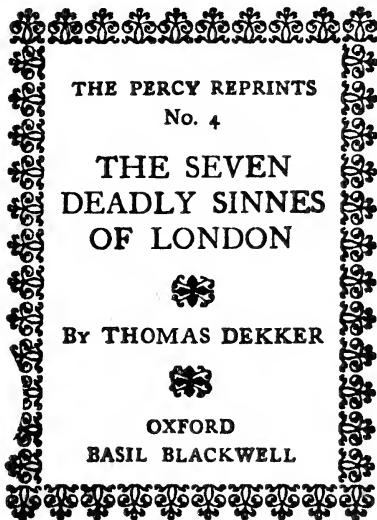


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THE PERCY REPRINTS
No. 4

THE SEVEN
DEADLY SINNES
OF LONDON



By THOMAS DEKKER



OXFORD
BASIL BLACKWELL



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THE SEVEN DEADLY SINNES
OF LONDON

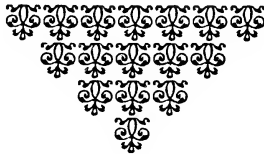
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HUNTING

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINNES OF LONDON

By THOMAS DEKKER

Edited by H. F. B. BRETT-SMITH



OXFORD
BASIL BLACKWELL

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INTRODUCTION

THOMAS DEKKER had a full share of the versatility of his age in literature ; he was a ready pamphleteer, ' had poetry enough for anything,' and was valued, even to the point of being bailed out of prison, as a vigorous writer for the tragic or comic stage. If we think more to-day of the critic of *Satiro-Mastix* than of the singer of Sweet Content, more of the creator of Orlando Friscobaldo and Bellafront and Simon Eyre than of the popular journalist, it is because of the overshadowing height of Elizabethan drama, and the greater accessibility of his plays. Yet as a prose author he has a claim upon us which none of his contemporaries can match, for upon him fell the mantle of Greene and Nashe, with a generous share of their skill. It is to Dekker's pamphlets that we go for a knowledge of London life in the reign of James I.

The tract now reprinted marks a half-way stage, in subject as well as in date, between *The Wonderfull Yeare* 1603 and the most famous of Dekker's prose pieces, *The Guls Hornebooke*. The descriptions of the Plague in *The Wonderfull Yeare* have a command of anecdote which can hardly be expected at a distance from the event ; there are ghastly things to be found in *The Seven Deadly Sinnes*, but they are not so thick-coming and absorbing, and their interest is one among many. *The Guls Hornebooke*, on the other hand, has the sole object of ridiculing the extravagances of the man about town and the life of public places in 1609, and the task is joyously performed, with an unrivalled wealth of detail. In *The Seven Deadly Sinnes* Dekker had other game in view,

yet its first editor held that apart from one other of his productions there was 'perhaps no tract in our language which contains so many and such curious illustrations of the language, opinions and manners of our ancestors,' and whether for invention, or for accuracy and vividness of description, he confessed to being aware of nothing precisely like it in the English tongue. Without going quite so far as Collier, it is still possible to maintain that in all these points the pamphlet, however hastily written, is a remarkable one; and indeed the evidence lies at hand.

It is probable enough that there is no exaggeration in the motto *Opus septem Dierum*; we have little knowledge of Dekker's life, but he wrote to supply his necessities, and there is no intrinsic reason why *The Seven Deadly Sinnes* should have taken longer to compose than *The History of Rasselas*. Invention is there in plenty, but without laboriousness. The times favoured any author of ease and spirit, especially if he had some tincture of the classics as well as an eye for the life around him. During the reign of Elizabeth, the New Learning and the Grammar Schools had prepared a public very ready to appreciate a Latin quotation and a curious turn of phrase. The strong allegorical vein, in which Dekker so often reminds his reader of Bunyan, was welcome to an England which had just digested *The Faerie Queene*, and now that printing had become cheap, it was profitable to gratify the natural interest of the public in its own appearance, manners and shortcomings. The latter were made a special target, and Dekker's judgement is shown in his choice of a title; mediæval literature had been full of the seven deadly sins. By adding 'of London,' he increased and specialised an attraction which Marlowe had not scorned, and by dressing up his seven victims in the fashions of the time, and bedevilling them roundly, he gave rein to that impulse towards edification which has been felt by so many writers of imaginative English prose. His Induction opens with a set piece in praise of the Bible, and in many moralising

passages he instinctively adopts the language of the Hebrew prophets.¹ This tendency is the more striking, because his attitude towards Puritanism is not altogether conciliatory ; it was evidently on the general support of the public that he relied. At the same time, the moral trend of the piece may easily be overestimated ; Dekker knew, no doubt, the secret of popular preaching, and his readers were given every opportunity of damning sins they had no mind to.

But he did not confine himself to one kind of appeal, or to a single model. He saw the journalistic importance, never greater than in that age, of writing an artificial style and showing agility in word-play. Much of it is wasted upon us now for one reason or another ; 'latten,' no longer known as a metal, has taken with it many a jest, and an age which has lost that excellent epithet 'key-cold' loses all the neatness of its application to a sleepy porter. Moreover, the taste in wit has changed ; puns upon *victores* and *lectores* are too classical for us ; upon *Freestone* prisons, too far-sought ; upon Sack-butts, as instruments both of music and of carousing, too unfamiliar. We take no pleasure in the kind of wit that makes heaven an Upper House, or God a reader of Hebrew lectures, or the moon pale with sitting up for the night. If this were the best Dekker could do, we should find excuse for the readers who 'stand somtimes at a Stationers stal, looking scuruily (like Mules champing vpon Thistles) on the face of a new Booke bee it never so worthy : & goe (as il fauouredly) mewing away.'² But this quotation itself, with its vivid touches of life, answers the momentary suspicion, so clearly does it convey the discontented face of the book-stall loiterer three hundred years ago. Even at that distance the picture of Sloth, 'yawning, and his Chin knocking nods into his brest,' induces drowsy conjectures as

¹ For example, in the continual use of doublet repetitions, as at page 25 : 'For oathes are wounds that a man stabs into himselfe, yea, they are burning words that consume those who kindle them.'

² P. 5.

to the number of centuries over which it may be possible to catch a yawn. And Dekker has the true journalist's love of the unexpected; he will begin a sentence in his heavy tragic manner, only to fly out and mock our solemn faces in the hinder end, as in the exploits of Candle-light 'about the houre when Spirits walke, and Cats goe a gossipping.' His very tags and proverbs have pictorial quality; the prisoners swarm about Bankruptism 'like Bees about Comfit-makers,' and the followers of Lying march 'as pert as *Taylours* at a wedding.' It is true that fashions change, and the out-of-date is always first observed, but there is much of Dekker's cleverness that age cannot wither, and for a stroke of secular wit, so easy in delivery as to make no vulgar show, not even Swift could improve upon the thanks offered to his encomiast by Bankruptism, who gave the poor orator 'very good words . . . vowing he would euer liue in his debt.'

The value of the pamphlet lies more in its general portrait of the times than in any literary allusions, though in these it is far from barren. To Marlowe we owe references to both Tamburlaine and Gaveston, and an echo of his famous line 'Infinite riches in a little roome' makes clear the origin of 'the rich Iew of London, Barabbas Bankruptisme.'¹ No Elizabethan could be ignorant of *The Spanish Tragedie*, and Dekker speaks of the things that took the fancy of Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher—the tragic entry of old Jeronimo, and the insistent cry of the Ghost of Andrea upon Revenge.² To *Euphues* there is no specific reference, but an author is not to seek in his Lyly or his Pliny who can compare a scoundrel in one breath to 'a *Harpy* that looks smoothly, a *Hyena* that enchants subtilly, a Mermaid that sings sweetly, and a *Cameleon*, that can put himselfe into all colours.'³ With Jonson there is perhaps one link; Dekker writes that 'Man (doubtlesse) was not created to bee an idle fellow . . . he was not set in this *Vniuersall Orchard* to

¹ Pp. 46, l. 26; 43, l. 7; 52, l. 1; 23, l. 5.

² Pp. 34, l. 6; 54, l. 7.

³ Pp. 15-16.

stand still as a *Tree*, and so to bee cut downe, but to be cut downe if he should stand still.' ¹ This is a curious parallel to Jonson's well-known lines :

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be ;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere.

So too with the greatest name of all. Who can read ' Sometimes hee's a Puritane ' ² without thinking of Maria's account of Malvolio ; or hear that Candle-light's Coachman so sweats with yarking his cattle ' that he drops tallowe, and that feedes them as prouender, ' ³ without remembering a whorson Candle-mine, or greasy Tallow-Catch, who larded the lean earth as he walked along ? Even the epithets of the attack on prosperous citizens, ' O veluet-garded Theeues ! O yea-and-by-nay Cheaters ! ' ⁴ recall Hotspur's instructions :

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave ' In sooth, '
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet guards, and Sunday-citizens.

There is no need to lay stress on such resemblances ; they may be accidental. Certain tricks of phrase, certain subjects, were in the air. Dekker, like all his fellows, must needs be critical of his countrymen's catholic taste in clothes. ' An English-man's suite, ' he complains, ' is like a traitors bodie that hath beene hanged, drawne, and quartered, and is set vp in seuerall places : his Codpeece is in *Denmarke*, the collar of his Doublet, and the belly in *France* : the wing and narrow sleeue in *Italy* : the short waste hangs ouer a *Dutch* Botchers stall in *Vtrich* : his huge sloppes speakes *Spanish* : *Polonia* giues him the Bootes. ' ⁵ It has a familiar tang ; the accent is that of Portia's concise strictures on young Faulconbridge : ' I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his

¹ P. 36.

² P. 16.

³ P. 35.

⁴ P. 17.

⁵ P. 44.

behaviour everywhere.' Dekker may have known that passage, just as he may have known the cheery lines of Tom Heywood :

The Spaniard loves his ancient slop,
 The Lombard his Venetian,
 And some like breechless women go—
 The Russ, Turk, Jew, and Grecian,
 The thrifty Frenchman wears small waist,
 The Dutch his belly boasteth ;
 The Englishman is for them all,
 And for each fashion coasteth.

But the hit was confessedly suggested to him by another which had been in print a score of years before either Heywood or Shakespeare was born. There had been published in 1542 a treatise, more humane than its title warrants, called 'The fyrst boke of the Introduction of knowledge. . . . Made by Andrew Borde, of Physycke Doctor,' and it opens, after the Dedication and Table, with a woodcut of a bearded and bewildered Englishman, extremely lightly clad, holding a great pair of tailor's shears and a roll of cloth, while beneath it run the opening lines of the text, treating of 'the naturall dysposicion of an Englyshman, and of the noble realme of England' :

I am an English man, and naked I stand here,
 Musyng in my mynde what rayment I shal were ;
 For now I wyl were thys, and now I wyl were that ;
 Now I wyl were I cannot tel what.
 All new fashyons be pleasaunt to me ;
 I wyl haue them, whether I thryue or thee.

Andrew Borde's woodcut grew famous, and to it many an Elizabethan writer must have been more or less consciously indebted.

Such matters have their interest, but the parallels of Elizabethan authorship are a scholar's pastime,¹ and Dekker was no plagiary but a free captain of mercenary literature.

¹ See Appendix, p. 61.

He wrote, to our good fortune, for the London of his prime on an absorbing subject, its own likeness. That he loved the city none can doubt who reads his descriptions of it. Sometimes it is London at midday, in the full tide of business; 'in euery street, carts and Coaches make such a thundring as if the world ranne vpon wheeles: at euerie corner, men, women, and children meete in such shoales, that postes are set vp of purpose to strengthen the houses, least with iustling one another they should shoulder them downe. Besides, hammers are beating in one place, Tubs hooping in another, Pots clinking in a third, water-tankards running at tilt in a fourth: heere are Porters sweating vnder burdens, there Marchants-men bearing bags of money, Chapmen (as if they were at Leape-frog) skippe out of one shop into another: Tradesmen (as if they were dauncing Galliards) are lusty at legges and neuer stand still: all are as busie as countrie Attorneys at an Assizes.' ¹ Or again he limns a night scene, 'when al doores are lockt vp, when no eyes are open, when birds sit silent in bushes, and beasts lie sleeping vnder hedges'; this is the time, when darkness, like a thief out of a hedge, has crept upon the earth, that 'the Banckrupt, the Fellon, and all that owed any mony, and for feare of arrests, or Iustices warrants, had like so many Snayles kept their houses ouer their heads al the day before, began now to creep out of their shels, & to stalke vp & down the streets as vpightly, & with as proud a gate as if they meant to knock against the starres with the crownes of their heads.' ² It is good descriptive prose, with yet a touch of the high astounding terms of the age in that crowned and starred comparison.

To such a writer nothing comes amiss. The comedy of addresses of welcome from public orators armed with an extemporall speech, of the learned rules of Drunkenness, of the Morralls of Manningtree and the triumphing on Midsummer night, mingles with the tragedy of the Plague and

¹ Pp. 37-8.

² Pp. 30-32.

St. Bartholomew's Day, and the oppression of usurers, jailors and the rich guildsmen who dealt hardly with their apprentices. The sober Perpetuana-suited Puritan, the serving man and his wench, the barber bidding his customer 'winck hard' while he runs to the door to see what is afoot, the Beadle and the Bell-man, the damask-coated citizen, the Grape-monger and the unthrifths who walk at night at a wise distance from the brown bills of Master Constable and his men—all these pass before us in living puppet-show. For so clear a vision we owe much to Thomas Dekker, who knew by experience the underworld of his London as well as its cheerful bustle, who was bailed out of the Counter in 1598 at a cost of forty shillings, and was discharged next year, at near double the rate, from the arrest of my lord chamberlain's men. Misfortune had not soured him, nor warped his sense of life, in an age when such matters were philosophically viewed, according to the maxim of his great predecessor in free-lance pamphleteering, 'Debt and deadly sinne, who is not subject to?'

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

A BOOK called *The Seuen deadly synnes of London drawn in 7 severall coaches throughe the 7 gates of the city* was entered in the Stationers' Register on October 6, 1606, in the name of Nathanael Butter, for whom it was printed in the same year. In spite of its alluring title, the pamphlet did not attain to a second edition. Most of the little quartos must have been thumbed to pieces early; few now survive, and a manuscript note in the Grenville copy calls this the rarest of Dekker's pieces.

The book has been four times reproduced by modern editors. Forty copies only were privately printed in 1866 by J. Payne Collier, who issued it in the second volume of his *Illustrations of Old English Literature*. In 1879 Edward Arber made it the seventh volume of his *English Scholar's Library*. Alexander Grosart, in 1885, included it in the second volume of his limited and privately printed edition of Dekker's *Non-Dramatic Works*, and in 1905 the Cambridge University Press issued it as a plain quarto text, without editorial matter, two hundred and fifty copies only being printed. All four editions reproduce to a considerable extent the spelling and differentiations of type of the original, though the Cambridge reprint is handicapped by the use of roman type only in the text. Unfortunately Arber's volume, which is the most accessible, is often at fault in the omission or misreading of words; Grosart's text is more accurate, but he omits the Epistle.

The present text is a reprint of the first edition, and follows the Douce copy in the Bodleian Library, shelf-mark Douce P. 692. In cases of doubt (e.g. where a letter or stop

is blurred, or has not taken the ink) the other Bodleian copy, Malone 602, has been consulted. For certain points I have also referred to the only other examples of this book which I have seen, viz. the Grenville copy in the British Museum, G. 10452; George Steevens's copy, bearing his autograph on the back of the title, also in the British Museum, 291 e. 34; the copy formerly in the collection of Thomas Jolley and now in the Guildhall Library, A. vii. 3; and the Christie-Miller copy, since sold, in the dispersal of a section of the Britwell Court library in February of this year, to an American purchaser.

