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Old English Drama

STUDENTS' FACSIMILE EDITION

Eastward Hoe

Written by George Chapman

Old English Drama

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Eastward Hoe

Written by George Chapman

Date of the first known edition . . . 1605

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EASTWARD

H O E. C. 12. 4. 4

As

It was playd in the

Black-friers.

By
The Children of her Maiesties Reuels.

Made by

GEO: CHAPMAN. BEN: IONSON. IOH: MARSTON.



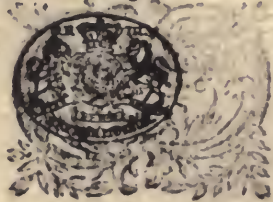
AT LONDON
Printed for *William Aspley.*

1605.

DRAVVTZAA

PROLOGVS.

Not out of Enuy, for ther's no effect
Where there's no cause, nor out of imitation
For we haue euermore bin Imitated;
Nor out of our contention to doe better
Then that which is opposa to ours in Title,
For that was good, and better cannot be
And for the Title if it seeme affected
We might as well haue cal'd it god you good Euen:
Onely that East-ward, West-wards still exceeds,
Honour the Sunnes faire rising not his setting:
Nor is our Title utterly enforced,
As by the points we touch at, you shall see,
Beare with our willing pines, if dull or witty,
Wee onely dedicate it to the Cittie.



EASTWARD HOE



Actus primi, Scena prima.

Enter Maister Touchstone, and Quicksilver at severall doores, Quick-silver with his hat, pumps, short sword & dagger, & a racket trussed up under his cloake. As the middle dore, Enter Golding discovering a Gold-smiths shoppe, and walking short iurnes before it.

Touchstone.



AND whether with you now? what loose action are you bound for? come what corades are you to meete withall? whers the supper? whers the randeuous?

Qui. Indeed, & in very good sober truth, sir.

Touch. Indeed, & in very good sober truth sir Behind my back thou wilt swear faster then a french foot-boy, and talke more bauldly then a common mid-wife, and now indeed and in very good sober truth Sir: but if a priue search shold be made, with what furniture are you riggd now? Sirrah I tell thee, I am thy maister *Williã Touchstone* Goldsmith: and thou my Prentise *Francis Quick-silver* and I will see whether you are running. *Worke upon that now.*

Quick. Why Sir I hope a man may vse his recreation with his Masters profit.

Touch. Prentises recreations are seldome with their masters profit. *Worke upõ that now.* You shal giue vp your cloake tho you be no Aldermã. Heyday, Ruffins hal. Sword, pumps, heers a Racket indeed.

Touch. vnclouke Quick.

Quick. *Worke upon that now.*

Touch. Thou shamelesse varlet dost thou iest at thy Lawfull maister contrary to thy Indentures?

Quick. Zbloud sir, my mother's a Gentlewoman and my father a Iustice of peace, & of *Quorum*, & tho I am a yonger brother & a prentise, yet I hope I am my fathers sou: & by Gods sidde, tis for your worship & for your comodity that I keepe company. I am intertaind among gallants, true: They cal me cozẽ *Franck*, right; I lend thẽ monyes, good: they spend it, well: But when they are spent, must not they striue to get more. must not their land flie? and to whom: shall not your worshipp e ha' the resufall? well

A 2

I am

I am a good member of the Citty if I were well considered. How would Merchants thrue, if Gentlemen would not be vnthrifs? How could Gentlemen bee vnthrifs if their humours were not fed? How should their humours be fedde but by white meate, and cunning secondings? well, the Citty might consid. r vs. I am going to an Ordinary now; the gallants fall to play, I carry light golde with me: the gallants call cozen *Francke* some golde for siluer, I change, gaine by it, the gallants loose the golde; and then call coozen *Francke* lend me some siluer. Why

Tou. Why? I cannot tell, seuen score pound art thou out in the task; but looke to it, I will not be gallanted out of my monyes. And as for my rising by other mens fall; God shield me. Did I gaine my wealth by Ordinaries? no: by exchanging of gold? no: by keeping of Gallants companie, no. I hired me a little shop, fought low rooke small gaine, kept no debt booke, garnished my shop for want of Plate, with good wholsome thrifue sentences; As *Touchstone*; *keepe thy shoppe, and thy shoppe will keepe thee. Light galdes makes heauie purses. Tis good to be merry and wise.* And when I was wiu'de, having something to sticke too, I had the horne of Suretiship euer before my eyes: You all know the deuise of the Horne, where the young fellow slips in at the Butte end, and comes squeld out at the Buckall: and I grew v. s. and I praise prouidence, I beare my browes now as high as the best of my neighbours: but thou-well looke to the accounts, your fathers bond lyes for you: seuen score pound is yet in the reere.

Quick. Why slid sir, I have as good, as proper gallants words for it as a ny are in London, gentlemen of good phrase, perfect language, passingly behau'd, Gallants that weare sockes and cleane linnen, and call me kinde coozen *Francke*, good coozen *Francke*; for they know my Father: and by godslidde shall not I trust hem? not trust?

*Enter a Page as inquiring for
Touchstones Shoppe.*

Gold. What doe ye lacke Sir? What ist you'le buye Sir?

Touchstone. I marry Sir. ther's a youth of another peece. There's thy fellowe-Prentise, as good a Gentleman borne as thou art: nay, and better mean'd. But does he pompe it, or Racket it? Well, if he thrue for, if hee out-last not a hundred such crackling

crackling Bauns as thou art, God and men neglect industry.

Gold. It is his shop, and here my M. walkes. *To the Page.*

Touch. With me Boy?

Page. My M. Sir *Petronell Flash*, recommends his loue to you, and will instantly visit you.

Touch. To make vp the match with my eldest daughter, my wifes Dilling, whom she longs to call Madam. Hee shall finde me vnwillingly readie Boy. *Exit Page.*

Ther's another affliction too. As I haue two Prentises: the one of a boundlesse prodigalitie, the other of a most hopefull Industry. So haue I onely two daughters: the eldest, of a proud ambition and nice wantonnesse: the other of a modest humilitie and comely sobernesse. The one must bee Ladyfied forsooth: and be attir'd iust to the Court-cut, and long taylor. So farre is shee ill naturde to the place and meanes of my preferment and fortune. that shee throwes all the contempt and despight, hatred it selfe can cast vpon it. Well, a peece of Land shee has, t'was her Grandmothers gift? let her, and her Sir *Petronel*, flash out that: But as for my substance, shee that skornes me, as I am a Citizen and Trades-man, shall neuer pamper her pride with my industry: shall neuer vse me as men do Foxes: keepe themselues warme in the skinne, and throwe the bodie that bare it to the dung-hill. I must goe entertaine this Sir *Petronell Goulding*, My vtmost care's for thee, and onely trust in thee, looke to the shop, as for you, Maister *Quicksiluer*, thinke of huskes, for thy course is running directly to the prodigalls hogs trough huskes. *S^a. Worke vpon that now.* *Exit Touch.*

Quick. Mary fough goodman flat-cap: Stoot tho I am a Prentise I can giue armes, my Father's a iustice a peace by descent: and zbloud

Gould. Fye how you swear.

Quick. Sfoote man I am a Gentleman and may swear by my pedegree, Gods my life. Sirrah *Goulding*, wilt bee ruled by a foole turne good fellow, turne swaggering gallant: and let the *Welkin* roare, and *Erebus* also: Looke not *Westward* to the fall of *Don Phœbus*, but to the East, *Eastward hoe*.

"Where radiant beames of lustie Sol appeare,

"And bright Eous makes the welken cleare.

Wee are both Gentlemen, and therefore should bee no cox-

EASTWARD HOE.

combes : lets be no longer fooles to this flat-cap *Touchstone*.
 East-ward Bully: this Sat tin belly, & Canuas backt *Touchstone*:
 Slife man his father was a Malt-man, and his mother sould Gin-
 ger-bread in Christ-church.

Gould. What wou'd you ha' me doe?

Quick. Why do nothing, be like a Gentlemā, be idle, the curffe
 of man is labour. Wipe thy bunu with testones, & make Duckes
 and Drakes with shillings : What Eastward hoe. Wilt thou crie,
 what ist ye lack? stand with a bare pate, & a dropping nose, vn-
 der a wodden penthouse, and art a gentleman? wilt thou beare
 Tankards, and maist beare Armes? be rul'd, turne gallant, East-
 ward hoe, *ea, lyre, lyre, ro, who calls Ieronimo? speake here I am: gods*
 so, how like a sheepe thou lookest, a my conscience some cow-
 heard begot thee, thou *Goulding of Goulding-hall*, ha boy?

Gould. Goe, ye are a prodigall coxecome, I a cowheards son,
 because I turne not a drunken whore-hunting rake-hell like thy
 selfe? *Offers to draw, & Goulding trips up his heeles*

Quick. Rake-hell? rake-hell! *(& holds him.*

Gould. Pish, in softe tearmes ye are a cowardly bragging boy,
 Ile ha you whipt.

Quick. Whipt, thats good ifaith, vntrusse me?

Go. No, thou wilt vndoe thy selfe. Alas, I behold thee with pittie,
 not with anger : thou common shot-clog, gull of all companies:
 me thinkes I see thee alreadie walking in Moore fieldes with-
 out a Cloake, with halfe a Hat, without a band, a doublet with
 three Buttons : without a girdle : a hose with one point, and no
 Garter, with a cudgell vnder thine arme, borrowing and beg-
 ging three pence.

Quick. Nay Slife, take this and take all : as I am a Gentle-man
 borne, Ile be drunk, grow valiant, and beat thee. *Exit.*

Gould. Goe thou most madly vaine, whom nothing can reco-
 uer but that which reclaimes Atheists, and makes great persons
 some times religious: Calamitic. As for my place and life thus I
 haue read:

*What ere some vainer youth may terme disgrace,
 The gaine of honest paines is neuer base:
 From trades, from artes, from valour, honour springs,
 These three are faunts of Gentry, yea of Kings.*

Enter

Enter Girtred, Mildred, Bettrice, and Poldauie a Taylor, Poldauie with a faire gowne, Scotch Warblingal and French-fal in his armes.

Girtred in a French head attire, and Cittizens gowne, Mildred Jowing, and Bettrice leading a Monkey after her.

Gir. For the passion of patience, looke if fir *Petronel* approach, that sweet, that fine, that delicate, that — for loues sake tell me if he come. O sister *Mil.* though my father bee a low capt tradf-man, yet I must be a Ladie: and I praise God my mother must cal me Madam, (does he come?) cff with this gowne for shames sake, off with this gowne: let not my Knight take me in the cit-tie-cut in any hand: tear't, pax ont (does he come?) tear't of. Thus whilst she sleepes, I sorrow for her sake, &c.

Mil. Lord sister, with what an immodest impatiencie and disgracefull scorne, do you put off your cittie ture: I am sorrie to thinke you imagine to right your selfe, in wronging that which hath made both you and vs.

Girt. I tell you I cannot indure it, I must bee a Lady: doe you weare your Quoiffe with a London licket: your Stamen-peticoate with two guardes, the Buffin gowne with the tustaffitic cape, and the Veluet lace. I must be a Lady, and I will be a Lady. I like some humors of the City Dames well, to eate Cherries onely at an Angell a pound, good, to die rich Scarlet, black, pretie: to line a Grogarom gowne cleane thorough with veluet, tollerable: their pure linen, their smocks of 3.li. a smock are to be borne with all. But your minsing niceries, taffata pipkins, durance petticotes, and siluer bodkins — Gods my life, as I shal be a Lady I cannot indure it. Is he come yet? Lord what a long Knight tis! And ever she cride shout home, and yet I knewe one longer, and ever she cride shout home, fa, la, ly, re, lo, la.

Mil. Well Sister, those that scorne their nest, oft flie with a sicke wing. *Gir.* Bae-bell.

Mil. Where Titles presume to thrust before fit meanes to second them, wealth and respect often growe sullen, and will not follow. For sure in this, I would for your sake I spake not truth. Where ambition of place goes before finnes of birth, contempt and disgrace follow. I heard a Scholler once saie, that *Nisses* when he cou-terfeited himselfe madde, yoake cattes and foxes, & dogges together to draw his plow, whiles hee followed and sowed salt: But sure Iudge them truelie madde, that yoake ciizens & cour-tiers

tiers, trades men & souldiers, a goldsmiths daughter & a knight:
well sister, pray God my father sow not salt too.

Gir. Alas, poore *Mil.* when I am a Lady, ile pray for thee, yet I
faith: Nay, & ile vouchsafe to call thee sister *Mil.* still, for though
thou art not like to be a Lady as I am, yet sure thou art a creature
of Gods making: & maist peradventure to be sau'd as soone as
I, (dos he come?) *And euer and anon she doubled in her song.*
Now (Ladies my comfort) What a prophane Ape's here!
Tailer, Poldavis, prethee fit it, fit it: is this a right Scot?
Does it clip close? and beate vp round?

Pold. Fine & stily ifaith, twill keepe your thighes so coole and
make your wast so small: here was a fault in your body, but I
haue supplied the defect, with the effect of my steele instrument,
which, though it haue but one eye, can see to rectifie the imper-
fection of the proportion.

Gir. Most xdefiying *Tailer!* I protest you *Tailers* are most fan-
ctified members, and make many crooked thing goe vpright.
How must I beare my hands? light? light?

Pold. O I, now you are in the Lady-fashion, you must doe all
things light. Tread light, light, I and fall so:
that's the court-Amble, *She trips about the stage.*

Gir. Has the Court nere a trot? *Pol.* No, but a false gallop, *Ladie.*

Gir. And if she will not go to bed. *Cantat.*

Bet. The Knight's come forsooth.

Enter sir Petronel. M. Touchstone. & Mist. Touchstone.

Gir. Is my Knight come? O the Lord. My band?
Sister doo my cheekes looke well? giue me a lide boke a the care
that I may seeme to blush: now, now, So, there, there, there! heere
he is: O my deereft delight. Lord, Lord, & how dos my Knight?

Touch. Fie, with more modestie.

Gyr. Modesty! why, I am no Citizen now, modestie? Am I
not to be married? y'are best to keepe me modest now I am to be

Sir. Pet. Boldnes is good-fashion and courtlike, (a Lady.

Gir. I, in a country Lady I hope it it: as I shall be.

And how chance ye came no sooner knight?

Sir. Pet. Faith, I was so intertain'd in the progresse with one
Count *Epernoum* a welch knight: we had a match at *Baloone* too,
with my Lord *Whacbum*, for to wre crownes, (Knight.

Gir. At *Baboon*? Iesu! you & I wil play at *Baboon* in the country?

Sir. Pet.

EASTWARD HOE.

Sir. Pet. O sweet Lady: tis a strong play with the arme.

Gir. With arme, or legge, or any other member: if it be a court-sport. And when shal's be married my Knight?

Sir. Pet. I come now to consumate it; and your father may call a poore Knight, Sonne in Law.

M. Touch. Sir, ye are come, what is not mine to keepe, I must not be sorry to forgoe: A 100 li. Land her Grandmother left her, tis yours, her selfe (as her mothers gift) is yours. But if you expect ought from me, know, my hand and mine eyes open together; I doe not giue blindly. *Worke upon that now.*

Sir. Pet. Sir, you mistrust not my meanes? I am a Knight.

Touch. Sir, Sir; What I know not, you will giue me leaue to say I am ignorant of.

Mist. Touch. Yes, that he is a Knight; I know where he had money to pay the Gentlemen Vshers, and Heralds their Fees. I, that he is a knight: & so might you haue beene too, if you had beene ought else then an asse. as well as some of your neighbours. And I thought you would not ha beene Knighted, (as I am an honest woman) I would ha dub'd you my self, I praise God I haue wher withall. But as for you daughter. —————

Gir. I mo' her. I must be a Lady to morrow: and by your leaue mother, (I speake it not without my duty, but onely in the right of my husband) I must take place of you, Mother.

Mist. Touch. That you shall Lady-daughter, & haue a Coach as well as I too.

Gir. Yes mother. But by your leaue mother, (I speake it not without my duty, but onely in my husbands right) my Coach-horses must take the wall of your coach-horses.

Touch. Come, come, the day growes low: tis supper time; vse my house, the wedding solemnity is at my wifes cost; thanke mee for nothing but my willing blessing: for (I cannot faine) my hopes are faint. And Sir respect my daughter, she has refus'd for you, wealthy and honest matches, known good men, wel monied, better traded, best reputed.

Gir. Body a truth, *Chittizens, Chittizens.* Sweet Knight, as soone as euer we are married, take me to thy mercy out of this miserable *Chitty*, presently, carry mee out of the sent of *New-castle Coale*, & the hearing of *Bee-bell*, I beseech thee downe with me for God sake.

EASTWARD HOE.

Touch, Well daughter, I have read that old wit sings;
The greatest rixers flow from little springs.
Though thou art full, skorne no; thy meanes at first,
He that is most drunke may soonest be a thirst.
Worke upon that now.

All but Touchstone, Mildred, and Goulding depart.

No no; you'd stand my hopes.

Mildred, Come hither daughter. And how approue you your sisters fashion? how doe you phant' sic her choice? what doest thou thinke?

Mil. I hope as a sister, well.

Touch. Nay but, nay but how doest thou like her behauiour & humour? speake freely.

Mil. I am loath to speake ill: and yet I am sorry of this I cannot speake well.

Touch. Well: very good, as I would wish: a modest answer. *Goulding*, come hither: hither *Goulding*. How doest thou like the Knight, *Sir Flash*? does he not looke big? howe likst thou the *Elephant*? he saies he has a castle in the countrie.

