

The Alchemist

Ben Jonson

THE CHARACTERS

Subtle, the Alchemist

Face, the housekeeper

Dol Common, their colleague

Dapper, a lawyer's clerk

Drugger, a tobacconist

Sir Epicure Mammon, a knight

Pertinax Surly, his friend

Persecution, an Anabaptist

Tribulation Wholesome, her pastor

Kastril, the angry boy

Dame Pliant, his sister, a widow

Lovewit, master of the house

Neighbour One

Neighbour Two

Neighbour Three

ACT I SCENE i

(Enter FACE, SUBTLE and DOL inside)

FACE Believe it, I will.

SUBTLE Thy worst. I fart at thee.

DOL Have you your wits? Why gentlemen, for love—

FACE Sirrah, I'll strip you—

[illegible]

FACE Rogue, rogue! Out of all your sleights.

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

SUBTLE O, let the wild sheep loose.

DOL Sirs, will you have
The neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?
Hark, I hear somebody.

[illegible]

SUBTLE Yes faith; yes faith.

[illegible]

SUBTLE I'll tell you,
Since you know not yourself—

FACE Speak lower, rogue.

SUBTLE 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—

FACE Will you be so loud?

SUBTLE Since, by my means, translated suburb-captain.

FACE By your means, Doctor Dog?

[illegible]

FACE Why, I pray you, have I
Been countenanced by you or you by me?
Do but collect, sir, where I met you first.

SUBTLE I do not hear well.

FACE 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

Stuck full of black and melancholic worms.

SUBTLE I wish you could advance your voice a little.

FACE When you went pinned up in the several rags
You had raked and picked from dunghills before day;
A felt of rug and a thin threaden cloak
That scarce would cover your no buttocks—

SUBTLE So, sir!

FACE When all your alchemy and your algebra,
Your conjuring, cozening and your dozen of trades
Could not relieve your corps with so much linen
I gave 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—

SUBTLE Your master's house!

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

SUBTLE Yes, in your master's house.
You and the rats have kept possession
Here since your mistress' death hath broke up house.

FACE You might talk softlier, rascal.

SUBTLE 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.

FACE The place has made you valiant.

SUBTLE No, your clothes.
Thou vermin, have I taken 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
In the third region, called our state of grace?
Given thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling dimensions,
Made thee a second in mine own great art?
And have I this for thanks! Do you rebel?
Would you be gone now?

DOL Gentlemen, what mean you?
Will you mar all?

SUBTLE Slave, thou hadst had no name—

DOL Will you undo yourselves with civil war?

SUBTLE Had not I been.

DOL Do you know who hears you, Sovereign?

FACE Sirrah—

ACT I SCENE i

DOL Nay, General, I thought you were civil.

FACE I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.

SUBTLE And hang thyself, I care not.

FACE Hang thee, collier,
And all thy pots and pans—

DOL This'll o'erthrow all.

SUBTLE Away, you trencher-rascal!

FACE Dog-leech!

SUBTLE Cheater!

FACE Bawd!

SUBTLE Cow-herd!

FACE Conjurer!

SUBTLE Cut-purse!

FACE Witch!

DOL O me!
We are ruined! Lost! Have you no more regard
To your reputations? Where's your judgement? 'Slight!

FACE Away this brach! I'll bring thee, rogue, within
A noose for laundering gold and barbing it.

DOL '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.
Have you together cozened all this while
And all the world and shall it now be said
You've made most courteous shift to cozen yourselves?
(*To FACE*)
You will accuse him! Who shall take your word?
A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain?
(*To SUBTLE*)
And you too, cozening bawd, 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
Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too
And take my part and quit you.

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

SUBTLE Why, so it does.

ACT I SCENE i

DOL How does it? Do not we
Sustain our parts?

SUBTLE Yes, but they are not equal.

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

SUBTLE Ay, they *may*.

DOL “May”, murmuring mastiff? Ay and do, God’s will!
Help me to throttle him.

SUBTLE Dorothy! Mistress Dorothy!
God's precious, I'll do any thing. What do you mean?

DOL Because of your fermentation and cibation?

SUBTLE Not I, by heaven—

DoL Your Sol and Luna?

 $(T_o \text{ FACE})$

Help me.

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

DOL Will you, sir? Do so then and quickly: swear.

SUBTLE What should I swear?

DoL To leave your faction, sir,
And labour kindly in the common work.

SUBTLE 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?

FACE 'Slid, prove today who shall shark best.

SUBTLE Agreed.

DOL Yes, and work close and friendly.

SUBTLE '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, scurvy, precise neighbours
A feast of laughter at our follies?

SUBTLE Do!
Spoken like Claridiana and thyself.

FACE 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 Doll Particular.

ACT I SCENE ii

(DAPPER *enters outside and knocks*)

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

FACE O, fear not him. While there dies one a week
Of the plague he's safe from thinking toward London.
Beside, he's busy at his hop-yards now;
I had a letter from him. If he do
He'll send such word for airing of the house
As you shall have sufficient time to quit it.

SUBTLE Who is it, Dol?

DOL A fine young quodling.

FACE O,
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 O, let him in.

SUBTLE Stay. Who shall do it?

FACE (*Dressing as the Captain*)
Get you
Your robes on: I will meet him as going out.

DOL And what shall I do?

FACE Not be seen. Away!
(*Exit DOL inside*)
Seem you very reserved.

SUBTLE Enough.
(*Exit SUBTLE inside*)

FACE (*Aloud, going to the door*)
God be with you, sir,
I pray you let him know that I was here:
His name is Dapper. I would gladly have stayed but—

DAPPER (*From outside*)
Captain, I am here.

FACE Who's that?—He's come I think, Doctor.
(*Opening the door*)
Good faith, sir, I was going away.
(*DAPPER comes inside*)

DAPPER In truth
I am very sorry, Captain.

ACT I SCENE ii

FACE But I thought
Sure I should meet you.

DAPPER Ay, I am very glad.
I had a scurvy writ or two to make
And lent my watch—
(*Enter* SUBTLE *inside, dressed as the Alchemist*)
Is this the cunning man?

FACE This is his worship.

DAPPER Is he a doctor?

FACE Yes.

DAPPER And have you broke with him, Captain?

FACE Ay.

DAPPER And how?

FACE Faith, he does make the matter, sir, so dainty
I know not what to say.

DAPPER Not so, good Captain.

FACE Would I were fairly rid of it, believe me.

DAPPER Nay, now you grieve me, sir. Why should you wish so?
I dare assure you I'll not be ungrateful.

FACE I cannot think you will, sir. But the law
Is such a thing—Nay sir, you know the law
Better, I think—

DAPPER I should, sir, and the danger.
You know: I showed the statute to you.

FACE You did so.

DAPPER And will I tell? What do you think of me?

FACE I'll tell the Doctor so.

DAPPER Do, good sweet Captain.

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

SUBTLE Captain, I have returned you all my answer.
I would do much, sir, for your love. But this
I neither may nor can.

FACE Tut, do not say so.
You deal now with a noble fellow, Doctor,
One that will thank you richly. And he has
Four angels here.

SUBTLE You do me wrong, good sir.

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

SUBTLE 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.

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

You and your flies together—

DAPPER Nay, good Captain.

FACE That know no difference of men.

SUBTLE Good words, sir.

FACE Good deeds, sir, Doctor Dogs-Meat. 'Slight, I bring you
No under-scribe—

DAPPER Sir—

FACE 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, is a fine clerk. And can court
His mistress out of Ovid.

DAPPER Nay, dear Captain—

FACE Did you not tell me so?

DAPPER Yes; but I'd have you
Use Master Doctor with some more respect.

FACE 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 puff-ball.
(*Leaving through the door*)
Come, let's be gone.

SUBTLE Pray you let me speak with you.

DAPPER His worship calls you, Captain.

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

DAPPER Nay, good sir, he did call you.

FACE Will he take then?

SUBTLE First, hear me—

FACE Not a syllable 'less you take.

SUBTLE Your humour must be law.
(*He takes the money*)

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

SUBTLE (Why, sir—)

FACE No whispering.

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

FACE Wherein? For what?

SUBTLE Marry, to be so importunate for one
That, when he has it, will undo you all:

He'll win up all the money in the town.

FACE How!

SUBTLE Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester,
If I do give him a familiar.
Give you him all you play for, never set him:
For he will have it.

FACE You are mistaken, Doctor.
Why he does ask one but for cups and horses,
A rifling fly; none of your great familiars.

DAPPER Yes, Captain, I would have it for all games.

SUBTLE I told you so.

FACE (*Taking DAPPER aside*)
'Slight, that is 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.

DAPPER Ay, 'tis true, sir;
But I do think now I shall leave the law
And therefore—

FACE Why, this changes quite the case.
Do you think that I dare move him?

DAPPER If you please, sir;
All's one to him, I see.

FACE What! For that money?
I cannot with my conscience; nor should you
Make the request, methinks.

DAPPER No, sir, I mean
To add consideration.

FACE Why then, sir,
I'll try. Say that it were for all games, Doctor.

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

FACE Speak you this from art?

SUBTLE Ay, sir, and reason too, the ground of art.
He is of the only best complexion
The queen of Fairy loves.

FACE What! Is he?

SUBTLE Peace.
He'll overhear you. Sir, should she but see him—

FACE What?

SUBTLE Do not you tell him.

FACE Will he win at cards too?

ACT I SCENE ii

SUBTLE Such vigorous luck as cannot be resisted.

FACE A strange success that some man shall be born to.

SUBTLE He hears you, man—

DAPPER Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.

FACE Faith, I have confidence in his good nature:
You hear, he says he will not be ingrateful.

SUBTLE Why, as you please; my venture follows yours.

FACE 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.

DAPPER Believe it and I will, sir.

FACE And you shall, sir.
You have heard all?

DAPPER No, what was it? Nothing, I, sir.
(Takes him aside)

FACE Nothing?

DAPPER A little, sir.

FACE Well, a rare star
Reigned at your birth.

DAPPER At mine, sir? No.

FACE The Doctor
Swears that you are—

SUBTLE Nay, Captain, you'll tell all now.

FACE Allied to the Queen of Fairy.

DAPPER Who, I am?

FACE Come,
You know it well enough, though you dissemble it.

DAPPER I'faith, I do not; you are mistaken.

FACE How!
Swear by your faith and in a thing so known
Unto the Doctor? How shall we, sir, trust you
In the other matter? Can we ever think,
When you have won five or six thousand pound,
You'll send us shares in it, by this rate?

DAPPER By Gad, sir,
I'll win ten thousand pound and send you half.
I'faith's no oath.

SUBTLE No, no, he did but jest.

FACE Go to. Go thank the Doctor: he's your friend
To take it so.

DAPPER I thank his worship.

FACE So!

Another angel.

DAPPER Must I?

FACE Must you? 'Slight,
What else is thanks? Will you be trivial? Doctor,
(DAPPER *gives him the money*)
When must he come for his familiar?

DAPPER Shall I not have it with me?

SUBTLE O, good sir!
There must a world of ceremonies pass:
You must be bathed and fumigated first.
Besides, the queen of Fairy does not rise
Till it be noon.

FACE Not if she danced tonight.

SUBTLE And she must bless it.

FACE Did you never see
Her royal grace yet?

DAPPER Whom?

FACE Your aunt of Fairy?