A word-for-word comparison of the text of these six copies, with a view to the variations frequent in Elizabethan printing, would be beyond the scope of the present edition, which aims at presenting a trustworthy reprint of the Douce copy. But a brief comparison on certain chosen points and passages makes it probable that variations (apart from the title-page) are few, and are limited to the usual correction of minor errors discovered during the process of printing, after a certain number of sheets had been pulled. Most of these errors are to be found in the Malone copy, which must include an early pull of sheet E. At sig. E 3, l. 26 (p. 41, l. 15 of the present edition), the Malone copy reads 'riding by a Sumpter-horse with prouander'. The mistake was evidently discovered in good time, and the compositor inserted the missing preposition, justified his line by turning the letters 'an' into 'ã,' and produced the correct reading, 'riding by on a Sumpter-horse with prouâder', which is found in the other five copies. Similarly, six lines lower, the Malone copy reads 'that weare his cloth are *Anglus*,' Again the misprint was observed, '*Anglus*,' altered to '*Anglers*,' the line justified by reading 'wear' for 'weare', and the correct reading of the other five copies produced. The Malone copy is also the only one of the six to be guilty of a turned letter at sig. [E 4] verso, l. 34 (p. 45, l. 3 of the present edition), 'Conrt' for 'Court'. On the other hand, while in all six copies the first word of

the text on sig. E is 'very' (p. 36, l. 19 of the present edition), the Douce copy gives an incorrect catchword 'way' on the previous page. This too was corrected, and the catchword in the other five copies is 'veary.' The Douce copy also errs in reading 'Many' (for the correct 'Mary' of the Malone copy) at p. 28, l. 7; unfortunately this point escaped my notice till after the Britwell copy had been sold, and I have consequently—as there is nothing at stake—neither attempted to ascertain its reading, nor investigated that of the three copies in London.

In Elizabethan title-pages uniformity is not to be expected. Those of *The Seven Deadly Sinnes* were no doubt produced at intervals, as required, and each one of the six copies varies to some extent in typographical detail from all the rest, though the two Museum copies are almost identical. The chief difference is in the ornamental block. The Douce copy alone has the device of the Deity sitting in clouds above the cherubim, with a dove with outspread wings in the foreground. This is clearer in the original than in the full-size reproduction of the Douce title in the present edition, because the dove and its fan-shaped background, and the head of the Deity, are coloured a faint red (not obscuring the black outlines) in the original, while in the reproduction this red necessarily takes form as a black blur. Instead of this device, the two Museum copies contain a rectangular block, rather more high than broad, representing the Good Shepherd carrying a lamb across his shoulders, with the motto PERIIT ET INVENTA EST on an encircling band, and scroll-work, palms, etc., filling up the corners and sides outside the band. A landscape and buildings occupy the background on both sides of the central figure. A third device is found in the Malone, Guildhall, and Britwell copies; a conventional design of a filleted head, with laurel branches on each side of it, surmounting a semicircular piece of scroll-work. There are also, among the title-pages of the six copies, so many minor and unimportant variations of

spelling, punctuation, capitals, and typographical detail, that specification of them would be as uninteresting as laborious. All six copies have the title partially rubricated, the words concerned being 'seuen' and 'Coaches' in l. 4; 'seuen' and 'Gates' in l. 5; 'plague' in l. 7; the date (which however is clipped away from the Malone copy, and torn out of that in the Grenville collection) and the whole of lines 2, 6, 8 and 10. It is improbable that copies varied at all in rubrication, except that as none of the other five has the block found in the Douce title, they lack also the two touches of red previously described. For the name of the book, the spelling of the running title is more likely than that of the title-page to be the author's, and I have followed it; it may however be worth while to point out, in corroboration, that the Douce title-page is alone among the six in reading 'deadlie' for 'deadly,' and may have been alone also in reading 'Sinns' for 'Sinnes,' though the mutilation of this word in the Malone and Guildhall copies makes it impossible to establish the point.

The collation of the 1606 edition is as follows: [A 1] a blank; [A 2] the Title, *verso* blank; A 3 and *verso* The Epistle; [A 4] and *verso* To the Reader, followed (in lower part of *verso*) by The names of the Actors; A to [A 4] The Induction to the Booke; [A 4] *verso* blank; then the main text occupying B to G in fours, with [G 4] *verso* blank. The Douce, Malone, Guildhall and Steevens copies have the preliminary matter in correct order, except that the Steevens copy (which Grosart must have used) lacks the Epistle; the binder of the Grenville copy has misplaced in the order Reader, Epistle, Induction; and the binder of the Britwell copy in the order Epistle, Induction, Reader. The correct order has been preserved in all subsequent editions except that produced by the Cambridge University Press, which prints the Epistle after the address to the Reader and the names of the Actors.

The original quarto printed by Edward Allde contains

few obvious errors, and Collier is perhaps a little severe in his statement that 'inaccuracies and bad workmanship shew the haste with which the piece was composed by the typographer.' Bad workmanship is no doubt a term of wide application, but in important points the accuracy of the 1606 text can seldom be impugned, though some dozens of trivial slips in text or punctuation are to be found. Where such errors have been corrected in the text of the present edition, the original reading and the correction are duly noted, for the information of scholars, in the appendix of Textual Emendations. The original punctuation has been preserved, and readers unfamiliar with the system of pointing in use in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries should bear in mind that Elizabethan punctuation was rhythmical or even rhetorical, while that of to-day is based on logic or syntax.

The roman type, varied by italic, of the Dedication, Address to the Reader, Names of the Actors, and Induction, is followed exactly in the present text, but the black letter, with occasional roman, of the main body of the book is here replaced respectively by roman and italic type. Latin quotations, printed in italic in the original, are also reproduced in italic. The italic side-notes, printed in the margin of the original, are inset in the present text. The 1606 compositor occasionally used a wrong fount; I have noted a roman x used among black letter in the words 'next' (p. 42, l. 12), 'Executors' (p. 48, l. 26), and 'examples' (p. 53, l. 11), and there may be other instances. To have perpetuated such accidents by a difference of type would have been absurd. The long f, which is a mere source of annoyance to modern readers, has everywhere been replaced by s. The running titles of the original are in upper and lower case roman (except that of *The Epistle*, which is italic), thus: 'To the Reader.' 'The Induction to the Booke.' 'The seven deadly Sinnes of London.' Of the main running title this last is the more frequent form, and is found throughout

sigs. B and C, though in sigs. D, E, F and G the spelling 'Seauen' or 'seauen' occurs eight times to seven of the spelling 'seuen.' The latter has been adopted throughout the present edition, in which however the running titles have been uniformly represented in roman capitals. No attempt has been made to reproduce the bands of printer's ornament, or the occasional decorative initial capitals of the original; the latter have been represented by plain drop capitals, and the former have been omitted.

H. F. B. B.-S.

OXFORD,
May 1922.

THE
Seuen deadlie Sinns
of London:

*Drawne in seuen seuerall Coaches,
Through the seuen seuerall Gates of the
Citie*

Bringing the plague with them.

Opus septem Dierum.

Tho: Dekker.



At London

Printed by E. A. for Nathaniell Butter, and are to be sold
at his shop neere Saint Austens gate.
1606.

To the Worshipfull and very worthy
Gentleman *Henry Fermor* Es-
quire, Clarke of the Peace for the
Countie of Middlesex.

I Am sory (deare Sir) that in a time (so abūdāt with wit) I shold send vnto you no better fruit then the sins of a City : but they are not cōmon, (for they were neuer gathered till this yeare) and therefore I send them for the *Rarity* : Yet now I remember my selfe, they are not the *Sinnes* of a Citie, but onely the picture of them. And a *Drollerie* (or Dutch peece of *Lantskop*) may sometimes breed in the beholders eye, as much delectatiō, as the best & most curious master-peece excellēt in that Art. Bookes being sent abroad after they are begottē into the world, as *This of mine is*, are in the nature of *Orphans* ; But being receiued into a *Gardianship* (as I make no doubt but this shall) they come into the happie state of adopted children. That office must now be yours, and you neede not bee ashamed of it, for Kings haue beene glad to doe them honour, that haue bestowed such a neuer-dying honour vpon them. The benefite you shall receiue, is this, that you see the building vp of a tombe (in your life time) wherein you are sure so

to lie, as that you cannot bee forgottē; & you read that very Epitaph that shal stand ouer you, which by no *Enuie* can bee defaced, nor by any time worne out. I haue made choise of you alone, to bee the *onely Patron* to these my labours: by which word (*onely*) I challenge to my selfe a kinde of *Dignitie*: for there hath beene a *Generation* of a sort of strange fellowes (and I thinke the race is not yet eaten out) who when a Booke (of their owne) hath bin borne in the lawfull Matrimonie of Learning, and Industrie, haue basely compeld it either like a bastard, to call a great many father (and to goe vnder all their names) or else (like a common fellow at a Sessions) to put himselfe (as the tearme is) vpon twelue godfathers. In which case (contrarie to all law) the Foreman is most dishonoured. That art of *Skeldring* I studie not, I stand vpon stronger Bases. The current of a mans Reputation, being diuided into so manie Rioulets must needes grow weake. If you giue intertainment to this in your best affection, you will binde me (one day) to heighthen your name, when by some more worthy *Columnne* (by me to be erected) I shall consecrate that and your selfe to an euerlasting and sacred Memorie.

*Most affectionately desirous
to be yours :*

Tho. Dekker.

Reader,

IT is as ordinarie a custome (for vs that are Bookish) to haue a bout with thee, after wee haue done with a Patron, as for Schollers (in the noble Science) to play at the wooden Rapier and Dagger at the end of a Maisters prize. In doing which we know not vpon what Speeding points wee runne, for you (that are Readers) are the most desperate and fowlest players in the world, you will strike when a mans backe is toward you, and kill him (if you could for shame) when he lies vnder your feete. You are able (if you haue the tokens of deadly Ignorance, and Boldnes at one time vpon you) to breede more infection on in *Pauls Church-yard*, then all the bodies that were buried there in the Plague-time, if they had beene left still aboue ground. You stand somtimes at a Stationers stal, looking scruily (like Mules champing vpon Thistles) on the face of a new Booke bee it neuer so worthy : & goe (as il faouredly) mewing away : But what get you by it ? The Booke-seller euer after when you passe by, pinnes on your backes the badge of fooles to make you be laught to scorne, or of sillie Carpers to make you be pittied : *Conradus Gesner* neuer writ of the nature of such strange beasts as you are : for where as we call you *Lectores*, Readers, you turne your selues into *Lictores*, Executioners, & tormenters. I wold not haue him that writes better than I, to reade this, nor him that cannot doe so well, to Raile, or if hee cannot chuse but Raile, let him doe it to my face : otherwise (to me being absent) it is done

cowardly : for *Leonem mortuum mordent etiam Catuli* : Cats dare scratch Lions by the face when they lie dead, and none but Colliers will threaten a Lord Maior when they are farre enough from the Cittie. I haue laide no blockes in thy way : if thou findest Strawes,
(Vade, vale,) caue ne titubes.

The names of the Actors in this
 old Enterlude of Iniquitie.

- 1 *Politike Banke-ruptisme.*
- 2 *Lying.*
- 3 *Candle-light.*
- 4 *Sloth.*
- 5 *Apishnesse.*
- 6 *Shawing.*
- 7 *Crueltie.*

Seuen may easily play this, but not without a Diuell.

The Induction to the

Booke.

I Finde it written in that Booke where no vntruthes can be read : in that Booke whose leaues shall out-last sheetes of brasse, and whose lynes leade to eternity : yea euen in that Booke that was pend by the best Author of the best wisdome, allowed by a Deity, licensed by the Omnipotent, and published (in all Languages to all Nations) by the greatest, truest, and onely Diuine, thus I find it written, that for Sinne, Angels were throwne out of heauen ; for Sinne, the first man that euer was made, was made an outcast : he was driuen out of his liuing that was left vnto him by his Creator : It was a goodlier liuing, than the Inheritance of Princes : he lost Paradice by it (he lost his house of pleasure :) hee lost *Eden* by it, a Garden, where Winter could neuer haue nipt him with cold, nor Summer haue scorcht him with heate. He had there all fruits growing to delight his taste, all flowers flourishing to allure his eye, all Birds singing to content his eare ; he had more than he could desire : yet because he desired more than was fit for him, he lost all. For Sinne, all those buildings which that greate Worke-master of the world had in sixe dayes raysed, were swallowed at the first by waters, and shall at last be consumed in fire. How many families hath this *Leuiathan* deuoured ? how many Cities ? how many Kingdoms ? Let vs awhile leaue Kingdomes, and enter into

Cities. *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* were burnt to the ground with brimstone that dropt in flakes from heauen ; a hot and dreadfull vengeance. *Ierusalem* hath not a stone left vpon another of her first glorious foundation : a heauy and fearefull downefall. *Ierusalem*, that was Gods owne dwelling house ; the Schoole where those Hebrew Lectures, which he himselfe read, were taught ; the very Nursery where the Prince of Heauen was brought vp ; that *Ierusalem*, whose Rulers were Princes, & whose Citizens were like the sonnes of Kings : whose Temples were paued with gold, and whose houses stood like rowes of tall Cedars ; that *Ierusalem* is now a dezert ; It is vnhalloved, and vntrodden : no Monument is left to shew it was a Cittie, but only the memoriall of the Iewes hard-hartednes, in making away their Sauour : It is now a place for barbarous Turks, and poore despised Grecians ; it is rather now (for the abominations committed in it) no place at all.

Let vs hoyst vp more Sayles, and lanch into other Seas, till wee come in ken of our owne Countrey. *Antwerp* (the eldest daughter of *Brabant*) hath falne in her pride, the Citties of rich *Burgundy* in theyr greatnes. Those seuentene Durch Virgins of *Belgia*, (that had Kingdomes to theyr dowries, and were worthy to be courted by Nations) are now no more Virgins : the Souldier hath deflowred them, and robd them of theyr Mayden honor : Warre hath still vse of their noble bodyes, and discouereth theyr nakedness like prostituted Strumpets. Famine hath dryed vp the fresh bloud in theyr cheekes, whilst the Pestilence digd vp theyr Fields, and turned them into Graues. Neither haue these punishments bin layd vpon them onely ; for bloud hath bin also drawne of their very next neighbours. *France* lyes yet panting vnder the blowes which her owne Children haue giuen her. Thirty yeeres together suffred she her bowels to be torne out by those that were bred within them : She was full of Princes, and saw them all lye mangled at her feete : She was full of people, and saw in one night a hundred

thousand massacred in her streetes : her Kings were eaten vp by Ciuill warres, and her Subiects by fire and famine. O gallant Monarchy, what hard fate hadst thou, that when none were left to conquer thee, thou shouldst triumph ouer thy selfe ! Thou hast Wynes flowing in thy veynes : but thou madest thy selfe druncke with thine owne bloud. The English, the Dutch, and the Spanish, stode aloofe and gaue ayme, whilst thou shotst arrowes vpright, that fell vpon thine owne head, and wounded thee to death. Wouldst thou (and the rest) know the reason, why your bones haue bin bruized with rods of Iron ? It was, because you haue risen in Arch-rebellion against the Supremest Soueraigne : You haue bin Traytors to your Lord, the King of heauen and earth, and haue armed your selues to fight against the Holy Land. Can the father of the world measure out his loue so vnequally, that one people (like to a mans yongest child) should be more made of than all the rest, being more vnruely than the rest ? O *London*, thou art great in glory, and enuied for they greatnes : thy Towers, thy Temples, and thy Pinnacles stand vpon thy head like borders of fine gold, thy waters like frindges of siluer hang at the hemmes of thy garments. Thou art the goodliest of thy neighbors, but the prowdest ; the welthiest, but the most wanton. Thou hast all things in thee to make thee fairest, and all things in thee to make thee foulest ; for thou art attir'de like a Bride, drawing all that looke vpon thee, to be in loue with thee, but there is much harlot in thine eyes. Thou sitst in thy Gates heated with Wines, and in thy Chambers with lust. What miseries haue of late ouertaken thee ? yet (like a foole that laughs when hee is putting on fetters) thou hast bin merry in height of thy misfortunes. She that (for almost halfe a hundred of yeeres) of thy Nurse *Qu. Elizabeths death.* became thy Mother, and layd thee in her bosome, whose head was full of cares for thee, whilst thine slept vpon softer pillowes than downe. She that wore thee alwayes on her brest as the richest Iewell in her king-

dome, who had continually her eye vpon thee, and her heart with thee: whose chaste hand clothed thy Rulers in Scarlet, and thy Inhabitants in roabes of peace: euen she was taken from thee, when thou wert most in feare to lose her: when thou didst tremble (as at an earth-quake) to thinke that bloud should runne in thy Channels, that the Canon should make way through thy Portcullises, and fire rifle thy wealthy houses, then, euen then wert thou left full of teares, and becamst an Orphan. But behold, thou hadst not sat many howres on the banks of sorrow, but thou

*King Iames
his Corona-
tion.*

hadst a louing Father that adopted thee to be his owne: thy mourning turnd presently to gladnes, thy terrors into triumphs. Yet, lest this fulnesse of ioy should beget in thee a wantonnes, and to try how wisely thou couldst take vp affliction, Sicknes was sent to breathe her vnholosome ayres into thy nostrils, so that thou, that wert before the only Gallant and Minion of the world, hadst in a short time more diseases (then a common Harlot hath) hanging vpon thee; thou suddenly becamst the by-talke of neighbors, the scorne and contempt of Nations.