Goul. Pray heauen, the *Elephant* carry not his castle on his back.

Touch. Fore heauen very wel: But seriously, how doest repute

Gould. The best I can say of him is, I know him not? (him?)

Touch. Ha *Goulding*? I commend thee, I approue thee, & will make it appeare my affection is strong to thee. My wife has her humour, and I will ha' mine. Dost thou see my daughter here? she is not faire, well-fauoured or so, indifferent, which modest measure of beauty, shall not make it thy onely worke to watch her, nor sufficient mischance, to suspect her. Thou art towardly, shee is modest, thou art prouident, shee is carefull. Shee's now mine: giue me thy hand, shee's now thine. *Worke upon that now.*

Goul. Sir, as your son I honor you; and as your seruant obey you.

Touch. Saist thou so, come hither *Mildred*. Do you see you'd fellow? he is a Gentleman (tho my Prentise) and has somewhat to take too: a Youth of Good hope; well friended, well parted. Are you mine? You are his. *Worke (you) upon that now.*

Mil. Sir, I am all yours: your body gaue me life, your care and loue hapinesse of lite: let your vertue still direct it, for to your wisdom I wholly dispose my selfe.

Touch. Saist thou so? be ye two better acquainted, Lip her,
 Lip

Lip her knaue. So shut vp shop: in. We must make holiday:
This match shall on, for I intend to proue Ex. Goul. and Mil.
Which thrines the best, the meane or lofty losse.
Whether fit Wedlock vord mixt like and like,
Or prouder hopes, which daringly ere strike
Their place and meanes: tis honest Times expence,
When seeming lightnesse beares a morrall sense.
 Worke vpon that now. *Exit.*

Actus secundi. Scena Prima.

*Touchstone, Quick siluer, Goulding and Mildred, sitting
 on either side of the stall.*

*Touch. Quick siluer, Maister Francis Quick siluer. Maister Quick-
 siluer.* *Enter Quick siluer.*

Quic. Here sir; (vmp.)

*Touc. So sir; nothing but flat Master Quicksiluer (without any
 familiar addition) wil fetch you: will you trusse my points sir?*

Quick. Ifor sooth: (vmp.)

*Touch. How now sir? the druncken hyckop, so soone this
 morning?*

Quick. Tis but the coldnesse of my stomake forsooth.

*Touch. what? haue you the cause naturall for it? y'are a very
 learned drunkerd: I beleue I shall misse some of my siluer
 spoones with your learning. The nuptiall night will not moisten
 your throat sufficiently, but the morning likewise must raine her
 dewes into your gluttonous wefand.*

*Quick. An't please you sir, we did but drinke (vmp.) to the
 comming off, of the Knightly Bride grome,*

Touch. To the comming off an'him?

*Quic. I forsooth: we druncke to his comming on (vmp.) when
 we went to bed; and now we are vp, we must drinke to his com-
 ming off: for thats the chiefe honour of a Souldier sir, & therefore
 we must drinke so much the more to it, forsooth. (vmp.)*

*Touch. A very capitall reason. So that you goe to bed late, &
 rise early to commit drunkenesse? you fulfil the Scripture ve-
 rie sufficient wickedly forsooth.*

*Quic. The Knights men forsooth be still a their knees at it,
 (vmp) & because tis for your credit sir, I would be loth to flinch.*

Touch. I pray sir, een to hem againe then; y'are one of the se-

perated crew, one of my wiues faction; and my young Ladies, with whom, & with their great match, I wil haue nothing to do.

Quick. So sir, now I will go keepe my (*vmp*) credit with them an'r please you sir.

Touch. In any case Sir, lay one cup of Sack more a' your cold stomacke, I beseech you. *Quick.* Yes forsooth. *Exit Quick.*

Touch. This is for my credit, Seruants euer maintaine drunkennes in their Maisters house, for their maisters credites a good idle Seruing-mans reason: I thanke time the night is past; I nere wakt to such cost; I thinke wee haue stowd more sorts of flesh in our bellies, then euer *Noahs* Arke receiued: and for Wine, why my house turnes giddie with it, and more noise in it then at a Conduict; Aye me, euen beastes condemne our gluttonie, Well 'tis our Citties fault, which because we commit; seldome, we commit the more sinfully, we lose no time in our sensualitie, but we make amends for it; O that we would do so in vertue, & religious negligences; but see here are al the sober parcels my house can show, Ile caue drop, heare what thoughts they vtter this morning.

Enter Goulding.

Goul. But is it possible, that you seeing your sister preferd to the bed of a Knight; should containe your affections in the armes of a Prentice?

Myl. I had rather make vp the garment of my affections in some of the same peece, then like a toole wear gownes of two coulours, or mixe Sackcloth with Sattin.

Goul. And doe the costly garments; the tittle and fame of a Lady, the fashion, obseruation, & reuerence proper to such preferment, no more enflame you, then such conuenience as my poore meanes and industrie can offer to your vertues?

Myl. I haue obseru'd that the bridle giuen to those violent flatteries of fortune, is seldome reouer'd: they beare one headlong in desire from one noueltie to another: and where those ranging appetites raigne, there is euer more passion then reason. no stay, and so no happinesse. These hastie aduancements are not naturall. Nature hath giuen vs legges, to go to our obiects; not wings to flie to them.

Goul. Howe deare an obiect you are to my desires I cannot expresse, whose fruition would my Maisters absolute consent and yours vouchsafe me, I should bee absolutely happie. And
though

though it were a grace so farre beyond my merit, that I should blush with vnworthinesse to receiue it. yet thus far both my loue & my meanes shall assure your requital; you shal want nothing fit for your birth and education; what encrease of wealth & advancement, the honest and orderly industrie & skil of our trade will affoorde in any, I doubt not will be aspired by me, I will euer make your contentment the end of my endeouours; I will loue you aboue all, and onely your griefe shall bee my misery, and your delight, my felicitye.

Touch. Worke upon that now. By my hopes, he woos honestly and orderly: he shalbe Anchor of my hopes, Looke, see the ill yoakt monster his fellow.

*Enter Quick siluer in lac'd, a towell about his necke,
in his flat Cap, drunk.*

Quick. Eastward Hoe: Holla ye pampered lades of Asia.

Touch. Drunke now downe right, a, my, fidelity.

Quick. Am pum pull eo, Pello: showle quot the Caliuer.

Gould. Fic tell w. Quick siluer, what a pickle are you in?

Quick. Pickle? pickle in thy throat: zounes pickle? wa ha ho, good morrow knight Petroneli: morrow lady Gouldsmith, come of Knight, with a counterbuff, for the honour of knighthood.

Gould. Why how now sir? doe ye know where you are?

Quick. Where I am? why sblood you ioulthead where I am?

Gould. Go too, go too, for shame goe to bed and sleepe out this immodestie: thou sham'st both my maister and his house.

Quick. Shame? what shame? I thought thou wouldst showe thy bringing vp: & thou wert a gentleman as I am, thou wouldst thinke it no shame to be drunke. Lend me some monye, faue my credit, I must dine with the seruing men and their wiues. & their wiues sirha.

Gould. Eene who you will, Ile not lend thee three pence.

Quick. S'ootte lend me some monye, bist thou not Hyren here?

Touch. Why how now sirha? what vain's this, ha?

Quick. Who cries on murther? Lady was it you? how does our maister: pray thee crie Eastward hoe? (drunke

Touch. Sirha, sirha, y' are past your hick vp now, I see y' are

Quick. Tis for your credit maister.

Touch. And here you keepe a whore in towne.

Quick. Tis for your credit Maister.

Touch. And what you are out in Cashe, I know.

Quick. So do I: my father's a Gentleman, *Worke upon that now,*
Eastward hoe.

Touch. Sir, Eastward hoe, will make you go Westward hoe: I will no longer dishonest my house, nor endanger my stock with your licence: There sir, there's your Indenture, all your apparell (that I must know) is on your back: & from this time my doore is shut to you: from me be free: but for other freedome, and the monyes you haue wasted, Eastward hoe, shall not serue you.

Quick. Am I free a my fetters? Rente: Flye with a Duck in thy mouth: and now I tell thee *Touchstone* —————

Touch. Good sir.

Quick. *When this eternall substance of my soule.*

Touch. Well said, change your gold ends for your play ends.

Quick. Did I see imprison'd in my wanton flesh.

Touch. What then sir? (my name.

Quick. I was a Courtier in the Spanish court, & Don Andrea was

Touch. Good maister Don Andrea will you marche?

Quick. Sweete *Touchstone*, will you lend me two shillings?

Touch. Not a penny.

Quick. Not a penny? I haue friends, & I haue acquaintance, I wil passe at thy shop posts, and throw rotten Egges at thy signe:
Worke upon that now. *Exit, staggering.*

Tou. Now sirra, you? heare you? you shall serue me no more neither: not an houre longer, *Goul.* What meane you sir?

Touch. I meane to giue thee thy freedome: and with thy freedome my daughter: and with my daughter, a fathers loue. And with all these such a portion, as shal make Knight *Petronel* himselfe enuie thee: y'are both agreed? are ye not?

Ambo. With all submission, both of thanks and dutie.

Touch. Well then, the great power of heaven blest: and confirme you. And, *Goulding*, that my loue to thee may not shoue lesse then my wiues loue to my eldest daughter: thy marriage feast shall equall the Knights and hers.

Goul. Let mee beseech you, no Sir, the superfluitie and colde meate left at their Nuptials, will with bountie furnish ours. The grossest prodigalitie is superfluous cost of the Belly: nor would I wish any inuitement of States or friends, onely your reuerent presence and. witness shall sufficiently grace and confirme vs.

Touc. Sonne to mine owne bosome, take her and my blessing: The nice fondling, my Lady sir-reuerence, that I must not now presume

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presume to call daughter, is so raiush't with desire to hanfell her new Coache, and see her knights *Eastward Castle*, that the next morning will sweat with her buesie setting forth, away will shee and her mother, & while their preparation is making, our selues with some two or three other friends will consumate the humble matche, we haue in Gods name concluded.

Tis to my wish; for I haue often read,

Fit birth, fit age, keeps long a quiet bed.

Tis to my wish; for Tradesmen (well tis knowne)

Get with more ease, then a Gentrie keeps his owne.

Exit.

Ent. Secu. My priuie Guest, lustie *Quicksilver*, has drunke too deepe of the Bride-boule, but with a little sleepe he is much recovered; and I thinke is making himselfe ready to be drunke in a gallanter likenes: My house is as t'were the Caue, where the yong Out-lawe hoords the stolne vailes of his occupation; And here when he will reuell it in his prodigall similitude, he retires to his Trunks and (I may say softly) his Punks: he dares trust me with the keeping of both: for I am *Securitie* it selfe, my name is *Securitie*, the famous *Vsurer*.

Enter Quick in his prentises Cote & Cap, his gallant breeches, and Stockings, gartering himselfe, Securitie following.

Quic. Come old *Securitie*, thou father of destruction: th' indented Sheepskin is burn'd wherein I was wrapt, & I am now loofe, to get more children of perdition into my vsurous bonds. Thou feed'st my Lecherie, and I thy Couetousnes: Thou art Pander to me for my wench; and I to thee for thy coosenages: K. me, K. thee runnes through Court and Countrey.

Secu. Well said my subtile *Quic*. Those K's ope the dores to all this worlds felicity: the dullest forehead sees it. Let not maist, Courtier think he carries al the knauery on his shoulders: I haue known poore *Hob* in the country, that has worne hob-nailes on's shoes, haue as much villany, in's head, as he that weares gold bottös in's cap. *Quic*. Why man, is the London high-way to thrift, if vertue be ysde; tis but a scape to the nette of villanie. They that vse it simplie, thrue simplie I warrant: "Waight and fashion makes Goldsmiths Cockoldes.

Enter Synd. with Quick siluers Doublet, Cloake, Rapier, & Dagger.

Synd. Here sir, put of the other halfe of your Prentiship.

Quic. Well said sweet *Syn*: bring forth my brauerie, Now let my Truncks shoote forth their silkes conceald,

I now am free; and now will iustifie
 My Frunkes and Punks: Aiant dull Flat. cap then,
 Via, the curtaine that shadowed *Borgia*;
 There lie thou huske of my enuail'd State.

I *Sampson* now, haue burst the *Philistins* Bands,

And in thy lappe my louely *Dulida*,

Ile lie, and snore out my enfranchis'd State.

When Sampson was a tall yong man | *Old Touchstone now writ to thy friends*
 His power and strength increased thax, | For one to sell thy base gold cads,
 He sold no more, nor Cup, nor Can, | Quicksiluer, now no more, attends
 But did, them all despise. | True Touchstone.

But Dad, hast thou seene my running Gelding drest to daie?

Secu. That I haue *Franck*, the Ostler a'th Cocke, drest him for
 a Breakfast, *Quick.* what did he eate him?

Secu. No, but he eate his breakfast for dressing him: and so
 drest him for breakfast.

Quicksiluer. O wittie Age, where age is yong in witte,
 And all youths words haue gray beardes full of it!

Secu. But ahlas *Franck*, how will all this bee maintain'd nowe?
 Your place maintain'd it before.

Quic. Why & I mainta'nd my place. Ile to the Court, another
 manner of place for maintainance I hope then the silly City. I
 heard my father say, I heard my mother sing a nold song and a
 true: *Thou art a she foole, & knowst not what belongs to our male wis-*
dom. I shalbe a Merchant forsooth: trust my estate in a wooden
 Trough as he does? What are these ships but tennis Balls for the
 winds to play withal? Tost from one waue to another; Now vn-
 der-line; Now ouer the house; Sometimes Brick-wal'd against a
 Rocke so that the gutts flie out againe: sometimes strooke vnder
 the wide Hazzard, and farewell M. Merchant.

Syn. Well *Franck*, wel; the seas you say are vncertaine: But he
 that sailes in your Court seas, shall finde 'hem ten times fuller of
 hazzard; wherein to see what is to be seene, is torment more the
 a free Spirit can indure; But when you come to suffer, how many
 iniuries swallow you? What care and deuotion must you vse to
 humour an imperious Lord? proportion your looks to his looks?
 smiles to his smiles? fit your sailes to the winde of his breath?

Qui. Tush hee's no Iourney-man in his craft that cannot do that.
Syn. But hee's worse then a Prentise that does it, not onely humo-
 ring the Lord, but euery Trencherbearer, euery Groome that by
 indulgence & intelligence crept into his fauour, & by pandarisme

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into his chamber; he rules the roste: And when my honourable Lord saies it shall be thus, my worshipfull Rascall (the grome of his close stoole) saies it shal not be thus, claps the doore after him, and who dares enter? A Prentise, quoth you? tis but to learne to liue, and does that disgrace a man? hee that rises hardly, stands firmly: but he that rises with ease, Alas, falles as easily.

Quick. A pox on you, who taught you this moralitic?

Secu. Tis long of this wittie Age, *M. Francis.* But indeed, *Mist. Syndefie*, all Trades complaine of inconuenience, and therefore tis best to haue none. The Merchant hee complaines, and saies, Trafficke is subiect to much incertaintie and losse: let hem keepe their goods on drie land with a vengeance, and not expose other mens substances to the mercie of the windes, vnder protection of a wodden wall) as *M. Francis* saies) and all for greedie desire, to enrich theselues with vnconscionable gaine, two for one, or so: where I, and such other honest men as liue by lending monie, are content with moderate profit; Thirtie, or fortie ith hundred, so we may haue it with quietnes, and out of perill of winde and weather, rather then runne those daungerous courses of trading as they doe.

Quick. I Dad, thou maist well be called *Security*, for thou takell the safest course.

Secu. Faith the quieter, and the more contented; & out of doubt the more godly. For Merchants in their courses are neuer pleas'd but euer repining against heauen: One prays for a Westerlie wind to carry his ship forth; another for an Easterly, to bring his ship home, & at euery shaking of a lease, he falles into an agony, to thinke what danger his Shippe is in one such a Coast, and so forth. The Farmer he is euer at oddes with the Weather, sometimes the clouds haue beene too barren; Sometimes the Heauens forget themselues, their Haruests answeere not their hopes: Sometimes the Season falls out too fruitfull, Corne will beare no price and so forth. Th' Artificer, he's all for a stirring world, if this Trade be too full; and fall short of his expectation, then falles he out of ioynt. Where we that trade nothing but money, are free from all this, we are pleas'd with all weathers: let it raine or hold vp, be calme or windy, let the season be whatsoeuer, let Trade go how it will, we take all in good part, een what please the heauens to send vs. so the sun stād not stil, & the moone keepe her vsuall returnes; and make vp daies, moneths, & yeres.

Quick. And you haue good securitie?

Secu. I mary *Francke*, that's the speciall point.

Quick. And yet forsooth we must haue trades to liue withal; For we cannot stand without legges, nor flye without wings, & a number of such skuruie phrases. No, I say still, he that has wit, let him liue by his wit: he that has none, let him be a Trades-man.

Secu. Witty Maister *Francis*!

Tis pittie any trade should dull that quick braine of yours. Doe but bring Knight *Petronel* into my Parchment Toyles once, and you shall neuer neede to toyle in any trade, a'my credit! You know his wiuers Land?

Quick. Euen to a foote sir, I haue beene often there: a pretie fine Seate, good Land, all intire within it selfe.

Secu. Well wooded?