SUBTLE Not since she kissed him in the cradle, Captain;
I can resolve you that.

FACE Well, see her grace,
Whate'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.

DAPPER How will it be done, then?

FACE Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you
But say to me, Captain, I'll see her grace.

DAPPER Captain, I'll see her grace.

FACE Enough.
(DRUGGER *enters outside and knocks at the door*)

SUBTLE I come!

(*To DAPPER*)
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.

FACE Can you remember this?
 DAPPER I warrant you.
 FACE Well then, away. It is but your bestowing
 Some twenty nobles among her grace's servants
 And put on a clean shirt: you do not know
 What grace her grace may do you in clean linen.
(Exit FACE inside and DAPPER outside)

ACT I SCENE iii

(SUBTLE opens the door, DRUGGER comes inside)

SUBTLE Come in! Your name is Annie Drugger?
 DRUGGER Yes, sir.
 SUBTLE A seller of tobacco?
 DRUGGER Yes, sir.
 SUBTLE Well:
 Your business, Annie?
 DRUGGER This, an't please your worship;
 I am just a beginner and am building
 Of a new shop, an't like your worship, just
 At corner of a street. Here is 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.
 SUBTLE I do,
 If I do see them—
(Enter FACE inside)
 FACE What! My honest Annie?
 Though art well met here.
 DRUGGER Troth, sir, I was speaking,
 Just as your worship came here, of your worship:
 I pray you speak for me to Master Doctor.
 FACE He shall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear?
 This is my friend, Annie, an honest woman;
 She lets me have good tobacco and she does not
 Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil;
 A neat, spruce, honest woman and no goldsmith.
 SUBTLE She is a fortunate woman, that I am sure on.
 FACE Already, sir, have you found it? Lo thee, Annie!
 SUBTLE And in right way toward riches—

FACE Sir!

SUBTLE 'Tis true.

FACE 'Slid, Doctor, how canst thou know this so soon?
I am amused at that!

SUBTLE By a rule, Captain,
In metoposcopy, which I do work by;
A certain star in the forehead, which you see not.
Your chestnut or your olive-coloured face
Does never fail and your long ear doth promise.
I knew it by certain spots, too, in her teeth
And on the nail of her mercurial finger.

FACE Which finger's that?

SUBTLE Her little finger, look.
You were born upon a Wednesday?

DRUGGER Yes indeed, sir.

SUBTLE The thumb, in chiromancy, we give Venus;
The fore-finger to Jove; the midst to Saturn;
The ring to Sol; the least to Mercury,
Who was the lord, sir, of her horoscope,
Her house of life being Libra; which fore-showed
She should be a merchant and should trade with balance.

FACE Why, this is strange! Is it not, honest Nan?
(*Pointing to the plan*)

SUBTLE Now, Nan, this is the west and this the south?

DRUGGER Yes, sir.

SUBTLE And those are your two sides?

DRUGGER Ay, sir.

SUBTLE 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.

DRUGGER Yes, sir.

SUBTLE And
Beneath your threshold, bury me a load-stone
To draw in gallants that wear spurs: the rest
They'll seem to follow.

FACE That's a secret, Nan!

DRUGGER I have at home—

SUBTLE Ay, I know you have arsenic,
Vitriol, sal-tartar, argaile, alkali,
Cinoper: I know all. This woman, Captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller

ACT I SCENE iv

And give a say—I will not say directly,
But very fair—at the philosopher's stone.

FACE Why, how now, Annie! Is this true?

DRUGGER (Good Captain,
What must I give?)

FACE Nay, I'll not counsel thee.
Thou hear'st what wealth he says, spend what thou canst,
Thou art like to come to.

DRUGGER I would gi' him a crown.

FACE A crown? And toward such a fortune? Heart,
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee?

DRUGGER Yes, I have a portague I have kept this half-year.

FACE Out on thee, Nan! 'Slight, there was such an offer.
Shalt keep't no longer, I'll give't him for thee. Doctor,
Nan prays your worship to drink this and swears
She will appear more grateful, as your skill
Does raise her in the world.

DRUGGER I would entreat
Another favour of his worship.

FACE What is't, Nan?

DRUGGER But to look over, sir, my almanack
And cross out my ill-days, that I may neither
Bargain nor trust upon them.

FACE That he shall, Nan:
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoon.

SUBTLE And a direction for his shelves.
(FACE *urges* DRUGGER *out through the door*)

FACE Now, Nan,
Art thou well pleased, Nan?

DRUGGER Thank, sir, both your worships.

FACE Away.
(FACE *shuts the door*, DRUGGER *exits outside*)

ACT I SCENE iv

FACE Why, now, you smoky persecutor of nature!
Now do you see, that something's to be done
Beside your beech-coal and your crucibles?
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 them,
Then trying them out. 'Fore God, my intelligence
Costs me more money than my share oft comes to
In these rare works.

SUBTLE You are pleasant, sir.

(Enter DOL inside)

How now!

FACE What says my dainty Dolkin?

DoL From the window

I've spied the gul Sir Epicure Mammon—

SUBTLE 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.

SUBTLE Face, go you and shift.

(Exit FACE inside)

Dol, you must presently make ready, too.

DOL Why, what's the matter?

SUBTLE O, 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.

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

(Exit SUBTLE and DOL inside. Enter MAMMON and SURLY outside)

MAMMON 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.

You shall no more deal with the hollow dye

Or the frail card. No more shall thirst of satin

Or velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloak,

Or go a feasting after drum and ensign.

No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys

And have your punks and punketees, my Surly.

And unto thee I speak it first: be rich.

Where is my Subtle, there? Within, ho!

(Enter FACE inside. He lets MAMMON and SURLY in)

FACE Sir, he'll come to you by and by.

(Exit FACE inside)

MAMMON That is his fire-drake.

His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals,

Till he firke 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 lead up.

SURLY What, and turn that too?

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

SURLY No, faith.

MAMMON But when you see th' effects of the Great Medicine,
You will believe me.

SURLY Yes, when I see't, I will.
But if my eyes do cozen me so, and I
Giving them no occasion, sure I'll have
A whore shall piss them out next day.

MAMMON 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.

SURLY No doubt: he's that already.

MAMMON Nay, I mean
Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters:
By taking, once a week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it.

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

MAMMON 'Tis the secret
Of nature naturised 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases coming of all causes;
I'll undertake, withal, to fright the plague
Out of the kingdom in three months. 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—

SURLY As he that built the water-work does with water?

MAMMON You are incredulous.

SURLY Faith I have a humour:
I would not willingly be gulled. Your stone
Cannot transmute me.

MAMMON 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;
Ay, and a treatise penned by Adam—

SURLY How!

MAMMON Of the philosopher's stone and in High Dutch.

SURLY Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?

MAMMON He did.

I have a piece of Jason's golden fleece,
Which was no other than a book of alchemy—
So too 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're fixed.
All abstract riddles of our stone.

(*Enter FACE inside, dressed as Lungs.*)

—How now!

Do we succeed? Is our day come? And holds it?

FACE 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.

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

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

MAMMON Excellent witty Lungs!—my only care
Where to get stuff enough now to project on;
This town will not half serve me.

FACE No, sir! Buy
The covering off of churches.

MAMMON That's true.

FACE Yes.

MAMMON Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace;
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puff,
Lost in the embers; and repair this brain,
Hurt with the fume o' the metals.

FACE 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.

MAMMON And, lastly,
Thou hast descried the flower, the *sanguis agni*?

FACE Yes, sir.

MAMMON Where's Master?

FACE At his prayers, sir, he;
Good man, he's doing his devotions
For the success.

MAMMON Lungs, I will set a period
To all thy labours; thou shalt be the master
Of my seraglio.

FACE Good, sir.

MAMMON But do you hear?
I'll geld you, Lungs.

FACE Yes, sir.

MAMMON For I do mean
To have a list of wives and concubines
Equal with Solomon, who had the stone
Alike with me.—Thou saw'st it blood?

FACE Aye, sir.

MAMMON I will have all my beds blown up, not stuffed;
Down is too hard: and then my looking glass
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 lose 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 a rich lawyer
Have a sublimed pure wife, unto that fellow
I'll send a thousand pound to be my cuckold.
We will be brave, Puff, now we have 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 in 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 foot-boy 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,
Drest with an exquisite and poignant sauce;
For which, I'll say unto my cook, "There's gold,
Go forth and be a knight."

FACE Sir, I'll go look
A little how it heightens.
(*Exit FACE inside*)

MAMMON 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—

SURLY And do you think to have the stone with this?

MAMMON No, I do think to have all this with the stone.

SURLY Why, I have heard he must be *homo frugi*:
A pious, holy and religious man,
One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.

MAMMON 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
(*Enter SUBTLE inside, dressed as the Alchemist*)
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes.
Not a profane word afore him: 'tis poison.—
Good morrow, father.

SUBTLE Gentle son, good morrow,
And to your friend there. What is he, is with you?

MAMMON An heretic that I did bring along
In hope, sir, to convert him.

SUBTLE Son, I doubt
You are covetous, that thus you meet your time
In 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 even at perfection,
Got by long watching and large patience,
Not prosper where my love and zeal hath placed 'em.

MAMMON You shall not need to fear me; I but come
To have you confute this gentleman.

SURLY Who is
Indeed, sir, somewhat costive of belief

Toward your stone; would not be gulled.

SUBTLE

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!—Ulen Spiegel!

FACE

(*Off-stage inside*)

Anon, sir.

(*Enter FACE inside*)

SUBTLE

Look well to the register.

And let your heat still lessen by degrees
To the aludels.

FACE

Yes, sir.

SUBTLE

Did you look

On the bolt's-head yet?

FACE

Which? On D, sir?

SUBTLE

Ay;

What's the complexion?

FACE

Whitish.

SUBTLE

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*.

FACE

I will, sir.

(*Exit FACE inside*)

SURLY

(What a brave language here is, next to canting.)

SUBTLE

I have another work you never saw, son,
That three days since passed the philosopher's wheel,
In the lent heat of Athanor, and is become
Sulphur of Nature.

MAMMON

But 'tis for me?

SUBTLE

What need you?

You have enough in that is perfect.

MAMMON

O but—

SUBTLE

Why, this is covetise!

MAMMON

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 inside*)

SUBTLE

How now!

FACE Sir, please you,
Shall I not change the filter?

SUBTLE Marry, yes;
And bring me the complexion of glass B.
(*Exit FACE inside*)

MAMMON Have you another?

SUBTLE 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,
(*Enter FACE inside*)
How now? What colour says it?

FACE The ground black, sir.

MAMMON That's your crow's head?

SURLY Your cockscomb's, is it not?

SUBTLE No, 'tis not perfect. Would it were the crow!
That work wants something.

SURLY (O, I looked for this.
The hay's a-pitching.)

SUBTLE Are you sure you loosed them
In their own menstree?

FACE Yes, sir, and then married them
And put them 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.

SUBTLE The process then was right.
We should have a new amalgama.

SURLY (O, this ferret
Is rank as any pole-cat.)

SUBTLE But I care not:
Let him e'en die; we have enough beside
In embrion. H has his white shirt on?

FACE 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.

MAMMON He says right.

SURLY (Ay, are you bolted?)

FACE Nay, I know it, sir,
I have seen the ill fortune. What is some three ounces
Of fresh materials?

