Part 3: The Seventeenth Century – The Age of the Revolution (1603-1688)

# 3.6 BEN JONSON

(1572-1637)

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Ben Jonson was born probably around London, though some scholars believe he was born in Westminster. He was probably born in 1572, though that has been disputed, as well. Jonson himself specifies the day of his birth as the eleventh of June. He was a posthumous child, his father, a minister, having died a month before Jonson’s birth. His mother remarried a bricklayer, a trade to which Jonson was apprenticed but which he came to loathe. He was educated at the Royal College of St. Peter in Westminster where he studied grammar, rhetoric, Hebrew, and the Classics, including drama. He may have studied at Cambridge; he certainly participated in the English campaigns in the Netherlands. His proudest achievement during this campaign was his killing an enemy in single combat, and claiming the spoils of his defeated opponent.



Image 3.6 | Ben Jonson

**Artist |** Abraham van Blijenberch

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He returned to London, and in 1594 married Anne Lewis. And he committed himself to a career in the theater, acting probably at Philip Henslowe’s (1550-1616) Rose Theatre and later for Henry Herbert, 2nd Earl of Pembroke’s (1538-1601) Men. He ultimately turned his talents to writing. Theaters were coming under Puritan attack, seen as places of corruption, scandal, and disease. Indeed, in 1597, Jonson was arrested and accused of performing in a seditious and scandalous play, *The Isle of Dogs,* but he was released within months. But Jonson’s work did much to elevate the prestige of theaters and of playwrights. And he actively saw to the publication of his plays in individual and collected form, thereby claiming their importance and his own as a writer. Jonson’s writing is noted for its adherence to classical models, its scholarship, wit, and style. The play he placed at the head of his collected *Works* was *Every Man in His Humour,* performed in 1598 by the Lord Chamberlain’s Men, a company that included Shakespeare.

That same year, Jonson was arrested and tried for manslaughter. He pled guilty for having argued with and then having killed the actor Gabriel Spenser (1578-1598) in a duel. Jonson was branded with a hot iron and his goods were confiscated. He continued to write for the theater, though, including for Shakespeare’s Globe. He also wrote poetry, odes, and satires. For his art and livelihood, Jonson actively sought and won support from patrons that included Sir Robert Thownshend (1512-1556), a wealthy Parliamentarian, and Esme Stuart, 7th Seigneur d’Aubigny (1542-1583), who was a cousin of James I. With Inigo Jones (1573-1652), James I’s architect, Jonson wrote several elaborate court masques. He eventually was awarded pensions from William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (1580-1630), and James I.



Image 3.7 | Abel Drugger, from Ben Jonson’s *The Alchemist*

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Jonson became a leader of the men of letters of his day. Such cavalier poets (Royalist poets) as Robert Herrick and Richard Lovelace (1617-1657) described themselves as the “Sons of Ben” and followed Jonson in adhering to classical forms, rules, and unities. Jonson was granted honorary degrees from both Oxford and Cambridge. He also helped prepare for publication the collected works of Shakespeare, the First Folio, in which appears Jonson’s poem “To the Memory of My Beloved, The Author, Master William Shakespeare, And What He Hath Left Us.” His work influenced not only his own time but also the future, particularly the Neoclassical Age. His classically-inspired art improves on nature that “first beget the imperfect” by proceeding “she to the perfect” (*The Alchemist,* II.iii.158, 159).

## 3.6.1 The Alchemist

(1610)

### LETTERS

TO THE LADY MOST DESERVING HER NAME AND BLOOD: LADY MARY WROTH.

Madam,

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

Your ladyship’s true honourer,

BEN JONSON.

TO THE READER.

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

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SUBTLE, the Alchemist.

FACE, the Housekeeper.

DOL COMMON, their Colleague.

DAPPER, a Lawyer’s Clerk.

DRUGGER, a Tobacco Man.

LOVEWIT, Master of the House.

SIR EPICURE MAMMON, a Knight.

PERTINAX SURLY, a Gamester.

TRIBULATION WHOLESOME, a Pastor of Amsterdam.

ANANIAS, a Deacon there.

KASTRIL, the angry Boy.

DAME PLIANT, his Sister, a Widow.

Neighbours.

Officers, Attendants, etc.

SCENE, — LONDON.

### ARGUMENT

T he sickness hot, a master quit, for fear,

H is house in town, and left one servant there;

E ase him corrupted, and gave means to know

A Cheater, and his punk; who now brought low,

L eaving their narrow practice, were become

C ozeners at large; and only wanting some

H ouse to set up, with him they here contract,

E ach for a share, and all begin to act.

M uch company they draw, and much abuse,

I n casting figures, telling fortunes, news,

S elling of flies, flat bawdry with the stone,

T ill it, and they, and all in fume are gone.

### PROLOGUE

Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours,

We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,

Judging spectators; and desire, in place,

To the author justice, to ourselves but grace.

Our scene is London, ’cause we would make known,

No country’s mirth is better than our own:

No clime breeds better matter for your whore,

Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,

Whose manners, now call’d humours, feed the stage;

And which have still been subject for the rage

Or spleen of comic writers. Though this pen

Did never aim to grieve, but better men;

Howe’er the age he lives in doth endure

The vices that she breeds, above their cure.

But when the wholesome remedies are sweet,

And in their working gain and profit meet,

He hopes to find no spirit so much diseased,

But will with such fair correctives be pleased:

For here he doth not fear who can apply.

If there be any that will sit so nigh

Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,

They shall find things, they’d think or wish were done;

They are so natural follies, but so shewn,

As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

### ACT 1.

#### SCENE 1.1.

A ROOM IN LOVEWIT’S HOUSE.

ENTER FACE, IN A CAPTAIN’S UNIFORM, WITH HIS SWORD DRAWN, AND

SUBTLE WITH A VIAL, QUARRELLING, AND FOLLOWED BY DOL COMMON.

FACE.

Believe ’t, I will.

SUB.

Thy worst. I fart at thee.

DOL.

Have you your wits? why, gentlemen! for love —

FACE.

Sirrah, I’ll strip you —

SUB.

What to do? lick figs Out at my —

FACE.

Rogue, rogue! — out of all your sleights.

DOL.

Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are you madmen?

SUB.

O, let the wild sheep loose. I’ll gum your silks With good strong water, an you come.

DOL.

Will you have The neighbours hear you? will you betray all? Hark! I hear somebody.

FACE.

Sirrah —

SUB.

I shall mar All that the tailor has made, if you approach.

FACE.

You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave, Dare you do this?

SUB.

Yes, faith; yes, faith.

FACE.

Why, who Am I, my mungrel? who am I?

SUB.

I’ll tell you, since you know not yourself.

FACE.

Speak lower, rogue.

SUB.

Yes, you were once (time’s not long past) the good, Honest, plain, livery-three-

pound-thrum, that kept Your master’s worship’s house here in the Friars, For the

vacations —

FACE.

Will you be so loud?

SUB.

Since, by my means, translated suburb-captain.

FACE.

By your means, doctor dog!

SUB.

Within man’s memory, All this I speak of.

FACE.

Why, I pray you, have I Been countenanced by you, or you by me? Do but collect,

sir, where I met you first.

SUB.

I do not hear well.

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 Piteously costive, with your pinch’d-horn-nose, And your complexion of the

Roman wash, Stuck full of black and melancholic worms, Like powder corns shot

at the artillery-yard.

SUB.

I wish you could advance your voice a little.

FACE.

When you went pinn’d up in the several rags You had raked and pick’d from

dunghills, before day; Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes; A felt of rug,

and a thin threaden cloke, That scarce would cover your no buttocks —

SUB.

So, sir!

FACE.

When all your alchemy, and your algebra, Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,

Your conjuring, cozening, and your dozen of trades, Could not relieve your corps

with so much linen Would make you tinder, but to see a fire; 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 —

SUB.

Your master’s house!

FACE.

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

SUB.

Yes, in your master’s house. You and the rats here kept possession. Make it not

strange. I know you were one could keep The buttery-hatch still lock’d, and save

the chippings, Sell the dole beer to aqua-vitae men, The which, together with your

Christmas vails At post-and-pair, your letting out of counters, Made you a pretty

stock, some twenty marks, And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs, Here,

since your mistress’ death hath broke up house.

FACE.

You might talk softlier, rascal.

SUB.

No, you scarab, I’ll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you How to beware to tempt

a Fury again, That carries tempest in his hand and voice.

FACE.

The place has made you valiant.

SUB.

No, your clothes. — Thou vermin, have I ta’en thee out of dung, So poor, so wretched,

when no living thing Would keep thee company, but a spider, or worse? Rais’d thee

from brooms, and dust, and watering-pots, Sublimed thee, and exalted thee, and

fix’d thee In the third region, call’d our state of grace? Wrought thee to spirit, to

quintessence, with pains Would twice have won me the philosopher’s work? Put

thee in words and fashion, made thee fit For more than ordinary fellowships? Giv’n

thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling dimensions, Thy rules to cheat at horse-race, cock-

pit, cards, Dice, or whatever gallant tincture else? Made thee a second in mine own

great art? And have I this for thanks! Do you rebel, Do you fly out in the projection?

Would you be gone now?

DOL.

Gentlemen, what mean you? Will you mar all?

SUB.

Slave, thou hadst had no name —

DOL.

Will you undo yourselves with civil war?

SUB.

Never been known, past equi clibanum, The heat of horse-dung, under ground,

in cellars, Or an ale-house darker than deaf John’s; been lost To all mankind, but

laundresses and tapsters, Had not I been.

DOL.

Do you know who hears you, sovereign?

FACE.

Sirrah —

DOL.

Nay, general, I thought you were civil.

FACE.

I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.

SUB.

And hang thyself, I care not.

FACE.

Hang thee, collier, And all thy pots, and pans, in picture, I will, Since thou hast

moved me —

DOL.

O, this will o’erthrow all.

FACE.

Write thee up bawd in Paul’s, have all thy tricks Of cozening with a hollow cole,

dust, scrapings, Searching for things lost, with a sieve and sheers, Erecting figures

in your rows of houses, And taking in of shadows with a glass, Told in red letters;

and a face cut for thee, Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey’s.

DOL.

Are you sound? Have you your senses, masters?

FACE.

I will have A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures, Shall prove a true

philosopher’s stone to printers.

SUB.

Away, you trencher-rascal!

FACE.

Out, you dog-leech! The vomit of all prisons —

DOL.

Will you be Your own destructions, gentlemen?

FACE.

Still spew’d out For lying too heavy on the basket.

SUB.

Cheater!

FACE.

Bawd!

SUB.

Cow-herd!

FACE.

Conjurer!

SUB.

Cut-purse!

FACE.

Witch!

DOL.

O me! We are ruin’d, lost! have you no more regard To your reputations? where’s

your judgment? ’slight, Have yet some care of me, of your republic —

FACE.

Away, this brach! I’ll bring thee, rogue, within The statute of sorcery, tricesimo

tertio Of Harry the Eighth: ay, and perhaps thy neck Within a noose, for laundring

gold and barbing it.

DOL [SNATCHES FACE’S SWORD].

You’ll bring your head within a cockscomb, will you? And you, sir, with your

menstrue — [DASHES SUBTLE’S VIAL OUT OF HIS HAND.] Gather it up. —

’Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards, Leave off your barking, and grow one

again, Or, by the light that shines, I’ll cut your throats. I’ll not be made a prey

unto the marshal, For ne’er a snarling dog-bolt of you both. Have you together

cozen’d 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! you

will “bring him in Within the statute!” Who shall take your word? A whoreson,

upstart, apocryphal captain, Whom not a Puritan in Blackfriars will trust So much

as for a feather: [TO SUBTLE.] and you, too, Will give the cause, forsooth! you will

insult, And claim a primacy in the divisions! You must be chief! as if you only had

The powder to project with, and the work Were not begun out of equality? The

venture tripartite? all things in common? Without priority? ’Sdeath! you perpetual

curs, Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly, And heartily, and lovingly, as

you should, And lose not the beginning of a term, Or, by this hand, I shall grow

factious too, And take my part, and quit you.

FACE.

’Tis his fault; He ever murmurs, and objects his pains, And says, the weight of all

lies upon him.

SUB.

Why, so it does.

DOL.

How does it? do not we Sustain our parts?

SUB.

Yes, but they are not equal.

DOL.

Why, if your part exceed to-day, I hope Ours may, to-morrow match it.

SUB.

Ay, they MAY.

DOL.

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

[SEIZES SUB. BY THE THROAT.]

SUB.

Dorothy! mistress Dorothy! ’Ods precious, I’ll do any thing. What do you mean?

DOL.

Because o’ your fermentation and cibation?

SUB.

Not I, by heaven —

DOL.

Your Sol and Luna [TO FACE.] — help me.

SUB.

Would I were hang’d then? I’ll conform myself.

DOL.

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

SUB.

What should I swear?

DOL.

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

SUB.

Let me not breathe if I meant aught beside. I only used those speeches as a spur

To him.

DOL.

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

FACE.

’Slid, prove to-day, who shall shark best.

SUB.

Agreed.

DOL.

Yes, and work close and friendly.

SUB.

’Slight, the knot Shall grow the stronger for this breach, with me.

[THEY SHAKE HANDS.]

DOL.

Why, so, my good baboons! Shall we go make A sort of sober, scurvy, precise

neighbours, That scarce have smiled twice since the king came in, A feast of laughter

at our follies? Rascals, Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride, Or you

t’ have but a hole to thrust your heads in, For which you should pay ear-rent? No,

agree. And may don Provost ride a feasting long, In his old velvet jerkin and stain’d

scarfs, My noble sovereign, and worthy general, Ere we contribute a new crewel

garter To his most worsted worship.

SUB.

Royal Dol! Spoken like Claridiana, and thyself.

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.

[BELL RINGS WITHOUT.]

SUB.

Who’s that? one rings. To the window, Dol: [EXIT DOL.] — pray heaven, The

master do not trouble us this quarter.

FACE.

O, fear not him. While there dies one a week O’ the plague, he’s safe, from thinking

toward London. Beside, he’s busy at his 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: Though we break up a fortnight, ’tis no matter.

[RE-ENTER DOL.]

SUB.

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.

SUB.

Stay. Who shall do’t?

FACE.

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.] Seem you very reserv’d.

SUB.

Enough.

[EXIT.]

FACE [ALOUD AND RETIRING].

God be wi’ you, sir, I pray you let him know that I was here: His name is Dapper. I

would gladly have staid, but —

DAP [WITHIN].

Captain, I am here.

FACE.

Who’s that? — He’s come, I think, doctor.

[ENTER DAPPER.]

Good faith, sir, I was going away.

DAP.

In truth I am very sorry, captain.

FACE.

But I thought Sure I should meet you.

DAP.

Ay, I am very glad. I had a scurvy writ or two to make, And I had lent my watch last

night to one That dines to-day at the sheriff’s, and so was robb’d Of my past-time.

[RE-ENTER SUBTLE IN HIS VELVET CAP AND GOWN.] Is this the cunning-

man?

FACE.

This is his worship.

DAP.

Is he a doctor?

FACE.

Yes.

DAP.

And have you broke with him, captain?

FACE.

Ay.

DAP.

And how?

FACE.

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

DAP.

Not so, good captain.

FACE.

Would I were fairly rid of it, believe me.

DAP.

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 — and then he says, Read’s

matter Falling so lately.

DAP.

Read! he was an ass, And dealt, sir, with a fool.

FACE.

It was a clerk, sir.

DAP.

A clerk!

FACE.

Nay, hear me, sir. You know the law Better, I think —

DAP.

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

FACE.

You did so.

DAP.

And will I tell then! By this hand of flesh, Would it might never write good court-

hand more, If I discover. What do you think of me, That I am a chiaus?

FACE.

What’s that?

DAP.

The Turk was here. As one would say, do you think I am a Turk?

FACE.

I’ll tell the doctor so.

DAP.

Do, good sweet captain.

FACE.

Come, noble doctor, pray thee let’s prevail; This is the gentleman, and he is no

chiaus.

SUB.

Captain, I have return’d 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 is no chiaus: Let that, sir, move you.

SUB.

Pray you, forbear —

FACE.

He has Four angels here.

SUB.

You do me wrong, good sir.

FACE.

Doctor, wherein? to tempt you with these spirits?

SUB.

To tempt my art and love, sir, to my peril. Fore heaven, I scarce can think you are

my friend, That so would draw me to apparent danger.

FACE.

I draw you! a horse draw you, and a halter, You, and your flies together —

DAP.

Nay, good captain.

FACE.

That know no difference of men.

SUB.

Good words, sir.

FACE.

Good deeds, sir, doctor dogs-meat. ’Slight, I bring you No cheating Clim o’ the

Cloughs or Claribels, That look as big as five-and-fifty, and flush; And spit out

secrets like hot custard —

DAP.

Captain!

FACE.

Nor any melancholic under-scribe, Shall tell the vicar; but a special gentle, That is

the heir to forty marks a year, Consorts with the small poets of the time, Is the sole

hope of his old grandmother; That knows the law, and writes you six fair hands, Is a

fine clerk, and has his cyphering perfect. Will take his oath o’ the Greek Testament,

If need be, in his pocket; and can court His mistress out of Ovid.

DAP.

Nay, dear captain —

FACE.

Did you not tell me so?

DAP.

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 choak,

ere I would change An article of breath with such a puckfist: Come, let’s be gone.

[GOING.]

SUB.

Pray you let me speak with you.

DAP.

His worship calls you, captain.

FACE.

I am sorry I e’er embark’d myself in such a business.

DAP.

Nay, good sir; he did call you.

FACE.

Will he take then?

SUB.

First, hear me —

FACE.

Not a syllable, ’less you take.

SUB.

Pray you, sir —

FACE.

Upon no terms but an assumpsit.

SUB.

Your humour must be law. [HE TAKES THE FOUR ANGELS.]

FACE.

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

gentleman too.

SUB. Why, sir — [OFFERING TO WHISPER FACE.]

FACE.

No whispering.

SUB.

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

FACE.

Wherein? for what?

SUB.

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

win up all the money in the town.

FACE.

How!

