

# EASTWARD HOE.

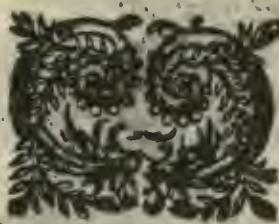
As

It was playd in the  
Black-friers.

By The Children of her Majesties Revels.

Made by

GEO: CHAPMAN. BEN: JONSON. IOH: MARSTON.



AT LONDON  
Printed for William Aspley.

1605.

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THE  
CIVIL  
WARS  
PROLOGVS.

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



# EASTWARD HOE.



Actus primi, Scena prima.

Enter Maister Touchstone, and Quicksilver at several dore, Quicksilver with his hat, pumps, short sword & dagger, & a racket iuzzed up under his cloake. At the middle dore, Enter Golding discouering a Gold-smiths shoppe, and walking shori turnes before it.

Touchst.ve.



ND whether with you now? what loose a-  
ction are you bound for? come what cōrades  
are you to meeete withall? whers the supper? &  
whers the randeuous?

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

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

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

Touch. Prentises recreations are feldome with their masters  
profit. Worke vpō that now. You shal giue vp your cloake tho you  
be no Aldermā. Heyday, Ruffins hal. Sword, pumps, heers a Rac-  
ket indeed.

Touch. uncloake Quic.

Quic. Worke upon that now.

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

Quic. Zbloud sir, my mother's a Gentlewoman and my father  
a Justice of peace, & of Quorum, & tho I am a yonger brother &  
a prentise, yet I hope I am my fathers son: & by Godslidde, tis for  
your worship & for your cōmodity that I keepe company. I am  
intertaind among gallants, true: They cal me cozē Franck, right;  
I lend thē monyes, good: they spend it, well: But when they are  
spent, must not they strive to get more must not their land flie?  
and to whom: shall not your worshippe ha'the iesusall? well

A 2

I am

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

EASTWARD HOE.

I am a good member of the City if I were well considered. How w ould Merchants thriue, if Gentlemen would not be vnthriffts? How could Gentlemen bee vnthriffts if their humours were not fed? How should their humours be fedde but by white meate, and cunning secondings? well, the City 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 cozen Francke lend me some siluer. Why —

Tout. Why? I cannot tell, seuen score pound art thou out in the cash, 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, fough low tooke small gaine, kept no debt booke, garnished my shay for want of Plate, with good wholsome thrifte sentences; As Ton-horne; keep thy shappe, and thy shappe will keepe thee. Light gaines makes hearie purses. Tis gude to be merry and wif: And when I was iu'nde, having somthing to sticke too, I had the horne of Suretship euer before my eyes: You all kno w the devise of the Horne, where the young fellow slippes in at the Butte end, and comes squeld out at the Buckall: and I grew vp, 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 lies for you: seuen score pound is yet in the reere.

Quicke. Why Slid sir, I have as good, as proper gallants words for it as any are in London, gentlemen of good phrase, perfect language, passingly behau'd, Gallants that weare sockes and cleane linnen, and call me kinde cozen Francke, good cozen 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 pumpe it, or Racket it? Well, if he thrive not, if hee outlast not a hundred such crackling

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crackling Bauins 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  
wives Dilling, whom shee longs to call Madam. Hee shall finde  
me vnuillingly 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 Indu-  
strie. So haue I onely two daughters: the eldest, of a proud am-  
bition 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 tayle. So fatre is  
shee ill naturde to the place and meanes of my preferment and  
fortune, that shee throwes all the contempt and despight, ha-  
ted it selfe can cast vpon it. Well, a peece of Land she 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 *Quicke-siluer*, thinke of huskes, for thy course is  
running directly to the prodigalls hogs troughe huskes *Sr. a.*  
*Work upon 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 de-  
cent: and zbloud —

*Gould.* Fye how you sweare.

*Quick.* Stoote man I am a Gentleman and may sweare by my  
pedegree, Gods my lif'e. 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 *Den*  
*Phœbus*, but to the East, *Eastward hoe.*

"Where radiant beames of lustrie Sol appeare,

"And bright Eous makes the welken cleare.

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

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

*Gould*. What woul'd you ha'me doe?

*Quick*. Why do nothing, be like a Gentleman, be idle, the curse  
of man is labour. Wipe thy bun 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, vnder  
a wodden penthouse, and art a gentleman? wilt thou beare  
Tankards, and maist beare Armes? be rul'd, turne gallant, East-  
ward hoe, ta, 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 braging boy,  
Ile ha you whipt.

*Quick*. Whipt, that's good ifaith, yntrusse me?  
*Go*. No, thou wilt vndoe thy selfe. Alas, I behold thee with pitty,  
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 reclaines Atheists, and makes great persons  
some times religious: Calamitic. As for my place and litle thus I  
haue read:

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

*Enter*

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

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

Gir. For the passion of patience, looke if sir Petronel appoach, 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 trademan, yet I must be a Ladie: and I praise God my mother must call me Madam, (does he come?) off with this gowne for shames sake, off with this gowne: let not my Knight take me in the cattie-cut in any hand: tear't, pax on't (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 cattie tire: I am sorrie to thinke you imagine to right your selfe, in wronging that which hath made both you and vs.

Girt. I tellyou I cannot indure it, I must bee a Lady: doe you weare your Quoiffe with a London licket: your Stamen petticoate with two guardes, the Buffin gowne with the tuftaffitic 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 only at an Angell a pound, good to die rich Scarlet, black, prety: to line a Grogarom gowne cleane thorough with velvet, tollerable: their pure linen, their smocks of 3. li. a smock are to be borne withall. But your minising niceries, taffata pipkins, durance petticoates, and siluer boodekins — Gods my life, as I shal be a Lady I cannot indure it. Is he come yet? Lord what a long Knight tis! And euer she cride shout home, and yet I knewe one longer, and euer she cride shout home, fa, la, ly, re, lo, la.

Mil. Well Sister, those that scorne their nest, oft flie with a sickle wing.

Gir. Boe-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 speake not truth. Where ambition of place goes before fynes of birth, contempt and disgrace follow. I heard a Scholler once saie, that Vlisses when he couerterfited himselfe madde, yoake cattes and foxes, & dogges together to draw his plowes, whiles hee followed and sowed salt: But sure I iudge them truelie madde, that yoake ciuzens & couriers.

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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 peraduenture 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 beare vp round?

Pold. Fine & stifylly iſaith, twill keepe your thighes so coole and make your wast so ſmall: here was a fault in your body, but I haue ſupplied the defeſt, with the effect of my ſteele iſtrument, which, though it haue but one eye, can ſee to reſtifie the imperfection of the proportion.

Gir. Moſt xdefiying Tailer! I protest you Tailers are moſt ſanctified 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? Pold. 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. & Mift. Touchſtone.

Gir. Is my Knight come? O the Lord. My band? Sister doo my cheekeſ looke well? giue me a lide boke a the eare that I may ſeeme to bluſh: now, now, So, there, there, there! heere he is: O my deareſt 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 maried? 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 intertwain'd in the progreſſe with one Count Epernoum a welch knight: we had a match at Balooone too, with my Lord Whachum, for to vre crownes. *(Knight.*

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

Sir. Pet.

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*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 consummate it; and your father may call a poore Knight, Sonne in Law.

*Mist. Touch.* Sir, ye are come; what is not mine to keepe, I must not be sorry to forgee: A 100 li. Land her Grandmother left her, tis yours, her selte (as her mothers gift) is yours. But if you expect ought from me, know, my hand and mine eyes open together; I doe not gue b'indly. *Worke vpon that now.*

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

*Touch.* Sir, Sir; What I know not, you will gue 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 woul'd not ha beene Knighted, (as I am an honest woman) I woul'd 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 or other, (I speake it not without my duty, but onely in my husbands right) my Coach-ho:ses 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 *Boe-bell*, I beseech thee downe with me for God sake.

