

The Alchemist

Ben Jonson

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The Alchemist

Ben Jonson

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THE ALCHEMIST.

Written by Ben. Jonson.

--Neque, me vt miretur turba, labore:

Contentus paucis lectoribus.

London, Printed by Thomas Snodham, for Walter Burre, and are to be sold by Iohn Stepneth, at the West-end of Paules. 1612.

To the Lady, most aequall with vertue, and her Blood: The Grace, and Glory of women. MARY LA:WROTH.

Madame,

In the Age of Sacrifices, the truth of Religion was not in the greatnes, and fat of the Offerings, but in the deuotion, and zeale of the Sacrificers: Else, what could a handful of Gummes haue done in the sight of a Hecatombe? Or how, yet, might a gratefull minde be furnish'd against the iniquitie of Fortune; except, when she fail'd it, it had power to impart it selfe? A way found out, to ouercome euen those, whom Fortune hath enabled to returne most, since they, yet leaue themselues more. In this assurance am I planted; and stand with those affections at this Altar, as shall no more auoide the light and witnesse, then they doe the conscience of your vertue. If what I offer beare an acceptable odour, & hold the first strength: It is your valed, that remembers, where, when, and to whom it was kindled. Otherwise, in these times, there comes rarely forth that thing, so full of authoritie, or example, but by daylinesse and custome, growes lesse and looses. But this, safe in your iudgement (which is a SIDNEYS) is forbidden to speake more; least it talke, or looke like one of the ambitious Faces of the time: who, the more they paint, are the lesse themselues.

Your La: true honorer. Ben. Jonson.

TO THE READER

If thou beest more, thou art an Vnderstander, and then I trust thee. If thou art one that tak'st vp, and but a Pretender, beware at what hands thou receiue'st thy commoditie; for thou wert neuer more fair in the way to be cos'ned (then in this Age) in Poetry, especially in Playes: wherein, now, the Concupiscence of Iiges, and Daunces so raigneth, as to runne away from Nature, and be afraid of her, is the onely point of art that tickles the Spectators. But how out of purpose, and place, doe I name Art? when the Professors are growne so obstinate contemners of it, and presumers on their owne Naturalls, as they are deriders of all diligence that way, and by simple mocking at the termes, when they vnderstand not the things, thinke to get of wittily with their Ignorance. Nay, they are esteem'd the more learned, and sufficient for this, by the Multitude, through their excellent vice of

The Alchemist

iudgement. For they commend Writers, as they doe Fencers, or Wrastlers; who if they come in robustuously, and put for it with a great deale of violence, are receiu'd for the brauer fellowes: when many times their owne rudenesse is the cause of their disgrace, and a little touch of their Aduersary giues all that boisterous force the foyle. I deny not, but that these men, who alwaies seeke to doe more then inough, may some time happen on some thing that is good, and great; but very seldome: And when it comes it doth not recompence the rest of their ill. It sticks out perhaps, and is more eminent, because all is sordide, and vile about it: as lights are more discern'd in a thick darknesse, then a faint shadow. I speake not this, out of a hope to doe good on any man, against his will; for I know, if it were put to the question of theirs, and mine, the worse would finde more suffrages: because the most fauour common errors. But I giue thee this warning, that there is a great difference betweene those, that (to gain the opinion of Copie) vtter all they can, how euer vnfitly; and those that vse election, and a meane. For it is onely the disease of the vnskilfull, to thinke rude things greater then polish'd: or scatter'd more numerous then compos'd.

To my friend, Mr. Ben: Ionson. vpon his Alchemist.

A Master, read in flatteries great skill,
Could not passe truth, though he would force his will,
By praising this too much, to get more praise
In his Art, then you out of yours doe raise.
Nor can full truth be vttered of your worth,
Vnlesse you your owne praises doe set forth:
None else can write so skilfully, to shew
Your praise: Ages shall pay, yet still must owe.
All I dare say, is, you haue written well,
In what exceeding height, I dare not tell.

George Lucy.

The Persons of the Comoedie.

- Subtle. The Alchemist.
- Face. The House-keeper.
- Dol: Common. Their Colleague.
- Dapper. A Clarke.
- Drugger. A Tabacco-man.
- Love-Wit. Master of the House.
- Epicure Mammon. A Knight.
- Surly. A Gamster.
- Tribvlation. A Pastor of Amstredam.
- Ananias. A Deacon there.
- Kastril. The Angry Boy.
- Da: Pliant, His sister: A Widdow.
- Neighbours.
- Officers.
- Mutes.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sicknesse hot, A Master quit, for feare,
His House in Towne: and left one Seruant there.
Ease him corrupted, and gaue meanes to know

To my friend, Mr. Ben: Ionson. vpon his Alchemist.

The Alchemist

A Cheater, and his Punque; who now brought low,
Leaving their narrow practice, were become
Cos'ners at large: and, onely wanting some
House to set vp, with him they here contract,
Each for a share, and all begin to act.
Much company they draw, and much abuse
In casting Figures, telling Fortunes, Newes,
Selling of Flyes, flat Bawdry, with the Stone:
Till It, and They, and All in fume are gone.

THE PROLOGVE.

Fortune, that fauours Fooles, these two short howers
We wish away; both for your sakes, and ours,
Iudging Spectators: and desire in place,
To th'Author iustice, to our selues but grace.
Our Scene is London, 'cause we would make knowne,
No Countries mirth is better then our owne.
No Clime breedes better matter, for your Whore,
Baud, Squire, Impostor, many Persons more,
Whose manners, now call'd Humors, feede the Stage:
And which haue still beene Subiect, to the rage
Or spleene of Comick writers. Though this Pen
Did neuer ayme to grieue, but better Men;
How e'er the Age, he liues in, doth endure
The vices that she breedes, aboue their cure.
But, when the wholsome remedies are sweet,
And, in their working, Game, and Profit meete,
He hopes to finde no spirit so much diseas'd,
But will, with such fayre Correctiues, be pleas'd.
For here, he doth not feare, who can apply.
If there be any, that will sit so nigh
Vnto the streame, to looke what it doth runne,
They shall finde things, they'd thinke, or wish, were done;
They are so naturall follies: But so showne,
As euen the Doers may see, and yet not owne.

The Alchemist.

Act 1

Scene 1

Face:

Beleue it I will.

The Alchemist

Subtle:

Thy worst. I fart at thee.

Dol:

Have you your wits? Why Gentlemen! for loue —

Face:

Sirah, I will strip you —

Subtle:

What to do? licke figs

Subtle:

Out at my —

Face:

Rogue, Rogue, out of all your sleights.

Dol:

Nay, looke ye! Soueraigne, General, are you Madmen?

Subtle:

O, let the wild sheepe loose. I will gumme your silkes

Subtle:

With good strong water, if you come.

Dol:

Will you have

Dol:

The neighbours heare you? Will you betray all?

Dol:

Hearke, I heare some*body.

Face:

Srah.

THE PROLOGVE.

The Alchemist

Subtle:

I shall marre

Subtle:

All that the Taylor has made; if you approach.

Face:

You most notorious whelpe, you insolent slaue,

Face:

Dare you do this?

Subtle:

Yes faith, yes faith.

Face:

Why! who

Face:

Am I, my Mungrill? Who am I?

Subtle:

I will tell you,

Subtle:

Since you know not your*selfe.

Face:

Speake lower, Rogue.

Subtle:

Yes. You were once (time is not long past) the good,

Subtle:

Honest, plaine, liuerie three-pound-Thrum; that kept

Subtle:

THE PROLOGVE.

The Alchemist

Your Maisters worships house, here, in the Friers,

Subtle:

For the vacations.

Face:

Will you be so loud?

Subtle:

Since, by my meanes, translated Suburb–Captaine.

Face:

By your meanes, Doctor Dog?

Subtle:

Within mans memory,

Subtle:

All this, I speake of.

Face:

Why, I pray you, have I

Face:

Been countenanc'd by you? or you, by me?

Face:

Do but collect, Sir where I met you first.

Subtle:

I do not heare well.

Face:

Not of this, I think it.

Face:

But I shall put you in minde, Sir at Pie–Corner,

The Alchemist

Face:

Taking your meale of steeme in, from Cookes stalls

Face:

Where, like the Father of Hunger, you did walke

Face:

Piteously costiue with your pinch'd horne–nose,

Face:

And your complexion, of the Romane wash,

Face:

Stuck full of blacke, and melancholique wormes,

Face:

Like poulder cornes, shot, at the Artillery–yard.

Subtle:

I wish, you could aduance your voice, a little.

Face:

When you went pinn'd up, in the seuerall ragges,

Face:

You had rak'd, and pick'd from dunghils, before day,

Face:

Your feete in mouldy slippers, for your kibes,

Face:

A felt of rugg, and a thin thredden cloake,

Face:

That scarce would couer your no–buttockes.

Subtle:

So Sir.

The Alchemist

Face:

When all your Alchemye, and your Algebra,

Face:

Your Mineralls, Vegetalls, and Animalls,

Face:

Your Coniuring, Cosning, and your dosen of Trades

Face:

Could not relieue your corps, with so much linnen

Face:

Would make you tinder, but to see a fire;

Face:

I gave you count'nance, credit for your Coales,

Face:

Your Stilles, your Glasses, your Materialls,

Face:

Built you a Fornace, drew you Customers,

Face:

Aduanc'd all your blacke Arts; lent you, beside,

Face:

A house to practise in.

Subtle:

Your Masters house?

Face:

Where you have studied the more thriuing skill

Face:

Of Bawdry, since.

THE PROLOGVE.

The Alchemist

Subtle:

Yes, in your Masters house.

Subtle:

You, and the Rats, here, kept possession.

Subtle:

Make it not strange, I know, you were one, could keepe

Subtle:

The Buttry–hatch still lock'd, and saue the chippings,

Subtle:

Sell the dole–beere to Aqua–vita*e men,

Subtle:

The which, together with your Christmasse vailes,

Subtle:

At Post, and Paire, your letting out of Counters,

Subtle:

Made you a pretty stocke some twenty markes,

Subtle:

And gaue you credit, to conuerse with cobwebs,

Subtle:

Here, since your Mistresse death hath broke up house.

Face:

You might talke softlier, Raskall.

Subtle:

No, you Scarabe,

Subtle:

THE PROLOGVE.

The Alchemist

I will thunder you, in peeces. I will teach you

Subtle:

How to beware, to tempt a Fury' againe

Subtle:

That carries tempest in his hand, and voyce.

Face:

The Place has made you valiant.

Subtle:

No, your Clothes.

Subtle:

Thou Vermine have I tane thee, out of dung,

Subtle:

So poore, so wretched, when no liuing thing

Subtle:

Would keepe thee company, but a Spider, or worse?

Subtle:

Raysd thee from broomes, and dust, and wating pots?

Subtle:

Sublim'd thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee

Subtle:

In the third region, the high state of grace?

Subtle:

Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with paines

Subtle:

Would twise have wonne me the Philosophers worke?

The Alchemist

Subtle:

Put thee in words, and fashion? made thee fit

Subtle:

For more then ordinary fellowships?

Subtle:

Giu'n thee thy othes, thy quarrelling dimensions?

Subtle:

Thy rules, to cheate at horse–race, cock–pit, cardes,

Subtle:

Dice, or what*euer gallant tincture, else?

Subtle:

Made thee a Second, in mine owne great Art?

Subtle:

And have I this for thanke? Do you rebell?

Subtle:

Do you flye out, in the proiection?

Subtle:

Would you be gone now?

Dol:

Gentlemen, what meane you?

Dol:

Will you marre all?

Subtle:

Slaue, thou hadst had no Name,

Dol:

Will you vndoe your*selues, with ciuill warre?

The Alchemist

Subtle:

Neuer been knowne, past Equi Clibanum,

Subtle:

The heate of horse–dung, vnder ground, in cellars,

Subtle:

Or an Ale–house, darker then deafe Iohn's: been lost

Subtle:

To all mankinde, but Laundresses, and Tapsters,

Subtle:

Had not I been.

Dol:

Do you know who heares you, Soueraigne?

Face:

Srah —

Dol:

Nay Generall, I thought you were ciuill.

Face:

I shall turne desperate, if you grow thus loud.

Subtle:

And hang thyselve, I care not.

Face:

Hang thee, Colliar,

Face:

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

Face:

Since thou hast mou'd me.

THE PROLOGVE.

Dol:

o, this will ore throw all.

Face:

Write thee up Baud, in Paules; have all thy trickes

Face:

Of cosning with a hollow cole, dust, scrapings,

Face:

Searching for things lost, with a siue, and sheeres,

Face:

Erecting figures, in your rowes of Houses,

Face:

And taking in of shadowes, with a glasse,

Face:

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

Face:

Worse then Gamaliel Ratsey's,

Dol:

Are you sound?

Dol:

Have you your senses, Masters?

Face:

I will have

Face:

A Booke, but barely reckoning thy Impostures,

Face:

THE PROLOGVE.

The Alchemist

Shall proue a true Philosophers stone, to Printers.

Subtle:

Away you Trencher–Raskall.

Face:

Out you Dog–leach,

Face:

The vomit of all prisons —

Dol:

Will you be

Dol:

Your owne destructions, Gentlemen?

Face:

Still spew'd out

Face:

For lying too heauy on the basket.

Dol:

Cheater.

Face:

Bawd.

Subtle:

Cowherd.

Face:

Couniurer.

Subtle:

Cutpurse.

The Alchemist

Face:
Witch.

Dol:
O me.

Dol:
We are ruin'd lost. Have you no more regard

Dol:
To your reputations? Where is your iudgement? Slight,

Dol:
Have yet, some care of me, of your Republique.

Face:
Away this Brach. I will bring thee Rogue, within

Face:
The Statute of Sorcerie, tricesimo tertio

Face:
Of Harry the eight: Aye and (perhaps) thy neck

Face:
Within a noose, for laundring gold, and barbing.

Dol:
You will bring your head within a cocks-combe, will you?

Dol:
And you Sir, with your Menstrue, gather it up.

Dol:
S'death you abhominable payre of Stinkards

Dol:
Leaue off your barking and grow one againe,

The Alchemist

Dol:

Or, by the light that shines, I will cut your throates.

Dol:

I will not be made a prey vnto the Marshall,

Dol:

For nere a snarling Dog-bolt of you both.

Dol:

Have you together cossen'd all this while,

Dol:

And all the world, and shall it now be said

Dol:

You have made most courteous shift, to cossen your*selues?

Dol:

You will accuse him? You will bring him in

Dol:

Within the Statute? Who shall take your word,

Dol:

A whoresonne, upstart, Apocryphall Captayne,

Dol:

Whom not a Puritane, in Black-Friers, will trust

Dol:

So much, as for a fether? And you, too,

Dol:

Will give the cause, forsooth? You will insult,

Dol:

And clayme a primacie, in the diuisions?

THE PROLOGVE.

Dol:

You must be chiefe? as if you, onely, had

Dol:

The poulder to proiect with? and the worke

Dol:

Were not begunne out of a*equalitie?

Dol:

The venter tripartite? All things in common?

Dol:

Without prioritie? S'death, you perpetuall Curses,

Dol:

Fall to your couples, againe, and cossen kindly,

Dol:

And heartily, and louingly, as you should,

Dol:

And loose not the beginning of a Terme,

Dol:

Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too

Dol:

And, take my part, and quit you.

Face:

It is his fault,

Face:

He euer murmures, and obiects his paines,

Face:

THE PROLOGVE.

The Alchemist

And sayes, the weight of all lies upon him.

Subtle:

Why, so it does.

Dol:

How does it? Do not we

Dol:

Sustaine our parts?

Subtle:

Yes, but they are not a*equall.

Dol:

Why, if your part exceede to*day, I hope

Dol:

Ours may, to*morrow, match it.

Subtle:

Aye, they may.

Dol:

May, murmuring Mastiffe, Aye, and do. Gods will!

Dol:

Helpe me to thrattell him.

Subtle:

Dorothee, Mistresse Dorothee,

Subtle:

O'ds precious, I will do any*thing. What do you meane?

Dol:

Because of your Fermentation, and Cibation?

The Alchemist

Subtle:

Not I, by heauen.

Dol:

Your Sol and Luna: help me.

Subtle:

Would I were hang'd then. I will conforme my*selfe.

Dol:

Will you Sir do so then, and quickly Sweare.

Subtle:

What should I sweare?

Dol:

To leaue your faction Sir.

Dol:

And labour, kindly, in the commune worke.

Subtle:

Let me not breath, if I meant ought, beside.

Subtle:

I onely vs'd those speeches, as a spurre

Subtle:

To him.

Dol:

I hope we need no spurres Sir. Do we?

Face:

Slid, proue to*day, who shall sharke best.

Subtle:

Agreed.

The Alchemist

Dol:

Yes, and worke close, and friendly.

Subtle:

Slight the knot

Subtle:

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

Dol:

Why so, my good Babounes! Shall we goe make

Dol:

A sort of sober, sciruy, pra*ecise Neighbours,

Dol:

(That scarce have smil'd twise, sin the King came in)

Dol:

A feast of laughter, at our follies? Raskalls,

Dol:

Would runne themselues from breath, to see me ride,

Dol:

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

Dol:

For which you should pay Eare–rent. No, Agree.

Dol:

And may Don Prouost ride a*feasting, long,

Dol:

In his old veluet ierken, and staynd scarfes,

Dol:

(My noble Soueraigne, and worthy Generall)

THE PROLOGVE.

Dol:

Ere we contribute a new cruell garter

Dol:

To this most worsted worship.

Subtle:

Royal Dol!

Subtle:

Spoken like Claridiana, and thy*selfe.

Face:

For which at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,

Face:

And not be stil'd Dol common, but Dol proper,

Face:

Dol singular: the longest cut, at night.

Face:

Shall draw thee for his Dol particular.

Subtle:

Who is that? one rings. To the windo' Dol. Pray heau'n,

Subtle:

The Master do not trouble us, this quarter.

Face:

O, feare not him. While there dies one, a weeke,

Face:

Of the plague, he is safe, from thinking, toward London.

Face:

THE PROLOGVE.

The Alchemist

Beside, he is busie at his hop–yardes, now,

Face:

I had a letter from him. If he do,

Face:

He will find such word, for aying of the house

Face:

As you shall have sufficient time, to quit it.

Face:

Though we breake up a fortnight, it is no matter.

Subtle:

Who is it, Dol?

Dol:

A fine yong Quodling.

Face:

O

Face:

My Lawyers Clearke, I lighted on, last night,

Face:

In Hol'bourne, at the Dagger. He would have

Face:

(I told you of him) a Familiar,

Face:

To rifle with, at horses, and winne cuppes.

Dol:

O, let him in.

The Alchemist

Subtle:

Stay. Who shall do it?

Face:

Get you

Face:

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

Dol:

And what shall I do?

Face:

Not be seene, away.

Face:

Seeme you very reseru'd.

Subtle:

Inough.

Face:

God be with you, Sir

Face:

I pray you, let him know that I was here.

Face:

His name is Dapper. I would gladly have stayd, But --

Scene 2

Dapper:

Captaine, I am here.

Face:

Who is that? He is come, I think, Doctor.

The Alchemist

Face:

Good faith, Sir, I was going away.

Dapper:

In truth,

Dapper:

I am very sorry, Captayne.

Face:

But I thought

Face:

Sure, I should meet you.

Dapper:

I am very glad.

Dapper:

I had a sciruy Writ, or two, to make,

Dapper:

And I had lent my watch last night, to one

Dapper:

That dines to*day, at the Shrieffs: and so was robd

Dapper:

Of my passe-time. Is this the Cunning-man?

Face:

This is his worship.

Dapper:

Is he a Doctor?

Face:

Yes.

Dapper:

And have you broke with him, Captaine?

Face:

Aye

Dol:

And how

Face:

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

Face:

I know not what to say.

Dol:

Not so, good Captaine.

Face:

Would I were fayrely rid of it, beleeeue me.

Dapper:

Nay, now you grieue me Sir. Why should you wish so?

Dapper:

I dare assure you. I will not be vngratefull.

Face:

I cannot think you will, Sir. But the Lawe

Face:

Is such a thing -- And then he sayes, Reade's matter

Face:

Falling so lately.

Dapper:

The Alchemist

Reade? He was an Asse,

Dapper:

And dealt Sir with a Foole.

Face:

It was a Clearke, Sir.

Dapper:

A Clearke?

Face:

Nay, heare me, Sir you know the Law

Face:

Better, I think.

Dapper:

I should Sir and the danger.

Dapper:

You know I shew'd the Statute to you?

Face:

You did so,

Dapper:

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

Dapper:

Would it might neuer wright good Court hand, more,

Dapper:

If I discouer. What do you think of me,

Dapper:

That I am a Chiause?

The Alchemist

Face:

What is that?

Dapper:

The Turke was, here.

Dapper:

As one would say, Do you think I am a Turke?

Face:

I will tell the Doctor so,

Dapper:

Do, good sweet Captaine.

Face:

Come, noble Doctor, pray thee, let us preuaile,

Face:

This is the Gentleman, and he is no Chiause.

Subtle:

Captaine, I have return'd you all my answere.

Subtle:

I would do much Sir for your loue -- But this

Subtle:

I neither may, nor can.

Face:

Tut, do not say so.

Face:

You deale, now, with a noble fellow, Doctor,

Face:

One that will thanke you, richly, and he is no Chiause:

The Alchemist

Face:

Let that Sir moue you.

Subtle:

Pray you, forbear.

Face:

He has

Face:

Four Angels, here.

Subtle:

You do me wrong good Sir.

Face:

Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with these spirits?

Subtle:

To tempt my art, and loue, Sir, to my perill.

Subtle:

Fore heau'n, I scarce can think you are my friend,

Subtle:

That so would draw me to apparant danger.

Face:

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

Face:

You, and your Flies together.

Dapper:

Nay, good Captaine.

Face:

That know no difference of men.

Scene 2

Subtle:

Good words Sir

Face:

Good deeds, Sir Doctor Dogges–mouth. Slight I bring you

Face:

No cheating Clim–o'the–Cloughs, or Claribels.

Face:

That looke as bigge as fiue, and fifty, and flush,

Face:

And spit out secrets, like hot Custard.

Dapper:

Captayne.

Face:

Nor any melancholike vnder–Scribe,

Face:

Shall tell the Vicar: but, a speciall Gentle,

Face:

That is the Heire to forty markes, a yeare,

Face:

Consorts with the small Poets of the time,

Face:

Is the sole hope of his old Grand–Mother,

Face:

That knowes the Law, and writes you sixe fayre Hands,

Face:

The Alchemist

Is a fine Clearke, and has his Ciphring perfect,

Face:

Will take his oth, on the Greeke Testament,

Face:

If need be, in his pocket: and can court

Face:

His Mistresse, out of Ouid.

Dapper:

Nay, deare Captayne.

Face:

Did you not tell me, so?

Dapper:

Yes, but I would have you

Dapper:

Vse Mr% Doctor, with some more respect.

Face:

Hang him proud Stagg, with his broad veluet head.

Face:

But, for your sake, I would choake ere I would change

Face:

An article of breath, with such a Puck-fist.

Face:

Come let us be gone.

Subtle:

Pray you, let me speake with you.

The Alchemist

Dapper:

His worship calls you, Captayne.

Face:

I am sorry,

Face:

I e're imbarqu'd my*selfe, in such a busines.

Dapper:

Nay good Sir He did call you.

Face:

Will he take, then?

Dapper:

First, heare me --

Face:

Not a syllable, 'lesse you take.

Subtle:

Pray ye Sir

Face:

upon no termes, but an Assumpsit.

Subtle:

Your Humor must be law.

Face:

Why now Sir talke.

Face:

Now I dare heare you with mine honour. Speake.

Face:

So may this Gentleman too.

Subtle:

Why Sir

Face:

No whispring,

Subtle:

'Fore Heau'n, you do not apprehend the losse

Subtle:

You do your*selfe, in this.

Face:

Wherein? For what?

Subtle:

Mary, to be so importunate for one,

Subtle:

That, when he has it, will vndoe you all:

Subtle:

He will winne up all the money in the Towne.

Face:

How!

Subtle:

Yes. And blow up Gamster, after Gamster,

Subtle:

As they do crackers, in a Puppit-play.

Subtle:

If I do give him a Familiar,

Subtle:

Give you him all you play for; neuer set him:

Subtle:

For he will have it.

Face:

You are mistaken, Doctor.

Face:

Why, he does aske one but for Cuppes, and Horses,

Face:

A rifling Fly: none of your great Familiars.

Dapper:

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

Subtle:

I told you so.

Face:

'Slight, that is a new businesse!

Face:

I vnderstood you, a tame Bird, to flye

Face:

Twise in a Terme, or so: on Friday nights,

Face:

When you had left the Office: for a Nagg,

Face:

Of forty, of fifty shillings.

Dapper:

Aye it is true, Sir,

Dapper:

The Alchemist

But I do think, now, I shall leaue the Lawe,

Dapper:

And therefore.

Face:

Why this changes quite the case!

Face:

Do you think, that I dare moue him?

Dapper:

If you please, Sir,

Dapper:

All is one to him, I see.

Face:

What? for that money?

Face:

I cannot with my Conscience. Nor should you

Face:

Make the request, me*thinkes.

Dapper:

No, Sir, I meane

Dapper:

To adde consideration.

Face:

Why, then, Sir,

Face:

I will try. Say, that it were for all games, Doctor?

The Alchemist

Subtle:

I say, then, not a mouth shall eate for him

Subtle:

At any Ordinary, but on the Score,

Subtle:

That is a gaming mouth, conceiue me.

Face:

Indeed!

Subtle:

He will draw you all the treasure of the realme,

Subtle:

If it be set him.

Face:

Speake you this from art?

Subtle:

Aye, Sir, and reason too; the ground of art.

Subtle:

He is of the onely best complexion

Subtle:

The Queene of Fairie loues.

Face:

What! is he!

Subtle:

Peace.

