nineteen, at the most.

FAC.

Very good, Abel.

DRU.

Marry, she's not in fashion, yet; she wears

A hood: but 't stands a cop.

FAC.

No matter, Abel.

DRU.

And I do, now and then, give her a fucus –

FAC.

What! Dost thou deal, Nab?

SUB.

I did tell you, Captain.

DRU.

And physic too sometime, sir: for which she trusts me

With all her mind. She's come up here, of purpose

To learn the fashion.

FAC.

Good (his match too!) on, Nab.

DRU.

And she does strangely long to know her fortune.

FAC.

God's lid, Nab, send her to the Doctor, hither.

DRU.

Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship, already:

But she's afraid it will be blown abroad,

And hurt her marriage.

FAC.

Hurt it? 'Tis the way

To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more

Followed, and sought: Nab, thou shalt tell her this.

She'll be more known, more talked of, and your widows

Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;

Their honour is their multitude of suitors:

Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What?

Thou dost not know.

DRU.

No, sir, she'll never marry

Under a knight. Her brother has made a vow.

FAC.

What, and dost thou despair, my little Nab,

Knowing what the Doctor has set down for thee,

And seeing so many o'the city dubbed?

One glass o' thy water, with a Madam I know,

Will have it done, Nab. What's her brother? A knight?

DRU.

No, sir, a gentleman, newly warm in his land, sir,

Scarce cold in his one-and-twenty; that does govern

His sister, here: and is a man himself

Of some three thousand a year, and is come up

To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits,

And will go down again, and die i'the country,
FAC.
How! To quarrel?
DRU.
Yes, sir, to carry quarrels,
As gallants do, and manage 'em, by line.
FAC.
'Slid, Nab! The Doctor is the only man
In Christendom for him. He has made a table,
With mathematical demonstrations,
Touching the art of quarrels. He will give him
An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em, both:
Him, and his sister. And, for thee, with her
The Doctor happ'ly may persuade. Go to.
'Shalt give his worship a new damask suit
Upon the premises.
SUB.
Oh, good Captain.
FAC.
He shall,
He is the honestest fellow, Doctor. Stay not,
No offers, bring the damask, and the parties.
DRU.
I'll try my power, sir.
FAC.
And thy will too, Nab.
SUB.
'Tis good tobacco this! What is't an ounce?
FAC.
He'll send you a pound, Doctor.
SUB.
Oh, no.
FAC.
He will do't.
It is the gooddest soul. Abel, about it.
(Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone.)

[Exit Drugger]

A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,
And has the worms. That was the cause indeed
Why he came now. He dealt with me, in private,
To get a medicine for 'em.
SUB.
And shall, sir. This works.
FAC.
A wife, a wife, for one on us, my dear Subtle:

We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails shall have

The more in goods, the other has in tail.

SUB.

Rather the less. For she may be so light

She may want grains.

FAC.

Aye, or be such a burden,

A man would scarce endure her, for the whole.

SUB.

Faith, best let's see her first, and then determine.

FAC.

Content. But Dol must ha' no breath on't.

SUB.

Mum.

Away, you to your Surly yonder, catch him.

FAC.

'Pray God, I ha' not stayed too long.

SUB.

I fear it.

[Exeunt]

Act III

Scene 1

Enter Tribulation Wholesome, Ananias

TRI.

These chastisements are common to the Saints,
And such rebukes we of the Separation
Must bear, with willing shoulders, as the trials
Sent forth, to tempt our frailties.

ANA.

In pure zeal,
I do not like the man: he is a heathen.
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.

TRI.

I think him a profane person, indeed.

ANA.

He bears
The visible mark of the Beast in his forehead.
And for his stone, it is a work of darkness,
And with philosophy blinds the eyes of man.

TRI.

Good Brother, we must bend unto all means,
That may give furtherance to the holy cause.

ANA.

Which his cannot: the sanctified cause
Should have a sanctified course.

TRI.

Not always necessary.
The children of perdition are, oft-times,
Made instruments even of the greatest works.
Beside, we should give somewhat to man's nature,
The place he lives in, still about the fire,
And fume of metals, that intoxicate
The brain of man, and make him prone to passion.
Where have you greater atheists, than your cooks?
Or more profane, or choleric than your glassmen?
More Antichristian than your bell-founders?
What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,
Satan, our common enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
Brimstone and arsenic? We must give, I say,
Unto the motives, and the stirrers up
Of humours in the blood. It may be so,
When as the work is done, the stone is made,

This heat of his may turn into a zeal,
And stand up for the beauteous discipline
Against the menstruous cloth and rag of Rome.
We must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did fault, to upbraid him
With the Brethren's blessing of Heidelberg, weighing
What need we have to hasten on the work,
For the restoring of the silenced Saints,
Which ne'er will be, but by the philosophers' stone.
And so a learned Elder, one of Scotland,
Assured me; *aurum potabile* being
The only medicine, for the civil magistrate,
To incline him to a feeling of the cause:
And must be daily used, in the disease.
ANA.

I have not edified more, truly, by man;
Not since the beautiful light first shone on me:
And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.

TRI.

Let us call on him, then.

ANA.

The motion's good,
And of the spirit; I will knock first. Peace be within.

Scene 2

Enter Subtle

SUB.

Oh, are you come? 'Twas time. Your threescore minutes
Were at the last thread, you see; and down had gone

Furnus acediae, turris circulatorius:

Limbeck, bolt's-head, retort, and pelican
Had all been cinders. Wicked Ananias!

Art thou returned? Nay then, it goes down yet.

TRI.

Sir, be appeased, he is come to humble
Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience,
If too much zeal hath carried him aside
From the due path.

SUB.

Why, this doth qualify!

TRI.

The Brethren had no purpose, verily,
To give you the least grievance: but are ready
To lend their willing hands to any project
The spirit and you direct.

SUB.

This qualifies more!

TRI.

And for the orphans' goods, let them be valued,
Or what is needful, else, to the holy work,
It shall be numbered: here, by me, the Saints
Throw down their purse before you.

SUB.

This qualifies, most!

Why, thus it should be, now you understand.

Have I discoursed so unto you, of our stone?

And of the good that it shall bring your cause?

Showed you (beside the main of hiring forces

Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,

From the Indies, to serve you, with all their fleet)

That even the medicinal use shall make you a faction,

And party in the realm? As, put the case,

That some great man in state, he have the gout,

Why, you but send three drops of your elixir,

You help him straight: there you have made a friend.

Another has the palsy, or the dropsy,

He takes of your incombustible stuff,

He's young again: there you have made a friend.

A lady, that is past the feat of body,

Though not of mind, and hath her face decayed

Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore

With the oil of talc; there you have made a friend:

And all her friends. A lord, that is a leper,

A knight, that has the bone-ache, or a squire

That hath both these, you make 'em smooth and sound,

With a bare fricace of your medicine: still,

You increase your friends.

TRI.

Aye, 'tis very pregnant.

SUB.

And, then, the turning of this lawyer's pewter

To plate, at Christmas –

ANA.

Christ-tide, I pray you.

SUB.

Yet, Ananias?

ANA.

I have done.

SUB.

Or changing

His parcel gilt to massy gold. You cannot

But raise you friends. Withal, to be of power

To pay an army, in the field, to buy
The king of France out of his realms; or Spain,
Out of his Indies: what can you not do,
Against lords spiritual, or temporal,
That shall oppone you?

TRI.

Verily, 'tis true.

We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it.

SUB.

You may be anything, and leave off to make
Long-winded exercises: or suck up,
Your 'ha' and 'hum' in a tune. I not deny,
But such as are not graced in a state,
May, for their ends, be adverse in religion,
And get a tune, to call the flock together:
For (to say sooth) a tune does much with women,
And other phlegmatic people; it is your bell.

ANA.

Bells are profane: a tune may be religious.

SUB.

No warning with you? Then farewell my patience.

'Slight, it shall down: I will not be thus tortured.

TRI.

I pray you, sir.

SUB.

All shall perish. I have spoke it.

TRI.

Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes; the man
He stands corrected: neither did his zeal
(But as yourself) allow a tune, somewhere.
Which, now, being toward the stone, we shall not need.

SUB.

No, nor your holy vizard, to win widows
To give you legacies; or make zealous wives
To rob their husbands, for the common cause:
Nor take the start of bonds, broke but one day,
And say they were forfeited, by providence.
Nor shall you need, o'er night to eat huge meals,
To celebrate your next day's fast the better:
The whilst the Brethren, and the Sisters, humbled,
Abate the stiffness of the flesh. Nor cast
Before your hungry hearers scrupulous bones,
As whether a Christian may hawk or hunt;
Or whether Matrons of the holy assembly
May lay their hair out, or wear doublets,
Or have that idol starch about their linen.

ANA.

It is, indeed, an idol.

TRI.

Mind him not, sir.

I do command thee, spirit (of zeal, but trouble)

To peace within him. Pray you, sir, go on.

SUB.

Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the prelates,

And shorten so your ears, against the hearing

Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor of necessity

Rail against plays, to please the alderman,

Whose daily custard you devour. Nor lie

With zealous rage, till you are hoarse. Not one

Of these so singular arts. Nor call yourselves,

By names of Tribulation, Persecution,

Restraint, Long-Patience, and such like, affected

By the whole family, or wood of you,

Only for glory, and to catch the ear

Of the disciple.

TRI.

Truly, sir, they are

Ways that the godly Brethren have invented

For propagation of the glorious cause,

As very notable means, and whereby also

Themselves grow soon, and profitably famous.

SUB.

Oh, but the stone, all's idle to it! Nothing!

The art of angels, Nature's miracle,

The divine secret, that doth fly in clouds,

From east to west: and whose tradition

Is not from men, but spirits.

ANA.

I hate traditions:

I do not trust them –

TRI.

Peace.

ANA.

They are Popish, all.

I will not peace. I will not –

TRI.

Ananias.

ANA.

Please the profane, to grieve the godly: I may not.

SUB.

Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.

TRI.

It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, sir.

But truly, else, a very faithful Brother,

A botcher: and a man, by revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.
SUB.

Has he a competent sum, there, i' the bag,
To buy the goods within? I am made guardian,
And must, for charity and conscience sake,
Now see the most be made for my poor orphan:
Though I desire the Brethren, too, good gainers.
There they are, within. When you have viewed, and bought 'em,
And ta'en the inventory of what they are,
They're ready for projection; there's no more
To do: cast on the medicine so much silver
As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,
I'll gi' it you in, by weight.

TRI.
But how long time,
Sir, must the Saints expect, yet?
SUB.

Let me see,
How's the moon now? Eight, nine, ten days hence
He will be silver potato; then three days
Before he citronise: some fifteen days,
The magisterium will be perfected.
ANA.

About the second day, of the third week,
In the ninth month?
SUB.

Yes, my good Ananias.
TRI.

What will the orphans' goods arise to, think you?
SUB.

Some hundred marks; as much as filled three cars,
Unladed now: you'll make six millions of 'em.
But I must ha' more coals laid in.

TRI.
How!

SUB.
Another load,
And then we ha' finished. We must now increase
Our fire to *ignis ardens*, we are past
Fimus equinus, balnei, cineris,
And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse
Should, with this draught, fall low, and that the Saints
Do need a present sum, I have a trick
To melt the pewter, you shall buy now, instantly,
And with a tincture, make you as good Dutch dollars,
As any are in Holland.

TRI.

Can you so?

SUB.

Aye, and shall bide the third examination.

ANA.

It will be joyful tidings to the Brethren.

SUB.

But you must carry it, secret.

TRI.

Aye, but stay,

This act of coining, is it lawful?

ANA.

Lawful?

We know no magistrate. Or, if we did,

This's foreign coin.

SUB.

It is no coining, sir.

It is but casting.

TRI.

Ha? You distinguish well.

Casting of money may be lawful.

ANA.

'Tis, sir.

TRI.

Truly, I take it so.

SUB.

There is no scruple,

Sir, to be made of it; believe Ananias:

This case of conscience he is studied in.

TRI.

I'll make a question of it to the Brethren.

ANA.

The Brethren shall approve it lawful, doubt not.

Where shall't be done?

(Knock without)

SUB.

For that we'll talk anon.

There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you,

And view the parcels. That's the inventory.

I'll come to you straight.

[Exeunt Tribulation, Ananias]

Who is it? Face! Appear.