Quick. Two hundred pounds worth of wood ready to sell. And a fine sweet house that stands iust in the midst an't, like a Pricke in the middest of a circle, would I were your Farmer, for a hundred pound a yeare.

Secu. Excellent M. *Francis*, how I do long to doe thee good: How I do hunger; and thirst to haue the honour to enrich thee? I euen to die, that thou mightest inherit my liuing: euen hunger and thirst, for a my Religion M. *Francis*, and so tell Knight *Pet.* I do it to do him a pleasure.

Quick. Mary Dad, his horses are now comming vp, ito beare downe his Lady, wilt thou lend him thy stable to set 'hem in?

Secu. Faith M. *Francis*, I would be loth to lend my stable out of dores, in a greater matter I will pleasure him, but not in this.

Quick. A pox of your hunger and thirst. Well Dad, set him haue money: All he could any way get, is bestowed on a ship, nowe bound for *Virginia*: the frame of which voyage is so closely conuaide, that his new Lady nor any of her friends know it. Notwithstanding, as soone as his Ladies hand is gotten to the sale of her inheritance, and you haue furnisht him with money, he will instantly heyst Saile and away.

Secu. Now a Franck gale of wind go with him; Maister *Franck*, we haue too fewe such knight aduenturers: who would not sell away competent certenties, to purchase (with any danger) excellent vncertenties; your true knight venturer euer does it. Let his Wife seale to day he shall haue his money to day.

Qui. To morrow she shall, Dad, before she goes into the country,

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to worke her to which action, with the more engines, I purpose presently to preferre my sweete Sinne here, to the place of her Gentlewoman; whom you (for the more credit) shall present as your friends daughter, a gentlewoman of the countrie, new come vp with a will for a while to learne fashions forsooth, and be toward some Lady; and she shall buzz pretty deuises into her Ladies eare; feeding her humours so seruiceable (as the manner of such as she is you know.)

Secur. True good Maister *Francis*.

Enter Sindesie,

Quick. That she shall keepe her Port open to any thing shee commends to her.

Secu. A my religion, a most fashionable proiect; as good shee spoile the Lady, as the Lady spoile her: for tis three to one of one side: sweete mistrisse Sinne, how are you bound to maister *Francis*? I doe not doubt to see you shortly wedde one of the headmen of our cittie.

(me?)

Sin. But sweete *Francke*, when shall my father *Security* present

Quick. With al festination: I haue broken the Ice to it already; and will presently to the Knights house, whether, my good old Dad, let me pray thee with all formalitie to man her.

Secu. Command me Maister *Francis*, I doe hunger and thirst to do thee seruice. Come sweete Mistrisse Sinne, take leave of my *Wynifrid*. and we wil instantly meete *Francke*, Maister *Frances* at your Ladies.

Enter Winnifride above.

Win. Where is my *Cu* there? *Cu*?

Secur. I *Winnie*.

Win. Wilt thou come in, sweete *Cu*? *Secu.* I *Winnie*, precisely *Exo Qui.* I *Wynny*, quod he? thats al he can doe poore man: he may well cut off her name at *Wynny*. O tis an egregious Pandare! what wil not an v'urours knaue be, so hee may bee rich? O tis a notable Iewes trump! I hope to liue to see dogs meate made of the old v'urers flesh: dice of his bones; & Indentures of his skin: & yet his skin is too thicke to make Parchment, 'twould make good Boots for a Peeter man to catch salmon in. Your onely smooth skin to make fine vellam, is your Puritanes skinn; they be the smoothest and slickest knaues in a countrie.

Enter sir Petronell in Bootes with a ryding man.

Pet. Ile out of this wicked towne as fast as my horse can trot: Here's now no good action for a man to spend his time in. Taverners grow dead: Ordinaries are blown vp; Playes are at a stand Howses of Hospitality at a fall: not a Feather wauing, nor a spur

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Qui. Y'ad best take some crowns in your purse Knight, or else your Eastward Castle will smoake but miserably.

Peter. O Franck! my castle; Alas al the Castles I haue, are built with ayre, thou know'st

Quic. I know it: Knight, and therefore wonder whether your Lady is going.

Pet. Faith to seeke her Fortune I thinke. I said I had a castle and land Eastward, and Eastward she wil without cōtradiction: her coach, and the coach of the Sunne must meete ful butt: And the Sunne being out shined with her Ladyships glorie, she teares he goes Westward to hange himselfe.

Quick. And I feare, when her enchanted Castle becomes inuisible, her Ladyship wil returne and follow his example.

Pet. O that she would haue the grace, for I shall neuer bee able to pacifie her, when she sees her selfe deceiued so.

Quick. As easily as can be. Tel her she mistooke your directions, and that shortly, your selfe will downe with her to approoue it; and then, cloath but her croupper in a newe Gowne, and you may driue her any way you list: for these women sir, are like Essex Calues, you must wriggle hem on by the tayle still, or they will neuer driue orderly.

Pet. But alas sweet Franck thou kno'st my habilitie will not furnish her bloud with those costly humors.

Quic. Cast that cost'on me Sir. I haue spoken to my olde Pandar *Securitie*, for money or commoditie: and commoditie (if you will) I know he will procure you.

Pet. Commoditie! Alas what commoditie?

Quick. Why Sir? what say you to Figges, and Raysons.

Pet. A plague of Figges and Raysons, and all such fraile commodities we shall make nothing of hem. (Beefe?)

Quic. Why then Sir, what say you to Fortie pound in rosted

Pet. Out, vpon't, I haue lesse stomacke to that, then to the Figges and Raysons, Ile out of Towne, though I sojourne with a friend of mine, for staye here I must not; my creditors haue laide to arrest mee, and I haue no friend vnder heauen but my Sword to baile me.

Qui. Gods me Knight, put hem in sufficient sureties, rather then let your Sworde bayle you: Let hem take their choice, eyther the Kings *Benche*, or the *Fleete*, or which of the two *Counners* they like best, for by the Lord I like none of hem.

Pet. Well *Francke* there is no iesting with my earnest necessity; thou knowst if I make not present money to further my voyage begun, all's lost; and all I have laid out about it.

Quick. Why then Sir in earnest, if you can get your wife Lady to set her hand to the sale of her inheritance, the bloud-hound *Securitie* Will smel out ready money for you instantly.

Petro. There spake an Angel: to bring her too which conformity, I must faine my selfe extreamly amorous; and allcadging vrgent excuses for my stay behind, part with her as passionately, as she would from her foysting hound.

Qui. You haue the Sowe by the right care Sir: I warrant there was neuer Childe longd more to ride a Cock-horse, or weare his new coate, then she longs to ride in her new Coach: She would long for euery thing when shee was a maide; and now she will runne mad for hem: I lay my life she wil haue euery yeare foure children; and what charge and change of humour, you must endure while she is with childe; and how shee will tie you to your tackling till she be with child, a Dogge would not endure. Nay, there is no turnespit Dog bound to his wheele more seruily, the you shalbe to her wheele; For as that Dogge can neuer climbe the toppe of his wheele, but when the toppe comes vnder him: so shall you neuer climbe the top of her contentment, but when she is vnder you.

Pet. Slight how thou terrifiest me?

Quick. Nay harke you sir? what Nurses, what Midwiues, what fooles, what Phisitions, what cunning women must bee sought for (feareing somtimes shee is bewicht, sometimes in a consumption) to tell her tales, to talke bawdie to her, to make her laughe, to giue her glisters, to let her bloud vnder the tongue, & betwixt the toes: how she will reuile and kisse you: spitte in your face, and lick it off againe: how she will vaunt you are her Creature: shee made you of nothing; how she could haue had thousand marke ioyntures: she could haue bin made a Lady by a Scotch knight, and neuer ha' married him: She could haue had Poyados in he bed euery morning: how shee set you vp, and how shee will pull you downe: youle neuer be able to stand of your legges to indure it.

Pet. Out of my fortune, what a death is my life bound face to face too? The best is, a large *Time-fitted* conscience is bound to nothing: Marriage is but a forme in the Schoole of Policie, to

which Schollers sit fastned onely with painted chaines, old *Securitie*s yong wife is nere the further of with me.

Quick. Thereby lyes a tale sir. The old vsurer will be here instantly, with my Puncke *Syndesie*, whom you know your Ladie has promist mee to entertaine for her Gentlewoman: and hee (with a purpose to feede on you) inuites you most solemnly by me to supper.

Pet. It falls out excellently fitly: I see desire of gaine makes Iealousie venturous: *Enter Gyr*:

See *Francke*, here comes my Lady: Lord how she viewes thee, she knowes thee not I thinke in this brauerie.

Gyr. How now? who be you I pray? *(Ship.*

Quick. One maister *Francis Quick siluer*, an't please your Ladie.

Gyr. Gods my dignitie! as I am a Lady, if he did not make me blush so that mine eyes stood a water, would I were vnmarried againe. *Enter Securitie and Sindesie.*

Wher's my woman I pray?

Quick. See Madam, shee now comes to attend you. *(die.*

Secu. God saue my honourable Knight, & his worshipful La-

Gyr. Y' are very welcome: you must not put on your Hat yet.

Secu. No Madam; till I know your Ladyships further pleasure, I will not presume. *(Countrey?*

Gyr. And is this a Gentlemans daughter new come out of the *Secu*. Shee is Madam; and one that her Father hath a speciall care to bestowe in some honourable Ladies seruice, to put her out of her honest humours forsooth, for shee had a great desire to be a Nun, an't please you. *(Adiectiue?*

Gyr. A Nun? what Nun? a Nun Substantiue? or a Nun

Sec. A Nun Substantiue Madam: I hope, if a Nun be a Noun. But I meane, Ladie, a vovd maide of that order.

Gyr. He teach her to bee a maide of the order I warrant you: and can you doe any worke belongs to a Ladyes Chamber?

Synd. What I cannot doe, Madam, I would be glad to learne.

Gyr. Well said, holde vp then: holde vp your head I say, come hither a little. *Syn*. I thanke your Ladiship.

Gyr. And harke you, Good man, you may put on your Hatt now, I do not looke on you: I must haue you of my fashio now: not of my knights, maide. *Syn*. No forsooth Madam of yours.

Gyr. And draw all my seruants in my bove, & keepe my counsell, and tell me tales, and put me Riddles, and reade on a booke some-

sometimes when I am busie, and laugh at country gentlewomē, and command any thing in the house for my retainers, & care not what you spend, for it is all mine: & in any case, be still a maid whatsoeuer you do, or whatsoeuer any man can doe vnto you.

Secu. I warrant your Ladiship for that.

Gyr. Very well, you shall ride in my coach with mee into the Countrey to morrow morning; Come Knight, I pray thee lets make a short supper and to bed presently.

Secu. Nay good Madam, this night I haue a short supper at home, waites on his worships acceptation.

Gir. By my faith but he shal not go sir, I shal sworne & he sup from me. *Pet.* Pray thee forbear, shal he loose his prouision?

Gyr. I by Lady Sir, rather then I loose my longing; come in I say: as I am a Lady you shal not goe.

Quic. I told him what a Burre he had gotten.

Secu. If you will not suppe from your Knight, Madam, let mee entreat your Ladiship to suppe at my house with him.

Gir. No by my faith sir, then we cannot be a bed soone enough after supper.

Pet. What a medicine is this? well: Maister *Security*, you are new married as well as I, I hope you are bound as well: we must honour our yong wiues you know.

Quic. In policie Dad, till to morrow she has feald.

Secu. I hope in the morning yet your Knight-hood will breake fast with me. *Pet.* As carely as you will sir. *(good sir.)*

Secu. I thank your good worship; I do hunger and thirst to do you.

Gir. Come sweet Knight come, I do hunger and thirst to be a bed with thee.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertij. Scena Prima.

Enter Petronel, Quicksiluer, Security, Bramble, & Winnifrid.

Pet. Thanks for your feast-like Breakfast good Maister *Security*, I am sorrie, (by reason of my instant haste to so long a voiage as *Virginia*,) I am without meanes by any kind amends to shew how affectionatly I take your kindnes, & to cōfirme by some worthy Ceremony a perpetuall league of friendship betwixt vs.

Secu. Excellent knight; let this be a tokē betwixt vs of inuolable friendship: I am new married to this faire Gentlewoman you know; and by my hope to make her fruitfull though I bee something

in yeares) I vowe faithfully vnto you, to make you Godfather (though in your absence) to the first child I am blest withall: & hēceforth call me Gossip I beseech you, if you please to accept it.

Pet. In the highest degree of gratitude, my most worthy Gossip; for confirmation of which friendly title, let me entreate my faire Gossip your Wife here, to accept this Diamond, and keepe it as my gift to her first Child, wherefoeuer my Fortune in euent of my Voyage shall bestowe me.

Secur. How now my coye wedlocke! make you strange of so Noble a fauour? take it I charge you, with all affection, and (by way of taking your leaue) present boldly your lips to our honourable Gossip.

Quic. How ventrous he is to him, and how ieaalous to others!

Pet. Long may this kind touch of our lips Print in our hearts all the formes of affection. And now my good Gossip, if the writings be ready to which my wife should seale, let them bee brought this morning, before she takes Coach into the countrie, and my kindnesse shall worke her to dispatch it.

Secur. The writings are ready Sir. My learned counsell here, Maister *Bramble* the Lawyer hath perusde them; and within this houre, I will bring the Scriuenour with them to your worshipfull Lady.

Pet. Good Maister *Bramble*, I will here take my leaue of you then; God send you fortunate Pleas sir, and contentious Clients.

Bram. And you foreright winds sir, & a fortunate voyage.

Exit.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir *Petronel*, here are three or fowre Gentlemen desire to speake with you.

Pet. What are they?

Quick. They are your followers in this voyage Knight, Captaine *Seagul* and his associates, I met them this morning, and told them you would be here.

Pet. Let them enter I pray you, I know they long to be gone, for their stay is dangerous.

Enter Seagul, Scapethrift, and Spendall.

Sea. God saue my honourable Collonell.

Pet. Welcome good Captaine *Seagul*, and worthy Gentlemē, if you will meeete my friend *Fran.k* here, and mee, at the blewe Anchor Tauerne by Billingsgate this Euening; wee will there drinke to our happy voyage, be merry, and take Boate to our Ship with all expedition.

Spend.

Spend Deferre it no longer I beseech you sir, but as your voyage is hitherto carryed cloely, and in anothers knights name for your owne latetie and ours, lets it be continued, our meeting & speedie purpose of departing knowne to as few as it is possible, least your shippe and goods be attached.

Quick. Well aduisd Captaine, our Colionell shall have money this morning to dispach all our departures, bring those Gentlemen at night to the place appointed, and with our skianes full of viintage, wee take occasion by the vantage, and away.

Spend. We will not faile but be there sir.

Pet. Good morrow good Capraine, and my worthy associats. Health and all soueraignie to my beautifull Goship, for you sir, we shall see you presently with the writings.

Sec. With writings and crownes to my honourable goship: I doe hunger and thirst to doe you good sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertii. Scena Secunda.

Enter a Coachman in haste in's frock feeding.

Coach. Heer's a stirre when Citizens ride out of Towne in deede, as if all the house were a fire: Slight they will not give a man leaue to eat's breakfast afore he rises.

Enter Hamlet a foote man in haste.

Ham. What Coachman? my Ladies Coach for shame; her lads ship's readie to come downe.

Enter Potkinne, a Tankerd-bear:r.

Pot. Sfoote Hamlet; are you madde? whether run you nowe you should brushe vp my olde Mistresse? *Enter Syndetye.*

Syn. What Potkinne? you must put off your Tankerd, and put on your blew coat, and waite vpon mistris Touchstone into the countrie. *Exit.* *Pot*. I will forsooth presently. *Exit.*

Enter Mistresse Fond, and Mistresse Gazer.

Fond. Come sweete Mistresse Gazer, lets watch here, and see my Lady Flashe take coach.

Gaz. A my word here's a most fine place to stand in, did you see the new ship lancht last day, Mistresse Fond.

Fond. O God, and we Cittizens should loose such a sight?

Gaz. I warrant here will be double as many people to see her take coach, as there were to see it take water. *(lay.*

Fond. O shee's married to a most fine Castle ith' countrie, they

Gaz. But there are no Gyants in the Castle, are there?

Fond. O no, they say her knight kild'hem all & therefore hee was knighted. *Gaz.* Would to God her Ladiship would come

Enter Gyr. Mistris Touch. Syn. Ham. Pot. (away.)

Fond. Shee comes, she comes, she comes.

Gaz. Fond. Pray heaven bleffe your Ladiship.

Gyr. Thanke you good people; my coach for the loue of heaven, my coach? in good truth I shall swoune else.

Ham. Coach? coach, my Ladyes coach. *Exit.*

Gyr. As I am a Lady, I think I am with child already, I long for a coach so; may one be with child afore they are married mother?

Mist. Touch. I by'r lady Madam, a little thing does that; I haue seene a little prick no bigger then a pins head, swel bigger and bigger, till it has come to an *Ancome*; & eene so tis in these cases.

Enter Ham.

Ham. Your Coach is comming, Madam.

Gyr. That's well said; Now heaven! me thinks, I am eene vp to the knees in preferment,

But a little higher, but a little higher, but a little higher,

There, there, there lyes Cupids fire.

Mist. Touch. But must this yong man, an't please you Madam, run by your coach all the way a foote?

Gyr. I by my faith I warrant him, hee giues no other milke, as I haue an other seruant does.