Heere could I make thee weepe thy selfe away into waters,

**A Booke so
called, writ-
ten by the
Author, de-
scribing the
horror of the
Plague in
1602, when
there dyed
30578. of
that disease.*

by calling back those sad and dismall houres, wherein thou consumedst almost to nothing with shrikes and lamentations, in that **Wonderfull yeere*, when these miserable calamities entred in at thy Gates, slaying 30000. and more as thou heldst them in thine armes, but they are fresh in thy memory, and the story of them (but halfe read ouer) would strike so coldly to thy heart, and lay such heauy sorrow vpon mine (*Namque animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit*) that I will not be thine and my owne tormentor with the memory of them. How quickly notwithstanding didst thou forget that beating? The wrath of him that smot thee, was no sooner (in meere pittie of thy stripes) appeased, but howrely (again) thou

wert in the company of euill doers, euen before thou couldst finde leysure to aske him forgiuenes.

Euer since that time hath hee winckt at thy errors, and suffred thee (though now thou art growne old, and lookest very ancient) to goe on still in the follyes of thy youth : he hath ten-fold restor'de thy lost sonnes and daughters, and such sweete, liuely, fresh colours hath hee put vpon thy cheekes, that Kings haue come to behold thee, and Princes to delight their eyes with thy bewty. None of all these fauours (for all this) can draw thee from thy wickednes : Graces

*King of Eng-
land, and
Christierne
King of
Denmarke.*

haue powrd downe out of heauen vpon thee, and thou art rich in all things, sauing in goodnes : So that now once againe hath he gone about (and but gone about) to call thee to the dreadfull Barre of his Iudgement. And no maruaile : for whereas other Citties (as glorious as thy selfe,) and other people (as deare vnto him as thine) haue in his indignation bin quite taken from the face of the earth, for some one peculiar Sinne, what hope hast thou to grow vp still in the pride of thy strength, gallantnes and health, hauing seuen deadly and detestable sinnes lying night by night by thy lasciuious sides ? O thou beautifullest daughter of two vnited Monarchies ! from thy womb receiued I my being, frō thy brests my nourishment ; yet giue me leaue to tell thee, that thou hast seuen Diuels within thee, and till they be cleane cast out, the Arrowes of Pestilence will fall vpon thee by day, and the hand of the Inuader strike thee by night. The Sunne will shine, but not be a comfort to thee, and the Moone looke pale with anger, whē she giues thee light. Thy Louers will disdayne to court thee : thy Temples will no more send out Diuine oracles : Iustice will take her flight, and dwell else-where ; and that Desolation, which now for three yeeres together hath houered round about thee, will at last enter, and turne thy Gardens of pleasure, into Church-yards ; thy Fields that seru'd thee for walks, into *Golgotha* ; and thy hye built houses, into heapes of dead

mens Sculs. I call him to witnes, who is all Truth, I call the Cittizens of heauen to witnes, who are all spotlesse, that I slander thee not, in saying thou nourishest seuen Serpents at thy brests, that will destroy thee : let all thy Magistrates and thy officers speake for me : let Strangers that haue but seene thy behaiour, be my Iudges : let all that are gathered vnder thy wings, and those that sleepe in thy bosome, giue their verdict vpon me ; yea, try me (as thy brabblings are) by all thy Petit and Graund Iurors, and if I belye thee, let my Country (when I expire) deny me her common blessing, Buriall. Lift vp therefore thy head (thou Mother of so many people :) awaken out of thy dead and dangerous slumbers, and with a full and fearelesse eye behold those seuen Monsters, that with extended iawes gape to swallow vp thy memory : for I will into so large a field single euery one of them, that thou and all the world shall see their vglinesse, for by seeing them, thou mayst auoyd them, and by auoyding them, be the happiest and most renowned of Citties.

Politick Bankruptisme,

Or,

The first dayes Triumph
of the first Sinne.

IT is a custome in all Countries, when great personages are to be entertained, to haue great preparation made for them : and because *London* disdaines to come short of any City, either in Magnificence, State, or expences vpon such an occasion, solemne order was set downe, and seuen seuerall solemne dayes were appointed to receiue these seuen Potentates : for they carry the names of Princes on the earth, and wheresoe're they inhabit, in a short time are they Lords of great Dominions.

The first dayes Triumphs were spent in meeting and conducting *Politick Bankruptisme* into the Freedome : to receiue whom, the Master, the Keepers, and all the Prisoners of *Ludgate* in their best clothes stood most officiously readie : for at that Gate, his Deadlinesse challenges a kind of prerogatiue by the Custome of the Citie, and there loues he most

*The maner
how Bank-
ruptisme is
entertained,
and at what
Gate.*

to be let in. The thing they stood vpon, was a Scaffold erected for the purpose, stuck round about with a few greene boughes (like an Alehouse booth at a Fayre) and couered with two or three threed-bare Carpets (for prisoners haue

no better) to hide the vnhandsomnes of the Carpenters worke : the boughes with the very strong breath that was prest out of the vulgar, withered, & like *Autumnian* leaues dropt to the ground, which made the *Broken Gentleman* to hasten his progresse the more, and the rather, because *Lud* and his two sonnes stood in a very cold place, waiting for his comming. Being vnder the gate, there stood one arm'd with an extemporall speech, to giue him the onset of his welcome : It was not (I would you should well know) the Clarke of a country parish, or the Schoole-master of a corporate towne, y^t euery yeere has a saying to Master Maior, but it was a bird pickt out of purpose (amongst the *Ludgathians*) that had the basest and lowest voice, and was able in a Terme time, for a throat, to giue any prisoner great ods for y^e box at the grate : this Organ-pipe was tunde to rore for the rest, who with a hye sound & glib deliuery, made an *Encomiastick Paradoxicall* Oration in praise of a prison, prouing, that captiuiity was y^e only blessing y^t could happen to man, and that a *Politick Bankrupt* (because he makes himselfe for euer by his owne wit) is able to liue in any common wealth, and deserues to go vp the ladder of promotion, whẽ fīue hundred shallow-pated fellowes shall be turnd off. The poore Orator hauing made vp his mouth, *Bankruptisme* gaue him very good words, & a handful or two of thanks, vowing he would euer liue in his debt. At which, all the prisoners rending the ayre with shouts, the key was turnd, & vp (in state) was he led into king *Luds* house of *Bondage*, to suruey the building, and to take possession of y^e lodgings ; where he no sooner entered, but a lusty peale of welcomes was shot out of Kannes in stead of Canons, and though the powder

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris. was exceeding wet, yet off they went thick and threefold. The day was proclaymed Holiday in all the wardes ; euery prisoner swore if he would stay amongst them, they would take no order about their debts, because they would lye by it too ; and for that

purpose swarmd about him like Bees about Comfit-makers, and were drunke, according to all the learned rules of *Drunkennes*, as *Vpsy-Freeze*, *Crambo*, *Parmizant*, &c. the pimples of this ranck and full-humord ioy rising thus in their faces, because they all knew, that though he himselfe was broken, the linings of his bags were whole; & though he had no conscience (but a crackt one) yet he had crownes y^t were sound. None of all these hookes could fasten him to them: he was (like their clocks) to strike in more places than one, & though he knew many Citizens hated him, and that if he were encountred by some of them, it might cost him deere, yet vnder so good a protection did he go (as he said) because he owed no ill will euen to those that most sought his vndoing; and therefore tooke his leaue of the house, with promise, to be with them, or send to thẽ once eury quarter at the least. So that now, by his wise instructions, if a Puny were there amongst them, he might learne more cases, and more quiddits in law within seuen dayes, than he does at his Inne in fourteene moneths.

*Misery
makes men
cunning.*

The *Politician* beeing thus got into the City, caries himself so discreetly, that he steales into the hearts of many: In words, is he circumspect: in lookes, graue: in attire, ciuill: in diet, temperate: in company affable: in his affaires serious: and so cunningly dooes he lay on these colours, that in the end he is welcome to, and familiar with the best. So that now, there is not any one of all the twelue Companies, in which (at one time or other) there are not those that haue forsaken their owne Hall, to be free of his: yea some of your best Shop-keepers hath he enticed to shut themselues vp from the cares and busines of the world, to liue a priuate life; nay, there is not any great and famous Streete in the City, wherein there hath not (or now doth not) dwell, some one, or other, that hold the points of his Religion. For you must vnderstand, that the Politick Bankrupt is a *Harpy* that looks

*His quali-
ties.*

smoothly, a *Hyena* that enchants subtilly, a Mermaid that sings sweetly, and a *Cameleon*, that can put himselfe into all colours. Sometimes hee's a Puritane, *His disguises.* he swears by nothing but *Indeede*, or rather does not swears at all, and wrapping his crafty Serpents body in the cloake of Religion, he does those acts that would become none but a Diuell. Sometimes hee's a Protestant, and deales iustly with all men, till he see his time, but in the end he turnes Turke. Because you shall beleue me, I will giue you his length by the Scale, and Anatomize his body from head to foote. Heere it is.

Whether he be a Tradesman, or a Marchant, when he *His policy.* first sets himselfe vp, and seekes to get the world into his hands, (yet not to go out of y^e City) or first talks of Countries he neuer saw (vpon the *Change*) he will be sure to keepe his dayes of payments more truly, then Lawyers keepe their Termes, or than Executors keepe the last lawes that the dead inioyned them to, which euen Infidels themselves will not violate: his hand goes to his head, to his meanest customer, (to expresse his humilitie;) he is vp earlier then a Sarieant, and downe later than a Constable, to proclaime his thrift. By such artificiall wheelles as these, he winds himselfe vp into the height of rich mens fauors, till he grow rich himselfe, and when he sees that they dare build vpon his credit, knowing the ground to be good, he takes vpon him the condition of an Asse, to any man that will loade him with gold; and vseth his credit like a Ship freighted with all sorts of Merchandize by ventrous Pilots: for after he hath gotten into his hands so much of other mens goods or money, as will fill him to the vpper deck, away he sayles with it, and politickly runnes himselfe on ground, to make the world beleue he had suffered shipwrack. Then flyes he out like an Irish rebell, and keepe aloofe, hiding his head, when he cannot hide his shame: and though he haue fethers on his back puld frō sundry birds, yet to himselfe is he more wretched,

then y^o Cuckoo in winter, that dares not be seene. The troupes of honest Citizens (his creditors) with whom he hath broken league and hath thus defyed, muster themselues together, and proclaime open warre: their bands consist of tall *Yeomen*, that serue on foot, cōmanded by certaine *Serieants* of their bands, who for leading of men, are knowne to be of more experiēce then the best Low-countray Capitaines. In Ambuscado do these lye day & night, to cut off this enemy to the City, if he dare but come downe. But the politick Bankrupt barricadoing his Sconce with double locks, treble dores, inuincible bolts, and pieces of timber 4. or 5. storyes hye, victuals himselve for a moneth or so; and then in the dead of night, marches vp higher into y^o country with bag and baggage: parlies then are summond; compositions offred; a truce is sometimes taken for 3. or 4. yeeres; or (which is more common) a dishonorable peace (seeing no other remedy) is on both sides concluded, he (like the States) being the only gayner by such ciuill warres, whilst the Citizen that is the lender, is the loser: *Nam crimine ab vno disce omnes*, looke how much he snatches from one mans sheafe, hee gleanes from euery one, if they bee a hundred.

The victory being thus gotten by basenes & trechery, back comes he marching with spred colours againe to the City; aduances in the open streete as he did before; sels the goods of his neighbor before his face without blushing: he iets vp and downe in silks wouen out of other mens stocks, feeds deliciously vpō other mēs purses, rides on his ten pound Geldings, in other mens saddles, & is now a new man made out of wax, thats to say, out of those bonds, whose seales he most dishonestly hath canceld. *O veluet-garded Theeues! O yea-and-by-nay Cheaters! O ciuill, ô Graue and Right Worshipfull Couzeners!*

What a wretchednes is it, by such steps to clime to a counterfetted happines? So to be made for euer, is to be vtterly vndone for euer: So for a man to saue himselve, is

to venture his own damnation ; like those that laboring by all meanes to escape shipwrack, do afterwards desperatly drown themselues. But alas ! how rotten at the bottom are buildings thus raised ! How soone do such leases grow out of date ! The *Third House* to them is neuer heard of. What slaues then doth mony (so purchast) make of those, who by such wayes thinke to find out perfect freedome ? But they are most truly miserable in midst of their ioyes : for their neighbors scorn them, Strangers poynt at them, good men neglect them, the rich man will no more trust them, the begger in his rage vpbraydes them. Yet if this were all, this all were nothing. O thou that on thy pillow (lyke a Spider in his loome) weauest mischeuous nets, beating thy braynes, how by casting downe others, to rayse vp thy selfe !

Thou *Politick Bankrupt*, poore rich man, thou ill-painted foole, when thou art to lye in thy last Inne (thy loathsome graue) how heauy a load will thy wealth bee to thy weake corrupted Conscience ! those heapes of Siluer, in telling of which thou hast worne out thy fingers ends, will be a passing bell, tolling in thine eare, and calling thee to a fearefull Audit. Thou canst not dispose of thy riches, but the naming of euery parcell will strike to thy heart, worse then the pangs of thy departure : thy last will, at the last day, will be an Inditement to cast thee ; for thou art guilty of offending those two lawes (enacted in the vpper House of heauen) which directly forbid thee to steale, or to couet thy neighbors goods.

But this is not all neither ; for thou lyst on thy bed of death, and art not carde for : thou goest out of the world, and art not lamented : thou art put into the last linnen y^t euer thou shalt weare, (thy winding-sheete) with reproch, and art sent into thy Graue with curses : he that makes thy Funerall Sermon, dares not speake well of thee, because he is asham'd to belye the dead : and vpon so hatefull a fyle doest thou hang the records of thy life, that

euē when the wormes haue pickt thee to the bare bones, those that goe ouer thee, will set vpon thee no Epitaph but this, *Here lyes a knaue.*

Alack! this is not the worst neither: thy Wife being in the heate of her youth, in the pride of her beawty, and in all the brauery of a rich London Widow, flyes from her nest (where she was thus fledg'd before her time) the City, to shake off the imputation of a Bankrupts Wife, and perhaps marries with some Gallāt: thy bags then are emptied, to hold *him* vp in riots: those hundreds, which thou subtilly tookst vp vpon thy bonds, do sinfully serue him to pay Tauerne bills, and what by knauery thou gotst from honest men, is as villanously spent vpon Pandars and Whores: thy Widow being thus brought to a low ebbe, grows desperat: curses her birth, her life, her fortunes, yea perhaps curses thee, when thou art in thy euerlasting sleepe, her conscience perswading strongly, that she is punished from aboue, for thy faults: and being poore, friendlesse, comfortlesse, she findes no meanes to raise her selfe, but by *Falling*, and therefore growes to be a *common womā*. Doth not y^e thought of this torment thee? She liues basely by the abuse of that body, to maintaine which in costly garments, thou didst wrong to thine owne soule: nay more to afflict thee, thy children are ready to beg their bread in that very place, where the father hath sat at his dore in purple, and at his boord like *Diues*, surfeting on those dishes which were earnd by the sweat of other mens browes. The infortunate Marchant, whose estate is swallowed vp by the mercilesse Seas, and the prouident Trades-man, whom riotous Seruants at home, or hard-hearted debtors abroad vndermine and ouerthrow, blotting them with the name of *Bankrupts*, deserue to be pitied and relieued, when thou that hast cozend euē thine owne Brother of his Birth-right, art laught at, and not remembered, but in scorne, when thou art plagued in thy *Generation*.