MAMMON Is it no more?

FACE No more, sir.
Of gold, the amalgam with some six of mercury.

MAMMON Away, here's money. What will serve?

FACE Ask him, sir.

MAMMON How much?

SUBTLE Give him nine pound: you may give him ten.

SURLY Yes, twenty and be cozened, do.

MAMMON There 'tis.
(MAMMON gives FACE the money)

SUBTLE 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.
Have you set the oil of luna in *kemia*?

FACE Yes, sir.

SUBTLE And the philosopher's vinegar?

FACE Ay.
(Exit FACE inside)

SURLY We shall have a salad!

MAMMON When do you make projection?

SUBTLE 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.
Until one ounce convert a 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.

MAMMON Not those of iron?

SUBTLE Yes, you may bring them too:
We'll change all metals.

SURLY I believe you in that.

MAMMON Then I may send my spits?

SUBTLE Yes, and your racks.

SURLY And dripping-pans and pot-hangers and hooks?
Shall he not?

SUBTLE If he please.

SURLY —To be an ass.

SUBTLE How, sir!

MAMMON This gentleman you must bear withal:
I told you he had no faith.

SURLY And little hope, sir;
But much less charity, should I gull myself.

SUBTLE Why, what have you observed, sir, in our art,
Seems so impossible?

SURLY But your whole work, no more.
That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,
As they do eggs in Egypt!

SUBTLE Sir, do you
Believe that eggs are hatched so?

SURLY If I should?

SUBTLE Why, I think that the greater miracle.
No egg but differs from a chicken more
Than metals in themselves.

SURLY That cannot be.
The egg's ordained by nature to that end
And is a chicken *in potentia*.

SUBTLE The same we say of lead and other metals
Which would be gold, if they had time.

MAMMON And that
Our art doth further.

SUBTLE Ay, for it were absurd
To think that nature in the earth bred gold
Perfect in the instant: something went before;
There must be remote matter.

SURLY Ay, what is that?

SUBTLE Marry, we say—

MAMMON Ay, now it heats: stand, father,
Pound him to dust.

SUBTLE It is, of the one part
A humid exhalation, which we call
Material liquida or the unctuous water;
On the other part a certain crass and viscous
Portion of earth; both which, congregate,
Do make the elementary matter of gold.
Beside, who doth not see in daily practice
Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, wasps
Out of the carcasses and dung of creatures;
And these are living creatures, far more perfect
And excellent than metals.

MAMMON Well said, father!
Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,
He'll bray you in a mortar.

SURLY Pray you, sir, stay.

Rather than I'll be brayed, sir, I'll believe
That Alchemy is a pretty kind of game,
Somewhat like tricks of the cards, to cheat a man
With charming.

SUBTLE Sir?

SURLY What else are all your terms
Whereon no one of your writers agrees 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 sol,
Of piss and egg-shells, women's terms, man's blood,
Hair of 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?

SUBTLE And all these named
Intending but one thing; which art our writers
Used to obscure their art.

MAMMON Sir, so I told him:
Because the simple idiot should not learn it
And make it vulgar.

SUBTLE Was not all the knowledge
Of the Egyptians writ in mystic symbols?
Are not the choicest fables of the poets,
That were the fountains and first springs of wisdom,
Wrapped in perplexed allegories?
(*Enter DOL inside*)

MAMMON —Who is this?

SUBTLE God's precious, what do you mean? Go in, good lady,
Let me entreat you.
(*Exit DOL inside*)

—Where's this varlet?
(*Enter FACE inside*)

FACE Sir.

SUBTLE You very knave! Do you use me thus?

FACE Wherein, sir?

SUBTLE Go in and see, you traitor. Go!
(*Exit FACE inside*)

MAMMON Who is it, sir?

SUBTLE Nothing, sir, nothing.

MAMMON What's the matter, good sir?
I have not seen you thus distempered: who is it?

SUBTLE All arts have still had, sir, their adversaries;
But ours the most ignorant.—

(*Enter FACE inside*)

What now?

FACE 'Twas not my fault, sir; she would speak with you.

SUBTLE Would she, sir! Follow me.

(*Exit SUBTLE inside*)

MAMMON Stay, Lungs.

FACE I dare not, sir.

MAMMON Stay, man; what is she?

FACE A lord's sister, sir.

MAMMON How! Pray thee, stay.

FACE She's mad, sir, and sent hither,
Sir, to be cured.

SUBTLE (*Off-stage inside*)
Why, rascal!

FACE Lo you!—Here, sir!

(*Exit FACE inside*)

MAMMON Afore God, a Bradamante, a brave piece.

SURLY Heart, this is a bawdy-house! I will be burnt else.

MAMMON O, 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.
(*Enter FACE inside*)
How now, Lungs!

FACE Softly, sir; speak softly. I meant
To have told your worship all. This must not hear.

MAMMON No, he will not be gulled; let him alone.

FACE You are 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.

MAMMON How might one do to have conference with her, Lungs?

FACE I do not know, sir. I am sent in haste
To fetch a vial.

SURLY Be not gulled, Sir Mammon.

MAMMON Wherein? Pray ye, be patient.

SURLY Yes, as you are
And trust confederate knaves and bawds and whores.

MAMMON You are too foul, believe it.—Come here, Ulen,
One word.

FACE I dare not, in good faith.

MAMMON Stay, knave.

FACE He is extreme angry that you saw her, sir.

MAMMON Drink that.
(MAMMON *gives* FACE *money*)
What is she when she's out of her fit?

FACE O, the most affablest creature, sir! So merry!
So pleasant! She'll mount you up, like quicksilver
Over the helm; and circulate like oil,
A very vegetal: discourse of state,
Of mathematics, bawdry, anything—

MAMMON Is she no way accessible? No means,
No trick to give a man a taste of her—wit—
Or so?

SUBTLE (*Off-stage inside*)
Ulen!

FACE I'll come to you again, sir.
(*Exit* FACE *inside*)

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

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

MAMMON Heart, you abuse yourself.
I know the lady and her friends. Her brother
Has told me all.

SURLY And yet you never saw her
Till now!

MAMMON O yes, but I forgot. I have, believe it,
One of the treacherousest memories, I do think,
Of all mankind.

SURLY What call you her brother?

MAMMON My lord—
He will not have his name known, now I think on it.

SURLY A very treacherous memory!

MAMMON On my faith—

SURLY Tut, if you have it not about you, pass it,
Till we meet next.

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

SURLY 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?

(*Enter FACE inside*)

FACE (To SURLY)

Here's one from Captain Face, sir,
Desires you meet him in the Temple Church
Some half-hour hence and upon earnest business.

(To MAMMON)

Sir, if you please to quit us, now, and come
Again within two hours you shall have
My master busy examining of the works;
And I will steal you in unto the party,
That you may see her converse.

(To SURLY)

—Sir, shall I say,

You'll meet the Captain's worship?

SURLY Sir, I will.—

(But, by attorney and to a second purpose.
Now, I am sure it is a bawdy-house;
The naming this commander doth confirm it.
Don Face! Why, he's the most authentic dealer
In these commodities and does appoint
Who lies with whom and at what hour, what price.
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.)

FACE Sir, he does pray you'll not forget.

SURLY I will not, sir.

Sir Epicure, I shall leave you.

(*Exit SURLY outside*)

MAMMON I follow you, straight.

FACE But do so, good sir, to avoid suspicion.
This gentleman has a parlous head.

MAMMON But wilt thou
Be constant to thy promise?

FACE As my life, sir.

MAMMON And wilt thou insinuate what I am and praise me
And say I am a noble fellow?

FACE O, what else, sir?
And that you'll make her royal with the stone.

MAMMON Wilt thou do this?

FACE Will I, sir!

ACT I SCENE v

MAMMON Lungs, my Lungs!
I love thee.

FACE Send your stuff, sir, that my master
May busy himself about projection.

MAMMON Thou hast witched me, rogue: take, go.
(MAMMON *gives* FACE *money*)

FACE Your jack and all, sir.

MAMMON 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.

FACE Not I, sir?

MAMMON Come, I was born to make thee, my good weasel.
A Count, nay, a Count Palatine—

FACE Good, sir, go.

MAMMON Shall not advance thee better: no, nor faster.
(*Exit* MAMMON *outside*. *Enter* SUBTLE and DOL *inside*)

SUBTLE Has he bit? Has he bit?

FACE And swallowed too, my Subtle.
I have given him line and now he plays, i'faith.

SUBTLE And shall we twitch him?

FACE Thorough both the gills.
A wench is a rare bait, with which a man
No sooner's taken but he straight firks mad.

SUBTLE Dol, my Lord Whats'hum's sister, you must now
Bear yourself *statelich*.

DOL O, 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.

SUBTLE But will he send his andirons?

FACE He will. Well,
I must not lose my wary gamester yonder.

SUBTLE O, Monsieur Caution that will not be gulled?

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

ACT I SCENE v

(PERSECUTION *enters outside and knocks*)

SUBTLE Dol, scout, scout!
(DOL *goes to the window*)
Pray God it be my Anabaptist—Who is it, Dol?

DOL I know her not.

SUBTLE 'Tis she, she said she would send
The sanctified elder that should deal
For Mammon's jack and andirons. Dol, away!
(Exit DOL inside)

Now,
In a new tune, new gesture but old language.
This party is sent from one negotiates with me
About the stone too, for the holy Sisters
Of Amsterdam, the exiled Saints: that hope
To raise their discipline, by it. I must use her
In some strange fashion, now, to make her admire me.—
(SUBTLE opens the dooor to PERSECUTION and calls off-stage inside)
Where is my drudge?
(Enter FACE inside)

FACE Sir!

SUBTLE Take away the recipient
And rectify your menstroe from the phlegma.
Then pour it on the Sol in the cucurbite
And let them macerate together.

FACE Yes, sir.
And save the ground?

SUBTLE No: *terra damnata*
Must not have entrance in the work.—Who are you?

PERSECUTION A faithful sister, if it please you.

SUBTLE What's that?
Can you sublime and dulcify? Calcine?

PERSECUTION I understand no heathen language, truly.

SUBTLE A heathen language?

PERSECUTION Heathen Greek, I take it.

SUBTLE How! Heathen Greek?

PERSECUTION All's heathen but the Hebrew.

SUBTLE Sirrah, my varlet, stand you forth and speak to her
Like a philosopher: answer in the language.
Name the vexations and the martyrisations
Of metals in the work.

FACE Sir: putrefaction,
Solution, ablution, sublimation,
Cohobation, calcination, ceration and
Fixation.

SUBTLE This is heathen Greek to you, now?—
What's *lapis philosophicus*?

FACE '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.