Scene 3

Enter Face

SUB.
How now? Good prize?
FAC.
Good pox! Yond' costive cheater
Never came on.
SUB.
How then?
FAC.
I ha' walked the round,
Till now, and no such thing.
SUB.
And ha' you quit him?
FAC.
Quit him? And hell would quit him too, he were happy.
'Slight would you have me stalk like a mill-jade,
All day, for one, that will not yield us grains?
I know him of old.
SUB.
Oh, but to ha' gulled him,
Had been a maistry.
FAC.
Let him go, black boy,
And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess thee.
A noble Count, a Don of Spain (my dear
Delicious compeer, and my party-bawd)
Who is come hither, private, for his conscience,
And brought munition with him, six great slops,
Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round trunks,
Furnished with pistols, and pieces of eight,
Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath
(That is the colour,) and to make his battery
Upon our Dol, our castle, our *cinque* Port,
Our Dover pier, our what thou wilt. Where is she?
She must prepare perfumes, delicate linen,
The bath in chief, a banquet, and her wit,
For she must milk his epididymis.
Where is the doxy?
SUB.
I'll send her to thee:
And but dispatch my brace of little John Leydens,
And come again myself.
FAC.
Are they within then?

SUB.
Numbering the sum.
FAC.
How much?
SUB.
A hundred marks, boy.

[Exit]

FAC.
Why, this's a lucky day! Ten pounds of Mammon!
Three o' my clerk! A portague o' my grocer!
This o' the Brethren! Beside reversions,
And states, to come i' the widow, and my Count!
My share today will not be bought for forty –

[Enter Dol]

DOL.
What?
FAC.
Pounds, dainty Dorothy, art thou so near?
DOL.
Yes, say lord General, how fares our camp?
FAC.
As with the few, that had entrenched themselves
Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol:
And laughed, within those trenches, and grew fat
With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in
Daily, by their small parties. This dear hour,
A doughty Don is taken, with my Dol;
And thou mayst make his ransom what thou wilt,
My Dousabel: he shall be brought here, fettered
With thy fair looks, before he sees thee; and thrown
In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon;
Where thou shalt keep him waking, with thy drum;
Thy drum, my Dol; thy drum; till he be tame
As the poor blackbirds were i' the great frost,
Or bees are with a basin: and so hive him
I'the swan-skin coverlid, and cambric sheets,
Till he work honey and wax, my little God's-gift.
DOL.
What is he, General?
FAC.
An Adelantado,
A Grandee, girl. Was not my Dapper here yet?
DOL.

No.
FAC.
Nor my Drugger?
DOL.
Neither.
FAC.
A pox on 'em,
They are so long a-furnishing! Such stinkards
Would not be seen, upon these festival days.

[Enter Subtle]

How now! Ha' you done?
SUB.
Done. They are gone. The sum
Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew
Another chapman, now, would buy 'em outright.
FAC.
'Slid, Nab shall do't, against he ha' the widow,
To furnish household.
SUB.
Excellent, well thought on,
Pray God he come.
FAC.
I pray he keep away
Till our new business be o'er-past.
SUB.
But, Face,
How cam'st thou by this secret Don?
FAC.
A spirit
Brought me the intelligence, in a paper, here,
As I was conjuring, yonder, in my circle
For Surly: I ha' my flies abroad. Your bath
Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol,
You must go tune your virginal, no losing
O' the least time. And do you hear? Good action.
Firk like a flounder; kiss like a scallop, close:
And tickle him with thy mother-tongue. His great
Verdugo-ship has not a jot of language:
So much the easier to be cozened, my Dolly.
He will come here, in a hired coach, obscure,
And our own coachman, whom I have sent, as guide,
No creature else.

(One knocks)

Who's that?

SUB.

It i' not he?

FAC.

Oh no, not yet this hour.

SUB.

Who is't?

DOL *[At window]*

Dapper,

Your clerk.

FAC.

God's will, then, Queen of Faery,

On with your tire; and, Doctor, with your robes.

Let's dispatch him, for God's sake.

[Exit Dol]

SUB.

'Twill be long.

FAC.

I warrant you, take but the cues I give you,

It shall be brief enough. 'Slight, here are more!

Abel, and I think, the angry boy, the heir,

That fain would quarrel.

SUB.

And the widow?

FAC.

No,

Not that I see. Away.

[Exit Subtle]

Oh, sir, you are welcome.

Scene 4

Enter Dapper

FAC.

The Doctor is within, a-moving for you;

(I have had the most ado to win him to it)

He swears, you'll be the darling o' the dice:

He never heard her Highness dote, till now (he says).

Your aunt has given you the most gracious words

That can be thought on.

DAP.

Shall I see her Grace?

FAC.

See her, and kiss her, too.

[Enter Drugger, Kastril]

What? Honest Nab!

Hast brought the damask?

NAB.

No, sir, here's tobacco.

FAC.

'Tis well done, Nab: thou'lt bring the damask too?

DRU.

Yes, here's the gentleman, Captain, Master Kastril,
I have brought to see the Doctor.

FAC.

Where's the widow?

DRU.

Sir, as he likes, his sister (he says) shall come.

FAC.

Oh, is it so? 'Good time. Is your name Kastril, sir?

KAS.

Aye, and the best o'the Kastrils, I'd be sorry else,

By fifteen hundred, a year. Where is this Doctor?

My mad tobacco boy, here, tells me of one

That can do things. Has he any skill?

FAC.

Wherein, sir?

KAS.

To carry a business, manage a quarrel, fairly,

Upon fit terms.

FAC.

It seems sir, you're but young

About the town, that can make that a question!

KAS.

Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech

Of the angry boys, and seen 'em take tobacco;

And in his shop: and I can take it too.

And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down

And practise i'the country.

FAC.

Sir, for the *Duello*,

The Doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,

To the least shadow of a hair: and show you,

An instrument he has, of his own making,

Wherewith, no sooner shall you make report

Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on't,

Most instantly; and tell in what degree,

Of safety it lies in, or mortality.

And how it may be borne, whether in a right line,
Or a half-circle; or may, else, be cast
Into an angle blunt, if not acute:
All this he will demonstrate. And then, rules,
To give and take the lie by.

KAS.

How? To take it?

FAC.

Yes, in oblique, he'll show you; or in circle:

But never in diameter. The whole town

Study his theorems, and dispute them, ordinarily,

At the eating academies.

KAS.

But does he teach

Living by the wits too?

FAC.

Anything, whatever.

You cannot think that subtlety, but he reads it.

He made me a Captain. I was a stark pimp,

Just o' your standing, 'fore I met with him:

It i' not two months since. I'll tell you his method.

First, he will enter you, at some ordinary.

KAS.

No, I'll not come there. You shall pardon me.

FAC.

For why, sir?

KAS.

There's gaming there, and tricks.

FAC.

Why, would you be

A gallant, and not game?

KAS.

Aye, 'twill spend a man.

FAC.

Spend you? It will repair you, when you are spent.

How do they live by their wits, there, that have vented

Six times your fortunes?

KAS.

What, three thousand a year!

FAC.

Aye, forty thousand.

KAS.

Are there such?

FAC.

Aye, sir.

And gallants, yet. Here's a young gentleman,

Is born to nothing, forty marks a year,

Which I count nothing. He's to be initiated,
And have a fly o'the Doctor. He will win you
By unresistable luck, within this fortnight,
Enough to buy a barony. They will set him
Upmost, at the groom-porter's, all the Christmas!
And for the whole year through, at every place,
Where there is play, present him with the chair;
The best attendance, the best drink, sometimes
Two glasses of canary, and pay nothing;
The purest linen, and the sharpest knife,
The partridge next his trencher: and, somewhere
The dainty bed, in private, with the dainty.
You shall ha' your ordinaries bid for him,
As play-houses for a poet; and the master
Pray him aloud to name what dish he affects,
Which must be buttered shrimps: and those that drink
To no mouth else, will drink to his, as being
The goodly, president mouth of all the board.

KAS.

Do you not gull one?

FAC.

'Od's my life! Do you think it?

You shall have a cast commander (can but get
In credit with a glover, or a spurrier,
For some two pair, of either's ware, aforehand)
Will, by most swift posts, dealing with him,
Arrive at competent means, to keep himself,
His punk, and naked boy, in excellent fashion.
And be admired for't.

KAS.

Will the Doctor teach this?

FAC.

He will do more, sir, when your land is gone,
(As men of spirit hate to keep earth long)
In a vacation, when small money is stirring,
And ordinaries suspended till the term,
He'll show a perspective, where on one side
You shall behold the faces, and the persons
Of all sufficient young heirs, in town,
Whose bonds are current for commodity;
On the other side, the merchants' forms, and others,
That, without help of any second broker,
(Who would expect a share) will trust such parcels:
In the third square, the very street, and sign
Where the commodity dwells, and does but wait
To be delivered, be it pepper, soap,
Hops, or tobacco, oatmeal, woad, or cheeses.

All which you may so handle, to enjoy,
To your own use, and never stand obliged.

KAS.

I'faith! Is he such a fellow?

FAC.

Why, Nab here knows him.

And then for making matches, for rich widows,
Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'st man!
He's sent too, far and near, all over England,
To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes.

KAS.

God's will, my suster shall see him.

FAC.

I'll tell you, sir,

What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange thing!

(By the way you must eat no cheese, Nab, it breeds melancholy:

And that some melancholy breeds worms) but pass it,

He told me, honest Nab, here, was ne'er at tavern,

But once in's life.

DRU.

Truth, and no more I was not.

FAC.

And then he was so sick –

DRU.

Could he tell you that, too?

FAC.

How should I know it?

DRU.

In troth we had been a-shooting,

And had a piece of fat ram-mutton, to supper,

That lay so heavy o' my stomach –

FAC.

And he has no head

To bear any wine; for what with the noise o'the fiddlers,

And care of his shop, for he dares keep no servants –

DRU.

My head did so ache –

FAC.

As he was fain to be brought home,

The Doctor told me. And then, a good old woman –

DRU.

(Yes, faith, she dwells in Seacoal Lane) did cure me,

With sodden ale, and pellitory o'the wall:

Cost me but twopence. I had another sickness,

Was worse than that.

FAC.

Aye, that was with the grief

Thou took'st for being 'sessed at eighteen pence,
For the waterwork.

DRU.

In truth, and it was like
To have cost me almost my life.

FAC.

Thy hair went off?

DRU.

Yes, sir, 'twas done for spite.

FAC.

Nay, so says the Doctor.

KAS.

Pray thee, tobacco boy, go fetch my suster,

I'll see this learned boy, before I go:

And so shall she.

FAC.

Sir, he is busy now:

But, if you have a sister to fetch hither,

Perhaps your own pains may command her sooner;

And he, by that time, will be free.

KAS.

I go.

[Exit]

FAC.

Drugger, she's thine: the damask.

[Exit Drugger]

(Subtle and I
Must wrestle for her.) Come on, Master Dapper.

You see, how I turn clients, here, away,

To give your cause dispatch. Ha' you performed

The ceremonies were enjoined you?

DAP.

Yes, o'the vinegar,

And the clean shirt.

FAC.

'Tis well: that shirt may do you

More worship than you think. Your aunt's afire,

But that she will not show it, to have a sight on you.

Ha' you provided for her Grace's servants?

DAP.

Yes, here are six score Edward shillings.

FAC.

Good.

DAP.
And an old Harry's sovereign.
FAC.
Very good.
DAP.
And three James shillings, and an Elizabeth groat,
Just twenty nobles.
FAC.
Oh, you are too just.
I would you had had the other noble in Maries.
DAP.
I have some Philip and Maries.
FAC.
Aye, those same
Are best of all. Where are they? Hark, the Doctor.

Scene 5

Enter Subtle disguised like a Priest of Faery

SUB.
Is yet her Grace's cousin come?
FAC.
He is come.
SUB.
And is he fasting?
FAC.
Yes.
SUB.
And hath cried ›hum‹?
FAC.
Thrice, you must answer.
DAP.
Thrice.
SUB.
And as oft ›buzz‹?
FAC.
If you have, say.
DAP.
I have.
SUB.
Then, to her coz,
Hoping, that he hath vinegared his senses,
As he was bid, the Faery Queen dispenses,
By me, this robe, the petticoat of Fortune;
Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.
And though to Fortune near be her petticoat,

Yet nearer is her smock, the Queen doth note:
And therefore, even of that a piece she hath sent,
Which, being a child, to wrap him in, was rent;
And prays him, for a scarf, he now will wear it
(With as much love, as then her Grace did tear it)
About his eyes, to show, he is fortunate.