Subtle:

He will ouer-heare you. Sir, should she but see him ---

The Alchemist

Face:

What?

Subtle:

Do not you tell him.

Face:

Will he win at cardes too?

Subtle:

The Spirits of dead Holland, liuing Isaac,

Subtle:

You would sweare, were in him: such a vigorous luck

Subtle:

As cannot be resisted. Slight he will put

Subtle:

Sixe of your Gallants, to a cloake, indeed.

Face:

A strange successe, that some man shall be borne to!

Subtle:

He heares you, man.

Dapper:

Sir, I will not be ingratefull.

Face:

Faith, I have a confidence in his good nature:

Face:

You heare, he sayes he will not be ingratefull.

Subtle:

Why, as you please, my venture followes yours.

The Alchemist

Face:

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

Face:

He may make us both happy in an hower:

Face:

Winne some fiue thousand pound, and send us two of it.

Dapper:

Beleeue it, and I will, Sir.

Face:

And you shall, Sir.

Face:

You have heard all?

Dapper:

No, what was it? Nothing, I Sir.

Face:

Nothing?

Dapper:

A little, Sir.

Face:

Well, a rare Starre

Face:

Raign'd at your birth.

Dapper:

At mine Sir? No.

Face:

The Alchemist

The Doctor

Face:

Sweares that you are ---

Subtle:

Nay Captayn, You will tell all, now.

Face:

Allied to the Queene of Faerie.

Dapper:

Who? that I am?

Dapper:

Beleeue it, no such matter.

Face:

Yes, and that

Face:

You were borne with a Caule on your head.

Dapper:

Who sayes so?

Face:

Come.

Face:

You know it well inough, though you dissemble it.

Dapper:

I*fac, I do not. You are mistaken.

Face:

How!

The Alchemist

Face:

Swear by your fac? and in a thing, so knowne

Face:

Vnto the Doctor? How shall we, Sir, trust you

Face:

In the other matter? Can we euer think,

Face:

When you have wonne fiue, or sixe thousand pound,

Face:

You will send us shares in it, by this rate?

Dapper:

By Gad, Sir,

Dapper:

I will winne ten thousand pound, and send you halfe.

Dapper:

I*fac is no othe.

Subtle:

No, no, he did but iest.

Face:

Goe too. Goe, thanke the Doctor. He is your friend.

Face:

To take it so.

Dapper:

I thanke his Worship.

Face:

So?

The Alchemist

Face:

Another Angell.

Dapper:

Must I?

Face:

Must you? Slight,

Face:

What else is Thankes? Will you be triuial? Doctor.

Face:

When must he come, for his Familiar?

Dapper:

Shall I not have it with me?

Subtle:

O, good Sir,

Subtle:

There must a world of ceremonies passe,

Subtle:

You must be bath'd, and fumigated, first;

Subtle:

Besides, the Queene of Faerie does not rise,

Subtle:

Till it be noone.

Face:

Not, if she daunc'd, to*night.

Subtle:

And she must blesse it.

Scene 2

Face:

Did you neuer see

Face:

Her royall Grace, yet?

Dapper:

Whom?

Face:

Your Aunt of Faerie?

Subtle:

Not, since she kist him, in the cradle, Captayne,

Subtle:

I can resolute you that.

Face:

Well, see her Grace,

Face:

What*ere it cost you, for a thing that I know,

Face:

It will be somewhat hard to compass: But,

Face:

How*ever, see her. You are made, beleue it,

Face:

If you can see her. Her Grace is a lone woman,

Face:

And very rich, and if she take a phant'sye,

Face:

The Alchemist

She will do strange things. See her, at any hand.

Face:

'Slid, she may hap to leaue you all she has:

Face:

It is the Doctors feare.

Dapper:

How will it be done, then?

Face:

Let me alone take you no thought. Do you

Face:

But say to me; Captayne, I will see her Grace.

Dapper:

Captain, I will see her Grace.

Face:

Inough.

Subtle:

Who is there?

Subtle:

Anone. (Conduct him forth, by the back way)

Subtle:

Sir, against one a*Clock, prepare your*selfe.

Subtle:

Till when you must be fasting; onely, take

Subtle:

Three drops of vinegar, in, at your nose;

The Alchemist

Subtle:

Two at your mouth; and one, at eyther eare;

Subtle:

Then, bath your fingers endes; and, wash your eyes;

Subtle:

To sharpen your fiue Senses; and, cry Hum,

Subtle:

Thrise; and then Buz, as often; and then, Come.

Face:

Can you remember this?

Dapper:

I warrant you.

Face:

Well, then, away. It is, but your bestowing

Face:

Some twenty nobles, 'mong her Graces seruants;

Face:

And, put on a cleane shirt: You do not know

Face:

What grace her Grace may do you in cleane linnen.

Scene 3

Subtle:

Come in. Good wiues, I pray you forbear me, now.

Subtle:

Troth I can do you no good, till afternoone.

Subtle:

What is your name, say you, Abel Drugger?

Drugger:

Yes, Sir.

Subtle:

A seller of Tobacco?

Drugger:

Yes, Sir.

Subtle:

'Vmh.

Subtle:

Free of the Grocers?

Drugger:

Aye, if it please you.

Subtle:

Well.

Subtle:

Your business, Abel?

Drugger:

This, if it please your worship,

Drugger:

I am a young beginner, and am building

Drugger:

Of a new shop, if it like your worship; iust,

Drugger:

At corner of a street: (Here is the plot of it.)

Drugger:

And I would know, by art, Sir, of your Worship,

Drugger:

Which way I should make my dore, by Necromantie.

Drugger:

And, where my Shelues. And, which should be for Boxes,

Drugger:

And, which for Potts I would be glad to thriue, Sir.

Drugger:

And, I was wish'd to your Worship by a Gentleman,

Drugger:

One Captaine Face, that says you know mens Planets,

Drugger:

And their good Angels, and their bad.

Subtle:

I do

Subtle:

If I do see them.

Face:

What! my honest Abel?

Face:

Thou art well met, here.

Drugger:

Troth, Sir, I was speaking,

Drugger:

The Alchemist

Iust, as your Worship came here, of your Worship.

Drugger:

I pray you, speake for me to Mr% Doctor.

Face:

He shall do any*thing. Doctor, do you heare?

Face:

This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow,

Face:

He lets me have good Tobacco, and he does not

Face:

Sophisticate it, with Sack-lees, or Oyle,

Face:

Nor washes it in Muscadell, and Graines,

Face:

Nor buries it, in grauel, vnder ground,

Face:

Wrap'd up in greasie leather, or piss'd cloutes:

Face:

But keepes it in fine Lilly-pots, that open'd,

Face:

Smell like conserue of Roses, or French Beanes.

Face:

He has his Maple block, his siluer tongs,

Face:

Winchester pipes, and fire of Iuniper.

The Alchemist

Face:

A neate, spruce–honest–fellow, and no Goldsmith.

Subtle:

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

Face:

Already, Sir, have you found it? Lo thee Able!

Subtle:

And, in right way to'ward riches.

Face:

Sir.

Subtle:

This

Subtle:

Summer.

Subtle:

He will be of the Clothing of his company.

Subtle:

And, next spring, call'd to the Scarlet. Spend what he can.

Face:

What, and so little beard?

Subtle:

Sir, you must think,

Subtle:

He may have a receipt to make hayre come.

Subtle:

But he will be wise, preserue his youth, and fine for it:

The Alchemist

Subtle:

His fortune lookes for him, another way.

Face:

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

Face:

I am amus'd, at that!

Subtle:

By a rule, Captayne,

Subtle:

In Metaposcopie, which I do worke by,

Subtle:

A certaine Starr in the forehead, which you see not.

Subtle:

Your Chest–nut, or your Oliue–colourd face

Subtle:

Does neuer fayle: and your long Eare doth promise.

Subtle:

I knew it, by certaine spotts too, in his teeth,

Subtle:

And on the nayle of his Mercurial finger.

Face:

Which finger is that?

Subtle:

His little finger, Looke.

Subtle:

You were borne upon a Wensday.

The Alchemist

Drugger:

Yes, indeed, Sir.

Subtle:

The Thumbe, in Chiromantie, we give Venus;

Subtle:

The Fore–finger to Ioue; the Midst, to Saturne;

Subtle:

The Ring to Sol, the Least, to Mercurie:

Subtle:

Who was the Lord, Sir, of his Horoscope,

Subtle:

His House of life being Libra. Which foreshew'd,

Subtle:

He should be a Marchant, and should trade with Ballance.

Face:

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

Subtle:

There is a Ship now, comming from Ormu's,

Subtle:

That shall yeeld him, such a Commoditie

Subtle:

Of Drugs. This is the West, and this the South?

Drugger:

Yes, Sir.

Subtle:

Scene 3

The Alchemist

And those are your two sides?

Drugger:

Aye, Sir.

Subtle:

Make me your Dore, then, South; your broad side, West:

Subtle:

And, on the East-side of your shop, aloft,

Subtle:

Write Mathlaj, Tarmiel, and Baraborat;

Subtle:

upon the North-part, Rael, Velel, Thiel,

Subtle:

They are the names of those Mercurian spirits,

Subtle:

That do fright flyes from boxes.

Drugger:

Yes, Sir,

Subtle:

And

Subtle:

Beneath your threshold, bury me a Loade-stone

Subtle:

To draw in Gallants, that weare spurres: The rest,

Subtle:

They will seeme to follow.

The Alchemist

Face:

That is a secret, Nab.

Subtle:

And, on your stall, a Puppet, with a vice,

Subtle:

And a Court–fucus, to call Citie–Dames.

Subtle:

You shall deale much with Mineralls.

Drugger:

Sir, I have,

Drugger:

At home, already —

Subtle:

Aye, I know, you have Arsnike,

Subtle:

Vitriol, Sal Tartre, Argaille, Alkaly,

Subtle:

Cinoper. I know all. This fellow, Captayne,

Subtle:

Will come, in time, to be a great Distiller,

Subtle:

And give a say (I will not say directly,

Subtle:

But very fayre) at the Philosophers stone.

Face:

Why, how now Abel! Is this true?

The Alchemist

Drugger:

Good Captayne,

Drugger:

What must I give?

Face:

Nay, I will not counsell thee.

Face:

Thou hearst, what wealth, he sayes, spend what thou canst,

Face:

Thou art like to come to.

Drugger:

I would give him a Crowne.

Face:

A Crowne? And toward such a fortune? Hart,

Face:

Thou shalt rather give him thy shop. No Gold about thee?

Drugger:

Yes, I have a Portague, I have kept this halfe yeare.

Face:

Out on thee, Nab, 'Slight, there was such an offer,

Face:

Shalt keepe it no longer, I will give it him for thee?

Face:

Doctor, Nab prays your Worship, to drinke this, and swears

Face:

He will appeare more gratefull, as your skill

Face:

Does raise him in the world.

Drugger:

I would intreat

Drugger:

Another fauor of his Worship.

Face:

What is it, Nab?

Drugger:

But, to looke ouer, Sir, my Almanack,

Drugger:

And crosse out my Ill–dayes, that I may neither

Drugger:

Bargaine, nor trust upon them.

Face:

That he shall, Nab.

Face:

Leaue it, it shall be done, 'gainst afternoone.

Subtle:

And a direction of his shelues.

Face:

Now, Nab?

Face:

Art thou well pleas'd, Nab?

Drugger:

The Alchemist

Thank, Sir, both your Worships.

Face:

Away.

Face:

Why, now, you smoaky persecuter of Nature,

Face:

Now, do you see, that something is to be done,

Face:

Beside your Beech-coale, and your Cor'siue waters,

Face:

Your Crosse-lets, Crucibles, and Cucurbites?

Face:

You must have stufte, brought home to you, to worke on?

Face:

And, yet, you think, I am at no expense.

Face:

In searching out these vaines, then following them,

Face:

Then trying them out. 'Fore God, my intelligence

Face:

Costs me more money, then my share oft comes too,

Face:

In these rare workes.

Subtle:

You are pleasant, Sir, How now?

Scene 4

Face:

What says, my dainty Dolkin?

Dol:

Yonder Fish-wife

Dol:

Will not away. And there is your Giantesse,

Dol:

The Baud of Lambeth.

Subtle:

Hart, I cannot speake with them.

Dol:

Not, afore night, I have told them, in a voice,

Dol:

Thorough the Trunke, like one of your Familiars.

Dol:

But I have spied Sir Epicure Mammon.

Subtle:

Where?

Dol:

Comming along, at far end of the lane,

Dol:

Slow of his feete, but earnest of his tongue,

Dol:

To one, that is with him.

Subtle:

Face, Goe you, and shift,

Subtle:

Dol, you must presently make ready, too.

Dol:

Why, what is the matter?

Subtle:

O, I did looke for him

Subtle:

With the sunnes rising. 'Meruaile, he could sleepe.

Subtle:

This is the day, I am to perfect for him

Subtle:

The Magisterium, our great worke, the Stone;

Subtle:

And yeeld it, made, into his hands: Of which,

Subtle:

He has, this month, talk'd, as he were possess'd of it,

Subtle:

And, now, he is dealing peeces of it, away.

Subtle:

Me*thinkes, I see him, entring Ordinaries,

Subtle:

Dispensing for the poxe; and Plaguy-houses,

Subtle:

The Alchemist

Reaching his dose; Walking More-fields for Lepers;

Subtle:

And offering Citizens Wiues Pomander Bracelets,

Subtle:

As his preseruatiue, made of the Elixir;

Subtle:

Searching the Spittle, to make old Baudes yong;

Subtle:

And the High waies, for Beggars, to make rich.

Subtle:

I see no end of his labours. He will make

Subtle:

Nature asham'd, of her long sleepe, when Art,

Subtle:

Who is but a Step-dame, shall do more, then she,

Subtle:

In her best loue to Man-kinde, euer could.

Subtle:

If his Dreame last, He will turne the Age, to Gold.

Act 2

Scene 1

Mammon:

Come on, Sir. Now, you set your foote, on Shore

Mammon:

The Alchemist

In Nouo Orbe; Here is the rich Peru:

Mammon:

And there within, Sir, are the golden Mines

Mammon:

Great Salomon's Ophir. He was sayling to it

Mammon:

Three yeares, but we have reach'd it in ten Months.

Mammon:

This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,

Mammon:

I will pronounce the happy word, Be rich.

Mammon:

This day, you shall be Spectatissimi.

Mammon:

You shall no more deale with the hollow Die,

Mammon:

Or the fraile Card. No more be at charge of keeping

Mammon:

The Liuery-punke, for my yong Heyre, that must

Mammon:

Seale, at all howers, in his shirt. No more

Mammon:

If he deny, have him beaten to it, as he is

Mammon:

That brings him the commoditie. No more

The Alchemist

Mammon:

Shall thirst of satten, or the couetous hunger

Mammon:

Of veluet entrayles, for a rude–spun cloake,

Mammon:

To be displayd at Madam Augusta's, make

Mammon:

The sonnes of Sword, and Hazard fall before

Mammon:

The golden Calfe, and on their knees, whole nights,

Mammon:

Commit Idolatry with Wine, and Trumpets

Mammon:

Or goe a*feasting, after Drum and Ensigne.

Mammon:

No more of this. You shall start up yong Vice–roies,

Mammon:

And have your Punques, and Punquettees, my Surly.

Mammon:

And vnto thee, I speake it first, Be rich.

Mammon:

Where is my Subtle, there? Within Hough? WITHIN

[Face:]

Sir.

[Face:]

He will come to you, by and by.

Mammon:

That is his Fire–drake,

Mammon:

His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffes his coales,

Mammon:

Till he firke Nature, up, in her owne center.

Mammon:

You are not faithfull, Sir. This night, I will change

Mammon:

All, that is mettall, in my house, to gold.

Mammon:

And, early in the morning, will I send

Mammon:

To all the Plumbers, and the Peuterers,

Mammon:

And buy their Tinne, and Lead up: and to Lothbury,

Mammon:

For all the copper.

Surly:

What, and turne that too?

Mammon:

Yes, and I will purchase Deuonshire, and Cornwaile,

Mammon:

And make them perfect Indies. You admire now?

Surly:

No faith.

Mammon:

But when you see the effects of the great

Mammon:

medicine!

Mammon:

Of which one part projected on a hundred

Mammon:

Of Mercurie, or Venus, or the Moone,

Mammon:

Shall turne it, to as many of the Sunne;

Mammon:

Nay, to a thousand, so ad Infinitum:

Mammon:

You will beleeeue me.

Surly:

Yes, I see it, I will.

Surly:

But, if my eyes do cossen me so (and I

Surly:

Giuing them no occasion) sure, I will have

Surly:

A Whore, shall pisse them out next day.

Mammon:

Ha! Why?

The Alchemist

Mammon:

Do you think, I fable with you? I assure you,

Mammon:

He that has once the Flower of the Sunne,

Mammon:

The perfect Ruby, which we call Elixir,

Mammon:

Not onely can do that, but by its vertue,

Mammon:

Can confer honour, loue, respect, long life,

Mammon:

Give safty, valure: yea, and victory,

Mammon:

To whom he will. In eight, and twenty dayes,

Mammon:

I will make an Old man, of fourescore, a Childe.

Surly:

No doubt he is that already.

Mammon:

Nay, I meane,

Mammon:

Restore his yeares, renew him, like an Eagle,

Mammon:

To the fifth age; make him get Sonnes, and Daughters,

Mammon:

Yong Giants; as our Philosophers have done

Mammon:

(The antient Patriarkes afore the flood)

Mammon:

But taking, one a weeke, on a kniues point,

Mammon:

The quantitie of a grayne of Mustard, of it:

Mammon:

Become stout Marses, and beget yong Cupids.

Surly:

The decay'd Vestall's of Picket-hatch would thanke you,

Surly:

That keepe the fire a-liue, there.

Mammon:

It is the secret

Mammon:

Of Nature, naturiz'd 'gainst all infections,

Mammon:

Cures all diseases, comming of all causes,

Mammon:

A month's grieffe, in a day; a yeares, in twelue:

Mammon:

And, of what age so*euere, in a month.

Mammon:

Past all the doses, of your drugging Doctors.

Mammon:

I will vndertake, withall, to fright the Plague

Mammon:

Out of the kingdome, in three months.

Surly:

And I will

Surly:

Be bound, the Players shall sing your praises, then,

Surly:

Without their Poets.

Mammon:

Sir, I will do it. Meane time,

Mammon:

I will give away so much, vnto my man,

Mammon:

Shall serue the whole Citie, with preseruatiue,

Mammon:

Weekely, each house his dose, and at the rate ---

Surly:

As he that built the Water-worke, does with water,

Mammon:

You are incredulous.

Surly:

Faith, I have a humor,

Surly:

I would not willingly be gull'd. Your Stone

Surly:

The Alchemist

Cannot transmute me.

Mammon:
Pertinax, Surly,

Mammon:
Will you beleeeue Antiquitie? Recordes?

Mammon:
I will shew you a Booke, where Moses, and his Sister,

Mammon:
And Salomon have written, of the Art;

Mammon:
Aye, and a Treatise penn'd by Adam.

Surly:
How!

Mammon:
On the Philosophers stone, and in high Dutch.

Surly:
Did Adam write, Sir, in high Dutch?

Mammon:
He did:

Mammon:
Which proues it was the Primitiue tongue.

Surly:
What Paper?

Mammon:
On Cedar board.

The Alchemist

Surly:

O that, indeed (thy say)

Surly:

Will last 'gainst wormes.

Mammon:

It is like your Irish wood

Mammon:

'Gainst Cobwebs. I have a peece of Iasons fleece, too,

Mammon:

Which was no other, then a Booke of Alchemie,

Mammon:

Writ in large sheepe–skin, a good fat Ram–Vellam.

Mammon:

Such was Pythagora's thigh, Pandora's tub;

Mammon:

And, all that fable of Medeas charmes,

Mammon:

The manner of our worke: The Bulls, our Fornace,

Mammon:

Still breathing fire; our Argent–viue, the Dragon:

Mammon:

The Dragons teeth, Mercurie sublimate,

Mammon:

That keeps the whitenesse, hardnesse and the biting;

Mammon:

And they are gather'd, into Iason's helme,

Mammon:

(The Aleambeke) and then sow'd in Mars his field,

Mammon:

And, thence, sublim'd so often, till they are fix'd.

Mammon:

Both this, the Hesperian Garden, Cadmus story,

Mammon:

Ioue's shower, the boone of Midas, Argus eyes,

Mammon:

Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,

Mammon:

All abstract Riddles of our Stone. How now?

Scene 2

Mammon:

Do we succeed? Is our day come? and hold's it?

Face:

The euening will set red, upon you, Sir,

Face:

You have colour for it, crimson, the red Ferment

Face:

Has done his office. Three howers hence, prepare you

Face:

To see proiection.

Mammon:

Pertinax, my Surly,

The Alchemist

Mammon:

Againe, I say to thee, aloud: Be rich.

Mammon:

This day, thou shalt have Ingots: and, to*morrow,

Mammon:

Give Lords the affront. Is it, my Zephyrus, right?

Mammon:

Blushes the Bolts-head?

Face:

Like a Wench with Child, Sir,

Face:

That were, but now, discover'd to her Master.

Mammon:

Excellent witty Lungs. My onely care is,

Mammon:

Where to get stuffe, inough now, to proiect on

Mammon:

This towne will not halfe serue me.

Face:

No Sir? Take

Face:

The couering off of Churches.

Mammon:

That is true.

Face:

Yes.

Face:

Let them stand bare, as do their Auditorie,

Face:

Or cap them, new, with Shingles.

Mammon:

No, good Thatch.

Mammon:

Thatch will lie light, upon the rafters Lungs,

Mammon:

Lungs, I will manumit thee, from the Fornace;

Mammon:

I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe,

Mammon:

Lost in the embers; and repayre this brayne,

Mammon:

Hurt with the fume of the Mettals.

Face:

I have blowne, Sir,

Face:

Hard for your Worship; throwne by many a Coale,

Face:

When it was not Beech; weigh'd those I put in, iust,

Face:

To keepe your heate, still euen; These bleard eyes

The Alchemist

Face:

Have wak'd, to reade your seuerall colours, Sir,

Face:

Of the pale Citron, the greene Lion, the Crow,

Face:

The Peacocks tayle, the plumed Swan.

Mammon:

And, lastly,

Mammon:

Thou hast descried the Flower, the Sanguis Agni?

Face:

Yes Sir.

Mammon:

Where is Master?

Face:

At his prayers, Sir, he,

Face:

Good man, he is doing his deuotions,

Face:

For the successe.

Mammon:

Lungs, I will set a period,

Mammon:

To all thy labours: Thou shalt be, the Master

Mammon:

Of my Seraglia.

The Alchemist

Face:

Good, Sir.

Mammon:

But do you heare?

Mammon:

I will geld you Lungs.

Face:

Yes, Sir.

Mammon:

For I do meane

Mammon:

To have a list of Wiues, and Concubines,

Mammon:

A*Equall with Salomon; who had the Stone

Mammon:

Alike, with me: and I will make me, a back

Mammon:

With the Elixir, that shall be as tough

Mammon:

As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night.

Mammon:

Thou art sure, thou sawst it blood?

Face:

Both bloud, and spirit, Sir.

Mammon:

I will have all my beds, blowne up; not stuft:

Mammon:

Downe is too hard. And then, mine Oual Roome,

Mammon:

Fill'd with such pictures, as Tiberius tooke

Mammon:

From Elephantis: and dull Aretine

Mammon:

But coldly imitated. Then, my Glasses,

Mammon:

Cut in more subtill angles, to disperse,

Mammon:

And multiply the figures, as I walke

Mammon:

Naked betweene my Succuba*e. My mistes

Mammon:

I will have of perfume, vapor'd 'bout the roome,

Mammon:

To loose our*selues in; and my bathes, like pittes

Mammon:

To fall into: from whence, we will come forth,

Mammon:

And roule us dry in Gossamour, and Roses.

Mammon:

Is it ariu'd at Ruby? Where I spie

Mammon:

The Alchemist

A wealthy Cittizen, or rich Lawyer,

Mammon:

Have a sublim'd pure Wife, vnto that fellow

Mammon:

I will send a thousand pound, to be my Cuckold.

Face:

And I shall carry it.

Mammon:

No, I will have no baudes,

Mammon:

But Fathers, and Mothers. And my flatterers,

Mammon:

Shall be the best, and grauest of Diuines,

Mammon:

That I can get for money. My mere fooles,

Mammon:

Eloquent Burgesses, and then my Poets

Mammon:

The same that writ so subtly of the Fart,

Mammon:

Whom I will entertaine, still, for that Subiect.

Mammon:

The few, that would give out themselues, to be

Mammon:

Court, and Towne Stallions, and, each where, belye

The Alchemist

Mammon:

Ladies, who are knowne most innocent, for them;

Mammon:

Those will I begge, to make me Eunuchs of:

Mammon:

And they shall fanne me, with ten Estrich Tayles

Mammon:

A*Piece, made in a plume, to gather winde.

Mammon:

We will be braue, Puffe, now we have the Med'cine.

Mammon:

My Meate, shall all come in, in Indian shells,

Mammon:

Dishes of Agat, set in Gold, and studded

Mammon:

With Emeralds, Saphires, Hjacinths, and Rubies.

Mammon:

The tongues of Carpes, Dormise, and Camels heeles,

Mammon:

Boy'ld in the spirit of Sol, and dissolu'd Pearle,

Mammon:

(Apicius diet, 'gainst the Epilepsie)

Mammon:

And I will eat these broaths, with spoones of Amber,

Mammon:

Headed with Diamant, and Carbuncle.

The Alchemist

Mammon:

My foote–Boy shall eate Phesants, caluerd Salmons,

Mammon:

Knots, Godwits, Lamprey's: I my*selfe will have

Mammon:

The beards of Barbels, seru'd, in*stead of sallades;

Mammon:

Oyld Mushromes; and the swelling vnctuous papps

Mammon:

Of a fat pregnant Sow, newly cut off,

Mammon:

Drest with an exquisite, and poynant sauce;

Mammon:

For which, I will say vnto my Cooke. There is gold,

Mammon:

Goe forth, and be a Knight.

