

was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, fir, that I have known to go about with troll-madams: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good fir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court; they cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, fir. I know this man well; then he hath been since an ape-bearer, then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion^a of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig! he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, fir; he, fir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all *Bithynia*; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, fir, I am no fighter; I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you do now?

Aut. Sweet fir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd fir; no, sweet fir.

Clo. Then farewell; I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [Exit.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet fir! Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheepshearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove

^a A motion is a word for a puppet-show.