

# **The Alchemist**

Ben Jonson

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Ben Jonson

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## INTRODUCTION

THE greatest of English dramatists except Shakespeare, the first literary dictator and poet-laureate, a writer of verse, prose, satire, and criticism who most potently of all the men of his time affected the subsequent course of English letters: such was Ben Jonson, and as such his strong personality assumes an interest to us almost unparalleled, at least in his age.

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Ben Jonson came of the stock that was centuries after to give to the world Thomas Carlyle; for Jonson's grandfather was of Annandale, over the Solway, whence he migrated to England. Jonson's father lost his estate under Queen Mary, "having been cast into prison and forfeited." He entered the church, but died a month before his illustrious son was born, leaving his widow and child in poverty. Jonson's birthplace was Westminster, and the time of his birth early in 1573. He was thus nearly ten years Shakespeare's junior, and less well off, if a trifle better born. But Jonson did not profit even by this slight advantage. His mother married beneath her, a wright or bricklayer, and Jonson was for a time apprenticed to the trade. As a youth he attracted the attention of the famous antiquary, William Camden, then usher at Westminster School, and there the poet laid the solid foundations of his classical learning. Jonson always held Camden in veneration, acknowledging that to him he owed,

"All that I am in arts, all that I know;"

and dedicating his first dramatic success, "Every Man in His Humour," to him. It is doubtful whether Jonson ever went to either university, though Fuller says that he was "statutably admitted into St. John's College, Cambridge." He tells us that he took no degree, but was later "Master of Arts in both the universities, by their favour, not his study." When a mere youth Jonson enlisted as a soldier, trailing his pike in Flanders in the protracted wars of William the Silent against the Spanish. Jonson was a large and raw-boned lad; he became by his own account in time exceedingly bulky. In chat with his friend William Drummond of Hawthornden, Jonson told how "in his service in the Low Countries he had, in the face of both the camps, killed an enemy, and taken opima spolia from him;" and how "since his coming to England, being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversary which had hurt him in the arm and whose sword was ten inches longer than his." Jonson's reach may have made up for the lack of his sword; certainly his prowess lost nothing in the telling. Obviously Jonson was brave, combative, and not averse to talking of himself and his doings.

In 1592, Jonson returned from abroad penniless. Soon after he married, almost as early and quite as imprudently as Shakespeare. He told Drummond curtly that "his wife was a shrew, yet honest"; for some years he lived apart from her in the household of Lord Albany. Yet two touching epitaphs among Jonson's "Epigrams," "On my first daughter," and "On my first son," attest the warmth of the poet's family affections. The daughter died in infancy, the son of the plague; another son grew up to manhood little credit to his father whom he survived. We know nothing beyond this of Jonson's domestic life.

How soon Jonson drifted into what we now call grandly "the theatrical profession" we do not know. In 1593, Marlowe made his tragic exit from life, and Greene, Shakespeare's other rival on the popular stage, had preceded Marlowe in an equally miserable death the year before. Shakespeare already had the running to himself. Jonson appears first in the employment of Philip Henslowe, the exploiter of several troupes of players, manager, and father-in-law of the famous actor, Edward Alleyn. From entries in "Henslowe's Diary," a species of theatrical account book which has been handed down to us, we know that Jonson was connected with the Admiral's men; for he borrowed 4 pounds of Henslowe, July 28, 1597, paying back 3s. 9d. on the same day on account of his "share" (in what is not altogether clear); while later, on December 3, of the same year, Henslowe advanced 20s. to him "upon a book which he showed the plot unto the company which he promised to deliver unto the company at Christmas next." In the next August Jonson was in collaboration with Chettle and Porter in a play called "Hot Anger Soon Cold." All this points to an association with Henslowe of some duration, as no mere tyro would be thus paid in advance upon mere promise. From allusions in Dekker's play, "Satiromastix," it appears that Jonson, like Shakespeare, began life as an actor, and that he "ambled in a leather pitch by a play-wagon" taking at one time the part of Hieronimo in Kyd's famous play, "The Spanish Tragedy." By the beginning of 1598, Jonson, though still in needy circumstances, had begun to receive recognition. Francis Meres well known for his "Comparative Discourse of our English Poets with the Greek, Latin, and Italian Poets," printed in 1598, and for his mention therein of a dozen plays of Shakespeare by title accords to Ben Jonson a place as one of "our best in tragedy," a matter of some surprise, as no known tragedy of Jonson from so early a date has come down to us. That Jonson was at work on tragedy, however, is proved by the entries in Henslowe of at least three tragedies, now lost, in which he had a hand. These are "Page of Plymouth," "King Robert II. of Scotland," and "Richard

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Crookback." But all of these came later, on his return to Henslowe, and range from August 1599 to June 1602.

Returning to the autumn of 1598, an event now happened to sever for a time Jonson's relations with Henslowe. In a letter to Alleyn, dated September 26 of that year, Henslowe writes: "I have lost one of my company that hurteth me greatly; that is Gabriel [Spencer], for he is slain in Hogsden fields by the hands of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer." The last word is perhaps Henslowe's thrust at Jonson in his displeasure rather than a designation of his actual continuance at his trade up to this time. It is fair to Jonson to remark however, that his adversary appears to have been a notorious fire-eater who had shortly before killed one Feeke in a similar squabble. Duelling was a frequent occurrence of the time among gentlemen and the nobility; it was an impudent breach of the peace on the part of a player. This duel is the one which Jonson described years after to Drummond, and for it Jonson was duly arraigned at Old Bailey, tried, and convicted. He was sent to prison and such goods and chattels as he had "were forfeited." It is a thought to give one pause that, but for the ancient law permitting convicted felons to plead, as it was called, the benefit of clergy, Jonson might have been hanged for this deed. The circumstance that the poet could read and write saved him; and he received only a brand of the letter "T," for Tyburn, on his left thumb. While in jail Jonson became a Roman Catholic; but he returned to the faith of the Church of England a dozen years later.

On his release, in disgrace with Henslowe and his former associates, Jonson offered his services as a playwright to Henslowe's rivals, the Lord Chamberlain's company, in which Shakespeare was a prominent shareholder. A tradition of long standing, though not susceptible of proof in a court of law, narrates that Jonson had submitted the manuscript of "Every Man in His Humour" to the Chamberlain's men and had received from the company a refusal; that Shakespeare called him back, read the play himself, and at once accepted it. Whether this story is true or not, certain it is that "Every Man in His Humour" was accepted by Shakespeare's company and acted for the first time in 1598, with Shakespeare taking a part. The evidence of this is contained in the list of actors prefixed to the comedy in the folio of Jonson's works, 1616. But it is a mistake to infer, because Shakespeare's name stands first in the list of actors and the elder Kno'well first in the *dramatis personae*, that Shakespeare took that particular part. The order of a list of Elizabethan players was generally that of their importance or priority as shareholders in the company and seldom if ever corresponded to the list of characters.

"Every Man in His Humour" was an immediate success, and with it Jonson's reputation as one of the leading dramatists of his time was established once and for all. This could have been by no means Jonson's earliest comedy, and we have just learned that he was already reputed one of "our best in tragedy." Indeed, one of Jonson's extant comedies, "The Case is Altered," but one never claimed by him or published as his, must certainly have preceded "Every Man in His Humour" on the stage. The former play may be described as a comedy modelled on the Latin plays of Plautus. (It combines, in fact, situations derived from the "Captivi" and the "Aulularia" of that dramatist). But the pretty story of the beggar-maiden, Rachel, and her suitors, Jonson found, not among the classics, but in the ideals of romantic love which Shakespeare had already popularised on the stage. Jonson never again produced so fresh and lovable a feminine personage as Rachel, although in other respects "The Case is Altered" is not a conspicuous play, and, save for the satirising of Antony Munday in the person of Antonio Balladino and Gabriel Harvey as well, is perhaps the least characteristic of the comedies of Jonson.

"Every Man in His Humour," probably first acted late in the summer of 1598 and at the Curtain, is commonly regarded as an epoch-making play; and this view is not unjustified. As to plot, it tells little more than how an intercepted letter enabled a father to follow his supposedly studious son to London, and there observe his life with the gallants of the time. The real quality of this comedy is in its personages and in the theory upon which they are conceived. Ben Jonson had theories about poetry and the drama, and he was neither chary in talking of them nor in experimenting with them in his plays. This makes Jonson, like Dryden in his time, and Wordsworth much later, an author to reckon with; particularly when we remember that many of Jonson's notions came for a time definitely to prevail and to modify the whole trend of English poetry. First of all Jonson was a classicist, that is, he believed in restraint and precedent in art in opposition to the prevalent ungoverned and irresponsible Renaissance spirit. Jonson believed that there was a professional way of doing things which might be reached by a study of the best

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examples, and he found these examples for the most part among the ancients. To confine our attention to the drama, Jonson objected to the amateurishness and haphazard nature of many contemporary plays, and set himself to do something different; and the first and most striking thing that he evolved was his conception and practice of the comedy of humours.

As Jonson has been much misrepresented in this matter, let us quote his own words as to "humour." A humour, according to Jonson, was a bias of disposition, a warp, so to speak, in character by which

"Some one peculiar quality  
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw  
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,  
In their confluents, all to run one way."

But continuing, Jonson is careful to add:

"But that a rook by wearing a pied feather,  
The cable hat-band, or the three-piled ruff,  
A yard of shoe-tie, or the Switzers knot  
On his French garters, should affect a humour!  
O, it is more than most ridiculous."

Jonson's comedy of humours, in a word, conceived of stage personages on the basis of a ruling trait or passion (a notable simplification of actual life be it observed in passing); and, placing these typified traits in juxtaposition in their conflict and contrast, struck the spark of comedy. Downright, as his name indicates, is "a plain squire"; Bobadill's humour is that of the braggart who is incidentally, and with delightfully comic effect, a coward; Brainworm's humour is the finding out of things to the end of fooling everybody: of course he is fooled in the end himself. But it was not Jonson's theories alone that made the success of "Every Man in His Humour." The play is admirably written and each character is vividly conceived, and with a firm touch based on observation of the men of the London of the day. Jonson was neither in this, his first great comedy (nor in any other play that he wrote), a supine classicist, urging that English drama return to a slavish adherence to classical conditions. He says as to the laws of the old comedy (meaning by "laws," such matters as the unities of time and place and the use of chorus): "I see not then, but we should enjoy the same licence, or free power to illustrate and heighten our invention as they [the ancients] did; and not be tied to those strict and regular forms which the niceness of a few, who are nothing but form, would thrust upon us." "Every Man in His Humour" is written in prose, a novel practice which Jonson had of his predecessor in comedy, John Lyly. Even the word "humour" seems to have been employed in the Jonsonian sense by Chapman before Jonson's use of it. Indeed, the comedy of humours itself is only a heightened variety of the comedy of manners which represents life, viewed at a satirical angle, and is the oldest and most persistent species of comedy in the language. None the less, Jonson's comedy merited its immediate success and marked out a definite course in which comedy long continued to run. To mention only Shakespeare's Falstaff and his rout, Bardolph, Pistol, Dame Quickly, and the rest, whether in "Henry IV." or in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," all are conceived in the spirit of humours. So are the captains, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish of "Henry V.," and Malvolio especially later; though Shakespeare never employed the method of humours for an important personage. It was not Jonson's fault that many of his successors did precisely the thing that he had reprobated, that is, degrade "the humour: into an oddity of speech, an eccentricity of manner, of dress, or cut of beard. There was an anonymous play called "Every Woman in Her Humour." Chapman wrote "A Humorous Day's Mirth," Day, "Humour Out of Breath," Fletcher later, "The Humorous Lieutenant," and Jonson, besides "Every Man Out of His Humour," returned to the title in closing the cycle of his comedies in "The Magnetic Lady or Humours Reconciled."

With the performance of "Every Man Out of His Humour" in 1599, by Shakespeare's company once more at the Globe, we turn a new page in Jonson's career. Despite his many real virtues, if there is one feature more than any other that distinguishes Jonson, it is his arrogance; and to this may be added his self-righteousness, especially

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under criticism or satire. "Every Man Out of His Humour" is the first of three "comical satires" which Jonson contributed to what Dekker called the poetomachia or war of the theatres as recent critics have named it. This play as a fabric of plot is a very slight affair; but as a satirical picture of the manners of the time, proceeding by means of vivid caricature, couched in witty and brilliant dialogue and sustained by that righteous indignation which must lie at the heart of all true satire as a realisation, in short, of the classical ideal of comedy there had been nothing like Jonson's comedy since the days of Aristophanes. "Every Man in His Humour," like the two plays that follow it, contains two kinds of attack, the critical or generally satiric, levelled at abuses and corruptions in the abstract; and the personal, in which specific application is made of all this in the lampooning of poets and others, Jonson's contemporaries. The method of personal attack by actual caricature of a person on the stage is almost as old as the drama. Aristophanes so lampooned Euripides in "The Acharnians" and Socrates in "The Clouds," to mention no other examples; and in English drama this kind of thing is alluded to again and again. What Jonson really did, was to raise the dramatic lampoon to an art, and make out of a casual burlesque and bit of mimicry a dramatic satire of literary pretensions and permanency. With the arrogant attitude mentioned above and his uncommon eloquence in scorn, vituperation, and invective, it is no wonder that Jonson soon involved himself in literary and even personal quarrels with his fellow-authors. The circumstances of the origin of this 'poetomachia' are far from clear, and those who have written on the topic, except of late, have not helped to make them clearer. The origin of the "war" has been referred to satirical references, apparently to Jonson, contained in "The Scourge of Villainy," a satire in regular form after the manner of the ancients by John Marston, a fellow playwright, subsequent friend and collaborator of Jonson's. On the other hand, epigrams of Jonson have been discovered (49, 68, and 100) variously charging "playwright" (reasonably identified with Marston) with scurrility, cowardice, and plagiarism; though the dates of the epigrams cannot be ascertained with certainty. Jonson's own statement of the matter to Drummond runs: "He had many quarrels with Marston, beat him, and took his pistol from him, wrote his "Poetaster" on him; the beginning[s] of them were that Marston represented him on the stage."\*

[footnote] \*The best account of this whole subject is to be found in the edition of "Poetaster" and "Satiromastrix" by J. H. Penniman in "Belles Lettres Series" shortly to appear. See also his earlier work, "The War of the Theatres," 1892, and the excellent contributions to the subject by H. C. Hart in "Notes and Queries," and in his edition of Jonson, 1906.

Here at least we are on certain ground; and the principals of the quarrel are known. "Histriomastix," a play revised by Marston in 1598, has been regarded as the one in which Jonson was thus "represented on the stage"; although the personage in question, Chrisogonus, a poet, satirist, and translator, poor but proud, and contemptuous of the common herd, seems rather a complimentary portrait of Jonson than a caricature. As to the personages actually ridiculed in "Every Man Out of His Humour," Carlo Buffone was formerly thought certainly to be Marston, as he was described as "a public, scurrilous, and profane jester," and elsewhere as the grand scourge or second untruss [that is, satirist], of the time" (Joseph Hall being by his own boast the first, and Marston's work being entitled "The Scourge of Villainy"). Apparently we must now prefer for Carlo a notorious character named Charles Chester, of whom gossip and inaccurate Aubrey relates that he was "a bold impertinent fellow...a perpetual talker and made a noise like a drum in a room. So one time at a tavern Sir Walter Raleigh beats him and seals up his mouth (that is his upper and nether beard) with hard wax. From him Ben Jonson takes his Carlo Buffone [i.e., jester] in "Every Man in His Humour" [sic]." Is it conceivable that after all Jonson was ridiculing Marston, and that the point of the satire consisted in an intentional confusion of "the grand scourge or second untruss" with "the scurrilous and profane" Chester?

We have digressed into detail in this particular case to exemplify the difficulties of criticism in its attempts to identify the allusions in these forgotten quarrels. We are on sounder ground of fact in recording other manifestations of Jonson's enmity. In "The Case is Altered" there is clear ridicule in the character Antonio Balladino of Anthony Munday, pageant-poet of the city, translator of romances and playwright as well. In "Every Man in His Humour" there is certainly a caricature of Samuel Daniel, accepted poet of the court, sonneteer, and companion of men of fashion. These men held recognised positions to which Jonson felt his talents better entitled him; they were hence to him his natural enemies. It seems almost certain that he pursued both in the personages of

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his satire through "Every Man Out of His Humour," and "Cynthia's Revels," Daniel under the characters Fastidious Brisk and Hedon, Munday as Puntarvolo and Amorphus; but in these last we venture on quagmire once more. Jonson's literary rivalry of Daniel is traceable again and again, in the entertainments that welcomed King James on his way to London, in the masques at court, and in the pastoral drama. As to Jonson's personal ambitions with respect to these two men, it is notable that he became, not pageant-poet, but chronologer to the City of London; and that, on the accession of the new king, he came soon to triumph over Daniel as the accepted entertainer of royalty.

"Cynthia's Revels," the second "comical satire," was acted in 1600, and, as a play, is even more lengthy, elaborate, and impossible than "Every Man Out of His Humour." Here personal satire seems to have absorbed everything, and while much of the caricature is admirable, especially in the detail of witty and trenchantly satirical dialogue, the central idea of a fountain of self-love is not very well carried out, and the persons revert at times to abstractions, the action to allegory. It adds to our wonder that this difficult drama should have been acted by the Children of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, among them Nathaniel Field with whom Jonson read Horace and Martial, and whom he taught later how to make plays. Another of these precocious little actors was Salathiel Pavy, who died before he was thirteen, already famed for taking the parts of old men. Him Jonson immortalised in one of the sweetest of his epitaphs. An interesting sidelight is this on the character of this redoubtable and rugged satirist, that he should thus have befriended and tenderly remembered these little theatrical waifs, some of whom (as we know) had been literally kidnapped to be pressed into the service of the theatre and whipped to the conning of their difficult parts. To the caricature of Daniel and Munday in "Cynthia's Revels" must be added Anaiides (impudence), here assuredly Marston, and Asotus (the prodigal), interpreted as Lodge or, more perilously, Raleigh. Crites, like Asper-Macilente in "Every Man Out of His Humour," is Jonson's self-complaisant portrait of himself, the just, wholly admirable, and judicious scholar, holding his head high above the pack of the yelping curs of envy and detraction, but careless of their puny attacks on his perfections with only too mindful a neglect.

The third and last of the "comical satires" is "Poetaster," acted, once more, by the Children of the Chapel in 1601, and Jonson's only avowed contribution to the fray. According to the author's own account, this play was written in fifteen weeks on a report that his enemies had entrusted to Dekker the preparation of "Satiromastix, the Untrussing of the Humorous Poet," a dramatic attack upon himself. In this attempt to forestall his enemies Jonson succeeded, and "Poetaster" was an immediate and deserved success. While hardly more closely knit in structure than its earlier companion pieces, "Poetaster" is planned to lead up to the ludicrous final scene in which, after a device borrowed from the "Lexiphanes" of Lucian, the offending poetaster, Marston-Crispinus, is made to throw up the difficult words with which he had overburdened his stomach as well as overlarded his vocabulary. In the end Crispinus with his fellow, Dekker-Demetrius, is bound over to keep the peace and never thenceforward "malign, traduce, or detract the person or writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus [Jonson] or any other eminent man transcending you in merit." One of the most diverting personages in Jonson's comedy is Captain Tucca. "His peculiarity" has been well described by Ward as "a buoyant blackguardism which recovers itself instantaneously from the most complete exposure, and a picturesqueness of speech like that of a walking dictionary of slang."

It was this character, Captain Tucca, that Dekker hit upon in his reply, "Satiromastix," and he amplified him, turning his abusive vocabulary back upon Jonson and adding "an immodesty to his dialogue that did not enter into Jonson's conception." It has been held, altogether plausibly, that when Dekker was engaged professionally, so to speak, to write a dramatic reply to Jonson, he was at work on a species of chronicle history, dealing with the story of Walter Terill in the reign of William Rufus. This he hurriedly adapted to include the satirical characters suggested by "Poetaster," and fashioned to convey the satire of his reply. The absurdity of placing Horace in the court of a Norman king is the result. But Dekker's play is not without its palpable hits at the arrogance, the literary pride, and self-righteousness of Jonson-Horace, whose "ningle" or pal, the absurd Asinius Bubo, has recently been shown to figure forth, in all likelihood, Jonson's friend, the poet Drayton. Slight and hastily adapted as is "Satiromastix," especially in a comparison with the better wrought and more significant satire of "Poetaster," the town awarded the palm to Dekker, not to Jonson; and Jonson gave over in consequence his practice of "comical satire." Though Jonson was cited to appear before the Lord Chief Justice to answer certain charges to the effect



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that he had attacked lawyers and soldiers in "Poetaster," nothing came of this complaint. It may be suspected that much of this furious clatter and give-and-take was pure playing to the gallery. The town was agog with the strife, and on no less an authority than Shakespeare ("Hamlet," ii. 2), we learn that the children's company (acting the plays of Jonson) did "so berattle the common stages...that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither."

Several other plays have been thought to bear a greater or less part in the war of the theatres. Among them the most important is a college play, entitled "The Return from Parnassus," dating 1601–02. In it a much-quoted passage makes Burbage, as a character, declare: "Why here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down; aye and Ben Jonson, too. O that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow; he brought up Horace, giving the poets a pill, but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit." Was Shakespeare then concerned in this war of the stages? And what could have been the nature of this "purge"? Among several suggestions, "Troilus and Cressida" has been thought by some to be the play in which Shakespeare thus "put down" his friend, Jonson. A wiser interpretation finds the "purge" in "Satiromastix," which, though not written by Shakespeare, was staged by his company, and therefore with his approval and under his direction as one of the leaders of that company.