Be wise therefore, you Graue, and wealthy Cittizens; play

with these Whales of the Sea, till you escape them that are deuourers of your Merchants; hunt these English Wolues to death, and rid the land of them: for these are the Rats that eate vp the prouision of the people: these are the Grashoppers of *Egypt*, that spoyle the Corne-fields of the Husbandman and the rich mans Vineyards: they will haue poore *Naboths* piece of ground from him, though they eate a piece of his heart for it. These are indeede (and none but these) the *Forreners* that liue without the freedome of your City, better than you within it; they liue without the freedome of honesty, of conscience, and of christianitie. Ten dicing-houses cheate not yong Gentlemen of so much mony in a yeare, as these do you in a moneth. The theefe that dyes at *Tyburne* for a robbery, is not halfe so dangerous a weede in a Common-wealth, as the *Politick Bankrupt*, I would there were a *Derick* to hang vp him too.

The *Russians* haue an excellent custome: they beate them on the shinnes, that haue mony, and will not pay their debts; if that law were well cudgeld from thence into *England*, Barbar-Surgeons might in a few yeeres build vp a Hall for their Company, larger then Powles, only with the cure of *Bankrupt broken-shinnes*.

I would faine see a prize set vp, that the welted Vsurer, and the politick Bankrupt might rayle one against another for it: ô, it would beget a riming Comedy. The Challenge of the *Germayne* against all the Masters of the *Noble Science*, would not bring in a quarter of the money: for there is not halfe so much loue betweene the Iron and the Loadestone, as there is mortall hate betweene those two *Furies*. The Vsurer liues by the lechery of mony, and is Bawd to his owne bags, taking a fee, that they may ingender. The Politick Bankrupt liues by the gelding of bags of Siluer. The Vsurer puts out a hundred poūd to breede, and lets it run in a good pasture (thats to say, in the lands that are mortgag'd for it) till it grow great with Foale, and bring forth ten pound more. But the Politick Bankrupt playes

the Alchymist, and hauing taken a hundred pound to multiply it, he keepe a puffing and a blowing, as if he would fetch the Philosophers stone out of it, yet melts your hundred pound so long in his *Crusibles*, till at length he either melt it cleane away, or (at the least) makes him that lends it thinke good, if euery hundred bring him home fūe, with Principall and Interest.

You may behold now in this *Perspectiue* piece which I haue drawne before you, how deadly and dangerous an enemy to the State this *Politick Bankruptisme* hath bin, & still is: It hath bin long enough in the Citty, and for any thing I see, makes no great haste to get out. His triumphs haue bin great, his entertainement rich and magnificent. He purposes to lye heere as *Lucifers Legiar*: let him therefore alone in his lodging (in what part of the Citty soeuer it be) tossed and turmoyled with godlesse slumbers, and let vs take vp a standing neere some other Gate, to behold the *Entrance* of the *Second Sinne*: but before you go, looke vpō the *Chariot* that this *First* is drawne in, and take speciall note of all his Attendants.

The habit, the qualities and complexion of this Embasador sent from Hell, are set downe before. He rides in a Chariot drawne vpon three wheelles, that run fastest away, when they beare the greatest loades. The bewty of the Chariot is all in-layd work, cunningly & artificially wrought, but yet so strangely, and of so many seuerall-fashioned pieces, (none like another) that a sound wit would mistrust they had bin stolne from sundry worke-men. By this prowd Counterfet ran two Pages; on the left side *Conscience*, raggedly attirde, ill-fac'd, ill-coloured, and misshapen in body. On the right side runs *Beggery*, who if he out-liue him, goes to serue his children. *Hipocrisy* driues the Chariot, hauing a couple of fat well-coloured and lusty Coach-horses to the eye, cald *Couetousnes* and *Cose-nage*, but full of diseases, & rotten about the heart. Behind him follow a crowd of Trades-men, and Merchants, euery

one of them holding either a Shopbooke, or an Obligation in his hand, their seruants, wiues and children strawing the way before him with curses, but he carelesly runnes ouer the one, and out-rides the other ; at the tayle of whom (like the *Pioners* of an Army) march troopewise, and without any Drum struck vp, because the *Leader* can abide no noyse, a company of old expert *Sarieants*, bold *Yeomen*, hungry *Baylifs*, and other braue Martiall men, who because (like the *Switzers*) they are well payd, are still in Action, and oftentimes haue the enemy in execution ; following the heeles of this Citty-Conqueror, so close, not for any loue they owe him, but only (as all those that follow great men do) to get mony by him. We will leaue them lying in Ambush, or holding their Courts of *Gard*, and take a muster of our next *Regiment*.

2. Lying.

Or,

The second dayes Triumph.

WHEN it came to the eares of the *Sinfull Synagogue*, how the rich Iew of *London*, (*Barabbas Bankruptisme*) their brother, was receyued into the *Citty*, and what a lusty *Reueler* he was become, the rest of the same Progeny (being 6. in number) vovd to ryde thither in their greatest State, and that euery one should challenge to himselfe (if he could enter) a seuerall day of *Tryumph*; for so he might doe by their owne Customes. Another therefore of the *Broode*, being presently aptly accoustred, and armed *Cap-a-pe*, with all furniture fit for such an *Inuader*, sets forward the very next morning, and arriu'de at one of the *Gates*, before any Porters eyes were vnglewd. To knocke, hee thought it no policy, because such fellowes are commonly most churlish, when they are most intreated and are key-cold in their comming downe to Strangers, except they be brybed: to stay there with such a confusion of faces round about him, till light should betray him, might call his Arriual, being strange and hidden, into question; besides, he durst not send any Spy he had, to listen what newes went amongst the people, and whether any preparation were made for him, or that they did expect his approche, because indeede there was not any one of the *Damned Crewe* that followed his tayle, whom he durst trust for a true word. He resolues therefore to make

his entrance, not by the sword, but by some sleight, what storme or fayre weather soeuer should happen : And for that purpose, taking asunder his *Charriot*, (for it stood altogether like a *Germane* clock, or an English *Iack* or *Turne-spit*, vpon skrewes and vices) he scatters his Troope vpon the fields and bye-way, into small companies, as if they had bene Irish beggers ; till at last espying certayne Colliers with Carts most sinfully loaden, for the Citty, and behind them certayne light Country Horse-women ryding to the Markets, hee mingled his Footemen carelesly amongst these, and by this *Stratagem* of Coales, brauely thorow *Moore-gate*, got within the walles ; where marching not like a plodding *Grasyer* with his *Droues* before him, but like a *Citty-Captayne*, with a Company (as pert as *Taylours* at a wedding) close at his heeles, (because nowe they knewe they were out of feare) hee musters together all the *Hackney-men* and *Horse-coursers* in and about *Colman-streete*.

No sooner had these Sonnes and Heyres vnto Horse-shoes, got him into their eyes, but they wept for ioy to behold him ; yet in the ende, putting vp their teares into bottles of Hay, which they held vnder their armes, and wiping their slubberd cheekes with wispes of cleane Strawe, (prouyded for the nonce) they harnessed the *Grand Signiors* Caroach, mounted his *Cauallery* vpon Curtals, and so sent him most pompously (like a new elected *Dutch Burgo-master*) into the Citty.

He was lookt vpon strangely by all whom he met, for at the first, few or none knew him, few followed him, few bid him welcome : But after hee had spent heere a very little peece of time, after it was voyc'd that *Monsieur Mendax* came to dwell amongst them, and had brought with him all sorts of politick falshood and lying, what a number of Men, Women and Children fell presently in loue with him ! There was of euery Trade in the City, and of euery profession some, that instantly were dealers with him : For you must note, that in a State so multitudinous,

where so many flocks of people must be fed, it is impossible to haue some Trades to stand, if they should not *Lye*.

How quickly after the Art of *Lying* was once publicly profest, were false *Weights* and false *Measures* inuented! and they haue since done as much hurt to the inhabitants of Cities, as the inuention of *Gunnes* hath done to their walles: for though a *Lye* haue but short legs (like a Dwarfes) yet it goes farre in a little time, *Et crescit eundo*, and at last prooues a tall fellow: the reason is, that *Truth* had euer but one *Father*, but *Lyes* are a thousand mens *Bastards*, and are begotten euery where.

Looke vp then (*Thou thy Countryes Darling*,) and behold what a diuelish *Inmate* thou hast intertained. The *Genealogy* of *Truth* is well knowne, for she was borne in Heauen, and dwels in Heauen: *Falshood* then and *Lying* must of necessity come out of that hot Country of Hell, from the line of Diuels: for those two are as opposite, as day and darkenes. What an vngracious *Generation* wilt thou mingle with thine, if thou draw not *this* from thee: What a number of vnhappy and cursed childrē will be left vpō thy hand? for *Lying* is Father to *Falshood*, and Grandsire to *Periury*: *Frawd* (with two faces) is his Daughter, a very Monster: *Treason* (with haire like Snakes) is his kinseman; a very *Fury*! how art thou inclos'd with danger? The *Lye* first deceiues thee, and to shoote the deceit off cleanly, an oath (like an Arrow) is drawne to the head, and that hits the marke. If a *Lye*, after it is molded, be not smooth enough, there is no instrumēt to burnish it, but an oath: Swearing giues it cullor, & a bright complexion. So that *Oathes* are *Crutches*, vpon whych *Lyes* (like lame soldiers) go, & neede no other pasport. Little oathes are able to beare vp great lyes: but great *Lyes* are able to beate down great *Families*: For oathes are wounds that a man stabs into himselfe, yea, they are burning words that consume those who kinde them.

What fooles then are thy *Buyers* and *Sellers* to be abused

by such hell-hounds? *Swearing* and *Forswearing* put into their hands perhaps the gaines of a little Siluer, but like those pieces which *Iudas* receiued, they are their destruction. Welth so gotten, is like a tree set in the depth of winter, it prospers not.

But is it possible (*Thou leader of so great a Kingdome*) that heretofore so many bonfires of mens bodies should be made before thee in the good quarrell of *Trueth*? and that now thou shouldst take part with her enemy? Haue so many *Triple-pointed* darts of *Treason* bin shot at the heads of thy *Princes*, because they would not take *Truth* out of thy *Temples*, and art thou now in *League* with false *Witches* y^t would kill thee? Thou art no *Traueler*, the habit of *Lying* therefore will not become thee, cast if off.

He that giues a soldier the *Lye*, lookes to receiue the stab: but what danger does he run vpon, that giues a whole City the *Lye*? yet must I venture to giue it thee. Let me tell thee then, that *Thou doest Lye* with *Pride*, and though thou art not so gawdy, yet art thou more costly in attiring thy selfe than the Court, because *Pride* is the *Queene of Sinnes*, thou hast chosen her to be thy *Concubine*, and hast begotten many base Sonnes and Daughters vpon her body, as *Vainglory*, *Curiosity*, *Disobedience*, *Opinion*, *Disdaine*, &c. *Pride*, by thy *Lying* with her, is growne impudent: She is now a common Harlot, and euey one hath vse of her body. The *Taylor* calls her his *Lemman*, he hath often got her great with child of *Phantasticallity* and *Fashions*, who no sooner came into the world, but the fairest Wiues of thy Tennants snatcht them vp into their armes, layd them in their laps and to their brests, and after they had plaid with them their pleasure, into the country were those two children (of the *Taylor*s) sent to be nurst vp, so that they liue sometimes there, but euer and anon with thee.

Thou doest likewise *Lye* with *Vsury*: how often hast thou bin found in bed with her! How often hath she bin

openly disgraced at the Crosse for a Strumpet! yet still doest thou keepe her company, and art not ashamed of it, because you commit Sinne together, euen in those houses that haue paynted posts standing at the Gates. What vngodly brats and kindred hath she brought thee? for vpon *Vsury* hast thou begotten *Extortion*, (a strong, but an vnmanerly child,) *Hardnes of heart*, a very murderer, and *Bad Conscience*, who is so vnruely, that he seemes to be sent vnto thee, to be thy euerlasting paine. Then hath she Sonnes in law, and they are all *Scriueners*: those *Scriueners* haue base sonnes, and they are all common *Brokers*; those *Brokers* likewise send a number into the world, & they are all *Common Theeues*.

All of these may easily giue Armes: for they fetch their discent from hell, where are as many Gentlemen, as in any one place, in any kingdome.

Thou doost lye with sundrie others, and committest strange whoredomes, which by vse and boldnesse grow so common, that they seeme to be no whoredomes at all, Yet thine owne abominations would not appeare so vilely, but that thou makest thy buildings a *Brotheltry* to others: for thou sufferest *Religion* to lye with *Hipocrisie*: *Charity* to lye with *Ostentation*: *Friendship* to lye with *Hollow-heartednes*: the *Churle* to lye with *Simony*: *Iustice* to lye with *Bribery*, and last of all, *Conscience* to lye with euerie one, So that now shee is full of diseases: But thou knowest the medicine for al these Feauers that shake thee: be therefore to thy selfe thine owne Phisitian, and by strong Pilles purge away this second infection that is breeding vpon thee, before it strike to the heart.

Falshood and *Lying* thus haue had their day, and like Almanackes of the last yeare, are now gon out: let vs follow them a step or two farther to see how they ride, and then (if we can) leaue them, for I perceiue it growes late, because *Candle-light* (who is next to enter vpō the stage) is making himself ready to act his Comicall Scenes. The *Chariot*

28 THE SEVEN DEADLY SINNES OF LONDON

then that *Lying* is drawne in, is made al of whetstones ; Wantonnes and euil custome are his Horses : a Foole is the Coachman that driues them : a couple of swearing *Fencers* sometimes leade the Horses by the reynes, and sometimes flourish before them to make roome. Worshipfully is this Lord of *Limbo* attended, for Knights thēselues follow close at his heeles ; Mary they are not *Post* and *Poyre*-Knights but one of the *Post*. Amongst whose traine is shuffled in a company of scambling ignorant *Petti-foggars*, leane Knaues and hungrie, for they liue vpon nothing but the scraps of the Law, and heere and there (like a Prune in White-broth) is stucke a spruce but a meere prating vnpractised Lawyers Clarke all in blacke. At the tayle of all (when this goodly Pageant is passed by) follow a crowde of euerie trade some, amongst whome least we be smothered, and bee taken to bee of the same list, let vs strike downe my way.

Namq̄, odi profanū Vulgus.

3. Candle-light.

OR,

The Nocturnall Tryumph.

O *Candle-light!* and art thou one of the *Cursed Crew*? hast thou bin set at the Table of Princes, & Noblemen? haue all sortes of people doone reuerence vnto thee, and stood bare so soone as euer they haue seene thee? haue *Theeues, Traytors, and Murderers* been affraide to come in thy presence, because they knewe thee iust, and that thou wouldest discouer them? And art thou now a harborer of all kindes of *Vices*? nay, doost thou play the capitall *Vice* thy selfe?

Hast thou had so many learned *Lectures* read before thee, & is the light of thy *Vnderstanding* now cleane put out, and haue so many profound schollers profited by thee? hast thou doone such good to *Vniuersities*, beene such a guide to the *Lame*, and seene the dooing of so many good workes, yet doest thou now looke dimly, and with a dull eye vpon al *Goodnes*? What comfort haue sickmen taken (in weary and irkesome nights) but onely in thee? thou hast been their *Phisition* and *Apothecary*, and when the rellish of nothing could please them, the very shadow of thee hath beene to them a restoritue *Consolation*. The *Nurse* hath stilled her wayward *Infant*, shewing it but to thee: What gladnes hast thou put into *Mariners* bosomes, when thou hast met them on the *Sea*? What *Ioy* into the faint and benighted *Trauailer* when he has met thee on the land?