(They blind him with a rag)

And trusting unto her to make his state,
He'll throw away all wordly pelf about him;
Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.
FAC.
She need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he has nothing,
But what he will part withal, as willingly,
Upon her Grace's word (throw away your purse)
As she would ask it: (handkerchiefs, and all)
She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.

(He throws away, as they bid him)

(If you have a ring about you, cast it off,
Or a silver seal, at your wrist, her Grace will send
Her faeries here to search you, therefore deal
Directly with her Highness. If they find
That you conceal a mite, you are undone.)
DAP.
Truly, there's all.
FAC.
All what?
DAP.
My money, truly.
FAC.
Keep nothing that is transitory about you.
(Bid Dol play music.)

(Dol enters with a cithern)

Look, the elves are come
To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.

(They pinch him)

DAP.
Oh, I have a paper with a spur-rial in't.
FAC.
Ti, ti,

They knew't, they say.

SUB.

Ti, ti, ti, ti, he has more yet.

FAC.

Ti, ti-ti-ti. I'the tother pocket?

SUB.

Titi, titi, titi, titi.

They must pinch him, or he will never confess, they say.

DAP.

Oh, oh.

FAC.

Nay, 'pray you hold. He is her Grace's nephew.

Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good faith, you shall care.

Deal plainly, sir, and shame the faeries. Show

You are an innocent.

DAP.

By this good light, I ha' nothing.

SUB.

Ti ti, ti ti to ta. He does equivocate, she says:

Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da. And swears by the light, when he is blinded.

DAP.

By this good dark, I ha' nothing but a half-crown

Of gold, about my wrist, that my love gave me;

And a leaden heart I wore, sin' she forsook me.

[Exit Dol]

FAC.

I thought 'twas something. And would you incur

Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come,

I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns.

You may wear your leaden heart still.

[Enter Dol]

How now?

SUB.

What news, Dol?

DOL.

Yonder's your knight, Sir Mammon.

FAC.

God's lid, we never thought of him, till now.

Where is he?

DOL.

Here, hard by. He's at the door.

SUB *[To Face]*

And you are not ready, now? Dol, get his suit.

[Exit Dol]

He must not be sent back.

FAC.

Oh, by no means.

What shall we do with this same puffin, here,

Now he's o'the spit?

SUB.

Why, lay him back a while,

With some device.

[Enter Dol with Face's suit]

Ti, ti ti, ti ti ti. Would her Grace speak with me?

I come. Help, Dol.

FAC (*He speaks through the keyhole, the other knocking*)

Who's there? Sir Epicure;

My master's i'the way. Please you to walk

Three or four turns, but till his back be turned,

And I am for you. Quickly, Dol.

SUB.

Her Grace

Commends her kindly to you, Master Dapper.

DAP.

I long to see her Grace.

SUB.

She now is set

At dinner in her bed; and she has sent you,

From her own private trencher, a dead mouse,

And a piece of gingerbread, to be merry withal,

And stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting:

Yet, if you could hold out till she saw you (she says)

It would be better for you.

FAC.

Sir, he shall

Hold out, and 'twere this two hours, for her Highness;

I can assure you that. We will not lose

All we ha' done –

SUB.

He must nor see nor speak

To anybody till then.

FAC.

For that, we'll put, sir,

A stay in's mouth.

SUB.

Of what?

FAC.

Of gingerbread.
Make you it fit. He that hath pleased her Grace,
Thus far, shall not now crinkle, for a little.
Gape sir, and let him fit you.

[Thrusting gingerbread into his mouth]

SUB.
Where shall we now
Bestow him?

DOL.
I' the privy.

SUB.
Come along, sir,
I now must show you Fortune's privy lodgings.

FAC.
Are they perfumed? And his bath ready?

SUB.
All.
Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.

[Exeunt Subtle, Dol, Dapper]

FAC.
Sir Epicure, I am yours, sir, by and by.

Act IV

Scene 1

Enter Sir Epicure Mammon

FAC.

Oh, sir, you're come i'the only, finest time –

MAM.

Where's master?

FAC.

Now preparing for projection, sir.

Your stuff will be all changed shortly.

MAM.

Into gold?

FAC.

To gold and silver, sir.

MAM.

Silver I care not for.

FAC.

Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.

MAM.

Where's the lady?

FAC.

At hand, here. I ha' told her such brave things o' you,

Touching your bounty and your noble spirit –

MAM.

Hast thou?

FAC.

As she is almost in her fit to see you.

But, good sir, no divinity i' your conference,

For fear of putting her in rage –

MAM.

I warrant thee.

FAC.

Six men will not hold her down. And then,

If the old man should hear, or see you –

MAM.

Fear not.

FAC.

The very house, sir, would run mad. You know it

How scrupulous he is, and violent,

'Gainst the least act of sin. Physic, or mathematics,

Poetry, state, or bawdry (as I told you)

She will endure, and never startle: but

No word of controversy.

MAM.
I am schooled, good Ulen.
FAC.
And you must praise her house, remember that,
And her nobility.
MAM.
Let me alone:
No herald, no nor antiquary, Lungs,
Shall do it better. Go.
FAC *[Aside]*
Why, this is yet
A kind of modern happiness, to have
Dol Common for a great lady.

[Exit]

MAM.
Now, Epicure,
Heighten thyself, talk to her, all in gold;
Rain her as many showers, as Jove did drops
Unto his Danae: show the god a miser,
Compared with Mammon. What? The stone will do't.
She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep gold:
Nay, we will *concumbere* gold. I will be puissant,
And mighty in my talk to her! Here she comes.

[Enter Dol, Face]

FAC.
To him, Dol, suckle him. This is the noble knight
I told your ladyship –
MAM.
Madam, with your pardon,
I kiss your vesture.
DOL.
Sir, I were uncivil
If I would suffer that, my lip to you, sir.
MAM.
I hope, my lord your brother be in health, lady?
DOL.
My lord, my brother is, though I no lady, sir.
FAC.
(Well said my Guinea bird.)
MAM.
Right noble madam –
FAC.
(Oh, we shall have most fierce idolatry!)

MAM.

'Tis your prerogative.

DOL.

Rather your courtesy.

MAM.

Were there naught else to enlarge your virtues to me,
These answers speak your breeding and your blood.

DOL.

Blood we boast none, sir, a poor Baron's daughter.

MAM.

Poor! And gat you? Profane not. Had your father
Slept all the happy remnant of his life
After the act, lain but there still, and panted,
He'd done enough to make himself, his issue,
And his posterity noble.

DOL.

Sir, although

We may be said to want the gilt and trappings,
The dress of honour; yet we strive to keep
The seeds, and the materials.

MAM.

I do see

The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost,
Nor the drug, money, used to make your compound.
There is a strange nobility i' your eye,
This lip, that chin! Methinks you do resemble
One o' the Austriac princes.

FAC *[Aside]*

Very like,

Her father was an Irish costermonger.

MAM.

The house of Valois just had such a nose.
And such a forehead, yet the Medici
Of Florence boast.

DOL.

Troth, and I have been likened
To all these Princes.

FAC *[Aside]*

I'll be sworn, I heard it.

MAM.

I know not how! It is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their features.

FAC *[Aside]*

I'll in, and laugh.

[Exit]

MAM.

A certain touch, or air,
That sparkles a divinity, beyond
An earthly beauty!

DOL.

Oh, you play the courtier.

MAM.

Good lady, gi' me leave –

DOL.

In faith, I may not,
To mock me, sir.

MAM.

To burn i' this sweet flame:
The phoenix never knew a nobler death.

DOL.

Nay, now you court the courtier: and destroy
What you would build. This art, sir, i' your words,
Calls your whole faith in question.

MAM.

By my soul –

DOL.

Nay, oaths are made o' the same air, sir.

MAM.

Nature
Never bestowed upon mortality,
A more unblamed, a more harmonious feature:
She played the stepdame in all faces, else.
Sweet madam, let me be particular –

DOL.

Particular, sir? I pray you, know your distance.

MAM.

In no ill sense, sweet lady, but to ask
How your fair graces pass the hours? I see
You're lodged here, i'the house of a rare man,
An excellent artist: but what's that to you?

DOL.

Yes, sir. I study here the mathematics,
And distillation.

MAM.

Oh, I cry your pardon.
He's a divine instructor! Can extract
The souls of all things, by his art; call all
The virtues, and the miracles of the sun,
Into a temperate furnace: teach dull nature
What her own forces are. A man, the emperor
Has courted, above Kelly: sent his medals,
And chains to invite him.

DOL.

Aye, and for his physic, sir –

MAM.

Above the art of Aesculapius,

That drew the envy of the Thunderer!

I know all this, and more.

DOL.

Troth, I am taken, sir,

Whole, with these studies, that contemplate nature:

MAM.

It is a noble humour. But, this form

Was not intended to so dark a use!

Had you been crooked, foul, of some coarse mould,

A cloister had done well: but such a feature

That might stand up the glory of a kingdom,

To live recluse! Is a mere solecism,

Though in a nunnery. It must not be.

I muse, my lord your brother will permit it!

You should spend half my land first, were I he.

Does not this diamond better on my finger

Than i' the quarry?

DOL.

Yes.

MAM.

Why, you are like it.

You were created, lady, for the light!

Hear, you shall wear it; take it, the first pledge

Of what I speak: to bind you to believe me.

DOL.

In chains of adamant?

MAM.

Yes, the strongest bands.

And take a secret, too. Here, by your side,

Doth stand, this hour, the happiest man in Europe.

DOL.

You are contented, sir?

MAM.

Nay, in true being:

The envy of princes, and the fear of states.

DOL.

Say you so, Sir Epicure!

MAM.

Yes, and thou shalt prove it,

Daughter of honour. I have cast mine eye

Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty,

Above all styles.

DOL.

You mean no treason, sir!

MAM.

No, I will take away that jealousy.

I am the lord of the philosophers' stone,

And thou the lady.

DOL.

How sir! Ha' you that?

MAM.

I am the master of the maistry.

This day, the good old wretch, here, o' the house

Has made it for us. Now, he's at projection.

Think therefore, thy first wish, now; let me hear it:

And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower,

But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,

To get a nation on thee!

DOL.

You are pleased, sir,

To work on the ambition of our sex.

MAM.

I'm pleased, the glory of her sex should know,

This nook, here, of the Friars, is no climate

For her, to live obscurely in, to learn

Physic and surgery, for the constable's wife

Of some odd Hundred in Essex; but come forth,

And taste the air of palaces; eat, drink

The toils of emp'rics, and their boasted practice;

Tincture of pearl, and coral, gold, and amber;

Be seen at feasts, and triumphs; have it asked,

What miracle she is? Set all the eyes

Of court afire, like a burning glass,

And work 'em into cinders; when the jewels

Of twenty states adorn thee; and the light

Strikes out the stars; that, when thy name is mentioned,

Queens may look pale: and we but showing our love,

Nero's Poppaea may be lost in story!

Thus will we have it.

DOL.

I could well consent, sir.

But, in a monarchy, how will this be?

The prince will soon take notice; and both seize

You and your stone: it being a wealth unfit

For any private subject.

MAM.

If he knew it.

DOL.

Yourself do boast it, sir.

MAM.

To thee, my life.

DOL.

Oh, but beware, sir! You may come to end
The remnant of your days, in a loathed prison,
By speaking of it.

MAM.

'Tis no idle fear!

We'll therefore go with all, my girl, and live
In a free state; where we will eat our mullets,
Soused in high-country wines, sup pheasants' eggs,
And have our cockles boiled in silver shells,
Our shrimps to swim again, as when they lived,
In a rare butter, made of dolphins' milk,
Whose cream does look like opals: and with these
Delicate meats, set ourselves high for pleasure,
And take us down again, and then renew
Our youth, and strength, with drinking the elixir,
And so enjoy a perpetuity
Of life and lust. And thou shalt ha' thy wardrobe,
Richer than Nature's, still, to change thyself,
And vary oftener, for thy pride, than she:
Or Art, her wise, and almost-equal servant.

[Enter Face]

FAC.

Sir, you are too loud. I hear you, every word,
Into the laboratory. Some fitter place.
The garden, or great chamber above. How like you her?

MAM.

Excellent! Lungs. There's for thee.