The last years of the reign of Elizabeth thus saw Jonson recognised as a dramatist second only to Shakespeare, and not second even to him as a dramatic satirist. But Jonson now turned his talents to new fields. Plays on subjects derived from classical story and myth had held the stage from the beginning of the drama, so that Shakespeare was making no new departure when he wrote his "Julius Caesar" about 1600. Therefore when Jonson staged "Sejanus," three years later and with Shakespeare's company once more, he was only following in the elder dramatist's footsteps. But Jonson's idea of a play on classical history, on the one hand, and Shakespeare's and the elder popular dramatists, on the other, were very different. Heywood some years before had put five straggling plays on the stage in quick succession, all derived from stories in Ovid and dramatised with little taste or discrimination. Shakespeare had a finer conception of form, but even he was contented to take all his ancient history from North's translation of Plutarch and dramatised his subject without further inquiry. Jonson was a scholar and a classical antiquarian. He reprobated this slipshod amateurishness, and wrote his "Sejanus" like a scholar, reading Tacitus, Suetonius, and other authorities, to be certain of his facts, his setting, and his atmosphere, and somewhat pedantically noting his authorities in the margin when he came to print. "Sejanus" is a tragedy of genuine dramatic power in which is told with discriminating taste the story of the haughty favourite of Tiberius with his tragical overthrow. Our drama presents no truer nor more painstaking representation of ancient Roman life than may be found in Jonson's "Sejanus" and "Catiline his Conspiracy," which followed in 1611. A passage in the address of the former play to the reader, in which Jonson refers to a collaboration in an earlier version, has led to the surmise that Shakespeare may have been that "worthier pen." There is no evidence to determine the matter.

In 1605, we find Jonson in active collaboration with Chapman and Marston in the admirable comedy of London life entitled "Eastward Hoe." In the previous year, Marston had dedicated his "Malcontent," in terms of fervid admiration, to Jonson; so that the wounds of the war of the theatres must have been long since healed. Between Jonson and Chapman there was the kinship of similar scholarly ideals. The two continued friends throughout life. "Eastward Hoe" achieved the extraordinary popularity represented in a demand for three issues in one year. But this was not due entirely to the merits of the play. In its earliest version a passage which an irritable courtier conceived to be derogatory to his nation, the Scots, sent both Chapman and Jonson to jail; but the matter was soon patched up, for by this time Jonson had influence at court.

With the accession of King James, Jonson began his long and successful career as a writer of masques. He wrote more masques than all his competitors together, and they are of an extraordinary variety and poetic excellence. Jonson did not invent the masque; for such premeditated devices to set and frame, so to speak, a court ball had been known and practised in varying degrees of elaboration long before his time. But Jonson gave dramatic value to the masque, especially in his invention of the antimasque, a comedy or farcical element of relief, entrusted to professional players or dancers. He enhanced, as well, the beauty and dignity of those portions of the masque in

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which noble lords and ladies took their parts to create, by their gorgeous costumes and artistic grouping and evolutions, a sumptuous show. On the mechanical and scenic side Jonson had an inventive and ingenious partner in Inigo Jones, the royal architect, who more than any one man raised the standard of stage representation in the England of his day. Jonson continued active in the service of the court in the writing of masques and other entertainments far into the reign of King Charles; but, towards the end, a quarrel with Jones embittered his life, and the two testy old men appear to have become not only a constant irritation to each other, but intolerable bores at court. In "Hymenaei," "The Masque of Queens," "Love Freed from Ignorance," "Lovers made Men," "Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue," and many more will be found Jonson's aptitude, his taste, his poetry and inventiveness in these by-forms of the drama; while in "The Masque of Christmas," and "The Gipsies Metamorphosed" especially, is discoverable that power of broad comedy which, at court as well as in the city, was not the least element of Jonson's contemporary popularity.

But Jonson had by no means given up the popular stage when he turned to the amusement of King James. In 1605 "Volpone" was produced, "The Silent Woman" in 1609, "The Alchemist" in the following year. These comedies, with "Bartholomew Fair," 1614, represent Jonson at his height, and for constructive cleverness, character successfully conceived in the manner of caricature, wit and brilliancy of dialogue, they stand alone in English drama. "Volpone, or the Fox," is, in a sense, a transition play from the dramatic satires of the war of the theatres to the purer comedy represented in the plays named above. Its subject is a struggle of wit applied to chicanery; for among its dramatis personae, from the villainous Fox himself, his rascally servant Mosca, Voltore (the vulture), Corbaccio and Corvino (the big and the little raven), to Sir Politic Would-be and the rest, there is scarcely a virtuous character in the play. Question has been raised as to whether a story so forbidding can be considered a comedy, for, although the plot ends in the discomfiture and imprisonment of the most vicious, it involves no mortal catastrophe. But Jonson was on sound historical ground, for "Volpone" is conceived far more logically on the lines of the ancients' theory of comedy than was ever the romantic drama of Shakespeare, however repulsive we may find a philosophy of life that facilely divides the world into the rogues and their dupes, and, identifying brains with roguery and innocence with folly, admires the former while inconsistently punishing them.

"The Silent Woman" is a gigantic farce of the most ingenious construction. The whole comedy hinges on a huge joke, played by a heartless nephew on his misanthropic uncle, who is induced to take to himself a wife, young, fair, and warranted silent, but who, in the end, turns out neither silent nor a woman at all. In "The Alchemist," again, we have the utmost cleverness in construction, the whole fabric building climax on climax, witty, ingenious, and so plausibly presented that we forget its departures from the possibilities of life. In "The Alchemist" Jonson represented, none the less to the life, certain sharpers of the metropolis, revelling in their shrewdness and rascality and in the variety of the stupidity and wickedness of their victims. We may object to the fact that the only person in the play possessed of a scruple of honesty is discomfited, and that the greatest scoundrel of all is approved in the end and rewarded. The comedy is so admirably written and contrived, the personages stand out with such lifelike distinctness in their several kinds, and the whole is animated with such verve and resourcefulness that "The Alchemist" is a new marvel every time it is read. Lastly of this group comes the tremendous comedy, "Bartholomew Fair," less clear cut, less definite, and less structurally worthy of praise than its three predecessors, but full of the keenest and cleverest of satire and inventive to a degree beyond any English comedy save some other of Jonson's own. It is in "Bartholomew Fair" that we are presented to the immortal caricature of the Puritan, Zeal-in-the-Land Busy, and the Littlewits that group about him, and it is in this extraordinary comedy that the humour of Jonson, always open to this danger, loosens into the Rabelaisian mode that so delighted King James in "The Gipsies Metamorphosed." Another comedy of less merit is "The Devil is an Ass," acted in 1616. It was the failure of this play that caused Jonson to give over writing for the public stage for a period of nearly ten years.

"Volpone" was laid as to scene in Venice. Whether because of the success of "Eastward Hoe" or for other reasons, the other three comedies declare in the words of the prologue to "The Alchemist":

"Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known No country's mirth is better than our own."

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Indeed Jonson went further when he came to revise his plays for collected publication in his folio of 1616, he transferred the scene of "Every Man in His Humour" from Florence to London also, converting Signior Lorenzo di Pazzi to Old Kno'well, Prospero to Master Welborn, and Hesperida to Dame Kately "dwelling i' the Old Jewry."

In his comedies of London life, despite his trend towards caricature, Jonson has shown himself a genuine realist, drawing from the life about him with an experience and insight rare in any generation. A happy comparison has been suggested between Ben Jonson and Charles Dickens. Both were men of the people, lowly born and hardly bred. Each knew the London of his time as few men knew it; and each represented it intimately and in elaborate detail. Both men were at heart moralists, seeking the truth by the exaggerated methods of humour and caricature; perverse, even wrong-headed at times, but possessed of a true pathos and largeness of heart, and when all has been said though the Elizabethan ran to satire, the Victorian to sentimentality leaving the world better for the art that they practised in it.

In 1616, the year of the death of Shakespeare, Jonson collected his plays, his poetry, and his masques for publication in a collective edition. This was an unusual thing at the time and had been attempted by no dramatist before Jonson. This volume published, in a carefully revised text, all the plays thus far mentioned, excepting "The Case is Altered," which Jonson did not acknowledge, "Bartholomew Fair," and "The Devil is an Ass," which was written too late. It included likewise a book of some hundred and thirty odd "Epigrams," in which form of brief and pungent writing Jonson was an acknowledged master; "The Forest," a smaller collection of lyric and occasional verse and some ten "Masques" and "Entertainments." In this same year Jonson was made poet laureate with a pension of one hundred marks a year. This, with his fees and returns from several noblemen, and the small earnings of his plays must have formed the bulk of his income. The poet appears to have done certain literary hack-work for others, as, for example, parts of the Punic Wars contributed to Raleigh's "History of the World." We know from a story, little to the credit of either, that Jonson accompanied Raleigh's son abroad in the capacity of a tutor. In 1618 Jonson was granted the reversion of the office of Master of the Revels, a post for which he was peculiarly fitted; but he did not live to enjoy its perquisites. Jonson was honoured with degrees by both universities, though when and under what circumstances is not known. It has been said that he narrowly escaped the honour of knighthood, which the satirists of the day averred King James was wont to lavish with an indiscriminate hand. Worse men were made knights in his day than worthy Ben Jonson.

From 1616 to the close of the reign of King James, Jonson produced nothing for the stage. But he "prosecuted" what he calls "his wonted studies" with such assiduity that he became in reality, as by report, one of the most learned men of his time. Jonson's theory of authorship involved a wide acquaintance with books and "an ability," as he put it, "to convert the substance or riches of another poet to his own use." Accordingly Jonson read not only the Greek and Latin classics down to the lesser writers, but he acquainted himself especially with the Latin writings of his learned contemporaries, their prose as well as their poetry, their antiquities and curious lore as well as their more solid learning. Though a poor man, Jonson was an indefatigable collector of books. He told Drummond that "the Earl of Pembroke sent him 20 pounds every first day of the new year to buy new books." Unhappily, in 1623, his library was destroyed by fire, an accident serio-comically described in his witty poem, "An Execration upon Vulcan." Yet even now a book turns up from time to time in which is inscribed, in fair large Italian lettering, the name, Ben Jonson. With respect to Jonson's use of his material, Dryden said memorably of him: "[He] was not only a professed imitator of Horace, but a learned plagiary of all the others; you track him everywhere in their snow....But he has done his robberies so openly that one sees he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him." And yet it is but fair to say that Jonson prided himself, and justly, on his originality. In "Catiline," he not only uses Sallust's account of the conspiracy, but he models some of the speeches of Cicero on the Roman orator's actual words. In "Poetaster," he lifts a whole satire out of Horace and dramatises it effectively for his purposes. The sophist Libanius suggests the situation of "The Silent Woman"; a Latin comedy of Giordano Bruno, "Il Candelaiio," the relation of the dupes and the sharpers in "The Alchemist," the "Mostellaria" of Plautus, its admirable opening scene. But Jonson commonly bettered his sources, and putting the stamp of his sovereignty on whatever bullion he borrowed made it thenceforward to all time current and his own.

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The lyric and especially the occasional poetry of Jonson has a peculiar merit. His theory demanded design and the perfection of literary finish. He was furthest from the rhapsodist and the careless singer of an idle day; and he believed that Apollo could only be worthily served in singing robes and laurel crowned. And yet many of Jonson's lyrics will live as long as the language. Who does not know "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair." "Drink to me only with thine eyes," or "Still to be neat, still to be dressed"? Beautiful in form, deft and graceful in expression, with not a word too much or one that bears not its part in the total effect, there is yet about the lyrics of Jonson a certain stiffness and formality, a suspicion that they were not quite spontaneous and unbidden, but that they were carved, so to speak, with disproportionate labour by a potent man of letters whose habitual thought is on greater things. It is for these reasons that Jonson is even better in the epigram and in occasional verse where rhetorical finish and pointed wit less interfere with the spontaneity and emotion which we usually associate with lyrical poetry. There are no such epitaphs as Ben Jonson's, witness the charming ones on his own children, on Salathiel Pavy, the child-actor, and many more; and this even though the rigid law of mine and thine must now restore to William Browne of Tavistock the famous lines beginning: "Underneath this sable hearse." Jonson is unsurpassed, too, in the difficult poetry of compliment, seldom falling into fulsome praise and disproportionate similitude, yet showing again and again a generous appreciation of worth in others, a discriminating taste and a generous personal regard. There was no man in England of his rank so well known and universally beloved as Ben Jonson. The list of his friends, of those to whom he had written verses, and those who had written verses to him, includes the name of every man of prominence in the England of King James. And the tone of many of these productions discloses an affectionate familiarity that speaks for the amiable personality and sound worth of the laureate. In 1619, growing unwieldy through inactivity, Jonson hit upon the heroic remedy of a journey afoot to Scotland. On his way thither and back he was hospitably received at the houses of many friends and by those to whom his friends had recommended him. When he arrived in Edinburgh, the burgesses met to grant him the freedom of the city, and Drummond, foremost of Scottish poets, was proud to entertain him for weeks as his guest at Hawthornden. Some of the noblest of Jonson's poems were inspired by friendship. Such is the fine "Ode to the memory of Sir Lucius Cary and Sir Henry Moryson," and that admirable piece of critical insight and filial affection, prefixed to the first Shakespeare folio, "To the memory of my beloved master, William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us," to mention only these. Nor can the earlier "Epode," beginning "Not to know vice at all," be matched in stately gravity and gnomonic wisdom in its own wise and stately age.

But if Jonson had deserted the stage after the publication of his folio and up to the end of the reign of King James, he was far from inactive; for year after year his inexhaustible inventiveness continued to contribute to the masquing and entertainment at court. In "The Golden Age Restored," Pallas turns the Iron Age with its attendant evils into statues which sink out of sight; in "Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue," Atlas figures represented as an old man, his shoulders covered with snow, and Comus, "the god of cheer or the belly," is one of the characters, a circumstance which an imaginative boy of ten, named John Milton, was not to forget. "Pan's Anniversary," late in the reign of James, proclaimed that Jonson had not yet forgotten how to write exquisite lyrics, and "The Gipsies Metamorphosed" displayed the old drollery and broad humorous stroke still unimpaired and unmatchable. These, too, and the earlier years of Charles were the days of the Apollo Room of the Devil Tavern where Jonson presided, the absolute monarch of English literary Bohemia. We hear of a room blazoned about with Jonson's own judicious "Leges Convivales" in letters of gold, of a company made up of the choicest spirits of the time, devotedly attached to their veteran dictator, his reminiscences, opinions, affections, and enmities. And we hear, too, of valorous potations; but in the words of Herrick addressed to his master, Jonson, at the Devil Tavern, as at the Dog, the Triple Tun, and at the Mermaid,

"We such clusters had  
As made us nobly wild, not mad,  
And yet each verse of thine  
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine."

But the patronage of the court failed in the days of King Charles, though Jonson was not without royal favours; and the old poet returned to the stage, producing, between 1625 and 1633, "The Staple of News," "The New Inn,"

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"The Magnetic Lady," and "The Tale of a Tub," the last doubtless revised from a much earlier comedy. None of these plays met with any marked success, although the scathing generalisation of Dryden that designated them "Jonson's dotages" is unfair to their genuine merits. Thus the idea of an office for the gathering, proper dressing, and promulgation of news (wild flight of the fancy in its time) was an excellent subject for satire on the existing absurdities among newsmongers; although as much can hardly be said for "The Magnetic Lady," who, in her bounty, draws to her personages of differing humours to reconcile them in the end according to the alternative title, or "Humours Reconciled." These last plays of the old dramatist revert to caricature and the hard lines of allegory; the moralist is more than ever present, the satire degenerates into personal lampoon, especially of his sometime friend, Inigo Jones, who appears unworthily to have used his influence at court against the broken-down old poet. And now disease claimed Jonson, and he was bedridden for months. He had succeeded Middleton in 1628 as Chronologer to the City of London, but lost the post for not fulfilling its duties. King Charles befriended him, and even commissioned him to write still for the entertainment of the court; and he was not without the sustaining hand of noble patrons and devoted friends among the younger poets who were proud to be "sealed of the tribe of Ben."

Jonson died, August 6, 1637, and a second folio of his works, which he had been some time gathering, was printed in 1640, bearing in its various parts dates ranging from 1630 to 1642. It included all the plays mentioned in the foregoing paragraphs, excepting "The Case is Altered;" the masques, some fifteen, that date between 1617 and 1630; another collection of lyrics and occasional poetry called "Underwoods, including some further entertainments; a translation of "Horace's Art of Poetry" (also published in a vicesimo quarto in 1640), and certain fragments and ingatherings which the poet would hardly have included himself. These last comprise the fragment (less than seventy lines) of a tragedy called "Mortimer his Fall," and three acts of a pastoral drama of much beauty and poetic spirit, "The Sad Shepherd." There is also the exceedingly interesting "English Grammar" "made by Ben Jonson for the benefit of all strangers out of his observation of the English language now spoken and in use," in Latin and English; and "Timber, or Discoveries" "made upon men and matter as they have flowed out of his daily reading, or had their reflux to his peculiar notion of the times." The "Discoveries," as it is usually called, is a commonplace book such as many literary men have kept, in which their reading was chronicled, passages that took their fancy translated or transcribed, and their passing opinions noted. Many passages of Jonson's "Discoveries" are literal translations from the authors he chanced to be reading, with the reference, noted or not, as the accident of the moment prescribed. At times he follows the line of Macchiavelli's argument as to the nature and conduct of princes; at others he clarifies his own conception of poetry and poets by recourse to Aristotle. He finds a choice paragraph on eloquence in Seneca the elder and applies it to his own recollection of Bacon's power as an orator; and another on facile and ready genius, and translates it, adapting it to his recollection of his fellow-playwright, Shakespeare. To call such passages which Jonson never intended for publication plagiarism, is to obscure the significance of words. To disparage his memory by citing them is a preposterous use of scholarship. Jonson's prose, both in his dramas, in the descriptive comments of his masques, and in the "Discoveries," is characterised by clarity and vigorous directness, nor is it wanting in a fine sense of form or in the subtler graces of diction.

When Jonson died there was a project for a handsome monument to his memory. But the Civil War was at hand, and the project failed. A memorial, not insufficient, was carved on the stone covering his grave in one of the aisles of Westminster Abbey:

"O rare Ben Jonson."

FELIX E. SCHELLING.

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TO THE LADY MOST DESERVING HER NAME AND BLOOD:

## The Alchemist

LADY MARY WROTH.

Madam,

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

Your ladyship's true honourer,

BEN JONSON.

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

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SUBTLE, the Alchemist.

FACE, the Housekeeper.

DOL COMMON, their Colleague.

DAPPER, a Lawyer's Clerk.

DRUGGER, a Tobacco Man.

LOVEWIT, Master of the House.

SIR EPICURE MAMMON, a Knight.

PERTINAX SURLY, a Gamester.

## The Alchemist

TRIBULATION WHOLESOME, a Pastor of Amsterdam.

ANANIAS, a Deacon there.

KASTRIL, the angry Boy.

DAME PLIANT, his Sister, a Widow.

Neighbours.

Officers, Attendants, etc.

SCENE, LONDON.

### ARGUMENT.

The sickness hot, a master quit, for fear,  
His house in town, and left one servant there;  
Ease him corrupted, and gave means to know

A Cheater, and his punk; who now brought low,  
Leaving their narrow practice, were become  
Cozeners at large; and only wanting some  
House to set up, with him they here contract,  
Each for a share, and all begin to act.  
Much company they draw, and much abuse,  
In casting figures, telling fortunes, news,  
Selling of flies, flat bawdry with the stone,  
Till it, and they, and all in fume are gone.

### PROLOGUE.

Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours,  
We wish away, both for your sakes and ours,  
Judging spectators; and desire, in place,  
To the author justice, to ourselves but grace.  
Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known,  
No country's mirth is better than our own:

ARGUMENT.

## The Alchemist

No clime breeds better matter for your whore,  
Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,  
Whose manners, now call'd humours, feed the stage;  
And which have still been subject for the rage  
Or spleen of comic writers. Though this pen  
Did never aim to grieve, but better men;  
Howe'er the age he lives in doth endure  
The vices that she breeds, above their cure.  
But when the wholesome remedies are sweet,  
And in their working gain and profit meet,  
He hopes to find no spirit so much diseased,  
But will with such fair correctives be pleased:  
For here he doth not fear who can apply.  
If there be any that will sit so nigh  
Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,  
They shall find things, they'd think or wish were done;  
They are so natural follies, but so shewn,  
As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

## ACT 1.

### SCENE 1.1. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

ENTER FACE, IN A CAPTAIN'S UNIFORM, WITH HIS SWORD DRAWN, AND  
SUBTLE WITH A VIAL, QUARRELLING, AND FOLLOWED BY DOL COMMON.

**FACE.** Believe 't, I will.

**SUB.** Thy worst. I fart at thee.

**DOL.** Have you your wits? why, gentlemen! for love

**FACE.** Sirrah, I'll strip you

**SUB.** What to do? lick figs  
Out at my

**FACE.** Rogue, rogue! out of all your sleights.

**DOL.** Nay, look ye, sovereign, general, are you madmen?

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

ACT 1.



The Alchemist

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

**FACE.** Sirrah

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

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

**SUB.** Yes, faith; yes, faith.

**FACE.** Why, who  
Am I, my mungrel? who am I?

**SUB.** I'll tell you.,  
Since you know not yourself.

**FACE.** Speak lower, rogue.

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

**FACE.** Will you be so loud?

**SUB.** Since, by my means, translated suburb–captain.

**FACE.** By your means, doctor dog!

**SUB.** Within man's memory,  
All this I speak of.

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

**SUB.** I do not hear well.

**FACE.** Not of this, I think it.  
But I shall put you in mind, sir; at Pie–corner,  
Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls,  
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walk  
Piteously costive, with your pinch'd–horn–nose,  
And your complexion of the Roman wash,  
Stuck full of black and melancholic worms,  
Like powder corns shot at the artillery–yard.

ACT 1.

## The Alchemist

**SUB.** I wish you could advance your voice a little.

**FACE.** When you went pinn'd up in the several rags  
You had raked and pick'd from dunghills, before day;  
Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes;  
A felt of rug, and a thin threaden cloke,  
That scarce would cover your no buttocks

**SUB.** So, sir!

**FACE.** When all your alchemy, and your algebra,  
Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,  
Your conjuring, cozening, and your dozen of trades,  
Could not relieve your corps with so much linen  
Would make you tinder, but to see a fire;  
I gave you countenance, credit for your coals,  
Your stills, your glasses, your materials;  
Built you a furnace, drew you customers,  
Advanced all your black arts; lent you, beside,  
A house to practise in

**SUB.** Your master's house!

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

**SUB.** Yes, in your master's house.  
You and the rats here kept possession.  
Make it not strange. I know you were one could keep  
The buttery-hatch still lock'd, and save the chippings,  
Sell the dole beer to aqua-vitae men,  
The which, together with your Christmas vails  
At post-and-pair, your letting out of counters,  
Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,  
And gave you credit to converse with cobwebs,  
Here, since your mistress' death hath broke up house.