- SUBTLE Enough.
This is heathen Greek to you! What are you, madam?
(*DRUGGER enters outside and knocks. FACE goes to the window.*)
- PERSECUTION Please you, a servant of the exiled Sisters,
That deal with widows' and with orphans' goods,
A deaconess.
- SUBTLE You are sent from Mother Wholesome,
Your teacher?
- PERSECUTION From Tribulation Wholesome,
Our very zealous pastor.
- SUBTLE Good! I have
Some orphans' goods to come here.
- PERSECUTION Of what kind, sir?
(*FACE changes into the Captain out of PERSECUTION's sight. He goes out of the door to DRUGGER and talks aside to him*)
- SUBTLE Pewter and brass, andirons and kitchen-ware,
Metals, that we must use our medicine on:
Wherein the Sisters may have a pennyworth
For ready money.
- PERSECUTION Were the orphans' parents
Sincere professors?
- SUBTLE Why do you ask?
- PERSECUTION Because
We then are to deal justly and give, in truth,
Their utmost value.
- SUBTLE 'Slid, you'd cozen else
And if their parents were not of the faithful!—
I will not trust you, now I think on it,
'Till I have talked with your pastor. Have you brought money
To buy more coals?
- PERSECUTION No, surely.
- SUBTLE No! How so?
- PERSECUTION The Sisters bid me say unto you, sir,
Surely they will not venture any more
Till they may see projection.
- SUBTLE How!
- PERSECUTION You have had
For the instruments, as bricks and lome and glasses,
Already thirty pound.
- SUBTLE What is your name?
- PERSECUTION My name is Persecution.
- SUBTLE Out you varlet:

Flee, mischief! Out and send your elders
Hither to make atonement for you quickly
And give me satisfaction; or out goes
The fire and down the alembics and the furnace.
If they stay threescore minutes all shall perish,
Thou wicked Persecution!

(Exit PERSECUTION outside)

This will fetch 'em

And make them haste towards their gulling more.
A man must deal like a rough nurse and fright
Those that are froward to an appetite.

ACT I SCENE vi

(FACE leads DRUGGER in through the door)

FACE	He is busy with his spirits but we'll upon him.
SUBTLE	How now! What mates, what Baiards have we here?
FACE	I told you he would be furious.—Sir, here's Nan, 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, Nan?
DRUGGER	A sign, sir.
FACE	Ay, a good lucky one: a thriving sign, Doctor.
SUBTLE	I was devising now.
FACE	('Slight, do not say so, She will repent she gave you any more.) What say you to her constellation, Doctor: The Balance?
SUBTLE	No, that way is stale and common. A poor device! No, I will have her name Formed in some mystic character. As thus: She first shall have a knee, that's "Annie", 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": Annie Drugger. That's her sign. And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic!
FACE	Annie, thou art made.
DRUGGER	Sir, I do thank his worship.
FACE	She has brought you a pipe of tobacco, Doctor.
DRUGGER	Yes, sir;
	I have another thing I would impart—
FACE	Out with it, Nan.
DRUGGER	Sir, there is lodged, hard by me, A rich young widow. She's come up here of purpose

To learn the fashion.

FACE Is there now, my Annie?

DRUGGER And she does strangely long to know her fortune.

FACE Gods lid, Nan, send her to the Doctor, hither.

DRUGGER Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship already;
But she's afraid it will be blown abroad
And hurt her marriage.

FACE Hurt it? 'Tis the way
To heal it if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Followed and sought: Nan, thou shalt tell her this.

DRUGGER Her brother has made a vow she'll never marry
Under a knight.

FACE What is her brother, Annie?

DRUGGER A gentleman but newly warm in his land, sir,
He governs sister 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.

FACE How! To quarrel?

DRUGGER Yes, sir, to carry quarrels
As gallants do; to manage them by line.

FACE 'Slid, Nan, 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 them both,
Him and his sister.

DRUGGER I will try my power.

SUBTLE 'Tis good tobacco, this! What is it an ounce?

FACE She'll send you a pound, Doctor.

SUBTLE O, no.

FACE She will do it.

It is the goodest soul!—Annie, about it.

(*Exit DRUGGER outside*)

A miserable hag and lives with cheese.

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.

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

FACE Content: but Dol must have no breath on it.

SUBTLE Mum.

Away you to your Surly yonder, catch him.

FACE Pray God I have not stayed too long.

SUBTLE I fear it.

ACT I SCENE vi

(Exit FACE outside and SUBTLE inside)

ACT II SCENE i

(*Enter TRIBULATION and PERSECUTION outside*)

TRIBULATION 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.

PERSECUTION In pure zeal,
I do not like the man; he is a heathen.

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

PERSECUTION 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.

TRIBULATION Let us call on him then.

PERSECUTION The motion's good
And of the spirit; I will knock first.
(*PERSECUTION knocks*)

Peace be within!

(*SUBTLE enters inside and opens the door*)

SUBTLE O, are you come? 'Twas time. Your threescore minutes
Were at last thread, you see: and down had gone
Bolt's head and all. Ha: wicked Persecution!
Art thou returned? Nay then, it goes down yet.

TRIBULATION Sir, be appeased; she is come to ask your patience,
If too much zeal hath carried her aside
From the due path.

SUBTLE Why, this doth qualify!

(*SUBTLE lets TRIBULATION and PERSECUTION inside*)

TRIBULATION The Sisters 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.

SUBTLE This qualifies more!

TRIBULATION 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.

SUBTLE 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 how the elixir shall make you a faction?

As, put the case, a lord that is a leper,
A knight that has the bone-ache or a squire
That hath both these, you cure 'em with your medicine.
With this, you increase your friends.

TRIBULATION 'Tis very pregnant.

SUBTLE And then the turning of this lawyer's pewter
To plate at Christmas.—

PERSECUTION Christ-tide, I pray you.

SUBTLE No warning with you! Then farewell my patience.
'Slight, it shall down: I will not be thus tortured.

TRIBULATION I pray you, sir.

SUBTLE All shall perish. I have spoken it.

TRIBULATION Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes; the woman
She stands corrected: pray you sir, go on.

SUBTLE The stone is all, all's idle to it! Nothing!
The art of angels and whose tradition
Is not from men, but spirits.

PERSECUTION I hate traditions;
I do not trust them—

TRIBULATION Peace!

PERSECUTION They are popish all.
I will not peace: I will not—

TRIBULATION Persecution!

PERSECUTION Please the profane, to grieve the godly; I may not.

SUBTLE Well, Persecution, thou shalt overcome.

TRIBULATION It is an ignorant zeal that haunts her, sir;
But truly, else a very faithful sister
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.

SUBTLE Has she a competent sum there in 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 Sisters too good gainers:
There they are within. When you have viewed and bought 'em
And taken the inventory of what they are,
They are 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 give it you in by weight.

TRIBULATION But how long time,
Sir, must the Saints expect yet?

SUBTLE 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.

PERSECUTION About the second day of the third week
In the ninth month?

SUBTLE Yes, my good Persecution.

TRIBULATION What will the orphan's goods arise to, think you?

SUBTLE Some hundred marks, as much as filled three cars
Unladed now: you'll make six millions of them.—
But I must have more coals laid in.

TRIBULATION How?

SUBTLE Another load
And then we have 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.

TRIBULATION Can you so?

PERSECUTION It will be joyful tidings to the Sisters.

SUBTLE But you must carry it secret.

TRIBULATION Ay, but stay:
This act of coining, is it lawful?

PERSECUTION Lawful?
We know no magistrate; or, if we did,
This is foreign coin.

SUBTLE It is no coining, madam.
It is but casting.

TRIBULATION Ha! You distinguish well:
Casting of money may be lawful.

PERSECUTION 'Tis, sir.

TRIBULATION Truly, I take it so.

SUBTLE There is no scruple,
Sir, to be made of it; believe Persecution:
This case of conscience he is studied in.

TRIBULATION I'll make a question of it to the Sisters.

PERSECUTION The Sisters shall approve it lawful, doubt not.
Where shall it be done?
(FACE enters outside and knocks at the door)

SUBTLE 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.

And thrown in down-bed dark as any dungeon;
Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy drum;
Thy drum, my Dol, thy drum; my little God's-gift.

FACE A spirit

Brought me the intelligence in a paper here,
As I was conjuring yonder in my circle
For Surly; I have my flies abroad. Your bath
Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol,
Firk, like a flounder; kiss, like a scallop, close;
And tickle him with thy mother tongue. His great
Verdugoship has not a jot of language;
So much the easier to be cozened, my Dolly.
Now go prepare.

'Slight, here are more!
Annie and I think the angry boy, the heir,
That fain would quarrel.

ACT II SCENE ii

And the widow?

No,

Not that I see. Away!

(Exit SUBTLE and DOL inside. FACE opens the door to DAPPER)

O sir, you are welcome.

The Doctor is within a moving for you;
I have had the most ado to win him to it!
He never heard her highness dote till now.
Your aunt has given you the most gracious words
That can be thought on.

Shall I see her grace?

See her and kiss her too.

(FACE *lets* DRUGGER *and* KASTRIL *inside*)

What, honest Nan!

Here is tobacco, sir.

'Tis well done, Nan.

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

Where's the widow?

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

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

Ay, and the best of the Kastrils, I'd be sorry else
By fifteen hundred a year. Where is the Doctor?
My mad tobacconist here tells me of one
That can do things: has he any skill?

Wherein, sir?

To carry a business, manage a quarrel fairly
Upon fit terms.

It seems, sir, you are but young
About the town that can make that a question.

Sir, not so young but I have heard some speech
Of the angry boys and seen them 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 in the country.

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.

But does he teach

Living by the wits too?

FACE Anything whatever.
 You cannot think that subtlety but he reads it.
 He made me a captain. I was a stark pimp
 Just of your standing, 'fore I met with him;
 It is not two months since. I'll tell you his method:
 First, he will enter you at some ordinary.

KASTRIL No, I'll not come there: you shall pardon me.

FACE For why, sir?

KASTRIL There's gaming there and tricks.

FACE Why, would you be
 A gallant and not game?

KASTRIL Ay, 'twill spend a man.

FACE 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?

KASTRIL What, three thousand a year?

FACE Ay, forty thousand.

KASTRIL Are there such?

FACE Ay, sir,
 And gallants yet.
 (FACE *points to* DAPPER)
 Here's a young gentleman
 Is born to nothing, forty marks a year
 Which I count nothing. He is to be initiated
 And have a fly of the Doctor. He will win you
 Within this fortnight enough to buy a barony.

KASTRIL Do you not gull one? Will the Doctor teach this?

FACE He will do more, sir. Why, my Nan here knows him.
 And then for making matches for rich widows,
 Young gentlewomen, heirs: the fortunatest man!
 He's sent to far and near, all over England,
 To have his counsel and to know their fortunes.

KASTRIL God's will, my suster shall see him.

FACE You have a sister?

KASTRIL Pray thee, tobacconist, go fetch my suster.
 I'll see this learned boy before I go
 And so shall she.

FACE 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.

KASTRIL I go, sir.

FACE Drugger, follow.
 (*Exit KASTRIL and DRUGGER outside*)

Come on, master Dapper:
 You see how I turn clients here away
 To give your cause dispatch. Have you performed
 The ceremonies were enjoined you?

DAPPER Yes, of the vinegar
 And the clean shirt.

FACE '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 of you.
 Have you provided for her grace's servants?

DAPPER Yes, here are six score shillings.

FACE Good. Hark, the Doctor.
(Enter SUBTLE inside, dressed as the Priest of Fairy)

SUBTLE Is yet her grace's cousin come?

FACE He is come.

SUBTLE And is he fasting?

FACE Yes.

SUBTLE And hath cried "hum"?

FACE Thrice, you must answer.

DAPPER Thrice.

SUBTLE And as oft "buzz"?

FACE If you have, say.

DAPPER I have.