[Gives money]

FAC.

But, do you hear?

Good sir, beware, no mention of the Rabbins.

MAM.

We think not on 'em.

FAC.

Oh, it is well, sir.

[Exeunt Dol, Mammon]

Subtle!

Scene 2

Enter Subtle

FAC.
Dost thou not laugh?
SUB.
Yes. Are they gone?
FAC.
All's clear.
SUB.
The widow is come.
FAC.
And your quarrelling disciple?
SUB.
Aye.
FAC.
I must to my captainship again then.
SUB.
Stay, bring 'em in first.
FAC.
So I meant. What is she?
A bonnibel?
SUB.
I know not.
FAC.
We'll draw lots,
You'll stand to that?
SUB.
What else?
FAC.
Oh for a suit,
To fall now, like a curtain: flap.
SUB.
To the door, man.
FAC.
You'll ha' the first kiss, 'cause I am not ready.
SUB *[Aside]*
Yes, and perhaps hit you through both the nostrils.

[Enter Kastril, Dame Pliant]

FAC.
Who would you speak with?
KAS.
Where's the Captain?
FAC.
Gone, sir,
About some business.

KAS.
Gone?
FAC.
He'll return straight.
But Master Doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

[Exit]

SUB.
Come near, my worshipful boy, my *terrae Fili*,
That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches:
Welcome, I know thy lusts, and thy desires,
And I will serve, and satisfy 'em. Begin,
Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line;
Here is my centre: ground thy quarrel.

KAS.
You lie.

SUB.
How, child of wrath, and anger! The loud lie?
For what, my sudden boy?

KAS.
Nay, that look you to,
I am aforehand.

SUB.
Oh, this's no true grammar,
And as ill logic! You must render causes, child,
Your first and second intentions, know your canons,
And your divisions, modes, degrees, and differences,
Your predicaments, substance, and accident,
Series extern, and intern, with their causes
Efficient, material, formal, final,
And ha' your elements perfect –

KAS.
What is this
The angry tongue he talks in?

SUB.
That false precept,
Of being aforehand, has deceived a number;
And made 'em enter quarrels, oftentimes,
Before they were aware: and afterward,
Against their wills.

KAS.
How must I do then, sir?

SUB.
I cry this lady mercy. She should, first,
Have been saluted. I do call you lady,
Because you are to be one, ere't be long,
My soft and buxom widow.

(He kisses her)

KAS.

Is she, i'faith?

SUB.

Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.

KAS.

How know you?

SUB.

By inspection, on her forehead,
And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted
Often, to make a judgement.

(He kisses her again)

'Slight, she melts
Like a myrobalane! Here is yet a line
In *rivo frontis* tells me he is no knight.

PLI.

What is he then, sir?

SUB.

Let me see your hand.
Oh, your *linea Fortunae* makes it plain;
And *stella*, here, in *monte Veneris*:
But, most of all, *junctura annularis*.
He is a soldier, or a man of art, lady:
But shall have some great honour, shortly.

PLI.

Brother,
He's a rare man, believe me!

KAS.

Hold your peace.
Here comes the tother rare man.

[Enter Face in uniform]

'Save you Captain.

FAC.

Good Master Kastril. Is this your sister?

KAS.

Aye, sir.

Please you to kuss her, and be proud to know her?

FAC.

I shall be proud to know you, lady.

PLI.

Brother,
He calls me lady, too.

KAS.

Aye, peace. I heard it:

FAC *[To Subtle]*

The Count is come.

SUB.

Where is he?

FAC.

At the door.

SUB.

Why, you must entertain him.

FAC.

What'll you do

With these the while?

SUB.

Why, have 'em up, and show 'em

Some fustian book, or the dark glass.

FAC.

'Fore God,

She is a delicate dabchick! I must have her.

[Exit]

SUB.

Must you? Aye, if your fortune will, you must.

Come sir, the Captain will come to us presently.

I'll ha' you to my chamber of demonstrations,

Where I'll show you both the grammar, and logic,

And rhetoric of quarrelling; my whole method,

Drawn out in tables: and my instrument,

That hath the several scale upon't, shall make you

Able to quarrel, at a straw's breadth, by moon-light.

And, lady, I'll have you look in a glass,

Some half an hour, but to clear your eyesight,

Against you see your fortune: which is greater,

Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.

[Exeunt]

Scene 3

Enter Face

FAC.

Where are you, Doctor?

SUB [*Within*]

I'll come to you presently.

FAC.

I will ha' this same widow, now I ha' seen her,

On any composition.

[Enter Subtle]

SUB.

What do you say?

FAC.

Ha' you disposed of them?

SUB.

I ha' sent 'em up.

FAC.

Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this widow.

SUB.

Is that the matter?

FAC.

Nay, but hear me.

SUB.

Go to,

If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all.

Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.

FAC.

Nay, thou art so violent now – Do but conceive:

Thou art old, and canst not serve –

SUB.

Who, cannot I?

'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a –

FAC.

Nay,

But understand: I'll gi' you composition.

SUB.

I will not treat with thee: what, sell my fortune?

'Tis better than my birthright. Do not murmur.

Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol

Knows it directly.

FAC.

Well sir, I am silent.

Will you go help to fetch in Don, in state?

SUB.

I follow you, sir;

[Exit Face]

we must keep Face in awe,

Or he will overlook us like a tyrant.

Brain of a tailor! Who comes here? Don John!

(Surly like a Spaniard [with Face])

SUR.

Señores, *beso las manos, à vuestras mercedes.*

SUB.

Would you had stooped a little, and kissed our *anos*.

FAC.

Peace Subtle.

SUB.

Stab me; I shall never hold, man.

He looks in that deep ruff, like a head in a platter,

Served in by a short cloak upon two trestles!

FAC.

Or, what do you say to a collar of brawn, cut down

Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife?

SUB.

'Slud, he does look too fat to be a Spaniard.

FAC.

Perhaps some Fleming, or some Hollander got him

In D'Alva's time: Count Egmont's bastard.

SUB.

Don,

Your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.

SUR.

Gratia.

SUB.

He speaks, out of a fortification.

'Pray God, he ha' no squibs in those deep sets.

SUR.

Por dios, señores, muy linda casa!

SUB.

What says he?

FAC.

Praises the house, I think,

I know no more but's action.

SUB.

Yes, the *casa*,

My precious Diego, will prove fair enough,

To cozen you in. Do you mark? You shall
Be cozened, Diego.
FAC.
Cozened, do you see?
My worthy Donzel, cozened.
SUR.
Entiendo.
SUB.
Do you intend it? So do we, dear Don.
Have you brought pistols? Or portagues?
My solemn Don? Dost thou feel any?
FAC (*He feels his pockets*)
Full.
SUB.
You shall be emptied, Don; pumped and drawn,
Dry, as they say.
FAC.
Milked, in troth, sweet Don.
SUB.
See all the monsters; the great lion of all, Don.
SUR.
Con licencia, se puede ver à esta señora?
SUB.
What talks he now?
FAC.
O'the *señora*.
SUB.
Oh, Don,
That is the lioness, which you shall see
Also, my Don.
FAC.
'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do?
SUB.
For what?
FAC.
Why, Dol's employed, you know.
SUB.
That's true!
'Fore heaven I know not: he must stay, that's all.
FAC.
Stay? That he must not by no means.
SUB.
No, why?
FAC.
Unless you'll mar all. 'Slight, he'll suspect it.
And then he will not pay, not half so well.
This is a travelled punk-master, and does know

All the delays: a notable hot rascal,
And looks, already, rampant.
SUB.
'Sdeath, and Mammon
Must not be troubled.
FAC.
Mammon, in no case!
SUB.
What shall we do then?
FAC.
Think: you must be sudden.
SUR. *Entiendo, que la señora es tan hermosa, que codicio tan à verla, como la bien aventuránça de mi vida.*
FAC.
Mi vida? 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind o'the widow.
What dost thou say to draw her to it? Ha?
And tell her, it is her fortune. All our venture
Now lies upon't. It is but one man more,
Which on's chance to have her: and, beside,
There is no maidenhead to be feared or lost.
What dost thou think on't, Subtle?
SUB.
Who, I? Why –
FAC.
The credit of our house too is engaged.
SUB.
You made me an offer for my share erewhile.
What wilt thou gi' me, i'faith?
FAC.
Oh, by that light,
I'll not buy now. You know your doom to me.
E'en take your lot, obey your chance, sir; win her,
And wear her, out for me.
SUB.
'Slight. I'll not work her then.
FAC.
It is the common cause, therefore bethink you.
Dol else must know it, as you said.
SUB.
I care not.
SUR.
Señores, por que se tarda tanta?
SUB.
Faith, I am not fit, I am old.
FAC.
That's now no reason, sir.
SUR.

Puede ser, de hazer burla de mi amor.

FAC.

You hear the Don, too? By this air, I call,

And loose the hinges. Dol!

SUB.

A plague of hell –

FAC.

Will you then do?

SUB.

You're a terrible rogue,

I'll think of this: will you, sir, call the widow?

FAC.

Yes, and I'll take her too, with all her faults,

Now I do think on't better.

SUB.

With all my heart, sir,

Am I discharged o'the lot?

FAC.

As you please.

SUB.

Hands.

[They shake hands]

FAC.

Remember now, that, upon any change,

You never claim her.

SUB.

Much good joy, and health to you, sir.

Marry a whore? Fate, let me wed a witch first.

SUR.

Por estas honrada's barbas –

SUB.

He swears by his beard.

Dispatch, and call the brother too.

[Exit Face]

SUR.

Tiengo duda, señores,

Que on me hágan alguna traycion.

SUB.

How, issue on? Yes, *praesto señor*. Please you

Enthratha the *chambratha*, worthy Don;

Where if it please the Fates, in your *bathada*,

You shall be soaked, and stroked, and tubbed, and rubbed:

And scrubbed, and fubbed, dear Don, before you go.

You shall, in faith, my scurvy babioun Don:
Be curried, clawed, and flawed, and tawed, indeed.
I will the heartilier go about it now,
And make the widow a punk, so much the sooner,
To be revenged on this impetuous Face:
The quickly doing of it is the grace.

[Exeunt]

Scene 4

Enter Face, Dame Pliant, Kastril

FAC.

Come lady: I knew the Doctor would not leave,
Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.

KAS.

To be a countess, say you?

FAC.

A Spanish countess, sir.

PLI.

Why? Is that better than an English countess?

FAC.

Better? 'Slight, make you that a question, lady?

KAS.

Nay, she is a fool, Captain, you must pardon her.

FAC.

Ask from your courtier, to your inns of court man,
To your mere milliner: they will tell you all,
Your Spanish jennet is the best horse. Your Spanish
Stoup is the best garb. Your Spanish beard
Is the best cut. Your Spanish ruffs are the best
Wear. Your Spanish pavan the best dance.
Your Spanish titillation in a glove
The best perfume. And, for your Spanish pike,
And Spanish blade, let your poor Captain speak.
Here comes the Doctor.

[Enter Subtle]

SUB.

My most honoured lady,
(For so I am now to style you, having found
By this my scheme, you are to undergo
An honourable fortune, very shortly.)
What will you say now, if some –

FAC.

I ha' told her all, sir,
And her right worshipful brother, here, that she shall be
A countess: do not delay 'em, sir. A Spanish countess.

SUB.

Still, my scarce worshipful Captain, you can keep
No secret. Well, since he has told you, madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.

KAS.

She shall do that, sir.
I'll look to't, 'tis my charge.
SUB.
Well then. Naught rests
But that she fit her love, now, to her fortune.
PLI.
Truly, I shall never brook a Spaniard.
SUB.
No?
PLI.
Never, sin' eighty-eight could I abide 'em,
And that was some three year afore I was born, in truth.
SUB.
Come, you must love him, or be miserable:
Choose, which you will.
FAC.
By this good rush, persuade her,
She will cry strawberries else, within this twelve-month.
SUB.
Nay, shads, and mackerel, which is worse.
FAC.
Indeed, sir?
KAS.
God's lid, you shall love him, or I'll kick you.
PLI.
Why?
I'll do as you will ha' me, brother.
KAS.
Do,
Or by this hand, I'll maul you.
FAC.
Nay, good sir,
Be not so fierce.
SUB.
No, my enraged child,
She will be ruled. What, when she comes to taste
The pleasures of a countess! To be courted –
FAC.
And kissed, and ruffled!
SUB.
Aye, behind the hangings.
FAC.
And then come forth in pomp!
SUB.
And know her state!
FAC.
Of keeping all the idolaters o'the chamber

Barer to her, than at their prayers!

