

*Sir To* Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

*Mar.* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of a puritan.

*Sir And.* O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

*Sir To.* What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight.

*Sir And.* I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

*Mar.* The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affected ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths. The best persuaded of himself: so cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

*Sir To.* What wilt thou do?

*Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expresse of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

*Sir To.* Excellent! I smell a device.

*Sir And.* I have't in my nose too.

*Sir To.* He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

*Mar.* My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

*Sir And.* And your horse now would make him an ass.

*Mar.* Ass, I doubt not.

*Sir And.* O, 'twill be admirable.

*Mar.* Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it: for this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel. [*Exit.*]

*Sir To.* Good night, *Penthesilea*.

*Sir And.* Before me, she's a good wench.

*Sir To.* She's a beagle, true bred, and one that adores me; what o'that?

*Sir And.* I was ador'd once too.

*Sir*