

Webster's *White Devil* GTR'd

This document presents my steps taken to refine the data for my research project, investigating John Webster's (2004) play *The White Devil* through a cut-up process on GTR Workbench using the Travesty generator (high setting has n=6, low setting n=2). Each sample is named after the twelve stages of alchemical operation from Josephus Quercetanus (Jung, 1993, p. 239).

## I. Calcinatio

ACT III SCENE II [high setting of Project Gutenberg text]

*The Arraignment of Vittoria*

*Enter Francisco, Monticelso, the six Lieger Ambassadors, Brachiano, Vittoria, Zanche, Flamineo, Marcello, Lawyer, and a Guard.*

*Mont.* Forbear, my lord, here is no place assign'd you.  
This business, by his Holiness, is left  
To our examination.

*Brach.* May it thrive with you. [*Lays a rich gown under him.*]

*Fran.* A chair there for his Lordship.

*Brach.* Forbear your kindness: an unbidden guest  
Should travel as Dutch women go to church,  
Bear their stools with them.

*Mont.* At your pleasure, sir. Stand to the table, gentlewoman.  
Now, signior,  
Fall to your plea.

*Lawyer.* Domine judex, converte oculos in hanc pestem, mulierum corruptissiman.

*Vit.* What's he?

*Fran.* A lawyer that pleads against you.

*Vit.* Pray, my lord, let him speak his usual tongue, I'll make no answer else.

*Fran.* Why, you understand Latin.

*Vit.* I do, sir, but amongst this auditory  
Which come to hear my cause, the half or more  
May be ignorant in't.

*Mont.* I am resolv'd,  
Were there a second paradise to lose,  
This devil would betray it.

*Vit.* O poor Charity! Thou art seldom found in scarlet.

*Mont.* Who knows not how, when several night by night  
Her gates were chok'd with coaches, and her rooms  
Outbrav'd the stars with several kind of lights;  
When she did counterfeit a prince's court  
In music, banquets, and most riotous surfeits;  
This whore forsooth was holy.

*Vit.* Ha! whore! what's that?

*Mont.* Shall I expound whore to you? sure I shall;  
I'll give aim to you,  
And tell you how near you shoot.

*Lawyer.* Most literated judges, please your lordships  
So to connive your judgments to the view  
Of this debauch'd and diversivolt woman;  
Who such a black concatenation  
Of mischief hath effected, that to extirp  
The memory of 't, must be the consummation  
Of her, and her projections - - - -

*Vit.* Die with those pills in your most cursed maw,  
Should bring you health! or while you sit o'th'bench,  
Let your own spittle choke you!

*Mont.* She's turned fury.

*Vit.* That the last day of judgment may so find you,  
And leave you the same devil you were before!  
Instruct me, some good horse-leech, to speak treason;  
For since you cannot take my life for deeds,  
Take it for words. O woman's poor revenge,  
Which dwells but in the tongue! I will not weep;  
No, I do scorn to call up one poor tear  
To fawn on your injustice: bear me hence  
Unto this house of - - what's your mitigating title?

*Mont.* Of convertites.

*Vit.* It shall not be a house of convertites;  
My mind shall make it honester to me  
Than the Pope's palace, and more peaceable  
Than thy soul, though thou art a cardinal.  
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spite,  
Through darkness diamonds spread their richest light. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Brachiano*

*Brach.* Now you and I are friends, sir, we'll shake hands  
In a friend's grave together; a fit place,  
Being th'embler of soft peace, t'atone our hatred.

*Fran.* Sir,  
Put up your papers in your fustian bag - - [*Francisco speaks this as in scorn.*]  
Cry mercy, sir, 'tis buckram and accept  
My notion of your learn'd verbosity.

*Lawyer.* I most graduatically thank your lordship:  
I shall have use for them elsewhere.

*Mont.* I shall be plainer with you, and paint out  
Your follies in more natural red and white  
Than that upon your cheek.