Mist. Touch. Ahlas! tis eene pittie mee thinks; for Gods sake Madam buy him but a Hobbie-horse, let the poore youth haue something betwixt his legges to ease'hem; Alas! we must doe as we would be done too.

Gyr. Goe too, hold your peace dame, you talke like an olde foole I tell you.

Enter Petr. and Quicksilver.

Pet. Wilt thou be gone, sweete Honny-suckle, before I can goe with thee?

Gyr. I pray thee sweete Knight let me; I doe so long to dresse vp thy castle afore thou com'st: But I marle how my modest Sister occupies her selfe this morning, that shee can not waite one me to my coach, as well as her mother!

Quick. Mary Madam, shee's married by this time to Prentise *Goulding*; your father, and some one more, stole to Church with 'hem, in all the haste, that the colde meate left at your wedding, might serue to furnish their Nuptiall table.

Gyr. There's no base fellowe, my Father, now; but hee's eene

EASTWARD, HOE.

fit to Father such a daughter: he must call me daughter no more now: but *Madam*, and please you *Madam*: and please your worship *Madam*, indeed: out vpon him, marry his daughter to a base Prentise?

Mist. Touch. What should one doe? is there no lawe for one that marries a womans daughter against her will? howe shall we punish him *Madam*?

Gyr. As I am a Ladie an't would snowe, weele so peble'hem with snowe bals as they come from Church: but sirra, *Franck Quicksiluer.* *Quick.* I *Madam.*

Gir. Dost remember since thou and I clapt what d'ye'calts in the Garret.

Quick. I know not what you meane, *Madam.*

Gyr. His head as whi'e as milke, All flaxen was his haire:

But now he is dead, And laid in his Bed,

And neuer will come againe. God be at your labour.

Enter Touch. Goulding. Mild. with Rosemary.

Pet. Was there euer such a Lady?

Quick. See *Madam*, the Bridegrome,

Gyr. Gods my precious! God giue you ioy. *Mistrisse* What lake you. Now out vpon thee *Baggage*; my sister married in 'a *Taffeta Hat*? *Marie* hang you: Westward with a wanion te'ye'e, *Naie* I haue done weye *Minion* then y'faith, neuer looke to haue my countenance any more: nor any thing I can doe for thee. Thou ride in my coach? or come downe to my *Castle*? sie vpon thee: I charge thee in my *Ladiships* name, cal me *Sister* no more:

Touch. An't please your worship, this is not your sister: This is my daughter, and she calts me *Father*, and so does not your *Ladiship*, an't please your worship *Madam.*

Mist. Touch. No nor she must not call thee *Father* by *Heraldris*, because thou mak'st thy *Prentise* thy *Sonne* as wel as shee: Ah thou misproude *Prentise*, dar'st thou presume to marry a *Ladies* sister?

Gol. It pleas'd my *Master* forsooth to embolden me with his fauour: And though I confesse my selfe far vnworthy so worthy a wife (being in part, her seruant, as I am your prentise) yet (since I may say it without boasting) I am borne a *Gentleman*, and by the *Trade* I haue learn'd of my maister (which I trust taints not my blood) able with mine owne *Industrie* and portion to maintaine your daughter, my hope is, heaven will so blesse our humble

beginning, that in the end I shalbe no disgrace to the grace with which my Master hath bound me his double Prentise.

Touch. Master mee no more Sonne, if thou think'st me worthy to be thy father.

Gir. Sun? Now good Lord how he shines & you marke him! hee's a gentleman.

Gould. I indeede Madam, a Gentleman borne.

Pet. Neuer stand a' your Gentrye M. Bridgegröme: if your legges be no better then your Armes, you'le be able to stand vpon neither shortly.

Touch. An't please your good worshippe Sir, there are two sorts of Gentlemen.

Pet. What meane you Sir?

Touch. Bold to put off my hat to your worshippe,

Pet. Nay pray forbear Sir, & then forth with your two sorts of Gentlemen.

Touch. If your worship wil haue it so? I say there are two sorts of Gentlemen: There is a Gentleman Artificial, & a Gentleman Naturall; Now, though your worship be a Gentleman naturall: *Worke vpon th is now.*

Quick. Wel said olde *Touch*, I am proude to heare thee enter a set speech yfaith, forth I beseech thee.

Touch. Crie you mercie Sir, your worship's a Gentleman I do not know? if you bee one of my acquaintance y'are verie much disguised Sir.

Quick. Go too old Quipper: forth with thy speech I say.

Touch. What Sir, my speeches were euer in vaine to your gracious worship: And therefore till I speake to you gallantry indeed, I will saue my breath for my broth anon. Come my poore sonne and daughter; Let vs hide our selues in our poore humilitie and liue safe: Ambition consumes it selfe, with the very show. *Worke vpon: hat now,*

Gyr. Let him goe, let him goe for Gods sake: let him make his Prentise, his sonne for Gods sake: giue away his daughter for Gods sake: and when they come a begging to vs for Gods sake, let's laugh at their good hushandry for Gods sake. Farewell sweete Knight, pray thee make haste after.

Pet. What shall I say? I would not haue thee goe.

Quick. No, O now, I must depart, *Prising though it absence moue.* This Dittie, Knight, doe I see in thy lookes in *Capitall Letters.*

What

EASTWARD HOE.

What a griefe tis to depart, and leaue the flower that has my heart?
My sweet Lady, and alacke for woe, why should we part so.
Tell truth Knight, and shame all dissembling Louers, does not
your paine lye on that side?

Pet. If it doe, canst thou tell me how I may cure it?

Quick. Excellent easily: deuide your selfe in two halfes, iust
by the girdlestead, send one halfe with your Lady, and keepe the
tother your selfe: or else do as all true Louers doe, part with
your heart and leaue your body behind: I haue seen't done a
hundred times: 'Tis as easie a matter for a louer to part without
a heart from his sweet heart, and he nere the worse: as for a
Mouſe to get from a trap & leaue her taile behind him. See here
comes the writings.

Enter Security with a scriuener.

Secu. Good morrow to my worshipfull Lady. I present your
Ladiship with this writing, to which if you please to set your
hand, with your Knights, a veluet Gowne shall attend your jour-
ney a my credit.

Gir. What Writing is it Knight?

Pet. The sale (sweete heart) of the poore Tenement I told thee
off, onely to make a little money to send thee downie furniture
for my Castle, to which my hand shall lead thee.

Gir. Very well: Now giue me your Pen I pray.

Quick. It goes downe without chewing y'faith.

Scriu. Your worships deliuer this as your deed?

Ambo, We doe.

Gir. So now Knight farwell till I see

Pet. All farewell to my sweet heart.

(thee.)

Mist. Touch. God-boy sonne Knight.

Pet. Farewell my good mother.

Gir. Farewell *Franck*, I would faine take thee downe if I could.

Quickeſiluer. I thanke your good Ladiship, farewell *Mistris Sin-*
deſy.

Exeunt.

Pet. O tedious Voyage, whereof there is no ende!
What will they thinke of me?

Quick. Thinke what they list: They long'd for a vagarie into
the Country, & now they are fitted: So a woman marry to ride
in a coach, she cares not if she ride to her ruine: 'Tis the great end
of many of their marriages: This is not first time a Lady has
ridde a false journey in her Coach I hope.

Pet. Nay, tis no matter, I care little what they thinke; hee that
waies mens thoughts, has his hands ful of nothing: A man in
the course of this World should be like a Surgions instrument,

woike

EASTWARD HOE.

worke in the wounds of others, and feele nothing himselfe. The sharper, and subtler, the better.

Quic. As it falls out now Knight, you shall not neede to deuise excuses, or endure her out-cries, when she returnes: we shall now begone before, where they cannot reach vs.

Pet. Well my kind *Compere* you haue now th'assurance wee both can make you; let me now intreat you, the money wee agreed on may be brought to the *Blew Anchor*, nere to *Billinggate*, by fixe a clocke: where I and my chiefe friends; bound for this voyage, will with Feast attend you.

Secu. The money my most honourable *Compere* shall without faile obserue your appointed howre.

Pet. Thankes my deere *Gossip*, I must now impart
To your approoued, loue, a louing secret,

As, one on whome my life doth more rely

In friendly trust, then any man aliue.

Nor shall you be the chosen Secretary

Of my affections, for affection onely;

For I protest, (If God blesse my returne,)

To make you partner, in my actions gaine

As deeply, as if you had ventur'd with mee

Halfe my expences. Know then, honest *Gossip*,

I haue inioyed with such diuine contentment,

A Gentlewomans Bedde, whome you well know.

That I shall nere inioy this tedious Voyage,

Nor liue the left part of time it asketh,

Without her presence; So *I thirst and hunger* !

To tast the deare feast of her company.

And if the *hunger* and the *thirst* you vow

(As my sworne *Gossip*) to my wished good,

Be (as I know it is) vnfaide and firme,

Do me an easie fauour in your power.

Secu. Be sure braue *Gossip*, all that I can do

To my best Nerue, is wholly at your seruice;

Who is the woman (first) that is our Friend?

Pet. The woman is your learned Councils wife,

The Lawyer Maister *Bramble*: whom would you,

Bring out this Euen, in honest Neighbour-hood,

To take his leau with you, of me your *Gossip*.

I, in the meane time, will send this my friend

Home to his house, to bring his wife disguis'd
 Before his face, into our companie:
 For loue hath made her looke for such a wile,
 To free her from this tyrannous Ielousie,
 And I would take this course before another:
 In stealing her away to make vs sport,
 And gull his circumspection the more grosely.
 And I am sure that no man like your selfe,
 Hath credit with him to intise his ielousie,
 To so long stay abroad, as may giue time
 To her enlargement, in such safe disguise.

Secu. A pretty, pithy and most pleasant proiect!
 Who would not straine a point of Neighbour-hood,
 For such a point, de-uice? that as the shippe
 Of famous *Draco*, went about the world,
 Will wind about the Lawyer, compassing,
 The world himselfe, he hath it in his armes:
 And thats enough for him, without his wife.
 A Lawyer is ambitious, and his head
 Cannot be prais'd, nor rais'd too high,
 With any forcke, of highest knauery.

He go fetch her straight: *Exit Security.*

Pec. So, so, Now *Francke* goe thou home to his house,
 Stead of his lawyers, and bring his wife hether:
 Who iust like to the Lawyers wife is prison'd,
 With eyes sterne vsurous ielousie which could neuer
 Be ouer reacht thus, but with ouer-reaching. *Enter Security.*

Secu. And *M. Francis*, watch youth instant time
 To enter with his exit: it will be rare,

To find hornd beasts! A cammel and a Lawyer?

Quic. How the old villaine iopes in villany? *Enter Security.*

Secur. And harke you Gossip when you haue her here,
 Haue your Bote ready, slippe her to your ship
 With vtmost hast, lest *M. Bramble* stay you,
 To o're reach that head that outreacheth all heads?
 Tis a trick Rampant; Tis a very Quiblyn;
 I hope this haruest, to pitch cart with Lawyers;
 Their heads will be so forked, *This slic tooche*
Will get Apes to inuent a number such. *Exit.*

Quick.

Quick. Was euer Rascall honni'd so with poison?

He that delights in stauish Avarice.

Is apt to ioy in euery sort of vice.

Well, ile goe fetch his wife, whilst he the Lawyers.

Pet. But stay *Francis*, lets thinke how we may disguise her vpon this sodaine.

Quic. Gods me there's the mischief; but harke you, her's an excellent deuce: fore God a rare one: I will carry her, a Sailers gowne and cap, and equer her; and a players beard.

Pet. And what vpon her head?

Quick. I tell you a Saylor's Cap, slight God forgiue me, what kind of figent memory haue you?

Pet. Nay then, what kind of figent wit hast thou?

A Saylor's cap? how shall she put it off

When thou presentst her to our company?

Quic. Tush man, for that; make her a sawcie Saylor.

Pet. Tush tush, tis no fit sawce for such sweete matton: I know not what 'aduise. *Enter Security, with his wiues Gowne.*

Secur. Knight, knight a rare deuise.

Pet. Swornes yet againe.

Quick. What stratageme haue you now?

Secur. The best that euer. You talkt of disguising?

Pet. I mary Gossip that's our present care.

Secur. Cast care away then here's the best deuce

For plaine *Security* (for I am no better)

I thinke that euer liu'd: heer's my wiues gowne

Which you may put vpon the Lawyers wife,

And which I brought you sir, for two great reasons,

One is, that Maister *Bramble* may take hold

Of some suspicion that it is my wife,

And gird me so perhappes with his law wit:

The other (which is policy indeed)

Is, that my wife may now be tied at home,

Hauing no more but her old gowne abroad,

And not showe me a quirk, whiles Ifyrke others,

Is not this rare? *Anbo.* The best that euer was.

Secur. Am I not borne to furnish Gentlemen?

Pet. O my deare Gossip!

Secur. Well hold Maister *Francis*, watch when the Lawyer's out, and put it in; And now -- I will go fetch him.

Exit.

Quick.

Quick. O my dad! hee goes as'twere the Deuill to fetch the
Lawyers; and deuill shall he be, if hornes will make him.

Pet. Why how now Gossip, why stay you there musing?

Secur. A toy a toy runnes in my hed yfaith.

Quick. A pox of that head, is there more toyes yet?

Petr. What is it pray thee Gossip?

Secur. Why Sir? what if you should slip away now with my
wiues best gowne, I hauing no securitie for it?

Quick. For that I hope Dad you will take our words.

Secur. I by th'masse your word thats a proper staffe
For wise Securitie to leane vpon;

But tis no matter, once ile trust my Name,
On your crakt credits, let it take no shame,
Fetch the wench *Francke*.

Exit

Quick. Ile waite vpon you sir.

And fetch you ouer, you were neuer so fetcht:

Go to the Tauerne Knight, your followers

Dare not be drunke I thinke, before their Captaine.

Exit.

Pet. Would I might lead them to no hotter seruice,

Till our *Virginian* Gould were in our purses.

Exit.

*Enter Seagull, Spendal, and Scapethrift in the
Tauerne with a Drawer.*

Sea. Come Drawer, pierce your neatest Hogsheds, and lets
haue cheare, not fit for your *Billingsgate Tauerne*, but for our
Virginian Colonel; he will be here instantly. (Wine.)

Draw. You shal haue al things fit sir; please you haue any more

Spend. More wine Slaue? whether we drinke it or no, spill it, &
drawe more.

Scap. Fill al the pottes in your house with al sorts of licour, and
let hem waite on vs here like Souldiers in their Pewter coates;
And though we doe not emploie them now, yet we will main-
taine hem, till we doe.

Draw. Said like an honourable Captaine; you shal haue al you
can commaund Sir. *Exit Drawer.*

Sea. Come boyes, *Virginia* longs till we share the rest of her
Maiden-head.

Spend. Why is she inhabited already with any *English*?

Sea. A whole Countrie of English is there man, bread of those
that were left there in 79. they haue married with the Indians, &
make hem bring forth as beautifull faces as any we haue in Eng-
land:

land: and therefore the Indians are so in loue with'hem, that all the treasure they haue, they lay at their feete.

Scap. But is there such treasure there Captaine, as I haue heard?

Sea. I tell thee, Golde is more plentifull there then Copper is with vs; and for as much redde Copper as I can bring, ite haue thrise the waight in Gold. Why man all their dripping Pans, and their Chamber potts are pure gould; and all the Chaines, with which they chaine vp their strectes, are massie Gold; all the Prisoners they take are fetterd in Gold: & for Rubies & Diamöds, they goe forth on holydayes & gather 'hem by the Sea-shore, to hang on their childrens Coates, and sticke in their childrens Caps. as commonly as our children weare Saffron gilt Brooches, and groates with hoales in 'hem.

Scap. And is it a pleasant Countrie withall?

Sea. As euer the sunne shind on; temperate and ful of all sorts of excellent viands; wilde Bore is as common there, as our tameſt Bacon is here: Venison, as Mutton. And then you shall liue freely there, without Sargeants, or Courtiers, or Lawyars, or intelligencers. Then for your meanes to aduancement, there, it is simple, and not preposterously mixt: You may bee an Alderman there, and neuer be Scauinger, you may bee any other officer, and neuer be a Slaue. You may come to preferment enough, and neuer be a *Pandar*. To Riches and Fortune enough, and haue neuer the more villanic, nor the lesse witte. Besides, there wee shall haue no more Law then conscience, and not too much of eyther; seuue God enough, eate and drinke inough, and *enough is as good as a Feast*.

Spend. Gods me! and how farre is it thether?

Sea. Some six weekes saile no more, with any indifferent good winde: And if I get to any part of the coaste of *Affrica*, ilo saile thether with any winde. Or when I come to Cape *Finister*, ther's a foreright winde continuall wafts vs till we come to *Virginia*. See, our Collonell's come.

Enter sir Petronell with his followers.

Pet. Well met good Captaine *Seagull*, and my Noble Gentlemen! Now the sweete houre of our freedome is at hand. Come *Drawer*: Fill vs some carowfes; and prepare vs for the mirth, that will be occasioned presently: Here will be a pretty wenche Gentlemen, that will beare vs company all our voyage.

Sea. Whatsoeuer she be; here's to her health Noble Colonell,
both

both with Cap and Knee.

Pet. Thankes kinde Captaine *Seagull*; thee's one I loue dearly: and must not be knowne till we be free from all that knowe vs: And so Gentlemen, heer's to her health.

Ambo. Let it come worthy *Collonell*, *Wee doe hunger and thirst for it.*

Petro. Afore heauen, you haue hitte the phraze of one that her presence will touch, from the foote to the forehead, if yee knew it.