**FACE.** You might talk softer, rascal.

**SUB.** No, you scarab,  
I'll thunder you in pieces: I will teach you  
How to beware to tempt a Fury again,  
That carries tempest in his hand and voice.

**FACE.** The place has made you valiant.

**SUB.** No, your clothes.  
Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung,  
So poor, so wretched, when no living thing  
Would keep thee company, but a spider, or worse?

ACT 1.

## The Alchemist

Rais'd thee from brooms, and dust, and watering-pots,  
Sublimed thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee  
In the third region, call'd our state of grace?  
Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with pains  
Would twice have won me the philosopher's work?  
Put thee in words and fashion, made thee fit  
For more than ordinary fellowships?  
Giv'n thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling dimensions,  
Thy rules to cheat at horse-race, cock-pit, cards,  
Dice, or whatever gallant tincture else?  
Made thee a second in mine own great art?  
And have I this for thanks! Do you rebel,  
Do you fly out in the projection?  
Would you be gone now?

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

**SUB.** Slave, thou hadst had no name

**DOL.** Will you undo yourselves with civil war?

**SUB.** Never been known, past equi clibanum,  
The heat of horse-dung, under ground, in cellars,  
Or an ale-house darker than deaf John's; been lost  
To all mankind, but laundresses and tapsters,  
Had not I been.

**DOL.** Do you know who hears you, sovereign?

**FACE.** Sirrah

**DOL.** Nay, general, I thought you were civil.

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

**SUB.** And hang thyself, I care not.

**FACE.** Hang thee, collier,  
And all thy pots, and pans, in picture, I will,  
Since thou hast moved me

**DOL.** O, this will o'erthrow all.

**FACE.** Write thee up bawd in Paul's, have all thy tricks  
Of cozening with a hollow cole, dust, scrapings,  
Searching for things lost, with a sieve and sheers,  
Erecting figures in your rows of houses,  
And taking in of shadows with a glass,  
Told in red letters; and a face cut for thee,  
Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's.

ACT 1.

The Alchemist

**DOL.** Are you sound?  
Have you your senses, masters?

**FACE.** I will have  
A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures,  
Shall prove a true philosopher's stone to printers.

**SUB.** Away, you trencher-rascal!

**FACE.** Out, you dog-leech!  
The vomit of all prisons

**DOL.** Will you be  
Your own destructions, gentlemen?

**FACE.** Still spew'd out  
For lying too heavy on the basket.

**SUB.** Cheater!

**FACE.** Bawd!

**SUB.** Cow-herd!

**FACE.** Conjuror!

**SUB.** Cut-purse!

**FACE.** Witch!

**DOL.** O me!  
We are ruin'd, lost! have you no more regard  
To your reputations? where's your judgment? 's slight,  
Have yet some care of me, of your republic

**FACE.** Away, this brach! I'll bring thee, rogue, within  
The statute of sorcery, tricesimo tertio  
Of Harry the Eighth: ay, and perhaps thy neck  
Within a noose, for laundring gold and barbing it.

**DOL** [SNATCHES FACE'S SWORD]. You'll bring your head within  
a cockscomb, will you?  
And you, sir, with your menstrue  
[DASHES SUBTLE'S VIAL OUT OF HIS HAND.]  
Gather it up.  
'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards,  
Leave off your barking, and grow one again,  
Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.  
I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal,  
For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt of you both.

ACT 1.

## The Alchemist

Have you together cozen'd all this while,  
And all the world, and shall it now be said,  
You've made most courteous shift to cozen yourselves?

[TO FACE.]

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

[TO SUBTLE.]

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

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

**SUB.** Why, so it does.

**DOL.** How does it? do not we  
Sustain our parts?

**SUB.** Yes, but they are not equal.

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

**SUB.** Ay, they MAY.

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

[SEIZES SUB. BY THE THROAT.]

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

**DOL.** Because o' your fermentation and cibation?

**SUB.** Not I, by heaven

ACT 1.

The Alchemist

**DOL.** Your Sol and Luna

[TO FACE.]

help me.

**SUB.** Would I were hang'd then? I'll conform myself.

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

**SUB.** What should I swear?

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

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

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

**FACE.** 'Slid, prove to-day, who shall shark best.

**SUB.** Agreed.

**DOL.** Yes, and work close and friendly.

**SUB.** 'Slight, the knot  
Shall grow the stronger for this breach, with me.

[THEY SHAKE HANDS.]

**DOL.** Why, so, my good baboons! Shall we go make  
A sort of sober, scurvy, precise neighbours,  
That scarce have smiled twice since the king came in,  
A feast of laughter at our follies? Rascals,  
Would run themselves from breath, to see me ride,  
Or you t' have but a hole to thrust your heads in,  
For which you should pay ear-rent? No, agree.  
And may don Provost ride a feasting long,  
In his old velvet jerkin and stain'd scarfs,  
My noble sovereign, and worthy general,  
Ere we contribute a new crewel garter  
To his most worsted worship.

**SUB.** Royal Dol!  
Spoken like Claridiana, and thyself.

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

ACT 1.

The Alchemist

[BELL RINGS WITHOUT.]

**SUB.** Who's that? one rings. To the window, Dol:

[EXIT DOL.]

pray heaven,  
The master do not trouble us this quarter.

**FACE.** O, fear not him. While there dies one a week  
O' the plague, he's safe, from thinking toward London.  
Beside, he's busy at his hop-yards now;  
I had a letter from him. If he do,  
He'll send such word, for airing of the house,  
As you shall have sufficient time to quit it:  
Though we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.

[RE-ENTER DOL.]

**SUB.** Who is it, Dol?

**DOL.** A fine young quodling.

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

**DOL.** O, let him in.

**SUB.** Stay. Who shall do't?

**FACE.** Get you  
Your robes on: I will meet him as going out.

**DOL.** And what shall I do?

**FACE.** Not be seen; away!

[EXIT DOL.]

Seem you very reserv'd.

**SUB.** Enough.

[EXIT.]

**FACE** [ALoud AND RETIRING]. God be wi' you, sir,  
I pray you let him know that I was here:  
His name is Dapper. I would gladly have staid, but

**DAP** [WITHIN]. Captain, I am here.

ACT 1.

The Alchemist

**FACE.** Who's that? He's come, I think, doctor.

[ENTER DAPPER.]

Good faith, sir, I was going away.

**DAP.** In truth  
I am very sorry, captain.

**FACE.** But I thought  
Sure I should meet you.

**DAP.** Ay, I am very glad.  
I had a scurvy writ or two to make,  
And I had lent my watch last night to one  
That dines to-day at the sheriff's, and so was robb'd  
Of my past-time.  
[RE-ENTER SUBTLE IN HIS VELVET CAP AND GOWN.]  
Is this the cunning-man?

**FACE.** This is his worship.

**DAP.** Is he a doctor?

**FACE.** Yes.

**DAP.** And have you broke with him, captain?

**FACE.** Ay.

**DAP.** And how?

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

**DAP.** Not so, good captain.

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

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

**FACE.** I cannot think you will, sir. But the law  
Is such a thing and then he says, Read's matter  
Falling so lately.

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

**FACE.** It was a clerk, sir.



The Alchemist

**DAP.** A clerk!

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

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

**FACE.** You did so.

**DAP.** And will I tell then! By this hand of flesh,  
Would it might never write good court—hand more,  
If I discover. What do you think of me,  
That I am a chiaus?

**FACE.** What's that?

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

**FACE.** I'll tell the doctor so.

**DAP.** Do, good sweet captain.

**FACE.** Come, noble doctor, pray thee let's prevail;  
This is the gentleman, and he is no chiaus.

**SUB.** Captain, I have return'd you all my answer.  
I would do much, sir, for your love But this  
I neither may, nor can.

**FACE.** Tut, do not say so.  
You deal now with a noble fellow, doctor,  
One that will thank you richly; and he is no chiaus:  
Let that, sir, move you.

**SUB.** Pray you, forbear

**FACE.** He has  
Four angels here.

**SUB.** You do me wrong, good sir.

**FACE.** Doctor, wherein? to tempt you with these spirits?

**SUB.** To tempt my art and love, sir, to my peril.  
Fore heaven, I scarce can think you are my friend,  
That so would draw me to apparent danger.

**FACE.** I draw you! a horse draw you, and a halter,  
You, and your flies together

ACT 1.

The Alchemist

**DAP.** Nay, good captain.

**FACE.** That know no difference of men.

**SUB.** Good words, sir.

**FACE.** Good deeds, sir, doctor dogs—meat. 'Slight, I bring you  
No cheating Clim o' the Cloughs or Claribels,  
That look as big as five—and—fifty, and flush;  
And spit out secrets like hot custard

**DAP.** Captain!

**FACE.** Nor any melancholic under—scribe,  
Shall tell the vicar; but a special gentle,  
That is the heir to forty marks a year,  
Consorts with the small poets of the time,  
Is the sole hope of his old grandmother;  
That knows the law, and writes you six fair hands,  
Is a fine clerk, and has his cyphering perfect.  
Will take his oath o' the Greek Testament,  
If need be, in his pocket; and can court  
His mistress out of Ovid.

**DAP.** Nay, dear captain

**FACE.** Did you not tell me so?

**DAP.** Yes; but I'd have you  
Use master doctor with some more respect.

**FACE.** Hang him, proud stag, with his broad velvet head!  
But for your sake, I'd choak, ere I would change  
An article of breath with such a puckfist:  
Come, let's be gone.

[GOING.]

**SUB.** Pray you let me speak with you.

**DAP.** His worship calls you, captain.

**FACE.** I am sorry  
I e'er embark'd myself in such a business.

**DAP.** Nay, good sir; he did call you.

**FACE.** Will he take then?

**SUB.** First, hear me

ACT 1.

The Alchemist

**FACE.** Not a syllable, 'less you take.

**SUB.** Pray you, sir

**FACE.** Upon no terms but an assumpsit.

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

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

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

**FACE.** No whispering.

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

**FACE.** Wherein? for what?

**SUB.** Marry, to be so importunate for one,  
That, when he has it, will undo you all:  
He'll win up all the money in the town.

**FACE.** How!

**SUB.** Yes, and blow up gamester after gamester,  
As they do crackers in a puppet-play.  
If I do give him a familiar,  
Give you him all you play for; never set him:  
For he will have it.

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

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

**SUB.** I told you so.

**FACE** [TAKING DAP. ASIDE]. 'Slight, that is a new business!  
I understood you, a tame bird, to fly  
Twice in a term, or so, on Friday nights,  
When you had left the office, for a nag  
Of forty or fifty shillings.

**DAP.** Ay, 'tis true, sir;

ACT 1.

## The Alchemist

But I do think now I shall leave the law,  
And therefore

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

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

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

**DAP.** No, sir, I mean  
To add consideration.

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

**SUB.** I say then, not a mouth shall eat for him  
At any ordinary, but on the score,  
That is a gaming mouth, conceive me.

**FACE.** Indeed!

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

**FACE.** Speak you this from art?

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

**FACE.** What! is he?

**SUB.** Peace.  
He'll overhear you. Sir, should she but see him

**FACE.** What?

**SUB.** Do not you tell him.

**FACE.** Will he win at cards too?

**SUB.** The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac,  
You'd swear, were in him; such a vigorous luck  
As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put  
Six of your gallants to a cloke, indeed.

ACT 1.

The Alchemist

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

**SUB.** He hears you, man

**DAP.** Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.

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

**SUB.** Why, as you please; my venture follows yours.

**FACE.** Troth, do it, doctor; think him trusty, and make him.  
He may make us both happy in an hour;  
Win some five thousand pound, and send us two on't.

**DAP.** Believe it, and I will, sir.

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

**DAP.** No, what was't? Nothing, I, sir.

**FACE.** Nothing!

**DAP.** A little, sir.

**FACE.** Well, a rare star  
Reign'd at your birth.

**DAP.** At mine, sir! No.

**FACE.** The doctor  
Swears that you are

**SUB.** Nay, captain, you'll tell all now.

**FACE.** Allied to the queen of Fairy.

**DAP.** Who! that I am?  
Believe it, no such matter

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

**DAP.** Who says so?

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

**DAP.** I'fac, I do not; you are mistaken.

**FACE.** How!

Swear by your fac, and in a thing so known  
Unto the doctor? How shall we, sir, trust you  
In the other matter? can we ever think,  
When you have won five or six thousand pound,  
You'll send us shares in't, by this rate?

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

**SUB.** No, no, he did but jest.

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

**DAP.** I thank his worship.

**FACE.** So!  
Another angel.

**DAP.** Must I?

**FACE.** Must you! 'slight,  
What else is thanks? will you be trivial? Doctor,  
[DAPPER GIVES HIM THE MONEY.]  
When must he come for his familiar?

**DAP.** Shall I not have it with me?

**SUB.** O, good sir!  
There must a world of ceremonies pass;  
You must be bath'd and fumigated first:  
Besides the queen of Fairy does not rise  
Till it be noon.

**FACE.** Not, if she danced, to-night.

**SUB.** And she must bless it.

**FACE.** Did you never see  
Her royal grace yet?

**DAP.** Whom?

**FACE.** Your aunt of Fairy?

**SUB.** Not since she kist him in the cradle, captain;  
I can resolve you that.

ACT 1.

The Alchemist

**FACE.** Well, see her grace,  
Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know.  
It will be somewhat hard to compass; but  
However, see her. You are made, believe it,  
If you can see her. Her grace is a lone woman,  
And very rich; and if she take a fancy,  
She will do strange things. See her, at any hand.  
'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has:  
It is the doctor's fear.

**DAP.** How will't be done, then?

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

**DAP.** "Captain, I'll see her grace."

**FACE.** Enough.

[KNOCKING WITHIN.]

**SUB.** Who's there?

Anon.

[ASIDE TO FACE.]

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

[EXIT.]

**FACE.** Can you remember this?

**DAP.** I warrant you.

**FACE.** Well then, away. It is but your bestowing  
Some twenty nobles 'mong her grace's servants,  
And put on a clean shirt: you do not know  
What grace her grace may do you in clean linen.

[EXEUNT FACE AND DAPPER.]

**SUB** [WITHIN]. Come in! Good wives, I pray you forbear me now;  
Troth I can do you no good till afternoon  
[RE-ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY DRUGGER.]  
What is your name, say you? Abel Drugger?

ACT 1.

The Alchemist

**DRUG.** Yes, sir.

**SUB.** A seller of tobacco?

**DRUG.** Yes, sir.

**SUB.** Umph!  
Free of the grocers?

**DRUG.** Ay, an't please you.

**SUB.** Well  
Your business, Abel?

**DRUG.** This, an't please your worship;  
I am a young beginner, and am building  
Of a new shop, an't like your worship, just  
At corner of a street: Here is the plot on't  
And I would know by art, sir, of your worship,  
Which way I should make my door, by necromancy,  
And where my shelves; and which should be for boxes,  
And which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, sir:  
And I was wish'd to your worship by a gentleman,  
One captain Face, that says you know men's planets,  
And their good angels, and their bad.

**SUB.** I do,  
If I do see them

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

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

**DRUG.** Troth, sir, I was speaking,  
Just as your worship came here, of your worship:  
I pray you speak for me to master doctor.

**FACE.** He shall do any thing. Doctor, do you hear?  
This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow;  
He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not  
Sophisticate it with sack-lees or oil,  
Nor washes it in muscadel and grains,  
Nor buries it in gravel, under ground,  
Wrapp'd up in greasy leather, or piss'd clouts:  
But keeps it in fine lily pots, that, open'd,  
Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.  
He has his maple block, his silver tongs,  
Winchester pipes, and fire of Juniper:  
A neat, spruce, honest fellow, and no goldsmith.

ACT 1.



The Alchemist

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

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

**SUB.** And in right way toward riches

**FACE.** Sir!

**SUB.** This summer  
He will be of the clothing of his company,  
And next spring call'd to the scarlet; spend what he can.

**FACE.** What, and so little beard?

**SUB.** Sir, you must think,  
He may have a receipt to make hair come:  
But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't;  
His fortune looks for him another way.

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

**SUB.** By a rule, captain,  
In metoposcopy, which I do work by;  
A certain star in the forehead, which you see not.  
Your chestnut or your olive-colour'd face  
Does never fail: and your long ear doth promise.  
I knew't by certain spots, too, in his teeth,  
And on the nail of his mercurial finger.

**FACE.** Which finger's that?

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

**DRUG.** Yes, indeed, sir.

**SUB.** The thumb, in chiromancy, we give Venus;  
The fore-finger, to Jove; the midst, to Saturn;  
The ring, to Sol; the least, to Mercury,  
Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope,  
His house of life being Libra; which fore-shew'd,  
He should be a merchant, and should trade with balance.

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

**SUB.** There is a ship now, coming from Ormus,  
That shall yield him such a commodity  
Of drugs  
[POINTING TO THE PLAN.]

ACT 1.

The Alchemist

This is the west, and this the south?

**DRUG.** Yes, sir.

**SUB.** And those are your two sides?

**DRUG.** Ay, sir.

**SUB.** Make me your door, then, south; your broad side, west:  
And on the east side of your shop, aloft,  
Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat;  
Upon the north part, Rael, Velel, Thiel.  
They are the names of those mercurial spirits,  
That do fright flies from boxes.

**DRUG.** Yes, sir.

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

**FACE.** That's a secret, Nab!

**SUB.** And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice  
And a court—fucus to call city—dames:  
You shall deal much with minerals.

**DRUG.** Sir, I have.  
At home, already

**SUB.** Ay, I know you have arsenic,  
Vitriol, sal—tartar, argaile, alkali,  
Cinoper: I know all. This fellow, captain,  
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,  
And give a say I will not say directly,  
But very fair at the philosopher's stone.

**FACE.** Why, how now, Abel! is this true?

**DRUG** [ASIDE TO FACE]. Good captain,  
What must I give?

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

**DRUG.** I would gi' him a crown.

**FACE.** A crown! and toward such a fortune? heart,  
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee?

ACT 1.

The Alchemist

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

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

**DRUG.** I would entreat  
Another favour of his worship.

**FACE.** What is't, Nab?

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

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

**SUB.** And a direction for his shelves.

**FACE.** Now, Nab,  
Art thou well pleased, Nab?

**DRUG.** 'Thank, sir, both your worships.

**FACE.** Away.

[EXIT DRUGGER.]

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

**SUB.** You are pleasant, sir.

[RE-ENTER DOL.]

How now!  
What says my dainty Dolkin?

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

**SUB.** Heart, I cannot speak with them.

ACT 1.

## The Alchemist

**DOL.** Not afore night, I have told them in a voice,  
Thorough the trunk, like one of your familiars.  
But I have spied sir Epicure Mammon

**SUB.** Where?

**DOL.** Coming along, at far end of the lane,  
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue  
To one that's with him.

**SUB.** Face, go you and shift.

[EXIT FACE.]

Dol, you must presently make ready, too.

**DOL.** Why, what's the matter?

**SUB.** O, I did look for him  
With the sun's rising: 'marvel he could sleep,  
This is the day I am to perfect for him  
The magisterium, our great work, the stone;  
And yield it, made, into his hands: of which  
He has, this month, talked as he were possess'd.  
And now he's dealing pieces on't away.  
Methinks I see him entering ordinaries,  
Dispensing for the pox, and plaguy houses,  
Reaching his dose, walking Moorfields for lepers,  
And offering citizens' wives pomander-bracelets,  
As his preservative, made of the elixir;  
Searching the spittal, to make old bawds young;  
And the highways, for beggars, to make rich.  
I see no end of his labours. He will make  
Nature asham'd of her long sleep: when art,  
Who's but a step-dame, shall do more than she,  
In her best love to mankind, ever could:  
If his dream lasts, he'll turn the age to gold.

[EXEUNT.]

## ACT 2.

### SCENE 2.1. AN OUTER ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

The Alchemist

ENTER SIR EPICURE MAMMON AND SURLY.

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

**FACE [WITHIN].** Sir, he'll come to you by and by.

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

**SUR.** What, and turn that too?

**MAM.** Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,  
And make them perfect Indies! you admire now?

**SUR.** No, faith.

**MAM.** But when you see th' effects of the Great Medicine,  
Of which one part projected on a hundred  
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the moon,  
Shall turn it to as many of the sun;

ACT 2.

## The Alchemist

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

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

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

**SUR.** No doubt; he's that already.

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

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

**MAM.** 'Tis the secret  
Of nature naturis'd 'gainst all infections,  
Cures all diseases coming of all causes;  
A month's grief in a day, a year's in twelve;  
And, of what age soever, in a month:  
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.  
I'll undertake, withal, to fright the plague  
Out of the kingdom in three months.

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

**MAM.** Sir, I'll do't. Mean time,  
I'll give away so much unto my man,  
Shall serve the whole city, with preservative  
Weekly; each house his dose, and at the rate

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

ACT 2.

## The Alchemist

**MAM.** You are incredulous.

**SUR.** Faith I have a humour,  
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your stone  
Cannot transmute me.

**MAM.** Pertinax, [my] Surly,  
Will you believe antiquity? records?  
I'll shew you a book where Moses and his sister,  
And Solomon have written of the art;  
Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam

**SUR.** How!

**MAM.** Of the philosopher's stone, and in High Dutch.

**SUR.** Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?

**MAM.** He did;  
Which proves it was the primitive tongue.

**SUR.** What paper?

**MAM.** On cedar board.

**SUR.** O that, indeed, they say,  
Will last 'gainst worms.

**MAM.** 'Tis like your Irish wood,  
'Gainst cob-webs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece, too,  
Which was no other than a book of alchemy,  
Writ in large sheep-skin, a good fat ram-vellum.  
Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub,  
And, all that fable of Medea's charms,  
The manner of our work; the bulls, our furnace,  
Still breathing fire; our argent-vive, the dragon:  
The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate,  
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting;  
And they are gathered into Jason's helm,  
The alembic, and then sow'd in Mars his field,  
And thence sublimed so often, till they're fixed.  
Both this, the Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,  
Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes,  
Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,  
All abstract riddles of our stone.  
[ENTER FACE, AS A SERVANT.]

How now!  
Do we succeed? Is our day come? and holds it?

**FACE.** The evening will set red upon you, sir;

ACT 2.

## The Alchemist

You have colour for it, crimson: the red ferment  
Has done his office; three hours hence prepare you  
To see projection.