How many poore *Handy-craftes* men by *Thee* haue earned the best part of their liuing? And art thou now become a *Companion* for Drunkards, for leachers, and for prodigalles? Art thou turnd *Reprobate*? thou wilt burne for it in hell, And so odious is this thy *Apostacy*, and hiding thy self frō y^e light of the truth, y^t at thy death & going out of the world, euen they y^t loue thee best, wil tread thee vnder their feete: yea I y^t haue thus plaid the Herraide, & proclaime thy good parts, wil now play the Cryer and cal thee into open court, to arraigne thee for thy misdemeanors.

Let the world therefore vnderstand, that this Tallow-facde Gentleman (cald *Candle-light*) so soone as euer the Sunne was gon out of sight, and that darkenes like a thief out of a hedge crept vpon the earth, sweate till hee dropt agen, with bustling to come into the *Cittie*. For hauing no more but one onely eye (and that fierie red with drinking & sitting vp late) he was ashamed to be seene by day, knowing he should be laught to scorne, and hooted at. He makes his entrance therefore at *Aldersgate* of set purpose, for though the streete be faire and spatious, yet few lightes in mistie euenings, vsing there to thrust out their goldē heads he thought that the aptest circle for him to be raised in, because there his *Glittering* would make greatest show.

What expectation was there of his cōming? setting aside y^e bonfiers, there is not more triumphing on Mid-sommer night. No sooner was he aduanced vp into the moste famous Streetes, but a number of shops for ioy beganne to shut in: Mercers rolde vp their silkes and Veluets: the Goldsmithes drew backe their Plate, & all the Citty lookt like a priuate Play-house, when the windowes are clapt downe, as if some *Nocturnal*, or dismall *Tragedy* were presently to be acted before all the *Trades-men*. But *Caualliero Candle-light* came for no such solemnitie: No he had other Crackers in hand to which hee watcht

but his houre to giue fire. Scarce was his entrance blown abroad, but the Banckrupt, the Fellow, and all that owed any mony, and for feare of arrests, or Iustices warrants, had like so many Snayles kept their houses ouer their heads al the day before, began now to creep out of their shels, & to stalke vp & down the streets as vprightly, & with as proud a gate as if they meant to knock against the starres with the crownes of their heads.

The damask-coated Cittizen, that sat in his shop both forenoone and afternoone, and lookt more sowerly on his poore neighbors, then if he had drunke a quart of Vineger at a draught, sneakes out of his owne doores, and slips into a Tauerne, where either alone, or with some other that battles their money together, they so plye themselues with penny pots, which (like small-shot) goe off, powring into their fat paunches, that at length they haue not an eye to see withall, not a good legge to stand vpon. In which pickle if anye of them happen to be iustled downe by a post (that in spite of them will take the wall) and so reeles them into the kennell, who takes them vp or leades them home ? who has them to bed, and with a pillow smotheres this stealing so of good liquor, but that brazen-face *Candle-light* ? Nay more, hee intices their verie Prentices to make their desperate sallyes out, & quicke retyres in (contrarie to the Oath of their Indentures) which are seuen yeares a swearing, onely for their Pintes, and away.

Tush, this is nothing : yong shopkeepers that haue but newly ventured vpon the pikes of marriage, who are euery houre shewing their wares to their Customers, plying their businesse harder all day then *Vulcan* does his Anuile, and seeme better husbands than *Fidlers* that scrape for a poore liuing both day and night, yet euen these if they can but get *Candle-light*, to sit vp all night with them in any house of *Reckning* (thats to say in a *Tauerne*) they fall roundly to play the *London* prize, and thats at three seuerall weapons, *Drinking*, *Dauncing*, & *Dicing*, Their wiues lying all that

time in their beds sighing like widowes, which is lamentable : the giddie-braind husbāds wasting the portions they had with them , which lost once, they are (like Maiden-heades) neuer recouerable. Or which is worse, this going a Bat-fowling a nights, beeing noted by some wise yong-man or other, that knowes how to handle such cases, the bush is beaten for them at home, whilst they catch the bird abroad, but what bird is it ? the Woodcocke.

Neuer did any Cittie pocket vp such wrong at the hands of one, ouer whom she is so iealous, and so tender, that in Winter nights if he be but missing, and hide himselfe in the darke, I know not how many Beadles are sent vp and downe the streetes to crie him : yet you see, there is more cause she should send out to curse him. For what Villanies are not abroad so long as *Candle-light* is stirring ? The *Seruing-man* dare then walke with his wench : the *Priuate Puncke* (otherwise called one that boords in *London*) who like a Pigeon sits billing all day within doores, and feares to steppe ouer the thresholde, does then walke the round till midnight, after she hath beene swaggering amongst pottle pots and Vintners boyes. Nay, the sober *Perpetuana* suited Puritane, that dares not (so much as by *Moone-light*) come neere the Suburb-shadow of a house, where they set stewed Prunes befor you, raps as boldly at the hatch, when he knowes *Candle-light* is within, as if he were a new chosen Constable. When al doores are lockt vp, when no eyes are open, when birds sit silent in bushes, and beasts lie sleeping vnder hedges, when no creature can be smelt to be vp but they that may be smelt euery night a streets length ere you come at them, euen then doth this *Ignis fatuus* (*Candle-light*) walke like a Fire-drake into sundrie corners. If you will not beleue this, shoote but your eye through the Iron grates into the Cellers of Vintners, there you shall see him hold his necke in a Iin, made of a clift hoope-sticke, to throttle him from telling tales, whilst they most abhominably iumble together all the

papisticall drinkes that are brought from beyond-sea : the poore wines are rackt and made to confesse anie thing : the Spanish & the French meeting both in the bottome of the Cellar, conspire together in their cups, to lay the *Englishman* (if he euer come into their company) vnder the boord.

To be short, such strange mad musick doe they play vpon their Sacke-buttcs, that if *Candle-light* beeing ouer come with the steeme of newe sweete Wines, when they are at worke, shoulde not tell them tis time to goe to bedde, they would make all the Hogges-heads that vse to come to the house, to daunce the Cannaries till they reeld againe. When the *Grape-mongers* and hee are parted, hee walkes vp and downe the streetes squiring olde Midwiues to anie house, (verie secretly) where any Bastards are to be brought into the worlde. From them, (about the houre when Spirits walke, and Cats goe a gossiping) hee visits the Watch, where creeping into the *Beadles* Cothouse (which standes betweene his legges, that are lapt rounde about with peeces of Rugge, as if he had newe strucke off Shackles) and seeing the Watch-men to nodde at him, hee hydes himselfe presently, (knowing the token) vnder the flappe of a gowne, and teaches them (by instinct) howe to steale nappes into their heades, because hee sees all their Cloakes haue not one good nappe vppon them : and vppon his warrant snort they so lowde, that to those Night-walkers (whose wittes are vp so late) it serues as a Watch-worde to keepe out of the reach of their browne Billes : by which means they neuer come to aunswere the matter before maister Constable, and the Bench vppon which his men (that shoulde watch) doe sitte : so that the Counters are cheated of Prisoners, to the great dammage of those that shoulde haue their mornings draught out of the Garnish.

O *Candle-light*, *Candle-light* ! to howe manie costly Sacke-possets, and reare Banquets hast thou beene inuited by Prentices and Kitchen-maidens ? When the *Bell-man*

for anger to spie (such a Purloyner of Cittizens goods) so many, hath bounced at the doore like a madde man, At which (as if *Robin Good-fellow* had beene coniu'r'd vp amongst them) the Wenches haue falne into the handes of the Greene-sickness, and the yong fellowes into colde Agues, with verie feare least their maister (like olde *Ieronimo* and *Isabella* his wife after him) starting out of his naked bed should come downe (with a Weapon in his hande) and this in his mouth: *What out-cryes pull vs from our naked bedde? Who calles? &c.* as the Players can tell you. O *Candle-light*, howe hast thou stuncke then, when they haue popt thee out of their companie: howe hast thou taken it in snuffe, when thou hast beene smelt out especially the maister of the house exclayming, that by day that deede of darknesse had not beene. One Vennie more with thee, and then I haue done.

How many lips haue beene worne out with kissing at the street doore, or in y^e entry (in a winking blind euening?) how many odde matches and vneuen mariages haue been made there betweene young Prentises and there maisters daughters, whilst thou (O *Candle-light*) hast stood watching at the staires heade, that none could come stealing downe by thee, but they must bee seene?

It appeares by these articles put in against thee, that thou art partly a Bawd to diuerse loose sinnes, and partly a Coozener: for if any in the Cittie haue badde wares lying deade vppon their handes, thou art better than *Aqua vitæ* to fetch life into them, and to sende them packing. Thou shalt therefore bee taken out of thy proude Chariot, and bee carted: yet first will wee see what workmanship, and what stuffe it is made of, to the intent that if it bee not daungerous for a Cittie to keepe anie Relique belonging to such a crooked Saint, It may bee hung vp as a monument to shewe with what dishonour thou wert driuen out of so noble a lodging, to deface whose buildings thou hast beene so enuious, that when thou hast beene left alone by

any thing that woulde take fire, thou hast burnt to the ground many of her goodlyest houses.

Candle-lights Coach is made all of Horne, shauen as thin as Changelinges are. It is drawne (with ease) by two *Rats*: the *Coachman* is a *Chaundler*, who so sweats with yearking them, that he drops tallowe, and that feedes them as prouender: yet are the lashes that hee giues the squeaking *Vermine* more deadly to them then al the *Ratsbane* in Bucklersburie. *Painefulnesse* and *Studdy* are his two Lackeyes and run by him: *Darknesse*, *Conspiracy*, *Opportunitie*, *Stratagems* and *Feare*, are his attendants: hee's sued vnto by *Diggars* in *Mines*, *Grauers*, *Schollers*, *Mariners*, *Nurses*, *Drunkards*, *Vnthriftes* and shrode *Husbands*: hee destroyes that which feedes him, & therefore *Ingratitude* comes behinde all this, driuing them before her. The next Diuel that is to be commaunded vp, is a very lazie one, and will be long in rising: let vs therefore vnbinde this, and fall to other Charmes.

4. *Sloth* :

OR

The fourth dayes Tryumph.

MAn (doubtlesse) was not created to bee an idle fellow, for then he should bee Gods *Vagabond* : he was made for other purpose then to be euer eating as swine : euer sleeping as *Dormise* : euer dumb as fishes in the Sea, or euer prating to no purpose, as birdes of the ayre : he was not set in this *Vniuersall Orchard* to stand still as a *Tree*, and so to bee cut downe, but to be cut downe if he should stand still. And to haue him remember this, he carries certaine *Watches* with *Larums* about him, that are euer striking : for all the *Enginous Wheelles* of the *Soule* are continually going : though the body lye neuer so fast bownde in Slumbers, the imagination runnes too and fro, the phantasie flyes round about, the vitall Spirits walke vp and downe, yea the very pulses shew actiuitie, and their hammers are still beating, so that euen in his very dreames, it is whispered in his eare that hee must bee dooing something.

If hee had not these prompters at his elbowe, yet euerie member of his body (if it could speake) would chide him if they were put to no vse, cōsidering what noble workmanship is bestowed vpon them. For man no sooner gets vpon his legges, but they are made so that either hee may run or goe : when he is weary, they can giue him ease by

stāding still, if he will not stand, the *Knees* serue like Hindges to bow vp and downe, and to let him kneele. His armes haue artificiall cordes and stringes, which shorten or flye out to their length at pleasure: They winde about the bodye like a siluer Girdle, and being held out before, are weapōs to defend it: at the end of the armes, are two beautiful *Mathematicall* Instruments, with fiue seuerall motions in each of them, and thirtie other mouing *Engines*, by which they stirre both. His head likewise standes vpon three *Skrewes*, the one is directly forward to teach him *Providence*, the other two are on eather side one, to arme him with *Circumspection*: How busie are both the eyes, to keepe danger from him euerie way.

But admit hee had none of these *Wonderfull Volumes* to reade ouer, yet hee sees the clowdes alwaies working: the waters euer labouring: the earth continuallye bringing foorth: he sees the Sunne haue a hye colour with taking paines for the day. The Moone pale and sickly, with sitting vp for the night: the Stars mustring their armyes together to guard the Moone. All of them, and all that is in the world, seruing as Schoolemaisters, & the world it selfe as an *Academ* to bring vp man in knowledge, and to put him still into action.

How then dares this nastie, and loathsome sin of *Sloth* venture into a Citie amongst so many people? who doth he hope wil giue him entertainmēt? what lodging (thinks he) can be taine vp, where he & his heauy-headed cōpany may take their afternoones nap soundly? for in euery street, carts and Coaches make such a thundring as if the world ranne vpon wheeles: at euerie corner, men, women, and children meete in such shoales, that postes are sette vp of purpose to strengthen the houses, least with iustling one another they should shoulder them downe. Besides, hammers are beating in one place, Tubs hooping in another, Pots clincking in a third, water-tankards running at tilt in a fourth: heere are Porters sweating vnder burdens, there

Marchants-men bearing bags of money, Chapmen (as if they were at Leape-frog) skippe out of one shop into another: Tradesmen (as if they were daücing Galliards) are lusty at legges and neuer stand still: all are as busie as countrie Atturneyes at an Assises: how then can *Idlenes* thinke to inhabit heere?

Yet the *Worshipfull Sir*, (that leades a Gentlemans life, and dooth nothing) though he comes but slowly on (as if hee trodde a French March) yet hee comes and with a great trayne at his tayle, as if the countrie had brought vp some *Fellon* to one of our Gayles, So is he conuaide by nine or tenne drowsie Malt-men, that lye nodding ouer their Sackes, and euen a moste sleepeie and still Triumph begins his entrance at *Bishopsgate*.

An armie of substantiall Housholders (moste of them liuing by the hardnesse of the hand) came in Battaile array, with spred Banners, bearing the Armes of their seuerall occupations to meete this *Cowardly Generall* and to beate him backe. But hee sommoning a parlee, hammered out such a strong Oration in praise of *Ease*, that they all strucke vp their Drums, flung vp their *Round-Cappes*, and (as if it had beene another *William the Conqueror*) came marching in with him and lodged him in the quietest streete in the Cittie, for so his *Lazinesse* requested.

Hee then presently gaue licenses to all the Vintners, to keepe open house, and to emptye their Hogsheades to all commers, who did so, dying their grates into a drunkards blush (to make them knowne from the Grates of a prison) least customers should reele away from them, and hanging out new bushes, that if men at their going out, could not see the signe, yet they might not loose themselues in the bush. He likewise gaue order that dicing-houses, and bowling alleyes should be erected, whereupon a number of poore handy-crafts-men, that before wrought night and day, made stocks to thêselues of ten groates, & crowns a peece, and what by Betting, Lurches, Rubbers and such tricks,

they neuer tooke care for a good daies worke afterwards. For as *Letchery* is patron of al your Suburb Colledges, and sets vp *Vaulting-houses*, and *Daunsing-Schooles*: and as *Drunkennesse* when it least can stand, does best hold vp Alehouses, So *Sloth* is a founder of the Almeshouses first mentioned, & is a good Benefactor to these last.

The Players prayed for his comming, they lost nothing by it, the comming in of tenne Embassadors was neuer so sweete to them, as this our sinne was: their houses smoakt euerye after noone with Stinkards, who were so glewed together in crowdes with the Steames of strong breath, that when they came foorth, their faces lookt as if they had beene perboyld: And this *Comicall Tearme-time* they hoped for, at the least all the summer, because tis giuen out that *Sloth* himselfe will come, and sit in the two-pennie galleries amongst the Gentlemen, and see their *Knaueries* and their pastimes.

But alas! if these were the sorest diseases (*Thou noblest City of the now-noblest Nation*) that *Idlenes* does infect thee with: thou hast Phisick sufficient in thy selfe, to purge thy bodie of them. No, no, hee is not slothfull, that is onely lazie, that onely wastes his good houres, and his Siluer in Luxury, & licentious ease, or that onely (like a standing water) does nothing, but gather corruption: no, hee is the true *Slothfull* man that does no good. And how many would crie *Guilty* vnto thee, if this were their *Inditement*? Thy Maiestrates that (when they see thee most in danger) put vp the swordes, that *Iustice* hath guided, to their loynes, & flie into the countrie, leauing thee destitute of their *Counsell*, they would crie guilty, they are slothfull.