Spend. Why then we will ioyne his forehead, with her health; fir: and Captaine *Scapethrift*, heer's to 'hem both.

Enter Securitie and Bramble.

Secu. See, see, Maister *Bramble*; fore heauen their voyage cannot but prosper, they are o' their knees for successe to it.

Bram. And they pray to God *Bacchus*.

Secu. God saue my braue Colonell with all his tall Captaines and Corporalls; see fir, my worshipfull learned Counsaile, *M. Bramble*, is come to take his leaue of you.

Pet. Worshipful *M. Bramble*, how farre doe you draw vs into the sweete bryer of your kindnes? come Captain *Seagull*, another health to this rare *Bramble*, that hath neuer a pricke about him.

Sea. I pledge his most smooth disposition fir: come maister *Securitie*, bend your supporters, & pledge this notorious health here.

Secu. Bend you your likewise, *M. Bramble*, for it is you shall pledge me.

Sea. Not so, *M. Securitie*, he must not pledge his owne health;

Secu. No Maister Captaine.

Enter Quicksiluer with Winny disguis'd

Why then here's one is fitly come to doe him that honour.

Quick. Here's the Gentlewoman your cosin fir, whom with much entreatie I haue brought to take her leaue of you in a *Tauerne*; asham'd whereof, you must pardon her if she put not off her Maske.

Pet. Pardon me sweete *Cosen*, my kinde desire to see you before I went, made me so importunate to entreat your presence here.

Secu. How now, *M. Francis*? haue you honour'd this presence with a faire Gentlewoman?

Quick. Pray fir, take you no notice of her, for she will not be knowne to you.

Secu. But my learn'd Counsaile, *M. Bramble* here, I hope may know her.

Quick. No more then you sir, at this time, his learning must pardon her.

Secu. Well; God pardon her for my part, and I do, ile be sworne: and so Maister *Francis*, heer's to all that are going Eastward to night, towards *Cuckholds hauens*; and so to the health of Maister *Bramble*.

Quick. I pledge it sir, hath it gone round, Captaines?

Sea. It has sweet *Franck* and the round closes with thee.

Quick. Well sir, here's to al Eastward and toward *Cuckolds*, and so to famous *Cuckholds hauens* so fatally remembred, *Surgit*.

Pet. Nay pray thee Cuz weepe not, Gossip *Securitie*?

Secu. I my braue Gossip.

Pet. A word I beseech you sir, our friend, *Mistresse Bramble* here, is so dissola'd in teares, that she drowns the whole mirth of our meeting: sweet Gossip, take her aside, and comfort her.

Secu. Pitty of all true loue, *Mistresse Bramble*, what weepe you to inioy your loue? whats the cause Lady? ist because your husband is so neere and your heart eernes, to haue a little abus'd him? Ahlas, Ahlas the offence is too common to bee respected: So great a grace, hath seldome chanc'd to so vnthankfull a woman, to be rid of an old iealous Dotard: to inioy the armes of a louing young Knight: that when your prick-lesse *Bramble* is withered with grieffe of your losse, will make you flourish a fresh in the bed of a Lady.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir *Petronel*, here's one of your Watermen come to tell you, it wil be flood these three howres: and that tw'll be dangerous going against the Tide: for the skie is ouer cast, and there was a Porpisce, euen now seene at London bridge, which is alwayes the messenger of tempests, he sayes.

Pet. A Porpisce? whats that to th' purpose? charge him if hee loue his life to attend vs: can we not reach *Blackwall* (where my ship lies) against the tide, and in spight of Tempests? Captaynes and Gentlemen, wee'll begin a new ceremonie at the beginning of our voyage, which I belecue will be followed of all future adventures.

Sea. Whats that good *Colonell*?

Pet. This Captaine *Seagull*: wee'll haue our prouided supper brought

brought a bord Sir *Francis Drakes* Ship, that hath compass the world: where with full Cups, and Banquets wee will doe sacrifice for a prosperous voyage. My mind giues me that some good Spirits of the waters should haunt the desart ribs of her; and be auspicious to all that honour her memory, and will with like Orgies enter their voyages.

Sea. Rarely conceived: one health more to this motion, and aboard to performe it. He that wil not this night be drunke, may he neuer be sober.

They compass in *Wynnifid*, daunce the dronken round, and drinke carouses.

Bram. Sir *Petronell*, and his honourable Captaines, in these young seruices, we old Seruitors may be spared: We onely came to take our leaues, and with one health to you all. Ile be bold to do so. Here neighbour *Security*, to the health of Sir *Petronell*, and all his Captaines.

Secur. You must bend then Maister *Bramble*, so, now I am for you: I haue one corner of my braine, I hope, fit to beare one carouse more. Here Lady, to you that are incompass there, and are asham'd of our company. Ha, ha, ha, by my troth, (my learned counsaile Maister *Bramble*) my mind runnes so of *Cuckholdshauen* to night, that my head runnes ouer with admiration.

Bram. But is not that your wife neighbour?

Secur. No by my troth Maister *Bramble*: ha, ha, ha, a pox of all *Cuckholds hauens* I say.

Bram. A my faith, her garments are exceeding like your wives.

Secur. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, my learned Counsaile: all are not *Cuckholds* that seeme so, nor al seeme not that are so. Give me your hand, my learned Counsaile, you and I will suppe some where else, then at sir *Francis Drakes* ship to night. Aduce my noble Gossip.

Bram. Good Fortune braue Captaines, faire skies God send yee.

Omnes. Farewell my hearts, farewell.

Pet. Gossip, laugh no more at *Cuckholds hauens*, Gossip.

Secur. I haue done, I haue done sir, will you lead Maister *Bramble*? ha, ha, ha.

Exit.

Pet. Captaine *Seagull*, charge a boate.

Omnes. A Boate, a boate, about.

Exeunt.

Draw. Yare in a proper taking indeed to take a Boate, especially at this time of night, and against Tide and Tempest,

They say yet, *drunken men neuer take harme* this night will trie
teh truth of that Pouerbe. *Exit.*

Enter Securitie.

Secu. What *VVinnny?* Wife, I say? out of doores at this time where
should I seeke the Gad-flie: *Billingsgate, Billingsgate, Billingsgate*
Shee's gone with the knight, shee's gone with the Knight; woe
be to the *Billingsgate*. A boate, a boate, a boate, a full hundred
Markes for a boate. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Slutguc, with a paire of Oxe hornes, discou-
nering Cuckolds-Hauen aboue.*

Slit. All haile, faire Hauen of married men onely, for there
are none but married men cuckolds. For my part, I presume not
to arriue here, but in my Maisters behalfe, (a poore Butcher of
East-cheape) who sends me to set vp (in honour of Saint *Luke*)
these necessary Ensignes of his homage: And vp I gat this morn-
ing, thus early, to get vp to the top of this famous tree, that is
all fruite and no leaues, to aduance this Crest of my Maisters oc-
cupation. Vp then, Heauen and Saint *Luke* blesse me, that I be
not blown into the *Thames* as I clime, with this furious tempest.
Slight I thinke the Deuill be abroad, in likenesse of a storme to
robbe me of my Hornes: Harke how he roares. Lord! what a
coyle the *Thames* keeps! shee beares some vniust burthen I be-
leeue, that shee kicks and curuets thus to cast it: Heauen blesse all
honest passengers, that are vpon her back now, for the bitte
is out of her mouth I see, and shee will runne away, with hem.
So, so I thinke I haue made it looke the right way, it runnes a-
gainst London-Bridge (as it were) euen full butt. And nowe
let me discouer from this lofty prospect, what pranckes the rude
Thames plaies in her desperate lunacie. O me, heers a Boate has
beene cast away hard by. Alas, alas, see one of her passengers, la-
bouring for his life, to land at this hauen here; pray heauen hee
may recouer it: His next land is euen iust vnder me; hold out a
little whatsoeuer thou art, pray, and take a good heart to thee.
Tis a man, take a mans heart to thee yet, a little further, get vp a-
thy leggs man: now tis shallow enough. So, so, so Alas, hee's
downe againe; hold thy winde Father: tis a man in a night-cap
So! now hee's got vp againe: now hee's past the worst: yet
thankes be to heauen; he comes toward me prety and strongly.

Enter

Enter Security without his hat, in an
Night-cap, wet band, &c.

Secu. Heauen, I beseech thee, how haue I offended thee! where am I cast a shore now, that I may goe a righter way home by land? Let me see, O I am scarce able to looke about me: where is there any sea marke that I am acquainted with all?

Slit. Looke vp Father, are you acquainted with this Marke?

Secu. What? landed as *Cuckholds haue*? Hell and damnatiō. I will runne backe and drowne my selfe. *He fallles downe.*

Slit. Poore man how weake he is! the weake water has washt away his strength.

Secu. Landed at *Cuckholds haue*? if it had not bin to die twēty times aliue; I should neuer haue scapt death: I wil neuer arise more, I wil grouell here, and eate durt til I be choakt; I will make the gentle earth do that the cruell water has denied me.

Slit. Alas good father, be not so desperat; Rise man, if you wil ile come presently and lead you home.

Secu. Home? shall I make any know my Home, that has knowne me thus abrode? how lowe shal I crouch away, that noe eye may see me? I wil creepe on the earth while I liue, and neuer looke heauen in the face more. *Exit creep.*

Slit. What young *Planet* raignes now troe, that old men are so foolish? What desperate young swaggerer would haue beene abroad such a weather as this, vpon the water? Ay me, see another remnant of this vnfortunate ship-wrack! or some other. A woman y faith! a woman though it be almost at *S. Katherns*, I discern it to be a woman for al her body is about the water, & her cloths swim about her most handsomely. O they beare her vp most braucly! has not a woman reason to loue the taking vp of her cloaths the better while she liues, for this? Alas, how busie the rude *Thames* is about her? A pox a that wauc, It will drowne her, y faith, twill drowne her. Crye God mercy, shee has scapt it, I thank heauen she has scapt it. O how she swims like a Mermaid some vigilant body looke out, & saue her. Thats well said, iust where the *Priest fell in*, theres one sets downe a Ladder, & goes to take her vp. Gods blessing a thy heart boy, now take her vp in thy armes & to bed with her, shees vp, shees vp! shees a beautifull woman I warrant her, the Billowes durst not deuoure her.

Enter the Drawer in the Tauerne before with Winnifrid.

Draw. How fare you now Lady?

Wynn. Much better, my good friend then I wish: as one desperate of her Fame, now my life is preferu'd.

Draw. Comfort your selfe: That power that preserued you from death: can likewise defend you from intamie, howsoeuer you deserue it. Were not you one that tooke Bote late this night, with a Knight, and other Gentlemen at *Billings-gate*?

Wynn. Vnhappy that I am, I was.

Draw. I am glad it was my good happer to come downe thus farre after you, to a house of my friends heere in *S. Katherines*, since I am now happily made a meane to your rescue, from the ruthlesse tempest; which (when you tooke Boate) was so extreame, and the Gentleman that brought you forth, so desperate and vnsober, that I fear'd long ere this I should heare of your ship-wracke, and therefore (with little other reason) made thus farre this way: And this I must tell you, since perhaps you may make vse of it, there was left behind you at our tauerne, brought by a Porter (hir'd by the young Gentleman that brought you) a Gentlewomans Gowne, Hat, Stockins, and shooes; which if they bee yours, and you please to shift you, taking a hard bed here, in this house of my friend, I will presently go fetch you.

Wynn. Thankes my good friend, for your more then good newes. The Gowne with all things bound with it are mines, which if you please to fetch as you haue promist, I will bouldly receiue the kinde fauour you haue offered, till your returne: intreating you, by all the good you haue done in preseruing mee hitherto, to let none take knowledge of what fauour you do me, or where such a one as I, am bestowed, least you incurre me much more damage in my fame, then you haue done mee pleasure in preseruing my life.

Draw. Come in Lady, and shift your selfe; resolute, that nothing, but your owne pleasure, shall be vsde in your discouery.

Wynn. Thanke you good friend: the time may come, I shall requite you.

Exeunt.

Slit. See, see, see! I ho'd my life, there's some other a taking vp at *Wapping*, now! Looke, what a sort of people cluster about the Gallows there! in good troth it is so. O me! a fine young Gentleman! What? & taken vp at the Gallows? Heauen graunt, he be not one day taken downe there: A, my life it is ominous. Well, he is deliuered for the time, I see the people haue all left him: yet wil I keepe my prospect a while, to see if any more haue bin ship-wrackt.

Enter

EASTWARD HOE.

Enter Quick, barehead.

Quick. Accur'st that euer I was sau'd, or borne.
How fatall is my sad arriual here?
As if the *Starrs*, and *Providence* spake to me,
And said, the drift of al vn'lawfull courses,
(What euer end they dare propose themselues,
In frame of their licentious policyes.)
In the firme order of iust *Destinie*,
They are the ready high wayes to our Ruines.
I know not what to doe, my wicked hopes
Are, with this Tempest; torne vp by the rootes,
O, which way shall I bend my desperate steppes,
In which, vn'sufferable Shame and Mercie
Will not attend them? I will walke this Banck,
And see if I can meete the other reliques
Of our poore ship-wrackt Crew, or heare of them.
The Knight (alas) was so farre gone with wine,
And th' other three, that I refus'de their Boate,
And tooke the haplesse woman in another.
Who cannot but be suncke, what euer Fortune
Hath wrought vpon the others desperate liues.

Enter Petronel, and Seagul, bareheaded.

Petr. Zounds Captaine, I tell thee, we are cast vp o' the Coast of
France. Sfoote, I am not drunke still (I hope?) Dost remember
where we were last Night?

Sea. No by my troth knight, not I but me thinks we haue bin
a horrible while vpon the water, and in the water. (thee?)

Petr. Aye mee we are vndone for euer: hast any money about

Sea. Not a penny by heauen.

Petr. Not a penny betwixt vs, and cast a shore in *France*?

Sea. Faith I cannot tell that; my braines, nor mine eyes are not
mine owne, yet.

Enter 2. Gentlemen.

Por. Sfoote wilt not belecue me? I know't by th' elevation of the
Pole; and by the altitude and latitude of the *Climate*. See, here
comes a coople of French Gentleme; I knew we were in *France*:
dost thou think our Englishmen are so Frenchified, that a man
knowes not whether he be in *France*, or in *England*, whē he sees
hem? What shall we do? we must eene to hem, and intreat some
reliefe of hem: Life is sweete, and wee haue no other meanes to
relieue our liues now, but their Charities;

EASTWARD HOE.

Sea. Pray you, do you be on 'hem then you can speak French.

Pet. *Monsieur, plaist il dauoir pity de nostre grand inforcunes, le-
tuis vn poure Cheualier D'Angleterre qui a suffrit infortune de
Naufrage.*

1. Gen. *Vn poure Cheualier D'Angleterre?*

*Oui Monsieur, s'est trop vray, mais vous scaues bien nous sommes
toutes subiect a fortune.*

2. Gen. A poore Knight of England? a poore Knight of Windsor
are you not? Why speake you this broken French, when y'are a
whole english man? on what coast are you thinke you?

1. Gen. On the coast of Dogges sir: Y'are ith *Ile a Dogges* I tel you
I see y'ae bin walhit, in the *Thames* here, & I belecue yee were
drownd in a Tauerne before, or els you would neuer haue toke
boat in such a dawning as this was. Farewell, farewel, we wil not
know you for shaming of you. I ken the man weel, hees one of
my thirty pound knights.

2. Gen. Now this is hee that stole his knighthood o'the grad day
for foure pound giuing to a page, al the monie in's purse I wot wel.

Sea. Death, Collonel, I knew you were ouer shot (Exeunt.)

Pet. Sure I thinke now indeed, Captaine Seagul, we were some
thing ouer shot.

Enter Quicke siluer.

What! my sweete Franck *Quick siluer*! doest thou suruiue to re-
ioyce me? But what no body at thy heels Franck? Ay mee what
is become of poore Mistresse *Security*?

Quick. Faith gone quite from her name, as shee is from her
Fame I thinke, I left her to the mercie of the water.

Sea. Let her goe, let her goe: let vs go to our ship at *Blackwall*
and shift vs.

Pet. Nay by my troth, let our cloaths rotte vpon vs, and let vs
rotte in them: twenty to one our ship is attacht by this time? if
we set her not vnder saile this last Tide, I neuer looke for any
other. Woe, woe is me, what shall become of vs? the last money
we could make, the greedy *Thams* has deuoured, and if our ship
be attacht, there is no hope can relieue vs.

Quic. Sfoot Knight, what an vnknighly faintnesse transports
thee? let our shippe sincke, and all the world thats without vs be
taken from vs, I hope I haue some trickes, in this braine of mine,
shall not let vs perish.

Sea. Wel said Franck y'faith. O my nimble-spirited *Quick siluer*.
Foregod would thou hadst beene our Collonell,

EASTWARD HOE.

Petr. I like his spirit rarely, but I see no meanes he has to support that spirit.

Quick. Go too Knight, I have more meanes then thou art aware off: I have not liu'd amongst Gould-smiths and Gouldmakers all this while, but I have learned something worthy of my time with 'hem. And not to let thee stincke where thou standst Knight. Ile let thee know some of my skill presently,

Sea. Doe good *Francke* I beseech thee.

Quick. I will blanch copper so cunningly, that it shall endure all proofes, but the Test: it shall endure malleation, it shall have the ponderositie of *Luna*, and the tenacity of *Luna*, by no means

Petr. Slight, where learnst thou these tearmes, tro? (friable.