SUBTLE Then to her cuz,
 Hoping that he hath vinegared his senses
 As he was bid, the Fairy queen dispenses
 By me this robe, the petticoat of fortune;
 Which that he straight put on she doth importune.
 And this piece of her smock the Queen 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.
(FACE and SUBTLE blindfold DAPPER)
 And, trusting unto her to make his state,
 He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him;
 Which that he will perform she doth not doubt him.

FACE 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—
(DAPPER throws away his purse. SUBTLE picks it up)
 She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.—
 If you have a ring about you cast it off,
 Or a silver seal at your wrist; her grace will send
 Her fairies here to search you, therefore deal

Directly with her highness: if they find
That you conceal a mite you are undone.

DAPPER Truly, there's all.

FACE All what?

DAPPER My money, truly.

(DOL enters inside, playing music)

FACE Look, the elves are come to pinch you if you lie.

(FACE, SUBTLE and DOL pinch DAPPER)

DAPPER O! I've a paper with a gold coin in it.

DOL Ti, ti—

FACE They knew it, they say—

DOL Ti, ti, ti, ti—

SUBTLE He has more yet—

DOL Ti, ti—

FACE (In the other pocket.)

DOL Ti, ti-ti-ti.

SUBTLE They must pinch him, they say—

DOL Titi, titi—

SUBTLE Or he will never confess—

DOL Titi, titi.

(FACE, SUBTLE and DOL pinch DAPPER, who yelps)

FACE Nay, pray you, hold: he is her grace's nephew,

DOL Ti ti!

FACE What care you? Good faith, you shall care.—
Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies. Show
You are innocent.

DAPPER I have nothing but a half crown
Of gold about my wrist that my love gave me.

FACE I thought 'twas something. And would you incur
Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come!

(FACE takes off DAPPER's bracelet)

(MAMMON enters outside and knocks. DOL looks through the
window)

SUBTLE What news, Dol?

DOL Yonder's your knight, Sir Mammon.

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

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

(DOL gets FACE's Lungs outfit and helps him to change)
He must not be sent back.

FACE O, by no means.

What shall we do with this same puffin here

Now he's on the spit?

SUBTLE Why, lay him back awhile—

DoL Ti ti, titi.

SUBTLE With some device. Would her grace speak with me?
 I come.—Help, Dol!
 (MAMMON *knocks again*)

FACE (*Through the door*)
Who's there? Sir Epicure,
My master's in the way. Please you to walk
Three or four turns, but till his back be turned,
And I am for you.—Quickly, Dol!

SUBTLE Her grace
Commends her kindly to you, master Dapper.

DAPPER I long to see her grace.

SUBTLE 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.

FACE What royal fare!

SUBTLE He must not see nor speak
To any body till then.

FACE For that we'll put, sir,
A stay in his mouth.

SUBTLE Of what?

FACE Of gingerbread.
Gape, sir, and let him fit you.
(SUBTLE *and* DOL *gag* DAPPER *with gingerbread*)

SUBTLE (Where shall we now
Bestow him?

DOL In the privy.)

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

FACE Are they perfumed and his bath ready?

SUBTLE All:
Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.

FACE (*Through the door*)
 Sir Epicure, I am yours, sir, by and by.
 (*Exit* SUBTLE, DOL *and* DAPPER *inside*)

ACT II SCENE iii

(*FACE opens the door to MAMMON and lets him in*)

MAMMON Where's master?

FACE Now preparing for projection, sir.
Your stuff will be all changed shortly.

MAMMON Where's the lady?

FACE At hand here. I have told her such brave things of you
Touching your bounty and your noble spirit—

MAMMON Hast thou?

FACE As she is almost in her fit to see you.
But, good sir, no divinity in your conference,
For fear of putting her in rage.—

MAMMON I warrant thee.

FACE Six men, sir, will not hold her down: and then
If the old man should hear—

MAMMON Fear not.

FACE You know
How scrupulous he is and violent
Against 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.

MAMMON I am schooled, good Ulen.

FACE And you must praise her house, remember that,
And her nobility.

MAMMON Let me alone:
No herald, no, nor antiquary, Lungs,
Shall do it better. Go.
(*Exit FACE inside*)

MAMMON Now, Epicure,
Heighten thyself, talk to her all in gold;
I will be puissant in my talk to her.—
(*Enter FACE inside with DOL, dressed as the Lady*)
O! Here she comes.

FACE This is the noble knight,
I told your ladyship—

MAMMON Madam, with your pardon,
I kiss your vesture.

DOL Sir, I were uncivil
If I would suffer that; my lip to you, sir.

MAMMON I hope my lord your brother be in health, lady.

DOL My lord, my brother is, though I no lady, sir.

FACE (Well said, my Guinea bird.)

MAMMON Right noble madam—

FACE (O, we shall have most fierce idolatry.)

MAMMON 'Tis your prerogative.

DOL Rather your courtesy.

MAMMON Were there nought 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.

MAMMON Poor and gat you? Profane not. Had your father
Slept all the happy remnant of his life
After that act, lain but there still and panted,
He had 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.

MAMMON I do see
The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost;
There is a strange nobility in your eye.
This lip, that chin! Methinks you do resemble
One of the Austriac princes.

FACE Very like!
(Her father was an Irish costermonger.)

MAMMON 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.

FACE (I'll be sworn, I heard it.)

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

FACE (I'll in and laugh.)
(*Exit FACE inside*)

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

DOL O, you play the courtier.

MAMMON Good lady, give me leave—

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

ACT II SCENE iii

MAMMON To burn in this sweet flame;
The phoenix never knew a nobler death.
I see you're lodged in 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.

MAMMON O, I cry your pardon.
He's a divine instructor!

DOL Troth, I am taken, sir,
Whole with these studies that contemplate nature.

MAMMON It is a noble humour; but this form
 Was not intended to so dark a use.
 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 in the quarry?

DoL Yes.

MAMMON

Why, you are like it.
You were created, lady, for the light.
Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first pledge
Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.

DOL In chains of adamant?

MAMMON 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?

MAMMON

Nay, in true being,
The envy of princes and the fear of states.

DOL Say you so, Sir Epicure?

MAMMON

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?

MAMMON No, I will take away that jealousy.
 I am the lord of the philosopher's stone
 And thou the lady.

DOL How, sir! Have you that?

MAMMON I am the master of the mystery.
 This day the good old wretch here of 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.

MAMMON

I am pleased the glory of her sex should know
This nook, here, of the Friars is no climate
For her to live obscurely in. Come forth!
And taste the air of palaces; eat, drink
The toils of empirics 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,
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.

MAMMON If he knew it.

DOL Yourself do boast it, sir.

MAMMON To thee, my life.

DOL O, but beware, sir! You may come to end
 The remnants of your days in a lothed prison,
 By speaking of it.

MAMMON

'Tis no idle fear.
We'll therefore go withal, 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 have thy wardrobe
Richer than nature's, still to change thy self
And vary oftener for thy pride than she,
Or art her wise and almost-equal servant.
(Enter FACE inside)

FACE 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?

MAMMON Excellent, Lungs! There's for thee.
 (MAMMON *gives* FACE *money*)

FACE But do you hear?
Good sir, beware: no mention of the Rabbis.

ACT II SCENE iv

(Enter KASTRIL and PLIANT outside. KASTRIL knocks and SUBTLE looks out of the window)

SUBTLE The widow is come.

FACE And your quarrelling disciple?

SUBTLE Ay.

FACE I must to my captainship again then.

SUBTLE Stay, bring them in first.

FACE So I meant. What is she?

 A bonnibel?

SUBTLE I know not.

FACE We'll draw lots:

 You'll stand to that?

SUBTLE What else?

FACE O, for a suit

 To fall now like a curtain, flap!

SUBTLE To the door, man.

FACE You'll have the first kiss 'cause I am not ready.
(FACE *opens the door and looks out*)
Who would you speak with?

KASTRIL Where's the Captain?

FACE Gone, sir,

 About some business.

KASTRIL Gone!

FACE He'll return straight.

 But master Doctor, his lieutenant, is here.
(FACE *lets KASTRIL and PLIANT inside and exits inside*)

SUBTLE 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 them. Begin,
Charge me from thence or thence or in this line;
Here is my centre: ground thy quarrel.

KASTRIL You lie.

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

KASTRIL Nay, that look you to:
I am afore-hand.

SUBTLE O, this is no true grammar
And as ill logic! You must render causes, child:
Your first and second intentions;
And have your elements perfect.

KASTRIL What is this?
The angry tongue he talks in?

SUBTLE That false precept
Of being afore-hand has deceived a number
And made them enter quarrels, often-times
Before they were aware; and afterward
Against their wills.

KASTRIL How must I do then, sir?

SUBTLE I cry this lady mercy: she should first
Have been saluted. I do call you lady
Because you are to be one ere it be long,
My soft and buxom widow.

KASTRIL Is she, i'faith?
How know you?

SUBTLE By inspection on her forehead
And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted
Often to make a judgment.
(SUBTLE *kisses* PLIANT)
'Slight, she melts.
Here is yet a line that tells me he is no knight.

PLIANT What is he then, sir?

SUBTLE Let me see your hand.
O, your *linea fortunae* makes it plain;
He is a soldier or a man of art, lady,
But shall have some great honour shortly.

PLIANT Brother,
He's a rare man, believe me!
(*Enter* FACE *inside, dressed as the Captain*)

KASTRIL Hold your peace.
Here comes the other rare man.—'Save you, Captain.

FACE Good master Kastril! Is this your sister?

KASTRIL Ay, sir.
Please you to kuss her and be proud to know her.

FACE I shall be proud to know you, lady.
(FACE *kisses* PLIANT. *SURLY enters outside, dressed as the Count, and knocks. FACE looks out of the window*)

ACT II SCENE iv

PLIANT
 He calls me lady too.

KASTRIL
 Ay, peace: I heard it.

FACE
 (The Count is come.

SUBTLE
 Where is he?

FACE
 At the door.

SUBTLE
 Why, you must entertain him.

FACE
 What will you do
 With these the while?

SUBTLE
 Why, have them up and show them
 Some fustian book or the dark glass.

FACE
 'Fore God,
 She is a delicate dab-chick! I must have her.)

SUBTLE
 (*To KASTRIL*)
 Come, sir, the Captain will come to us presently:
 I'll have you to my chamber of demonstrations,
 Where I will show you both the grammar and logic
 And rhetoric of quarrelling: my whole method.
 (*Exit SUBTLE, KASTRIL and PLIANT inside*)

FACE
 I will have this same widow now I have seen her,
 On any composition.
 (*Enter SUBTLE inside*)

SUBTLE
 What do you say?

FACE
 Have you disposed of them?

SUBTLE
 I have sent them up.

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

SUBTLE
 Is that the matter?

FACE
 Nay, but hear me.

SUBTLE
 Go to!
 If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all:
 Therefore be quiet and obey your chance.

FACE
 But understand: I'll give you composition.

SUBTLE
 I will not treat with thee. What, sell my fortune?
 'Tis better than my birth-right. Do not murmur:
 Win her and carry her. If you grumble, Dol
 Knows it directly.

FACE
 Well, sir, I am silent.

ACT II SCENE v

FACE Will you go help to fetch in Don in state?
(FACE *opens the door*)

SUBTLE I follow you, sir. (We must keep Face in awe
Or he will over-look us like a tyrant.)
(FACE *lets SURLY in*)
Brain of a tailor! Who comes here? Don John?