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Touch. Well daughter, I haue read that old wittings;  
The greatest riuers flow from little springs.

Though thou art full, shalne no: thy meanes at first,  
He that's most drunke may sooneſt be a thirſt.  
Worke upon that now.

All but Touchſtone, Mildred, and Goulding depart.  
No no; yon'd ſtand my hopes.

Mildred. Come hither daughter. And how approue you your  
ſisters fashion? how doe you phantſie her choice? what doest  
thou think?

Mil. I hope as a ſister, well.

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

Mil. I am loath to ſpeake ill: and yet I am ſorry of this I can-  
not ſpeake well.

Touch. Well: very good, as I would wiſh: a moideſt anſweſe.  
Goulding, come hither: hither Goulding. How doest thou like the  
Knight, Sir Flash? doſ he not looke big? howe likſt thou the Ele-  
phant? he ſaies he haſ a caſtle in the coutrie.

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, & wilt  
make it appear my affection is ſtrong to thee. My wife haſ her  
humour, and I will ha'mine. Dofth thou ſee my daughter here? ſhe  
is not faire, well-fauoured or ſo, indifferent, which moideſt mea-  
ſure o' beauty, I haſt not make it thy onely worke to watch her,  
nor ſufficient miſchance, to ſuſpect her. Thou art towardly, ſhee  
is moideſt, thou art prouident, ſhee is carefull. ſhee's nowe mine:  
give 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. Saifſt thou ſo, come hither Mildred. Do you ſee yon'd  
fellow? he is a Gentleman (tho my Prentife) and haſ ſomwhat to  
take too: a Youth of Good hope; well friended, well parced. Are  
you mine? You are his. Worke upon that now.

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

Touch. Saifſt 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. Gou. and Mil.  
Which thrives the best, the meane or losy loose.  
Whether fit Wedlock vord twixt like and like,  
Or prouder hopes, whick daringlyre strike  
Their place and meanes: tis honest Times expence,  
Whenseeming lighnesse beares a morrall sense.  
Worke vpon that now.

Exit.

Actus secundi. Scena Prima.

Touchstone, Quicksiluer, Goulding and Mildred, sitting  
on either side of the stall.

Touch. Quicksiluer, Maister Francis Quicksiluer. Maister Quicksiluer.  
Enter Quicksiluer.

Quic. Here sir; (vmp.)

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

Quic. I for sooth: (vmp.)

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

Quic. 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 weland.

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

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 that's the chiche honour of a Souldier sir, & therfore  
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 fulfill the Scripture ver-  
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 fafaction ; 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't 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 ever maintaine drunkennes in their Maisters house, for their maisters credites a good idle Seruving-mans reason: I thanke tyme the night is past; I ne're wakt to such cost; I thinke wee haue stowd more sorts of flesh in our bellies, then euer Noahs Arke receiuied: and for Wine, why my houseturnes giddie with it, and more noise in it then at a Conduit; Aye me, euen beastes condemne our gluttonie, Well'tis our Citties fault, which because we committ seldom, we commit the more sinfully, we lose no tyme in our sensualtie, 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 shew, Ile eauesdrop, 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 afoole weare 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 convenience as my poore meanes and industrie can offer to your vertues?

*Myl.* I haue obseru'd that the bridle giuen to those violent flatteries offortune, is seldom recovered: 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 hasty 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 & aduancement, the honest and orderly industrie & skil of our trade will afforde in any, I doubt not will be aspird by me, I will euer make your contentment the end of my endeouours; I wil loue you above all, and onely your grieve shall bee my misery, and you deligh, my felicitye.

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

Enter Quick siluer unlac'd, a towell about his necke,  
in his flat Cap, drunke.

Quick. Eastward Hoe: Holla ye pampered ladies of c<sup>e</sup>Asia.

Touch Drunke now downe right, a, my fidelity.

Quick. Am pum pull eo, Pello: show'e quot the Caliuers.

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

Quick. Pickle? pickle in thy throat: zounes pickle? wa ha ho, good morrow kniglit Petronel: 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 yon 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 wouldest shewe thy bringing vp: & thou werst a gentleman as I am, thou wouldest thinke it no shame to be drunke. Lend me some monye, saue my credit, I must dine with the seruing men and their wiues: & their wiues sirha.

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

Quick. S'ooote lend me some monye, b<sup>e</sup>if thou not Hyren here?

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

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.

EA S T W A R D H O E.

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

Touch. Sit, 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 feters? Rente: Flye with a Duck in  
thy mouth: and now I tell thee *Touche* —————

Touch. Good sir.

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

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

Quick. *Did liue 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 *Touche*, 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:  
*Werke upon that now.* *Exit, staggering.*

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

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

Ambo. With all submissiōn, bothe of thanks and dutie.

Touch. Well then, the great power of heauen blesſ: and con-  
firm: you. And, *Goulding*, that my loue to thee may not shewe  
lesle then my wiues loue to my eldest daughter: thy marriage  
feast shal equall the Knights and hers.

Gru!. 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 iniumente of States or friends, onely your reverent  
presence and witnesſe shal ſufficiently grace and confirme vs.

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

## EASTWARD HOE.

presume to call daughter, is so rauish't with desire to hanstell 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 consummate the humble matche, we haue in Gods name concluded.

*Tis to my wifh; for I haue often read,*

*Fit birth, fit age, keepes long a quiet bed.*

*Tis to my wifh; for Tradesmen (well tis knowne)*

*Get with more ease, the Gentrie keepes his owne.* Exit.

Ent. Secu. My priuie Guest, lustie *Quicksilver*, has drunke too decepe 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 ga'lanter likenes: My houle is as t'were the Cauue, 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 Punkes: 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 *S:ockings*, 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 loose, to get more children of perdition into my vfurous bonds. Thou feed'st my Lecherie, and I thy Courtoisnes: 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 subtle *Quic*. Those K's ope the dores to all this worlds felicity: the dullest forehead sees it. Let not mast Courtier think he caries al the knauery on his Shoulders: I haue knowne 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 bottōs in's cap. *Quick*. Why man, is the London high-way to thrift, if verie be yfde; tis but a scape to the nette of villanie. They that vse it simlie, thriue simlie 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 Trunks shoothe forth their silkes conceald,

Inow

EASTWARD HOE.

I now am free; and now will iustifie  
My Trunkes and Punkes: Aiant dull Flat cap then,  
Via, the curtaine that shadowed Borgia;  
There lie thou huske of my enuiall'd State.  
I Sampson now, haue burst the Philistins Bands,  
And in thy lappe my louely Dulida,  
Ile lie, and snore out my enfranchisde state.  
*When Sampson was a tall yong man* | Old Touchstone now writ to thy friends  
His power and strength increased then, | For one to tell thy base gold ends,  
He sold no mre, nor Cup, nor Can, | Quicksilver, now no more attends  
But did them all despise. | Thee 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. Quic. what did he eate him?  
Secu. No, but he eate his breakfast for dressing him: and so  
drest him for breakfast.  
Quicksilver. O wittie Age, where age is yong in witt,  
And all youths words haue gray beardes full of it!  
Secu. But ahlas Fracke, how will all this bee maintain'd nowe?  
Your place maintain'd it before.  
Quic. Why & I maintain'd 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 wi-  
dome.* 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 wawe 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 vader  
the wide Hazzard, and farewell M. Merchant.  
Syn. Well Franck, wel; the seas you say are vncertaine: But he  
that saues in your Court seas, shall finde hem ten times fuller of  
hazzard; wherin to see what is to be seene, is torment more then  
a free Spirit can indure; But when you comes 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 lourney-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 every Trencherbeare, every Groome that by  
indulgence & intelligēce crept into his fauour, & by pandarisme  
into

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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 moralitie?

*Secu.* Tis long of this wittie Age, M. *Francis*. But indeed, Mist. *Syndicis*, all Trades complaine of inconuenience, and therfore 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 vncconscionable gaine, two for one, or so: where I, and such other honest men as I haue by lending monie, are content with moderate profit; Thirtie, or fortie i'th'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 takest the safest course.