Face:

Sir, I will goe looke

Face:

A little, how it heightens.

Mammon:

Do. My Shirts

Mammon:

I will have of Taffata–sarsnet, soft, and light

Mammon:

As Cobwebs; and for all my other rayment

Mammon:

It shall be such, as might prouoke the Persian:

Mammon:

Were he to teach the world riot, a*new.

Mammon:

My Gloues of Fishes, and Birds–skinnes, perfum'd

Mammon:

With gummes of Paradise, and Easterne ayre —

Surly:

And do you think to have the Stone, with this?

Mammon:

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

Surly:

Why, I have heard, he must be Homo frugi,

Surly:

A pious, holy, and religious man,

Surly:

One free from mortall sinne, a very Virgin.

Mammon:

That makes it, Sir, he is so. But I buy it.

Mammon:

My venter brings it me. He, honest wretch,

Mammon:

A notable, superstitious, good soule,

Mammon:

The Alchemist

Has worne his knees bare, and his slippers bald,

Mammon:

With prayer, and fasting for it: And Sir, let him

Mammon:

Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes,

Mammon:

Not a prophane word, afore him: It is poyson.

Scene 3

Mammon:

Good morrow, Father.

Subtle:

Gentle Sonne, good morrow,

Subtle:

And, to your friend, there. What is he, is with you?

Mammon:

An Heretique, that I did bring along,

Mammon:

In hope, Sir, to conuert him.

Subtle:

Sonne, I doubt

Subtle:

You are couetous, that thus you meete your time

Subtle:

In the iust point: preuent your day, at morning.

The Alchemist

Subtle:

This argues something, worthy of a feare

Subtle:

Of importune, and carnall appetite.

Subtle:

Take heed, you do not cause the blessing leaue you,

Subtle:

With your unguern'd hast. I should be sorry,

Subtle:

To see my labours, now, eene at perfection,

Subtle:

Got by long watching, and large patience,

Subtle:

Not prosper, where my Loue, and Zeale hath plac'd them.

Subtle:

Which (heauen I call to witnesse, with your*selfe,

Subtle:

To whom, I have pour'd my thoughts) in all my endes,

Subtle:

Have look'd no way, but vnto publique good,

Subtle:

To pious vses, and deare Charitie

Subtle:

No growne a prodigie with me. Wherein

Subtle:

If you, my Sonne, should, now, pra*euaricate,

Subtle:

And, to your owne particular lusts, employ

Subtle:

So great, and catholique a blisse; Be sure,

Subtle:

A curse will follow, yea, and ouertake

Subtle:

Your subtle, and most secret wayes.

Mammon:

I know, Sir,

Mammon:

You shall not need to feare me. I but come,

Mammon:

To have you confute this Gentleman.

Subtle:

Who is,

Subtle:

Indeed, Sir, somewhat caustie of beleefe

Subtle:

Toward your Stone. Would not be gull'd.

Mammon:

Well, Sonne,

Mammon:

All that I can conuince him in, is this,

Mammon:

The Worke is done: Bright Sol is in his robe.

Mammon:

We have a med'cine of the triple Soule,

Mammon:

The glorified spirit. Thankes be to heauen,

Mammon:

And make us worthy of it. Vlenspiegle.

Face:

Anone Sir.

Subtle:

Looke well to the Register,

Subtle:

And let your heate, still, lessen by degrees

Subtle:

To the Aludels.

Face:

Yes Sir.

Subtle:

Did you looke

Subtle:

On the Bolts-head yet?

Face:

Which on D% Sir?

Subtle:

Aye.

Subtle:

The Alchemist

What is the complexion?

Face:

Whitish.

Subtle:

Infuse vinegar,

Subtle:

To draw his volatile substance, and his tincture:

Subtle:

And let the water in Glasse E% be feltred,

Subtle:

And put into the Gripes egge. Lute him, well;

Subtle:

And leaue him clos'd in Balneo.

Face:

I will, Sir.

Surly:

What a braue language here is? next to Canting?

Subtle:

I have another worke, you neuer saw, Sonne,

Subtle:

That, three dayes since, past the Philosophers wheele,

Subtle:

In the lent heate of Athanor; and is become

Subtle:

Sulphur of nature.

The Alchemist

Mammon:

But it is for me?

Subtle:

What need

Subtle:

you?

Subtle:

You have enough, in that is, perfect.

Mammon:

O, but —

Subtle:

Why this is Couetise!

Mammon:

No, I assure you,

Mammon:

I shall employ it all, in pious vses,

Mammon:

Founding of Colleges, and Grammar Schooles,

Mammon:

Marrying yong Virgins, building Hospitals,

Mammon:

And now, and then a Church.

Subtle:

How now.

Face:

Sir please you

Face:

Shall I not change the feltre?

Subtle:

Mary, yes.

Subtle:

And bring me the complexion of Glasse B.

Mammon:

Have you another?

Subtle:

Yes Sonne, were I assur'd

Subtle:

Your piety were firme, we would not want

Subtle:

The meanes to glorifie it. But I hope the best:

Subtle:

I meane to tinct C% in sand-heate, to*morrow,

Subtle:

And give him imbibition.

Mammon:

Of white oyle?

Subtle:

No Sir of red. F% is come ouer the helme too,

Subtle:

I thanke my Maker, in S% Maries bath,

Subtle:

And shewes Lac Virginis. Blessed be heauen.

The Alchemist

Subtle:

I sent you of his fa*eces there, calcin'd.

Subtle:

Out of that calx, I have wonne the salt of Mercurie.

Mammon:

By pouring on your rectefied water?

Subtle:

Yes, and reuerberating in Athanor.

Subtle:

How now? What colour sayes it?

Face:

The Ground black, Sir.

Mammon:

That is your Crowes head.

Surly:

Your Cockscomb's, is it not?

Subtle:

No, It is not perfect, would it were the Crow.

Subtle:

That worke wants something.

Surly:

O, I look'd for this.

Surly:

The hay is a*pitching.

Subtle:

The Alchemist

Are you sure, you loos'd them

Subtle:

In their owne menstrue?

Face:

Yes, Sir, and then married them,

Face:

And put them in a Bolts-head, nipp'd to digestion,

Face:

According as you bad me; when I set

Face:

The liquor of Mars to circulation,

Face:

In the same heate.

Subtle:

The processe, then, was right.

Face:

Yes, by the token, Sir, the Retort brake,

Face:

And what was sau'd, was put into the Pellicane,

Face:

And sign'd with Hermes seale.

Subtle:

I think it was so.

Subtle:

We should have a new Amalgama.

The Alchemist

Mammon:

O, this Ferret

Mammon:

Is ranke as any Pole-cat.

Subtle:

But I care not.

Subtle:

Let him e'ene dy; we have enough, beside,

Subtle:

In Embrion. H% has his white shirt on?

Face:

Yes, Sir,

Face:

He is ripe for inceration; He stands warme,

Face:

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

Face:

Any dye now, if I might counsell Sir,

Face:

For lucks sake to the rest. It is not good.

Mammon:

He sayes right.

Surly:

Aye, are you bolted?

Face:

Nay,

The Alchemist

Face:

I know it Sir,

Face:

I have seene the ill fortune. What is some three Ounces

Face:

Of fresh materials?

Mammon:

Is it no more?

Face:

No more, Sir,

Face:

Of Gold, to amalgame, with some fixe of Mercurie.

Mammon:

Away, here is Money. What will serue.

Face:

Aske him, Sir.

Mammon:

How much?

Subtle:

Give him nine pound, you may

Subtle:

give him ten.

Surly:

Yes twenty, and be cossend, Do.

Mammon:

There it is.

Subtle:

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

Subtle:

To see conclusions of all. For two

Subtle:

Of our inferiour workes, are at fixation.

Subtle:

A third is in Ascension. Goe your wayes,

Subtle:

Have you set the Oyle of Luna in Kemia?

Face:

Yes, Sir.

Subtle:

And the Philosophers vinegar?

Face:

Aye.

Surly:

We shall have a sallad.

Mammon:

When do you make proiection?

Subtle:

Sonne, be not hasty, I exalt our Med'cine,

Subtle:

By hanging him in Balneo Vaporoso;

Subtle:

And giuing him solution; then congeale him;

Subtle:

For looke, how oft I iterate the worke,

Subtle:

So many times, I adde vnto his vertue.

Subtle:

As, if at first, one Ounce conuert a hundred,

Subtle:

After his second loose, he will turne a thousand;

Subtle:

His third solution, ten: his fourth a hundred.

Subtle:

After his fifth, a thousand thousand Ounces

Subtle:

Of any imperfect mettall, into pure

Subtle:

Siluer, or Gold, in all examinations,

Subtle:

As good, as any of the naturall Mine.

Subtle:

Get you your stufte here, against afternoone,

Subtle:

Your Brasse, your Pewter, and your Andirons.

Mammon:

Not those of iron?

The Alchemist

Subtle:

Yes. You may bring them, too.

Subtle:

We will change all mettall's.

Surly:

I beleeeue you, in that.

Mammon:

Then I may send my Spitts?

Subtle:

Yes, and your Racks.

Surly:

And Dripping–pannes, and Pot–hangers, and Hookes?

Surly:

Shall he not?

Subtle:

If he please.

Surly:

To be an Asse.

Subtle:

How Sir!

Mammon:

This Gent'man, you must beare withall.

Mammon:

I told you, he had no faith.

Surly:

And little hope, Sir,

The Alchemist

Surly:

But, much lesse charitie, should I gull my*selfe.

Subtle:

Why what have you obseru'd, Sir, in our Art,

Subtle:

Seemes so impossible?

Surly:

But your whole worke, no more.

Surly:

That, you should hatch gold in a Fornace, Sir,

Surly:

As they do egges in Egypt.

Subtle:

Sir, do you

Subtle:

Beleeue that egges are hatch'd so?

Surly:

If I should?

Subtle:

Why, I think that the greater Miracle.

Subtle:

No Egge, but differs from a Chicken, more,

Subtle:

Then Mettalls in themselues.

Surly:

That cannot be.

Scene 3

Surly:

The Egg is ordain'd by Nature, to that end:

Surly:

And is a Chicken, in Potentia.

Subtle:

The same we say of Lead, and other Mettalls,

Subtle:

Which would be Gold, if they had time.

Mammon:

And that

Mammon:

Our Art doth further.

Subtle:

Aye, for it were absurd

Subtle:

To think that Nature, in the earth, bred Gold

Subtle:

Perfect in the instant. Something went before.

Subtle:

There must be remote Matter.

Surly:

Aye, what is that?

Subtle:

Mary, we say.

Mammon:

Aye, now it heates, stand Father.

Mammon:

Pound him to Dust.

Subtle:

It is, of the one part,

Subtle:

A humide exhalation, which we call

Subtle:

Materia liquida, or the Vnctuous Water;

Subtle:

On the other part, a certaine crasse, and viscous

Subtle:

Portion of earth; both which, concorporate,

Subtle:

Do make the elementary matter of Gold:

Subtle:

Which is not, yet, propria materia,

Subtle:

But commune to all Mettalls, and all Stones.

Subtle:

For, where it is forsaken of that moysture,

Subtle:

And hath more drynesse, it becomes a Stone;

Subtle:

Where it retaines more of the humid fatnesse,

Subtle:

It turnes to Sulphur, or to Quick-siluer:

Subtle:

Who are the Parents of all other Mettals.

Subtle:

Nor can this remote Matter, sodainly,

Subtle:

Progressse so from extreme, vnto extreme,

Subtle:

As to grow Gold, and leape ore all the meanes.

Subtle:

Nature doth, first, beget the imperfect; then

Subtle:

Proceedes she to the perfect. Of that ayrye,

Subtle:

And oyly water, Mercury is engendred;

Subtle:

Sulphure of the fat, and earthy part; the one

Subtle:

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

Subtle:

The other of the Female, in all Mettalls.

Subtle:

Some do beleeeue Hermaphrodeitie,

Subtle:

That both do act, and suffer. But these two

Subtle:

Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.

Subtle:

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

Subtle:

Seeds of them, by our fire, and Gold in them.

Subtle:

And can produce the species of each metal

Subtle:

More perfect thence, than Nature doth in earth.

Subtle:

Beside, who doth not see, in daily practise,

Subtle:

Art can beget Bees, Hornets, Beetles, Wasps,

Subtle:

Out of the Carcasses, and dung of Creatures;

Subtle:

Yea, Scorpions, of an herbe, being ritely plac'd,

Subtle:

And these are living Creatures, far more perfect,

Subtle:

And excellent, then Metall.

Mammon:

Well said, Father!

Mammon:

Nay, if he take you in hand, Sir, with an argument,

Mammon:

He will bray you in a Morter.

Surly:

Pray you, Sir, stay.

Surly:

Rather, then I will be bray'd, Sir, I will beleeue,

Surly:

That Alchemie is a pretty kinde of Game,

Surly:

Somewhat like Tricks of the Cards, to cheat a man,

Surly:

With charming.

Subtle:

Sir?

Surly:

What else are all your Termes,

Surly:

Whereon no one of your Writers grees with other?

Surly:

Of your Elixir, your Lac virginis,

Surly:

Your Stone, your Med'cine, and your Chrysosperme,

Surly:

Your Sal, your Sulphur, and your Mercurie,

Surly:

The Alchemist

Your Oyle of height, your Tree of life, your Blood,

Surly:

your Marchesite, your Tutie, your Magnesia,

Surly:

Your Toade, your Crow, your Dragon, and your Panthar,

Surly:

Your Sunne, your Moone, your Firmament, your Adrop,

Surly:

Your Lato, Azoch, Zernich, Chibrit, Heautarit,

Surly:

And your Red man, and your white woman;

Surly:

With all your Broathes, your Menstrues, and Materialls,

Surly:

Of Pisse, and Egge-shells, Womens termes, Mans blood,

Surly:

Hayre of the head, burnt Cloutes, Chalke, Merds, and Clay,

Surly:

Poulder of bones, scalings of Iron, glasse,

Surly:

And worlds of other strange Ingredients,

Surly:

Would burst a man to name.

Subtle:

And all these, nam'd,

Subtle:

Intending but one thing: which art our Writers

Subtle:

Vs'd to obscure their Art.

Mammon:

Sir, so I told him.

Mammon:

Because the simple Idiot should not learne it,

Mammon:

And make it vulgar.

Subtle:

Was not all the knowledge

Subtle:

Of the A*Egyptians writ in mystick Symboles?

Subtle:

Speake not the Scriptures oft in Parables?

Subtle:

Are not the choyssest Fables of the Poets,

Subtle:

That were the Fountaines, and first Springs of Wisedome,

Subtle:

Wrapt in perplexed Allegories?

Mammon:

I vrg'd that.

Mammon:

And clear'd to him, that Sisiphus was damn'd

The Alchemist

Mammon:

To roule the ceaslesse stone, onely, because

Mammon:

He would have made ours common. Who is this?

Subtle:

God's precious — What do you meane? Goe in, good

Subtle:

Lady; DOL is seene.

Subtle:

Let me entreat you. Where is this Varlet?

Face:

Sir?

Subtle:

You very knaue. Do you vse me, thus?

Face:

Wherein

Face:

Sir?

Subtle:

Goe in, and see, you traytor. Goe.

Mammon:

Who is it, Sir?

Subtle:

Nothing Sir. Nothing.

Mammon:

Scene 3

The Alchemist

What is the matter? Good Sir!

Mammon:

I have not seene you thus distemp'red. Who is it?

Subtle:

All Artes have still had, Sir, their aduersaries,

Subtle:

But ours the most ignorant. What now?

Face:

It was not my fault, Sir, she would speake with you.

Subtle:

Would she Sir? Follow me.

Mammon:

Stay Lungs.

Face:

I dare

Face:

not Sir.

Mammon:

Say man, what is she?

Face:

A Lords Sister, Sir.

Mammon:

How! Pray thee stay?

Face:

She is mad Sir, and sent hether --

The Alchemist

Face:

(He will be mad too.

Mammon:

I warrant thee.) Why sent hether?

Face:

Sir, to be cur'd.

Subtle:

Why Raskall!

Face:

Loe you. Here Sir.

Mammon:

'Fore-God, a Bradamante, a braue piece!

Surly:

Hart, this is a bauty-House. I will be burnt else.

Mammon:

O, by this light, no. Do not wrong him. He is

Mammon:

Too scrupulous, that way: It is his vice.

Mammon:

No, he is a rare Phisition, do him right.

Mammon:

An excellent Paracelsian! and has done

Mammon:

Strange cures with minerall phisick. He deales all

Mammon:

With spirits, he. He will not heare a Word

The Alchemist

Mammon:

Of Galen, or his tedious Recipee's.

Mammon:

How now, Lungs!

Face:

Softly, Sir, speake softly. I meant

Face:

To have told your Worship all. This must not heare,

Mammon:

No, he will not be gull'd; let him alone.

Face:

You are very right. Sir, she is a most rare schollar:

Face:

And is gone mad, with studying Broughtons workes.

Face:

If you but name a word, touching the Hebrew,

Face:

She falls into her fit, and will discourse

Face:

So learnedly of Genealogies,

Face:

As you would runne mad, too, to heare her, Sir,

Mammon:

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

Face:

O, diuers have runne made upon the Conference.

The Alchemist

Face:

I do not know, Sir: I am sent in hast,

Face:

To fetch a Viale.

Surly:

Be not gull'd, Sir Mammon.

Mammon:

Wherein? 'Pray ye, be patient.

Surly:

Yes, as you are.

Surly:

And trust confederate Knaues, and Baudes, and Whores.

Mammon:

You are too foule, beleeeue it. Come here, Zephyrus.

Mammon:

One word.

Face:

I dare not, in good faith.

Mammon:

Stay, Knaue.

Face:

He is extreme angry, that you saw her, Sir.

Mammon:

Drinke that. What is she, when she is out of her fit?

Face:

The Alchemist

O the most affablest Creature, Sir! so mery!

Face:

So pleasant! she will mount you up, like quick-silver,

Face:

Over the helme; and circulate, like oyle;

Face:

A very Vegetall: discourse of State,

Face:

Of Mathematiques, Baudry, any*thing --

Mammon:

Is she no way accessible? no meanes,

Mammon:

No trick, to give a man a tast of her --

Mammon:

Wit? or so?

Face:

I will come to you againe, Sir.

Mammon:

Surly, I did not think, one of your breeding

Mammon:

Would traduce personages of worth.

Surly:

Sir Epicure,

Surly:

Your friend to vse. Yet, still, loth to be gull'd.

Surly:

I do not like your Philosophicall baudes.

Surly:

Their Stone is lechery inough, to pay for,

Surly:

Without this bayte.

Mammon:

'Hart you abuse your*selfe.

Mammon:

I know the Lady, and her friends and meanes,

Mammon:

The originall of this disaster. Her Brother

Mammon:

Has told me all.

Surly:

And yet, you ne're saw her

Surly:

Till now?

Mammon:

O yes, but I forgot. I have (beleeeue it)

Mammon:

One of the treacherou'st memories, I do think,

Mammon:

Of all mankinde.

Subtle:

What call you her Brother?

Mammon:

My

Mammon:

Lord —

Mammon:

He will not have his name knowne, now I think of it.

Surly:

A very trecherous memory.

Mammon:

O' my faith —

Surly:

Tut if you have it not about you passe it,

Surly:

Till we meete next.

Mammon:

Nay, by this hand, it is true.

Mammon:

He is one I honour, and my noble friend,

Mammon:

And I respect his House.

Surly:

Hart! Can it be,

Surly:

That a graue Sir, a rich, that has no need,

Surly:

A wise Sir, too, at other times, should thus

Surly:

With his owne oathes, and arguments, make hard meanes

Surly:

To gull himselfe? And, this be your Elixir,

Surly:

Your Lapis Mineralis, and your Lunarie;

Surly:

Give me your honest trick, yet, at Primero,

Surly:

Or Gleeke; and take your Lutum sapientis,

Surly:

Your Menstruum simplex: I will have Gold, before you,

Surly:

And, with lesse danger of the Quick-siluer;

Surly:

Or the hot Sulphur.

Face:

Here is one from Captain Face, Sir,

Face:

Desires you meete him in the Temple-Church,

Face:

Some halfe houre hence, and upon earnest busines.

Face:

Sir, if you please to quit us, now; and come,

Face:

The Alchemist

Againe, within two howers: You shall have

Face:

My Master busie examining of the workes,

Face:

And I will steale you in, vnto the party;

Face:

That you may see her Conuerse. Sir, Shall I say,

Face:

You will meete the Captaines Worship?

Surly:

Sir, I will.

Surly:

But, by Attorney, and to a second purpose.

Surly:

Now, I am sure, it is a Bawdy-house;

Surly:

I will sweare it, were the Marshall here, to thanke me.

Surly:

The naming this Commander, doth confirme it.

Surly:

Don Face! Why, he is the most autentique dealer

Surly:

In these Commodities! The Superintendent

Surly:

To all the queinter Traffiquers, in towne.

The Alchemist

Surly:

He is their Visiter, and does appoint

Surly:

Who lies with whom; and at what hower; what price;

Surly:

Which gowne; and in what smock; what fall; what tire.

Surly:

Him will I proue, by a third person, to finde

Surly:

The subtilties of this darke Labyrinth:

Surly:

Which, if I do discover, deare, Sir Mammon,

Surly:

You will give your poore Friend leaue, though no Philosopher,

Surly:

To laugh: for you that are, it is thought, shall weepe.

Face:

Sir. He does pray, you will not forget.

Surly:

I will not, Sir.

Surly:

Sir Epicure, I shall leaue you.

Mammon:

I follow you, streight.

Face:

But do so, good Sir, to auoide suspicion.

The Alchemist

Face:

This Gent'man has a par'lous head.

Mammon:

But wilt thou

Mammon:

Be constant to thy promise?

Face:

As my life, Sir.

Mammon:

And wilt thou insinuate what I am? and praise me?

Mammon:

And say I am a Noble fellow?

Face:

O what else, Sir?

Face:

And, that you will make her royall, with the Stone,

Face:

An Emprise; and your*self King of Bantam.

Mammon:

Wilt thou do this?

Face:

Will I Sir?

Mammon:

Lungs,

Mammon:

my Lungs,

Scene 3

Mammon:

I loue thee.

Face:

Send your stuffe Sir, that my Master

Face:

May busie himselfe, about proiection.

Mammon:

Thou hast witch'd me, Rogue: Take, Goe.

Face:

Your Iack

Face:

and all Sir.

Mammon:

Thou art a Villaine -- I will send my Iack;

Mammon:

And the weights too. Slaue, I could bite thine eare.

Mammon:

Away, thou doest not care for me.

Face:

Not I Sir?

Mammon:

Come, I was borne to make thee, my good Weasell;

Mammon:

Set thee on a bench: and, have thee twirle a Chain

Mammon:

With the best Lord Vermine, of them all.

Face:

Away Sir.

Mammon:

A Count, nay a Count-Palatine --

Face:

Good Sir, goe.

Mammon:

Shall not aduance thee, better; no, nor faster.

Scene 4

Subtle:

Has he bitt? Has he bit?

Face:

And swallow'd too, my Subtle.

Face:

I have giu'n him line, and now he playes, I*faith.

Subtle:

And shall we twitch him?

Face:

Thorough both the gills.

Face:

A Wench is a rare bayt, with which a Man

Face:

No sooner is taken, but he straight firkes mad.

The Alchemist

Subtle:

Dol, my Lord Whachums Sister, you must now

Subtle:

Beare yourselfe statelich.

Dol:

O, let me alone.

Dol:

I will not forget my race, I warrant you.

Dol:

I will keep my distance, laugh, and talke about;

Dol:

Have all the trickes of a proud sciruy Lady:

Dol:

And be as rude as her woman.

Face:

Well said, sanguine.

Subtle:

But will he send his Andirons?

Face:

His Iack too;

Face:

And his iron Shooing–horne. I have spoke to him. Well,

Face:

I must not loose my wary Gamster, yonder.

Subtle:

O Monsieur Caution, that will not be gull'd?

Face:

Aye, if I can strike hooke into him, now,

Face:

The Temple–Church, there I have cast mine angle.

Face:

Well, pray for me. I will about it.

Subtle:

What, more Gudgeons!

Subtle:

Dol, scout, scout; stay Face, you must goe to the dore.

Subtle:

'Pray God, it be my Anabaptist. Who is it Dol?

Dol:

I know him not. He lookes like a Gold–end man.

Subtle:

Gods son! it is he, he said he would send. What call you him?

Subtle:

The sanctified Elder, that should deale

Subtle:

For Mammons, Iack, and Andirons! Let him in.

Subtle:

Stay, help me off, first, with my gowne. Away

Subtle:

Ma–dame, to your withdrawing Chamber. Now,

Subtle:

In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.

Subtle:

This fellow is sent, from one negotiates with me

Subtle:

About the stone, too; for the holy Brethren

Subtle:

Of Amstredam; the exil'd Saints: that hope

Subtle:

To raise their discipline, by it. I must vse him

Subtle:

In some strange fashion, now, to make him admire me.

Scene 5

Subtle:

Where is my Drudge?

Face:

Sir.

Subtle:

Take away the

Subtle:

Recipient.

Subtle:

And rectifie your Menstrue, from the Phlegma.

Subtle:

Then poure it, on the Sol, in the Cucurbite,

Subtle:

The Alchemist

And let them macerate, together.

Face:

Yes, Sir.

Face:

And saue the ground?

Subtle:

No. Terra damnata

Subtle:

Must not have entrance, in the worke. Who are you?

Ananias:

A faithfull Brother, if it please you.

Subtle:

What is that?

Subtle:

A Lullianist? a Ripley? Filius artis?