SURLY *Señores, beso las manos á vuestras mercedes.*

SUBTLE Would you had stooped a little and kissed our anos!

FACE Peace, Subtle.

SUBTLE Stab me; I shall never hold, man.
He looks in that deep ruff like a head in a platter.

FACE Or, what do you say to a collar of brawn, laid out?
Your scurvy, yellow face is welcome, Don.

SURLY *Por Dios, señores, muy linda casa!*

SUBTLE What says he?

FACE Praises the house, I think;
I know no more but his action.

SUBTLE Yes, the *casa*,
My precious Diego, will prove fair enough
To cozen you in. Do you mark? You shall
Be cozened, Diego.

FACE Cozened, do you see,
My worthy Donzel, cozened.

SURLY *Entiendo.*

SUBTLE Do you intend it? So do we, dear Don.
(FACE *and SUBTLE feel in SURLY's pockets*)
Have you brought pistols or portagues,
My solemn Don? (Dost thou feel any?)

FACE Full.)

SUBTLE You shall be emptied, Don, pumped and drawn
Dry, as they say.

FACE Milked, in troth, sweet Don.

SURLY *Con licencia, se puede ver á esta señora?*

SUBTLE What talks he now?

FACE Of the *Señora*.

SUBTLE O, Don,
The *Señora*!

FACE 'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do?

SUBTLE For what?

FACE Why Dol's employed, you know.

SUBTLE That's true.
Afore heaven, I know not.

FACE Think: you must be sudden.

SURLY *Entiendo que la señora es tan hermosa,
Que codicio tan á verla,
Como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.*

FACE *Mi vida?* 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind of the widow.
What dost thou say to draw her to it, ha?
And tell her 'tis her fortune? All our venture
Now lies upon it. It is but one man more,
Which of us chance to have her: and beside
There is no maidenhead to be feared or lost.
What dost thou think on it, Subtle?

SUBTLE Who, I? Why—

FACE The credit of our house too is engaged.

SUBTLE You made me an offer for my share erewhile.
What wilt thou give me, i'faith?

FACE O, 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.

SUBTLE 'Slight, I'll not work her then.

FACE It is the common cause, therefore bethink you:
Dol else must know it, as you said.

SUBTLE I care not.

SURLY *Señores, porqué se tarda tanto?
Puede ser de hazer burla de mi amor?*

FACE You hear the Don too? By this air, I call
And loose the hinges: Dol!

SUBTLE A plague of hell—

FACE Will you then do?

SUBTLE You are a terrible rogue!
I'll think of this: will you, sir, call the widow?

FACE Yes, and I'll take her too with all her faults,
Now I do think on it better.

SUBTLE With all my heart, sir;
Am I discharged of the lot?

FACE As you please.

SUBTLE Hands.
(FACE and SUBTLE shake hands)

FACE Remember now, that upon any change,

ACT II SCENE vi

You never claim her.

SUBTLE Much good joy and health to you, sir,
Marry a whore! Fate, let me wed a witch first.

SURLY *Por estas honradas barbas—*

SUBTLE He swears by his beard.
Dispatch and call the brother too.
(*Exit FACE inside*)

SURLY *Tengo duda, señores,
Que no me hagan alguna traicion.*

SUBTLE How “issue on”? Yes: *praesto señor*. Please you
Enthratha the *chambrata*, worthy don:
Where, if you 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.
I will the heartlier 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.
(*Exit SUBTLE and SURLY inside*)

ACT II SCENE vi

(*Enter FACE, KASTRIL and PLIANT inside*)

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

KASTRIL To be a countess, say you?

FACE A Spanish countess, sir.

PLIANT Why, is that better than an English countess?

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

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

FACE Here comes the Doctor.
(*Enter SUBTLE inside*)

SUBTLE My most honoured lady,
What will you say now if some—

FACE I have told her all, sir,
And her right worshipful brother here: that she shall be
A countess; do not delay them, sir; a Spanish countess.

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

KASTRIL She shall do that, sir;
I'll look to it, 'tis my charge.

SUBTLE Well then: nought rests

But that she fit her love now to her fortune.

PLIANT Truly I shall never brook a Spaniard.

SUBTLE No?
Come, you must love him or be miserable.

KASTRIL God's lid, you shall love him or I'll kick you.

PLIANT Why,
I'll do as you will have me, brother.

KASTRIL Do,
Or by this hand I'll maul you.

FACE Nay, good sir,
Be not so fierce.

SUBTLE No, my enraged child;
She will be ruled. What, when she comes to taste
The pleasures of a countess! To be courted—

FACE Footmen and coaches—

SUBTLE Her six mares—

FACE Nay, eight!

KASTRIL Most brave! By this hand, you are not my suster
If you refuse.

PLIANT I will not refuse, brother.
(*Enter SURLY inside*)

SURLY *Qué es esto, señores, que no venga?
Esta tardanza me mata!*

FACE It is the Count come:
The Doctor knew he would be here, by his art.

SUBTLE *En gallanta madama, Don, gallantissima!*

SURLY *Por todos los dioses, la más acabada
Hermosura que he visto en mi vida!*

FACE Is it not a gallant language that they speak?

KASTRIL An admirable language! Is it not French?

FACE No, Spanish, sir.

KASTRIL It goes like law-French
And that, they say, is the courtliest language.

FACE List, sir.

SURLY *El sol ha perdido su lumbre con el
Esplendor que trae esta dama! Válgame dios!*

FACE He admires your sister.

KASTRIL Must not she make curtsy?

SUBTLE God's will, she must go to him, man, and kiss him!
It is the Spanish fashion for the women
To make first court.

FACE 'Tis true he tells you, sir:

His art knows all.

SURLY *Porqué no se acude?*

KASTRIL He speaks to her, I think.

FACE That he does, sir.

SURLY *Por el amor de dios, qué es esto que se tarda?*

KASTRIL Nay, see: she will not understand him. Gull!
Noddy!

PLIANT What say you, brother?

KASTRIL Ass, my suster.
Go kuss him as the cunning man would have you;
I'll thrust a pin in your buttocks else.

FACE O no, sir.

SURLY *Señora mía, mi persona muy indigna está
Á llegar á tanta hermosura.*

FACE Does he not use her bravely?

KASTRIL Bravely, i'faith!

SURLY *Señora, si sera servida entremonos.
(Exit SURLY and PLIANT inside)*

KASTRIL Where does he carry her?

FACE Into the garden, sir;
Take you no thought: I must interpret for her.

SUBTLE (Give Dol the word.)
(Exit FACE inside)
—Come, my fierce child, advance;
We'll to our quarrelling lesson again.

KASTRIL Agreed.
I love a Spanish boy with all my heart.

SUBTLE Nay, and by this means, sir, you shall be brother
To a great count.

KASTRIL Ay, I knew that at first;
This match will advance the house of the Kastrils.

SUBTLE Come, let's go practise.

KASTRIL Yes, but do you think, Doctor,
I e'er shall quarrel well?

SUBTLE I warrant you.
(Exit SUBTLE and KASTRIL inside)

ACT II SCENE vii

(*Enter DOL and MAMMON inside*)

DOL For after Alexander's death—

MAMMON Good lady—

DOL That Perdiccas and Antigonus were slain,
The two that stood, Seleuc' and Ptolomee—

MAMMON 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—

MAMMON Lady—

DOL And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too:
Then Egypt-clay-leg and Gog-clay-leg—

MAMMON O,
What shall I do?

DOL For, as he says, except
We call the rabbis and the heathen Greeks—

MAMMON Dear lady, stop.
(*Enter FACE inside, dressed as Lungs*)

FACE What's the matter, sir?

DOL To speak the tongue of Eber and Javan—

MAMMON O,
She's in her fit.

DOL We shall know nothing—

FACE Death, sir;
We are undone!

DOL Where then a learned linguist
Shall see the ancient used communion
Of vowels and consonants—

FACE My master will hear!
(*FACE and MAMMON talk over DOL*)

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.

FACE How did you put her into it?

ACT II SCENE vii

MAMMON Alas, I talked
Of a fifth monarchy I would erect
With the philosopher's stone, by chance, and she
Falls on the other four straight.

FACE Out of Broughton!
I told you so. 'Slid, stop her mouth.

MAMMON Is it best?

FACE She'll never leave else. If the old man hear her,
We are but faeces, ashes.

SUBTLE (*Off-stage inside*)
What's to do there?

FACE O, we are lost! Now she hears him she is quiet.
(Enter SUBTLE inside. Exit FACE and DOL inside)

MAMMON Where shall I hide me!

SUBTLE How! What sight is here?
Bring him again. Who is he? What, my son!
O, I have lived too long.

MAMMON Nay, good, dear father,
There was no unchaste purpose.

SUBTLE Not? And flee me
When I come in?

MAMMON That was my error.

SUBTLE 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!
Where is the instrument of wickedness,
My lewd false drudge?

MAMMON Nay, good sir, blame not him;
Believe me, 'twas against his will or knowledge:

SUBTLE Nay, then I wonder less if you, for whom
The blessing was prepared, would so tempt heaven
And lose your fortunes.

MAMMON Why, sir?

SUBTLE This will hinder
The work a month at least.

MAMMON Why, if it do
What remedy? But think it not, good father:
Our purposes were honest.

SUBTLE As they were,
So the reward will prove.
(There is an explosion off-stage inside)
—How now! What's that?
(Enter FACE inside)

ACT II SCENE vii

FACE O, sir, we are defeated! All the works
Are flown *in fumo*, every glass is burst.
Retorts, receivers, pelicans, bolt-heads:
All struck in shivers!
(SUBTLE *falls down in a swoon*)
Help, good sir! Alas!

MAMMON Alas!

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

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

FACE Faith, very little, sir;
A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort, sir.

MAMMON O, my voluptuous mind! I am justly punished.

SUBTLE O, the cursed fruits of vice and lust!

MAMMON

Good father,

It was my sin. Forgive it.

SUBTLE Hangs my roof
Over us still and will not fall? O, justice
Upon us for this wicked man!

FACE Nay look,
You grieve him now with staying, sir.

MAMMON I'll go.

FACE Ay, and repent at home, sir. It may be
For some good penance you may have it yet;
A hundred pound to the box at Bethlem—

MAMMON Yes.

FACE For the restoring such as have their wits.

MAMMON I'll do it.

FACE I'll send one to you to receive it.

MAMMON Do.
Is no projection left?

FACE All flown or stinks, sir.
(Exit MAMMON outside, leaving the door ajar)

SUBTLE Face, is he gone?

FACE Yes, and as heavily
As all the gold he hoped for were in his blood.
Let us be light though.

SUBTLE (*Leaping up*)
Ay, as balls and bound
And hit our heads against the roof for joy:
There's so much of our care now cast away.

FACE Now to our don.

ACT II SCENE viii

SUBTLE Yes, your young widow by this time
Is made a countess, Face; she has been in travail
Of a young heir for you.

FACE Good sir—

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

FACE Very well, sir.
Will you go fetch Don Diego off the while?

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

FACE Why, you can do it as well if you would set to it.
I pray you prove your virtue.

SUBTLE For your sake, sir.