*Secu.* Faith the quieter, and the more contented; & out of doubt the more godly. For Merchants in their courses are neuer pleasd but euer repining against heaven: One prayes for a Westerly wind to carry his shipp forth; another for an Easterly, to bring his shipp home, & at every shaking of a leafe, he falles into an agony, to thinke what danger his Shippe is in one such a Coast, and so foorth. The Farmer he is euer at oddes with the Weather, sometimes the clouds haue beene too barren; Sometimes the Heauenis forget themselues, their Haruests answere not their hopes: Sometimes the Season falls out too fruitfull, Corne will beare no price and so foorth. 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 monney, are free from all this, we are pleasd 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 heauenis to send vs, so the sun städ not stil, & the moone keepe her vsuall returnes; and make vp daies, moneths, & yééres.

LASTWARD HOE.

Quick. And you haue good securitie?

Secn. I mary Franck, that's the speciall point.

Quick. And yet forsooth we must haue trades to liue withal; For we cannot stād without legges, nor flye without wings, & a number of such skurui 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,

Secn. Wittry Maister Francis!

Tis pitty any trade should dull that quick braine of yours. Doe but bring Knight Petronel into my Parchment Toyles once, and you shall never neede to toyle in any trade, a'my credit! You know his wifes Land?

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

Secn. Well wooded?

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

Secn. 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 living: 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', to beare downe his Lady, wilt thou lend him thy stable to ſet 'hem in?

Secn. 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 pax of your hunger and thirſt. Well Dad, let 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 friendes 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 wil instantly hoyst Saile and away.

Secn. Now a Franck gale of wind go with him; Maister Franck, we haue too fewe ſuch knight aduenturers: who would not ſell away coniuent certainties, to purchase (with any danger) ex- cellent vncertainties? 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 coūtry,

to

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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 countric, 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 Frauncis. Enter Sindefie.

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

Secu. A my religion, a most fashionable project; as good shee spoile the Lady, as the Lady spoile her: for tis three to one of one side: sweete mistresse 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 shal my father Security present

Quick. With al festination: I haue broken the Ice to it already; and wil 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 thirft to do thee seruice. Come sweete Mistresse Sinne, take leaue of my Wyf: and we wil instantly meeete Francke, Maister Frances at your Ladies. Enter Winnifride above.

Vvin. Where is my Cu there? Cu? Secur. I VVinnie.

Vvin. Wilt thou come in, sweete Cu? Secu. I VVinnie, prēēly Exe Qui. I VVynny, quod he? thats al he can doe poore man: he may well cut off her name at VVynny. 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 vsurers 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 ouely smooth skin to make fine vellam, is your Puritaness skinne; they be the smoothest and slkest knaues in a countrie.

Enter sir Peironell in Bootes with a ryding wan.

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. Taverns grow dead: Ordinaries are blown vp; Playes are at a stand Howses of Hospitality at a fall; not a Feather wauing, nor a spur

E A S T W A R D H O E.

*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 contradiction: her coach, and the coach of the Sunne must meete ful butt: And the Sunne being out shined with her Ladyships glorie, she feares he goes Westward to hange himselfe.

*Quick.* And I feare, when her enchanted Castle becomes invisible, 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 drieue 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 drieue orderly.

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

*Quic.* Cast that cost on me Sir. I haue spoken to my olde Pander 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 Figgies, and Raysons.

*Pet.* A plague of Figgies 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 Figgies 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, either the Kings Benches, or the Fleete, or which of the two Counters they like best, for by the Lord I like none of hem.

*Per. Well Francke there is no iesting with my earnest necessit  
ty ; 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 send out ready money for you instantly.*

*Petro. There spake an Angel: to bring her too which confor  
mity, I must faine my selfe extreamly amorous; and alleadging  
vrgent excuses for my stay behinde, part with her as passionate  
ly, as she would from her foyling hound.*

*Qui. You haue the Sowe by the right eare 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 every thing when shee was a maide; and now she will  
runne mad for hem: I lay my life she wil haue every yeare fourre  
children; and what charge and change of humour, you must en  
dure while she is with childe; and how shet 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, thē  
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.*

*Per. 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(fearing somtimes shee is bewitcht, sometimes in a cō  
sumption) to tell her tales, to talke bawdie to her, to make her  
laughe, to giue her glisters, to let her bloud vnder the tonge, &  
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 shē 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  
Poynados 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.*

*Per. 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*

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which Schollers sit fastned onely with painted chaines, old *Securitie* 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) invites you most solemnly by me to supper.

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

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

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

*Quic.* One maister *Francis Quick siluer*, an't please your Ladi-

*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 Syndesie.*

Wher's my woman I pray?

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

*Secu.* God sauе 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 plea-

sure, I will not presume. *(Courtney?*

*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, so put her out of her honest humours forsooth, for shee had a great desire to be a Nun, an't please you. *(Adiective?*

*Gyr.* A Nun? what Nun? a Nun Substantive? or a Nun

*Secu.* A Nun Substantive Madam: I hope, if a Nun be a Noun. But I meane, Ladie, a vowd maide of that order.

*Gyr.* Ile teach her to bee a maide of the order I warrant you: and can you doe any worke belongs to a Ladys 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 Ladyship.

*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 fashiō 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-

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Sometimes when I am busie, and laugh at country gentlewome, and command any thing in the house for my retaineres, & care not what you spend, for it is all mine: & in any case, be stille 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 Countreye 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, waite on his worships acceptation.

Gir. By my faith but he shal not go sir, I shal swowne & kee sup from me. Pet. Pray thee forbeare, 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 seald.

Secu. I hope in the morning yet your Knight-hood will breake fast with me. Pet. As earely 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, Quicke siluer, Security, Bramble, & Winnifrid.

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

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

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

Pet. In the highest degree of grautude, my most worthy Gossip; for confirmation of which friendly title, let me entreat my faire Gossip your Wife here, to accept this Diamond, and keepe it as my gift to her first Child, wheresoeuer 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 iealous 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.

Securi. 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?

Quic. They are your followers in this voyage Knight, Captaigne 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.

Seag. God sauе my honouitable Collonell.

Pet. Welcome good Captaigne Seagul, and worthy Gentleme, if you will meeke my friend Franck 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 Deferte it no longier I beseech you sir, but as your voy-  
age shitherto carryed clothe, and in anothers kn ghts notice  
for your owne safetie and ours, let's it be determined our meeting  
& spedie purpose of departing knowne to as few as it is possi-  
ble, least your shippes and goods be attatched.

Quicke. Well aduisd Captaigne, our Collonell shall have money  
this morning to dispach all our departures, bring those Gentle-  
men at night to the place appointed, and with our skinnes ful of  
vintage, weele take occasion by the vantage, and away!

Spend. We will not faile but be thiere sir.

Pet. Good morrow good Captaigne, and my worthy assosciats.  
Health and all soueraigntie to my beautifull Goship, tor 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'sfrock feeding.

Coach. Heer's a slirre when Citzizens 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 Ladys Coach for shame; her la-  
dieship's readie to come downe.

Enter Poikinne, a Tankerd-bearer.

Pot. Soote Hamlet; are you madde? whether run you nowe  
you should brushie vp my olde Mistresle? *Enter Syndetye.*

Syn. What Poikinne? you must put off your Tankerd, and put  
on your blew coat, and waite vpon misstris 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 wold 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 loo'le 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. *(say.*

Fond. O shee's married to a most fine Castle ith' countrie, they  
Gaz. But there are no Gyants in the Castle, are there?

D

Fond.

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

Enter. Gyr. Mybris Touch. Syn. Ham. Pot. (away.

Fond. Shee comes, she comes, she comes.

Gaz. Fond. Pray heaven blesse your Ladiship.

Gyr. Thanke you good people; my coach for the loue of hea-  
ten, my coach? in good truth I shall s'youne else.