Thy Phisitions, that fearing to die by that which they liue, (*sicknes*) doe most vnkindely leaue thee when y^u art ready to lye vpon thy death bed, *They* are slothful, *They* would crie Guilty. Thy great men, and such as haue been thy *Rulers*, that being taken out of poore Cradles, & nursed vp by thee, haue fild their Cofers with golde,*and

their names w^t honour, yet afterwards growing weary of thee, (like *Mules* hauing suckt their dammes) most ingratelfully haue they stolne from thee, spending those blessings which were thine, vpon those that no way deserue them, Are not *These Slothful*? They would crie guiltye. There is yet one more, whome I would not heare to *Cry Guilty*, because (of all others) I would not haue them slothfull. O you that speake the language of *Angels*, and should indeed be *Angels* amōgst vs, you that haue offices aboue those of *Kinges*, that haue warrāt to cōmaund *Princes*, & controle them, if they doe amisse: you that are *Stewards* ouer the *Kings* house of heauen, and lye heere as *Embassadors* about the greatest *State-matters* in the world: what a dishonour were it to your places, if it should bee knowne that you are *Slothfull*? you are sworne labourers, to worke in a *Vineyard*, which if you dresse not carefully, if you cut it not artificially, if you vnderprop it not wisely whē you see it laden, if you gather not the fruites in it, when they bee ripe, but suffer them to drop down, and bee eaten vp by *Swine*, O what a deere account are you to make him that must giue you your hire? you are the *Beames* of the *Sun* that must ripen the *Grapes* of the *Vine*, & if you shine not cleerely, he will eclipse you for euer: your *tongues* are the instruments y^t must cut off rancke & idle *Sprigs*, to make the bearing-braunches to spread, and vnlesse you keep them sharpe, and be euer pruning with them, he will cast you by, and you shall be eaten vp with rust. The *Church* is a garden and you must weede it: it is a *Fountaine*, & you must keepe it cleere: it is her *Husbands Jewell*, and you must pollish it: it is his best belooued, and you must keepe her chast.

Many *Merchants* hath this *Cittie* to her *Sonnes*, of al which you are the most noble, you trafficke onely for mens *Soules*, sending them to the *Land* of *Promise*, and to the heauenly *Ierusalem*, and receiuing from thence (in *Exchange*) the rithest *Commoditie* in the world, your owne saluation.

O therefore bee not you Slothfull: for if being chosen Pilots, you Sleepe, and so sticke vpon Rockes, you hazard your owne shipwracke more then theirs that venture with you.

What a number of Colours are heere grounded, to paint out *Sloth* in his vglines, and to make him loathed, whilst he (yawning, and his Chin knocking nods into his brest) regards not the whips of the moste crabbish *Satyristes*. Let vs therfore looke vpon his *Horse-litter* that hee rides in, and so leaue him.

A couple of vnshodde Asses carry it betweene them, it is all sluttishly ouergrowne with Mosse on the out-side, and on the inside quilted through out with downe pillowes: *Sleepe* and *Plenty* leade the *Fore-Asse*; a pursie double chind *Læna*, riding by on a Sumpter-horse with prouãder at his mouth, & she is the *Litter-Driuer*: shee keepes two Pages, & those are an *Irish Beggar* on the one side, & *One that sayes he has been a Soldier* on the other side. His attendants are *Sicknes*, *Want*, *Ignorãce*, *Infamy*, *Bödage*, *Palenes*, *Blockishnes*, and *Carelesnes*. The Retayners that wear his cloth are *Anglers*, *Dumb Ministers*, *Players*, *Exchange-Wenches*, *Gamsters*, *Panders*, *Whores* and *Fidlers*.

Apishnesse :

OR

The fift dayes Triumph.

S *Loth* was not so slow in his march, when hee entred the Citie, but *Apishnesse* (that was to take his turne next) was as quick. Do you not know him? It cannot be read in any Chronicle, that he was euer with *Henrie* the eight at *Bulloigne* or at y^e winning of *Turwin & Turnay*: for (not to belie the *sweete Gentleman*;) he was neither in the shell then, no nor then when *Paules-steeple* and the *Weathercocke* were on fire; by which markes (without looking in his mouth) you may safely sweare, that hees but yong, for hees a feirse, dapper fellow, more light headed then a Musitian: as phantastically attyred as a Court Ieaster: wanton in discourse: lasciuious in behaiour; iocond in good companie: nice in his trencher, and yet he feedes verie hungerly on scraps of songs: he drinkes in a Glasse well, but vilely in a deepe French-bowle: yet much about the yeare when *Monsieur* came in, was hee begotten, betweene a French Tayler, and an English Court-Seamster. This *Signior Ioculento* (as the diuell would haue it) comes prawning in at *Cripplegate*, and he may well doe it, for indeede all the parts hee playes are but con'd speeches stolne from others, whose voices and actions he counterfeites: but so lamely, that all the Cripples in tenne Spittle-houses, shewe not more halting. The *Grauer Browes* were bent against him, and by the awfull

Charmes of Reuerend Authoritie, would haue sent him downe from whence he came, for they knew howe smooth soeuer his lookes were, there was a diuell in his bosome: But hee hauing the stronger faction on his side, set them in a Mutenie, *Sæuitque animis ignobile vulgus*, the manie headed Monster fought as it had beene against Saint *George*, won the gate, and then with showtes was the *Gaueston of the Time*, brought in. But who brought him in? None but richmens sonnes that were left well, and had more money giuen by will, then they had wit how to bestow it: none but Prentises almost out of their yeers, and all the Tailors, Haberdashers, and Embroderers that could be got for loue or money, for these were prest secretly to the seruice, by the yong and wanton dames of the Citie, because they would not be seene to shewe their loue to him themselues.

Man is Gods Ape, and an Ape is *Zani* to a man, doing ouer those trickes (especially if they be knauish) which hee sees done before him: so that *Apishnesse* is nothing but counterfetting or imitation: and this flower when it first came into the Citie, had a prettie scent, and a delightfull colour, hath bene let to run so high, that it is now seeded, and where it fals there rises vp a stinking weede.

For as man is Gods ape, striuing to make artificiall flowers, birdes, &c. like to the natural: So for the same reason are women, Mens *Shee Apes*, for they will not bee behind them the bredth of a Taylors yard (which is nothing to speake of) in anie new-fangled vpstart fashion. If men get vp French standing collers, women will haue the French standing coller too: if Dublets with little thick skirts, (so short that none are able to sit vpon them,) womens foreparts are thick-skirted too: by surfetting vpon which kinde of phantasticall *Apishnesse* in a short time, they fall into the disease of pride: Pride is infectious, and breedes prodigalitie: Prodigalitie after it has runne a little, closes vp and festers, and then turnes to *Beggerie*. Wittie was that Painter therefore, that when hee had limned one of

euery Nation in their proper attyres, and beeing at his wittes endes howe to drawe an *Englishman*: At the last (to giue him a quippe for his follie in apparell) drewe him starke naked, with Sheeres in his hand, and cloth on his arme, because none could cut out his fashions but himselfe.

For an English-mans suite is like a traitors bodie that hath beene hanged, drawne, and quartered, and is set vp in seuerall places: his Codpeece is in *Denmarke*, the collar of his Dublet, and the belly in *France*: the wing and narrow sleeue in *Italy*: the short waste hangs ouer a *Dutch* Botchers stall in *Vtrich*: his huge sloppes speakes *Spanish*: *Polonia* giues him the Bootes: the blocke for his heade alters faster then the Feltmaker can fitte him, and thereupon we are called in scorne *Blockheades*. And thus we that mocke euerie Nation, for keeping one fashion, yet steale patches from euerie one of them, to peece out our pride, are now laughing-stocks to them, because their cut so scruuily becomes us:

This sinne of *Apishnesse*, whether it bee in apparell, or in diet, is not of such long life as his fellowes, and for seeing none but women and fooles keepe him companie, the one wil be ashamed of him when they begin to haue wrinckles, the other when they feele their purses light. The Magistrate, the wealthy commoner, and the auncient Cittizen, disdaine to come neare him: wee were best therefore, take note of such things as are aboute him, least on a suddaine hee slip out of sight.

Apishnesse rides in a Chariot made of nothing but cages, in which are all the strangest out-landish Birds that can be gotten: the Cages are stucke full of Parats feathers: the Coach-man is an *Italian Mownti-banck* who driues a Fawne and a Lambe, for they drawe this Gew-gaw in Winter, when such beasts are rarest to be had: In Sommer, it goes alone by the motion of wheelles: two Pages in light coloured suites, embrodered full of Butterflies, with wings that flutter vp with the winde, run by him, the one being a

dauncing boy, the other a Tumbler : His attendants are *Folly, Laughter, Inconstancie, Riot, Nicenesse,* and *Vain-glorie* : when his Court remoues, hee is folowed by *Tobacco-nists, Shittlecock-makers, Feather-makers, Cob-web-lawne-weauers, Perfumers,* young *Countrie Gentlemen,* and *Fooles,* In whose *Ship* whilst they all are sayling, let vs obserue what other abuses the *Verdimotes* Inquest doe present on the lande, albeit they bee neuer reformed, till a second *Chaos* is to bee refined. In the meane time, *In noua fert Animus.*

Shauing :

OR

The sixt dayes Triumph.

HOw? *Shauing!* Me thinkes *Barbers* should crie to their Customers winck hard and come running out of their shoppes into the open streetes, throwing all their Suddes out of their learned Latin Basons into my face for presuming to name the *Mysterie* of *Shauing* in so villanous a companie as these seuen are. Is that Trade (say they) that for so many yeares hath bene held vp by so many heades, and has out-bearded the stowtest in *England* to their faces, Is that *Trade*, that because it is euermore *Trimming* the Citie, hath bene for many yeers past made vp into a Societie, and hath their Guild, and their *Priuiledges* with as much freedome as the best, must that nowe bee counted a sinne (nay and one of the *Deadly sinnes*) of the Cittie? No, no, be not angry with me, (O you that bandie away none but sweete washing Balles, and cast none other then Rose-waters for any mans pleasure) for there is *Shauing* within the *walles* of this *Great Metropolis*, which you neuer dreamed of: A shauing that takes not only away the rebellious haire, but brings the flesh with it too: and if that cannot suffice, the very bones must follow. If therefore you, and *Fiue* companies greater then yours, should chuse a Colonel, to lead you against this mightie *Tamburlaine*, you are too weake to make him *Retire*, and if you should come to a battell, you would loose the day.

For behold what *Troopes* forsake the *Standard* of the Citie, and flie to him: neither are they base & common souldiers, but euen those that haue borne armes a long time. Be silent therefore, and be patient: and since there is no remedie but that (*this combatant that is so cunning at the sharpe*) wil come in, mark in what triumphant and proud manner, he is marshalled through *Newgate*: At which *Bulwarke* (& none other) did he (in policy) desire to shew himself. First, because he knew if the Citie should play with him, as they did w^t *Wiat*, *Newgate* held a nüber, that though they were false to all the world, would be true to him. Couragiously therefore does he enter: All of them that had once serued vnder his colors (and were now to suffer for the *Truth*, which they had abused) leaping vp to the Iron lattaces, to beholde their *General*, & making such a ratling with shaking their chaines for ioy, as if *Cerberus* had bin come frō hell to liue and die amongst them. *Shauing* is now lodged in the heart of the Citie, but by whom? and at whose charges? Mary at a common purse, to which many are tributaries, & therefore no maruell if he be feasted royally. The first that paid their mony towards it, are cruel and couetous Land-lords, who for the building vp of a Chimny, which stands them not aboue 30.s. and for whitening the wals of a tenement, which is scarce worth the daubing, raise the rent presently (as if it were new put into y^e Subsidy book) assessing it at 3. li. a yeer more then euer it went for before: filthy wide-mouthd bandogs they are, that for a quarters rent will pull out their ministers throte, if he were their tenāt: And (though it turn to the vtter vndoing of a man) being rubd with quicksiluer, which they loue because they haue mangy consciences, they will let to a drunken *Flemming* a house ouer his own couñtry-mans head, thinking hees safe enough from the thunderbolts of their wiues and children, and from curses, and the very vengeance of heauen, if he get by the bargaine but so many Angels as will couer the crowne of his head.

The next that laide downe his share, was no Sharer among the Players, but a shauer of yong *Gentlemen*, before euer a haire dare peepe out of their chinnes: and these are *Vsurers*: who for a little money, and a greate deal of trash: (as Fire-shouels, browne-paper, motley cloake-bags, &c.) bring yong Nouices into a fooles Paradise till they haue sealed the Morgage of their landes, and then like Pedlers, goe they (or some Familiar spirit for them, raizde by the *Vsurers*) vp and downe to cry *Commodities*, which scarce yeeld the third part of y^e sum for which they take them vp.

There are likewise other Barbers, who are so well customed, that they shaue a whole Citie sometymes in three dayes, and they doe it (as *Bankes* his horse did his *tricks*) onely by the eye, and the eare: For if they either see no Magistrate comming towards them, (as being called back by the Common-weale for more serious imployments) or doe but heare that hee lyes sicke, vpon whom the health of a Cittie is put in hazard: they presently (like Prentises vpon *Shoue-tuesday*) take the lawe into their owne handes, and doe what they list. And this Legion consists of Market-folkes, Bakers, Brewers, all that weigh their Consciences in Scales. And lastly, of the two degrees of Colliers, *viz.* those of Char-coles, and those of *New-castle*. Then haue you the *Shauing* of Fatherlesse children, and of widowes, and thats done by Executors. The *Shauing* of poore Clients especially by the Atturneyes Clearkes of your Courts, and thats done by writing their Billes of costs vpon *Cheuerell*. The *Shauing* of prisoners by extortion, first, taken by their keepers, for a prison is builded on such ranke and fertile ground, that if poore wretches sow it with hand-fulles of small debts when they come in, if they lie there but a while to see the comming vp of them: the charges of the house will bee treble the demaund of the Creditor. Then haue you *Brokers* y^t shaue poor men by most iewish interest: marry the diuils trimme them so soone as they

haue washed others. I wil not tell how Vintners shaue their Guestes with a little peece of Paper not about three fingers broade ; for their roomes are like Barbarus Chaires : Men come into them willingly to bee *Shauen*. Onely (which is worst) bee it knowne to thee (*O thou Queene of Cities*) thy Inhabitants *Shaue* their *Consciencences* so close, that in the ende they growe balde, and bring forth no goodnesse.

Wee haue beene quicke (you see) in *Trimming* this *Cutter* of *Queene Hith*, because tis his propertie to handle others so, let vs bee as nymble in praysing his *Household-stuffe* : The best part of which is his *Chariot*, richly adorned, It is drawn by foure beasts : the 2. formost are a *Wolfe* (which will eate till he be readie to burst) and hee is Coach-fellow to a *she-Bear*, who is cruell euen to women great with childe : behinde them are a couple of *Blood-houndes* : the Coach-man is as *Informer* : Two *Pettifoggers* that haue beene turned ouer the barre, are his Lackies : his *Household seruants* are *Wit* (who is his Steward) : *Audacitie* : *Shifting* : *Inexorabilitie* : and *Disquietness of mind* : The *Meanie* are (besides some persons before named) skeldring soldiers, and begging schollers.

Crueltie :

OR

The seuenth and last dayes Triumph.

What a weeke of sinfull *Reueling* hath heere bin with these *six* proud Lords of Misrule? to which of your *Hundred* parishes (O you *Citizens*) haue not some one of these (if not all) remoued their Courts, and feasted you with them? your Percullises are not strong inough to keepe them out by day, your Watchmen are too sleepy to spie their stealing in by night. There is yet another to enter, as great in power as his fellowes, as subtill, as full of mischiefe: If I shoulde name him to you, you would laugh mee to scorne, because you cannot bee perswaded that such a one should euer bee suffered to liue within the freedome: yet if I name him not to you, you may in time, by him (as by the rest) bee vndone. It is *Crueltie*, O strange! mee thinkes *London* should start vp out of her sollid foundation, and in anger bee ready to fall vppon him, and grinde him to dust that durst say, shee is possest with such a deuill. *Cruelty*! the verie sound of it shewes that it is no English word: it is a *Fury* sent out of hel, not to inhabit within such beautifull walles, but amongst Turkes and Tartars. The other sixe Monsters transforme themselues into Amiable shapes, and set golden, inticing Charmes to winne men to their *Circæan* loue, they haue *Angelical* faces to allure, and bewitching tongues to inchaunt: But *Cruelty* is a hag, horred in forme, terrible in voice, formidable in

threates, A tyrant in his very lookes, and a murderer in all his actions.