Quick. Tush Knight, the tearmes of this Arte, euery ignorant Quack-saluer is perfect in: but ile tell you how your selfe shall blanch Copper thus cunningly. Take *Arsnicke*, otherwise called *Realga* (which indeed is plaine *Ratsbane*) Sublime 'hem three or foure times, then take the sublimate of this *Realga*, and put 'hem into a Glasse, into *Chymia*, & let them haue a conuenient decoction Natural, foure and twenty howres, & he wil become perfectly fixt: Then take this fixed powder, & proie st him vpon wel-purged Copper, *et habebis Magisterium*.

Ambo. Excellent *Franck*, let vs hugge thee.

Quic. Nay this I wil do besides; Ile take you off twelue pence from euery Angell, with a kinde of *Aqua fortis*, and neuer deface any part of the Image.

Petr. But then it will want weight.

Quick. You shall restore that thus: Take your *sal Achime* prepar'd, & your distild Vrine and let your Angels lie in it but foure and twenty houres, & they shall haue their perfect weight againe: come on now, I holde this is enough to put some spirit into the liuers of you, Ile inuise more an other time. Wee haue saluted the proud Ayre long enough with our bare skonces, now will I haue you to a wenches house of mine at London, there make shift to shift vs, and after take such fortunes as the starres shall asigne vs.

Ambo. Notable *Franck* we will euer adore thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Drawer with Wynnifrid, new attired.

Win. Now sweete friend you haue brought me neere enough your Tauerne, which I desired. I might with some colour bee

EASTWARD HOE.

scene neare, inquiring for my husbands; who I must tell you stole
whether the last night with my wet gowne we haue left at your
friends: which, to continue your former honest kindnes, let me
pray you to keepe close from the knowledge of any; and so with
all vow of your requittall, let me now entreat you to leaue me to
my womans wit, and fortune.

Drawer. All shall be done you desire; and so all the fortune you
can wish for, attend you. *Exit Dra.* *Enter Security.*

Secu. I wil once more to this vnhappy Tauerne before I shif
one ragge of me more, that I may there know what is left be-
hind, and what newes of their passengers: I haue bought me a
Hat and band with the little money I had about me, and made
the streets a litle leaue staring at my night-cap.

Wyn. O my deare husband! where haue you bin to night? all
night abroad at Tauernes? rob me of my garments? and, fare as
one run away from me? Ahlas! is this seemely for a man of your
credit? of your age? and affection to your wife?

Secu. What should I say? how miraculously sorts this? was not
I at home, and cald thee last night?

Wyn. Yes Sir, the harmelesse sleepe you broke, and my answer
to you would haue witness it, if you had had the patience to haue
staid and answered me; but your so sodain retrait, made me ima-
gine you were gone to M. *Brambles*, and so rested patient, and
hopefull of your comming againe, till this your vnbeleued ab-
sence brought me, abroad with no lesse then wonder, to seeke
you where the false Knight had carried you.

Secu. Villaine, & Monster that I was, how haue I abus'd thee?
I was suddenly gone indeed! for my sodaine ielousie transferred
me, I will say no more but this deare wife I suspected thee.

Wyn. Did you suspect me?

Secu. Talke not of it I beseech thee. I am ashamed to imagine
it, I will home, I will home, and euery morning on my knees aske
thee heartelic forgiuenesse. *Exeunt.*

Now will I descend my honorable Prospect; the farthiest
seeing Sea mark of the World: Noe maruaile then if I could see
two miles about me. I hope the redde Tempests anger be nowe
ouer blowne, which sure I thinke Heauen sent as a punishment
for prophaning holie Saint *Lukes* memorie, with so ridicolous a
custome. Thou dishonest *Satire*, farewell to honest married Men;
Farewell, to all sorts and degrees of thee. Farewell thou borne of
hunger

hunger that calst th' Innes a court to their Manger: Farewell thou horne of aboundance, that adornest the headsmen of the Common wealth: Farewell thou horne of direction, that is the Citty Lanthorne: Farewell thou Horne of Pleasure, the Ensigne of the huntsman: farewell thou horne of destiny, th' ensigne of the married man: Farewell thou Horne Tree that bearest nothing but Stone-fruit.

Exit.

Enter Touchstone.

Touch. Ha sirah! Thinkes my Knight Adventurer we can no point of our compasse? Doe wee not knowe *North North-east? North-east and by East? East and by North!* nor plaine *East-ward?* Ha? haue we neuer heard of *Virginia?* nor the *Cauallaria?* nor the *Colonia?* Can we discouer no discoueries? well mine errāt fir *Flash*, and my cunnagate *Quicksilver*, you may drinke dronke cracke cannes, hurle away a browne dozen of *Monmouth capps* or so, in sea ceremony to your *bone voyage*: but for reaching any Coast saue the coast of *Kent*, or *Essex*, with this Tide, or with this flecte, He bee your warrant for a *Graue-end Tost*: The'rs that gone afore, will stay your *Admirall* and *Vice-admirall*, and *Rere-admirall*, were they all (as they are) but one *Pinnace*, and vnder saile, as well as a *Romora*, doubt it not; & frō this Sconce without either powder or shot. *Worke upon that now.* Nay, and you'le shew trickes, weele vie with you, a little. My daughter his Lady was sent Eastward, by land to a castle of his, i' the aire (in what Region I know not) and (as I heare) was glad to take vp her lodging in her coach, she and her two waiting women, her mayd, and her mother, like three snailes in a shell and the coachman a topp on'hem, I thinke since they haue al found the way backe againe by weeping crosse. But ile not see 'hem. And for two on 'hem, *Madam* and her *Malkin*, they are like to bite o' the bridle for *William*, as the poore horses haue done all this while that hurried 'hem: or else to graze o' the common: So should my *Dame Touchstone* too, but she has beene my crosse these 30. yeeres and ile now keepe her, to fright away sprights yfaith. I wonder I heare no newes of my sonne *Golding*! hee was sent for to the *Guild-hall*, this Morning betimes, and I maruaile at the matter, if I had not laide vp comfort, and hope in him, I should growe desperate of all. See, He is come i' my thought! How now sonne? what newes at the Court of Aldermen?

EASTWARD HOE.

Enter Golding.

Gould. Troth Sir, an Accident somewhat strange, els it hath little in it worth the reporting.

Touch. What? It is not borrowing of money then?

Gol. No sir, it hath pleasde the worshipful Commoners of the citie to take me one i their number at presentatiō of the inquest.

Touch. Ha! *Gold.* And the *Alderman* of the warde wherein I dwel, ro appoint me his Deputy- *Touch.* How! (went.

Gould. In which place, I haue had an oath ministred me, since I

Touch. Now my deare, & happy sonne! let me kisse thy newe worship, & a little boast mine owne happines in thee: What a fortune was it (or rather my iudgment indeed) for me, first to see that in his disposition, which a whole City so conspires to second? Tane into the Liuorie of his company, the first day of his freedom? now (not a weeke married) chosen *Commoner*? and *Aldermans* Deputy in a day? note but the reward of a thriftie course. The wonder of his time! Well, I wil honour M. *Alderman*, for this act, (as becomes me) and shall thinke the better of the common Councils wisdom, & worship, while I liue, for thus meeting, or but comming after me in the opinion of his desert: Forward, my sufficient *soane*, and as this is the first, so esteeme it the least step, to that high and prime honour that expects thee.

Goul. Sir as I was not ambitious of this, so I couet no higher place; it hath dignity enough, if it will but saue me frō contempt: and I had rather my bearing, in this, or any other office, should adde worth to it; then the place giue the least opinion to me.

Touch. Excellently spoken: This modest Answer of thine blushes, as if it said, I wil weare scarlet shordy. Worshipfull sonne! I cannot containe my selfe, I must tell thee, I hope to see thee one o the Monuments of our citie, and reckon'd among her worthies to be remembred the same day with the *Lady Ramsey*, & graue *Gresham*: when the famous fable of *Whittington*, & his *Pusse*, shal be forgotten, and thou and thy Acts become the Posies for Hospitals, when thy name shall be written vpon Conduits, and thy deeds plaid i thy life time, by the best companies of Actors, and be calld their *Get-penie*. This I diuine and Prophecie.

Gold. Sir, engage not your expectation sarder: then my abilities wil answer: I that know mine own strengths, feare hem; & there is so seldom a losse in promisi.ig the least, that comonly it brings with it a welcome decept. I haue other newes for you sir.

Touch

Touch. None more welcome, I am sure?

Gold. They haue their degree of welcome, I dare affirme. The Colonell, and al his company, this morning putting forth drunk from *Belingsgate*, had like to haue beene cast away o'this side *Greenwich*: & (as I haue intelligence, by a false Brother) are come dropping to towne, like so many maisterles men, i'their doublets and hose, without Hat, or Cloake; or any other _____

Touch. A miracle! the iustice of Heauen! where are they! lets goe presently and lay for 'hem.

Gould. I haue done that already sir, both by Constables, and other officers; who shal take 'hem at their old *Anchor*; & with lesse tumult, or suspition, then if your selfe were scene int: vnder colour of a great Presse, that is now abroad, and they shall here be brought afore me.

Touch. Prudent, & politique sonne! Disgrace 'hem all that euer thou canst; their ship I haue already arrested, Howe to my wish it fals out, that thou hast the place of a iusticer vpon them! I am partly glad of the iniurie done to me, that thou maist punish it. Be seuerer ithy place, like a new officer othe first quarter, vnreflected: you heare how our Lady is come backe with her traine, from the inuisible Castle? *Gold.* No, where is she?

Touch. Within, but I ha not scene her yet, nor her mother, who now beginnes to wish her daughter vndubd, they say, and that she had walked a foot-pase with her sister, Here they come stand back.

*Touchstone, Mistresse Touchstone, Girtrude, Goulding,
Mildred, Syndefy.*

God saue your Lidiship: saue your good Ladiship: your Ladiship is welcome from your enchanted Castle, so are your beauntious Retinew, I heare your Knight errant is traueled on strange adventures: surely in my mind, *your Ladiship hath fisht faire, and caught a frogge*, as the saying is.

Mist. Touch. Speake to your father Madam, & kneele downe.

Gir. Kneele? I hope I am not brought so low yet: though my Knight be run away, and has sold my land, I am a Lady still.

Touch. Your Ladiship saies true, Madam, & it is fitter, and a greater *decorum*, that I should curtsie to you that are a Knights wife, and a Lady, then you be brought a your knees to me, who am a poore cullion, and your father.

Gir. Low! my Father knowes his duty: *Mist. Touch.* O child!

Touch

EASTWARD HOE.

Touch. And therefore I doe desire your Ladiship, my good Lady *Elash*, in all humilily, to depart my obscure Cottage, and returne inquest of your bright, and most transparent Castell, *how ever presently conceald to mortall eyes.* And as for one poore woman of your traine here, I will take that order, shee shall no longer be a charge vnto you, nor helpe to spend your Ladiship; she shall stay at home with me, and not goe abroad, not put you to the pawning of an odde Coach-horse, or three wheeles, but take part with the *Touchstone*: If we lacke, we wil not complaine to your Ladiship. And so good *Madam*, with your *Dam-sell* here, please you to let vs see your straight backs, in equipage; for truly, here is no roust for such chickens as you are, or birds o' your feather, if it like your Ladiship.

Gir. Mary, fyfte o' your kindnesse. I thought as much. Come away *Sinne*, we shall assoone get a fart from a dead man, as a farthing of court'sie here.

Mild. O, good Sister!

Gir. Sister, sir reuerence? come away, I say, Hunger drops out at *Gol.* O Madam, *Faire words neuer hurt the tongue.* (his nose.

Gir. Howe say you by that? you come out with your golde *Mr. Touc.* Stay Lady-daughter: good husband. (ends now!

Touch. Wife no man loues his fetters, be they made of gold: I list not ha' my head fastned vnder my child's girdle; as shee has brew'd so let her drinke, a Gods name: she went witl'sse to wedding, now she may goe wisely a begging. It's but hony-Moone yet with her Ladiship; she has Coach horses, Apparel, jewels yet left, she needs care for no friends, nor take knowledg of *Father*, *Mother*, *Brother*, *Sister*, or any body: When those are pawn'd or spent, perhaps we shall returne into the list of her acquaintance.

Gyr. I scorné it ifaith. Come *Sinne.* (Exit *Gyr.*

Mr. Tou. O Madam, why doe you prouoke your Father, thus?

Touch. Nay, nay eene let Pride go afore, Shame wil follow after I warrant you, come, why doest thou weepe now? thou are not the first good cow hast had an il calfe, I truit. What's the newes, with that fellow?

Enter Constable.

Goul. Sir, the Knight, and your man *Quicke-siluer*, are without, will' hem brought in.

Touch. O by any means. And Sonne, heer's a Chaire, appeare terrible vnto hem, on the first enter view. Let them behold the melancholy of a Magistrate, & taste the fury of a Citize in office.

Goul. Why Sir, I can do nothing to hem, except you charge them with somewhat.

Touch.

Tom. I will charge 'hem, and recharge 'hem, rather then authoritic should want foile to set it off. **Gou.** No good sir, I will not.

Tom. Sonne it is your place; by any meanes.

Gou. Beleeue it, I will not sir.

Enter Knight Pet. Quick. Constable, Officers.

Pet. How Misfortune pursues vs still in our miserie!

Quick. Would it had bin my fortune, to haue bin trust vp at *Wapping*, rather then euer ha come here.

Pet. Or mine, to haue famisht in the Iland.

Quic. Must *Goulding* sit vpon vs? (worship.

Con. You might carry an M. vnder your girdle to Mr. Deputies

Gou. What are those Mr. Constable?

Con. An't please your worship, a couple of maisterles men, I prest for the Low-countries, sir.

Gou. Why do you not carry 'hem to Bridewell, according to your order they may be shipt away?

Con. An't please your Worship, one of 'hem sayes he is a knight; & we thought good to shew him your worship, for our discharge.

Gou. Which is he? **Con.** This sir. **Gou.** And what's the other?

Con. A knights fellow sir, an't please you.

Gou. What a Knight and his fellow thus accoutred? Where are their Hats, and feathers, their rapiers and cloakes?

Quic. O they mocke vs.

Con. Nay truely sir, they had cast both their feathers, and hattes too, before we did see 'hem. Her'es all their furniture an't please you, that we found. They say, Knights are now to be knowne without feathers, like Cockrels by their Spurres, Sir.

Gou. What are their names, say they?

Touch. Very wel this. He should not take knowledge of 'hem in his place, indeed.

Con. This is sir *Petronell Flash*.

Touch. How!

Con. And this *Francis Quicke-silver*.

Touch. Is't possible? I thought your worship had beene gone for *Virginia*, Sir, you are welcome home sir. Your worshippe haz made a quicke returne, it seemes, and no doubt a good voyage. Nay, pray you be couer'd Sir. How did your Bisquet hold out Sir? Me thought I had seene this gentleman afore; good M. *Quicke-silver*! How a degree to the *Southward* haz chang'd you!

Gould. Doe you know 'hem father? Forbeare your offers a little, you shall be heard anone.

Touch. Yes, M. Deputie: I had a small venture with them in the voyage, a Thing, call'd a *Son in law*, or so. Officers, you may let 'hem

stand alone, they will not runne away, Ile giue my word for them. A couple of very honest Gentlemen. One of them was my Prentise, M. *Quick*, here, and when he had ij. yeares to serue, kept his whore, and his hunting Nag, would play his hundred pound at *Gresco*, or *Primero*, as familiarly (and all a my purse) as any bright peece of Crimso on them all; had his changeable trunks of apparel, standing at liuery with his Mare, his chest of perfumed linnen, & his Bathing tubs, which when I told him of, why he! he was a Gentleman, and I a poore *Cheape-side* Groome. The remedy was, we must part. Since when, he hath had the gift of gathring vp som final parcell of mine, to the value of fīue hundred pound disperst among my customers, to furnish this his *Virginian* venture; wherein this Knight was the chief, sir *Flash*: one that married a daughter of mine, Ladified her, turnd ij. thousand pounds woorth of good land of hers into *Cash*, within the first weeke, bought her a new Gowne, and a Coach, sent her to seek her fortune by land, whilst himselfe prepared for his fortune by sea, tooke in fresh flesh at *Belinsgare*, for his owne diet, to serue him the whole voyage, the wife of a certaine vsurer calld *Securitie*, who hath been the Broker for them in all this business: Please maister Deputie, *Worke upon that now.*

Gould. If my worshipfull Father haue ended.

Touch. I haue, it shall please M^r. Deputie.

Gould. Well then, vnder correction.

Touch. Now son, come ouer them with some fine guird, as thus, *Knight, you shall be encountred*, that is, had to the Counter; or *Quick-silver*, I will put you in a crucible, or so.

Gould. Sir *Petronell Flash*, I am sorry to see such flashes as these proceede from a Gentleman of your Quality & Rancke; For mine own part, I could wish, I could say, I could not see them: but such is the misery of Magistrates, & men in Place, that they must not winke at Offenders. Take him aside, I will heare you anone sir.

Tom. I like this well yet: there's some grace! the knight left, he cries.

