

Bora. Mafs, and my elbow itch'd; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of don *John* a thousand ducats.

Conr. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirm'd; thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the fashion.

Conr. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush, I may as well say the fool's the fool; but see'st thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that *Deformed*; he has been a vile thief this seven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear some body?

Conr. No, 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is, how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty? sometimes, fashioning them like *Pharao's* soldiers in the reechy painting, sometimes, like the god *Bel's* priests in the old church-window, sometimes, like the shaven *Hercules*^a in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club?

Conr. All this I see, and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thyself giddy with the

^a Meaning Sampson.