- Vit.* Oh, you mistake!  
 You raise a blood as noble in this cheek  
 As ever was your mother's.
- Mont.* I must spare you, till proof cry whore to that.  
 Observe this creature here, my honour'd lords,  
 A woman of must prodigious spirit,  
 In her effected.
- Vit.* My honourable lord,  
 It doth not suit a reverend cardinal  
 To play the lawyer thus.
- Mont.* Oh, for God's sake - - Gentlewoman, your credit  
 Shall be more famous by it.
- Lawyer.* Well then, have at you.
- Vit.* I am at the mark, sir; I'll give aim to you,  
 And tell you how near you shoot.
- Lawyer.* Most literated judges, please your lordships  
 So to connive your judgments to the view  
 Of this debauch'd and diversivolent woman;  
 Who such a black concatenation  
 Of mischief hath effected, that to extirp  
 The memory of 't, must be the consummation  
 Of her, and her projections - - - -
- Vit.* Well, what then?
- Mont.* I'll tell thee; I'll find in thee a'pothecary's shop,  
 To sample them all.
- Fr. Ambass.* She hath a brave spirit.
- Mont.* Well, well, such counterfeit jewels  
 Make true ones oft suspected.
- Vit.* You are deceiv'd:  
 For know, that all your strict-combined heads,  
 Which strike against this mine of diamonds,  
 Shall prove but glassen

## II. Solutio

ACT III SCENE II [low setting of Project Gutenberg text]

The Court hath a man  
 Wherein' your trade instructs your names  
 Of this Christian court  
 In her.  
 Dead!  
 Cold Russian winters,  
 Ill may prey the death: indeed, which are but you weep. I am not let these  
 Be worthily applauded amongst this a number of must first stamps it for their  
 richest light.  
 Condemn you!

I heard her estate  
 For that she will talk with her blessed memory  
 Longer than dead: come from that you not like the six nights.  
 Thou didst love to your father.

*Lawyer.* It doth not be a house of –

*Fran.* Very good stomach to.  
 Dead! what goodly and Count Lodovico

*Fran.* Ha!

*Vit.* ] Good;  
 Who, even on your guise  
 To call up one question:  
 You have exulceration.  
 Dead! or any man had lain  
 Wound up one tune, are cunning!  
 She hath swallow'd  
 Some 'emblem of - what's your own spittle choke you proclaim'd them elsewhere.  
 Ha!  
 She'th'your peace, had you so black  
 To you with warm blood let her hence.  
 A lawyer that live?  
 The sword you all.  
 Domine judex, thou art a happy husband  
 Is –

*Vit.* In a preface to.  
 Had I must first,  
 Ill may I were before!  
 For since you  
 In faith,  
 We 'pothecaries' your own spittle choke you the hard and judgment may prey the  
 same devil murder,  
 Exactions upon by that nature had lain  
 Wound up three days.  
 In virtue left, drink, is left, hear?

*Brach.* Die with you health !

*Vit.*

*Vit.* The Court hath effected,  
 Marcello, she gave me first stamps it well spar'd, garments, have continued.  
 Do not slept these  
 Be worthily applauded amongst thouse  
 Which forfeit all a deed so  
 One summer she gave me first stamps it seems;  
 Would those flattering bells have bespoke my accusation, honourably descended  
 From every generous and diversivole woman of force, sever head from the last  
 day of force,  
 You know what is.  
 Had I'height, this assembly

Shall hear me but repetition  
 Of a whore' murderess' dog-days! what goodly and let these words sound man had  
 you made  
 Both of blood as in a happy husband!

*Mont.* But take my lord, Vittoria  
*Enter Giovanni*, this house of lead,  
 Worse than dead,  
 Being th' whore to my lady, my acquaintance)  
 Receiv'd in debt  
 To matters of another's lodging:  
 I did love me for Marcello.

*Fran.* In the stars  
 To you frame of such an hundred nights.  
 Dead!

*Vit.* An active plot; he jump'd into his neck? what is imperfect

### III. Elementorum Separatio

*The Arraignment of a Guard.* [low setting of Calcinatio text]  
 O poor Charity! whore forsooth was holy.  
 Forbear your pleasure, how near you know him.  
 Your ruin.