SUB.

Is served

Upon the knee!

FAC.

And has her pages, ushers,

Footmen, and coaches –

SUB.

Her six mares –

FAC.

Nay, eight!

SUB.

To hurry her through London, to the Exchange,

Bedlam, the China-houses –

FAC.

Yes, and have

The citizens gape at her, and praise her tires!

And my lord's goose-turd bands, that rides with her!

KAS.

Most brave! By this hand, you are not my suster,

If you refuse.

PLI.

I will not refuse, brother.

[Enter Surly]

SUR.

Que es esto, señores, que non se venga?

Esta tardanza me mata!

FAC.

It is the Count come!

The Doctor knew he would be here, by his art.

SUB.

En gallanta Madama, Don! Gallantissima!

SUR.

Por tódos los dioses, la mas acabada

Hermosura, que he visto en mi vida!

FAC.

Is't not a gallant language, that they speak?

KAS.

An admirable language! Is't not French?

FAC.

No, Spanish, sir.

KAS.

It goes like law-French,

And that, they say, is the courtliest language.

FAC.

List, sir.
SUR.
*El Sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el
Resplandor, que tràe esta dama. Valgame dios!*
FAC.
He admires your sister.
KAS.
Must not she make curtesy?
SUB.
'Ods will, she must go to him, man; and kiss him!
It is the Spanish fashion, for the women
To make first court.
FAC.
'Tis true he tells you, sir:
His art knows all.
AUR.
Per que no se acude?
KAS.
He speaks to her, I think?
FAC.
That he does sir.
SUR.
Por el amor de dios, que es esto, que se tàrda?
KAS.
Nay, see: she will not understand him! Gull.
Noddy.
PLI.
What say you brother?
KAS.
Ass, my suster,
Go kuss him, as the cunning man would ha' you,
I'll thrust a pin i' your buttocks else.
FAC.
Oh, no sir.
SUR.
*Señora mia, mi persona muy indigna esta
Allegar à tanta Hermosura.*
FAC.
Does he not use her bravely?
KAS.
Bravely, i'faith!
FAC.
Nay, he will use her better.
KAS.
Do you think so?
SUR.
Señora, si sera seruida, entremos.

[Exit with Dame Pliant]

KAS.

Where does he carry her?

FAC.

Into the garden, sir;

Take you no thought: I must interpret for her.

SUB.

Give Dol the word.

[Exit Face]

Come, my fierce child, advance,

We'll to our quarrelling lesson again.

KAS.

Agreed.

I love a Spanish boy, with all my heart.

SUB.

Nay, and by this means, sir, you shall be brother

To a great Count.

KAS.

Aye, I knew that, at first.

This match will advance the house of the Kastrils.

SUB.

'Pray God, your sister prove but pliant.

KAS.

Why,

Her name is so: by her other husband.

SUB.

How!

KAS.

The widow Pliant. Knew you not that?

SUB.

No faith, sir.

Yet, by erection of her figure, I guessed it.

Come, let's go practise.

KAS.

Yes, but do you think, Doctor.

I e'er shall quarrel well?

SUB.

I warrant you.

[Exeunt]

Scene 5

Enter Dol (in her fit of talking), Sir Epicure Mammon

DOL.

For, after Alexander's death –

MAM.

Good lady –

DOL.

That Perdiccas, and Antigonus were slain,

The two that stood, Seleuc', and Ptolemy –

MAM.

Madam.

DOL.

Made up the two legs, and the fourth Beast.

That was Gog-north, and Egypt-south: which after

Was called Gog Iron-leg, and South Iron-leg –

MAM.

Lady –

DOL.

And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too.

Then Egypt clay-leg, and Gog clay-leg –

MAM.

Sweet madam.

DOL.

And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall

In the last link of the fourth chain. And these

Be stars in story, which none see, or look at –

MAM.

What shall I do?

DOL.

For, as he says, except

We call the Rabbins, and the heathen Greeks –

MAM.

Dear lady.

DOL.

To come from Salem, and from Athens,

And teach the people of great Britain –

[Enter Face]

FAC.

What's the matter, sir?

DOL.

To speak the tongue of Eber, and Javan –

MAM.

Oh,
She's in her fit.
DOL.
We shall know nothing –
FAC.
Death, sir,
We are undone.
DOL.
Where, then, a learned Linguist
Shall see the ancient used communion
Of vowels, and consonants –
FAC.
My master will hear!
DOL.
A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high –
MAM.
Sweet honourable lady.
DOL.
To comprise
All sounds of voices, in few marks of letters –
FAC.
Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.

(They speak together)

DOL.
And so we may arrive by Talmud skill,
And profane Greek, to raise the building up
Of Helen's house, against the Ismaelite,
King of Thogarma, and his Habergions
Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the force
Of King Abaddon, and the Beast of Cittim;
Which Rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos,
And Aben-Ezra do interpret Rome.
FAC.
How did you put her into't?
MAM.
Alas I talked
Of a fifth monarchy I would erect,
With the philosophers' stone (by chance) and she
Falls on the other four, straight.
FAC.
Out of Broughton!
I told you so. 'Slid stop her mouth.
MAM.
Is't best?
FAC.

She'll never leave else. If the old man hear her,
We are but faeces, ashes.
SUB.
What's to do there?
FAC.
Oh, we are lost. Now she hears him, she is quiet.

(Upon Subtle's entry they disperse)

MAM.
Where shall I hide me?
SUB.
How! What sight is here!
Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light!
Bring him again. Who is he? What, my son!
Oh, I have lived too long.
MAM.
Nay good, dear father,
There was no unchaste purpose.
SUB.
Not? And flee me,
When I come in?
MAM.
That was my error.
SUB.
Error?
Guilt, guilt, my son, Give it the right name. No marvel,
If I found check in our great work within,
When such affairs as these were managing!
MAM.
Why, have you so?
SUB.
It has stood still this half hour:
And all the rest of our less works gone back.
Where is the instrument of wickedness,
My lewd false drudge?
MAM.
Nay, good sir, blame not him.
Believe me, 'twas against his will, or knowledge.
I saw her by chance.
SUB.
Will you commit more sin,
To excuse a varlet?
MAM.
By my hope, 'tis true, sir.
SUB.
Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom

The blessing was prepared, would so tempt heaven:
And lose your fortunes.

MAM.

Why, sir?

SUB.

This'll retard

The work, a month at least.

MAM.

Why, if it do,

What remedy? But think it not, good father:

Our purposes were honest.

SUB.

As they were,

So the reward will prove.

(A great crack and noise within)

How now! Ay me.

God, and all saints be good to us.

[Enter Face]

What's that?

FAC.

Oh sir, we are defeated! All the works

Are flown *in fumo*: every glass is burst.

Furnace, and all rent down! As if a bolt

Of thunder had been driven through the house.

Retorts, receivers, pelicans, bolt-heads,

All struck in shivers!

(Subtle falls down as in a swoon)

Help, good sir! Alas,

Coldness, and death invades him. Nay, Sir Mammon,

Do the fair offices of a man! You stand

As you were readier to depart than he.

(One knocks)

Who's there? My lord her brother is come.

MAM.

Ha, Lungs?

FAC.

His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight,

For he's as furious as his sister is mad.

MAM.

Alas!

FAC.

My brain is quite undone with the fume, sir,
I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again.

MAM.

Is all lost, Lungs? Will nothing be preserved,
Of all our cost?

FAC.

Faith, very little, sir.

A peck of coals, or so, which is cold comfort, sir.

MAM.

Oh, my voluptuous mind! I am justly punished.

FAC.

And so am I, sir.

MAM.

Cast from all my hopes –

FAC.

Nay, certainties, sir.

MAM.

By mine own base affections.

(Subtle seems to come to himself)

SUB.

Oh, the cursed fruits of vice and lust!

MAM.

Good father,

It was my sin. Forgive it.

SUB.

Hangs my roof

Over us still, and will not fall, oh justice,

Upon us, for this wicked man!

FAC.

Nay, look, sir,

You grieve him, now, with staying in his sight:

Good sir, the nobleman will come too, and take you,

And that may breed a tragedy.

MAM.

I'll go.

FAC.

Aye, and repent at home, sir. It may be,

For some good penance, you may ha' it, yet,

A hundred pound to the box at Bedlam –

MAM.

Yes.

FAC.

For the restoring such as ha' their wits.

MAM.
I'll do't.
FAC.
I'll send one to you to receive it.
MAM.
Do.
Is no projection left?
FAC.
All flown, or stinks, sir.
MAM.
Will naught be saved, that's good for medicine, thinkst thou?
FAC.
I cannot tell, sir. There will be, perhaps,
Something, about the scraping of the shards,
Will cure the itch:

[Aside]

though not your itch of mind, sir.
It shall be saved for you, and sent home. Good sir,
This way: for fear the lord should meet you.

[Exit Mammon]

SUB.
Face.
FAC.
Aye.
SUB.
Is he gone?
FAC.
Yes, and as heavily
As all the gold he hoped for were in his blood.
Let us be light, though.
SUB *[Leaping up]*
Aye, as balls, and bound
And hit our heads against the roof for joy:
There's so much of our care now cast away.
FAC.
Now to our Don.
SUB.
Yes, your young widow, by this time
Is made a countess, Face: she's been in travail
Of a young heir for you.
FAC.
Good, sir.
SUB.

Off with your case,
And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should,
After these common hazards.

FAC.

Very well, sir.

Will you go fetch Don Diego off the while?

SUB.

And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleased, sir:

Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pockets now.

FAC.

Why, you can do it as well, if you would set to't.

I pray you prove your virtue.

SUB.

For your sake, sir.

[Exeunt]

Scene 6

Enter Surly, Dame Pliant

SUR.
Lady, you see into what hands you are fallen;
'Mongst what a nest of villains! And how near
Your honour was to have caught a certain clap
(Through your credulity) had I but been
So punctually forward, as place, time,
And other circumstance would ha' made a man:
For you're a handsome woman: would yo' were wise, too.
I am a gentleman, come here disguised,
Only to find the knaveries of this citadel,
And where I might have wronged your honour, and have not,
I claim some interest in your love. You are,
They say, a widow, rich: and I am a bachelor,
Worth naught: your fortunes may make me a man,
As mine ha' preserved you a woman. Think upon it,
And whether I have deserved you, or no.

PLI.
I will, sir.

SUR.
And for these household-rogues, let me alone,
To treat with them.

[Enter Subtle]

SUB.
How doth my noble Diego?
And my dear madam, Countess? Hath the Count
Been courteous, lady? Liberal? And open?
Donzel, methinks you look melancholic,
After your *coitum*, and scurvy! Truly,
I do not like the dullness of your eye:
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis upsee Dutch,
And says you are a lumpish whore-master.
Be lighter, I will make your pockets so.

(He falls to picking of them)

SUR *[Revealing himself]*
Will you, Don bawd, and pick-purse? How now? Reel you?
Stand up sir, you shall find since I am so heavy,
I'll gi' you equal weight.

SUB.
Help, murder!

SUR.
No, sir.
There's no such thing intended. A good cart,
And a clean whip shall ease you of that fear.
I am the Spanish Don, that should be cozened,
Do you see? Cozened? Where's your Captain Face?
That parcel-broker, and whole-bawd, all rascal.
[Enter Face]

FAC.
How, Surly!
SUR.
Oh, make your approach, good Captain.
I've found from whence your copper rings and spoons
Come, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns.
'Twas here, you learned to anoint your boot with brimstone,
Then rub men's gold on't, for a kind of touch,
And say 'twas naught, when you had changed the colour,
That you might ha't for nothing? And this Doctor,
Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he
Will close you so much gold, in a bolt's-head,
And, on a turn, convey (i'the stead) another
With sublimed Mercury, that shall burst i'the heat,
And fly out all *in fumo?*
[Exit Face]

Then weeps Mammon:
Then swoons his worship. Or he is the Faustus,
That casteth figures, and can conjure, cures
Plague, piles, and pox, by the ephemerides,
And holds intelligence with all the bawds,
And midwives of three shires? While you send in –
Captain (what is he gone?) damsels with child,
Wives, that are barren, or, the waiting-maid
With the green-sickness? Nay, sir, you must tarry
[Seizing Subtle]

Though he be scaped; and answer, by the ears, sir.