How then commeth it to passe that heere he seekes entertainment? For what Cittie in the world, does more drie vp the teares of the Widdowe, and giues more warmth to the fatherlesse then this ancient and reuerend *Grandam* of Citties? Where hath the *Orphan* (that is to receiue great portions) lesse cause to mourne the losse of Parents? He findes foure and twentie graue *Senators* to bee his Fathers instead of one: the Cittie it selfe to bee his Mother: her Officers to bee his Seruants, who see that hee want nothing: her lawes to suffer none to doe him wrong: and though he be neuer so simple in wit, or so tender in yeares, shee looks as warily to that welth which is left him, as to the Apple of her owne eye. Where haue the Leaper and the Lunaticke Surgery, and Phisicke so good cheape as heere? their payment is onely thanks: large Hospitalls are erected (of purpose to make them lodgings) and the rent is most easie, onely their prayers: yet for all this, that Charitie hath her Armes full of children, & that tender-brested Compassion is still in one street or other dooing good workes: off from the Hindges are one of the 7. *Gates* readie to bee lifted, to make roome for this Giant: the Whiflers of your inferior and Chiefe companies cleere the wayes before him, men of all trades with shoutes & acclamations followed in thrōges behinde him, yea euen the siluer-bearded, & seuearest lookt cittizēs haue giuen him welcomes in their Parlors.

There are in Lond. & within the buildings, y^t roūd about touch her sides, & stand within her reach, *Thirteene strong houses of sorrow*, where the prisoner hath his heart wasting away sometimes a whole prentship of yeres in cares. They are most of them built of Freestone, but none are free within thē: cold are their imbracemēts: vnwholsom is their cheare: dispaireful their lodgings, vncōfortable their societies, miserable their inhabitants: O what

a deale of wretchednes can make shift to lye in a little roome ! if those 13. houses were built al together, how rich wold Griefe be, hauing such large inclosures ? Doth cruelty challēgea freemans roome in the City because of these places ? no, the politicke body of the Republike wold be infected, if such houses as these were not maintained, to keepe vp those that are vnsound. Claimes he then an inheritance here, because you haue whipping postes in your streetes for the Vagabond ? the Stocks and the cage for the vnruely beggar ? or because you haue Carts for the Bawde and the Harlot, and Beadles for the Lecher ? neither. Or is it because so many mōthly Sessions are held ? so many men, women and Children cald to a reconing at the Bar of death for their liues ? and so many lamentable hempen Tragedies acted at *Tiburne* ? nor for this : *Iustice* should haue wrong, to haue it so reported. No (you Inhabitants of this little world of people) Crueltie is a large Tree & you all stand vnder it : you are cruel in compelling your children (for wealth) to goe into loathed beds, *Against forced Mariages.* for therby you make [them bond-slaues : what ploughman is so foolish to yoake young hecfars & old bullocks together ? yet such is your husbandry. In fitting your Coaches with horses, you are very curious to haue them (so neere as you cā) both of a colour, both of a height, of an age, of propotion, and will you bee carelesse in coupling your Children ? he into whose bosome three-score winters haue thrust their frozen fingars, if hee be rich (though his breath bee rancker then a Muck-hill, his bodye more drye than *Mummi*, and his minde more lame than *Ignorance* it selfe) shall haue offered vnto him (but it is offered as a sacrifice) the tender boosome of a Virgin, vpon whose fore-head was neuer written sixteene yeares : if she refuse this liuing death (for lesse than a death it cannot be vnto her) She is threatned to bee left an out-cast, cursd for disobedience, raild at daily, and reuyld howerlye : to saue her selfe from which basenes, She desprately runnes

into a bondage, and goes to Church to be married, as if she went to be buried. But what glorye atcheiue you in these conquests? you doe wrong to Time, inforcing May to embrace December: you dishonour Age, in bringing it into scorne for insufficiency, into a loathing for dotage, into all mens laughter for iealousie. You make your Daughters looke wrinckled with sorrowes, before they be olde, & your sonnes by riot, to be beggars in midst of their youth. Hence come it, y^t murders are often contriued, & as often acted: our countrie is woful in fresh examples: Hence comes it, y^t the Courtier giues you an open scoffe, y^o clown a secret mock, the Cittizen y^t dwels at your threshold, a ieery frūp: Hence it is, y^t if you goe by water in the calmest day, you are driuen by some fatall storme into y^o vn lucky & dangerous hauen betweene *Greenewich & London*. You haue another cruelty in keeping men in prison so long, til sicknes & death deal mildly with them, and (in despite of al tyranny) baile them out of all executions. When you see a *Against
cruell Cre-
ditors.* poore wretch that to keep life in a loathed body hath not a house left to couer his head from the tempestes, nor a bed (but the common bedde which our Mother the earth allowes him) for his cares to sleepe vppon, when you haue (by keeping or locking him vp) robd him of all meanes to get, what seeke you to haue him loose but his life? The miserable prisoner is ready to famish, yet that cānot mooue you, the more miserable wife is readye to runne mad with dispaire, yet that cannot melt you: the moste of all miserable, his Children lye crying at your dores, yet nothing can awaken in you compassion: if his debts be heauie, the greater and more glorious is your pittie to worke his freedom, if they be light, the sharper is the *Vengeance* that will be heaped vpon your heades for your hardnes of heart. Wee are moste like to God that made vs, when wee shew loue one to another, and doe moste looke like the Diuell that would destroy vs, when wee are one anothers

tormenters. If any haue so much flint growing about his bosome, that he will needes make Dice of mens bones, I would there were a lawe to compell him to make drinking bowles of their Sculs too : and that euerie miserable debter that so dyes, might be buried at his Creditors doore, that when hee strides ouer him he might thinke he still rises vp (like the Ghost in *Ieronimo*) crying *Reuenge*.

Crueltie hath yet another part to play, it is acted (like the *Against vn-
consonable
Maisters.* old Morralls at *Maningtree*) by Trades-men, marrye seuerall companies in the Cittie haue it in study, and they are neuer perfect in it, till the end of seauen yeares at least, at which time, they come off with it roundly. And this it is : When your seruants haue made themselues bondmen to inioy your fruitfull hand-maides, thats to say, to haue an honest and thriuing Art to liue by : when they haue fared hardly with you by Indenture, & like your Beasts which carry you haue patiently borne all labours, and all wrongs you could lay vpon them.

When you haue gathered the blossomes of their youth, and reaped the fruites of their strength, And that you can no longer (for shame) hold them in Captiuitie, but that by the lawes of your Country and of conscience, you must vndoe their fetters, Then, euen then doe you hang moste weightes at their heeles, to make them sincke downe for euer : when you are bound to send them into the world to liue, you send them into the world to beg : they seru'd you seuen yeeres to pick vp a poore liuing, and therein you are iust, for you will be sure it shall be a poore liuing indeede they shall pick vp : for what do the rich cubs ? like foxes they lay their heads together in conspiracy, burying their leaden consciences vnder the earth, to the intent that all waters that are wholesome in taste, and haue the sweetnes of gaine in going downe, may be drawne through them only, being the great pipes of their Company, because they see tis the custome of the Citty, to haue all waters that come thither, conueyed by such large vessels,

and they will not breake the customes of the Citty. When they haue the fullnesse of welth to the brim, that it runs ouer, they scarce will suffer their poore Seruant to take that which runs at waste, nor to gather vp the wind-fals, when all the great trees, as if they grew in the garden of the *Hesperides*, are laden with golden apples: no, they would not haue them gleane the scattered eares of corne, though they themselues cary away y^e full sheafes: as if Trades that were ordaind to be *Communities*, had lost their first priuiledges, and were now turned to *Monopolyes*. But remember (*ô* you *Rich men*) that your Seruants are your adopted Children, they are naturalized into your bloud, and if you hurt theirs, you are guilty of letting out your owne, than which, what *Cruelty* can be greater?

What *Gallenist* or *Paracelsian* in the world, by all his water-casting, and minerall extractions, would iudge, that this fairest-fac'de daughter of *Brute*, (and good daughter to King *Lud*, who gaue her her name) should haue so much corruption in her body? vnlesse that (beeing now two thousand and seuen hundred yeeres old) extreme age should fill her full of diseases! Who durst not haue sworne for her, that of all loathsome sinnes that euer bred within her, she had neuer toucht the sinne of cruelty? It had wont to be a Spanish *Sicknes*, and hang long (incurably) vpon the body of their Inquisition; or else a French disease, running all ouer that Kingdome in a *Massacre*; but that it had infected the English, especially the people of this now once-againe *New-reard-Troy*, it was beyond beliefe. But is she cleerly purg'd of it by those pills that haue before bin giuen her? Is she now sound? Are there no dregs of this thick and pestilenciall poyson, eating still through her bowels? Yes: the vgliest Serpent hath not vncurld himselfe. She hath sharper and more black inuenomed stings within her, than yet haue bin shot forth.

There is a *Cruelty* within thee (*faire Troynouant*) worse

2700 and
odde yeeres
since London
was first
builded by
Brute.

and more barbarous then all the rest, because it is halfe against thy owne selfe, and halfe against thy *Dead Sonnes and Daughters*. Against thy dead children wert thou cruell in that dreadfull, horrid, and *Tragicall* yeere, when 30000. of them (struck with plagues from heauen) dropt downe in winding-sheets at thy feet. Thou didst then take away all *Ceremonies* due vnto them, and haledst them rudely to their last beds (like drunkards) without the dead mans musick (his *Bell*.) Alack, this was nothing: but thou tumbledst them into their euerlasting lodgings (ten in one heape, and twenty in another) as if all the roomes vpō earth had bin full. The gallant and the begger lay together; the scholler and the carter in one bed: the husband saw his wife, and his deadly enemy whom he hated, within a paire of sheetes. Sad & vnseemely are such *Funeralls*: So felons that are cut downe from the tree of shame and dishonor, are couered in the earth: So souldiers, after a mercilesse battaile, receiue vnhandsome buriall. But suppose the *Pestiferous Deluge* should againe drowne this little world of thine, and that thou must be compeld to breake open those caues of horror and gastlinesse, to hide more of thy dead houshold in them, what rotten stenches, and contagious dampes would strike vp into thy nostrils? thou couldst not lift vp thy head into the aire, for that (with her condensed sinnes) would stifle thee; thou couldst not diue into the waters, for that they being teinted by the ayre, would poison thee. Art thou now not cruell against thy selfe, in not prouiding (before the land-waters of *Affliction* come downe againe vpon thee) more and more conuenient Cabins to lay those in, that are to goe into such farre countries, who neuer looke to come back againe? If thou shouldst deny it, the Graues when they open, will be witnesses against thee.

Nay, thou hast yet *Another Cruelty* gnawing in thy bosome; for what hope is there y^t thou shouldst haue

*Against
want of pla-
ces for Bu-
riall in ex-
tremity of
sicknes.
1602.*

pitty ouer others, when thou art vnmercifull to thy self !
 Looke ouer thy walls into thy Orchards and Gardens, and thou shalt see thy seruants and apprentices sent out cunningly by their Masters at noone day vpon deadly errands, when they perceiue that the *Armed Man* hath struck them, yea euen whē they see they haue tokens deliuered them from heauen to hasten thither, then send they them forth to walke vpon their graues, and to gather the flowers thēselues that shall stick their own Herse. And this thy Inhabitants do, because they are loth & ashamd to haue a writing ouer their dores, to tell that God hath bin there, they had rather all their enemies in the world should put them to trouble, then that he should visit them.

*Against
want of pro-
vision for
those that
dye in the
fields.*

Looke againe ouer thy walls into thy Fields, and thou shalt heare poore and forsaken wretches lye groaning in ditches, and traouailing to seeke out Death vpon thy common hie wayes. Hauing found him, he there throwes downe their infected carcasses, towards which, all that passe by, looke, but (till common shame, and common necessity compell) none step in to giue them buriall. Thou setst vp posts to whip them when they are aliue: Set vp an Hospitall to comfort them being sick, or purchase ground for them to dwell in when they be well, and that is, when they be dead.

Is it not now hie time to sound a *Retreate*, after so terrible a battaile fought betweene the seuen *Electors* of the *Low Infernall Countryes*, and one little Citty? What armyes come marching along with them? What bloody cullors do they spread? What Artillery do they mount to batter the walls? How valiant are their seuen *Generalls*? How expert? How full of fortune to conquer? Yet nothing sooner ouerthrowes them, than to bid them battaile first, and to giue them defiance.

*The Con-
clusion.*

Who can denye now, but that *Sinne* (like the seuen-headed *Nylus*) hath ouerflowed thy banks and thy buildings (ô thou glory of *Great Brittain*e) and made thee fertile (for many

yeeres together) in all kindes of *Vices*? *Volga*, that hath fifty streames falling one into another, neuer ranne with so swift and vnresistable a current, as these *Black-waters* do, to bring vpon thee an *Inundation*. If thou (as thou hast done) kneelest to worship this *Beast* with *Seuen Crowned Heads*, and the *Whore* that sits vpon it, the fall of thee (that hast out-stood so many *Citties*) will be greater then that of *Babylon*. She is now gotten within thy walls; she rides vp and downe thy streetes, making thee drunke out of her cup, and marking thee in the forehead with pestilence for her owne. She causes *Violls* of wrath to be powred vpon thee, and goes in triumph away, when she sees thee falling. If thou wilt be safe therefore and recouer health, rise vp in *Armes* against her, and driue her (and the *Monster* that beares her) out at thy *Gates*. Thou seest how proudly and impetuously sixe of these *Centaures* (that are halfe man, halfe beast, and halfe diuell) come thundring alongst thy *Habitations*, and what rabbles they bring at their heeles; take now but note of the last, and marke how the seuenth rides: for if thou findest but the least worthy quality in any one of them to make thee loue him, I will write a *Retraction* of what is inueyd against them before, and pollish such an *Apology* in their defence, that thou shalt be enamored of them all.

The body and face of this *Tyrannous Commander*, that leades thus the *Reareward*, are already drawne: his *Chariot* is framed all of ragged *Flint* so artificially bestowed, that as it runnes, they strike one another, and beate out fire that is able to consume *Citties*: the wheeles are many, and swift: the *Spokes* of the wheeles, are the *Shinbones* of wretches that haue bin eaten by misery out of prison. A couple of vnruely, fierce, and vntamed *Tygers* (cald *Murder* and *Rashnes*) drew the *Chariot*: *Ignorance* holds the reynes of the one, and *Obduration* of the other: *Selfe-will* is the *Coachman*. In the vpper end of the *Coach*, sits *Cruelty* alone, vpon a bench made of dead mens skulls. All the way that

he rides, he sucks the hearts of widdowes and father-lesse children. He keepes neither foote-men nor Pages, for none will stay long with him. He hath onely one attendant that euer followes him, called *Repentance*, but the Beast that drawes him, runnes away with his good Lord and Master so fast before, that *Repentance* being lame (and therefore slow) tis alwayes very late ere he comes to him. It is to be feared, that *Cruelty* is of great authority where he is knowne, for few or none dare stand against him: *Law* only now and then beards him, and stayes him, in contempt of those that so terribly gallop before him: but out of the Lawes hands, if he can but snatch a sheathed sword (as oftentimes hee does) presently hee whips it out, smiting and wounding with it euery one that giues him the least crosse word. He comes into the Citty, commonly at *All-gate*, beeing drawne that way by the smell of bloud about the Barres, (for by his good will he drinks no other liquor :) but when hee findes it to be the bloud of Beasts (amongst the Butchers) and not of men, he flyes like lightning along the Causey in a madnes, threatning to ouer-runne all whom he meetes: but spying the Brokers of *Hownsditch* shuffling themselues so long together (like a false paire of Cards) till the Knaues be vppermost, onely to doe homage to him, he stops, kissing all their cheekes, calling them all his deerest Sonnes; and bestowing a damnable deale of his blessing vpon them, they cry, *Roome* for *Cruelty*, and are the onely men that bring him into the Citty:

To follow whom vp and downe so farre
as they meane to goe with him,

—*Dii me terrent, & Iupiter hostis.*

F I N I S.