*Marc.* Hum! thou bear'st, Marcello, about her rooms  
 Outbrav'd the great fights, here? I'd rather go weed garlic; wear sheep-skin  
 linings, by the mistletoe, feed'st his Holiness, well, I'll make us no place  
 assign'd you how, well in some surgeon's house at last tilting: he? he's an  
 excellent horseman! what's that stink of diamonds, feed'st his Holiness, you  
 in your father, are a cypress hatband, when several kind of captains, when we  
 seldom find the view  
 Of mischief hath a poor Charity! whore to obtain the forty thousand pedlars  
 in your mouth that's whole, or more  
 May be entered into the list of a dull ass; wear sheep-skin linings,  
 gentlewoman.  
 Thou hast scarce maintenance  
 To her infamous  
 To gull suspicion.  
 I'll make us no place assign'd you shoot.  
 Lo you know him at last tilting: he showed like honey:  
 Their approbation, but circumstances  
 To all our examination.  
 Hear me:  
 And thus,  
 Lawyer  
 Lawyer  
 Lawyer,  
 Even with,

Alas, their stools with them.  
 Your comfortable words are deceiv'd:  
 And tell thee;  
 This is your brother, such counterfeit jewels  
 Make true ones oft suspected.  
 Most literated judges,  
 Were I wonder  
 If Brachiano: an unbidden guest  
 Should travel through France, here?  
*Mont.* Most literated judges,  
 Till pain itself make her with, banquets,  
 Flamineo, for none are deceiv'd: you:  
 And thus, sir, therefore, such counterfeit a  
 Lawyer  
 Lawyer  
*Lawyer.*  
*The Arraignment of captains, 'tis threatened they have but at last tilting,*  
*Lawyer, Zanche, gentlewoman.*  
 My lord, Monticelso,  
 Bear their stools with you know, banquets,  
 Shall I should sit upon the consummation  
 Of all our examination.  
 A chair there is no place assign'd you shoot.  
 Stand to lose, Monticelso, like a candle of 't, first saw him speak his victories,  
 well in his Holiness, come.  
 Hear me: you how near you understand Latin.  
 May it.  
*Vit.* My lord,  
 This business, what hast scarce maintenance  
 To undo my lord duke, here? he's an unbidden guest  
 Should travel as one pines,  
 Till pain to extirp  
 The memory of Vittoria

#### IV. Conjunctio

ACT III [low setting of both Solutio and Elementorum Separatio text]

*Enter Savoy Ambassador*

Lawyer, when several kind of Vittoria, Vittoria

*Enter French Ambassador*

*Lawyer.* Thou hast scarce maintenance

To gull suspicion.

O poor Charity!

Do you understand Latin.

Stand to the forty thousand pedlars in our quest of gain, what then broiled in  
 our neighbouring kingdoms.

- Fr.* Oh, Brachiano, converte oculos in thy prodigal blood: he looks like honey:  
For love of twelve i'th'pound.
- Fran.* You have dealt discreetly, built upon the view  
Of her husband's death: an admirable tilter.  
He carried his stalking horse,  
This devil would not ill; wear sheep-skin linings, a blooming hawthorn –
- Vit.*
- Vit.* At your pleasure, 't, how near you know we seldom found in fresh chamois.
- Fran.* Oh, what hast got?
- Mont.* I would serve; he looks like a rich gown under him.  
Shall prove but kissed one in by the view  
Of all our quest of mirth, what then broiled in thee in them all.
- Mont.* Why, 't, by the pox as Dutch women go to you know we have even pour'd  
ourselves  
Into great duke,  
Followest the mistletoe,  
Monticelso, fie!
- Savoy Ambass.* 't, is your plea.  
What's he sleeps a-horseback, holding a Lawyer  
Lawyer,  
As witches do me right now?  
So - - - -
- Vit.* Oh,  
Were I
- Enter Francisco, for none are judges,*  
Which, banquets, sir.
- Fr.* What's he showed like a tilting: they wit be here is left  
To all your brother, signior, what

## V. Putrefactio

ACT III [low setting again on the Conjunctio text]

*Savoy*

Lawyer, when several kind of Vittoria,

*Enter French Ambassador*

. Thou hast scarce maintenance

To gull suspicion.

O poor Charity!

Do you understand Latin.

Stand the forty thousand pedlars in our quest gain, what then broiled in  
neighbouring kingdoms.

*Fr.* Oh, Brachiano, converte oculos thy prodigal blood: he looks like honey:  
For love twelve i'th'pound.

*Fran.* have dealt discreetly, built upon view  
her husband's death: an admirable tilter.  
carried his stalking horse,

This devil would not ill; wear sheep-skin linings, a blooming hawthorn –  
*Vit.* . At your pleasure, 't, how near know we seldom found fresh chamois.  
 . got?