Scene 7

Enter Face, Kastril

FAC.
Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel

Well (as they say) and be a true-born child.

The Doctor, and your sister both are abused.

KAS.

Where is he? Which is he? He is a slave

What e'er he is, and the son of a whore. Are you

The man, sir, I would know.

SUR.

I should be loth, sir,

To confess so much.

KAS.

Then you lie, i'your throat.

SUR.

How?

FAC.

A very arrant rogue, sir, and a cheater,

Employed here, by another conjurer,

That does not love the Doctor, and would cross him

If he knew how –

SUR.

Sir, you are abused.

KAS.

You lie:

And 'tis no matter.

FAC.

Well said, sir. He is

The impudentest rascal –

SUR.

You are indeed. Will you hear me, sir?

FAC.

By no means: bid him be gone.

KAS.

Be gone, sir, quickly.

SUR.

This's strange! Lady, do you inform your brother.

[She tries to speak to him]

FAC.

There is not such a foist, in all the town,

The Doctor had him, presently: and finds, yet,

The Spanish count will come, here. Bear up. Subtle.

SUB.

Yes, sir, he must appear, within this hour.

FAC.

And yet this rogue, would come, in a disguise,

By the temptation of another spirit,

To trouble our art, though he could not hurt it.

KAS.
Aye,
I know –

[To Dame Pliant]

Away, you talk like a foolish mauther.

[Exit Dame]

SUR.
Sir, all is truth, she says.
FAC.
Do not believe him, sir:
He is the lyingest swabber! Come your ways, sir.

SUR.
You are valiant, out of company.

KAS.
Yes, how then, sir?

[Enter Drugger]

FAC.
Nay, here's an honest fellow too, that knows him,
And all his tricks. (Make good what I say, Abel,
This cheater would ha' cozened thee o'the widow.)
He owes this honest Drugger, here, seven pound,
He has had on him, in two-penny' orts of tobacco.

DRU.
Yes sir. And he's damned himself, three terms, to pay me.

FAC.
And what does he owe for *lotium*?

DRU.
Thirty shillings, sir:
And for six syringes.

SUR.
Hydra of villainy!

FAC.
Nay, sir, you must quarrel him out o'the house.

KAS.
I will.
Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie:
And you are a pimp.

SUR.
Why, this is madness, sir,
Not valour in you: I must laugh at this.
KAS.

It is my humour: you are a pimp, and a trig,
And an Amadis de Gaul, or a Don Quixote.
DRU.
Or a Knight o'the curious coxcomb. Do you see?

[Enter Ananias]

ANA.
Peace to the household.
KAS.
I'll keep peace, for no man.
ANA.
Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.
KAS.
Is he the Constable?
SUB.
Peace, Ananias.
FAC.
No, sir.
KAS.
Then you are an otter, and a shad, a whit,
A very tim.
SUR.
You'll hear me, sir?
KAS.
I will not.
ANA.
What is the motive?
SUB.
Zeal, in the young gentleman,
Against his Spanish slops –
ANA.
They are profane,
Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.
SUR.
New rascals!
KAS.
Will you be gone, sir?
ANA.
Avoid Satan,
Thou art not of the light. That ruff of pride
About thy neck betrays thee: and is the same
With that, which the unclean birds, in seventy-seven,
Were seen to prank it with, on divers coasts.
Thou look'st like Antichrist, in that lewd hat.
SUR.
I must give way.

KAS.
Be gone, sir.
SUR.
But I'll take
A course with you –
(ANA.
Depart, proud Spanish fiend)
SUR.
Captain, and Doctor –
ANA.
Child of perdition.
KAS.
Hence, sir.

[Exit Surly]

Did I not quarrel bravely?
FAC.
Yes, indeed, sir.
KAS.
Nay, and I give my mind to't, I shall do't.
FAC.
Oh, you must follow, sir, and threaten him tame.
He'll turn again else.
KAS.
I'll return him, then.

[Exit]

FAC.
Drugger, this rogue prevented us, for thee:
We had determined, that thou shouldst ha' come,
In a Spanish suit, and ha' carried her so; and he,
A brokerly slave, goes, puts it on himself.
Hast brought the damask?
DRU.
Yes sir.
FAC.
Thou must borrow
A Spanish suit. Hast thou no credit with the players?
DRU.
Yes, sir, did you never see me play the fool?
FAC.
I know not, Nab: thou shalt, if I can help it.
Hieronimo's old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve,
I'll tell thee more, when thou bringst 'em.

[Exit Druggier]

ANA. *(Subtle hath whispered with him this while)*

Sir, I know

The Spaniard hates the Brethren, and hath spies

Upon their actions: and that this was one

I make no scruple. But the holy Synod

Have been in prayer and meditation for it.

And 'tis revealed no less, to them, than me,

That casting of money is most lawful.

SUB.

True.

But here, I cannot do it; if the house

Should chance to be suspected, all would out,

And we be locked up, in the tower, for ever,

To make gold there (for the state) never come out:

And, then, are you defeated.

ANA.

I will tell

This to the Elders, and the weaker Brethren,

That the whole company of the Separation

May join in humble prayer again.

(SUB.

And fasting.)

ANA.

Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of mind

Rest with these walls.

SUB.

Thanks, courteous Ananias.

[Exit Ananias]

FAC.

What did he come for?

SUB.

About casting dollars,

Presently, out of hand. And so, I told him,

A Spanish minister came here to spy,

Against the faithful –

FAC.

I conceive. Come Subtle,

Thou art so down upon the least disaster!

How wouldst thou ha' done, if I had not helped thee out?

SUB.

I thank thee Face, for the angry boy, i'faith.

FAC.

Who would ha' looked it should ha' been that rascal?

Surly? He had dyed his beard, and all. Well, sir,
Here's damask come, to make you a suit.
SUB.
Where's Druggier?
FAC.
He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habit,
I'll be the Count, now.
SUB.
But where's the widow?
FAC.
Within, with my lord's sister: Madam Dol
Is entertaining her.
SUB.
By your favour, Face,
Now she is honest, I will stand again.
FAC.
You will not offer it?
SUB.
Why?
FAC.
Stand to your word,
Or – here comes Dol. She knows –
SUB.
You're tyrannous still.
FAC.
Strict for my right. How now, Dol? Hast told her,
The Spanish Count will come?
DOL.
Yes, but another is come,
You little looked for!
FAC.
Who's that?
DOL.
Your master:
The master of the house.
SUB.
How, Dol!
FAC.
She lies.
This is some trick. Come, leave your quibblings, Dorothy.
DOL.
Look out, and see.
SUB.
Art thou in earnest?
DOL.
'Slight,
Forty o'the neighbours are about him, talking.

FAC *[At window]*
'Tis he, by this good day.
DOL.
'Twill prove ill day,
For some on us.
FAC.
We are undone, and taken.
DOL.
Lost, I'm afraid.
SUB.
You said he would not come,
While there died one a week, within the liberties.
FAC.
No: 'twas within the walls.
SUB.
Was't so? Cry you mercy:
I thought the liberties. What shall we do now, Face?
FAC.
Be silent: not a word, if he call, or knock.
I'll into mine old shape again, and meet him,
Of Jeremy, the butler. I' the meantime,
Do you two pack up all the goods, and purchase,
That we can carry i' the two trunks. I'll keep him
Off for today, if I cannot longer: and then
At night, I'll ship you both away to Ratcliffe,
Where we'll meet tomorrow, and there we'll share.
Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the cellar:
We'll have another time for that. But, Dol,
'Pray thee, go heat a little water, quickly,
Subtle must shave me.

[Exit Dol]

All my Captain's beard
Must off, to make me appear smooth Jeremy.
You'll do't?
SUB.
Yes, I'll shave you, as well as I can.
FAC.
And not cut my throat, but trim me?
SUB.
You shall see, sir.

[Exeunt]

Act V

Scene 1

Enter Lovewit, Neighbours

LOV.

Has there been such resort, say you?

1ST NEI.

Daily, sir.

2ND NEI.

And nightly, too.

3RD NEI.

Aye, some as brave as lords.

4TH NEI.

Ladies and gentlewomen.

5TH NEI.

Citizens' wives.

1ST NEI.

And knights.

6TH NEI.

In coaches.

2ND NEI.

Yes, and oyster-women.

1ST NEI.

Beside other gallants.

3RD NEI.

Sailors' wives.

4TH NEI.

Tobacco-men.

5TH NEI.

Another Pimlico!

LOV.

What should my knave advance,
To draw this company? He hung out no banners
Of a strange calf, with five legs, to be seen?
Or a huge lobster, with six claws?

6TH NEI.

No, sir.

3RD NEI.

We had gone in then, sir.

LOV.

He has no gift
Of teaching i' the nose, that e'er I knew of!
You saw no bills set up, that promised cure
Of agues, or the toothache?

2ND NEI.

No such thing, sir.

LOV.

Nor heard a drum struck, for babiouns, or puppets?

5TH NEI.

Neither sir.

LOV.

What device should he bring forth now!

I love a teeming wit, as I love my nourishment.

'Pray God he ha' not kept such open house,

That he hath sold my hangings and my bedding:

I left him nothing else. If he have eat 'em,

A plague o'the moth, say I. Sure he has got

Some bawdy pictures, to call all this ging;

The friar and the nun; or the new motion

Of the knight's courser, covering the parson's mare;

The boy of six year old, with the great thing:

Or 't may be, he has the fleas that run at tilt,

Upon a table, or some dog to dance?

When saw you him?

1ST NEI.

Who sir, Jeremy?

2ND NET.

Jeremy butler?

We saw him not this month.

LOV.

How!

4TH NEI.

Not these five weeks, sir.

1ST NEI.

These six weeks, at the least.

LOV.

You amaze me, neighbours!

5TH NEI.

Sure, if your worship know not where he is,

He's slipped away.

6TH NEI.

Pray God, he be not made away!

LOV.

Ha? It's no time to question, then.

(He knocks)

6TH NEI.

About

Some three weeks' since, I heard a doleful cry,

As I sat up, a-mending my wife's stockings.

LOV.
This's strange! That none will answer! Didst thou hear
A cry, sayst thou?
6TH NEI.
Yes, sir, like unto a man
That had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.
2ND NEI.
I heard it too, just this day three weeks, at two o'clock
Next morning.

LOV.
These be miracles, or you make 'em so!
A man an hour strangled, and could not speak,
And both you heard him cry?
3RD NEI.
Yes, downward, sir.

LOV.
Thou art a wise fellow: give me thy hand, I pray thee.
What trade art thou on?
3RD NEI.
A smith, and't please your worship.

LOV.
A smith? Then, lend me thy help, to get this door open.
3RD NEI.
That I will presently, sir, but fetch my tools –

[Exit]

1ST NEI.
Sir, best to knock again, afore you break it.

Scene 2

LOV.
I will.

[Knocks]

[Enter Face]

FAC.
What mean you, sir?
1ST, 2ND, 4TH NEI.
Oh, here's Jeremy!
FAC.
Good sir, come from the door.
LOV.
Why! What's the matter?

FAC.

Yet farther, you are too near, yet.

LOV.

I'the name of wonder!

What means the fellow?

FAC.

The house, sir, has been visited.

LOV.

What? With the plague? Stand thou then farther.

FAC.

No, sir,

I had it not.

LOV.

Who had it then? I left

None else but thee i'the house!

FAC.

Yes, sir. My fellow,

The cat, that kept the buttery, had it on her

A week before I spied it: but I got her

Conveyed away, i'the night. And so I shut

The house up for a month –

LOV.

How!

FAC.

Purposing then, sir,

To have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar,

And ha' made it sweet, that you should ne'er ha' known it:

Because I knew the news would but afflict you, sir.

LOV.

Breathless, and farther off. Why, this is stranger!

The neighbours tell me all, here, that the doors

Have still been open –

FAC.

How, sir!

LOV.

Gallants, men, and women,

And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here

In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hoxton,

In days of Pimlico, and Eye-bright!

FAC.

Sir,

Their wisdoms will not say so!

LOV.

Today, they speak

Of coaches and gallants; one in a French hood,

Went in, they tell me: and another was seen

In a velvet gown, at the window? Divers more

Pass in and out!

FAC.