Tho. Dekker.

A P P E N D I X

I AM indebted to my friend Mr. F. P. Wilson for the suggestion that the elaborate descriptions of the chariot, wheels, horses, coachmen etc., of the seven Sins, with which the entry of each of them into London is concluded, may owe something either directly to St. Bernard (whom Dekker quotes in his *Foure Birdes of Noah's Arke*, 1613), or to the account of the 'Foure wheeles of the chariot of coueteousnesse' given in 1584 by George Whetstone, in his book *A MIROVR | For Magestrates | Of CYTIES*. The passage occurs at sig. I. i. verso, and runs: 'S. Bernard saith, y^t the accursed chariot of coueteousnesse, is drawn with foure disloyal wheeles of vices, vz. *Pusalanimite, Crueltie misprising of God, and forgetfulnesse of certaine death*. The two horses are named *Theft, & Hardnesse*. The waggoner is *Earnest desire to haue*, who vseth two sharpe whippes: the one called *Disordered appetite to get*, the other, *Feare to loose*.'

To anyone who reads Dekker's seven descriptions after this passage, there can remain no doubt of his indebtedness, and I fear to weaken a good case by suggesting that there may be an acknowledgement (whether conscious or not) of the debt in the fact that Dekker's '*Chariot . . . that Lying is drawne in, is made al of whetstones*' (28. 1.). Still, on the 1584 title-page the earlier author's name was given as Whetstones, as it was on that of his *English Myrrior* in 1586; and Dekker enjoyed a pun.

NOTES

THE following notes, with some rare exceptions, are intended only for the brief explanation of such terms as might puzzle the average reader of to-day. Abbreviations are not annotated; they consist of y^e (the), y^t (that), y^u (thou), w^t (with), and the sign $-$ over a vowel, denoting the omission of a following n or m (thē = then *or* them).

- P. 3, 2. *Henry Fermor*: apparently a minor patron of literature. To him, in 1608, George Wilkins dedicated his novel of *The Painfull Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre*.
- P. 4, 14. *Skeldring*: this word has two chief senses; to beg (especially with the aid of pretending to be an old soldier); and to swindle, cheat, defraud. See 49, 20 and note.
- P. 5, 21. *Conradus Gesner*: famous for his series of five books on natural history, completed by 1587.
- P. 9, 1. *in her streetes*: in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, 1572; see 55, 27.
- P. 10, 25. *that Wonderfull yeere*: in his side-notes, here and on p. 56, Dekker gives this year as 1602. We should call it 1603, as Dekker himself did in the title of his pamphlet *The Wonderfull Yeare 1603* (published in that year), but he was working from the yearly Bills of Mortality, which extended from December to December.
- P. 10, 31. *Namque . . . refugit*: Dekker has in mind Aeneas' mournful words to Dido, *Æneid* ii. 10-13:
- Sed, si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros,
Et breviter Trojæ supremum audire laborem,
Quanquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit,
Incipiam.
- The allusion gains peculiar point from the supposed Trojan origin of the victims of the plague; see 55, 17-36, and note.
- P. 13, 1. *Politick*: premeditated and fraudulent.

- P. 14, 8. *one arm'd with an extemporall speech* : the Elizabethan journalist was well aware of the comic side of civic or academic addresses of welcome, and indeed of rhetorical exercises in general. See *Percy Reprints* No. I, Nashe's *Vnfortunate Traueller*, pp. 43-8.
- P. 14, 16. *tunde* : i.e. tuned. The t is clear enough in the Douce and Malone copies, and is evidently correct, though Arber reads 'f[o]unde' and the Cambridge edition 'funde.'
- P. 14, 23. *turnd off* : 'turning off the ladder' is good Elizabethan for 'hanging.' The phrase is neatly used here to give an unexpected meaning to 'the ladder of promotion' in the previous line. Nashe uses 'turnd ouer' in the same sense (*Percy Reprints* No. I, 55, 3).
- P. 15, 3. *Vpsy-Freeze, Crambo, Parmizant* : these were regular tipping terms. The first was applied to swilling in the Frisian manner, and the last commemorates the drinkers of Parma, but *Crambo* still awaits precise definition.
- P. 15, 17. *a Puny* : a junior student in the Inns of Court.
- P. 15, 21. *Politician* : in the usual Elizabethan sense of schemer, conspirator. See 16, 31.
- P. 16, 10. *Anatomize* : dissect.
- P. 17, 20. *Nam crimine* : a reminiscence of the words, *et crimine ab uno Disce omnes*, with which Æneas introduces the treachery of Sinon ; *Æneid* ii. 65-66.
- P. 17, 31. *veluet-garded* : a velvet-guard was either a trimming of velvet, or its wearer. These trimmings were affected by prosperous citizens, and Hotspur's inimitable lines on such precisians in dress and speech are well known (*I. Hen. IV.*, III, i. 250-60).
- P. 18, 5. *The Third House* : perhaps successive possession by three generations in the owner's family (cf. *tertius heres* in Roman law).
- P. 19, 20. *Falling* : the husband of Juliet's nurse (*Romeo and Juliet*, I. iii.) is the only fit commentator for this passage.
- P. 20, 16. *Derick* : he became hangman about 1601, and continued in the office till about 1647. The modern derrick, a crane, preserves his memory.
- P. 20, 23. *weltd* : Dekker's *Newes from Hell* shows that usurers 'went in black veluet coats, and weltd gownes'.
- P. 20, 26. *the Noble Science* : see 5, 4, and note. This challenge by a German swordsman was evidently well known at the time, but I have not found other allusions to it.
- P. 21, 14. *Legiar* : ambassador.
- P. 22, 10. *execution* : of a writ ; see 53, 19.

- P. 24, 21. *bottles*: the usual word for a bundle of hay suggests the pun.
- P. 27, 4. *paynted posts*: the accepted sign of such houses.
- P. 27, 14. *giue Armes*: exhibit armorial bearings.
- P. 28, 6-8. *Knights . . . Post*: a knight of the post was the regular term for a professional false witness. For *Post and Pair* the *N.E.D.* quotes Nares: 'A game on the cards, played with three cards each, wherein much depends on *uying*, or betting on the goodness of your own hand.'
- P. 28, 9. *Scambling*: rapacious.
- P. 30, 23. *circle*: that drawn by a magician for purposes of conjuration.
- P. 30, 32. *a private Play-house*: the private playhouses, not being open to the weather, could be darkened for scenic illusion.
- P. 31, 14. *battles*: clubs.
- P. 32, 8. *Woodcocke*: habitual Elizabethan slang for a simpleton.
- P. 32, 22. *Perpetuana suited Puritane*: Perpetuana was 'a durable fabric of wool manufactured in England from the sixteenth century.'—*N.E.D.*
- P. 32, 24. *stewed Prunes*: these appear to have been regularly provided in the houses already referred to at 27, 4. Such houses were naturally most frequent in the suburbs, which were outside the jurisdiction of the city.
- P. 33, 2. *rackt*: to rack wine is the technical phrase for drawing it from off the lees; hence the pun.
- P. 33, 12. *the Cannaries*: a lively Spanish dance, supposed to have originated in the Canary Islands. There is a punning suggestion that they had 'drunk too much canaries', which was (as Mistress Quickly told Doll Tearsheet) 'a marvellous searching wine.'
- P. 33, 18. *the Beadles Cothouse*: the *N.E.D.*, quoting this passage, defines cothouse as 'a slight shelter, a shed, outhouse, etc.' Presumably it resembled those still in use by road-menders.
- P. 33, 28. *browne Billes*: halberds.
- P. 33, 31. *the Counters*: the three Counters were chiefly employed as prisons for debt and minor offences.
- P. 33, 33. *the Garnish*: 'money extorted from a new prisoner, either as a jailer's fee, or as drink-money for the other prisoners.'—*N.E.D.*
- P. 33, 35. *reare*: imperfectly cooked, underdone.
- P. 33, 36. *the Bell-man*: the public watchman, equipped with bell and lantern.
- P. 34, 6. *What out-cryes . . . calles*: a free version of the famous opening of the fifth scene of the second act of Kyd's *Spanish Tragedie*, when old Jeronimo rushes down to find his son

Sinon'), but Dekker is using biblical language in this passage, and the archaism runs naturally from his pen.

- P. 41, 15. *Læna* : bawd.
- P. 42, 8. *Turwin & Turnay* : Henry VIII besieged and took T rouanne and Tournay in the late summer of 1513. See *Percy Reprints* No. I, 7, 6.
- P. 42, 10. *when Paules-steeple . . . on fire* : the steeple was set on fire by lighting on June 4, 1561.
- P. 42, 13. *feirse* : brisk, vigorous ; the word is still used in this sense in Derbyshire dialect.
- P. 42, 19. *much about the yeare when Monsieur came in* : Francis, Duke of Anjou, younger brother of Henry III, came to England to treat of marriage with Elizabeth towards the end of October, 1581, and left in the following February.
- P. 43, 7. *the Gaueston of the Time* : we probably owe the allusion to Marlowe's character of Gaveston in *Edward II*.
- P. 43, 16. *Zani* : mimic.
- P. 43, 19. *flower when* : i.e. flower which when.
- P. 43, 36. *that Painter* : Andrew Borde ; see Introduction, p. x.
- P. 44, 8. *Codpeece* : the nearest modern equivalent would be a sporrان.
- P. 44, 11. *Botcher* : a tailor who mends old clothes.
- P. 45, 7. *Verdimotes Inquest* : 'a judicial inquiry made by a wardmote.'—*N.E.D.* A wardmote is 'a meeting of the citizens of a ward ; esp. in the City of London, a meeting of the liverymen of a ward under the presidency of the alderman.'
- P. 46, 1. *Shauing* : Cheating.
- P. 46, 5. *winck hard* : while the customers, fearing soap-suds, followed these instructions, the barbers made good their escape.
- P. 46, 7. *learned Latin Basons* : latten was 'a mixed metal of yellow colour, either identical with, or closely resembling, brass.'—*N.E.D.* Puns upon it were very frequent.
- P. 47, 10. *Wiat* : in his rising to prevent Queen Mary's Spanish match, Sir Thomas Wyatt attempted to surprise Ludgate at two o'clock in the morning of February 8, 1553-4. Finding the gate shut, and being hopeless of carrying it by assault, he was obliged to retreat and surrender. Dekker wrote, in collaboration with John Webster, a play called *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyat. With the Coronation of Queen Mary, and the coming in of King Philip*, which was first printed, also by Edward Allde, in 1607.
- P. 47, 25. *presently* : immediately. The natural procrastination of mankind had not yet given to 'presently' and 'by and by' their modern meaning.

- P. 47, 26. *Subsidy book* : the register of those liable to contribute to Government subsidies.
- P. 47, 30. *quicksiluer* : the 'quick' is presumably introduced only to give excuse for 'mangy' in the following line.
- P. 48, 5-9. *Five-shouels . . . Commodities* : a good illustration of the unsaleable nature of the goods which the usurer of the time employed for the swindling of his clients, who were forced to accept them as the whole or part of a loan, and re-sell them at a heavy loss. The object was to evade the law, which allowed no interest higher than 10 per cent.
- P. 48, 14. *Bankes his horse* : one of the many references in Elizabethan and later literature to the famous Morocco, reputed to have been capable of arithmetic, divination, and dancing.
- P. 48, 29. *Cheuerell* : kid-leather, easily stretched. Its pliability is alluded to by Shakespeare also : 'a sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit,' says Feste (*Twelfth Night*, III. i. 12).
- P. 49, 8. *Cutter of Queene Hiith* : bravo, bully. Queenhithe was noted for its roughs.
- P. 49, 17. *Turned ouer the barre* : deprived of the status of a barrister. Nashe speaks of Lucifer as having been 'turnde ouer heauen barre for a wrangler' (*Percy Reprints* No. I, 105, 25).
- P. 49, 20. *skeldring* : begging on fraudulent grounds : see 41, 17, *One that sayes he has been a Soldier*, and 4, 14 and note.
- P. 51, 21. *workes* : the colon makes an effective pause, though modern punctuation would use nothing heavier than a comma after the two clauses in opposition to 'all this'.
- P. 51, 32. *prentiship* : see note to 54, 12.
- P. 52, 1. *a deale of wretchednesse . . . roome* : Dekker has in mind Marlowe's line in *The Jew of Malta*, I. 72, 'Infinite riches in a little roome.'
- P. 52, 21. *hecfars* : heifers.
- P. 53, 15. *hauen* : Cuckold's Haven was a point on the Thames below Greenwich. Allusions to it are naturally frequent in Elizabethan literature ; the *N.E.D.* quotes from Day's *Ile of Guls*, 1606, 'A young girle, married to an old man, doth [long] to run her husband ashore at Cuckolds haven.'
- P. 53, 19. *executions* : see 22, 10, and note.
- P. 54, 7. *the Ghost in Ieronimo* : the ghost of Andrea, in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedie*, appears in the Induction and between the acts, inciting Revenge (personified) to greater activity. The ghost is particularly insistent before the final act.
- P. 54, 9. *Morralls* : Morality plays. Manningtree was famous for its Whitsun fair.

- P. 54, 12. *seauen yeares* : the period of a 'prentiship.'
- P. 55, 17-36. *daughter of Brute . . . Troynouant* : according to the popular myth of the Trojan colonisation of Britain, Brute, the great-grandson of Æneas, reigned over England from Troynouant (London).
- P. 59, 23. *paire* : pack ; this regular use for a set (pair of stairs, pair of beads, etc.) probably survives, in modern English, only of stairs in old collegiate buildings, where such directions as 'two pair left' may still be had from any porter.

TEXTUAL EMENDATIONS

THE following list enumerates such obvious misprints in the Douce copy of the edition of 1606 as have been tacitly corrected in the present text. The list is of no interest to the general reader, and is given merely for the information of textual critics and as a guarantee that the text has been altered only where evident misprints occur. One of the errors—'Many' for 'Mary' at 28, 7—was in fact corrected during the printing of the 1606 edition, and the Malone copy has 'Mary.' At 52. 31, the spelling might at first suggest an original 'blossome,' but bosom is required for antithesis with 52, 26 (and possibly 54, 2), though the long f of the period gives, it must be confessed, no such possibility of mistaking s for o as is afforded by modern script. However, as 'bossome' is not an Elizabethan (or any other) spelling, and 'boosome' is, I have ventured to make the change to the latter, which at any rate retains the same number of letters.

The sign > stands for 'has been emended to.'

Page 4, line 12, they > the: 5. 20, *Comadus* > *Conradus*: 14. 23, feollwes > fellowes: 21. 26, mony > many: 28. 7, Many > Mary: 28. 18, *profanu* > *profanū*: 30. 10, count > court: 33. 20, of > off: 39. 26, there > their: 44. 9, Duble > Dublet: 48. 32, theylie thee > theylie there: 51. 36, scocieties > societies: 52. 31, bossome > boosome: 53. 11, Courtiers > Courtier.

Mispunctuation:

Page 9, line 31, (that > that(: 24. 15, because > (because: 28. 12, White-broth > White-broth): 30. 17,)and > (and: 36. 23,

speake > speake): him) > him: 38. 3, Galliards (> Galliards):
 38. 22, (and > and(: came >) came: 38. 23, him) > him:
 39. 27, (that > that(: 40. 20, Swine. > Swine,: 48. 6, &c.>
 &c.): 48. 9, *Commodities*) > *Commodities*,: 48. 26, Executors,
 > Executors.: 50. 9, day. > day,: 52. 24, cã, > cã): 53. 24,
 vp, > vp): 55. 19, (that > that(.

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