*Mont.* I would serve; rich gown under him.  
 Shall prove but kissed one by  
 all mirth, thee them.  
 . Why, pox as Dutch women go even pour'd  
 ourselves  
 Into great duke,  
 Followest mistletoe,  
 Monticelso, fie!

*Ambass.* plea.  
 What's sleeps a-horseback, holding a Lawyer  
 Lawyer,  
 witches me right now?  
 So - - - -  
 Were I

*Francisco, none are judges,*  
 Which, banquets, sir.  
 showed tilting: they wit be here is left  
 brother, signior,

## VI. Coagulatio

ACT III [high setting of the Putrefactio text]

Savoy Lawyer, when several kind of Vittoria,  
*Enter French Ambassador.*

Thou hast scarce maintenance  
 To gull suspicion.  
 O poor Charity!  
 Do you understand Latin.  
 Stand the forty thousand pedlars in our quest gain, what then broiled in  
 neighbouring kingdoms.  
 Fr. Oh, Brachiano, converte oculos thy prodigal blood: he looks like honey:  
 For love twelve i'th'pound.

*Fran.* have dealt discreetly, built upon view her husband's death: an admirable  
 tilter. carried his stalking horse,

This devil would not ill; wear sheep-skin linings, a blooming hawthorn–  
*Vit.* At your pleasure, 't, how near know we seldom found fresh chamois. got? *Mont.*  
 I would serve; rich gown under him.  
 Shall prove but kissed one by all mirth, thee them.  
 Why, pox as Dutch women go even pour'd ourselves  
 Into great duke,  
 Followest mistletoe, Monticelso, fie!  
*Ambass*



## VII. Cibatio

ACT III [low setting of Coagulatio text]

*Savoy Lawyer, Monticelso,*

*Enter French Ambassador. got?*

*Mont.*

*Fran.* O poor Charity !

Do you understand Latin.

*Mont.* I would serve; rich gown under him.

Oh,

*Mont.* carried his stalking horse, pox as Dutch women go even pour'd ourselves

Into great duke, how near know we seldom found fresh chamois.

O poor Charity

## VIII. Sublimatio

ACT III SCENE II [high setting of Project Gutenberg text and Cibatio]

*The Arraignment of Vittoria*

*Enter Francisco, Monticelso, the six Lieger Ambassadors, Brachiano, Vittoria, Zanche, Flamineo, Marcello, Lawyer, and a Guard.*

*Enter French Ambassador*

*Mont.* Forbear, my lord, here is no place assign'd you.

This business, by his Holiness, is left

To our examination.

*Brach.* May it thrive with you. [*Lays a rich gown under him.*]

*Fran.* A chair there for his Lordship.

*Brach.* Forbear your kindness: an unbidden guest  
Should travel as Dutch women go to church,  
Bear their stools with them.

*Mont.* At your pleasure, sir, pox as Dutch women.

Stand to the table, gentlewoman.

Now, signior, know we seldom found fresh

Fall to your plea even pour'd ourselves.

*Lawyer.* Domine judex, converte oculos in hanc pestem, mulierum corruptissiman.

*Vit.* What's all this? O poor Charity got?

Savoy Lawyer, Monticelso, how near chamois.

*Mont.* Into great duke, carried his stalking horse go

*Lawyer.* Hold your peace!

Exorbitant sins must have exulceration.

*Vit.* Surely, my lords, this lawyer here hath swallow'd

Some 'pothecaries' bills, or proclamations;

And now the hard and undigestible words

Come up, like stones we use give hawks for physic.

Why, this is Welsh to Latin.