(Exit FACE and SUBTLE inside)

ACT II SCENE viii

(Enter SURLY and PLIANT inside)

SURLY Lady, you see into what hands you are fallen;
Amongst what a nest of villains and how near
Your honour was to have caught a certain clap.
I am a gentleman, come here disguised
Only to find the knaveries of this citadel;
(Enter SUBTLE inside)
And for these household-roguers, let me alone
To treat with them.

SUBTLE How doth my noble Diego?
Donzel, methinks you look melancholic;
I do not like the dulness of your eye.
Be lighter and I will make your pockets so.
(SUBTLE tries to pick SURLY's pockets)

SURLY Will you, Don Bawd and pickpurse?
(SURLY attacks SUBTLE)

How now! Reel you?

SUBTLE Help! Murder!

SURLY No, there's no such thing intended.
(SURLY discards his disguise)
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 inside, dressed as the Captain)

FACE How, Surly!

SURLY O, make your approach, good Captain.
I have found from whence your copper rings and spoons

Come now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns.
(Exit FACE inside. SUBTLE tries to leave but SURLY stops him)
 And this Doctor—Nay, sir, you must tarry
 Though he be scaped; and answer by the ears, sir.
(Enter FACE inside with KASTRIL)

FACE Why, now's the time if ever you will quarrel:
 The Doctor and your sister both are abused.

KASTRIL Where is he? Which is he? He is a slave
 Whate'er he is and the son of a whore. Are you
 The man, sir, I would know?

SURLY I should be loth, sir,
 To confess so much.

KASTRIL Then you lie in your throat.

SURLY How!

FACE A very errant rogue, sir, and a cheater,
 The Doctor had him presently; and finds yet,
 The Spanish Count will come here.—Bear up, Subtle.

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

FACE And yet this rogue would come in a disguise
 Like the Spanish Count.

SURLY You are abused.

KASTRIL You lie:
 And 'tis no matter.

FACE Well said, sir! He is
 The impudentest rascal—

SURLY You are indeed. Will you hear me, sir?

FACE By no means: bid him be gone.

KASTRIL Begone, sir, quickly.

SURLY This is strange!—Lady, do you inform your brother.

KASTRIL Away, away, you talk like a foolish mauther.
(Exit PLIANT inside)

(DRUGGER enters outside and comes in through the open door)

FACE Nay, here's an honest woman, too, that knows him
 And all his tricks. (Make good what I say, Annie.)
 He owes this honest Drugger here seven pound,

DRUGGER He owes me seven pound, sir.

SURLY Hydra of villainy!

FACE Nay, sir, you must quarrel him out of the house.

KASTRIL I will:
 Sir, if you get not out of doors, you lie;
 And you are a pimp.

SURLY Why, this is madness, sir,
 Not valour in you; I must laugh at this.

ACT II SCENE viii

KASTRIL It is my humour: you are a pimp and a trig.
 (PERSECUTION *enters outside and comes in through the open door*)

PERSECUTION Peace to the household!

KASTRIL I'll keep peace for no one.

PERSECUTION Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.

KASTRIL Is she a minister?

SUBTLE Peace, Persecution.

FACE No, sir.

KASTRIL Then you are an otter and a shad, a whit,
A very tim.

SURLY You'll hear me, sir?

KASTRIL I will not.

PERSECUTION What is the motive?

SUBTLE Zeal in the young gentleman
Against his Spanish slops.

PERSECUTION They are profane,
Lewd, superstitious and idolatrous breeches.

SURLY New rascals!

KASTRIL Will you begone, sir?

PERSECUTION

Avoid, Satan!
That ruff of pride about thy neck betrays thee.
Thou look'st like Antichrist in that lewd hat.

SURLY I must give way.

KASTRIL Be gone, sir.

[illegible]

PERSECUTION Depart, proud Spanish fiend!

SURLY Captain and Doctor.

PERSECUTION Child of perdition!

KASTRIL Hence, sir!—
 (*Exit* SURLY *outside*)
 Did I not quarrel bravely?

FACE Yes, indeed sir.

KASTRIL Nay, an I give my mind to it, I shall do it.

FACE O, you must follow, sir, and threaten him tame:
He'll turn again else.

KASTRIL I'll re-turn him then.
(Exit KASTRIL outside. SUBTLE takes PERSECUTION aside)

FACE Now listen closely, Annie: thou must borrow
A Spanish suit. Hast thou no credit with the players?

ACT II SCENE ix

DRUGGER Yes, sir; did you never see me play the Fool?

(Exit DRUGGER outside)

PERSECUTION The holy synod have been in prayer for it
And 'tis revealed, no less to them than me,
That casting of money is most lawful.

SUBTLE 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.

PERSECUTION I will tell
This to the elders and the weaker sisters,
That the whole company of the Separation
May join in humble prayer again.

SUBTLE And fasting.

PERSECUTION Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of mind
Rest with these walls!

SUBTLE Thanks, courteous Persecution.
(Exit PERSECUTION outside)

ACT II SCENE ix

FACE What did she come for?

SUBTLE About casting dollars,
Presently out of hand.

FACE Now come, my Subtle,
Thou art so down upon the least disaster!
How wouldst thou have done, if I had not helped thee out?

SUBTLE I thank thee, Face, for the angry boy. Where's Drugger?

FACE She is gone to borrow me a Spanish habit;
I'll be the Count, now.

SUBTLE But where's the widow?

FACE Within, with Madam Dol.

SUBTLE By your favour, Face,
Now she is honest, I will stand again.

FACE You will not offer it.

SUBTLE Why?

FACE Stand to your word,
(Enter DOL inside)

Or—here comes Dol, she knows—

SUBTLE You are tyrannous still.
(Enter LOVEWIT, NEIGH1, NEIGH2 and NEIGH3 outside)

ACT II SCENE ix

FACE Strict for my right.—How now, Dol! Hast told her
The Spanish Count will come?
(LOVEWIT *knocks*. DOL *looks out of the window*)

DOL Yes; but another is come,
You little looked for!

FACE Who's that?

DOL Your master:
The master of the house.

SUBTLE How, Dol!

FACE She lies,
This is some trick. Come, leave your quibblins, Dorothy.

DOL Look out and see.

SUBTLE Art thou in earnest?

DOL 'Slight,
(FACE *looks out of the window*)
Forty of the neighbours are about him, talking.

FACE 'Tis he, by this good day.

DOL 'Twill prove ill day
For some on us.

FACE We are undone and taken.

DOL Lost, I'm afraid.

SUBTLE You said he would not come.
What shall we do, Face?

FACE Be silent: not a word.
I'll into mine old shape again and meet him,
Of Jeremy the butler. In the mean time,
Do you two pack up all the goods and purchase
That we can carry in 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 Ratcliff,
Where we will meet tomorrow and there we'll share.
Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the cellar;
We'll have another time for that. Now go!
(Exit FACE, SUBTLE and DOL *inside*)

ACT II SCENE X

LOVEWIT Has there been such resort, say you?

NEIGH1 Daily, sir.

NEIGH2 And nightly, too.

NEIGH3 Ay, some as brave as lords.

NEIGH1 Ladies and gentlewomen.

NEIGH3 And knights.

NEIGH2 In coaches.

NEIGH1 Tobacconists.

LOVEWIT 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?

NEIGH3 No, sir.

NEIGH2 We had gone in then, sir.

LOVEWIT You saw no bills
That promised cure of toothache?

NEIGH2 No such thing, sir!

LOVEWIT Nor heard a drum struck for baboons or puppets?

NEIGH1 Neither, sir.

LOVEWIT What device should he bring forth now?
I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment.
Pray God he have not kept such open house
That he hath sold my hangings. Sure he has got
Some bawdy pictures to call all this ging!
When saw you him?

NEIGH1 Who, sir, Jeremy?

NEIGH2 Jeremy butler?

 We saw him not this month.

LOVEWIT How!

NEIGH3 Not these five weeks, sir.

NEIGH2 These six weeks at the least.

LOVEWIT You amaze me, neighbours!

NEIGH1 Sure, if your worship know not where he is
He's slipped away.

NEIGH3 Pray God he be not made away.

LOVEWIT Ha! It's no time to question, then.
(LOVEWIT *knocks*)

NEIGH2 No, sir!
(Enter FACE outside, dressed as Jeremy)

FACE What mean you, sir?

NEIGH1

NEIGH2

NEIGH3 *(Together)*
 O, here's Jeremy!

FACE Good sir, come from the door.

LOVEWIT Why, what's the matter?

FACE Yet farther, you are too near yet.

LOVEWIT In the name of wonder,
 What means the fellow!

FACE The house, sir, has been visited.

LOVEWIT What, with the plague? Stand thou then farther.

FACE No, sir,
 I had it not.

LOVEWIT Who had it then? I left
 None else but thee in the house.

FACE 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 in the night: and so I shut
 The house up for a month—

LOVEWIT How!

FACE Purposing then, sir,
 To have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle and tar
 And have made it sweet, that you should ne'er have known it;
 Because I knew the news would but afflict you, sir.

LOVEWIT Breathe less and farther off! Why this is stranger:
 The neighbours tell me all here that the doors
 Have still been open—

FACE How, sir!

LOVEWIT Gallants, men and women
 And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here.

FACE Their wisdoms will not say so.

LOVEWIT 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.

FACE They did pass through the doors then
 Or walls, I assure their eye-sights 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.
For, on my faith to your worship, for these three weeks
And upwards the door has not been opened.

LOVEWIT Strange!

NEIGH1 Good faith, I think I saw a coach.

NEIGH2 And I too,
I'd have been sworn.

LOVEWIT Do you but think it now?
And but one coach?

NEIGH3 We cannot tell, sir: Jeremy
Is a very honest fellow.

FACE Did you see me at all?

NEIGH1 No; that we are sure on.

NEIGH2 I'll be sworn of that.

LOVEWIT Peace and get hence, you changelings.
(*Exit NEIGH1, NEIGH2 and NEIGH3 outside. Enter SURLY and MAMMON outside*)

FACE (Surly come!
And Mammon made acquainted! They'll tell all.
How shall I beat them off? What shall I do?)

SURLY No, sir, he was a great physician. This,
It was no bawdy-house but a mere chance!
You knew the lord and his sister.

MAMMON Nay, good Surly.—

SURLY The happy word, "be rich"—

MAMMON Play not the tyrant.—

SURLY Should be today pronounced to all your friends.

MAMMON Let me but breathe. What, they have shut their doors,
Methinks!

SURLY Ay, now 'tis holiday with them.

MAMMON Rogues,
(*MAMMON knocks at the door*)
Cozeners, impostors, bawds!

FACE What mean you, sir?

MAMMON To enter if we can.

FACE Another man's house!
Here is the owner, sir: turn you to him
And speak your business.

MAMMON Are you, sir, the owner?

LOVEWIT Yes, sir.

MAMMON And are those knaves within your cheaters!

ACT II SCENE X

LOVEWIT What knaves, what cheaters?

MAMMON Subtle and his Lungs.

FACE The gentleman is distracted, sir! No lungs
Nor lights have been seen here these three weeks, sir,
Within these doors, upon my word.

SURLY Your word,

Groom arrogant!

FACE Yes, sir, I am the housekeeper
And know the keys have not been out of my hands.

SURLY This is a new Face.

FACE You do mistake the house, sir:
What sign was it at?

SURLY You rascal! This is one
Of the confederacy. Come, let's get officers
And force the door.