SUB.

Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester, As they do crackers in a puppet-play. If

I do give him a familiar, Give you him all you play for; never set him: For he will

have it.

FACE.

You are mistaken, doctor. Why he does ask one but for cups and horses, A rifling

fly; none of your great familiars.

DAP.

Yes, captain, I would have it for all games.

SUB.

I told you so.

FACE [TAKING DAP. 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.

DAP.

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?

DAP.

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.

DAP.

No, sir, I mean To add consideration.

FACE.

Why then, sir, I’ll try. — [GOES TO SUBTLE.] Say that it were for all games, doctor.

SUB.

I say then, not a mouth shall eat for him At any ordinary, but on the score, That is

a gaming mouth, conceive me.

FACE.

Indeed!

SUB.

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

FACE.

Speak you this from art?

SUB.

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?

SUB.

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

FACE.

What?

SUB.

Do not you tell him.

FACE.

Will he win at cards too?

SUB.

The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac, You’d swear, were in him; such a vigorous

luck As cannot be resisted. ’Slight, he’ll put Six of your gallants to a cloke, indeed.

FACE.

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

SUB.

He hears you, man —

DAP.

Sir, I’ll not be ingrateful.

FACE.

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

ingrateful.

SUB.

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.

DAP.

Believe it, and I will, sir.

FACE.

And you shall, sir. [TAKES HIM ASIDE.] You have heard all?

DAP.

No, what was’t? Nothing, I, sir.

FACE.

Nothing!

DAP.

A little, sir.

FACE.

Well, a rare star Reign’d at your birth.

DAP.

At mine, sir! No.

FACE.

The doctor Swears that you are —

SUB.

Nay, captain, you’ll tell all now.

FACE.

Allied to the queen of Fairy.

DAP.

Who! that I am? Believe it, no such matter —

FACE.

Yes, and that You were born with a cawl on your head.

DAP.

Who says so?

FACE.

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

DAP.

I’fac, I do not; you are mistaken.

FACE.

How! Swear by your fac, 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’t, by this rate?

DAP.

By Jove, sir, I’ll win ten thousand pound, and send you half. I’fac’s no oath.

SUB.

No, no, he did but jest.

FACE.

Go to. Go thank the doctor: he’s your friend, To take it so.

DAP.

I thank his worship.

FACE.

So! Another angel.

DAP.

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?

DAP.

Shall I not have it with me?

SUB.

O, good sir! There must a world of ceremonies pass; You must be bath’d and

fumigated first: Besides the queen of Fairy does not rise Till it be noon.

FACE.

Not, if she danced, to-night.

SUB.

And she must bless it.

FACE.

Did you never see Her royal grace yet?

DAP.

Whom?

FACE.

Your aunt of Fairy?

SUB.

Not since she kist 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.

DAP.

How will’t be done, then?

FACE.

Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you But say to me, captain, I’ll see her grace.

DAP.

“Captain, I’ll see her grace.”

FACE.

Enough.

[KNOCKING WITHIN.]

SUB.

Who’s there? Anon. [ASIDE TO FACE.] — Conduct him forth by the back way. —

Sir, against one o’clock prepare yourself; Till when you must be fasting; only take

Three drops of vinegar in at your nose, Two at your mouth, and one at either ear;

Then bathe your fingers’ ends and wash your eyes, To sharpen your five senses, and

cry “hum” Thrice, and then “buz” as often; and then come.

[EXIT.]

FACE.

Can you remember this?

DAP.

I warrant you.

FACE.

Well then, away. It is but your bestowing Some twenty nobles ’mong her grace’s

servants, And put on a clean shirt: you do not know What grace her grace may do

you in clean linen.

[EXEUNT FACE AND DAPPER.]

SUB [WITHIN].

Come in! Good wives, I pray you forbear me now; Troth I can do you no good till

afternoon — [RE-ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY DRUGGER.] What is your name, say

you? Abel Drugger?

DRUG.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

A seller of tobacco?

DRUG.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

Umph! Free of the grocers?

DRUG.

Ay, an’t please you.

SUB.

Well — Your business, Abel?

DRUG.

This, an’t please your worship; I am a young 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 wish’d to your worship by

a gentleman, One captain Face, that says you know men’s planets, And their good

angels, and their bad.

SUB.

I do, If I do see them —

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

What! my honest Abel? Though art well met here.

DRUG.

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, Abel, an honest

fellow; He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not Sophisticate it with sack-lees

or oil, Nor washes it in muscadel and grains, Nor buries it in gravel, under ground,

Wrapp’d up in greasy leather, or piss’d clouts: But keeps it in fine lily pots, that,

open’d, Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans. He has his maple block, his

silver tongs, Winchester pipes, and fire of Juniper: A neat, spruce, honest fellow,

and no goldsmith.

SUB.

He is a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on.

FACE.

Already, sir, have you found it? Lo thee, Abel!

SUB.

And in right way toward riches —

FACE.

Sir!

SUB.

This summer He will be of the clothing of his company, And next spring call’d to

the scarlet; spend what he can.

FACE.

What, and so little beard?

SUB.

Sir, you must think, He may have a receipt to make hair come: But he’ll be wise,

preserve his youth, and fine for’t; His fortune looks for him another way.

FACE.

’Slid, doctor, how canst thou know this so soon? I am amused at that!

SUB.

By a rule, captain, In metoposcopy, which I do work by; A certain star in the

forehead, which you see not. Your chestnut or your olive-colour’d face Does never

fail: and your long ear doth promise. I knew’t by certain spots, too, in his teeth, And

on the nail of his mercurial finger.

FACE.

Which finger’s that?

SUB.

His little finger. Look. You were born upon a Wednesday?

DRUG.

Yes, indeed, sir.

SUB.

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 his

horoscope, His house of life being Libra; which fore-shew’d, He should be a

merchant, and should trade with balance.

FACE.

Why, this is strange! Is it not, honest Nab?

SUB.

There is a ship now, coming from Ormus, That shall yield him such a commodity

Of drugs [POINTING TO THE PLAN.] — This is the west, and this the south?

DRUG.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

And those are your two sides?

DRUG.

Ay, sir.

SUB.

Make me your door, then, south; your broad side, west: And on the east side of

your shop, aloft, Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat; Upon the north part,

Rael, Velel, Thiel. They are the names of those mercurial spirits, That do fright

flies from boxes.

DRUG.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

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, Nab!

SUB.

And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice And a court-fucus to call city-dames: You

shall deal much with minerals.

DRUG.

Sir, I have. At home, already —

SUB.

Ay, I know you have arsenic, Vitriol, sal-tartar, argaile, alkali, Cinoper: I know all.

— This fellow, captain, Will come, in time, to be a great distiller, And give a say — I

will not say directly, But very fair — at the philosopher’s stone.

FACE.

Why, how now, Abel! is this true?

DRUG [ASIDE TO FACE].

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’rt like to come to.

DRUG.

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?

DRUG.

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

FACE.

Out on thee, Nab! ’Slight, there was such an offer — Shalt keep’t no longer, I’ll

give’t him for thee. Doctor, Nab prays your worship to drink this, and swears He

will appear more grateful, as your skill Does raise him in the world.

DRUG.

I would entreat Another favour of his worship.

FACE.

What is’t, Nab?

DRUG.

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, Nab: Leave it, it shall be done, ’gainst afternoon.

SUB.

And a direction for his shelves.

FACE.

Now, Nab, Art thou well pleased, Nab?

DRUG.

‘Thank, sir, both your worships.

FACE.

Away. [EXIT DRUGGER.] Why, now, you smoaky persecutor of nature! Now do

you see, that something’s to be done, Beside your beech-coal, and your corsive

waters, Your crosslets, crucibles, and cucurbites? 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.

SUB.

You are pleasant, sir. [RE-ENTER DOL.] — How now! What says my dainty Dolkin?

DOL.

Yonder fish-wife Will not away. And there’s your giantess, The bawd of Lambeth.

SUB.

Heart, I cannot speak with them.

DOL.

Not afore night, I have told them in a voice, Thorough the trunk, like one of your

familiars. But I have spied sir Epicure Mammon —

SUB.

Where?

DOL.

Coming along, at far end of the lane, Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue To

one that’s with him.

SUB.

Face, go you and shift. [EXIT FACE.] Dol, you must presently make ready, too.

DOL.

Why, what’s the matter?

SUB.

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 possess’d.

And now he’s dealing pieces on’t away. — Methinks I see him entering ordinaries,

Dispensing for the pox, and plaguy houses, Reaching his dose, walking Moorfields

for lepers, And offering citizens’ wives pomander-bracelets, As his preservative,

made of the elixir; Searching the spittal, to make old bawds young; And the

highways, for beggars, to make rich. I see no end of his labours. He will make

Nature asham’d of her long sleep: when art, Who’s but a step-dame, shall do more

than she, In her best love to mankind, ever could: If his dream lasts, he’ll turn the

age to gold.

[EXEUNT.]

### ACT 2.

#### SCENE 2.1.

AN OUTER ROOM IN LOVEWIT’S HOUSE.

ENTER SIR EPICURE MAMMON AND SURLY.

MAM.

Come on, sir. Now, you set your foot on shore In Novo Orbe; here’s the rich Peru:

And there within, sir, are the golden mines, Great Solomon’s Ophir! he was sailing

to’t, Three years, but we have reached it in ten months. This is the day, wherein,

to all my friends, I will pronounce the happy word, BE RICH; THIS DAY YOU

SHALL BE SPECTATISSIMI. You shall no more deal with the hollow dye, Or the

frail card. No more be at charge of keeping The livery-punk for the young heir,

that must Seal, at all hours, in his shirt: no more, If he deny, have him beaten

to’t, as he is That brings him the commodity. No more Shall thirst of satin, or the

covetous hunger Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloke, To be display’d at madam

Augusta’s, make The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before The golden calf, and

on their knees, whole nights Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets: Or go a

feasting after drum and ensign. No more of this. You shall start up young 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!

FACE [WITHIN].

Sir, he’ll come to you by and by.

MAM.

That is his fire-drake, His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals, Till he firk

nature up, in her own centre. You are not faithful, sir. This night, I’ll change All

that is metal, in my house, to gold: And, early in the morning, will I send To all the

plumbers and the pewterers, And by their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury For all

the copper.

SUR.

What, and turn that too?

MAM.

Yes, and I’ll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall, And make them perfect Indies!

you admire now?

SUR.

No, faith.

MAM.

But when you see th’ effects of the Great Medicine, Of which one part projected on

a hundred Of Mercury, or Venus, or the moon, Shall turn it to as many of the sun;

Nay, to a thousand, so ad infinitum: You will believe me.

SUR.

Yes, when I see’t, I will. But if my eyes do cozen me so, and I Giving them no

occasion, sure I’ll have A whore, shall piss them out next day.

MAM.

Ha! why? Do you think I fable with you? I assure you, He that has once the flower

of the sun, The perfect ruby, which we call elixir, Not only can do that, but, by

its virtue, Can confer honour, love, respect, long life; Give safety, valour, yea,

and victory, To whom he will. In eight and twenty days, I’ll make an old man of

fourscore, a child.

SUR.

No doubt; he’s that already.

MAM.

Nay, I mean, Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle, To the fifth age; make him

get sons and daughters, Young giants; as our philosophers have done, The ancient

patriarchs, afore the flood, But taking, once a week, on a knife’s point, The quantity

of a grain of mustard of it; Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.

SUR.

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

MAM.

’Tis the secret Of nature naturis’d ’gainst all infections, Cures all diseases coming

of all causes; A month’s grief in a day, a year’s in twelve; And, of what age soever,

in a month: Past all the doses of your drugging doctors. I’ll undertake, withal, to

fright the plague Out of the kingdom in three months.

SUR.

And I’ll Be bound, the players shall sing your praises, then, Without their poets.

MAM.

Sir, I’ll do’t. Mean time, I’ll give away so much unto my man, Shall serve the whole

city, with preservative Weekly; each house his dose, and at the rate —

SUR.

As he that built the Water-work, does with water?

MAM.

You are incredulous.

SUR.

Faith I have a humour, I would not willingly be gull’d. Your stone Cannot transmute

me.

MAM.

Pertinax, [my] Surly, Will you believe antiquity? records? I’ll shew you a book

where Moses and his sister, And Solomon have written of the art; Ay, and a treatise

penn’d by Adam —

SUR.

How!

MAM.

Of the philosopher’s stone, and in High Dutch.

SUR.

Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?

MAM.

He did; Which proves it was the primitive tongue.

SUR.

What paper?

MAM.

On cedar board.

SUR.

O that, indeed, they say, Will last ’gainst worms.

MAM.

’Tis like your Irish wood, ’Gainst cob-webs. I have a piece of Jason’s fleece, too,

Which was no other than a book of alchemy, Writ in large sheep-skin, a good fat

ram-vellum. Such was Pythagoras’ thigh, Pandora’s tub, And, all that fable of

Medea’s charms, The manner of our work; the bulls, our furnace, Still breathing

fire; our argent-vive, the dragon: The dragon’s teeth, mercury sublimate, That

keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting; And they are gathered into Jason’s

helm, The alembic, and then sow’d in Mars his field, And thence sublimed so often,

till they’re fixed. Both this, the Hesperian garden, Cadmus’ story, Jove’s shower,

the boon of Midas, Argus’ eyes, Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more, All

abstract riddles of our stone. [ENTER FACE, AS A SERVANT.] — 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.

MAM.

Pertinax, my Surly. Again I say to thee, aloud, Be rich. This day, thou shalt have

ingots; and to-morrow, 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 discover’d to her master.

MAM.

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 o’ churches.

MAM.

That’s true.

FACE.

Yes. Let them stand bare, as do their auditory; Or cap them, new, with shingles.

MAM.

No, good thatch: Thatch will lie light upon the rafters, Lungs. — Lungs, I will

manumit thee from the furnace; I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe, 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; weigh’d those I put in, just, To keep your heat still even; these blear’d eyes

Have wak’d to read your several colours, sir, Of the pale citron, the green lion, the

crow, The peacock’s tail, the plumed swan.

MAM.

And, lastly, Thou hast descry’d the flower, the sanguis agni?

FACE.

Yes, sir.

MAM.

Where’s master?

FACE.

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

MAM.

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

FACE.

Good, sir.

MAM.

But do you hear? I’ll geld you, Lungs.

FACE.

Yes, sir.

MAM.

For I do mean To have a list of wives and concubines, Equal with Solomon, who

had the stone Alike with me; and I will make me a back With the elixir, that shall

be as tough As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night. — Thou’rt sure thou saw’st it

blood?

FACE.

Both blood and spirit, sir.

MAM.

I will have all my beds blown up, not stuft; Down is too hard: and then, mine oval

room Fill’d with such pictures as Tiberius took From Elephantis, and dull Aretine

But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse And

multiply the figures, as I walk Naked between my succubae. My mists I’ll have of

perfume, vapour’d ’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.

FACE.

And I shall carry it?

MAM.

No. I’ll have no bawds, But fathers and mothers: they will do it best, Best of all

others. And my flatterers Shall be the pure and gravest of divines, That I can get for

money. My mere fools, Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets The same that writ

so subtly of the fart, Whom I will entertain still for that subject. The few that would

give out themselves to be Court and town-stallions, and, each-where, bely Ladies

who are known most innocent for them; Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of:

And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails A-piece, made in a plume to gather

wind. We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the med’cine. My meat shall all come in,

in Indian shells, Dishes of agat set in gold, and studded With emeralds, sapphires,

hyacinths, and rubies. The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels’ heels, Boil’d in

the spirit of sol, and dissolv’d 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, calver’d salmons, Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself

will have The beards of barbels served, instead of sallads; Oil’d 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.]

MAM.

Do. — My shirts I’ll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft and light As cobwebs; and for all

my other raiment, It shall be such as might provoke the Persian, Were he to teach

the world riot anew. My gloves of fishes’ and birds’ skins, perfumed With gums of

paradise, and eastern air —

SUR.

And do you think to have the stone with this?

MAM.

No, I do think t’ have all this with the stone.

SUR.

Why, I have heard he must be homo frugi, A pious, holy, and religious man, One

free from mortal sin, a very virgin.

MAM.

That makes it, sir; he is so: but I buy it; My venture brings it me. He, honest wretch,

A notable, superstitious, good soul, Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,

With prayer and fasting for it: and, sir, let him Do it alone, for me, still. Here he

comes. Not a profane word afore him: ’tis poison. — [ENTER SUBTLE.] Good

morrow, father.

SUB.

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

MAM.

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

SUB.

Son, I doubt You 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

ungovern’d 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 them. Which (heaven I call to witness, with your self, To whom I have

pour’d my thoughts) in all my ends, Have look’d no way, but unto public good, To

pious uses, and dear charity Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein If you, my

son, should now prevaricate, And, to your own particular lusts employ So great and

catholic a bliss, be sure A curse will follow, yea, and overtake Your subtle and most

secret ways.

MAM.

I know, sir; You shall not need to fear me; I but come, To have you confute this

gentleman.

SUR.

Who is, Indeed, sir, somewhat costive of belief Toward your stone; would not be

gull’d.

SUB.

Well, son, All that I can convince him in, is this, The WORK IS DONE, bright sol is

in his robe. We have a medicine of the triple soul, The glorified spirit. Thanks be to

heaven, And make us worthy of it! — Ulen Spiegel!

FACE [WITHIN].

Anon, sir.

SUB.

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

FACE [WITHIN].

Yes, sir.

SUB.

Did you look On the bolt’s-head yet?

FACE [WITHIN].

Which? on D, sir?

SUB.

Ay; What’s the complexion?

FACE [WITHIN].

Whitish.

SUB.

Infuse vinegar, To draw his volatile substance and his tincture: And let the water

in glass E be filter’d, And put into the gripe’s egg. Lute him well; And leave him

closed in balneo.

FACE [WITHIN].

I will, sir.

SUR.

What a brave language here is! next to canting.

SUB.

I have another work, you never saw, son, That three days since past the philosopher’s

wheel, In the lent heat of Athanor; and’s become Sulphur of Nature.

MAM.

But ’tis for me?