Ham. Coach? coach, my Ladys 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 maried 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 heauen! 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 glues 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 eas' hem; Alas! we must doe as  
we would be done too.

Gyr. Goe too, hold your peace dame, you talike like an olde  
foole I tell you. Enter Petr. and Quicksilver.

Petr. 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 Si-  
ster occupies her selfe this morning, that sence can not waite one  
me to my coach, as well as her mother!

Quicks. 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  
fit

ESTWARD. 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 punni 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 sitra, 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 milke as milke, All flaxen was his haire:

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

And never will come againe. God be at your labour.

Enter Touch. Goulding. Mild, with Rosemary.

Pet. Was there ever such a Lady?

Quick. See Madam, the Bridegrome,

Gyr. Gods my precious! God giue you ioy. Mistrisse What take you. Now out vpon thee Baggage; my sister married in 'a Taffeta Hat? Marie hang you. Westward with a wanion te'ye, Naie I haue done we ye 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 Castie & fie 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 calles 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 Heraldrie, because thou mak st thy Prentise thy Sonne as wel as shee? Ah thou misproude Prentise, dar'st thou presume to marry a Ladie's sister?

Gol. It pleas'd my Master forsooth to embolden me with his sauder: And though I confess eny 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 main-taine your daughter, my hope is, heauen will so blesse our humble

ESTWARD HOE.

beginning, that in the end I shal be 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. Bridgegrōme: if your  
legges be no better then your Armes, you'l be able to stand vp  
on 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 foorth 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 upon that 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  
disguisde Sir.

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

Touch. What Sir, my speeches were euer in vaine to your gra-  
tious worship: And therfore till I speake to you gallantry in-  
deed, I will saue my breath for my broth: anon. Come my poore  
sonne and daughter; Let vs hide our selues in our poore humili-  
tie and liue safe: Ambition consumes it selfe, with the very show.  
Worke upon that now.

Gyr. Let him goe, let him goe for Gods sake: let him make his  
Prentise, his sonne for Gods sake: gine 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 depar; Parting thought it absence move.  
This Dittie, Knight, doe I see in thy lookes in Capital Letters.

Whae

EASTWARD HOE.

What a grieſt tis to depart, and leaue the flower that has my heart? My sweet Lady, and alacke for woe, why ſhould we part ſo? Tell truſt 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 ſelſe in twa halffes, iuſt by the girdleſtead, ſend one halfe with your Lady, and keepe the other your ſelſe: or elſe do as all truſt 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 ſcriuenere.*

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 iourney 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 downe 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 deliuere this as your deede?

Ambo. Wedoe. Gir. So now Knight farewell till I ſee

Pet. All farewell to my sweet heart. (thee.

Mift. Touch. God-boy ſonne Knight.

Pet. Farewell my good mother.

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

Quickeſiluer. I thanke your good Ladiship, farewell Miftis Sim-  
defy. *Exeunt.*

Pet. O tedious Voyage, whereof there is no ende!

What will they thinke of me?

Quick. Thiake what they liſt: They long'd for a vagarie into the Country, & now they are fittid: So a woman marrie 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 Surgeons instrument, worke

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 shal not neede to deuise excuse; or endure her out-cries, when she returnes: we shal 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, neare to Billingsgate, by sixe a clocke: where I and my chiefe friends bound for this voyage, will with Feast attend you.

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

Pet. Thankes my deere Gossip, I must now impart To your approued loue, a louing secrete, As 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 deepeley, as if you had ventur'd with mee Haue my expences. Know then, honest Gossip, I haue inioyed with such diuine contentinent, A Gentlewoman's Bedde, whome you well know. That I shall neare inioy this tedious Voyage, Nor liue the leſt 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) vnfained 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 wholy at your ſervice; 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 Euene, in honest Neigbour-hood, To take his leaue with you, of me your Gossip. I, in the meane time, will ſend this my friend

FASTER AND SLOWE.

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 wife,  
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 grossely:  
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 enlarding, in such a faire disguise.

*Secu.* A pretty, pithy and most pleasant project!  
Who would not straine a point of Neighbour-hood,  
For such a point, deuice? that as the shipp  
Of famous *Draco*, went about the world,  
Will wind about the Lawyer, compassing,  
The world himselfe, he hath it in his armes:  
And that's 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 knavery.

Ile 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 never  
Be ouer reacht thus, but with ouer-reaching. *Enter Security.*

*Secu.* And M. *Francis*, watch you this instant time  
To enter with his exit, it will be rare,  
To find hernd beasts! A cammel and a Lawyer?

*Quic.* How the old villaine iopes in villany? *Enter Security.*  
*Secu.* And harke you Gossip when you haue her here,  
Haue your Bote ready, shipp her to your ship  
With vtmost hast, lest M. *Bramble* stay you,  
Too 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 flie tooche*  
*Will get Apes to inuen a number such.* *Exit.*

*Quick.*

Quick. Was euer Rascall honnied so with poison?  
He that delights in flanis & Marice, or so vnto her in honest  
Is apt to ioy in evry sort of vice.  
Well, ile goe fetch his wife; whilst he the Lawyer.  
Pet. But stay Francis, let vs thinke how we may disguise her vpon this sodaine.  
Quic. Gods me there's the mischiefe; but harke you, her's an excellent deuice: fore God a rare one: I will carry her a Sailers gowne and cap, and cquer her; and a players beard.  
Pet. And what vpon her head?  
Quick. I tell you a Saylers Cap; slight God forgiue me, what kind of fygnt memory haue you?  
Pet. Nay then, what kind of fygnt wit hast thou?  
A Saylers cap; how shall she put it off  
When thou present'st her to our company?  
Quic. Tush man, for that; make her a sawcie Sayler.  
Pet. Tush tush, tis no fit sawcie for such sweete matton; I know not what to advise.  
Enter Secur. Knight, with his wifes Gowne.  
Secur. Knight, knight a rare deuise.  
Pet. Swomes yet againe.  
Quick. What stratageme haue you now?  
Secu. 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 deuise  
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 Lawyer's wife,  
And which I brought you sir, for two great reasons,  
One is, that Maister Bramble may take hold  
Offsome 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 quireck, whiles I fyke others.  
Is not this rare? *Ambo.* The best that euer was.  
Secu. Am I not borne to furnish Gentlemen?  
Pet. O my deare Gossip!  
Secu. 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 goc; as'twere ! he Deuill to fetch the Lawyer; 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 that's 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 never 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 Scapehrift in the*

*Tauerne with a Drawer.*

*Sea.* Come Drawer, pierce your neatest Hogsheads, and lets have cheare, not fit for your Billingsgate Tauerne, but for our Virginian Colone; 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 bokes, Virginia longs till we share the rest of her Maiden-head.

*Spend.* Why is she inhabited alreadie 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: 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 thec, Golde is more plentifull there then Copper is with vs: and for as much redde Copper as I can bring, ile haue chrise 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 steeetes, are massie Gold; all the Prisoners they take are fetterd in Gold: & for Rubies & Diamôds, 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 grotates with hoales in hem.

*Scap.* And is it a p'leasant 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 live freely there, without Sargeants, or Courtiers, or Lawyers, or intelligen- cers. Then for your meanes to aduancement, there, it is simple, and not preposterously mixt: You may bee an Alderman there, and never be Scaunger, you may bee any other officer, and never be a Slave. You may come to preferment enough, and never be a Pandar. To Riches and Fortune enough, and haue never the more villanie, nor the leſſe witte. Besides, there wee shall haue no more Law then conscience, and not too much of eyther; ſenſe God enough, eate and drinke inough, and enongh is as good as a Feaſt.

*Spend.* Gods ne! and how fatte is it thether?