Subtle:

Can you sublime, and dulcefie, salcine?

Subtle:

Know you the sapor pontick? sapor stipstick?

Subtle:

Or, what is Homogene, or Heterogene?

Ananias:

I vnderstand no Heathen language, truely.

Subtle:

Heathen, you Knipper-doling? Is Ars sacra,

The Alchemist

Subtle:

Or Chrysopo*eia, or Spagirica,

Subtle:

Or the Pamphysick, or Panarchick knowledge,

Subtle:

A Heathen language?

Ananias:

Heathen Greeke, I take it.

Subtle:

How? Heathen Greeke?

Ananias:

All is Heathen, but the Hebrew.

Subtle:

S'rah, my Varlet, stand you forth, and speake to him

Subtle:

Like a Philosopher: Answer, in the language.

Subtle:

Name the vexations, and the Martyrizations

Subtle:

Of Mettalls, in the Worke.

Face:

Sir, Putrefaction,

Face:

Solution, Ablution, Sublimation,

Face:

Cobobation, Calcination, Ceration, and

The Alchemist

Face:
Fixation.

Subtle:
This is Heathen Greeke, to you, now?

Subtle:
And when comes Viuification?

Face:
After Mortification.

Subtle:
What is Cohobation?

Face:
It is the powring on

Face:
Your Aqua Regis, and then drawing him off,

Face:
To the trine circle of the seuen spheares.

Subtle:
What is the proper passion of Mettalls?

Face:
Malleation.

Subtle:
What is your Vltimum supplicium auri?

Face:
Antimonium.

Subtle:
This is Heathen Greek, to you? And, what is your Mercury?

The Alchemist

Face:

A very Fugitiue, he will be gone, Sir.

Subtle:

How know you him?

Face:

By his viscositie,

Face:

His oleositie, and his suscitabilitie.

Subtle:

How do you sublime him?

Face:

With the calce of Egge-shels,

Face:

White Marble, Talck,

Subtle:

Your Magisterium, now?

Subtle:

What is that?

Face:

Shifting, Sir, your elements,

Face:

Dry into cold, cold into moyst, moist into

Face:

hot, hot into dry.

Subtle:

The Alchemist

This is Heathen Greeke to you, still?

Subtle:

Your Lapis Philosophicus?

Face:

It is a Stone, and not

Face:

A Stone, a spirit, a soule, and a body;

Face:

Which, if you do dissolue, it is dissolu'd,

Face:

If you coagulate, it is coagulated,

Face:

If you make it to flye, it flyeth.

Subtle:

Inough.

Subtle:

This is Heathen Greeke, to you? What are you Sir.

Ananias:

Please you, a Seruant of the exilde Brethren,

Ananias:

That deale with Widdowes, and with Orphanes goods;

Ananias:

And make a iust account, vnto the Saints:

Ananias:

A Deacon.

The Alchemist

Subtle:

O, you are sent from Mr% Wholsome,

Subtle:

Your Teacher?

Ananias:

From Tribulation Wholsome,

Ananias:

Our very zealous Pastor.

Subtle:

Good. I have

Subtle:

Some Orphanes goods to come here.

Ananias:

Of what kind, Sir?

Subtle:

Peuter, and Brasse, Andirons, and Kitchin ware,

Subtle:

Mettalls, that we must vse our med'cine on:

Subtle:

Wherein the Brethren may have a penn'orth.

Subtle:

For ready money.

Ananias:

Were the Orphanes Parents

Ananias:

Sincere professors?

Subtle:

Why do you aske?

Ananias:

Because

Ananias:

We then are to deale iustly, and give (in truth)

Ananias:

Their vtmost valew.

Subtle:

'Slid, you would cossen, else,

Subtle:

And, if their Parents were not of the Faithfull?

Subtle:

I will not trust you, now I think of it,

Subtle:

Till I have talk'd with your Pastor. Have you brought money

Subtle:

To buy more Coales?

Ananias:

No surely.

Subtle:

No? How so?

Ananias:

The Brethren bid me say vnto you, Sir.

Ananias:

Surely, they will not venter any more,

The Alchemist

Ananias:

Till they may see proiection.

Subtle:

How!

Ananias:

You have had,

Ananias:

For the Instruments, as bricks, and lome, and glasses,

Ananias:

Already thirty pound; and, for Materialls,

Ananias:

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

Ananias:

That one, at Hiedelberg, made it, of an Egge

Ananias:

And a small paper of Pinne–dust.

Subtle:

What is your name?

Ananias:

My name is Ananias.

Subtle:

Out, the Varlet

Subtle:

That cossend the Apostles! Hence, away,

Subtle:

Flee Mischiefe; had your holy Consistory

Subtle:

No name to send me, of another sound;

Subtle:

Then wicked Ananias? Send your Elders,

Subtle:

Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly,

Subtle:

And give me satisfaction; or out goes

Subtle:

The fire: and downe the Alembekes, and the Fornace.

Subtle:

Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch,

Subtle:

Both Sericon, and Bufo, shall be lost,

Subtle:

Tell them. All hope of rooting out the Bishops,

Subtle:

Or the Antichristian Hierarchie shall perish,

Subtle:

If they stay threescore minutes. The Aqueitie.

Subtle:

Terreity, and Sulphureitie

Subtle:

Shall runne together againe, and all be annull'd

Subtle:

Thou wicked Ananias. This will fetch them,

Subtle:

And make them hast towards their gulling more.

Subtle:

A man must deale like a rough Nurse, and fright

Subtle:

Those, that are froward, to an appetite.

Scene 6

Face:

He is busie with his spirits, but we will upon him.

Subtle:

How now! What Mates? What Baiards have we here?

Face:

I told you he would be furious. Sir, Here is Nab,

Face:

Has brought you another peece of Gold, to looke on:

Face:

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

Face:

You would deuse (what is it Nab?)

Drugger:

A signe, Sir.

Face:

Aye, a good lucky one, a thriuing Signe, Doctor.

Subtle:

I was deusing now.

Face:

'Slight, do not say so,

Face:

He will repent he gave you any more.

Face:

What say you to his Constellation, Doctor?

Face:

The Ballance?

Subtle:

No, that way is stale, and Common.

Subtle:

A Townes Man, borne in Taurus, giues the Bull;

Subtle:

Or the Bulls-head: In Aries, the Ram.

Subtle:

A poore deuse. No. I will have his Name

Subtle:

Form'd in some mystick character; whose radij,

Subtle:

Striking the senses of the passers*by,

Subtle:

Shall, by a virtuall influence, breed affections,

Subtle:

That may result upon the party ownes it:

The Alchemist

Subtle:

As thus --

Face:

Nab.

Subtle:

He first shall have a Bell, That is Abell;

Subtle:

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

Subtle:

In a rugg Gowne; There is D% and Rug, that is Drug:

Subtle:

And, right anenst him, a Dog snarling Er;

Subtle:

There is Drugger, Abel Drugger. That is his signe.

Subtle:

And here is now Mystery, and Hieroglyphick.

Subtle:

Abell, thou art made.

Drugger:

Sir, I do thanke his Worship.

Face:

Sixe of thy legges more, will not do it, Nab.

Face:

He has brought you a pipe of Tobacco, Doctor.

Drugger:

Scene 6

Yes, Sir.

Drugger:

I have another thing, I would impart --

Face:

Out with it Nab.

Drugger:

Sir, there is lodg'd hard by me

Drugger:

A rich yong Widdow.

Face:

Good! a Bona roba?

Drugger:

But nineteene, at the most.

Face:

Very good, Abel.

Drugger:

Mary she is not in fashion, yet; she weares

Drugger:

A hood: but it stands a cop.

Face:

No matter Abel.

Drugger:

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

Face:

What doest thou deale, Nab?

The Alchemist

Subtle:

I did tell you, Captaine,

Drugger:

And physick too sometime, Sir, for which she trusts me

Drugger:

With all her minde. She is come up here, of purpose

Drugger:

To learne the fashion.

Face:

Good, His match too! on Nab.

Drugger:

And she does strangely long to know her fortune.

Face:

Gods lid, Nab! Send her to the Doctor, hether.

Drugger:

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

Drugger:

But she is afrayd, it will be blowne abroad

Drugger:

And hurt her Marriage.

Face:

Hurt it? It is the way

Face:

To heale it, if it were hurt; to make it more

Face:

Follow'd and sought: Nab, thou shalt tell her this.

The Alchemist

Face:

She will be more knowne, more talk'd of, and your Widowes

Face:

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

Face:

Their Honour is their multitude of Sutors.

Face:

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

Face:

Thou dost not know.

Drugger:

No, Sir, she will neuer mary

Drugger:

Vnder a Knight. Her brother has made a Vow.

Face:

What, and dost thou despayre, my little Nab,

Face:

Knowing, what the Doctor has set downe for thee,

Face:

And seeing so many, of the Citie, dub'd?

Face:

One Glasse of thy water, with a Madame I know

Face:

Will have it done Nab. What is her brother? a Knight?

Drugger:

No, Sir, A Gentleman, newly, warme in his land, Sir,

Drugger:

Scarse cold in his one and twenty; that does gouerne

Drugger:

His Sister, here: and is a Man himselfe

Drugger:

Of some three thousand a yeere, and is come up

Drugger:

To learne to quarrell, and to liue by his wittes,

Drugger:

And will goe downe againe, and dye in the Countrey.

Face:

How! to quarrell?

Drugger:

Yes, Sir, to carry Quarrells,

Drugger:

As Gallants do, and manage them, by line.

Face:

'Slid Nab. The Doctor is the onely man

Face:

In Christendome for him. He has made a Table,

Face:

With Mathematicall demonstrations,

Face:

Touching the Art of Quarrells. He will give him

Face:

The Alchemist

An Instrument to quarrell by. Goe, bring them, both;

Face:

Him, and his Sister. And, for thee, with her

Face:

The Doctor happ'ly may perswade. Goe to.

Face:

Shalt give his Worship, a new Damaske suite

Face:

upon the premisses.

Subtle:

O good Captaine.

Face:

He shall,

Face:

He is the honestest fellow, Doctor. Say not,

Face:

No offers, bring the Damaske, and the Parties.

Drugger:

I will try my power, Sir.

Face:

And thy will too, Nab.

Subtle:

It is good Tobacco this! What is it an ounce?

Face:

He will send you a pound, Doctor.

Subtle:

O, no:

Face:

He

Face:

will do it.

Face:

It is the gooddest soule. Abell about it.

Face:

(Thou shalt know more anone. Away, be gone.)

Face:

A miserable Rogue, and liues with Cheese,

Face:

And has the wormes. That was the cause indeed

Face:

Why he came now. He dealt with me, in priuate,

Face:

To get a med'cine for them.

Subtle:

And shall, Sir. This workes.

Face:

A wife, a wife, for one of us, my deare Subtle:

Face:

We will eene draw lots, and he, that fayles, shall have

Face:

The more in goods, the other has in tayle.

The Alchemist

Subtle:

Rather the lesse. For she may be so light

Subtle:

She may want graynes.

Face:

Aye, or be such a burden,

Face:

A man would scarce endure her, for the whole.

Subtle:

Faith, best let us see her first, and then determine.

Face:

Content. But Doll must have no breath of it.

Subtle:

Mum.

Subtle:

Away, you to your Surly yonder, Catch him.

Face:

'Pray God I have not stayd too long.

Subtle:

I feare it.

Act 3

Scene 1

Tribulation:

These Chastisements are common to the Saints,

Tribulation:

And such rebukes the Elect must beare, with patience;

Tribulation:

They are the exercises of the Spirit,

Tribulation:

And sent to tempt our fraylties.

Ananias:

In pure zeale,

Ananias:

I do not like the man: He is a Heathen,

Ananias:

And speakes the language of Canaan, truely.

Tribulation:

I think him a prophane person, indeed.

Ananias:

He beares

Ananias:

The visible marke of the beast, in his forehead.

Ananias:

And for his Stone, it is a worke of darknesse,

Ananias:

And, with Philosophie, blinds the eyes of man.

Tribulation:

Good Brother, we must bend vnto all meanes,

Tribulation:

That may give furtherance, to the holy cause.

Ananias:

Which his cannot: The sanctified cause

Ananias:

Should have a sanctified course.

Tribulation:

Not alwaies necessary.

Tribulation:

The Children of perdition are, oft*times,

Tribulation:

Made instruments euen of the greatest workes.

Tribulation:

Beside, we should give somewhat to mans nature,

Tribulation:

The place he liues in, still about the Fire,

Tribulation:

And fume of Mettalls, the intoxicate

Tribulation:

The brayne of Man, and make him prone to passion.

Tribulation:

Where have you greater Atheists, then your Cookes?

Tribulation:

Or more prophane, or cholerick then your Glasse-men?

Tribulation:

More Antichristian then your Bell-founders?

Tribulation:

The Alchemist

What makes the Diuell so diuelish, I would aske you,

Tribulation:

Sathan, our common enemy, but his being

Tribulation:

Perpetually about the fire, and boyling

Tribulation:

Brimstone, and Arsnike? We must give, I say,

Tribulation:

Vnto the motiues, and the stirrers up

Tribulation:

Of humors in the blood. It may be so.

Tribulation:

When as the worke is done, the Stone is made,

Tribulation:

This heate of his may turne into a zeale,

Tribulation:

And stand up for the beauteous discipline,

Tribulation:

Against the menstruous cloth, and ragg of Rome.

Tribulation:

We must awayt his calling, and the comming

Tribulation:

Of the good Spirit. You did fault, to upbraid him

Tribulation:

With the Brethrens blessing of Heidelberg, waighing

Tribulation:

What neede we have, to hasten on the Worke,

Tribulation:

For the restoring of the silenc'd Saints,

Tribulation:

Which ne'er will be, but by the Philosophers Stone.

Tribulation:

And, so a learned Elder, one of Scotland,

Tribulation:

Assur'd me; Aurum potabile being

Tribulation:

The onely med'cine, for the ciuill Magistrate,

Tribulation:

To incline him to a feeling of the cause:

Tribulation:

And must be dayly vs'd, in the disease.

Ananias:

I have not a*edified more, truely, by man;

Ananias:

Not, since the beautifull light, first, shone on me:

Ananias:

And I am sad my zeale hath so offended.

Tribulation:

Let us call on him, then.

Ananias:

The motion is good.

Ananias:

And of the Spirit; I will knock first: Peace be within.

Scene 2

Subtle:

O Are you come? It was time. Your threescore minutes

Subtle:

Were at the last thred, you see, And, downe had gone

Subtle:

Furnus acedia*e, Turris circulatorius,

Subtle:

Lembeke, Bolts-head, Retort, and Pellicane

Subtle:

Had all been cinders. Wicked Ananias!

Subtle:

Art thou return'd? Nay then it goes downe, yet.

Tribulation:

Sir, be appeased, He is come to humble

Tribulation:

Himselfe in Spirit, and to aske your patience,

Tribulation:

If too much zeale hath carried him, aside,

Tribulation:

From the due path.

Subtle:

Why, this doth qualefie.

Tribulation:

The Brethren had no purpose, verely,

Tribulation:

To give you the least greeuance: but are ready

Tribulation:

To lend their willing hands, to any proiect

Tribulation:

The Spirit, and you direct.

Subtle:

This qualefies more.

Tribulation:

And, for the Orphanes goods, let them be valew'd,

Tribulation:

Or what is needfull, else, to the holy Worke,

Tribulation:

It shall be numbred: Here, by me, the Saints

Tribulation:

Throw downe their purse before you.

Subtle:

This qualifies, most.

Subtle:

Why, thus it should be, now you vnderstand.

Subtle:

Have I discours'd so vnto you, of our Stone?

Subtle:

The Alchemist

And, of the good that it shall bring your cause?

Subtle:

Shew'd you (beside the mayne of hiring forces

Subtle:

Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,

Subtle:

From the Indies, to serue you, with all their Fleete)

Subtle:

That euen the med'cinall vse shall make you a faction,

Subtle:

And party in the Realme. As, put the case,

Subtle:

That some great Man, in state, he have the Gout,

Subtle:

Why you but send three droppes of your Elixir,

Subtle:

You help him straight: There you have made a Friend.

Subtle:

Another has the Palsey, or the Dropsie,

Subtle:

He takes of your incombustible stuffe,

Subtle:

He is yong againe: There you have made a Friend.

Subtle:

A Lady, that is past the feate of body,

The Alchemist

Subtle:

Though not of minde, and hath her face decay'd

Subtle:

Beyond all cure of paintings you restore

Subtle:

With the Oyle of Talck: There you have made a Friend.

Subtle:

And all her friends. A Lord, that is a Leper,

Subtle:

A Knight, that has the bone-ache, or a Squire

Subtle:

That hath both these, you make them smooth, and sound,

Subtle:

With a bare fricace of your med'cine: Still,

Subtle:

You increase your Friends.

Tribulation:

Aye, it is very pra*egnant.

Subtle:

And, then, the turning of this Lawyers pewter

Subtle:

To plate, at Christ-masse.

Ananias:

Christ-tide, I pray you.

Subtle:

Yet, Ananias?

Ananias:

I have done.

Subtle:

Or changing

Subtle:

His parcell guilt, to massy Gold. You cannot

Subtle:

But raise you Friends. With all, to be of power

Subtle:

To pay an armie, in the field; to buy

Subtle:

The King of France, out of his Realmes; or Spaine,

Subtle:

Out of his Indies: What can you not do,

Subtle:

Against Lords Spirituall, or Temporall,

Subtle:

That shall oppone you?

Tribulation:

Verely, it is true.

Tribulation:

We may be temporall Lords, our*selues, I take it.

Subtle:

You may be any*thing, and leaue off to make

Subtle:

Long-winded exercises: or suck up,

Subtle:

Your ha, and hum, in a tune. I not deny,

Subtle:

But such as are not graced, in a State,

Subtle:

May, for their endes, be aduerse in Religion,

Subtle:

And get a tune, to call the flocke together:

Subtle:

For (to say sooth) a tune does much, with women,

Subtle:

And other phlegmatick people, It is your Bell.

Ananias:

Bells are prophane, a tune may be religious.

Subtle:

No warning with you? Then, farewell my patience.

Subtle:

'Slight, it shall downe: I will not be thus tortur'd.

Tribulation:

I pray you, Sir.

Subtle:

All shall perish. I have spoke it.

Tribulation:

Let me finde grace, Sir, in your eyes; The man

Tribulation:

He stands corrected: neither did his zeale

Tribulation:

(But as yourselfe) allow a tune; some–where.

Tribulation:

Which, now, being to'ard, the Stone, we shall not need.

Subtle:

No, nor your holy vizard, to winne Widdowes

Subtle:

To give you Legacies; or make zealous Wiues

Subtle:

To rob their Husbands, for the common cause;

Subtle:

Nor take the start of Banded, broke but one day,

Subtle:

And say, they were forfeited, by prouidence.

Subtle:

Nor shall you neede, ore night, to eate huge meales,

Subtle:

To celebrate your next dayes fast the better:

Subtle:

The whilst the Brethren, and the Sisters, humbled,

Subtle:

Abate the stiffenesse of the flesh; Nor cast

Subtle:

Before your hungry hearers, scrupulous bones,

Subtle:

As whether a Christian may hawke, or hunt;

Subtle:

Or whether, Matrons, of the holy Assembly,

Subtle:

May lay their haire out, or weare doublets,

Subtle:

Or have that Idol Starch, about their linnen.

Ananias:

It is indeed an Idoll.

Tribulation:

Minde him not, Sir.

Tribulation:

I do command thee, Spirit (of zeale, but trouble)

Tribulation:

To peace within him. Pray you Sir, goe on.

Subtle:

Nor shall you need to libell 'gainst the Prelates,

Subtle:

And shorten so your eares, against the hearing

Subtle:

Of the next wire–drawne Grace. Nor, of necessitie,

Subtle:

Rayle against playes, to please the Alderman,

Subtle:

Whole dayly Custard you deuoure. Nor lie

Subtle:

With zealous rage, till you are hoarse. Not one

Subtle:

Of these so singular artes. Nor call your*selues,

Subtle:

By names of Tribulation, Persecution,

Subtle:

Restraint, Long-Patience, and such like, affected

Subtle:

By the whole Family, or Wood of you,

Subtle:

Onely for glory, and to catch the eare

Subtle:

Of the Disciple.

Tribulation:

Truely, Sir, they are

Tribulation:

Wayes, that the Godly Brethren have inuented,

Tribulation:

For propagation of the holy cause,

Tribulation:

As very notable meanes; and whereby, also,

Tribulation:

Themselues grow soone, and profitably famous.

Subtle:

O, but the Stone, all is idle to it! nothing!

Subtle:

The art of Angels, Natures miracle,

Subtle:

The diuine secret, that doth flye in clouds,

Subtle:

From East to West: and whose Tradition

Subtle:

Is not from men but spirits.

Ananias:

I hate Traditions.

Ananias:

I do not trust them.

Tribulation:

Peace.

Ananias:

They are Popish, all.

Ananias:

I will not peace. I will not —

Tribulation:

Ananias.

Ananias:

Please the prophane, to greeue the godly. I may not.

Subtle:

Well, Ananias, thou shalt ouercome.

Tribulation:

The Alchemist

It is an ignorant zeale, that haunts him, Sir.

Tribulation:

But truely, else, a very faithfull Brother;

Tribulation:

A Botcher: and a man, by reuelation,

Tribulation:

That hath a competent knowledge of the Truth.

Subtle:

Has he a competent summe, there, in the bagg,

Subtle:

To buy the goods, within? I am made Guardian,

Subtle:

And must, for Charitie, and Conscience sake,

Subtle:

Now, see the most be made, for my poore Orphane.

Subtle:

Though I desire the Brethren, too, good Gayners.

Subtle:

There, they are, within. When you have view'd, and bought them,

Subtle:

And tane the Inuentory of what they are,

Subtle:

They are ready for proiection; there is no more

Subtle:

To do; Cast on the med'cine: So much Siluer

The Alchemist

Subtle:

As there is Tinne there, so much Gold as Brasse,

Subtle:

I will give it you in, by waight.

Tribulation:

But how long time,

Tribulation:

Sir, must the Saints expect, yet?

Subtle:

Let me see,

Subtle:

How is the Moone, now? Eight, nine, ten dayes hence

Subtle:

He will be Siluer potate; then, three dayes,

Subtle:

Before he citronise: some fifteene dayes,

Subtle:

The Magisterium will be perfected.

Ananias:

About the second day, of the third weeke,

Ananias:

In the ninth Month?

Subtle:

Yes my good Ananias.

Tribulation:

What will the Orphanes goods arise to, think you?

The Alchemist

Subtle:

Some hundred Markes; as much as fill'd three Carres,

Subtle:

Vnloaded now: you shall make sixe millions of them.

Subtle:

But I must have more coales laid in.

Tribulation:

How!

Subtle:

Another load,

Subtle:

And then we have finish'd. We must now encrease

Subtle:

Our fire to Ignis ardent, we are past

Subtle:

Fimuss equinus, Balnei, Cineris,

Subtle:

And all those lenter heates. If the holy Purse

Subtle:

Should, with this draught; fall low, and that the Saints

Subtle:

Do need a present summe; I have trick

Subtle:

To melt the Pewter, you shall buy now, instantly,

Subtle:

And, with a tincture, make you as good Dutch Dollers,

Subtle:

As any are in Holland.

Tribulation:

Can you so?

Subtle:

Aye, and shall bide the third examination.

Ananias:

It will be ioyfull tidings to the Brethren.

Subtle:

But you must cary it, secret.

Tribulation:

Aye, but stay,

Tribulation:

This act of coyning, is it lawfull?

Ananias:

Lawfull?

Ananias:

We know no Magistrate Or, if we did,

Ananias:

This is forraine coyne.

Subtle:

It is no coyning, Sir.

Subtle:

It is but casting.

Tribulation:

Ha? you distinguish well.

Tribulation:

Casting of money may be lawfull.

Ananias:

It is, Sir.

Tribulation:

Truely, I take it so.

Subtle:

There is no scruple

Subtle:

Sir, to be made of it; beleuee Ananias.

Subtle:

This case of conscience he is studied in.

Tribulation:

I will make a question of it, to the Brethren.

Ananias:

The Brethren shall approue it lawfull, doubt not.

Ananias:

Where shall it be done?

Subtle:

For that we will talke, anone.

Subtle:

There is some to speake with me. Goe in, I pray you,

Subtle:

And viewe the parcels. That is the Inuentory.

Subtle:

I will come to you straight. Who is it? Face? Appare.

Scene 3

Subtle:

How now? Good prise?

Face:

Good poxe. Yond' costie

Face:

Cheater

Face:

Neuer came on.

Subtle:

How then?

Face:

I have walkd the round,

Face:

Till now, and no such thing.

Subtle:

And have you quit him?

Face:

Quit him? if Hell would quit him too, he were happy.

Face:

'Slight would you have me stalke like a Mill-Iade,

Face:

All day, for one, that will not yeeld us Graynes?

The Alchemist

Face:

I know him of old.

Subtle:

O, but to have gull'd him,

Subtle:

Had been a maystry.

Face:

Let him goe, black Boy,

Face:

And turne thee, that some fresh newes may possesse thee.

Face:

A noble Count, a Don of Spaine (my deare

Face:

Delicious compeere, and my party-baud)

Face:

Who is come hether, priuate, for his Conscience,

Face:

And brought munition with him, sixe great slopps.

Face:

Bigger then three Dutch Hoighs, beside round trunkes,

Face:

Furnish'd with Pistolets, and Peeeces of eight,

Face:

Will straight be here, my Rogue, to have thy Bath.

Face:

That is the colour, and to make his battry

The Alchemist

Face:

upon our Dol, our Castle, our Cinque-Port,

Face:

Our Douer Pire, our what thou wilt. Where is she?

Face:

She must prepare perfumes, delicate linnen,

Face:

The bath in chiefe, a banquet, and her wit,

Face:

For she must feele his Epididimis.