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

**FACE.** Like a wench with child, sir,  
That were but now discover'd to her master.

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

**FACE.** No, sir! buy  
The covering off o' churches.

**MAM.** That's true.

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

**MAM.** No, good thatch:  
Thatch will lie light upon the rafters, Lungs.  
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace;  
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe,  
Lost in the embers; and repair this brain,  
Hurt with the fume o' the metals.

**FACE.** I have blown, sir,  
Hard for your worship; thrown by many a coal,  
When 'twas not beech; weigh'd those I put in, just,  
To keep your heat still even; these blear'd eyes  
Have wak'd to read your several colours, sir,  
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,  
The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.

**MAM.** And, lastly,  
Thou hast descry'd the flower, the sanguis agni?

**FACE.** Yes, sir.

**MAM.** Where's master?

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

ACT 2.



## The Alchemist

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

**FACE.** Good, sir.

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

**FACE.** Yes, sir.

**MAM.** For I do mean  
To have a list of wives and concubines,  
Equal with Solomon, who had the stone  
Alike with me; and I will make me a back  
With the elixir, that shall be as tough  
As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night.  
Thou'rt sure thou saw'st it blood?

**FACE.** Both blood and spirit, sir.

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

**FACE.** And I shall carry it?

**MAM.** No. I'll have no bawds,  
But fathers and mothers: they will do it best,  
Best of all others. And my flatterers  
Shall be the pure and gravest of divines,  
That I can get for money. My mere fools,  
Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets  
The same that writ so subtly of the fart,  
Whom I will entertain still for that subject.  
The few that would give out themselves to be  
Court and town-stallions, and, each-where, bely

ACT 2.

## The Alchemist

Ladies who are known most innocent for them;  
Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of:  
And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails  
A-piece, made in a plume to gather wind.  
We will be brave, Puffe, now we have the med'cine.  
My meat shall all come in, in Indian shells,  
Dishes of agat set in gold, and studded  
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.  
The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,  
Boil'd in the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl,  
Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy:  
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,  
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.  
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,  
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have  
The beards of barbels served, instead of sallads;  
Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous paps  
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,  
Drest with an exquisite, and poignant sauce;  
For which, I'll say unto my cook, "There's gold,  
Go forth, and be a knight."

**FACE.** Sir, I'll go look  
A little, how it heightens.

[EXIT.]

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

**SUR.** And do you think to have the stone with this?

**MAM.** No, I do think t' have all this with the stone.

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

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

ACT 2.

The Alchemist

Good morrow, father.

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

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

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

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

**SUR.** Who is,  
Indeed, sir, somewhat costive of belief  
Toward your stone; would not be gull'd.

**SUB.** Well, son,  
All that I can convince him in, is this,  
The WORK IS DONE, bright sol is in his robe.  
We have a medicine of the triple soul,  
The glorified spirit. Thanks be to heaven,  
And make us worthy of it! Ulen Spiegel!

**FACE [WITHIN].** Anon, sir.

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

**FACE [WITHIN].** Yes, sir.

ACT 2.

The Alchemist

**SUB.** Did you look  
On the bolt's-head yet?

**FACE** [WITHIN]. Which? on D, sir?

**SUB.** Ay;  
What's the complexion?

**FACE** [WITHIN]. Whitish.

**SUB.** Infuse vinegar,  
To draw his volatile substance and his tincture:  
And let the water in glass E be filter'd,  
And put into the gripe's egg. Lute him well;  
And leave him closed in balneo.

**FACE** [WITHIN]. I will, sir.

**SUR.** What a brave language here is! next to canting.

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

**MAM.** But 'tis for me?

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

**MAM.** O but

**SUB.** Why, this is covetise!

**MAM.** No, I assure you,  
I shall employ it all in pious uses,  
Founding of colleges and grammar schools,  
Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,  
And now and then a church.

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

**SUB.** How now!

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

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

ACT 2.

The Alchemist

[EXIT FACE.]

**MAM.** Have you another?

**SUB.** Yes, son; were I assured  
Your piety were firm, we would not want  
The means to glorify it: but I hope the best.  
I mean to tinct C in sand–heat to–morrow,  
And give him imbibition.

**MAM.** Of white oil?

**SUB.** No, sir, of red. F is come over the helm too,  
I thank my Maker, in S. Mary's bath,  
And shews lac virginis. Blessed be heaven!  
I sent you of his faeces there calcined:  
Out of that calx, I have won the salt of mercury.

**MAM.** By pouring on your rectified water?

**SUB.** Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.  
[RE–ENTER FACE.]  
How now! what colour says it?

**FACE.** The ground black, sir.

**MAM.** That's your crow's head?

**SUR.** Your cock's–comb's, is it not?

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

**SUR** [ASIDE]. O, I looked for this.  
The hay's a pitching.

**SUB.** Are you sure you loosed them  
In their own menstree?

**FACE.** Yes, sir, and then married them,  
And put them in a bolt's–head nipp'd to digestion,  
According as you bade me, when I set  
The liquor of Mars to circulation  
In the same heat.

**SUB.** The process then was right.

**FACE.** Yes, by the token, sir, the retort brake,  
And what was saved was put into the pellican,  
And sign'd with Hermes' seal.

ACT 2.

The Alchemist

**SUB.** I think 'twas so.  
We should have a new amalgama.

**SUR** [ASIDE]. O, this ferret  
Is rank as any pole-cat.

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

**FACE.** Yes, sir,  
He's ripe for inceration, he stands warm,  
In his ash-fire. I would not you should let  
Any die now, if I might counsel, sir,  
For luck's sake to the rest: it is not good.

**MAM.** He says right.

**SUR** [ASIDE]. Ay, are you bolted?

**FACE.** Nay, I know't, sir,  
I have seen the ill fortune. What is some three ounces  
Of fresh materials?

**MAM.** Is't no more?

**FACE.** No more, sir.  
Of gold, t'amalgame with some six of mercury.

**MAM.** Away, here's money. What will serve?

**FACE.** Ask him, sir.

**MAM.** How much?

**SUB.** Give him nine pound: you may give him ten.

**SUR.** Yes, twenty, and be cozen'd, do.

**MAM.** There 'tis.  
[GIVES FACE THE MONEY.]

**SUB.** This needs not; but that you will have it so,  
To see conclusions of all: for two  
Of our inferior works are at fixation,  
A third is in ascension. Go your ways.  
Have you set the oil of luna in kemia?

**FACE.** Yes, sir.

**SUB.** And the philosopher's vinegar?

ACT 2.

**FACE.** Ay.

[EXIT.]

**SUR.** We shall have a sallad!

**MAM.** When do you make projection?

**SUB.** Son, be not hasty, I exalt our med'cine,  
By hanging him in balneo vaporoso,  
And giving him solution; then congeal him;  
And then dissolve him; then again congeal him;  
For look, how oft I iterate the work,  
So many times I add unto his virtue.  
As, if at first one ounce convert a hundred,  
After his second loose, he'll turn a thousand;  
His third solution, ten; his fourth, a hundred:  
After his fifth, a thousand thousand ounces  
Of any imperfect metal, into pure  
Silver or gold, in all examinations,  
As good as any of the natural mine.  
Get you your stuff here against afternoon,  
Your brass, your pewter, and your andirons.

**MAM.** Not those of iron?

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

**SUR.** I believe you in that.

**MAM.** Then I may send my spits?

**SUB.** Yes, and your racks.

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

**SUB.** If he please.

**SUR.** To be an ass.

**SUB.** How, sir!

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

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

ACT 2.

## The Alchemist

**SUB.** Why, what have you observ'd, sir, in our art,  
Seems so impossible?

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

**SUB.** Sir, do you  
Believe that eggs are hatch'd so?

**SUR.** If I should?

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

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

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

**MAM.** And that  
Our art doth further.

**SUB.** Ay, for 'twere absurd  
To think that nature in the earth bred gold  
Perfect in the instant: something went before.  
There must be remote matter.

**SUR.** Ay, what is that?

**SUB.** Marry, we say

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

**SUB.** It is, of the one part,  
A humid exhalation, which we call  
Material liquida, or the unctuous water;  
On the other part, a certain crass and vicious  
Portion of earth; both which, concorporate,  
Do make the elementary matter of gold;  
Which is not yet propria materia,  
But common to all metals and all stones;  
For, where it is forsaken of that moisture,  
And hath more driness, it becomes a stone:  
Where it retains more of the humid fatness,  
It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver,  
Who are the parents of all other metals.

ACT 2.



## The Alchemist

Nor can this remote matter suddenly  
Progress so from extreme unto extreme,  
As to grow gold, and leap o'er all the means.  
Nature doth first beget the imperfect, then  
Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy  
And oily water, mercury is engender'd;  
Sulphur of the fat and earthy part; the one,  
Which is the last, supplying the place of male,  
The other of the female, in all metals.  
Some do believe hermaphrodeity,  
That both do act and suffer. But these two  
Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.  
And even in gold they are; for we do find  
Seeds of them, by our fire, and gold in them;  
And can produce the species of each metal  
More perfect thence, than nature doth in earth.  
Beside, who doth not see in daily practice  
Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, wasps,  
Out of the carcasses and dung of creatures;  
Yea, scorpions of an herb, being rightly placed?  
And these are living creatures, far more perfect  
And excellent than metals.

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

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

**SUB.** Sir?

**SUR.** What else are all your terms,  
Whereon no one of your writers 'grees with other?  
Of your elixir, your lac virginis,  
Your stone, your med'cine, and your chrysosperm,  
Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercury,  
Your oil of height, your tree of life, your blood,  
Your marchesite, your tutie, your magnesia,  
Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your panther;  
Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adrop,  
Your lato, azoch, zernich, chibrit, heautarit,  
And then your red man, and your white woman,  
With all your broths, your menstrues, and materials,  
Of piss and egg-shells, women's terms, man's blood,  
Hair o' the head, burnt clouts, chalk, merds, and clay,  
Powder of bones, scalings of iron, glass,  
And worlds of other strange ingredients,

ACT 2.

The Alchemist

Would burst a man to name?

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

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

**SUB.** Was not all the knowledge  
Of the Aegyptians writ in mystic symbols?  
Speak not the scriptures oft in parables?  
Are not the choicest fables of the poets,  
That were the fountains and first springs of wisdom,  
Wrapp'd in perplexed allegories?

**MAM.** I urg'd that,  
And clear'd to him, that Sisyphus was damn'd  
To roll the ceaseless stone, only because  
He would have made Ours common.

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

**SUB.** 'Sprecious! What do you mean? go in, good lady,  
Let me entreat you.  
[DOL RETIRES.]  
Where's this varlet?

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

**FACE.** Sir.

**SUB.** You very knave! do you use me thus?

**FACE.** Wherein, sir?

**SUB.** Go in and see, you traitor. Go!

[EXIT FACE.]

**MAM.** Who is it, sir?

**SUB.** Nothing, sir; nothing.

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

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

ACT 2.

The Alchemist

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

What now?

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

**SUB.** Would she, sir! Follow me.

[EXIT.]

**MAM** [STOPPING HIM]. Stay, Lungs.

**FACE.** I dare not, sir.

**MAM.** Stay, man; what is she?

**FACE.** A lord's sister, sir.

**MAM.** How! pray thee, stay.

**FACE.** She's mad, sir, and sent hither  
He'll be mad too.

**MAM.** I warrant thee.  
Why sent hither?

**FACE.** Sir, to be cured.

**SUB** [WITHIN]. Why, rascal!

**FACE.** Lo you! Here, sir!

[EXIT.]

**MAM.** 'Fore God, a Bradamante, a brave piece.

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

**MAM.** O, by this light, no: do not wrong him. He's  
Too scrupulous that way: it is his vice.  
No, he's a rare physician, do him right,  
An excellent Paracelsian, and has done  
Strange cures with mineral physic. He deals all  
With spirits, he; he will not hear a word  
Of Galen; or his tedious recipes.

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

How now, Lungs!

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

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

ACT 2.

The Alchemist

**FACE.** You are very right, sir, she is a most rare scholar,  
And is gone mad with studying Broughton's works.  
If you but name a word touching the Hebrew,  
She falls into her fit, and will discourse  
So learnedly of genealogies,  
As you would run mad too, to hear her, sir.

**MAM.** How might one do t' have conference with her, Lungs?

**FACE.** O divers have run mad upon the conference:  
I do not know, sir. I am sent in haste,  
To fetch a vial.

**SUR.** Be not gull'd, sir Mammon.

**MAM.** Wherein? pray ye, be patient.

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

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

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

**MAM.** Stay, knave.

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

**MAM.** Drink that.  
[GIVES HIM MONEY.]  
What is she when she's out of her fit?

**FACE.** O, the most affablest creature, sir! so merry!  
So pleasant! she'll mount you up, like quicksilver,  
Over the helm; and circulate like oil,  
A very vegetal: discourse of state,  
Of mathematics, bawdry, any thing

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

**SUB [WITHIN].** Ulen!

**FACE.** I'll come to you again, sir.

[EXIT.]

ACT 2.

The Alchemist

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

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

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

**SUR.** And yet you never saw her  
Till now!

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

**SUR.** What call you her brother?

**MAM.** My lord  
He will not have his name known, now I think on't.

**SUR.** A very treacherous memory!

**MAM.** On my faith

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

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

**SUR.** Heart! can it be,  
That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need,  
A wise sir, too, at other times, should thus,  
With his own oaths, and arguments, make hard means  
To gull himself? An this be your elixir,  
Your lapis mineralis, and your lunary,  
Give me your honest trick yet at primero,  
Or gleek; and take your lutum sapientis,  
Your menstruum simplex! I'll have gold before you,  
And with less danger of the quicksilver,  
Or the hot sulphur.

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

The Alchemist

**FACE.** Here's one from Captain Face, sir,  
[TO SURLY.]  
Desires you meet him in the Temple–church,  
Some half–hour hence, and upon earnest business.  
Sir,  
[WHISPERS MAMMON.]  
if you please to quit us, now; and come  
Again within two hours, you shall have  
My master busy examining o' the works;  
And I will steal you in, unto the party,  
That you may see her converse. Sir, shall I say,  
You'll meet the captain's worship?

**SUR.** Sir, I will.  
[WALKS ASIDE.]  
But, by attorney, and to a second purpose.  
Now, I am sure it is a bawdy–house;  
I'll swear it, were the marshal here to thank me:  
The naming this commander doth confirm it.  
Don Face! why, he's the most authentic dealer  
In these commodities, the superintendant  
To all the quainter traffickers in town!  
He is the visitor, and does appoint,  
Who lies with whom, and at what hour; what price;  
Which gown, and in what smock; what fall; what tire.  
Him will I prove, by a third person, to find  
The subtleties of this dark labyrinth:  
Which if I do discover, dear sir Mammon,  
You'll give your poor friend leave, though no philosopher,  
To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep.

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

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

[EXIT.]

**MAM.** I follow you, straight.

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

**MAM.** But wilt thou Ulen,  
Be constant to thy promise?

**FACE.** As my life, sir.

**MAM.** And wilt thou insinuate what I am, and praise me,  
And say, I am a noble fellow?

The Alchemist

**FACE.** O, what else, sir?  
And that you'll make her royal with the stone,  
An empress; and yourself, King of Bantam.

**MAM.** Wilt thou do this?

**FACE.** Will I, sir!

**MAM.** Lungs, my Lungs!  
I love thee.

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

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

**FACE.** Your jack, and all, sir.

**MAM.** Thou art a villain I will send my jack,  
And the weights too. Slave, I could bite thine ear.  
Away, thou dost not care for me.

**FACE.** Not I, sir!

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

**FACE.** Away, sir.

**MAM.** A count, nay, a count palatine

**FACE.** Good, sir, go.

**MAM.** Shall not advance thee better: no, nor faster.

[EXIT.]

[RE-ENTER SUBTLE AND DOL.]

**SUB.** Has he bit? has he bit?

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

**SUB.** And shall we twitch him?

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

ACT 2.

The Alchemist

**SUB.** Dol, my Lord What'ts'hums sister, you must now  
Bear yourself statelich.

**DOL.** O let me alone.  
I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.  
I'll keep my distance, laugh and talk aloud;  
Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady,  
And be as rude as her woman.

**FACE.** Well said, sanguine!

**SUB.** But will he send his andirons?

**FACE.** His jack too,  
And's iron shoeing-horn; I have spoke to him. Well,  
I must not lose my wary gamester yonder.

**SUB.** O monsieur Caution, that WILL NOT BE GULL'D?

**FACE.** Ay,  
If I can strike a fine hook into him, now!  
The Temple-church, there I have cast mine angle.  
Well, pray for me. I'll about it.  
[KNOCKING WITHOUT.]

**SUB.** What, more gudgeons!  
Dol, scout, scout!  
[DOL GOES TO THE WINDOW.]  
Stay, Face, you must go to the door,  
'Pray God it be my anabaptist Who is't, Dol?

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

**SUB.** Ods so! 'tis he, he said he would send what call you him?  
The sanctified elder, that should deal  
For Mammon's jack and andirons. Let him in.  
Stay, help me off, first, with my gown.  
[EXIT FACE WITH THE GOWN.]  
Away,  
Madam, to your withdrawing chamber.  
[EXIT DOL.]  
Now,  
In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.  
This fellow is sent from one negociates with me  
About the stone too, for the holy brethren  
Of Amsterdam, the exiled saints, that hope  
To raise their discipline by it. I must use him  
In some strange fashion, now, to make him admire me.  
[ENTER ANANIAS.]  
[ALLOUD.]

ACT 2.



The Alchemist

Where is my drudge?

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

**FACE.** Sir!

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

**FACE.** Yes, sir.  
And save the ground?

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

**ANA.** A faithful brother, if it please you.

**SUB.** What's that?  
A Lullianist? a Ripley? Filius artis?  
Can you sublime and dulcify? calcine?  
Know you the sapor pontic? sapor stiptic?  
Or what is homogene, or heterogene?

**ANA.** I understand no heathen language, truly.

**SUB.** Heathen! you Knipper-doling? is Ars sacra,  
Or chrysopoeia, or spagyrica,  
Or the pamphysic, or panarchic knowledge,  
A heathen language?

**ANA.** Heathen Greek, I take it.

**SUB.** How! heathen Greek?

**ANA.** All's heathen but the Hebrew.

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

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

**SUB.** This is heathen Greek to you, now!  
And when comes vivification?

ACT 2.

The Alchemist

**FACE.** After mortification.

**SUB.** What's cohobation?

**FACE.** 'Tis the pouring on  
Your aqua regis, and then drawing him off,  
To the trine circle of the seven spheres.

**SUB.** What's the proper passion of metals?

**FACE.** Malleation.

**SUB.** What's your ultimum supplicium auri?

**FACE.** Antimonium.

**SUB.** This is heathen Greek to you! And what's your mercury?

**FACE.** A very fugitive, he will be gone, sir.

**SUB.** How know you him?

**FACE.** By his viscosity,  
His oleosity, and his suscitability.

**SUB.** How do you sublime him?

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

**SUB.** Your magisterium now,  
What's that?

**FACE.** Shifting, sir, your elements,  
Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot,  
Hot into dry.

**SUB.** This is heathen Greek to you still!  
Your lapis philosophicus?

**FACE.** 'Tis a stone,  
And not a stone; a spirit, a soul, and a body:  
Which if you do dissolve, it is dissolved;  
If you coagulate, it is coagulated;  
If you make it to fly, it flieth.

**SUB.** Enough.

[EXIT FACE.]

This is heathen Greek to you! What are you, sir?

**ANA.** Please you, a servant of the exiled brethren,

ACT 2.

## The Alchemist

That deal with widows' and with orphans' goods,  
And make a just account unto the saints:  
A deacon.

**SUB.** O, you are sent from master Wholesome,  
Your teacher?

**ANA.** From Tribulation Wholesome,  
Our very zealous pastor.

**SUB.** Good! I have  
Some orphans' goods to come here.

**ANA.** Of what kind, sir?

**SUB.** Pewter and brass, andirons and kitchen-ware,  
Metals, that we must use our medicine on:  
Wherein the brethren may have a pennyworth  
For ready money.

**ANA.** Were the orphans' parents  
Sincere professors?

**SUB.** Why do you ask?

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

**SUB.** 'Slid, you'd cozen else,  
And if their parents were not of the faithful!  
I will not trust you, now I think on it,  
'Till I have talked with your pastor. Have you brought money  
To buy more coals?

**ANA.** No, surely.

**SUB.** No! how so?

**ANA.** The brethren bid me say unto you, sir,  
Surely, they will not venture any more,  
Till they may see projection.

**SUB.** How!

**ANA.** You have had,  
For the instruments, as bricks, and lome, and glasses,  
Already thirty pound; and for materials,  
They say, some ninety more: and they have heard since,  
That one at Heidelberg, made it of an egg,  
And a small paper of pin-dust.

ACT 2.

The Alchemist

**SUB.** What's your name?

**ANA.** My name is Ananias.

**SUB.** Out, the varlet  
That cozen'd the apostles! Hence, away!  
Flee, mischief! had your holy consistory  
No name to send me, of another sound,  
Than wicked Ananias? send your elders  
Hither to make atonement for you quickly,  
And give me satisfaction; or out goes  
The fire; and down th' alembics, and the furnace,  
Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch!  
Both sericon and bufo shall be lost,  
Tell them. All hope of rooting out the bishops,  
Or the antichristian hierarchy, shall perish,  
If they stay threescore minutes: the aqueity,  
Terreity, and sulphureity  
Shall run together again, and all be annull'd,  
Thou wicked Ananias!  
[EXIT ANANIAS.]  
This will fetch 'em,  
And make them haste towards their gulling more.  
A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright  
Those that are froward, to an appetite.

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

**FACE.** He is busy with his spirits, but we'll upon him.

**SUB.** How now! what mates, what Baiards have we here?

**FACE.** I told you, he would be furious. Sir, here's Nab,  
Has brought you another piece of gold to look on:  
We must appease him. Give it me, and prays you,  
You would devise what is it, Nab?

**DRUG.** A sign, sir.

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

**SUB.** I was devising now.

**FACE.** 'Slight, do not say so,  
He will repent he gave you any more  
What say you to his constellation, doctor,  
The Balance?

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

ACT 2.