*Sea.* Some ſix weekes ſaile no more, with any indiſſerent good winde: And if I get to any part of the coaſte of Africa, ilo ſaile thether with any winde. Or when I come to Cape Finifter, ther's a foreright winde continuall waſts 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 Gentle- men! Now the ſweete houre of our freedome is at hand. Come Drawr: Fill vs ſome catowſes; 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.* Whatſoever ſhe be; here's to her health Noble Colonell, both

both with Cap and Knee.

*Pet.* Thankes kinde Captaine Seagull; shee'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 phrase 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, sir: and Captaine Scapethrift, heer's to 'hem both.

*Enter Securitie and Bramble.*

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

*Bram.* And they pray to God *Bacchus*.

*Secu.* God sauе my braue Colonell with all his tall Captaines and Corporalls; see sir, my worshipfull learned Counfaile, 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 never a pricke about him.

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

*S-<sup>cu</sup>.* 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 Quicke siluer with Winny dis<sup>guis</sup>d*

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

*Quick.* Here's the Gentlewoman your cosin sir, whom with much entreatie I haue brought to take her leaue of you in a Tauerne; ashame 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 sir, 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, ife be sworne;  
and so Mairster Francis, heer's to all that are going Eastward, to  
night, towards Cuckolds bauen; and so to the health of Mai-  
ster Bramble.

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

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 Cuckolds hauen so fatally remembred. Surgit.

Pet. Nay pray thee Cuz weepe not, Gossip Security?

Secu. I may braue Gossip.

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

Secu. Petty 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 earnes, to haue a little abus'd  
him? Ahlas, Ahlas the offence is too common to bee respected:  
So great a grace, hath seldom chanc'd to so vnthankfull a wo-  
man, 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 griefe of your losse, will make you florish a fresh  
in the bed of a Lady.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir Petrinel, here's one of your Watermen come to tell  
you, it wil be flood these three howres: and that tw'll be dange-  
rous going against the Tide: for the skie is ouer cast, and there  
was a Porpisce, eueri now seene at London bridge, which is al-  
wayes 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 beleue will be followed of all future ad-  
ventures.

Sea. Whats that good Colonell?

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

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

Sea. Rarely conceipted: one health more to this motion, and aboard to performe it. He that wil not this night be drunke, may he never be sober.

*They compasse in Wjnnifrid, 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. He be bold to do so. Here neighbour Security, to the health of Sir Petronell, and all his Captaines.

Secur. You must bende 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 incompast there, and are ashame of our company. Ha, ha, ha, by my troth, (my leard counsaile Maister Bramble) my mind runnes so of Cuckholde-hauen to night, that my head runnes ouer with admiration.

Bram. But is not that your wife neighbour?

Secu. No by my troth Master Bramble: ha, ha, ha, a pox of all Cuckholde-hauen I say.

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

Secu: *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. Adue my noble Gossip.

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

Omnes. Farewell my hearts, farewell.

Pet. Gossip, laugh no more at Cuckholde-hauen, 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, a boat. *Exeunt.*

Draw, Y'are 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 never take barme; this night will tri-  
e ch truth of that Pouterbe. Exit.

Enter *Securitie*.

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

*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

Enter *Slitgut*, with a paire of Oxe hornes, d: see-  
uering Cuckolds-Hauen above.

*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  
Ealt-cheape) who sends me to set vp ( in honour of Saint *Luke*)  
these necessary Ensignes of his homage: And vp I gat this mor-  
ning, 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. Up 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 abroade, in likeenesse of a storne to  
robbe me of my Hornes: Harke how he roares. Lord! what a  
coyle the *Thames* keeps! shee beares some vniust burthen I be-  
lieue, 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 tunne away, with 'hem.  
So, so I thinke I haue made it looke the right way, it runnes a-  
gainst London-Bridge ( as it were) euен 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 euен 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 enought. 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*

EDWARD HUE.

Enter Security with out his bat, in an  
Night-cap, wet band, &c.

Secu. Heauen, I beseech thee, how haue I offendēd 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 hauen*? Hell and damnatiō. I  
will runne backe and drownē my selfe. *He falleth downe.*

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

Secur. Landed at *Cuckholds hauen*? if it had not bin to die twēty  
times alive; I shold never hane scapt death: I wil neuer arise more,  
I wil grouell here, and eate durt til I be choakēt; I will make the  
gentle earth do that the cruell water has denied me.

Slit. Alas good father, be not so desperate; Rise man, if you wil  
ile come prelēnly 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 a-  
broad such a weather as this, vpon the water? Ay me, see another  
remnant of this vnfor tunate ship-wreck! or some other. A wo-  
man y faith! a weiman though it be almost at S. Katherin's, I dis-  
eerne it to be a woman for al her body is aboue the water, & her  
cloths swim about her most handsomely. O they beare her vp  
most brauely! 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 drownē  
her, y faith, twill drownē 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, inst  
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 beauti-  
full wonian I warrant her, the Billowes durst not deuoure her.

Enter the Drawer in the Taucerne before with Winnifrid.  
Draw. How fare you now Lady?

Winni

EASTWARD HOE.

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

*Draw.* Comfort your selfe: That power that preserued you from death: can likewise defend you from infamie, howsouer you deserue it. Were not you one that tooke Boate 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 happe to come downe thus farre after you, to a house of my friends heere in S. Katherines, since I am now happily made am:ane 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 vnsobey, that I fear'd long ere this I should heare of your ship-wrake, and therefore (with little other reason) made thus farre this way: And this I m:st 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 Gentlewoman's 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 mine; which if you please to fetch as you haue promist, I will bouldly receiue the kinde fauour you haue offered, till your retурne: in-treating 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.* Thankeyou good friend: the time may come, I shall requisite you.

*Exeunt.*

*Slit.* See, see, see! I ho'd my life, there's some other a taking vp at *VVapping*, now! Looke, what a sort of people cluster about the Gallows there! in good troth it is so. O inc: fine young Gentleman! What? & taken vp at the Gallows? H:auen 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 al left him; yet wil I keepe my prospect a while, to see if any more haue bin ship-wracket.

*Enter*

EASTWARD H.O.E.

Enter Quick, bareheaded.

Quick. Accurst that ever I was sau'd, or borne.  
How fatal is my sad attiuall herie?  
As if the Starres, and Providence spake to me,  
And said, the drift of al vnawfull courses,  
(What euer end they dare propose themselves,  
In frame of their licentious polices.)  
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, to rive vp by the rootes,  
O, which way shall I beind my desperate steppes,  
In which, vnifferable Shame and Miserie  
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: haft 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.

Po'. Sfoote wilt not beleue me? I know't by th' elevation of the  
Pile; and by the altitude and latitudo of the Climate. See, here  
comes a coope' of French Gentlemen; I knew we were in France;  
dost thou think our Englishmen are so Frenchyfied, 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 meane to  
relieue our liues now, but their Charities;

EASTWARD HOE.

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

Pet. Monsieur, plastr il d'auoir pity de nostre grand infortunes, Je suis un poure Cheualier D' Angleterre qui a suffris infortune de Naufrage.

1. Gen. Un poure Cheualier D' Anglterre?

Oui Monsieur, il est trop vray, mais vous scaez 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'au'e bin walsit in the Thames here, & I beleue yee were drownd in a Tauerne before, or els you would never haue toke boat in such a dawning as this was. Farewell, farewell, 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 grād day for fourre 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 Seagull, we were some thing ouer shot. Enter Quicke siluer.

What! my sweete Franck Quicke siluer! doest thou survive to rejoyce me? But what no body at thy heels Franck? Ay mee what is become of poore Mistresse Security?

Quicke. 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 attaicht by this time & if we set her not vndersaile this last Tide, I never looke for any other. Woe, woe is me, what shall become of vs? the last money we could make, the greedy Thames has devoured, and if our ship be attaicht, there is no hope can relieue vs.

Quicke. Sfoot Knight, what an vnknighthly faintnesse transports thee? let our shipp fincke, and all the world tharts 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 yfaith. O my nimble-spirited Quicke 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.