Gould. *Francis Quick silver*, would God thou hadst turnd *Quack-silver*, rather then run into these dissolute, & lewd courses; It is great pittie, thou art a proper young man, of an honest & clean face, somewhat neare a good on, (God hath done his part in thee) but, thou hast made too much, & been too proud of that face, with the rest of thy bodie; for maintainance of which in neat and garish attire, onely to be looked vpon by some light houswives) thou hast prodigally consumed much of thy Masters estate: and being by him gently admonish'd, at severall times, hast returned thy selfe haughty, and rebell-

EASTWARD HOE.

that sought Aduentures, but these of the square Table at *Ordinaries*,
that sit at hazard.

Gyr. T'rie *Syn*, let him vaniish. And tel me, what shal we pawn next?

Syn. I mary, Madam, a timely consideration, for our Hostesse (pro-
phane woman) haz sworne by bread, & salt, she will not trust vs an
other meale.

Gyr. Let it stinke in her hand; then. He not be beholding to her.
Let me see, my Jewels be gone, & my Gowne, & my red veluet Pet-
ticote, that I was married in, & my wedding silke stockings, and all
thy best apparell, poore *Syn*. Good faith rather then thou shouldst
pawne a rag more il'e lay my Ladiship in lauender, If I knew where.

Syn. Alas, Madam your Ladiship?

Gyr. Is why? you do not scorne my Ladiship, though it is in a wast-
coate? Gods my life, you are a *Peate* indeed! doe I offer to mortgage
my Ladiship, for you, and for your auaille, and do you turne the Lip.
and the Alas to my Ladiship? (on it?)

Syn. No Madam, but I make question; who will lend any thing vp-

Gyr. Who? mary inow, I warrant you, if you'le seeke 'hem out.
I'm sure I remember the time, when I would ha' giuen 1000. pound,
(if I had had it) to haue bin a Ladie; & I hope I was not bred & born
with that appetite alone: some other gentle borne o' the Cittie, haue
the same longing I trust. And for my part, I wold afford 'hem a peni-
'rth, my Ladiship is little the worse for the wearing, and yet I would
bate a good deale of the summe. I would lend it (let me see) for 40. li.
in hand, *Syn*, that would apparell vs; and 10. li. a yeare: that would
keepe me, and you, *Syn*, (with our needles) and we should neuer need
to be beholding to our scruy Parents? Good Lord, that there are
no *Faires* now a daies, *Syn*. *Syn.* Why Madame?

Gyr. To doe Miracles, and bring Ladies money. Sure, if wee lay
in a cleanly house, they would haunt it, *Synne*? He trie. He sweepe the
Chamber soone at night, & set a dish of water o' the Hearth. A *Fay-
rie* may come, and bring a Pearle, or a Diamond. We do not know
Synne? Or, there may be a pot of Gold hid o' the back-side, if we had
toolles to digge for't? why may not we two rise earely i' the morning
(*Synne*) afore any bodie is vp, and find a Jewell, i' the streetes, worth a
100. li? May not some great Court-Lady, as she comes from Reuels
at midnight, looke out of her Coach, as 'tis running, and loose such
a Jewell, and we find it? Ha?

Syn. They are prettie waking dreames, these.

Gyr. Or may not some olde Vsurer be drunke ouer-night? with
a Raoue of monev. and leaue it behinde him on a Stall? for God-

EASTWARD HOE.

Sake Syn, let's rise to morrow by breake of day, and see. I protest law, if I had as much money as an Alderman, I would scatter some on't ish-streets for poore Ladies to finde, when their Knights were laid vp. And now I remember my Song o' the Golden shoure, why may not I haue such a fortune? Ile sing it, & try what luck I shal haue after it.

Fond Fables tell of olde,

How loue in Danæes lappe

Fell in a shoure of Gold,

By which she caught a clappe,

Q had it beene my hap,

(How ere the blow dash threaten)

So well I like the play,

That I could wish all day

And night to be so beaten.

Enter Mist Touchstone.

O heers, my mother! good lucke, I hope. Ha' you brought any money mother? Pray you mother your blessing. Nay, sweete mother do not weepe.

Mist Touch. God blesse you; I would I were in my graue.

Gyr. Nay deare mother, can you steale no more money from my father? dry your eyes and comfort me. Alas it is my Knights fault, and not mine, that I am in a Wast-coate, and attyred thus simply.

Mist Touch. Simply? tis better then thou deseru'st. Neuer whimper for the matter. *Thou shouldst haue look't before thou hadst leapt.* Thou wert afire to be a Ladie, and now your Ladiship & you may both blowe at the Cole, for aught I know, *Selfe doe, selfe haue, The basie person neuer wants woe,* they say.

Gyr. Nay then mother, you should ha look't to it; A bodie would thinke you were the older: I did but my kinde, I, he was a Knight, and I was fit to be a Ladie. Tis not lacke of liking, but lacke of liuing, that seuers vs. And you talke like your self & a Cittiner in this yfaith. You shew what husband you come on iwis? You smell the *Touchstone.* He that will doe more for his daughter that he has married a sciry gold-end man, & his Prentise then he wil for his other Daughter, that has wedded a Knight, & his Customer. By this light, I thinke he is not my legitimate Father.

Syn. O good Madam, doe not take vp your mother so.

Mist Touch. Nay, nay, let her eeene alone. Let her Ladiship grieue me still, with her bitter taunts and termes. I haue not dole inough to see her in this miserable case, I? without her Veluet gownes, without Ribbands, without Iewels, without French-wires, or Cheat-bread, or Quailles, or a little Dog, or a Gentleman Vsher, or any thing indeed, that's fit for a Lady. — *Syn.* Except her tongue.

Mist Touch. And I not able to relieue her neither, being kept so short by my husband. Well, God knowes my heart. I did litle thinke that euer she should haue had need of her sister *Golding.*

all his kindnesse with a course & harsh behauiour, neuer returning thanks for any one benefit, but receiuing all, as if they had bin debts to thee, & no courtesies. I must tell thee *Francis*, these are manifest signes of an ill nature; and God doth often punish such pride, and *outracundance*, with scorne and infamie, which is the worst of misfortune. My worshipfull father, what doe you please to charge them withall? from the presse I will free 'hem Maister Constable.

Const. Then Ile leaue your worship, sir.

Goold. No, you may stay, there will be other matters against 'hem.

Touch. Sir I do charge this Gallant, *M. Quick-silver*, on suspicion of Felony; & the knight as being accessarie, in the receipt of my goods.

Quick. O good sir!

Touch. Hold thy peace impudent varlot, hold thy peace. With what forehead or face, dost thou offer to *choppe Logicke* with me, hauing run such a race of Riot, as thou hast done? Do's not the sight of this worshipfull mans fortune & temper, confound thee, that was thy yonger fellow in household, and nowe come to haue the place of a Iudge vpon thee? Dost not obserue this? Which of all thy Gallants, and Gamsters, thy Swearers & thy Swaggerers, will come now to mone thy misfortune, or pittie thy penurie? Theyle looke out at a window, as thou rid'st in triumph to *Tiborne*, and crie, yonder goes honest *Franck*, mad *Quicke-silver*; He was a free boone companion, when he had money, sayes one; Hang him foole, sayes another, hee could not keepe it when he had it; A pox oth Cullion, his M^r. (saies a third) he has brought him to this: when their Pox of Pleasure, and their piles of perdition, would haue bin better bestowed vpon thee, that hast ventred for 'hem with the best, and by the clew of thy knauerie brought thy selfe weeping to the Cart of Calamitie.

Quick. Worshipfull Maister.

Touch. Offer not to speake, *Crocodile*, I will not heare a sound come from thee. Thou hast learnt to whine at the play yonder. Maister *Deputie*, pray you commit hem both to safe custodie, till I be able farther to charge hem.

Quic. O me what an vnfortunate thing am I?

Pet. Will you not take securitie, sir?

Touch. Yes mary will I sir *Flasb*, if I can find him, and charge him as deepe as the best on you. He has beene the plotter of all this: he is your Inginer, I heare Maister *Deputie*, you'le dispose of these? In the meane time, Ile to my Lord Maior, and get his warrant, to seize that serpent *Securitie* into my hands, and seale vp both house, and goods to the Kings vse, or my satisfaction.

EASTWARD HOE.

Touch. Nay, on, on: you see the issue of your Sloth. Of Sloth com-
meth Pleasure, of Pleasure commeth Riot, of Riot comes Whoring,
of Whoring comes Spending, of Spending comes Want, of Want
comes Theft, of Theft comes Hanging; & there is my *Quicksil. fixt.*

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

Excutus.

Gytrude.

Syndesie.

Gyr. Ah *Synne*! hast thou euer read i^t the Chronicle of any Ladie,
& her waiting woman, driuen to that extremitie; that we are *Synne*?

Syn. Not I truely, Madam, and if I had, it were but cold comfort
should come out of the bookes, now.

Gyr. Why, good faith *Syn.* I could dine with a lamentable storie,
now, *O bone, bone, o no nera, &c.* Canst thou tell nere a one, *Syn?*

Sin. None but mine owne, Madam, which is lamentable inough;
first to be stolne from my Friends, which were worshipfull, and of
good accompt, by a Prentise, in the habite and disguise of a Gen-
tleman, and here brought vp to London, & promis'd marriage, and
now likely to be forsaken (for he is in possibilitie to be hangd.)

Gyr. Nay, weepe not good *Synne.* My *Petronell*, is in as good possi-
bility as he. Thy miseries are nothing to mine, *Synne*: I was more
then promis'd marriage, *Synne*; I had it *Synne*: and was made a Lady;
and by a Knight, *Syn*: which is now as good as no Knight *Syn.* And I
was borne in *London*, which is more then brought vp, *Syn*: & alreadie
forsaken, which is past likelihood, *Syn*: and in stead of Land iⁿ the
Countrey, all my knights liuing lies iⁿ the *Counter*, *Syn*: there's his Cas-
tle now. *Syn.* Which he cannot be forc'd out of Madam.

Gyr. Yes if he would liue hungrie a weeke, or two, *Hunger they say
breakes stone wals.* But he is eene well inough seru'd, *Syn*, that so soone
as euer he had got my hand to the sale of my inheritance, ran away
from me, and I had beene his Puncke, God blesse vs. Would the
Knight othe *Sun*, or *Palm: rine* of England, haue vsed their Ladies so,
Syn, or sir *Lancelot*? or sir *Tristram*? *Syn.* I do not know, Madam.

Gyr. Then thou knowest nothing, *Syn.* Thou art a foole, *Syn.* The
Knighthood now adayes, are nothing like the Knighthood of olde-
time, They ride a horf-backe, Ours goe a foote. They were attended
by their Squires, Ours by their Lackies. They went buckled in
their Armour, Ours muffled in their Cloaks. They trauail wilder-
nesses, & desarts, Ours dare scarce walke the streets. They were still,
prest to engage their Honor, Ours still ready to pawne their cloaths.
They would gallop on at sight of a monster, Ours run away at sight
of a serieant. They wold helpe poore ladies, Ours make poore ladies.

Syn. I madam, they were knights of the round Table at *Winchester*.

EASTWARD HOE.

Gyr. Why Mother, I ha not yet. Alas; good Mother, be not intoxicated for me; I am well inough, I would not change husbands with my sister, *The legge of a Lark is better then the body of a Kite.*

Mi. Touch. Know that. But — *Gyr.* What sweet Mother, What?

Mi. Touch. It's but ill food, when nothing's left but the Claw.

Gyr. That's true Mother, Aye me.

Mi. Touch. Nay, sweet Lady-bird, sigh not; Child, Madame. Why do you weepe thus? Be of good cheere. I shall die, if you cry, and mar your complexion thus? *Gyr.* Alas Mother, what should I do?

Mi. Touch. Go to thy Sister, Child, Shee'l be proud; thy Lady-ship will come vnder her roof. Shee'l win thy Father to release thy Knight and redeeme thy Gownes, and thy Coach, and thy Horses, and set thee vp againe. *Gyr.* But will she get him to set my Knight vp, too?

Mi. Touch. That she will, or any thing else thou'l aske her.

Gyr. I will begin to loue her, if I thought she would doe this.

Mi. Touch. Try her good Chucke, I warrant thee.

Gyr. Dooft thou thinke shee'l doe't?

Syn. I Madame, and be glad you will receiue it.

Mi. Touch. That's a good Mayden, she tells you trew. Come, Ile take order for your debts i'the Ale-house.

Gyr. Goe, *Syn.* and pray for thy *Franck*, as I will, for my *Pet.*

Enter Touchstone, Goulding, Woolfe.

Touch. I will receiue no Letters, *M. Woolfe*, you shall pardon me.

Gould. Good Father let me entreat you.

Touch. Son *Goulding*, I wil not be tempted, I find mine own easie nature; & I know not what a well-pend subtle letter may work vpon it; there may be tricks, packing, do you see? return with your packet sir.

Woolfe. Beleeue it Sir, you need feare no packing here. These are but Letters of Submission, all.

Touch. Sir, I do looke for no Submission. I wil beare my self in this like *Blind Iustice*, *Worke upon that now.* When the Sessions come, they shall

Gould. From whom come your Letters, *M. Woolfe*? (heare from me.)

Woolf. And't please you Sir. One from *Sir Petro.* Another from *Fra.*

Quick. And a third, from old *Securuse*, who is almost mad in Prison. There are two, to your worship: One from *M. Francis*, Sir. Another from the Knight.

Touch. I doe wonder, *M. Woolfe*, why you should trauaile thus; in a businessse so contrarie to kinde, or the nature o' your Place! that you being the Keeper of a Prison, should labour the release of your Prisoners! Whereas me thinks, it were farre more Naturall, & Kindely in you, to be ranging about for more, & not let these scape you hinc

alreadie vnder the Tooth. But they say, you *Wolues*, when you ha suck't the blood once, that they are drie, you ha done.

Wolfe. Sir, your Worship may descant as you please o' my name, but I protest, I was never so mortified with any mēs discourse, or behauiour in Prison; yet I haue had of all sorts of men i' the kingdome, vnder my Keyes: & almost of all Religions i' the land, as *Papist, Protestant, Puritane, Brownist, Anabaptist, Millenary, Famely o' Loue, lewe, Turke, Infiell, Atheist, Good Fellow, &c.* (ligion?

Gould. And which of all these (thinks *M. Wolfe*) was the best re-

Wolfe. Troth, *M. Deputie*, they that pay Fees best: we never examine their consciences farder.

Gould. I beleeeve you *M. Wolfe*. Good faith, Sir, Here's a great deale of humilitie i' these Letters.

Wolfe. Humilitie, Sir? I, were your Worship an Eye-witnesse of it, you would say so. The Knight will i' the *Knights-Ward*, doe what we can Sir, and Maister *Quickefitver*, would be i' the *Hole*, if we would let him. I never knew, or saw Prisoners more penitent, or more deuout. They will sit you vp all night singing of *Psalmes*; and ædifying the whole Prison: onely, *Securitie* sings a note too high, sometimes, because hee lyes i' the *Two-pennyward*, farre off, and cannot take his tune. The neighbors cannot rest for him, but come euerie Morning to aske, what godly Prisoners we haue.

Touch. Which on' hem is't is so deuout, the Knight, or the to'ther?

Wolfe. Both Sir. But the young Man especially! I never heard his like! He has cut his hayre too. He is so well giuen, and has such good gifts! He can tell you, almost all the Stories of the *Booke of Martyrs*, and speake you all the *Sicke-mans Salve* without Booke.

Touch. Lif he had had grace, he was brought vp where it grew, iwis. On Maister *Wolfe*.

Wolfe. And he has conuerted one *Fangs* a Saricant, a fellow could neither write, nor read, he was call'd the Bandog o'the Counter: and he has brought him already to pare his nailes, & say his prayers, and 'tis hop'd he will sell his place shortly, & become an Intelligencer.

Touch. No more, I am comming already. If I should give any farder care, I were taken. A due good Maister *Wolfe*. Sonne, I doe feele mine own weakenesse, do not importune me, Pity is a R heume that I am subiect to, but I will resist it. Maister *Wolfe*, *Fisb is cast away, that is cast in drye Pooles*: Tell *Hipocrisie*, it will not doe, I haue touchd and tried too often; I am yet proofe, and I will remaine so: when the Sessions come, they shall heare from me. In the meane time, to all suites, to all intreaties, to all letters, to all trickes, I will be deaf as

an Adder, and blinde as a Beetle, lay mine eare to the ground, and locke mine eyes i' my hand, against all temptations. *Exit.*

Gould. You see Maister *Woolfe*, how inexorable he is. There is no hope to recouer him. Pray you commend me to my brother Knight, and to my fellow *Francis*, present'hem with this small token of my loue; tel'hem. I wish I could do'hem any worthier office; but in this, tis desperate: yet I will not faile to trie the vttermost of my power for 'hem. And sir, as farre as I haue any credite with you, pray you let 'hem want nothing: though I am not ambitious they should know so much.

Woolfe. Sir, both your actions, and words speake you to be a true Gentleman. They shall know only what is fit, and no more. *Exeunt.*

Enter Holdfast. Bramble, Securitie.

Hold. Who would you speake with Sir?

Bra. I would speak with one *Securitie*, that is prisoner here. *(rity.*

Hol. Y'are welcome sir. Stay there, Ile call him to you. *M. Secu-*

Sec. Who calls? *Hol.* Here's a Gentlemā would speak with you.

Secu. What is hee? Is't one that grafts my forehead now I am in prison, and comes to see how the hornes shoote vp, and prosper?

Hold. You must pardon him Sir: The olde man is a little crazd with his imprisonment.

Secu. What say you to me Sir? Looke you here. My learned Counsaile *M. Bramble!* Cry you mercy, Sir: when saw you my wife?