## The Alchemist

Or the bull's-head: in Aries, the ram,  
A poor device! No, I will have his name  
Form'd in some mystic character; whose radii,  
Striking the senses of the passers by,  
Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,  
That may result upon the party owns it:  
As thus

**FACE.** Nab!

**SUB.** He shall have "a bell," that's "Abel;"  
And by it standing one whose name is "Dee,"  
In a "rug" gown, there's "D," and "Rug," that's "drug:"  
And right anenst him a dog snarling "er;"  
There's "Drugger," Abel Drugger. That's his sign.  
And here's now mystery and hieroglyphic!

**FACE.** Abel, thou art made.

**DRUG.** Sir, I do thank his worship.

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

**DRUG.** Yes, sir;  
I have another thing I would impart

**FACE.** Out with it, Nab.

**DRUG.** Sir, there is lodged, hard by me,  
A rich young widow

**FACE.** Good! a bona roba?

**DRUG.** But nineteen, at the most.

**FACE.** Very good, Abel.

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

**FACE.** No matter, Abel.

**DRUG.** And I do now and then give her a fucus

**FACE.** What! dost thou deal, Nab?

**SUB.** I did tell you, captain.

**DRUG.** And physic too, sometime, sir; for which she trusts me  
With all her mind. She's come up here of purpose

ACT 2.

## The Alchemist

To learn the fashion.

**FACE.** Good (his match too!) On, Nab.

**DRUG.** And she does strangely long to know her fortune.

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

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

**FACE.** Hurt it! 'tis the way  
To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more  
Follow'd and sought: Nab, thou shalt tell her this.  
She'll be more known, more talk'd of; and your widows  
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;  
Their honour is their multitude of suitors.  
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What!  
Thou dost not know.

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

**FACE.** What! and dost thou despair, my little Nab,  
Knowing what the doctor has set down for thee,  
And seeing so many of the city dubb'd?  
One glass o' thy water, with a madam I know,  
Will have it done, Nab: what's her brother, a knight?

**DRUG.** No, sir, a gentleman newly warm in his land, sir,  
Scarce cold in his one and twenty, that does govern  
His sister here; and is a man himself  
Of some three thousand a year, and is come up  
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits,  
And will go down again, and die in the country.

**FACE.** How! to quarrel?

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

**FACE.** 'Slid, Nab, the doctor is the only man  
In Christendom for him. He has made a table,  
With mathematical demonstrations,  
Touching the art of quarrels: he will give him  
An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring them both,  
Him and his sister. And, for thee, with her  
The doctor happ'ly may persuade. Go to:  
'Shalt give his worship a new damask suit  
Upon the premises.

ACT 2.

## The Alchemist

**SUB.** O, good captain!

**FACE.** He shall;  
He is the honestest fellow, doctor. Stay not,  
No offers; bring the damask, and the parties.

**DRUG.** I'll try my power, sir.

**FACE.** And thy will too, Nab.

**SUB.** 'Tis good tobacco, this! What is't an ounce?

**FACE.** He'll send you a pound, doctor.

**SUB.** O no.

**FACE.** He will do't.  
It is the goodest soul! Abel, about it.  
Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone.  
[EXIT ABEL.]  
A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,  
And has the worms. That was the cause, indeed,  
Why he came now: he dealt with me in private,  
To get a med'cine for them.

**SUB.** And shall, sir. This works.

**FACE.** A wife, a wife for one on us, my dear Subtle!  
We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails, shall have  
The more in goods, the other has in tail.

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

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

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

**FACE.** Content: but Dol must have no breath on't.

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

**FACE.** 'Pray God I have not staid too long.

**SUB.** I fear it.

[EXEUNT.]

ACT 2.

## ACT 3.

### SCENE 3.1. THE LANE BEFORE LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

ENTER TRIBULATION WHOLESOME AND ANANIAS.

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

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

**TRI.** I think him a profane person indeed.

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

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

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

**TRI.** Not always necessary:  
The children of perdition are oft-times  
Made instruments even of the greatest works:  
Beside, we should give somewhat to man's nature,  
The place he lives in, still about the fire,  
And fume of metals, that intoxicate  
The brain of man, and make him prone to passion.  
Where have you greater atheists than your cooks?  
Or more profane, or choleric, than your glass-men?  
More antichristian than your bell-founders?  
What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,  
Sathan, our common enemy, but his being  
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling  
Brimstone and arsenic? We must give, I say,  
Unto the motives, and the stirrers up



## The Alchemist

Of humours in the blood. It may be so,  
When as the work is done, the stone is made,  
This heat of his may turn into a zeal,  
And stand up for the beauteous discipline,  
Against the menstruous cloth and rag of Rome.  
We must await his calling, and the coming  
Of the good spirit. You did fault, t' upbraid him  
With the brethren's blessing of Heidelberg, weighing  
What need we have to hasten on the work,  
For the restoring of the silenced saints,  
Which ne'er will be, but by the philosopher's stone.  
And so a learned elder, one of Scotland,  
Assured me; aurum potabile being  
The only med'cine, for the civil magistrate,  
T' incline him to a feeling of the cause;  
And must be daily used in the disease.

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

**TRI.** Let us call on him then.

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

[THE DOOR IS OPENED, AND THEY ENTER.]

### SCENE 3.2. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

ENTER SUBTLE, FOLLOWED BY TRIBULATION AND ANANIAS.

**SUB.** O, are you come? 'twas time. Your threescore minutes  
Were at last thread, you see: and down had gone  
Furnus acediae, turris circulatorius:  
Lembec, bolt's-head, retort and pelican  
Had all been cinders. Wicked Ananias!  
Art thou return'd? nay then, it goes down yet.

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

SCENE 3.2. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

The Alchemist

**SUB.** Why, this doth qualify!

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

**SUB.** This qualifies more!

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

**SUB.** This qualifies most!  
Why, thus it should be, now you understand.  
Have I discours'd so unto you of our stone,  
And of the good that it shall bring your cause?  
Shew'd you (beside the main of hiring forces  
Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,  
From the Indies, to serve you, with all their fleet)  
That even the med'cinal use shall make you a faction,  
And party in the realm? As, put the case,  
That some great man in state, he have the gout,  
Why, you but send three drops of your elixir,  
You help him straight: there you have made a friend.  
Another has the palsy or the dropsy,  
He takes of your incombustible stuff,  
He's young again: there you have made a friend,  
A lady that is past the feat of body,  
Though not of mind, and hath her face decay'd  
Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore,  
With the oil of talc: there you have made a friend;  
And all her friends. A lord that is a leper,  
A knight that has the bone-ache, or a squire  
That hath both these, you make them smooth and sound,  
With a bare fricace of your med'cine: still  
You increase your friends.

**TRI.** Ay, it is very pregnant.

**SUB.** And then the turning of this lawyer's pewter  
To plate at Christmas.

**ANA.** Christ-tide, I pray you.

**SUB.** Yet, Ananias!

**ANA.** I have done.

**SUB.** Or changing

SCENE 3.2. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

## The Alchemist

His parcel gilt to massy gold. You cannot  
But raise you friends. Withal, to be of power  
To pay an army in the field, to buy  
The king of France out of his realms, or Spain  
Out of his Indies. What can you not do  
Against lords spiritual or temporal,  
That shall oppone you?

**TRI.** Verily, 'tis true.  
We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it.

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

**ANA.** Bells are profane; a tune may be religious.

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

**TRI.** I pray you, sir.

**SUB.** All shall perish. I have spoken it.

**TRI.** Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes; the man  
He stands corrected: neither did his zeal,  
But as your self, allow a tune somewhere.  
Which now, being tow'rd the stone, we shall not need.

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

**ANA.** It is indeed an idol.

The Alchemist

**TRI.** Mind him not, sir.  
I do command thee, spirit of zeal, but trouble,  
To peace within him! Pray you, sir, go on.

**SUB.** Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the prelates,  
And shorten so your ears against the hearing  
Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor of necessity  
Rail against plays, to please the alderman  
Whose daily custard you devour; nor lie  
With zealous rage till you are hoarse. Not one  
Of these so singular arts. Nor call yourselves  
By names of Tribulation, Persecution,  
Restraint, Long-patience, and such-like, affected  
By the whole family or wood of you,  
Only for glory, and to catch the ear  
Of the disciple.

**TRI.** Truly, sir, they are  
Ways that the godly brethren have invented,  
For propagation of the glorious cause,  
As very notable means, and whereby also  
Themselves grow soon, and profitably, famous.

**SUB.** O, but the stone, all's idle to it! nothing!  
The art of angels' nature's miracle,  
The divine secret that doth fly in clouds  
From east to west: and whose tradition  
Is not from men, but spirits.

**ANA.** I hate traditions;  
I do not trust them

**TRI.** Peace!

**ANA.** They are popish all.  
I will not peace: I will not

**TRI.** Ananias!

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

**SUB.** Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome.

**TRI.** It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him, sir;  
But truly, else, a very faithful brother,  
A botcher, and a man, by revelation,  
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.

**SUB.** Has he a competent sum there in the bag  
To buy the goods within? I am made guardian,  
And must, for charity, and conscience sake,

SCENE 3.2. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

## The Alchemist

Now see the most be made for my poor orphan;  
Though I desire the brethren too good gainers:  
There they are within. When you have view'd and bought 'em,  
And ta'en the inventory of what they are,  
They are ready for projection; there's no more  
To do: cast on the med'cine, so much silver  
As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,  
I'll give't you in by weight.

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

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

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

**SUB.** Yes, my good Ananias.

**TRI.** What will the orphan's goods arise to, think you?

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

**TRI.** How?

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

**TRI.** Can you so?

**SUB.** Ay, and shall 'bide the third examination.

**ANA.** It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.

**SUB.** But you must carry it secret.

**TRI.** Ay; but stay,

SCENE 3.2. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

## The Alchemist

This act of coining, is it lawful?

**ANA.** Lawful!

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

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

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

**ANA.** 'Tis, sir.

**TRI.** Truly, I take it so.

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

**TRI.** I'll make a question of it to the brethren.

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

[KNOCKING WITHOUT.]

**SUB.** For that we'll talk anon.  
There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you,  
And view the parcels. That's the inventory.  
I'll come to you straight.  
[EXEUNT TRIB. AND ANA.]  
Who is it? Face! appear.  
[ENTER FACE IN HIS UNIFORM.]  
How now! good prize?

**FACE.** Good pox! yond' costive cheater  
Never came on.

**SUB.** How then?

**FACE.** I have walk'd the round  
Till now, and no such thing.

**SUB.** And have you quit him?

**FACE.** Quit him! an hell would quit him too, he were happy.  
'Slight! would you have me stalk like a mill-jade,  
All day, for one that will not yield us grains?  
I know him of old.

SCENE 3.2. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

The Alchemist

**SUB.** O, but to have gull'd him,  
Had been a mastery.

**FACE.** Let him go, black boy!  
And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess thee.  
A noble count, a don of Spain, my dear  
Delicious compeer, and my party-bawd,  
Who is come hither private for his conscience,  
And brought munition with him, six great slops,  
Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round trunks,  
Furnished with pistols, and pieces of eight,  
Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath,  
(That is the colour,) and to make his battery  
Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinque-port,  
Our Dover pier, our what thou wilt. Where is she?  
She must prepare perfumes, delicate linen,  
The bath in chief, a banquet, and her wit,  
For she must milk his epididimis.  
Where is the doxy?

**SUB.** I'll send her to thee:  
And but despatch my brace of little John Leydens,  
And come again my self.

**FACE.** Are they within then?

**SUB.** Numbering the sum.

**FACE.** How much?

**SUB.** A hundred marks, boy.

[EXIT.]

**FACE.** Why, this is a lucky day. Ten pounds of Mammon!  
Three of my clerk! A portague of my grocer!  
This of the brethren! beside reversions,  
And states to come in the widow, and my count!  
My share to-day will not be bought for forty

[ENTER DOL.]

**DOL.** What?

**FACE.** Pounds, dainty Dorothy! art thou so near?

**DOL.** Yes; say, lord general, how fares our camp?

**FACE.** As with the few that had entrench'd themselves  
Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol,  
And laugh'd within those trenches, and grew fat

SCENE 3.2. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

## The Alchemist

With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in  
Daily by their small parties. This dear hour,  
A doughty don is taken with my Dol;  
And thou mayst make his ransom what thou wilt,  
My Dousabel; he shall be brought here fetter'd  
With thy fair looks, before he sees thee; and thrown  
In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon;  
Where thou shalt keep him waking with thy drum;  
Thy drum, my Dol, thy drum; till he be tame  
As the poor black-birds were in the great frost,  
Or bees are with a bason; and so hive him  
In the swan-skin coverlid, and cambric sheets,  
Till he work honey and wax, my little God's-gift.

**DOL.** What is he, general?

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

**DOL.** No.

**FACE.** Nor my Drugger?

**DOL.** Neither.

**FACE.** A pox on 'em,  
They are so long a furnishing! such stinkards  
Would not be seen upon these festival days.  
[RE-ENTER SUBTLE.]  
How now! have you done?

**SUB.** Done. They are gone: the sum  
Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew  
Another chapman now would buy 'em outright.

**FACE.** 'Slid, Nab shall do't against he have the widow,  
To furnish household.

**SUB.** Excellent, well thought on:  
Pray God he come!

**FACE.** I pray he keep away  
Till our new business be o'erpast.

**SUB.** But, Face,  
How cam'st thou by this secret don?

**FACE.** A spirit  
Brought me th' intelligence in a paper here,  
As I was conjuring yonder in my circle  
For Surly; I have my flies abroad. Your bath

SCENE 3.2. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.



## The Alchemist

Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol,  
You must go tune your virginal, no losing  
O' the least time: and, do you hear? good action.  
Firk, like a flounder; kiss, like a scallop, close;  
And tickle him with thy mother tongue. His great  
Verdugoship has not a jot of language;  
So much the easier to be cozen'd, my Dolly.  
He will come here in a hired coach, obscure,  
And our own coachman, whom I have sent as guide,  
No creature else.  
[KNOCKING WITHOUT.]  
Who's that?

[EXIT DOL.]

**SUB.** It is not he?

**FACE.** O no, not yet this hour.

[RE-ENTER DOL.]

**SUB.** Who is't?

**DOL.** Dapper,  
Your clerk.

**FACE.** God's will then, queen of Fairy,  
On with your tire;  
[EXIT DOL.]  
and, doctor, with your robes.  
Let's dispatch him for God's sake.

**SUB.** 'Twill be long.

**FACE.** I warrant you, take but the cues I give you,  
It shall be brief enough.  
[GOES TO THE WINDOW.]  
'Slight, here are more!  
Abel, and I think the angry boy, the heir,  
That fain would quarrel.

**SUB.** And the widow?

**FACE.** No,  
Not that I see. Away!  
[EXIT SUB.]  
[ENTER DAPPER.]  
O sir, you are welcome.  
The doctor is within a moving for you;  
I have had the most ado to win him to it!  
He swears you'll be the darling of the dice:

SCENE 3.2. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

## The Alchemist

He never heard her highness dote till now.  
Your aunt has given you the most gracious words  
That can be thought on.

**DAP.** Shall I see her grace?

**FACE.** See her, and kiss her too.  
[ENTER ABEL, FOLLOWED BY KASTRIL.]  
What, honest Nab!  
Hast brought the damask?

**NAB.** No, sir; here's tobacco.

**FACE.** 'Tis well done, Nab; thou'lt bring the damask too?

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

**FACE.** Where's the widow?

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

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

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

**FACE.** Wherein, sir?

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

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

**KAS.** Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech  
Of the angry boys, and seen them take tobacco;  
And in his shop; and I can take it too.  
And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down  
And practise in the country.

**FACE.** Sir, for the duello,  
The doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,  
To the least shadow of a hair; and shew you  
An instrument he has of his own making,  
Wherewith no sooner shall you make report  
Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on't  
Most instantly, and tell in what degree  
Of safety it lies in, or mortality.

SCENE 3.2. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

The Alchemist

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

**KAS.** How! to take it?

**FACE.** Yes, in oblique he'll shew you, or in circle;  
But never in diameter. The whole town  
Study his theorems, and dispute them ordinarily  
At the eating academies.

**KAS.** But does he teach  
Living by the wits too?

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

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

**FACE.** For why, sir?

**KAS.** There's gaming there, and tricks.

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

**KAS.** Ay, 'twill spend a man.

**FACE.** Spend you! it will repair you when you are spent:  
How do they live by their wits there, that have vented  
Six times your fortunes?

**KAS.** What, three thousand a-year!

**FACE.** Ay, forty thousand.

**KAS.** Are there such?

**FACE.** Ay, sir,  
And gallants yet. Here's a young gentleman  
Is born to nothing,  
[POINTS TO DAPPER.]  
forty marks a year,  
Which I count nothing: he is to be initiated,  
And have a fly of the doctor. He will win you,

SCENE 3.2. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

## The Alchemist

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

**KAS.** Do you not gull one?

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

**KAS.** Will the doctor teach this?

**FACE.** He will do more, sir: when your land is gone,  
As men of spirit hate to keep earth long,  
In a vacation, when small money is stirring,  
And ordinaries suspended till the term,  
He'll shew a perspective, where on one side  
You shall behold the faces and the persons  
Of all sufficient young heirs in town,  
Whose bonds are current for commodity;  
On th' other side, the merchants' forms, and others,  
That without help of any second broker,  
Who would expect a share, will trust such parcels:  
In the third square, the very street and sign  
Where the commodity dwells, and does but wait  
To be deliver'd, be it pepper, soap,  
Hops, or tobacco, oatmeal, woad, or cheeses.  
All which you may so handle, to enjoy  
To your own use, and never stand obliged.

**KAS.** I'faith! is he such a fellow?

**FACE.** Why, Nab here knows him.

SCENE 3.2. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

The Alchemist

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

**KAS.** God's will, my suster shall see him.

**FACE.** I'll tell you, sir,  
What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange thing:  
By the way, you must eat no cheese, Nab, it breeds melancholy,  
And that same melancholy breeds worms; but pass it:  
He told me, honest Nab here was ne'er at tavern  
But once in's life!

**DRUG.** Truth, and no more I was not.

**FACE.** And then he was so sick

**DRUG.** Could he tell you that too?

**FACE.** How should I know it?

**DRUG.** In troth we had been a shooting,  
And had a piece of fat ram–mutton to supper,  
That lay so heavy o' my stomach

**FACE.** And he has no head  
To bear any wine; for what with the noise of the fidders,  
And care of his shop, for he dares keep no servants

**DRUG.** My head did so ach

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

**DRUG.** Yes, faith, she dwells in Sea–coal–lane, did cure me,  
With sodden ale, and pellitory of the wall;  
Cost me but two–pence. I had another sickness  
Was worse than that.

**FACE.** Ay, that was with the grief  
Thou took'st for being cess'd at eighteen–pence,  
For the water–work.

**DRUG.** In truth, and it was like  
T' have cost me almost my life.

**FACE.** Thy hair went off?

**DRUG.** Yes, sir; 'twas done for spight.

SCENE 3.2. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

The Alchemist

**FACE.** Nay, so says the doctor.

**KAS.** Pray thee, tobacco–boy, go fetch my suster;  
I'll see this learned boy before I go;  
And so shall she.

**FACE.** Sir, he is busy now:  
But if you have a sister to fetch hither,  
Perhaps your own pains may command her sooner;  
And he by that time will be free.

**KAS.** I go.

[EXIT.]

**FACE.** Drugger, she's thine: the damask!

[EXIT ABEL.]

Subtle and I  
Must wrestle for her.

[ASIDE.]

Come on, master Dapper,  
You see how I turn clients here away,  
To give your cause dispatch; have you perform'd  
The ceremonies were enjoin'd you?

**DAP.** Yes, of the vinegar,  
And the clean shirt.

**FACE.** 'Tis well: that shirt may do you  
More worship than you think. Your aunt's a–fire,  
But that she will not shew it, t' have a sight of you.  
Have you provided for her grace's servants?

**DAP.** Yes, here are six score Edward shillings.

**FACE.** Good!

**DAP.** And an old Harry's sovereign.

**FACE.** Very good!

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

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

**DAP.** I have some Philip and Maries.

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

SCENE 3.2. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

The Alchemist

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

**SUB** [IN A FEIGNED VOICE]. Is yet her grace's cousin come?

**FACE**. He is come.

**SUB**. And is he fasting?

**FACE**. Yes.

**SUB**. And hath cried hum?

**FACE**. Thrice, you must answer.

**DAP**. Thrice.

**SUB**. And as oft buz?

**FACE**. If you have, say.

**DAP**. I have.

**SUB**. Then, to her cuz,  
Hoping that he hath vinegar'd his senses,  
As he was bid, the Fairy queen dispenses,  
By me, this robe, the petticoat of fortune;  
Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.  
And though to fortune near be her petticoat,  
Yet nearer is her smock, the queen doth note:  
And therefore, ev'n of that a piece she hath sent  
Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent;  
And prays him for a scarf he now will wear it,  
With as much love as then her grace did tear it,  
About his eyes,  
[THEY BLIND HIM WITH THE RAG,]  
to shew he is fortunate.  
And, trusting unto her to make his state,  
He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him;  
Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt him.

**FACE**. She need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he has nothing,  
But what he will part withal as willingly,  
Upon her grace's word throw away your purse  
As she would ask it; handkerchiefs and all  
[HE THROWS AWAY, AS THEY BID HIM.]  
She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.  
If you have a ring about you, cast it off,  
Or a silver seal at your wrist; her grace will send  
Her fairies here to search you, therefore deal

SCENE 3.2. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

The Alchemist

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

**DAP.** Truly, there's all.

**FACE.** All what?

**DAP.** My money; truly.

**FACE.** Keep nothing that is transitory about you.

[ASIDE TO SUBTLE.]

Bid Dol play music.

[DOL PLAYS ON THE CITTERN WITHIN.]

Look, the elves are come.

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

[THEY PINCH HIM.]

**DAP.** O! I have a paper with a spur-ryal in't.

**FACE.** Ti, ti.

They knew't, they say.

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

**FACE.** Ti, ti-ti-ti.

[ASIDE TO SUB.]

In the other pocket.

**SUB.** Titi, titi, titi, titi.

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

[THEY PINCH HIM AGAIN.]

**DAP.** O, O!

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

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

Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies. Shew

You are innocent.

**DAP.** By this good light, I have nothing.

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

Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da;

and swears by the LIGHT when he is blinded.

**DAP.** By this good DARK, I have nothing but a half-crown

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

And a leaden heart I wore since she forsook me.

SCENE 3.2. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.