*Lawyer.* My lords, the woman

Knows not her tropes, nor figures, nor is perfect

- In the academic derivation  
Of grammatical elocution.
- Fran.* Sir,  
Put up your papers in your fustian bag - -  
    [*Francisco speaks this as in scorn.*  
Cry mercy, sir, 'tis buckram and accept  
My notion of your learn'd verbosity.
- Lawyer.* I most graduatically thank your lordship:  
I shall have use for them elsewhere.
- Mont.* I shall be plainer with you, and paint out  
Your follies in more natural red and white  
Than that upon your cheek.
- Vit.* Oh, you mistake!  
You raise a blood as noble in this cheek  
As ever was your mother's.
- Mont.* I must spare you, till proof cry whore to that.  
Observe this creature here, my honour'd lords,  
A woman of most prodigious spirit,  
In her effected.
- Vit.* My honourable lord,  
It doth not suit a reverend cardinal  
To play the lawyer thus.
- Mont.* Oh, your trade instructs your language!  
You see, my lords, what goodly fruit she seems;  
Yet like those apples travellers report  
To grow where Sodom and Gomorrah stood,  
I will but touch her, and you straight shall see  
She'll fall to soot and ashes.
- Vit.* Your envenom'd 'pothecary should do 't.
- Mont.* Go on, sir.
- Vit.* By your favour, I will not have my accusation clouded  
In a strange tongue: all this assembly  
Shall hear what you can charge me with.  
In faith, my lord, you might go pistol flies,  
The sport would be more noble.
- Mont.* Very good.
- Vit.* But take your course: it seems you've beggar'd me first,  
And now would fain undo me. I have houses,  
Jewels, and a poor remnant of crusadoes;  
Would those would make you charitable!
- Mont.* If the devil  
Did ever take good shape, behold his picture.
- Vit.* You have one virtue left,  
You will not flatter me.
- Fran.* Who brought this letter?
- Vit.* I am not compell'd to tell you.

- Mont.* My lord duke sent to you a thousand ducats  
The twelfth of August.
- Vit.* 'Twas to keep your cousin  
From prison; I paid use for 't.
- Mont.* I rather think,  
'Twas interest for his lust.
- Vit.* Who says so but yourself? If you be my accuser,  
Pray cease to be my judge: come from the bench;  
Give in your evidence 'gainst me, and let these  
Be moderators.  
My lord cardinal,  
Were your intelligencing ears as loving  
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue,  
I would not care though you proclaim'd them all.
- Mont.* Go to, go to.  
After your goodly and vainglorious banquet,  
I'll give you a choke-pear.
- Vit.* O' your own grafting?
- Mont.* You were born in Venice, honourably descended  
From the Vittelli: 'twas my cousin's fate,  
Ill may I name the hour, to marry you;  
He bought you of your father.
- Vit.* Ha!
- Mont.* He spent there in six months  
Twelve thousand ducats, and (to my acquaintance)  
Receiv'd in dowry with you not one Julio:  
'Twas a hard pennyworth, the ware being so light.  
I yet but draw the curtain; now to your picture:  
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,  
And so you have continued.
- Vit.* My lord!
- Mont.* Nay, hear me,  
You shall have time to prate.  
My Lord Brachiano - -  
Alas! I make but repetition  
Of what is ordinary and Rialto talk,  
And ballated, and would be play'd a'th'stage,  
But that vice many times finds such loud friends,  
That preachers are charm'd silent.  
You, gentlemen, Flamineo and Marcello,  
The Court hath nothing now to charge you with,

## IX. Fermentatio

ACT III SCENE II [low setting of Sublimatio text]  
*The Arraignment of crusadoes;*

Would those apples travellers report  
 To our examination. [*Francisco*,  
 That preachers are charm'd silent.

*Brach.* You see,

It doth not suit a strange tongue, the ware being so but yourself?  
 If you not one Julio: come from thence a thousand ducats,  
 Marcello, Marcello,  
 That preachers are charm'd silent.  
 By your language !

*Mont.* If you, signior, till proof cry whore to.

You were born in hanc pestem,  
 But that. [*Lays a rich gown under him.*  
 Sir,

Ill may I most graduatically thank your kindness:  
 You will but repetition  
 Of grammatical elocution.  
 Cry mercy, Brachiano, the Vittelli: an unbidden guest  
 Should travel as loving

As ever was your papers in hanc pestem,

*Lawyer.* [*Lays a blood as in scorn.*

Forbear,  
 Put up your peace!  
 Exorbitant sins must have houses, had you proclaim'd them.  
 What's all.

*Mont.* Now, honourably descended

From prison; I have my accuser,  
 Were your course: 'pothecary should do 't.  
 By your kindness: all.  
 After your evidence' your course: come from the hard pennyworth, your  
 Cheek

As to be my judge: I shall see,  
 Pray cease to church, how near chamois.  
 Very good shape,  
 Jewels, here is Welsh to tell you with them elsewhere.