Bram. She is now at my house, Sir, and desir'd mee that would come to Visite you, and inquire of you your Case, that wee might worke some meanes to get you forth.

Secu. My Case, *M. Bramble*, is stone walles, and yron grates; you see it, this is the weakest part on't. And, for getting mee forth, no meanes but hang my selfe, and so be carried forth, from which they haue heere bound me, in intollerable bands.

Bram. Why but what is't you are in for, Sir?

Secu. For my Sinnes, for my Sinnes Sir, whereof Mariage is the greatest. O, had I neuer marryed, I had neuer knowne this *Purgatory*, to which Hell is a kinde of coole Bath in respect: My wiues confederacie Sir, with old *Touchstone*, that sheet might keepe her *Iubilee*, and the Feast of her *New-Moone*. Doe you vnderstand me Sir?

Enter Quickefiluer.

Quick. Good Sir, Goe in and talke with him. The light do's him harme, and his example will be hurtfull to the weake Prisoners. Fie, Father *Securitie*, that you'le be still so prophane, will nothing humble you? *Enter two Prisoners, with a Friend. Friud.* What's hee?

Pri. 1. O he is a rare young man. Doe you not know him?

Fri. Not I, I neuer saw him, I can remember.

Pri. 2. Why, it is he that was the gallant Prentise of London, M. Touchstones man.

Frien. Who, *Quicke siluer?* *Pri. 1.* I, this is hee.

Frien. Is this hee? They say, he has beene a Gallant indeede.

Pri. O, the royallest fellow, that euer was bred vp i' the City. He would play you his thousand pound a night at Dice; keepe Knights and Lords company; go with them to baudy houses, had his six men in a Linerie; kept a stable of Hunting horses; and his Wench in her veluet Gowne, and her Cloth of siluer; Heres one knight with him here in Prifon.

Friend. And how miserably he is chang'd!

Pri. 1. O, that's voluntary in him; he gaue away all his rich clothes allsoone as euer he came in here, among the Prisoners: and will eate o' the *Basket*, for humilitie.

Friend. Why will he doe so?

Pri. 2. Alas he has no hope of life. He mortifies himselfe. He do's but linger on, till the Sefsions.

Pri. 2. O, he has pen'd the best thing, that he calls his *Repentance*, or his *Last Fare-well*, that euer you heard: He is a pretie *Poet*, and for *Prose*— You would wonder how many Prisoners he has help't out, with penning *Petitions* for hem, and not take a penny. Looke, this is the Knight, in the rugge Gowne. Stand by.

Enter Petronel, Bramble, Quicke siluer, Woolfe.

Bram. Sir, for *Securities* Case, I haue told him; Say hee should be condemned to be carted, or whipt, for a *Bande*, or so, why Ile lay an Execution on him o' two hundred pound, let him acknowledge a Iudgement, he shall doe it in halfe an houre, they shall not all fetch him out, without paying the *Execution*, o' my word.

Pet. But can we not be bay'd M. *Bramble*?

Bram. Hardly, there are none of the Iudges in Towne, else you should remoue your selfe (in spight of him) with a *Habeas Corpus*: But if you haue a Friend to deliuer your tale sensibly to some Iustice o' the Towne, that hee may haue feeling of it, (doe you see) you may be bay'd. For as I vnderstand the Case, tis ouely done *In Terrorem*, and you shall haue an *Action of false Imprisonment* against him, when you come out: and perhaps a thousand pound Costes.

Enter M. Woolfe.

Quick. How now, M. *Woolfe*? What newes? what returne?

Woolfe. Faith, bad all: yonder will be no Letters receiued. He sayes the *Sefsions* shall determine it. Onely, M. *Deputie Goulding* commends him to you, and with this token, wishes he could doe you o'ther good.

EASTWARD HOE.

Quick. I thanke him. Good M. *Bramble*, trouble our quiet no more; doe not molest vs in Prison thus, with your winding deuises: Pray you depart. For my part, I commit my cause to him that can succour me, let God worke his will. M. *Woolfe*, I pray you let this be distributed among the Prisoners, and desire hem to pray for vs.

Wool. It shall be done, M. *Francis.* *Pri. 1.* An excellent temper!

Pri. 2. Now God send him good lucke. *Exeunt.*

Pet. But what said my Father in Law, M. *Woolfe?* *Enter Hold.*

Hold. Here's one would speake with you, Sir.

Wool. Ile tell you anon *Sir Petronell*, who is't?

Hold. A Gentleman, Sir, that will not be seene. *Enter Gould.*

Woolfe. Where is he? M. *Deputie!* your wor: is wel-come.—

Goul. Peace! *Woolfe.* Away, Sir.

Goul. Good faith M. *Woolfe*, the estate of these Gentlemen, for whom you were so late and willing a Sutor, doth much affect me: & because I am desirous to do them some faire office, and find there is no meanes to make my Father relent, so likely, as to bring him to be a Spectator of their Misery; I haue ventur'd on a deuice, which is, to make my selfe your Prisoner: entreating, you will presently goe report it to my Father, and (faying, an Action, at sute of some third person) pray him by this Token, that he will presently, and with all secrecie, come hether for my Bayle; which trayne, (if any) I know will bring him abroad; and then, hauing him here, I doubt not but we shall be all fortunate in the Euent. (in.

Woolf. Sir, I will put on my best speed, to effect it. Please you come

Gould. Yes; And let me rest conceal'd, I pray you.

Woolfe. See, here a Benefit, truly done; when it is done timely, freely, and to no Ambition. *Exit.*

Enter Touchstone Wife Daughters, Syn, Winnyfrid.

Touch-stone. I will sayle by you, and not heare you, like the wife

Mild. Deare Father. *Mist. Touch.* Husband. (*Ulysses*)

Gyr. Father. *Win, & Syn.* M. *Touchstone.*

Touch. Away Syrens, I will inmure my selfe, against your cries; and lockemy selfe vp to our Lamentations.

Mi. Touc. Gentle Husband, heare me.

Gyr. Father, it is I Father; my Lady *Flash*: my sister & I am friends

Mil. Good Father. *Win.* Be not hardned, good M. *Touchstone.*

Syn. I pray you, Sir, be mercifull.

Touch. I am deafe, I doe not heare you; I haue stopt mine eares, with *Shoomakers waxe*, and drunke *Lethe*, and *Mandragora* to forget you: All you speake to me, I commit to the Ayre. *Enter Woolfe.*

EASTWARD HOE.

Wool. Where's M. *Touchstone*? I must speake with him presently: I haue lost my breath for haste.

Mild. What's the matter Sir? pray all be well.

Woolfe. Maister *Deputie Goulding*'s arrested vpon an execution, and desires him presently to come to him, forthwith.

Mild. Aye me, doe you heare Father?

Touc. Tricks, tricks, confederacie, tricks, I haue hem in my nose, I sent hem. *Wol.* Who's that? Maister *Touchstone*?

Mi. Tou. Why it is M. *Woolfe* himselfe, husband. *Mil.* Father.

Tou. I am deafe still, I say: I will neither yeeld to the song of the *Syrer*, nor the voyce of the *Hyena*, the teares of the *Crocodile*, nor the howling o' the *Wolfe*: auoid my habitation, monsters.

Wolfe. Why you are not mad Sir? I pray you looke forth, and see the token I haue brought you, Sir.

Tou. Hal! what token is it? *Wolfe.* Doe you know it Sir?

Tou. My sonne *Gouldings* ring! Are you in earnest M. *Wolfe*?

Wolfe. I by my faith sir. He is in prison, and requir'd me to vse all speed, and secrecie to you.

Touch. My Cloake there (pray you be patient) I am plagu'd for my Austeritie; my Cloake: at whose suite Maister *Wolfe*?

Wolfe. Ile tell you as we Goe sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Friend. Prisoners.

Fri. Why, but is his offence such as he cannot hope of life?

Pri. 1. Troth it should seeme so: and 'tis great pity; for he is exceeding penitent.

Fri. They say he is charg'd but on suspicion of Felony, yet.

Fri. 2. I but his Maister is a shrewd fellow, hee'l e proue great matter against him.

Fri. I'de as liue as any thing, I could see his *Farewell*.

Pri. 1. O tis rarely written: why *Tobse* may get him to sing it to you, hee's not curious to any body.

Pri. 2. O no. He would that all the world should take knowledge of his repentance, & thinks he merits in't, the more shame he suffers.

Fri. 1. Pray thee try what thou canst do.

Pri. 2. I warrant you, he will not denie it; if hee be not hoarce with the often repeating of it. *Exit.*

Pri. 1. You neuer saw a more curteous creature, then he is; and the Knight too: the poorest Prisoner of the house may command hem. You shall heare a thing admirably pend.

Fri. Is the Knight any Scholler too?

Pri. 1. No, but he will speake very well, and discourse admirably.

of running horses, and *White-Friers*, & against Bauds: and of Cocks; and talke as loude as a Hunter, but is none.

Enter Wolfe and Touchstone.

Wolfe. Please you stay here sir, I'll call his worship downe to you.

Pris I. See, he has brought him, and the Knight too, Salute him I pray: Sir, this Gentleman, vpon our report is verie desirous to heare some piece of your *Repenance.* *Enter Quick Pet. &c.*

Quic. Sir, with all my heart, and as I told *M. Tobie*, I shal be glad to haue any man a witnesse of it. And the more openly I professe it, I hope it will appeare the hartier, and the more vnfaired.

Touch. Who is this? my man *Francis*? and my sonne in law?

Quick. Sir, it is all the testimonie I shall leaue behinde me to the World, and my Maister, that I haue so offended.

Friend. Good Sir. *Quic.* I writ it, when my spirits were opprest

Pet. I, I'll be sworne for you *Francis.*

Quic. It is in imitation of *Maningtons*; he that was hangd at *Cambridge*, that cut off the Horses head at a blow. *Friend.* So sir.

Quic. To the tune of *I waile in woe, I plunge in paine.*

Pet. An excellent Dittie it is, and worthy of a new tune.

Qui in Cheap side famous for Gold, and
Quicksilver did dwell of late: (Plate,
I had a Maister good, and kinde, (mind.
That would haue wrought me to his
He bade me still work vpon that, } But alas I wrought I know not what,
He was a Touchstone blacke, but true:
And told me still, what would insue,
Yet, woe is me, I would not learne,
I saw, alas, but could not discern.

Friend. Excellent, excellent well.

Goold. O let him alone, Hec is taken alreadie.

Quic. I cast my Coat and Cap away,
I went in silkes and sattens gay,
Faile mettall of good manners, I
Did dayly coine vnlawfully. } I sernd my Maister, being drunke,
I kept my Gelding and my Punter,
And with a knight, sir Flash, by name,
(Who now is sorie for the same.

Pet. I thanke you *Francis.*

I thought by Sea to runne away, - But Thames and T mpest did me stay.

Touch. This cannot be fained sure. Heauen pardon my feueritie.
The ragged Col, may prone a good Horse.

Goold. How he listens! and is transported? He has forgot mee.

Quic. Still Eastward hee was all my word:
But Westward I had no regard. } At last the blacke Oxe trode o' my foote,
And I saw then what longd vnto't,
Nor neuer thought, whet would come after, } Newe erie I, Touchstone teach me still,
As did alas his youngest Daughter. } And make mee errant by thy skill.

Touch. And I will do it *Francis.*

Wolfe. Stay him *M. Deputie*, now is the time, wee shall loose the song else. *Friend.* I protest it is the best that euer I heard.

Quick. How like you it Gentlemen?

All. O admirable, sir!

Quick. This Stanze now following, alludes to the storie of *Mannington*, from whence I tooke my project for my inuention.

Friend. Pray you go on sir.

Quick. O *Mannington* thy stories show,
Thou cutst a Horse-head off at a blow:
But I confesse, I haue not the force,
For to cut off the head of a horse,
Yet desire this grace to winne,

That I may cut off the Horse-head of Sin,
And leaue his bodie in the dust
Of sinnes high way and bogges of Lust,
Whereby I may take Vertues purse,
And line with her for better, for worse.

Friend. Admirable sir, & excellently conceited. *Quick.* Alas, sir.

Touch. *Sonne Goulding*, and *M. Wolfe*, I thanke you: the deceit is welcome, especially from thee whose charitable soule in this hath shewne a high point of wisdome and honestie. Listen, I am rauished with his Repentance, and could stand here a whole prentiship to heare him.

Friend. Forth good sir.

Quick. This is the last, and the *Farewell*.

Farewell Cheapside, *farewell* sweet trade,
Of Goldsmithes all, that neuer shall fade,
Farewell deare fellow *Prentises* all
And be you warned by my fall:
Shun *Psurers*, *Bawds* and *dice*, and *drabs*.

Avoid them as you would *French* scabs.
Seeke not to goe beyond your *Tether*,
But cut your thongs vnto your *Leather*:
So shall you thrive by little and little,
Scape *Tiborne*, *Counters*, & the *Spittle*.

Touch. An scape them shalt thou my penitent, and deare *Francis*.

Quick. Maister!

Pet. Father!

Touch. I can no longer forbear to do your humilitie right: Arise, and let me honour your Repentance, with the beatic and ioyfull embraces, of a Father, and Friends loue. *Quickesilver*, thou hast eate into my breast, *Quickesilver*, with the droppes of thy sorrow, & kild the desperate opinion I had of thy reclaime.

Quick. O sir, I am not worthie to see your worshipfull face.

Pet. Forgiue me Father.

Touch. Speake no more, all former passages are forgotten, and here my word shall release you. Thanke this worthie Brother, and kind friend *Francis*. — *M. Wolfe*, I am their Baile.

A shorte in the prison.

Secur. Maister *Touchstone*! Maister *Touchstone*?

Touch. Who's that?

Wolfe. *Securitis*, sir.

Secur. Pray you Sir, if youle be wonne with a Song, heare my lamentable tune, too.

SONG,

O Maister *Touchstone*,
My heart is full of woe,
Alas I am a Cuckold:
And why should it be so?

Because I was a *Psurer*,
And bawd, as all you know,
For which, againe I tell you,
My heart is full of woe.

Touch; Bring him forth *M. Wolfe*, & release his bands. This day shall be sacred to *Mercie*, & the mirth of this *Encounter*, in the *Counter*.--See, we are encountred with more futers.

Enter Mist. Touchst. Gyr. Mild. Synd. Winnif. &c.

Saue your Breath, saue your Breath: All things haue succeeded to your wishes; and we are heartily satisfied in their euent.

Gyr. Ah, Runaway, Runaway! haue I caught you? And, how has my poore Knight done all this while?

Pet. Deare Ladie wife, forgiue me.

Gyr. As heartily as I would be forgiuen, Knight. Deare Father, giue me your blessing, and forgiue me too; I ha'bin proud, and lasciuious Father; and a Foole Father; & being raisd to the state of a wanton coy thing, calld a Lady, Father; haue scordn you, Father; and my Sisters! and my Sisters veluet cap too; and woulde make a mouth at the Citty, as I rid through it: and stop mine eares at *Bowbell*: I haue faide your Beard was a base one, Father; and that you lookt like *Twierpipe* the Taberer; and that my Mother was but my Midwife.

Mi. Touch. Now God forgi you, Child Madam.

Touch. No more Repetitions. What is else wanting, to make our Harmony full?

Col. Only this, sir, That my fellow *Francis* make a mends to *Mistresse Sindesie*, with marriage.

Quic. With all my heart.

Col. And *Securitie* giue her a dower, which shall be all the restitution he shal make of that huge masse, he hath so vnlawfully gotten.

Touch. Excellently deuisd! a good motion. What saies *M Securitie*?

Secu. I say any thing sir, what you'll ha me say. Would I were no Cuckold.

W. nri. Cuckold, husband? why, I thinke this wearing of yellow has infected you.

Touch. Why *M. Securitie*, that should rather be a comfort to you, then a corasue. If you be a Cuckold, it's an argument you haue a beautifull woman to your wife, then, you shall be much made of; you shall haue store of friends, neuer want money, you shall be easd of much o' your wedlock paine; others will take it for you: Besides, you being a *Vfurer*, (and likely to goe to Hell) the *Diuels* will neuer torment you: They'll take you for one of their owne Race. Againe, if you be a Cuckold, and know it not, you are an *Innocent*: if you know it and indure it, a true *Martyr*.

Secur. I am resolu'd sir, Com chither *W. nri*.

Touch.

EASTWARD HOE.

Touch. Well then, all are pleased; or shall be anone, Maister Wolfe :
you looke hungrie me thinke. Haue you no apparell to lend Francis
to shift him ?

Quick. No sir, nor I desire none ; but here make it my suite , that
I may goe home, through the streetes, in these, as a spectacle, or ra-
ther an example to the *Children of Cheapside.*

Touch. Thou hast thy wish. Now London, looke about,
And in this morall see thy Glaasse runne out :
Behoid the carefull father; thristie Sonne,
The solemne deeds, which each of vs haue done,
The Vsurer punisht, and from Fall so steepe
The Prodigall child reclaimd, and the lost Sheepe. *Exeunt.*



EP ILOGVS.

STay Sir, I perceiue the Multitude are gatherd together, to
view our comming out at the *Counter.* See, if the streetes
and the Fronts of the Houses, be not stucke with People, and
the Windowes fill'd with Ladies, as on the solemne day of the
Pageant!

*O may you finde in this our Pageant, beere,
The same contentment, which you came to seeke:
And as that Shew but drawes you once a yeare,
May this attract you hither once a weeke.*

FINIS.

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