They did pass through the doors then,
Or walls, I assure their eyesights, and their spectacles;
For here, sir, are the keys: and here have been,
In this my pocket, now, above twenty days!
And for before, I kept the fort alone, there.
But, that 'tis yet not deep i'the afternoon,
I should believe my neighbours had seen double
Through the black-pot, and made these apparitions!
For on my faith, to your worship, for these three weeks
And upwards, the door has not been opened.

LOV.

Strange!

1ST NEI.

Good faith, I think I saw a coach!

2ND NEI.

And I too,

I'd ha' been sworn!

LOV.

Do you but think it now?

And but one coach?

4TH NEI.

We cannot tell, sir: Jeremy

Is a very honest fellow.

FAC.

Did you see me at all?

1ST NEI.

No. That we are sure on.

2ND NEI.

I'll be sworn o' that.

LOV.

Fine rogues, to have your testimonies built on!

[Enter 3rd Neighbour with tools]

3RD NEI.

Is Jeremy come?

1ST NEI.

Oh, yes, you may leave your tools,

We were deceived, he says.

2ND NEI.

He's had the keys:

And the door has been shut these three weeks.

3RD NEI.

Like enough.

LOV.

Peace, and get hence, you changelings.
FAC *[Seeing Surly and Mammon]*
Surly come!
And Mammon made acquainted? They'll tell all.
(How shall I beat them off? What shall I do?)
Nothing's more wretched, than a guilty conscience.

Scene 3

Enter Surly, Sir Epicure Mammon

SUR.
No, sir, he was a great physician. This,
It was no bawdy-house: but mere chancel.
You knew the lord, and his sister.
MAM.
Nay, good Surly –
SUR.
The happy word, 'be rich' –
MAM.
Play not the tyrant –
SUR.
Should be today pronounced to all your friends.
And where be your andirons now? And your brass pots?
That should ha' been golden flagons, and great wedges?
MAM.
Let me but breathe. What! They ha' shut their doors,
Methinks!
SUR.
Aye, now, 'tis holy-day with them.
MAM.
Rogues,
Cozeners, impostors, bawds.

(Mammon and Surly knock)

FAC.
What mean you, sir?
MAM.
To enter if we can.
FAC.
Another man's house?
Here is the owner, sir. Turn you to him,
And speak your business.
MAM.
Are you, sir, the owner?
LOV.

Yes, sir.
MAM.
And are those knaves, within, your cheaters?
LOV.
What knaves? What cheaters?
MAM.
Subtle, and his Lungs.
FAC.
The gentleman is distracted, sir! No lungs,
Nor lights ha' been seen here these three weeks, sir,
Within these doors, upon my word!
SUR.
Your word,
Groom arrogant?
FAC.
Yes, sir, I am the housekeeper,
And know the keys ha' not been out o' my hands.
SUR.
This's a new Face?
FAC.
You do mistake the house, sir!
What sign was't at?
SUR.
You rascal! This is one
O' the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,
And force the door.
LOV.
'Pray you stay, gentlemen.
SUR.
No, sir, we'll come with warrant.
MAM.
Aye, and then,
We shall ha' your doors open.

[Exit with Surly]

LOV.
What means this?
FAC.
I cannot tell, sir!
1ST NEI.
These are two o'the gallants,
That we do think we saw.
FAC.
Two o' the fools?
You talk as idly as they. Good faith, sir,
I think the moon has crazed 'em all!

[Enter Kastril]

(Oh me,
The angry boy come too? He'll make a noise,
And ne'er away till he have betrayed us all.)
KAS *[Knocks]*
What rogues, bawds, slaves, you'll open the door anon.
Punk, cockatrice, my suster. By this light
I'll fetch the marshal to you. You are a whore,
To keep your castle –
FAC.

Who would you speak with, sir?

KAS.
The bawdy Doctor, and the cozening Captain,
And Pus my suster.

LOV.
This is something, sure!

FAC.
Upon my trust, the doors were never open, sir.
KAS.

I have heard all their tricks, told me twice over,
By the fat knight, and the lean gentleman.
LOV.

Here comes another.

[Enter Ananias, Tribulation]

FAC *[Aside]*
Ananias too?
And his Pastor?

TRI.
The doors are shut against us.

(They beat too, at the door)

ANA.
Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons of fire,
Your stench, it is broke forth: abomination
Is in the house.

KAS.
Aye, my suster's there.

ANA.
The place,
It is become a cage of unclean birds.

KAS.
Yes, I will fetch the scavenger, and the constable.

TRI.

You shall do well.

ANA.

We'll join, to weed them out.

KAS.

You will not come then? Punk, device, my suster!

ANA.

Call her not sister. She is a harlot, verily.

KAS.

I'll raise the street.

LOV.

Good gentlemen, a word.

ANA.

Satan, avoid, and hinder not our zeal.

[Exit with Tribulation, Kastril]

LOV.

The world's turned Bedlam.

FAC.

These are all broke loose,

Out of St Katherine's, where they use to keep,

The better sort of mad-folks.

1ST NET.

All these persons

We saw go in, and out, here.

2ND NEI.

Yes, indeed, sir.

3RD NEI.

These were the parties.

FAC.

Peace, you drunkards. Sir,

I wonder at it! Please you, to give me leave

To touch the door, I'll try, an' the lock be changed.

LOV.

It mazes me!

FAC.

Good faith, sir, I believe,

There's no such thing. 'Tis all *deceptio visus*.

[Aside]

Would I could get him away.

DAP (*Dapper cries out within*)

Master Captain, Master Doctor.

LOV.

Who's that?

FAC.

(Our clerk within, that I forgot!) I know not, sir,

DAP [*Within*]

For God's sake, when will her Grace be at leisure?

FAC.

Ha!

Illusions, some spirit o'the air: (his gag is melted,

And now he sets out the throat.)

DAP [*Within*]

I am almost stifled –

(FAC.

Would you were altogether.)

LOV.

'Tis i'the house.

Ha! List.

FAC.

Believe it, sir, i'the air!

LOV.

Peace, you –

DAP [*Within*]

Mine aunt's Grace does not use me well.

SUB [*Within*]

You fool,

Peace, you'll mar all.

FAC [*To Subtle within*]

Or you will else, you rogue.

LOV.

Oh, is it so? Then you converse with spirits!

Come sir. No more o' your tricks, good Jeremy,

The truth, the shortest way.

FAC.

Dismiss this rabble, sir.

[*Aside*]

What shall I do? I am catched.

LOV.

Good neighbours,

I thank you all. You may depart.

[*Exeunt Neighbours*]

Come sir,

You know that I am an indulgent master:

And therefore, conceal nothing. What's your medicine,

To draw so many several sorts of wildfowl?

FAC.

Sir, you were wont to affect mirth, and wit:

(But here's no place to talk on't i' the street.)
Give me but leave, to make the best of my fortune,
And only pardon me the abuse of your house:
It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,
In recompense, that you shall gi' me thanks for,
Will make you seven years younger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloak,
I have her within. You need not fear the house,
It was not visited.

LOV.
But by me, who came
Sooner than you expected.

FAC.
It is true, sir.
'Pray you forgive me.

LOV.
Well: let's see your widow.

[Exeunt]

Scene 4

Enter Subtle, Dapper

SUB.

How! Ha' you eaten your gag?

DAP.

Yes faith, it crumbled

Away i' my mouth.

SUB.

You ha' spoiled all then.

DAP.

No,

I hope my aunt of Faery will forgive me.

SUB.

Your aunt's a gracious lady: but in troth

You were to blame.

DAP.

The fume did overcome me,

And I did do't to stay my stomach. 'Pray you

So satisfy her Grace. Here comes the Captain.

[Enter Face]

FAC.

How now! Is his mouth down?

SUB.

Aye! He has spoken!

FAC.

(A pox, I heard him, and you too.) He's undone, then.

(I have been fain to say the house is haunted

With spirits, to keep churl back.

SUB.

And hast thou done it?

FAC.

Sure, for this night.

SUB.

Why, then triumph, and sing

Of Face so famous, the precious king

Of present wits.

FAC.

Did you not hear the coil,

About the door?

SUB.

Yes, and I dwindled with it.)

FAC.

Show him his aunt, and let him be dispatched:
I'll send her to you.

[Exit]

SUB.
Well sir, your aunt her Grace,
Will give you audience presently, on my suit,
And the Captain's word, that you did not eat your gag,
In any contempt of her Highness.

DAP.
Not I, in troth, sir.

SUB.
Here she is come.

(Dol like the Queen of Faery)

Down o' your knees, and wriggle:
She has a stately presence. Good. Yet nearer,
And bid, God save you.

DAP.
Madam.

SUB.
And your aunt.

DAP.
And my most gracious aunt, God save your Grace.

DOL.
Nephew, we thought to have been angry with you:
But that sweet face of yours, hath turned the tide,
And made it flow with joy, that ebb'd of love.
Arise, and touch our velvet gown.

SUB.
The skirts,
And kiss 'em. So.

DOL.
Let me now stroke that head,
Much, nephew, shalt thou win; much shalt thou spend;
Much shalt thou give away: much shalt thou lend.

SUB.
(Aye, much, indeed.) Why do you not thank her Grace?

DAP.
I cannot speak for joy.

SUB.
See, the kind wretch!
Your Grace's kinsman right.

DOL.
Give me the bird.

Here is your fly in a purse, about your neck, cousin,
Wear it, and feed it, about this day sen'night,
On your right wrist –
SUB.
Open a vein, with a pin,
And let it suck but once a week: till then,
You must not look on't.
DOL.
No. And, kinsman,
Bear yourself worthy of the blood you come on.
SUB.
Her Grace would ha' you eat no more Woolsack pies,
Nor Dagger frumenty.
DOL.
Nor break his fast,
In heaven and hell.
SUB.
She's with you everywhere!
Nor play with costermongers at mum-chance, tray-trip,
God make you rich (when as your aunt has done it:) but keep
The gallant'st company, and the best games –
DAP.
Yes, sir.
SUB.
Gleek and primero: and what you get, be true to us.
DAP.
By this hand, I will.
SUB.
You may bring's a thousand pound,
Before tomorrow night, (if but three thousand,
Be stirring) an' you will.
DAP.
I swear, I will then.
SUB.
Your fly will learn you all games.
FAC [*Within*]
Ha' you done there?
SUB.
Your Grace will command him no more duties?
DOL.
No:
But come and see me often. I may chance
To leave him three or four hundred chests of treasure,
And some twelve thousand acres of Faeryland:
If he game well and comely, with good gamesters.
SUB.
There's a kind aunt! Kiss her departing part,

But you must sell your forty mark a year, now:

DAP.

Aye, sir, I mean.

SUB.

Or, gi't away: pox on't.

DAP.

I'll gi't mine aunt. I'll go and fetch the writings.

SUB.

'Tis well, away.

[Exit Dapper]

[Enter Face]

FAC.

Where's Subtle?

SUB.

Here. What news?

FAC.

Drugger is at the door, go take his suit,

And bid him fetch a parson presently:

Say, he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt spend

A hundred pound by the service!

[Exit Subtle]

Now, queen Dol,

Ha' you packed up all?

DOL.

Yes.

FAC.

And how do you like

The lady Pliant?

DOL.

A good dull innocent.

[Enter Subtle]

SUB.

Here's your Hieronimo's cloak and hat.

FAC.

Give me 'em.

SUB.

And the ruff too?

FAC.

Yes, I'll come to you presently.

[Exit]

SUB.

Now he is gone about his project, Dol,

I told you of, for the widow.

DOL.

'Tis direct

Against our articles.

SUB.

Well, we'll fit him, wench.

Hast thou gulled her of her jewels, or her bracelets?

DOL.

No, but I will do't.

SUB.

Soon at night, my Dolly,

When we are shipped, and all our goods aboard,

Eastward for Ratcliffe; we will turn our course

To Brainford, westward, if thou sayst the word:

And take our leaves of this o'er-weening rascal,

This peremptory Face.

DOL.

Content, I'm weary of him.

SUB.

Thou'st cause, when the slave will run a-wiving, Dol,

Against the instrument, that was drawn between us.

DOL.

I'll pluck his bird as bare as I can.

SUB.

Yes, tell her,

She must by any means, address some present

To the cunning man; make him amends, for wronging

His art with her suspicion; send a ring;

Or chain of pearl; she will be tortured else

Extremely in her sleep, say: and ha' strange things

Come to her. Wilt thou?

DOL.

Yes.

SUB.