Quic. Go too Knight, I haue more meanes then thou art aware off: I haue not liu'd amongst Gould-smiths and Gouldmakers all this while, but I haue 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.

Quic. I will blanch copper so cunningly, that it shall endure all proofes, but the Test: it shall endure malleation, it shall haue the ponderositie of *Luna*, and the tenacity of *Luna*, by no means Pet. Slight, where learnst thou these tearmes, tro? (friable.

Quic. 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 *Ratsbare*) Sublime 'hem threes 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, & project him upon 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 penice from every Angell, with a kinde of *Aqua fortis*, and never deface any part of the Image.

Pet. But then it will want weight.

Quic. 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 howres, & they shall haue their perfect weight againe: come on now, I holde this is enough to put some spirie into the liuers of you, Ile infuse 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 takē such fortunes as the starres shall assigne vs.

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

Enter *Drawer* with *Wynnifrid*, new attired.

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

## EASTWARD HOE.

Scene neare, inquiring for my husband; who I must tell you stol  
thether 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 requitall, let me now entreat you to leaue me to  
my womans wit, and fortune.

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

Secu. I wil once more to this vnhappy Tauerne before I shal  
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 streats a litle leaue staring at my night-cap.

Wyn. O my deare husband. Where haue you bin to night? all  
night abroade at Tauerne? 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 shal 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 witnesst 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 vnbeleueed ab-  
sence brought me, abrode 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 heartlie forgiuenesse. *Exeunt.*

Now will I descend my honorable Prospect; the farthyest  
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 ridiculous a  
custome. Thou dishonest Satire, farewell to honest married Men;  
Farewell, to all sorts and degrees of thee. Farewell thou horne of  
hunger

EASTWARD HOE.

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

Exit.

Enter Touchstone.

Touch. Ha sirah ! Thinkes my Knight Aduenturer 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 never heard of *Virginia* ? nor the *Canallaria* ? nor the *Colonoria* ? Can we discouer no discoueries ? well mine errat sir Flash, and my cunnagate *Quicksiluer*, 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 *Seete*, Ile bee your warrant for a *Graves-end Tost* : The'ts 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 nor ; & frō this *Sconce* without either pouder 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 hc: coach, she and her two waiting woenen , her mayd, and her in other, 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 'len, or else to graze o'the common: So should my Dame *Touchstone* to o, but she has beene my crosse these 30. yeeres and ile now keepe her, to frignt 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 laine vp comfort, and hope in him, I should growe desperat 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 li-  
tle in it worth the reporting.

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

Gol. No sir, it hath please the worshipful Commoners of the

cittie to take me one i their number at presentatiō of the inquest.

Touch. Ha!

Gold. And the Alderman of the warde wherein

I dwel, to appoint me his Deputy.

Touch. How!

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 for-  
tune was it (or rather my iudgment indeed) for me, first to see that

in his disposition, which a whole Cittie so conspires to second;

Tane into the Liuorie of his company, the first day of his free-  
dome? now (not a weeke married) chosen Commoner, and Alder-  
mans Deputy in a day?

note but the reward of a chriftie 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 commen-  
Councells wisdom, & worship, while I liue, for thus meeting, or

but comming after me in the opinion of his desert: Forward, my

suffi:cient sonne, and as this is the first, so esteeme it the least step, to

that high and prime honour that expects thee.

Gol. 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 con:empt:  
and I had rather my bearing, in this, or any other office, should  
adde wōrth to it; then the place give the least opinion to me.

Touch. Excellently spoken: This modest Answere of thine blu-  
shes, as if it said, I wil weare scarlet shordly. Worshipfull sonne! I  
cannot containe my selfe, I must tell thee, I hope to see thee one  
o'the Monuments of our citty, 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 Puffe, shal-  
be forgotten, and thou and thy A&cts become the Posies for Hos-  
pitals, when thy name shal be written vpon Conduits, and thy  
deeds plaid i'thy life time, by the best companies of A&ctors, and  
be calld their Get-penie. This I divine and Prophesie.

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

Tauch.

STWARD HOE.

Touch. None more welcome, I am sure?

Gol. They haue their degree of welcome, I dare affirme. The Colonell, and al his company, this morning putting forth drunk from Belingesgate, 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'thier doublets and hose, without Hat, or Cloake; or any other.

Touch. A miraicle! the justice 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 seene int: vnder colour of a great Presse, that is now abroad, and they shall here be brought afore me.

Touch. Prudent, & politique soune! Disgracee '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 seuere i thy place, like a new officer o'thе first quarter, vnrereflected: you heare how our Lady is come backe with her traine, from the inuisible Castle?      Gold. No, where is she?

Touch. Within, but I haue not seene 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, Syndey.

God sauе yoor Lidiship: sauе yoor good Lidiship: yoor Lidiship is welcome from your enchanted Castle, so are yoor beautious Retinew, I heare your Knight errant is traueld on strange aduentures surely in my mind, your Lidiship hath fift 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 Lidiship saies true, Madam, & it is fitter, and a greater decorum, that I shoulde curtse to you that are a Knights wife, and a Lady, then you be brought a your knees to me, who am a poore eullion, and your father.

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

Touche

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Touch. And therefore I doe desire your Ladiship, my good Lady Flash, in all humiliy, to depart my obscure Cottage, and returne inquest of your bright, and most transp'nt 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 pawnynge 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 *Mariam*, with your *Damsell* 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, fyste o'your kindnesse. I thought as much. Come away *Sinne*, we shall assoone get a fart from a dead man, as a farting of court'sic here. *Mild.* O, good Sister!

Gir. Sister, sir reuerence? come away, I say, Hunger drops out at Gol. O Madam, Faire words never hurt the tongue. (his nose.)

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

Touch. Wife no man loues his fettters, be they made of gold: I list not ha' my head fastned vnder my childs girdle; as shee has brew'd so let her drinke, a Gods name: she went wittlesse to weddng, 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.

Gyrt. I scorne it ifaith. Come *Sinne*. (Exit Gyrt.)

*Mrs. Touc.* 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 trut. What's the newes, with that fellow? Enter *Constable*.

Goul. Sir, the Knight, and your man *Quickeſiluer*, are without, will hem brought in.

Touch. O by any meanes. 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 Citiz: in office.

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

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Tou. I will charge 'hem, and recharge 'hem, rather then authoritie  
should want foile to set it off. Gou. No good sir, I wil not.

Tou. Sonne it is your place; by any meaneas.

Gou. Beleeue it, I will not sir.

Enter Knight Pet. Quicke, Constable, Officers.

Pet. How Misfortune pursues vs still in our miserie!

Quicke. 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.

Quicke. Must Goulding sit vpon vs? (worship.

Con. You might carry an M. vnder your girdle to M<sup>r</sup>. Deputies

Gou. What are those M<sup>r</sup>. 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 accoutryed? Where are  
their Hats, and feathers, their rapiers and cloakes?

Quicke. 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 Quickeſiluer.

Touch. Is't possible? I thought your worship had beeene gone for  
Virginia, Sir, you are welcome home sir. Your worshippe haz made  
a quicke returne, it seeimes, and no doubt a good voyage. Nay, pray  
you be couer'd Sir. How did your Bisquet hold out Sir? Methought  
I had seeene this gentleman afore; good M. Quickeſiluer! How a de-  
gree 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

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stand alone, they will not runne away', Ile giue my word for them. A couple of very honest Gentlemen. One of hem was my Prentise, M. *Quick*, here, and when he had ij. yeare's 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 pece of Crimso on 'em all; had his changeable trunks of apparel, standing at liuery with his Mare, his chiest of perfumed linnen, & his Bathing tubs, which when I told him of, why he! he was a Gentleman, and I a poore *Cheapeside Groome*. The remedy was, we must part. Since when, he hath had the gift of gathering vp som small parcells of mine, to the value of five hundred pound dispers'd 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 *Bellsgate*, for his owne diet, to serue him the whole voyage, the wife of a certaine vsurer calld *Securite*, who hath been the Broker for 'em in all this busynesse: Please maister Deputy, Worke upon that now.