SUB.

What need you? You have enough in that is perfect.

MAM.

O but —

SUB.

Why, this is covetise!

MAM.

No, I assure you, I shall employ it all in pious uses, Founding of colleges and

grammar schools, Marrying young virgins, building hospitals, And now and then

a church.

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

SUB.

How now!

FACE.

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

SUB.

Marry, yes; And bring me the complexion of glass B.

[EXIT FACE.]

MAM.

Have you another?

SUB.

Yes, son; were I assured — Your piety were firm, we would not want The means to

glorify it: but I hope the best. — I mean to tinct C in sand-heat to-morrow, And give

him imbibition.

MAM.

Of white oil?

SUB.

No, sir, of red. F is come over the helm too, I thank my Maker, in S. Mary’s bath,

And shews lac virginis. Blessed be heaven! I sent you of his faeces there calcined:

Out of that calx, I have won the salt of mercury.

MAM.

By pouring on your rectified water?

SUB.

Yes, and reverberating in Athanor. [RE-ENTER FACE.] How now! what colour

says it?

FACE.

The ground black, sir.

MAM.

That’s your crow’s head?

SUR.

Your cock’s-comb’s, is it not?

SUB.

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

SUR [ASIDE].

O, I looked for this. The hay’s a pitching.

SUB.

Are you sure you loosed them In their own menstrue?

FACE.

Yes, sir, and then married them, And put them in a bolt’s-head nipp’d to digestion,

According as you bade me, when I set The liquor of Mars to circulation In the same

heat.

SUB.

The process then was right.

FACE.

Yes, by the token, sir, the retort brake, And what was saved was put into the pellican,

And sign’d with Hermes’ seal.

SUB.

I think ’twas so. We should have a new amalgama.

SUR [ASIDE].

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

SUB.

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.

MAM.

He says right.

SUR [ASIDE].

Ay, are you bolted?

FACE.

Nay, I know’t, sir, I have seen the ill fortune. What is some three ounces Of fresh

materials?

MAM.

Is’t no more?

FACE.

No more, sir. Of gold, t’amalgame with some six of mercury.

MAM.

Away, here’s money. What will serve?

FACE.

Ask him, sir.

MAM.

How much?

SUB.

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

SUR.

Yes, twenty, and be cozen’d, do.

MAM. There ’tis. [GIVES FACE THE MONEY.]

SUB.

This needs not; but that you will have it so, To see conclusions of all: for two Of our

inferior works are at fixation, A third is in ascension. Go your ways. Have you set

the oil of luna in kemia?

FACE.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

And the philosopher’s vinegar?

FACE.

Ay.

[EXIT.]

SUR.

We shall have a sallad!

MAM.

When do you make projection?

SUB.

Son, be not hasty, I exalt our med’cine, By hanging him in balneo vaporoso, And

giving him solution; then congeal him; And then dissolve him; then again congeal

him; For look, how oft I iterate the work, So many times I add unto his virtue. As, if

at first one ounce convert a hundred, After his second loose, he’ll turn a thousand;

His third solution, ten; his fourth, a hundred: After his fifth, a thousand thousand

ounces Of any imperfect metal, into pure Silver or gold, in all examinations, As

good as any of the natural mine. Get you your stuff here against afternoon, Your

brass, your pewter, and your andirons.

MAM.

Not those of iron?

SUB.

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

SUR.

I believe you in that.

MAM.

Then I may send my spits?

SUB.

Yes, and your racks.

SUR.

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

SUB.

If he please.

SUR.

— To be an ass.

SUB.

How, sir!

MAM.

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

SUR.

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

SUB.

Why, what have you observ’d, sir, in our art, Seems so impossible?

SUR.

But your whole work, no more. That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir, As they

do eggs in Egypt!

SUB.

Sir, do you Believe that eggs are hatch’d so?

SUR.

If I should?

SUB.

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

metals in themselves.

SUR.

That cannot be. The egg’s ordain’d by nature to that end, And is a chicken in

potentia.

SUB.

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

MAM.

And that Our art doth further.

SUB.

Ay, for ’twere absurb To think that nature in the earth bred gold Perfect in the

instant: something went before. There must be remote matter.

SUR.

Ay, what is that?

SUB.

Marry, we say —

MAM.

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

SUB.

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 vicious Portion of earth;

both which, concorporate, Do make the elementary matter of gold; Which is not

yet propria materia, But common to all metals and all stones; For, where it is

forsaken of that moisture, And hath more driness, it becomes a stone: Where it

retains more of the humid fatness, It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver, Who are

the parents of all other metals. Nor can this remote matter suddenly Progress so

from extreme unto extreme, As to grow gold, and leap o’er all the means. Nature

doth first beget the imperfect, then Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy And oily

water, mercury is engender’d; Sulphur of the fat and earthy part; the one, Which

is the last, supplying the place of male, The other of the female, in all metals. Some

do believe hermaphrodeity, That both do act and suffer. But these two Make the

rest ductile, malleable, extensive. And even in gold they are; for we do find Seeds

of them, by our fire, and gold in them; And can produce the species of each metal

More perfect thence, than nature doth in earth. Beside, who doth not see in daily

practice Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, wasps, Out of the carcases and dung

of creatures; Yea, scorpions of an herb, being rightly placed? And these are living

creatures, far more perfect And excellent than metals.

MAM.

Well said, father! Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument, He’ll bray you

in a mortar.

SUR.

Pray you, sir, stay. Rather than I’ll be brayed, sir, I’ll believe That Alchemy is a pretty

kind of game, Somewhat like tricks o’ the cards, to cheat a man With charming.

SUB.

Sir?

SUR.

What else are all your terms, Whereon no one of your writers ’grees with other?

Of your elixir, your lac virginis, Your stone, your med’cine, and your chrysosperm,

Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercury, Your oil of height, your tree of life, your

blood, Your marchesite, your tutie, your magnesia, Your toad, your crow, your

dragon, and your panther; Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adrop, Your

lato, azoch, zernich, chibrit, heautarit, And then your red man, and your white

woman, With all your broths, your menstrues, and materials, Of piss and egg-

shells, women’s terms, man’s blood, Hair o’ the head, burnt clouts, chalk, merds,

and clay, Powder of bones, scalings of iron, glass, And worlds of other strange

ingredients, Would burst a man to name?

SUB.

And all these named, Intending but one thing; which art our writers Used to

obscure their art.

MAM.

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

SUB.

Was not all the knowledge Of the Aegyptians writ in mystic symbols? Speak not the

scriptures oft in parables? Are not the choicest fables of the poets, That were the

fountains and first springs of wisdom, Wrapp’d in perplexed allegories?

MAM.

I urg’d that, And clear’d to him, that Sisyphus was damn’d To roll the ceaseless

stone, only because He would have made Ours common.

DOL [APPEARS AT THE DOOR]. — Who is this?

SUB.

’Sprecious! — What do you mean? go in, good lady, Let me entreat you. [DOL

RETIRES.] — Where’s this varlet?

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Sir.

SUB.

You very knave! do you use me thus?

FACE.

Wherein, sir?

SUB.

Go in and see, you traitor. Go!

[EXIT FACE.]

MAM.

Who is it, sir?

SUB.

Nothing, sir; nothing.

MAM.

What’s the matter, good sir? I have not seen you thus distemper’d: who is’t?

SUB.

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

ENTER FACE.] What now?

FACE.

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

SUB.

Would she, sir! Follow me.

[EXIT.]

MAM [STOPPING HIM].

Stay, Lungs.

FACE.

I dare not, sir.

MAM.

Stay, man; what is she?

FACE.

A lord’s sister, sir.

MAM.

How! pray thee, stay.

FACE.

She’s mad, sir, and sent hither — He’ll be mad too. —

MAM.

I warrant thee. — Why sent hither?

FACE.

Sir, to be cured.

SUB [WITHIN].

Why, rascal!

FACE.

Lo you! — Here, sir!

[EXIT.]

MAM.

’Fore God, a Bradamante, a brave piece.

SUR.

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

MAM.

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, An excellent Paracelsian, and has done

Strange cures with mineral physic. He deals all With spirits, he; he will not hear

a word Of Galen; or his tedious recipes. — [RE-ENTER FACE.] How now, Lungs!

FACE.

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

MAM.

No, he will not be “gull’d;” 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.

MAM.

How might one do t’ have conference with her, Lungs?

FACE.

O divers have run mad upon the conference: I do not know, sir. I am sent in haste,

To fetch a vial.

SUR.

Be not gull’d, sir Mammon.

MAM.

Wherein? pray ye, be patient.

SUR.

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

MAM.

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

FACE.

I dare not, in good faith. [GOING.]

MAM.

Stay, knave.

FACE.

He is extreme angry that you saw her, sir.

MAM.

Drink that. [GIVES HIM 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, any thing —

MAM.

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

Or so?

SUB [WITHIN].

Ulen!

FACE.

I’ll come to you again, sir.

[EXIT.]

MAM.

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

SUR.

Sir Epicure, Your friend to use; yet still loth to be gull’d: I do not like your

philosophical bawds. Their stone is letchery enough to pay for, Without this bait.

MAM.

’Heart, you abuse yourself. I know the lady, and her friends, and means, The

original of this disaster. Her brother Has told me all.

SUR.

And yet you never saw her Till now!

MAM.

O yes, but I forgot. I have, believe it, One of the treacherousest memories, I do

think, Of all mankind.

SUR.

What call you her brother?

MAM.

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

SUR.

A very treacherous memory!

MAM.

On my faith —

SUR.

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

MAM.

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

his house.

SUR.

Heart! can it be, That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need, A wise sir, too, at other

times, should thus, With his own oaths, and arguments, make hard means To

gull himself? An this be your elixir, Your lapis mineralis, and your lunary, Give

me your honest trick yet at primero, Or gleek; and take your lutum sapientis,

Your menstruum simplex! I’ll have gold before you, And with less danger of the

quicksilver, Or the hot sulphur.

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Here’s one from Captain Face, sir, [TO SURLY.] Desires you meet him in the Temple-

church, Some half-hour hence, and upon earnest business. Sir, [WHISPERS

MAMMON.] if you please to quit us, now; and come Again within two hours, you

shall have My master busy examining o’ the works; And I will steal you in, unto the

party, That you may see her converse. — Sir, shall I say, You’ll meet the captain’s

worship?

SUR.

Sir, I will. — [WALKS ASIDE.] But, by attorney, and to a second purpose. Now, I

am sure it is a bawdy-house; I’ll swear it, were the marshal here to thank me: The

naming this commander doth confirm it. Don Face! why, he’s the most authentic

dealer In these commodities, the superintendant To all the quainter traffickers

in town! He is the visitor, and does appoint, Who lies with whom, and at what

hour; what price; Which gown, and in what smock; what fall; what tire. Him will

I prove, by a third person, to find The subtleties of this dark labyrinth: Which if

I do discover, dear sir Mammon, You’ll give your poor friend leave, though no

philosopher, To laugh: for you that are, ’tis thought, shall weep.

FACE.

Sir, he does pray, you’ll not forget.

SUR.

I will not, sir. Sir Epicure, I shall leave you.

[EXIT.]

MAM.

I follow you, straight.

FACE.

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

MAM.

But wilt thou Ulen, Be constant to thy promise?

FACE.

As my life, sir.

MAM.

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, An empress; and

yourself, King of Bantam.

MAM.

Wilt thou do this?

FACE.

Will I, sir!

MAM.

Lungs, my Lungs! I love thee.

FACE.

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

MAM.

Thou hast witch’d me, rogue: take, go. [GIVES HIM MONEY.]

FACE.

Your jack, and all, sir.

MAM.

Thou art a villain — I will send my jack, And the weights too. Slave, I could bite

thine ear. Away, thou dost not care for me.

FACE.

Not I, sir!

MAM.

Come, I was born to make thee, my good weasel, Set thee on a bench, and have thee

twirl a chain With the best lord’s vermin of ’em all.

FACE.

Away, sir.

MAM.

A count, nay, a count palatine —

FACE.

Good, sir, go.

MAM.

Shall not advance thee better: no, nor faster.

[EXIT.]

[RE-ENTER SUBTLE AND DOL.]

SUB.

Has he bit? has he bit?

FACE.

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

SUB.

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.

SUB.

Dol, my Lord What’ts’hums 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, And be as rude as her

woman.

FACE.

Well said, sanguine!

SUB.

But will he send his andirons?

FACE.

His jack too, And’s iron shoeing-horn; I have spoke to him. Well, I must not lose

my wary gamester yonder.

SUB.

O monsieur Caution, that WILL NOT BE GULL’D?

FACE.

Ay, If I can strike a fine hook into him, now! The Temple-church, there I have cast

mine angle. Well, pray for me. I’ll about it. [KNOCKING WITHOUT.]

SUB.

What, more gudgeons! Dol, scout, scout! [DOL GOES TO THE WINDOW.] Stay,

Face, you must go to the door, ’Pray God it be my anabaptist — Who is’t, Dol?

DOL.

I know him not: he looks like a gold-endman.

SUB.

Ods so! ’tis he, he said he would send what call you him? The sanctified elder,

that should deal For Mammon’s jack and andirons. Let him in. Stay, help me off,

first, with my gown. [EXIT FACE WITH THE GOWN.] Away, Madam, to your

withdrawing chamber. [EXIT DOL.] Now, In a new tune, new gesture, but old

language. — This fellow is sent from one negociates with me About the stone too,

for the holy brethren Of Amsterdam, the exiled saints, that hope To raise their

discipline by it. I must use him In some strange fashion, now, to make him admire

me. — [ENTER ANANIAS.] [ALOUD.] Where is my drudge?

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Sir!

SUB.

Take away the recipient, And rectify your menstrue from the phlegma. Then pour

it on the Sol, in the cucurbite, And let them macerate together.

FACE.

Yes, sir. And save the ground?

SUB.

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

ANA.

A faithful brother, if it please you.

SUB.

What’s that? A Lullianist? a Ripley? Filius artis? Can you sublime and dulcify?

calcine? Know you the sapor pontic? sapor stiptic? Or what is homogene, or

heterogene?

ANA.

I understand no heathen language, truly.

SUB.

Heathen! you Knipper-doling? is Ars sacra, Or chrysopoeia, or spagyrica, Or the

pamphysic, or panarchic knowledge, A heathen language?

ANA.

Heathen Greek, I take it.

SUB.

How! heathen Greek?

ANA.

All’s heathen but the Hebrew.

SUB.

Sirrah, my varlet, stand you forth and speak to him, Like a philosopher: answer 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.

SUB.

This is heathen Greek to you, now! — And when comes vivification?

FACE.

After mortification.

SUB.

What’s cohobation?

FACE.

’Tis the pouring on Your aqua regis, and then drawing him off, To the trine circle

of the seven spheres.

SUB.

What’s the proper passion of metals?

FACE.

Malleation.

SUB.

What’s your ultimum supplicium auri?

FACE.

Antimonium.

SUB.

This is heathen Greek to you! — And what’s your mercury?

FACE.

A very fugitive, he will be gone, sir.

SUB.

How know you him?

FACE.

By his viscosity, His oleosity, and his suscitability.

SUB.

How do you sublime him?

FACE.

With the calce of egg-shells, White marble, talc.

SUB.

Your magisterium now, What’s that?

FACE.

Shifting, sir, your elements, Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot, Hot into

dry.

SUB.

This is heathen Greek to you still! Your 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.

SUB.

Enough. [EXIT FACE.] This is heathen Greek to you! What are you, sir?

ANA.

Please you, a servant of the exiled brethren, That deal with widows’ and with

orphans’ goods, And make a just account unto the saints: A deacon.

SUB.

O, you are sent from master Wholesome, Your teacher?

ANA.

From Tribulation Wholesome, Our very zealous pastor.

SUB.

Good! I have Some orphans’ goods to come here.

ANA.

Of what kind, sir?

SUB.

Pewter and brass, andirons and kitchen-ware, Metals, that we must use our

medicine on: Wherein the brethren may have a pennyworth For ready money.

ANA.

Were the orphans’ parents Sincere professors?

SUB.

Why do you ask?

ANA.

Because We then are to deal justly, and give, in truth, Their utmost value.

SUB.

’Slid, you’d cozen else, And if their parents were not of the faithful! — I will not

trust you, now I think on it, ’Till I have talked with your pastor. Have you brought

money To buy more coals?

ANA.

No, surely.

SUB.

No! how so?

ANA.

The brethren bid me say unto you, sir, Surely, they will not venture any more, Till

they may see projection.

SUB.

How!

ANA.

You have had, For the instruments, as bricks, and lome, and glasses, Already thirty

pound; and for materials, They say, some ninety more: and they have heard since,

That one at Heidelberg, made it of an egg, And a small paper of pin-dust.

SUB.

What’s your name?

ANA.

My name is Ananias.

SUB.

Out, the varlet That cozen’d the apostles! Hence, away! Flee, mischief! had your

holy consistory No name to send me, of another sound, Than wicked Ananias? send

your elders Hither to make atonement for you quickly, And give me satisfaction; or

out goes The fire; and down th’ alembics, and the furnace, Piger Henricus, or what

not. Thou wretch! Both sericon and bufo shall be lost, Tell them. All hope of rooting

out the bishops, Or the antichristian hierarchy, shall perish, If they stay threescore

minutes: the aqueity, Terreity, and sulphureity Shall run together again, and all be

annull’d, Thou wicked Ananias! [EXIT ANANIAS.] 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.

[RE-ENTER FACE, IN HIS UNIFORM, FOLLOWED BY DRUGGER.]

FACE.

He is busy with his spirits, but we’ll upon him.

SUB.

How now! what mates, what Baiards have we here?

FACE.

I told you, he would be furious. — Sir, here’s Nab, Has brought you another piece of

gold to look on: — We must appease him. Give it me, — and prays you, You would

devise — what is it, Nab?

DRUG.

A sign, sir.

FACE.

Ay, a good lucky one, a thriving sign, doctor.

SUB.

I was devising now.

FACE.

’Slight, do not say so, He will repent he gave you any more — What say you to his

constellation, doctor, The Balance?

SUB.