## The Alchemist

**FACE.** I thought 'twas something. And would you incur  
Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come,  
I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns.

[TAKES IT OFF.]

You may wear your leaden heart still.

[ENTER DOL HASTILY.]

How now!

**SUB.** What news, Dol?

**DOL.** Yonder's your knight, sir Mammon.

**FACE.** 'Ods lid, we never thought of him till now!  
Where is he?

**DOL.** Here hard by: he is at the door.

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

[EXIT DOL.]

He must not be sent back.

**FACE.** O, by no means.  
What shall we do with this same puffin here,  
Now he's on the spit?

**SUB.** Why, lay him back awhile,  
With some device.

[RE-ENTER DOL, WITH FACE'S CLOTHES.]

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

[KNOCKING WITHOUT.]

**FACE** [SPEAKS THROUGH THE KEYHOLE]. Who's there? sir Epicure,  
My master's in the way. Please you to walk  
Three or four turns, but till his back be turned,  
And I am for you. Quickly, Dol!

**SUB.** Her grace  
Commends her kindly to you, master Dapper.

**DAP.** I long to see her grace.

**SUB.** She now is set  
At dinner in her bed, and she has sent you  
From her own private trencher, a dead mouse,  
And a piece of gingerbread, to be merry withal,  
And stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting:  
Yet if you could hold out till she saw you, she says,  
It would be better for you.

SCENE 3.2. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

## The Alchemist

**FACE.** Sir, he shall  
Hold out, an 'twere this two hours, for her highness;  
I can assure you that. We will not lose  
All we have done.

**SUB.** He must not see, nor speak  
To any body, till then.

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

**SUB.** Of what?

**FACE.** Of gingerbread.  
Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her grace  
Thus far, shall not now crinkle for a little.  
Gape, sir, and let him fit you.

[THEY THRUST A GAG OF GINGERBREAD IN HIS MOUTH.]

**SUB.** Where shall we now  
Bestow him?

**DOL.** In the privy.

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

**FACE.** Are they perfumed, and his bath ready?

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

**FACE** [SPEAKING THROUGH THE KEYHOLE].  
Sir Epicure, I am yours, sir, by and by.

[EXEUNT WITH DAPPER.]

## ACT 4.

### SCENE 4.1. A ROOM IN LOVEWIT'S HOUSE.

ENTER FACE AND MAMMON.

ACT 4.

The Alchemist

**FACE.** O sir, you're come in the only finest time.

**MAM.** Where's master?

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

**MAM.** Into gold?

**FACE.** To gold and silver, sir.

**MAM.** Silver I care not for.

**FACE.** Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.

**MAM.** Where's the lady?

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

**MAM.** Hast thou?

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

**MAM.** I warrant thee.

**FACE.** Six men [sir] will not hold her down: and then,  
If the old man should hear or see you

**MAM.** Fear not.

**FACE.** The very house, sir, would run mad. You know it,  
How scrupulous he is, and violent,  
'Gainst the least act of sin. Physic, or mathematics,  
Poetry, state, or bawdry, as I told you,  
She will endure, and never startle; but  
No word of controversy.

**MAM.** I am school'd, good Ulen.

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

**MAM.** Let me alone:  
No herald, no, nor antiquary, Lungs,  
Shall do it better. Go.

**FACE [ASIDE].** Why, this is yet

ACT 4.

The Alchemist

A kind of modern happiness, to have  
Dol Common for a great lady.

[EXIT.]

**MAM.** Now, Epicure,  
Heighten thyself, talk to her all in gold;  
Rain her as many showers as Jove did drops  
Unto his Danae; shew the god a miser,  
Compared with Mammon. What! the stone will do't.

She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep gold;  
Nay, we will concumbere gold: I will be puissant,  
And mighty in my talk to her.  
[RE-ENTER FACE, WITH DOL RICHLY DRESSED.]  
Here she comes.

**FACE.** To him, Dol, suckle him. This is the noble knight,  
I told your ladyship

**MAM.** Madam, with your pardon,  
I kiss your vesture.

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

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

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

**FACE** [ASIDE]. Well said, my Guinea bird.

**MAM.** Right noble madam

**FACE** [ASIDE]. O, we shall have most fierce idolatry.

**MAM.** 'Tis your prerogative.

**DOL.** Rather your courtesy.

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

**DOL.** Blood we boast none, sir, a poor baron's daughter.

**MAM.** Poor! and gat you? profane not. Had your father  
Slept all the happy remnant of his life  
After that act, lien but there still, and panted,  
He had done enough to make himself, his issue,  
And his posterity noble.

The Alchemist

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

**MAM.** I do see  
The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost,  
Nor the drug money used to make your compound.  
There is a strange nobility in your eye,  
This lip, that chin! methinks you do resemble  
One of the Austriac princes.

**FACE.** Very like!  
[ASIDE.]  
Her father was an Irish costermonger.

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

**DOL.** Troth, and I have been liken'd  
To all these princes.

**FACE** [ASIDE]. I'll be sworn, I heard it.

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

**FACE** [ASIDE]. I'll in, and laugh.

[EXIT.]

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

**DOL.** O, you play the courtier.

**MAM.** Good lady, give me leave

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

**MAM.** To burn in this sweet flame;  
The phoenix never knew a nobler death.

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

**MAM.** By my soul

ACT 4.

The Alchemist

**DOL.** Nay, oaths are made of the same air, sir.

**MAM.** Nature  
Never bestow'd upon mortality  
A more unblamed, a more harmonious feature;  
She play'd the step-dame in all faces else:  
Sweet Madam, let me be particular

**DOL.** Particular, sir! I pray you know your distance.

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

**DOL.** Yes, sir; I study here the mathematics,  
And distillation.

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

**DOL.** Ay, and for his physic, sir

**MAM.** Above the art of Aesculapius,  
That drew the envy of the thunderer!  
I know all this, and more.

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

**MAM.** It is a noble humour; but this form  
Was not intended to so dark a use.  
Had you been crooked, foul, of some coarse mould  
A cloister had done well; but such a feature  
That might stand up the glory of a kingdom,  
To live recluse! is a mere soloecism,  
Though in a nunnery. It must not be.  
I muse, my lord your brother will permit it:  
You should spend half my land first, were I he.  
Does not this diamond better on my finger,  
Than in the quarry?

**DOL.** Yes.

## The Alchemist

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

**DOL.** In chains of adamant?

**MAM.** Yes, the strongest bands.  
And take a secret too here, by your side,  
Doth stand this hour, the happiest man in Europe.

**DOL.** You are contended, sir!

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

**DOL.** Say you so, sir Epicure?

**MAM.** Yes, and thou shalt prove it,  
Daughter of honour. I have cast mine eye  
Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty  
Above all styles.

**DOL.** You mean no treason, sir?

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

**DOL.** How, sir! have you that?

**MAM.** I am the master of the mystery.  
This day the good old wretch here o' the house  
Has made it for us: now he's at projection.  
Think therefore thy first wish now, let me hear it;  
And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower,  
But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,  
To get a nation on thee.

**DOL.** You are pleased, sir,  
To work on the ambition of our sex.

**MAM.** I am pleased the glory of her sex should know,  
This nook, here, of the Friars is no climate  
For her to live obscurely in, to learn  
Physic and surgery, for the constable's wife  
Of some odd hundred in Essex; but come forth,  
And taste the air of palaces; eat, drink  
The toils of empirics, and their boasted practice;  
Tincture of pearl, and coral, gold, and amber;  
Be seen at feasts and triumphs; have it ask'd,

ACT 4.

## The Alchemist

What miracle she is; set all the eyes  
Of court a–fire, like a burning glass,  
And work them into cinders, when the jewels  
Of twenty states adorn thee, and the light  
Strikes out the stars! that when thy name is mention'd,  
Queens may look pale; and we but shewing our love,  
Nero's Poppaea may be lost in story!  
Thus will we have it.

**DOL.** I could well consent, sir.  
But, in a monarchy, how will this be?  
The prince will soon take notice, and both seize  
You and your stone, it being a wealth unfit  
For any private subject.

**MAM.** If he knew it.

**DOL.** Yourself do boast it, sir.

**MAM.** To thee, my life.

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

**MAM.** 'Tis no idle fear.  
We'll therefore go withal, my girl, and live  
In a free state, where we will eat our mullets,  
Soused in high–country wines, sup pheasants' eggs,  
And have our cockles boil'd in silver shells;  
Our shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd,  
In a rare butter made of dolphins' milk,  
Whose cream does look like opals; and with these  
Delicate meats set ourselves high for pleasure,  
And take us down again, and then renew  
Our youth and strength with drinking the elixir,  
And so enjoy a perpetuity  
Of life and lust! And thou shalt have thy wardrobe  
Richer than nature's, still to change thy self,  
And vary oftener, for thy pride, than she,  
Or art, her wise and almost–equal servant.

[RE–ENTER FACE.]

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

**MAM.** Excellent! Lungs. There's for thee.

[GIVES HIM MONEY.]

ACT 4.



The Alchemist

**FACE.** But do you hear?  
Good sir, beware, no mention of the rabbins.

**MAM.** We think not on 'em.

[EXEUNT MAM. AND DOL.]

**FACE.** O, it is well, sir. Subtle!  
[ENTER SUBTLE.]  
Dost thou not laugh?

**SUB.** Yes; are they gone?

**FACE.** All's clear.

**SUB.** The widow is come.

**FACE.** And your quarrelling disciple?

**SUB.** Ay.

**FACE.** I must to my captainship again then.

**SUB.** Stay, bring them in first.

**FACE.** So I meant. What is she?  
A bonnibel?

**SUB.** I know not.

**FACE.** We'll draw lots:  
You'll stand to that?

**SUB.** What else?

**FACE.** O, for a suit,  
To fall now like a curtain, flap!

**SUB.** To the door, man.

**FACE.** You'll have the first kiss, 'cause I am not ready.

[EXIT.]

**SUB.** Yes, and perhaps hit you through both the nostrils.

**FACE** [WITHIN]. Who would you speak with?

**KAS** [WITHIN]. Where's the captain?

ACT 4.

The Alchemist

**FACE** [WITHIN]. Gone, sir,  
About some business.

**KAS** [WITHIN]. Gone!

**FACE** [WITHIN]. He'll return straight.  
But master doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

[ENTER KASTRIL, FOLLOWED BY DAME PLIANT.]

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

**KAS.** You lie.

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

**KAS.** Nay, that look you to,  
I am afore-hand.

**SUB.** O, this is no true grammar,  
And as ill logic! You must render causes, child,  
Your first and second intentions, know your canons  
And your divisions, moods, degrees, and differences,  
Your predicaments, substance, and accident,  
Series, extern and intern, with their causes,  
Efficient, material, formal, final,  
And have your elements perfect.

**KAS** [ASIDE]. What is this?  
The angry tongue he talks in?

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

**KAS.** How must I do then, sir?

**SUB.** I cry this lady mercy: she should first  
Have been saluted.

[KISSES HER.]

I do call you lady,  
Because you are to be one, ere't be long,  
My soft and buxom widow.

ACT 4.

The Alchemist

**KAS.** Is she, i'faith?

**SUB.** Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.

**KAS.** How know you?

**SUB.** By inspection on her forehead,  
And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted  
Often to make a judgment.  
[KISSES HER AGAIN.]  
'Slight, she melts  
Like a myrobolane: here is yet a line,  
In rivo frontis, tells me he is no knight.

**DAME P.** What is he then, sir?

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

**DAME P.** Brother,  
He's a rare man, believe me!

[RE-ENTER FACE, IN HIS UNIFORM.]

**KAS.** Hold your peace.  
Here comes the t'other rare man. 'Save you, captain.

**FACE.** Good master Kastril! Is this your sister?

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

**FACE.** I shall be proud to know you, lady.

[KISSES HER.]

**DAME P.** Brother,  
He calls me lady too.

**KAS.** Ay, peace: I heard it.

[TAKES HER ASIDE.]

**FACE.** The count is come.

**SUB.** Where is he?

ACT 4.

The Alchemist

**FACE.** At the door.

**SUB.** Why, you must entertain him.

**FACE.** What will you do  
With these the while?

**SUB.** Why, have them up, and shew them  
Some fustian book, or the dark glass.

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

[EXIT.]

**SUB.** Must you! ay, if your fortune will, you must.  
Come, sir, the captain will come to us presently:  
I'll have you to my chamber of demonstrations,  
Where I will shew you both the grammar and logic,  
And rhetoric of quarrelling; my whole method  
Drawn out in tables; and my instrument,  
That hath the several scales upon't, shall make you  
Able to quarrel at a straw's-breadth by moon-light.  
And, lady, I'll have you look in a glass,  
Some half an hour, but to clear your eye-sight,  
Against you see your fortune; which is greater,  
Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.

[EXIT, FOLLOWED BY KAST. AND DAME P.]

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

**FACE.** Where are you, doctor?

**SUB** [WITHIN]. I'll come to you presently.

**FACE.** I will have this same widow, now I have seen her,  
On any composition.

[RE-ENTER SUBTLE.]

**SUB.** What do you say?

**FACE.** Have you disposed of them?

**SUB.** I have sent them up.

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

**SUB.** Is that the matter?

ACT 4.

The Alchemist

**FACE.** Nay, but hear me.

**SUB.** Go to.

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

**FACE.** Nay, thou art so violent now Do but conceive,  
Thou art old, and canst not serve

**SUB.** Who cannot? I?

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

**FACE.** Nay,

But understand: I'll give you composition.

**SUB.** I will not treat with thee; what! sell my fortune?

'Tis better than my birth—right. Do not murmur:  
Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol  
Knows it directly.

**FACE.** Well, sir, I am silent.

Will you go help to fetch in Don in state?

[EXIT.]

**SUB.** I follow you, sir. We must keep Face in awe,

Or he will over—look us like a tyrant.

[RE—ENTER FACE, INTRODUCING SURLY DISGUISED AS A SPANIARD.]

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

**SUR.** Senores, beso las manos a vuestras mercedes.

**SUB.** Would you had stoop'd a little, and kist our anos!

**FACE.** Peace, Subtle.

**SUB.** Stab me; I shall never hold, man.

He looks in that deep ruff like a head in a platter,  
Serv'd in by a short cloke upon two trestles.

**FACE.** Or, what do you say to a collar of brawn, cut down  
Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife?

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

**FACE.** Perhaps some Fleming or some Hollander got him  
In d'Alva's time; count Egmont's bastard.

**SUB.** Don,

Your scurvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.

ACT 4.

The Alchemist

**SUR.** Gratia.

**SUB.** He speaks out of a fortification.  
Pray God he have no squibs in those deep sets.

**SUR.** Por dios, senores, muy linda casa!

**SUB.** What says he?

**FACE.** Praises the house, I think;  
I know no more but's action.

**SUB.** Yes, the casa,  
My precious Diego, will prove fair enough  
To cozen you in. Do you mark? you shall  
Be cozen'd, Diego.

**FACE.** Cozen'd, do you see,  
My worthy Donzel, cozen'd.

**SUR.** Entiendo.

**SUB.** Do you intend it? so do we, dear Don.  
Have you brought pistolets, or portagues,  
My solemn Don? Dost thou feel any?

**FACE** [FEELS HIS POCKETS]. Full.

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

**FACE.** Milked, in troth, sweet Don.

**SUB.** See all the monsters; the great lion of all, Don.

**SUR.** Con licencia, se puede ver a esta senora?

**SUB.** What talks he now?

**FACE.** Of the sennora.

**SUB.** O, Don,  
This is the lioness, which you shall see  
Also, my Don.

**FACE.** 'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do?

**SUB.** For what?

**FACE.** Why Dol's employ'd, you know.

ACT 4.

The Alchemist

**SUB.** That's true.

'Fore heaven, I know not: he must stay, that's all.

**FACE.** Stay! that he must not by no means.

**SUB.** No! why?

**FACE.** Unless you'll mar all. 'Slight, he will suspect it:

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

This is a travelled punk—master, and does know

All the delays; a notable hot rascal,

And looks already rampant.

**SUB.** 'Sdeath, and Mammon

Must not be troubled.

**FACE.** Mammon! in no case.

**SUB.** What shall we do then?

**FACE.** Think: you must be sudden.

**SUR.** Entiendo que la senora es tan hermosa, que codicio tan

verla, como la bien aventuranza de mi vida.

**FACE.** Mi vida! 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind of the widow.

What dost thou say to draw her to it, ha!

And tell her 'tis her fortune? all our venture

Now lies upon't. It is but one man more,

Which of us chance to have her: and beside,

There is no maidenhead to be fear'd or lost.

What dost thou think on't, Subtle?

**SUB.** Who. I? why

**FACE.** The credit of our house too is engaged.

**SUB.** You made me an offer for my share erewhile.

What wilt thou give me, i'faith?

**FACE.** O, by that light

I'll not buy now: You know your doom to me.

E'en take your lot, obey your chance, sir; win her,

And wear her out, for me.

**SUB.** 'Slight, I'll not work her then.

**FACE.** It is the common cause; therefore bethink you.

Dol else must know it, as you said.

The Alchemist

**SUB.** I care not.

**SUR.** Senores, porque se tarda tanto?

**SUB.** Faith, I am not fit, I am old.

**FACE.** That's now no reason, sir.

**SUR.** Puede ser de hazer burla de mi amor?

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

**SUB.** A plague of hell

**FACE.** Will you then do?

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

**FACE.** Yes, and I'll take her too with all her faults,  
Now I do think on't better.

**SUB.** With all my heart, sir;  
Am I discharged o' the lot?

**FACE.** As you please.

**SUB.** Hands.

[THEY TAKE HANDS.]

**FACE.** Remember now, that upon any change,  
You never claim her.

**SUB.** Much good joy, and health to you, sir,  
Marry a whore! fate, let me wed a witch first.

**SUR.** Por estas honradas barbas

**SUB.** He swears by his beard.  
Dispatch, and call the brother too.

[EXIT FACE.]

**SUR.** Tengo duda, senores, que no me hagan alguna traycion.

**SUB.** How, issue on? yes, praesto, sennor. Please you  
Enthratha the chambrata, worthy don:  
Where if you please the fates, in your bathada,  
You shall be soked, and stroked, and tubb'd and rubb'd,

ACT 4.



The Alchemist

And scrubb'd, and fubb'd, dear don, before you go.  
You shall in faith, my scurvy baboon don,  
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.  
I will the heartlier go about it now,  
And make the widow a punk so much the sooner,  
To be revenged on this impetuous Face:  
The quickly doing of it is the grace.

[EXEUNT SUB. AND SURLY.]

**SCENE 4.2. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.**

ENTER FACE, KASTRIL, AND DAME PLIANT.

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

**KAS.** To be a countess, say you, a Spanish countess, sir?

**DAME P.** Why, is that better than an English countess?

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

**KAS.** Nay, she is a fool, captain, you must pardon her.

**FACE.** Ask from your courtier, to your inns-of-court-man,  
To your mere milliner; they will tell you all,  
Your Spanish gennet is the best horse; your Spanish  
Stoup is the best garb; your Spanish beard  
Is the best cut; your Spanish ruffs are the best  
Wear; your Spanish pavin the best dance;  
Your Spanish titillation in a glove  
The best perfume: and for your Spanish pike,  
And Spanish blade, let your poor captain speak  
Here comes the doctor.

[ENTER SUBTLE, WITH A PAPER.]

**SUB.** My most honour'd lady,  
For so I am now to style you, having found  
By this my scheme, you are to undergo  
An honourable fortune, very shortly.  
What will you say now, if some

**FACE.** I have told her all, sir,  
And her right worshipful brother here, that she shall be

SCENE 4.2. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

A countess; do not delay them, sir; a Spanish countess.

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

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

**SUB.** Well then: nought rests  
But that she fit her love now to her fortune.

**DAME P.** Truly I shall never brook a Spaniard.

**SUB.** No!

**DAME P.** Never since eighty-eight could I abide them,  
And that was some three year afore I was born, in truth.

**SUB.** Come, you must love him, or be miserable,  
Choose which you will.

**FACE.** By this good rush, persuade her,  
She will cry strawberries else within this twelvemonth.

**SUB.** Nay, shads and mackerel, which is worse.

**FACE.** Indeed, sir!

**KAS.** Od's lid, you shall love him, or I'll kick you.

**DAME P.** Why,  
I'll do as you will have me, brother.

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

**FACE.** Nay, good sir,  
Be not so fierce.

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

**FACE.** And kiss'd, and ruffled!

**SUB.** Ay, behind the hangings.

**FACE.** And then come forth in pomp!

**SUB.** And know her state!

SCENE 4.2. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

**FACE.** Of keeping all the idolaters of the chamber  
Barer to her, than at their prayers!

**SUB.** Is serv'd  
Upon the knee!

**FACE.** And has her pages, ushers,  
Footmen, and coaches

**SUB.** Her six mares

**FACE.** Nay, eight!

**SUB.** To hurry her through London, to the Exchange,  
Bethlem, the china-houses

**FACE.** Yes, and have  
The citizens gape at her, and praise her tires,  
And my lord's goose-turd bands, that ride with her!

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

**DAME P.** I will not refuse, brother.

[ENTER SURLY.]

**SUR.** Que es esto, senores, que no venga?  
Esta tardanza me mata!

**FACE.** It is the count come:  
The doctor knew he would be here, by his art.

**SUB.** En gallanta madama, Don! gallantissima!

**SUR.** Por todos los dioses, la mas acabada hermosura, que he visto  
en mi vida!

**FACE.** Is't not a gallant language that they speak?

**KAS.** An admirable language! Is't not French?

**FACE.** No, Spanish, sir.

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

**FACE.** List, sir.

**SUR.** El sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el esplendor que trae

SCENE 4.2. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

esta dama! Valgame dios!

**FACE.** He admires your sister.

**KAS.** Must not she make curt'sy?

**SUB.** Ods will, she must go to him, man, and kiss him!  
It is the Spanish fashion, for the women  
To make first court.

**FACE.** 'Tis true he tells you, sir:  
His art knows all.

**SUR.** Porque no se acude?

**KAS.** He speaks to her, I think.

**FACE.** That he does, sir.

**SUR.** Por el amor de dios, que es esto que se tarda?

**KAS.** Nay, see: she will not understand him! gull,  
Noddy.

**DAME P.** What say you, brother?

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

**FACE.** O no, sir.

**SUR.** Senora mia, mi persona esta muy indigna de allegar  
a tanta hermosura.

**FACE.** Does he not use her bravely?

**KAS.** Bravely, i'faith!

**FACE.** Nay, he will use her better.

**KAS.** Do you think so?

**SUR.** Senora, si sera servida, entremonos.

[EXIT WITH DAME PLIANT.]