LOVEWIT Pray you stay, gentlemen.

SURLY No, sir, we'll come with warrant.

MAMMON Ay, and then
We shall have your doors open.
(*Exit MAMMON and SURLY outside*)

LOVEWIT What means this?

FACE I think the moon has crazed 'em all.—
(*Enter KASTRIL outside*)

(O me,

The angry boy come too! He'll make a noise
And ne'er away till he have betrayed us all.)
(KASTRIL *knocks*)

KASTRIL 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—

FACE Who would you speak with, sir?

KASTRIL The bawdy Doctor and the cozening Captain
And puss my suster.

LOVEWIT This is something, sure.

FACE Upon my trust, the doors were never open, sir.

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

LOVEWIT Here comes another.
(*Enter PERSECUTION and TRIBULATION outside*)

FACE (Persecution too!
And her pastor!)
(TRIBULATION *knocks at the door*)

ACT II SCENE X

TRIBULATION The doors are shut against us.

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

KASTRIL Ay, my suster's there.

PERSECUTION

The place
It is become a cage of unclean birds.

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

TRIBULATION You shall do well.

PERSECUTION We'll join to weed them out.

KASTRIL You will not come then punk, devise, my sister!

PERSECUTION Call her not sister; she's a harlot verily.

KASTRIL I'll raise the street.

LOVEWIT Good gentlemen, a word.

PERSECUTION Satan avoid and hinder not our zeal!
(*Exit PERSECUTION, TRIBULATION and KASTRIL outside*)

LOVEWIT The world's turned Bethlem.

These are all broke loose

FACE
Out of St. Katherine's where they use to keep
The better sort of mad-folks. Give me leave
To touch the door, I'll try an the lock be changed.

LOVEWIT It mazes me!

FACE Good faith, sir, I believe
There's no such thing.
(Enter DAPPER inside, blindfolded)

DAPPER Master Captain! Master Doctor!

LOVEWIT Who's that?

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

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

FACE Ha!

Illusions: some spirit of the air.

DAPPER I am almost stifled—

FACE (Would you were altogether.)

LOVEWIT 'Tis in the house.
Ha! List.

FACE Believe it, sir, in the air.

LOVEWIT Peace, you.

DAPPER Mine aunt's grace does not use me well.
 (*Enter SUBTLE inside*)

[illegible]

ACT II SCENE xi

(Exit SUBTLE and DAPPER inside)

FACE

(Calling through keyhole)

Or you will else, you rogue.

LOVEWIT

O, is it so? Then you converse with spirits!
Come, sir. No more of your tricks, good Jeremy.
You know that I am an indulgent master
And therefore conceal nothing. What's your medicine
To draw so many several sorts of wild fowl?

FACE

Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit.
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 give 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.

LOVEWIT

But by me, who came
Sooner than you expected.

FACE

It is true, sir.
Pray you forgive me.

LOVEWIT

Well: let's see your widow.
(FACE and LOVEWIT go in and exit inside)

ACT II SCENE xi

(Enter SUBTLE and DAPPER inside, DAPPER blindfolded)

SUBTLE

How! You have eaten your gag?

DAPPER

Yes faith, it crumbled
Away in my mouth.

SUBTLE

You have spoiled all then.

DAPPER

No!
I hope my aunt of Fairy will forgive me.

SUBTLE

Your aunt's a gracious lady, but in troth
You were to blame.

DAPPER

The fume did overcome me.
(Enter FACE inside, dressed as the Captain)

FACE

How now! Is his mouth down?

SUBTLE

Ay, he has spoken!

FACE

(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.

SUBTLE

And hast thou done it?

FACE Sure, for this night.

SUBTLE Why, then triumph and sing
Of Face so famous, the precious king
Of present wits.

FACE Did you not hear the coil
About the door?

SUBTLE Yes, and I dwindled with it.)

FACE Show him his aunt and let him be dispatched:
I'll send her to you.
(*Exit FACE inside*)

SUBTLE 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.
(*SUBTLE removes DAPPER's blindfold*)

DAPPER Not I, in troth, sir.
(*Enter DOL inside, dressed as the Queen of Fairy*)

SUBTLE Here she is come. Down on your knees and wriggle:
She has a stately presence. Good! Yet nearer
And bid, God save you!

DAPPER Madam!

SUBTLE And your aunt.

DAPPER 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.
Arise and touch our velvet gown.

SUBTLE 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.

SUBTLE (Ay, much indeed.) Why do you not thank her grace?

DAPPER I cannot speak for joy.

DOL Give me the bird.
Here is your fly in a purse about your neck, cousin;
Wear it and feed it about this day seven-night.

SUBTLE Your fly will learn you all games.

FACE (*Off-stage inside*)
Have you done there?

SUBTLE 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 fairy land.

SUBTLE There's a kind aunt. Kiss her departing part.
But you must sell your forty mark a year, now.

DAPPER Ay, sir, I mean.

SUBTLE Or, give it away; a pox on it!

DAPPER I'll give it mine aunt. I'll go and fetch the writings.

SUBTLE 'Tis well: away!
(*Exit DAPPER outside.*)

ACT II SCENE xii

(*Enter FACE inside. DRUGGER enters outside and knocks*)

FACE Where's Subtle?
(*FACE looks out of the window*)

SUBTLE Here: what news?

FACE Drugger is at the door, go take her suit.
(*SUBTLE goes to the door*)

Now, queen Dol,
Have you packed up all?

DOL Yes.

FACE And how do you like
The lady Pliant?

DOL A good dull innocent.
(*Exit DRUGGER outside*)

SUBTLE Here's your Hieronimo's cloak and hat.

FACE Give me them.

SUBTLE And the ruff too?

FACE Yes; I'll come to you presently.
(*Exit FACE inside*)

SUBTLE Now he is gone about his project, Dol,
I told you of, for the widow.

DOL 'Tis direct
Against our articles.

SUBTLE Well, we will fit him, wench.
Hast thou gulled her of her jewels or her bracelets?

DOL No; but I will do it.

SUBTLE Soon at night, my Dolly,
When we are shipped and all our goods aboard
Eastward for Ratcliff, 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.

ACT II SCENE xii

[illegible]

MAMMON Open the door.

FACE Dol, I am sorry for thee i'faith; but hear'st thou?
It shall go hard but I will place thee somewhere:
Thou shalt have my letter to mistress Amo—

DOL Hang you!

FACE Or madam Caesarean.

DOL Pox upon you, rogue,
Would I had but time to beat thee!

FACE Subtle,
Let us know where you set up next. I will send you
A customer now and then, for old acquaintance.
What new course have you?

SUBTLE Rogue. I'll hang myself
That I may walk a greater devil than thou
And haunt thee in the flock-bed and the buttery.
(Exit FACE, SUBTLE and DOL inside)

ACT II SCENE xiii

(MAMMON *knocks at the door. Enter LOVEWIT inside*)

LOVEWIT What do you mean, my masters?

MAMMON Open your door!

Cheaters, bawds, conjurers!

LOVEWIT Have but patience, sirs,
And I will open it straight.
(*Enter FACE inside, dressed as Jeremy*)

FACE Sir, have you done?
Is it a marriage perfect?

LOVEWIT Yes, my brain.

FACE Off with your ruff and cloak then; be yourself, sir.

SURLY Down with the door.

KASTRIL 'Slight, ding it open.
(*LOVEWIT opens the door*)

LOVEWIT Hold,
Hold, gentlemen, what means this violence?
(MAMMON, SURLY, KASTRIL, PERSECUTION and TRIBULATION
push their way inside)

MAMMON Where is this collier?

SURLY And my Captain Face?

MAMMON Madam Suppository.

KASTRIL Doxy, my suster.

PERSECUTION Locusts

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 in the cellar, which I am glad they have left,
I may have home yet.

LOVEWIT Think you so, sir?

MAMMON Ay.

LOVEWIT By order of law, sir, but not otherwise.

MAMMON Not mine own stuff?

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

MAMMON I'll rather lose them.

LOVEWIT That you shall not, sir,
By me in troth: upon these terms they are yours.
What! Should they have been, sir, turned into gold, all?

MAMMON

No,

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

LOWEIT What a great loss in hope have you sustained!

MAMMON Not I, the commonwealth has.

[illegible]

MAMMON I will go mount a turnip-cart and preach
The end of the world, within these two months. Surly,
What! In a dream?

SURLY 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.

FACE 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 them honest as my self, sir.
 (*Exit MAMMON and SURLY outside. Enter PERSECUTION and*
 TRIBULATION inside)

TRIBULATION 'Tis well, the Saints shall not lose all yet. Go
And get some carts—

LOVEWIT For what, my zealous friends?

PERSECUTION To bear away the portion of the righteous
Out of this den of thieves.

LOVEWIT What is that portion?

PERSECUTION The goods, sometimes the orphan's, that the Sisters

Bought with their silver pence.

LOVEWIT What, those in the cellar
The knight Sir Mammon claims?

PERSECUTION I do defy
The wicked Mammon, so do all the Sisters
Thou profane man!

LOVEWIT Mine earnest vehement botcher
And Pastor also, I cannot dispute with you:
But if you get you not away the sooner,
I shall confute you with a cudgel.

PERSECUTION

Sir!

TRIBULATION Be patient, Persecution.

PERSECUTION I am strong
And will stand up, well girt, against an host
That threaten Gad in exile.

LOVEWIT I shall send you
To Amsterdam, to your cellar.

PERSECUTION 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 PERSECUTION and TRIBULATION outside. DRUGGER enters outside and looks in through the open door)

LOVEWIT Another too?
(LOVEWIT *beats* DRUGGER. *Exit* DRUGGER *outside*)

FACE No, this was Annie Drugger.
If you get off the angry child, now, sir—
(Enter KASTRIL and PLIANT inside)

KASTRIL Come on, you ewe, you have matched most sweetly, have you not?
Did not I say I would never have you tupp'd
But by a dubbed boy, to make you a lady-tom?
Death, mun' you marry, with a pox!

LOVEWIT You lie, boy;
As sound as you and I'm aforehand with you.

KASTRIL Anon!

LOVEWIT Come, will you quarrel? I will feize you, sirrah;
Why do you not buckle to your tools?

KASTRIL God's light,
This is a fine old boy as e'er I saw!

LOVEWIT What, do you change your copy now? Proceed.

KASTRIL 'Slight, I must love him! I cannot choose, i'faith,
An I should be hanged for it! Suster, I protest,
I honour thee for this match.

LOVEWIT O, do you so, sir?

KASTRIL Yes, an thou canst take tobacco and drink, old boy,
I'll give her five hundred pound more to her marriage
Than her own state.

LOVEWIT Fill a pipe full, Jeremy.

FACE Yes; but go in and take it, sir.

LOVEWIT We will:
I will be ruled by thee in any thing, Jeremy.

KASTRIL 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound, thou art a jovy boy!
Come, let us in, I pray thee, and take our whiffs.

LOVEWIT Whiff in with your sister, brother boy.

(Exit KASTRIL and PLIANT inside)

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. 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 thy self, knave.

FACE 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 Persecution, Dapper, Drugger, all
With whom I traded: yet I put my self
On you, that are my country: and this pelf
Which I have got, if you do acquit me, rests
To feast you often and invite new guests.

(Exit FACE and LOVEWIT inside)