No, that way is stale, and common. A townsman born in Taurus, gives the bull, Or

the bull’s-head: in Aries, the ram, A poor device! No, I will have his name Form’d

in some mystic character; whose radii, Striking the senses of the passers by, Shall,

by a virtual influence, breed affections, That may result upon the party owns it: As

thus —

FACE.

Nab!

SUB.

He shall have “a bell,” that’s “Abel;” And by it standing one whose name is “Dee,”

In a “rug” gown, there’s “D,” and “Rug,” that’s “drug:” And right anenst him a dog

snarling “er;” There’s “Drugger,” Abel Drugger. That’s his sign. And here’s now

mystery and hieroglyphic!

FACE.

Abel, thou art made.

DRUG.

Sir, I do thank his worship.

FACE.

Six o’ thy legs more will not do it, Nab. He has brought you a pipe of tobacco,

doctor.

DRUG.

Yes, sir; I have another thing I would impart —

FACE.

Out with it, Nab.

DRUG.

Sir, there is lodged, hard by me, A rich young widow —

FACE.

Good! a bona roba?

DRUG.

But nineteen, at the most.

FACE.

Very good, Abel.

DRUG.

Marry, she’s not in fashion yet; she wears A hood, but it stands a cop.

FACE.

No matter, Abel.

DRUG.

And I do now and then give her a fucus —

FACE.

What! dost thou deal, Nab?

SUB.

I did tell you, captain.

DRUG.

And physic too, sometime, sir; for which she trusts me With all her mind. She’s

come up here of purpose To learn the fashion.

FACE.

Good (his match too!) — On, Nab.

DRUG.

And she does strangely long to know her fortune.

FACE.

Ods lid, Nab, send her to the doctor, hither.

DRUG.

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 Follow’d and sought:

Nab, thou shalt tell her this. She’ll be more known, more talk’d of; and your widows

Are ne’er of any price till they be famous; Their honour is their multitude of suitors.

Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What! Thou dost not know.

DRUG.

No, sir, she’ll never marry Under a knight: her brother has made a vow.

FACE.

What! and dost thou despair, my little Nab, Knowing what the doctor has set down

for thee, And seeing so many of the city dubb’d? One glass o’ thy water, with a

madam I know, Will have it done, Nab: what’s her brother, a knight?

DRUG.

No, sir, a gentleman newly warm in his land, sir, Scarce cold in his one and twenty,

that does govern His sister here; and is a man himself Of some three thousand a

year, and is come up To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits, And will go down

again, and die in the country.

FACE.

How! to quarrel?

DRUG.

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

FACE.

’Slid, Nab, the doctor is the only man In Christendom for him. He has made a table,

With mathematical demonstrations, Touching the art of quarrels: he will give him

An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring them both, Him and his sister. And, for

thee, with her The doctor happ’ly may persuade. Go to: ’Shalt give his worship a

new damask suit Upon the premises.

SUB.

O, good captain!

FACE.

He shall; He is the honestest fellow, doctor. — Stay not, No offers; bring the damask,

and the parties.

DRUG.

I’ll try my power, sir.

FACE.

And thy will too, Nab.

SUB.

’Tis good tobacco, this! What is’t an ounce?

FACE.

He’ll send you a pound, doctor.

SUB.

O no.

FACE.

He will do’t. It is the goodest soul! — Abel, about it. Thou shalt know more anon.

Away, be gone. [EXIT ABEL.] A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese, And has

the worms. That was the cause, indeed, Why he came now: he dealt with me in

private, To get a med’cine for them.

SUB.

And shall, sir. This works.

FACE.

A wife, a wife for one on us, my dear Subtle! We’ll e’en draw lots, and he that fails,

shall have The more in goods, the other has in tail.

SUB.

Rather the less: for she may be so light She may want grains.

FACE.

Ay, or be such a burden, A man would scarce endure her for the whole.

SUB.

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

FACE.

Content: but Dol must have no breath on’t.

SUB.

Mum. Away you, to your Surly yonder, catch him.

FACE.

’Pray God I have not staid too long.

SUB.

I fear it.

[EXEUNT.]

### ACT 3.

#### SCENE 3.1.

THE LANE BEFORE LOVEWIT’S HOUSE.

ENTER TRIBULATION WHOLESOME AND ANANIAS.

TRI.

These chastisements are common to the saints, And such rebukes, we of the

separation Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials Sent forth to tempt our

frailties.

ANA.

In pure zeal, I do not like the man; he is a heathen, And speaks the language of

Canaan, truly.

TRI.

I think him a profane person indeed.

ANA.

He bears The visible mark of the beast in his forehead. And for his stone, it is a

work of darkness, And with philosophy blinds the eyes of man.

TRI.

Good brother, we must bend unto all means, That may give furtherance to the holy

cause.

ANA.

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

TRI.

Not always necessary: The children of perdition are oft-times Made instruments

even of the greatest works: Beside, we should give somewhat to man’s nature, The

place he lives in, still about the fire, And fume of metals, that intoxicate The brain

of man, and make him prone to passion. Where have you greater atheists than your

cooks? Or more profane, or choleric, than your glass-men? More antichristian than

your bell-founders? What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you, Sathan, our

common enemy, but his being Perpetually about the fire, and boiling Brimstone

and arsenic? We must give, I say, Unto the motives, and the stirrers up Of humours

in the blood. It may be so, When as the work is done, the stone is made, This heat

of his may turn into a zeal, And stand up for the beauteous discipline, Against the

menstruous cloth and rag of Rome. We must await his calling, and the coming

Of the good spirit. You did fault, t’ upbraid him With the brethren’s blessing of

Heidelberg, weighing What need we have to hasten on the work, For the restoring

of the silenced saints, Which ne’er will be, but by the philosopher’s stone. And

so a learned elder, one of Scotland, Assured me; aurum potabile being The only

med’cine, for the civil magistrate, T’ incline him to a feeling of the cause; And must

be daily used in the disease.

ANA.

I have not edified more, truly, by man; Not since the beautiful light first shone on

me: And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.

TRI.

Let us call on him then.

ANA.

The motion’s good, And of the spirit; I will knock first. [KNOCKS.] Peace be within!

[THE DOOR IS OPENED, AND THEY ENTER.]

#### SCENE 3.2.

A ROOM IN LOVEWIT’S HOUSE.

ENTER SUBTLE, FOLLOWED BY TRIBULATION AND ANANIAS.

SUB.

O, are you come? ’twas time. Your threescore minutes Were at last thread, you

see: and down had gone Furnus acediae, turris circulatorius: Lembec, bolt’s-head,

retort and pelican Had all been cinders. — Wicked Ananias! Art thou return’d? nay

then, it goes down yet.

TRI.

Sir, be appeased; he is come to humble Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience,

If too much zeal hath carried him aside From the due path.

SUB.

Why, this doth qualify!

TRI.

The brethren had no purpose, verily, To give you the least grievance; but are ready

To lend their willing hands to any project The spirit and you direct.

SUB.

This qualifies more!

TRI.

And for the orphans’ goods, let them be valued, Or what is needful else to the holy

work, It shall be numbered; here, by me, the saints, Throw down their purse before

you.

SUB.

This qualifies most! Why, thus it should be, now you understand. Have I discours’d

so unto you of our stone, And of the good that it shall bring your cause? Shew’d you

(beside the main of hiring forces Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,

From the Indies, to serve you, with all their fleet) That even the med’cinal use shall

make you a faction, And party in the realm? As, put the case, That some great man

in state, he have the gout, Why, you but send three drops of your elixir, You help

him straight: there you have made a friend. Another has the palsy or the dropsy,

He takes of your incombustible stuff, He’s young again: there you have made a

friend, A lady that is past the feat of body, Though not of mind, and hath her face

decay’d Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore, With the oil of talc: there you

have made a friend; And all her friends. A lord that is a leper, A knight that has the

bone-ache, or a squire That hath both these, you make them smooth and sound,

With a bare fricace of your med’cine: still You increase your friends.

TRI.

Ay, it is very pregnant.

SUB.

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

ANA.

Christ-tide, I pray you.

SUB.

Yet, Ananias!

ANA.

I have done.

SUB.

Or changing His parcel gilt to massy gold. You cannot But raise you friends. Withal,

to be of power To pay an army in the field, to buy The king of France out of his

realms, or Spain Out of his Indies. What can you not do Against lords spiritual or

temporal, That shall oppone you?

TRI.

Verily, ’tis true. We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it.

SUB.

You may be any thing, and leave off to make Long-winded exercises; or suck up

Your “ha!” and “hum!” in a tune. I not deny, But such as are not graced in a state,

May, for their ends, be adverse in religion, And get a tune to call the flock together:

For, to say sooth, a tune does much with women, And other phlegmatic people; it

is your bell.

ANA.

Bells are profane; a tune may be religious.

SUB.

No warning with you! then farewell my patience. ’Slight, it shall down: I will not

be thus tortured.

TRI.

I pray you, sir.

SUB.

All shall perish. I have spoken it.

TRI.

Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes; the man He stands corrected: neither did his

zeal, But as your self, allow a tune somewhere. Which now, being tow’rd the stone,

we shall not need.

SUB.

No, nor your holy vizard, to win widows To give you legacies; or make zealous

wives To rob their husbands for the common cause: Nor take the start of bonds

broke but one day, And say, they were forfeited by providence. Nor shall you need

o’er night to eat huge meals, To celebrate your next day’s fast the better; The whilst

the brethren and the sisters humbled, Abate the stiffness of the flesh. Nor cast

Before your hungry hearers scrupulous bones; As whether a Christian may hawk

or hunt, Or whether matrons of the holy assembly May lay their hair out, or wear

doublets, Or have that idol starch about their linen.

ANA.

It is indeed an idol.

TRI.

Mind him not, sir. I do command thee, spirit of zeal, but trouble, To peace within

him! Pray you, sir, go on.

SUB.

Nor shall you need to libel ’gainst the prelates, And shorten so your ears against

the hearing Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor of necessity Rail against plays, to

please the alderman Whose daily custard you devour; nor lie With zealous rage till

you are hoarse. Not one Of these so singular arts. Nor call yourselves By names of

Tribulation, Persecution, Restraint, Long-patience, and such-like, affected By the

whole family or wood of you, Only for glory, and to catch the ear Of the disciple.

TRI.

Truly, sir, they are Ways that the godly brethren have invented, For propagation

of the glorious cause, As very notable means, and whereby also Themselves grow

soon, and profitably, famous.

SUB.

O, but the stone, all’s idle to it! nothing! The art of angels’ nature’s miracle, The

divine secret that doth fly in clouds From east to west: and whose tradition Is not

from men, but spirits.

ANA.

I hate traditions; I do not trust them —

TRI.

Peace!

ANA.

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

TRI.

Ananias!

ANA.

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

SUB.

Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.

TRI.

It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, sir; But truly, else, a very faithful brother, A

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

SUB.

Has he a competent sum there 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 brethren too good gainers: There they are

within. When you have view’d and bought ’em, And ta’en the inventory of what they

are, They are ready for projection; there’s no more To do: cast on the med’cine, so

much silver As there is tin there, so much gold as brass, I’ll give’t you in by weight.

TRI.

But how long time, Sir, must the saints expect yet?

SUB.

Let me see, How’s the moon now? Eight, nine, ten days hence, He will be silver

potate; then three days Before he citronise: Some fifteen days, The magisterium

will be perfected.

ANA.

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

SUB.

Yes, my good Ananias.

TRI.

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

SUB.

Some hundred marks, as much as fill’d three cars, Unladed now: you’ll make six

millions of them. — But I must have more coals laid in.

TRI.

How?

SUB.

Another load, And then we have finish’d. We must now increase Our fire to ignis

ardens; we are past Fimus equinus, balnei, cineris, And all those lenter heats. If the

holy purse Should with this draught fall low, and that the saints Do need a present

sum, I have a trick To melt the pewter, you shall buy now, instantly, And with a

tincture make you as good Dutch dollars As any are in Holland.

TRI.

Can you so?

SUB.

Ay, and shall ’bide the third examination.

ANA.

It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.

SUB.

But you must carry it secret.

TRI.

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

ANA.

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

SUB.

It is no coining, sir. It is but casting.

TRI.

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

ANA.

’Tis, sir.

TRI.

Truly, I take it so.

SUB.

There is no scruple, Sir, to be made of it; believe Ananias: This case of conscience

he is studied in.

TRI.

I’ll make a question of it to the brethren.

ANA.

The brethren shall approve it lawful, doubt not. Where shall it be done?

[KNOCKING WITHOUT.]

SUB.

For that we’ll talk anon. There’s some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you, And view

the parcels. That’s the inventory. I’ll come to you straight. [EXEUNT TRIB. AND

ANA.] Who is it? — Face! appear. [ENTER FACE IN HIS UNIFORM.] How now!

good prize?

FACE.

Good pox! yond’ costive cheater Never came on.

SUB.

How then?

FACE.

I have walk’d the round Till now, and no such thing.

SUB.

And have you quit him?

FACE.

Quit him! an hell would quit him too, he were happy. ’Slight! would you have me

stalk like a mill-jade, All day, for one that will not yield us grains? I know him of

old.

SUB.

O, but to have gull’d him, Had been a mastery.

FACE.

Let him go, black boy! And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess thee. A

noble count, a don of Spain, my dear Delicious compeer, and my party-bawd, Who

is come hither private for his conscience, And brought munition with him, six great

slops, Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round trunks, Furnished with pistolets,

and pieces of eight, Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath, (That is the

colour,) and to make his battery Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinque-port, Our

Dover pier, our what thou wilt. Where is she? She must prepare perfumes, delicate

linen, The bath in chief, a banquet, and her wit, For she must milk his epididimis.

Where is the doxy?

SUB.

I’ll send her to thee: And but despatch my brace of little John Leydens, And come

again my self.

FACE.

Are they within then?

SUB.

Numbering the sum.

FACE.

How much?

SUB.

A hundred marks, boy.

[EXIT.]

FACE.

Why, this is a lucky day. Ten pounds of Mammon! Three of my clerk! A portague

of my grocer! This of the brethren! beside reversions, And states to come in the

widow, and my count! My share to-day will not be bought for forty —

[ENTER DOL.]

DOL.

What?

FACE.

Pounds, dainty Dorothy! art thou so near?

DOL.

Yes; say, lord general, how fares our camp?

FACE.

As with the few that had entrench’d themselves Safe, by their discipline, against a

world, Dol, And laugh’d within those trenches, and grew fat With thinking on the

booties, Dol, brought in Daily by their small parties. This dear hour, A doughty

don is taken with my Dol; And thou mayst make his ransom what thou wilt, My

Dousabel; he shall be brought here fetter’d With thy fair looks, before he sees thee;

and thrown In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon; Where thou shalt keep him

waking with thy drum; Thy drum, my Dol, thy drum; till he be tame As the poor

black-birds were in the great frost, Or bees are with a bason; and so hive him In

the swan-skin coverlid, and cambric sheets, Till he work honey and wax, my little

God’s-gift.

DOL.

What is he, general?

FACE.

An adalantado, A grandee, girl. Was not my Dapper here yet?

DOL.

No.

FACE.

Nor my Drugger?

DOL.

Neither.

FACE.

A pox on ’em, They are so long a furnishing! such stinkards Would not be seen

upon these festival days. — [RE-ENTER SUBTLE.] How now! have you done?

SUB.

Done. They are gone: the sum Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew Another

chapman now would buy ’em outright.

FACE.

’Slid, Nab shall do’t against he have the widow, To furnish household.

SUB.

Excellent, well thought on: Pray God he come!

FACE.

I pray he keep away Till our new business be o’erpast.

SUB.

But, Face, How cam’st thou by this secret don?

FACE.

A spirit Brought me th’ 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, You must go tune your virginal, no losing O’ the least time: and, do you

hear? good action. Firk, like a flounder; kiss, like a scallop, close; And tickle him

with thy mother tongue. His great Verdugoship has not a jot of language; So much

the easier to be cozen’d, my Dolly. He will come here in a hired coach, obscure,

And our own coachman, whom I have sent as guide, No creature else. [KNOCKING

WITHOUT.] Who’s that?

[EXIT DOL.]

SUB.

It is not he?

FACE.

O no, not yet this hour.

[RE-ENTER DOL.]

SUB.

Who is’t?

DOL.

Dapper, Your clerk.

FACE.

God’s will then, queen of Fairy, On with your tire; [EXIT DOL.] and, doctor, with

your robes. Let’s dispatch him for God’s sake.

SUB.

’Twill be long.

FACE.

I warrant you, take but the cues I give you, It shall be brief enough. [GOES TO THE

WINDOW.] ’Slight, here are more! Abel, and I think the angry boy, the heir, That

fain would quarrel.

SUB.

And the widow?

FACE.

No, Not that I see. Away! [EXIT SUB.] [ENTER 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 swears you’ll be the darling of the dice: He never heard her highness dote till

now. Your aunt has given you the most gracious words That can be thought on.

DAP.

Shall I see her grace?

FACE.

See her, and kiss her too. — [ENTER ABEL, FOLLOWED BY KASTRIL.] What,

honest Nab! Hast brought the damask?

NAB. No, sir; here’s tobacco.

FACE.

’Tis well done, Nab; thou’lt bring the damask too?

DRUG.

Yes: here’s the gentleman, captain, master Kastril, I have brought to see the doctor.

FACE.

Where’s the widow?

DRUG.

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

FACE.

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

KAS.

Ay, and the best of the Kastrils, I’d be sorry else, By fifteen hundred a year. Where

is the doctor? My mad tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one That can do things: has

he any skill?

FACE.

Wherein, sir?

KAS.

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

FACE.

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

KAS.

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

FACE.

Sir, for the duello, The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you, To the least shadow

of a hair; and shew you An instrument he has of his own making, Wherewith no

sooner shall you make report Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on’t Most

instantly, and tell in what degree Of safety it lies in, or mortality. And how it may

be borne, whether in a right line, Or a half circle; or may else be cast Into an angle

blunt, if not acute: And this he will demonstrate. And then, rules To give and take

the lie by.

KAS.

How! to take it?

FACE.