Face:

Where is the Doxie?

Subtle:

I will send her to thee:

Subtle:

And but dispatch my brace of little Iohn Leydens,

Subtle:

And come againe my*selfe.

Face:

Are they within then?

Subtle:

Numbring the summe.

Face:

How much?

Subtle:

The Alchemist

A hundred

Subtle:

markes, boy,

Face:

Why this is a lucky day. Ten pounds of Mammon?

Face:

Three of my Clearke. A Portague of my Grocer.

Face:

This of the Brethren, beside Reuersions,

Face:

And States, to come in the Widdow, and my Count,

Face:

My share, to*day, will not be bought for forty --

Dol:

What?

Face:

Pounds, dainty Dorothee, art thou so neare?

Dol:

Yes, say Lo: Generall, how fares our Campe?

Face:

As, with the few, that had entrench'd themselues

Face:

Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol:

Face:

And laugh'd, within those trenches, and grew fat

The Alchemist

Face:

With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in

Face:

Dayly, by their small parties. This deare hower,

Face:

A doughty Don is taken, with my Doll;

Face:

And thou maist make his ransome, what thou wilt,

Face:

My Dousabell: He shall be brought here, fetter'd

Face:

With thy fayre lookes, before he see's thee, and throwne

Face:

In a Downe-bed, as darke as any Dungeon;

Face:

Where thou shalt keepe him waking, with thy Drum;

Face:

Thy Drum, my Dol; thy Drum; till he be tame

Face:

As the poore Black-birds were in the great frost,

Face:

Or Bees are with a bason: and so hiue him

Face:

In the Swan-skin Couerlid, and cambrick Sheetes,

Face:

Till he worke Honey, and Waxe, my little Gods-guift.

The Alchemist

Dol:

What is he, Generall.

Face:

An Adalantado,

Face:

A Grande, Girle. Was not my Dapper here, yet?

Dol:

No.

Face:

Nor my Drugger?

Dol:

Neither.

Face:

A poxe

Face:

on them,

Face:

They are so long a*furnishing. Such Stinkards

Face:

Would not be seene, upon these festiuall dayes.

Face:

How now! have you done?

Subtle:

Done. They are gone. The summe

Subtle:

Is here in Banque, my Face. I would, we knew

Subtle:

Another chapman, now, would buy them outright.

Face:

'Slid, Nab shall do it, against he have the Widdow,

Face:

To furnish houshold.

Subtle:

Excellent well thought of,

Subtle:

Pray God, he come.

Face:

I pray, he keepe away

Face:

Till our new businesse be o're past.

Subtle:

But, Face,

Subtle:

How cam'st thou, by this secret Don?

Face:

A Spirit

Face:

Brought me the intelligence, in a paper, here,

Face:

As I was coniuring, yonder, in my Circle

Face:

The Alchemist

For Surly: I have my Flies abroad. Your Bath

Face:

Is famous Subtle, by my meanes. Sweet Doll,

Face:

You must goe tune your Virginall, no loosing

Face:

Of the least time. And, do you heare? good action.

Face:

Firke like a Flounder, kisse like a Scallop, close;

Face:

And tickle him with thy Mother-tongue. His great

Face:

Verdugo-ship has not a iot of language:

Face:

So much the easier to be cossin'd, my Dolly.

Face:

He will come here, in a hir'd Coach, obscure,

Face:

And our owne Coachman, whom I have sent, as Guide,

Face:

No creature else. Who is that?

Subtle:

It is not he?

Face:

O no, not yet this hower.

Subtle:

Who is it?

Dol:

Dapper,

Dol:

Your Clearke.

Face:

Gods will, then, Queene of Faerie,

Face:

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

Face:

Let us us dispatch him, for Gods sake.

Subtle:

It will be long.

Face:

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

Face:

It shall be briefe inough, 'Slight, here are more.

Face:

Abel, and I think, the angry Boy, the Heyre,

Face:

That faine would quarrell.

Subtle:

And the Widdow?

Face:

No,

Face:

Not that I see. Away. O Sir, you are welcome.

Scene 4

Face:

The Doctor is within, a*mouing for you;

Face:

I have had the most adoe to winne him to it;

Face:

He swears, you will be the Dearling of the Dice:

Face:

He neuer heard her Highnes doate, till now.

Face:

Your Aunt has giu'n you the most gracious words,

Face:

That can be thought of.

Dapper:

Shall I see her Grace?

Face:

See her, and kisse her too. What? honest Nab!

Face:

Ha'st brought the Damaske?

Drugger:

No Sir, here is Tobacco.

Face:

It is Well done. Thou wilt bring the Damaske too?

Drugger:

Yes, here is the Gentleman, Captain, Mr% Kastrill,

Drugger:

I have brought to see the Doctor.

Face:

Where is the Widdow?

Drugger:

Sir, as he likes, his Sister (he sayes) shall come.

Face:

O, is it so? Good time. Is your name Kastrill, Sir?

Kastril:

Aye, and the best of the Kastrills, I would be sory else,

Kastril:

By fifteene hundred, a yeare. Where is this Doctor?

Kastril:

My mad Tobacco-Boy, here, tells me of one,

Kastril:

That can do things. Has he any skill?

Face:

Wherein, Sir?

Kastril:

To cary a busines, manage a Quarrell, fayrely,

Kastril:

upon fit termes.

Face:

The Alchemist

It seemes Sir, you are but yong

Face:

About the towne, that can make that a question.

Kastril:

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

Kastril:

Of the angry Boyes, and seene them take Tobacco;

Kastril:

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

Kastril:

And I would faine be one of them, and goe downe

Kastril:

And practise in the countrey.

Face:

Sir, for the Duello,

Face:

The Doctor, I assure you, shall informe you,

Face:

To the least shadow of a hayre: and shew you,

Face:

An instrument he has, of his owne making,

Face:

Wherewith, no sooner shall you make report

Face:

Of any Quarrell, but he will take the Height of it,

Face:

Most instantly; and tell in what Degree,

Face:

Of safty it lies in, or mortalitie.

Face:

And, how it may be borne, whether in a right line,

Face:

Or a halfe-circle; or may, else, be cast

Face:

Into an angle blunt, if not acute:

Face:

All this he will demonstrate. And then, Rules,

Face:

To give, and take the Lie, by.

Kastril:

How? to take it?

Face:

Yes, in oblique, he will shew you; or in circle:

Face:

But neuer in diameter. The whole Towne

Face:

Study his Theoremes, and dispute them, ordinarily,

Face:

At the eating Academies.

Kastril:

But, does he teach

Kastril:

Liuing, by the Witts, too?

Face:

Any*thing, what*euer.

Face:

You cannot think that subtilty, but he reades it.

Face:

He made me a Captain; I was a starke Pimpe,

Face:

Iust of your standing, afore I met with him:

Face:

It is not two months since. I will tell you his method.

Face:

First, He will enter you, at some Ordinarie.

Kastril:

No, I will not come there. You shall pardon me.

Face:

For

Face:

why, Sir?

Kastril:

There is gaming there, and tricks.

Face:

Why, would you be

Face:

A Gallant, and not game?

Kastril:

Aye, it will spend a man.

Face:

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

Face:

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

Face:

Sixe times your fortunes?

Kastril:

What, three thousand a yeare?

Face:

Aye, forty thousand.

Kastril:

Are there such?

Face:

Aye Sir.

Face:

And Gallants, yet. Here is a yong Gentleman,

Face:

Is borne to nothing, forty markes a yeare,

Face:

Which I count nothing. He is to be initiated,

Face:

And have a Flye of the Doctor. He will winne you

Face:

The Alchemist

By vnresistable luck, within this fortnight,

Face:

Inough to buy a Baronry. They will set him

Face:

upmost, at the Groome–Porters, all the Christmasse.

Face:

And, for the whole yeare through, at euery place,

Face:

Where there is play, present him with the Chayre,

Face:

The best attendance, the best drinke, sometimes

Face:

Two glasses of Canarie, and pay nothing;

Face:

The purest linnen, and the sharpest knife,

Face:

The Partrich next his trencher: and, somewhere,

Face:

The dainty bed, in priuate, with the Dainty.

Face:

You shall have your Ordinaries bid for him,

Face:

As Play–houses for a Poet; and the Master

Face:

Pray him, aloud, to name what Dish he affects,

The Alchemist

Face:

Which must be butterd Shrimpes: and those, that drinke

Face:

To no mouth else, will drinke to his, as being

Face:

The goodly President–Mouth of all the boord.

Kastril:

Do you not gull one?

Face:

God is my life! Do you

Face:

think it?

Face:

You shall have a cast Commander, can but get

Face:

In credit with a Glouer, or a Spurrier,

Face:

For some two payre, of eythers ware, afore–hand,

Face:

Will, by most swift posts, dealing with him,

Face:

Arriue at competent meanes, to keepe himselfe,

Face:

His Punke, and naked Boy, in excellent fashion.

Face:

And be admir'd for it.

Kastril:

Will the Doctor teach this?

Face:

He will do more, Sir, when your Land is gone,

Face:

(As men of Spirit hate to keepe earth long)

Face:

In a Vacation, when small money is stirring,

Face:

And Ordinaries suspended till the Tearme,

Face:

He will shew a Perspective, where on one side

Face:

You shall behold the faces, and the persons

Face:

Of all sufficient yong Heyres, in towne,

Face:

Whose bonds are currant for commoditie;

Face:

On the other side, the Merchants formes, and others,

Face:

That, without help of any second Broker,

Face:

(Who would expect a share) will trust such parcells:

Face:

In the third square, the very streete, and signe

Face:

Where the commoditie dwels, and does but wait

Face:

To be deliuer'd, be it Pepper, Sope,

Face:

Hopps, or Tobacco, Ote-meale, Woad, or Cheeses.

Face:

All which you may so handle, to enioy,

Face:

To your owne vse, and neuer stand oblig'd.

Kastril:

I*faith! Is he such a fellow?

Face:

Why, Nab here knowes

Face:

him.

Face:

And then for making matches, for rich Widdowes,

Face:

Yong Gentlewomen, Heyres, the fortunat'st Man!

Face:

He is sent too farre, and neare, all ouer England

Face:

To have his counsell, and to know their Fortunes.

Kastril:

The Alchemist

Gods will, my Suster shall see him.

Face:

I will tell you, Sir,

Face:

What he did tell me of Nab. It is a strange thing,

Face:

(By the way you must eate no Cheese, Nab, it breedes Melancholy:

Face:

And that same Melancholy breedes wormes) but passe it,

Face:

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

Face:

But once in his life.

Drugger:

Truth, and no more I was not.

Face:

And, then he was so sick --

Drugger:

Could he tell you that,

Drugger:

too?

Face:

How should I know it?

Drugger:

In troth we had been a*shooting,

The Alchemist

Drugger:

Drugger:

And had a peece of fat Ram–Mutton, to supper,

Drugger:

That lay so heauy on my stomack —

Face:

And he has no head

Face:

To beare any Wine; for, what with the noyse of the Fiddlers,

Face:

And care of his shop, for he dares keepe no Seruants —

Drugger:

My head did so ake —

Face:

As he was faine to be brought

Face:

home,

Face:

The Doctor told me. And then a good Old Woman —

Drugger:

(Yes faith she dwels in Seacoale–lane) did cure me,

Drugger:

With sodden Ale, and Pellitorie of the Wall;

Drugger:

Cost me but two pence. I had another sicknesse,

Drugger:

Was worse then that.

Face:

Aye, that was with the grieffe

Face:

Thou tookst for being seast at eighteene pence,

Face:

For the water–worke.

Drugger:

In truth, and it was like

Drugger:

To have cost me almost my life.

Face:

Thy hayre went off?

Drugger:

Yes, Sir, twas done for spight.

Face:

Nay, so sayes the

Face:

Doctor.

Kastril:

Pray thee Tobacco–Boy, Goe fetch my Suster,

Kastril:

I will see this learned Boy, before I goe:

Kastril:

And so shall she.

The Alchemist

Face:

Sir, he is busie now:

Face:

But, if you have a Sister to fetch hether,

Face:

Perhaps, your owne paines may command her sooner;

Face:

And he, by that time, will be free.

Kastril:

I goe, Sir.

Face:

Drugger, she is thine; the Damaske. Subtle, and I

Face:

Must wrastle for her. Come on, Mr% Dapper.

Face:

You see, how I turne Clients, here, away,

Face:

To give your cause dispatch. Have you perform'd

Face:

The ceremonies were injoynd you?

Dapper:

Yes, of the Vinegar,

Dapper:

And the cleane shirt.

Face:

The Alchemist

It is well: that shirt may do you

Face:

More Worship then you think. Your Aunt is a*fire

Face:

But that she will not shew it, to have a sight of you.

Face:

Have you prouided for her Graces Seruants?

Dapper:

Yes here are six–score Edward shillings.

Face:

Good.

Dapper:

And an old Harry's Soueraigne.

Face:

Very good.

Dapper:

And three Iames shillings, and an Elizabeth groat,

Dapper:

Iust twenty nobles.

Face:

O, you are too iust.

Face:

I would you had had the other Noble in Maries.

Dapper:

I have some Philip and Maries.

Face:

Aye those same

Face:

Are best of all. Where are they? Hearke, the Doctor.

Scene 5

Subtle:

Is yet her Graces Cossen come?

Face:

He is come.

Subtle:

And is he fasting?

Face:

Yes.

Subtle:

And hath cry'd Hum?

Face:

Thrise, you must answere.

Dapper:

Thrise.

Subtle:

And as oft

Subtle:

Buz?

Face:

If you have, say.

Dapper:

I have.

Subtle:

Then, to her Cuz,

Subtle:

Hoping, that he hath vinegard his senses,

Subtle:

As he was bid, the Faery Queene dispenses,

Subtle:

By me, this Robe, the Peticote of Fortune;

Subtle:

Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.

Subtle:

And though to Fortune neere be her Peticote,

Subtle:

Yet, nearer is her Smock, the Queene doth note:

Subtle:

And, therefore, euen of that a piece she hath sent,

Subtle:

Which, being a Child, to wrap him in, was rent;

Subtle:

And prayes him, for a scarfe, he now will weare it

Subtle:

(With as much loue, as then her Grace did teare it)

Subtle:

About his eyes, to shew, he is fortunate.

Subtle:

And, trusting vnto her make his State,

Subtle:

He will throw away all worldly pelfe, about him;

Subtle:

Which that he will performe, she doth not doubt him.

Face:

She need not doubt him, Sir. Alasse, he has nothing,

Face:

But what he will part withall, as willingly,

Face:

upon her Graces word (Throw away your purse)

Face:

As she would aske it, (hand kerchiefes, and all)

Face:

She cannot bid that thing, but he will obey.

Face:

If you have a Ring, about you, cast it off,

Face:

Or a siluer seale, at your wrist, her Grace will send

Face:

Her Faeries here to search you, therefore deale

Face:

Directly with her Highnesse. If they finde

Face:

The Alchemist

That you conceale a mite, you are vndone.

Dapper:

Truely ther is all.

Face:

All what?

Dapper:

My money, truly.

Face:

Keepe nothing, that is transitorie, about you,

Face:

Bid Dol play musique. Looke, the Elues are come

Face:

To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Aduise you.

Dapper:

O, I have a paper with a Spur-riall in it.

Face:

Ti, ti,

Face:

They knew it, they say.

Subtle:

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

Face:

Ti, ti ti ti. In the tother pocket?

Subtle:

Titi, titi, titi, titi.

The Alchemist

Subtle:

They must pinch him, or he will neuer confesse, they say.

Dapper:

O, o.

Face:

Nay, 'pray you hold. He is her Graces Nephew.

Face:

Face:

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

Face:

Deale plainly, Sir, and shame the Faeries. Shew

Face:

You are an Innocent.

Dapper:

By this good light, I have nothing.

Subtle:

Ti ti, ti ti #to ta. He does a*equiuocate, she sayes:

Subtle:

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

Subtle:

blinded.

Dapper:

By this good darke, I have nothing but a halfe-Crowne

Dapper:

Of Gold, about my wrist, that my Loue gaue me;

The Alchemist

Dapper:

And a leaden Heart I wore, sin' she forsooke me.

Face:

I thought, it was something. and, would you incurre

Face:

Your Aunts displeasure for these trifles? Come

Face:

I had rather you had throwne away twenty halfe-crownes.

Face:

You may weare your leaden Heart still. How now?

Subtle:

What newes, Dol?

Dol:

Yonders your Knight, Sir

Dol:

Mammon.

Face:

Gods lid, We neuer thought of him, till now.

Face:

Where is he?

Dol:

Here, hard by. He is at the doore.

Subtle:

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

Subtle:

He must not be sent back.

The Alchemist

Face:

O by no meanes.

Face:

What shall we do with this same Puffin, here,

Face:

Now he is on the Spit?

Subtle:

Why lay him backe a while,

Subtle:

With some deuise, Ti, ti ti, ti ti ti. Would her Grace speake with

Subtle:

me?

Subtle:

I come. Help Dol.

Face:

Who is there? Sir Epicure;

Face:

My Master is in the way. Please you to walke

Face:

Three or foure turnes, but till his back be turn'd,

Face:

And I am for you. Quickly, Dol.

Subtle:

Her Grace

Subtle:

The Alchemist

Commends her kindly to you, Mr% Dapper.

Dapper:

I long to see her Grace.

Subtle:

She, now, is set

Subtle:

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

Subtle:

From her owne priuate trencher, a dead Mouse,

Subtle:

And a piece of Ginger-bread, to be mery withall,

Subtle:

And stay your stomacke, least you faint with fasting.

Subtle:

Yet, if you could hold out, till she saw you, she sayes,

Subtle:

It would be better for you.

Face:

Sir, He shall

Face:

Hold out, if it were this two howers, for her Highnes;

Face:

I can assure you that. We will not loose

Face:

All we have done.

The Alchemist

Subtle:

He must nor see, nor speake

Subtle:

To any*body, till then.

Face:

For that, we will put Sir,

Face:

A stay in his mouth.

Subtle:

Of what?

Face:

Of Ginger–bread.

Face:

Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her Grace,

Face:

Thus farre, shall not now crinckle, for a little.

Face:

Gape Sir, and let him fit you.

Subtle:

Where shall we now

Subtle:

Bestow him?

Dol:

In the Priuy.

Subtle:

Come along, Sir

The Alchemist

Subtle:

I now must shew you Fortunes priuy lodgings.

Face:

Are they perfum'd? and his bath ready?

Subtle:

All.

Subtle:

Onely the Fumigation is somewhat strong.

Face:

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

Act 4

Scene 1

Face:

O Sir, you are come in the onely, finest time --

Mammon:

Where is Master?

Face:

Now preparing for proiection,

Face:

Sir.

Face:

Your stuffe will be all chang'd shortly.

Mammon:

Into Gold?

The Alchemist

Face:

To Gold, and Siluer, Sir.

Mammon:

Siluer I care not for.

Face:

Yes, Sir, a little to give Beggars.

Mammon:

Where is the Lady?

Face:

At hand, here. I have told her such braue things, of you,

Face:

Touching your bounty and your noble Spirit.

Mammon:

Hast thou?

Face:

As she is almost in her fit to see you.

Face:

But, good Sir, no Diuinitie in your conference

Face:

For feare of putting her in rage.

Mammon:

I warrant thee.

Face:

Sixe men will not hold her downe. And, then

Face:

If the Old man should heare, or see you.

The Alchemist

Mammon:

Feare not.

Face:

The very House, Sir, would runne madd. You know it

Face:

How scrupulous he is, and violent,

Face:

'Gainst the least act of sinne, Physick, or Mathematicques,

Face:

Poetry, State, or Baudry (as I told you)

Face:

She will endure and neuer startle: But

Face:

No word of Controuersie.

Mammon:

I am school'd, good Lungs.

Face:

And you must praise her House, remember that,

Face:

And her Nobilitie.

Mammon:

Let me, alone:

Mammon:

No Herald, no nor Antiquarie, Lungs,

Mammon:

The Alchemist

Shall do it better. Goe.

Face:

Why this is yet

Face:

A Kinde of moderne happinesse, to have

Face:

Dol common for a great Lady.

Mammon:

Now, Epicure,

Mammon:

Heighten thy*selfe, talke to her, all in Gold;

Mammon:

Rayne her as many showers as Ioue did dropps

Mammon:

Vnto his Danae: Shew the God a Miser,

Mammon:

Compa'rd with Mammon. What? the Stone will do it.

Mammon:

She shall feele Gold, tast Gold, heare Gold, sleepe Gold:

Mammon:

Nay, we will concumbere Gold. I will be puissant,

Mammon:

And mighty in my talke to her. Here she comes.

Face:

To him, Dol, suckle him. This is the noble Knight,

Face:

I told your Ladiship.

Mammon:

Madame, with your pardon,

Mammon:

I kisse your vesture.

Dol:

Sir, I were vnciuill

Dol:

If I would suffer that, my lip to you, Sir.

Mammon:

I hope, my Lord your Brother be in health, Lady?

Dol:

My Lord, my Brother is, though I no Lady, Sir.

Face:

Well said my Guiny–Bird.

Mammon:

Right noble Madam —

Face:

O, we shall have most fierce Idolatry!

Mammon:

It is your Prerogatiue.

Dol:

Rather your Courtesie.

Mammon:

Were there nought else to inlarge your vertues, to me,

The Alchemist

Mammon:

These answeres speake your breeding, and your blood.

Dol:

Blood we boast none, Sir, a poore Baron's Daughter.

Mammon:

Poore, and gat you? Prophane not, had your Father

Mammon:

Slept all the happy remnant of his life

Mammon:

After that act, lien but there still, and panted,

Mammon:

He had done inough, to make himselfe, his issue,

Mammon:

And his posteritie noble.

Dol:

Sir, although

Dol:

We may be said to Want the guilt, and trappings,

Dol:

The dresse of Honor; yet we striue to keepe.

Dol:

The seedes, and the Materialls.

Mammon:

I do see

Mammon:

The old Ingredient, Vertue, was not lost,

Mammon:

Nor the Drug, Money, vs'd to make your compound.

Mammon:

There is a strange Nobilitie, in your eye;

Mammon:

This lip, that chinne. Me*thinkes you do resemble

Mammon:

One of the Austriack Princes.

Face:

Very like,

Face:

Her Father was an Irish Coster-monger.

Mammon:

The house of Valois, iust, had such a Nose;

Mammon:

And such a Fore-head, yet, the Medici

Mammon:

Of Florence boast.

Dol:

Troth, and I have been lik'ned

Dol:

To all these Princes.

Face:

I will be sworne, I heard it.

Mammon:

The Alchemist

I know not, how; It is not any one,

Mammon:

But ee'n the very choise of all their features.

Face:

I will in, and laugh.

Mammon:

A certaine touch, or ayre,

Mammon:

That sparkles a diuinitie, beyond

Mammon:

An earthly beauty.

Dol:

O, you play the Courtier.

Mammon:

Good Lady, give me leaue.

Dol:

In*faith, I may not,

Dol:

To mock me, Sir.

Mammon:

To burne in this sweet flame:

Mammon:

The Pho*enix neuer knew a nobler death.

Dol:

Nay, now you court, the Courtier, and destroy

The Alchemist

Dol:

What you would build. This Art Sir, in your words

Dol:

Calls your whole faith in question.

Mammon:

By my soule. --

Dol:

Nay, Othes are made of the same ayre, Sir.

Mammon:

Nature

Mammon:

Neuer bestow'd upon mortalitie,

Mammon:

A more vnblam'd, a more harmonious feature:

Mammon:

She play'd the Step-dame in all faces, else.

Mammon:

Sweet Madame, let me be particular.

Dol:

Particular, Sir? I pray you know your distance.

Mammon:

In no ill sense, sweet Lady, but to aske

Mammon:

How your fayre Graces passe the howers? I see

Mammon:

You are lodg'd, here, in the house of a rare man,

Mammon:

An excellent Artist; But, what is that to you?

Dol:

Yes, Sir. I study here the Mathematiques,

Dol:

And distillation.

Mammon:

O, I cry your pardon,

Mammon:

He is a Diuine Instructor, can extract

Mammon:

The soules of all things, by his art, call all

Mammon:

The vertues, and the miracles of the Sunne,

Mammon:

Into a temperate fornace: teach dull Nature

Mammon:

What her owne forces are. A man, the Emp'rour

Mammon:

Has courted, aboue Kelley: sent his medalls,

Mammon:

And chaines, to invite him.

Dol:

Aye, and for his Physick, Sir.

Mammon:

Aboue the art of A*Esculapius,

Mammon:

That drew the enuy of the Thunderer.

Mammon:

I know all this, and more.

Dol:

Troth, I am taken, Sir,

Dol:

Whole, with these studies, that contemplate Nature:

Mammon:

It is, a noble Humor. But, this forme

Mammon:

Was not entended to so darke a vse.

Mammon:

Had you been crooked, foule, of some course mould,

Mammon:

A Cloyster, had done well: but, such a feature

Mammon:

That might stand up the Glory of a Kingdome

Mammon:

To liue recluse? is a mere sola*ecisme,

Mammon:

Though in a Nunnery. It must not be.

Mammon:

I muse, my Lord your Brother will permit it:

Mammon:

The Alchemist

You should spend halfe my Land first, were I he.

Mammon:

Does not this Diamant better, on my finger,

Mammon:

Then in the quarry?

Dol:

Yes.

Mammon:

Why you are like it.

Mammon:

You were created, Lady, for light.

Mammon:

Heare, you shall weare it; take it, the first pledge

Mammon:

Of what I speake: to binde you, to beleeue me.

Dol:

In chaines of Adamant?

Mammon:

Yes, the strongest bands:

Mammon:

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

Mammon:

Doth stand, this hower, the happiest man, of Europe.

Dol:

You are contented, Sir?

Mammon:

Nay, in true being:

Mammon:

The enuy of Princes, and the feare of States.