Very good.  
 Go to your peace!  
 Exorbitant sins must spare you might go pistol flies,  
 I'll give hawks for 't.  
 Hold your plea even pour'd ourselves.  
 Cry mercy,  
 Bear their stools with you a most notorious strumpet, or proclamations;  
 Give in more noble.  
 Your envenom'd 'bills,

ACT III SCENE II [high setting of Fermentatio text]

The Arraignment of crusadoes;

Would those apples travellers report  
To our examination. [*Francisco*,  
That preachers are charm'd silent.

*Brach.* You see,

It doth not suit a strange tongue, the ware being so but yourself?  
If you not one Julio: come from thence a thousand ducats,  
Marcello, Marcello,  
That preachers are charm'd silent.  
By your language!

*Mont.* If you, signior, till proof cry whore to.

You were born in hanc pestem,  
But that. [*Lays a rich gown under him.*  
Sir,

Ill may I most graduatically thank your kindness:  
You will but repetition  
Of grammatical elocution.

Cry mercy, Brachiano, the Vittelli: an unbidden guest  
Should travel as loving  
As ever was your papers in hanc pestem,

*Lawyer.* [*Lays a blood as in scorn.*

Forbear,

Put up your peace!

Exorbitant sins must have houses, had you proclaim'd them.  
What's all.

*Mont.* Now, honourably descended

From prison; I have my accuser,

Were your course: 'pothecary should do 't.

By your kindness: all.

After your evidence' your course: come from the hard pennyworth, your  
Cheek

As to be my judge: I shall see,

Pray cease to church, how near chamois.

Very

## XI. Augmentatio

ACT III SCENE II [low setting of Exaltatio text, with speaker tags reintroduced]

*Enter Francisco, Monticelso, the six Lieger Ambassadors, Brachiano, Vittoria, Zanche, Flamineo, Marcello, Lawyer, and a Guard.*

*The Arraignment of crusadoes;*

*Vit.* Would those apples travellers report

*Mont.* To our examination.

*Brach.* Sir, had you not suit a strange tongue,

*Fran.* Put up your peace!

*Mont.* [to Francisco,  
But that.

*Flam.* You see, the hard pennyworth,  
Pray cease to church,  
Were your kindness: come from thence a thousand ducats,  
Put up your papers in hanc pestem,

*Mont.* That preachers are charm'd silent.

*Lawyer.* Sir,

*Vit.* Put up your kindness: 'pothecary should do 't.

*Mont.* Now, Marcello,  
Put up your language!

*Brach.* Exorbitant sins must have my accuser, honourably descended  
From prison; I shall see, had you, signior, honourably descended  
From prison; I have houses,  
It doth not one Julio: 'pothecary should do 't.

*Mont.* You will but yourself?

*Vit.* If you,  
Were your language!

*Mont.* You will but repetition  
Of grammatical elocution.  
What's all. [*Lays a blood as in hanc pestem*, your

*Marc.* Cheek  
As ever was your  
Cheek  
As ever was your language!

*Mont.* Sir, Marcello, your  
Cheek  
As to church,  
But that.

*Flam.* By your kindness: come from thence a thousand ducats, had you proclaim'd  
them.

*Vit.* What's all.  
You were born in scorn.

*Flam.* Cry mercy,  
It doth not suit a rich gown under him.

*Mont.* After your language!

*Vit.* Exorbitant sins must have my accuser,

*Lawyer.* What's all.  
By your evidence's your evidence 't.

*Fran.* Very

## XII. Projectio

ACT III SCENE II [high setting of Augmentatio text]

*Enter Francisco, Monticelso, the six Lieger Ambassadors, Brachiano, Vittoria, Zanche, Flamineo, Marcello, Lawyer, and a Guard.*

*The Arraignment of Crusadoes;*

*Mont.* Would those apples travellers report  
To our examination.

*Brach.* Sir, had you not suit a strange tongue?

*Fran.* Put up your peace!

*Mont.* [*to Francisco*] But that.

*Flam.* You see, the hard pennyworth your kindness  
Were come from thence a thousand ducats,  
Put up your papers in hanc pestem,

*Mont.* That preachers are charm'd silent.

*Marc.* Sir, pray cease to church.

*Vit.* Put up your kindness: 'pothecary should do 't.

*Mont.* Now, Marcello,  
Put up your language!

*Brach.* Exorbitant sins must have my accuser, honourably descended  
From prison; I have houses,  
It doth not one Julio: 'pothecary should do 't.

#### Reference

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