Yes, in oblique he’ll shew you, or in circle; But never in diameter. The whole town

Study his theorems, and dispute them ordinarily At the eating academies.

KAS.

But does he teach Living by the wits too?

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.

KAS.

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

FACE.

For why, sir?

KAS.

There’s gaming there, and tricks.

FACE.

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

KAS.

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?

KAS.

What, three thousand a-year!

FACE.

Ay, forty thousand.

KAS.

Are there such?

FACE.

Ay, sir, And gallants yet. Here’s a young gentleman Is born to nothing, — [POINTS

TO DAPPER.] forty marks a year, Which I count nothing: — he is to be initiated, And

have a fly of the doctor. He will win you, By unresistible luck, within this fortnight,

Enough to buy a barony. They will set him Upmost, at the groom porter’s, all the

Christmas: And for the whole year through, at every place, Where there is play,

present him with the chair; The best attendance, the best drink; sometimes Two

glasses of Canary, and pay nothing; The purest linen, and the sharpest knife, The

partridge next his trencher: and somewhere The dainty bed, in private, with the

dainty. You shall have your ordinaries bid for him, As play-houses for a poet; and

the master Pray him aloud to name what dish he affects, Which must be butter’d

shrimps: and those that drink To no mouth else, will drink to his, as being The

goodly president mouth of all the board.

KAS.

Do you not gull one?

FACE.

’Ods my life! do you think it? You shall have a cast commander, (can but get In

credit with a glover, or a spurrier, For some two pair of either’s ware aforehand,)

Will, by most swift posts, dealing [but] with him, Arrive at competent means to

keep himself, His punk and naked boy, in excellent fashion, And be admired for’t.

KAS.

Will the doctor teach this?

FACE.

He will do more, sir: when your land is gone, As men of spirit hate to keep earth

long, In a vacation, when small money is stirring, And ordinaries suspended

till the term, He’ll shew a perspective, where on one side You shall behold the

faces and the persons Of all sufficient young heirs in town, Whose bonds are

current for commodity; On th’ other side, the merchants’ forms, and others,

That without help of any second broker, Who would expect a share, will trust

such parcels: In the third square, the very street and sign Where the commodity

dwells, and does but wait To be deliver’d, be it pepper, soap, Hops, or tobacco,

oatmeal, woad, or cheeses. All which you may so handle, to enjoy To your own

use, and never stand obliged.

KAS.

I’faith! is he such a fellow?

FACE.

Why, Nab here knows him. And then for making matches for rich widows, Young

gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat’st man! He’s sent to, far and near, all over

England, To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes.

KAS.

God’s will, my suster shall see him.

FACE.

I’ll tell you, sir, What he did tell me of Nab. It’s a strange thing: — By the way, you

must eat no cheese, Nab, it breeds melancholy, And that same melancholy breeds

worms; but pass it: — He told me, honest Nab here was ne’er at tavern But once

in’s life!

DRUG.

Truth, and no more I was not.

FACE.

And then he was so sick —

DRUG.

Could he tell you that too?

FACE.

How should I know it?

DRUG.

In troth we had been a shooting, And had a piece of fat ram-mutton to supper, That

lay so heavy o’ my stomach —

FACE.

And he has no head To bear any wine; for what with the noise of the fidlers, And

care of his shop, for he dares keep no servants —

DRUG.

My head did so ach —

FACE.

And he was fain to be brought home, The doctor told me: and then a good old

woman —

DRUG.

Yes, faith, she dwells in Sea-coal-lane, — did cure me, With sodden ale, and pellitory

of the wall; Cost me but two-pence. I had another sickness Was worse than that.

FACE.

Ay, that was with the grief Thou took’st for being cess’d at eighteen-pence, For the

water-work.

DRUG.

In truth, and it was like T’ have cost me almost my life.

FACE.

Thy hair went off?

DRUG.

Yes, sir; ’twas done for spight.

FACE.

Nay, so says the doctor.

KAS.

Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my suster; I’ll see this learned boy before I go; And

so shall she.

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.

KAS.

I go.

[EXIT.]

FACE.

Drugger, she’s thine: the damask! — [EXIT ABEL.] Subtle and I Must wrestle for

her. [ASIDE.] — Come on, master Dapper, You see how I turn clients here away, To

give your cause dispatch; have you perform’d The ceremonies were enjoin’d you?

DAP.

Yes, of the vinegar, And the clean shirt.

FACE.

’Tis well: that shirt may do you More worship than you think. Your aunt’s a-fire,

But that she will not shew it, t’ have a sight of you. Have you provided for her

grace’s servants?

DAP.

Yes, here are six score Edward shillings.

FACE.

Good!

DAP.

And an old Harry’s sovereign.

FACE.

Very good!

DAP.

And three James shillings, and an Elizabeth groat, Just twenty nobles.

FACE.

O, you are too just. I would you had had the other noble in Maries.

DAP.

I have some Philip and Maries.

FACE.

Ay, those same Are best of all: where are they? Hark, the doctor.

[ENTER SUBTLE, DISGUISED LIKE A PRIEST OF FAIRY, WITH A STRIPE OF

CLOTH.]

SUB [IN A FEIGNED VOICE].

Is yet her grace’s cousin come?

FACE.

He is come.

SUB.

And is he fasting?

FACE.

Yes.

SUB.

And hath cried hum?

FACE.

Thrice, you must answer.

DAP.

Thrice.

SUB.

And as oft buz?

FACE.

If you have, say.

DAP.

I have.

SUB.

Then, to her cuz, Hoping that he hath vinegar’d 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 though to fortune near be her petticoat,

Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth note: And therefore, ev’n of that a piece

she hath sent Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent; And prays him for a

scarf he now will wear it, With as much love as then her grace did tear it, About his

eyes, [THEY BLIND HIM WITH THE RAG,] to shew he is fortunate. 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 — As she would ask it;

— handkerchiefs and all — [HE THROWS AWAY, AS THEY BID HIM.] 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.

DAP.

Truly, there’s all.

FACE.

All what?

DAP.

My money; truly.

FACE.

Keep nothing that is transitory about you. [ASIDE TO SUBTLE.] Bid Dol play

music. — [DOL PLAYS ON THE CITTERN WITHIN.] Look, the elves are come. To

pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.

[THEY PINCH HIM.]

DAP.

O! I have a paper with a spur-ryal in’t.

FACE.

Ti, ti. They knew’t, they say.

SUB.

Ti, ti, ti, ti. He has more yet.

FACE.

Ti, ti-ti-ti. [ASIDE TO SUB.] In the other pocket.

SUB.

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

[THEY PINCH HIM AGAIN.]

DAP.

O, O!

FACE.

Nay, pray you, hold: he is her grace’s nephew, Ti, ti, ti? What care you? good faith,

you shall care. — Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies. Shew You are innocent.

DAP.

By this good light, I have nothing.

SUB.

Ti, ti, ti, ti, to, ta. He does equivocate she says: Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da; and swears

by the LIGHT when he is blinded.

DAP.

By this good DARK, I have nothing but a half-crown Of gold about my wrist, that

my love gave me; And a leaden heart I wore since she forsook me.

FACE.

I thought ’twas something. And would you incur Your aunt’s displeasure for these

trifles? Come, I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns. [TAKES IT

OFF.] You may wear your leaden heart still. — [ENTER DOL HASTILY.] How now!

SUB.

What news, Dol?

DOL.

Yonder’s your knight, sir Mammon.

FACE.

’Ods lid, we never thought of him till now! Where is he?

DOL.

Here hard by: he is at the door.

SUB.

And you are not ready now! Dol, get his suit. [EXIT DOL.] 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?

SUB.

Why, lay him back awhile, With some device. [RE-ENTER DOL, WITH FACE’S

CLOTHES.] — Ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, ti, Would her grace speak with me? I come. — Help, Dol!

[KNOCKING WITHOUT.]

FACE [SPEAKS THROUGH THE KEYHOLE]. 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!

SUB.

Her grace Commends her kindly to you, master Dapper.

DAP.

I long to see her grace.

SUB.

She now is set At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you From her own private

trencher, a dead mouse, And a piece of gingerbread, to be merry withal, And stay

your stomach, lest you faint with fasting: Yet if you could hold out till she saw you,

she says, It would be better for you.

FACE.

Sir, he shall Hold out, an ’twere this two hours, for her highness; I can assure you

that. We will not lose All we have done. —

SUB.

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

FACE.

For that we’ll put, sir, A stay in’s mouth.

SUB.

Of what?

FACE.

Of gingerbread. Make you it fit. He that hath pleas’d her grace Thus far, shall not

now crincle for a little. — Gape, sir, and let him fit you.

[THEY THRUST A GAG OF GINGERBREAD IN HIS MOUTH.]

SUB.

Where shall we now Bestow him?

DOL.

In the privy.

SUB.

Come along, sir, I now must shew you Fortune’s privy lodgings.

FACE.

Are they perfumed, and his bath ready?

SUB.

All: Only the fumigation’s somewhat strong.

FACE [SPEAKING THROUGH THE KEYHOLE].

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

[EXEUNT WITH DAPPER.]

### ACT 4.

#### SCENE 4.1.

A ROOM IN LOVEWIT’S HOUSE.

ENTER FACE AND MAMMON.

FACE.

O sir, you’re come in the only finest time. —

MAM.

Where’s master?

FACE.

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

MAM.

Into gold?

FACE.

To gold and silver, sir.

MAM.

Silver I care not for.

FACE.

Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.

MAM.

Where’s the lady?

FACE.

At hand here. I have told her such brave things of you, Touching your bounty, and

your noble spirit —

MAM.

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. —

MAM.

I warrant thee.

FACE.

Six men [sir] will not hold her down: and then, If the old man should hear or see

you —

MAM.

Fear not.

FACE.

The very house, sir, would run mad. You know it, How scrupulous he is, and violent,

’Gainst the least act of sin. Physic, or mathematics, Poetry, state, or bawdry, as I

told you, She will endure, and never startle; but No word of controversy.

MAM.

I am school’d, good Ulen.

FACE.

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

MAM.

Let me alone: No herald, no, nor antiquary, Lungs, Shall do it better. Go.

FACE [ASIDE].

Why, this is yet A kind of modern happiness, to have Dol Common for a great lady.

[EXIT.]

MAM.

Now, Epicure, Heighten thyself, talk to her all in gold; Rain her as many showers as

Jove did drops Unto his Danae; shew the god a miser, Compared with Mammon.

What! the stone will do’t.

She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep gold; Nay, we will concumbere gold:

I will be puissant, And mighty in my talk to her. — [RE-ENTER FACE, WITH DOL

RICHLY DRESSED.] Here she comes.

FACE.

To him, Dol, suckle him. — This is the noble knight, I told your ladyship —

MAM.

Madam, with your pardon, I kiss your vesture.

DOL.

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

MAM.

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

DOL.

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

FACE [ASIDE].

Well said, my Guinea bird.

MAM.

Right noble madam —

FACE [ASIDE].

O, we shall have most fierce idolatry.

MAM.

’Tis your prerogative.

DOL.

Rather your courtesy.

MAM.

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.

MAM.

Poor! and gat you? profane not. Had your father Slept all the happy remnant of

his life After that act, lien 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.

MAM.

I do see The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost, Nor the drug money used to make

your compound. There is a strange nobility in your eye, This lip, that chin! methinks

you do resemble One of the Austriac princes.

FACE.

Very like! [ASIDE.] Her father was an Irish costermonger.

MAM.

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

Florence boast.

DOL.

Troth, and I have been liken’d To all these princes.

FACE [ASIDE].

I’ll be sworn, I heard it.

MAM.

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

FACE [ASIDE].

I’ll in, and laugh.

[EXIT.]

MAM.

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

DOL.

O, you play the courtier.

MAM.

Good lady, give me leave —

DOL.

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

MAM.

To burn in this sweet flame; The phoenix never knew a nobler death.

DOL.

Nay, now you court the courtier, and destroy What you would build. This art, sir,

in your words, Calls your whole faith in question.

MAM.

By my soul —

DOL.

Nay, oaths are made of the same air, sir.

MAM.

Nature Never bestow’d upon mortality A more unblamed, a more harmonious

feature; She play’d the step-dame in all faces else: Sweet Madam, let me be

particular —

DOL.

Particular, sir! I pray you know your distance.

MAM.

In no ill sense, sweet lady; but to ask How your fair graces pass the hours? I see

You are lodged here, 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.

MAM.

O, I cry your pardon. He’s a divine instructor! can extract The souls of all things by

his art; call all The virtues, and the miracles of the sun, Into a temperate furnace;

teach dull nature What her own forces are. A man, the emperor Has courted above

Kelly; sent his medals

And chains, to invite him.

DOL.

Ay, and for his physic, sir —

MAM.

Above the art of Aesculapius, That drew the envy of the thunderer! I know all this,

and more.

DOL.

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

MAM.

It is a noble humour; but this form Was not intended to so dark a use. Had you

been crooked, foul, of some coarse mould A cloister had done well; but such a

feature That might stand up the glory of a kingdom, To live recluse! is a mere

soloecism, Though in a nunnery. It must not be. I muse, my lord your brother will

permit it: You should spend half my land first, were I he. Does not this diamond

better on my finger, Than in the quarry?

DOL.

Yes.

MAM.

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?

MAM.

Yes, the strongest bands. And take a secret too — here, by your side, Doth stand

this hour, the happiest man in Europe.

DOL.

You are contended, sir!

MAM.

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

DOL.

Say you so, sir Epicure?

MAM.

Yes, and thou shalt prove it, Daughter of honour. I have cast mine eye Upon thy

form, and I will rear this beauty Above all styles.

DOL.

You mean no treason, sir?

MAM.

No, I will take away that jealousy. I am the lord of the philosopher’s stone, And

thou the lady.

DOL.

How, sir! have you that?

MAM.

I am the master of the mystery. This day the good old wretch here o’ the house Has

made it for us: now he’s at projection. Think therefore thy first wish now, let me

hear it; And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower, But floods of gold, whole cataracts,

a deluge, To get a nation on thee.

DOL.

You are pleased, sir, To work on the ambition of our sex.

MAM.

I am pleased the glory of her sex should know, This nook, here, of the Friars is no

climate For her to live obscurely in, to learn Physic and surgery, for the constable’s

wife Of some odd hundred in Essex; but come forth, And taste the air of palaces;

eat, drink The toils of empirics, and their boasted practice; Tincture of pearl, and

coral, gold, and amber; Be seen at feasts and triumphs; have it ask’d, What miracle

she is; set all the eyes Of court a-fire, like a burning glass, And work them into

cinders, when the jewels Of twenty states adorn thee, and the light Strikes out the

stars! that when thy name is mention’d, Queens may look pale; and we but shewing

our love, Nero’s Poppaea may be lost in story! Thus will we have it.

DOL.

I could well consent, sir. But, in a monarchy, how will this be? The prince will soon

take notice, and both seize You and your stone, it being a wealth unfit For any

private subject.

MAM.

If he knew it.

DOL.

Yourself do boast it, sir.

MAM.

To thee, my life.

DOL.

O, but beware, sir! You may come to end The remnants of your days in a loth’d

prison, By speaking of it.

MAM.

’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 boil’d in silver shells; Our shrimps to swim again, as when they liv’d,

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.

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

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?

MAM.

Excellent! Lungs. There’s for thee.

[GIVES HIM MONEY.]

FACE.

But do you hear? Good sir, beware, no mention of the rabbins.

MAM.

We think not on ’em.

[EXEUNT MAM. AND DOL.]

FACE.

O, it is well, sir. — Subtle! [ENTER SUBTLE.] Dost thou not laugh?

SUB.

Yes; are they gone?

FACE.

All’s clear.

SUB.

The widow is come.

FACE.

And your quarrelling disciple?

SUB.

Ay.

FACE.

I must to my captainship again then.

SUB.

Stay, bring them in first.

FACE.

So I meant. What is she? A bonnibel?

SUB.

I know not.

FACE.

We’ll draw lots: You’ll stand to that?

SUB.

What else?

FACE.

O, for a suit, To fall now like a curtain, flap!

SUB.

To the door, man.

FACE.

You’ll have the first kiss, ’cause I am not ready.

[EXIT.]

SUB.

Yes, and perhaps hit you through both the nostrils.

FACE [WITHIN].

Who would you speak with?

KAS [WITHIN].

Where’s the captain?

FACE [WITHIN].

Gone, sir, About some business.

KAS [WITHIN].

Gone!

FACE [WITHIN].

He’ll return straight. But master doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

[ENTER KASTRIL, FOLLOWED BY DAME PLIANT.]

SUB.

Come near, my worshipful boy, my terrae fili, That is, my boy of land; make thy

approaches: Welcome; I know thy lusts, and thy desires, And I will serve and satisfy

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

ground thy quarrel.

KAS.

You lie.

SUB.

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

KAS.

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

SUB.

O, this is no true grammar, And as ill logic! You must render causes, child, Your

first and second intentions, know your canons And your divisions, moods, degrees,

and differences, Your predicaments, substance, and accident, Series, extern and

intern, with their causes, Efficient, material, formal, final, And have your elements

perfect.

KAS [ASIDE].

What is this? The angry tongue he talks in?

SUB.

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.

KAS.

How must I do then, sir?

SUB.

I cry this lady mercy: she should first Have been saluted. [KISSES HER.] I do call

you lady, Because you are to be one, ere’t be long, My soft and buxom widow.

KAS.

Is she, i’faith?

SUB.

Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.

KAS.

How know you?

SUB.

By inspection on her forehead, And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted Often

to make a judgment. [KISSES HER AGAIN.] ’Slight, she melts Like a myrobolane:

— here is yet a line, In rivo frontis, tells me he is no knight.

DAME P.

What is he then, sir?

SUB.

Let me see your hand. O, your linea fortunae makes it plain; And stella here in

monte Veneris. But, most of all, junctura annularis. He is a soldier, or a man of art,

lady, But shall have some great honour shortly.

DAME P.

Brother, He’s a rare man, believe me!

[RE-ENTER FACE, IN HIS UNIFORM.]

KAS.