Dol:

Say you so, Sir Epicure?

Mammon:

Yes, and thou shalt

Mammon:

proue it,

Mammon:

Daughter of Honor. I have cast mine eye

Mammon:

upon thy forme, and I will reare this beauty

Mammon:

About all Stiles.

Dol:

You meane no treason, Sir?

Mammon:

No, I will take away that iealousie.

Mammon:

I am the Lord of the Philosophers Stone,

Mammon:

And thou the Lady.

Dol:

How Sir, have you that?

The Alchemist

Mammon:

I am the Master of the Maistry.

Mammon:

This day, the good Old wretch, here, of the house

Mammon:

Has made it for us. Now, he is at proiection,

Mammon:

Think therefore, thy first wish, now; Let me heare it:

Mammon:

And it shall raine into thy lap, no shower,

Mammon:

But floods of Gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,

Mammon:

To get a Nation on thee.

Dol:

You are pleas'd, Sir,

Dol:

To worke on the ambition of our sexe.

Mammon:

I am pleas'd, the Glory of her sexe should know,

Mammon:

This nooke, here, of the Friers, is no climate

Mammon:

For her, to liue obscurely in, to learne

Mammon:

Physick and Surgery, for the Constables wife

Mammon:

Of some odde Hundred in Essex; but come forth,

Mammon:

And tast the ayre of Palaces, eate, drinke

Mammon:

The toyles of Empricks, and their boasted practise:

Mammon:

Tincture of Pearle, and Corall, Gold, and Amber;

Mammon:

Be seene at Feasts, and Triumphs; have it ask'd,

Mammon:

What Miracle she is? set all the Eyes

Mammon:

Of Court a*fire, like a burning Glasse,

Mammon:

And worke them into cinders; when the iewels

Mammon:

Of twenty States adorne thee; and the light

Mammon:

Strikes out the Starres; that, when thy name is mention'd,

Mammon:

Queenes may looke pale: and, we, but shewing our loue,

Mammon:

Nero's Poppa*ea may be lost in story.

Mammon:

The Alchemist

Thus will we have it.

Dol:

I could well consent, Sir.

Dol:

But, in a Monarchy, how will this be?

Dol:

The Prince will soone take notice, and both seize

Dol:

You, and your Stone, it being a wealth vnfit

Dol:

For any priuate subiect.

Mammon:

If he knew it.

Dol:

Your*selfe do boast it, Sir.

Mammon:

To thee, my Life.

Dol:

O, but beware, Sir. You may come to end

Dol:

The remnant of your dayes, in a loth'd prison,

Dol:

By speaking of it.

Mammon:

It is no idle feare.

The Alchemist

Mammon:

We will therefore goe with all, my Girle, and liue

Mammon:

In a free State, where we will eate our Mullets,

Mammon:

Sous'd in high-country Wines, sup Phesants egges,

Mammon:

And have our Cockles, boyld in Siluer shells,

Mammon:

Our Shrimpes to swim again as when they liu'd,

Mammon:

In a rare butter, made of Dolphins milke,

Mammon:

Whose creame does looke like Opalls: And, with these

Mammon:

Delicate meates, set our*selues high for pleasure;

Mammon:

And take us downe againe; and then renew

Mammon:

Our youth, and strength, with drinking the Elixir:

Mammon:

And so enjoy a perpetuitie

Mammon:

Of life, and lust. And thou shalt have thy Wardrobe,

Mammon:

Richer then Natures, still, to change thy*selfe,

Mammon:

And vary oftner, for thy pride, then she:

Mammon:

Or Art, her wise, and almost a*equall seruant.

Face:

Sir, you are too loud. I heare you, euery word.

Face:

Into the Laboratory: some fitter place,

Face:

The Garden, or great Chamber aboue. How like you her?

Mammon:

Excellent, Lungs. There is for thee.

Face:

But, do you

Face:

heare?

Face:

Good Sir beware, no mention of the Rabbines.

Mammon:

We think not of them.

Face:

O, it is well, Sir. Subtle --

Scene 2

Face:

Dost thou not laugh?

Subtle:

Yes. Are they gone?

Face:

All is

Face:

cleare.

Subtle:

The Widdow is come.

Face:

And your quarrelling Disciple?

Subtle:

Aye.

Face:

I must to my Captaine–ship againe, then.

Subtle:

Stay, Bring them in, first.

Face:

So I meant. What is she?

Face:

A Bony–Bell??

Subtle:

I know not.

Face:

We will draw lotts,

Face:

The Alchemist

You will stand to that?

Subtle:

What else?

Face:

O, for a suite,

Face:

To fall now, like a Curtine: Flap.

Subtle:

To the dore' man.

Face:

You will have the first kisse, 'cause I am not ready.

Subtle:

Yes, and perhaps hit you through both the nostrills.

Face:

Who would you speake with?

Kastril:

Where is the Captaine?

Face:

Gone, Sir,

Face:

About some busines.

Kastril:

Gone?

Face:

He will returne straight.

The Alchemist

Face:

But Mr% Doctor, his Lieutenant, is here.

Subtle:

Come nere, my Worshipfull Boy, my Terra*e Fili,

Subtle:

That is, my Boy of Land; Make thy approches:

Subtle:

Welcome, I know thy lusts, and thy desires,

Subtle:

And I will serue, and satisfie them. Beginne.

Subtle:

Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line;

Subtle:

Here is my Center: Ground thy Quarrell.

Kastril:

You lie.

Subtle:

How, Child of wrath, and anger! The loud lie?

Subtle:

For what, my sodaine Boy?

Kastril:

Nay, that looke you too;

Kastril:

I am afore-hand.

Subtle:

O, this is no true Grammar,

Subtle:

And as ill Logick. You must render causes, Child,

Subtle:

Your first, and second Intentions, know your Canons,

Subtle:

And your Diuisions, Moodes, Degrees, and Differences,

Subtle:

Your Pra*edicaments, Substance, and Accident,

Subtle:

Series externe, and interne, with their causes

Subtle:

Efficient, materiall, formall, finall,

Subtle:

And have your elements perfect.

Kastril:

What is this

Kastril:

The angry tongue he talkes in?

Subtle:

That false pra*cept,

Subtle:

Of being aforehand, has deceiu'd a number;

Subtle:

And made them enter Quarrells, oftentimes,

Subtle:

Before they were aware: and afterward,

Subtle:

Against their wills.

Kastril:

How must I do then, Sir?

Subtle:

I cry this Lady mercy. She should, first,

Subtle:

Have been saluted. I do call you Lady,

Subtle:

Because you are to be one, ere it be long,

Subtle:

My soft, and buxome Widdow.

Kastril:

Is she, i*faith?

Subtle:

Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.

Kastril:

How know you?

Subtle:

By inspection, of her forehead;

Subtle:

And subtiltie of her lip, which must be tasted

Subtle:

Often, to make a iudgement. 'Slight, she melts

Subtle:

The Alchemist

Like a Myrobalane! Here is, yet, a line

Subtle:

In rivo frontis, tels me, he is no Knight.

Pliant:

What is he then, Sir?

Subtle:

Let me see your Hand.

Subtle:

O, your Linea Fortuna*e makes it plaine;

Subtle:

And Stella, here, in Monte veneris:

Subtle:

But, most of all, Iunctura annularis.

Subtle:

He is a Souldier, or a Man of Art, Lady:

Subtle:

But shall have some great honour, shortly.

Pliant:

Brother,

Pliant:

He is a rare man, beleeue me.

Kastril:

Hold your peace.

Kastril:

Here comes the tother rare man. 'Saue you Captayne.

The Alchemist

Face:

Good Mr% Kastril. Is this your Sister?

Kastril:

Aye Sir.

Kastril:

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

Face:

I shall be proud to know you, Lady.

Pliant:

Brother,

Pliant:

He calls me Lady, too.

Kastril:

Aye, peace. I, heard it.

Face:

The Count is come.

Subtle:

Where is he?

Face:

At the dore.

Subtle:

Why, you must entertaine him.

Face:

What will you do

Face:

With these the while?

Subtle:

Why have them up, and shew them

Subtle:

Some Fustian Booke, or the Darke Glasse.

Face:

'Fore God,

Face:

She is a delicate Dab chick! I must have her.

Subtle:

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

Subtle:

Come Sir, the Captaine will come to us presently.

Subtle:

I will have you to my Chamber of Demonstrations,

Subtle:

Where I will shew you both the Grammar, and Logick,

Subtle:

And Rhetorick of Quarrelling, my whole method,

Subtle:

Drawne out in Tables, and my Instrument,

Subtle:

That hath the seuerall Scale upon it, shall make you

Subtle:

Able to quarrell, at a strawes breadth, by Moone-light.

Subtle:

And, Lady, I will have you looke in a Glasse,

Subtle:

Some halfe an hower, but to cleare your eye-sight,

Subtle:

Against you see your Fortune, which is greater,

Subtle:

Then I may iudge upon the sodaine, trust me.

Scene 3

Face:

Where are you, Doctor?

Subtle:

I will come to you presently.

Face:

I will have this same Widdow, now I have seene her,

Face:

On any composition.

Subtle:

What do you say?

Face:

Have you dispos'd of them?

Subtle:

I have sent them up.

Face:

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

Subtle:

The Alchemist

Is that the matter?

Face:

Nay, but heare me.

Subtle:

Goe to

Subtle:

If you rebell once, Dol shall know it all.

Subtle:

Therefore, be quiet, and obey your chance.

Face:

Nay, thou art so violent now. Do but conceiue,

Face:

Thou art old, and canst not serue ---

Subtle:

Who, cannot I?

Subtle:

'Sblood, I will serue her with thee, for a ---

Face:

Nay,

Face:

But vnderstand: I will give you composition.

Subtle:

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

Subtle:

It is better then my Birth-right. Do not murmure.

Subtle:

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

Subtle:

Knowes it directly.

Face:

Well Sir, I am silent.

Face:

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

Subtle:

I follow you Sir, we must keepe Face in awe,

Subtle:

Or he will ouer-looke us like a Tyranne.

Subtle:

Braine of a Taylor! Who comes here? Don Ion

Surly:

Sennores, beso las manos, a` vuestras mercedes.

Subtle:

Would you had stoup'd a little, and kist our anos.

Face:

Peace Subtle.

Subtle:

Stab me; I shall neuer hold, man.

Subtle:

He lookes in that deepe Ruffe, like a Head in a platter,

Subtle:

Seru'd in by a short Cloke upon two tressils.

The Alchemist

Face:

Or, what do you say to a Collar of Brawne, cut downe

Face:

Beneath the Souse, and wriggled with a knife?

Subtle:

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

Face:

Perhaps some Fleming, or some Hollander got him

Face:

In D'alua's time: Count Egmonts Bastard.

Subtle:

Don,

Subtle:

Your sciruy, yellow Madril face is welcome.

Surly:

Gratia.

Subtle:

He speakes, out of a Fortification.

Subtle:

'Pray God, He have no squibs in those deepe sets.

Surly:

Por dios, Sennores, muy linda Casa!

Subtle:

What sayes he?

Face:

Praises the house, I think,

Face:

I know no more But his action.

Subtle:

Yes, the Casa,

Subtle:

My precious Diego, will proue fayre inough,

Subtle:

To cossen you in. Do you marke? you shall

Subtle:

Be cossened, Diego.

Face:

Cossened, do you see?

Face:

My worthy Donzel, Cossened.

Surly:

Entiendo.

Subtle:

Do you intend it? So do we deare Don.

Subtle:

Have you brought Pistolets? or Portagues?

Subtle:

My solemne Don? Dost thou feele any?

Face:

Full.

Subtle:

The Alchemist

You shall be emptied, Don; pumped, and drawne,

Subtle:

Dry, as they say.

Face:

Milked, in troth, sweet Don.

Subtle:

See all the Monsters; the great Lion of all, Don.

Surly:

Con licencia, se puede ver a` esta sennora`?

Subtle:

What talkes he now?

Face:

Of the Sennora.

Subtle:

O, Don,

Subtle:

That is the Lionesse, which you shall see

Subtle:

Also, my Don.

Face:

'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do?

Subtle:

For what?

Face:

Why, Dol is employ'd, you know.

Subtle:

That is

Subtle:

true.

Subtle:

'Fore heu'n I know not: He must stay, that is all.

Face:

Stay? That he must not, by no meanes.

Subtle:

No, Why?

Face:

Vnlesse you will marre all. 'Slight, He will suspect it.

Face:

And then he will not pay, not halfe so well.

Face:

This is a trauell'd Punque-Master, and does know

Face:

All the delays: a notable hot Raskall,

Face:

And lookes, already Rampant.

Subtle:

S'death, and Mammon

Subtle:

Must not be troubled.

Face:

Mammon, in no case!

Subtle:

What shall we do then?

Face:

Think: you must be sodaine.

Surly:

Entiendo, que la Sennora es tan bermosa, que codicio tan

Surly:

a` ver la, como la bien auenturanca de mi vida,

Face:

Mi vida? 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind of the Widdow,

Face:

What dost thou say to draw her to it? Ha?

Face:

And tell her, it is her Fortune. All our venter

Face:

Now lies upon it. It is but one man more,

Face:

Which of us chance to have her. And beside,

Face:

There is no Maiden-head, to be fear'd, or lost.

Face:

What dost thou think of it, Subtle?

Surly:

Who I? Why --

Face:

The Credit of our house too is engag'd.

Subtle:

You made me an offer for my share e're while.

Subtle:

What wilt thou give me i-faith?

Face:

O, by that light,

Face:

I will not buy now. You know your doome to me.

Face:

E'en take your lot, obey your chance, Sir; winne her,

Face:

And weare her, out for me.

Subtle:

'Slight. I will not work her then.

Face:

It is the common cause, therefore bethinke you.

Face:

Dol else must know it, as you said.

Subtle:

I care not.

Surly:

Sennores, por que se ta`rda tanta?

Subtle:

Faith, I am not fit, I am old.

Face:

The Alchemist

That is now no reason,

Face:

Sir.

Surly:

Puede ser, de hazer burla de mi amor.

Face:

You heare the Don, too? By this ayre, I call,

Face:

And loose the hinges. Dol.

Subtle:

A plague of Hell —

Face:

Will you then do?

Subtle:

You are a terrible Rogue,

Subtle:

I will think of this: will you, Sir, call the Widdow?

Face:

Yes and I will take her too, with all her faults,

Face:

Now, I do think of it better.

Subtle:

With all my heart, Sir.

Subtle:

Am I discharg'd of the lot.

The Alchemist

Face:

As you please.

Subtle:

Hands.

Face:

Remember, now, that, upon any change,

Face:

You neuer claime her.

Subtle:

Much good ioy, and health to you

Subtle:

Sir.

Subtle:

Marry a Whore? Fate, let me wed a Witch, first.

Surly:

Por estas bonrada's barbas.

Subtle:

He sweares by his beard.

Subtle:

Dispatch, and call the Brother too.

Surly:

Tiengo du`da, Sennores,

Surly:

Que 3no me bagan alguna traycion.

Subtle:

How, Issue on? Yes, pra*esto Sennor. Please you

Subtle:

Entratha the Chambratha, worthy Don;

Subtle:

Where if it please the Fates, in your Bathada,

Subtle:

You shall be sok'd, and strok'd, and tub'd, and rub'd,

Subtle:

And scrub'd, and fub'd, deare Don, before you goe.

Subtle:

You shall in*faith, my scirvie Babion Don;

Subtle:

Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and raw'd, indeed.

Subtle:

I will the heartilier goe about it now,

Subtle:

And make the Widdow a Punke, so much the sooner,

Subtle:

To be reueng'd on this impetuous Face:

Subtle:

The quickly doing of it is the grace.

Scene 4

Face:

Come Lady: I knew, the Doctor would not leaue,

Face:

Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.

Kastril:

To be a Countesse say you?

Face:

A Spanish Countesse, Sir.

Pliant:

Why? is that better then an English Countesse?

Face:

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

Kastril:

Nay, she is a foole, Captaine, you must pardon her.

Face:

Aske from your Courtier, to your Innes of Court-man,

Face:

To your mere Millaner; They will tell you all

Face:

Your Spanish Iennet is the best Horse. Your Spanish

Face:

Stoupe is the best Garbe. Your Spanish Beard

Face:

Is the best Cut. Your Spanish Ruffes are the best

Face:

Weare. Your Spanish Pauin the best Daunce.

Face:

Your Spanish titillation in a Gloue

Face:

The Alchemist

The best Perfume. And, for your Spanish Pike,

Face:

And Spanish Blade, let your poore Captaine speake.

Face:

Here comes the Doctor.

Subtle:

My most honor'd Lady,

Subtle:

For so I am now to stile you, hauing found

Subtle:

By this my scheme, you are to vndergoe

Subtle:

An honourable fortune, very shortly.

Subtle:

What will you say now, if some --

Face:

I have told her all, Sir.

Face:

And her right worshipfull Brother, here, that she shall be

Face:

A Countesse: do not delay them Sir. A Spanish Countesse.

Subtle:

Still, my scarce Worshipfull Captaine, you can keepe

Subtle:

No secret. Well, since he has told you, Madam,

Subtle:

Do you forgiue him, and I do.

Kastril:

She shall do that, Sir.

Kastril:

I will looke to it, it is my charge.

Subtle:

Well then. Nought rests

Subtle:

But that she fit her Loue, now, to her Fortune.

Pliant:

Truely, I shall neuer brooke a Spaniard.

Subtle:

No?

Pliant:

Neuer, sin eighty eight could I abide them.

Pliant:

And that was some three yeare afore I was borne in truth.

Subtle:

Come, you must loue him, or be miserable:

Subtle:

Choose, which you will.

Face:

By this good rush, perswade her,

Face:

She will cry Straw–berrie else, within this twelue–month.

Subtle:

Nay, Shads, and Mackrell, which is worse.

Face:

Indeed, Sir?

Kastril:

Gods lid, you shall loue him, or I will kick you.

Pliant:

Why?

Pliant:

I will do as you will have me, Brother.

Kastril:

Do,

Kastril:

Or by this hand I will maull you.

Face:

Nay good Sir.

Face:

Be not so fierce.

Subtle:

No my enraged Child,

Subtle:

She will be rul'd. What when she comes to tast

Subtle:

The pleasures of a Countesse, to be courted ---

Face:

And kist, and ruffled ---

Subtle:

Aye, behind the hangings.

Face:

And then come forth in pompe --

Subtle:

And know her

Subtle:

State --

Face:

Of keeping all the Idolaters of the Chamber

Face:

Barer to her, then at their prayers --

Subtle:

Is seru'd

Subtle:

upon the knee --

Face:

And has her Pages, Huishers.

Face:

Footmen, and Coaches --

Subtle:

Her six Mares --

Face:

Nay eight --

Subtle:

The Alchemist

To hurry her through London, to the Exchange,

Subtle:

Bet'lem, the China-Houses ---

Face:

Yes, and have

Face:

The Citizens gape at her, and praise her Tires,

Face:

And My-Lords Goose turd bands, that rides with her.

Kastril:

Most braue! By this hand, you are not my Suster,

Kastril:

If you refuse.

Pliant:

I will not refuse, Brother.

Surly:

Que es e`sto Sennores, que non se venga?

Surly:

Esta tardanza me mata!

Face:

It is the Count come.

Face:

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

Subtle:

En Gallanta Madama, Don! Gallantissima!

Surly:

Por to=dos los dioses, la mas acabada

Surly:

Hermosura, que he visto en mi vi`da!

Face:

Is it not a gallant language that they speake?

Kastril:

An admirable language! Is it not French?

Face:

No Spanish, Sir.

Kastril:

It goes like Law–French,

Kastril:

And that, they say, is the Court–liest language.

Face:

List Sir.

Surly:

El sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el

Surly:

Resplandor, que tra`e esta dama. Valga me dios!

Face:

He admires your Sister.

Kastril:

Must not she make curtsy?

Subtle:

'Ods will, she must goe to him, Man; and kisse him:

Subtle:

It is the Spanish fashion, for the women

Subtle:

To make first court.

Face:

It is true he tells you, Sir:

Face:

His Art knows all.

Surly:

Por que 3no se acu`de?

Kastril:

He speaks to her, I think?

Face:

That he does Sir.

Surly:

Por el amor de dios, que es esto, que se ta=rda?

Kastril:

Nay, see: she will not understand him. Gull.

Kastril:

Noddy.

Pliant:

What say you Brother?

Kastril:

Asse, my Suster,

Kastril:

Goe kusse him, as the Cunning man would have you.

Kastril:

I will thrust a pinne in your buttocks else.

Face:

O, no Sir.

Surly:

Sennora mia, mi persona muy indignaesta

Surly:

Alle gar a` ta`nta Hermosura.

Face:

Does he not vse her brauely?

Kastril:

Brauely, i-faith!

Face:

Nay he will vse her better.

Kastril:

Do you think so?

Surly:

Sennora, si sera seruida, entremus.

Kastril:

Where does he carry her?

Face:

Into the Garden, Sir,

Face:

Take you no thought. I must interpret for her.

Subtle:

The Alchemist

Give Dol the word. Come my fierce Child. Advance,

Subtle:

We will to our quarrelling Lesson againe.

Kastril:

Agreed.

Kastril:

I loue a Spanish Boy, with all my heart.

Subtle:

Nay, and by this meanes, Sir, You shall be Brother

Subtle:

To a great Count.

Kastril:

Aye, I knew that, at first.

Kastril:

This match will aduance the House of the Kastrils.

Subtle:

'Pray God your Sister proue but pliant.

Kastril:

Why,

Kastril:

Her name is so, by her other Husband.

Subtle:

How!

Kastril:

The Widdow Pliant. Knew you not that?

Subtle:

No faith Sir.

Subtle:

Yet, by erection of her Figure, I gest it.

Subtle:

Come, let us goe practise.

Kastril:

Yes, but do you think, Doctor.

Kastril:

I e'er shall quarrell well?

Subtle:

I warrant you.

Scene 5

Dol:

For after Alexanders death —

Mammon:

Good Lady —

Dol:

That Perdiccas and Antigonus were slaine,

Dol:

The two that stood, Seleuc, and Ptolomee —

Mammon:

Madame.

Dol:

Made up the two legs, and the fourth Beast.

Dol:

That was Gog–North, and Egypt–South: which after

Dol:

Was call'd Gog Iron–leg, and South Iron–leg ---

Mammon:

Lady ---

Dol:

And then Gog–horned. So was A*Egypt, too;

Dol:

Then A*Egypt Clay–leg, and Gog Clay–leg ---

Mammon:

Sweet Madame.

Dol:

And last Gog–Dust, and A*Egypt–Dust: which fall

Dol:

In the last linke of the fourth Chaine. And these

Dol:

Be Starres in Story, which none see, or looke at ---

Mammon:

What shall I do?

Dol:

For, as he sayes, except

Dol:

We call the Rabbines, and the Heathen Greekes ---

Mammon:

Deare Lady.

Dol:

To come from Salem, and from Athens,

Dol:

And teach the people of great Britaine --

Face:

What is the matter,

Face:

Sir?

Dol:

To speake the tongue of Eber, and Iauan --

Mammon:

O,

Mammon:

She is in her fit.

Dol:

We shall know nothing --

Face:

Death, Sir,

Face:

We are vndone.

Dol:

Where, then, a learned Linguist

Dol:

Shall see the antient vs'd communion

Dol:

Of Vowels, and Consonants —

Face:

My Master will heare!

Dol:

A Wisedome, which Pythagoras held most high —

Mammon:

Sweet honorable Lady.

Dol:

To comprise

Dol:

All sounds of voices, in few markes of Letters —

Face:

Nay you must neuer hope to lay her now.

Dol:

And so we may arriue by Talmud skill,

Dol:

And profane Greeke, to raise the building up

Dol:

Of Helens house, against the Ismaelite,

Dol:

King of Thogarina, and his Habergians

Dol:

Brimstony, blew, and firy; and the force

Dol:

Of King Abaddon, and the Beast of Cittim:

The Alchemist

Dol:

Which Rabbi Daud Kimchi, Onkelos,

Dol:

And Aben-Ezra do interpret Rome.

Face:

How did you put her into it?

Mammon:

Allasse, I talk'd

Mammon:

Of a fift Monarchy I would erect,

Mammon:

Which the Philosophers Stone (by chance) And she

Mammon:

Falls on the other foure straight.

Face:

Out of Broughton!

Face:

I told you so. 'Slid stop her mouth.

Mammon:

Is it best?

Face:

She will neuer leaue else. If the old man hear her,

Face:

We are but fo*eces, Ashes.

Subtle:

What is to do there?

The Alchemist

Face:

O, We are lost. Now she heares him, she is quiet.

Mammon:

Where shall I hide her?

Subtle:

How! What sight is here?

Subtle:

Close deedes of Darknesse, and that shunne the light!

Subtle:

Bring him againe. Who is he? What, my Sonne?

Subtle:

O, I have liu'd too long.

Mammon:

Nay good, deare Father,

Mammon:

There was no vnchast purpose.

Subtle:

Not, and flee me,

Subtle:

When I come in?

Mammon:

That was my Error.

Subtle:

Error?

Subtle:

Guilt, guilt, my Sonne. Give it the right Name. No maruaile,

Subtle:

If I found check in our great Worke within,

Subtle:

When such affayres as these were managing.

Mammon:

Why, have you so?

Subtle:

It has gone back this halfe houre:

Subtle:

And all the rest of our lesse Workes stand still.

Subtle:

Where is the Instrument of wickednesse,

Subtle:

My lewd false Drudge?

Mammon:

Nay good Sir blame not him.

Mammon:

Beleeue me, it was against his Will, or Knowledge.

Mammon:

I saw her by chance.

Subtle:

Will you commit more sinne,

Subtle:

To excuse a Varlet?

Mammon:

The Alchemist

By my hope, it is true Sir.

Subtle:

Nay, then I wonder lesse, if you, for whom

Subtle:

The blessing was prepar'd, would so tempt heauen:

Subtle:

And loose your fortunes.