*Goul.* If my worshipfull Father haue ended.

*Touch.* I haue, it shall please Mr. Deputy.

*Goul.* Well then, vnder correction.

*Touch.* Now son, comé ouer 'em with some sine guird, as thus, *Knight, you shall be encountered*, that is, had to the Counter; or *Quicke-silver*, I will put you in a crucible, or so.

*Gould.* Sir *Petronell Flash*, I am sory 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.

*Tou.* I like this well yet: there's some grace i' the knight left, he cries.

*Goul.* *Francis Quick silver*, would God thou hadst turnd *Quack-saluer*, rather then run into these dissolute, & lewd courses; It is great pitty, 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 mainteinance of which in neate and garish attire, onely to be looked vpon by some light houswifes, thou hast prodigally consumed much of thy Masters estate: and being by him gently admonish'd, at severall times, hast returnd thy selfe haughty, and rebelle-

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

*Gy.* Try *Syn*, let him vanish. 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.

*Gy.* Let it stinke in her hand, then. Ile 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 shouldest  
pawn a rag more il'e lay my Ladiship in lauender, If I knew where.

*Syn.* Alas, Madam your Ladiship?

*Gy.* I; why? you do not scorne my Ladiship, though it is in a wast-  
coate? Gods my life, you are a *Peare* indeed! doe I offer to morgage  
my Ladiship, for you, and for your auaile, 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.

*Gy.* Who? mary inow, I warrant you, if you'l 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 yeaire: that would  
keepe me, and you, *Syn*, (with our needles) and we should never need  
to be beholding to our sciruy Parents? Good Lord, that there are  
no *Faires* now a daies, *Syn*. *Syn.* Why Madamie?

*Gy.* To doe Miracles, and bring Ladies money. Sure, if wee lay  
in a cleanly house, they would haunt it, *Synne*? Ile trie. Ile sweep 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  
tooles to digge for? why may not we two rise earely i' the morning  
(*Synne*) afore any bodie is vp, and find a Iewell, 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 Iewell, and we find it? Ha?

*Syn.* They are prettie waking dreames, these.

*Gy.* Or may not soine olde V'surer be drunke ouer-night? with  
a Raa-ee of monev. and leaue it behinde him on a Stall? for God-

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

*Fond fables sell of olde,* | (*How ere the blow dash breaue,*)  
*How Ioue in Danaes lappe.* | (*So well I like the play,*)  
*Fell in a bower of Gold,* | (*That I could wish all day*)  
*By which shee caught a clappe;* | (*And night to be so beaten.*)  
*O had it been my hap,* | (*Enter Mist. Touchstone.*)  
O heers's 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 sumptuously.

*Mist. Touch.* Simply? tis better then thou deseru'st. Neuer whimper for the matter. *Thou shouldest haue lookt before thou badst leap.* Thou wert afire to be a Ladie, and now your Ladiship & you may both *blowre 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 lookt 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 living, that seuers vs. And you talke like your self & a Cittiner in this, yfaith. You shew what husband you come on iwis? You sinell the *Touchstone.* He that will doe more for his daughter that he has married a sciruy gold-end man, & his Prentise then he wil for his t'other Daughter, that has wedded a Knight, & his Customer. By this light, I thinke he is not my legittinate Father.

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

*Mist. Touch.* Nay, nay, let her eene 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 Velvet gownes, without Ribbands, without Jewels, without French-wires, or Cheat-bread, or Quailes, 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 little thinke that euer she should haue had need of her sister *Golding.*

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all his kindness with a course & harsh behaviour, 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  
outracuance, with scorne and infamie, which is the worst of misfor-  
tune. My worshipfull father, what doe you please to charge them  
withall? from the preffe I will free 'hem Maister Constable.

*Conſt.* Then Ile leaue your worship, sir.

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

*Touch.* Sir I do charge this Gallant, M. *Quickſiluer*, on ſuſpition of  
Felony; & the knight as being accellarie, 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, ha-  
ving 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 houſhold, and nowe come to haue the place of  
a Judge vpon thee? Doſt not obſerue this? Which of all thy Gal-  
lants, and Gamblers, thy Swearers & thy Swaggerers, will conie now  
to mone thy misfortune, or pity thy penurie? Theyle looke out at  
a window, as thou ridſt in triumph to *Tiborne*, and crie, yonder goes  
honest *Francis*, mad *Quickeſiluer*; 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<sup>r</sup>. (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 kna-  
uerie 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 unfortunate thing am I?

*Pet.* Will you not take ſecuritie, ſir?

*Touch.* Yes mary will I ſir *Flaſh*, if I can find him, and charge him  
as deepe as the beſt on you. He has beeſe the plotter of all thus: 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.

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*Fouch.* Nay, on, on: you see the issue of your Sloth. Of Sloth commeth 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 *Quicke fit*, fixt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima. Exeunt.

*Gyrlnde.* *Syndee.*

*Gyr.* Ah *Synne*! hast thou euer read i' 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 booke, 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?*

*Syn.* 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 Gentleman, 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, weape not good *Synne*. My *Petronell*, is in as good possibility 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 i' the Countrey, all my knights liuing lies i' the *Counter*, *Syn*: there's his Castle now.

*Syn.* Which he cannot before'd out of Madam.

*Gyr.* Yes if he would liue hungry 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 o' the *Sun*, or *Palmes* 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 muzzled in their Cloaks. They trauaile wildernes, & desarts, Ours dare scarce walke the streets. They were still, prest to engage their Honor, Ours still ready to pawn their cloaths. They wold gallop on at sight of a monstre, Ours run away at sight of a serient. They wold helpe poore ladies, Ours make poore ladies.

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

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*Gyr.* Why Mother, I ha not yet. Alas; good Mother, be not intoxicate for me; I am well inough, I would not change husbands with my sister, *I. T'be legge of a Larke 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, Ay e me.

*Mi. Tin.* 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. Ton.* Go to thy Sister, Child, Sheel'e be proud, thy Lady-ship wil 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.* Doost thou thinke Sheel'e doo't?

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

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

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

*Enter Touchstone, Goulding, Woolfe.*

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

*Gould.* Good Father let me entreat you.

*Tou.* 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.

*Tou.* Sir, I do looke for no Submission. I wil beare my self in this like *Blind Injustice, Worke upon that now*. When the Sessions come, they shall *Coult*. From whom come your Letters, M. *Wolfe*? (heare from me. *Wool.* And't please you Sir. One from Sir *Petro*. Another from *Fra. Quick*. And a third, from old *Securie*, who is alonest 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 busynesse 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! Wheras me thinks, it were farre more Naturall, & Kindely in you, to be ranging about for more, & not let these scape you haue

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alreadye vnder the Tooth. But they say, you *Wolfe*, when you ha  
fuckt 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 be-  
hauour in Prison; yet I have had of all sorts of men i'the kingdome,  
vnder my Keyes: & almost of all Religions i'the land, as *Papist*, *Prote-  
stant*, *Puritan*, *Brownist*, *Anabaptist*, *Millenary*, *Famely o'Love*, *Iew*,  
*Turke*, *Infidell*, *Atheist*, *Good Fellow*, &c.

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

*Wolfe*. Troth, M. *Depuis*, they that pay Fees best: we never ex-  
amine their consciences farder.

*Gould*. I beleevē 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 *Quicke-silver*, would be i'the *Hole*, if we would  
let him. I never knew, or saw Prisoners more penitent, or more de-  
vout. They will sit you vp all night singing of *Psalmes*, and ædifying  
the whole Prison: onely, *Securitie* sings a note too high, sometimes,  
because hec lies i'the *Two-penny ward*, 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 devout, 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 cantell you, almost all the Stories of the *Booke of Martyrs*,  
and speake you all the *Sickemans Salve* without Booke.

*Touch*. If 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, & becōme an *Intelligencer*.