Hold your peace. Here comes the t’other rare man. — ’Save you, captain.

FACE.

Good master Kastril! Is this your sister?

KAS.

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

FACE.

I shall be proud to know you, lady. [KISSES HER.]

DAME P.

Brother, He calls me lady too.

KAS.

Ay, peace: I heard it. [TAKES HER ASIDE.]

FACE.

The count is come.

SUB.

Where is he?

FACE.

At the door.

SUB.

Why, you must entertain him.

FACE.

What will you do With these the while?

SUB.

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

FACE.

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

[EXIT.]

SUB.

Must you! ay, if your fortune will, you must. — Come, sir, the captain will come to

us presently: I’ll have you to my chamber of demonstrations, Where I will shew you

both the grammar and logic, And rhetoric of quarrelling; my whole method Drawn

out in tables; and my instrument, That hath the several scales upon’t, shall make

you Able to quarrel at a straw’s-breadth by moon-light. And, lady, I’ll have you

look in a glass, Some half an hour, but to clear your eye-sight, Against you see your

fortune; which is greater, Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.

[EXIT, FOLLOWED BY KAST. AND DAME P.]

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Where are you, doctor?

SUB [WITHIN]. I’ll come to you presently.

FACE.

I will have this same widow, now I have seen her, On any composition.

[RE-ENTER SUBTLE.]

SUB.

What do you say?

FACE.

Have you disposed of them?

SUB.

I have sent them up.

FACE.

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

SUB.

Is that the matter?

FACE.

Nay, but hear me.

SUB.

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

chance.

FACE.

Nay, thou art so violent now — Do but conceive, Thou art old, and canst not serve —

SUB.

Who cannot? I? ’Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a —

FACE.

Nay, But understand: I’ll give you composition.

SUB.

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

[EXIT.]

SUB.

I follow you, sir. We must keep Face in awe, Or he will over-look us like a tyrant.

[RE-ENTER FACE, INTRODUCING SURLY DISGUISED AS A SPANIARD.] Brain

of a tailor! who comes here? Don John!

SUR.

Senores, beso las manos a vuestras mercedes.

SUB.

Would you had stoop’d a little, and kist our anos!

FACE.

Peace, Subtle.

SUB.

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

Serv’d in by a short cloke upon two trestles.

FACE.

Or, what do you say to a collar of brawn, cut down Beneath the souse, and wriggled

with a knife?

SUB.

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

FACE.

Perhaps some Fleming or some Hollander got him In d’Alva’s time; count Egmont’s

bastard.

SUB.

Don, Your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.

SUR.

Gratia.

SUB.

He speaks out of a fortification. Pray God he have no squibs in those deep sets.

SUR.

Por dios, senores, muy linda casa!

SUB.

What says he?

FACE.

Praises the house, I think; I know no more but’s action.

SUB.

Yes, the casa, My precious Diego, will prove fair enough To cozen you in. Do you

mark? you shall Be cozen’d, Diego.

FACE.

Cozen’d, do you see, My worthy Donzel, cozen’d.

SUR.

Entiendo.

SUB.

Do you intend it? so do we, dear Don. Have you brought pistolets, or portagues, My

solemn Don? — Dost thou feel any?

FACE [FEELS HIS POCKETS]. Full.

SUB.

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

FACE.

Milked, in troth, sweet Don.

SUB.

See all the monsters; the great lion of all, Don.

SUR.

Con licencia, se puede ver a esta senora?

SUB.

What talks he now?

FACE.

Of the sennora.

SUB.

O, Don, This is the lioness, which you shall see Also, my Don.

FACE.

’Slid, Subtle, how shall we do?

SUB.

For what?

FACE.

Why Dol’s employ’d, you know.

SUB.

That’s true. ’Fore heaven, I know not: he must stay, that’s all.

FACE.

Stay! that he must not by no means.

SUB.

No! why?

FACE.

Unless you’ll mar all. ’Slight, he will suspect it: And then he will not pay, not half so

well. This is a travelled punk-master, and does know All the delays; a notable hot

rascal, And looks already rampant.

SUB.

’Sdeath, and Mammon Must not be troubled.

FACE.

Mammon! in no case.

SUB.

What shall we do then?

FACE.

Think: you must be sudden.

SUR.

Entiendo que la senora es tan hermosa, que codicio tan 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’t.

It is but one man more, Which of us chance to have her: and beside, There is no

maidenhead to be fear’d or lost. What dost thou think on’t, Subtle?

SUB.

Who. I? why —

FACE.

The credit of our house too is engaged.

SUB.

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.

SUB.

’Slight, I’ll not work her then.

FACE.

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

SUB.

I care not.

SUR.

Senores, porque se tarda tanto?

SUB.

Faith, I am not fit, I am old.

FACE.

That’s now no reason, sir.

SUR.

Puede ser de hazer burla de mi amor?

FACE.

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

SUB.

A plague of hell —

FACE.

Will you then do?

SUB.

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’t better.

SUB.

With all my heart, sir; Am I discharged o’ the lot?

FACE.

As you please.

SUB.

Hands.

[THEY TAKE HANDS.]

FACE.

Remember now, that upon any change, You never claim her.

SUB.

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

SUR.

Por estas honradas barbas —

SUB.

He swears by his beard. Dispatch, and call the brother too.

[EXIT FACE.]

SUR.

Tengo duda, senores, que no me hagan alguna traycion.

SUB.

How, issue on? yes, praesto, sennor. Please you Enthratha the chambrata, worthy

don: Where if you please the fates, in your bathada, You shall be soked, and

stroked, and tubb’d and rubb’d, And scrubb’d, and fubb’d, dear don, before you

go. You shall in faith, my scurvy baboon don, Be curried, claw’d, and flaw’d, and

taw’d, indeed. 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.

[EXEUNT SUB. AND SURLY.]

#### SCENE 4.2.

ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

ENTER FACE, KASTRIL, AND DAME PLIANT.

FACE.

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

her fortune.

KAS.

To be a countess, say you, a Spanish countess, sir?

DAME P.

Why, is that better than an English countess?

FACE.

Better! ’Slight, make you that a question, lady?

KAS.

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

FACE.

Ask from your courtier, to your inns-of-court-man, To your mere milliner; they will

tell you all, Your Spanish gennet is the best horse; your Spanish Stoup is the best

garb; your Spanish beard Is the best cut; your Spanish ruffs are the best Wear; your

Spanish pavin the best dance; Your Spanish titillation in a glove The best perfume:

and for your Spanish pike, And Spanish blade, let your poor captain speak — Here

comes the doctor.

[ENTER SUBTLE, WITH A PAPER.]

SUB.

My most honour’d lady, For so I am now to style you, having found By this my

scheme, you are to undergo An honourable fortune, very shortly. What will you say

now, if some —

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.

SUB.

Still, my scarce-worshipful captain, you can keep No secret! Well, since he has told

you, madam, Do you forgive him, and I do.

KAS.

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

SUB.

Well then: nought rests But that she fit her love now to her fortune.

DAME P.

Truly I shall never brook a Spaniard.

SUB.

No!

DAME P.

Never since eighty-eight could I abide them, And that was some three year afore I

was born, in truth.

SUB.

Come, you must love him, or be miserable, Choose which you will.

FACE.

By this good rush, persuade her, She will cry strawberries else within this

twelvemonth.

SUB.

Nay, shads and mackerel, which is worse.

FACE.

Indeed, sir!

KAS.

Od’s lid, you shall love him, or I’ll kick you.

DAME P.

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

KAS.

Do, Or by this hand I’ll maul you.

FACE.

Nay, good sir, Be not so fierce.

SUB.

No, my enraged child; She will be ruled. What, when she comes to taste The

pleasures of a countess! to be courted —

FACE.

And kiss’d, and ruffled!

SUB.

Ay, behind the hangings.

FACE.

And then come forth in pomp!

SUB.

And know her state!

FACE.

Of keeping all the idolaters of the chamber Barer to her, than at their prayers!

SUB.

Is serv’d Upon the knee!

FACE.

And has her pages, ushers, Footmen, and coaches —

SUB.

Her six mares —

FACE.

Nay, eight!

SUB.

To hurry her through London, to the Exchange, Bethlem, the china-houses —

FACE.

Yes, and have The citizens gape at her, and praise her tires, And my lord’s goose-

turd bands, that ride with her!

KAS.

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

DAME P.

I will not refuse, brother.

[ENTER SURLY.]

SUR.

Que es esto, senores, que no venga? Esta tardanza me mata!

FACE.

It is the count come: The doctor knew he would be here, by his art.

SUB.

En gallanta madama, Don! gallantissima!

SUR.

Por todos los dioses, la mas acabada hermosura, que he visto en mi vida!

FACE.

Is’t not a gallant language that they speak?

KAS.

An admirable language! Is’t not French?

FACE.

No, Spanish, sir.

KAS.

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

FACE.

List, sir.

SUR.

El sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el esplandor que trae esta dama! Valgame dios!

FACE.

He admires your sister.

KAS.

Must not she make curt’sy?

SUB.

Ods 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.

SUR.

Porque no se acude?

KAS.

He speaks to her, I think.

FACE.

That he does, sir.

SUR.

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

KAS.

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

DAME P.

What say you, brother?

KAS.

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.

SUR.

Senora mia, mi persona esta muy indigna de allegar a tanta hermosura.

FACE.

Does he not use her bravely?

KAS.

Bravely, i’faith!

FACE.

Nay, he will use her better.

KAS.

Do you think so?

SUR.

Senora, si sera servida, entremonos.

[EXIT WITH DAME PLIANT.]

KAS.

Where does he carry her?

FACE.

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

SUB.

Give Dol the word. [ASIDE TO FACE, WHO GOES OUT.] — Come, my fierce child,

advance, We’ll to our quarrelling lesson again.

KAS.

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

SUB.

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

KAS.

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

SUB.

’Pray God your sister prove but pliant!

KAS.

Why, Her name is so, by her other husband.

SUB.

How!

KAS.

The widow Pliant. Knew you not that?

SUB.

No, faith, sir; Yet, by erection of her figure, I guest it. Come, let’s go practise.

KAS.

Yes, but do you think, doctor, I e’er shall quarrel well?

SUB.

I warrant you.

[EXEUNT.]

#### SCENE 4.3.

ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

ENTER DOL IN HER FIT OF RAVING, FOLLOWED BY MAMMON.

DOL.

“For after Alexander’s death” —

MAM.

Good lady —

DOL.

“That Perdiccas and Antigonus, were slain, The two that stood, Seleuc’, and

Ptolomee” —

MAM.

Madam —

DOL.

“Made up the two legs, and the fourth beast, That was Gog-north, and Egypt-south:

which after Was call’d Gog-iron-leg and South-iron-leg” —

MAM.

Lady —

DOL.

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

—

MAM.

Sweet madam —

DOL.

“And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall In the last link of the fourth chain.

And these Be stars in story, which none see, or look at” —

MAM.

What shall I do?

DOL.

“For,” as he says, “except We call the rabbins, and the heathen Greeks” —

MAM.

Dear lady —

DOL.

“To come from Salem, and from Athens, And teach the people of Great Britain” —

[ENTER FACE, HASTILY, IN HIS SERVANT’S DRESS.]

FACE.

What’s the matter, sir?

DOL.

“To speak the tongue of Eber, and Javan” —

MAM.

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!

DOL.

“A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high” —

MAM.

Sweet honourable lady!

DOL.

“To comprise All sounds of voices, in few marks of letters” —

FACE.

Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.

[THEY ALL SPEAK TOGETHER.]

DOL.

“And so we may arrive by Talmud skill, And profane Greek, to raise the building

up Of Helen’s house against the Ismaelite, King of Thogarma, and his habergions

Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the force Of king Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim:

Which rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos, And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome.”

FACE.

How did you put her into’t?

MAM.

Alas, I talk’d 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.

MAM.

Is’t best?

FACE.

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

SUB [WITHIN]. What’s to do there?

FACE.

O, we are lost! Now she hears him, she is quiet.

[ENTER SUBTLE, THEY RUN DIFFERENT WAYS.]

MAM.

Where shall I hide me!

SUB.

How! what sight is here? Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light! Bring

him again. Who is he? What, my son! O, I have lived too long.

MAM.

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

SUB.

Not? and flee me When I come in?

MAM.

That was my error.

SUB.

Error? Guilt, guilt, my son: give it the right name. No marvel, If I found check in

our great work within, When such affairs as these were managing!

MAM.

Why, have you so?

SUB.

It has stood still this half hour: And all the rest of our less works gone back. Where

is the instrument of wickedness, My lewd false drudge?

MAM.

Nay, good sir, blame not him; Believe me, ’twas against his will or knowledge: I saw

her by chance.

SUB.

Will you commit more sin, To excuse a varlet?

MAM.

By my hope, ’tis true, sir.

SUB.

Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom The blessing was prepared, would so

tempt heaven, And lose your fortunes.

MAM.

Why, sir?

SUB.

This will retard The work a month at least.

MAM.

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

honest.

SUB.

As they were, So the reward will prove. [A LOUD EXPLOSION WITHIN.] — How

now! ah me! God, and all saints be good to us. — [RE-ENTER FACE.] What’s that?

FACE.

O, sir, we are defeated! all the works Are flown in fumo, every glass is burst;

Furnace, and all rent down, as if a bolt Of thunder had been driven through the

house. Retorts, receivers, pelicans, bolt-heads, All struck in shivers! [SUBTLE

FALLS DOWN AS IN A SWOON.] Help, good sir! alas, Coldness and death invades

him. Nay, sir Mammon, Do the fair offices of a man! you stand, As you were readier

to depart than he. [KNOCKING WITHIN.] Who’s there? my lord her brother is c

ome.

MAM.

Ha, Lungs!

FACE.

His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight, For he’s as furious as his sister’s mad.

MAM.

Alas!

FACE.

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

again.

MAM.

Is all lost, Lungs? will nothing be preserv’d Of all our cost?

FACE.

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

MAM.

O, my voluptuous mind! I am justly punish’d.

FACE.

And so am I, sir.

MAM.

Cast from all my hopes —

FACE.

Nay, certainties, sir.

MAM.

By mine own base affections.

SUB [SEEMING TO COME TO HIMSELF].

O, the curst fruits of vice and lust!

MAM.

Good father, It was my sin. Forgive it.

SUB.

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

man!

FACE.

Nay, look, sir, You grieve him now with staying in his sight: Good sir, the nobleman

will come too, and take you, And that may breed a tragedy.

MAM.

I’ll go.

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 —

MAM.

Yes.

FACE.

For the restoring such as — have their wits.

MAM.

I’ll do’t.

FACE.

I’ll send one to you to receive it.

MAM.

Do. Is no projection left?

FACE.

All flown, or stinks, sir.

MAM.

Will nought be sav’d that’s good for med’cine, think’st thou?

FACE.

I cannot tell, sir. There will be perhaps, Something about the scraping of the shards,

Will cure the itch, — though not your itch of mind, sir. [ASIDE.] It shall be saved

for you, and sent home. Good sir, This way, for fear the lord should meet you.

[EXIT MAMMON.]

SUB [RAISING HIS HEAD].

Face!

FACE.

Ay.

SUB.

Is he gone?

FACE.

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

though.

SUB [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.

SUB.

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.

SUB.

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?

SUB.

And fetch him over too, if you’ll be pleased, sir: Would Dol were in her place, to

pick his pockets now!

FACE.

Why, you can do’t as well, if you would set to’t. I pray you prove your virtue.

SUB.

For your sake sir.

[EXEUNT.]

#### SCENE 4.4.

ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

[ENTER SURLY AND DAME PLIANT.]

SUR.

Lady, you see into what hands you are fall’n; ’Mongst what a nest of villains! and

how near Your honour was t’ have catch’d a certain clap, Through your credulity,

had I but been So punctually forward, as place, time, And other circumstances

would have made a man; For you’re a handsome woman: would you were wise too!

I am a gentleman come here disguised, Only to find the knaveries of this citadel;

And where I might have wrong’d your honour, and have not, I claim some interest

in your love. You are, They say, a widow, rich: and I’m a batchelor, Worth nought:

your fortunes may make me a man, As mine have preserv’d you a woman. Think

upon it, And whether I have deserv’d you or no.

DAME P.

I will, sir.

SUR.

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

[ENTER SUBTLE.]

SUB.

How doth my noble Diego, And my dear madam countess? hath the count Been

courteous, lady? liberal, and open? Donzel, methinks you look melancholic, After

your coitum, and scurvy: truly, I do not like the dulness of your eye; It hath a heavy

cast, ’tis upsee Dutch, And says you are a lumpish whore-master. Be lighter, and I

will make your pockets so. [ATTEMPTS TO PICK THEM.]

SUR [THROWS OPEN HIS CLOAK].

Will you, don bawd and pickpurse? [STRIKES HIM DOWN.] how now! reel you?

Stand up, sir, you shall find, since I am so heavy, I’ll give you equal weight.

SUB.

Help! murder!

SUR.

No, sir, There’s no such thing intended: a good cart, And a clean whip shall ease you

of that fear. I am the Spanish don “that should be cozen’d, Do you see, cozen’d?”

Where’s your Captain Face, That parcel broker, and whole-bawd, all rascal!

[ENTER FACE, IN HIS UNIFORM.]

FACE.

How, Surly!

SUR.

O, make your approach, good captain. I have found from whence your copper

rings and spoons Come, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns. ’Twas here

you learned t’ anoint your boot with brimstone, Then rub men’s gold on’t for a

kind of touch, And say ’twas naught, when you had changed the colour, That you

might have’t for nothing. And this doctor, Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he

Will close you so much gold, in a bolt’s-head, And, on a turn, convey in the stead

another With sublimed mercury, that shall burst in the heat, And fly out all in

fumo! Then weeps Mammon; Then swoons his worship. [FACE SLIPS OUT.] Or,

he is the Faustus, That casteth figures and can conjure, cures Plagues, piles, and

pox, by the ephemerides, And holds intelligence with all the bawds And midwives

of three shires: while you send in — Captain! — what! is he gone? — damsels with

child, Wives that are barren, or the waiting-maid With the green sickness. [SEIZES

SUBTLE AS HE IS RETIRING.] — Nay, sir, you must tarry, Though he be scaped;

and answer by the ears, sir.