Mammon:

Why Sir?

Subtle:

This will hinder

Subtle:

The Worke, a Month at least.

Mammon:

Why, if it do,

Mammon:

What remedie? but think it not, good Father:

Mammon:

Our purposes were honest.

Subtle:

As they were,

Subtle:

So the reward will proue. How now! Aye me.

Subtle:

God, and all Saints be good to us. What is that?

The Alchemist

Face:

O Sir, we are defeated: all the Workes

Face:

Are flowne in fumo. Euery Glasse is burst.

Face:

Fornace, and all rent downe: as if a Bolt

Face:

Of thunder had been driuen through the house.

Face:

Retorts, Receiuers, Pellicanes, Bolt-heads,

Face:

All strooke in shiuers. Help good Sir. Alasse,

Face:

Coldnesse, and Death inuades him. Nay, Sir Mammon,

Face:

Do the fayre offices of a man. You stand,

Face:

As you were readier to depart, then he.

Face:

Who is there? My Lord her Brother is come.

Mammon:

Ha, Lungs?

Face:

His Coach is at the dore. Auoid his sight,

Face:

For he is as furious, as his Sister is mad.

Mammon:

Alasse!

Face:

My braine is quite vndone with the fume, Sir,

Face:

I ne'er must hope to be mine owne man againe.

Mammon:

Is all lost, Lungs? Will nothing be preseru'd,

Mammon:

Of all our cost?

Face:

Faith, very little, Sir.

Face:

A peck of coales, or so, which is cold comfort, Sir.

Mammon:

O my voluptuous minde! I am iustly punish'd.

Face:

And so am I, Sir.

Mammon:

Cast from all my hopes --

Face:

Nay, certainties Sir.

Face:

By mine owne base affections.

Subtle:

O the curst fruits of vice, and lust!

Mammon:

Good Father,

Mammon:

It was my sinne. Forgiue it.

Subtle:

Hangs my rooffe

Subtle:

Ouer us still, and will not fall, O Iustice,

Subtle:

upon us, for this wicked man!

Face:

Nay, looke, Sir,

Face:

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

Face:

Good Sir, the Noble man will come too, and take you,

Face:

And that may breed a Tragedy.

Mammon:

I will goe.

Face:

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

Face:

For some good penance, you may have it, yet

Face:

The Alchemist

A hundred pound to the Boxe at Bet'lem.

Mammon:

Yes.

Face:

For the restoring such as have their wits.

Mammon:

I will do it.

Face:

I will send one to you to receiue it.

Mammon:

Do.

Mammon:

Is no Projection left?

Face:

All flowne, or stinkes, Sir.

Mammon:

Will naught be sau'd that is good for med'cine, thinkst thou?

Face:

I cannot tell Sir. There will be, perhaps,

Face:

Something about the scraping of the Shardes,

Face:

Will cure the Itch, though not your itch of minde, Sir.

Face:

It shall be sau'd for you, and sent home. Good Sir,

The Alchemist

Face:

This way, for feare the Lord should meet you.

Subtle:

Face.

Face:

Aye.

Subtle:

Is he gone?

Face:

Yes, and as heuily

Face:

As all the Gold he hop'd for were in his bloud.

Face:

Let us be light, though.

Subtle:

Aye, as Balls, and bound

Subtle:

And hit our heads against the roofe for ioy.

Subtle:

There is so much of our care now cast away.

Face:

Now to our Don.

Subtle:

Yes, your yong Widdow, by this time

Subtle:

Is made a Countesse, Face: She has been in trauaile

Subtle:

Of a yong Heyre for you.

Face:

Good, Sir.

Subtle:

Off with your case,

Subtle:

And greet her kindly, as a Bridegroom should.

Subtle:

After these common hazards.

Face:

Very well, Sir.

Face:

Will you goe fetch Don Deigo off the while?

Subtle:

And fetch him ouer too, if you will be pleas'd Sir:

Subtle:

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

Face:

Why you can do it as well, if you would set to it.

Face:

I pray you proue your vertue.

Subtle:

For your sake, Sir.

Scene 6

Surly:

Lady, you see into what hands, you are false;

Surly:

Mongst what a Nest of Villaines! and how neare

Surly:

Your honor was to have catch'd a certaine clap

Surly:

(Through your credulitie) had I but been

Surly:

So punctually forward, as Place, Time,

Surly:

And other circumstance would have made a man.

Surly:

For you are a handsome woman: would you were wise, too.

Surly:

I am a Gentleman, come here disguis'd,

Surly:

Onely to finde the Knaueries of this Citadell,

Surly:

And where I might have wrong'd your honor, and have not,

Surly:

I claime some interest in your loue. You are,

Surly:

They say, a Widdow, rich: and I am a Batcheler,

Surly:

Worth naught. Your fortunes may make me a man,

Surly:

As mine have preseru'd you a woman. Think upon it,

Surly:

And whether, I have deseru'd you, or no.

Pliant:

I will, Sir.

Surly:

And for these Household-Rogues, let me alone.

Surly:

To treat with them.

Subtle:

How doth my noble Diego?

Subtle:

And my deare Madame, Countesse? Hath the Count

Subtle:

Been courteous, Lady? liberall? and open?

Subtle:

Donzell, me*thinkes you looke melancholike,

Subtle:

After your Coitum, and scuruy! True-ly,

Subtle:

I do not like the dulnesse of your eye:

Subtle:

The Alchemist

It hath a heavy cast, it is vpsee Dutch,

Subtle:

And says you are a lumpish Whore–master.

Subtle:

Be lighter, I will make your pockets so.

Surly:

Will you, Don Baud, and Pick–purse? How now? Reelee you?

Surly:

Stand up Sir, you shall finde since I am so heavy,

Surly:

I will give you a*equall weight.

Subtle:

Help, Murder.

Surly:

No Sir.

Surly:

There is no such thing intended. A good Cart,

Surly:

And a cleane Whip shall ease you of that feare.

Surly:

I am the Spanish Don, that should be cossened,

Surly:

Do you see? cossened. Where is your Captaine Face?

Surly:

That parcell–Broker, and whole–Baud, all Raskall.

The Alchemist

Face:

How, Surly!

Surly:

O, make your approach, good Captaine.

Surly:

I have found, from whence your Copper Rings, and Spoones

Surly:

Come now, wherewith you cheate abroad in Tauernes.

Surly:

It was here, you learn'd to annoint your boote with Brimstone,

Surly:

Then rub mens Gold on it, for a kinde of touch,

Surly:

And say it was naught, when you had chang'd the colour,

Surly:

That you might have it for nothing. And this Doctor,

Surly:

Your sooty, smoaky-bearded Compeere, He

Surly:

Will close you so much Gold, in a Bolts-head,

Surly:

And, on a turne, conuay (in the stead) another

Surly:

With sublim'd Mercury, that shall burst in the heate,

Surly:

And flye out all 7in 7fumo. Then weepes Mammon.

Surly:

Then swounes his Worship. Or he is the Faustus,

Surly:

That casteth figures, and can coniure, cures

Surly:

Plague, Piles, and Poxe, by the Ephemerides,

Surly:

And holds intelligence, with all the Baudes,

Surly:

And Midwiues of three Shires. While you send in —

Surly:

Captaine, (what is he gone?) Dam'sells with child,

Surly:

Wiues, that are barren, or, the waiting—Maide

Surly:

With the Greene—sickness. Nay Sir, you must tarry

Surly:

Though he be scap't; and answer, by the eares, Sir.

Scene 7

Face:

Why, now is the time, if euer you will quarrell

Face:

Well (as they say) and be a true—borne Child.

Face:

The Doctor, and your Sister both are abus'd.

Kastril:

Where is he? Which is he? He is a Slaue

Kastril:

What ere he is, and the Sonne of a Whore. Are you

Kastril:

The Man, Sir, I would know?

Surly:

I should be loth, Sir,

Surly:

To confesse so much.

Kastril:

Then you lie, in your throte.

Surly:

How?

Face:

A very errant Rogue, Sir, and a Cheater,

Face:

Employd here, by another Coniurer,

Face:

That does not loue the Doctor, and would crosse him

Face:

If he knew how --

Surly:

Sir you are abus'd.

Kastril:

The Alchemist

You lie.

Kastril:

And it is no matter.

Face:

Well said, Sir. He is

Face:

The impudent'st Raskall —

Surly:

You are indeed. Will you heare

Surly:

me, Sir?

Face:

By no meanes. Bid him be gone.

Kastril:

Be gone Sir, quickly.

Surly:

This is strange! Lady, do you informe your Brother.

Face:

There is not such a Foyst, in all the towne,

Face:

The Doctor had him, presently: And findes, yet,

Face:

The Spanish Count will come, here. Beare up, Subtle.

Subtle:

Yes Sir, he must appeare, within this hower.

The Alchemist

Face:

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

Face:

By the temptation of another Spirit,

Face:

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

Kastril:

Aye,

Kastril:

I know -- Away, you talke like a foolish Mauther.

Surly:

Sir, all in truth, she says.

Face:

Do not beleeeue him, Sir:

Face:

He is the lying'st Swabber. Come your wayes, Sir.

Surly:

You are valiant out of Company.

Kastril:

Yes, how then Sir?

Face:

Nay, here is an honest fellow too, that knowes him,

Face:

And all his tricks. Make good what I say, Abel,

Face:

This Cheater would have cossen'd thee of the Widdow.

The Alchemist

Face:

He owes this honest Drugger, here, seuen pound,

Face:

He has had of him, in two–peny'orths of Tobacco.

Drugger:

Yes Sir. And he hath damn'd himselfe three termes, to

Drugger:

pay me.

Face:

And what does he owe for Lotium?

Drugger:

Thirty shillings, Sir:

Drugger:

And for six Syringes.

Surly:

Hydra of villany!

Face:

Nay, Sir you must quarrell him out of the house.

Kastril:

I will.

Kastril:

Sir, if you get not out of doores, you lie,

Kastril:

And you are a Pimpe.

Surly:

Why this is madnesse, Sir,

Surly:

Not valure in you: I must laugh at this.

Kastril:

It is my humor: you are a Pimpe, and a Trig,

Kastril:

And an Amadis de Gaule or a Don Quixote.

Drugger:

Or a Knight of the curious coxcombe. Do you see?

Ananias:

Peace to the Houshold.

Kastril:

I will keepe peace, for no man.

Ananias:

Casting of Dollers is concluded lawfull.

Kastril:

Is he the Constable?

Subtle:

Peace Ananias.

Face:

No, Sir.

Kastril:

Then you are an Otter, and a Shad, a Whit,

Kastril:

A very Tim.

Surly:

The Alchemist

You will heare me Sir?

Kastril:

I will not.

Ananias:

What is the Motiue.

Subtle:

Zeale, in the yong Gentleman,

Subtle:

Against him Spanish slops.

Ananias:

They are profane,

Ananias:

Leud, superstitious, and idolatrous Breeches.

Surly:

New Raskals!

Kastril:

Will you be gone, Sir?

Ananias:

Auoid

Ananias:

Sathan,

Ananias:

Thou art not of the light. That Ruffe of pride,

Ananias:

About thy neck, betrayes thee: and is the same

The Alchemist

Ananias:

With that, which the vncleane Birds, in seuenty–seuen,

Ananias:

Were seene to pranke it with, on diuers coasts.

Ananias:

Thou look'st like Antichrist, in that leud hat.

Surly:

I must give way.

Kastril:

Be gone Sir.

Surly:

But i will take

Surly:

A course with you —

Ananias:

Depart, proud Spanish Fiend.

Surly:

Captaine, and Doctor.

Ananias:

Child of perdition.

Kastril:

Hence

Kastril:

Sir.

Kastril:

Did I not quarrell brauely?

Face:

Yes indeed Sir.

Kastril:

Nay if I give my minde to it, I shall do it,

Face:

O you must follow Sir, and threaten him tame.

Face:

He will turne againe else.

Kastril:

I will re–turne him, then.

Face:

Drugger, this Rogue preuented us, for thee:

Face:

We had determin'd, that thou shouldst have come,

Face:

In a Spanish sute, and have carried her so; and he

Face:

A Brokerly slaue, goes, puts it on himselfe.

Face:

Hast brought the Damask?

Drugger:

Yes Sir.

Face:

Thou must borrow,

Face:

A Spanish suite. Hast thou no credit with the Players?

Drugger:

Yes Sir, did you neuer see me play the Foole?

Face:

I know not Nab. Thou shalt, if I can help it.

Face:

Hieronimo's old Cloke, Ruffe, and Hat will serue:

Face:

I will tell thee more, when thou bringst them.

Ananias:

Sir, I know

Ananias:

The Spaniard hates the Brethren, and hath Spies

Ananias:

upon their Actions: And that this was one

Ananias:

I make no scruple. But the holy Synode

Ananias:

Have been in prayer, and meditation, for it.

Ananias:

And it is reueald no lesse, to them, then me,

Ananias:

That casting of Money is most lawfull.

Subtle:

True.

Subtle:

But here, I cannot do it; if the House

Subtle:

Should chance to be suspected, all would out.

Subtle:

And we be lock'd up, in the Tower, for*euer,

Subtle:

To make Gold there: (for the state) neuer come out.

Subtle:

And, then, are you defeated.

Ananias:

I will tell

Ananias:

This to the Elders, and the weaker Brethren,

Ananias:

That the whole Company of the Separation

Ananias:

May ioyne in humble prayer againe.

Subtle:

(And fasting.)

Ananias:

Yea, for some fitter place. The Peace of minde

Ananias:

Rest with these walles.

Subtle:

Thanks, courteous Ananias.

The Alchemist

Face:

What did he come for?

Subtle:

About casting Dollers,

Subtle:

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

Subtle:

A Spanish Minister came here to spie

Subtle:

Against the Faithfull --

Face:

I conceiue. Come Subtle,

Face:

Thou art so downe upon the least disaster!

Face:

How wouldst thou have done, if I had not helpt thee out?

Subtle:

I thanke thee Face, for the Angry Boy, i-faith.

Face:

Who would have lookt, it should have been that Raskall?

Face:

Surly? He had dy'd his beard, and all. Well, Sir,

Face:

Here is Damask come, to make you a suite.

Subtle:

Where is Drugger?

The Alchemist

Face:

He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habite,

Face:

I will be the Count, now.

Subtle:

But where is the Widdow?

Face:

Within, with my Lords Sister: Madame Dol

Face:

Is entertaining her.

Subtle:

By your fauour, Face,

Subtle:

Now she is honest, I will stand againe.

Face:

You will not offer it?

Subtle:

Why?

Face:

Stand to your word,

Face:

Or -- Here comes Dol. She knows --

Subtle:

You are tyrannous still.

Face:

Strict for my right. How now, Dol? Hast told her,

The Alchemist

Face:

The Spanish Count will come?

Dol:

Yes, but another is come,

Dol:

You little look'd for.

Face:

Who is that?

Dol:

Your Master:

Dol:

The Master of the House.

Subtle:

How Dol?

Face:

She lies.

Face:

This is some trick. Come leaue your Quiblines, Dorothee.

Dol:

Looke out, and see.

Subtle:

Are thou in earnest?

Dol:

'Slight

Dol:

The Alchemist

Forty of the Neighbours are about him, talking.

Face:

It is he, by this good day.

Dol:

It will proue ill day,

Dol:

For some of us.

Face:

We are undone, and taken.

Dol:

Lost, I am afraid.

Subtle:

You said he would not come,

Subtle:

While there dyed one a Weeke, within the Liberties.

Face:

No: it was within the Walls.

Subtle:

Was it so? Cry' you mercy:

Subtle:

I thought the Liberties. What shall we do now, Face?

Face:

Be silent, not a word, if he call, or knock.

Face:

I will into mine old shape againe, and meet him,

The Alchemist

Face:

Of Ieremie, the Butler. In the meane time,

Face:

Do you two pack up all the goods, and purchase,

Face:

That we can carry in the two trunkes. I will keepe him

Face:

Off for to*day, if I cannot longer: And then

Face:

At night, I will ship you both away to Ratcliffe,

Face:

Where we will meet to*morrow, and then we will share.

Face:

Let Mammon's Brasse, and Peuter keep the Cellar:

Face:

We will have another time for that. But, Dol,

Face:

'Pray thee goe heate a little water, quickly,

Face:

Subtle must shave me. All my Captaines beard

Face:

Must off, to make me appeare smooth Ieremy.

Face:

You will do it?

Subtle:

Yes I will shaue you, as well as I can.

Face:

And not cut my throte, but trim me?

Subtle:

You shall see, Sir.

Act 5

Scene 1

Love–Wit:

Has there been such resort, say you?

Neighbour1:

Daily, Sir.

Neighbour2:

And nightly, too.

Neighbour3:

Aye, some as braue as Lords.

Neighbour4:

Ladies, and Gentlewomen.

Neighbour5:

Citizens Wiues.

Neighbour1:

And Knights.

Neighbour6:

In Coaches.

Neighbour2:

Yes and Oyster–women.

Neighbour1:

Beside other Gallants.

Neighbour3:

Saylors Wiues.

Neighbour4:

Tabacco

Neighbour4:

men.

Neighbour5:

Another Pimlico.

Love–Wit:

What should my Knaue aduance,

Love–Wit:

To draw this company? He hung out no Banners

Love–Wit:

Of a strange Calfe, with fiue legs, to be seene?

Love–Wit:

Or a huge Lobstar, with six clawes?

Neighbour6:

No Sir.

Neighbour3:

We had gone in, then, Sir.

Love–Wit:

He has no guift

Love–Wit:

Of Teaching in the nose, that ere I knew of!

Love–Wit:

You saw no Bils set up, that promis'd cure

Love–Wit:

Of Agues, or the Tooth–ach?

Neighbour2:

No such thing, Sir.

Love–Wit:

Nor heard a Drum strooke, for Babouns, or Puppets?

Neighbour5:

Neither Sir.

Love–Wit:

What deuse should he bring forth now?

Love–Wit:

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

Love–Wit:

'Pray God he have not kept such open house,

Love–Wit:

That he hath sold my hangings, and my bedding:

Love–Wit:

I left him nothing else. If he have eate them,

Love–Wit:

A plague on the Moath, say I. Sure he has got

Love–Wit:

Some baudy Pictures, to call all his Ging;

Love–Wit:

The Alchemist

The Frier, and the Nun; or the new Motion

Love–Wit:

Of the Knights Courser, couering the Parsons Mare;

Love–Wit:

The Boy of six yeare old, with the great thing:

Love–Wit:

Or it may be, he has the fleas that runne at Tilt,

Love–Wit:

upon a Table, or some Dog to Daunce?

Love–Wit:

When saw you him?

Neighbour1:

Who Sir, Ieremie?

Neighbour2:

Ieremie

Neighbour2:

Butler?

Neighbour2:

We saw him not, this mont'h.

Love–Wit:

How!

Neighbour4:

Not these fiue

Neighbour4:

weekes, Sir.

Neighbour1:

These six weekes, at the least.

Love–Wit:

You amaze me, Neighbours.

Neighbour5:

Sure, if your Worship know not where he is,

Neighbour5:

He is slipt away.

Neighbour6:

Pray God, he be not made away.

Love–Wit:

Ha! It is no time to question, then.

Neighbour6:

About

Neighbour6:

Some three weekes since, I heard a dolefull cry,

Neighbour6:

As I sate up, a*mending my wiues stockings.

Love–Wit:

This is strange! that none will answere! Didst thou heare

Love–Wit:

A cry, saist thou?

Neighbour6:

Yes Sir, like vnto a Man

Neighbour6:

That had been strangled an hower, and could not speake.

The Alchemist

Neighbour2:

I heard it too, iust this day three weekes, at two a'clock

Neighbour2:

Next morning.

Love–Wit:

These be miracles, or you make them so!

Love–Wit:

A man an hower strangled, and could not speake,

Love–Wit:

And both you heard him cry?

Neighbour3:

Yes, downward, Sir.

Love–Wit:

Thou art a wise fellow. Give me thy hand, I pray thee.

Love–Wit:

What trade art thou, of?

Neighbour3:

A Smith, if it please your

Neighbour3:

Worship.

Love–Wit:

A Smith? Then, lend me thy help, to get this dore open.

Neighbour3:

That I will presently, Sir, but fetch my tooles --

Neighbour1:

Sir. Best to knock againe, afore you breake it.

Scene 2

Love–Wit:

I will.

Face:

What meane you Sir?

X

O, Here is Ieremie!

Face:

Good Sir. Come from the dore.

Love–Wit:

Why? what is the

Love–Wit:

matter?

Face:

Yet farder, you are too neare, yet.

Love–Wit:

In the name of wonder,

Love–Wit:

What meanes the fellow?

Face:

The House, Sir, has been visited.

Love–Wit:

What? with the Plague? stand thou then farder.

Face:

No, Sir,

Face:

I had it not.

Love–Wit:

Who had it then? I left

Love–Wit:

None else, but thee, in the house.

Face:

Yes, Sir. My Fellow,

Face:

The Cat, that kept the Buttry, had it on her

Face:

A weeke, before I spied it: But I got her

Face:

Conuay'd away, in the night. And so I shut

Face:

The house up for a Month --

Love–Wit:

How!

Face:

Purposing then, Sir.

Face:

To have burnt Rose–vinegar, Triackle, and Tarre,

Face:

And, have made it sweet, that you should ne'er have knowne it:

Face:

The Alchemist

Because I knew the Newes would but afflict you, Sir.

Love–Wit:

Breath lesse, and farder off. Why this is stranger

Love–Wit:

The Neighbors tell me all, here, that the Does

Love–Wit:

Have still been open.

Face:

How Sir?

Love–Wit:

Gallants, Men, and

Love–Wit:

Women,

Love–Wit:

And of all sorts, tag–rag, been seene to flock here

Love–Wit:

In threaues, these ten weekes, as to a second Hogs–den,

Love–Wit:

In dayes of Pimlico, and Eye–bright.

Face:

Sir.

Face:

Their wisdomes will not say so.

Love–Wit:

To*day, they speake

The Alchemist

Love–Wit:

Of Coaches, and Gallants; one in a French–hood,

Love–Wit:

Went in, they tell me: and another was seene

Love–Wit:

In a Veluet Gowne, at the windore. Diuerse more

Love–Wit:

Passes in and out.

Face:

They did pass through the doores then,

Face:

Or walls, I assure their Eyesights, and their Spectacles;

Face:

For here, Sir, are the keyes; and here have been,

Face:

In this my pocket, now, about twenty dayes.

Face:

And for before, I kept the Fort alone, there.

Face:

But that it is yet not deepe in the afternoone,

Face:

I should beleue my Neighbours had seene double

Face:

Through the Black–pot, and made these apparitions:

Face:

For, on my faith to your Worship, for these three weekes

Face:

And upwards, the dore has not been open'd.

Love–Wit:

Strange!

Neighbour1:

Good faith, I think I saw a Coach!

Neighbour2:

And I too,

Neighbour2:

I would have been sworne!

Love–Wit:

Do you but think it now?

Love–Wit:

And but one Coach?

Neighbour4:

We cannot tell, Sir. Ieremy

Neighbour4:

Is a very honest fellow.

Face:

Did you see me at all?

Neighbour1:

No. That we are sure of.

Neighbour2:

I will be sworne of that.

Love–Wit:

Fine Rogues, to have your testimonies built on!

Neighbour3:

Is Jeremy come?

Neighbour1:

O yes, you may leaue your tooles,

Neighbour1:

We were deceiu'd he saies.

Neighbour2:

He has had the keyes,

Neighbour2:

And the dore has bin shut these three weeks.

Neighbour3:

Like enough.

Love–Wit:

Peace, and get hence, you Changelings.

Face:

Surly come!

Face:

And Mammon made acquainted? They will tell all.

Face:

(How shall I beate them off? What shall I do?)

Face:

Nothing is more wretched, then a guilty conscience.

Scene 3

Surly:

The Alchemist

No Sir, He was a great Phisitian. This,

Surly:

It was no Baudy-house: But a meere Chancell.

Surly:

You knew the Lord, and his Sister.

Mammon:

Nay good Surly —

Surly:

The happy word, Be rich —

Mammon:

Play not the Tyranne —

Surly:

Should be to*day pronounc'd, to all your friends.

Surly:

And where be your Andirons now? And your Brasse Pots?

Surly:

That should have been Golden Flaggons, and great Wedges?

Mammon:

Let me but breath. What! They have shut their dores,

Mammon:

Me*thinkes.

Surly:

Aye, now, it is Holyday with them.

Mammon:

Rogues,

The Alchemist

Mammon:

Coseners, Impostors, Baudes.

Face:

What meane you, Sir?

Mammon:

To enter if we can.

Face:

Another mans house?

Face:

Here is the Owner, Sir. Turne you to him,

Face:

And speake your businesse.

Mammon:

Are you, Sir, the Owner?

Love–Wit:

Yes, Sir.

Mammon:

And are those Knaues, within, your Cheaters?

Love–Wit:

What Knaues? What Cheaters?

Mammon:

Subtle, and his Lungs.

Face:

The Gentleman is distracted, Sir. No Lungs

Face:

Nor Lights have been seene here these three weekes, Sir,

Face:

Within these dores, upon my word.

Surly:

Your word,

Surly:

Groome arrogant?

Face:

Yes Sir, I am the House-keeper,

Face:

And know the keyes have not been out of my hands.

Surly:

This is a new Face!

Face:

You do mistake the house, Sir.

Face:

What signe was it at?

Surly:

You Raskall. This is one

Surly:

Of the Confederacie. Come let us get Officers!

Surly:

And force the dore.

Love-Wit:

'Pray you stay, Gentlemen.

Surly:

No, Sir, we will come with warrant.

The Alchemist

Mammon:

Aye, and then,

Mammon:

We shall have your dores open.

Love–Wit:

What means this?

Face:

I cannot tell Sir.