**KAS.** Where does he carry her?

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

SCENE 4.2. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

**SUB.** Give Dol the word.  
[ASIDE TO FACE, WHO GOES OUT.]  
Come, my fierce child, advance,  
We'll to our quarrelling lesson again.

**KAS.** Agreed.  
I love a Spanish boy with all my heart.

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

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

**SUB.** 'Pray God your sister prove but pliant!

**KAS.** Why,  
Her name is so, by her other husband.

**SUB.** How!

**KAS.** The widow Pliant. Knew you not that?

**SUB.** No, faith, sir;  
Yet, by erection of her figure, I guest it.  
Come, let's go practise.

**KAS.** Yes, but do you think, doctor,  
I e'er shall quarrel well?

**SUB.** I warrant you.

[EXEUNT.]

**SCENE 4.3. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.**

ENTER DOL IN HER FIT OF RAVING, FOLLOWED BY MAMMON.

**DOL.** "For after Alexander's death"

**MAM.** Good lady

**DOL.** "That Perdiccas and Antigonus, were slain,  
The two that stood, Seleuc', and Ptolomee"

SCENE 4.3. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

**MAM.** Madam

**DOL.** "Made up the two legs, and the fourth beast,  
That was Gog–north, and Egypt–south: which after  
Was call'd Gog–iron–leg and South–iron–leg"

**MAM.** Lady

**DOL.** "And then Gog–horned. So was Egypt, too:  
Then Egypt–clay–leg, and Gog–clay–leg"

**MAM.** Sweet madam

**DOL.** "And last Gog–dust, and Egypt–dust, which fall  
In the last link of the fourth chain. And these  
Be stars in story, which none see, or look at"

**MAM.** What shall I do?

**DOL.** "For," as he says, "except  
We call the rabbins, and the heathen Greeks"

**MAM.** Dear lady

**DOL.** "To come from Salem, and from Athens,  
And teach the people of Great Britain"

[ENTER FACE, HASTILY, IN HIS SERVANT'S DRESS.]

**FACE.** What's the matter, sir?

**DOL.** "To speak the tongue of Eber, and Javan"

**MAM.** O,  
She's in her fit.

**DOL.** "We shall know nothing"

**FACE.** Death, sir,  
We are undone!

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

**FACE.** My master will hear!

**DOL.** "A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high"

**MAM.** Sweet honourable lady!

SCENE 4.3. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

**DOL.** "To comprise  
All sounds of voices, in few marks of letters"

**FACE.** Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.

[THEY ALL SPEAK TOGETHER.]

**DOL.** "And so we may arrive by Talmud skill,  
And profane Greek, to raise the building up  
Of Helen's house against the Ismaelite,  
King of Thogarma, and his habergions  
Brimstony, blue, and fiery; and the force  
Of king Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim:  
Which rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos,  
And Aben Ezra do interpret Rome."

**FACE.** How did you put her into't?

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

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

**MAM.** Is't best?

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

**SUB** [WITHIN]. What's to do there?

**FACE.** O, we are lost! Now she hears him, she is quiet.

[ENTER SUBTLE, THEY RUN DIFFERENT WAYS.]

**MAM.** Where shall I hide me!

**SUB.** How! what sight is here?  
Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light!  
Bring him again. Who is he? What, my son!  
O, I have lived too long.

**MAM.** Nay, good, dear father,  
There was no unchaste purpose.

**SUB.** Not? and flee me  
When I come in?

**MAM.** That was my error.

SCENE 4.3. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

**SUB.** Error?

Guilt, guilt, my son: give it the right name. No marvel,  
If I found check in our great work within,  
When such affairs as these were managing!

**MAM.** Why, have you so?

**SUB.** It has stood still this half hour:  
And all the rest of our less works gone back.  
Where is the instrument of wickedness,  
My lewd false drudge?

**MAM.** Nay, good sir, blame not him;  
Believe me, 'twas against his will or knowledge:  
I saw her by chance.

**SUB.** Will you commit more sin,  
To excuse a varlet?

**MAM.** By my hope, 'tis true, sir.

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

**MAM.** Why, sir?

**SUB.** This will retard  
The work a month at least.

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

**SUB.** As they were,  
So the reward will prove.  
[A LOUD EXPLOSION WITHIN.]  
How now! ah me!  
God, and all saints be good to us.  
[RE-ENTER FACE.]  
What's that?

**FACE.** O, sir, we are defeated! all the works  
Are flown in fumo, every glass is burst;  
Furnace, and all rent down, as if a bolt  
Of thunder had been driven through the house.  
Retorts, receivers, pelicans, bolt-heads,  
All struck in shivers!  
[SUBTLE FALLS DOWN AS IN A SWOON.]  
Help, good sir! alas,

SCENE 4.3. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.



The Alchemist

Coldness and death invades him. Nay, sir Mammon,  
Do the fair offices of a man! you stand,  
As you were readier to depart than he.  
[KNOCKING WITHIN.]  
Who's there? my lord her brother is come.

**MAM.** Ha, Lungs!

**FACE.** His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight,  
For he's as furious as his sister's mad.

**MAM.** Alas!

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

**MAM.** Is all lost, Lungs? will nothing be preserv'd  
Of all our cost?

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

**MAM.** O, my voluptuous mind! I am justly punish'd.

**FACE.** And so am I, sir.

**MAM.** Cast from all my hopes

**FACE.** Nay, certainties, sir.

**MAM.** By mine own base affections.

**SUB** [SEEMING TO COME TO HIMSELF].  
O, the curst fruits of vice and lust!

**MAM.** Good father,  
It was my sin. Forgive it.

**SUB.** Hangs my roof  
Over us still, and will not fall, O justice,  
Upon us, for this wicked man!

**FACE.** Nay, look, sir,  
You grieve him now with staying in his sight:  
Good sir, the nobleman will come too, and take you,  
And that may breed a tragedy.

**MAM.** I'll go.

**FACE.** Ay, and repent at home, sir. It may be,  
For some good penance you may have it yet;

SCENE 4.3. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

A hundred pound to the box at Bethlem

**MAM.** Yes.

**FACE.** For the restoring such as have their wits.

**MAM.** I'll do't.

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

**MAM.** Do.

Is no projection left?

**FACE.** All flown, or stinks, sir.

**MAM.** Will nought be sav'd that's good for med'cine,  
think'st thou?

**FACE.** I cannot tell, sir. There will be perhaps,  
Something about the scraping of the shards,  
Will cure the itch, though not your itch of mind, sir.  
[ASIDE.]  
It shall be saved for you, and sent home. Good sir,  
This way, for fear the lord should meet you.

[EXIT MAMMON.]

**SUB** [RAISING HIS HEAD]. Face!

**FACE.** Ay.

**SUB.** Is he gone?

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

**SUB** [LEAPING UP]. Ay, as balls, and bound  
And hit our heads against the roof for joy:  
There's so much of our care now cast away.

**FACE.** Now to our don.

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

**FACE.** Good sir.

**SUB.** Off with your case,  
And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should,

SCENE 4.3. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

## The Alchemist

After these common hazards.

**FACE.** Very well, sir.

Will you go fetch Don Diego off, the while?

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

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

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

I pray you prove your virtue.

**SUB.** For your sake sir.

[EXEUNT.]

### SCENE 4.4. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

[ENTER SURLY AND DAME PLIANT.]

**SUR.** Lady, you see into what hands you are fall'n;  
'Mongst what a nest of villains! and how near  
Your honour was t' have catch'd a certain clap,  
Through your credulity, had I but been  
So punctually forward, as place, time,  
And other circumstances would have made a man;  
For you're a handsome woman: would you were wise too!  
I am a gentleman come here disguised,  
Only to find the knaveries of this citadel;  
And where I might have wrong'd your honour, and have not,  
I claim some interest in your love. You are,  
They say, a widow, rich: and I'm a batchelor,  
Worth nought: your fortunes may make me a man,  
As mine have preserv'd you a woman. Think upon it,  
And whether I have deserv'd you or no.

**DAME P.** I will, sir.

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

[ENTER SUBTLE.]

**SUB.** How doth my noble Diego,  
And my dear madam countess? hath the count  
Been courteous, lady? liberal, and open?  
Donzel, methinks you look melancholic,

SCENE 4.4. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

## The Alchemist

After your coitum, and scurvy: truly,  
I do not like the dulness of your eye;  
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis upsee Dutch,  
And says you are a lumpish whore-master.  
Be lighter, and I will make your pockets so.  
[ATTEMPTS TO PICK THEM.]

**SUR** [THROWS OPEN HIS CLOAK]. Will you, don bawd and  
pickpurse?  
[STRIKES HIM DOWN.]  
how now! reel you?  
Stand up, sir, you shall find, since I am so heavy,  
I'll give you equal weight.

**SUB.** Help! murder!

**SUR.** No, sir,  
There's no such thing intended: a good cart,  
And a clean whip shall ease you of that fear.  
I am the Spanish don "that should be cozen'd,  
Do you see, cozen'd?" Where's your Captain Face,  
That parcel broker, and whole-bawd, all rascal!

[ENTER FACE, IN HIS UNIFORM.]

**FACE.** How, Surly!

**SUR.** O, make your approach, good captain.  
I have found from whence your copper rings and spoons  
Come, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in taverns.  
'Twas here you learned t' anoint your boot with brimstone,  
Then rub men's gold on't for a kind of touch,  
And say 'twas naught, when you had changed the colour,  
That you might have't for nothing. And this doctor,  
Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he  
Will close you so much gold, in a bolt's-head,  
And, on a turn, convey in the stead another  
With sublimed mercury, that shall burst in the heat,  
And fly out all in fumo! Then weeps Mammon;  
Then swoons his worship.

[FACE SLIPS OUT.]

Or, he is the Faustus,  
That casteth figures and can conjure, cures  
Plagues, piles, and pox, by the ephemerides,  
And holds intelligence with all the bawds  
And midwives of three shires: while you send in  
Captain! what! is he gone? damsels with child,  
Wives that are barren, or the waiting-maid  
With the green sickness.

[SEIZES SUBTLE AS HE IS RETIRING.]

Nay, sir, you must tarry,

SCENE 4.4. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

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

[RE-ENTER FACE, WITH KASTRIL.]

**FACE.** Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel  
Well, as they say, and be a true-born child:  
The doctor and your sister both are abused.

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

**SUR.** I should be loth, sir,  
To confess so much.

**KAS.** Then you lie in your throat.

**SUR.** How!

**FACE** [TO KASTRIL]. A very errant rogue, sir, and a cheater,  
Employ'd here by another conjurer  
That does not love the doctor, and would cross him,  
If he knew how.

**SUR.** Sir, you are abused.

**KAS.** You lie:  
And 'tis no matter.

**FACE.** Well said, sir! He is  
The impudent'st rascal

**SUR.** You are indeed: Will you hear me, sir?

**FACE.** By no means: bid him be gone.

**KAS.** Begone, sir, quickly.

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

**FACE.** There is not such a foist in all the town,  
The doctor had him presently; and finds yet,  
The Spanish count will come here.

[ASIDE.]

Bear up, Subtle.

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

**FACE.** And yet this rogue would come in a disguise,  
By the temptation of another spirit,  
To trouble our art, though he could not hurt it!

SCENE 4.4. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

## The Alchemist

**KAS.** Ay,  
I know Away,  
[TO HIS SISTER.]  
you talk like a foolish mauther.

**SUR.** Sir, all is truth she says.

**FACE.** Do not believe him, sir.  
He is the lying'st swabber! Come your ways, sir.

**SUR.** You are valiant out of company!

**KAS.** Yes, how then, sir?

[ENTER DRUGGER, WITH A PIECE OF DAMASK.]

**FACE.** Nay, here's an honest fellow, too, that knows him,  
And all his tricks. Make good what I say, Abel,  
This cheater would have cozen'd thee o' the widow.  
[ASIDE TO DRUG.]  
He owes this honest Druggier here, seven pound,  
He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of tobacco.

**DRUG.** Yes, sir.  
And he has damn'd himself three terms to pay me.

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

**DRUG.** Thirty shillings, sir;  
And for six syringes.

**SUR.** Hydra of villainy!

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

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

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

**KAS.** It is my humour: you are a pimp and a trig,  
And an Amadis de Gaul, or a Don Quixote.

**DRUG.** Or a knight o' the curious coxcomb, do you see?

[ENTER ANANIAS.]

**ANA.** Peace to the household!

SCENE 4.4. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

**KAS.** I'll keep peace for no man.

**ANA.** Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.

**KAS.** Is he the constable?

**SUB.** Peace, Ananias.

**FACE.** No, sir.

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

**SUR.** You'll hear me, sir?

**KAS.** I will not.

**ANA.** What is the motive?

**SUB.** Zeal in the young gentleman,  
Against his Spanish slops.

**ANA.** They are profane,  
Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.

**SUR.** New rascals!

**KAS.** Will you begone, sir?

**ANA.** Avoid, Sathan!  
Thou art not of the light: That ruff of pride  
About thy neck, betrays thee; and is the same  
With that which the unclean birds, in seventy–seven,  
Were seen to prank it with on divers coasts:  
Thou look'st like antichrist, in that lewd hat.

**SUR.** I must give way.

**KAS.** Be gone, sir.

**SUR.** But I'll take  
A course with you

**ANA.** Depart, proud Spanish fiend!

**SUR.** Captain and doctor.

**ANA.** Child of perdition!

**KAS.** Hence, sir!

SCENE 4.4. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

[EXIT SURLY.]

Did I not quarrel bravely?

**FACE.** Yes, indeed, sir.

**KAS.** Nay, an I give my mind to't, I shall do't.

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

**KAS.** I'll re--turn him then.

[EXIT.]

[SUBTLE TAKES ANANIAS ASIDE.]

**FACE.** Druggger, this rogue prevented us for thee:  
We had determin'd that thou should'st have come  
In a Spanish suit, and have carried her so; and he,  
A brokerly slave! goes, puts it on himself.  
Hast brought the damask?

**DRUG.** Yes, sir.

**FACE.** Thou must borrow  
A Spanish suit. Hast thou no credit with the players?

**DRUG.** Yes, sir; did you never see me play the Fool?

**FACE.** I know not, Nab: Thou shalt, if I can help it.

[ASIDE.]

Hieronimo's old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve;  
I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em.

[EXIT DRUGGER.]

**ANA.** Sir, I know

The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath spies  
Upon their actions: and that this was one  
I make no scruple. But the holy synod  
Have been in prayer and meditation for it;  
And 'tis revealed no less to them than me,  
That casting of money is most lawful.

**SUB.** True.

But here I cannot do it: if the house  
Shou'd chance to be suspected, all would out,  
And we be locked up in the Tower for ever,  
To make gold there for the state, never come out;  
And then are you defeated.

**ANA.** I will tell

SCENE 4.4. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.



## The Alchemist

This to the elders and the weaker brethren,  
That the whole company of the separation  
May join in humble prayer again.

**SUB.** And fasting.

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

[EXIT.]

**SUB.** Thanks, courteous Ananias.

**FACE.** What did he come for?

**SUB.** About casting dollars,  
Presently out of hand. And so I told him,  
A Spanish minister came here to spy,  
Against the faithful

**FACE.** I conceive. Come, Subtle,  
Thou art so down upon the least disaster!  
How wouldst thou ha' done, if I had not help't thee out?

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

**FACE.** Who would have look'd it should have been that rascal,  
Surly? he had dyed his beard and all. Well, sir.  
Here's damask come to make you a suit.

**SUB.** Where's Drugger?

**FACE.** He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habit;  
I'll be the count, now.

**SUB.** But where's the widow?

**FACE.** Within, with my lord's sister; madam Dol  
Is entertaining her.

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

**FACE.** You will not offer it.

**SUB.** Why?

**FACE.** Stand to your word,  
Or here comes Dol, she knows

**SUB.** You are tyrannous still.

SCENE 4.4. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

[ENTER DOL, HASTILY.]

**FACE.** Strict for my right. How now, Dol!  
Hast [thou] told her,  
The Spanish count will come?

**DOL.** Yes; but another is come,  
You little look'd for!

**FACE.** Who's that?

**DOL.** Your master;  
The master of the house.

**SUB.** How, Dol!

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

**DOL.** Look out, and see.

[FACE GOES TO THE WINDOW.]

**SUB.** Art thou in earnest?

**DOL.** 'Slight,  
Forty of the neighbours are about him, talking.

**FACE.** 'Tis he, by this good day.

**DOL.** 'Twill prove ill day  
For some on us.

**FACE.** We are undone, and taken.

**DOL.** Lost, I'm afraid.

**SUB.** You said he would not come,  
While there died one a week within the liberties.

**FACE.** No: 'twas within the walls.

**SUB.** Was't so! cry you mercy.  
I thought the liberties. What shall we do now, Face?

**FACE.** Be silent: not a word, if he call or knock.  
I'll into mine old shape again and meet him,  
Of Jeremy, the butler. In the mean time,  
Do you two pack up all the goods and purchase,  
That we can carry in the two trunks. I'll keep him

SCENE 4.4. ANOTHER ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

Off for to-day, if I cannot longer: and then  
At night, I'll ship you both away to Ratcliff,  
Where we will meet to-morrow, and there we'll share.  
Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the cellar;  
We'll have another time for that. But, Dol,  
'Prythee go heat a little water quickly;  
Subtle must shave me: all my captain's beard  
Must off, to make me appear smooth Jeremy.  
You'll do it?

**SUB.** Yes, I'll shave you, as well as I can.

**FACE.** And not cut my throat, but trim me?

**SUB.** You shall see, sir.

[EXEUNT.]

**ACT 5.**

**SCENE 5.1. BEFORE LOVEWIT'S DOOR.**

ENTER LOVEWIT, WITH SEVERAL OF THE NEIGHBOURS.

**LOVE.** Has there been such resort, say you?

**1 NEI.** Daily, sir.

**2 NEI.** And nightly, too.

**3 NEI.** Ay, some as brave as lords.

**4 NEI.** Ladies and gentlewomen.

**5 NEI.** Citizens' wives.

**1 NEI.** And knights.

**6 NEI.** In coaches.

**2 NEI.** Yes, and oyster women.

**1 NEI.** Beside other gallants.

ACT 5.

**3 NEI.** Sailors' wives.

**4 NEI.** Tobacco men.

**5 NEI.** Another Pimlico!

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

**6 NEI.** No, sir.

**3 NEI.** We had gone in then, sir.

**LOVE.** He has no gift  
Of teaching in the nose that e'er I knew of.  
You saw no bills set up that promised cure  
Of agues, or the tooth-ach?

**2 NEI.** No such thing, sir!

**LOVE.** Nor heard a drum struck for baboons or puppets?

**5 NEI.** Neither, sir.

**LOVE.** What device should he bring forth now?  
I love a teeming wit as I love my nourishment:  
'Pray God he have not kept such open house,  
That he hath sold my hangings, and my bedding!  
I left him nothing else. If he have eat them,  
A plague o' the moth, say I! Sure he has got  
Some bawdy pictures to call all this ging!  
The friar and the nun; or the new motion  
Of the knight's courser covering the parson's mare;  
Or 't may be, he has the fleas that run at tilt  
Upon a table, or some dog to dance.  
When saw you him?

**1 NEI.** Who, sir, Jeremy?

**2 NEI.** Jeremy butler?  
We saw him not this month.

**LOVE.** How!

**4 NEI.** Not these five weeks, sir.

**6 NEI.** These six weeks at the least.

The Alchemist

**LOVE.** You amaze me, neighbours!

**5 NEI.** Sure, if your worship know not where he is,  
He's slipt away.

**6 NEI.** Pray God, he be not made away.

**LOVE.** Ha! it's no time to question, then.

[KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.]

**6 NEI.** About  
Some three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry,  
As I sat up a mending my wife's stockings.

**LOVE.** 'Tis strange that none will answer! Didst thou hear  
A cry, sayst thou?

**6 NEI.** Yes, sir, like unto a man  
That had been strangled an hour, and could not speak.

**2 NEI.** I heard it too, just this day three weeks, at two o'clock  
Next morning.

**LOVE.** These be miracles, or you make them so!  
A man an hour strangled, and could not speak,  
And both you heard him cry?

**3 NEI.** Yes, downward, sir.

Love, Thou art a wise fellow. Give me thy hand, I pray thee.  
What trade art thou on?

**3 NEI.** A smith, an't please your worship.

**LOVE.** A smith! then lend me thy help to get this door open.

**3 NEI.** That I will presently, sir, but fetch my tools

[EXIT.]

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

**LOVE** [KNOCKS AGAIN]. I will.

[ENTER FACE, IN HIS BUTLER'S LIVERY.]

**FACE.** What mean you, sir?

1, 2, 4 NEI. O, here's Jeremy!

ACT 5.

The Alchemist

**FACE.** Good sir, come from the door.

**LOVE.** Why, what's the matter?

**FACE.** Yet farther, you are too near yet.

**LOVE.** In the name of wonder,  
What means the fellow!

**FACE.** The house, sir, has been visited.

**LOVE.** What, with the plague? stand thou then farther.

**FACE.** No, sir,  
I had it not.

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

**FACE.** Yes, sir, my fellow,  
The cat that kept the buttry, had it on her  
A week before I spied it; but I got her  
Convey'd away in the night: and so I shut  
The house up for a month

**LOVE.** How!

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

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

**FACE.** How, sir!

**LOVE.** Gallants, men and women,  
And of all sorts, tag–rag, been seen to flock here  
In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hogsden,  
In days of Pimlico and Eye–bright.

**FACE.** Sir,  
Their wisdoms will not say so.

**LOVE.** To–day they speak  
Of coaches and gallants; one in a French hood  
Went in, they tell me; and another was seen  
In a velvet gown at the window: divers more  
Pass in and out.

ACT 5.

The Alchemist

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

**LOVE.** Strange!

**1 NEI.** Good faith, I think I saw a coach.

**2 NEI.** And I too,  
I'd have been sworn.

**LOVE.** Do you but think it now?  
And but one coach?

**4 NEI.** We cannot tell, sir: Jeremy  
Is a very honest fellow.

**FACE.** Did you see me at all?

**1 NEI.** No; that we are sure on.

**2 NEI.** I'll be sworn o' that.

**LOVE.** Fine rogues to have your testimonies built on!

[RE-ENTER THIRD NEIGHBOUR, WITH HIS TOOLS.]