[RE-ENTER FACE, WITH KASTRIL.]

FACE.

Why, now’s the time, if ever you will quarrel Well, as they say, and be a true-born

child: The doctor and your sister both are abused.

KAS.

Where is he? which is he? he is a slave, Whate’er he is, and the son of a whore. —

Are you The man, sir, I would know?

SUR.

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

KAS.

Then you lie in your throat.

SUR.

How!

FACE [TO KASTRIL].

A very errant rogue, sir, and a cheater, Employ’d here by another conjurer That

does not love the doctor, and would cross him, If he knew how.

SUR.

Sir, you are abused.

KAS.

You lie: And ’tis no matter.

FACE.

Well said, sir! He is The impudent’st rascal —

SUR.

You are indeed: Will you hear me, sir?

FACE.

By no means: bid him be gone.

KAS.

Begone, sir, quickly.

SUR.

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

FACE.

There is not such a foist in all the town, The doctor had him presently; and finds

yet, The Spanish count will come here. [ASIDE.] — Bear up, Subtle.

SUB.

Yes, sir, he must appear within this hour.

FACE.

And yet this rogue would come in a disguise, By the temptation of another spirit,

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

KAS.

Ay, I know — Away, [TO HIS SISTER.] you talk like a foolish mauther.

SUR.

Sir, all is truth she says.

FACE.

Do not believe him, sir. He is the lying’st swabber! Come your ways, sir.

SUR.

You are valiant out of company!

KAS.

Yes, how then, sir?

[ENTER DRUGGER, WITH A PIECE OF DAMASK.]

FACE.

Nay, here’s an honest fellow, too, that knows him, And all his tricks. Make good

what I say, Abel, This cheater would have cozen’d thee o’ the widow. — [ASIDE TO

DRUG.] He owes this honest Drugger here, seven pound, He has had on him, in

two-penny’orths of tobacco.

DRUG.

Yes, sir. And he has damn’d himself three terms to pay me.

FACE.

And what does he owe for lotium?

DRUG.

Thirty shillings, sir; And for six syringes.

SUR.

Hydra of villainy!

FACE.

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

KAS.

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

SUR.

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

KAS.

It is my humour: you are a pimp and a trig, And an Amadis de Gaul, or a Don

Quixote.

DRUG.

Or a knight o’ the curious coxcomb, do you see?

[ENTER ANANIAS.]

ANA.

Peace to the household!

KAS.

I’ll keep peace for no man.

ANA.

Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.

KAS.

Is he the constable?

SUB.

Peace, Ananias.

FACE.

No, sir.

KAS.

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

SUR.

You’ll hear me, sir?

KAS.

I will not.

ANA.

What is the motive?

SUB.

Zeal in the young gentleman, Against his Spanish slops.

ANA.

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

SUR.

New rascals!

KAS.

Will you begone, sir?

ANA.

Avoid, Sathan! Thou art not of the light: That ruff of pride About thy neck, betrays

thee; and is the same With that which the unclean birds, in seventy-seven, Were

seen to prank it with on divers coasts: Thou look’st like antichrist, in that lewd hat.

SUR.

I must give way.

KAS.

Be gone, sir.

SUR.

But I’ll take A course with you —

ANA.

Depart, proud Spanish fiend!

SUR.

Captain and doctor.

ANA.

Child of perdition!

KAS.

Hence, sir! — [EXIT SURLY.] Did I not quarrel bravely?

FACE.

Yes, indeed, sir.

KAS.

Nay, an I give my mind to’t, I shall do’t.

FACE.

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

KAS.

I’ll re-turn him then.

[EXIT.]

[SUBTLE TAKES ANANIAS ASIDE.]

FACE.

Drugger, this rogue prevented us for thee: We had determin’d that thou should’st

have come In a Spanish suit, and have carried her so; and he, A brokerly slave!

goes, puts it on himself. Hast brought the damask?

DRUG.

Yes, sir.

FACE.

Thou must borrow A Spanish suit. Hast thou no credit with the players?

DRUG.

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

FACE.

I know not, Nab: — Thou shalt, if I can help it. — [ASIDE.] Hieronimo’s old

cloak, ruff, and hat will serve; I’ll tell thee more when thou bring’st ’em. [EXIT

DRUGGER.]

ANA.

Sir, I know The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath spies Upon their actions:

and that this was one I make no scruple. — But the holy synod Have been in prayer

and meditation for it; And ’tis revealed no less to them than me, That casting of

money is most lawful.

SUB.

True. But here I cannot do it: if the house Shou’d chance to be suspected, all would

out, And we be locked up in the Tower for ever, To make gold there for the state,

never come out; And then are you defeated.

ANA.

I will tell This to the elders and the weaker brethren, That the whole company of

the separation May join in humble prayer again.

SUB.

And fasting.

ANA.

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

[EXIT.]

SUB.

Thanks, courteous Ananias.

FACE.

What did he come for?

SUB.

About casting dollars, Presently out of hand. And so I told him, A Spanish minister

came here to spy, Against the faithful —

FACE.

I conceive. Come, Subtle, Thou art so down upon the least disaster! How wouldst

thou ha’ done, if I had not help’t thee out?

SUB.

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

FACE.

Who would have look’d it should have been that rascal, Surly? he had dyed his

beard and all. Well, sir. Here’s damask come to make you a suit.

SUB.

Where’s Drugger?

FACE.

He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habit; I’ll be the count, now.

SUB.

But where’s the widow?

FACE.

Within, with my lord’s sister; madam Dol Is entertaining her.

SUB.

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

FACE.

You will not offer it.

SUB.

Why?

FACE.

Stand to your word, Or — here comes Dol, she knows —

SUB.

You are tyrannous still.

[ENTER DOL, HASTILY.]

FACE.

Strict for my right. — How now, Dol! Hast [thou] told her, The Spanish count will

come?

DOL.

Yes; but another is come, You little look’d for!

FACE.

Who’s that?

DOL.

Your master; The master of the house.

SUB.

How, Dol!

FACE.

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

DOL.

Look out, and see.

[FACE GOES TO THE WINDOW.]

SUB.

Art thou in earnest?

DOL.

’Slight, 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.

SUB.

You said he would not come, While there died one a week within the liberties.

FACE.

No: ’twas within the walls.

SUB.

Was’t so! cry you mercy. I thought the liberties. What shall we do now, Face?

FACE.

Be silent: not a word, if he call or knock. 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 to-day, if

I cannot longer: and then At night, I’ll ship you both away to Ratcliff, Where we

will meet to-morrow, and there we’ll share. Let Mammon’s brass and pewter keep

the cellar; We’ll have another time for that. But, Dol, ’Prythee go heat a little water

quickly; Subtle must shave me: all my captain’s beard Must off, to make me appear

smooth Jeremy. You’ll do it?

SUB.

Yes, I’ll shave you, as well as I can.

FACE.

And not cut my throat, but trim me?

SUB.

You shall see, sir.

[EXEUNT.]

### ACT 5.

#### SCENE 5.1.

BEFORE LOVEWIT’S DOOR.

ENTER LOVEWIT, WITH SEVERAL OF THE NEIGHBOURS.

LOVE.

Has there been such resort, say you?

1 NEI.

Daily, sir.

2 NEI.

And nightly, too.

3 NEI.

Ay, some as brave as lords.

4 NEI.

Ladies and gentlewomen.

5 NEI.

Citizens’ wives.

1 NEI.

And knights.

6 NEI.

In coaches.

2 NEI.

Yes, and oyster women.

1 NEI.

Beside other gallants.

3 NEI.

Sailors’ wives.

4 NEI.

Tobacco men.

5 NEI.

Another Pimlico!

LOVE.

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?

6 NEI.

No, sir.

3 NEI.

We had gone in then, sir.

LOVE.

He has no gift Of teaching in the nose that e’er I knew of. You saw no bills set up

that promised cure Of agues, or the tooth-ach?

2 NEI.

No such thing, sir!

LOVE.

Nor heard a drum struck for baboons or puppets?

5 NEI.

Neither, sir.

LOVE.

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, and my bedding! I left him nothing else. If he have eat them, A plague o’

the moth, say I! Sure he has got Some bawdy pictures to call all this ging! The friar

and the nun; or the new motion Of the knight’s courser covering the parson’s mare;

Or ’t may be, he has the fleas that run at tilt Upon a table, or some dog to dance.

When saw you him?

1 NEI.

Who, sir, Jeremy?

2 NEI.

Jeremy butler? We saw him not this month.

LOVE.

How!

4 NEI.

Not these five weeks, sir.

6 NEI.

These six weeks at the least.

LOVE.

You amaze me, neighbours!

5 NEI.

Sure, if your worship know not where he is, He’s slipt away.

6 NEI.

Pray God, he be not made away.

LOVE.

Ha! it’s no time to question, then.

[KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.]

6 NEI.

About Some three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry, As I sat up a mending my

wife’s stockings.

LOVE.

’Tis strange that none will answer! Didst thou hear A cry, sayst thou?

6 NEI.

Yes, sir, like unto a man That had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.

2 NEI.

I heard it too, just this day three weeks, at two o’clock Next morning.

LOVE.

These be miracles, or you make them so! A man an hour strangled, and could not

speak, And both you heard him cry?

3 NEI.

Yes, downward, sir.

Love, Thou art a wise fellow. Give me thy hand, I pray thee. What trade art thou

on?

3 NEI.

A smith, an’t please your worship.

LOVE.

A smith! then lend me thy help to get this door open.

3 NEI.

That I will presently, sir, but fetch my tools —

[EXIT.]

1 NEI.

Sir, best to knock again, afore you break it.

LOVE [KNOCKS AGAIN].

I will.

[ENTER FACE, IN HIS BUTLER’S LIVERY.]

FACE.

What mean you, sir?

1, 2, 4 NEI.

O, here’s Jeremy!

FACE.

Good sir, come from the door.

LOVE.

Why, what’s the matter?

FACE.

Yet farther, you are too near yet.

LOVE.

In the name of wonder, What means the fellow!

FACE.

The house, sir, has been visited.

LOVE.

What, with the plague? stand thou then farther.

FACE.

No, sir, I had it not.

LOVE.

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 Convey’d away in the night: and so I shut The house up for a

month —

LOVE.

How!

FACE.

Purposing then, sir, To have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar, And have made

it sweet, that you shou’d ne’er have known it; Because I knew the news would but

afflict you, sir.

LOVE.

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!

LOVE.

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

threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hogsden, In days of Pimlico and Eye-

bright.

FACE.

Sir, Their wisdoms will not say so.

LOVE.

To-day 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. But that ’tis yet not

deep in the afternoon, I should believe my neighbours had seen double Through

the black pot, and made these apparitions! For, on my faith to your worship, for

these three weeks And upwards the door has not been open’d.

LOVE.

Strange!

1 NEI.

Good faith, I think I saw a coach.

2 NEI.

And I too, I’d have been sworn.

LOVE.

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

4 NEI.

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

FACE.

Did you see me at all?

1 NEI.

No; that we are sure on.

2 NEI.

I’ll be sworn o’ that.

LOVE.

Fine rogues to have your testimonies built on!

[RE-ENTER THIRD NEIGHBOUR, WITH HIS TOOLS.]

3 NEI.

Is Jeremy come!

1 NEI.

O yes; you may leave your tools; We were deceived, he says.

2 NEI.

He has had the keys; And the door has been shut these three weeks.

3 NEI.

Like enough.

LOVE.

Peace, and get hence, you changelings.

[ENTER SURLY AND MAMMON.]

FACE [ASIDE].

Surly come! And Mammon made acquainted! they’ll tell all. How shall I beat them

off? what shall I do? Nothing’s more wretched than a guilty conscience.

SUR.

No, sir, he was a great physician. This, It was no bawdy-house, but a mere chancel!

You knew the lord and his sister.

MAM.

Nay, good Surly. —

SUR.

The happy word, BE RICH —

MAM.

Play not the tyrant. —

SUR.

“Should be to-day pronounced to all your friends.” And where be your andirons

now? and your brass pots, That should have been golden flagons, and great wedges?

MAM.

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

SUR.

Ay, now ’tis holiday with them.

MAM.

Rogues, [HE AND SURLY KNOCK.] Cozeners, impostors, bawds!

FACE.

What mean you, sir?

MAM.

To enter if we can.

FACE.

Another man’s house! Here is the owner, sir: turn you to him, And speak your

business.

MAM.

Are you, sir, the owner?

LOVE.

Yes, sir.

MAM.

And are those knaves within your cheaters!

LOVE.

What knaves, what cheaters?

MAM.

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.

SUR.

Your word, Groom arrogant!

FACE.

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

SUR.

This is a new Face.

FACE.

You do mistake the house, sir: What sign was’t at?

SUR.

You rascal! this is one Of the confederacy. Come, let’s get officers, And force the door.

LOVE.

’Pray you stay, gentlemen.

SUR.

No, sir, we’ll come with warrant.

MAM.

Ay, and then We shall have your doors open.

[EXEUNT MAM. AND SUR.]

LOVE.

What means this?

FACE.

I cannot tell, sir.

1 NEI.

These are two of the gallants That we do think we saw.

FACE.

Two of the fools! Your talk as idly as they. Good faith, sir, I think the moon has

crazed ’em all. — [ASIDE.] O me, [ENTER KASTRIL.] The angry boy come too!

He’ll make a noise, And ne’er away till he have betray’d us all.

KAS [KNOCKING].

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?

KAS.

The bawdy doctor, and the cozening captain, And puss my suster.

LOVE.

This is something, sure.

FACE.

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

KAS.

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

gentleman.

LOVE.

Here comes another.

[ENTER ANANIAS AND TRIBULATION.]

FACE.

Ananias too! And his pastor!

TRI [BEATING AT THE DOOR].

The doors are shut against us.

ANA.

Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons of fire! Your stench it is broke forth;

abomination Is in the house.

KAS.

Ay, my suster’s there.

ANA.

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

KAS.

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

TRI.

You shall do well.

ANA.

We’ll join to weed them out.

KAS.

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

ANA.

Call her not sister; she’s a harlot verily.

KAS.

I’ll raise the street.

LOVE.

Good gentlemen, a word.

ANA.

Satan avoid, and hinder not our zeal!

[EXEUNT ANA., TRIB., AND KAST.]

LOVE.

The world’s turn’d Bethlem.

FACE.

These are all broke loose, Out of St. Katherine’s, where they use to keep The better

sort of mad-folks.

NEI.

All these persons We saw go in and out here.

NEI.

Yes, indeed, sir.

NEI.

These were the parties.

FACE.

Peace, you drunkards! Sir, I wonder at it: please you to give me leave To touch the

door, I’ll try an the lock be chang’d.

LOVE.

It mazes me!

FACE [GOES TO THE DOOR].

Good faith, sir, I believe There’s no such thing: ’tis all deceptio visus. — [ASIDE.]

Would I could get him away.

DAP [WITHIN].

Master captain! master doctor!

LOVE.

Who’s that?

FACE.

Our clerk within, that I forgot! [ASIDE.] I know not, sir.

DAP [WITHIN].

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

FACE.

Ha! Illusions, some spirit o’ the air — [ASIDE.] His gag is melted, And now he sets

out the throat.

DAP [WITHIN].

I am almost stifled —

FACE [ASIDE].

Would you were altogether.

LOVE.

’Tis in the house. Ha! list.

FACE.

Believe it, sir, in the air.

LOVE.

Peace, you.

DAP [WITHIN].

Mine aunt’s grace does not use me well.

SUB [WITHIN].

You fool, Peace, you’ll mar all.

FACE [SPEAKS THROUGH THE KEYHOLE, WHILE LOVEWIT ADVANCES TO THE DOOR UNOBSERVED].

Or you will else, you rogue.

LOVE.

O, is it so? Then you converse with spirits! — Come, sir. No more of your tricks,

good Jeremy. The truth, the shortest way.

FACE.

Dismiss this rabble, sir. — [ASIDE.] What shall I do? I am catch’d.

LOVE.

Good neighbours, I thank you all. You may depart. [EXEUNT NEIGHBOURS.] —

Come, sir, You know that I am an indulgent master; And therefore conceal nothing.

What’s your medicine, To draw so many several sorts of wild fowl?

FACE.

Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit — But here’s no place to talk on’t in the

street. Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune, And only pardon me the

abuse of your house: It’s all I beg. I’ll help you to a widow, In recompence, 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.

LOVE.

But by me, who came Sooner than you expected.

FACE.

It is true, sir. ’Pray you forgive me.

LOVE.

Well: let’s see your widow.

[EXEUNT.]

#### SCENE 5.2.

A ROOM IN THE SAME.

ENTER SUBTLE, LEADING IN DAPPER, WITH HIS EYES BOUND AS BEFORE.

SUB.

How! you have eaten your gag?

DAP.

Yes faith, it crumbled Away in my mouth.

SUB.

You have spoil’d all then.

DAP.

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

SUB.

Your aunt’s a gracious lady; but in troth You were to blame.

DAP.

The fume did overcome me, And I did do’t to stay my stomach. ’Pray you So satisfy

her grace. [ENTER FACE, IN HIS UNIFORM.] Here comes the captain.

FACE.

How now! is his mouth down?

SUB.

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.

SUB.

And hast thou done it?

FACE.

Sure, for this night.

SUB.

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?

SUB.

Yes, and I dwindled with it.

FACE.

Show him his aunt, and let him be dispatch’d: I’ll send her to you.

[EXIT FACE.]

SUB.

Well, sir, your aunt her grace Will give you audience presently, on my suit, And

the captain’s word that you did not eat your gag In any contempt of her highness.

[UNBINDS HIS EYES.]

DAP.

Not I, in troth, sir.

[ENTER DOL, LIKE THE QUEEN OF FAIRY.]

SUB.

Here she is come. Down o’ your knees and wriggle: She has a stately presence.

[DAPPER KNEELS, AND SHUFFLES TOWARDS HER.] Good! Yet nearer, And

bid, God save you!

DAP.

Madam!

SUB.