*Touch*. No more, I am comming already. If I should give any far-  
der eare, I were taken. Adue good Maister *Wolfe*. Sonne, I doe feele  
mine own weaknesses, do not importune me, Pity is a rheume that  
I am subiect to, but I will resist it. Maister *Wolfe*, *Fish* is cast away,  
that is cast in drye *Pooles*: Tell *Hipocrise*, it will not doe, I have touch'd  
and tried too often; I am yet proouē, 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 deafe as

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

*Gould.* You see Maister *Woolfe*, how inexorable he is. There is no hope to recover 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 tri 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 *Security*, that is prisoner here. *(rit.)*

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

*Sec.* Who calls? *Hol.* Here's a Gentleman 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 shooe 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 y'ou 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 iu respect: My wiues confederacie Sir, with old *Touchstone*, that sheetnight keepe her *Jubilae*, and the Feast of her *New Moone*. Doe you vnderstand me Sir?

*Enter Quickesilver.*

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

BASTWARD HOE.

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

Fri. Not I, I never saw him, I can remeber.

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 royaliest 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 Liuerie; kept a stable of Hunting horses; and his Wench in her velvet Gowne, and her Cloth of siluer; Heres one knight with him here in Prison.

Friend. And how miserably he is chang'd!

Pri. 1. O, that's voluntary in him; he gaue away all his rich clothes assoone 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 mortisies himselfe. He do's but linger on, till the Sessions.

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, Wolfe.

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 Judgement, 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 bayl'd M. Bramble?

Bram. Hardly, there are none of the Judges in Towne, else you shoule remoue your selfe (in spight of him) with a *Habeas Corpus*: But if you haue a Friend to deliver your tale sensibly to some Iustice o'the Towne, that hee may haue feeling of it, (doe you see) you may be bayl'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. Wolfe.

Quicke. How now, M. Wolfe? What newes? what returne?

Wolfe. Faith, bad all: yonder will be no Letters received. He sayes the *Sessions* shall determine it. Onely, M. *Deputie Goulding* commends him to you, and with this token, wishes he could doe you other 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. I.* 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.—

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

*Gould.* 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 deuise, which is, to make my selfe your Prisoner: entreating, you will presently goe report it to my Father, and (saying, an Action, at suite 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, having him here, I doubt not but we shall be all fortunate, in the Event. (in.

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

*Cold.* Yes; And let me rest conceald, I pray you.

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

*Enter Touchstone Wife, Daughters, Syn, Winyfrid.*

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

*Mild.* Deare Father. *Mist.* *Touch.* Husband. (Vhysser

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

*Touch.* Away Sirs, I will inmure my selfe, against your cryes; and locke my selfe vp to our Lamentations.

*Mi. Touc.* Gentle Husband, heare me.

*Gyr.* Father, it is I Father; my Lady *Flasb*: 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 *Leisbe*, 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.

*Wolfe.* Maister *Deupuis Goulding* is 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 'em in my nose, I sent'hem. *Wol.* Who's that? Maister *Touchstone*?

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

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

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

*Tou.* Halwhat token is it? *Wolfe.* Doe you know it Sir?

*Tou.* My sonne *Goulding* 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. *Exit.*

*Enter Friend. Prisoners.*

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

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

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

*Pri. 2.* I but his Maister is a shrewd fellow, heel'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 *Tobie* 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 hemerits in't, the more shame he suffers.

*Pri. 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 never saw a more courteous 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, Ile call his worship downe to you.

*Prif. 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 Repentance. *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 prosselle it, I  
hope it will appere the hartier, and the more vnfaigned.

*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 writit, when my spirits were opprest

*Pet.* I, Ile be sworne for you *Francis*.

*Quic.* It is in imitation of *Maningtons*; he that was hangd at *Cam-*  
*bridge*, 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 Cheapside famous for Gold, and  
Quicksiluer I d'd dwell of late: (Plate, But alas I wrought I know not what,  
I had a Maister good and kinde, (mnd. Me was a Touchstone blacke, but true:  
That would haue wrought me to his And told me still, what would insue,  
He bade me still work vpon that, Yet, woe is me, I would not leare,  
I saw, alas, but could not discerne.

*Friend.* Excellent, excellent well.

*Gould.* O let him alone, Hee is taken alreadie.

*Quic.* I cast my Coat and Cap away, I fornd my Maister, being drunke,  
I went in silkes and sattem gay, I kept my Gelding and my Punkts,  
Faſometall of good manners, I And with a knight, sir Flash, by name,  
Did dayly coine unlawfully. (Who now is forie for the same.

*Pet.* I thank you *Francis*.

I thoughts by Sea to runne aw ay, But Thames and T. mpeſt did me stay.

*Touch.* This cannot be fained sure, Heauen pardon my feueritie,  
The ragged Cols, may proue a good Horse.

*Gould.* How he listens! and is transported? He has forgot mee.  
*Quic.* Still Eastward hoc was all my word: At last the blacke Ox trode o' my foote,  
But Westward I had no regard. And I saw't an what longd vntoo't,  
Nor never thought, wher would come aſter, Now crie I, Touchstone touch me ſtill,  
As did alas his yongeft Daughter. And make me currant by thy ſkell.

*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.

Quic. How like you it Gentlemen?

All. O admirable, sir!

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

Frind. Pray you go on sir.

Quic. O Manningtons by stories show,  
Thou cutst a Horse-head off at a blow:  
But I confess, I have 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 begget of Lust,  
Whereby I may take Vertues purse,  
And line with her for better, for worse.

Frin. Admirable sir, & excellently conceited. Quic. Alas, sir.

Touch. Sonne Goulding, and M. Wolfe, I thanke you: the deceipt 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.

Quic. This is the last, and the Farewell.

Farewell Cheapside, farewell sweet trade,  
Of Goldsmithes all, that never shall fade,  
Farewell deare fellow Prentises all  
And be you warned by my fall:  
Shun Psurers, Bauds, and dice, and drabs.

Avoid them as you would French scabs.  
Seeke not to goe beyond your Tether,  
But cut your thonges unto your Lether:  
So shall you shrive by little and little,  
Scape Tiborne, Counters, & the Spittle.

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

Quic. Maister!

Pet. Father!

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

Quic. 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 shrowde in the prison.

Secur. Maister Touchstone! Maister Touchstone!

Touch. Who's that?

Wolfe. Securite, sir.

Secu. 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 sell you,  
My heart is full of woe.

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EASTWARD HOE.

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

*Enter Mist. Touch. 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 bleffing, and forgiue me too; I ha'bin proud, and lafciuous Father; and a Foole Father; & being raiſd to the state of a wanton coy thing, calld a Lady, Father; haue scornd you, Father; and my Sisters! and my Sisters velvet cap too; and woulde make a mouth at the City, as I rid through it: and stop mine eares at *Bow-bell*: I haue ſaide 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?

*Gol.* Only this, sir, That my f<sup>y</sup>llo<sup>w</sup> *Francis* make a mends to Miſtelle *Sindefie*, with mariage. *Quic.* With all my heart.

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

*Touch.* Excellently deuifd! a good motion. What ſaies M. *Security*?

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

*Winni.* Cuckold, husband? why, I thinkē this wearing of yellow has infected you.

*Touch.* Why M. *Securitie*, that ſhould rather be a comfort to you, then a corafive. 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 nic ney, you ſhall be eafd of much o' your wedlock paine; oþers will take it for you: Besides, you being a Vſurer, (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, Come hither *Winni*.

*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 shifft 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 rather an example to the *Children of Cheapside*.

Touch. Thou hast thy wish. Now London, looke about, And in this morall see thy Glasse runne out: Behold the carefull father; thriftie Sonne, The soleimne deeds which each of vs haue done, The Vsurer, punisheth, and from Fall so steepe The Prodigall child reclaimid, and the lost Sheepe. *Exeunt.*



EP ILOG VS.

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 soleimne day of the Pageant!

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

FINIS.