**3 NEI.** Is Jeremy come!

**1 NEI.** O yes; you may leave your tools;  
We were deceived, he says.

**2 NEI.** He has had the keys;  
And the door has been shut these three weeks.

**3 NEI.** Like enough.

**LOVE.** Peace, and get hence, you changelings.

[ENTER SURLY AND MAMMON.]

**FACE** [ASIDE]. Surly come!  
And Mammon made acquainted! they'll tell all.

ACT 5.

## The Alchemist

How shall I beat them off? what shall I do?  
Nothing's more wretched than a guilty conscience.

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

**MAM.** Nay, good Surly.

**SUR.** The happy word, BE RICH

**MAM.** Play not the tyrant.

**SUR.** "Should be to-day pronounced to all your friends."  
And where be your andirons now? and your brass pots,  
That should have been golden flagons, and great wedges?

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

**SUR.** Ay, now 'tis holiday with them.

**MAM.** Rogues,  
[HE AND SURLY KNOCK.]  
Cozeners, impostors, bawds!

**FACE.** What mean you, sir?

**MAM.** To enter if we can.

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

**MAM.** Are you, sir, the owner?

**LOVE.** Yes, sir.

**MAM.** And are those knaves within your cheaters!

**LOVE.** What knaves, what cheaters?

**MAM.** Subtle and his Lungs.

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

**SUR.** Your word,  
Groom arrogant!

ACT 5.



The Alchemist

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

**SUR.** This is a new Face.

**FACE.** You do mistake the house, sir:  
What sign was't at?

**SUR.** You rascal! this is one  
Of the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,  
And force the door.

**LOVE.** 'Pray you stay, gentlemen.

**SUR.** No, sir, we'll come with warrant.

**MAM.** Ay, and then  
We shall have your doors open.

[EXEUNT MAM. AND SUR.]

**LOVE.** What means this?

**FACE.** I cannot tell, sir.

I NEI. These are two of the gallants  
That we do think we saw.

**FACE.** Two of the fools!  
Your talk as idly as they. Good faith, sir,  
I think the moon has crazed 'em all.

[ASIDE.]

O me,

[ENTER KASTRIL.]

The angry boy come too! He'll make a noise,  
And ne'er away till he have betray'd us all.

**KAS** [KNOCKING]. What rogues, bawds, slaves,  
you'll open the door, anon!  
Punk, cockatrice, my suster! By this light  
I'll fetch the marshal to you. You are a whore  
To keep your castle

**FACE.** Who would you speak with, sir?

**KAS.** The bawdy doctor, and the cozening captain,  
And puss my suster.

**LOVE.** This is something, sure.

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

ACT 5.

The Alchemist

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

**LOVE.** Here comes another.

[ENTER ANANIAS AND TRIBULATION.]

**FACE.** Ananias too!  
And his pastor!

**TRI** [BEATING AT THE DOOR]. The doors are shut against us.

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

**KAS.** Ay, my suster's there.

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

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

**TRI.** You shall do well.

**ANA.** We'll join to weed them out.

**KAS.** You will not come then, punk devise, my sister!

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

**KAS.** I'll raise the street.

**LOVE.** Good gentlemen, a word.

**ANA.** Satan avoid, and hinder not our zeal!

[EXEUNT ANA., TRIB., AND KAST.]

**LOVE.** The world's turn'd Bethlem.

**FACE.** These are all broke loose,  
Out of St. Katherine's, where they use to keep  
The better sort of mad-folks.

**1 NEI.** All these persons  
We saw go in and out here.

**2 NEI.** Yes, indeed, sir.

ACT 5.

The Alchemist

**3 NEI.** These were the parties.

**FACE.** Peace, you drunkards! Sir,  
I wonder at it: please you to give me leave  
To touch the door, I'll try an the lock be chang'd.

**LOVE.** It mazes me!

**FACE** [GOES TO THE DOOR]. Good faith, sir, I believe  
There's no such thing: 'tis all deceptio visus.  
[ASIDE.]  
Would I could get him away.

**DAP** [WITHIN]. Master captain! master doctor!

**LOVE.** Who's that?

**FACE.** Our clerk within, that I forgot!  
[ASIDE.]  
I know not, sir.

**DAP** [WITHIN]. For God's sake, when will her grace be at leisure?

**FACE.** Ha!  
Illusions, some spirit o' the air  
[ASIDE.]  
His gag is melted,  
And now he sets out the throat.

**DAP** [WITHIN]. I am almost stifled

**FACE** [ASIDE]. Would you were altogether.

**LOVE.** 'Tis in the house.  
Ha! list.

**FACE.** Believe it, sir, in the air.

**LOVE.** Peace, you.

**DAP** [WITHIN]. Mine aunt's grace does not use me well.

**SUB** [WITHIN]. You fool,  
Peace, you'll mar all.

**FACE** [SPEAKS THROUGH THE KEYHOLE,  
WHILE LOVEWIT ADVANCES TO THE DOOR UNOBSERVED].  
Or you will else, you rogue.

**LOVE.** O, is it so? Then you converse with spirits!  
Come, sir. No more of your tricks, good Jeremy.

ACT 5.

The Alchemist

The truth, the shortest way.

**FACE.** Dismiss this rabble, sir.

[ASIDE.]

What shall I do? I am catch'd.

**LOVE.** Good neighbours,

I thank you all. You may depart.

[EXEUNT NEIGHBOURS.]

Come, sir,

You know that I am an indulgent master;

And therefore conceal nothing. What's your medicine,

To draw so many several sorts of wild fowl?

**FACE.** Sir, you were wont to affect mirth and wit

But here's no place to talk on't in the street.

Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune,

And only pardon me the abuse of your house:

It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,

In recompence, that you shall give me thanks for,

Will make you seven years younger, and a rich one.

'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloak:

I have her within. You need not fear the house;

It was not visited.

**LOVE.** But by me, who came

Sooner than you expected.

**FACE.** It is true, sir.

'Pray you forgive me.

**LOVE.** Well: let's see your widow.

[EXEUNT.]

**SCENE 5.2. A ROOM IN THE SAME.**

ENTER SUBTLE, LEADING IN DAPPER, WITH HIS EYES BOUND AS BEFORE.

**SUB.** How! you have eaten your gag?

**DAP.** Yes faith, it crumbled

Away in my mouth.

**SUB.** You have spoil'd all then.

SCENE 5.2. A ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

**DAP.** No!

I hope my aunt of Fairy will forgive me.

**SUB.** Your aunt's a gracious lady; but in troth  
You were to blame.

**DAP.** The fume did overcome me,  
And I did do't to stay my stomach. 'Pray you  
So satisfy her grace.  
[ENTER FACE, IN HIS UNIFORM.]  
Here comes the captain.

**FACE.** How now! is his mouth down?

**SUB.** Ay, he has spoken!

**FACE.** A pox, I heard him, and you too.  
He's undone then.  
I have been fain to say, the house is haunted  
With spirits, to keep churl back.

**SUB.** And hast thou done it?

**FACE.** Sure, for this night.

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

**FACE.** Did you not hear the coil  
About the door?

**SUB.** Yes, and I dwindled with it.

**FACE.** Show him his aunt, and let him be dispatch'd:  
I'll send her to you.

[EXIT FACE.]

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

[UNBINDS HIS EYES.]

**DAP.** Not I, in troth, sir.

[ENTER DOL, LIKE THE QUEEN OF FAIRY.]

**SUB.** Here she is come. Down o' your knees and wriggle:

SCENE 5.2. A ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

She has a stately presence.  
[DAPPER KNEELS, AND SHUFFLES TOWARDS HER.]  
Good! Yet nearer,  
And bid, God save you!

**DAP.** Madam!

**SUB.** And your aunt.

**DAP.** And my most gracious aunt, God save your grace.

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

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

**DOL.** Let me now stroak that head.  
"Much, nephew, shalt thou win, much shalt thou spend,  
Much shalt thou give away, much shalt thou lend."

**SUB** [ASIDE]. Ay, much! indeed.  
Why do you not thank her grace?

**DAP.** I cannot speak for joy.

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

**DOL.** Give me the bird.  
Here is your fly in a purse, about your neck, cousin;  
Wear it, and feed it about this day sev'n-night,  
On your right wrist

**SUB.** Open a vein with a pin,  
And let it suck but once a week; till then,  
You must not look on't.

**DOL.** No: and kinsman,  
Bear yourself worthy of the blood you come on.

**SUB.** Her grace would have you eat no more Woolsack pies,  
Nor Dagger frumety.

**DOL.** Nor break his fast  
In Heaven and Hell.

**SUB.** She's with you every where!  
Nor play with costarmongers, at mum-chance, tray-trip,

SCENE 5.2. A ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

God make you rich; (when as your aunt has done it);  
But keep  
The gallant'st company, and the best games

**DAP.** Yes, sir.

**SUB.** Gleek and primero; and what you get, be true to us.

**DAP.** By this hand, I will.

**SUB.** You may bring's a thousand pound  
Before to-morrow night, if but three thousand  
Be stirring, an you will.

**DAP.** I swear I will then.

**SUB.** Your fly will learn you all games.

**FACE [WITHIN].** Have you done there?

**SUB.** Your grace will command him no more duties?

**DOL.** No:  
But come, and see me often. I may chance  
To leave him three or four hundred chests of treasure,  
And some twelve thousand acres of fairy land,  
If he game well and comely with good gamesters.

**SUB.** There's a kind aunt! kiss her departing part.  
But you must sell your forty mark a year, now.

**DAP.** Ay, sir, I mean.

**SUB.** Or, give't away; pox on't!

**DAP.** I'll give't mine aunt. I'll go and fetch the writings.

[EXIT.]

**SUB.** 'Tis well away!

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

**FACE.** Where's Subtle?

**SUB.** Here: what news?

**FACE.** Drugger is at the door, go take his suit,  
And bid him fetch a parson, presently;  
Say, he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt spend  
A hundred pound by the service!

SCENE 5.2. A ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

[EXIT SUBTLE.]  
Now, queen Dol,  
Have you pack'd up all?

**DOL.** Yes.

**FACE.** And how do you like  
The lady Pliant?

**DOL.** A good dull innocent.

[RE-ENTER SUBTLE.]

**SUB.** Here's your Hieronimo's cloak and hat.

**FACE.** Give me them.

**SUB.** And the ruff too?

**FACE.** Yes; I'll come to you presently.

[EXIT.]

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

**DOL.** 'Tis direct  
Against our articles.

**SUB.** Well, we will fit him, wench.  
Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels or her bracelets?

**DOL.** No; but I will do't.

**SUB.** Soon at night, my Dolly,  
When we are shipp'd, and all our goods aboard,  
Eastward for Ratcliff, we will turn our course  
To Brainford, westward, if thou sayst the word,  
And take our leaves of this o'er-weening rascal,  
This peremptory Face.

**DOL.** Content, I'm weary of him.

**SUB.** Thou'st cause, when the slave will run a wiving, Dol,  
Against the instrument that was drawn between us.

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

**SUB.** Yes, tell her,  
She must by any means address some present  
To the cunning man, make him amends for wronging

SCENE 5.2. A ROOM IN THE SAME.



The Alchemist

His art with her suspicion; send a ring,  
Or chain of pearl; she will be tortured else  
Extremely in her sleep, say, and have strange things  
Come to her. Wilt thou?

**DOL.** Yes.

**SUB.** My fine flitter–mouse,  
My bird o' the night! we'll tickle it at the Pigeons,  
When we have all, and may unlock the trunks,  
And say, this's mine, and thine; and thine, and mine.

[THEY KISS.]

[RE–ENTER FACE.]

**FACE.** What now! a billing?

**SUB.** Yes, a little exalted  
In the good passage of our stock–affairs.

**FACE.** Druggier has brought his parson; take him in, Subtle,  
And send Nab back again to wash his face.

**SUB.** I will: and shave himself?

[EXIT.]

**FACE.** If you can get him.

**DOL.** You are hot upon it, Face, whate'er it is!

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

[RE–ENTER SUBTLE.]

Is he gone?

**SUB.** The chaplain waits you in the hall, sir.

**FACE.** I'll go bestow him.

[EXIT.]

**DOL.** He'll now marry her, instantly.

**SUB.** He cannot yet, he is not ready. Dear Dol,  
Cozen her of all thou canst. To deceive him  
Is no deceit, but justice, that would break  
Such an inextricable tie as ours was.

**DOL.** Let me alone to fit him.

SCENE 5.2. A ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

[RE-ENTER FACE.]

**FACE.** Come, my venturers,  
You have pack'd up all? where be the trunks? bring forth.

**SUB.** Here.

**FACE.** Let us see them. Where's the money?

**SUB.** Here,  
In this.

**FACE.** Mammon's ten pound; eight score before:  
The brethren's money, this. Drugger's and Dapper's.  
What paper's that?

**DOL.** The jewel of the waiting maid's,  
That stole it from her lady, to know certain

**FACE.** If she should have precedence of her mistress?

**DOL.** Yes.

**FACE.** What box is that?

**SUB.** The fish-wives' rings, I think,  
And the ale-wives' single money. Is't not, Dol?

**DOL.** Yes; and the whistle that the sailor's wife  
Brought you to know an her husband were with Ward.

**FACE.** We'll wet it to-morrow; and our silver-beakers  
And tavern cups. Where be the French petticoats,  
And girdles and hangers?

**SUB.** Here, in the trunk,  
And the bolts of lawn.

**FACE.** Is Drugger's damask there,  
And the tobacco?

**SUB.** Yes.

**FACE.** Give me the keys.

**DOL.** Why you the keys?

**SUB.** No matter, Dol; because  
We shall not open them before he comes.

**FACE.** 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed;

SCENE 5.2. A ROOM IN THE SAME.

The Alchemist

Nor have them forth, do you see? Not forth, Dol.

**DOL.** No!

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

**SUB.** You are a precious fiend!

**OFFI** [WITHOUT]. Open the door.

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

**DOL.** Hang you!

**FACE.** Or madam Caesarean.

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

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

**SUB.** Rogue, I'll hang myself;  
That I may walk a greater devil than thou,  
And haunt thee in the flock-bed and the buttery.

[EXEUNT.]

**SCENE 5.3. AN OUTER ROOM IN THE SAME.**

The Alchemist

ENTER LOVEWIT IN THE SPANISH DRESS, WITH THE PARSON.

LOUD KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

**LOVE.** What do you mean, my masters?

**MAM** [WITHOUT]. Open your door,  
Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.

**OFFI** [WITHOUT]. Or we will break it open.

**LOVE.** What warrant have you?

**OFFI** [WITHOUT]. Warrant enough, sir, doubt not,  
If you'll not open it.

**LOVE.** Is there an officer, there?

**OFFI** [WITHOUT]. Yes, two or three for failing.

**LOVE.** Have but patience,  
And I will open it straight.

[ENTER FACE, AS BUTLER.]

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

**LOVE.** Yes, my brain.

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

**SUR** [WITHOUT]. Down with the door.

**KAS** [WITHOUT]. 'Slight, ding it open.

**LOVE** [OPENING THE DOOR]. Hold,  
Hold, gentlemen, what means this violence?

[MAMMON, SURLY, KASTRIL, ANANIAS, TRIBULATION,  
AND OFFICERS, RUSH IN.]

**MAM.** Where is this collier?

**SUR.** And my captain Face?

**MAM.** These day owls.

**SUR.** That are birding in men's purses.

SCENE 5.3. AN OUTER ROOM IN THE SAME.

**MAM.** Madam suppository.

**KAS.** Doxy, my suster.

**ANA.** Locusts  
Of the foul pit.

**TRI.** Profane as Bel and the dragon.

**ANA.** Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice of Egypt.

**LOVE.** Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you officers,  
And cannot stay this violence?

**1 OFFI.** Keep the peace.

**LOVE.** Gentlemen, what is the matter? whom do you seek?

**MAM.** The chemical cozener.

**SUR.** And the captain pander.

**KAS.** The nun my suster.

**MAM.** Madam Rabbi.

**ANA.** Scorpions,  
And caterpillars.

**LOVE.** Fewer at once, I pray you.

**2 OFFI.** One after another, gentlemen, I charge you,  
By virtue of my staff.

**ANA.** They are the vessels  
Of pride, lust, and the cart.

**LOVE.** Good zeal, lie still  
A little while.

**TRI.** Peace, deacon Ananias.

**LOVE.** The house is mine here, and the doors are open;  
If there be any such persons as you seek for,  
Use your authority, search on o' God's name.  
I am but newly come to town, and finding  
This tumult 'bout my door, to tell you true,  
It somewhat mazed me; till my man, here, fearing  
My more displeasure, told me he had done  
Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house  
(Belike, presuming on my known aversion

SCENE 5.3. AN OUTER ROOM IN THE SAME.

From any air o' the town while there was sickness,  
To a doctor and a captain: who, what they are  
Or where they be, he knows not.

MAM. Are they gone?

LOVE. You may go in and search, sir.  
[MAMMON, ANA., AND TRIB. GO IN.]  
Here, I find

The empty walls worse than I left them, smoak'd,  
A few crack'd pots, and glasses, and a furnace:  
The ceiling fill'd with poesies of the candle,  
And madam with a dildo writ o' the walls:  
Only one gentlewoman, I met here,  
That is within, that said she was a widow

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

[GOES IN.]

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

SUR. How! have I lost her then?

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

[RE-ENTER MAMMON.]

MAM. The whole nest are fled!

LOVE. What sort of birds were they?

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

LOVE. Think you so, sir?

SCENE 5.3. AN OUTER ROOM IN THE SAME.

MAM. Ay.

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

MAM. Not mine own stuff!

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

MAM. I'll rather lose them.

LOVE. That you shall not, sir,  
By me, in troth: upon these terms, they are yours.  
What! should they have been, sir, turn'd into gold, all?

MAM. No,  
I cannot tell It may be they should. What then?

LOVE. What a great loss in hope have you sustain'd!

MAM. Not I, the commonwealth has.

FACE. Ay, he would have built  
The city new; and made a ditch about it  
Of silver, should have run with cream from Hogsden;  
That every Sunday, in Moorfields, the youngers,  
And tits and tom-boys should have fed on, gratis.

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

SUR. Must I needs cheat myself,  
With that same foolish vice of honesty!  
Come, let us go and hearken out the rogues:  
That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.

FACE. If I can hear of him, sir, I'll bring you word,  
Unto your lodging; for in troth, they were strangers  
To me, I thought them honest as my self, sir.

[EXEUNT MAM. AND SUR.]

[RE-ENTER ANANIAS AND TRIBULATION.]

TRI. 'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all yet. Go,  
And get some carts

SCENE 5.3. AN OUTER ROOM IN THE SAME.

**LOVE.** For what, my zealous friends?

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

**LOVE.** What is that portion?

**ANA.** The goods sometimes the orphan's, that the brethren  
Bought with their silver pence.

**LOVE.** What, those in the cellar,  
The knight sir Mammon claims?

**ANA.** I do defy  
The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren,  
Thou profane man! I ask thee with what conscience  
Thou canst advance that idol against us,  
That have the seal? were not the shillings number'd,  
That made the pounds; were not the pounds told out,  
Upon the second day of the fourth week,  
In the eighth month, upon the table dormant,  
The year of the last patience of the saints,  
Six hundred and ten?

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

**ANA.** Sir!

**TRI.** Be patient, Ananias.

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

**LOVE.** I shall send you  
To Amsterdam, to your cellar.

**ANA.** I will pray there,  
Against thy house: may dogs defile thy walls,  
And wasps and hornets breed beneath thy roof,  
This seat of falsehood, and this cave of cozenage!

[EXEUNT ANA. AND TRIB.]

[ENTER DRUGGER.]

**LOVE.** Another too?

SCENE 5.3. AN OUTER ROOM IN THE SAME.



DRUG. Not I, sir, I am no brother.

LOVE [BEATS HIM]. Away, you Harry Nicholas! do you talk?

[EXIT DRUG.]

FACE. No, this was Abel Drugger. Good sir, go,  
[TO THE PARSON.]

And satisfy him; tell him all is done:  
He staid too long a washing of his face.  
The doctor, he shall hear of him at West–chester;  
And of the captain, tell him, at Yarmouth, or  
Some good port–town else, lying for a wind.

[EXIT PARSON.]

If you can get off the angry child, now, sir

[ENTER KASTRIL, DRAGGING IN HIS SISTER.]

KAS. Come on, you ewe, you have match'd most sweetly,  
have you not?

Did not I say, I would never have you tupp'd  
But by a dubb'd boy, to make you a lady–tom?  
'Slight, you are a mammet! O, I could touse you, now.  
Death, mun' you marry, with a pox!

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

KAS. Anon!

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

KAS. Od's light,  
This is a fine old boy as e'er I saw!

LOVE. What, do you change your copy now? proceed;  
Here stands my dove: stoop at her, if you dare.

KAS. 'Slight, I must love him! I cannot choose, i'faith,  
An I should be hang'd for't! Suster, I protest,  
I honour thee for this match.

LOVE. O, do you so, sir?

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

LOVE. Fill a pipe full, Jeremy.

SCENE 5.3. AN OUTER ROOM IN THE SAME.

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

**LOVE.** We will  
I will be ruled by thee in any thing, Jeremy.

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

**LOVE.** Whiff in with your sister, brother boy.  
[EXEUNT KAS. AND DAME P.]  
That master  
That had received such happiness by a servant,  
In such a widow, and with so much wealth,  
Were very ungrateful, if he would not be  
A little indulgent to that servant's wit,  
And help his fortune, though with some small strain  
Of his own candour.

[ADVANCING.]  
"Therefore, gentlemen,  
And kind spectators, if I have outstript  
An old man's gravity, or strict canon, think  
What a young wife and a good brain may do;  
Stretch age's truth sometimes, and crack it too.  
Speak for thy self, knave."

**FACE.** "So I will, sir."  
[ADVANCING TO THE FRONT OF THE STAGE.]  
"Gentlemen,  
My part a little fell in this last scene,  
Yet 'twas decorum. And though I am clean  
Got off from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol,  
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Druggier, all  
With whom I traded: yet I put my self  
On you, that are my country: and this pelf  
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests  
To feast you often, and invite new guests."

[EXEUNT.]