And your aunt.

DAP.

And my most gracious aunt, God save your grace.

DOL.

Nephew, we thought to have been angry with you; But that sweet face of yours hath

turn’d the tide, And made it flow with joy, that ebb’d of love. Arise, and touch our

velvet gown.

SUB.

The skirts, And kiss ’em. So!

DOL.

Let me now stroak that head. “Much, nephew, shalt thou win, much shalt thou

spend, Much shalt thou give away, much shalt thou lend.”

SUB [ASIDE].

Ay, much! indeed. — Why do you not thank her grace?

DAP.

I cannot speak for joy.

SUB.

See, the kind wretch! Your grace’s kinsman right.

DOL.

Give me the bird. Here is your fly in a purse, about your neck, cousin; Wear it, and

feed it about this day sev’n-night, On your right wrist —

SUB.

Open a vein with a pin, And let it suck but once a week; till then, You must not look

on’t.

DOL.

No: and kinsman, Bear yourself worthy of the blood you come on.

SUB.

Her grace would have you eat no more Woolsack pies, Nor Dagger frumety.

DOL.

Nor break his fast In Heaven and Hell.

SUB.

She’s with you every where! Nor play with costarmongers, at mum-chance, tray-

trip, God make you rich; (when as your aunt has done it); But keep The gallant’st

company, and the best games —

DAP.

Yes, sir.

SUB.

Gleek and primero; and what you get, be true to us.

DAP.

By this hand, I will.

SUB.

You may bring’s a thousand pound Before to-morrow night, if but three thousand

Be stirring, an you will.

DAP.

I swear I will then.

SUB.

Your fly will learn you all games.

FACE [WITHIN].

Have you done there?

SUB.

Your grace will command him no more duties?

DOL.

No: But come, and see me often. I may chance To leave him three or four hundred

chests of treasure, And some twelve thousand acres of fairy land, If he game well

and comely with good gamesters.

SUB.

There’s a kind aunt! kiss her departing part. — But you must sell your forty mark

a year, now.

DAP.

Ay, sir, I mean.

SUB.

Or, give’t away; pox on’t!

DAP.

I’ll give’t mine aunt. I’ll go and fetch the writings.

[EXIT.]

SUB.

’Tis well — away!

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Where’s Subtle?

SUB.

Here: what news?

FACE.

Drugger is at the door, go take his suit, And bid him fetch a parson, presently;

Say, he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt spend A hundred pound by the service!

[EXIT SUBTLE.] Now, queen Dol, Have you pack’d up all?

DOL.

Yes.

FACE.

And how do you like The lady Pliant?

DOL.

A good dull innocent.

[RE-ENTER SUBTLE.]

SUB.

Here’s your Hieronimo’s cloak and hat.

FACE.

Give me them.

SUB.

And the ruff too?

FACE.

Yes; I’ll come to you presently.

[EXIT.]

SUB.

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

DOL.

’Tis direct Against our articles.

SUB.

Well, we will fit him, wench. Hast thou gull’d her of her jewels or her bracelets?

DOL.

No; but I will do’t.

SUB.

Soon at night, my Dolly, When we are shipp’d, 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.

DOL.

Content, I’m weary of him.

SUB.

Thou’st cause, when the slave will run a wiving, Dol, Against the instrument that

was drawn between us.

DOL.

I’ll pluck his bird as bare as I can.

SUB.

Yes, tell her, She must by any means address some present To the cunning man,

make him amends for wronging His art with her suspicion; send a ring, Or chain of

pearl; she will be tortured else Extremely in her sleep, say, and have strange things

Come to her. Wilt thou?

DOL.

Yes.

SUB.

My fine flitter-mouse, My bird o’ the night! we’ll tickle it at the Pigeons, When we

have all, and may unlock the trunks, And say, this’s mine, and thine; and thine,

and mine.

[THEY KISS.]

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

What now! a billing?

SUB.

Yes, a little exalted In the good passage of our stock-affairs.

FACE.

Drugger has brought his parson; take him in, Subtle, And send Nab back again to

wash his face.

SUB.

I will: and shave himself?

[EXIT.]

FACE.

If you can get him.

DOL.

You are hot upon it, Face, whate’er it is!

FACE.

A trick that Dol shall spend ten pound a month by. [RE-ENTER SUBTLE.] Is he

gone?

SUB.

The chaplain waits you in the hall, sir.

FACE.

I’ll go bestow him.

[EXIT.]

DOL.

He’ll now marry her, instantly.

SUB.

He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear Dol, Cozen her of all thou canst. To deceive

him Is no deceit, but justice, that would break Such an inextricable tie as ours was.

DOL.

Let me alone to fit him.

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

FACE.

Come, my venturers, You have pack’d up all? where be the trunks? bring forth.

SUB.

Here.

FACE.

Let us see them. Where’s the money?

SUB.

Here, In this.

FACE.

Mammon’s ten pound; eight score before: The brethren’s money, this. Drugger’s

and Dapper’s. What paper’s that?

DOL.

The jewel of the waiting maid’s, That stole it from her lady, to know certain —

FACE.

If she should have precedence of her mistress?

DOL.

Yes.

FACE.

What box is that?

SUB.

The fish-wives’ rings, I think, And the ale-wives’ single money. Is’t not, Dol?

DOL.

Yes; and the whistle that the sailor’s wife Brought you to know an her husband

were with Ward.

FACE.

We’ll wet it to-morrow; and our silver-beakers And tavern cups. Where be the

French petticoats, And girdles and hangers?

SUB.

Here, in the trunk, And the bolts of lawn.

FACE.

Is Drugger’s damask there, And the tobacco?

SUB.

Yes.

FACE.

Give me the keys.

DOL.

Why you the keys?

SUB.

No matter, Dol; because We shall not open them before he comes.

FACE.

’Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed; Nor have them forth, do you see? Not

forth, Dol.

DOL.

No!

FACE.

No, my smock rampant. The right is, my master Knows all, has pardon’d me, and

he will keep them; Doctor, ’tis true — you look — for all your figures: I sent for

him, indeed. Wherefore, good partners, Both he and she be satisfied; for here

Determines the indenture tripartite ’Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can do Is

to help you over the wall, o’ the back-side, Or lend you a sheet to save your velvet

gown, Dol. Here will be officers presently, bethink you Of some course suddenly

to ’scape the dock: For thither you will come else. [LOUD KNOCKING.] Hark you,

thunder.

SUB.

You are a precious fiend!

OFFI [WITHOUT].

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’s know where you set up next; I will send you A customer now and then,

for old acquaintance: What new course have you?

SUB.

Rogue, I’ll hang myself; That I may walk a greater devil than thou, And haunt thee

in the flock-bed and the buttery.

[EXEUNT.]

#### SCENE 5.3.

AN OUTER ROOM IN THE SAME.

ENTER LOVEWIT IN THE SPANISH DRESS, WITH THE PARSON.

LOUD KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

LOVE.

What do you mean, my masters?

MAM [WITHOUT].

Open your door, Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.

OFFI [WITHOUT].

Or we will break it open.

LOVE.

What warrant have you?

OFFI [WITHOUT].

Warrant enough, sir, doubt not, If you’ll not open it.

LOVE.

Is there an officer, there?

OFFI [WITHOUT].

Yes, two or three for failing.

LOVE.

Have but patience, And I will open it straight.

[ENTER FACE, AS BUTLER.]

FACE.

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

LOVE.

Yes, my brain.

FACE.

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

SUR [WITHOUT].

Down with the door.

KAS [WITHOUT].

’Slight, ding it open.

LOVE [OPENING THE DOOR].

Hold, Hold, gentlemen, what means this violence?

[MAMMON, SURLY, KASTRIL, ANANIAS, TRIBULATION, AND OFFICERS,

RUSH IN.]

MAM.

Where is this collier?

SUR.

And my captain Face?

MAM.

These day owls.

SUR.

That are birding in men’s purses.

MAM.

Madam suppository.

KAS.

Doxy, my suster.

ANA.

Locusts Of the foul pit.

TRI.

Profane as Bel and the dragon.

ANA.

Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice of Egypt.

LOVE.

Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers, And cannot stay this violence?

OFFI.

Keep the peace.

LOVE.

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

MAM.

The chemical cozener.

SUR.

And the captain pander.

KAS.

The nun my suster.

MAM.

Madam Rabbi.

ANA.

Scorpions, And caterpillars.

LOVE.

Fewer at once, I pray you.

OFFI.

One after another, gentlemen, I charge you, By virtue of my staff.

ANA.

They are the vessels Of pride, lust, and the cart.

LOVE.

Good zeal, lie still A little while.

TRI.

Peace, deacon Ananias.

LOVE.

The house is mine here, and the doors are open; If there be any such persons as you

seek for, Use your authority, search on o’ God’s name. I am but newly come to town,

and finding This tumult ’bout my door, to tell you true, It somewhat mazed me; till

my man, here, fearing My more displeasure, told me he had done Somewhat an

insolent part, let out my house (Belike, presuming on my known aversion From

any air o’ the town while there was sickness,) To a doctor and a captain: who, what

they are Or where they be, he knows not.

MAM.

Are they gone?

LOVE.

You may go in and search, sir. [MAMMON, ANA., AND TRIB. GO IN.] Here, I find

The empty walls worse than I left them, smoak’d, A few crack’d pots, and glasses,

and a furnace: The ceiling fill’d with poesies of the candle, And madam with a dildo

writ o’ the walls: Only one gentlewoman, I met here, That is within, that said she

was a widow —

KAS.

Ay, that’s my suster; I’ll go thump her. Where is she?

[GOES IN.]

LOVE.

And should have married a Spanish count, but he, When he came to’t, neglected

her so grossly, That I, a widower, am gone through with her.

SUR.

How! have I lost her then?

LOVE.

Were you the don, sir? Good faith, now, she does blame you extremely, and says

You swore, and told her you had taken the pains To dye your beard, and umber o’er

your face, Borrowed a suit, and ruff, all for her love; And then did nothing. What an

oversight, And want of putting forward, sir, was this! Well fare an old harquebuzier,

yet, Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit, All in a twinkling!

[RE-ENTER MAMMON.]

MAM.

The whole nest are fled!

LOVE.

What sort of birds were they?

MAM.

A kind of choughs, Or thievish daws, sir, that have pick’d 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.

LOVE.

Think you so, sir?

MAM.

Ay.

LOVE.

By order of law, sir, but not otherwise.

MAM.

Not mine own stuff!

LOVE.

Sir, I can take no knowledge That they are yours, but by public means. If you can

bring certificate that you were gull’d of them, Or any formal writ out of a court,

That you did cozen your self, I will not hold them.

MAM.

I’ll rather lose them.

LOVE.

That you shall not, sir, By me, in troth: upon these terms, they are yours. What!

should they have been, sir, turn’d into gold, all?

MAM.

No, I cannot tell — It may be they should. — What then?

LOVE.

What a great loss in hope have you sustain’d!

MAM.

Not I, the commonwealth has.

FACE.

Ay, he would have built The city new; and made a ditch about it Of silver, should

have run with cream from Hogsden; That every Sunday, in Moorfields, the

younkers, And tits and tom-boys should have fed on, gratis.

MAM.

I will go mount a turnip-cart, and preach The end of the world, within these two

months. Surly, What! in a dream?

SUR.

Must I needs cheat myself, With that same foolish vice of honesty! Come, let us go

and hearken out the rogues: That Face I’ll mark for mine, if e’er I meet him.

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.

[EXEUNT MAM. AND SUR.]

[RE-ENTER ANANIAS AND TRIBULATION.]

TRI.

’Tis well, the saints shall not lose all yet. Go, And get some carts —

LOVE.

For what, my zealous friends?

ANA.

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

LOVE.

What is that portion?

ANA.

The goods sometimes the orphan’s, that the brethren Bought with their silver

pence.

LOVE.

What, those in the cellar, The knight sir Mammon claims?

ANA.

I do defy The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren, Thou profane man! I ask

thee with what conscience Thou canst advance that idol against us, That have the

seal? were not the shillings number’d, That made the pounds; were not the pounds

told out, Upon the second day of the fourth week, In the eighth month, upon the

table dormant, The year of the last patience of the saints, Six hundred and ten?

LOVE.

Mine earnest vehement botcher, And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you: But if

you get you not away the sooner, I shall confute you with a cudgel.

ANA.

Sir!

TRI.

Be patient, Ananias.

ANA.

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

LOVE.

I shall send you To Amsterdam, to your cellar.

ANA.

I will pray there, Against thy house: may dogs defile thy walls, And wasps and

hornets breed beneath thy roof, This seat of falsehood, and this cave of cozenage!

[EXEUNT ANA. AND TRIB.]

[ENTER DRUGGER.]

LOVE.

Another too?

DRUG.

Not I, sir, I am no brother.

LOVE [BEATS HIM].

Away, you Harry Nicholas! do you talk?

[EXIT DRUG.]

FACE.

No, this was Abel Drugger. Good sir, go, [TO THE PARSON.] And satisfy him; tell

him all is done: He staid too long a washing of his face. The doctor, he shall hear

of him at West-chester; And of the captain, tell him, at Yarmouth, or Some good

port-town else, lying for a wind. [EXIT PARSON.] If you can get off the angry child,

now, sir —

[ENTER KASTRIL, DRAGGING IN HIS SISTER.]

KAS.

Come on, you ewe, you have match’d most sweetly, have you not? Did not I say, I

would never have you tupp’d But by a dubb’d boy, to make you a lady-tom? ’Slight,

you are a mammet! O, I could touse you, now. Death, mun’ you marry, with a pox!

LOVE.

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

KAS.

Anon!

LOVE.

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

tools?

KAS.

Od’s light, This is a fine old boy as e’er I saw!

LOVE.

What, do you change your copy now? proceed; Here stands my dove: stoop at her,

if you dare.

KAS.

’Slight, I must love him! I cannot choose, i’faith, An I should be hang’d for’t! Suster,

I protest, I honour thee for this match.

LOVE.

O, do you so, sir?

KAS.

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.

LOVE.

Fill a pipe full, Jeremy.

FACE.

Yes; but go in and take it, sir.

LOVE.

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

KAS.

’Slight, thou art not hide-bound, thou art a jovy boy! Come, let us in, I pray thee,

and take our whiffs.

LOVE.

Whiff in with your sister, brother boy. [EXEUNT KAS. AND DAME P.] That master

That had received such happiness by a servant, In such a widow, and with so much

wealth, Were very ungrateful, if he would not be A little indulgent to that servant’s

wit, And help his fortune, though with some small strain Of his own candour.

[ADVANCING.] — “Therefore, gentlemen, And kind spectators, if I have outstript

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.” [ADVANCING TO THE FRONT OF THE STAGE.] “Gentlemen, My

part a little fell in this last scene, Yet ’twas decorum. And though I am clean Got off

from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol, Hot Ananias, Dapper, Drugger, all With whom

I traded: yet I put my self On you, that are my country: and this pelf Which I have

got, if you do quit me, rests To feast you often, and invite new guests.”

[EXEUNT.]

#### To the Memory of My Beloved the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,

Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;

While I confess thy writings to be such

As neither man nor muse can praise too much;

’Tis true, and all men’s suffrage. But these ways

Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;

For seeliest ignorance on these may light,

Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;

Or blind affection, which doth ne’er advance

The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;

Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,

And think to ruin, where it seem’d to raise.

These are, as some infamous bawd or whore

Should praise a matron; what could hurt her more?

But thou art proof against them, and indeed,

Above th’ ill fortune of them, or the need.

I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!

The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!

My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by

Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie

A little further, to make thee a room:

Thou art a monument without a tomb,

And art alive still while thy book doth live

And we have wits to read and praise to give.

That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,

I mean with great, but disproportion’d Muses,

For if I thought my judgment were of years,

I should commit thee surely with thy peers,

And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,

Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe’s mighty line.

And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,

From thence to honour thee, I would not seek

For names; but call forth thund’ring Aeschylus,

Euripides and Sophocles to us;

Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,

To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,

And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,

Leave thee alone for the comparison

Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome

Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

Tri’umph, my Britain, thou hast one to show

To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.

He was not of an age but for all time!

And all the Muses still were in their prime,

When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm

Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!

Nature herself was proud of his designs

And joy’d to wear the dressing of his lines,

Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,

As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.

The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,

Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please,

But antiquated and deserted lie,

As they were not of Nature’s family.

Yet must I not give Nature all: thy art,

My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.

For though the poet’s matter nature be,

His art doth give the fashion; and, that he

Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,

(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat

Upon the Muses’ anvil; turn the same

(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame,

Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;

For a good poet’s made, as well as born;

And such wert thou. Look how the father’s face

Lives in his issue, even so the race

Of Shakespeare’s mind and manners brightly shines

In his well-turned, and true-filed lines;

In each of which he seems to shake a lance,

As brandish’d at the eyes of ignorance.

Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were

To see thee in our waters yet appear,

And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,

That so did take Eliza and our James!

But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere

Advanc’d, and made a constellation there!

Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage

Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage;

Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn’d like night,

And despairs day, but for thy volume’s light.

## 3.6.2 Reading and Review Questions

1. Aristotle wrote that the most realistic representation—even of painful objects like low animals and dead bodies—gives pleasure. How realistically does Jonson imitate life, do you think? Do his realistic representations give pleasure, and how? Does he represent mainly positive objects or painful objects, and why?
2. What moral purpose, if any, do you discern in *The Alchemist*? What ethical models, if any, does it offer? How does this play’s morality compare with *King Lear’s*?
3. How satisfying is the final triumph of Lovewit, and why? What apologies and/or rationale does Lovewit offer to persuade the audience into applauding his triumph, and why?
4. How does the transformative art of alchemy serve as an image for social mobility, an art which Jonson himself practiced? How does Jonson’s presentation of the uses and abuses of art compare with Chaucer’s, Spenser’s, or Sydney’s?
5. How realistic, or rounded, are Jonson’s characters as compared to those of Shakespeare, for instance? How do Subtle’s and Face’s impersonations of the Alchemist shape your sense of their respective characters? How psychologically valid do you find them, and why? How realistically do his characters relate to one another, and upon what grounds?