My fine flitter-mouse,

My bird o'the night; we'll tickle it at the Pigeons,

When we have all, and may unlock the trunks,

And say, this's mine, and thine, and thine, and mine –

(They kiss)

[Enter Face]

FAC.

What now, a-billing?

SUB.

Yes, a little exalted

In the good passage of our stock-affairs.

FAC.

Drugger has brought his parson, take him in, Subtle,

And send Nab back again, to wash his face.

SUB.

I will: and shave himself?

FAC.

If you can get him.

[Exit Subtle]

DOL.

You are hot upon it, Face, what e'er it is!

FAC.

A trick, that Dol shall spend ten pound a month by.

[Enter Subtle]

Is he gone?

SUB.

The chaplain waits you i'the hall, sir.

FAC.

I'll go bestow him.

[Exit]

DOL.

He'll now marry her, instantly.

SUB.

He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear Dol,

Cozen her of all thou canst. To deceive him

Is no deceit, but justice, that would break

Such an inextricable tie as ours was.

DOL.

Let me alone to fit him.

[Enter Face]

FAC.

Come, my venturers,

You ha' packed up all? Where be the trunks? Bring forth.

SUB.

Here.

FAC.

Let's see 'em. Where's the money?

SUB.

Here,

In this.

FAC.

Mammon's ten pound: eight score before.

The Brethren's money, this. Drugger's, and Dapper's.

What paper's that?

DOL.

The jewel of the waiting maid's,

That stole it from her lady, to know certain –

FAC.

If she should have precedence of her mistress?

DOL.

Yes.

FAC.

What box is that?

SUB.

The fishwife's rings, I think:

And the alewife's single money. Is't not Dol?

DOL.

Yes: and the whistle, that the sailor's wife

Brought you, to know and her husband were with Ward.

FAC.

We'll wet it tomorrow: and our silver beakers,

And tavern cups. Where be the French petticoats,

And girdles, and hangers?

SUB.

Here, i'the trunk,

And the bolts of lawn.

FAC.

Is Drugger's damask there?

And the tobacco?

SUB.

Yes.

FAC.

Give me the keys.

DOL.

Why you the keys!

SUB.

No matter, Dol: because

We shall not open 'em before he comes.

FAC.

'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed:

Nor have 'em forth. Do you see? Not forth, Dol.

DOL.

No!

FAC.

No, my smock-rampant. The right is, my master
Knows all, has pardoned me, and he will keep 'em.
Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your figures:
I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good partners,
Both he, and she, be satisfied: for, here
Determines the indenture tripartite,
Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can do
Is to help you over the wall, o' the back-side;
Or lend you a sheet, to save your velvet gown, Dol.
Here will be officers, presently; bethink you,
Of some course suddenly to scape the dock:
For thither you'll come else.

(Some knock)

Hark you, thunder.

SUB.

You are a precious fiend!

OFF *[Without]*

Open the door.

FAC.

Dol, I am sorry for thee i'faith. But hear'st thou?

It shall go hard, but I will place thee somewhere:

Thou shalt ha' my letter to Mistress Amo.

DOL.

Hang you –

FAC.

Or Madam Caesarean.

DOL.

Pox upon you, rogue,

Would I had but time to beat thee.

FAC.

Subtle,

Let's know where you set up next; I'll send you

A customer, now and then, for old acquaintance:

What new course ha' you?

SUB.

Rogue, I'll hang myself:

That I may walk a greater devil than thou,

And haunt thee i'the flock-bed, and the buttery.

[Exeunt]

Scene 5

Enter Lovewit [in Spanish dress with the Parson]

LOV.

What do you mean, my masters?

MAM *[Without]*

Open your door,

Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.

OFF *[Without]*

Or we'll break it open.

LOV.

What warrant have you?

OFF *[Without]*

Warrant enough, sir, doubt not:

If you'll not open it.

LOV.

Is there an officer there?

OFF *[Without]*

Yes, two or three for failing.

LOV.

Have but patience,

And I will open it straight.

[Enter Face]

FAC.

Sir, ha' you done?

Is it a marriage? Perfect?

LOV.

Yes, my brain.

FAC.

Off with you ruff, and cloak then, be yourself, sir.

SUR *[Without]*

Down with the door.

KAS *[Without]*

'Slight, ding it open.

LOV *[Opening door, they try to rush in]*

Hold.

Hold gentlemen, what means this violence?

MAM.

Where is this collier?

SUR.

And my Captain Face?

MAM.

These day-owls.

SUR.

That are birding in men's purses.

MAM.

Madam Suppository.

KAS.

Doxy, my suster.

ANA.

Locusts

Of the foul pit.

TRI.

Profane as Bel, and the Dragon.

ANA.

Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice of Egypt.

LOV.

Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers,

And cannot stay this violence?

OFF.

Keep the peace.

LOV.

Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom do you seek?

MAM.

The chemical cozener.

SUR.

And the Captain Pandar.

KAS.

The nun my suster.

MAM.

Madam Rabbi.

ANA.

Scorpions,

And caterpillars.

LOV.

Fewer at once, I pray you.

OFF.

One after another, gentlemen, I charge you,

By virtue of my staff –

ANA.

They are the vessels

Of pride, lust, and the cart.

LOV.

Good zeal, lie still,

A little while.

TRI.

Peace, Deacon Ananias.

LOV.

The house is mine here, and the doors are open:

If there be any such persons, as you seek for,

Use your authority, search on o' God's name.
I am but newly come to town, and finding
This tumult 'bout my door (to tell you true)
It somewhat 'mazed me; till my man here (fearing
My more displeasure) told me he had done
Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house
Belike, presuming on my known aversion
From any air o'the town, while there was sickness
To a Doctor and a Captain: who, what they are,
Or where they be, he knows not.

MAM.

Are they gone?

LOV.

You may go in, and search, sir.

(They enter)

Here, I find
The empty walls, worse than I left 'em, smoked,
A few cracked pots, and glasses, and a furnace,
The ceiling filled with posies of the candle:
And Madam, with a dildo, writ o' the walls.
Only, one gentlewoman, I met here,
That is within, that said she was a widow –
KAS.

Aye, that's my suster. I'll go thump her. Where is she?

[Exit]

LOV.

And should ha' married a Spanish Count, but he,
When he came to't, neglected her so grossly,
That I, a widower, am gone through with her.

SUR.

How! Have I lost her then?

LOV.

Were you the Don, sir?

Good faith, now, she does blame you extremely, and says
You swore, and told her, you had ta'en the pains,
To dye your beard, and umber o'er your face,
Borrowed a suit and ruff, all for her love;
And then did nothing. What an oversight,
And want of putting forward, sir, was this!
Well fare an old harquebusier, yet,
Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit,
All in a twinkling.

(Mammon comes forth)

MAM.

The whole nest are fled!

LOV.

What sort of birds were they?

MAM.

A kind of choughs,
Or thievish daws, sir, that have picked my purse
Of eight-score, and ten pounds, within these five weeks,
Beside my first materials; and my goods,
That lie i'the cellar: which I am glad they ha' left,
I may have home yet.

LOV.

Think you so, sir?

MAM.

Aye.

LOV.

By order of law, sir, but not otherwise.

MAM.

Not mine own stuff?

LOV.

Sir, I can take no knowledge,
That they are yours, but by public means.
If you can bring certificate, that you were gulled of 'em,
Or any formal writ, out of a court,
That you did cozen yourself: I will not hold them.

MAM.

I'll rather lose 'em.

LOV.

That you shall not, sir,
By me, in troth. Upon these terms they're yours.
What should they ha' been, sir, turned into gold all?

MAM.

No.

I cannot tell. It may be they should. What then?

LOV.

What a great loss in hope have you sustained?

MAM.

Not I, the commonwealth has.

FAC.

Aye, he would ha' built
The city new; and made a ditch about it
Of silver, should have run with cream from Hoxton:
That, every Sunday in Moorfields, the youngers,
And tits, and tomboys should have fed on, *gratis*.

MAM.

I will go mount a turnip-cart, and preach

The end o'the world, within these two months. Surly,
What! In a dream?
SUR.
Must I needs cheat myself,
With that same foolish vice of honesty!
Come let us go, and hearken out the rogues.
That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.
FAC.
If I can hear of him, sir, I'll bring you word
Unto your lodging: for in troth, they were strangers
To me, I thought 'em honest, as myself, sir.

[Exeunt Surly, Mammon]

(Tribulation and Ananias come forth)

TRI.
'Tis well, the Saints shall not lose all yet. Go,
And get some carts –
LOV.
For what, my zealous friends?
ANA.
To bear away the portion of the righteous,
Out of this den of thieves.
LOV.
What is that portion?
ANA.
The goods, sometimes the orphans', that the Brethren
Bought with their silver pence.
LOV.
What, those i'the cellar,
The knight Sir Mammon claims?
ANA.
I do defy
The wicked Mammon, so do all the Brethren,
Thou profane man. I ask thee, with what conscience
Thou canst advance that idol against us,
That have the seal? Were not the shillings numbered,
That made the pounds? Were not the pounds told out,
Upon the second day of the fourth week,
In the eight month, upon the table dormant,
The year, of the last patience of the Saints,
Six hundred and ten?
LOV.
Mine earnest vehement botcher,
And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you,
But, if you get you not away the sooner,

I shall confute you with a cudgel.

ANA.

Sir.

TRI.

Be patient Ananias.

ANA.

I am strong,

And will stand up, well girt, against an host,

That threaten Gad in exile.

LOV.

I shall send you

To Amsterdam, to your cellar.

ANA.

I will pray there,

Against thy house: may dogs defile thy walls,

And wasps, and hornets breed beneath thy roof,

This seat of falsehood, and this cave of cozenage.

[Exit with Tribulation]

LOV.

Another too?

Enter Drugger

DRU.

Not I sir, I am no Brother.

LOV.

Away you Harry Nicholas, do you talk?

(He beats him away)

FAC.

No, this was Abel Drugger.

(To the Parson)

Good sir, go,

And satisfy him; tell him, all is done:

He stayed too long a-washing of his face.

The Doctor, he shall hear of him at Westchester;

And of the Captain, tell him at Yarmouth: or

Some good port-town else, lying for a wind.

[Exit Parson]

[Enter Kastril]

If you get off the angry child, now, sir –
 KAS (*To his sister*)
 Come on, you ewe, you have matched most sweetly, ha' you not?
 Did not I say, I would never ha' you tupp'd
 But by a dubbed boy, to make you a lady-tom?
 'Slight, you are a mammet! Oh, I could touse you now.
 Death, mun' you marry with a pox?
 LOV.
 You lie, boy;
 As sound as you: and I am aforehand with you.
 KAS.
 Anon?
 LOV.
 Come, will you quarrel? I will feize you, sirrah.
 Why do you not buckle to your tools?
 KAS.
 God's light!
 This is a fine old boy, as e'er I saw!
 LOV.
 What, do you change your copy, now? Proceed,
 Here stands my dove: stoop at her, if you dare.
 KAS.
 'Slight I must love him! I cannot choose, i'faith!
 And I should be hanged for't. Suster, I protest,
 I honour thee, for this match.
 LOV.
 Oh, do you so, sir?
 KAS.
 Yes, and thou canst take tobacco, and drink, old boy,
 I'll give her five hundred pound more, to her marriage,
 Than her own state.
 LOV.
 Fill a pipe-full, Jeremy.
 FAC.
 Yes, but go in, and take it, sir.
 LOV.
 We will.
 I will be ruled by thee in anything, Jeremy.
 KAS.
 'Slight, thou art not hidebound! Thou art a Jovy' boy!
 Come let's in, I pray thee, and take our whiffs.
 LOV.
 Whiff in with your sister, brother boy.

[Exeunt Kastril, Dame]

That master
That had received such happiness by a servant,
In such a widow, and with so much wealth,
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that servant's wit,
And help his fortune, though with some small strain
Of his own candour. Therefore, gentlemen,
And kind spectators, if I have outstripped
An old man's gravity, or strict canon, think
What a young wife, and a good brain may do:
Stretch age's truth sometimes, and crack it too.
Speak for thyself, knave.

FAC.

So I will, sir. Gentlemen,
My part a little fell in this last scene,
Yet 'twas decorum. And though I am clean
Got off, from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol,
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Drugger, all
With whom I traded; yet I put myself
On you, that are my country: and this pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests
To feast you often, and invite new guests.

[Exeunt]

The End