Neighbour1:

These are two of the Gallants,

Neighbour1:

That we do think we saw.

Face:

Two of the Fooles?

Face:

You talke as idly as they. Good faith, Sir,

Face:

I think the Moone has cras'd them all. (O me,

Face:

The Angry Boy come too? He will make a noyse

Face:

And nere away till he have betrayed us all.)

Kastril:

What Rogues, Baudes, Slaues, you will open the dore anone.

Kastril:

The Alchemist

Punque, Cocatrice, my Suster. By this light

Kastril:

I will fetch the Marshall to you. You are a Whore,

Kastril:

To keepe your Castle.

Face:

Who would you speake with, Sir?

Kastril:

The baudy Doctor, and the Cosening Captaine,

Kastril:

And Pus my Suster.

Love–Wit:

This is something, sure!

Face:

upon my trust, the dores were neuer open, Sir.

Kastril:

I have heard all their tricks, told me twice ouer,

Kastril:

By the fat Knight, and the leane Gentleman.

Love–Wit:

Here comes another.

Face:

Ananias too?

Face:

And his Pastor?

The Alchemist

Tribulation:

The dores are shut against us.

Ananias:

Come forth, you Seed of Vipers, Sonnes of Belial,

Ananias:

Your wickednesse is broke forth: Abhominacion

Ananias:

Is in the House.

Kastril:

My Suster is there.

Ananias:

The place,

Ananias:

It is become a Cage of vncleane birds.

Kastril:

Aye, I will fetch the Scauenger, and the Cunstable.

Tribulation:

You shall do well.

Ananias:

We will ioyne, to weede them out.

Kastril:

You will not come then? Punque, Deuise, my Suster?

Ananias:

Call her not Sister. She is a Harlot, verily.

Kastril:

I will raise the street.

Love–Wit:

Good Gentlemen, a word.

Ananias:

Sathan, auoide, and hinder not our zeale.

Love–Wit:

The world is turn'd Bet'lem.

Face:

These are all broke loose,

Face:

Out of S% Katherines, where they vse to keepe,

Face:

The better sort of Mad–folkes.

Neighbour1:

All these Persons

Neighbour1:

We saw goe in, and out here.

Neighbour2:

Yes, indeed Sir.

Neighbour3:

These were the Parties.

Face:

Peace, you Drunkards. Sir,

Face:

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

Face:

To touch the dore, I will try and the Lock be chang'd.

The Alchemist

Love–Wit:

It mazes me!

Face:

Good faith, Sir, I beleeeue,

Face:

There is no such thing. It is all Deceptio visus.

Face:

Would I could get him away.

Dapper:

Mr% Captaine, Mr% Doctor.

Love–Wit:

Who is that?

Face:

(Our Clearke within, that I forgot) I know

Face:

not, Sir.

Dapper:

For Gods sake, when will her Grace be at leasure?

Face:

Ha!

Face:

Illusions, some spirit of the ayre: (His gag is melted,

Face:

And now he sets out the throate.)

Dapper:

I am almost stifled —

Face:

(Would you were altogether.)

Love–Wit:

It is in the house.

Love–Wit:

Ha! List.

Face:

Beleeue it Sir, in the ayre.

Love–Wit:

Peace, you —

Dapper:

Mine Aunts Grace does not vse me well.

Subtle:

You Foole,

Subtle:

Peace, you will marre all.

Face:

Or you will else, you Rogue.

Love–Wit:

O, is it so? Then you conuerse with spirits.

Love–Wit:

Come Sir. No more of your tricks, good Jeremy,

Love–Wit:

The truth, the shortest way.

The Alchemist

Face:

Dismiss this rabble, Sir.

Face:

What shall I do? I am catch'd.

Love–Wit:

Good Neighbours,

Love–Wit:

I thanke you all. You may depart. Come Sir,

Love–Wit:

You know that I am an indulgent Master:

Love–Wit:

And therefore conceale nothing. What is your med'cine,

Love–Wit:

To draw so many seuerall sorts of wild–foule?

Face:

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

Face:

But here is no place to talke of it in the street.

Face:

Give me but leaue, to make the best of my fortune,

Face:

And onely pardon me the abuse of your House.

Face:

It is all I begge. I will help you to a Widdow,

Face:

In recompence, that you shall give me thankses for,

The Alchemist

Face:

Will make you seauen yeers yonger, and a rich one.

Face:

It is but your putting on a Spanish Cloake,

Face:

I have her within. You neede not feare the House.

Face:

It was not visited.

Love–Wit:

But by me, who came

Love–Wit:

Sooner then you expected.

Face:

It is true, Sir.

Face:

'Pray you forgiue me.

Love–Wit:

Well: Let us see your Widdow.

Scene 4

Subtle:

How! have you eaten your gag?

Dapper:

Yes faith, it crumbled

Dapper:

Away in my mouth.

Subtle:

You have spoil'd all then.

Dapper:

No,

Dapper:

I hope my Aunt of Faery will forgiue me.

Subtle:

Your Aunt is a gracious Lady, but in truth

Subtle:

You were to blame.

Dapper:

The fume did ouercome me,

Dapper:

And I did do it to stay my stomack. 'Pray you

Dapper:

So satisfie her Grace. Here comes the Captaine.

Face:

How now! Is his mouth downe?

Subtle:

Aye, he has spoken!

Face:

(A poxe, I heard him, and you too.) He is vndone, then.

Face:

I have been faine to say, the House is haunted

Face:

The Alchemist

With Spirits, to keepe Churle back.

Subtle:

And hast thou done it?

Face:

Sure, for this night.

Subtle:

Why then triumph, and sing

Subtle:

Of Face so famous, the precious King

Subtle:

Of present wits.

Face:

Did you not heare the coyle,

Face:

About the dore?

Subtle:

Yes, and I dwindled with it.

Face:

Shew him his Aunt, and let him be dispatch'd:

Face:

I will send her to you.

Subtle:

Well Sir, your Aunt her Grace,

Subtle:

Will give you audience presently, on my sute,

The Alchemist

Subtle:

And the Captaines word, that you did not eate your gag,

Subtle:

In any contempt of her Highnesse.

Dapper:

Not I, in troth, Sir.

Subtle:

Here she is come. Downe on your knees, and wriggle:

Subtle:

She has a stately presence. Good. Yet nearer,

Subtle:

And bid God saue her.

Dapper:

Madame.

Subtle:

And your Aunt.

Dol:

Nephew, we thought to have been angry, with you:

Dol:

But that sweet face of yours, hath turn'd the tide,

Dol:

And made it flow with Ioy, that eb'd of Loue.

Dol:

Arise, and touch our veluet Gowne.

Subtle:

The Skirts,

The Alchemist

Subtle:

And kisse them. So.

Dol:

Let me now stroke that head.

Dol:

Much, Nephew, shalt thou winne, much shalt thou spend;

Dol:

Much shalt thou give away, much shalt thou Lend.

Subtle:

Aye, much indeede. Why do you not thanke her Grace?

Dapper:

I cannot speake, for Ioy.

Subtle:

See, the kinde wretch!

Subtle:

Your Graces kins–man right.

Dol:

Give me the Bird.

Dol:

Here is your Flye in a Purse, about your neck, Cosen,

Dol:

Weare it, and feede it, about this day seu'night,

Dol:

On your right wrist.

Subtle:

Open a veyne, with a Pinne,

Subtle:

And let it suck but once a weeke. Till then,

Subtle:

You must not looke of it.

Dol:

No. And Kinsman,

Dol:

Beare your*selfe worthy of the blood you come of.

Subtle:

Her Grace would have you eate no more Wool-sack pies,

Subtle:

Nor Dagger Frumenty.

Dol:

Nor breake his fast,

Dol:

In Heauen, and Hell.

Subtle:

She is with you euery*where.

Subtle:

Nor play with Coster-mongers at Mum-chance, Tray-trip,

Subtle:

God make you rich (when as your Aunt has done it:) but keepe

Subtle:

The Gallant'st company, and the best Games.

Dapper:

Yes, Sir.

Subtle:

Gleeke and Primero; and what you get be true to us.

Dapper:

By this hand, I will.

Subtle:

You may bring us a Thousand

Subtle:

pound.

Subtle:

Before to*morrow night, (if but three Thousand

Subtle:

Be stirring) if you will.

Dapper:

I swear, I will then.

Subtle:

Your Fly will learne you all Games.

Face:

Have you done there?

Subtle:

Your Grace will command him no more duties?

Dol:

No:

Dol:

But come, and see me often. I may chance

The Alchemist

Dol:

To leaue him three or foure hundred Chests of Treasure,

Dol:

And some fiue thousand Acres of Faerie Land:

Dol:

If he Game well, and comely, with good Gamsters.

Subtle:

There is a kinde Aunt! Kisse her departing part.

Subtle:

But you must sell your forty marke a yeare, now.

Dapper:

Aye, Sir, I meane.

Subtle:

Or gi it away. A poxe of it.

Face:

I will gi it mine Aunt. I will goe and fetch the writings.

Subtle:

It is well, away.

Face:

Where is Subtle?

Subtle:

Here. What newes?

Face:

Drugger is at the dore, goe take his suite,

Face:

And bid him fetch a Parson presently.

The Alchemist

Face:

Say he shall marry the Widdow. Thou shalt spend

Face:

A hundred pound by the seruice. Now, Queene Dol,

Face:

Have you pack'd up all?

Dol:

Yes.

Face:

And how do you like

Face:

The Lady Plyant?

Dol:

A good dull Innocent.

Subtle:

Here is your Hieronimo's cloake, and hat.

Face:

Give me them.

Subtle:

And the Ruffe too?

Face:

Yes, I will come to you presently.

Subtle:

Now, he is gone about his proiect, Dol,

Subtle:

I told you of, for the Widdow.

Dol:

It is direct

Dol:

Against our Articles.

Subtle:

Well, we will fit him, Wench.

Subtle:

Hast thou gull'd her of her Jewels, or her Bracelets?

Dol:

No, but I will do it.

Subtle:

Soone at night, my Dolly,

Subtle:

When we are shipt, and all our goods aboard,

Subtle:

East-ward for Ratcliffe, we will turne our course

Subtle:

To Brainford, Westward, if thou saist the word,

Subtle:

And take our leaues of this ore-weening Raskall,

Subtle:

This peremptory Face.

Dol:

Content. I am weary of him,

Subtle:

The Alchemist

Thou 'hast cause, when the Slaue will runne a*wiuing, Dol,

Subtle:

Against the Instrument, that was drawne betweene us.

Dol:

I will pluck his Bird as bare as I can.

Subtle:

Yes, tell her,

Subtle:

She must by any meanes, addresse some present

Subtle:

To the Cunning man, make him amends for wronging

Subtle:

His Art with her suspition, send a Ring,

Subtle:

Or chaine of Pearle, she will be tortur'd else

Subtle:

Extreamely in her sleepe, say, and have strange things

Subtle:

Come to her, wilt thou?

Dol:

Yes.

Subtle:

My fine Flitter–mouse,

Subtle:

My bird of the night; we will tickle it at the Pigeons,

The Alchemist

Subtle:

When we have all, and may vnlock the Trunks,

Subtle:

And say, this is mine, and thine, and thine, and mine —

Face:

What now, a*billing?

Subtle:

Yes, a little exalted

Subtle:

In the good passage of our Stock—affaires.

Face:

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

Face:

And send him back againe, to wash his face.

Subtle:

I will: and shaue himselfe?

Face:

If you can get him.

Dol:

You are hote upon it Face, what*ere it is.

Face:

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

Face:

Is he gone?

Subtle:

The Chaplaine waites you in the hall, Sir.

Face:

I will goe bestow him.

Dol:

He will now marry her, instantly.

Subtle:

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

Subtle:

Cosen her of all thou canst. To deceiue him

Subtle:

Is no deceit, but Iustice; that would breake

Subtle:

Such an inextricable tye as ours was.

Dol:

Let me alone to fit him.

Face:

Come my Venturers.

Face:

You have pack'd up all? Where be the Trunkes? Bring forth.

Subtle:

Here.

Face:

Let us see them. Where is the Money?

Subtle:

Here,

Subtle:

In this.

Face:

Mammons tenne pound: Eight score before.

Face:

The Brethrens mony, this. Druggers and Dappers.

Face:

What Paper is that?

Dol:

The Iewell of the waiting Maides,

Dol:

That stole it from her Lady, to know certaine ---

Face:

If she should have precedence of her Mistresse?

Dol:

Yes.

Face:

What boxe is that?

Subtle:

The Fish-wiues rings, I think.

Subtle:

And the Alewiues single mony. Is it not Dol?

Dol:

Yes; and the whistle, that the Saylor's wife

Dol:

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

Face:

The Alchemist

We will wet it to*morrow: and our Siluer-beakers,

Face:

And Tauerne cups. Where be the French Petic coats,

Face:

And Girdles, and Hangers?

Subtle:

Here, in the Trunke,

Subtle:

And the Bolts of Lawne.

Face:

Is Druggers Damaske, there?

Face:

And the Tobacco?

Subtle:

Yes.

Face:

Give me the Keyes.

Dol:

Why you the Keyes?

Subtle:

No matter, Dol, because

Subtle:

We shall not open them, before he comes.

Face:

It is true, you shall not open them, indeed,

The Alchemist

Face:

Nor have them forth. Do you see? Not forth, Dol.

Dol:

No?

Face:

No my Smock-rampant. The right is, my Master

Face:

Knowes all, has pardon'd me, and he will keepe them.

Face:

Doctor it is true (you looke) for all your Figures.

Face:

I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore good Partners,

Face:

Both He and She, be satisfied. For here

Face:

Determines the Indenture tripartite

Face:

Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can do

Face:

Is to helpe you ouer the wall, on the backside;

Face:

Or lend you a sheet, to saue your Veluet Gowne, Doll.

Face:

Here will be Officers presently; bethinke you,

Face:

Of some course sodainly to scape the Dock,

The Alchemist

Face:

For thether you will come else. Harke you, Thunder.

Subtle:

You are a precious fiend!

Officer:

Open the dore.

Face:

Dol, I am sorry for thee i-faith. But hearst thou?

Face:

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

Face:

Thou shalt have my Letter to Mrs Amo.

Dol:

Hang you --

Face:

Or Madame Imporiall.

Dol:

Poxe upon you, Rogue,

Dol:

Would I had but time to beate thee.

Face:

Subtle,

Face:

Let us know where you set up next; I will send you

Face:

A Customer, now and then, for old acquaintance:

Face:

What new course have you?

Subtle:

Rogue, I will hang my*selfe

Subtle:

That I may walke a greater diuell, then thou,

Subtle:

And haunt thee in the Flock-bed, and the Buttery.

Scene 5

Love-Wit:

What do you meane my Masters?

Mammon:

Open your Dore,

Mammon:

Cheaters, Baudes, Coniurers.

Officer:

Or we will breake it

Officer:

open.

Love-Wit:

What warrant have you?

Officer:

Warrant inough, Sir, doubt

Officer:

The Alchemist

not,

Officer:

If you will not open it.

Love–Wit:

Is there an Officer, there?

Officer:

Yes, two, or three for failing.

Love–Wit:

Have but patience,

Love–Wit:

And I will open it straight.

Face:

Sir, Have you done?

Face:

Is it a Marriage? perfect?

Love–Wit:

Yes, my Braine?

Face:

Off with your Russe, and Cloake then, be your*selfe, Sir.

Surly:

Down with the dore.

Kastril:

'Slight, ding it open.

Love–Wit:

Hold.

Love–Wit:

Hold Gentlemen, what meanes this violence?

Mammon:

Where is this Colliar?

Surly:

And my Captaine Face?

Mammon:

These day–Owles.

Surly:

That are Birding in mens purses.

Mammon:

Madame Suppository.

Kastril:

Doxey, my Suster.

Ananias:

Locusts

Ananias:

Of the foule pit.

Tribulation:

Profane as Bel, and the Dragon.

Ananias:

Worse then the Grasse–hoppers, or the Lice of A*Egypt.

Love–Wit:

Good Gentlemen, heare me. Are you Officers,

Love–Wit:

And cannot stay this violence?

Officer:

Keep the peace.

Love–Wit:

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

Mammon:

The Chymicall Cousoner.

Surly:

And the Captaine Pandar.

Kastril:

The Nun my Suster.

Mammon:

Madame Rabbi.

Ananias:

Scorpions,

Ananias:

And Caterpillers.

Love–Wit:

Fewer at once, I pray you.

Officer:

One after another, Gentlemen, I charge you

Officer:

By vertue of my staffe —

Ananias:

They are the vessels

Ananias:

Of shame, and of dishonour.

Love–Wit:

Good zeale, lye still,

Love–Wit:

A little while.

Tribulation:

Peace, Deacon Ananias.

Love–Wit:

The House is mine here, and the dores are open:

Love–Wit:

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

Love–Wit:

Vse your authorities, search on o' Gods name.

Love–Wit:

I am but newly come to towne, and finding

Love–Wit:

This tumult 'bout my dore (to tell you true)

Love–Wit:

It somewhat mazd me; till my Man, here (fearing

Love–Wit:

My more displeasure) told me had dome

Love–Wit:

Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house

Love–Wit:

(Belike, presuming on my knowne auersion

Love–Wit:

The Alchemist

From any ayre of the towne, while there was Sicknesse)

Love–Wit:

To a Doctor, and a Captaine, who what they are,

Love–Wit:

Or where they be, he knowes not.

Mammon:

Are they gone?

Love–Wit:

You may goe in, and search, Sir. Here, I finde

Love–Wit:

The empty Walls, worse then I left them, smoak'd,

Love–Wit:

A few crack'd pots and Glasses, and a Fornace,

Love–Wit:

The Seeling fill'd with Poesies of the Candle:

Love–Wit:

And Madame, with a Dildo, writ on the walles.

Love–Wit:

Onely one Gentlewoman, I met here,

Love–Wit:

That is within, that said she was a Widdow —

Kastril:

Aye that is my Suster. I will goe thumpe her. Where is she?

Love–Wit:

And should have married a Spanish Count, but he,

Love–Wit:

When he came to it, neglected her so grossely,

Love–Wit:

That I, a Widdower, am gone through with her.

Surly:

How! Have I lost her then?

Love–Wit:

Were you the Don, Sir?

Love–Wit:

Good faith, now, she does blame you extreamely, and sayes

Love–Wit:

You swore, and told her, you had tane the paines,

Love–Wit:

To dye your beard, and vmbre o'er your face,

Love–Wit:

Borrowed a Sute, and Ruffe, all for her Loue;

Love–Wit:

And then did nothing. What an ouer sight,

Love–Wit:

And want of putting forward, Sir, was this!

Love–Wit:

Well fare an old Hargubuzier, yet,

Love–Wit:

Could prime his poulder, and give fire, and hit.

Love–Wit:

All in a twinckling.

Mammon:

The whole nest are fledde!

Love–Wit:

What sort of Birds were they?

Mammon:

A kinde of Choughes

Mammon:

Or theeuish Dawes, Sir, that have pickt my purse

Mammon:

Of Eight–score, and ten Pounds, within these fiue weekes,

Mammon:

Beside my first Materials; and my Goods,

Mammon:

That lye in the Cellar: which I am glad, they have left.

Mammon:

I may have home yet.

Love–Wit:

Think you so Sir?

Mammon:

Aye.

Love–Wit:

By order of Law, Sir, but not otherwise.

Mammon:

Not mine owne stuffe?

Love–Wit:

Sir, I can take no knowledge,

Love–Wit:

That they are yours, but by publique meanes.

Love–Wit:

If you can bring certificate, that you were gull'd of them,

Love–Wit:

Or any formall Writ, out of a Court,

Love–Wit:

That you did cosen your*selfe; I will not hold them.

Mammon:

I will rather loose them.

Love–Wit:

That you shall not, Sir,

Love–Wit:

By me, in troth. upon these termes they are yours.

Love–Wit:

What should they have been, Sir, turn'd into Gold all?

Mammon:

No.

Mammon:

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

Love–Wit:

What a great losse in hope have you sustain'd?

Mammon:

Not I, the Commonwealth has.

Face:

Aye, he would have built

Face:

The Citie new; and made a Ditch about it

Face:

Of Siluer, should have runne with Creame from Hogsden:

Face:

That, euery Sunday in More-fields, the Younkers,

Face:

And Tits, and Tom-boyes should have fed on gratis.

Mammon:

I will goe mount a Turnep-cart, and preach

Mammon:

The end of the world within these two months. Surly,

Mammon:

What! in a Dreame?

Surly:

Must I needes cheat my*self,

Surly:

With that same foolish vice of Honesty!

Surly:

Come let us goe, and hearken out the Rogues.

Surly:

That Face I will marke for mine, if ere I meete him.

Face:

If I can heare of him, Sir, I will bring you word,

The Alchemist

Face:

Vnto your lodging: for in troth, they were strangers

Face:

To me, I thought them honest, as my*selfe, Sir.

Tribulation:

It is well, the Saints shall not loose all yet. Goe,

Tribulation:

And get some Carts --

Love-Wit:

For what, my zealous Friends?

Ananias:

To beare away the portion of the Righteous,

Ananias:

Out of this denne of Theeues.

Love-Wit:

What is that portion?

Ananias:

The goods, sometimes the Orphanes, that the Brethren

Ananias:

Bought with their Siluer pence.

Love-Wit:

What, those in the Cellar,

Love-Wit:

The Knight, Sir Mammon claims?

Ananias:

I do defie

The Alchemist

Ananias:

The wicked Mammon, so do all the Brethren,

Ananias:

Thou prophane Man. I aske thee, with what conscience

Ananias:

Thou canst aduance that Nimrod, against us,

Ananias:

That have the seale? Were not the Shillings numbred,

Ananias:

That made the Pounds? were not the Pounds told out,

Ananias:

upon the second day of the fourth weeke,

Ananias:

In the eight month, upon the table dormant,

Ananias:

The yeare, of the last patience of the Saints,

Ananias:

Sixe hundred and tenne.

Love–Wit:

Mine earnest vehement Botcher,

Love–Wit:

And Deacon also, I cannot dispute with you,

Love–Wit:

But, if you get you not away the sooner,

Love–Wit:

I shall confute you, with a Cudgell.

Ananias:

Sir.

Tribulation:

Be patient Ananias.

Ananias:

I am strong,

Ananias:

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

Ananias:

That threaten Gad in exile.

Love–Wit:

I shall send you

Love–Wit:

To Amstredam, to your Cellar.

Ananias:

I will pray there

Ananias:

Against thy House: May Dogges defile thy walles,

Ananias:

And Waspes and Hornets breed beneath thy roofe,

Ananias:

This seat of falsehood, and this caue of cos'nage.

Love–Wit:

Another too?

Drugger:

Not I Sir, I am no Brother.

Love–Wit:

Away you Harry Nicholas, do you talke?

Face:

No this was Abel Drugger. Good Sir, goe.

Face:

And satisfie him; tell him, all is done:

Face:

He stay'd too long a*washing of his face.

Face:

The Doctor, he shall heare of him at Westchester:

Face:

And of the Captaine, tell him at Yarmouth, or

Face:

Some good Port–towne else, lying for a winde.

Face:

If you can get off the Angry Child now, Sir —

Kastril:

Come on, you Yew, you have match'd most sweetly, have you

Kastril:

not?

Kastril:

Did not I say, I would neuer have you tupt

Kastril:

But by a dub'd Boy, to make you a Lady–Tom?

The Alchemist

Kastril:

'Slight, you are a Mammet! O, I could touse you, now.

Kastril:

Death, mun' you marry with a poxe?

Love–Wit:

You lye, Boy;

Love–Wit:

As sound as you: and I am afore–hand with you.

Kastril:

Anone?

Love–Wit:

Come, will you quarrell? I will seize you, sirrah.

Love–Wit:

Why do you not buckle to your tooles?

Kastril:

Gods light!

Kastril:

This is a fine Old Boy, as ere I saw!

Love–Wit:

What do you change your cobby now? Proceede,

Love–Wit:

Here stands my Doue: stoope at her, if you dare.

Kastril:

'Slight I must loue him: I cannot choose i–faith,

Kastril:

If I should be hang'd for it. Suster, I protest

Kastril:

I honour thee, for this match.

Love–Wit:

O do you so, Sir.

Kastril:

Yes, and thou canst take Tobacco, and drinke, Old Boy,

Kastril:

I will give her fiue hundred pound more, to her Marriage,

Kastril:

Then her owne State.

Love–Wit:

Fill a pipe–full, Ieremie.

Face:

Yes, but goe in, and take it, Sir.

Love–Wit:

We will.

Love–Wit:

I will be rul'd by thee in any*thing, Ieremy.

Kastril:

'Slight, thou art not Hide–bound, thou art a Iouy Boy!

Kastril:

Come let us in pray thee, and take our Whiffes.

Love–Wit:

Whiffe in with your Sister, brother Boy. That Master

Love–Wit:

That had receiu'd such happinesses by a Seruant,

Love–Wit:

In such a Widdow, and with so much wealth,

Love–Wit:

Were very vngratefull, if he would not be

Love–Wit:

A little indulgent to that Seruants wit,

Love–Wit:

And help his fortune, though with some small straine

Love–Wit:

Of his owne candor. Therefore Gentlemen,

Love–Wit:

And kinde Spectators, if I have out stript

Love–Wit:

An old mans grauitie, or strict canon, think

Love–Wit:

What a yong Wife, and a good Brayne may do:

Love–Wit:

Stretch Ages truth sometimes, and crack it too.

Love–Wit:

Speake for thy*selfe, Knaue.

Face:

So I will Sir. Gentlemen,

Face:

My part a little fell in this last Scene,

Face:

The Alchemist

Yet it was decorum. And though I am cleane

Face:

Got off, from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol,

Face:

Hot Ananias, Dapper, Drugger, all

Face:

With whom I traded; yet I put my*selfe

Face:

On you, that are my Country: And this Pelfe,

Face:

Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests